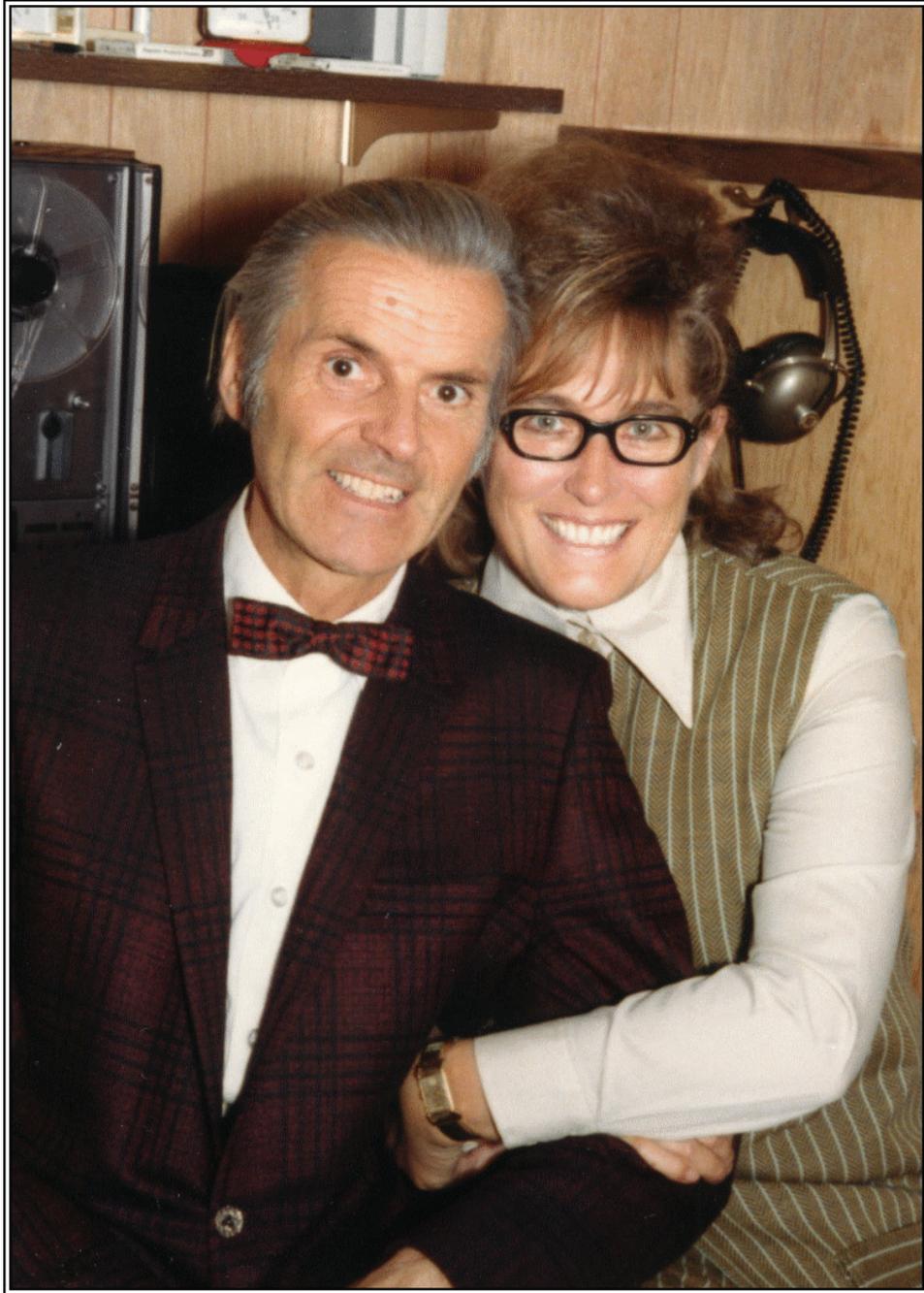


*The Family History of
Rudolf and Elsedore Edse*



*Information Collected and Deduced
by Elsedore Edse for the Pleasure of
her Children and Grandchildren*



Preface

As I began to work on my memoirs, it occurred to me that you, my children and grandchildren, might be interested in a collection of sketches of each of our ancestors. This expanded family tree is the result. However, without the frequent reminding by my friend and Lebensgefährte Odie Burggraf, I would not have sat at the computer several evenings each week, much less have assembled all the photographs and genealogical information I had gathered over the years.

I hope that these memories and descriptions written by me, your ancestor born at the end of World War I, will be of interest to you, as well as to future generations. The emphasis has been on personal information, rather than data contained in official records, though that can be of interest too. In particular, I have tried to share with you my memory of my parents and grandparents, my sister and my husband, while still filling out the genealogical tree as far as is known to me.

The personal data – birth, death and marriage dates and places – were taken from three sources:

- (1) Handwritten notes of my father Rudolf Edse (I), who collected information on many members of his family. He had been intensely interested in the family connections since he was a young man.
- (2) The Ahnenpass prepared by my husband, Rudolf Edse (II), dated 16 June 1935 in Hamburg. The Ahnenpass was the official document detailing the family history, and was required to attend a university.
- (3) The information on our von Dassel ancestors is given in the source *Almanach de Gotha*, a reference work on European royalty and nobility, published from 1764 to World War II.

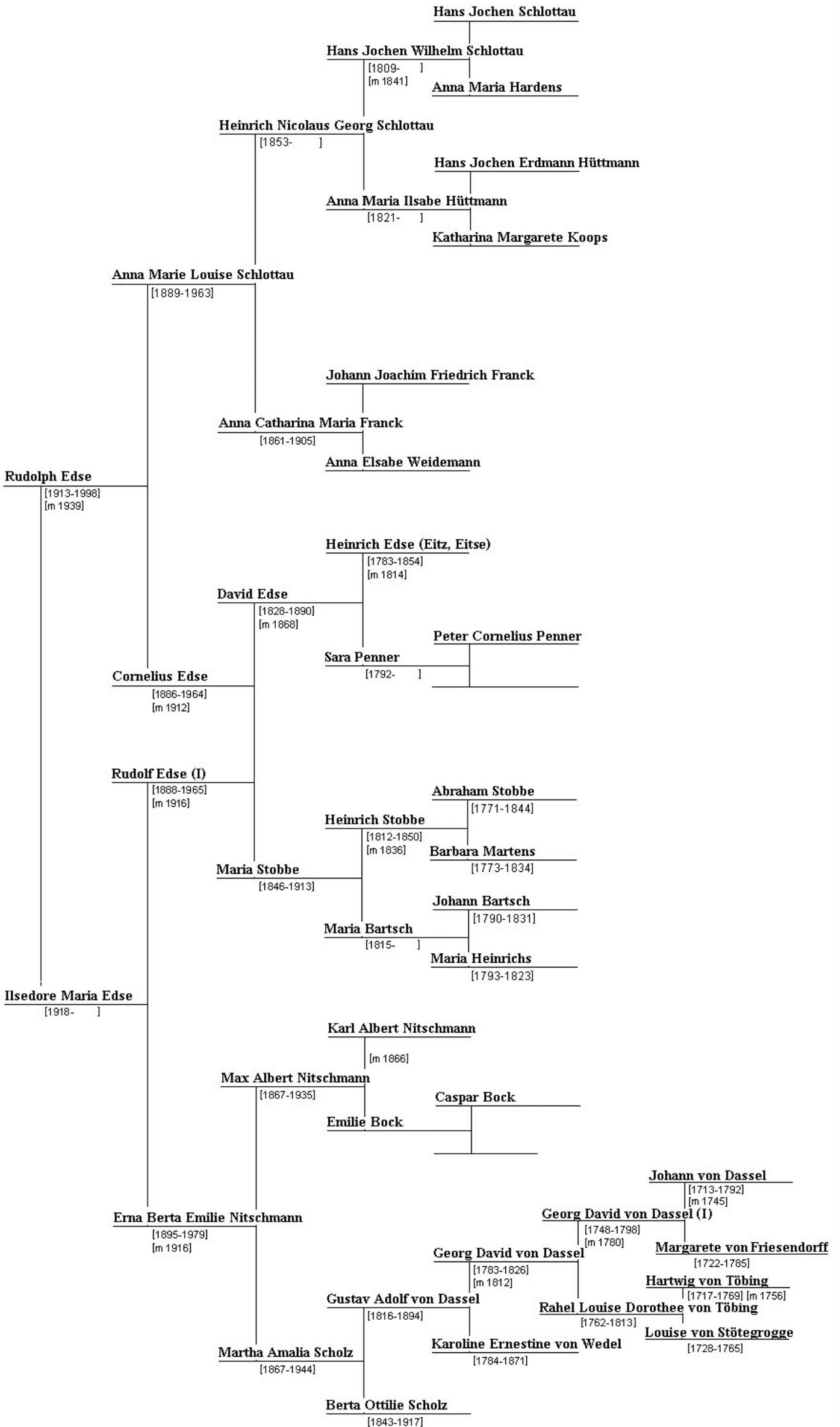
Finally it should be mentioned that the data sheets of our ancestors have been placed in the same order as their occurrence by generation on the ancestral tree.

Ilse-dore Maria Edse
11 March 2002

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Rudolph and Ilsedore Maria Edse Ancestral Tree



Edse Ancestral History

Edited and assembled by
Odus R. Burggraf
November 2002

In memory of his friend
Rudolf Edse
1913-1998

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Rudolph Edse
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	14 Dec 1913
Place:	Hamburg, Germany
Date Died:	8 Jan 1998
Place:	Worthington, Ohio
Father:	Cornelius Edse
Mother:	Anna Marie Louise Schlottau
Spouse:	Ilsedore Maria Edse
Date Married:	25 Nov 1939
Place:	Braunschweig, Germany
Children:	Klaus-Peter Edse
	Franziska Edse
Siblings:	Herbert Edse

Rudolf Edse

Diplom. Phys. Chem., University of Hamburg, 1937 (?)
 Dr. Rer. Nat., University of Hamburg, 1939
 Research Chemist, Dept. of Chemistry, LFR, Braunschweig, 1939-1943
 Head, Dept. of Chemistry, LFR, Braunschweig, 1943-1945
 Research Associate, Dept. of Chemistry, The Ohio State University, 1947-1950
 Professor, Dept. of Aeronautical & Astronautical Engineering,
 The Ohio State University, 1951-1996

Immigrated to the United States in Sept 1945 as part of the US Air Force Operation Paperclip; he became a U.S. citizen on 9 Dec 1954. In 1947 he went to The Ohio State University where he initially carried out cryogenic work on hydrogen-fluorine rocket propellants as part of a team under Herrick L. Johnson in the Chemistry Department. Then in 1951 he joined the Department of Aeronautical Engineering under Chairman Garvin L. Von Eschen, who had founded the department in 1946. Among many research projects he carried out was one on shock-tube studies of flame speeds in hydrogen-oxygen mixtures, with particular emphasis on suppression of detonation. In another experiment, he filled large balloons with premixed hydrogen and oxygen and ignited the mixture to visually measure the speed of the expanding flame front. Among his many students were E. Stokes Fishburne, Eric Rice, and John Anderson.

My Memories of My Husband Rudolph Edse

by

Ilse M. Edse

26 April 2001

Rudi was always different from the rest of the family. Even as a young boy, he told me, he asked his mother not to go to his school and ask about his achievements. He would take care of it. The classes were easy for him, he excelled in the sciences, mathematics and French. All on his own he learned to take photos, develop the film and he even built his own enlarger. A retired teacher who lived across from their house invited Rudi to accompany him to Mölln each summer, so that he would not be alone, in case he would fall when taking walks in the woods. Out of gratitude he gave Rudi his first good camera and money to buy the chemicals for developing the films and the old plates that he used in the early twenties. Over the years he became a very good photographer. As a girl of about 12, I met him in Hamburg, and he showed me the landmarks of his city and later sent me photographs to identify the various places. When I got my first camera he praised my interest and told me how to take good pictures. He kept his interest in photography all his life. Very often after work he would go to the photo store on north High Street in Columbus and talk with the owner, who would show him the newest items. This way he was always up to date and could discuss all kinds of photographic problems with interested colleagues. At home he photographed the family and the garden and house. Five year-old Franizka was asked once what her father is doing for a living and she answered proudly: "My Daddy is a potographer"



Rudi

Herbert

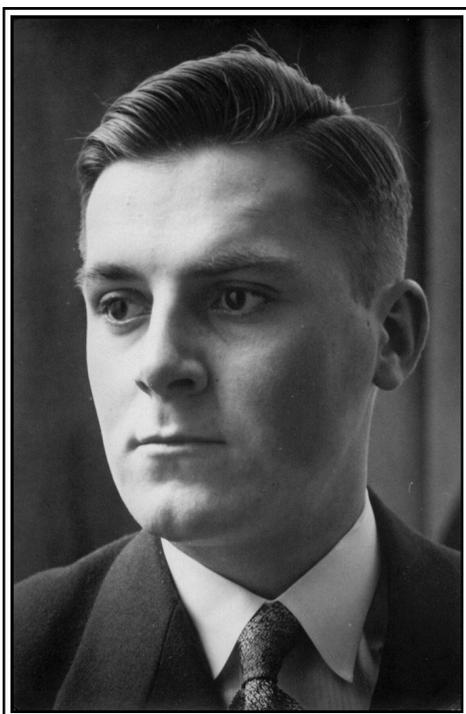
Anni

Rudi was always very proud of his hometown Hamburg, the main reason being the famous harbor. He would regularly go to the harbor to see the big overseas ships coming in. When it was time to decide what kind of a profession he should select,

he knew that he wanted to become a ship builder. Only after the father of his friend Karl-Heinz Schmiedekampf took him to a place where shipbuilding engineers were trained, he decided that was not what he had imagined. What he got to see were men at drawing boards and he had hoped to see people engaged in real construction, whatever that was. As much as Rudi liked watching ships enter the harbor, he was unable to enjoy being on a ship. As a student he made a trip to England by ship. The rough waters showed him clearly that seasickness would make any future travel by ship impossible for him. He said that he was deadly sick, not being able to live or die. He was flat on his back the entire passage.

Consequently when Rudi had to choose a major field at the university, he followed the advice of a teacher and enrolled in the chemistry department. Another teacher was surprised by his choice and told him, he might as well commit suicide now, since there was no future in that area. That was in 1933, Hitler had come to power and

and things changed fast and suddenly chemistry became an important discipline. Rudi realized soon, that he was not really interested in pursuing organic chemistry, so he changed over to physical chemistry. After six years of graduate studies he wrote his dissertation, but planned to continue his research to be ready for entering the career of a university professor. The war prevented his finishing that plan. His war work at the air research institute in Braunschweig allowed him to work in the field of propulsion and rocket engineering. He would have liked to become a mathematician, he told me, but lacked sufficient preparation. In America he had to study again several new areas in the field of aerodynamics. All through his life I saw him studying new scientific publications, so that he could help his students in their dream of becoming successful engineers in the space age. From the letters of many of his students that I received after Rudi's death, I have come to believe that he was very loved and respected as professor.



Rudi at 18 years of age

Once he told me: "My work is my hobby, I never get tired preparing my lectures or doing my research."

Besides his hobby of photography I remember that Rudi would get up early every day and play the piano for one hour and then he would go to the swimming pool for one hour, after that he went to school and later to the university. He also got interested in opera performances. The opera singers in his youth were the most famous in Germany. He liked the Wagnerian operas best, but had to attend them alone, since his friends did not care for such classical music. He told me that he must have seen each Ring opera at least 12 times and also Parsival and die Meistersinger. All his life he could hum the famous Leitmotives from these operas.

Rudi also liked reading the French classic plays. He was not interested in English literature, though of course he had to read it in school. He could talk about the

famous philosophers too. He told me that his classmates, when at summer camp, would listen to his lecture on philosophy. Somehow, his ability to teach developed early. When I met several of his classmates later in life they all remembered Rudi's excellent school record. I do not think he was a nerd. He dressed well, enjoyed being with his friends, and belonged to a small musical trio where he played the piano. He went to movies, even took dancing lessons, biked all the way through Germany as far as the Alps, though all by himself. He took pictures of all the famous places he saw, and slept cheaply in farmer's barns. For the 1936 Olympic Games he rode his bike to Berlin, since he could not afford a train ticket. In Berlin he stayed with a friend. Like I, he saw Jesse Owen win four his gold medals. Little did we know that we two would marry three years later and in another 7 years would end up at The Ohio State University where Jesse had been a student. In 1987 we went back to Berlin. The infamous Wall was still there. We went to the Olympic Stadium, which looked deserted. I asked Rudi to walk down to the grassy center and stand there all by himself, which of course was not possible to do during the games.

Rudi was somehow in my life long before we got married. He was my father's namesake and the cousin I liked most. I really did not know then, that Rudi thought he wanted to marry me. We were first cousins and lived far apart. We never dated, we saw each other only for a day or two whenever I visited my uncle Cornelius and his wife Anni in Hamburg. My sister Lilo and I usually slept in Rudi's and his brother Herbert's beds when they were away from home and met them upon their return. Rudi was always so kind to us, he took us to the train station, helped us carrying our suitcases and always had some good candies for us on the trip home to East Prussia. In his parent's home he would do all the shopping and washing the dishes, since both parents worked hard in their Konditorei. He never smoked or drank coffee or alcohol, and he preferred vegetarian meals. The wonderful pastries he could eat at home meant little to him, he always liked apples and grapes and bananas more. He really never changed.

I was often asked how Rudi and I fell in love since we lived far apart and saw each other only on few visitations to Hamburg. When I think back to my first visits I remember a certain fear or rather comprehension of facing him. I once stayed in the bathroom and did not want to come out to meet him although I wanted to see him. I had fun talking to him. He would ask me about my schoolwork and my interest in music. My piano teacher let me play simple versions of classical pieces over the years and once when Rudi played a piece for me to identify, I was fortunate to recognize the passage from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.. He praised me for my knowledge, I remember. He often would ask me questions on French grammar and about literary characters. With him I saw my first film, the silent film "The Nibelungen", a rather scary depiction of the famous German mythical legend. Several years passed and I did not go to Hamburg. However, my sister Lilo did and from her Rudi found out that I was dating Werner Klein in my hometown. When Lilo told him that I might some day marry Werner, Rudi tried to convince her that he did not believe so, but he did not tell her, that he hoped to marry me. For years I was unaware of these thoughts of his. In 1936 I went to the Olympic Games in Berlin. Afterwards I went to Hamburg to see the family. I would have liked to see him then, but found that he was still in Berlin. My aunt Anni later told Rudi that I had grown into a young attractive woman, almost 18 years old and no longer the little girl they remembered.

It took two more years before we got in touch and it was I who made the first move. I was in the RAD (Reichsarbeitsdienst) along with 35 other girls who worked for the poor farmers, something like the Peace Corps in the USA. A girl from Innsbruck, Austria, caught my interest because of her beautiful large brown eyes. She reminded me suddenly of my cousin Rudi. Like an intuition, I wrote him a short letter telling about my new life as a farm helper, and asking him to let me know what he was doing. His letter arrived a few days later, to my great surprise. After we got married he told me that he could have jumped to the ceiling when he received my letter. In his mind I must have been without a boyfriend and now he could tell me about his feeling toward me. Indeed he did, in his third letter, which arrived the next week, he asked me to marry him. Since he really knew me only at the age of 13, I felt uneasy. "How could he know what I look like now, he may be disappointed," I thought. When I told him in my letter about my apprehension, he asked me to send him a photo and only asked if I had straight legs, and was not bowlegged. That was easy to answer. Somehow I was not self-conscious about my appearance like many young girls are now about their figure. To be very thin was not in and the first photo one of the girls took of me in the camp showed that I had gained weight and wore that ugly looking uniform-like outfit we all had to wear. I must have had a nerve to send such an unattractive picture to him. From him I received a most elegant photo, being in a tux and top hat at the wedding of his best friend, Harold Fischer. I carried that photo with me always. I never saw him dressed like that and on our wedding we looked extremely plain. Rudi promised to see me after I had completed my six month RAD obligation.

We finally got together on May 21, 1939. I picked him up at the train station late in the evening and, to my regret, he was accompanied by his college friend Werner Schaeffer. When Rudi got off the train he gave me a kiss, as he had asked me in his letter, whereupon his friend said to him, why would he kiss his cousin, which he felt was very unusual. So that was our first kiss. Very soon the next morning we shared our feelings about each other and were very happy. My parents never objected to our love relationship because they had been very fond of Rudi since he was a little boy. Although Rudi had little money and was doing research work in Berlin in July and August, he came to see me in Königsberg twice that summer. Little did we know that the war against Poland was almost upon us. Only when Prof. Harteck, Rudi's adviser, asked him to return to Hamburg to take his doctoral examination, we started to worry. I left my parents and followed Rudi, not knowing exactly what I could do, but we loved each other enough to plan our lives together no matter what the political situation would be.

There was a big surprise when we left by train at about eleven PM on the 31st of August. Like all those years since the Versaille Treaty, we expected that a Polish engine would be exchanged at Marienburg, and nobody would be able to leave the train before it reached Schneidemühl on the German side again. But this time the German conductor stayed in the train, no engine exchange took place and we were told to close the window curtain and keep quiet. That was a scary moment, because German/Polish unrests had been reported in the newspaper for the last few weeks. What would happen when we had to cross the long railroad bridge over the Vistula River near the city of Dirschau? Despite the others in the compartment, Rudi and I embraced and sat close in order to conceal from the other how afraid we were. Once we had passed the bridge we relaxed but wondered why

the train was going so fast. Closer to Berlin we were surprised when we saw open train wagons filled with German soldiers. In Berlin we went for breakfast to the well-known restaurant Krantzler and were surprised when the the radio was turned on and Hitler was talking to the German people, telling them that a war against the Poles had started, and then he mentioned that the bridge over the Vistula had been exploded shortly after the last train had passed it. When we heard that, we knew how close we had been to losing our lives in the first moments of the war.

It is hard to explain how we felt knowing a war had started. A feeling of numbness came over us. Nobody knew what to expect. Rudi's parents were worried about their younger son Herbert, who was drafted and had to fight in Poland. Rudi came home with me, telling them about our love and future marriage plans. His mother was upset, explaining that it was a bad time for marriage. I volunteered to move



Ilse and Rudi – October 1939

out and get a room somewhere and Rudi agreed with that. On the third of Sept. it was announced that thirty British airplanes were over Norway. I was frightened, so Rudi stayed with me in the evenings. Everyone in the whole house met fearfully in the basement every night. We stayed there for several hours not knowing whether bombs would all destroy us. But the German flak kept the enemy planes away during those few weeks of the Polish war. Under these scary circumstances Rudi had to take his final test for getting his Ph.D. He passed with a good grade and I typed his dissertation on a borrowed typewriter. Now he had to hunt for a job. He had prepared for a career in a university, but it was now September 1939, the war had become, and university positions were unavailable. Luckily, Professor Damköhler, at the Luftfahrtforschungsanstalt (Aeronautics Research Institute) in Braunschweig, recognized Rudi's name from previous publications and hired him. We arrived in Braunschweig not knowing where to find a place to live. Rudi started working right away. He also was successful in finding a job there for me in the Aerodynamics Dept., where I had to evaluate Schlieren photos taken in the wind tunnel, and plot

the results on graphs. Erich Groth, a mathematician from Berlin introduced me to the people I would work with and taught me to be a technical draftsman. At that time I was known as Miss Edse, an unmarried 21 year-old woman. Since the directory suddenly listed my name and then Rudi's name, one of his coworkers asked him whether he was married and Rudi answered correctly "no". Then the guy said "Why don't you admit that you are married?" And Rudi repeated that he was not. Then he was shown the directory with our two names and Rudi honestly answered, "that is my cousin" and the guy had a long laugh, thinking he was stupid and naive to come with such a lame excuse. Two months later in November 1939, when we got married and they met me, they finally believed him.

We had rented two rooms, but without use of the kitchen, in the nicest house in the suburb of Lehndorf. Because of the rationing of coal, we really had very poor heat in our rooms. The water in the bedroom was frozen every morning. Our only warm meal we received at the cafeteria at noon. The same happened with a hot shower, though we could take that at work.

Since the research buildings were hidden in a large forest, Rudi took advantage of the many kinds of mushrooms there in the summer. Every day he brought home a big bag. By then we had found an apartment and could do our own cooking. We were expecting our first baby at the end of August. Rudi like all new fathers helped



Peterchen, Rudi and Fränzchen

me during a rather lengthy delivery at home. We had air raids almost every night. He had to wait for the siren to announce the raid was over. Now he could ride his bike to the midwife telling her that I was ready to give birth. My mother told me later, that Rudi was twice near a collapse, because he could not watch me having so much pain. He told her, that we would not have anymore children. Like a typical scientist he would measure the weight of our son Peter every day, plotting the gains and losses. Peter was actually losing weight because he would not drink

enough milk. I got too nervous seeing him losing weight, so I asked Rudi not to record the differences. He did not understand my worries. But when our daughter Franziska was borne two and a half years later, I did not let him weigh her at all. By then he probably thought that I have enough experience to bring up a second child.

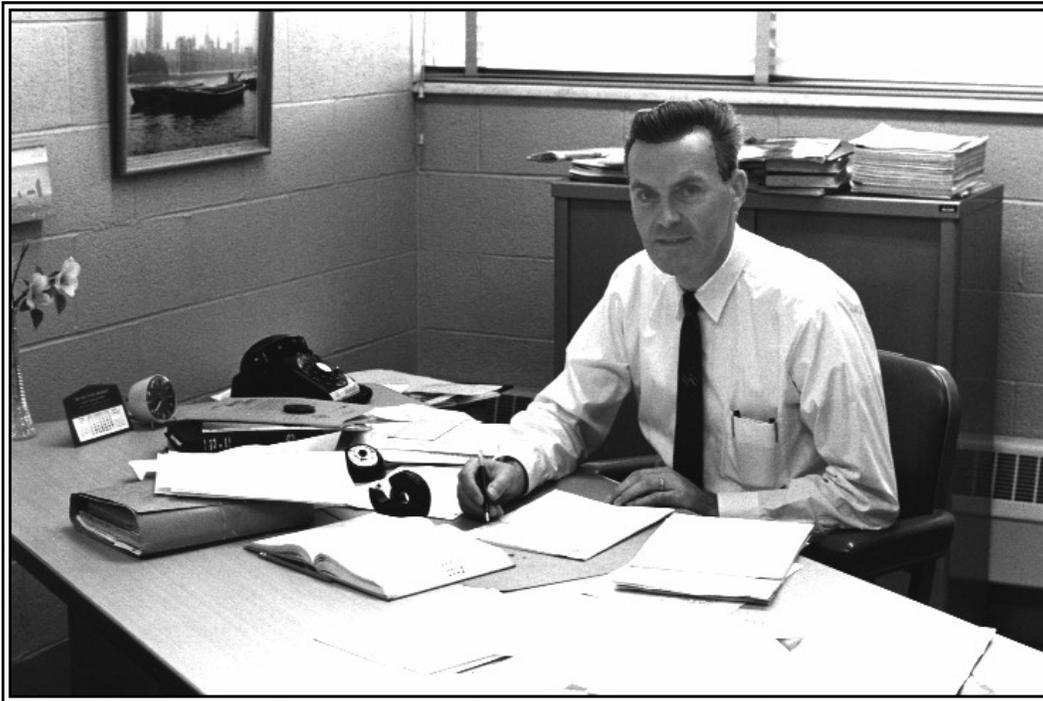
When Rudi's chairman, Professor Danköhler, unexpectedly took his life in 1944, he became chairman of the Chemistry Dept. and suddenly had many new responsi-

bilities. During the week he usually slept on his desk at night and Saturday evenings came by bike to the place where the children and I had been evacuated in the autumn of 1943, and where we stayed until May 1945. His only warm meal he received in the cafeteria at work. He also took over the role of a warden during the air attacks. Since the apartment in Braunschweig was empty most of the time now, we had to allow other people to move in and use two of our rooms and the kitchen and the bath.

On April 12th of 1945 American troops moved into the village of Gr. Vahlberg, where I and the children lived. Nobody knew what they might do to the men who were civilians but young enough to be soldiers. It turned out that they left them pretty much alone, but of course, the men lost their jobs and their income. There was much uncertainty for a while. After a few weeks Rudi returned to his place of work and met American officers and scientists who were familiar with the institute and had come to invite the German research scientists to work in their own fields in America. Rudi accepted the invitation and we were flown to Schweinfurt and brought by car to Bad Kissingen, because it was decided by the Allies that Braunschweig would be part of the British Occupied Zone. We had to go to Bavaria, which would become the American Occupied Zone. There we lived in the old hotel Wittelsbacher Hof which Americans had taken over. They took care of us and brought in lots of other scientists from all over the country. Nobody would tell us when we would be taken to America. This made the waiting rather unpleasant. We had the two small children and lived in one bedroom and had with us just a few things to wear. Only when America had defeated Japan did the first group of scientists, among them Rudi and also Wernher von Braun, get the order to leave. But to our great surprise, their families were not allowed to go with them. Rudi did not want to leave without us. It was only when they promised to send us over three months later that he agreed to go. After these three months were over and no new date was given, he wanted to return to Germany. He was miserable without us, yet he had to wait another whole year before we were united. His diary contains many very sad and painful entries of his misery at that time. In a letter of June 2, 1946, he told me that he had started his diary in English. He let me know that the entries were meant for me to read later and to realize the sacrifice he had made to secure a new future for us in the new world.

The five-year contract he had signed with the State Department still allowed him to leave his first place of work at Wright Field and accept a position at The Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio. He was fortunate that he was asked by Professor Von Eschen to join the Department of Aeronautical Engineering in 1951. This meant that he had to teach himself a new field of study. For a long time he felt that his students knew more than he did. To be sufficiently informed and prepared, he worked constantly. During these difficult years he contracted undulant fever, which troubled him for about for 10 years; then he got ill with painful pleurisy and on top of that he became allergic to cigarette smoke, mold, chalk and carrots. He really suffered a lot but still never missed a class. We had to look for a new house to free him from the mold and dust of the old house. At first he shared an office with Prof. Mallett, who smoked like a chimney (er raucht wie ein Schornstein). Later he got an office of his own and put a sign on the door that read "Please, No Smoking". Eventually he got better and he started running several miles every morning and swam and did weight lifting too. For many years he was in good shape. After work

he enjoyed doing heavy work in the garden at home, where he sawed down huge dead Elm trees and dozens of smaller trees, and mowed our large lawn. In spite of his vegetarian meals and his health conscious style of living, he had difficulties in lowering his high blood pressure. He consulted several physicians, who would prescribe various medications. However they made him feel drowsy and he lacked energy. He hoped to improve his condition by doing more exercises. I believe, he was always afraid of having a stroke. Once in a while he would express his fear, and I would measure his blood pressure at home. It remained irregular all his life. He never slept more than 5 hours and used to get up shortly after 4 am to drive to the campus. There he went running, then swimming and talking to some friends before going back to his office, where he ate the breakfast he had taken along. Then he was ready to prepare for his first class.



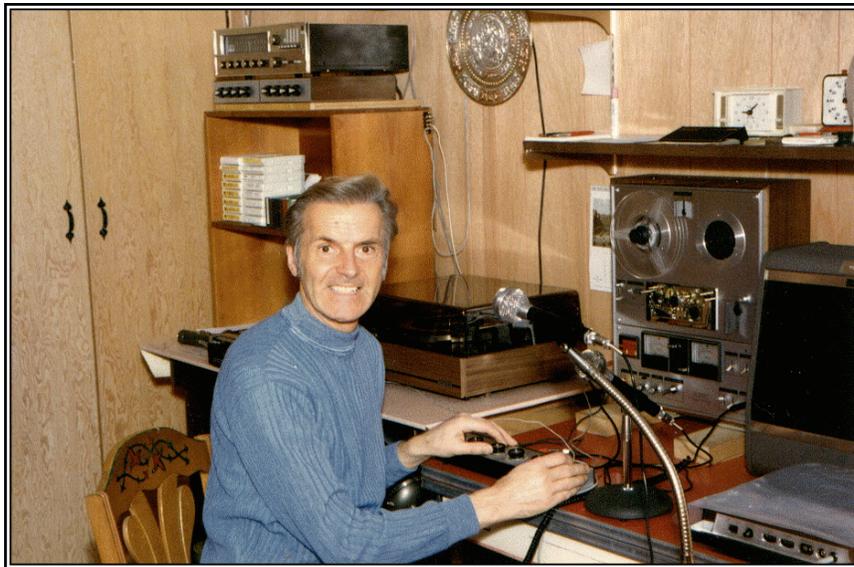
Rudy in his office at OSU

When the time came for him to retire, which at that time was at the age of 70, many of his students requested that he stay on. They even wrote to the Ohio Senator and well-known astronaut John Glenn and the Governor of Ohio, to protest his forced retirement. Rudy continued teaching until his 82nd year and loved every moment of it. He was director of the first rocket lab at OSU and for many years chairman of Graduate Studies in the department. I have to admit that he rarely talked about his work or the people he worked with; I think he did not want to bother me since I was very busy myself. However, I know he liked his colleagues and students and felt good when they got in touch with him after succeeding in their profession.

The last two years of his life were troubling for him. He suffered small strokes, three times requiring a stay in the hospital, which he greatly disliked. He had lost all trust in the medical profession,. He read lots of medical publications, and tried to be up to date on various treatments. One evening at the symphony concert at the Ohio Theater, while a standing ovation was given by the audience for the

excellent performance of Gustav Mahler's 8th symphony, I noticed Rudi sitting down suddenly and telling me that he thought he had a stroke. Indeed he did, but he refused to go to the hospital. With the effort of our friends, the Fagans, who always sat next to us, I drove Rudi home. The night was miserable for him and I had to call the ambulance the next day. He was paralyzed on his left side. He stayed in the Riverside hospital for 6 weeks, but they really could not help him, even the rehabilitation was minimal. For an active person this was a very difficult time. With my help he could walk about half an hour and with his right hand he still could work at his computer, but his spirit was broken. We still tried to make the best of each day and had each other. He still enjoyed his meals, we shared some TV programs, listened to classical music and had our children and friends over, but he missed his work on the campus.

About 19 months later, the day after Christmas, while getting ready for supper, I noticed Rudi slumped over in his chair. I quickly took him into my arms, called Pete who came right away and helped me get Rudi into his bed. He had suffered another stroke. This time he could not recover anymore, Franzchen came to help me and later her daughter Janet, who by then had finished her medical studies. We never called the doctor, I just told him over the phone about his condition. We allowed his body to quietly slow down. All of us stayed with him all the time and made him as comfortable as we could, until one day he fell into a coma from which he didn't wake up. Pete and I were near him till the end on January 8th, 1998, at about 10:30 PM. We thought he had lived a successful life, he was very much loved by his family and much admired by his students.



Rudy the recording engineer

Remembering Dad

by

Frances Lawrence

3 May 2001

I think of Dad a lot in our Florida condo we have five beautiful black and white photos he took and I remember the wonderful vacations out West we took together. As a matter of fact, those family trips were so wonderful that I don't want to go back to see the national parks today because i want to remember them the way we experienced them...I don't want anything to get in the way of my memories. I believe Pete and I were the luckiest kids in the world to have had parents like you and Dad. I'll always remember Dad waiting for just the right position of the sun and the clouds to get his picture, while Pete and I climbed over rocks and along stream beds...that was great fun. I'll remember the time we drove out West in the old Chevy that didn't have the power to go up hill and have the windshield wipers going at the same time. Or the trip in the Chrysler when we had to stop often along the roadside to get water from a stream to put into the radiator. When I hear certain songs or music, I also think of Dad...especially "Bel Ami" or "Eine Melodie geht um die Welt". He enjoyed good music so much...I remember the peaceful Saturday afternoons at home in Lincoln Ave. when you both would be listening to the Metropolitan Opera Company and I would be coloring, or reading or doing whatever. And then the weekend drives to Old Man's Cave and Lake Hope and posing for pictures. I remember that I could always ask Dad for help ...he would stop his work to help me with my math homework, and he could always fix anything that was broken...including dolls!!

Rudolph Edse
Educator Scientist Friend

by
 Stokes Fishburne
 September 2001

“A good teacher doesn’t just use books - a good teacher should educate a student on all aspects of life.”... Rudolph Edse, March 1960

“Everyone has priorities in life - profession, family, sports, etc. Your enjoyment of life depends on what you select. For you, Stokes, your family should always come first. Work will always be there, your family may not.”... Rudolph Edse, December 1960

Rudolph Edse entered my life in a most unusual way. I was working in Dayton and decided to take a course at the Ohio State Extension at Wright Patterson Air Force Base. The physics courses were full, but the course on rocket propulsion was still open. Rudy Edse happened to be teaching the course. Had a physics course been open, I never would have met Rudy. I never would have known his passion for education, his vitality as a scientist and, most of all, I would have missed a critical influence in my personal life. I have been eternally grateful that Rudy Edse became my educator, fellow scientist, and close personal friend and advisor.

Rudolph Edse - Educator

I entered the Department of Aeronautical Engineering at Ohio State University in the fall of 1959 as a graduate student and Research Assistant with Rudy as my faculty advisor. The most important course in my graduate curriculum was the weekly one-on-one with Rudy. We would pick a topic and I would prepare a weekly “lecture.” Rudy would be my student - tough student! Many times we would diverge from my prepared “lecture” to discuss life in general -part of Rudy’s desire for a fully educated student.

I was asked to teach a course in the spring of 1960 on a subject I had not studied before. I remember Rudy smiled and said he had suggested to the Department Chairman that I teach the course. He said it was part of my education - I must be able to research a topic and present the findings to students and other scientists. I received my first real lesson in teaching that quarter. Rudy taught me the difference between a “teacher” who expects students to reiterate what he/she has said and the true “educator” who is always challenging his/her student to think - even on exams.

Rudy had a passion for constantly challenging students. As part of the requirements for a PhD at OSU, I was required to become “proficient” in a foreign language. Of course, Rudy and I decided it should be German. Rudy even loaned me a few books on gas dynamics, rocket propulsion, and a few other relevant topics, all written in German. I obtained the English version from the library and “learned” German. When I took the exam in the German Department, I was stunned to find that the passages Rudy had provided were from other books and contained nothing concerning the topics I had studied. When I asked Rudy, he simply smiled and said, once again, “An exam must always be a challenge!” His belief that an exam should be a challenge was never more apparent than when I took an eight hour written exam from Rudy as part of the requirements for a PhD. The exam was impossible! It contained five questions - each a state-of-the-art problem currently being pursued

by scientists. When I questioned him afterwards, he simply said he wanted to see how I would approach each problem.

Following my written exams, I had a two hour oral exam with a room full of professors from the Math Department, Physics Department, and the Aeronautical Engineering Department. I waited in the hall outside the examination room as they decided my fate. Rudy finally came out to say that I had passed. He shook my hand and said, "Call me Rudy." Until then he had always been "Dr. Edse." Shortly after I received my PhD, Rudy invited me to coauthor a textbook on aerothermochemistry. That's when I discovered the third level of learning a subject. The first level occurs when one is a student. The next level occurs when one teaches the subject to students. The third level, according to Rudy, occurs when one prepares a text for someone else to use when he/she teaches the subject to students. The third phase is the most difficult - by far. We worked many, many hours writing the text. We had a publisher and received good reviews from editors. In the end, the publishers decided that books on such esoteric topics never make money and declined to publish the book. It was certainly an incredible learning experience - the Edse way.

Rudolph Edse - Scientist

Rudy and I had a private joke, I don't think anyone in the department knew. We considered ourselves "scientists" amongst a staff of "engineers." Our scientific papers were always in the area of physics and chemistry. I published my first scientific paper in 1961 with Rudy as coauthor. The topic was "The Detonability of Nitrous Oxide". I gave the paper at a conference on combustion. We published a number of other papers in journals and conferences during my tenure at OSU with topics in the general area of "high temperature physics."

We also built shock tubes for studying high temperature chemical kinetics. We used spectroscopic techniques to obtain data on the chemical composition and temperature of supersonic gases in an arc heated wind tunnel. Internationally, Rudy was best known for his work in the area of the formation and propagation of detonation waves. I frequently met scientists at international meetings who enquired about Rudy. He received substantial funding to investigate detonation waves from both an experimental and theoretical viewpoint. This research was the primary source of funding for the Rocket Research Laboratory, of which Rudy was the Director and I was the Deputy Director.

Rudolph Edse - Friend and Advisor

The most important aspect of my association with Rudy Edse was the advice and personal guidance he provided that have been with me since first meeting Rudy. He consistently emphasized my role as a family man (husband, father) over my professional life. Just before Christmas, 1960, Rudy and I had a long discussion about my priorities in life. My wife of four years, Patti, and I were going to visit her parents in New Jersey. We had decided Patti would fly to New Jersey and I would drive a few days later since I had an experiment just starting to produce results. I wanted to stay for a few more days to collect data. The day before Patti was to leave, Rudy and I had a talk about life's priorities. He said to drive with Patti - the research would be there when I returned. On the basis of our talk, Patti and I cancelled her flight and decided to drive. The TWA flight she was scheduled to fly had a mid-air collision over New York City - all lives were lost.

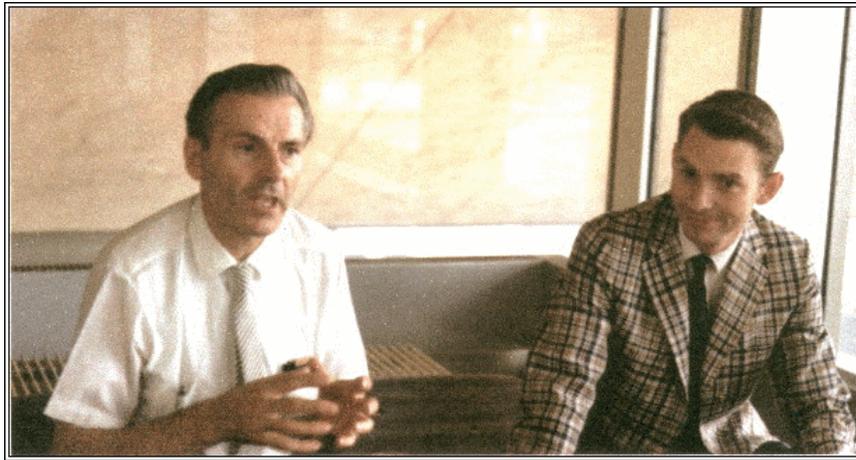
I received my PhD in March 1963 only a few weeks after the birth of our first daughter, Michelle. Our second daughter, Denise, was born in June 1965 - Rudy and Ilse Edse were named godparents.

I departed Ohio State University in June 1967 to pursue a full time career of research in the aerospace industry, eventually forming my own company in 1979. Whenever I had young employees, I used the same techniques I had learned from Rudy to help guide them in their career.

Rudolph Edse - Final Note

I have been in the “aerospace” business for almost 40 years. I have known many good educators and many good scientists. Rudy was among the best.

Despite his excellence as a teacher and scientist, my most vivid remembrance of Rudy is as a friend.



Rudy and Stokes

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Ilse-dore Maria Edse
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	16 Oct 1918
Place:	Koblenz, Germany
Date Died:	
Place:	
Father:	Rudolf Edse (I)
Mother:	Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann
Spouse:	Rudolf Edse
Date Married:	25 Nov 1939
Place:	Braunschweig, Germany
Children:	Klaus-Peter Edse
	Franziska Edse
Siblings:	Hans Heinrich Edse
	Lieselotte Martha Edse

Ilse-dore Maria Edse

Finished school, Bismarck Oberlyseum, February 1938.
 Pflichtjahr, April 1938-Sept. 1938; Arbeitsdienst, October 1938-April 1939.
 Technical Draftsman, Luftfahrt Forschungs Anstalt, Braunschweig, 1939-1940.
 Interpreter, 21st Weather Squadron, USAAF, Bad Kissingen, 1945-1946.
 Research Associate, Dept. of Chemistry, The Ohio State University, 1948-1952.
 Teaching Associate, Instructor, Asst. Prof., Assoc. Prof., Professor, Dept. of
 Germanic Literature and Languages, The Ohio State University, 1952-1956.
 Producer and Writer, WOSU-AM, 1952-1988; WOSU-TV, 1957-1988.
 Instructor, German diction, American Institute for Musical Studies,
 Graz, Austria, 1985-2000.
 B.S. in Education (cum laude), The Ohio State University, 1952.
 M.S. (German), The Ohio State University, 1954.
 Ph.D. (German), The Ohio State University, 1960.
 First Place Award in Instructional Television for Die Deutsche Stunde, Int. Inst.
 for Education by Radio and Television, 1959.
 Emmy Nomination for Visit to Germany, 1962.
 Distinguished Teaching Award, OSU, 1963.
 Bundesverdienstkreuz, Federal Republic of Germany, 1980.
 Citation for Distinguished Service, Ohioana Library Association, 1984.
 Recognized as Personaggi Contemporanei by the Accademia Italia, 1984.

Ilse-dore Maria Edse

Ilse-dore was born on Koblenz, but her family moved to Königsberg, East Prussia, in 1923. Her Nitschmann grandparents lived in the center of the city, and were visited weekly. The family spent each summer vacation in Cranz, a resort on the Baltic Sea. Her father was a Mennonite, whose his forefathers had come to West Prussia from Holland. Her parents sent her to an all girls schools, instead of the Volksschule, which covered grades one through eight, attended by both boys and girls. After finishing school, she served her compulsory year of service in 1938-39, the first six months working for a family in the city, and then the six-month Arbeitsdienst, doing all sorts of farm work, both indoors and out. She and Rudi began communicating by mail during this time. Rudi joined her in Königsberg in May 1939, where she had a secretarial job in an office of the city administration. In August they went to his home in Hamburg, on the very evening of the attack on Poland. After Rudi passed his doctoral exam in September, he found a position at the LFA (Luftfahrt Forschungs Anstalt: Aeronautics Research Institute) in Braunschweig, working in



Ilse-dore and children in Braunschweig



Rudi's weekend visit to his family at Gr. Vahlberg

the Chemistry Department. He later became head of the department, after the death of his boss. Ilse-dore too obtained a job at the LFA, as a technical draftsman. After the children were born, she moved to a manor farm at Gross Vahlberg, outside Braunschweig to avoid the bombing. She volunteered to help out with the farm chores, since there were too few farm workers during the war. At the end of the war, Rudi was invited to go to America,



Arrival in Dayton

as part of the US Army Air Forces' Operation Paperclip, in which German scientists were taken back to the States because of their expertise. Rudi and Ilse-dore were taken to Bad Kissingen, where they waited out the end of the war with Japan. Then Rudi was taken to the US, leaving Ilse-dore behind until later. While waiting, she got a job as a translator with the American Weather Squadron. Finally in

November 1946 the waiting was over. Ilse-dore and her two small children were brought to the United States along with a great number of GI's on the troop ship Henry Gibbins, on which they celebrated their first American Thanksgiving meal. They entered the Port of New York on 2 Dec. 1946, more than a year after her husband had been brought to the United States by the US Army Air Force. They lived in Dayton, Ohio, for six months while her husband was still working at Wright Field. They moved to Columbus in September 1947, when Rudi joined the Department of Chemistry at The Ohio State University. She became a US citizen on 28 Aug. 1957 at Cincinnati, Ohio.



Ilse-dore interviewing Archduke Karl von Habsburg, Feb. 1987

to her liking, so she did her graduate work in the Department of German. At this time, she also began her radio, and later TV, programming. An assessment of her professional career is given below.

The following items were extracted from the January 1989 Newsletter of the Department of German, The Ohio State University:

“ILSEDORE EDSE was awarded the prestigious Distinguished Service Award of the Ohio State University in December. This award, primarily intended to recognize outsiders' contributions to the enhancement of University life, is seldom presented to active faculty members. She retired from the Department in December, after 38 years of dedicated teaching and service (see the feature about her elsewhere in this issue).

“ILSEDORE EDSE FUND ESTABLISHED

In appreciation of Ilse-dore Edse's thirty-eight years of service, her friends and colleagues of the Department and the College of Humanities have established the Ilse-dore Edse Fund for Support of Undergraduate Students.

“TRIBUTE TO ILSEDORE EDSE

“It is with considerable pride and gratitude that we feature our colleague **Ilse-dore Edse** in this Newsletter. She has served the Department and Ohio State University for thirty-eight years with unprecedented dedication and commitment. Ilse-dore came to the United States from Germany after World War II. She earned her bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees from Ohio State. She has received numerous awards and recognitions for her teaching and service and has been inducted into several honorary societies.

Ilse-dore's professional career began with her move to Columbus. She had been working as a translator of technical articles for the Chemistry Department when she decided to enroll as a student at OSU. While majoring in education, she decided that a career as a teacher in high schools was not

“Over the years hundreds of students have expressed admiration and affection for her because she was never too busy to talk with them, listen to their concerns, help them with difficulties in courses or personal problems, and to share her enthusiasm for the German language and culture. For Ilse TEACHING is more than a profession – it is a vocation which she has pursued with passion and pride. Her students and her teaching always come first. One of the visible signs of recognition for her teaching is the Teacher of the Year Award of the Colleges of Arts and Sciences Student Council. It comes as no surprise to find out that she was the first woman ever to win this recognition; after all, she has many “firsts” among her accomplishments.

“Second to teaching, Ilse has devoted countless hours and much of her creative energy to her RADIO and TELEVISION programs. She started producing in the mid 1950s. Her programs are filled with wit and imagination, and are always the product of considerable thought and enthusiasm. The broadcast industry, as well as her loyal listeners and viewers have applauded her work. Some of her programs have earned awards from the National Institute for Education by Radio-Television and two Emmy nominations from the Columbus Chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. Her programs range from language instruction, fairy tales, and culture capsules to interviews with students, colleagues and “famous” people. No German-speaking visitor to the Ohio State University Campus could



Ilse's German Service Cross

escape an interview with Ilse. Many of her TV shows have endured the test of time and continue to be broadcast every week. Recently we heard from third generation viewers who are enjoying her “Wie geht’s” series.

“Beyond the OSU campus, countless elementary school children, high school students, and members of the community have benefited from Ilse’s generosity. She never tires of talking about Germany and the German language. In 1980 the West German government recognized her many contributions to the profession and the community with the Bundesverdienstkreuz.

“It was only fitting that the Ohio State University bestowed upon Ilse the Distinguished Service Award at its Autumn Commencement. The citation reads as follows:

‘Ilse Edse has taken her mission of education beyond the confines of the classroom. In the last three decades she has brought to thousands enlightenment and entertainment through the German language. Her enthusiasm is contagious, her commitment steadfast, her abilities unparalleled. She has brought an element of foreign culture to the hearts and minds of many, filling an important niche in our societal experience. Over the years she has been commended for her dedication and acknowledged for the enrichment she has provided to a great many individuals. In recognition of her outstanding service The Ohio State University awards her its Distinguished Service Award on this day, the 9th of December 1988, being the 119th year of this University.’

“However, all the recognitions and awards do not adequately express the gratitude her students and colleagues feel for Ilse Edse. Her favorite description

of the German Department is “my second family” – and she has always treated us as family: with kindness and generosity, with patience when we made changes too quickly, with advice when we asked, and with lots of encouragement. The list goes on. As a visible sign of gratitude her friends in the department and the College of Humanities have established an Undergraduate Scholarship Fund in her name. It is so like Ilse-dore – the only gift she would accept from us is one she can give away to others. Ilse-dore, we salute you!”



Ilse-dore & Mutti,
Koblenz/Pfaffendorf, 1919



Mutti & Dorchen in Bonn, 1962



Rudy & Ilse-dore recording a session, Worthington, late 1970's

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Herbert Edse
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	16 Feb 1916
Place:	Hamburg, Germany
Date Died:	29 July 1977
Place:	Mölm, Germany
Father:	Cornelius Edse
Mother:	Anna Marie Louise Schlottau
Spouse:	Christel Bartsch
Date Married:	June 1946
Place:	Hamburg, Germany
Children:	Ingrid Edse
	Bärbel Edse
Siblings:	Rudolph Edse

Herbert Edse



Herbert

Rudi



Herbert – around 1941

My Brother-in-law, Herbert Edse

by

Ilse Edse

28 Feb 2002

My cousin Herbert Edse who lived in Hamburg was two and a half years older than I. He was probably 14 years old when I remember meeting him for the first time. We had little to say to each other. Later he became interested in coming to see us in East Prussia. He came to us two years later and had his bike with him. I admired his plan to bike all by himself through the province.

His interests were very different from Rudi's. He did not enjoy school but was interested in his father's profession. He became a Konditor apprentice in his father's business. He was very good and finished his trade with the Konditormeister diploma. Then he was drafted into the Arbeitsdienst, and when that year was over the army needed him. He experienced the entire war, first in Poland and elsewhere, and at the end, in Russia.

I saw him again after the Polish campaign in 1939. He and my father were the only witnesses and guests at Rudi's and my wedding in Braunschweig that year. He visited us there once more in November 1942, when our son Peter was two years old. Many years went by after that, and we all worried about him as a soldier in active service on the various fronts. At the end of the war he was injured and taken to a Veteran's hospital in Hamburg. Later he worked for the English occupation troops there. Since his parents had lost their business during the bombing of the city, he



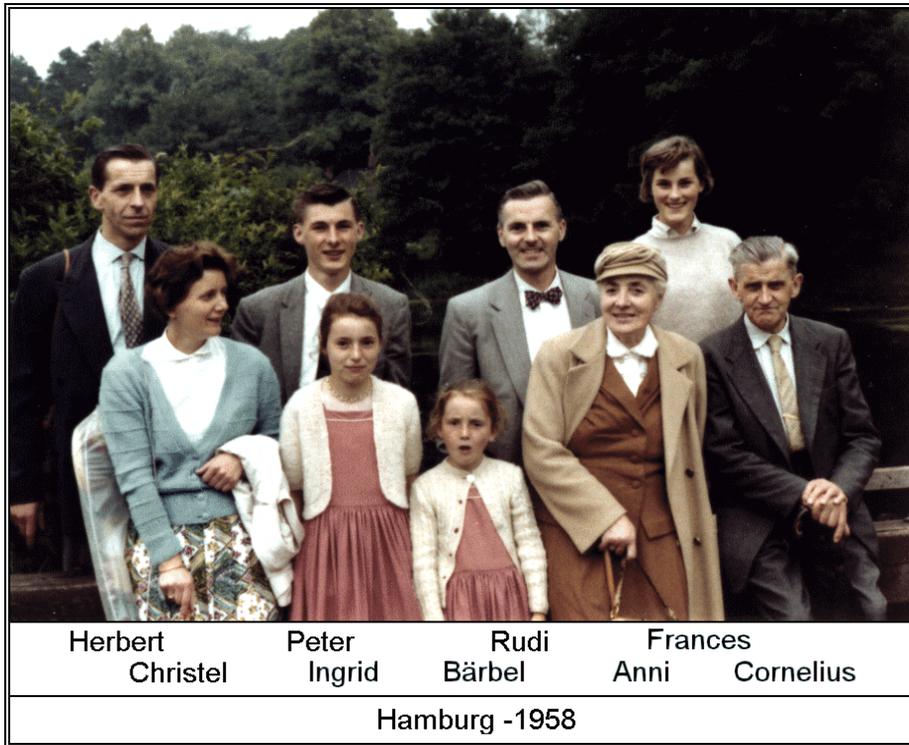
Peter and Herbert Edse, Braunschweig, Nov. 1942

found a job in his field with an old friend and colleague. He also found a wife, Christel Bartsch, who had escaped the Russians with her parents and two sisters. They had to leave their farm in Ellerwald, East Prussia. Herbert and Christel got married in Hamburg in June 1946 and I was able to see them briefly on the evening before their wedding. I had taken a train from Bad Kissingen to Hamburg, which was not so easy at that time. I lived in the American Zone and they in the English. Occupation soldiers checked our luggage. I think we were not allowed to transport cigarettes and alcohol. In Hannover the train was so full, that some men helped me to crawl through the window to get in.

I got to meet Christel, her two sisters and her parents for the first time the evening before their wedding. This time is called "Polterabend" when friends and neighbors come by with noisemakers and often humorous gifts. It turned out to be an enjoyable evening. The wedding reception took place outside of Hamburg the

day after the wedding. I was not invited, since I was not known to her family.

Christel's father was a half cousin to our fathers on their maternal side. It was interesting that Herbert too married a relative, as his brother had. Herbert and Christel later had two daughters, Ingrid and Bärbel. Although a war injury bothered him for years, he kept on working as a konditor. They enjoyed traveling, especially to the Alps, until he developed a brain tumor which led to his death in July 1978.



Herbert and family – Hamburg, 8 April 1962

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Lieselotte Martha Edse
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	14 Feb 1920
Place:	Koblenz, Germany
Date Died:	
Place:	
Father:	Rudolf Edse (I)
Mother:	Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann
Spouse 1:	Ulrich Albert Knorr
Date Married:	6 May 1950
Place:	Bonn, Germany
Spouse 2:	Joachim Reinhold Gehring
Date Married:	8 June 1940
Place:	Königsberg, Germany
Children:	Axel Joachim Alfred Rudolf Gehring
	Andreas Ulrich Martin Knorr
	Wolfgang Rainer Knorr
Siblings:	Hans Heinrich Edse
	Ilse-dore Maria Edse

My Sister, Lieselotte Martha Edse

by

Ilse-dore Edse

5 Apr.2001

Lilo, as I called my little sister, was only 16 months younger than I. When we were about three and four, I remember some people asking me if we were twins. I



Dorchen Erna Rudolf Lilo

Rudolf Edse Family, Cranz, 1923

I really did not understand the word and said, "yes," thinking they meant sisters. We must have looked alike since my mother would dress us always alike. Outstanding were big bows in our blond hair. Lilo always wanted to go with me when I had plans to play with some other girls in the neighborhood. I resented that and often tried to run away or hide from her. We shared the same room at home and often we would crawl under the same blanket and pretend we were worried about burglars. Since we went to different schools our interests were different too.

When we were older our parents allowed us to travel alone by train to get to know other parts of Germany. We had great fun going to the Alps in Sonnthofen. Our Aunt Tuta knew of a mountain cabin there that was operated by two brothers. We were quite surprised when we had to climb up the snowy mountain with the wrong shoes and a suitcase in our hands. Lilo and I had trouble understanding the two fellows and the other guests who were there. Their dialect was completely foreign to us. There was a lot of misunderstanding and laughing. Since we were together, we felt pretty strong and capable of handling all situations. The long train trip offered a few nice memories. However, in Berlin we had to change trains. Ours went to Basel. Lilo and I had window seats and one middle-aged, nicely-dressed gentleman sat by my side. During the night he started suddenly to touch my legs. I got scared and moved over to Lilo's side. When it got daylight he wanted to do us a favor and ordered breakfast for all three of us. The black porter opened our compartment and stared at Lilo — she looked so pretty that he dropped the entire tray. He apologized but kept looking at Lilo. Then he opened the window and threw the broken dishes with the food out the train. For years we would talk about that experience.

On the return trip we again had a very attractive man in our compartment, a Dr. Kolbe, who saw how we shivered in our wet socks and shoes. He bent down and put his blanket over our feet and asked us to get out with him in Munich where he had some business to do. He was a lawyer we found out. He left us at the English Garden for a short time and then took us to a well-known dance hall, the Odeon. We really were not dressed for the occasion. Lilo was such a good sport and had fun dancing and eating. When we had to catch the train back home, he took us to the railroad station and presented each of us with a big box of candies. We both felt it was good to have a sister; alone we would not have felt comfortable.

Lilo acted more like a boy when she was young. She was known in the neighborhood as the wild Lilo Edse. She would beat up little boys and call them names, and when they ran after her she would call for our mother to help her. It was actually fun to watch her running away from the boys, who basically liked her. We two started dating early, at about 14 years of age. The fellows were always a little older than we. It was fun to go to the athletic club we belonged to and to their sport field, which was an easy ride with our bikes. In summer we went swimming and later we both joined a tennis club, though not the same one.

Lilo met her future husband, Joachim Gehring, when she was very young. He was a student from Dresden who was studying medicine in Königsberg. He had rented a room from a family that lived across from us in the Schillerstrasse. Achim was very musical. He owned already a record player and quite a few American records with swing music. He also played the accordion well and was a very good dancer. Lilo often accompanied him to his lectures at the Medical School. She seemed to like the hospital rounds, whereas I avoided doctors and hospitals. They reminded me always of the time our father's ears were operated on and he had to suffer great pain.

Unlike most students in the late thirties he not only rode a motorcycle but also bought a car later. When Rudi came to visit us in Königsberg in May 1939, Achim drove us to Masuren, the southern part of East Prussia. Rudi and I sat in the open "rubble" seat in the back, which was quite uncomfortable. But we were in love and enjoyed sitting close to each other and seeing new places by car.



Lilo and Achim married in June 1940 in Königsberg. Lilo stayed with our parents, when Achim was called to service in the Navy. Lilo visited him (in Flensburg near the Danish border) several times, and Axel was born in March 1943.

Mother was unable to attend either of her daughters' weddings. When Lilo was married, she was with me in Braunschweig awaiting the birth of Klaus-Peter, my first child. Mother had been absent also at my wedding the year before. Neither of us had wedding parties, because the conditions during the war

didn't allow us the luxury. Achim was already in the German Navy and Rudi could have been drafted any time. Everything was so much better in 1966, when Franziska, her only granddaughter, got married to Bob in America. There was a church wedding and reception at the University Faculty Club. Franziska was delighted that her grandmother would sew her wedding dress. There was even a write up in the daily newspaper about the German grandmother of Franziska Edse who was appearing on the my television show German Playhouse at that time (story by Jo Bradley Reed, TV-Radio Editor of the Citizen-Journal, Columbus, Ohio, Monday, June 20, 1966).



Achim & Lilo in Glücksburg
May 1942

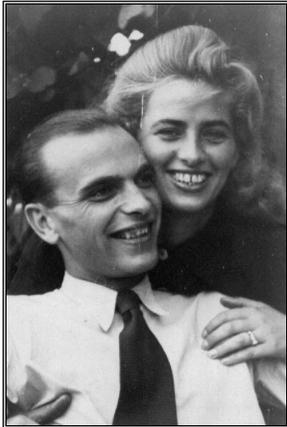


Lilo, Axel and Joachim, Königsberg
November 1942

Before Lilo married Achim, she had known Ulrich Knorr, who lived not far from our house. After he joined the army as an officer candidate, they did not see much of each other. He hoped they would stay close friends but Achim, who was still there, swept Lilo off her feet. Achim did not survive the war. He was captured by

the Russians in Finland in 1944, and died in a Russian Prisoner of War camp in 1946.

Somehow we sisters then began to spend less time with each other. We got together in the fall of 1944 when Lilo asked to come with her son Axel to the country place where I was living then. Königsberg at that time was close to the front and she was frightened by the approach of the Russians.



Ulrich and Lilo
Sept. 1947

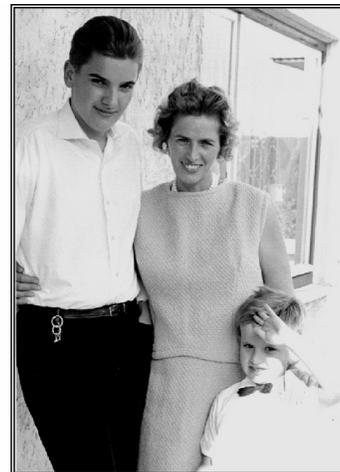
Lilo and Ulrich met again by chance in September 1948, though I was in America by that time and am not certain of the circumstances. Lilo was working in a hospital at Wolfenbüttel, near Gross Vahlberg, where she and my parents were still living. She ran into a former classmate of hers, who later ran across Ulrich on the street. She told him about Lilo, though she had only vague directions as to where Lilo lived. Ulrich had only half a day before he had to leave for Cologne, but he managed to track her down. Lilo thought that Achim was dead, since she had not heard from him for a long time. She knew he was in a prisoner-of-war camp, and that many of the Russian prisoners died. It wasn't until much later that she received official word of his death.

The time after the lost war was very difficult for Uli. He worked as an apprentice in masonry. Carrying heavy sacks of cement was a very hard job and it ruined his health. Lilo had joined him in 1948 in Lannesdorf. I heard that they lived in very primitive quarters in a barn. Then in 1952 they moved to Bad Godesberg, a suburb of Bonn, where our parents also had moved. Uli there joined the firm Deutsche Herold, an insurance company, where he worked as an actuary, and Lilo also could make some money collecting bills.

When Andy was born in 1949, I think Axel stayed with my parents. I was able to send them the most necessary things for the baby and also some dresses for Lilo. In spite of the miserable conditions, she looked nice and was happy with their new son. After years of hardship, in 1956 Uli was able to go back into the military as a captain, and eventually was promoted to Lt. Colonel (Oberstleutnant). They moved to Bonn in 1959 and in 1961 Wolfgang was born there.



Ulrich, Lilo and Andreas, Sept. 1947



Andreas, Lilo and Wolfi, 1962



Wolfi with Oma, Mutti, Opa and Tante Dorchen in Bonn, 1962

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Ulrich Albert Knorr
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	16 Dec 1917
Place:	Königsberg, Germany
Date Died:	
Place:	
Father:	Martin Knorr
Mother:	Herta Grau
Spouse:	Lieselotte Martha Edse
Date Married:	6 May 1950
Place:	Bonn, Germany
Children:	Andreas Ulrich Martin Knorr Wolfgang Rainer Knorr

Ulrich Albert Knorr

by Lieselotte Martha Edse Gehring Knorr

13 July 2002

In April 1947 Uli came out of the prisoner-of-war camp in France (though American). He had himself released to Gebhardshagen, because his mother and Hilla had one room there. His father died in Güstrow, where they lived after their flight from Königsberg. His father was 64 years old. A stroke was the cause of death. Uli found out my address from Dorothea Krone, who lived on Kastanienalle. When Mamma went into the hospital in Wolfenbüttel because of jaundice, I got to know the manageress of the hospital kitchen and was able to start there as “kitchen help.” In 1947 there was no possibility for me to earn money in an office job. From a second dietary cook I learned of Dorothea and so Uli found me, because his mother had found lodging with Dorothea. Uli borrowed a bicycle and rode to Gross Vahlberg to see me on August 13, 1947. His relatives, who had had a large farm at Rogainen near Goldap, as refugees found a place to stay with Dorothea. Later they all emigrated to Brazil, where they had relatives. They also were called Knorr, cousins of Uli’s father. Mamma easily recognized Uli and invited him to eat and told him about me. She said that Uli should send a letter to me at Hamburg (Aunt Anni) – I would soon come home from Kiel Möltenort (where Lisa lived). I was happy over his letter and on August 19, 1947, we met at the bombed-out train station in Braunschweig (Uli asked me of my arrival by telegram).

So it all began. On August 20 Uli had to go for retraining (he wanted to become a construction engineer). Military officers were not allowed to become teachers. He had gotten an apprentice position with a builder in Godesberg. Uli lived for several

weeks with Dr. Terbeck (a lawyer), who was a first lieutenant under him in the war. Uli often wrote me then and after three months we decided to stay together forever.

The law said that wives of soldiers missing in the war may not marry for ten years. In 1947 we were 30 and 27 years old. Since I was pregnant with Andi, we sought legal advice and could then marry on May 6, 1950, after an unsettled time. Our child was first called Gehring, then Edse and was then declared "legitimate." In September '48, I went by train to Uli — I had my mattress with me, and Uli came with a push cart. In Lannesdorf, near Gross Vahlberg. Uli had rented a small room (a stall) about 10 feet by 10 feet with an iron heating stove. No water, outdoor toilet with little heart cutouts, no cooking stove, etc. Grandmother Knorr was not enthused, she lived 15 feet away in a small room with cooking stove, bed, table and chair.

From May 1950 on, we could marry, we took the very first date, 6 May '50, at eight o'clock in the morning, going by bus to the registrar's office. Witnesses: Colonel Voss and Dr. Hans Fuchs from Königsberg, formerly one of Uli's Cub Scouts. From May on, two small attic rooms in Bad Godesberg no kitchen, no toilet, we shared a W.C. (flush toilet) with two women. I took the diapers to a helpful neighbor, who put them on her stove.

Axel came to us then from Gross Vahlberg where he had lived with my parents. I don't know where we all four slept. It was fortunate that I could nurse Andi for a year, so he was healthy and gave us much joy. Axel went to the special school in Bad Godesberg. Uli found the masonry work very hard physically. He was a certified masonry journeyman. He often said, when he came from work, that if he did not have Andi and me, he could not endure the work. Dorchen was so kind and sent us baby clothes and many other good things. Then the German Herold Insurance Company in Bonn sought high-school graduates, and I went there and acted as though I looked for a position for my brother. As always, Uli made a good impression there, and was taken on by the mathematics department. Immediately on being hired, he told the Personnel Department that he had a wife and son, and couldn't yet be married.

Our parents came first about 1951/2 to Bad Godesberg, Augustastrasse (Augusta Street), from Vahlberg with a furniture(?) van. From Nov. '52 - 1958 we lived on Stiftsplatz in Bonn. Then from Nov. '58 we lived for 43 years at Graf Stauffenberg Strasse 10 in Bonn. On 22 Dec. 2001 we moved to Luisenstrasse 20 in Badenweiler.

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Joachim Reinhold Gehring
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	2 Feb 1916
Place:	Sayda, Saxony, Germany
Date Died:	20 Apr 1946
Place:	Novgorod, Russia
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Lieselotte Martha Edse
Date Married:	8 June 1940
Place:	Königsberg, Germany
Children:	Axel Joachim Alfred Rudolf Gehring

Joachim Reinhold Gehring

by Lieselotte Martha Edse Gehring Knorr

13 July 2002

In October 1937 I met Achim. He was a gifted versatile man, very musical, violin, piano, accordion, he could also paint and compose poetry. A very interesting man, but he could not be faithful.

I was 17 years old when I met him, and I had my left foot in a cast. An accident while shot-putting in physical education class. Achim rode a DKW 200 motorcycle



Lilo, Axel and Achim
Königsberg, Nov. 1943

and earned money during semester breaks by working at a filling station on Hindenburg Street and by teaching stenography and typing in a private school. He sent me a little red pig made of palm fiber. It hung outside the window of my father's den in our house at 15 Schiller Street, whenever I was at home. He was very musical, played several instruments, above all an "Hohner" accordion, a big instrument, it was too heavy for my shoulders. At Christmas time he serenaded me with his pupils, had the pine tree in our front garden decorated with candles, a lovely picture when lit — an unusual idea in Germany at that time. He was forever having fantastic ideas.

He rode with me on his motorcycle to Metgethen and taught me to ride there, somewhat later to drive his bright blue DKW convertible, in which we drove with Rudi and Dorchen to Masuren (the wooded hills of southern East Prussia). Then in the war the car was requisitioned.

Also he liked to photograph me and did it well. He had a record player and liked to listen to records by Teddy Stauffer, a popular dance-band leader. Of course he could dance well, after graduation from high school and later as a naval cadet he took dancing lessons and enjoyed them. We liked to dance in the Park Hotel or in Liedke's restaurant at the zoo. In the war all that was prohibited.

Also I went with him now and then to the lectures at the clinic. It was actually not allowed, but I found it very interesting. Later in the summer/fall of 1942 I typed Achim's doctor's thesis in Papa's office in East Bahnhof in Königsberg. The topic was "Anomalous Prolapse of Small Organs during Birth" from Prof. Benthien's gynecology clinic. I was in my seventh month of pregnancy, and didn't feel at all well.

In September 1938 I was in the RAD (Reichsarbeitsdienst — similar to a homeland Peace Corps) at Walldürn, Achim studied then for a semester in Würzburg (70 km distant) and wanted very much for me to be nearby. There we became engaged. In the same year I went to Dresden and met Achim's father and stepmother. They had a beautiful house. His father was very humorous, a portly man with a full head of hair.

Achim's father was a M.D., a doctor of medicine, his Uncle Paul a Ph.D., a teacher in a prep. school, his grandfather a school teacher in Saalfeld, Thuringia. His mother was the only daughter of a book publisher, also from Saalfeld. There also was a sister, Gertraude. She was four years older than he and married to a flying officer, Elmar Waeber. His father was also a doctor and stood in for Achim's father during vacations. Gertraude lived in Königsberg by the Devau airport, that's probably why Achim studied in Königsberg too.

In 1940 on the 8th of June we married in Königsberg. I was then often with Achim when he served in the navy. I lived for a while in Stralsund, Glücksburg, Deutschkrone and Wustrow am Bodden. Looked for work then. Worked for the army, then for a craft shop, knitting patterns. Also typed private letters for the wife of a high officer. People everywhere were nice to me, I was pregnant.

I also flew twice in a JU52 to Achim in Berlin. I was several days on the island "Hela" near Gotenhafen. In Dresden we saw "Butterfly" in the Semper Opera. We also went to the theater in Freiberg in Saxony, where Achim had taken his final exam (high school). I was just 20 years old and had seen much of the world by then.



Junkers JU52, London, 1934

On Sunday 7 March 1943, in 19 Albrecht Street, in Glücksburg after 2 days of labor, Axel came into the world. The midwife and Achim were with me, I suffered a lot.

In Sept. 1944, when living in East Prussia wasn't safe any longer, I went with Axel to Dorchen at Gross Vahlberg. She had to find a place for us in the crowded farmhouse where she lived with her two children. It was nice to be there, we enter-

tained ourselves by playing cards, dancing around the table, playing with our three children and trying to find something extra to eat.

It was only in April just before Wolfi was born (1960), that I received written notification from the Russian Turkish Red Cross that Achim had died on 20 April 1946 at Camp Borowitz (Novgorod).

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Cornelius Edse
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	21 May 1886
Place:	Hohenwalde, West Prussia, Germany
Date Died:	9 Mar 1964
Place:	Hamburg, Germany
Father:	David Edse
Mother:	Maria Stobbe
Spouse:	Anna Marie Louise Schlottau
Date Married:	23 June 1912
Place:	Steinbek, Germany
Children:	Rudolf Edse
	Herbert Edse
Siblings:	Anna Edse
	Auguste Edse
	Heinrich Edse
	Lisette Edse
	Rudolf Edse I

My Uncle, Cornelius Edse

by

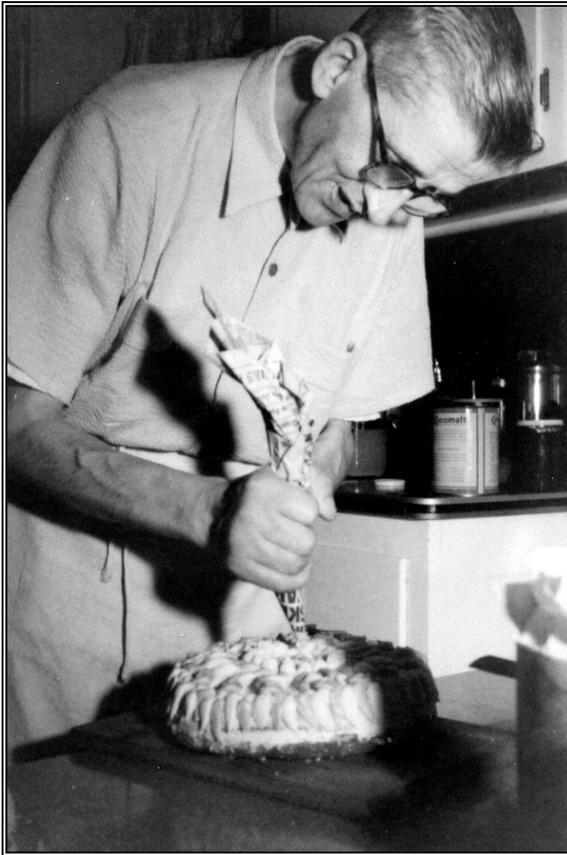
Ilse Edse

7 April 2001

I recall meeting my uncle Cornelius in Hamburg in 1928 when I was a young girl. He was my father's brother, the next to the youngest in the family. He was dark haired and not as tall as my dad, perhaps 5' 10". He was a pastry baker by profession, had a master's degree and could train apprentices. However, he had not chosen to work in this trade. When he was fourteen years old he left school like most country children, and had to learn a trade. His mother knew a baker in the nearest bigger city, Elbing. There he started his apprenticeship. He was really still a child. Sometimes he would talk about the physically hard job and long hours of baking bread. As a slender not yet fully developed young fellow, his whole body suffered from the stress. At that time there existed no laws against child labor. For instance, he often had to stand on his feet for twelve hours, on shoes that were worn out. In this way he had ruined his feet early in life and later suffered from flat feet and bad blood circulation, as well as open wounds on his lower legs.

I don't remember why and when he started to change from baker to pastry maker. He seemed to have a talent for decorating cakes and for using the best ingredients to create great-tasting tarts and layer cakes and special cookies. At Christmas time he used to mail his "braune Kuchen" to customers in other cities. At the end, his life as the owner of a Konditorei was a successful one. He loved his profession and the customers liked his baking goods. He served in France and Russia during the First World War. As a Mennonite he did not have to bear arms, so he was serving

as a cook. When he returned from the war he had no money but he and a Jewish buddy made ersatz marzipan and sold it to the hungry population in Hamburg. They made enough money to buy a pastry business in the Osterstrasse in Hamburg. A few years later they sold this business and bought another in Finkenau 24 across from the biggest maternity hospital in Hamburg. He sold many pastries to hospital visitors. I can personally say that he was an excellent pastry baker. Whenever we visited him we spent most of our time in the “Backstube” where the cakes were mixed and baked and where we always received the cutoff samples.



Cornelius visiting Columbus — 1953

It was a known fact in Germany that mice and rats like to be around bakeries; for that reason Cornelius had a tiger cat named Muschi. They said she was good at catching rats, and I never saw any in the backstube where they would be expected. Like most cats, Muschi did not like water, but did like eating fish. To me, the kitchen smelled awful every day when Anni boiled the cheap fish for the cat. In the evening when the family sat at the table, Muschi would jump up on Cornelius' shoulder and wrap herself around the nape of his neck. She stayed there until he got up. Once she must have eaten some poison and was very sick. She wouldn't swallow her medicine, so Rudi thought of a scheme to make her do it. He proudly told me how he smeared her medicine around her mouth in order to make her swallow it. Looking at him reproachfully, she would lick it off. She obviously didn't like the taste, but kept licking

at it until it was gone. Rudi felt so proud at having thought of the cat's habit of licking herself clean, since usually he was not good at helping the sick.

Cornelius and Anni worked at the Finkenau 24 location until the bombing in 1943 destroyed his store and living quarters at the end of the store. With his livelihood gone he worked parttime helping out at several local stores. Because they had lost everything and had few resources, they were appreciative of the support Rudi and I were able to give them. They were bombed out again at their new residence and then moved to the 5th floor on the Schlump, still in Hamburg, where he lived until his death. He and Anni visited us in Columbus in 1953 and 1957, staying three months each time.

Additional Memories — 7 April 2001

Mein Onkel Cornelius, späterer Schwiegervater, war ein stiller, zufriedener Mensch. Als Kinder waren wir sehr gern in Hamburg und verbrachten die meiste Zeit

in der Backstube, wo es schön warm war und immer so gut roch. Er gab uns auch jedesmal die frischen Kuchenabfälle und am Sonntag machte er das beste Sahne Eis mit Schlagsahne. Rudis Mutter war auch sehr grosszügig, am Nachmittag brachte sie immer den besten Kuchen und Konfekt auf den Tisch. Sie hatte guten Geschmack, ihre Wohnung war sehr geschmackvoll eingerichtet. Sie kaufte immer nur das Beste, ob sie genug Geld hatte oder nicht.



Some Reminiscences by Frances Edse Lawrence

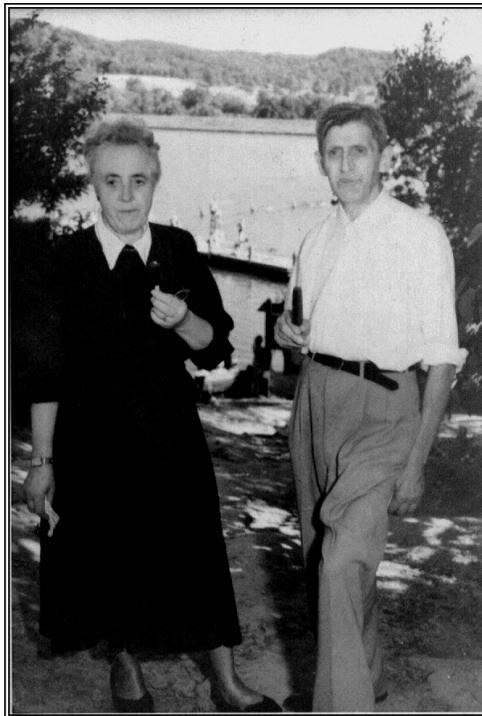
26 March 2001

In Hamburg I remember my first night in Oma and Opa's attic apartment; it had only two rooms...I slept in the kitchen and Oma and Opa slept in the living room. They had at least 3 clocks that chimed every 15 minutes. With the clocks chiming, the boats in the harbor honking and Oma and Opa snoring I didn't sleep a wink the first night. But I soon got used to the noises and could sleep through the night. I did not realize how ill Oma had been...she didn't want me to know...she tried so hard to make me comfortable and feel at home. I remember every afternoon Oma and Opa would have coffee and ONE cigarette together...they really seemed to enjoy this time. Often they would play a game of cards.

I was watching TV with them when the news came that Pres. Kennedy had been assassinated...at first I didn't know what had happened because I didn't know what Attentat meant, but when I heard that a priest was summoned I knew that he was dead or dying. Hamburg was very shocked at the news...all theaters and the TV stopped their scheduled programs and played somber music. A huge crowd of people came to the Rathaus that same evening to pay tribute to Kennedy. When Oma was taken to the hospital I was not informed. I only knew that she was sick when they told me to rush to Hamburg right away ... when I got there she had already passed away. Opa was beside himself with grief. Opa did not want to live anymore and before the year was out he too passed away. I was with him when he went into a coma.



Cornelius Edse's pastry store at Finkenau 24, Hamburg



Anni and Cornelius
Hocking Hills, Ohio – 1953

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Anna Marie Louise Schlottau
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	27 Oct 1889
Place:	Steinbek, Germany
Date Died:	4 June 1963
Place:	Hamburg, Germany
Father:	Heinrich Nicolaus Georg Schlottau
Mother:	Anna Catharina Maria Franck
Spouse:	Cornelius Edse
Date Married:	23 June 1912
Place:	Steinbek, Germany
Children:	Rudolph Edse
	Herbert Edse
Siblings:	Edgar Schlottau
	Richard Schlottau

My Aunt, Anna Marie Louise Schlottau

by

Ilse Edse

17 Mar 2001

When I was a 5-year old girl in Königsberg in 1924, I met my aunt Anni and my cousin Rudi for the first time. She was elegant and friendly and bought for me and my sister Lilo each a doll. We visited my Nitschmann grandparents during her stay with us, because Rudi had been living with them for several months in 1916 while her husband Cornelius was in the First World War. My mother was then engaged to Rudolf, who was Rudi's uncle. He had suggested that it was safer to stay in Königsberg than in Hamburg. During my childhood I often heard my grandfather talk about the little clever Rudi. Many years went by before I saw them again – that was about 1928 in Hamburg. Anni had a beautiful home right next to their Konditorei (pastry store). During the day she stood behind the counter and sold the cakes and chocolates made in the rear of their house. We thought she was very generous, not only did she serve wonderful cakes on a silver tray in the afternoon, she gave us a small bag of candies each day. She was well known as a spendthrift, because she regarded the money in the cash drawer of the shop as free to be spent. Rudi told me that she blamed Cornelius for spending too much money on eggs, white flower, and butter, which he needed for baking to make his living. There were days, when he had to go and buy from a grocery store some butter or flower, which of course was much more expensive and resulted in no profit. Because she liked her sons to look elegant too, she would buy shoes for them. Rudi told me they were always too small and his feet hurt a lot. She also would dye his shirts different colors each week, usually colors she liked, e.g. pink, light blue, beige.



Anni's school photo
about 10 years of age

Anni was very proud of Rudi's good school record, since she was not able to attend the Lyzeum, because her parents had died while she was young. Although her mother's sister, who had three daughters herself, took Anni into her house, there was not enough money to have her educated better. She became a sales girl and moved to Leipzig, where she met Cornelius. They married and were hard workers but they lacked business acumen.

When Rudi told her that we would marry, she discouraged him, telling him that I would become a spoiled wife, that I would not work as hard and would spend all his money. I was amazed, since I had just finished a half year in the *Pflichtjahr*, working for a family with children, and a half year in the *Arbeitsdienst*, working in the fields and in the houses of poor farmers. She later apologized to me when she saw how many jobs I managed after coming to America. We invited them to our house in Worthington and later in Columbus where they enjoyed getting to know Peter and Franziska. I remember Anni sitting on very humid days on her bed and playing solitude. Although she did not speak English, her knowledge of the low German dialect of Lower Saxony helped her to understand some English.

[All dates above were taken from her son Rudi's *Ahnenpass*, the official family document, dated 16 June 1935 in Hamburg.]



Anni in their konditorei in Hamburg in 1938

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Rudolf Edse (I)
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	23 Dec 1888
Place:	Hohenwalde, West Prussia, Germany
Date Died:	23 Dec 1965
Place:	Bad Godesberg, Germany
Father:	David Edse
Mother:	Maria Stobbe
Spouse:	Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann
Date Married:	10 June 1916
Place:	Königsberg, East Prussia, Germany
Children:	Hans Heinrich Edse
	Ilse-dore Maria Edse
	Lieselotte Martha Edse
Siblings:	Anna Edse
	Maria (?) Edse
	Auguste Edse
	Heinrich Edse
	Lisette Edse
	Cornelius Edse

My Father, Rudolf Edse

by

Ilse-dore Edse

26 March 2001

I have very happy memories of my father. He seemed so positive and so kind. He told me once that his mother never scolded him because he was the baby of the family, the 14th child of his father, who was married twice. Seven of the fourteen died as children before he was born; unfortunately I do not know their names. Something that distinguished him from other people was that he was hard of hearing. This was the result of medical ignorance at the time he was born. In order to improve his condition he would go to a Spa in the Harz Mountains where he improved his health by eating well, a vegetarian diet, no alcohol, and sunbathing and long walks. All his life he promoted healthy living; however, he smoked cigars and did not know that they were very unhealthy. We children grew up with honey, nut butter, unsweetened marmalade and even bed sheets made of natural porous fibers. Yet the most important healing aid was the Heilerde (healing earth) which saved us from bee stings, open wounds, bruises and even stomach pains. We trusted it so much that no injury could really scare us. Dad had many bad experiences with surgeons; they had cut his hearing nerves when they operated on his infected ears.

Since Dad could not enjoy musical events he would go to the movies with Mother. He could read the dialogues of the silent movies and follow the story. Sadly for him the sound film arrived about 1928 in Germany, robbing him of that pleasure.

Dad was about 6 feet tall, slender, and well built; he loved gymnastics and saw to it that we joined an athletic club when I was about 10 years old. He loved to

dance and hike. He also loved to travel and made sure that we girls met all our relatives. I think he felt responsible for the entire Edse clan, and all the relatives seem to like him. He was proud of his Mennonite upbringing, but converted to the evangelical religion when he married my mother. Somehow I do not remember that we ever went to church with our parents and never prayed at home, except when he took us to bed – then we had to say a children’s prayer: “Lieber Gott mach mich fromm, dass ich in den Himmel komm, Amen.”

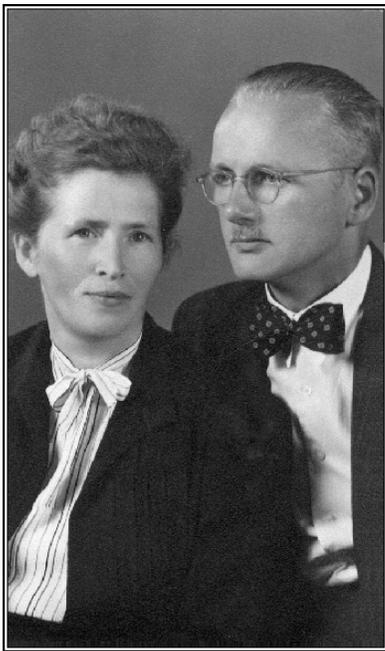
On Sundays we would go for a long hike and often we would visit with my maternal grandparents who lived in town. Dad was always treated with great respect. He was served first, because he loved his meals hot, but he was never demanding, eating was unimportant to him. He would have a drink when there was company, but otherwise he would not even have a glass of wine or beer. He was very orderly, always hung up his clothes neatly and kept his desk in his study very orderly. That was also true for his handwriting, which was very neat. He also was a good letter writer and gave talks at various occasions – he had no stage fright. He was a surveyor, and the younger colleagues in his office all admired him and later helped him when he became nearly deaf.

Since he was a self-made engineer – he could not follow a class discussion – he had plenty of reading material in the house. He would always encourage me to learn and read, which I appreciated. Since he had to take a great number of examinations in order to advance in his profession, he was always preparing for tests. He was not practical with simple repair jobs in the house and garden; those my mother would do, while Dad was good with pen and language. With his friends he enjoyed playing cards: Skat was his game. When my sister and I got older we three played and liked these evenings of playing cards very much.

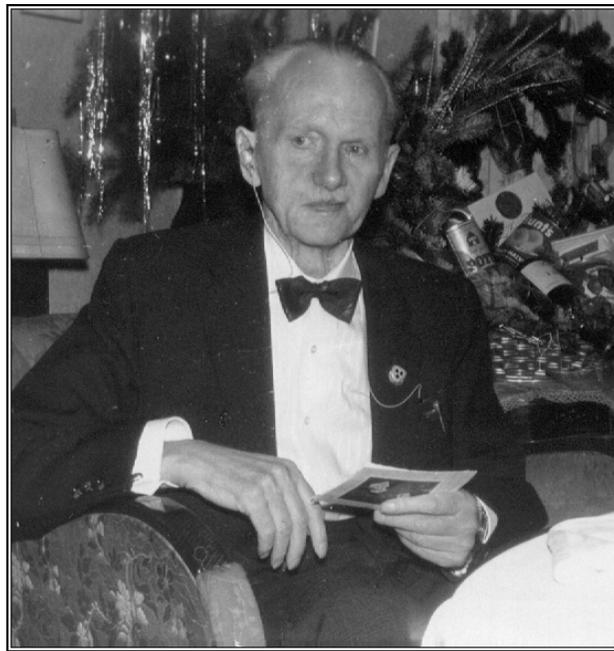
During the Second World War he had to travel to Poland and Russia on business. Food rations were scarce and he often would give his portions to his younger colleagues, preferring to smoke a cigarette. This led to his contracting tuberculosis in both lungs in 1944. He was still recuperating in the hospital in Königsberg when the city was attacked and destroyed by British bombers during the night of August 30th, 1944. He and some other patients had to use an axe to cut through the basement walls to get out of the burning building. He ran home with a wet sheet over his head. He managed to get there safely, but little did he know that his mother-in-law and sister-in-law were killed on the street near their home. They had run out of the house during the air raid, and died because of lack of oxygen. Their home was close to the university hospital, so he could have been killed too if he had gone there. My parents left town for several weeks and stayed with relatives in the country before they had to leave again when the Russians approached the city and surrounded it. Dad suggested that he and mother should take their life by hanging, but mother could not do that, so they left and luckily made it to my place in the village of Gr. Vahlberg.

The American troops marched into the village on April 12, 1945 and occupied it. Dad took that calmly. By now he had lost his home and his job. From now on he worked on the piece of land we got from the farmer, where he planted tobacco plants and also raised a few chickens. He was happy to give self-made cigarettes to the people who showed him favors. When my sister moved to Bad Godesberg in 1948, they followed her. Father and Mother helped her bring up her three sons, Axel, Andreas and Wolfgang. Eight years went by before he and mother could visit

us in America. Being so proud of his first grandson, Peter, he felt he had to show him how to drink beer and how to smoke a cigarette. The owner of the drugstore where he bought the beer and cigarettes must have liked father enough to give him a whole carton of cigarettes as a present before he returned to Germany. Although Dad couldn't converse with most people, because his hearing had deteriorated so much and he could not speak English, he was friendly and people seemed to like him. He also was a great letter writer, had an excellent style and wrote beautifully in German script. But according to the rules he wrote the family names and the proper names of cities and countries in Latin script. My mother often called Dad a 'Lebenskünstler' because in spite of his hearing impairment he had mastered his life well. Having been so orderly and disciplined since he was a young boy, the family was surprised when death chose to take him quietly just as he completed his 77th birthday.



Erna and Rudolf
Königsberg, 1937



Rudolf Edse in Bad Godesberg
23 Dec 1963

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	16 Apr 1895 Place: Metz, Elsass-Lorraine
Date Died:	18 July 1979 Place: Bad Godesberg, Germany
Father:	Max Albert Nitschmann
Mother:	Martha Amalia Scholz
Spouse:	Rudolf Edse (I)
	Date Married: 10 June 1916
	Place: Königsberg, East Prussia, Germany
Children:	Hans Heinrich Edse Siblings: Gertrud Nitschmann
	Ilse-dore Maria Edse
	Lieselotte Martha Edse

My Mother, Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann

by

Ilse-dore Edse

18 March 2001

I remember my mother as a person who wanted to look elegant. She sewed her own outfits, bought huge hats and would walk downtown in high heels, even if her feet would hurt badly and my sister and I would have to massage her tired legs. Many years later Rudi would remember that when he met us first in 1924 in Königsberg, we did tell him “our mother wears Puffärmelchen” (puff sleeves) which we considered the height of elegance. She also used to dress us in look-alike dresses.

She loved music and almost every day she would sit at the piano and sing arias from Verdi’s, Puccini’s and all the German operas. This way I early learned to love operas. I began piano lessons before I was 10 years old and saw my first opera, Lohengrin by Richard Wagner, when I was 12 years old. Whenever there was a party at my grandparent’s home, not only my mother but also her sister Tuta and their father would sing and play piano. Mother had a strong and beautiful voice. She sang in the church choir until her later years. She also loved to tell jokes, at times rather obscene ones whereupon my dad would say “aber Erna” and she would keep on laughing and joking.

She was well liked by neighbors and friends of the family, because she was very helpful. During the bad years in the thirties we had many people for lunch in our home. She also helped some by mending their clothes. She was always interested in meeting our boyfriends. We could bring them home and she allowed us to go out in the evening; however, we had to be home at the time she determined or she got very angry. She warned us about things that could happen, but never really enlightened

us about the birds and the bees. I was so intimidated by her attitude, that I was scared to tell her I was pregnant after just 6 weeks of marriage; I called my father first before telling her. But she came to Braunschweig when Peter and Franziska were born and was a great help to me. She loved children, but they had to obey.



Erna and Rudolf
Koblenz about 1916

Mother loved the theater and the operas and always had season tickets even when times were bad. She felt she had to support the actors and singers who would come to the door and beg for renewal of the tickets. Since father was so hard of hearing he could never go with her. She also liked to sit in nice cafes and drink a cup of coffee and eat a piece of tasty pastry. I think she set that idea of coffee and cake in my mind too, since I still enjoy it. She was a good cook but never came close to the fine cuisine her mother preferred. On my birthdays she always prepared my favorite dish, which was chocolate pudding with vanilla sauce. When she visited us in America we asked for “Königsberger Klops” (meatballs in sweet and sour sauce) and potato pancakes. She was so surprised that the children always asked for water, since drinking water was considered unhealthy in Germany. So she would answer them by using a funny saying which the children still remember today: “Trinkt Wasser wie das liebe Vieh und denkt es ist Krambambuli” (Drink water like the animals and think it is wine).

She had a great liking for funny verses and also could speak various dialects. The English and French she learned in school she was able to use when French and American occupation troops occupied our home in Koblenz after the First World War. She preferred to use her English and when I had to study foreign languages in school she always helped me. Later when she came to visit us in America she was able to make herself understood. She found it helpful to look at TV shows. She liked Perry Como and the sitcom “My three sons.”

In her younger years she had fun raising roses and espaliering trees. Since no grapes could grow in East Prussia, Mother would buy dried figs and make wine of them. In our attic there were always several glass flasks in which we watched the wine fermenting. From our many currant bushes we gathered lots of berries which also were used for wine making. Mother was always proud to offer her homemade wines to our guests.

Mother was a healthy woman and disliked taking any pill or going to a doctor. She did, however, complain about headaches at times and later on she suffered from



Lilo, Erna and Ilsedore in Bonn – 1968

hot flashes. Her menopause started very early, I think she was only 39. She also gained weight! As a young person she was very slender, and again in her old age. Her mother had the same weight problem. Mother was a nervous person. As children we saw her flare up easily, the reason we later thought must have been the very difficult years with a hard of hearing husband who also had several ear operations and later suffered several strokes.

Mother met our father when she was very young. Father was 7 years older and they waited till she was twenty-one to get married. My grandmother was not happy about that marriage. My uncle Cornelius remembered that she said at the wedding “I am losing the apple of my eye,” but I only remember that later she was very fond of her son-in-law.

Some Reminiscences

by

Frances Edse Law

26 March 2001

When I think of Oma and Opa Godesberg in 1963 I remember watching TV with Oma after dinner...especially the English language show that was broadcast by the BBC..“Harry and Sally”. Oma would try to speak English and we would laugh at the funny situations from the BBC program. I will always remember Oma for the funny jokes she could tell...and how wonderfully she could laugh. She took me to Köln and we went to several movies together..so she was always a lot of fun to be with. I used to walk with Opa into Godesberg so he could buy his cigars and news papers and then walk around the park because he like to be outside and around people. He always dressed nicely when he went out...I have such wonderful memories of Oma and Opa Godesberg and Hamburg ... I’m grateful I was able to be with them and enjoy a year and half with them.

Our Flight from Königsberg

A letter from Erna Edse to her
daughter Ilse Edse, about 1945.

Translation by Ilse Edse.

The first time we left our home was on the 23rd of January 1945. After two families from our house, Dr. Koob and Birkmeyer's, said their final goodbye, Dr. Koob said "We are going to choose the white death. That is not as gruesome as the others."

For fourteen days we were already living in the basement, which the baker heated with his baking oven, and then we fetched our mattresses and spent our last days in the Albrecht Street under constant firing from the Russians. And then Papa said, "We want to go to the railroad station and see if the trains are still leaving." We waited with several other people in a room, and then we were told there is one going in the next few hours. So we got into the train without having anything with us from home. We rode for a few stations and then the train stopped. It was the eighth train that could not pass the bridge at Dirschau, because it had been completely destroyed. Now we stood for hours and even days, somewhere on an open stretch of the road. Since it was very cold with deep snow, some people went to the farmers in that area and picked up some straw for the little children. We were glad when we could start the return trip and did not want to leave our warm home again. We were glad to be back home again.

Some of Dad's colleagues visited us; they were not allowed to leave Königsberg anymore. There was more unrest and one did not see any people on the streets. The one week we were still at home we got a visit from Aunt Lisbeth and she asked, "What are you going to do?" Lisbeth's son Jochen said, "We should leave town," and she got away in time. Aunt Stein also came and asked us what we were going to do, and I told her she should join us. She lamented, "I am supposed to give up my nice home?" Indeed she stayed in Königsberg until 1948.

The owner of our house did not leave in time and was taken with her three children to a camp. Aunt Stein had told her she should get in touch with us and also told her that we would take our lives if we did not get out of the city.

Many days went by when I finally told Dad, "I'm not capable of taking my life by hanging. I always see my children in front of me." But then Dad said very sadly, "But Mom, you did promise to leave this life with me."

We waited for a little while and then I went out of the house and in front of the door was a young officer, the son of the family Speer on the second floor. He had his parents picked up with a car, and he said to me, "Frau Edse, you and your husband should go along with my parents." But the chauffeur had his family along and therefore would not put them out. I got into a conversation with him and asked who his boss was, and he said Mr. Magunia, and I remembered he was a friend of Papa. So I went to Papa and said, "Write a letter to Waldemar Magunia and ask whether he can help us."

The young officer drove on his motorbike to him and came later to tell us Mr. Magunia would send a car the next day at 12:30 PM. It was a small open truck. We then took an older couple with us, the baker and wife and child and their maid, and even another couple and Frau Sollenski were there. We could take nothing along except a small suitcase. With -27° C and deep snow we started in the direction

of Pillau and then on to Fischhausen through the woods being under constant fire. Behind us many aircraft service fields and ammunition depots were exploding. It was the most beautiful fireworks.

The lowing of the cows, which were tied up, was gruesome. For the short stretch to Pillau we needed one and a half days and nights, because the entire road was plugged up, on the right side there were horse-drawn wagon trains, in the middle were cars and military trucks, and on the left side the people on their small sleighs. I was sitting on a plank seat on the right outside and Papa and Frau Sollenski both in front on a suitcase. Suddenly I looked to the right and saw how Uncle Kurt in his galoshes pulled a small sleigh loaded up with a suitcase and a guy was running behind. I called toward him, "Uncle Kurt where is Aunt Lene?" He didn't know where she was but a car had taken her. I asked him, "Do you need some bread stamps?" We separated and didn't see each other any more.

The cars stopped again and again. Two horses were shot dead on one wagon in a caravan. When we arrived in Fischhausen at noon we saw again the Birkmeyers and Koobs with red cheeks marching bravely onward. Amazing what one can endure! We lost sight of each other then until we met the Birkmeyers again in Bonn. Another sad view was a long ditch in which so many little children were buried. Their mothers had been so happy during the escape to have their children so quiet until they noticed that they were dead.

Then we stood again and the young soldier told us he could not drive on because he has no gasoline. We all had to get out and we cried horribly, and an officer, who gave orders where to go, saw this and said to the soldier, "You cannot let these old people out here. Fellow, do you have gasoline or not? Then get over there and get a canister." But I knew the young man was hungry and guessed that he probably could not come back any more. I asked our travel companions if they wouldn't have something for the young man to eat. I knew they had enough. Then I said that they should send Miss M., a salesgirl from the bakery, to him so that he had a little change of routine.

Before we continued, our officer pointed out that we could not drive further through the forest because we could hear the shooting. He told us we had to go left and cross the bay and thus we crossed the bay. It was horrible. The many horse-drawn caravans on one side, and the cars and people on the other. Our car got stuck in the deep snow and Papa, Frau Sollenski and the other men had to push and jump on once the car drove on again. Two days later the ice was breaking up and very many people drowned. I do not know for how long we had to drive over the ice. I really remember nothing.

We finally arrived in Pillau, and all we saw were people, people and more people, standing at the water, and there were small boats. When we stopped, several young sailors came running to us and helped us get out of the car. We were hardly able to walk, considering the long time sitting. There was a storm across the water. Coming from the right, people belonging to the party called us to stand in line. Only the young sailors said, "Come over." They took us to their boats and served us hot soup and some nice roast. In this way we got warm again. Then we were five hours on these torpedo boats as far as Gotenhafen*. We arrived there at eleven PM, and in the dark we lost Frau Sollenski. Dad wanted to go right to the railroad station.

*near Danzig

There we met a young man who said to us, "If you are lucky, maybe one train will still go this week, but now I have to point out that we have to close the station at twelve o'clock. There will be an airplane attack. Then we turned around in the dark and in the distance I saw small lights flickering; coming closer I saw a huge lodging for sailors, but then it was a huge overseas ship called Kap Arcona, which Rudi had seen as a young man. Who would have thought that his parents-in-law would have to make their escape on it.

Under the long bridge of the ship, two sailors stood with their sweethearts in their arms. I asked them to help us, and they were glad to do it, and they showed us a way. Then we had to sign in at a sentry box and then looked up above for a place to stay, which we found then on the floor between the corridors. Beside us lay a man who had been on the ship for quite a while. He didn't believe it would ever sail. He preferred to go with his soldiers to his family in Stolp. He gave us a blanket and a pillow and said that it would be for my sick husband[†]. He also gave us a big piece of bacon[‡], and an empty marmalade pail with which later, after standing for hours in line, I got some watery porridge from the kitchen. After we ate that, we stood again for hours for two slices of bread.

There were almost 12,000 people on the ship. We had been on the ship by now for five days and waited and waited. Papa and I inspected the ship and met by chance Mr. and Mrs. Speer from our house, who were very happy to see us. We also met Papa's colleague, Mr. Belz, still in his railroad officer's uniform, and Benno Pflug, the son of Oma's girlfriend from Gumbinnen. He was the director of the Social Security Office in Königsberg. He still came to me several times and asked if I had something for him to eat. Well, in my marmalade pail there was still a little of that porridge soup. So far we nourished ourselves with the bacon and the bread, but the farmers on the ship could cook in the galley their geese and chickens. They had huge backpacks with meat and sacks with ham. There was an ugly smell on the ship. On the fifth day, a lady said on passing me, "Did you notice something?" But I said, "No." "Then get up," she said, and I noticed right away a motion, which meant that happily we were underway.

We went one day, and then had to stop on the high seas because of fog. Of course, we had escort ships. For three days we had to tolerate the foghorns and the airplanes.

[Addendum: The rest of the letter is missing. However, they made it safely to Neustadt [in Schleswig-Holstein – I.E.], where they took a train to Dettum [in Lower Saxony – I.E.]. At the railroad station, they called the mayor of Gr. Vahlberg, where I lived at the time, asking him to contact Frau Edse that her parents had arrived. He picked them up with his horse-drawn wagon and delivered them to me on 11 Feb. 1945. I did not recognize them, because they had aged so much from the deprivation of the last few weeks. I had thought they had died, since I had heard that the Russians were fighting in Königsberg. Now we were all together, Lilo with her son, and I with my two children. Rudi was in Braunschweig and Achim was in a Russian prison camp, where he died 20 April 1946. – I.E.]

[†]He had only recently recovered from tuberculosis in both lungs – I.E.

[‡]Cooked bacon that can be eaten as is – I.E.

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: [Heinrich Nicolaus Georg Schlottau](#)
Sex: [Male](#)
Date Born: [9 Oct 1853](#) Place: [Kröppelshagen, Germany](#)
Date Died: Place:
Father: [Hans Jochen Wilhelm Schlottau](#)
Mother: [Anna Maria Ilsabe Hüttmann](#)
Spouse: [Anna Catharina Maria Franck](#)
Date Married:
Place:
Children: [Anna Marie Louise Schlottau](#)
 [Edgar Schlottau](#)
 [Richard Schlottau](#)

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: [Anna Catharina Maria Franck](#)
Sex: [Female](#)
Date Born: [5 Feb 1861](#) Place: [Glinde \(near Steinbek\), Germany](#)
Date Died: [17 Mar 1905](#) Place: [Hamburg, Germany](#)
Father: [Johann Joachim Friedrich Franck](#)
Mother: [Anna Elsabe Weidemann](#)
Spouse: [Heinrich Nicolaus Georg Schlottau](#)
Date Married:
Place:
Children: [Anna Marie Louise Schlottau](#)

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	David Edse
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	20 Dec 1828
Place:	Wengelwalde, West Prussia
Date Died:	26 Dec 1890
Place:	Hohenwalde, West Prussia
Father:	Heinrich Edse (Eitz, Eidse)
Mother:	Sara Penner
Spouse:	Maria Stobbe
Date Married:	18 June 1868
Place:	
Children:	Anna Edse
	Maria (?) Edse
	Auguste Edse
	Heinrich Edse
	Lisette Edse
	Cornelius Edse
	Rudolf Edse (I)
Siblings:	Maria Edse
	Sara Edse
	Cornelius Edse (I)

My Grandfather, David Edse

by

Illedore Edse

31 March 2001

He appeared to be of slight build with blond hair. His son Rudolf said that he had fourteen children, of whom Rudolf was the youngest, by his second wife, and Anna the eldest, by his first wife. Seven of the fourteen died as children before Rudolf was born; unfortunately I do not know their names. His children did not seem to resemble him, at least those whom I knew, though Heinrich and Rudolf's blond hair may have been due to his genes.

According to a letter I received from Auguste Edse, he died of cancer.

[The personal data above was taken from the official Ahnentafel of my husband, Rudolf Edse, dated 16 June 1935, Hamburg.]

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Maria Stobbe
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	20 Oct 1846
Place:	Wengeln, Germany
Date Died:	12 Oct 1913
Place:	Elbing, Germany
Father:	Heinrich Stobbe
Mother:	Maria Bartsch
Spouse 1:	David Edse
Date Married:	18 June 1868
Place:	
Spouse 2:	David Nickel
Date Married:	
Place:	
Children:	Auguste Edse Heinrich Edse Lisette Edse Cornelius Edse Rudolf Edse (I)
Siblings:	Cornelius Pauls



Maria and David Nickel

My Grandmother, Maria Stobbe

by
Ilse Edse
9 March 2002

Unfortunately she died long before I was born. She must have been a remarkable woman, because my father would mention her often. In one of his letters he wrote that he thinks of his mother every day. She was a good businesswoman, but too good hearted. After the death of her husband she managed the restaurant and general store all by herself. I was told that she would rather give things away instead of asking for the payment. Apparently all her children and the people who knew her had great respect and love for her.

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Max Albert Nitschmann
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	2 Jan 1867
Place:	Tilsit, East Prussia
Date Died:	14 Aug 1935
Place:	Königsberg, East Prussia
Father:	Karl Albert Nitschmann
Mother:	Emilie Bock
Spouse:	Martha Amalia Scholz
Date Married:	
Place:	
Children:	Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann Gertrud Nitschmann

My Grandfather, Max Albert Nitschmann

by

Ilsedore Edse

29 March 2002

When we moved to Königsberg in 1923, we were near my grandparents. Once a week the family visited them in the Oberlaak 19b, down town. They lived on the second floor where they occupied three large rooms with an old-fashioned toilet and kitchen without a refrigerator. But they had a parlor room with a nice piano and beautiful rugs which grandma had made herself. Opa had rings hanging from the door entrance to the kitchen which he used for exercise daily. He also walked regularly and in summer he spent many hours in the woods where he gathered mushrooms, wild strawberries and blueberries. He was a good-looking man but had lost his hair early. So he polished his head and shaved with a straight razor which he elegantly sharpened on a leather strap.

In his younger years he was a sergeant in the German Army. I heard from my mother that he really wanted to become a sculptor, but when his widowed father remarried, the three sons had to leave the house and my grandfather enlisted in the army. When he married Martha they moved to Metz in Alsace-Lorraine where later my mother was born. There he learned a lot of French and I remember his entertaining us with French words and songs. He was very musical and used to sing old army songs to us. Here is one he often sang and I still remember:

Wenn die Soldaten durch die Stadt marschieren,
Öffnen die Mädchen alle ihre Türen
Ei warum, ei darum, ei nur wegen dem
Schingderassa, Bumderassa.

Here is an event that he liked to remember all his life. During the First World War Rudi Edse, my future husband, spent several months at my grandparents' home where he and grandfather played tin soldiers. They let the soldiers fight and die in battle. Many years later when they replaced the old wall paper in their living room Opa detected a small hole in the wall which was filled with lots of broken heads of tin soldiers which the three year-old Rudi had hidden there.

I remember that he had little money on him, since his wife was in charge of their financial affairs, but he would give us children a two-penny coin which we saved for a ten penny-candy bar.

In 1935 my grandfather fell down the well-waxed stairs in his apartment house and hurt his back. He died within a week. I was at our schools two-week summer camp, and never got to see my grandfather alive again. I felt very bad about that. My grandmother bought my sister and me black dresses. I felt very uncomfortable and never wore black again.



Max

Tuta

Erna

Martha

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Martha Amalia Scholz
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	5 June 1867
Place:	Trakehnen, East Prussia
Date Died:	30 Aug 1944
Place:	Königsberg, East Prussia
Father:	Gustav Adolf von Dassel
Mother:	Berta Ottilie Scholz
Spouse:	Max Albert Nitschmann
Date Married:	
Place:	
Children:	Erna Berta Emilie Nitschmann
Siblings:	Hanno Werner Traugott von Dassel
	Martha Hedwig Helene von Dassel
	Johannes Fritz Reginald von Dassel
	Ernst Gustav David Wilfried von Dassel

My Grandmother, Martha Amalia Scholz

by

Ilse Edse

3 April 2002

I called my grandmother Ohmchen. In her seventies when I saw her for the last time, she was rather small, but my mother remembered her taller when she was younger. Most people noticed her very light blue eyes. However, they were rather cold eyes. She was a reserved person, not too generous with her hugs and kisses. Yet we liked to visit her home each week and loved being served delicious things to eat. What she considered a great treat for us was a slice of whole wheat bread from which she cut off the crust and then put lots of fresh butter on it. I finally figured out why she cut off the crust – she wore dentures and must have thought we had trouble to bite the hard crust too. She could eat only soft things. She would complain about the nausea she felt when putting the dentures in her mouth. Noticing her troubles, I silently promised myself to take very good care of my teeth, so that I would be spared this misery.

When Ohmchen was young she was sent to a hotel cooking school where she learned the fine art of preparing meals. All her friends, and of course her family, admired her fancy dishes and cookies and cakes. She also grew nice indoor plants. In her home she kept some yellow canary birds that were so tame that they ate from Ohmchen's mouth. In the evening she would be busy knitting or doing crochet work. Very much admired were her fancy handkerchiefs, which she generously gave away. She also made various kinds of rugs. But she did not enjoy sewing like her daughter Erna, my mother.

Her mother Berta Scholz was buried in Königsberg. We often helped Oma take care of the flowers on her mother's grave. I cannot remember hearing her talk much about her mother. We learned after Oma's death that all her life she was embarrassed by her illegitimate birth. But she knew who her father was. He, Gustav Adolf von Dassel, was the well-known head breeder of horses for the Prussian Army at the famous stud farm Trakehnen in East Prussia. Somehow she must have felt superior, for her whole bearing was that of a woman of high breeding. She also was discriminating in choosing her friends.

Although my grandparents were Protestants by religion, I remember two Catholic priests who were regular visitors in their home. They called her by the Polish endearing name Mamuschka, since they were originally from Poland. They never prayed before a meal and they loved to drink wine. But when they had to read the mass the next morning, they would go into another room and mentally prepare for it. They would also stop drinking more wine. My whole family had no religious prejudices. I really don't remember ever going to church with either parents or grandparents. Only as children did we attend Sunday school.



Omchen and her family in Königsberg in 1939

Braunschweig, but daily life in Königsberg was still peaceful. My aunt Gertrud (Tuta) still lived with her mother because Oma had convinced her that she would be much better off with her than with any man she would marry. In the evening these two women kept busy knitting sweaters, socks and gloves for people on the farms. In return they received some fruit, meat products and cheese. They welcomed these items because they wanted to help my father to eat richer food. They knew his tuberculosis would heal faster if he could eat better. They were always very generous.

Rudi and I saw my grandmother in Königsberg briefly in August 1939. She was so proud of him, since he was close to receiving his doctorate in physical chemistry. Of course she remembered him as the little three year-old nephew of her son-in-law, who had stayed with her a few months during the First World War. I saw her once more in 1941 with our son Klaus-Peter. He was her first great-grandchild. She seemed to enjoy his big smile and outgoing nature. He would wear the outfits she had knitted for him. They came in handy, since at that time we could buy hardly anything for a young child without a ration card. When I was pregnant with our daughter Franziska in 1942, I once more spent a few weeks with my parents and my grandmother. Bombs fell nearly every day in

My whole family admired grandmother for her management skills. Although her husband's salary was modest, her lifestyle appeared to be upper middle class. She never mentioned money, she spent every year some time in an elegant spa, and she always served gourmet food and good wine whenever they had friends over to their place. She had a dressmaker to sew her dresses and a cleaning woman to clean her apartment.

In the last letter I received, dated August 7, 1944, my aunt Tuta mentioned a small package she and grandmother had sent to me with little cotton socks and knee socks for Klaus-Peter and Franziska. I was very touched by their expression of love for my little ones. Nobody could have known that the bombing of Königsberg on Aug. 30th and 31st of 1944 would kill both of them. They had left their apartment and were later found dead on the street. Since nobody could identify them they were buried in a mass grave as unknowns. My parents did not know what had happened – they had hoped Grandmother and Aunt Tuta had left town before the bomb attack by the British. When they finally returned my mother went to the police station where she could identify her mother and sister by samples of the material of their dresses. But the sack with their jewelry, which they must have had with them, could not be found. The last letter I received from them describes how they viewed conditions during the last months of the war. I translate it here:

“Königsberg (Pr), 8/7/44

“Dear Ilsedorchen!

“Many thanks for your nice letter and the darling little pictures. What a big boy Peter has become. And Franzchen is completely her father's daughter. How quickly these little creatures grow up, from which one notices that one's own self gets older; one really has no time to think about it, one always has to work. The new war activity of the East began very suddenly, when the danger of war moved closer and closer to us. It seemed that almost overnight all men were drafted, even the Hitler Youth had to go along. Here in Königsberg we are quite hopeful and believe firmly that the front is still outside the borders of our homeland. It is obvious that we have to put up with the fact that the border cities will be hurt more and will gradually have to be evacuated. Of course there are horrible rumors going around about evacuation and refugees. But when one looks at the rumor more closely everything looks different.

“As you know, Lilo has left by now. I'm actually very happy about that, because her little son doesn't need to be awakened by these air-raid warnings, also he will not have it ideal at Emilie's. But I really don't know whether we should tell Lilo to join you in Braunschweig. The radio news constantly talks about attacks in the area of Braunschweig.

“Papa is slowly getting better, that is, he is gaining weight. Toward evening, almost every day, he comes to us and then we stuff him with everything as much as possible. Now hopefully the evacuation to the country will soon work out [those unable to work were sent out of the city because of the bombing – IME]. This would be desirable even for your mother, otherwise she would be asked to join the ‘Arbeitseinsatz’ [labor assignment – IME]. I have volunteered for harvest work, whereupon the official asked me whether I can milk cows. I gave him the fitting answer

to that. If it is required, of course, to help the farmers at this time, then our personal desires must stand back.

“Finally I finished a few little things that I promised you a half year ago. Oma knitted the cotton socks and knee socks. I just wrapped up these things and found out that I forgot the rubber band. You shall get it later. I hope that the little jacket will fit the female well, I have some of the wool left over in case it is too small.

“Now my dear Ilседорchen, hearty greetings to you as well as Rudi and the children from Tante and Omchen.”

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Hans Jochen Wilhelm Schlottau
Sex: Male
Date Born: 14 Sept 1809 Place: Dassendorf, Germany
Date Baptized: 20 Sept 1809 Place:
Date Died: Place:
Father: Hans Jochen Schlottau
Mother: Anna Maria Hardens
Spouse: Anna Maria Ilsabe Hüttmann
Date Married: 16 May 1841
Place: Brunstorf, Germany
Children: Heinrich Nicolaus Georg Schlottau

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Anna Maria Ilsabe Hüttmann
Sex: Female
Date Born: 29 Apr 1821 Place:
Date Died: Place:
Father: Hans Jochen Erdmann Hüttmann
Mother: Katharina Margarete Koops
Spouse: Hans Jochen Wilhelm Schlottau
Date Married: 16 May 1841
Place: Brunstorf, Germany
Children: Heinrich Nicolaus Georg Schlottau

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Johann Joachim Friedrich Franck
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	Place: Glinde (near Steinbek), Germany
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Anna Elsabe Weidemann
	Date Married:
	Place:
Children:	Anna Catharina Maria Franck

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Anna Elsabe Weidemann
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Johann Joachim Friedrich Franck
	Date Married:
	Place:
Children:	Anna Catharina Maria Franck

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Heinrich Edse (Eitz, Eidse)		
Sex:	Male		
Date Born:	3 Aug 1783	Place:	Wengelwalde, Germany
Date Died:	18 Dec 1854	Place:	Wengelwalde, Germany
Father:			
Mother:			
Spouse:	Sara Penner		
	Date Married:	27 Nov 1814	
	Place:		
Children:	David Edse		
	Maria Edse		
	Sara Edse		
	Cornelius Edse		

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Sara Penner		
Sex:	Female		
Date Born:	7 Feb 1792	Place:	Hohenwalde, Germany
Date Died:		Place:	
Father:	Peter Cornelius Penner		
Mother:			
Spouse:	Heinrich Edse (Eitz, Eidse)		
	Date Married:	27 Nov 1814	
	Place:		
Children:	David Edse		
	Maria Edse		
	Sara Edse		
	Cornelius Edse		

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Heinrich Stobbe		
Sex:	Male		
Date Born:	13 Aug 1812	Place:	
Date Died:	20 Dec 1850	Place:	
Father:	Abraham Stobbe		
Mother:	Barbara Martens		
Spouse:	Maria Bartsch		
	Date Married: 6 Nov 1836		
	Place:		
Children:	Maria Stobbe		

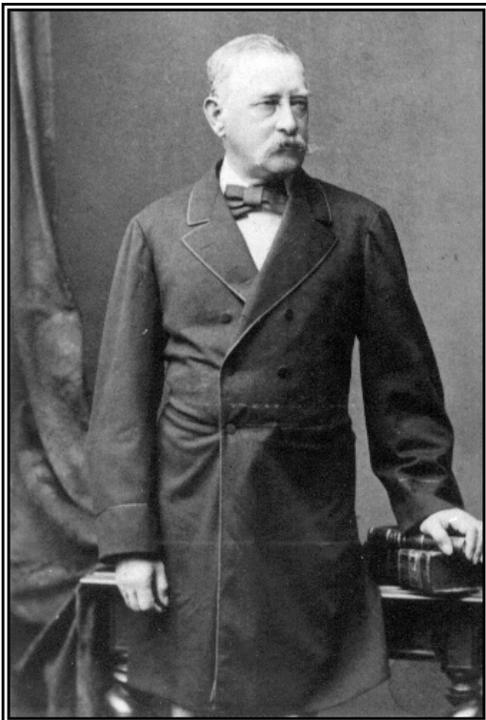
Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Maria Bartsch		
Sex:	Female		
Date Born:	29 Jan 1815	Place:	
Date Died:		Place:	
Father:	Johann Bartsch		
Mother:	Maria Heinrichs		
Spouse 1:	Heinrich Stobbe		
	Date Married: 6 Nov 1836		
	Place:		
Spouse 2:	Peter Cornelius Pauls		
	Date Married:		
	Place:		
Children:	Maria Stobbe		
	Cornelius Pauls		

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Karl Albert Nitschmann
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Emilie Bock
	Date Married: 26 Dec 1866
	Place:
Children:	Max Albert Nitschmann

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Emilie Bock
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	Caspar Bock
Mother:	
Spouse:	Karl Albert Nitschmann
	Date Married: 26 Dec 1866
	Place:
Children:	Max Albert Nitschmann

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Gustav Adolf von Dassel
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	24 Feb 1816
Place:	Neu-Belz (vicinity of Köslin), Germany
Date Died:	17 Apr 1894
Place:	Berlin, Germany
Father:	Georg David von Dassel
Mother:	Karoline Ernestine von Wedel
Spouse:	Elise von Bandemer
Date Married:	
Place:	
Children:	Hanno Werner Traugott von Dassel
Siblings:	Alexander Friedrich Karl Georg von Dassel
	Martha Hedwig Helene von Dassel
	Johannes Fritz Reginald von Dassel
	Ernst Gustav David Wilfried von Dassel
	Martha Amalia Scholz

Gustav Adolf von Dassel



Gustav Adolph von Dassel

Gustav von Dassel and Berta Ottilie Scholz were not married. The information on this record was provided to me in the early 1980's by his granddaughter Wilfriede Martha Anna Elisabeth Margarete (von Dassel) von Hopffgarten of Wiesbaden, An den Quellen 8. She gave me a copy of pages from the book, "Der Gotha," a source of information on German aristocracy, which lists much of the information on the von Dassel family.

Ilsedore Edse/5 Mar 2001

**Auszug aus einer Aufführung anlässlich der Hochzeit
von Wilhelm von Dassel mit Margarethe von Kleist
über das Wappen der Dassels am 20. Dezember 1887
(von Frau von Kleist-Retzow Gr. Tychowt)**

Drei Epheublätter liegen
Im silber'n Wappenfeld
Am roten Balken schmiegen
Sie sich wie hingestellt,
Zwei Blätter stehen oben
Und eins nach unten steht,
Fürwahr, der ist zu loben,
Der die Gestalt errät.
Der Balken glüht so blutig
Des Schächers Kreuz soll's sein,
Nun löst mir dies mal hurtig,
Wie bring ich Sinn hinein.
Und Epheublatt zu dreien
An schlanken glatten Stiel
Thut die Gestalt erneuen,
Doch löst dies noch nicht viel.
Zwei Büffelhörner zieren
Der Dassel Wappenschild,
Auf Kraft zurück zu führen
Dient doch wohl dieses Bild.
Auch sie sind noch gezieret
Mit rotem Balkenstück,
Als wird der Sinn geführt
Zur selben That zurück.
Das Schächerkreuz bedeutet
Glauben an unseren Herrn
Und wird es hergeleitet
Von Kreuzzügen so gern.
Und Epheublatt daneben
Am Balken blutig rot
Das rufet: Treu im Leben
Und Treue bis zum Tod.
Im Grafenhaus von Sachsen
Der Dassel Wiege stand,
Und wurden sie im Lande
Raugrafen stets genannt.
Uralt war dort ihr Adel,
Ein hochberühmt Geschlecht
Aus ihnen that man wählen
Nach altem Sachsenrecht
Die Herzöge des Landes,
Und Dassel hießdie Stadt,
Die man zu seinem Sitze
Dem Grafen gegeben hat.
Dort herrschten die Dynastien,
Sie trieben aus dem Land
Heinrich den starken Kämpfer,
Den man den Löwen nannt.

Es war des kühnen Raugrafs
Adolf von Dassels Schwert,
Das Heinrichs tapferen Truppen
Die Rückkehr hat gelehrt.
Und sein berühmter Bruder
War Erzbischof von Köln.
An dessen Glauben mußte
Manch Christenfeind zerschnell'n.
Der Dassel Söhne zogen
Aus jenem stolzen Haus
Für Christi Grab zu fechten
Zum großen Kreuzzug aus.
Wie nehmen sie so mutig
Den rechten Heldenlauf,
Wie blinkten hell die Schwerter,
Hieben sie kräftig drauf
Ihr Glauben und ihr Lieben
Färbten einst dunkelrot
Das Schächerkreuz im Wappen,
Was manchem brachte Tod.
Dass jene treu geblieben
Zeigt Euch des Epheus Bild,
Die stehn am roten Balken
Seitdem in Dassels Schild.
So geht die alte Sage,
Und sie hat tiefen Sinn
Von Dassels Epheublättern
Und rotem Balken drin.
Es hat seit jenen Tagen
Der Dassel Sittenschwert
In edlem Waffendienste
Sich stets als treu bewährt.
Von Lüneburg gekommen
In eine Heimat neu
Sind sie seit langen Jahren
Jetzt unsern Pommern treu.
Die Väter bauten Burgen
Auf Lüneburger Sand,
Du aber baust dein Haus dir
Nicht weit vom Ostseestrand.
Und bist du auch kein Raugraf,
Du stammst aus dem Geschlecht,
Du erbtest ihre Pflichten
Erfüll sie gern und recht.
Bleib treu stets deinem Gott,
Treu deinem Kaiserhaus,
Dass man die deutsche Treue
Auch ruft vom Schinzer Haus.

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Berta Otilie Scholz		
Sex:	Female		
Date Born:	22 Sept 1843	Place:	Breslau, Germany
Date Died:	13 Oct 1917	Place:	Königsberg, East Prussia
Father:			
Mother:			
Children:	Martha Amalia Scholz		

Berta Otilie Scholz



Berta Otilie Scholz

Gustav von Dassel and Berta Otilie Scholz were not married. See Gustav's note.

IME/5 Mar 2001

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Hans Jochen Schlottau
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Anna Maria Hardens
	Date Married:
	Place:
Children:	Hans Jochen Wilhelm Schlottau

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Anna Maria Hardens
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Hans Jochen Schlottau
	Date Married:
	Place:
Children:	Hans Jochen Wilhelm Schlottau

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Hans Jochen Erdmann Hüttmann
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Katharina Margarete Koops
	Date Married:
	Place:
Children:	Anna Maria Ilsabe Hüttmann

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Katharina Margarete Koops
Sex:	Female
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Spouse:	Hans Jochen Erdmann Hüttmann
	Date Married:
	Place:
Children:	Anna Maria Ilsabe Hüttmann

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Peter Cornelius Penner
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Children:	Sara Penner

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Abraham Stobbe		
Sex:	Male		
Date Born:	26 Dec 1771	Place:	
Date Died:	28 Nov 1844	Place:	
Father:			
Mother:			
Spouse:	Barbara Martens		
	Date Married:		
	Place:		
Children:	Heinrich Stobbe		

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Barbara Martens		
Sex:	Female		
Date Born:	1 Feb 1773	Place:	
Date Died:	17 July 1834	Place:	
Father:			
Mother:			
Spouse:	Abraham Stobbe		
	Date Married:		
	Place:		
Children:	Heinrich Stobbe		

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Johann Bartsch		
Sex:	Male		
Date Born:	22 July 1790	Place:	
Date Died:	5 Feb 1831	Place:	
Father:			
Mother:			
Spouse:	Maria Heinrichs		
	Date Married:		
	Place:		
Children:	Maria Bartsch		

Edse Family Records			
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf			
Name:	Maria Heinrichs		
Sex:	Female		
Date Born:	4 May 1793	Place:	
Date Died:	26 Oct 1823	Place:	
Father:			
Mother:			
Spouse:	Johann Bartsch		
	Date Married:		
	Place:		
Children:	Maria Bartsch		

Edse Family Records	
Compiled by O. R. Burggraf	
Name:	Caspar Bock
Sex:	Male
Date Born:	Place:
Date Died:	Place:
Father:	
Mother:	
Children:	Emilie Bock

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Georg David von Dassel
Sex: Male
Date Born: 24 Apr 1783 Place: Lüneburg, Germany
Date Died: 21 Mar 1826 Place: Neu Belz/Köslin, Germany
Father: Georg David von Dassel (I)
Mother: Rahel Louise Dorothee von Töbing
Spouse: Karoline Ernestine von Wedel
Date Married: 8 Dec 1812
Place: Stettin, Germany
Children: Alexander Friedrich Karl Georg von Dassel
Gustav Adolf von Dassel

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Karoline Ernestine von Wedel
Sex: Female
Date Born: 28 July 1784 Place: Mützelburg/Stettin, Germany
Date Died: 2 Feb 1871 Place: Königsberg, East Prussia
Father:
Mother:
Spouse: Georg David von Dassel
Date Married: 8 Dec 1812
Place: Stettin, Germany
Children: Alexander Friedrich Karl Georg von Dassel
Gustav Adolf von Dassel

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Georg David von Dassel (I)

Sex: Male

Date Born: 29 Apr 1748 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Date Died: 25 Nov 1798 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Father: Johann von Dassel

Mother: Margarete von Friesendorff

Spouse: Rahel Louise Dorothee von Töbing

Date Married: 4 Apr 1780

Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Children: Georg David von Dassel

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Rahel Louise Dorothee von Töbing

Sex: Female

Date Born: 30 Apr 1762 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Date Died: 27 Apr 1813 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Father: Hartwig von Töbing

Mother: Louise von Stötegroge

Spouse: Georg David von Dassel (I)

Date Married: 4 Apr 1780

Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Children: Georg David von Dassel

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Johann von Dassel

Sex: Male

Date Born: 1 May 1713 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Date Died: 26 May 1792 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Father:

Mother:

Spouse: Margarete von Friesendorff

Date Married: 2 Nov 1745

Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Children: Georg David von Dassel (I)

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: Margarete von Friesendorff

Sex: Female

Date Born: 18 June 1722 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Date Died: 8 Nov 1785 Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Father:

Mother:

Spouse: Johann von Dassel

Date Married: 2 Nov 1745

Place: Lüneburg, Germany

Children: Georg David von Dassel (I)

Edse Family Records

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: [Hartwig von Töbing](#)Sex: [Male](#)Date Born: [5 Nov 1717](#) Place: [Lüneburg, Germany](#)Date Died: [19 June 1769](#) Place: [Lüneburg, Germany](#)

Father:

Mother:

Spouse: [Louise von Stötegrogge](#)Date Married: [19 Sept 1756](#)Place: [Lüneburg, Germany](#)Children: [Rahel Louise Dorothee von Töbing](#)**Edse Family Records**

Compiled by O. R. Burggraf

Name: [Louise von Stötegrogge](#)Sex: [Female](#)Date Born: [10 May 1728](#) Place: [Lüneburg, Germany](#)Date Died: [15 May 1765](#) Place: [Lüneburg, Germany](#)

Father:

Mother:

Spouse: [Hartwig von Töbing](#)Date Married: [19 Sept 1756](#)Place: [Lüneburg, Germany](#)Children: [Rahel Louise Dorothee von Töbing](#)