

there and knocked on the door. We found, after considerable sign language and Dad's photos, that this was the home of the wrong Mathais Bundgen! The one we were looking for had died about two years before.

We were a bit thirsty, so we stopped in a small cafe for a drink. It was quite interesting to see the various reactions as Dad displayed his 1918-19 photos. Some were quite hospitable at "The return of the conquerors" while others were visibly "cold."

Next, it was time for some picture taking. We were trying to duplicate some of the shots Dad had taken 53 years earlier. These included the Fahre (Ferry) to Bad Briesig, across the Rhine from Honningen, and the Kerke.



The Fahre landing at Honningen. That is the steeple of the Kerke at Bad Briesig on the other side of the Rhine.

Then we got in the BMW and drove up to the Schloss Ehrenfelz which we found in a sad state of repair. It had been built with 365 windows, one for each day of the year.



Schloss Ehrenfelz on the hillside above the village of Honningen.

It appeared that several families were living there, but many of the windows were broken out. It had been in much better repair when the Officers of Dad's Company had lived in it 53 years before.

Through the efforts of Jim Begg we had a reservation at the Hotel Zum Wilde

Mann (*just like it sounds*) in the village of Neu-wied about 16 kilometers upstream from Honningen. We found the village all right, but had difficulty locating the hotel.

We stopped at an Esso Station where Dad lost his pen when the proprietor was trying to draw us a map to the hotel. Either the pen didn't draw right or we couldn't read the map because we were still lost.

Finally, we located it as the rain drops began to fall. The Proprietress was very hospitable and opened the big barn doors so we could garage the BMW for the night.

As soon as we checked in we realized the reason for the name of the hotel. It must have been *some wild man* who designed the crooked hallways and zigzag stairways that led to our room overlooking the Rhine with its constant flow of traffic in the form of both barges and passenger ships.

After unpacking we found the dining room and a waiter who did quite well with his English. Our main course was Ripchen und Bohnen (*Pork Chops and Green Beans*). For dessert it was fresh fruit and home made ice cream.

While getting ready for bed we discovered we might have hot water by morning if we let it run all night. Apparently the plumbing was also laid out by that same *Wilde Mann*.

After a couple of post cards and a letter, it was bed time in a sway backed bed that reminded me of a hammock aboard ship, with a featherbed for a cover.

Two Hundred Twelve Miles in Thirty Days on Foot and One Day by BMW !

We got an early start after a breakfast of corn flakes and milk covered with sliced bananas. We were on our way to Koblenz, where the Mosel River joins the Rhine. Just before crossing the bridge to Koblenz we made a steep ascent to Eherenbrietstien, an old German Fortress where General Pershing reviewed the American occupation forces in 1919.

From this vantage point we took the following photos before descending. Dad was quite elated to see some of the same sights he remembered so well from 1919.