

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

An account by Lily Schnabel née
Bredemeyer

Addie van Leeuwen née Hegge



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History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

An account by

LILY SCHNABEL NÉE BREDEMEYER

This is an account given by that most-loved lady, my Oma Lily Schnabel née Bredemeyer. She entertained me on Saturday afternoons when, in my teen years, I visited her, with these unforgettable stories about remarkable people. In spite of losing her mother at the age of 3 and her father when she was 8, her sunny disposition and keen sense of humour endeared her to everybody. Of course this was written in Dutch, so I have translated it into English.

Addie van Leeuwen née Hegge

Montreal, February 1999

2nd Edition, July 2021

For Agnes

Toetie (*nickname for Agnes Hegge-Schnabel*),

This was put together, written and given to you on your 51st birthday, at the same time, as a small memento of a nearly 74-year-old Ma.

Lily Schnabel née Bredemeyer

The Hague, June 4, 1947

After my death, for Addie, since she has helped Oma to compile this book and the family tree.

Agnes Hegge-Schnabel

Table of Contents

The Schnabel family: the direct line.....	1
<i>The Family of your Grandparents</i>	<i>4</i>
<i>Pa's parents</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>Postscript of the Schnabels.....</i>	<i>12</i>
Chronicle of my Family	13
<i>Additional information.....</i>	<i>16</i>
<i>What I know of my Mother's Family.....</i>	<i>17</i>
<i>The Ancestors of Arnold-Frambach.....</i>	<i>18</i>
<i>Ancestors of Marie Arnold nee Frambach.....</i>	<i>18</i>
<i>Details of various members of the Family.....</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>Grandfather Arnold</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>My Mother</i>	<i>26</i>
<i>Tante Lina Souchon</i>	<i>29</i>
<i>Postscript</i>	<i>37</i>
My own life and that of Fraulein (Miss) Rieke	38
Family Trees	54
<i>Ancestors of Agnes</i>	<i>54</i>
<i>Descendants of Rudolph Schnabel and Elisabeth</i>	<i>55</i>
<i>Descendants of Heinrich Frambach and Ursula Claessen..</i>	<i>56</i>

The Schnabel family: the direct line

The oldest Schnabel known to us is Rudolph, born 17??, in Haaren (Germany). He died September 18, 1822.¹ He was married to Elisabeth --- . This is all what the Pastor could copy for us from the baptismal registers. We also know that he had three children: Johannes Casper (1732), Maria Anna (??) and Johannes Henricus (??).

Johannes Caspar, born 1732, wedded to Catherina Zunck, May 29, 1759, had 6 children, and died ??²

Maria Anna, married Johannes Lammers in Meppen, Germany, on October 9, 1862.³

Johannes Henricus, was married to Anna Niehaus and died in 1810.

One of Johannes Caspar's children was **Johannes Heinrich Rudolph Josephus**⁴ born March 12, 1790⁵ in Meppen, married **Aloisia Elberfeldt** and died 1813.

Johannes and Aloisia had one son, birth date unknown.⁶ Agnes, these are your great grandparents.

¹ Note Addie: other information states that the † date of Rudolph is not known and it is rather his son, Johannes Caspar, who died September 16, 1822.

² Note Addie: as noted above, probably September 16, 1822.

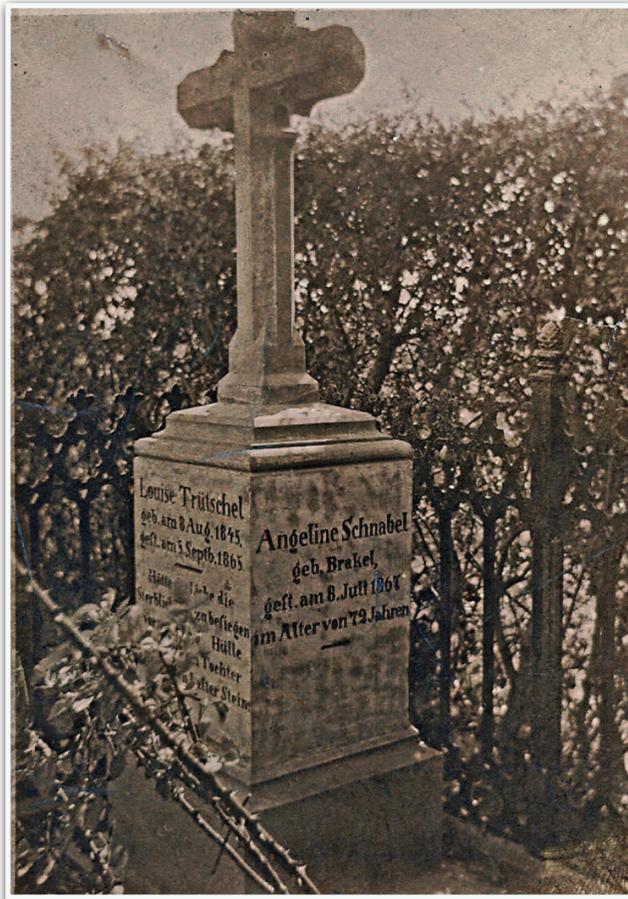
³ Note Addie: 1762 makes more sense.

⁴ Note Addie: the last two names came back in my oldest brother's names, Antonius Josephus Rudolphus

⁵ Note Addie: presumably a mistake; other papers say 1760.

⁶ Note Addie: my uncle Hans Schnabel said this is **Johannes Caspar Adolf Friedrich**, born in Meppen, July 20, 1793, and who married **Angelina Brakel** from Lathen, Germany, born in 1795, and who died in 1867.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

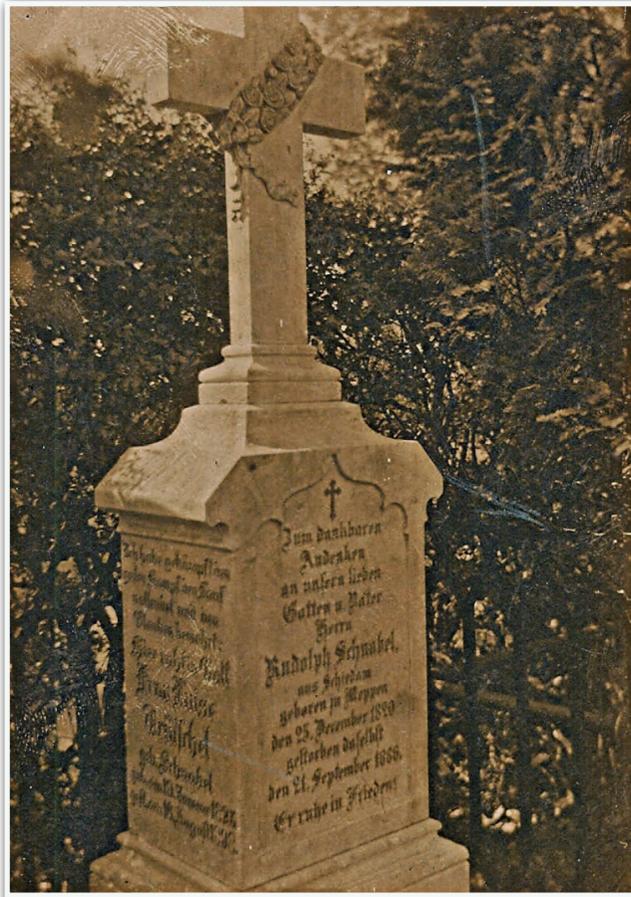


Grave of Angelina Brakel

They had five (or six?) children. Their third son was **Johannes Henricus Rudolphus Gregorius**, born in Meppen on December 24, 1820, and died there September 21, 1886. He married Anna **Clara Agnes Heyl** from Emden (1825-1907).⁷

⁷ Note Addie: I have six of her spoons with the A.H. initials. Oma Schnabel had them in the safe so they escaped the bombardment of the Bezuidenhout area where Oma lived.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Grave of Johannes Henricus Rudolphus Gregorius

These are your grandparents and from this family came your father, **Antonius Josephus Rudolphus Schnabel**, who was born in September 10, 1865.

The Family of your Grandparents

Your grandfather had a sister, Ludovica, who married a teacher, Trütschel, who later became a professor. They lived in Meppen, had three daughters and one son:

- Anna who later stayed on with Pa till he married
- Auguste who for many years was cared for in a mental hospital
- Rudolph, the son, died, unmarried; he was also a teacher
- And finally Johanna, another daughter, who married the owner of a very fine specialty store in the Hohestrasse in Cologne where we were greatly entertained on our honeymoon.

Your grandfather started in Schiedam, the Netherlands.⁸ Why he established himself just there I can't tell. He opened a small draper's business⁹ which prospered so much that he moved to bigger premises situated on the Breedemarktstraat and the Mark(e)t. This house you know and now it is in poor repair; however, in earlier years, it was so beautifully kept up. This is the house where your father (Pa) was born as the youngest of ten children, of which six lived to adulthood.

As far as I know, your grandfather did not want to be naturalized. He did speak Dutch, that is to say, with the customers. I myself have never met him. Before I knew Pa, his father had already died from fatty degeneration of the heart, for sure not a Schnabel disease!

His wife (Anna Clara Agnes Heyl) came from a prominent family. Her father owned ships, which sailed to Brazil to

⁸ Note Addie: all the other places mentioned above are in Germany.

⁹ Note Addie: cloth and clothing

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

fetch coffee. The Heyl family maintained a grand house in Emden (Germany) and belonged to the upper class (this I know also from tante Mimi).

Pa and I, as well as your brother Hans, knew her cousin Anton Kappelhoff. He owned a large bank and wine storehouses in Emden. Each morning, promptly at 8 o'clock, we saw him pass by our hotel windows on his way to his office where he, 82 years old, was still in control of everything. He lived as widower with both his daughters "on Delft" [*? street, ? place*].

Your grandmother, Anna Schnabel née Heyl, also had a sister, Leonore, who was married to a Buttenberg in Emden. I have never met this couple as they had already died before I knew them. However I did know one of their two sons, Oscar, who married late and lived with wife and three little sons in a castle at Wolthusen near Emden. The castle was superbly furnished and the Buttenberg family was very rich.



Anna Heyl's grandfather

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Anna Heyl's grandmother



*Anna Heyl's grandmother as a young girl
(11-12 years old)*

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Pa's parents

Pa's father, Rudolph Schnabel was an excellent businessman, very hardworking and energetic, with a particularly strong perseverance, and a good sense of the business world of those days. He left more than a 'ton' (100,000 guilders). He was very strict with the staff but also with his children.

Pa's mother, Anna Heyl, was a submissive wife, a tender mother full of care. She was an extraordinarily skillful housewife: thrifty, diligent, deft and very neat. She was tall and slender. Both of them were very religious.



Portrait of Angelina Schnabel-Brakel

[Note Addie: It was originally thought to be a portrait of Anna Heyl. Mammie bequeathed this pastel to Kees, son of Emil Schnabel (p.55). However, when I asked for a photo, it showed in the back "Schnabel-Brakel, moeder van Pa's vader." This must have been written by my Oma Schnabel when she gave it to my mother. Therefore, this is then Angelina, the mother-in-law of Anna Heyl.]

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Their children were:

- Johannes married to Louise von Bruchhausen
- Lina, single
- Mariechen, died young in a mental hospital
- Carl married to Francisca Kroll
- Anna
- Your father Anton married to me, Lily Bredemeyer

Johannes took over the business in Schiedam when his father died even though there was no legal document giving him the business; the inheritance was not divided, all was done in good faith. Even Mama (that is, the widow) received nothing. She stayed together with Lina and lived in a modest house on the second floor. If they needed money for the housekeeping, then Lina walked over to Johannes to get some. They lived extremely frugally, in spite of the aforementioned 'ton', plus the good business the old gentleman had left behind.

Only Carl received his inheritance because he himself wanted to start a business in Arnhem. Unfortunately, it was not very successful.¹⁰

Pa received some money to buy the Grünert store but it was very little. Each year we had to pay off the debt and, when we liquidated the business after twelve years, I myself brought the rest of the take-over money to Mrs. Grünert. We carried a heavy burden.

¹⁰ Note Addie: later Carl moved his store to Maastricht, Limburg, around the corner of the Vrijthof, in the centre of the city. I have seen the store—very chic; it's still there.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Johannes had seven children:

- Rudi, single¹¹
- Albertine married to Willem van Niekerken¹²
- Carl, pharmacist, died young
- Maria married to ??
- Emile, engineer, married to Johanna Bergervoort¹³
- Lily, married to Jacobus (Koos) Hageraats, antiquarian, in Amsterdam
- Clara became a Carmelite nun¹⁴

Johannes died at the age of 46, after also having established a carpet business in Schiedam on the Hoogstraat and a furniture store in Rotterdam. He also had a business wholesaling fish in Vlaardingen and lastly, he started a very refined fashion store in Nijmegen that did not work out. He worked and worked till he collapsed to be able to pay for his extremely expensive household.

When Johannes died, his widow assumed what was left of the inheritance and returned to Germany.¹⁵

¹¹ Note Addie: a good but simple man

¹² Note Addie: their son Wim (Bill) now lives in Burlingame, a suburb of San Francisco

¹³ Note Addie: for us she was tante Hänschen

¹⁴ Note Addie: my mother liked her very much, she lived well into her nineties

¹⁵ Note Addie: his wife, Louise von Bruchhausen, was very charming, from a titled family, never lifted a finger in her life. Oma told me that she would be resting on a sofa, not being very strong, and asked others to do things in such a sweet manner that it would be done. The story goes that when she was going to be (or had just been) married her mother-in-law was evaluating Louise's cooking abilities. Louise had bought all sorts of exotic—and expensive—tidbits to make a good impression. However her mother-in-law had remarked, "*Mit solchem Material kann ich auch kochen!*" (German: With such ingredients I can cook too!) This became an expression in our family since my mother was famous for her hors d'oeuvres, etc.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Carl established a substantial clothing store in Maastricht that flourished well, thanks in large part to his wife. They had three children:

- Anna, married to Pierre Lustermans
- Lieneke, married to Jules Chambille
- Toine, married to ?? . Toine took over the store successfully; he was a good businessman.

After the death of her son Johannes, the old Mama Schnabel and her daughter Lina came to live with us in Leiden. This was the year in which your brother Henri was born. After the liquidation of Johannes' business, Mama consequently had also lost everything. Because of this, your father traveled all over Holland and Germany day and night to collect money for her and Lina so that they would have an income.

He went after people who still owed money to her late husband—and there were many of them—or those who had benefited from his goodness or whom he had helped with a livelihood. Pa took out a loan on an inheritance that would come to her from her brother (who had already been hospitalized for many years). Pa was in such a hurry, as it was close to Henri's birth. However, he was miraculously successful. Only the richest people did not contribute. For example, the so-called "Oil King" in Hamburg, who had previously been a clerk in the store in Schiedam and for whom Papa Schnabel had done much to help him when he wanted to start out for himself.

The aforementioned P.K. [*Petroleum Koning*] donated only gifts which attracted public attention and which would be announced in the newspapers; for example, a complete church building with his wife donating all that went into it. As for Pa, they left him standing empty-handed at the door.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Pa also solicited Mama's rich family in Emden (Germany). They were willing to support her without hesitation and promised a yearly subsidy.

When Pa returned home, he had grown much thinner but he was elated. He converted everything he had collected into golden 10-guilder pieces and went to Mama. He poured the coins, as from a cornucopia, in a stream of gold onto her lap. Mama, who had become somewhat feeble-minded by all her grief, fumbled numbly with the coins but never has said a word about them. However, the goal was achieved: the money would allow them to live—albeit carefully—without worries, till the end. Pa managed it prudently and accurately. After three months Mama and Lina moved into their own apartment.

Mama died at the age of 82 in 1907 in Leiden. When we moved to Velp, Lina settled in Maastricht, where she lived in an apartment until she reached a ripe old age.¹⁶

¹⁶ Note Addie: my mother often stayed with this aunt, they got along very well Tante Lina had a gift of finding cute and extra-ordinary presents, not so much expensive as original, a knack my mother had too. Lina had promised Mammie all sorts of things she would give her after her death. However, she died without a will so the notary sold everything to the family members and later divided the money. Mammie pregnant with ?? and not having much ready cash, asked her brother Henri to absolutely buy the 12 "ice" spoons. However, somebody else wanted them too and the notary split them 6/6. I now have those 6 little spoons.

P.S.: I also still have a remnant of a game tante Lina once sent to me, as I was often sick in bed with bronchitis. The game consists of a board with row upon row of small holes into which you stick little cardboard tubes with a tuft of wool on the top. The result is just like a soft carpet. I played it often and designed many a pattern.

Postscript of the Schnabels

Around the 1700s, the Schnabels were found in the neighbourhood of Meppen, Germany. In the baptismal registers of 1798, there was mention of a village named Schnabelbergham, being an "Annex of the Parish".¹⁷ So wrote the pastor of Meppen in a letter of August 29, 1922.¹⁸

Are we then called Schnabel because we come from this town, or is it just the opposite?

In any case, it does appear that the family tree of the Schnabels goes back to 1732.

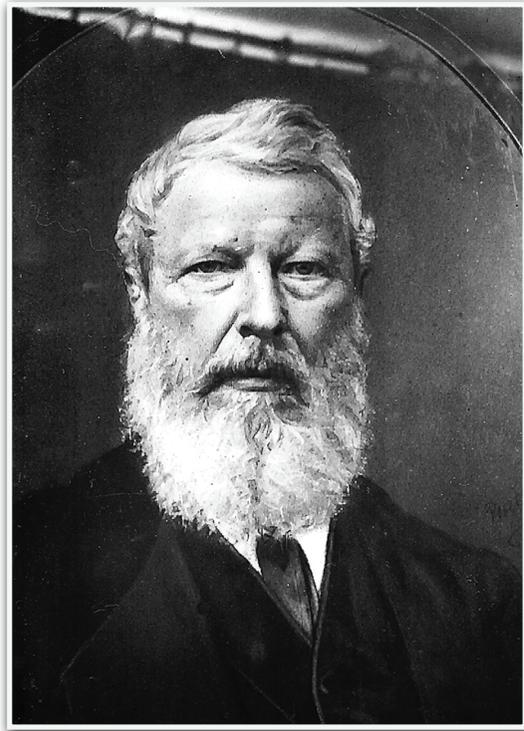
¹⁷ Note Addie: probably a subdivision of a county

¹⁸ Note Addie: my Opa Anton traveled at one time to Meppen, where he found the graves in dire need of restoration and he looked after them. He also must have badgered the pastor for more information about the Schnabels. When one time the pastor wrote about the possibility that older generations had been in farming, Opa lost interest in pursuing this. Whether this anecdote is true or not, I don't know.

Chronicle of my Family

My Father was **Wilhelm Moritz Bredemeyer**, born in Vreden (Westphalen, Germany) October 11, 1811, and died in Leeuwarden (Netherlands) June 7, 1882.

My Mother was **Agnes Wilhelmine Louise Arnold**, born in Elberfeld (Germany), August 1, 1843, and died in Leeuwarden, October 29, 1876.



Wilhelm Bredemeyer

This is what I know about my Father. He was the son of a linen-factory owner in Vreden. He had only one sister who

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

died young. As the only son, Father was destined to inherit the factory. He became engaged to **Maria Frambach** from Cologne (Germany).

After a big fire completely destroyed my Grandfather's factory, my Father had to find a new means of living. That was the reason that he departed to Holland and the couple decided to break their engagement.

Father left with his friend Dr. Gescher, a medical doctor. (Later on they became brothers-in-law!) The latter was born in Vreden and died in Leeuwarden in 1860.¹⁹

Through connections, father soon got a good position with Sinkel in Utrecht, and was later appointed manager in Leeuwarden, and afterwards, co-director of this company. He was also president of the Chamber of Commerce of the province Friesland.

Soon after he arrived in Leeuwarden, he married Helena Martini and had two children: Lisette (born in Leeuwarden 1841 and died in 1887) and a son Alex.

His second marriage was to Margaretha Langemeyer (whose sister married Dr. Gescher) and he had four children with her: Marie, Martin, Gerard, and Sophie.

His third marriage was to the sister of his first wife (no children).

His fourth marriage was to Agnes Arnold who bore him only one child, Amalia Wilhelmine Ursula, named Lily.

The house in which I was born was Ruiterskwartier, corner Bargest (?) where my Father had lived for forty years. When I was a good three years old, my Father bought

¹⁹ Note Addie: The date cannot be correct since he was at the deathbed of Agnes in 1876.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Cammingha-State²⁰ where he died in 1882. After the death of my mother, Fraulein (*German for Miss*) Rieke came to live with us to take care of the housekeeping. According to the wishes of my Father, when I became an orphan, she stayed with me till I went to boarding school.



*Leeuwarden 'Waag' (weighing house)
To the right, Wm. Bredemeyer house (Kreyenborg Store)*

My Father was very rich and during his second marriage he had a carriage²¹ and rode on horseback. Except for his daughter Marie, all his children later lost all their money.

For the rest, I don't know anything else about his family except that he had an uncle. This uncle wrote a letter to my Grandfather (i.e., his brother) which was in my possession. It stated that things were going well for this uncle, Franz Bredemeyer, that he lived in Schonnbrunn (Austria) and that he was 'Raadsheer' (councillor) at the Austrian Court (of the emperor) and that he was the director of the Royal Imperial Menageries and Gardens. This letter was very

²⁰ Note Addie: State means manor house

²¹ Note Addie: apparently only one of the two persons in Leeuwarden who had this.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

interesting and sealed with a great seal, imprinted with a coat of arms. Unfortunately this letter was also burned with the bombardment on March 3, 1945.

Grandfather was named **Johann Bredemeyer**.

My father was tall, an imposing, stern character, an authoritative personality. He died of cancer at the age of 70.



Wm. Bredemeyer house (Kreyenborg Store)

Additional information

The wives of my Father:

1. **Helena Anna Christina Martini**, born in Leeuwarden, May 6, 1822 and died in Leeuwarden,

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

April 15, 1843; thus she was not yet 21 years of age. My Father was 31 when she passed away.

2. **Anna Margaretha Bernardina Langemeyer**, died in Leeuwarden, January 12, 1862, a good 41 years old. My Father was 50 years old at the time.
3. **Agatha Anna Martini**, died in Leeuwarden, July 1, 1865, 32 years of age. My Father was 53 at her death.
4. **Agnes Wilhelmine Louise Arnold**, born in Elberfeld (Germany) on August 1, 1843. Died in Leeuwarden, October 29, 1876, so she was 33. My Father was 65 years old when she passed away. On her 'bidprentje'—a small devotional memorial card²²—was written: "I searched for health but didn't find it; I have done what I could. Voluntarily I have submitted to the Lord's will and I have resigned myself to that."

All were Catholic and died after having received the Holy Sacraments, as did my Father.

The marriages of my brothers and sisters can be found in the enclosed brief family tree, just as those of their and my children.²³

What I know of my Mother's Family

My mother was the youngest child of Dr. F.W. Arnold and of Marie Frambach, the first fiancée of my Father, of whom I spoke earlier when relating the story of my Father and the fire in Vreden. My Father annually visited a spa in Germany and was a very good friend of the Arnold-Frambach family.

²² Note Addie: in Holland, it was tradition to have one printed and distributed after someone's death.

²³ Note Addie: a copy is enclosed with this text.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

He had therefore seen them many times and had known his fourth wife "since the cradle."

My Grandparents Arnold-Frambach had three children:

1. **Lina**, married to Bau-rat (German title for councillor, justice) Souchon; no children.
2. a **son** who died at a young age.
3. **Agnes**, my mother, one daughter.

Grandfather was named **Friedrich Wilhelm** and he was born on March 3, 1810 in Sontheim near Heilbronn (Germany). He married October 13, 1836 in Cologne in the St. Andries Church and died February 12, 1864 in Elberfeld.

Grandmother Arnold née Frambach: **Maria Henriette Amalia** was born in Cologne in 1805 and died in Elberfeld, January 3, 1867.

The Ancestors of Arnold-Frambach

The Father of F.W. Arnold was conductor of the Royal Orchestra of the King of Saksen (Germany). For the rest, I literally don't know anything of the Arnold family. I didn't have 'memorial' cards for any of them, even though—with the exception of Uncle Souchon—they were all Catholics.

Ancestors of Marie Arnold nee Frambach

She came from Cologne where her father was "*Chef der Stadtischen Finanzen*", that is, head of the finance department of the city. Her mother was **Ursula Frambach nee Claessen**, daughter of the mayor of Cologne. Ursula's grandfather was a lawyer and Doctor 'beider Rechte' (of 'both laws', whatever that includes), her

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

great-grandfather was "*Commissarius des Konigs*", governor in name of the King.

These last three were all Claessens. For the rest, there were numerous 'memorial cards' of the female Claessens. There were no cards however for the Frambach family, so what I know of my great-grandfather I have read in a newspaper clipping, something that was written up after his death. The commentary in that article spoke of his personality and achievements but I don't remember the details anymore. My great-grandparents:

Heinrich Frambach, born in 1773 in Dusseldorf, Germany. He married **Ursula Claessen** in December 1800 in the St. Kolumba Church in Cologne and he died in 1821 in Cologne.



Heinrich Frambach

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Ursula Claessen, born January 2, 1781, died in Kaiserwerth on the Rhine in 1874.



Ursula Frambach nee Claessen

[Note Addie: Oma told me that Heinrich Frambach was 'Grand Mason' in the Freemason Organization. As such, he had the paraphernalia associated with this function in the house. When he suddenly died, they were still in the armoire which found its way to Oma in Leiden. She was fearful of these devilish things and asked Huub Hoosemans, a priest, to take them away. Uncle Huub arrived with holy water and a sprinkler. While I presume uttering exorcisms, the armoire was opened, but mysteriously to everyone's surprise, everything had disappeared. In Oma's opinion, the devil had reclaimed them!]

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



*Portraits of H. Frambach and U. F.-Claessen
at Regentesselaan*

Details of various members of the Family

Grandfather Arnold

Dr. F.W. Arnold was doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) and doctor of Language. Moreover he was a composer and had a publishing business solely for music, first in Cologne, later in Elberfeld. He received a gold medallion of the King of Prussia (Germany) on which was inscribed "sum cinque" (to each his due) and another one from the King of Bavaria. Both came with a letter of great appreciation.



Portrait of F.W. Arnold

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

As the last surviving member of this family, I inherited these medallions. Fortunately, they are preserved since they were kept in the safe during the war. (Pa had had the first medallion—the one with "sum cinque"—made into a brooch for me) As I had previously given the letter of Ludwig of Bavaria to Henri as a birthday present, that one is also saved.

For the rest, there was still an appreciation letter from the King of Saxony (Germany) but without a medal. The first and the last letter were burned in the catastrophe of March 3, 1945 with all the other souvenirs.

Luckily Hans had a newspaper article which was printed after the death of Grandfather about what he had done for German folk songs and still other extensive reports about his diverse and active life.²⁴

He was on very friendly terms with **Robert Schumann**, **Clara Schumann-Wieck**, **Max Bruch**, etc.²⁵ He had regular quartet evenings among others with Clara Schumann who at the time was considered the best pianist in the world. Grandfather played the violin. He also had several manuscripts of many famous composers which after his death went to his daughter Lina and were donated by her to a friend in Breslau. I had all his correspondence with literary people of that period, including classical scholars whose names all appear in the encyclopedia. I had at the

²⁴ Note Addie: according to my Oma, he would travel to small villages where the people still sang old, maybe nearly forgotten songs. He would write down the words and the music notation (no tape recorders at that time!), so they have survived for future reference.

²⁵ Note Addie: info for ignoramuses, they are all well-known composers and musicians.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

time everything sorted and I made lists so that it was well organized.²⁶

According to his eldest daughter Lina, Grandfather was cheerful, witty and carefree. He was always short of money. My mother had then no dowry, only a hand-embroidered wall-hanging of a magnificent view in Switzerland. I also had the letters from his fiancée during their engagement. The only thing that I have read from them was that his bride complained that it was bad enough for her that all the girls were fond of him, but he did not need to wink back at them. After that I quickly tore up those letters!



Maria Arnold nee Frambach

My children will remember the painting—sadly lost—of my Grandfather: the handsome face with the dark eyes, the dashing doctor's mantle, one of his literary works (which earned an award) in the hand. The doctor's degree was

²⁶ Note Addie: I have seen some of these papers; they were hard to read as they were written in the old-fashioned style of German script which used different characters.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Maria A.-Frambach at a later age

likewise burned in the Bezuidenhout²⁷ along with other information such as the notice in the newspaper after his death announcing that in memory of him, a concert would be given in Elberfeld and the Requiem of Mozart would be played.

I also had the documents that he was an honorary member of various institutions or one of the directors; how could he ever find time for all this!

He died at the age of 54.

²⁷ Note Addie: the area where my Oma lived in 1945.

My Mother

As I already stated, my Father frequently visited the Arnold family when he came to Germany. When, after a very long time, he was again in the neighbourhood, he wrote to the old address. Following this, he received an answer from the youngest daughter, Agnes. She explained that her Father and Mother had both in the meantime passed away, within three years, and that her grandmother now lived with her, but that such a good friend of the family would always be welcome to visit.

When my Father arrived and saw her standing there, he imagined for a moment that he saw his very first fiancée in her youth, so great was the resemblance. As mentioned before, he knew Agnes since her birth but had never seen her as an adult. *Et l'on revient toujours à ses premières amours* (And one comes always back to one's first love).

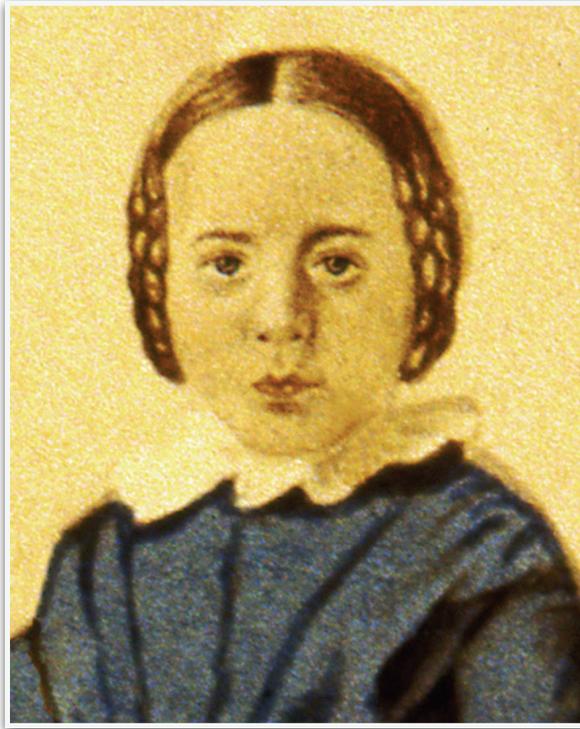
They spent some time getting acquainted. Twenty-four hours after he had left, the marriage proposal arrived.

Mama, who had in the meantime sent to her sister Lina Souchon in Oels an enthusiastic account, sent a telegram, "*habe mich verlobt*" ("am engaged"), upon which Lina wired back, "*doch nicht etwa mit dem alten Herrn?*" ("surely not to the old gentleman?").

The wedding took place not too long after that in Elberfeld. Father brought his youngest daughter Sophie who was the only one still at home. All the others were married except Alex who lived in Amsterdam. After this, my parents went on a beautiful honeymoon accompanied by Sophie.

As Mama got out of the train in Leeuwarden, the first thing she said was "*O, was ist es hier kalt!*" (Oh, how cold is it

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Agnes Arnold

here!"). And ever since, she never quite seemed to be healthy, or at any rate, her health appeared to be failing quickly. Her grandmother in the meantime was placed with the nuns in Kaiserwerth on the Rhine.

As a young girl, Mama was very much into music. She played piano very well but she also had a pure, high, well-trained soprano. Though her voice was not very strong ("not suitable for a big hall," as a reviewer mentioned), it was nevertheless noted in a write-up of a performance of the 'Elias', "*Ein Engel sang den Engel*", (an angel sang the angel). She sang in several concerts, primarily as a soloist.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

In Mama's youth, the 'Stockhauser Method' for singing was devised, and Stockhauser requested my mother go on tour with him to introduce his method. But my grandfather refused to give his permission for that.

Shortly before my Father's marriage proposal to her, a young man in Elberfeld bothered her so much that she went for a visit in Mannheim for a while; however, this young man discovered where she was staying and followed her there. My Father, on the other hand, hit her fancy right away.

It was to understand that his fourth marriage was not well received by his children, who were all adults by then. "That you are sad to be alone again and again, I can understand," his oldest daughter Marie told him, "but there are such nice elderly ladies. Why do you take then just such a young one?" What Father has answered to that, history does not mention.

Mama's life was therefore not a bed of roses. Only Henri and Sophie were really kind to her and called her 'Mama'; the others said 'Mrs.' or nothing. She was in actual fact also younger than her 'stepchildren' were.²⁸

All these here written particulars I collected from her sister Lina and also from Mother's letters to her, which I came to possess later on. It is remarkable that there was never an unkind word about her stepchildren nor about anybody else. But Aunt Lina stayed there at times and experienced all at first hand, e.g. how sickly she was and the concern of Uncle Gescher that this delicate person was not intended for the rough northern climate.

²⁸ Note Addie: here in Canada people are very informal and don't go for status and ranks. In Holland, you never ever would call your mother- or father-in-law by their first name. Mostly you adopt the term your husband or wife is using: mother, mom, mamma, etc.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

I also had her last letter in which she wrote to her sister that she had a cold and had to cough so much. Dr. Gescher had said that she had to stay at least for three weeks in the house. However after one week, she was already dead: it had become quick-killing rampant consumption (tuberculosis). The last thing she said was, "*Das Ende naht*", (the end is near), she pulled off her wedding band and returned it to Father... Several weeks earlier she had become 33 years old.

In between the papers tante Lina gave me later, I also found the telegram in which my Father announced the sorrowful news to her: "My dear wife passed away this morning, very sad for Lily and for me. Wilhelm."

Tante Lina Souchon

The eldest sister of my mother had an eccentric personality. Therefore she gets special mention in this book. She had inherited the great intelligence of her father and, while still young, she had passed exams of the most diverse nature. Then she became governess in one of the palaces of Eastern Europe, I don't remember anymore which.²⁹ One prince and one little princess, they were very pampered and already thoroughly spoiled, and Tante was never to punish them. Consequently, she was there only a very short time.

After this she studied for her piano exam in which she succeeded as well. She became engaged to the then 'Bau-Inspector' (building inspector), later 'Bau-Rat' (building counsel), Adolf Souchon, son of the court pastor of the court of Berlin. He, Adolf, was therefore 100% protestant. He left her practically no money but she did get several

²⁹ Note Addie: Oma told me specifically at the time that it was the Greek Royal family.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

huge houses in Oels, of which I had pictures because I would later on inherit them. They were her crosses (*burdens*) and with reason. One was a palace and impossible to rent out. Several officers' families always lived there but only for a short while and entire parts of the building remained empty; the sewer system did not work well.



Lina, her brother and Agnes Arnold

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

After the death of her husband (whom I never met, he died rather young), Tante could pursue what she loved to do the most, that is, traveling. Often she was on the lookout for famous people. She and my guardian (Alex) could not stand each other. They were really enormously contrasting characters. She was idealistic, full of poetry, adored music, nature, and art. Alex, on the other hand, was cold and lacking in imagination or artistic sentiment.

And so Alex told that she once arrived at Liszt's. Franz Liszt appeared and asked what he could do for her. She answered, "*Ich mochte Liszt mal sehen*" (I would like to see Liszt). The anecdote states that he replied, "*Hier sehen Sie Liszt von vorne*" (Here you see the front of Liszt) and as he turned around, "*Und hier sehen Sie Liszt von hinten. Habe die Ehre.*" (And here you see the back of Liszt. My respects.) and he disappeared.

When in my innocence I discussed this with my aunt, she was deeply incensed and said, "That's something that Alex has of course invented again." On the contrary, Liszt had asked her to come with him in the garden, had picked the most beautiful rose saying, "May I offer you this rose as a token of my great respect." But I am getting ahead of my story.

I saw her for the first time in Vallendar. She came from Oels in Schl.³⁰ to visit her only remaining family and godchild at her boarding school. I was of course on the lookout and saw an outlandish figure approach through the entrance drive, remarkable because of the clothes she wore: an unattractive pelerine decorated with small shiny stones³¹ and a bonnet with weed-like embellishment. She stayed in a

³⁰ Note Addie: "Schl." stands for "Schlesien" or Silesia, which is where Oels was (in present day Poland, Oleśnica, near Breslau = Wrocław)

³¹ Note Addie: jet stones = hematite, old-fashioned gems

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

hotel in Coblenz (this is all in Germany) and for a week she picked me up every morning to make beautiful little trips. She was not very money-wise and was lackadaisical with her finances and spent lavishly.

Later on when I was married, she announced her arrival again. However, I then took the precaution of telling her that people in Leiden rather dressed up. And so, at the same time as she, there came a couple of big suitcases which contained the most chic 'robe' outfits; the most splendid one was made of peach-coloured brocade, with a train. She was never able to wear any of these gowns in Leiden.

For a long time I had qualms of conscience about it. Only the aforementioned outfit, I had her wear on her 60th birthday when I gave a dinner in her honour: the guests were the Hoosemans family. My aunt really looked like royalty that evening with her snow-white hair, intelligent face and distinguished manners. "Where then in Leiden is all that dressing up?" Well, I did not mean evening gowns.

She was a restless guest during the three months she stayed; she showed interest in everything and wanted to see everything. It was not always a pleasure to visit museums, etc. with her.

In the 'Mauritshuis' (museum in The Hague) she requested to speak to one of the curators and explain to him that the name attached to a certain painting was not the name of the actual painter.

"That is painted by Salvator Rose", she pointed out "*Ich sehe es an die ganze Art*". (I can see it from the whole style.)

"*Gnadige Frau, der Name den Sie nennen*, (Madam, the name which you mention) was indeed on it before," the

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

gentleman answered respectfully and full of admiration, "but because we hesitated between the two, we finally exchanged him with this one."

"You can safely remove it again and put S.R. under it," replied my aunt.

Another example happened in the Hortus (Botanical Garden) in Leiden. Outside, on one of the greenhouses near the entrance stood some busts of different botanists.

"Who are those?" she asked me. I said that I did not know.

"*Und das weisst Du nicht?*" (And you don't know that?), she asked very surprised.

"*Nein, keine Abnung*" (Not the slightest idea!).

"Then I shall explain it to you." And she began to talk about the names, the dates of birth and death and what they had done for the botanical science.

And so it was with everything—she had to see the port of Rotterdam, the canals in Amsterdam, etc., etc. She was knowledgeable about whatever, also about historical information.

What I preferred the most were the evenings when she played the piano (all by heart)—it was sublime. She treated me to the *Quatre Mains* [*four hands, Oma naturally playing with her*] of Schumann and Brahms, the *Etudes* of Chopin. She was always interesting and often displayed a dry humour, a very exceptional lady but Pa thought that she lectured too much. After her departure we kept up a regular correspondence.

Several years later a telegram arrived unexpectedly. "Tante seriously ill, wants to see Lily one last time," signed, von Renesse. (Those were her neighbours and closest friends.)

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Pa and I left immediately, a long journey, also in night trains. Pa stayed close by in a hotel and I with her, but I took my meals with Pa. We stayed only a couple of days; we could not be away from home for very long and the trip itself cost a lot of time.

At night I slept in Tante's room. Often when she could not sleep, I sat at her bedside and she started to tell all kinds of things from her life, e.g. about Brahms. She knew him from a long time ago and when his concerts were played for the first time, they were met by catcalls. He left the concert hall and Tante did the same. She had bought flowers (apparently for the expected success). When she discovered him at the railroad station in a train car she handed her flowers over to him with a "*Bitte Meister*" (please, maestro). He sighed with relief, "*Gott sei Dank dass Sie gekommen sind!*" (Thank God that you have come.)

He had also asked her to marry him but she thought that one marriage was enough.

Above her bed, a strange object was hanging, a clump of wax or something like it. I asked, "What is that?"

"*Mein Abn*" (my forefather).

I looked at her inquiringly. Yes, one day she thought he was so dirty that she started to scrub him with water and soap and put him in the sun to dry. "*Auf einmal verschwand mein Abn!*" (suddenly my forefather disappeared) but she was still too attached to him to throw him out. He was made from wax.

Despite all her knowledge, when it came to running a household she was a muddle head.

One night she told that soon she would die and, that as I had done her such a great favour by coming to her, the

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

following morning I should go with Anton (Pa) to the notary to see if her testament was to my liking. Hidden in the sofa, there was an old violin. Although not a Stradivarius, it was just the same a very good instrument. That was also for me, I was her sole heir.

After this I asked, "Tante, would you also do me a great favour?" "Whatever you want if it is by all means possible."

"May I then call a priest so that you can say confession and receive Communion?"

"*Nein,*" (no) and she turned so I only saw her back. After a while she rolled over again. "I have not done this for 28 years because I promised my husband to never do it again."

"Oh, he would think quite differently now!"

"*Meinst Du?*" (you think so?) she asked full of interest. It really hit her.

We kept talking for a little while, quietly, and then she was tired and we went to sleep. Early the next morning Pa informed the parish priest. When I announced his visit to my aunt, it seemed that it was too soon for her; however it was better to carry on with it now and in time she agreed to it. The pastor went about it tactfully. When he left to get the communion, my aunt wanted to get up and lie on the sofa in the living room. "A king is not received properly in your bedroom," and she asked for her finest crystal glass because "You should also partake in the Blood of Our Lord".

The next day, the pastor had asked by telegram (at our request) for a Catholic sister (nun) instead of the Protestant nurse. As there was no appropriate one available in that convent, the Reverend Mother herself would come in this

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

special case. To a large extent, it was thanks to Pa that everything worked out.

When Tante was installed in her sitting room, the door opened and a small procession entered. This showed us again how differently things were done on the Russian border.³² Ahead walked an altar boy with a loud ringing bell, followed by the custodian with a lighted candle, after that an altar boy with a censer, then the priest with the Host, and finally the nun who had arrived in the meantime. Praying all the time, she dropped down in the middle of the room, effectively blocking the way. My aunt who like us had only expected the pastor opened her eyes wider and wider. Fortunately, everything turned out well, without any incidents.

Early the next morning we departed, after the Reverend Mother had promised us to stay with my aunt till the end.

Three weeks later we received by wire the news of her death, followed by a letter from Mrs. von Renesse from which we learned that soon after our departure, the Catholic Rev. Mother had returned to Würtensburg, because Queen Sophia³³ would come to visit her convent. The Reverend Mother did not send a replacement, therefore my aunt did die in the arms of the aforementioned (Protestant) nurse, the likewise Protestant Mrs. von Renesse wrote.

Thus ended an interesting and eventful life and we do hope that she, in spite of the many hurdles, has arrived in the safe Heaven and there, may she rest in peace.

³² Note Addie: before WWI, Poland did not exist.

³³ Note Addie: from Prussia?

Postscript

I refused the inheritance and was supported in this decision by the advice of Notary Coebergh in Leiden. The last will contained more bequests than advantages. Moreover, her erstwhile lady-companion received the family jewels and a girlfriend in Breslau (Germany) got the manuscripts of famous people as well as those from men known for their writings, and composers. On top of that, the von Renesse family obtained all the valuables and antiques which were to be found in the house; it was very deftly worked out among them. Only the family paintings have been, at my request, sent to me.

It was hardly possible to rent out the houses and these huge buildings cost fortunes for their upkeep and repairs. And how to oversee these tasks if one lives several days travel away. To sell them was impossible. The inheritance therefore went to the Souchon family.

My own life and that of Fraulein (Miss) Rieke

Fraulein Rieke was later on only known under the following names: Wilhelmien, Ma, Aunt Mimi [*for me, Addie*], Oma, Oma Scheveningen (suburb of The Hague where she lived, richly so, in her later years, in a chic home for the elderly run by nuns).

In one word: Mrs. H.F. Hoosemans.

How that fits together, you will read here.

When, several months after I turned 3, my mother died, Fraulein Rieke came to stay with us to take care of the housekeeping and my education. I called her "aunt". She was then 28 years old.

During the summer, with my Father we made usually a trip along the Rhine: Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz and also Wiesbaden. For the rest, we lived in Leeuwarden. My Father was operated on for cancer on August 15, 1881 in Bonn. We were also there. It was to no avail; he died on June 7, 1882, in Leeuwarden.

After that our big house was sold. It stood on the Kerkstraat, corner Beierstraat (the house was called Cammingha State, State meaning a gentleman's house in Friesland). Notary Koch lived there afterwards for tens of years and now his son.³⁴

Tante and I moved consequently to a much smaller house after Father's death. It was the upper part of a house; we had a beautiful view over the whole of Nieuwstad. We lived there with three people because we had only taken our

³⁴ Note Addie: this was written in 1945-46.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Lily Bredemeyer, 8 years old

maid with us. I went to school with the nuns. [*Mata Hari, the executed spy in W.W.I was there too, Oma remembered her.*]

We led a quiet life but not very cheerful. During the summer holidays, Gonne (the maid) got her vacation and Tante and I went alternately one year to her brother-in-law in Rotterdam (Arnold Hoosemans and Leonore Rieke) and the next year to her sister in Papenburg, Germany.

During my Father's life, I had already had piano lessons from the in-those-days-well-known Miss Poutsma, who selected her students herself by way of a test. When she learned later on that I was going to a boarding school, she wrote an over-excited letter to my guardian in which she

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

tried to dissuade him from this decision: "You are murdering a talent!" It did not change anything.

In the end, I did not fulfill the expectations people had about me in this respect. However, I played in a concert when I was 12—one year before I went to boarding school—but I absolutely refused to get on the stage once again to thank the audience for the applause. I left and I stayed away, never mind how much they clapped.

Later on in Amsterdam as a young girl (woman?), I was once more asked to participate in a concert of D.V.G. (*door volharding groot*, which means success through perseverance) but after that experience in Leeuwarden, I would have nothing to do with that.³⁵

In the beginning of June 1886, my sister Sophie (Hoosemans nee Bredemeyer) became seriously ill. She lived in Leiden. We traveled there so Aunt could go and help out, but a few days after our arrival, Sophie had already died.

After a few weeks of helping out, Aunt had to go back to Leeuwarden and we left. According to the wishes of my guardian, I was to go to a 'pensionnat', a boarding school, in Amersfoort. So the household had to be settled and preparations for the boarding school outfit had to be made.

I had great trouble in getting accustomed there; up until that time, my education had been too one-sided and too secluded. Later on things improved.

Immediately after my departure and the closing of my household, my aunt returned to Leiden to help out in the motherless family and to assist with everything. She had also taken our maid Gonne with her. Tante's idea was to

³⁵ Note Addie: Oma often played for me, Chopin, Beethoven, ...

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

stay there temporarily because she eventually wanted to go to America, to her sister. However, after some time, she married the widower and I was allowed to call her 'Willemien'. I have always found a warm home there, although my guardian did not permit me to stay there as often as I liked.

In the summer holidays, I was always allowed to go to Leeuwarden. My heart was forever pulled toward Friesland (province). I stayed then with the Tulleners' family. The mother in that household was my eldest sister Marie (at least the oldest still alive). There were 5 children, of which three about my age.

It was an unforgettably glorious trip, that journey alone, over the Zuiderzee (now IJsselmeer), and then Friesland came in view, and then from Stavoren on, the endless and beautiful fields, such as you find nowhere in this world. When I discovered an empty train car, I skipped singing from one window to another, especially so as not to miss anything. Those were the loveliest weeks, in the old Friesland!

After four years in Amersfoort, I went to Leuven (Louvain, Belgium) to the Institute Paridaens, a superb opportunity for excellent music lessons, especially for solo singing, given by a well-known concert singer from Brussels.³⁶

After this, I moved to Vallendar on the Rhine (Germany), nearly opposite Coblenz, to 'Pensionat Marienburg' (household courses). Only I got piano lessons at the Conservatory in Coblenz. These courses were meant for one year but because I liked it there so much, my guardian

³⁶ Note Addie: Oma told me that at one time the bishop and other visitors came to listen to a performance. Oma had a cold but was the only one who could reach the high C. They begged her to try and she sang, but after that day, she could never sing that note again.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

permitted me to stay for two years. It was beautifully situated, with mountains in the background: lots of freedom, pleasant home life, and the boarding school was surrounded by a large park with gardens down below. All were adult girls (among whom some were already engaged); also foreign students. Many of these girls became my good friends and they invited me for visits. I have maintained these friendships for years, even well after all of us were married.

I often returned to Vallendar, even on my honeymoon and again much later with (your brother) Henri when he was already engaged and I was a grandmother.

Shortly after my 20th birthday, I came to the unsympathetic home in Amsterdam for good [*that means her stepbrother Alex and his wife*]. The only pleasant thing was the season tickets for the Concertgebouw (concert building), where I have listened to wonderful concerts, e.g., every Thursday evening classical. There were many events going on in the Concertgebouw and we tried to attend them as much as possible.

I returned from Vallendar in July 1893, spent only one winter in Amsterdam, and got secretly engaged in March 1894. We married on July 11, 1895.

- The first child (daughter Agnes) was born June 4, 1896.
- The eldest son (Henri) was born May 25, 1898.
- The second son (Willy) was October 24, 1900 and died May 18, 1902.
- The third son (Hans) was born December 1, 1905.

In the beginning of 1893, Pa took over the business in Leiden from the Grunert family (before that it was Sinkel). It was in those days the biggest house in Leiden. It extended from the Breestraat to the Botermarkt; originally

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

it was four houses. The housekeeping—for both Pa privately as well as for the large resident members of the staff—was in the hands of a cousin of Pa, the daughter of Professor Trütschel from Meppen (Germany). That town lies close to Papenburg. Therefore, Wilhelmine Hoosmans née Rieke (who came from Papenburg) and Anna Trütschel got to know each other through the Grunert family.



Leiden House

When Lisette von Weyrother and I were staying at Aunt Mimi (Wilhelmine H.-R.) in the beginning of October 1893, 'Truts' invited her and her guests for tea. Mr. Schnabel never showed his face on such occasions. However, suddenly there entered a dark, handsome young man. That was our first encounter. The date was October 4, 1893.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Anton Schnabel

For the New Year, he wanted to send me a card, but he knew nothing else except that my name was Lily Bredemeyer and that I lived in Amsterdam. So at the end of December, he traveled to Amsterdam and searched the phonebook in Hotel Polen.

Fortunately, there was only one Bredemeyer, namely Stadhouderskade 81. He then sent a card from Leiden. It did not turn out to be a success, for I thought that it was an attempted joke by Henri Hoosemans, since the writing was somewhat similar. I threw the card into the wastepaper basket right away.

In the spring of 1894, I once again stayed with the Hoosemans family, and by that time, the friendship between both families had blossomed and we saw each other often.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

On a Friday night during this period, Anton and his cousin were invited to the Hoosemans family in the Breestraat.³⁷ Around midnight, everybody, one after the other, disappeared from the room. I thought, "What is going on here?" and I got up to do likewise. However, Anton asked, "Miss Bredemeyer, will you please stay?"

Then he said, "I'm waiting for the clock. When it strikes 12, it will be Saturday, that is the day of Mary; then I want to ask you something."

And so the big vital question was popped; I asked for six weeks to consider this proposition.



Lily Schnabel nee Bredemeyer

³⁷ Note Addie: I suppose that they also lived on this street.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

When Willem Hoosemans did his first Communion, I was once again invited. Anton was there also and at that time, I gave my 'yes' answer. In the meantime though, we did correspond. My guardian was present as well, as he was also invited to the Communion festivity, but he did not know a thing about this. To put him in a good mood, Anton had proposed a toast to his (absent) wife, but it was a total failure.

I have suffered a lot and I was sent to Germany to stay with girlfriends to 'change my mind' and so on.

On Anton's birthday, and only then, my guardian gave permission for our engagement. We had a miserable engagement period and were thwarted in everything. Whenever possible, Anton brought me to his Mother in Schiedam. There it was peaceful and cozy. He would come over every day. Or he arranged so that I could stay with the Hoosemans family in Leiden, or we made long engagement visits in other cities.

[Note Addie: Oma does not mention it here, probably out of decency, but there was a reason why her guardian was so dead set against the engagement. Oma's father had left a generous amount of money to this little girl. His other children were married and provided for, but he foresaw that Lily's education, etc. needed a certain capital. Her guardian, apparently, had (I take it) through bad luck and/or management lost most of Oma's dowry. If she married, he would have to admit that to her. Only once did Oma lift a point of this veil of secrecy: she told me that he had fallen on his knees to tell her this and asked forgiveness. I can see his terrible predicament and Oma's unspeakable embarrassment.]

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Lily Schnabel with Agnes

On Thursday, July 11, 1895, we married in the city of Amsterdam in the St. Willibrordus Church on the Amsteldijk. Following that we had a fantastic honeymoon trip: Germany—the Rhine, the Schwarzwalt (Black Forest); Switzerland—Schaffhausen, Zurich, Luzern, Bern, Montreux, Lausanne, Thun, Interlaken, Geneve, Vevey, etc. Then from Geneve with the night train via Lyon to Paris where we stayed for a week. This was followed by several days in Brussels, then a day in Schiedam and so back to Leiden. We had been away for 6 weeks.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Agnes, Hans, Henri

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family



Lily Schnabel with Hans

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

We lived for 12 years in Leiden. Our four children were born there. Then Pa sold that big house to the Company of Hasselman and Pander who transferred it again around 1946 to the furniture company of Mutter. The side on the Breestraat was immediately totally rebuilt by Hasselman and Pander, so that the house in which we had lived and had stood separately with its own front and entrance,



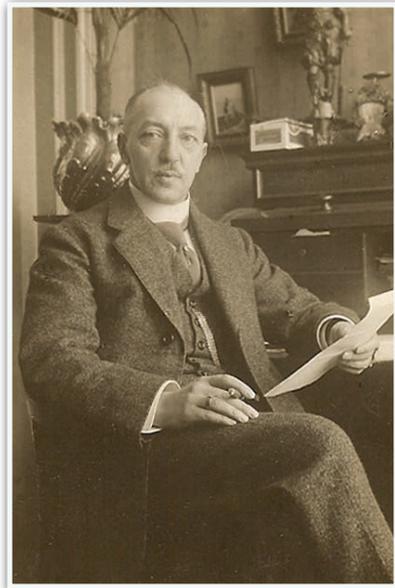
The Schnabel Family, November 23, 1913

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

disappeared, and the premises on the Breestraat also became part of one big store. This building stood at Botermarkt 22 (back) and Breestraat 146 (front).

Afterwards we lived for a year in Velp (Gelderland) Villapark, Overbeek, on the Prins Hendriklaan. In mid-April, 1908, we moved to The Hague, Regentesselaan 240, where our dear Pa suddenly passed away on March 23, 1928.

I have only lived in that same house with Hans. After his marriage, I stayed there all alone, another 7 years on the 2nd floor. After this, I moved in with Emile and Hanschen (Schnabel, nephew of Anton) where I had two rooms and a den on the Emmastraat 154. On March 3, 1945, this whole house was totally destroyed by a bombardment—not even a wall was left standing.³⁸ I lost all my possessions, among



Opa Anton Schnabel

³⁸ Note Addie: it was hit by two bombs, in the front and back.

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

them, all the big family paintings, the many 'old blue' plates (hanging on the walls) from Pa's family and—what was the worst for me—all the souvenirs, mementos, including those from Pa, the letters from my Mother, the travelogues with illustrations of many trips with Pa, the countless music books, the pictures of houses and interiors, etc. etc.—and my piano, which I had bought myself when I came back from boarding school and which I cherished so much!

When this happened, I had already been staying with you, Agnes, for several months, because food and fuel were no longer available in the Emmastraat. I found both with



Oma Lily Schnabel, 70th birthday

History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Simon and Agnes, in addition to the comfort of being part of the family circle in these frightening times. There I learned, on the day after, about the calamity that struck me on March 3, 1945.³⁹

I stayed at Thomsonplein 7 for three months in all, then with Henri and Mol three months, and after that with Hans and Willy ditto. At Henri's, I observed the day of peace (surrender of the Germans) and the celebrations of the liberation. After that, I went just the same to Heemstede because I did not have a home anymore.

On October 11, 1945, I moved into my bed-sitting room in Pension St. Marie, Haviklaan 4, The Hague.

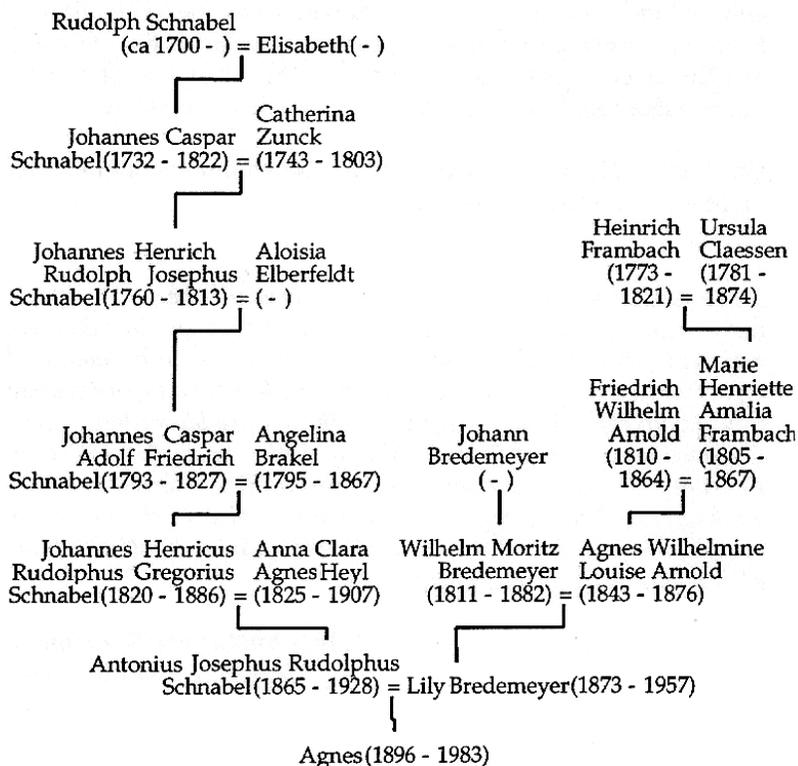
[Note Addie: this is where my Oma stayed till the end, with the nuns taking care of her. At one point a breast was removed—cancer. She grew older and sometimes a bit confused, e.g., when I came to say good-bye for the last time before leaving to Canada, she said with surprise, "Oh, you are back already from Canada? And how is Hans?" She died of cancer of the liver on February 17, 1957. She was buried in the R.C. Cemetery on the Kerkhoflaan, Scheveningen. The grave was next to the one of my parents but has since been cleared as they do in the Netherlands after a certain number of years.]

**Lily Schnabel nee Bredemeyer
The Hague, June 4, 1947**

³⁹ Note Addie: we heard rumours (no telephone) that the whole of the Bezuidenhout was destroyed; my father and I made our way through streets of rubble to locate the heap which had been her house. The day before we had seen the waves of Flying Fortresses dropping hundreds of bombs. They were meant to blow up the V2 launching pads in the nearby 'Haagse' Woods but by mistake (it was later suggested) hit this residential area.

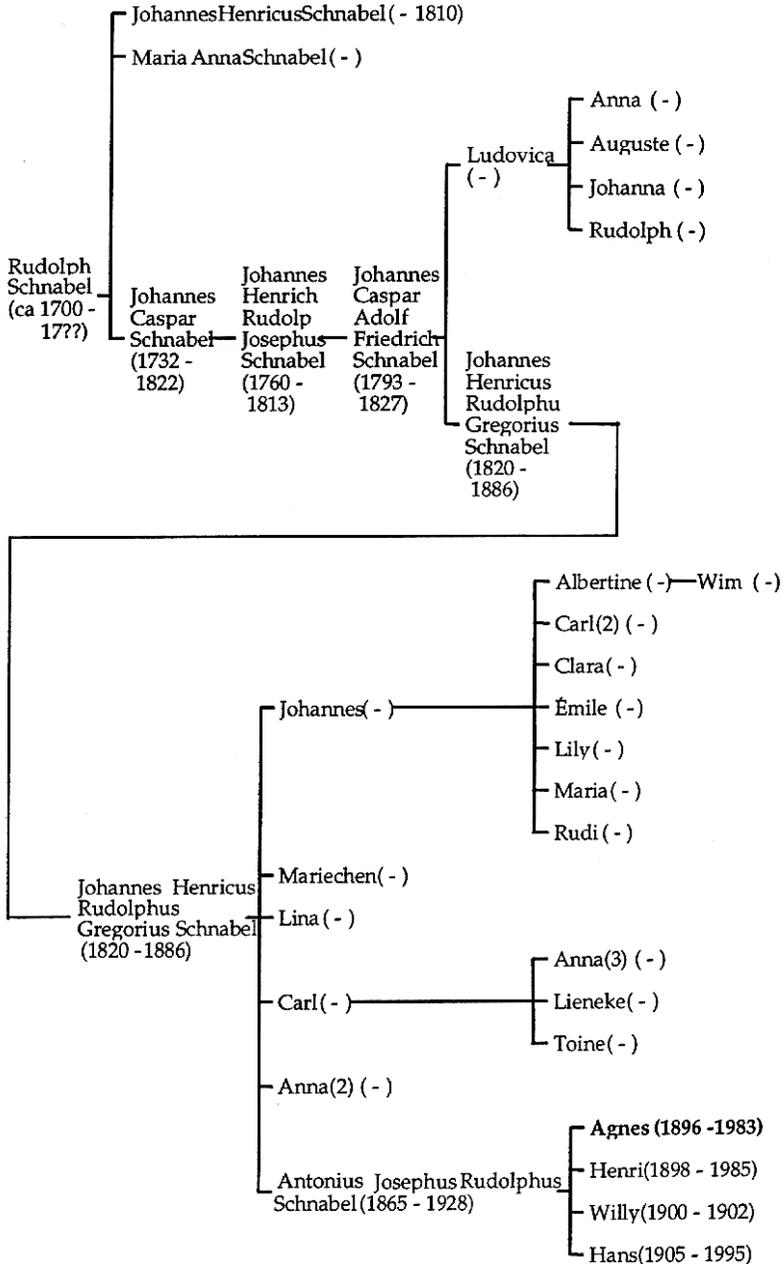
Family Trees

Ancestors of Agnes



History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Descendants of Rudolph Schnabel and Elisabeth



History of the Schnabel-Bredemeyer family

Descendants of Heinrich Frambach and Ursula Claessen

