

Our Trip to Germany and Poland – 20 April to 5 June 2007

Gene Maas

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Part One – Hamburg and Bremervörde

It had been nearly four years since we had last traveled to Germany and Poland and there had been so many exciting discoveries in the meantime that I could hardly wait to go back again. In response to my website, two previously unknown distant relatives contacted me during the interim and provided family information going back two more generations. Furthermore, they knew the locations where our Maass ancestors had lived along the Baltic Coast near Kolberg in the 1700's. With these new leads and with the aid of the Internet, I felt confident that I could trace the Maass lineage back to the 1500's. Now I was eagerly looking forward to meeting these new relatives and visiting all the new villages.

The most dreaded part of traveling are the long flights to and from Europe, so we decided to make the most of our trip by adding a 14-day cruise by ship down the Rhine and Mosel Rivers to our itinerary. And to top it off, we arranged to spend our last week in England and Wales visiting with Steve and Sarah, our son and daughter-in-law who were living in Bethel, Wales this year. Having over six weeks in Europe somehow made the 10- and 11-hour flights seem less formidable.

We left Los Angeles Friday evening on April 20 and arrived in Hamburg, Germany 15 hours later on Saturday evening. After renting a Ford Focus wagon, we headed to the Best Western Hotel in Norderstedt, a suburb of Hamburg, where we met my brother, Duane. He had flown in earlier in the day from Minneapolis so that he could join us for the next 18 days during our quest to meet our newly found cousins and to explore more of our ancestral villages. The next morning we met Marcus and Sandra (surname private) and their 5-yr-old son, Tom. Marcus descends from David Maass and is my 3rd cousin, once removed.¹ (*superscripts refer to endnotes*) He arranged for us to drive to Bremervörde to visit his 93-yr-old grandfather, Artur Haese. Artur is Dad's 2nd cousin; his mother was Anna Emilie Ernestine Maass, one of Grandpa Carl's 1st cousins.



Anna (Maass) Haese

Duane rode with Marcus and Sandra and Norma and I followed in our car for the 52-mile trip west of Hamburg. Artur lives alone in his 2-story home situated in a residential area of single family houses.



Artur Haese's home in Bremervörde, Germany

After having lunch together in a local restaurant, we stopped at the cemetery where Artur's mother is buried. Anna was born in Klein Kniephof, Kr. Naugard, Pommern in 1874 and died in Stade / Niedersachsen (Lower Saxony), Germany in 1948. She was the second of nine children born to Johann **August** David Maass and Wilhelmine **Lui**se Henriette nee Christian. August was the brother of our great grandfather, Julius.



Gene, Norma, Sandra, Tom, Marcus, Artur and Duane (l-r)



Cemetery in Bremervörde
(Anna Haese gravestone in foreground)

Marcus was our interpreter while Tom played in the back yard with Sandra and Norma. Artur brought out a family album with pictures of his mother and the family. That's when I wished I had brought a scanner with me. As we were discussing the family history, Marcus was referring to a collection of various publications he or his grandfather had on village history. One keepsake Artur brought out to show us was his mother's 1941 bank book from the Kreis Savings Bank of Naugard. The last entry was dated April 30, 1945 when she withdrew 300 marks leaving 914.98 marks in the bank. She never saw that money again.



Artur Haese and Duane Maas



Norma Maas, Tom and Sandra

In the late afternoon Marcus and Sandra led us back to our Best Western hotel in Norderstedt where we said our goodbyes.

Part Two – Magdeburg

Monday morning we checked out of the hotel and headed south to Magdeburg where we were looking forward to meeting Stefan Karnop and his family. More than two years earlier, Stefan posted the following message on my Maas Family website,² *"I know that the grandfather of my grandmother is David Maaß. And the name of her father is Eduard Franz Wilhelm Maaß, born 22.2.1853 in Ornshagen, Krs. Regenwalde, died 28.1.1905 in Berlin."* This exciting message was the first contact we had had from any Maass relative in Germany in about 50 years.

[In fact, at the time we didn't even know there were Maass relatives living in Germany. It was nine months later when Kevin Maas discovered letters addressed to August Mass in Walnut Grove, MN which had been written as recently as 1955 by Ernst Maass, August's first cousin in Berlin]

It was clear from Stefan's message that his great grandfather, who went by the name, Franz, and my great grandfather, Julius, were brothers and that we were 3rd cousins. We started

corresponding by email and he began sending information not only about his own family but, to my great delight, about our Maass ancestors going back two more generations. Needless to say, I was anxiously awaiting this day when we could finally meet face to face and discuss our mutual interests in family history.

As we transitioned from the A7 autobahn onto the A2, bypassing Hannover, it occurred to me that Norma and I had driven past Magdeburg on this highway in 1999 never knowing I had relatives nearby. This time Stefan had invited the three of us to be their house guests for the next several days. We had arranged to meet Stefan, his wife, Beate, and his parents, Claus and Ingeborg, for lunch at the Restaurant Paulaner just a block or so from the Magdeburg Dom or Cathedral.



Claus, Stefan, Gene, Duane, Beate, Ingeborg and Norma

We were a little late but once we found each other, we had a delightful lunch together while getting acquainted. Stefan and Beate's 17-year-old son, Alexander, joined us later after getting out of school. We were able to converse quite well in English although it was a bit difficult for Claus and Ingeborg. Nevertheless, their English far exceeded our knowledge of German. Alexander, who had spent a year in Toronto, Canada as a high school exchange student the previous year, has a superb command of English and loved having a chance to speak it.

After lunch we went on a short walking tour around the Magdeburg Dom which is one of the oldest Gothic cathedrals in Germany. It was constructed over the period of 300 years starting in 1209 and ending in 1520 with the completion of the twin steeples. The steeples are approximately 100 m (330 ft) tall, making the Dom one of the tallest cathedrals in eastern Germany.

Claus and Ingeborg's home is just across the street from the restaurant and they invited us for tea and kuchen in the late afternoon. They live in a lovely apartment on the second floor of one of the multi-storied apartment complexes which are so prevalent in Germany. Most of downtown Magdeburg was destroyed in WWII so these buildings were all constructed after the war. As evening approached, Stefan suggested we drive to their home where Beate would have dinner waiting. They live in a beautiful single-family house in a new subdivision east of the Elbe River. Their hospitality was wonderful and we had such an enjoyable time visiting together and getting to know one another much better. When we arrived we met their 14-year-old son, Christoph, who had returned from school that afternoon. Norma and I slept in the guest room and Duane had the bed that one of the boys had given up.

Tuesday was spent viewing and exchanging information that Stefan and I had acquired about the Maas family tree. The morning just whizzed by as we sat at the dining room table going

over the family data and pondering out ancestors' lives and families. In the afternoon we drove back into the city to visit again with Claus and Ingeborg. Claus has spent a lot of time documenting his family history. He has written and published a book entitled, "Unsere Ahnen und ihre Zeit und meine Erinnerungen an die Zeit von 1928 bis 2003" which in English would be "Our ancestors and their time and my memories of the time from 1928 to 2003." The 248-page book is written in German, of course, but includes several pages of pictures. Claus also had copies of his mother's birth certificate; Franz Maass & Louise Sass marriage certificate; David Maass' baptismal certificate; and his great grandparent's, Karl Ernst Sass & Maria Luise Vahl, marriage certificate, which he photocopied and gave to us. Again, time went much too quickly as we exchanged information, photos and documents. I showed Claus one of the letters that Wilhelmine Maass,³ had written to her sister-in-law, Emilie Maas in Walnut Grove in 1930. Both he and Ingeborg were quite interested in reading the letter.

After breakfast the following morning, Stefan and Beate took us on tour of some of the sights just outside of Magdeburg. First we visited the former border crossing checkpoint that was located near Marienborn where the A2 autobahn crossed the border between East and West Germany. It was the largest control station on the East German border and was staffed with as many as 1000



Duane, our tour guide and Norma at the Marienborn, East Germany checkpoint

passport control, customs and border police employees. The border crossing existed for 45 years from 1945 to 1990. The site is now operated as a memorial where visitors can view the automobile entry area, the inspection garage and the control tower. Several exhibits featured the elaborate measures that were taken to prevent escapes to the west. Although visitors can explore the memorial on their own, Stefan, who works in the Ministry for Land Development and Traffic, arranged to have an employee take us on our own personally guided tour. Stefan explained that he had frequently driven through this checkpoint and that there were often long and frightening delays of several hours.



Magdeburg water bridge

Our next stop was the impressive Magdeburg water bridge which crosses the Elbe River and connects the Elbe-Havel canal and the Mittelland canal. This canal bridge is literally a gigantic concrete and steel tub that is over a half mile long, 112 feet wide and filled to a depth of 14 feet. It can accommodate barges with loads of up to 1,350 metric tons that now can navigate directly between Berlin's inland harbor and the ports

along the Rhine River. It must be quite an experience to be boating on the Elbe and to see large ships sailing roughly 100 feet over the top of you. Duane, Stefan and I hiked across the bridge on the pedestrian and bicycle path that adjoins the canal to get some perspective from the shoreline on the other side river.

We also took the opportunity to climb the visitor's tower that overlooks the Rothensee lock. The facility, completed in 2001, was designed as a water-saving lock. Only 40% of the water used in the lock is lost to the canal. The remaining 60 % is stored for reuse.

Nearby, one can view the old ship lift that enabled ships to continue their downstream journey from the Mittelland Canal to the Magdeburg port and the Elbe. Depending on the water level of the river Elbe, both the ship lift and the water-saving lock have a lifting height of 35 to 60 feet. The lift, built in 1938, has a 5400 ton capacity but its dimensions are not large enough to accommodate today's huge cargo vessels.

To show our appreciation for their gracious hospitality, we took Stefan, Beate and the boys out for dinner at a local restaurant that evening. When we returned to their house, Alexander and Christoph entertained us by singing and playing the piano and guitar. We also presented Stefan with copies of the Maass book and the recently published book, "Pomeranian Genealogy, Culture and History".



Alex and Christoph with Stefan in the background

Part Three – Berlin

The next day Stefan volunteered to accompany us to Berkenwerder, a suburb on the northern edge of Berlin where Werner Maass lives. Werner is the son of Georg Maass and grandson of Franz Maass, the brother of our great grandfather, Julius. Although Werner and Claus Karnop are first cousins, Stefan had never met him. He knew Werner didn't speak English and wanted to go with us to meet him and be our interpreter. Duane and I were very excited about meeting Werner because it would be the first time since the Julius Maass family immigrated to America in 1895 that anyone had ever met one of the Maass relatives who remained in Germany. Werner is five days younger than Duane but he is in our father's generation. We could only wonder what Dad would think if he were alive today and knew we had finally located one of his second cousins and were on our way to visit him. Stefan suggested that we both drive so we wouldn't have to return to Magdeburg in the evening. We had made plans to visit another relative in Berlin the next day and then could go on from there to Poland. Duane rode with Stefan which gave them more time to visit one on one.

Werner and his wife, Hannelore, live in the family home at Birkensteig 18, Berkenwerder. It was the home of his parents and he has lived there all his life. His father worked for the electric utility company in the Birkenwerder area until 1945 when he was suspected of being a Nazi and arrested by the Russians. Werner said he never saw his father again but learned that he had been taken to the Sachsenhausen prison⁴ where he was executed and buried in a mass grave. A memorial with his name inscribed can be found there.



Werner Maaß home

We were warmly greeted by Werner and his wife when we arrived. It was nearly noon so they suggested we go out for lunch at a Chinese restaurant. They took us to the most



Chinese restaurant in Berkenwerder

impressive Chinese restaurant I've ever seen. It was a huge, five-story, multi-colored pagoda-style building surrounded by a moat and statuary and situated on several acres of beautifully landscaped land. The restaurant was equally beautiful inside with a fountain and displays of oriental artifacts. It was amusing to us to see the Chinese waiters speaking German. The food and service was excellent and we had a delightful time getting acquainted while dining.

The afternoon was spent sharing family history and genealogy. One of the interesting stories Werner shared was how the family managed to keep their home after his father's arrest. He said it was only because the house was in his mother's name. If the house had been in his father's name, it would have been confiscated and they would have been evicted or at least forced to share the house with others.



Hannelore and Werner Maass and Stefan Karnop

I showed Werner a letter written by his uncle, Ernst Maass, to August Maas in Minnesota in 1950. It was a scanned copy on my computer so he and Stefan were reading it on the computer screen and Stefan was telling us part of what it said. Despite the inconvenience of communicating with a translator, we were having a very enjoyable time sharing information about our ancestors and their descendants. Werner and Hannelore have a 44-yr-old daughter, Cornelia, who lives nearby in Oranienburg, but she was unable to join us. We learned that Werner had a computer but I never got a chance to tell him about my Maas Family website.



Werner Maass

return again on our way back from Poland. Werner said to be sure and come back and we would have another barbeque. Werner had made reservations for us at the Andersen Hotel in Birkenwerder and he, Hannelore and Stefan accompanied us to the hotel to get us checked in.

In fact, there were a number of things I wanted to follow up on but never had the time. Time passed very quickly and we only stopped for a break when Hannelore invited us out to the porch for tea, coffee and kuchen. That evening, they treated us to a barbeque in the front yard. It was a lovely evening and we had a great time drinking German beer and consuming the brats, steak and one other meat that Werner had cooked on his charcoal grill. Unfortunately, the time came too soon when Stefan had to head back to Magdeburg and we needed to check in at the hotel. There were so many things we still wanted to talk about and we hoped we might

The Andersen Hotel is a modern 3-star hotel located just two minutes off the A10 autobahn (the Berliner ring road) in a quiet area near the center of Birkenwerder. We were quite pleased with the accommodations and made reservations for a return stay on May 7.

April 27 Spandau

After an ample breakfast buffet Friday morning, we packed our luggage and headed further into Berlin. We were on our way to visit Günter and Heinz Grieger who lived in Spandau, another suburb of Berlin, which was located west of the city. Luckily, we had good directions from Werner and Stefan because the route to Spandau through Hennigsdorf was a bit tricky.

Günter and Heinz are sons of Fritz Grieger, Grandma Hermine Maas' first cousin who wrote many letters to her between 1914 and 1948. Because the brothers are 80 and 89 years old, resp. Duane felt this might be our only chance to renew this relationship before both might be gone. Their brother, Harri, had already died several years earlier. Duane had gone to some lengths to insure that we could visit them on this trip. With the help of a friend who spoke German, he called Günter from his home in Bloomington to introduce himself. At first Günter insisted that he had the wrong person and that he neither knew anyone named Maas or was related to anyone by that name. One can imagine the difficulty of convincing someone of a relationship especially when all the conversation had to go through a translator. However, through Duane's persistence coupled with his knowledge about the Grieger family that only a relative would know, he finally convinced Günter we were related. In fact, Günter then vaguely recalled that his father corresponded with someone in Sydney when he was growing up. He wasn't sure if it was Sydney, Australia or elsewhere but, of course, it was our Grandmother who was living on the farm in Sydney, ND. He then seemed agreeable to seeing us and invited us to his home. He even arranged to have his wife's granddaughter join us when we arrived to serve as our interpreter.

We arrived just after lunch and found their flat on the fifth floor of an apartment building located at No. 18 Jagerstrasse. Eagerly waiting for us were Günter and his wife, Margot; his

step granddaughter, Cynthia, and her boyfriend; and Heinz. Although Cynthia's command of English was limited, she was a great help to us communicating and getting better acquainted. Margot is a very vivacious woman who made us feel very welcome. One of the easiest ways of communicating is looking at pictures so I turned on my laptop computer to show them pictures Fritz had sent to Grandma over 50 years ago. They soon brought out their family albums out and we were viewing them. Günter also showed us the Familien Tafel, a pedigree chart going back to his great grandparents.

One of the sad stories we heard was that Günter's first wife, Ruth, left him and took their two children, Margit and Harrauld, with her. Günter said he has never seen or heard from them again. A photo of the children, which was taken in May 1951 when they were a few months short of 3 and 2 years old, was found among Fred Maas' belongings in Jamestown, ND after he died and is the only photo we have of them.



Günter Grieger

Günter's great love of music soon got the best of him and he started playing his accordion which was linked to an electronic organ. I'm sure he was having difficulty communicating through an interpreter and he knew music was a universal language. We were really enjoying his playing but were pretty occupied visiting and looking at pictures. After a few of the great old German tunes, he started to put the accordion away, but we insisted that he keep playing. It was obvious that this was exactly what he wanted to do. Günter told us that he had been playing the accordion for 72 years, ever since he was eight years old. He played in a band at

dances and other events. Eventually, Duane asked him if he would just play the accordion without the organ. Up to then he had been sitting while using the accordion as a keyboard for the organ and sometimes playing both. So he stood up and played several tunes, while singing the German words to one of the old standards, the "Beer Barrel Polka". Then he went back to the organ alternating between the two instruments and as well as sitting and standing again. We were treated to both German and American music including one of my favorites, "Moon over Miami" or "Spanish Eyes". After playing steadily for over an hour, he stopped and I noticed that he had left the living room for awhile only to appear briefly and then disappear again. I wondered if he was feeling OK or if he was getting tired of visiting. Soon Margot retreated to the bedroom and shortly thereafter, she called the ambulance – Günter was apparently having a heart attack. We were very worried and couldn't help but wonder if our encouragement to keep him playing could have been responsible. Heinz, who had been pretty quiet the entire time, also went back to check on him but then came back to sit on couch.

The ambulance soon arrived and 3 or 4 emergency medical technicians came into the apartment with all their equipment. After all their tests, they decided to take him to the hospital. Günter was able to walk out on his own and we assumed Margot would accompany him. But, no, she stayed at the apartment, as did Heinz. Cynthia and her boyfriend had left sometime earlier because of other commitments and so we had been without an interpreter for awhile. We had been doing just fine with the help of Duane's limited German; nevertheless, it was difficult to fully communicate our concerns or offer ways we could help. Consequently,

we felt we should gather up our things and leave so Margot could go, but in her expressive and animated way she insisted that we stay and she would be serving tea and cookies. Norma went to the kitchen with her to help. Surprisingly, even though neither spoke the other's language they could communicate. With the use of hand gestures, Margot pointed to her heart and wrote 2000 indicating that Günter had a heart attack once before. Nevertheless, we were flabbergasted that she could remain so unconcerned and had no intention of going to the hospital. She said there was nothing she could do and she would wait until someone called and then she would take the train.

We stayed for perhaps another hour enjoying the tea, talking and taking pictures. During the entire time, Margot seemed to be so happy we were there and appeared to be unconcerned and remained animated as she entertained us. She even brought out a little kitchen timer in the shape of a teapot and gave it to Norma as a gift.

Finally, we had to leave because we still had to drive to Naugard (*Nowogard*), Poland that evening and we were already behind schedule. When we left, Heinz also left and he headed down the elevator ahead of us. When we got to the street, I noticed Heinz getting into a little red car and he zipped out of there like a teenager. I might have expected that if he was headed to the hospital, but he was only going home. We wondered, since he had a car, why he hadn't taken his sister-in-law to the hospital.



Margot, Duane, Heinz and Gene

As we headed north through the Berlin suburbs and onto A11 we were reflecting on the day's amazing events and wondered if we would ever see Günter alive again. Our prayers for a complete recovery were with him. We wondered too if Grandma Maas ever dreamed that her grandsons would someday travel to Germany and visit the sons of her cousin, Fritz Grieger. Even Grandma, herself, had never met the Griegers. She was only six months old when her parents immigrated to America. Nevertheless, she had learned to read and write in German and carried on a long correspondence with Fritz and other cousins and her aunts in Germany. She knew them only through the letters and photos that she received. We felt very fortunate and delighted that we could finally make contact again with this family.

Part Four – Poland

Our route to Naugard took us through the border crossing just south of Stettin (*Szczecin*) where the A11 becomes the A6 in Poland. We stopped after crossing the border to grab a bite to eat as we hadn't ever taken time for supper. It was getting dark as we continued on to Naugard but since this was our fourth trip into Poland, the roads were very familiar.

It was getting very late when we arrived at the Oskar Hotel in Naugard and Anetta Korowaj, our translator, was getting worried about us. The itinerary I had sent to her said we would be visiting the Archive in Szczecin and then driving into Naugard in the evening. Since the Archive closes mid afternoon, she was expecting us much earlier than 10 pm. When we walked into the hotel, the desk clerk said Anetta had been repeatedly phoning to see if we had arrived. We quickly called to let her know we made it and that we hadn't gone to the Archive but had come directly from Berlin, albeit a bit later than we had expected. Because of the hour we agreed to wait until the next morning to meet and then we would all depart on a weekend trip to the Kolberg area to tour the villages of our Maass and Nörenberg ancestors.

It was good to see Anetta again. She had been our translator and guide during our last trip to Poland in 2003 and we were very glad she was available to help us again on this trip. She had made prior hotel reservations for all of us at the Oskar Hotel and at the Relax Inn in Henkenhagen (now *Ustronie Morskie*) where we planned to spend Saturday night. Henkenhagen is where I've traced Maass families living as far back as 1540.⁵ Our own 4th great grandparents, Pagel and Elisabeth (Krüger) Maass, lived in this area in the second half of the 1700's. Our 3rd great grandparents, Christian and Johanna (Nörenberg) Maass, were born in Lassehne (*Łasin*) and Wendhagen (*Wieniotowo*), resp., two small villages near Henkenhagen and we wanted to see where they had lived.

Saturday, April 28

We left Naugard about mid morning and headed northeast on Highway E28. Our first stop, however, was in Woldenburg (*Dąbie*) where David and Friedrike (Prah) Maass, our 2nd great



Church in Woldenburg (*Dąbie*)

tower to get pictures of the bell. The inside of the church, which is now Catholic, was beautifully decorated with flowers, vestments and white cloth streamers.

grandparents were married in 1835. We assume that Friedrike had grown up in this small village which had a population of only 146 in 1871. Our 3rd great grandfather, Christian Prah, who died here in 1833, was a shepherd on this estate. In each village, Anetta found someone to open the church for us and we were soon inside. We couldn't establish when the church was built but it seemed likely that this was the church in which the marriage took place. It was a small half-timbered building with white

stuccoed exterior walls and a small steepled bell tower. Duane and I climbed up into the

Across the road from church was a large, 2-story, stone barn that no doubt was part of the *Gut* (the estate farmstead). A cornerstone at the southwest corner of the barn and a few feet below the roof was dated 1875. Adorning the end of the barn was a sculpture of a cow's head which suggested this had been a dairy barn at one time. Several smaller barns were also on the property. One of them had received a coat of gray paint with red trim since Mark Pautz was there in 1999.⁶ Across the farmyard to the left was a good-sized 2-story house that may have been the manor house.



Barn in Woldenburg (*Dąbie*)

It was about noon when we decided we needed to continue on to Henkenhagen. As we were passing through Ryman on E28, we noticed a large manor house that was being restored. The house had a dark red roof and had been brightly painted in yellow and amber colors. On the front was a plaque with the year 1751 engraved on it. We were told by the workers that it was going to be converted into a hotel. Among the nearly completely destroyed barns was a huge brick and concrete tower which appeared to have been a water tower at one time. On the very top was an enormous stork nest that must have been at least 5 to 6 feet in diameter and just as tall. Perched on top was an adult stork that seemed to be dwarfed by the nest.

About four miles past Ryman, we turned off of E28 heading north to Kolberg (*Kołobrzeg*). We stopped to have lunch in the city center but didn't spend much time there. We were too anxious to get to Lassehne to see the homeland of our ancestors. The weather had been just beautiful up to that point but a cold front was moving in and by the time we got to Lassehne, around 4 pm, clouds were moving in and it had turned cold and windy. Lassehne is just off the highway between Kolberg and Köslin (*Koszalin*) but it had taken us awhile to find the right road into the village. [Lassehne](#) has always been a small village (pop. 161 in 1871) but it had the only church in the area. The church even served the people of Henkenhagen, which was much larger. In 1784, when Christian Maass was three years old, there were only 39 households in Lassehne. The village was also the site of a large estate owned by the von Borcke family. Unfortunately, both the church and *Gut* were destroyed in World War II.



Entering Lassehne (*Łasin*) from the southeast



Duane standing at the site of the former church in Lassehne

The village basically consists of one road, with a row of houses lining each side of the road. Although we had a 1939 map that showed the location of various establishments, we were unable to identify anything except the remains of the church which now is nothing more than a pile of rocks and mortar. A cross decorated with flowers stood as a memorial at what probably was the entrance of the former church. Nearby in the

weeds, we discovered an engraved field stone, perhaps 2 ft. x 3 ft. in size, which served as a simple gravestone. The engraving was badly eroded and nearly impossible to read. While we were looking through the rubble, a couple of children came by to see what we were doing. A little later, a man and a woman stopped to talk to us too. It turned out that the woman was a German still living in Lassehne. She was extremely talkative, in Polish, but we learned very little from her. Because of the wind, and the wind chill, we decided to continue on, so I didn't take nearly as many photos as I should have.

Just a mile or so away was Wendhagen (*Wieniotowo*) where Johanna Nörenberg had grown up. Although this village once had a population of 90 people in nine residential buildings (in 1871), there was nearly nothing left now except a farmstead consisting of a house, a long barn and what



Entering Wendhagen (*Wieniotowo*)

appeared to be a 3-story granary. We entered the farmstead on a cobblestone road. The house was occupied so Anetta and Duane stopped to talk to the occupant while I was taking pictures. It was always nice to have Anetta along to explain what we were doing in these small villages because the residents, as one might expect, are leery of the intentions of trespassers taking pictures.



It was getting close to 6 o'clock and we headed back into Henkenhagen to check into our hotel. Henkenhagen is a resort town right on the Baltic Sea and our hotel, the Relax Inn, was just a block off of the beach. The 4-story hotel has 36 rooms and a restaurant. The rooms have king size beds and most of them have balconies. The prices were reasonable and the rooms were very pleasant. To our surprise the proprietor told us he had grown up in the US but came to Poland to buy and operate the hotel.

Naturally, he spoke perfect English. We thought, being on the coast, that we should find a seafood restaurant for dinner. We learned there were two, the hotel restaurant and one other. The proprietor was quite disappointed when we decided to go down the street to the other restaurant. As it turned out, the food wasn't so good, so maybe we should have eaten at the hotel. The breakfast buffet the next morning was very good.

The weather the next morning was still cool and windy but the skies were only partly cloudy and seeing the sun really was nice. We took a little time to check out the beach and coast line and, except for an occasional pedestrian on the boardwalk, there was no one to be seen. There wasn't a single car parked along the beach drive (*Diänenstrasse*) and even the town was pretty quiet on this Sunday morning in late April. I'm sure it is much busier in the summer. Our real goal that day was to find the site of the original Maass farm where Martin Maass was born in 1540. This was the paternal homestead so it could have been in the family many years before that. What we do know is that the farm stayed in the Maass family until 1945, when the last owner, Emil Maass, was forced out of Henkenhagen and had to flee to the west. The farm was actually located in Ziegenberg (now *Sianożęty*), a small community adjoining Henkenhagen. Fortunately, I had a map of the town that showed where every resident lived in 1937 and it didn't take us long to find it. Much to our surprise the farmstead was still there.

The house and barn were certainly not the original buildings but probably were built in the 1800's with some additions and improvements since then. A cousin of the present Polish owner came out to greet us and Anetta soon engaged him in conversation letting him know who we were and why we there. The owner himself wasn't at home. The house had two stories with possibly a partial third floor or lighted attic as indicated by two rows of sky lights in the roof. It was a good-sized house with two chimneys, a tile roof and a stuccoed exterior.



House on the Maass farm



Barn on the Maass farm

The 2-story barn seemed typical of the red brick barns built in the late 1800's although the top floor was constructed of vertical wood siding. Both the siding and the roof were in serious disrepair. In fact, part of the roof was covered with a plastic tarp. The owner's cousin said they had plans to repair the roof. The lower brick walls were in good condition and we didn't see any damage from the war. Nearby was a rock foundation of a former barn that had been taken down. A more modern building just beyond the foundation apparently had taken its place. The farm was a working farm, at least one that raised or boarded horses for

tourists to ride. There was a huge pile of manure in the yard and later we saw several riders with their horses ride up to an adjacent corral. A 4-wheel drive Ferguson tractor, perhaps of the 1950's or 1960's vintage was parked at the end of the barn. A smaller tractor, a manure spreader and some other machinery were also standing nearby. One could only wish that we could visit this farm with a Maass descendant who could tell us about its history.

Unfortunately, Emil's two sons were both killed on the Eastern front during WWII. He did have a daughter born in 1910, but we know nothing about her or if she had any children.

My next quest was to find the Pomeranian Agricultural University that was established just down the road from the farm in 1925. It is located in Ulrichshof (*Olszyna*), a small hamlet that lies at the southwestern edge of Henkenhagen. I had found aerial pictures on the internet of the university

taken in 1938, but no one could tell me if the campus was still intact. Again we were surprised that most, if not all, of the major buildings had survived the war. The grounds were surrounded by a fence and

we had to wait at the gate for someone to come and let us in.



The former Pomeranian Agricultural University

The facility is now open only in the summer and is used for a youth hostel. The owner or caretaker of the property wasn't particularly friendly but he did allow us to come in and walk around the buildings. He apparently lived in the large house which was surrounded by a couple of larger classroom or dormitory type buildings.



Train station in Henkenhagen (*Ustronie Morskie*)

Our 1937 map was invaluable as we drove around the area looking for other landmarks. One of them was the railway station in Henkenhagen which provided access to the trains running between Kolberg and Köslin. The station was a bit run down and no one seemed to be around, but that may have been because it was Sunday. Flowers in the second floor windows indicated that someone was living there. The map also showed the location of eight other Maass residences that

existed in Henkenhagen prior to WWII. But we felt our time would be better spent heading south to tour the villages where our known ancestors lived. Before leaving town, we stopped at a very appealing bakery for lunch. The sign over the door said “Skansen Chleba” which translates as the Skansen Museum of Bread. The smell and taste of the bread was terrific and we had a very nice lunch. Bread was baked there in a large, wood-fired, red-brick oven.

After checking out some of the exhibits at the museum, we took the road south out of Henkenhagen toward Korlin (*Karlino*). I took this route because Dave Maas, a member of the Pommern-L mailing list on the internet, had asked me if I would take some pictures in Kowanz (*Kowancz*) if we happened to pass by it. Dave had Maass relatives who were forced to flee from this village in 1945 and 1946. Although Dave and I haven’t been able to determine if we are related, it is possible since Kowanz is only about 15 miles from Henkenhagen where the Maasses originated. Kowanz is a small village (402 residents in 1939) located a mile or two west of Korlin. It has two streets that fan out in the shape of a V with homes on both sides of the streets. We stopped briefly to take 15 pictures of some of the buildings and then returned to Hwy E28 and headed southwest toward Plathe (*Płoty*).

About five miles before Plathe, we turned south toward Regenwalde and passed through Woldenburg again. The next village on this road was Labuhn (*Łabuń Wielki*) where



Church in Labuhn (*Łabuń Wielki*)

Julius’s brother and sister-in-law, August **Heinrich** Eduard Maass and Caroline Charlotte Friederike Schulz, were married in 1867. We assume that Caroline lived in or close to this village because weddings were usually held in the bride’s church. Nearly all of these villages seem smaller than they were a hundred years ago. The population of Labuhn in 1871 was 301 and there were another 553 people living on the estate (*Gutsbezirk*). It was hard to estimate the age of the red brick church here. It may have been built in the late 1800’s or even early 1900’s. The wood-sided bell tower,

which straddled one end of the tile roof, was topped with a metal steeple and cross. One enters this church from the side but the door was locked and we didn't try to find someone to let us in. We don't know where Heinrich and Caroline lived after they were married, but after 1889, they were living in Gollnow. In a 1924 letter from Ernst Maass, his nephew, we learned that Heinrich had died and was buried with his wife and two daughters.

From Labuhn, we headed straight south passing through Regenwalde and then on to Elvershagen (*Łagiewniki*) about 3-4 miles to the southeast. When Christian and Johanna left Lassehne, they apparently moved into the vicinity of Elvershagen (pop. 309 in 1871) or Obernhagen (*Lubień Górny*) (pop. 138 in 1871). We don't know just when they arrived there but David was born at Obernhagen in 1810. Wilhelmine, their daughter, was living in Elvershagen in 1826 when she got married. The two villages are only a little over a mile apart. We spent less than an hour in Elvershagen mostly looking at the ruins of the church and the remains of an abandoned cemetery. All was completely overgrown with trees, brush, vines and weeds. One could spot the church through the vegetation only because one end wall and gable was still standing. The gable was embellished with five blind arches, five blind circular windows and five merlons. The walls were built with field stone and mortar and the gable was constructed with red brick. The side walls up to the roof line were still standing, although badly damaged, as was the other end wall below the missing gable. The Gothic windows and door were also framed in red brick. Of course the roof was completely gone. A number of gravestones were scattered around the church cemetery, but all the markers had been ripped from their bases, so the graves couldn't be identified.



Duane standing along side the ruins of the Elvershagen church

It was now after 7 pm and we were all ready to return to Naugard after a long, but very exciting day. We checked into the Oskar Hotel again and then had dinner in the hotel dining room.

Monday, April 30

We reserved this day for research in the State Archive in Szczecin. By starting early in the week, we figured we would have a better chance of seeing documents a day or two later if they weren't available on the first day we arrived. We asked Anetta to accompany us again to Szczecin in case we were unable to communicate with the Archive staff. This time we had very little problem with getting the church books we wanted except for two books that were out for restoration. It is always frustrating to come this far and learn you will have to make

another trip someday to see what you came to see. It actually was the second frustration of the trip. I intended to visit the Landeskirchliches Archive in Greifswald too, but when I emailed ahead to make a reservation, I learned that the Archive's hours had been cut from five days a week to one day a week -- Thursdays only. It was disappointing but I figured I would be able to schedule at least one day during the two weeks we would be in Germany. Alas, I had a conflict with one Thursday and as it turned out, the Archive was closed the next Thursday because of a holiday. So I struck out completely.

Anetta went with Norma shopping while Duane and I scoured the Regenwalde church books (Nos. 8, 9, 14, 17 & 20) again. I also had a lead that one of our great grandfather's brothers once lived in Gollnow (*Goleniów*), so we spent some time searching two church registers from there. We hadn't finished by 3:00 pm when the Archive closed so we arranged to return again on Wednesday. Norma and Anetta were through shopping so we returned to Naugard.

Tuesday, May 1

Tuesday morning we checked out of the Oskar Hotel about 10 am and drove over to Anetta's apartment to pick her up and to leave Norma there for some much needed rest. Anetta had suggested that Norma stay in her apartment for the day while we toured the villages around Regenwalde where David Maass was born and lived during most of his life. Our first stop was Ornshagen (*Zerzyno*), where Julius was born. [Ornshagen](#) was a village on the 2000 acre von Bülow estate situated at the confluence of the Paatziger and Rega rivers just southwest of Regenwalde. In 1871, Ornshagen had a population of 365. Duane and I had explored this village in 2003 but felt there was much more to see. The 3-story *Schloss* (mansion) that the von Bülow's built in 1872-73 was destroyed by the Russians in WWII. The barns on the *Gut* were also badly damaged although one seemed to have survived reasonably intact and another had been recently restored.

In 1829, a factory opened in Ornshagen to produce sodium acetate (*Rotsalz*). A short time later, an iron and steel works (*Hüttenwerk*) also started there. About that time, Christian and Johanna moved to Ornshagen where Christian worked as a *Wirtschafter* and *Fabrikarbeiter*, meaning he was a manager in the local factory. So, it is likely that Christian worked at one of those factories. The iron smelter remained in operation for nearly 70 years until it closed in 1897. With the loss of a major employer, many families left to find work elsewhere,

In 1939, there were 56 families living here, but now only a couple of homes remain; most of the homes apparently were also destroyed during the war. In 2005, Joyce Gardner, another Pomeranian researcher from Minnesota, learned that only four families lived in the village. She was told that a new house had been built by two hunters who came there every year.

One of the things we missed in 2003 was the cemetery with its small chapel. After crossing the bridge as you enter Ornshagen, the barns are on the right and a red-brick house is on the left. Just beyond the house are two red-brick gate posts with crosses on them that once marked the entrance to the cemetery. Inside the gate, is a small chapel that was constructed with heavy stone blocks. The stone-block structure seems extremely strong and massive for its size. It is about 20 ft. tall, but only 15 ft. square on the inside. The entrance is through a Gothic arch about 6 ft. wide and 12 ft. high that was framed with several rows of red brick. A



Cemetery chapel in Ornshagen

cavity in the bricks and stone above the arch suggests that a plaque or sign must have been ripped away. However, just above that, a metal Chi Rho symbol is still attached to the wall and a cross remains standing above the chapel. The interior of the chapel has been badly vandalized. Most of the white plaster on the walls had fallen off or been chipped away except for part of one wall. On it, a painting of a white cross with blue rays shining out from behind it still remained. Inscribed over the cross was a German verse that probably would translate as, "I live and you also shall live". The high ceiling was formed with Gothic arches that meet at the top

where there is a circular opening to the sky. Lying on the floor was a broken iron cross for Bertha Reinke who apparently was born in 1857 and died in 1908.

Just outside the chapel was a restored memorial stone marking the gravesite of Count von Perponcher-Sedlnitzky of Ornshagen who owned the estate in 1930. The restoration was credited to von Rickwan Frhr. v. der Lancken-Wakenitz in September 2006. Nearby was a restored gravestone for a 5-year-old child, Frieda Martha Maria Gehrke (b. 5/11/1907; d. 12/14/1912). Broken pieces of the black marble plaque had been re-assembled and mounted on the gravestone again. Besides those two stones, we found one broken iron grave marker and a number of desecrated grave stone bases scattered in the cemetery, but never saw any identifiable grave markers. We also discovered the remains of a stone foundation, 30 feet or more long, within or next to the cemetery, with lots of roof tiles lying around. We weren't sure what the building might have been, but in all likelihood it was the church.

While we were exploring the cemetery, two teenaged boys came by and asked us if we wanted to see the gravestone or monument for the von Bülow family. Of course, we said yes and followed them thru the woods to a site where the Paatziger River flows into the Rega. There among the trees was a concrete monument, a cube about 2 feet in size. The inscription was damaged but appeared to say:

Dedicated to
Beloved parents
Count and Countess von Bülow
Founder of the Residence
Ornshagen 1884
Count von Perponcher Adelheid Countess von Perponcher
nee Countess von Bülow



Von Bulow memorial stone

Most of the trees around the monument were relatively young, less than 8 inches in diameter, but a few were large old trees so I suspect this was the family plot at one time. There was no

sign of any other gravestones, however. With the two rivers nearby, this must have been a very pleasant park-like setting prior to WWII.

Regenwalde

It was getting past lunch time so we drove into Regenwalde to get something to eat. Anetta was thinking about Norma and decided to call her mother to have her take something hot to eat to her apartment so Norma would have lunch too. It really was nice of both of them and we really appreciated their concern and thoughtfulness.

I was planning to spend a little more time in Regenwalde anyway to search for the gravestone of Carl Sprengel who founded the Agricultural Academy and Experiment Station here in 1842. Instead, as we were driving into town, we spotted a 14-ft tall monument erected in Carl's honor in 1881. A plaque, restored in 2004, contained the following words:

Carl Sprengel
29.3.1787 – 19.4.1859
Dem Andenken des um die landwirthschaft
hochverdienten Dr. Carl Sprengel.
Gewidmet von seinen Verehrern 1881.
Carl Sprengel
arbeitete von 1839 bis 1854
als Generalsekretär der Pommerschen
Ökonomischen Gesellschaft
mit Sitz in Regenwalde.
Saniert 2004



Gene posing at the Sprengel monument

Translated, this plaque says this monument to agriculture was dedicated to the highly respected Dr. Carl Sprengel by his followers in 1881. Carl Sprengel worked from 1839 to 1854 as the Secretary-General of the Pomeranian economic society with headquarters in Regenwalde.

I'd had an interest in Dr. Sprengel for two reasons. First, because my 2nd great grandparents, David and Frederike Maass, lived in or near Regenwalde at this time. In fact, in 1844, they lived in Ackerhof within a mile of where Dr. Sprengel carried out his research and secondly, because of his incredible contributions to agricultural chemistry and plant nutrition. When I was a graduate student at the University of Arizona many years ago, I was introduced to a concept called the Law of the Minimum which states that plant growth is controlled, not by the total amount of resources available, but by the scarcest resource. Sprengel was the first to demonstrate that increasing the amount of ample nutrients would not increase plant growth if another nutrient was limiting. Only by increasing the amount of the limiting nutrient could the growth of a plant or crop be improved. However, Sprengel never received recognition during his lifetime for this fundamental tenet of plant nutrition. It was later popularized by Justus von Liebig and became known as "Liebig's Law of the Minimum". Fortunately, through recent efforts by the scientific community, this principal is now called the Sprengel-Liebig Law of the Minimum.⁷

Dr. Sprengel moved to Regenwalde in 1839 to become the secretary-general of the Pommern economic society. Between 1839 and 1854, he not only established an Agricultural Academy and Experiment Station, but carried the main teaching load and simultaneously managed the 76-ha experimental farm on which he grew 200 different varieties of plants. He also wrote and published a 3-volume book on crop production considered one of the best books on this subject in Germany. In addition to these accomplishments, he built a dairy factory, initiated an animal breeding program, founded a farm equipment factory and built a new steam mill in Regenwalde. I've since written a biographical article about Dr. Sprengel's amazing accomplishments for the Immigrant Genealogical Society. It is published in the 2019 spring issue of *Die Pommerschen Leute*.

Carl Sprengel married late in life just a few years after David and Frederike. In 1841, at the age of 54, he met and married Ernestine Juliane Amalie von Wulffen. Juliane was only 19 years old at the time of their marriage. They had two children, a girl and a boy. Juliane died in 1859 at the age of 37 years. Carl died of heart failure a few months later on April 19, 1859 in Regenwalde.



The machinery factory in Regenwalde
Handwritten date is April 14, 1913

The factory was a successful business enterprise in Regenwalde until the end of World War II. It appears that some of the buildings still exist today. The photo on the right was taken just across the street from the factory where the Sprengel monument stands. The building appears to be the same as that shown in the lower left corner of the 1913 photo.



Our next destination was Obernhagen (*Lubień Górny*), another small village (pop. 138 in 1871) about 3-4 miles to the southeast. This village was part of the 1500-acre estate of the von Borcke and von Wedel families for hundreds of years. The landscape in this area is mostly flat with some slightly rolling terrain. Fields of small grain and canola growing

on what appeared to be productive agricultural land were doing very well. In fact, the canola was already in bloom and it was only the first day of May. The *Gut* appeared to be fairly intact. The large mansion seemed to be in good condition and was occupied. Around it, on the large grounds of the farmyard, are several huge barns and other buildings.



Sometime between 1802 and 1810, Christian and Johanna Maass moved from Lassehne to this village where our 2nd great grandfather, David Maass, was born. Two siblings were born before him but we don't know if they were born in Lassehne, Obernhagen, Elvershagen, or possibly even somewhere in between. We do have a certified copy of David's baptismal certificate that states he was baptized in Obernhagen. We knew the church no longer existed but we wanted to find and photograph the site. Fortunately, on Sunday before heading back to Naugard from Elvershagen, we stopped in Obernhagen and spoke to someone who pointed out where we could find the ruins of the church. He told us that the church had not been destroyed during the war. Rather, the Russians came sometime in the 1950's with the express purpose of destroying the church. Since it was getting dusk, and a little too late that day for taking pictures, we decided to wait and return when the light was better.



Ruins of the Obernhagen church

It was early afternoon when we arrived this time and we made our way through the brush and trees to the site, which is on the west edge of the village, on the north side of the road. We actually had to walk through someone's yard but they had given us permission. Like the church in Elvershagen, the church in Obernhagen was in a deplorable condition – badly damaged stone walls were all that remained and there were gaps in them. The arched windows and door had been framed in red bricks but

many bricks had been removed. I kept looking for cornerstones at these churches hoping they would have the year they were built, but was never successful. The inside of the church, as well as the grounds around it, were completely overgrown with trees, vines and weeds. If we hadn't been shown where the church was, we never would have found it. By stepping off the sides of the church, I estimated that it had been about 25 ft wide and 60-65 ft. long.

The old abandoned German cemetery was adjacent to the church, but it too had been completely destroyed. We found a couple of engraved tombstones but couldn't make out whose graves they were. The birth year on one of the stones appeared to be 1793. Perhaps with more time and special techniques, they could be identified. Several other toppled and broken stone bases were littered around.

From Obernhagen, we took the highway towards Labes (*Lobez*) stopping about 3 ½ miles north of the city to check out a tiny village once called Piepenhagen (*Przyborze*) (pop. 111 in 1871; 176 in 1939). Prior to 1929, great grandma Emilie's younger brother, Carl Friedrich August Koehler, lived in this village. Unlike his five sisters and a brother who immigrated to America, Carl remained in Germany where he worked as a shepherd. This village never had a church and the *Gut* was destroyed by the Russians sometime in the 1950's. All that we could see was a stone fence that probably surrounded the manor house. We only stopped long enough to take a few pictures of some buildings in the village. One of the pictures we took was of a stork nest on a power pole – on the nest were two adult storks, the first time we had seen that. Also, just before we got to Piepenhagen, there was a round, red-brick windmill out in the field. It too was a first. Nowhere in Poland or Germany had we seen a windmill tower built with bricks. It was probably 60 feet tall and nearly 40 feet in diameter.



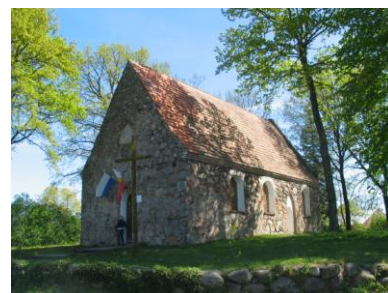
Sometime around 1929, Carl moved to Labes A & D (*Lobzany*) (pop. 113 in 1910) but my notes showed the current name as *Lobzow*. Not realizing that *Lobzany* was the place we were looking for, we never got to see the tiny hamlet. It was getting time for us to go back to Naugard by then so we headed generally west passing through Klein and Gross Raddow. It was only about 4:30 but we still had to drive to Szczecin that evening. We had asked Anetta to book a hotel for us there so that we could get an early start at the Archive the next day. She booked lodging for us at the Dom Nauczyciela, a hotel for teachers and a very comfortable place to stay. Norma bid Anetta goodbye and Duane and I told her we would see her on Thursday for one last day of visiting ancestral villages.

Wednesday, May 2

The Dom Nauczyciela is less than two blocks from the Archive so it is a very convenient hotel for researchers. The hotel doesn't have parking, but there is a fenced and guarded parking lot at the corner of Mazurska and Ślaska, about 2 or 3 blocks to the north. We got to the Archive when it opened and went back to the church books. Our goal that day was to find and photocopy records for any Maass relative that we hadn't photocopied on previous visits. In all, we found three birth, five marriage and two death records.

Thursday, May 3

The hotel breakfast buffet was typically Polish and quite satisfactory. Duane seldom eats breakfast, so soon after I finished we were on our way back to Naugard to pick up Anetta. Norma decided to stay in Szczecin and rest. We got to Naugard around 10 am and headed south to Pflugrade (*Redlo*) (pop. 470 in 1871). Johann **August** David Maass (mentioned above) and his wife, Luise, were living here in 1876 when their first son, Gustav, was born. August didn't live here too long because three years later records reveal that he was an *Eigentümer* or property owner in Langkafel (*Długoleka*). The Pflugrade church dates from 1490 and is a Gothic style church built with field stones except for a red-brick gable on one end which was decorated with blind double arches more in the Romanesque style. The doors and windows were also framed in red brick. The sanctuary had white,



Church in Pflugrade (*Redlo*)

plastered walls and a flat, wood-paneled ceiling supported by wood beams. The floor had been tiled with 12 inch marble or marble-like tiles in diagonal rows of cream and reddish colors. A small wood-paneled balcony was in the back. The old cemetery was completely overgrown. The entrance was marked by two brick and masonry gate pillars, one of which was missing the top. Nearby were several large barns that undoubtedly were part of the former *Gut*.

From Pflugrade we headed east passing through Hohenschönau where Julius's sisters were married and where their parents, David and Friederike Maass, are buried. We didn't spend much time there because we had been there a couple of times on previous trips. We did stop to take a couple of pictures of a former farmstead with a large house and a 2-story red-brick barn that probably was built in the late 1800's.

Our next stop was Eichenwalde (*Debice*) where another great uncle, Johann Friedrich Wilhelm "Fritz" Maass lived in the 1900's. His widow, our great aunt, Charlotte Caroline (nee Knaspe), was still living there in 1923. Also, Hermann Koehler, one of Grandpa Maas' first cousins, lived here. At the time of the 1871 census, this village was known as **Faulenbenz** and it had a total population of 298 (114 residents living in the village and another 184 living on the *Gutsbezirk*). The population of the village was about the same in 1905 (110) but the number of people living on the estate had increased to 233.

The church here was probably built after WWII. It was very modern looking and resembled many of the churches in the US, so we never tried to get inside. We were more interested in a stone monument that listed soldiers who had died during WWI. One of soldiers listed was Reinh. Maass who fell on the 8th of November 1914. There were about 14 names listed but the engravings of many are getting difficult to read. The surnames, as best we could tell, were Behling, Drose, Daimke, Klug, Gerndt, Hamar?, Utecht, Kuhn, Krüger, Grube, and Arndt.

One gravestone was found which read, Emma Justmann, geb. Ebert; *23.9.1871, +21.2.1937.



The church in Eichenwalde (*Debice*)
(formerly Faulenbenz)

Just a couple of miles northeast of Eichenwalde is the village of Pagenkopf (*Bagna*) (pop. 458 in 1871). As we entered the village, we were greeted here too by a stork standing in a large nest at the top of a power pole. This is the village where Johann **August** David Maass & Wilhelmine **Luise** Henriette Christian were married on September 21, 1871. In all likelihood, the Christian family lived in this village and the wedding no doubt took place in the small church that still stands in the center of the village. The church dates from the 15th century and is similar to the one in Pflugrade. This church was also built from field stones and had a red-brick Romanesque gable at one end that was nearly identical to the church in Pflugrade. At the other end of the church was a wooden bell tower covered in black weathered vertical boards and topped with a steeple and cross.

Duane and I climbed up into the tower to view and take pictures of the bell. The sanctuary was very pretty. The ceiling, as well as the walls of the nave, was plastered



The church in Pagenkopf (*Bagna*)

and painted white. An attractive light blue border, about 3 ft. wide, had been painted around the top of the wall where it curved into the ceiling. A simple altar stood under a stained glass window. Gothic style windows on the side walls had multiple panes and three of the panes in each window were also made of stained glass. The balcony housed the pipes and console of a pipe organ. A nameplate above the organ keyboard said,

No. 384 B. Grüneberg Stettin 1896.

Standing outside, in front of the church, were two intact grave markers that had been dug up by the church members in the process of erecting a cross in front of the church. One was a black marble plaque with the names, Wilhelmine Griebenow, geb. Christian (born 14 Aug. 1840 and died 18 Apr. 1919) and Hermann Griebenow (born 6 Sep. 1841 and died 8 Apr. 1922). Wilhelmine certainly could have been a relative, possibly even a sister, of Wilhelmine **Luise** Henriette Christian. The other gravestone was a grey granite stone on which was engraved the name Karoline Bothner, geb. Ga_{ier}, born 22 May ??? and died ? Mar. 1910. The names and dates were difficult to read.



There appeared to be a large processing plant or factory on the *Gut* in Pagenkopf, but I'm not sure what it was. There were several large, 2-story brick buildings; one with two signs that read, CLH and 1884. At the rear of this building was a tall smoke stack.

While we were walking around the village, we met an 85-year-old Polish man who said he was one of the first four families to move here after the expulsion and flight of the Germans from Hinter Pomerania in 1945. He didn't say when he arrived, but the German inhabitants of Pagenkopf had fled their village on March 3, 1945 as the Russian front was approaching. He told us that they had their choice of any house in the village. I'm sure we could have learned more from this man, but it was about 2 pm and we were getting hungry and still had several more villages to visit. We stopped for awhile in Massow

(*Maszewo*) to take some pictures of the church and town square. We were quite impressed by the brightly painted and decorated buildings surrounding the town square. There clearly was a pride of ownership or more money available for restoration here. Massow was nearly as large as Regenwalde in 1867 (2843 inhabitants vs. 3411) and the size of the church here was more like that in Regenwalde. We didn't take time to go inside, however.



Church and town square in Massow

Before leaving town, we had lunch at the Motelik I Restauracja, which is just what it sounds like, a combination motel and restaurant. This modern, western-style, 2-story motel was quite a surprise as we had never seen anything like it in this part of Poland. It must have been profitable as the proprietor planned to add more units.

When Norma and I toured Pommern in 2001, we visited six different villages in the county of Saatzig where our Koehler ancestors had lived in the 1800's. On our return trip with Duane in 2003, we only had time to show him two of the villages, Karkow (*Karkowo*), where Great Grandma Emilie was born, and Steinhofel (*Kamienny Most*), where she lived when she met and married Julius. This time we scheduled time to visit the other four villages where Christian and Bertha Koehler, Emilie's parents, lived so Duane could have a first-hand look.

Our first stop was Kietzig (*Kicko*) (pop. 334 in 1871), which is about 7 miles south of Massow or about 5 miles northeast of Stargard, the two major towns in the area. We aren't certain that the Koehler's actually lived in this village. Kietzig was listed as Emilie's birthplace on Julius' naturalization papers. In fact, that was a mistake because Emilie's birth record shows her birthplace as Karkow. Nevertheless, they did live in this general area by the time Emilie was two years old, as documented by the baptisms of several of her siblings in neighboring villages. We only stopped here long enough to take a few pictures of the outside of the church.

From Kietzig we drove a couple of miles northeast to Alt Damerow (*Stara Dabrowa*) where Emilie's brother, Carl Friedrich August Koehler, was born in 1853. In 1871, this village had a population of 215. Again we only stopped long enough to photograph the

exterior of the church. Next we turned around and headed southwest toward Stargard, stopping at Buchholz (*Grabowo*) (pop. 173 in 1871) where Emilie's second brother, Friedrich Wilhelm Koehler, was born. Sadly, the baby only lived one week and presumably, was buried there in the church cemetery. The cemetery is literally just outside the front entrance but serves the Polish residents now. No evidence of German gravestones was found. The church appears to have been built in the late 1800's. It replaced the old church which was built about 300 years ago and stood roughly across the street but is completely gone now. The present church was built entirely of red bricks supported on a concrete footing. On the red tile roof was a green, open-style, metal steeple. The church appears to have had at one time, a door on the side wall, but it has been closed in with bricks. The church bell hangs on a frame tower along side the church suggesting that it may have been inside a bell tower of the earlier church. The door was standing open and we went inside to take pictures. The nave had a flat ceiling of wood paneling; the floor was tiled with what appeared to be about 8-inch square granite blocks. We were told that the altar was from Stargard and dates from the 1700's.

Just a mile to the east is Kitzerow (*Kiczarowo*) (pop. 225 in 1871), another village where the Koehlers must have lived for at least 7 years. According to the church register, four more of Emilie's siblings were baptized here between 1859 and 1866. However, the current church building appears to be much newer than the churches we have seen in other villages and it's likely that it replaced an earlier church that might have stood here. I took a few pictures anyway and then we stopped to see the *Gut*. The 2-story manor house apparently was undergoing some renovation and was partially repainted. Nearby were a stuccoed stone barn and a 2-story red brick building that may have been the distillery plant. On the front of the building in large letters and numbers, the following sign may indicate it was built in 1884, but we were unable to decipher the rest.

G B
1884
CH J
SZ
1995

It's not known when the Koehler family left Kitzerow, but Emilie's youngest sister, Mathilde Louise, was born in Steinhofel in March 1869. During the 20-year period that their children were born, Christian and Bertha moved at least five times. I have wondered if this had anything to do with his occupation as a shepherd.

The family living in the manor house was having a barbeque out on the lawn when we arrived so we didn't want to intrude too much. But the man stopped to talk for awhile and suggested that we drive to Pezino, about 5 miles to the southeast, where there is a gothic castle built at the end of the 14th century. We took some pictures around the castle but it didn't appear to be open so we decided to call it a day and headed back to Naugard.

We had just completed six wonderful days in Poland discovering our roots. We felt incredibly blessed to have been able to find the villages where our ancestors had lived clear back to the 1500's and to walk in their footsteps. We are especially grateful to Anetta who helped us in so many ways. She was our guide, interpreter, tourist agent, and facilitator. And she has become a very good friend. It was difficult to say goodbye but it was easier knowing we might see

her in Minnesota on her next trip to the US. [And we did on August 14, 2007 during her visit to Minneapolis.]

After leaving Anetta at her apartment in Naugard, we drove back to Stettin.

Part Five – Back in Germany

Friday, May 4

Our week in Poland had come to an end and it was time to head back to Germany. We timed it so that we could spend the weekend with our relatives in Gross Pinnow and Friedrichsthal. During each of our last two trips, we hadn't scheduled enough time with the Richter and Lazar families. In fact, both times we had arrived later than we wanted and felt too rushed. The Richters had also informed us that there was a very nice guesthouse right in Gross Pinnow which would make it more convenient for our visit. So this time we had asked them to book rooms for us for Friday thru Sunday.

Before leaving Szczecin, we took some time in the morning to shop in the Galaxy Mall. We arrived in Gross Pinnow about mid afternoon and were greeted by Franz, Eitel, Barbel, Dominik, and Caroline Richter.⁸ They helped us check into the Landhof "Arche", a very comfortable two-story guesthouse that stood on the grounds of the former *Gut*. The kitchen, a large dining hall and a more intimate dining room with a huge fireplace was on the first floor and all the bedrooms were on the second floor. When we returned to the Richter's house, we were directed to the back yard where they had a table all set up on the lawn for a barbecue.



Franz Richter



Eitel Richter

Eitel did the grilling and once again we had a beautiful evening outside enjoying the food, the beer and the company. After dinner, Franz and Eitel showed us the 2-story barn that was used for drying tobacco some years before. Later, we moved into the house to continue visiting



Carolin, Barbel, Eitel and Franz

and sharing stories and looking at old pictures. Franz showed us the letter that Anni, his wife, had written in about 1997 before she died, that she intended to send to Grandma Maas' old address in Jamestown. However, she wondered if the address would still be valid so many years later and so she never got around to sending it. We asked for a copy and Dominik later made one and gave it to us. Before leaving for the night, we took some more group pictures.

I had hoped we could spend Saturday going through the church books in Hohenselchow but the pastor who is in charge of the books wasn't returning from his vacation until later that day. So Duane and I asked Dominik if he could arrange for us to see the church books in Vierraden where Henriette Sarow, our 2nd great grandmother was born and married. Vierraden is about 10 miles south of Gross Pinnow and most of the area in between is agricultural farm land. Dominik was successful so we drove down and spent several hours going thru several church registers but were unable to find any record of Henriette or her family.

We returned that evening to another great meal around the large table in the dining room. They served chicken breast cutlets topped with rings of pineapple. The entree and other dishes were beautifully presented with lots of color. Dominik's "wife", Stefanie, and their 5-month-old daughter, Amélie, also joined us. It was another festive meal with German beer, conversation and laughter. Both Dominik and Carolin speak English reasonably well so that really helped us communicate.

We had our breakfasts each morning at the guesthouse. A table had been set up for us in the smaller dining room between the fireplace and a large picture window. It was a very nice setting and we were served the usual German breakfast of rolls, boiled eggs, cold cuts, cheese, and fruit – all of which was very good, especially the great German bread.

On Sunday, we were invited for dinner at the home of Josef, Isolde and Eileen Lazar in Friedrichsthal. This village is only about 4 miles southeast of Gross Pinnow as the crow flies but one must drive about 9 miles through Gartz to get there. Josef and Isolde have a beautiful home there, about a half mile from the Oder River. Eileen, their 32-yr-old daughter, lives with them in a nice studio



Lazar home



Eileen and Norma

apartment in the house. I believe that Eitel, Barbel and Carolin had other plans, so we picked up Franz on our way to the Lazars. The table was set up on the sun porch and the table setting there was also beautiful. All the potted plants that Isolde had growing on window ledges around the room really added to the delightful ambiance.

After dinner we toured the yard and then sat out on the lawn in patio chairs visiting and enjoying another beautiful afternoon. Dominik, Stefanie and Amélie joined us in the afternoon and, of course, Amélie, in her yellow sun cap got all the attention. Since we were there in 2003, Josef had built a very nice 3-stall garage with a service pit and converted his former 2-stall garage into a work room. Josef also showed us the wild boars that his neighbor was raising. The huge boar had large tusks and looked threatening and with a bunch of piglets running around in the pen behind her, we weren't about to climb into the pen.



Stefanie and Amélie

About mid afternoon we had tea, coffee and cake and took some time to take more group pictures. Dominik and Stefanie left a bit later to go back to visit with her family and they



(l-r) Franz, Isolde, Josef, Eileen, Gene, Norma, Dominik, Amélie, Stefanie and Duane

took Franz back home. The rest of us strolled down to the Oder River where there are several summer resort cabins. As you take in the view across the river you are now peering into Poland, but prior to the Second World War, it was all part of Germany, formerly called Hinter Pomerania. When we returned to the house, we were treated to supper out in the sun porch again. It was really nice to see the Lazars again. In October 2004, the three of them took a bus tour of the southwestern US. The tour ended in Los Angeles and Norma and I drove over to greet them there. It was in the evening so we didn't have much time together but we did take them out for dinner. Josef was impressed by our Lincoln Town car and while we were visiting at their house, he gave me an oval sign about 7 in. long with the letters, DDR, which stands for Deutsche Demokratische Republik, the official name of East Germany. He told me I could put the sign on my Lincoln.

Monday was our last chance to see the church books at Hohenselchow and Dominik arranged for us to meet the pastor at the parsonage about 10:30. He brought out the books and led us to the room across the hall from his office and told us he would probably have to leave about noon. I was really concerned that we wouldn't have time to scour all the books but fortunately he never bothered us and we finally finished up about 1:15. I was taking digital pictures of the key pages as fast as I could and I was really glad we had the time we did. In all, I took about 200 pictures – usually three different settings, with and without a flash – of each page. There was a small table in front of the window which worked well to take advantage of natural daylight for the filming. Each church record spanned two pages, so I probably have 30 some records in all. I just haven't had a chance to check for sure. Duane and I were very excited to find records that took us back another generation on our Rieck, Schulz, and Hartwig ancestors. We didn't have time to record much of the new information so the digital photos will be invaluable when I get time to extract the data.

Even if the pastor had let us have all day with the books, we still needed to get going. A few days earlier, Duane had called Cynthia in Berlin to see how Günter was doing. She said he was fine and was going home from the hospital. She also said Günter and Margot were looking forward to having us visit again so Duane made arrangements for us to visit them late that afternoon. Cynthia said she would be unable to be there so we asked Dominik if he would be willing to meet us there to be our interpreter. Dominik is now living and working in Berlin so he wouldn't have that far to go. Although he had never met them, he is also a relative. His grandmother, Anni, is a 2nd cousin of Günter. Dominik was glad to help and we planned to meet him at the apartment in Spandau at 5:00 pm. Unfortunately, we got lost despite the fact that we had been there 10 days earlier – we just missed a turn and continued down the wrong road – so we were a good half hour late. We felt sorry for Dominik because it was raining and he waited outside for us rather going up to the apartment.

We were really relieved to see how good Günter looked after a week in the hospital. He had surgery to insert a stent in one of his arteries. And as before, Margot was in her usual happy and spirited mood. We introduced Dominik and asked how Günter was doing and how he felt. Then, to our utter amazement, Günter walked over to the organ, picked up his accordion and started playing again. We asked Margot if he should be doing that so soon after surgery and she said as long as he was seated and only using the keyboard, and not the bellows, it was OK. Once again we were entertained with some of his playing and singing. I'm sure he had a lot to sing about. Margot said he loves to play and often plays 2 or 3 hours a day.



Margot and Günter 10 days after his surgery

We were really having a lot of fun and before we knew it, it was 9 pm. Dominik needed to get home and we needed to get checked into the Andersen Hotel. It was hard to say goodbye not knowing if or when we might see them again. Once again Margot seemed absolutely thrilled

that we had come to visit. I'm sure Günter was also pleased we had come but he is a bit more reserved than she is.

Tuesday, May 8

The Andersen Hotel is only a couple of minutes (0.4 mi.) from where Werner Maass lives and so it was tempting to stop in again. But we didn't have an interpreter and we needed to get on our way back to Hamburg, about 170 miles away. We took the most direct route, the A24 autobahn, which was a highway we hadn't been on before. We thought we had plenty of time to get there well before dinner – it is less than a 4-hour drive – but we hadn't counted on the difficulties of negotiating the streets in the heavy traffic of Hamburg. Even with three of us watching for street signs, they are still easy to miss. Unlike many cities in the western US where streets are laid out on a grid, European streets twist and turn and often change names in a matter of blocks. If you miss a street, it is not always easy to go around the block to get back. It was definitely stressful trying to maneuver through the traffic, watching for signs and traffic lights and getting into the proper lane to make turns. Since I had rented the car, I was doing all the driving.

Our goal that day was to arrive early enough that we could spend some time visiting with Vita von Wedel. Vita descends from one of the von Wedel families that once owned huge estates in Pomerania – one of which was Braunsforth where Julius and Emilie Maas lived and worked. Even though the owners of the Braunsforth estate, Hugo and Adalbertha von Wedel, had no descendants, Vita knew quite a bit about the estate. In an email sent in October 2002, she told me, "*My main information about Braunsforth and its inhabitants I take from a book ("Wedelsche Häuser im Osten" = Wedel Houses in the East) about the old Wedel estates in Pomerania, written in the 1950 ties. The chapter about Braunsforth was written by a cousin of Rudolph's who knew the house and its people well*". Rudolph (1897-1959) was a grandson of Hugo's brother, Rudolph. When Vita first contacted me, she sent photos of the old and new manor houses in Braunsforth. This was the first of several email messages in which we exchanged information about the village where Grandpa Carl Maas grew up.

Before we left for Europe, I had emailed her to see if we could see her when we first arrived in Hamburg. That would have been so convenient, but, unfortunately, the timing was wrong. She was leaving the day we arrived to be a guide on an art tour to Dresden. She has a Ph.D. degree in art history. But I really wanted to meet her so we decided to see her on our way back to Hamburg. It was a bit out of our way – we would have headed directly to Antwerp, Belgium and Duane could have flown home from Berlin – but this way Duane could book his return flight from Hamburg and was able to meet Vita too.

Vita had graciously booked rooms for us at the Mein Hotel which was very much appreciated. So after getting checked in, we left to find her home at Isestrasse 80. Even with detailed maps from Map Quest, we still ended up driving back and forth a couple of times before we finally found her street. Parking was another problem. Every spot was taken, so I let Duane and Norma out and I went searching for a parking space. I did get lucky a few blocks away when someone happened to pull out as I came along. By then it was nearly time for dinner so we didn't have much time to visit in the comfort and quiet of her home. We did enjoy getting acquainted as she served us tea, cookies and chocolates. The restaurant was very convenient, just across the street from her multi-story apartment building, so we could walk.

We knew Marcus would be interested in meeting Vita too, so we invited him and Sandra to join us for dinner. That way, we had an opportunity to see them again. Unfortunately, the restaurant was very noisy, which made it difficult to visit. Nevertheless, we had a good time and were glad we could all get together. Marcus and Sandra had come by train and bicycle.



Marcus, Duane, Vita, Norma, Gene and Sandra

We hoped they didn't have far to ride to the train because it was raining when we left the restaurant. We returned to Vita's apartment and spent another hour or so visiting before returning to our hotel.

Duane's flight was the next morning and our hotel was practically around the corner from the airport. I told Duane I would take him so he wouldn't need a taxi. This turned into another adventure. He had put his briefcase and sweater in the back seat and we loaded his luggage in the back of the station wagon. Unfortunately, neither of us looked in the back seat when we unloaded the luggage. We said our goodbyes and I headed back to the hotel. Once again I took a wrong road and ended up a few miles north on the autobahn before I could get back. Then I noticed Duane's briefcase in the car. I quickly returned to the airport but he was nowhere to be seen. I was parked at the curb and was worried they would force me to move on. Surprisingly, a security guard allowed me to leave the car and go inside. I still couldn't spot Duane so I went to the counter to talk to an agent. To my surprise again – especially in this age of rigid airport security – the agent said he was leaving the counter to go to the gate and he would take the briefcase and sweater with him to give to Duane. I don't think that would have ever happened in the US. He had no idea of what might be in that briefcase. By this time Duane had made several desperate calls to the hotel, so he was really glad to get the briefcase before his plane left. By now I knew the airport roads pretty well so I didn't have any trouble getting back to the hotel.

As Duane was winging his way home, I couldn't help but think that during the past 17 days we had just had about the most extraordinary time of our lives. We had met and became friends with 15 of our new-found relatives in Germany, toured about a dozen villages in Pomerania where our ancestors once lived, found the original Maass farm that was in the family for over 400 years, and was able once again to visit other cousins we had met on two previous trips to Germany. Every visit left us with the most precious memories and

experiences. And being able to share these moments and experiences together with Duane was a dream come true.

Now our European trip was about to take a different turn. Norma and I were now ready to head for Antwerp where we would begin our 14-day cruise down the Rhine and Mosel Rivers. We decided to take the A1 autobahn which goes through Bremen to Osnabruck. As we passed by Bremen, I thought about Julius, Emilie and their six children who boarded the SS Oldenburg at the port here and sailed to Baltimore on May 16, 1895. At Osnabruck, we headed west on A30 and drove as far as Rheine where we booked a room at the Altstadt Hotel. By this time we were completely out of clean clothes and so we went out to find a Laundromat, but to no avail. Fortunately, the hotel proprietor let us use their washer and dryer – not the usual amenity they provide for guests.

The next morning we crossed into the Netherlands near Oldenzaal and continued on to Apeldoorn. At that point we took the A50 south to the A15 and then west to Gorinchem. We kept looking for the Maas River thinking we would cross it but never saw it. About 12 miles southeast of Gorinchem, at Heusden, the Maas River divides into the Afgedamde Maas which flows north and the Bergsche Maas which flows west. We never crossed the Afgedamde Maas because it empties into the Waal (Rhine) River just a couple of miles before we crossed over the Waal. But we did cross the Bergsche Maas (actually a canal that was constructed in 1904 to be a branch of the Maas River) about 8 miles south of Gorinchem, but we never knew when we crossed it. The autobahn going south of Gorinchem is the A27 which took us past Breda to the A1 and on into Antwerp, Belgium.

Antwerp provided us with one more challenge in dealing with streets and traffic. As we left the autobahn and ventured into the city, we wondered where we were because once again we couldn't find any familiar streets. But luck was with us. As we approached the city center, I spotted the Avis rental car building on the left. I couldn't turn there so we kept going until I could make a U-turn and come back. We stopped and I got directions to our hotel and told them I would be back in about an hour to turn in our car. It was about 4:00 pm and they said they closed at 6:00. The hotel was within walking distance so I figured I could walk back. Norma asked if I wanted her to go with me and my first inclination was that it wasn't necessary but then I said yes. We left the hotel at about 5 pm, right in the middle of rush hour. Traffic was barely moving and the streets were mostly one-way – the wrong way for us. What should have been a five minute trip was now turning into a half hour. Being forced onto streets I didn't want was making it all the more frustrating. Finally, I got onto the street that would take us directly to the Avis office. Then just three blocks from the office, the street was fenced off for construction and my only option was a right turn that took us back to the streets where we had been for the last 45 minutes. Thankfully, I had taken Norma along. I had her stay with the car and I walked to Avis. I told them I had driven the car within three blocks and I wasn't going to drive another inch. Could someone walk back with me and get the car. They empathized with me but said it was 5 minutes to 6:00 and they had to leave to go to their airport office. No persuasion would work, but they were willing to make concessions. If I brought the car back the next morning, I wouldn't be charged an extra day. That was a relief. I walked back to the car, turned back to the hotel and looked for a stiff drink.

The next morning, I waited for rush hour traffic to pass and then the drive back to Avis was a snap. In fact, since I had never filled the gas tank, they even let me drive to a service station to get gas -- much cheaper than buying from Avis.

After three weeks of driving a rental car in Europe, I was looking forward to a leisurely, stress-free cruise up the Rhine. But we still had to get to the ship. We took a taxi from the hotel and when the taxi driver couldn't figure out how to get up to the dock, I didn't feel so bad about being unable to negotiate Antwerp's streets. He finally dropped us off about two blocks from the ship -- we saw later that he could have driven right up to the gangplank. But he was nice enough to help carry our luggage to the ship.

Endnotes

¹ Marcus emailed me on August 22, 2006 saying that it appeared that I had his 2nd great grandparents and eight of their children on my website. But one child, his great grandmother, Anna, was missing. He wondered if this could be the same family. I was puzzled how I missed her but felt certain that she must belong to this family which meant she was a niece of Grandpa Julius Maass. This contact led to more correspondence, which confirmed that we were related and both descended from David Maass.

² Stefan posted his message on January 5, 2005 in the Maas Family Guestbook on RootsWeb.com. See http://resources.rootsweb.com/~guestbook/cgi-bin/public_guestbook.cgi?gb=493&action=view

³ We aren't certain who Wilhelmine Maass is, but it seems likely that she was the widow of Johann **August** David Maass even though she often went by the name, Louise. Her three given names were Wilhelmine Luise Henriette and she was the only sister-in-law of Emilie still living in 1930. In her letter, dated 4/23/1930 and sent from Eichenwalde, she said she would be 76 years old on July 29, 1930. This doesn't jibe with her age of 22 years listed in the church register at the time of her marriage on September 21, 1871. Could it be that she was really only 16 when she married? Or could she be an unknown second wife of one of the Maass brothers?

⁴ Sachsenhausen was a concentration camp located north of Berlin near the town of Oranienburg. The camp, which was built as a model camp in 1936, was run by the German National Socialist regime to incarcerate political prisoners and other "undesirables" until 1945. According to the Museum at Sachsenhausen, there were 200,000 prisoners held there by the Nazis and it is estimated that 100,000 of them died or were executed there. After the liberation of the camp by the Red Army in 1945, the Stalinist Soviet occupying forces used the camp to imprison Nazis and other political prisoners. Between August 1945 and the spring of 1950, they imprisoned approximately 60,000 Germans there, and at least 12,000 of them died of malnutrition and disease or were executed.

⁵ For more on the origin of our Maass roots, see <http://www.genemaas.net/Maass%20origin.htm>.

⁶ Mark Pautz's website with his trip report and photos is no longer available; but one photo of the Woldenburg church and his report can be found at: <https://web.archive.org/web/20091214071852/http://www.pautz.net/pautzmark/travel/pomerania9904/day2pomerania1999.html>

⁷ For more information about the life and work of Carl Sprengel and his many scientific contributions, the reader is referred to the article entitled, "On the Origin of the Theory of Mineral Nutrition of Plants and the Law of the Minimum " by R. R. van der Ploeg, W. Böhm, and M. B. Kirkham published in 1999 in the Soil Science Society of America Journal, Vol. 63, pp. 1055–1062.

⁸ Franz Richter was married to Anni Staatz, a 2nd cousin of our father, Walter Maas. Anni died in 1998. Franz and Anni had two children, Isolde and Eitel, who are our 3rd cousins. Isolde married Josef Lazar and they have one daughter, Eileen. Eitel married Barbel and they have two children, Dominik and

Carolyn. The Richters live in the house where our grandmother, Hermine (Rieck) Maas, was born in 1881. The house has been in Grandma's mother's family continuously since the mid 1800's when her grandfather, Martin Schulz, was living.