



*The "Treasure Room"  
in the Ratskeller,  
the world-famed wine cellar  
in the basement of the Old  
Town Hall in Bremen \*  
Designed by Rudolf Jacobs,  
Architect, Bremen*

The Thirty Years' War all but smashed the Hanseatic Union. For many weeks the Swedish hosts harassed the city, but Bremen survived the heavy siege of General Wrangel in 1666. The Turbulent Century sailed by, and once more the Goddess of Trade smiled upon the old town. Again Bremen became a queen of the seas. Abundant wealth and generations of luxurious and lavish living vaguely began to reveal signs of decadence.

Then Napoleon overran Europe. Proud traders and loyal seamen saw their republican Free City reduced to a link in the vast French Empire. They rebelled, and Bremen earned the merit of being called by Napoleon "the worst-tempered town in all Germany".

Soon the bells of freedom rang over the land. On the 25th of October 1813 Bremen was liberated from the French yoke. The republican government was

re-established. This and the subsequent events showed that the marrow of the then impoverished city had remained sound. Free enterprise reigned once again. The City advanced with giant strides until it became the first passenger port of Germany, made famous throughout the world by the great mercantile fleet of the North German Lloyd. Since that time Bremen has weathered the War, the loss of her fleet, and the vicissitudes of the revolution. Sturdy and unvanquished, she thrust upward and re-conquered her Place in the Sun.

To a wanderer on a leisurely saunter, Bremen unfolds herself like a fascinating picture book, page after page, scene after scene, antique symphony fusing with the stormblast serenade of modern enterprise in a grand picture-melody of colorful impressions. Blooming heathlands under

the azure immensity of the heavens. The thunder of rivets, the roaring of sirens, the rumble and cry of toiling harbors and shipyards. The sombre silence of ancient buildings. So the pages turn, and ever new vistas and panoramas charm the rover's consciousness for romance and beauty.

Leaving the Central Station, a handsome building seems to leap upon you from the right, the Municipal Museum, lauded as one of the most interesting museums on the European Continent. Past ages, modern times, anthropology, zoology, and the kaleidoscope of far countries and the seven seas seem to swirl about your head as you pace through its halls. But a few steps away stands the Municipal Library that harbors many thousand volumes upon every conceivable subject and field of endeavor.

Still, life must not be taken too seriously. As if in joyful and vaguely sardonic gesture, the Central Station amusement district arises in a sea of abandonment adjacent to those ponderous seats of learning. Bands crash. Vivacious crowds call for beer and wine and coffee and champagne. Glasses clink—"Prost!" Enticing women sing songs sad and frivole, comedians create sophisticated laughter, and supple dancers hurl their limbs in contortions beautiful and bizarre. Letters flare in red and blue and green from the façades of cafés and cabarets catering to an international crowd. And when John Barleycorn threatens to engulf the senses, the nearby Buergerpark invites to invigorating walks along its shady lanes.

Wander, then, toward the river where the Weser Bridge affords a splendid view of waterfront and city. Below your feet the river streams seaward, inscrutable as the flow of Life itself. Along the steep embankments hulk picturesque old warehouses over an anchored fleet of barges and lighters from the harbor and the far-flung waterways of Europe.

The road to the Weser Bridge leads you across the center of the City, the Market Square, the pride of Bremen. This public place lies encircled by historic buildings, the Old Town Hall, the

(Continued on page 73)