

Continued

of the station and the fields and the ferry depot, loading wood, potatoes and limited food, and a large quantity of coal in the vicinity of factories and railroad yards. Heaps of refuse were everywhere. Since I saw nothing worth in such petty depredations as to give a party, I regarded everyone who wore a badge of authority as an overbearing booby.

In September, 1918, when I was almost fourteen, an older friend told me a journeyman to machine-chamber sweep brought me into one of the youth groups of the Independent Socialists. These groups which already used the name of Spartakus Jugend, were, I was told, organized by young revolutionaries from Berlin.

A scrappy band of child rebels, we met secretly in a dilapidated house and even on roofs. We were taught by men who claimed they were leaders of the party to hate the rich, to tell the poor that they must rise in a body and fight the dirty bourgeoisie and the capitalists with lightning power and stink bombs which were given to us packed in cans and boxes and a sack of parrot cholera and felt hats which were conducted by young revolutionaries. We did, and more, acting out of our own zealous initiative.

When my father and other sailors then they came home for a month, they were going on in the fleet. The men, framed in their uniforms and hats, and more on a single ship and officer for the charge and the officer's page and butler they consumed. The sailors of the fleet wanted more and an end to it was wanted.

Chapter One LUMPENHUND (Ragged Dog)

I AM A GERMAN BY BIRTH. But the years of my childhood were scattered over places as far apart as the Rhine and the Yangtze-kiang. My voyage began at the point where the Rhine suddenly sweeps westward to bite its course through the mountains before it curves north again to flow, broad and swift, past the Lorelei and the towers of Cologne. One day in 1904 my mother, then on the way from Genoa to Rotterdam to join her husband, who had come in from the sea, felt that her time was near at hand, she interrupted her journey and went to the home of people who knew her, in a little town near Mainz. There she gave birth to her first son. And before I was one month old, she carried me aboard a steamer, bound down the Rhine to Rotterdam.

My father had spent most of his life at sea. But despite his roamings, he had the devotion of a wanderer for the land of his birth, a devotion which I did not learn to share. During the decade preceding the World War my father was attached to the nautical inspection service of the North German Lloyd, in the Orient and in Italy it was a shore job which allowed him to take his family from port to port at Company expense. One result of this nomadism was that by the time I was fourteen I spoke, aside from my native language, fragments of Chinese and Malay, and had a smattering of Swedish, English, Italian and the indomitable Pidgin-English of the waterfront.

Like most German craftsmen of the period, he was conservatively class conscious. He belonged to the Social Democratic Party, was a loyal trade-unionist, and considered the Kaiser as a superfluous clown.

My conversations and deeply religious mother had a dream of her own: a house on some hill, with a garden and a sprinkling of birches around it. I clearly remember to which her some, all of whom were determined to follow the sea, would flock for a holiday after every completed voyage.

The first school I attended was the German school at Hanoi, where I remained there not a little over a year, and my memory of it is vague. I was sent to a British school in Singapore followed. It was here, in an atmosphere of equatorial heat and British world domination, that I first became aware, faintly, of the vast gulf which separated me, the child of a wanderer, from the small and insular world of colonial officials and the white merchants of the East.

Because my father saw no harm in my association with the offspring of his industrious Eurasian allies, the little "imperialist" snobs of my class coined a nickname for me which even made some of the grown-up sailors smile. It was Lumpenhund, which means "ragged dog." I was awkward and too big for my age.

In 1912 my father was transferred to a temporary job in Hong Kong, and later the same year he was called to supervise the outfitting of a four-masted ship in Yokohama and Batavia. In all these travels his family went with him traveling second or third class on Chinese steamers of the North German Lloyd.

The family grew larger from year to year. A sister was born in Hong Kong, another and a Colombian brother was born in Singapore. It was he who later became an officer in the Nazi air force to find his death through an act of communist sabotage in 1938.

The year 1914 saw us in Genoa, Italy, where the company needed an expert on howage to help the agent in charge in the dispatching of the so-called "macaroni liners," the huge ships of the Berlin type engaged in carrying vast numbers of Italian emigrants and harvest hands to New York and the South American wheat and beef metropolises. It was in Genoa that the War overtook us. German shipping was one of the casualties. We continued to live in Genoa until Italy declared war on Germany in the following year. The intervening nine months savored of a prolonged nightmare. They taught me what mass hatred and chauvinism in its ugliest forms could be.

At the end of October, 1918, my father wrote that the High Seas Fleet had received orders for a final attack against Brest. No secret was made of it. The officers, he reported in his blunt fashion, revealed all night. They spoke of the death-rattle of the fleet. Rumor had it that the fleet was under orders to go down in battle to save the honor of the generation that built it. "Their honor is not our honor," my father wrote.

Two days later the fleet was under way. The people in Bremen were more sure than ever. Then came uttering news. Mutiny in the Kaiser's fleet. Young sons of the bourgeoisie who had been sporting sailors' caps now left them at home.

Details filtered through. Aboard the Thuringen the mutineers had seized the ship. They had dropped the anchor and hoisted the lights and disarmed the officers.

STANLEY DRUG STORES
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY
Quality Service
WILL STORES OPEN EVERY DAY TILL 12 MIDNIGHT

Fine Diamonds
M. & Smith
JEWELRY
425-127 South Tryon St.
Open An Account

MAXWELL BROS.
Temporary Location
425-127 South Tryon St.
Open An Account

HAVERTY FURNITURE CO.
Completely
AIR CONDITIONED

ARMSTRONG BROADLOOM LINOLEUM
by the yard—expert mechanics
JOHNSTON'S
125 WEST TRADE ST.

of the station and the fields and the ferry depot, loading wood, potatoes and limited food, and a large quantity of coal in the vicinity of factories and railroad yards. Heaps of refuse were everywhere. Since I saw nothing worth in such petty depredations as to give a party, I regarded everyone who wore a badge of authority as an overbearing booby.

In September, 1918, when I was almost fourteen, an older friend told me a journeyman to machine-chamber sweep brought me into one of the youth groups of the Independent Socialists. These groups which already used the name of Spartakus Jugend, were, I was told, organized by young revolutionaries from Berlin.

A scrappy band of child rebels, we met secretly in a dilapidated house and even on roofs. We were taught by men who claimed they were leaders of the party to hate the rich, to tell the poor that they must rise in a body and fight the dirty bourgeoisie and the capitalists with lightning power and stink bombs which were given to us packed in cans and boxes and a sack of parrot cholera and felt hats which were conducted by young revolutionaries. We did, and more, acting out of our own zealous initiative.

When my father and other sailors then they came home for a month, they were going on in the fleet. The men, framed in their uniforms and hats, and more on a single ship and officer for the charge and the officer's page and butler they consumed. The sailors of the fleet wanted more and an end to it was wanted.

Chapter One LUMPENHUND (Ragged Dog)

I AM A GERMAN BY BIRTH. But the years of my childhood were scattered over places as far apart as the Rhine and the Yangtze-kiang. My voyage began at the point where the Rhine suddenly sweeps westward to bite its course through the mountains before it curves north again to flow, broad and swift, past the Lorelei and the towers of Cologne. One day in 1904 my mother, then on the way from Genoa to Rotterdam to join her husband, who had come in from the sea, felt that her time was near at hand, she interrupted her journey and went to the home of people who knew her, in a little town near Mainz. There she gave birth to her first son. And before I was one month old, she carried me aboard a steamer, bound down the Rhine to Rotterdam.

My father had spent most of his life at sea. But despite his roamings, he had the devotion of a wanderer for the land of his birth, a devotion which I did not learn to share. During the decade preceding the World War my father was attached to the nautical inspection service of the North German Lloyd, in the Orient and in Italy it was a shore job which allowed him to take his family from port to port at Company expense. One result of this nomadism was that by the time I was fourteen I spoke, aside from my native language, fragments of Chinese and Malay, and had a smattering of Swedish, English, Italian and the indomitable Pidgin-English of the waterfront.

Like most German craftsmen of the period, he was conservatively class conscious. He belonged to the Social Democratic Party, was a loyal trade-unionist, and considered the Kaiser as a superfluous clown.

My conversations and deeply religious mother had a dream of her own: a house on some hill, with a garden and a sprinkling of birches around it. I clearly remember to which her some, all of whom were determined to follow the sea, would flock for a holiday after every completed voyage.

The first school I attended was the German school at Hanoi, where I remained there not a little over a year, and my memory of it is vague. I was sent to a British school in Singapore followed. It was here, in an atmosphere of equatorial heat and British world domination, that I first became aware, faintly, of the vast gulf which separated me, the child of a wanderer, from the small and insular world of colonial officials and the white merchants of the East.

Because my father saw no harm in my association with the offspring of his industrious Eurasian allies, the little "imperialist" snobs of my class coined a nickname for me which even made some of the grown-up sailors smile. It was Lumpenhund, which means "ragged dog." I was awkward and too big for my age.

In 1912 my father was transferred to a temporary job in Hong Kong, and later the same year he was called to supervise the outfitting of a four-masted ship in Yokohama and Batavia. In all these travels his family went with him traveling second or third class on Chinese steamers of the North German Lloyd.

The family grew larger from year to year. A sister was born in Hong Kong, another and a Colombian brother was born in Singapore. It was he who later became an officer in the Nazi air force to find his death through an act of communist sabotage in 1938.

The year 1914 saw us in Genoa, Italy, where the company needed an expert on howage to help the agent in charge in the dispatching of the so-called "macaroni liners," the huge ships of the Berlin type engaged in carrying vast numbers of Italian emigrants and harvest hands to New York and the South American wheat and beef metropolises. It was in Genoa that the War overtook us. German shipping was one of the casualties. We continued to live in Genoa until Italy declared war on Germany in the following year. The intervening nine months savored of a prolonged nightmare. They taught me what mass hatred and chauvinism in its ugliest forms could be.

At the end of October, 1918, my father wrote that the High Seas Fleet had received orders for a final attack against Brest. No secret was made of it. The officers, he reported in his blunt fashion, revealed all night. They spoke of the death-rattle of the fleet. Rumor had it that the fleet was under orders to go down in battle to save the honor of the generation that built it. "Their honor is not our honor," my father wrote.

of the station and the fields and the ferry depot, loading wood, potatoes and limited food, and a large quantity of coal in the vicinity of factories and railroad yards. Heaps of refuse were everywhere. Since I saw nothing worth in such petty depredations as to give a party, I regarded everyone who wore a badge of authority as an overbearing booby.

In September, 1918, when I was almost fourteen, an older friend told me a journeyman to machine-chamber sweep brought me into one of the youth groups of the Independent Socialists. These groups which already used the name of Spartakus Jugend, were, I was told, organized by young revolutionaries from Berlin.

A scrappy band of child rebels, we met secretly in a dilapidated house and even on roofs. We were taught by men who claimed they were leaders of the party to hate the rich, to tell the poor that they must rise in a body and fight the dirty bourgeoisie and the capitalists with lightning power and stink bombs which were given to us packed in cans and boxes and a sack of parrot cholera and felt hats which were conducted by young revolutionaries. We did, and more, acting out of our own zealous initiative.

When my father and other sailors then they came home for a month, they were going on in the fleet. The men, framed in their uniforms and hats, and more on a single ship and officer for the charge and the officer's page and butler they consumed. The sailors of the fleet wanted more and an end to it was wanted.

Chapter One LUMPENHUND (Ragged Dog)

I AM A GERMAN BY BIRTH. But the years of my childhood were scattered over places as far apart as the Rhine and the Yangtze-kiang. My voyage began at the point where the Rhine suddenly sweeps westward to bite its course through the mountains before it curves north again to flow, broad and swift, past the Lorelei and the towers of Cologne. One day in 1904 my mother, then on the way from Genoa to Rotterdam to join her husband, who had come in from the sea, felt that her time was near at hand, she interrupted her journey and went to the home of people who knew her, in a little town near Mainz. There she gave birth to her first son. And before I was one month old, she carried me aboard a steamer, bound down the Rhine to Rotterdam.

My father had spent most of his life at sea. But despite his roamings, he had the devotion of a wanderer for the land of his birth, a devotion which I did not learn to share. During the decade preceding the World War my father was attached to the nautical inspection service of the North German Lloyd, in the Orient and in Italy it was a shore job which allowed him to take his family from port to port at Company expense. One result of this nomadism was that by the time I was fourteen I spoke, aside from my native language, fragments of Chinese and Malay, and had a smattering of Swedish, English, Italian and the indomitable Pidgin-English of the waterfront.

Like most German craftsmen of the period, he was conservatively class conscious. He belonged to the Social Democratic Party, was a loyal trade-unionist, and considered the Kaiser as a superfluous clown.

My conversations and deeply religious mother had a dream of her own: a house on some hill, with a garden and a sprinkling of birches around it. I clearly remember to which her some, all of whom were determined to follow the sea, would flock for a holiday after every completed voyage.

The first school I attended was the German school at Hanoi, where I remained there not a little over a year, and my memory of it is vague. I was sent to a British school in Singapore followed. It was here, in an atmosphere of equatorial heat and British world domination, that I first became aware, faintly, of the vast gulf which separated me, the child of a wanderer, from the small and insular world of colonial officials and the white merchants of the East.

Because my father saw no harm in my association with the offspring of his industrious Eurasian allies, the little "imperialist" snobs of my class coined a nickname for me which even made some of the grown-up sailors smile. It was Lumpenhund, which means "ragged dog." I was awkward and too big for my age.

In 1912 my father was transferred to a temporary job in Hong Kong, and later the same year he was called to supervise the outfitting of a four-masted ship in Yokohama and Batavia. In all these travels his family went with him traveling second or third class on Chinese steamers of the North German Lloyd.

The family grew larger from year to year. A sister was born in Hong Kong, another and a Colombian brother was born in Singapore. It was he who later became an officer in the Nazi air force to find his death through an act of communist sabotage in 1938.

The year 1914 saw us in Genoa, Italy, where the company needed an expert on howage to help the agent in charge in the dispatching of the so-called "macaroni liners," the huge ships of the Berlin type engaged in carrying vast numbers of Italian emigrants and harvest hands to New York and the South American wheat and beef metropolises. It was in Genoa that the War overtook us. German shipping was one of the casualties. We continued to live in Genoa until Italy declared war on Germany in the following year. The intervening nine months savored of a prolonged nightmare. They taught me what mass hatred and chauvinism in its ugliest forms could be.

At the end of October, 1918, my father wrote that the High Seas Fleet had received orders for a final attack against Brest. No secret was made of it. The officers, he reported in his blunt fashion, revealed all night. They spoke of the death-rattle of the fleet. Rumor had it that the fleet was under orders to go down in battle to save the honor of the generation that built it. "Their honor is not our honor," my father wrote.

Two days later the fleet was under way. The people in Bremen were more sure than ever. Then came uttering news. Mutiny in the Kaiser's fleet. Young sons of the bourgeoisie who had been sporting sailors' caps now left them at home.

Gettling Up Nights
Makes Many Feet Old
Cystex
A Complete Showing of
1941 G.E. Refrigerators
BRIDGES
308 S. Tryon St.
Say, "I saw it in The News." Thank you.

It's Here But You Can't See It
WHEN YOU PICK UP your daily copy of The News you are aware of several obvious things. You see the screaming banners across the front page... you notice the many pictures of local and national interest... you peruse the columns upon columns of news contained on the inside pages carried in the issue at hand.
It's the penetrating power of this newspaper that sells your merchandise... and influences your customers.
We believe we have an usual degree of penetrating power, because in our more than 52 years of publication we have never fooled our readers... we have never knowingly published false reports... we have endeavored always to inform... and not confuse our reading friends.
And in matters of public wellbeing we have led the way to truth, numerous times. Because of this our penetrating power has grown deeper and deeper.
Our readers have confidence in The News. And it's confidence that sells goods to people and makes them come back for more.
It's the power that makes people seek The News. It's that intangible something that makes people believe in The News. And a few of its synonyms are: faith, trust, belief, confidence.

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS
Largest Newspaper in the Carolinas