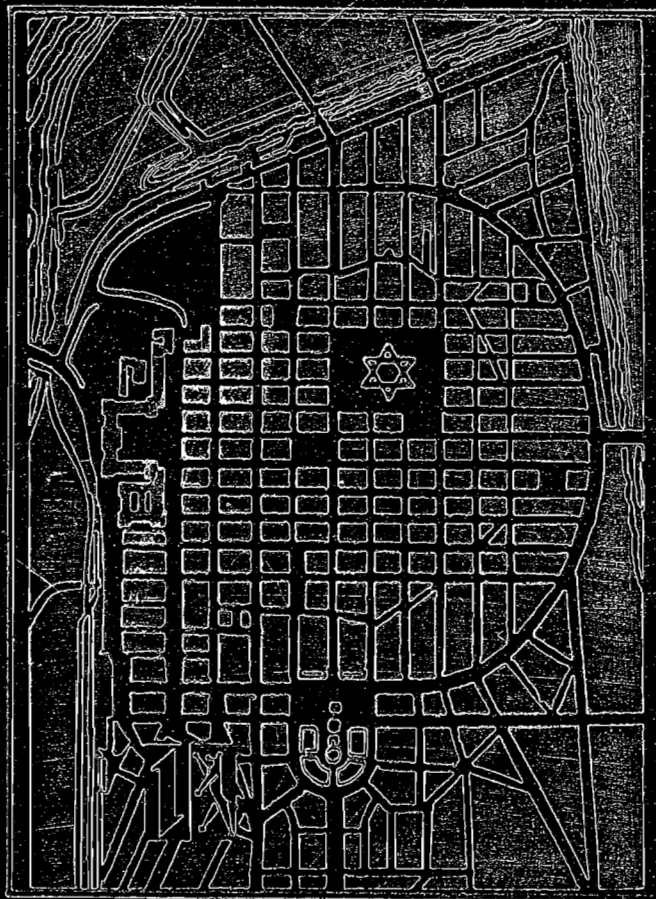


REFLECTIONS
BY JEWISH SURVIVORS
FROM
MANNHEIM



June 1990
Mannheim Reunion Committee
New York

**REFLECTIONS
BY JEWISH SURVIVORS
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FROM
MANNHEIM**

*A Collection of Memoirs by Jewish Survivors of
Nazi Persecution from Mannheim, Germany*

Robert B. Kahn

**June 1990
Mannheim Reunion Committee
New York**

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Contact: Lotte Marshall

The Mannheim Reunion Committee was established
November 1988 for the purpose of arranging
and sponsoring a Reunion June 14-17, 1990, of Jews
formerly living in Mannheim, Germany who survived the
Holocaust and are now dispersed in the free world.

Honorary Chairmen:

Rabbis Dr. Max Gruenewald and Dr. Karl Richter
Chairman: Ernest W. Michel
Vice Chairman: Robert B. Kahn and Walter Salomon
Treasurers: Max Kaufmann and Max K. Liebmann
Coordinators: Lotte Marshall and Edith Ullmann
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Reflections by Jewish Survivors from Mannheim

A Collection of Memoirs by Jewish Survivors of Nazi
Persecution from Mannheim, Germany

Silhouette design on cover and frontispiece depicts the
city of Mannheim. Outlined are rivers, boulevards, streets
and landmarks, including the former location of its two major
synagogues and present location of the synagogue center
dedicated in 1987.

Printed in the United States of America

Dedication . . .

*To Jewish survivors from Mannheim,
who have started new lives and
new families all over the world,
after years of Nazi persecution*

*To brave people in France
and other countries,
who rescued many from genocide*

*To our loved ones, who were snatched
from our midst forever
-- many without graves*

*To friends lost and found . . .
for what might have been,
what was, and what is*

*To our parents, who fought for us,
so we could survive and tell*

*To our children and grandchildren,
so they may proudly remember
their heritage*

R.B.K.

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From the Pulpit . . .

Until the beginning of the nineteen twenties, Mannheim had been a stronghold of political liberalism and of religious confessionality. My entrance into the life of Mannheim's Kehilla (Community) in the year 1925 was one of the symptoms of change, for I was a youth Rabbi and became a representative of the young generation. Another change -- one that happened before my time -- the community had elected a Zionist as a president, although the vast majority of the Jews in Germany of that time were opposed to Zionism. A third symptom of change is associated with Dr. Isaak Unna, Rabbi of the Orthodox Klaus synagogue. With him and through him Orthodoxy became recognized when he became a Rabbi of the whole community and a member of the Oberrat (Executive Board). Looking back, Mannheim in many respects was typical of Jews in Germany. The task before them was to find their role in modern life without sacrificing Jewish tradition. I would also say, that the roots of my Rabbinical existence are in Mannheim; in spite of the fact that it was there that I spent thirteen years, compared to forty-four years in the United States of America -- so far. By memory and deed, my association with Mannheim is and remains strong.

Rabbi Max Gruenewald

• • •

The power of memory with which we humans are endowed is both a gift and a curse. Memory can haunt us with poisonous feelings of guilt and regret. It can also help us to recall the good and sweet moments of the past. The terrible memories of our generation have threatened to overwhelm our people. Fortunately, we Jews have always possessed the gift of transmuting the darkest days of the past into sources of renewed strength and courage. "Zichronam Liv'rachah" -- "may their memory be a blessing" is the formula which we apply in remembering those who have gone before us, particularly the "kedoshim," the martyrs of the holocaust. Therefore we hope to turn our Mannheim Reunion into a ringing affirmation of life and of the enduring values of our faith and the future of our people. As we revive our memories, may they turn sadness into hope, sorrow into joy, and confirm anew the promise of the psalmist: "I shall not die but live, and declare the working of the Lord."

Rabbi Karl Richter

Acknowledgements

Should this book be accorded favorable acceptance and praise, it must be largely attributed to the over one hundred wonderful people who furnished the interesting material to the writer. Through numerous oral and written communication with each, they have become my friends, if they were not already friends or acquaintances from years past. But as important as all of them were in providing the substance to this book, there were others without whom this publication could not have been possible. Bouquets of thanks go to my friends, Betty and Mortimer New, Leslie Thompson, the Reverend Elwood (Woody) Rose and his wife Kim, all of whom provided me with typed drafts from often badly mutilated, red-lined and variously annotated copies. A special expression of gratitude to "Woody" Rose for his untiring support and genuine interest. I owe a special debt and thank you to Larry and Harriet Shpiner of "CFC" Inc., for making personnel and facilities available when it was most needed. To Laura Kessler, who assisted me with difficult chores, but could not continue because of other commitments, I owe much gratitude. An expression of appreciation and admiration goes to Rochelle Fields who gave me her time, evenings and weekends, to produce a professional product. Thanks are also in order to the Jewish Federation and the Jewish Family Service of Dayton, for their generosity to provide certain facilities and equipment, without which there would be no book. Much appreciation goes to my son, Dr. Ronald Kahn, for letting me use his copier which in all probability needs a good overhaul. For my fellow "Mannheim Reunion Committee" friends, Max Kaufmann, Max Liebmann, Lotte Marshall, Ernest Michel, Walter Salomon, Edith and Joey Ullmann, the honorary chairmen Dr. Max Gruenewald and Dr. Karl Richter, I cannot find enough praise for their trust, steadfast support, and cooperation. Gertrude, my wife, requires prominent mention and thanks for sharing with me many frustrations as well as many joyous moments in producing this book. Not only did she assist me in proof reading chores, but with unbelievable patience she tolerated being deprived of the usual socializing with friends and spending time with our children and grandchildren. Fervently, I thank Martha and Joseph Kahn, my beloved parents of late, for their fight which delivered me to the shores of this great country, and above all I thank "Adonai" -- "The Lord", for guiding me in this undertaking.

Preface

Stories were told long before the written word existed. They were either a source of facts, fiction, a combination of both and sometimes even a mode of entertainment. Nothing has changed over the years except that the stories have different content, and the methods of passing them on from one place to another, from one generation to the next has evolved through many different forms of communication. Jews have been particularly adept to preserve the facts and legends of yesteryear. The Torah is an outstanding example of one of the methods which has conveyed happenings, experiences and legends.

The content of this publication carries on that proud tradition. Recorded and conveyed here are the happy moments, hardships and tragedies of Jews fortunate enough to have escaped the intolerable and finally fiendish persecution perpetrated by the German people upon them in the city of Mannheim and elsewhere. Each of the contributors to this volume submitted a series of written snapshots of their life and a few memories of their hometown, Mannheim, in a brief, capsuled format. The length of their writings was the primary limitation placed upon them, while some of their own inhibitions, to reveal excruciating details, have also played an important role in curtailing specific episodes of their lives.

For most, it was not easy to write about the cruel past. As a matter of fact, the majority of the over 600 current living known survivors regrettably, but certainly understandable, chose not to submit their remembrances, lest the deep wounds of their hearts and souls would ache again. I am forever grateful to all, who in spite of heartaches, disappointment and bitterness have provided me, and in turn you, the reader, important insights. Collectively they portray the exquisite and yet robust fiber of the multi colored fabric which once constituted the Jewish community of approximately 6,400 men, women and children of Mannheim in the year 1933. For letting me be a tiny strand in that beautiful tapestry has been a great honor and a unique privilege.

As you leaf through the following pages and read about friends, acquaintances and those that are just names, their life stories will seem like a gigantic struggle through endless, rugged and dangerous mountain terrain. Then, all of a sudden, they reach a point in that tortuous path, where the impossible terrain gives way to a beautiful view of a flower covered sun lit valley below. There, beneath lies the promised land. And by continuing to read the lines of these fugitives, you relive with them their happiness of being free and safe at last. You will share in the mourning for the loved ones they left behind forever, and their energetic efforts to start a new life, and the founding of new families.

The book had its beginning in an unusual and intriguing way. It was 12:30 PM November 14, 1988, when two grown men, in the lobby of the Essex House, Central Park South, New York, fell into each other's arms as if they hadn't seen each other in years. Indeed, it was many years, fifty years and four days to be exact, that Ernest Michel and I had seen each other last in the city we had grown up in, Mannheim, Germany. That day was 10 November, 1938, known now as Kristallnacht, recorded by history as the beginning of the Holocaust. It was on that day that our childhood

and family life was destroyed and our dreams shattered by Nazi dogma and brutality. Fifty years of wondering, not knowing what happened to each other had passed, and now, through the miracle of television we had been reunited.

It was only a few days earlier, November 7, 1988, when watching the T.V. program "CBS This Morning", I recognized my friend on the screen as he was being interviewed about "Kristallnacht", by anchors Harry Smith and Kathleen Sullivan. But it was only after his name was flashed on the screen, that fifty years of anxiety and puzzlement came to an end. And now, after CBS had arranged to fly me and my wife Gert from Dayton, Ohio to New York, Ernest Michel and I were having lunch, while attempting to tell each other in about an hour what had transpired during those previous fifty years. This rendezvous was an incredibly beautiful and exciting event. It occurred to me that other Jews from Mannheim would experience similar happiness if they too had the opportunity to meet those remaining former friends and acquaintances of their hometown and of the country that banished them. That is how the idea for the Mannheim Reunion was born, and Ernest Michel agreed eagerly.

The concept of arranging a world wide reunion of Mannheim survivors was really phenomenal and unique. The next day, when both of us appeared on the nation wide T.V. program "CBS This Morning", Ernest couldn't resist to announce to the world our proposed undertaking, although at this point we did not have the foggiest notion how it would come about. As if it were not enough of a stigma to be known as the "father" of the proposed Reunion, I further suggested the possibility of publishing the remembrances of Mannheim's Jewish Holocaust survivors to serve as a highlight of the Reunion and a permanent record. After the establishment of the "Mannheim Reunion Committee" in December 1988, this idea was enthusiastically accepted and my work had begun.

The road from inception to the finalization of this volume was fraught with unexpected encumbrances and surprises, none of which were even remotely anticipated. The submission of autobiographical sketches from fellow Mannheimers, which arrived in dribs and drabs, in most instances did only slightly resemble the guidelines provided. With some exception, the sketches were brief, skipping important personal and family data, omitting critical happenings, names, places and in short leaving much to the imagination of the initial reader, me the editor. Some of these omissions were of course understandable. It is a fact, that in order to begin new lives in the free world, each of the newcomers had to concentrate on becoming immersed in a new society and provide for their own livelihood, while learning to become good citizens of their adopted country. As difficult as it was, it called for bottling up the past and confronting the issues of today and tomorrow. It was not easy for our elders who had to leave all their worldly goods behind to start on the bottom of the economic and social ladder. Nor was it a snap for young arrivals immediately to assume the role of bread earners, while others still too young were thrust into schools.

As it turned out, the vagueness in the submitted autobiographical sketches, became a big plus, since it afforded the opportunity to go back to each contributor with written questions and suggestions for clarifying and adding to their written contributions. And while this turned into a colossal correspondence mill, it served to jog the memories of many with

valuable results. Even when it was necessary to repeat this process several times, the end product was like pouring wine from old bottles. Each reiteration resulted in improved quality.

During the process of arranging and shaping the material for publication, care was taken to retain each individual's style of writing. Thus, each writer's ethnic background is reflected in his or her use of the English language and characterization of experiences. And while their commentary is noticeably different from the usual grammatically cleansed texts, it brings with it a refreshing innocent flavor of different merged cultures and languages. In addition, the originator's use of German, Hebrew or other foreign language words and phrases was retained in passages so as not to destroy the originality and intent. Where ever possible, a translation or the meaning of foreign words and phrases has been supplied in parentheses. Only where personal sketches exceeded the suggested length considerably was some material briefed or eliminated from publication, and then only after extensive review. Yet, as will be noticed, a liberal attitude was maintained in dealing with longer submissions so as not to jeopardize the value of the contributions. Because of the very nature of the material and the many phases involved prior to publication, it is only natural that some errors in names, dates, places et al., have found their way into the text. For these blunders, no matter how generated, the writer apologizes.

No important undertaking is complete without some important by-products. The creation of this book is no exception. Not only was I able to rediscover assumed "forever lost" friends and acquaintances, but it became possible to reunite many others, who like me had assumed the worst or had lost contact with individuals for half a lifetime. In a sense I found myself thrust into the role of a "Shadkhan" - a mediator and go-between. While I did not arrange any marriages, the joy derived from this function for myself and others was worth all the time spent on research, correspondence and phone calls. A unique publicity campaign was undertaken by the "Mannheim Reunion Committee", carried on the air waves, in many national and local newspapers throughout the U.S., and picked up in other countries by word of mouth and correspondence. As a result, a file of over six hundred individuals, survivors from Mannheim, was established. These names and addresses were drawn upon for mailings of invitations to the Reunion which had been decided upon to take place 14-17 June 1990, at Kutsher's Country Club, Monticello, New York.

While working on this book, it became abundantly clear, that Mannheim's Jewry through years of religious upbringing at home, in school and synagogue, had maintained its spirit and vision of a wonderful world. The repeated references to Judaism, synagogue, teachers, Rabbis, organizations, friends and parents give testimony, that particularly in adversity under near conditions of annihilation, these values gave all of them the strength to survive and persevere. This book, while it represents approximately one sixth of known Jewish survivors from Mannheim, embodies an invaluable sample of experiences, sensibilities and passions of all others.

"Reflections by Jewish Survivors from Mannheim" takes on the qualities of an epic. Its very nature brings out grand, majestic, imposing accounts of events and the heroic role of individuals. Almost every page and sentence throughout this book is of historic importance and some aspects take on legendary qualities. This is not a book easily read, since while

exposing the crimes committed by the people of Nazi Germany, it also reveals the innocence, helplessness and agonies of Jews living in Mannheim; crimes for which no amount of retribution nor restitution could ever be sufficient compensation.

A tribute need not be a memorial made of stone or iron, it can be represented by a tree, a forest, or a garden. It can also be a book, a book that celebrates and salutes all Jews of Mannheim; those that were in camps and were eventually exterminated and those that survived. It is also a tribute to those "righteous Gentiles" in France and elsewhere who, as can be gleaned from various accounts herein, saved hundreds of Mannheim's Jews and thousands of others from being transported to extermination camps. Finally, the accounts of witnesses herein are a fertile source for educating our young people in high schools, colleges and for continuing study and research of the Holocaust and its preceding periods. Because this book is not a literary work but factual evidence of humanity gone awry, it should be on the reading list of diplomats, journalists, educators, politicians, historians, clergy and others. From reading the sensitive accounts of witnesses from a tragic past, they may be able to prevent the errors of a bygone era in their quest to shape a more just and peaceful world.

Robert B. Kahn

Dayton, Ohio
June, 1990

Mannheim

Situated in a geographical division of southwestern West Germany, known as Baden, the city of Mannheim lies cozy in the area formed by the confluence of the rivers Rhine and Neckar. At an altitude of 311 ft., the city can boast of a population of approximately 316,000. It is a large industrial center and inland river port, about 55 miles south of Frankfurt. In addition it is a significant railroad center with the advantage of the Autobahn (super highway) passing by. The original town of Mannheim was settled in 1606 by Friedrich the IV recognizing its strategic location. It was destroyed four times by different wars, first in 1622, next 1689, then 1795, and last as a result of World War II.

The city, laid out in a square grid pattern surrounded by a main boulevard taking on the shape of a horseshoe, is pretty much intact. The designation of buildings by letters of the alphabet and numbers, e.g., B2,11 has not changed and is unique. The palace or Schloss built in 1720-1760, located at the open end of the horseshoe, is perhaps the largest building of Baroque architecture in Europe. Some other beautiful architectural sites are churches, the National Theater, the Wasserturm (water tower) with beautiful gardens and fountains, the Kunsthalle (art museum), the Reiss Museum, Paradeplatz with its pyramid-like fountain, Marktplatz (open air market), Rosengarten (convention center and center for performing arts), the Luisenpark and many others. The first bicycle was developed here in 1817 and the first automobile in 1885, invented by Carl Benz.

"Jews first settled in Mannheim around 1652, and the first Rabbi, Naphtali Herz, served from 1657 to 1671. The community was granted a highly favorable charter in 1660. A cemetery was acquired a year later (in use til 1839), and a synagogue and Mikveh (ritual bath) were built in 1664. In 1663 there were 15 Jewish families in town, two of them Portuguese, founders of a Portuguese community that later maintained its own school teacher and enjoyed particular privileges.

"In 1674 the Chevra Kaddisha/Kippe (organization responsible for preparing the dead for burial) was established. By 1680 there were 78 Jewish families in Mannheim; in 1689 they aided the Burghers in the defense of the city against the French; on its destruction they took refuge in the communities of Heidelberg and Frankfurt. Eighty-four families had returned to the city by 1691 when a new charter was issued. Modeled on the first one, it included the Portuguese, fixed the number of tolerated families at 86 (increased to 150 in 1698), established an interest rate of 5%, and abolished the yellow badge. The charter of 1717 (also including the Portuguese) raised the number of tolerated families to 200 and permitted an interest rate of 10%. The favorable position of the Jews there is expressed in a contemporary reference to Mannheim as "New Jerusalem". There were many local followers of Shabbetai Tzevi (self-proclaimed Messiah) in the community, vigorously opposed by its rabbi, Samuel Helman (1726-51).

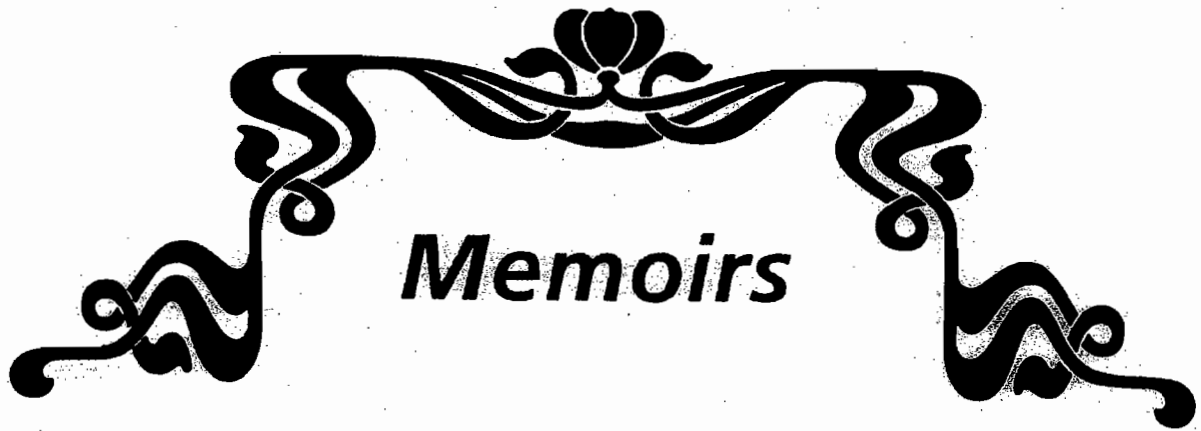
"In 1708 the synagogue and Cheder/Klaus (Hebrew school), donated by Lemle Moses Rheinganum, was consecrated and later endowed with 100,000 gulden. Soon after, it was considerably enlarged. It remained in use until 1940. An unsuccessful attempt was made when the Jewish charter was renewed in 1765 to establish a separate Jewish quarter. Political emancipation came in 1807, followed by full civil rights in 1862. The main synagogue

was consecrated in 1855. A public elementary school was in existence between 1821 and 1870. The number of families increased from 225 in 1776 to 247 in 1771, and the number of Jews in Mannheim rose from 940 in 1801, to 4,249 in 1885, 6,402 in 1913, and 6,400 (2.3% of the total population) in 1933. The community issued a monthly bulletin (1922-38) and maintained a Lehrhaus (school for adults) between 1922 and 1938, as well as numerous charitable, cultural, and social organizations. Jews were active in the social, cultural, and political life of the city.

"The interior of the synagogue was demolished on April 1, 1933. By 1938 only 3,000 Jews remained. On November 10, 1938, the main synagogue was burned and the community was forced to transfer the remains of 3,586 bodies interned in the old cemetery to the public one. On October 22, 1940, 2,000 Jews were deported to the internment camp of Gurs and the remainder to Auschwitz a year later. After World War II, Jews returned to Mannheim; they numbered 68 in 1945 and 386 in January 1970. A new synagogue was opened in 1957." (Quoted from Encyclopedia Judaica.)

Only a few Jewish Holocaust survivors formerly from Mannheim returned to take up residency. The current Jewish population came from other parts of Europe. The city of Mannheim has been very helpful in the resettlement of Jews after World War II, and was largely responsible for establishing a small prayer house in 1946, at R7, 24, and a second somewhat larger synagogue in 1957, at Maximilianstrasse 6. On September 13, 1987 a new, most beautiful "Synagogue Centrum" (synagogue center), was dedicated with many Christian and Jewish dignitaries present. The synagogue is the result of many years of planning architecturally and financially by the City of Mannheim and several mayors in succession. The synagogue and center facilities, located at F3, can accommodate about 360 in its social hall. It further consists of a large foyer, mikveh, gym, a permanent Sukkah, two kitchens, day care center, two shops and a club or meeting room. The upper floor provides school and meeting rooms, the Jewish community business office, a library and two multi-room apartments. Surrounding the Synagogue Center on three sides are five-story buildings containing 47 apartments for the aged and 40 low-cost housing apartments. There are also seven apartments for students. All of these are available for qualified use by Jew or Gentile renters.

For a number of years the City of Mannheim, by invitation of the incumbent mayor, has hosted former Jewish inhabitants as a good will gesture and in a spirit of reconciliation. Previous mayors, since the end of World War II, as well as the present mayor, Gerhard Widder, have set the tone for the City by being highly supportive of the present Jewish community. By making available its extensive archives, the mayor's offices have enabled considerable research which resulted in the publication of several books, pamphlets and articles on Jewish life before the outbreak of World War II and during the years of the Holocaust period. The "Gesellschaft fuer Christlich-Juedische Zusammenarbeit:" (organization for Christian-Jewish dialogue) draws its members from all walks of life, promotes joint activities and accomplishes research of the Holocaust period. This organization also arranged for visits of its members to Israel, where in addition to visiting various attractions, they meet with former Mannheimers to exchange historical and personal information and obtain first hand accounts about the Holocaust. Based on 1970 census figures, 441 persons of Jewish faith lived in the metropolitan area of Mannheim, a figure that has certainly increased at this time.



Memoirs

Eric O. Sonneman (Eric Otto Sonnemann) - Chicago, Illinois

I was born December 1, 1910 at Neustadt/Haardt/Pfalz and Weinstrasse. My father was Kurt A. Sonnemann, born at Munich, my mother, Berta nee Herrmann, was born at Freudental Wuerttemberg. He was editor and Music/Theater Critique of the "Mannheimer Theaterblatt" and of other papers, and a nephew of Leopold Sonnemann, founder of the "Frankfurter Zeitung." My only brother, Max J., born in Mannheim, December 15, 1915, died at Park Forest, Illinois, June 23, 1974, leaving his wife Margot, two children, Donald, Jane Palmer, and two granddaughters behind.

I lived in Mannheim from 1915 until February 27, 1939, at Heinrich Lanzstrasse 34 and F7, 26A. At the Pestalozzische Schule I spent four years, the Lessingschule six years, and finally the Friedrich Listschule two years, majoring in pharmacy and chemistry. My Jewish education and Hebrew were taught by Rabbi Max Gruenewald, who also officiated at my Bar Mitzvah, while Hugo Adler was the Cantor. Later I served as a youth leader at the Schiff Haus next to the Haupt synagogue. (main synagogue). Next I received my pharmacy apprenticeship at Andreae Noris Zahn, AG. Mannheim, 1929-1933. Later I became pharmaceutical and chemical sales representative for Lippman and Bernstein, Ludwigshafen 1933-1935, and photo and research technician at Gamber, Diehl and Co., Heidelberg, 1936-1938. (see also Max Gruenewald)

November 10, 1938 dawned in Germany with smoke lingering in the air from burning buildings, rubble, smashed furniture, and shards of glass littering the streets. I was then 27 years old, and walked in fear through the streets of Mannheim. I had spent the night before, the infamous Kristallnacht, which marked the violent beginning of the Holocaust, hiding with my parents and brother in the attic. But this morning I had to keep an appointment with the American consulate in Stuttgart, for my U.S. visa. Later I found out that 1200 Jewish men from Mannheim had been taken to concentration camps. As I passed the burnt out synagogue that my family belonged to, I saw the desecrated Torahs. I found one intact and hid it in the closet of the ransacked youth center, then continued on my way to the train station.

I left for Stuttgart with great apprehension on a local train, since the SS men always checked the express trains. Previously, when I came to the American Consulate, there was a line from the second floor offices down to the street and around the block. This time, there was no line, except for two SS men standing at the entrance. However, I marched right by them, got examined, and hoped that this was my chance to leave Germany.

My desire to leave the homeland in 1938 was not unique. Like all other Jews in Germany, I had experienced the progressive isolation and restrictions since Hitler came to power. I had lost my job as a pharmacist apprentice in 1936 because of an order to dismiss all Jews from jobs. Meanwhile, while I was the leader of a Jewish youth group, some of my friends had joined the Communist Party, others, the National Socialist Party, also known as the Nazi movement. We had street fights with the latter and eventually they told me to get out of Germany because they were going to bury us. I was fully aware of what could happen to us. Many other people, who were not in such close contact as I, still had hopes that all was going to pass. So it was I who first applied for a visa to the United States and then convinced my parents and brother to do likewise.

However, before I could apply for a visa, I needed a guarantor, someone

who agreed to support the person upon arrival in the U.S., without becoming a burden to the U.S. government. As early as 1937, my parents had tried to find a guarantor. Then one morning my mother awoke in a state of excitement. She had dreamed of a woman from America who once visited her mother when she was a child. She wrote to an old friend of her mother's who remembered the woman. My parents then sent a letter to Emma Loveman of Nashville, Tennessee, who without delay sent all the papers to the American Consulate.

Our name was now put on a waiting list. In the meantime, I passed up an opportunity to leave with other technical trained people for South Africa. Instead I held out for a U.S. visa. When I was called to the American Consulate that day in November 1938, my hopes were high. But the consul told me otherwise, since his physician discovered a rupture on my left side. No amount of pleading did any good. They let me out the back door so I was able to get away without being arrested.

Arriving back in Mannheim, I didn't even try to go to my parent's home because I was scared that maybe by now the Nazis had found out where I lived. Instead, I checked right into the hospital, and was operated on the next day. Finally, in February 1939 I received the visa. I was allowed to leave Germany with ten dollars and my clothes. I said goodbye to my parents and my brother, not thinking I would ever see them again. From Holland, I left on a small ship bound for America. Because of the rough seas in early March, the voyage lasted fourteen days. On March 17, 1939 we docked in New York, greeted by a band playing spirited Irish music. My uncle met me at the dock and took me to Fifth Avenue, where we watched a magnificent parade. I thought, this is a wonderful country. When you arrive, they welcome you with a band and a parade! I had never heard of St. Patrick's Day.

After several months of looking for employment in New York, to no avail, I left for Nashville to stay with Mrs. Loveman, my kind-hearted guarantor, and her family. I told them what was going on in Germany, and they extended their generosity to bring my parents and brother to the U.S. in 1940, via Russia and China.

However, the warm and humid weather in Nashville did not agree with me, and I moved to Chicago, where I had friends, and found work inventing photo chemicals for a photography store. After six months work, I asked for a raise, from fifteen to twenty dollars a week. My boss responded by firing me. I then decided to rent part of a basement under a German restaurant I frequented, and mixed my own photo chemicals.

In the meantime, I met Edith Arshack, a young American woman of Russian Jewish parents. I fell in love with Edith and we were married on August 31, 1941, at Rock Island, Ill. We felt lucky to have both sets of our parents at the simple wedding.

Despite the war in Europe that was beginning to involve the U.S., I went on with the work of starting my own business, with almost no capital, and just the will to succeed. I filled some bottles with water, attached mock labels, and made an appointment with a buyer at Montgomery Ward. Much to my surprise, he was interested as much in me as in the chemicals. He called a meeting of the whole department and asked me to tell them what was going on in Germany under Hitler. I showed him my bottles later, at his office, and he took out his order book and wrote an order for five thousand bottles of ferrotype polish, five thousand bottles of print

flattener, ten thousand bottles of film cleaner, and so on as he went down the list of everything I had. This was my first customer.

With help from my wife and my mother, I filled the bottles by hand, carton after carton, in the rented basement, and made delivery on time. Soon I had a second customer, Sears & Roebuck. This was the start of Merix Chemical Company, a business that expanded its line of chemicals and eventually hired several employees. I still work there as its President on Chicago's South Side. Now, after fifty years in Chicago, and raising four children there, I consider this my second home.

Every March 17, I join a crowd of people downtown to watch the St. Patrick's Day parade and celebrate my personal experiences of this holiday. For me, St. Patrick's Day is about survival and freedom, and, not least of all, about a little Irish luck.

I became a U.S. citizen July 13, 1943. We have four children: Dr. Joseph A., a lawyer at Juneau, Alaska; Eve P., a photographer in New York; Toby F. Steigmeyer, teacher and artist at Cashmere, Washington, and two children, Zakary and Aviva; and Milly R., in the artistic jewelry business at San Fransisco, California. I have patents in the U.S., U.K. and Canada, and have made contributions to the national space program. My avocations are gardening, painting, walking, stamp collecting, and photography.

Kurt B. Fischel - Santa Barbara, California

A salute to old friends wherever they are! After a lifetime of struggle, toil, and occasional joyous moments, most of us might reach the point, where we manage to clear away - to a degree, at least - the deep-seated resentment we carried away with us when we left our birthplace and the environment where we spent our early years and eventually began searching in our hearts for those things that we cherished most when we lived in Mannheim. You are right, when you suspect that I asked myself this very question. What is uppermost in my mind when I look back in my years in the city between the Rhine and the Neckar? Not an easy question. I finally arrived at a conclusion that above everything else it was the Kameradshaft, (Fellowship), the close friendship between a circle of young people that made the most lasting impression on me and which I carried along and cherished up to this late date in my life.

There was Eugen Eppstein, my alter ego. We were practically inseperable, spending most of our waking hours together, back to back fighting our way home from school when waylaid by rowdies, playing, hiking and studying and doing all the things teen-aged boys do, some of which better remain unmentioned. Above all, it was Eugen who on that fateful July 14, 1933 with one quick glance of his dark eyes convinced me of the unanimity of thought between us to refuse rendering the Hitler salute when Professor Klein, an all-and-out Nazi, entered the class room of Unter Sekunda B. of the Lessing Schule. Here we were, Eugen and I, openly and for all to see, rejecting the Verordnung (decree) of the Kulturministeriums (ministry of culture), which had been read to us the day before. Both of us were questioned repeatedly by other professors throughout the morning whether we knew what we were doing and both of us stubbornly and steadfastly persisted in our refusal. The wheels of the school administration turned swiftly. On the very day, in the middle of the afternoon, our parents

were notified by special messenger that their defiant sons had been thrown out of school.

This event separated us. I went to England to continue my education, was arrested and jailed by the Gestapo upon my return from London, but eventually got out and made my way to the U.S. Because of these circumstances I lost track of Eugen and I have not seen him since. I know he went to Israel, but he will never be forgotten. Neither will some of the other friends, most of whom belonged, as I did, to the "Werkleute" - in Pre-Hitler days the "Kameraden". Outstanding among these were Erich Boehm, tall, contemplative, and always ready to help, great in sports and much fun to be with. If ever there was an all-around solid, worthwhile human being, it was Erich. He, like most of us, looked forward to joining a Kibbutz in Israel but he, like myself, decided on America because we knew only there would we be able to care for our aging parents.

Regrettably, I lost track of Erich and now fervently hope to meet up with him again at the Mannheim Reunion.

There was Rudi Stiefel who passed away only last year, another solid friend. Our parents were close, Rudi's sister, Louise, and my sister, Minna, were friends, and it seemed almost natural that Rudi and I would become pals. Rudi was a quiet, thoughtful person, anything but boisterous, blessed, however, with an exceptional sense of humor. Another close friend, belonging to the same circle, was Ludwig Seelig, who was everyone's buddy and in a serene and thoughtful way was capable of smoothing ruffled feelings and bringing good cheer to any gathering. I believe Ludwig went to Israel, but I was never able to locate him on my visits there.

There are a few locations within a radius of 100 km from Mannheim that Arno Rafael and I did not reach by bicycle. With the denial of the chance to go swimming and restricting all other recreational opportunities, the Nazis left us young, active bucks no other way out than to turn to our bikes and take to the open road. Arno and I usually started out with no specific destination in mind, but eventually wound up in places like Weinheim, Mainz or Karlsruhe, sometimes en route finding a truck, moving slow enough and just about inviting us to hang on for a few kilometers of free transportation. Arno and I kept track of each other and are keeping our friendship alive to this day. I also became an over-night fan of Willie Nelson's band since learning that Arno's son Micky is the harmonica player in the band. Micky, I discovered, is not only talented with the mouth organ, but also an exceptionally charming young man.

Father Confessor and pilot of our group was Ernst Bauer, whose father ran a Cigar Shop in town. Ernst, with an unusually open, almost angelic face, was to us what every young fellow searches for - a friend, guide and counsellor, always ready and willing to help. He introduced us, who were brought up in very assimilated households, to Jewish tradition, steered us toward good literature, and above all, by word and example, demonstrated to us the importance of commitment and good human relations in the very best sense of its meaning. I tried in vain to visit him in Israel, traveling to Kibbutz Hasoreah where I was told Ernst was away on a trip at that time. Instead, I met Ernst Rosenthal, son of my old Religionslehrer, another old friend, who told me of life in Kibbutz and also related that Ernst Bauer was active in the cause of better Jewish-Arab relations, which, in the light of present developments in Israel, appears to be the only sensible course. (see also Ruth Rosenthal).

There were additional friends in Mannheim during the 1920's and early

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30's whom I remember and whose memory I cherish; altogether a remarkable group of fine people who managed to weave a rare fabric of friendship which to my mind remains unexcelled. Never after that, neither in my wanderings around the world as a sales executive for General Electric, nor during my life and work for the U.S., was I fortunate enough, regardless of how hard I tried, to experience the same type of closeness which bound us together during those bitter-sweet Mannheim reminders of our youth. To all those whom I so inadequately, but lovingly, described, I reverently lift my glass, take a thoughtful sip and say "Lechayim!" ("To Life!") It was great to have known you! (see also Arno Raphael and Luise Metzger)

Feodora Singer (Reinhold) - Huntington Woods, Michigan

I was born on September 29, 1924 in Mannheim. My father, Julius Reinhold, was a baker. In 1920, he purchased an apartment building which included a bakery from Flora Beer who was a widow. My father married Rosa Beer (Flora's daughter). The bakery was located at S 6, 11. Flora's husband, my grandfather, was also a baker. He had purchased the property at S 6, 11 in 1900 with Goldmarks. The abstract history of this property is in my possession. Grandfather Beer's family originated in Holland. From Holland they immigrated to Baiertal/Wiesloch, Baden. Flora's family, the Seligman's, originated in Wangen, Lake Constance.

At the age of six years, I was enrolled in Public School. From 1930 to 1936, I attended extra religious instruction at the Klaus Synagogue. Almost every Sabbath morning, my grandmother and I walked across the Marktplatz to attend services at the Hauptsynagogue officiated by Rabbi Gruenewald. My parents and sister, Ruth, joined my grandmother and I for services during the High Holidays at the Hauptsynagogue, which was later destroyed during the 1938 Kristallnacht riots. In 1934, I transferred to another Public School located near what is currently known as the Basler Hof. I believe that this school was known as Luisen Schule. I was terribly harassed by my classmates and teachers. Finally, in the Spring of 1936, I was forced to leave school along with the sole Jewish teacher.

After many months, following my ouster from school, the city of Mannheim, in conjunction with the Jewish community, set aside an old, dilapidated former school building "empty at the time" for use as a school. This building was located at K 2. The teaching staff was made up of Jewish teachers who had been barred from their posts at other schools. I am aware that Mr. Baruch Stahl, who was the school's principal, was able to escape from Germany. He settled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and was active for many years, and died there. Mr. Liebermensch, our religious teacher and Mr. Samuel Billigheimer both perished. As I remember, the School Building was much too small for the 450 to 500 students. We had no school books or any instructional aids available to us. Instruction was at best haphazard. Following the 1938 Kristallnacht riots, the school was permanently closed and no instruction of any kind was available. Sadly, I am only aware of three of my former classmates surviving the Holocaust: The Goetz family, who settled in Philadelphia, Ellen Kaufman and Gertrude Herzberger who settled in New York City.

On the morning of the Kristallnacht riots, as my father returned

from a delivery of baked goods, he sensed that something was wrong. He quickly asked me to run to school even though the school was already closed. On the way home, via the Ring, as I turned into S6,11, I heard people screaming and saw our bakery being smashed with huge hammers and being destroyed by hordes of people. This picture will never leave my mind. I waited across from the house, until everything was smashed in our store and the front of our apartment building and the hordes of people moved on. Only then did I dare to enter our bakery. I began to sort candies into broken jars, sitting in the debris. Finally, my mother appeared. She and father had fled upstairs to my grandmother's and aunt's when they heard the glass breaking. My father hid in a closet for weeks. Our food for the next two months consisted of stale bread and a bit of left-over food. With winter closing in, my 85 year old grandmother (Flora Beer) was taken to the Jewish Old Age Home and Hospital. Her niece, Else Gumberich, was a nurse and a supervisor in charge. Most of the elderly Jewish people found their way to this Jewish Old Age Home, where together with Else Gumberich, their nurse, they were all killed on the day the remaining Jewish population of Mannheim was deported to Gurs, a French Camp, located in Southern France.

My father wanted me to leave Germany and go across the water to England. An English family was found who wanted to adopt a Jewish girl. So at 2:00 A.M. in early January, 1939, I left Mannheim with a suitcase that I could carry, as part of a children's transport. Traveling through Germany with 500 other children in sealed railroad cars via Holland, I finally reached England, where my older sister Ruth had lived and studied in an English boarding school for two years. My sister dropped her studies and began work at the school's agricultural section so that I could stay at the school, rather than be adopted by the English family. In November, 1939, my sister and I left England on the last U.S. boat to New York. We joined our parents in New York City. They had managed to escape Germany and had arrived in the U.S. in April.

I have saved some of my father's German Military papers from World War I and certain papers pertaining to his profession as a baker. In addition, I have photographs of family, classmates and teachers as well as a Stammbuch in which my father's first marriage to Rosa Beer in 1921 and the arrival of siblings are recorded. I was married in 1946 to my friend from high school in New York. He was born in Vienna, Austria. We have one daughter. We are retired and have been in Mannheim twice in recent years.

Ernest W. Michel (Ernst) - New York City, New York

I was the first Mannheim born Jew to return to Mannheim from the Concentration Camps in June 1945. It was the first time I saw Mannheim since I was deported by the Gestapo on September 3, 1939. What a change in the way I remembered the city.

When I was deported to my first camp in 1939, my parents took me to the Hauptbahnhof. It was the last time I saw my parents. We were sent to a forced labor camp near Berlin, harvesting potatoes. I spent the next 5½ years in some of the worst camps - Auschwitz, Birkenau, Buna, Buchenwald

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and finally Berga. Coming Back to Mannheim, after escaping from a death march, I found the city 90% bombed out. Hardly a building was left standing. The town was in shambles. I first went to the home where we used to live, Richard-Wagnerstrasse 26. It did not exist anymore. Only the foundations were left standing. There was hardly a building left intact on the street.

I came back to Mannheim, and had no place to go. At 9:00 P.M., I was picked up by the American Military Police, since Mannheim was still under curfew, and taken to the jail. That is where I spent the first night after my return to Mannheim. The next morning I went to the Military Government. The Displaced Persons officer in-charge asked me where I was living. When I told him that I had spent my first night in Mannheim in jail he became outraged. He took me in his jeep to one of the outlying areas which were not destroyed and asked me which house I liked. I simply did not know how to answer. So he picked the first decent house, knocked on the door, told the occupants they had ten minutes to get out and told them that the house had been taken over by the Allied Military Government. That is how I found my first home back in Mannheim.

I was one of a very small number of Mannheim Jews who returned. After working for Military Government, I was eventually asked to join the first licensed newspaper in Germany, the Heidelberger Nachrichtenblatt. By coincidence, the publisher of the paper with whom I worked very closely was Dr. Theodore Heuss. A few years later he became the first President of the Bundesrepublik of Germany.

In November 1945, I was invited to go to Nuernberg as a special correspondent to cover the first War Crimes Trial. My reports from Nuernberg were published throughout Germany under the byline, "Former Auschwitz Inmate #104995, now special correspondent from the Nuremberg War Crimes Trial." I had the rare privilege as a German Jew and a Concentration Camp survivor to sit in the courtroom of the Palace of Justice and watch the proceedings against the top Nazi criminals--Goering, von Ribbentrop, Streicher, Frank, Jode and all the others. I covered the trial until it's conclusion in April 1946.

During that time I became involved in the newly formed Juedische Gemeinde (community) in Mannheim. A Mr. Frey, who survived the war in Mannheim, became President of the small Jewish community. I was elected Secretary. We conducted the first High Holiday services in the Fall of 1945. I also remember participating in the first postwar Jewish wedding of a young girl from Mannheim, Rita Kessler, who married an American soldier. The wedding was performed by an Army chaplain.

Eventually a number of non-Jews learned that a Jew from Mannheim was now working with the Military Government. Some came to see me at the office. Everyone of them had a story about how they and their families tried to help the Jews. I methodically threw every one of them out of the office.

I left Mannheim in June 1946 to immigrate to the United States under the Harry S. Truman Displaced Persons Act, and arrived in New York on my birthday, July 1, 1946. After first learning English and becoming a reporter for a newspaper in the Midwest, I entered the Jewish communal field and began to work for the United Jewish Appeal in 1947. Although I have had no formal education since I was thrown out of school in 1937, I was able to progress in my chosen field to eventually become Executive Vice President of the United Jewish Appeal of Greater New York. Later the

UJA merged with the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, thus becoming the single largest fundraising organization in the world. I retired from my position, on my 66th birthday, July 1, 1989, to become Executive Vice President Emeritus and Consultant to the organization. At the present time, I am continuing my activities in the Jewish community as co-chairman of the New York Holocaust Museum, and as a consultant to a number of Jewish Foundations.

I must admit that I had a rather unusual life. Having been born in Mannheim, July 1, 1923, gone to school there, and having suffered throughout the war, I was fortunate to have survived. My father, Otto, and mother, Frieda, were deported and killed in Auschwitz. Earlier, my father was in the cigar manufacturing business, and later when it was lost he sold office supplies. My sister, Lotte, is married to Samy Rein. They now live in a kibbutz in Israel. They have four daughters and, of this writing, thirteen grandchildren. We are the only survivors of a once large family. I married for a second time in August of 1988 to Amy nee Goldberg. I have three children, from my earlier marriage, Lauren, married to an Israeli, Chaim Shachar. They live in Jerusalem and have a two year old daughter, Noga Suzanne. My second daughter, Karen, is married to a young Rabbi, Brian Daniels. Joel, the only son, lives in New York City.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ernest Michel is too modest to share with us all of his accomplishments and honors, of which he has many.

Erico Samson (Erich) - Sao Paulo, Brazil

We lived at Richard Wagnerstrasse just opposite a Wehrmacht military post, and when I watched at the window of our home, I could observe the drills of the soldiers and hear the shouts of the corporal's orders: Marsch-links-rechts-halt. In 1935 I was twelve years old and liked to play with tin soldiers. Whenever I learned new formations and commands I ran back to my room and moved the little soldiers around. I played with thirty German soldiers and one Frenchman. This poor fellow, who was always put aside, looked and watched in astonishment at the formations of the German Army, and when it came to action, he lost the war. As the times went by, my patriotic fire was for many reasons strongly damped. I began to equip the lonely French soldier with cannons, stones and some cavalry, and so helped him to conquer the Germans and win the battles. Not much later I smashed the German tin soldiers against the wall and broke them to pieces. Arriving and living now in my new homeland, Brazil, I sometimes remember my play as a little boy and say: I was right, history proved it!

Here, in Brazil, walking the streets and looking at the friendly houses, some colored laundry hanging and drying at the balconies, palm trees swinging in the summer breeze, the tropical colors reflecting in the windows and children laughing, I remember Mannheim. What a dull city it was. All big squares, no friendly street names, just letters and numbers. When I rode around on my bicycle, my itinerary was S5, turn at T6, go to M3 and so on. I had to stop at each corner to watch oncoming traffic, then ride along the many grey monotonous buildings to reach my destination.

Of course there was the Wasserturm looking like a medieval prison and the Mannheimer Schloss just like a sad "Gone With The Wind", just a few of the outstanding Landmarks. I still have a traumatic reflection when it comes to numbers. S5, T6, M3 made me dizzy forever. Sorry, that's why until today I hate mathematics and Algebra.

In 1936 I went to the Juedische Schule (Jewish School) in Mannheim. One day, something happened in our class, I will never forget. It was a rainy day. Our Klassenoberst (teacher), Herr Erich Weiss gave brief instructions: "Close doors and windows and you, Martin, go outside and watch for strange visitors. If any doubt, knock on the window three times. Now the rest of you all, stand up and listen." Our teacher turned on a record player he had brought. The sound of Hatikvah began filling the room and it was repeated for us so long until we had learned the beautiful melody and words. And then the whole class began to sing that song of freedom and hope in the middle of enemy environment. I'll never forget that dramatic hour when we felt proud and united to be Jews. That was 50 years ago. I don't remember names and faces of my comrades. I wonder how many of them could get out of Germany, and I hope all or most of them will be present at that historic Mannheim reunion.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following has been taken from various letters which Erico has written me in recent years.] "I am married to a wonderful woman, Henny. We have two children, Ilana, a teacher of gymnastics and Andre', a masseur. Both are living in Europe. I was a commercial artist until retiring. Now I create oil paintings and exhibit them for sale with success. I enjoy playing tennis, bridge, and now and then enjoy a glass of whiskey. My travels have been to Los Angeles (1948/1949) where I studied at an Art School and have been several times back to Europe and the U.S. I have been in Germany where I was invited by a good friend of my childhood in Neustadt. I also was in Mannheim for a few hours. All the people I met in Neustadt, where I was born, were very nice and friendly, but there was something in the air all the time and I could not forget the past. My first years in Brazil were difficult and started as an apprentice in a print shop. Then I began to design and went up the economic ladder little by little. I still like ice cream and Schneckenudeln (sweet rolls) and my spirit of humor and joy has not changed much."

Arthur Kalter - Queens Village, New York

Born in Mannheim in 1910, I was the only child of Albert and Rosa Kalter, both of whom died four weeks apart in 1922. We lived at a corner house of the Schwetzinger and Heinrich Lanz streets. The street was my playground, and I associated with the neighbors' children of every background. Educated at the Pestalozzi and Lessing Schools, not to forget the Handelsschule (school of commerce) where my religious mentor was Dr. Gruenewald. My apprenticeship was in the steel trade with M. Marum G.M.B.H.

My first trip to the U.S.A. was in 1928. For three years I worked for the Western Electric Co., seeing a good part of the country. In 1931 I returned to Mannheim working for some months at the Kander department

store. Returning to U.S.A. in 1932, the economic depression became severe; Again I returned to Europe in 1933, this time to Paris, France. There I studied for some time and then founded with a partner La Maison Vegetarienne, a restaurant located at 36, Rue de Penthièvre, right off the Rue St. Honoré, the famous shopping street. More or less, shuttling between New York and Paris for the next four years, New York became my permanent residence in 1937. In 1942 I was drafted into the U.S. Army. Married to my excellent wife in 1950, we have two sons, both professionals in their fields, and through their marriages, three grandchildren. The Western Electric Co. and New York Telephone became my employers after 1955. I worked there as an Engineer. I enjoy my retirement. Reverting to Mannheim, I lived with my grandmother and an aunt, after the passing of my parents, at Q7, 13. The house is still standing despite the destruction of the Heinrich Jakobi cigar warehouse next door after allied bombings of the city. My grandmother died in 1936, and my aunt emigrated to Norfolk, Virginia in 1937 where she died in 1976 at age 88. The Kalter family was one of 13 Jewish families residing in Mannheim when it became a city about 350 years ago. Their ancestors came from Poland, after savage pogroms, and there was a name change, probably from Kohn.

In Mannheim, I hiked weekly with the "Kameraden". My good friends were Hans (now Harry) Sternheimer, now of Nashville, Tennessee., whom I visited twice there, and Artur Schlossberg (now Jean Berger), conductor and composer, who lives in Denver, Colorado. There were numerous others with whom contact was lost. With the city, my contact has been sparse. I visited the graves of my parents and relatives during numerous post war trips. I receive the "Mannheimer Hefte", the city's yearly presents, and occasionally write the mayor. My memories are with the Herschelbad, the Freibad in the Rhine, libraries, the beautiful city itself and its numerous cultural institutions. These I frequented with my cousin Fredl Kalter who lives now in Stockholm, Sweden. And the excellent education I received in Mannheim is still today a most helpful tool.

And let us not forget the Mannheim of World War I. The frequent bombardments of the city by the French Air Force forced us little people with our parents into the cellars of the buildings we lived in. After the all-clear signals blasted, we kids went outside to collect shell pieces of dropped bombs. Some shell heads were of pure brass, and we compared the sizes each had found with some envy. The city was peaceful again during day light hours. Life was extremely normal despite rationing of certain food items. Germany was a rich country, and many families contributed gold for iron. The Turkish troops had to be paid in gold coins.

It was on September 21, 1921 when we received a real shock - one of the factories of the Badische Anilin & Sodafabrik in Ludwigshafen exploded and lifted me about three feet in the air while studying my French grammar. Windows were blown out as far as Heidelberg. All were left in the dark about what had happened. Schools were still open, but on arrival, all students were sent home. A few days later, normalcy returned. Soon thereafter inflation of currency became unmanageable, and the country slowly went toward disaster. Until finally, city and country were no longer our home.

Robert B. Kahn - Dayton, Ohio

Mannheim, with your beauty and charm, your history and culture, your proud industry, fervor and tolerance, how could your people destroy my childhood and almost my life? Born September 30, 1923 to Martha nee Joseph of Luxembourg and Joseph Kahn of Laufersweiler Hunsrueck, we lived happily in L 11, 25 overlooking the railroad activities of the Hauptbahnhof (main railroad station) from our 4th Floor apartment. For the last few years we lived at L 14, 14, a few doors from the intersection of Kaiserring and Bismarkstrasse, where once stood a larger than life monument of Hindenburg. After my Dad spent six years in the German army and as a French prisoner of war (1914-1920), he and his brother Simon started a profitable textile wholesale business under the name "I.&S." Kahn. My older sister, Irene, left for Lille, France to obtain an undisturbed life and education, until that too was shattered in later years. (See Irene Poll.)

I went to the Luisenschule (elementary school) where I, as well as others, was often singled out for undeserved harassment and punishment for being a Jew. Beaten often by classmates and others on the way from and to school, my parents enrolled me in a private school, Institut Schwarz; and later on went to the Jewish school in K 2, and the Anlernwerkstaette in Neckarau to learn the basics of the metal fabrication trade. During the insane persecution of Jews November 1938, my father was taken to Dachau concentration camp and released only after he was coerced into "selling" his business to an SS guard at the camp. I escaped his fate by lying about my age when taken to the police station.

I remember, that during that period of despicable acts and Nazi-madness, some of my friends, among them Guenter Kaufman, Alfred Selig and I assisted and comforted the old, invalids and sick people who had fled to Mannheim after the Altersheim (home for the aged) at Neudstadt was set on fire by the Nazis. We also went to the train station to console and give encouragement to men and boys in cattlecar transports on their way to concentration camps. We gave them paper on which to write notes. Later we mailed them to their loved ones to let them know that they were alive and well. It was risky and scary, but we were young and never pondered the possible consequences of being caught.

There are memories of happier periods when the Family Kahn would take walks in the Waldpark and enjoy Kaesebrote, (cheese sandwich) or Kaeskuchen (cheesecake) at Cafe Stern. We would enjoy the Friedrichspark where, if I was a good boy, I could buy myself an ice cream cone as a treat. Some of us Jewish boys, among them Heinz Kuhn and Ernest Michel, played soccer and met after school or on weekends at the Neckar Wiese (a grass area near the river Neckar) or in a side street where a basement window served as the goal. Of course we tried to imitate some of the players on better known teams of the area such as Waldhof and Sandhofen. Yes, there were happy flickers in an otherwise hostile environment. I went swimming in restricted bathing areas of the Rhine and Neckar because Jews were not allowed in swimming pools nor public or private beaches. Vividly, I remember being removed July 1935, with others from the Rhine swimming pool, Herweck, as hecklers stood by laughing and applauding. And when we were no longer allowed to go to the movies, I disguised myself and sneaked into a Floh Kino (very small movie house) on Breite Strasse

either in square T1 or U1 not far from the Neckar Bridge.

As our liberties became more restricted, the synagoge and the Schiffhaus next to it became one of my primary outlets for activities. First came adult services, conducted by Rabbi Max Gruenewald, Cantors Adler and Hirsch, later Rabbi Geis and Rabbi Karl Richter. Next, there were youth services conducted by brothers Walter and Hans Solomon. There were many, but primarily Zionist youth groups such as Habonim, Makkabi, and Betar of which I was a member. I remember Fasching (carnival) and Blumenpeter anecdotes; trips with my parents in the Opel to Schwetzingen for the asparagus festival; to Heidelberg and the Molkenkur and other enjoyable places. Oh, how you, Mannheim, made me hate all that which I once loved.

After little more than two years in Luxembourg, with a short reprieve from senselessly manufactured hatred, it was May 10, 1940 when we were again under the heavy boot of Nazi occupation. Finally, in July 1941, we managed to flee, but without my sister. We arrived, finally, in Barcelona, Spain from where we eventually obtained passage to America, settling first in Chicago. After 35 years, first as a soldier in the U.S. Army in the South West Pacific theater of war, and later as civilian with the U.S. Air Force at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, I retired in 1980. My career with the Air Force began translating German scientific and technical documents in the proximity of German scientists who had been brought to the U.S. under project "Paperclip". My career ended in distinction in 1980 after performing at highest military levels for the four star generals of the Armed Forces Joint Logistics Commanders.

In 1947 I married Gertrude nee Wolff, formerly of Neudstadt (Weinstrasse) after a chance meeting at a USO in Richmond, Virginia. We are the proud parents of three wonderful children; Ronald, a successful physician living in nearby Centerville, Ohio; Susan Rapoport and husband Ken, with two delightful grandchildren, Emily and Sammy; and Karen Weiss with husband Ira, also with one wonderful grandchild, Jenna. Their two families live both in the Cleveland, Ohio area.

Often I think of Mannheim, but more I bemoan the fate of perished relatives and friends, including those from the Waisenhaus (orphanage) and others too numerous to mention. While I have been in touch for many years with Erich Dreifuss (see also) Alfred Selig, now deceased, and Erich Samson (see also), it was only recently that through extraordinary circumstances I met Rabbi Gruenewald (see also) and Max Kaufman (see also) who used to live across the street from me in Mannheim, and Ernst Michel (see also) with whom I shared many boyhood experiences.

Inge Angst (Furchheimer) - Silver Spring, Maryland

I was born in Mannheim on December 9, 1923 at the end of the German inflation. Seventeen months later my best and only sister arrived. It was a lucky thing for both of us, in all the later years. We lived in the suburb of Neckarau, where my father, Benno Furchheimer, owned a small department store since 1905. My mother's maiden name was Strauss, and had come to Mannheim in 1919 from Rheinhessen, when my parents got married. My first real strong recollection starts with the Nazi-time, as I was then nine years old. The BDM (a Nazi young girls' organization) assembled on the Marktplatz across from our house, and I remember a little friend asking

me why I did not join the fun. For religious classes the suburban kids were assembled at the U-Schule once a week beginning with 1931. We traveled alone on the streetcar from the time I was seven years old and got lost only once. A friendly streetcar driver took us along on a chartered car of the "Lektrisch" and delivered us to the wrong bridge. We made it home, though, and Marga declared entering our store: "Mama heut' hast Du Glueck, dass Du uns wieder hast." ("Mama, you are lucky today that you have us back.") On Sabbath we were very serious about taking part in the youth service at the Hauptsynagoge, where Walter Salomon acted as a very good Cantor. (see also)

After elementary school in Neckarau, I attended Real Schule, a prep school, (Hans Thoma) in Mannheim until November 10, 1938. I guess I was not even too sad, not being able to go to that school any longer. It had been quite strange for my sister and me, the only Jewish pupils left. Some teachers ignored us, but one or two gave us better grades than we deserved. I had to sit alone, and we could no longer attend any school activities. My father had kept us there, because he himself had been so sorry, not being able to go to college, that he always wanted to give us a better opportunity at education. After November 10, 1938 we took whatever courses were offered by the Jewish Community Center and we learned with other girls and ladies to sew at Mrs. Geismar's house in E 7, where we all became good friends very fast. After the deportation of October 22, 1940, I volunteered at the Jewish Hospitals and old age home like my friends Ria Stumpf and Ilse Herzberg. They were sent upstairs to become nurses, but Schwester Hanna Goedelmann knew I was better suited for the kitchen. I could never have given injections, for example. I only understood her wisdom much later. I had many friends among the patients.

We also had fun eating some of the stored food, since we had no idea how long we would be allowed to stay. We were spared deportation, because my grandfather was a Swiss citizen, but suddenly on March 5, 1941 our father was called to the Gestapo. Papa stayed in the Mannheim prison for about two months, but then was transferred to concentration camp Dachau. His censored letter from there promised: "Ich werde mich fuer Euch gesund erhalten bis zum aeusserst Vertretbaren." ('I will try to keep myself healthy for you to the utmost with all my physical and mental capacity.) There was no time to help him at all, though our mother was brave enough to plead his case at the Gestapo Headquarters in Berlin. Switzerland could not do anything at the time either. On June 3, 1941 we received a wire that Papa had died. This news was accompanied by the unheard-of suggestion that we could come to Dachau to view Papa. Our friend, Mr. Hauser, called someone in the congregation in Muenchen who was familiar with this procedure and assured us that we would be safe. In a little room with us were several wives and mothers of prisoners who had also died. However, we have never since met anyone this happened to. All the women had to sign that they would not try to uncover their loved one, and an acknowledgement that they died from "blood poisoning", everyone! Papa's skin was torn from his left cheek. We shall always be grateful to Mr. Bach who accompanied us all the way from Mannheim to the train station in Dachau, since he knew the area. How courageous he was. Mr Bach had moved from Munich to Mannheim and lived in the city with his wife at least since 1940.

We needed a German exit visa in order to leave the country, and in July of 1942 some unknown person gave it to us. But we were not supposed

to leave town without the permission of the Gestapo. They were the last people we wanted to ask. So we covered our yellow stars and left on the train hoping for a miracle. In Basel we were held in the German station and thoroughly searched, but then a little gate opened, and a nice gentleman asked us what he could do for us. We were in Switzerland! We did not care that we had only RM 30 (Mark) between the three of us, my mom, Karoline Furchheimer, my sister, Marga, and me. We took the train back to Zuerich, Switzerland, because there we had the address of an uncle of a cousin of my father's, by marriage. We were not exactly related, but he was civil and brought us to a boarding house. The owner fortunately trusted our honest faces and accepted some tablecloths and sheets as collateral, when the first bill was due. On the third day I started working for a Jewish family, watching their three very spoiled youngsters. They also taught me my first Swiss German. I certainly did not want to remain a "chaibe Schwab" (damn German) very long. Soon our mother tried to find something better for us to do, and I started as a seamstress in an Haute Couture Salon. Sounds fancy, which it is for the customers and the prices they have to pay, but not what we girls got paid. A year later I changed to office work, using my shorthand which we had learned from a Studienrat (assistant principal) before we left Mannheim. We had learned a lot, since we had nothing else to do there, and he was very enthusiastic. My next job was for an Import-Export firm, very interesting for all those reports about international trade I had never heard about. Suddenly I had to take dictation in German, French and English and also understand the Swedish correspondence. Somehow I made it.

On October 13, 1945 I married Walter Angst, a Zuercher (from Zuerich) right after the war. We were so lucky to find an apartment at the time. When our daughter, Sylvia, was born on January 17, 1948, I quit my job. We all came to America in July of 1951 after our second daughter, Gabriela, was born on November 1, 1950. After a few bad sweat shops in the beginning, my husband found a job as a conservator at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C., which he liked very much. I worked for a toy wholesaler, then for Sears Catalog Department for seventeen years. When I became supervisor in the credit department, I did not like my duties and went to work for my sister and brother-in-law in their catalog store. It was fun to be able to help Marga with everything from bookkeeping to order-taking or order-giving, and answering the phone was sometimes a real challenge. Our daughter got married in 1971, and we are lucky that both live in this area. Sylvia, a medical lab technician for George Washington University Hospital, has two boys, Jason (13) and Andrew (10). Gabriela's boys are Joshua (15) and Benjamin (5). Both Joshua and Jason have had their Bar Mitzvahs. Gabriela is a legal assistant for the Justice Department in Washington, D.C. We are now retired.

I visited Mannheim the first time in 1964 accompanied by my girls, and then we returned in 1972, 1977 and 1987. Every time our old friends were delighted and did everything possible to make us feel welcome. In 1987 I was there for the dedication of the new synagogue. Unfortunately, after almost 50 years we did not recognize many old Jewish friends, and the small Mannheimer congregation was totally overwhelmed by the response to their invitation.

Max K. Liebmann - Bayside, New York

I was born September 3, 1921 in Mannheim and our address in Mannheim was Kaiserring 40 until 1938, then N3, 14 until deportation. My father, Alfred, was born February 24, 1887 in Mannheim. He became a partner of Max Leibman G.m.b.H., representing German textile firms. He was also a member of the Juedische Gemeinderat (Jewish Community Council); Secretary and member of the Board of Directors of "Liederkrantz" (Music Association) since the early 1920's, subsequently of the Juedische Kulturbund. He left in March 1938 for Athens, Greece to try to build a new existence. Expelled in early 1939, he went to Italy, and then illegally to France just before the outbreak of World War II. Deported from Nice, France in 1944, ten days before the Allies landed, he did not survive the horrors of deportation. My mother, Jeanne nee Levi, born April 26, 1893 in Mannheim was deported from Camp de Gurs, France in 1942, and did not survive either. I went to the Luisenschule 1928-1932, Realgymnasium 1932 - December 31, 1937 and Vorbeck Schule January 1, 1938 - November 10, 1938. I took cello lessons starting at age eight until beginning of 1939 and played in the Children's Orchestra of the Liederkrantz. Later I became a member of the Juedische Kulturbund Orchestra. Rabbi Dr. Max Gruenewald officiated at my Bar Mitzvah and my teacher was Cantor Samuel Liebermensch. I married Hanne (Johanna E.) nee Hirsch on April 14, 1945 in Geneva, Switzerland. One daughter, J. Evelyne, was born in Vevey, Switzerland on March 4, 1946. She is married and lives in Rye, N.Y. Her married name is Farnsworth.

Mannheim: Recollections are always subjective. Those of us who lost close family and/or themselves survived the Holocaust in Europe obviously do not look too kindly on Germany. Neither my wife or I have been back in Germany or have any intentions of going. I had a normal childhood until January of 1933 when Hitler was elected. After this time, I would not call our growing up "normal". Due to the fact that my father was a World War I veteran with front line service, I was able to stay in high school until I chose to terminate it at the end of 1937, because I could not see any benefit in staying longer. Just being in high school as one of very few Jews (and a constantly decreasing number) represented pressure. I never mentioned this at home because my parents had their own problems. In retrospect, it appears more and more incomprehensible that a substantial portion of German Jews resisted emigration until it was too late for many. Shortly after the war broke out, I was sent for six weeks to "Ernte-Einsatz" (harvesting) in a small village East of Frankfurt/Oder. Starting January 3, 1940 I began working as a (volunteer) secretary in the "Hilfsverein" (emigration office) of the Mannheim Jewish Community, where I remained until our deportation to Camp de Gurs.

France: On the morning of October 21, 1940, the manager of the Mannheim Hilfsverein, Mr. Paradies, was called to the Gestapo, (he was also the contact-person between the Gestapo and the Jewish Community) where he was told that all Mannheim Jews would be deported the next day to France. The train we were in was the first of the nine, carrying all of the Jews from Baden and Palatinate, to arrive in Lyon. As translator to the Jewish "Transport Chief", I was witness to the ignorance of the French Colonel of the Gendarmerie as to our true identities. The French had not been told by the Germans that the trains carried German Jews. I was in Camp de Gurs for 20 months and was helped to leave by OSE (a French Jewish

Agency for help to children, which was very energetic in all French camps) just a few weeks before the deportations to Auschwitz were to start.

In June 1942, OSE placed me and a fellow from Berlin in Talluyers, a small village not far from Lyon, on a working farm with about twenty or thirty young people, operated by the Jewish Boy Scouts. The farm was ultra-orthodox. I was there four or five weeks when the manager announced that he had been warned that in two weeks the farm would be the target of a police raid to arrest foreign Jews. We were not to worry, "everybody would be taken care of." Everybody was indeed taken care of with the exception of four young men, including the two recent arrivals from Camp de Gurs. Apparently we were not deemed religious enough. Fortunately, we were able to take care of ourselves and all four of us made it to safety. My comrade from Gurs went via Spain to join the French Army, the other two escaped to Switzerland and I met them again in one of the Swiss Labor Camps.

I met my wife to be in Camp de Gurs. She was deported to Gurs from Karlsruhe with her mother and a 92 year old grandmother. The latter died at the Camp. Hanne left Gurs in June 1941 and had been placed by OSE in a Childrens Home run by Swiss Organizations in Le Chambon s/Lignon - famous today because a population of 5000 Huguenottes by war's end had helped 5000 Jews to survive. Hanne had obtained permission to visit her mother in Camp de Gurs. On her way back from Gurs she visited me and told me a tale of horror. On arriving in Gurs, around August 1, 1942, the camp was closed to visitors because deportations (to Auschwitz via Drancy) were about to begin. She managed to see her mother at the railroad station and was able to say good-bye to her before being transported to Auschwitz where her fate was sealed. Hanne suggested that I should try to make my way to Le Chambon, if things became too dangerous in Talluyers. She felt I would be helped there. Little did we know that two weeks later I would have to come to Le Chambon. Arriving by train late at night and sleeping in a little wooden area, I heard girls' voices at six o'clock in the morning. And look who walked in but Hanne, who, with some of the other teen-age girls in her children's home, had slept somewhere else that night to prevent getting caught in a possible early dawn raid. She took me to Madame André Philip - whose husband became de Gaulle's Minister of Finance after the war. Madame Philip arranged for me to be hidden on a farm for three and a half weeks somewhere within two hours walking distance of the village. I was provided by the French underground with false papers before being sent by train to a village one stop before St. Gervais in the Mont-Blanc Massif and helped across the mountains, only to be caught by a Swiss border patrol above Finhaut. The next morning all people apprehended during the past twenty-four hours (about forty) were told that Switzerland would not keep us and that we would be sent back to France.

Switzerland: What ensued next was extra-ordinary. On our way to no-man's land, from where we were supposed to work our way back down to France, a Swiss non-commissioned officer took it upon himself to scream and yell at me for ten minutes. During this time, he detailed very clearly and succinctly what I was NOT supposed to do: "do not return to Switzerland etc., etc.," When he was all done, he had conveyed that I should try again and had laid out exactly how to proceed! All I had to do was to understand that I should ignore the "not's". The tragedy was that the other people who heard exactly what he said, were so shaken by what was happening to them that they never understood. In the end only one companion accepted that we had nothing to lose by trying again. We succeeded, got to Lausanne

without being intercepted and turned ourselves in to the Swiss authorities with the help of the Lausanne Jewish Community on September 22, 1942. I was interned five and a half years in Switzerland. My wife crossed into Switzerland on February 28, 1943.

United States: My arrival in the U.S. was on March 3, 1948. Between November 1950 and 1952 both my wife and I were hospitalized with Tuberculosis, our daughter in a foster home until we were reunited as a family after discharge from the sanitarium in 1952. As part of rehabilitation, I went to school for nine months and was able to cram the equivalent of four years of college accounting into this time slot. From then on I worked in various positions until retirement on February 1, 1987, the last thirteen years for a Division of Gibson Greetings, Inc., first as Controller and then as V.P. Operations.

Harry S. Major (Hans) - New York, New York

I lived with my parents, Moritz Major, born in Ladenburg, and Hermine nee Kern, born in Rodalben near Pirmasens, and brother Arnold at Schwetzingenstrasse 39 in Mannheim. My parents had a shoe store named "Gebrueder Major" at the same address. The business was widely known as "Der Shuh Major" (The Shoe Major) and we had a lot of customers from the railroad. I went to the "Pestalozzi Schule" in the Seckenheimerstrasse (name of street) and then to the Realgymnasium located at the Ring, till they threw all the Jewish children out of school. Then in 1934 I became a "Baeckerlehrling" (baker apprentice) at Konditorei (bakery) Silberberg in F3. I am sure some people will remember me delivering either Broetchen in the morning or other bakery products later. My mother died in 1935. She could never understand that our business was lost to us. For a while we lived in the Richard Wagner Strasse 1, and then in the Grosse Merzelstrasse 12. We moved back to Schwetzingenstrasse until we emigrated to the USA in 1939.

At the time of the Kristallnacht, my grandfather Max lived with us. The Nazis came to our house early in the morning, took my grandfather and me out to the Police Station. The Police let my grandfather go, but I was taken to the police headquarters where about 400 other Jewish men were waiting. While sitting there, a man in uniform ordered me in a very harsh manner to go to the next room. There was another Jewish man sitting. He was from another town. We thought this was the end, but the man who ordered us into that room told me and the other man to leave by a side door. I still don't know today, why this happened to me. Maybe the German was a war buddy of my father. I took the other man home with me, since he had no other place to stay in Mannheim. All the other Jewish men, including my father were taken to Dachau concentration camp. When I got home most of the furniture was destroyed. After many problems, my father, grandfather, and I left April '39 for New York where we stayed for a while with my uncle and aunt, Karl and Emma Major. They had the poultry business "Bauer" in F2 in Mannheim. Later, we lived in different apartments in Washington Heights in New York. My aunt, Emma Major, is my only relative of the older generation still living. I see her very often.

My father worked very hard as a porter in the Jewish Memorial Hospital

and later in a chemical factory. I worked at different jobs in restaurants until I went into the Army. My brother went to the "Werkdorp Nieweslois" in Holland "auf Hachsharah" (vocational training) and then in 1935 to Palestine, where he worked as a policeman, and later as a fireman. He joined the British Navy, where he became a cook. He finally joined us here in 1948, became married to Regina and had one daughter, Helen. He was the Chef and later Production Manager in the Daughters of Jakob Old Age Home and Hospital. His wife is there now as a patient. He died two years ago. In 1943 I went in the US Army, and served in North Africa and Italy in the Infantry, the 361st Regiment of the 91 Division after the fall of Rome and the Po Valley Campaign. I was discharged in November 1945. At that time I married a girl from Frankfurt Ruth Ragge. We had one son. For fifteen years I worked as a presser and my wife as a finisher in the Coat and Suit division of the Ladies Garment Industry. My wife died in 1964. My son lives in Brooklyn. He is a Systems Analyst working for the Transportation Authority of New York. That includes the Subways and the Buses.

In 1970 my son and I went to visit an aunt of mine in Switzerland and at the same time I visited Germany again. In Frankfurt I saw that nothing had changed. I witnessed an incident that showed me that the same anti-semitism of the past was still alive and I couldn't wait to get out of Germany again. I got married again in 1972 to Julie Mora. We still live in the same place in Washington Heights. I am semi-retired now, after working for the Lamston Co., a Variety Store Chain in New York, for the last twenty years as a Store Manager and then on computers in Lamston's Main Office. Now I have a part-time job for a carpet store. I do the bookkeeping and answer the telephone. Otherwise I take it easy most of the time, go fishing, do a little traveling and work on my computer at home, designing and a little programming.

Otto E. Hirschler - Olivos, Argentina

In 1933, during a meeting at the Volksstimme (name of newspaper) which had just been assaulted by the Nazis, my father was motioned to the office of the Oberbuergermeister. Dr. Hermann Heimerich, a close friend of our family, had unpleasant news: Orders had been issued to place all heads of the political opposition under "Schutzhaft" (arrest). On the same evening my father took the train to Neustadt and reached Saarbruecken next morning. This day marked a profound change in our life. Why were we among the first victims of Nazi persecution? My father, Dr. Franz Hirschler, was a lawyer and spokesman for the sozialdemokratische Fraktion der Stadtverordneten Versammlung. In his younger days he had been Junior partner in the law practice of Dr. Ludwig Frank, the well known Reichstagsabgeordnete and prestigious head of the Sozialdemokratische Partei Deutschlands. In later years father had played a conspicuous role in many political lawsuits. He was particularly hated by Standartenfuehrer Feit whose divorce proceedings he had conducted in behalf of his wife.

On Sunday at 1:00 p.m. a carload of Nazis forced their entry into our house at Charlottenstr. 17. They tried to lay hand on my father and after various useless searches Feit issued an ultimatum: By 6:30 p.m. father had to be back, otherwise ... mother would be taken as hostage! Some guards had been placed before the house. We succeeded nevertheless to escape in

the fog and darkness of the night. There were three of us: My mother, Berta, my twin-brother, Hans-Martin, and myself. Apart from the clothes we had on us, we carried only a toothbrush and a passport. In Saarbruecken we had relatives. They and an uncle in Holland tried to help us. In the meantime all our belongings in Mannheim had been seized by the political police. With outside help we managed to rescue at least a small part of the precious paintings and furniture father had collected. It was to little avail. This cherished rest of our possessions was to be lost later definitely in the debacle of the German invasion of France.

After three months we moved to Paris. As with most refugees, our papers were not in order and it took us much time and trouble to obtain the permit of residence. A workpermit, however, was not obtainable. In other respects the French were well disposed. Hans Martin, as well as myself had studied law, one semester each at a University in Switzerland and in Heidelberg. The French granted us the "equivalence de scolarité" and we only had to pass the corresponding examination. We eventually received our "license en droit" but even before we had become aware that there was no future for us in France. To be admitted to the "barreau" you had to be French and to get naturalized you had to serve three years in the armed forces. The war was approaching, but the French people kept their eyes shut from the evidence of Hitler's rearmament. We tried to emigrate overseas but without success. Most countries had closed their frontiers or issued visas only sparingly. Then all of a sudden we found the possibility to work as volunteers in the Paris affiliate of a large South American multinational group. After a year we were transferred to the head office in Buenos Aires where we arrived in March 1937.

Against our advice, our parents had stayed in Paris until the war broke out. Soon, father was sent to an internment camp inspite of having lost his German nationality years ago. Thanks to the intervention of the previous French Prime Minister Leon Blum, he was released within a few weeks. But when the Germans invaded France he was anew taken into a prisoners camp from which he escaped only hours before the Nazis reached Southern France. On an adventurous trip on board of a ghost vessel he reached Lisbon, then Casablanca where again he was placed into a "camp de rassemblement". Then, after establishing contact with us in Buenos Aires and mother in Lyon, he was able to reach Argentina as one of the first refugees from France. Mother had remained in Paris endeavoring to salvage our belongings. She left the very day the Nazis entered the town. First in Vichy, then in Lyon, she tried desperately to obtain the necessary papers to join us in Buenos Aires. Without passport and visa, scarce of financial means, fighting the indifference or evil will of bureaucrats, she was stranded for almost a year in Lyon, not far from Gurs where her sister was dying and her friends in deepest distress.

It was close to a miracle that inspite of incredible obstacles she could finally reach us in July 1941. Again we took up family life. My parents soon found a circle of friends with German-Jewish backgrounds, some of them being from Mannheim. I married Eva Lustig, a girl from Gleiwitz, daughter of a lawyer who had been the last caretaker of the Jewish community in Oberschlesien. Some years earlier Hans Martin had founded a family with Inge Nachmann from Hamburg. We made headway in our careers and our economic situation improved. Upon his 75th birthday, father received many congratulation from lawyers and judges in Germany.

The president of the Oberlandesgericht in Karlsruhe sent an invitation to see him but it was too late. Shortly afterwards he left us forever.

In 1951 I visited Mannheim in company of my wife. Dr. Heimerich, who again was Oberbuergermeister received us cordially. At the hotel I loosened a tongue which had been bound for many years. "Kenne Se ma villaischt die Sache nuff ins Zimmer schlebbe?" (In Mannheimer dialect: Maybe you could carry my stuff up to my room?) The answer I got astonished and shocked me. It was in English!! But this English, at least, bore the unadulterated accent of "waschecht Mannemerisch" (genuine Mannheimer dialect).

Albert Fischel - Indianapolis, Indiana

I was born in 1904. You may remember me if, in your early years, you were enrolled in Fraulein Schuler's Kindergarten in M3, or the Kurfurst Friederich Schule, or the Lessing Schule (now Lessing Gymnasium) or were in the Wanderbund Blau-Weiss, or matriculated at the Handels-Hochschule (now University of Mannheim), or were active singers in the Liederkranz, or in Cantor Adler's Feiertags-Chor (holiday choir), or were players in the Stamitz Gemeinde, or were in the Jugendbund "Arbeitsgemeinschaft", then C.V. Jugend, and later the Juedisch-Liberale Vereinigung, or in the last "Repraesentanz" of the Juedische Gemeinde in Mannheim. And if you cannot recall any of that, you should remember "Uhren Fischel" at L8, 5 where I was associated with my parents from 1929 until the end of 1937.

We, the Fischels, all of us: The parents, Carl and Mathilde, brothers, Ludwig with wife Rose, born in Mannheim, and daughter Ellen, Kurt (see also), the youngest, and myself with wife Alice, born in Cologne, and our infant daughter Ruth Marion, managed to leave the city between 1935 and 1937. Mina, Jahrgang 1910, unfortunately did not make it. She was married and lived in Berlin. After forced labor at one of the Siemens plants, she was deported to Auschwitz with husband and little Robert, never to come back. Having left Germany at the age of thirty-three and a half as late as 1937, I still can remember, aside from the bitter and unforgiving memories of the last years, enjoyable times during the peaceful years.

I remember well the Purim Feiern (celebrations) in the Apollo Theater in G5 or G6. As children, we sat by age groups, without parents, around huge round tables and had a good time. I remember the Jugend-Gottesdienste (youth prayer services) on Sabbath afternoon with Rabbi Oppenheim giving a sermon after having climbed up the many steps to the high pulpit almost above us. I remember the "Heimabende" im Blau-Weiss, the Sunday hikes in the Odenwald, and especially the unforgettable Summer Camp of all Blau-Weiss members in Berlichingen, followed by a four week tour by train and on foot to Munich and the Alps and on to the Bodensee (Lake Constance). I remember so well, Paul and Fritz Rothschild, our popular "Fuehrers" (leaders). I remember the "Badisches Saengerfest" in Freiburg (when was it?), where the Liederkranz took part in full force and returned with honors. My brother Ludwig and I were quartered at a Jewish baker's home. And of course, I remember when we sang in the choir at the Liederkranz when it brought "Beethoven's Ninth" to the city in the "Musensaal". In the early years

there were "Blumenpeter" (a local character to whom many funny stories and jokes are attributed), later Hans Glueckstein, Elvira Erdmann, the Hoftheater, the Maimarkt and the Pferderennen - just as important to us as to anybody else.

After the usual hard beginning in the States we were able to re-open as "Fischel's Jewelers", first in New Castle, Indiana and then in downtown Indianapolis. Ludwig had his store in Cincinnati. Papa Fischel could work at his bench, brought from Mannheim, until the high age of ninety and a half. He was awarded "Honorary Membership" in the Watchmakers Guild of Indiana, the only member so honored, "for having had to leave his native land at an advanced age to sustain his and his family's life." In 1972 we all retired. Ludwig and his wife Rose, as well as Kurt and His wife Olga, born in the U.S., live in California. We stay on in Hoosierland since our daughter and her husband live there. We integrated fairly well. Alice and I are active in our Synagogue, traditional. We could almost use the Siddur and Machsor of the Hauptsynagoge in Mannheim. I became involved in all phases of administration, budget, committees, Vice-President, President, and after 1972, when we closed our store, Executive Director for nine years, and we both still do our share.

Notwithstanding all that happened to us Jews in Germany, we went back several times, not to seek or renew friendships, but to visit graves and to refresh memories. Even if some cannot or don't want to call it that, the land is still "Heimat" (home). We visited Mannheim, Cologne, and most of our cemeteries. We have made one acquaintance, outstanding for us former Mannheimer Jews: Buergermeister (mayor, now retired) Dr. and Mrs. Watzinger. When others acted cool, these two people showed a genuine interest in the fate of their former "Mitbuerger" (fellow citizens).

[Editor's Note: Dr. Karl-Otto Watzinger has been a helpful friend to Jews formerly of Mannheim, especially during his administration as mayor and until today as a private citizen. He has researched extensively the history and contributions of Jews to the city beginning with the year 1660. His many publications and articles on this and related subjects are an important contribution and give testimony to a once dynamic Jewish community in Mannheim.]

A hobby of mine, stamp collecting, started at age six, and branched out here to a "Postal History of Mannheim" since day one. Over a span of 35 years I have accumulated a representable collection of Mannheim philately from which I have assembled an exhibit which has been shown a number of times. Just two years ago, as the only foreign and only "Jewish" exhibitor, the collection was shown at the "Baden Salon" at Rastatt, an event which takes place about every ten years. After that, part of the exhibit was displayed for three days in the foyer of the Rathaus in E5 in Mannheim in cooperation with the Stadt Archiv. The oldest known letter written in Mannheim, dated 1717, is among the material.

Irene Vollweiler Kirchheimer (Bock) - Brattleboro, Vermont

I was born in Mannheim Rheinstrasse 7, and later lived at C7,17. My mother's name was Hermine nee Wolf, born at Oestringen near Bruchsal. My father was Bernhard Berthold Bock, born at Muencholzhhausen near Giessen.

I am 75 years old and my husband, Arnold, is 84. I came to the U.S. in 1934 and went to high school in Buffalo, N.Y. for one year. My parents came to the U.S. in 1936 with the family Karl Karlsruhers' and Sally Wolfs', all relatives, also from Mannheim. The latter lived at Richard Wagnenstrasse 33. I worked from 1936-1941 at L. Sonneborn Sons, Inc., oil refineries in their New York office. I then married my first husband, Max Vollweiler, who was also from Mannheim, and we then moved to Hamilton, Ohio where we were employed by the Leshner Corp.

Max was drafted into the army at Ft. Knox, Kentucky in 1942. He was overseas, and participated in the Normandy invasion through France, Belgium and then Germany. He returned from the war with high blood pressure and died in 1959. We have one daughter who lives in Washington, D.C. with her family. Max's sister, Ilse Feldkran nee Vollweiler, lives in Pinellas Park, Florida. Kurt Vollweiler, brother of Max, lived in Kfar Schmarjahu, Israel and died many years ago, also from heart disease. My father, Berthold Bock, had a Metalle, Eisen & Bauwaren (Metal, Iron & Builder Supplies) business in Mannheim. Sally Wolf, a brother of my mother in Mannheim, was a partner of Kahn & Wolf, Schnapps Brennerei & Weine. The Sally Wolf family had two daughters. Ilse was married to Hugo Hirsch and Lilly to Harry Klein. All died fairly young. Lilly had one daughter, Dara Klein, who now lives in Palisades, N.J.

My former husband was an ardent stamp collector. He and Albert Fischel (see also) were close friends. Arnold and I are still active collectors and belong to the Brattleboro Stamp Club. The first marriage of my present husband, Arnold, was to Elfriede Gruenewald, a relative of Dr. Rabbi Max Gruenewald (see also). Elfriede's father had been a cantor in the town of Siegen, Westfalen, Germany. Arnold and Elfriede had one daughter, Mrs. Barbara Goldman, Brattleboro, Vermont. On that side of the family we have three grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Most live in Vermont and one lives in Houston, Texas. My grandmother, Bertha, was also a Kirchheimer from Berwangen and married a Wolf from Oestringen, near Bruchsal, Germany. A cousin of my mother, from Oestringen, Gustav Wolf, formerly a professor at the Kunstakademie (Academy of Art) Karlsruhe (Germany) became well known for his paintings, etchings and woodcuts. A museum will be dedicated in his name.

Gretel D. Weiss (Doernberg) - Watchung, New Jersey

I was born in Mannheim in 1920, and my parents are Paul and Sofie Doernberg, nee Strauss. My sister, Ilse Strauss (see also), was born in 1926. My father owned the Drogerie (pharmacy) Doernberg in O 5, and I worked in the store as a Lehrling (apprentice) from the time I left school in 1935 until I left Germany for England in the spring of 1938.

In London, I trained as a baby nurse, an occupation considered useful

for getting a job in the U.S. In 1939 my father came to London for a short time after he had been released from Dachau. He went to the U.S. late in 1939. My mother, sister, and grandfather were stuck in Mannheim, but were most fortunate to get out at the last minute in January 1940. My father died in 1970 and my mother in 1979. In the U.S. my baby nurse training did indeed stand me in good stead, and I had a series of good jobs in Jersey City, N.J. However, I was not very enthusiastic about the work, and later worked as a medical assistant in New York and in New Jersey, more to my liking.

In 1942 I married Leo Weiss, a native New Jerseyan and a dentist. We were married in Mobile, Alabama where Leo was in the Air Force as a dental officer. Two weeks after we were married, Leo was shipped to Britain where he was stationed for three and a half years. After his return in 1946, he opened his dental office in Union, N.J., and we settled in Elizabeth, N.J. until 1956 when we moved to our present house. Our daughter, Ellen, was born in 1949. Ellen is married to Daniel Parr. They have two sons, David, age ten, and Adam, age eight. They live in Takoma Park, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C. which, fortunately, is close enough to us to see them frequently.

I often wonder what life would have been like for me had I stayed in Germany under normal circumstances. It is hard to imagine, but I am sure it would have been very different. Except for a few years of severe and often life-threatening illness when I was in my late twenties and early thirties, life has been very good to me, and I consider myself truly fortunate. One of the good things that has happened to me is that I was able to catch up on the education I had missed earlier. In the early sixties I took a high school equivalency exam and started college. I graduated from Douglas College in 1970, and by then the bug had bitten me. With my family's enthusiastic support I started graduate school at Rutgers University where I earned M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in sociology. My areas of interest are the sociology of religion and gerontology, and my doctoral dissertation dealt with changes in Reform Judaism. While in graduate school, I taught sociology at Douglas College and after 1978 at Drew University and Monmouth College.

Since my retirement in 1986, I have become an activist on behalf of older women in the Older Women's League (OWL), a national advocacy group for midlife and older women. I started a local chapter of OWL and am now a member of the national Board of Directors. My husband is also retired and we both enjoy music, birdwatching, traveling, and, of course, our wonderful grandsons!

Frederick Wertheimer (Friedrich) - Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I was born in Mannheim on December 30, 1920, the son of Max and Selma nee Wertheimer. My father was in the wholesale leather business, representing various leather manufacturers to shoe factories. I had a younger brother, Ludwig, who passed on February, 1989. He was among the first Americans to invade Normandy on June 7, 1944, and then liberated by the advancing forces. It was quite a story in the American press. Now back to me. In Mannheim we lived in the corner house Karl-Ludwig

and Richard Wagner Strasse (street). To be exact, it was Karl Ludwig Str.9. I was known at that time as Friedel Wertheimer, named for my grandfather. My early years in Mannheim were quiet, no special events to mention. I remember very well during the inflation years, when my father gave me a suitcase full of money to play with, which was worthless. One time, I was about five years old, my father and I took a trip to my grandparents to Gemmingen to get potatoes, that's how bad things were then during the inflation period.

At age six, I started school. We lived across from Pestalozzi school, but I had to go to Moll school. My teacher was "Lehrer (teacher) Herrman Reis". He used to live at Beethoven Str.10. He was so old, my mother and father had him already as a teacher in their respective home towns. There was one more Jewish boy in my class, as I can remember, a Rudolph Landmann. At the same time, there was another class headed by "Lehrer Schmidt" with one Jewish student by the name Hans Ullmann, now my cousin, Joey. One time Schmidt left the room and tells Ullmann to watch the class. Ullmann watches the class and tells the students "Wenn ihr alle 5 Minuten ruhig seit, dann lasse ich euch heimgehen" (If you are good for the next five minutes, I'll let you go home). Five minutes later Ullmann says: "Geht heim fuer heute." (Go home for today). Lehrer Schmidt comes up the steps and sees the kids going down. "Wo geht Ihr hin?" (Where are you going?) "Herr Lehrer, der Ulle hot gsagt mer kenne fer heut hem gehe." (In Mannheimer dialect, "Ullmann told us we could go home for today.") After four years of public school, I started in Moll Realschule in 1930, which became Oberrealschule just like Tulla Schule. In the whole school at that time we had three Jewish students. For two years everything went well. (see also Joey Ullmann)

In 1933 we moved to Bachstrasse 9 again, the corner house at Richard Wagner Str. The big concern at that time was could I continue to go to school? It turned out yes! Dr. Elsasser and Prof. Zivi were fired. This was the first time a class was graduating from "Ober Prima" with a test. This class had the two Jewish teachers the year before, and therefore they requested the office Karlsruhe to have the two Jewish teachers reinstated. Their request was granted. One of the graduates of this class is now Stadtrat Ziegler in Mannheim, whom I met. I went to Moll Oberrealschule till 1935 "Unter Tertia." In the meantime, I became an active member of our "Jugendgemeinde" (Synagogue Youth Group) and later I.P.D. (Jewish Boy Scouts) and the Youth Group of R.J.F. (Jewish War Veterans). Bar Mitzvah class was started with Cantor Adler. Saturday afternoon classes were held at "Schiff Haus" with Rabbi Lemle (Hagadio, ein Lämmlein von der Hagadah, as we called him). January 6, 1934 was my Bar Mitzvah. We had dinner at home with all uncles, aunts, and of course Dr. Gruenewald and the Cantor. The dinner was catered from the "Logenrestaurant". On Sunday was my party with "Worscht & Kartoffel Salat" which was the in thing.

Around this time the big changes of the Youth movement took place I.P.D. Juedische Pfadfinder Bund Deutschlands (Jewish Boy Scouts) became Macabi Hazair. Every Sunday "Fahrt" (trips usually on bicycles) Käfertaler or Rheinauer Wald (Forests) maybe Neckartal or Pfalz (Neckar Valley or Palatine). In 1935 I started Hoehere Handelsschule (School of Commerce). There were eight Jewish students in one class. It didn't take Dr. Stuetzer long to make the announcement: "You, who belong to a foreign race must from now on sit in the back seats." As far as I remember, the eight were:

Stoerger, Traub, Gimbel, Walter Salomon, Herman Strauss, Hans Karlsruher, Goldstein and myself. A little while later, Dr. Ley (German minister for culture) comes in the room to teach the class in "Race Relations & German History". He directed the eight of us to get out of the class room immediately! "You don't need to know any German History!" That gave us an hour to wait in the hall.

Well, one year passed at the Handelsschule where we were mistreated and insulted. My father went to the director to tell him that I would not be back the coming year. He looked at my report and said, "Why not, he is an excellent student." My father told him that we were Jewish. "Oh, that changes everything," he replied. 1936, that was the year when the ninth class of the Jewish school started in F 1,11 in the Claus Building. I went there just to be off the street. Educational value for me was zero, since I was actually supposed to be in the tenth grade. Discipline was very bad, and I hate to think of what we did to those poor teachers, like Dr. Kurt Berg, Dr. Reis and that poor Mimi Marx.

Finally, in 1936, the Logenrestaurant changed ownership to Hellmann's Gaststaette, where I became "Lehrling" (apprentice). I worked at the daytime and at night. I took all kinds of courses at the "Lehrhaus" (Hebrew, French, English, etc.) My luck was that in the spring of 1937 the Nazis closed the August Lamey Loge and consequently the restaurant closed. What to do? Back to the Jewish school. For the summer season of 1937 I was lucky enough to be accepted by the Jewish Hotel Cahn in Königstein in the Taunus as an apprentice. At that time, there were still a lot of Jewish hotels in Herrenalb, but they all had plenty of apprentices. After the 1937 season, I was home again. In February 1938 I was able to start as "Lehrling" at Nassauer Hof in Karlsruhe, a Jewish hotel. Everything was fairly good. On November 10, at two o'clock, the "animals" came and destroyed everything. The owner called the police and they still responded. At five o'clock the "animals" came again. We (all the men) were taken to Gestapo headquarters and ultimately to Dachau (Concentration Camp) where I was till December 28, 1938. In February 1939, the Nassau Hof opened again and I went back till my emigration. On September 18, 1939, the very same day the Germans captured Warschau, my parents, my brother and I were at the U.S. Consulate. We were lucky. We got out through Holland in October and arrived in New York in November. The ship stopped in Southampton where some passengers were taken off by British authority. The rumor then was that they were German spies.

We moved to Philadelphia. I found work within a week for only \$12.00 a week. During the war, I was drafted, but did not go overseas. In 1948 I got married to the former Lore Katz from Dahn/Pfalz. My wife had a lot of terrible experiences during the war. She was one of the deportees from the Pfalz to Gurs. She lived under a different name. She lost her mother in Camp de Gurs and her father was deported in Camp de Gurs to other camps in the East and was never heard from. She came to the U.S. in 1947. We have three children. Two are married and the other daughter is single.

My son is a podiatrist in Michigan and has two children. My married daughter lives in Wisconsin and has two children. I am retired, and my wife and I both enjoy our second honeymoons.

Irene Diamant Poll (Kahn) - Skokie, Illinois

.....And the past lives on. I never returned to Mannheim. When I was twelve years old, my parents let me go to Lille, France, to live with relatives (1934). Most of the happy events of my childhood in Mannheim were walks in the Friedrichspark, along the Rhine, Elisabeth Schule, school mates and friends like Dina Loebenberg, Edith Kiefer, Walter Mueller and Lilo Wartensleben. I remember the railroad yard from our sunny 4th floor apartment at L 11, 25, seeing "Peterchens Mohnfahrt" (name of a play) at the Staatstheater, dancing on top of the Heidelberger Fass (huge wine barrel). It all became dulled and blurred by the pain of a child watching helplessly her world go mad, her parents' love incapable from shielding her from evil. (see also Edith Wolff)

My school years in France played themselves out against a backdrop of raving speeches in German, waiting for news from my parents and brother, Robert (see also). I was a good student, homesick and angry that nobody would believe me in France when I told them how hate was fostered by the Nazis with teutonic paraphernalia, songs and torchlight parades, mass rallies, until the day I learned of a cousin's arrest (Kurt Strauss) and "sudden death" in the concentration camp. Then came Kristallnacht, sketchy news about my father's arrest, months of silence and secrecy and his release. News came from Luxembourg that Robert was now living with my maternal grand-father (Spring 1939); my parents able to join him there - August 1939. At last we were united for a few precious days. We had become strangers to each other, fearing for each other, their life without rudder. The smell of the war was in the air. I returned to Lille for the beginning of the school year, hoping to see my family soon again.

World War II broke out. As a German national in France, I now was the enemy and had to be cleared by the Sécurité Française. The "funny war" spanned winter 1939-40, quiet after the onslaught on Poland, until May 1940. I fled from Lille ahead of the German army, toward Dunkirk, machine gunned by the Messerschmitt aircraft in the wheat fields. My aunt, uncle and their two children slept in barns, trading bread for water, escaping death from bombs and artillery! We had to return, our escape route closed, prisoners of the German war machinery. Our house in Lille was occupied and pillaged by the Wehrmacht. We stayed in the country. I passed my baccalaureate writing on ethics "Is there a moral progress?" I wondered if my essay would fall into the wrong hands, and I would be arrested! Weeks, months of occupation, rations getting smaller, men disappearing, air raids, news blackout except for BBC which people could listen to under penalty of death. Our hope was rekindled when the U.S. declared war on Japan, Germany, and Russia sided with the U.S.

After going to secretarial school, I worked in a Peugeot Garage in Lille. They repaired abandoned English and French military vehicles. I translated the invoices and acted as interpreter when necessary. To a specific complaint that machine tools were not easily produced, I assured the German officer that the British would return and bring them

along! He clicked his heels, saluted, and left me wondering if I would be arrested. For days I could not sleep. My hate and fear were mounting. Then came the Summer of 1942 with rumors of "relocation" and deportation of Jews and distribution of the Yellow Star by the French authorities under the boot of the occupation forces. Only non-French Jews were designated to wear the star - JUIF (Jew). Wearing the star would be committing suicide! Then as governess, I looked after children on vacation in a Loire castle, pretending to be Christian, until I heard that the Gestapo was searching for me and knew my whereabouts. No escape over the Pyrennees.

Relying on friends' help, I returned to Lille where, under the dark of night and blackout, I was led through an unknown part of town to a house. Once inside, a light came on, and I faced a robed Catholic priest and a young woman, namely Father Raymond Vancourt and Mademoiselle Raymonde Lombart, his cousin, both teachers. I stayed hidden there for two years, taking care of the house, waiting, hoping and praying during bombardements by the allies. There were shortages of everything except fear, good and bad news on the BBC, learning to remember my false identity, and assisting Father Vancourt in the translation of Nicolai Hartmann's philosophical work, "Grundzuege Einer Metaphysik Der Erkenntniss", into French, published in October, 1945 as "Les Principes D'une Metaphysique De La Connaissance".

Other Jews, young girls, older men and resistance fighters lived in hiding until safe places could be found. Early in 1944, when all French Jews were to be rounded up, Father Vancourt and Raymonde brought my aunt, uncle, Claude and Eliane (teenagers) to the house. They had no idea that I was there. We all remained until the British liberated us in September, 1944. On that day I realized that Father Vancourt was a leader of the French Resistance.

In March, 1945, I was asked to work for the American Red Cross, joined them in Holland, moved with 9th Army Headquarters into Germany, acting as interpreter and clerk. Pesach (Passover), April 1945, I was the only Jewish woman at the Seder table with 300 GIs, and it made me realize that I too was liberated by the hand of God. After we met the Russians at the Elbe, the news from the liberated camps eroded any joy of peace. My parents and brother, who had been able to escape to the U.S. in mid 1941, sent me papers to join them in Chicago. I turned down a priority flight arranged by the U.S. Embassy in Paris, for more of a conventional ocean crossing, February of 1946 on the SS Washington, her last crossing, taking 7,000 GIs home. They were in 4-tier bunks, and a few civilians, mostly war-brides, were restricted to quarters. A new life opened for me, close to parents and family, very curious "...and how do you like America?" My heart was heavy, and news about the Holocaust was slowly seeping into our consciousness.

Nobody asked me about my life in Europe, and nobody wanted to hear or remember the horrors. So I went on with my life, job and marriage in 1947 to Nathan Diamant. Two beautiful children were born to us in Huntington, West Virginia, where Nate held a teaching position at Marshall College. We returned to Chicago for a better paying job, bought a house and became members in good standing of the American middle class. After Nate (36 years old) was killed in an automobile accident in 1956, I raised Marc, then seven, and Faye, then five. I worked from home, and took a job a few years later. I relied much on my parents. We celebrated birthdays and holidays and I often cried. Bar Mitzwah and Bas Mitzwah, Boy Scouting and Girl Scouting, we did it all, and stayed in close touch with Robert and his family, now

settled in Dayton, Ohio. My remarriage in 1966 was a failure and a harrowing experience. Thank God for the good friends who stood by me when troubles happened, and for their support, and that of my brother and his wife, Gertrude, and my dear parents.

Only much later did we realize the damage these painful experiences did to us. Mother died in 1968 and Dad in 1973, Martha Kahn nee Joseph and Joseph Kahn. Father Vancourt and Raymonde Lombart were honored in Jerusalem as "Righteous of the Nations", in 1975, a glorious moment for me. How else could I ever thank them for saving me and so many others? All these years I was fortunate to have a steady job, car and townhouse in Skokie. You remember the threat of the Nazi march in 1978 and the defaced Holocaust monument in 1988, it put Skokie on the map. After my children graduated from College, Marc in Fine Arts and later in Architecture, Faye in Special Education, I had a bout with cancer and chemotherapy.

I had a visit from Raymonde which brought me joy (1979), and just about the same time I met Albert at a poetry reading. We both noticed our accents, discovered many similar interests, courted, enjoyed, traveled, and approached the possibility of marriage three years later. And thus, in November, 1983 I became Irene D. Poll and we live in Skokie, retired, busier than ever. Albert earned a Masters of Science in Judaic Studies, after a full career as Management Consultant, and two prior Ph.D's. Our garden is a joy and we enjoy having friends gather in our home, and keep in touch by letter with those who have chosen milder climates. We concentrate on the present, but the past, the years of the Holocaust, and the spectre of resurging anti-semitism loom big and ugly. I started to paint a few years ago and discovered a latent artistic talent, growing from realistic scenes to expressions of memories and hopes, a way to convey feelings and awake a viewers awareness and compassion.

I have also been involved with the Holocaust Memorial Foundation of Illinois, and the "Avenue of the Righteous, Evanston, Illinois. There on public grounds donated by Evanston, trees have been planted and dedicated to honor Gentiles now living in the Midwest or Canada, who saved Jews in Europe, 1939-45. I support their Speakers Bureau, addressing students, educators and church related groups, with emphasis on the courageous men and women who risked their lives in giving shelter or helping Jews survive. For all those who survived, you who will read this story, all of us, at one point or another, we were somehow given the gift of life because someone cared while the question remains: "Why were there so few?" It is our duty to honor and remember the courageous acts of the few who did.

Dr. Max Gruenewald - Millburn, New Jersey

Dr. Gruenewald has touched thousands of lives, not only in Mannheim but the world over. He was born December 4, 1899, in Koenigshuette (Upper Silesia), Germany, to Simon G. Gruenewald and Klara nee Ostheimer. He was teaching Jewish Religion in the area. It was not long that the young Gruenewald decided to dedicate his life to Judaism. His studies at the Jewish Theological Seminary at Breslau, Germany, which began in 1919, culminated in 1926 by earning his Ph.D. from the University of Breslau and being ordained as Rabbi by the Seminary. He continued his studies at Breslau, Marburg and Heidelberg.

Max Gruenewald assumed his first pulpit as Youth Rabbi in 1925 at Mannheim and in 1926 married Hedwig Horowitz, born 1896 in Breslau. It did not take the Jewish community of Mannheim long to recognize Max Gruenewald's abilities as a Rabbi, a leader, teacher, educator, and above all a great friend to all, especially to the young. He became Director for the School of Jewish Studies and the founder of several youth organizations which became the lifeline for young Jews during the troubled times until the end. Thus, it came as no surprise that Rabbi Gruenewald was accorded the unprecedented honor of being elected, in 1934, President of the Jewish community consisting of six thousand four hundred followers. During the coming years, Rabbi Gruenewald fulfilled his many roles, including those of editor for the "Israelitische Gemeindeblatt" (Jewish Community Newspaper), with great distinction, while providing the spiritual strength necessary to cope with life under the Nazi terror.

In 1936 Max Gruenewald began to serve as the Executive of the "Reichsvertretung der Juden in Deutschland" (Central Jewish Council set up in Berlin to represent all Jews in Germany and founded in 1933). In 1938 he left Mannheim to devote full time to this assignment and continued to lead German Jewry in its struggle for survival. Shortly thereafter the Gruenewald family emigrated to Palestine.

Invited by the Seminary for Research of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, he came to New York in 1939. From 1940 - 1943 Rabbi Gruenewald was President of the Theodor Herzl Institute in New York and from 1942 - 1945, Vice President of the Jewish Cultural Reconstruction Foundation and member of the Executive Board, Cultural Department of World Jewish Congress (WJC).

In the meantime, he served B'nai Israel Congregation of Millburn, New Jersey as weekend Rabbi and in 1945 became its full time leader until 1970 when he retired as Rabbi Emeritus. In 1974 his wife, Hedwig, died in Millburn, New Jersey.

Not only was Dr. Gruenewald up front of Jewry in Germany but he became a decisive force in the life of German Jews in America. He became a co-founder, and in 1956, President of the Leo Baeck Institute known the world over for its extensive research and dissemination of material on the history of Jews in Germany. From 1952 - 1962 he served as President, and since 1962 as honorary President of the American Federation of Jews from Central Europe. In 1974 Rabbi Gruenewald became International President of the Leo Baeck Institute while serving as Executive on the New York Board of Rabbis since 1958. Invited by the city of Mannheim in 1987, Rabbi Gruenewald participated in the dedication of the newly erected

synagogue and Jewish Center near the one destroyed by the Nazis in 1938.

Other accomplishments and honors Dr. Gruenewald has received are numerous, as are his contributions of articles on theological and sociological subjects to scholarly journals and books. Yet one honor has not been mentioned and that is, that he has touched many hearts and lives through his untiring involvements on all fronts of humanity and Judaism.

Max Gruenewald's son Dr. Ruben Gruenewald, born in 1932, lives in Flushing, New York. A younger brother who lived in Israel passed away as well as a second brother who lived in California. A sister lives in Israel.

Editor's Note: The above biographical information has been gleaned from various sources. The commentary is that of the editor based on research and personal knowledge. The following paragraphs were furnished by Dr. Max Gruenewald:

Mannheim was one of the most assimilated Jewish communities among the larger communities of Germany. My selection as Youth Rabbi, the election of a Zionist as President of the Jewish community, the growing influence of Orthodoxy, they altogether were a concession on the part of the liberal majority of the community. A concession that began with the end of the first World War, and signaled the advent of a short lived Jewish renaissance. It was short lived because the Nazis put an early end to it. As soon as the Nazis seized power, Dr. Julius Moses, then the President of the Jewish Community, and I traveled to Holland. We contacted there the people who originally came from Mannheim and were now engaged in tobacco and grain businesses. We established a fund that was to save members of the Mannheim community who had to flee by night and found themselves without means of support abroad. The fund was administered by Sigmund Meyer Wolf and Alfred Koppel, who together founded the grain firm of Nidera which operates today from South America. Both came originally from Mannheim.

Jews came in droves to the synagogue during the Nazi era. Whenever I spoke, it was to a full synagogue. People wanted to see and communicate with their fellow Jews and feel each other's presence. However, the Gestapo came too and made notes of what was said in the sermon. We were watched! It was at that time that I started bible readings in homes of Jews to which other Jews came from neighboring streets. Both of these innovations, the fund abroad and the neighborhood bible readings, had no parallel in other Jewish communities in Germany.

It was at the express wish of the martyred Otto Hirsh and Martin Buber, that I joined the Reichsvertretung. Even before, I spent weekdays in Berlin and returned to Mannheim by plane on Friday until I was dissuaded from using airplanes because planes in good condition were being used by the army and there were many fatal accidents. I stayed in Mannheim from 1925 until 1938. The last month before my emigration, I lived with my family in Berlin.

Jonas Wolff - Schenectady, New York

The place of my birth is a typical Mannheim address: J 7, 27. I was born in 1921, the only son and child of Baruch Wolff and Mina Wolff (Speir-Holstein). My father had moved to Mannheim from Pfungstadt, near Darmstadt. My mother came from Cologne. I attended Volksschule at K4 until the fourth grade and the Badische Realgymnasium until 1937 when all Jewish students were forced out by a Nazi edict. Fortunately, Herr Sigmund Keller, the Jewish owner of a manufacturing company, took me in as a toolmaker apprentice, but Kristallnacht put an end to that also. The company was known as SUMAP Suedwestdeutsche Metallwarenfabrik, Neckarau - Friedrich Strasse 83.

There are still a few vivid memories. My family belonged to the Klaus synagogue where Drs. Unna and Lauer were the Rabbis. My Hebrew school teachers there were Dr. Lauer and Herr Kaelbermann. I cannot say that our class was very disciplined in spite of the external threats to the Jewish community, but our behavior was much improved during our Ezra Youth Group meetings and outings. The only names of school friends I remember are: Alfred Mayer, one of Metzger Mayer's sons; Albert Maier, whose father was in the steel wholesale business; Ludwig Salomon whose father was a taylor; and Harry Spanier, Metzger Spanier's son. My dear mother also made me join the youth group orchestra of the Juedische Kulturbund where I played a third rate second violin, but it was a lot of fun playing Hindemith's "Wir Bauen Eine Stadt". For some years while in high school, I had an after school job once a week being a delivery boy at Metzger (butcher) Mayer, F2 or F3. It always was an enjoyable change from the school routine. I shall never forget the winter of 1927/28 when the Rhine froze over and my parents and I, together with the rest of the population, walked on the frozen river to Ludwigshafen and back. And then there was swimming at the Strandbad in the Waldpark, mushrooming in the Kafertaler Wald, skating on the Messplatz, and excursions to Heidelberg and Weinheim.

Through the efforts of the local refugee committee of Reading, England, consisting mainly of members of the "Society of Friends" and some Jews, I managed to get a visa on the basis of being an apprentice, one of three categories under which Britain admitted refugees from Germany. I waited to the last possible time to leave without my parents. I do not remember how and when I said good-bye to my father, but my mother came to see me off at the railway station on August 29, 1938. I meant to take the train to Rotterdam. As we waited for the train to pull into the station, an announcement stated that the train schedules had been curtailed, and this train would terminate in Cologne. My mother handed me a bar of chocolate, I kissed her good-bye, and got on the train, never to see her or my father again. Besides the bar of chocolate, the wrapper of which I still have, I carried a small suitcase and had sixteen marks in my pocket, six more than were allowed to be taken out of the country. In my suitcase were a few family photographs, one of my father's technical books, and some underwear in addition to the double lot I wore on my body. Once in Cologne, I managed to get a train to Emmerich, where I spent the night on a bench in the railway station. The next morning, I got on a train that was scheduled to go to Rotterdam. It left but it stopped at the German-Dutch border and every passenger had to get off this German

train. The border had been closed, Holland was mobilizing its troops. Among the passengers were Dutch nationals anxious to go home and some to join their armed forces and some Jewish refugees anxious to leave. A miracle happened that day. The Dutch sent one of their trains across the border and all passengers got on and reached safety in Holland. I landed in England on August 31, 1939.

In England, after having been interned in 1940 for a while, I completed my apprenticeship, received the London University matriculation and the National certificates in mechanical engineering, my father's profession. I became a draftsman, got married to Ilse Tuteur from Kaiserslautern; and finally came to the USA in 1947. After a brief stay in New York City, we moved to the Albany area and then settled in Schenectady within six months. I continued college at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy during evenings and graduated while working for the General Electric Company. I was employed in the engineering and design group for electric power generating plants as a mechanical engineer and, eventually became project manager. The projects were mostly for overseas customers so that a great deal of travel was involved, mainly to the Caribbean and the Far East.

Shortly after I left Mannheim in August, 1938, my parents moved to Frankfurt where my father taught at the Jewish Anlernwerkstatt (a school where Jewish boys learned a trade). As far as I have heard, my parents were deported to Lodz and from there to Auschwitz where they perished.

Our three, now adult children, were all born in Schenectady, attended the local schools, and various colleges. Our oldest son, Anthony, is a clinical psychologist. He lives in Annapolis, Maryland with his wife, Margaret, sons, Benjamin now age 7 and Theodore 1 year old. Our middle son, Michael, is a physician in the Albany, New York area where he lives with his wife, Linda, and their children, Leah age 8, Aaron age 6, and Eve age 3. Our daughter, Carol, an artist, lives in Hopkinton, Massachusetts.

In 1968, all of us, except our oldest son, went to Europe and visited the places in Germany where our families had lived before the war, including a brief visit to Mannheim. That was my only contact with the city. Now I am retired, and keep busy with several activities, such as building dollhouses for our grandchildren, other woodworking projects, and dabbling in making jewelry for relatives and friends. Ilse and I occasionally visit our relatives and friends in England, and generally have a great time.

Ruth Feist (Rosenthal) - Dayton, Ohio

Sometimes the memories of my childhood seem to belong to another world. It was a time of close family ties, happy days in a loving family. I was born in Mannheim. We lived in Rupprechtstrasse 14, close to the Luisenpark and the Friedrich Ebert Neckarbrücke. My brother, Ernest, now Menachem Raviv in Kibbuz Hazorea, Israel, attended the Gymnasium. My sister, Lotte Gummers, formerly of Omaha, Nebraska, perished in a commercial plane crash near Omaha in August, 1966. Lotte and I attended the Lieselotte Schule. Mother, Johanna nee Benzian was born in Hamburg and died in Omaha, Nebraska, September, 1961. She was a good housekeeper and was active in the Caritas (Charities). My father, Berthold Rosenthal, taught in the

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Volkschulen of Mannheim as Hauptlehrer. He was born in Liedolsheim and died in Omaha, Nebraska in December, 1957. Father was recognized as an expert on the history of the Jews in Baden, after he had published his book Heimatgeschichte Der Badischen Juden. He wrote many articles and Family Trees on the subject, even later on, in the United States. My father was my first teacher of religion and Hebrew during "Religionstunde". He also supervised my violin practice and was very annoyed when I played off key, which was often. When I was about 12 years old, he and I read the Book of Ruth together in Hebrew and translated it into German. That was very special for me.

Tante (Aunt) Melanie Rosenthal, one of my father's sisters, a single lady, lived with us, helped in the household and was loved by us children. She died in Mannheim about 1936. The Berthold Stahl family were our neighbors. We played primarily with Werner, now Joseph Stahl who lives near Haifa. We had a cigar box on a string which could be pulled from our balcony to theirs, so we could send message to each other without having to go to the street, a special toy for us children. Shabath and the Jewish Holidays were a very important part of our life. We went to the afternoon youth service at the Hauptsynagogue and after that to the Jugendgemeinde meetings every Shabath. On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, Lotte and I sang in the Children's Choir during services, but hated the weekly rehearsals. For Purim we neighborhood children and friends performed a Purim Play which my mother had written. The parents of the cast were the audience and my parents bedroom, with all the furniture taken out, was the theatre. Ruth Roos, now Dreifuss, one of our good friends, who now lives in Brooklyn, New York, participated and also went on vacations with us to Herrenalb in the summer. We stayed at the guesthouse of Forster Schleppe, saw how honey was made and went on beautiful hikes in the Black Forest where we often saw deer around sunrise. In the afternoon we listened to the orchestra at the bandshell and made fun of the conductor whom we had named "Flohups" because he hopped around most energetically while conducting.

The Seders were another big event every year. Usually there were between 20 and 30 relatives and friends with us. Father conducted the Seder so meaningfully, singing with joy and making it fun for all. As children Lotte and I hated the sting of horseradish slices and hid them in our white apron pockets. Mother and Tante Melanie always served a wonderful meal. I can still taste it, especially the cold jellied pike. Ernst's Bar Mitzvah was another big event for the family. Mother and Aunt Melanie canned, baked and cooked for months. The seamstress came and made dresses for all the ladies in the family. Many of our relatives were there for the occasion. It was the first time that we children went to the Caffee at the Planken. Lotte and I painted our older cousin Julius's face with crayons while he was napping on the couch. He was ready to strangle us when he had to rub most of his skin off to remove the crayon and couldn't shave for days. But not all was calm and peaceful. There were Nazi street demonstrations which our parents warned us about. We learned to stay as far away from them as was possible when walking or biking in the city. Then, one day in the fall of 1933, I believe, my father came home from school and told us that he had been banned from teaching because he was a Jew. He was forcibly retired and heartbroken because he felt himself to be a very good German citizen, as he was a veteran of World War I.

About November we received a letter from my Aunt Rose and Uncle Paul,

my father's sister and brother in law, who had lived in New York since the turn of the century. They had two grown daughters and asked our parents to send me to them "to make life a little easier" for them. All the papers, affidavits and all came in due time. Mother and I took the train to Stuttgart, to the nearest American Consulate, where the papers were issued. Everything began to happen very fast to get me ready for the big trip because I was to start High School after the semester break at the end of January, in New York. There were tearful good byes because we were almost convinced that we might not see each other again. Mother took me to Hamburg to board the SS America on January 16th of 1934. Lucky me, I was welcomed by a new loving family, finished High School, went on to Nursing School and by February of 1940 I was a US citizen. My Uncle Paul, a motion picture projectionist, a rough and ready man with a heart of gold, made out papers for my sister Lotte, who had spent several years in England, and she came here in 1938. Our brother Ernst chose to go to Israel in 1939 and had an amazingly complicated journey down the Danube and through the Black Sea, but made it with his group of Hashomer Hazaier.

In the meantime, my parents lived quietly in Mannheim. Again my Uncle Paul sent papers for them and only because I was a citizen could they come outside the quota. They arrived in December of 1940, it was a late escape. Only because they were in Berlin during the roundup of Jews in Mannheim, were they able to leave at all and then via Spain and Portugal.

The great tragedy of the plane crash which killed Lotte in 1966 stayed with me through the years. Her son and daughter still miss her and she never knew her five beautiful grandchildren. Lotte's husband, Richard Gummers, a retired restaurateur, is from Heilbronn in Germany. Her son, Robert, and his wife, Martha, live in St. Louis, Missouri; she is a teacher and he is a temple administrator. They have two children, Leah and Jonathan. Lotte's daughter, Claire Passer, has three children, Samuel, 16, Lyndi, 13, and Jeremy 11 years old.

I worked in nursing most of my adult life. I got a BS in Public Health Nursing from New York University after two years as an Army Nurse at Ft. Dix, in Manila P.I. and on Staten Island. I received a MS in Special Education from the University of Omaha. I have worked for the US Public Health Service, the State of New York and directed a Public Health Agency in Mason City, Iowa. I was also a supervisor for the Dayton, Ohio Health Department. For twelve years I was Director of Nursing Service at the Jewish Home for the Aged in Dayton and at present I am a part time nursing instructor for the Dayton Red Cross.

I have been blessed with a loving husband, Robert, originally from Frankfurt, Germany, who retired in 1988 after 40 years as an electrical engineer for the U.S. Air Force. Bob and I have two lovely daughters, Betty, married to Frans Byvank, also living in Dayton. Our other daughter, Debby, and her husband, Douglas King, have one darling child, Johanna, 19 months old. They live in Columbus, Ohio.

Greta Friedhoff (Guenzburger) - Clearwater, Florida

I was born in Mannheim on June 29, 1920 as Grete Guenzburger, known as Gretel to my friends and family. My parents were Bertha and Michael (Michel). My mother was born in Mannheim, April 25, 1883, my father, July 31, 1878 in Emmendingen near Freiburg. My brother Fritz (Fred) and my sister Lili were already teenagers when I came into the world. The baby in the family, I was spoiled by everybody including my grandparents, Malchen and Ferdinand Richheimer, who lived at C7, 7b. My dad was a commodity trader and honorary arbitrator for over 25 years. I loved walking with him from our apartment on M7, 9a to the "Boerse" (Exchange) where everybody knew him and patted me on the head or pinched my cheeks. It seems as if we were related to everybody in Mannheim. The Landmanns, Ullmanns, Feibelmanns and Wolffs were part of the "clan". When I was 5½ years old, I started school with Lehrer Stiefel. His son, Dr. Ernst Stiefel (see also) wrote to me from New York a few years ago that he still remembers my saying: "Ich geh' lieber in die Schul beim Herr Stiefel, als in die Volksschul'. Bei Herr Stiefel brauch' ich nit zu folge." (I rather go to school where Mr. Stiefel teaches than to regular elementary school. With Mr. Stiefel, I don't have to obey!)"

Later in my life I went to the Luisenschule, then Elisabethschule and Lieselotteschule until Obersekunda. We had lots of fun growing up in Mannheim -- skating, bicycling, sleigh riding, swimming, especially at the Herweck swimming club on the Rhine. I always went there with two or three of my girlfriends but it was a special honor to be invited to put your towel next to Hermann (Maenne) Jesselsohn, the local idol at the time. The Synagogue played an important role in my life. Dr. Gruenewald was our rabbi and my teacher. I belonged to the youth group and we hardly ever missed a service on a Sabbath. When I was 12 years old my Christian friends joined the Hitler Youth, my Jewish friends and I joined Zionist organizations. I had planned to go to Palestine with my group, the Hashomer Hatzair. I am still in touch with Lisa Moos-Liebmann (see also). She keeps me informed about the meetings of the Mannheimers in Israel.

The family persuaded me to live with my sister and brother-in-law in England. My brother had worked in Manchester since 1927. Lili and her husband Hugo Grumbach had joined him in 1933 after leaving their home and business (Kaufhaus Grumbach) in St. Blasien, Schwarzwald (Black Forest) where I spent many happy vacations. I also remember the times I spent in Emmendingen, near Freiburg, my Dad's hometown. Two incidents caused me to leave Mannheim sooner than planned. In the Winter in 1934 the Hashomer went camping in an abandoned factory in Schmieheim. We had all the necessary permits from the authorities. On New Year's eve a group of Brown Shirts marched in front of our building singing anti-Semitic songs and threatening us. When they started pounding on the locked gate, some farmers armed with pitchforks came to our defense. The Nazis left but it was an upsetting incident. Then in June, 1935 I was in the Herweck Schwimmbad when the Nazis stormed in, knocking down Mr. Herweck and throwing out all the Jews. In August 1935 I decided it was time to leave Germany. My parents and grandmother brought me to Strasbourg, France, to meet my sister and brother-in-law. The German border control came aboard the train in Kehl and singled out my grandmother and myself to be taken off. The train

left while we were stripped and searched. It was a harrowing experience which made leaving Germany much easier for me. I lived in England until 1939, graduating from the Manchester High School of Commerce. Meanwhile my Dad had died in Mannheim in 1937. My mother and 84 year old grandmother made their way to the United States after Kristallnacht. Lili, Hugo, their two children, our friend Ruth Jaeger (now Ruth Cherry) and I also moved to the United States in 1939, a few months before World War II broke out. The family settled in Toms River, New Jersey, chicken farm country. It was right after the Depression and I could not find office work there. When Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz (formerly from Mannheim) came to Toms River on a Sunday visit they offered to take me to Philadelphia with them. There's a young man in Philadelphia, they told me, who manages to find jobs for all the refugees, especially the many he brought over from Europe. His name is Paul Friedhoff. I found a position without his help, but we did meet, fell in love and were married by Rabbi Gruenewald in August, 1941.

We lived and worked in Philadelphia during the war years, keeping house for Paul's aged parents. Paul was frozen at his job at Bayuk Cigars. In 1943 I became an American citizen and several months later our daughter Lynn was born. Now, 46 years later, she is a newspaper editor in Norfolk, Virginia. Lynn and her husband David Feigenbaum have two children: John, 20, will graduate from Virginia Tech in 1990, and Nancy, 25, is a reporter at the Orlando Sentinel in Florida. Back to our tale. Paul, Lynn and I lived in Philadelphia, New York and Passaic, New Jersey. In 1954 we moved to San Juan, Puerto Rico for business reasons. We left behind our beloved first house in Passaic and many good friends. It was not easy at first to make a home in Puerto Rico but we lived there for over 20 years and had a good life. We were very active in the Jewish Community Center (Shaare Zedek Synagogue).

On one of our trips to Israel, we discovered that at the Kibbutz Dahlia one of my childhood anecdotes had made the rounds: at my friend's birthday party in Mannem, I had said to her mother: "Frau Reinemann, ich darf noch en Mohrekop esse. Mei Mutti hat g'sagt, dann brauch ich nix zu Nacht esse. (Mrs. Reinemann, "I can eat another Mohre'kopf" - a pastry filled with cream and topped with chocolate. "My mother said I don't have to eat supper tonight." This was Mrs. Gretel Reinemann, a friend of my mother, now living at the Kibbutz.

In 1952, while we lived in Passaic, I was the victim of a car accident. I was unconscious for 10 days, lost a baby during my 5th month pregnancy, had 26 fractures (one of them of the skull) and was an invalid for almost a year. In 1975 we retired to Clearwater, Florida, where we built up a very active and productive life. We have many friends, several from our Puerto Rican days, and many hobbies. Once a year we fly to Laguna Hills, California, to visit Lili who is widowed, her daughter Dodi and husband Murray Fromson as well as many of our cousins who live in the Los Angeles area.

We went back to Mannheim a few times during our trips to Europe and whenever possible, we attended Friday night services. One year, when the Congregation was still at Maximilianstrasse, we were honored at the Oneg Sabbath as the visiting Americans. It was a moving experience and when I thanked the members, I asked who was born and brought up in Mannheim. Nobody answered. I, the visiting American, was the only Mannemer.

Ella Pauline Froman (Hirschbruch) - Glenwood, Illinois

My maiden name was Ella Hirschbruch, formerly of Werderstrasse, 32 Mannheim. My birthdate is December 2, 1919, born as the only child to Samuel and Rosa Hirschbruch, both long time residents of the City of Mannheim. My father was a respected and successful businessman. He was store manager of Brueder Landauer Department Store Q1,1 and with the company for 32 years. He was from Storgard/Danzig but lived in Mannheim 40 years. My mother's maiden name was Oppenheimer, born in Dossenheim near Heidelberg.

Upon reminiscing, I can see the chestnut trees in bloom, which lined the Werderstrasse where I was born and lived until my emigration in March, 1939.

The memories of this pleasant and comfortable picture are still in my mind, and so is the happy and carefree childhood I grew up in. The year 1933 brought many changes to the German Jewry in general; however, the real extent of the changes were not felt by me personally until 1935, when the Nuremberg Laws were put in force. I remember being evicted bodily from the private swimming pool, Herweck. This was in 1935. A kind gentleman drove us children home from there. After many years, and by chance, we met again in Chicago after a dinner party. His name was Harry Jacobs, now deceased.

My school years started in a private school of Ms. Jenny Meyer-Lindeman. After completing my grammar schooling in that pleasant atmosphere, the Liselotte Highschool for girls became my years of education until 1936, when all Jewish students were forced to leave the school. To further my studies, the Froebel-Seminar took me in as I had the idea of becoming a Kindergarten teacher. Those classes ended after one year also, and the attending Jewish students were terminated. In order to keep busy, I volunteered my services with the Jewish Community House in F2 next to the Hauptsynagogue. A Mrs. Kaufman was in charge of the office and Professor Billigheimer was in charge of the academic department. But November 9, 1938, "Kristallnacht", halted all activities there abruptly.

It became very clear that there was no staying in Germany any longer. Even though all of our furniture and belongings were destroyed on that day my parents entertained the notion that older people could live out their days in Germany. To our surprise my father was not arrested and sent to Dachau as most men were on 9/10 November 1938.

The question of emigration became very acute in our home, and there were no contacts who could help us in any foreign country, especially not in America. But an idea came to my mind. During the summer of 1935, I spent a few weeks in a B'nai Brith Camp in the Black Forest, where I became acquainted with a young man who told me that he might leave for America soon, as his relatives there were willing to help his family to leave Germany. After that summer he soon left for America and we kept up a correspondence with one another. So, I turned to him with my plight.

He asked his relatives for help in my case, but they turned him down. However, an American-Christian family whom he had befriended in Minneapolis was willing to listen and offered their help. The Derby family provided me with the necessary papers and along with an Affidavit from my friend, I finally received the coveted visa to leave Germany to come to the United States. And so, on March 7, 1939, as a shy and frightened 19 year old girl,

I left Germany alone, without my parents and traveled to the shores of the New World. In Minneapolis I was greeted by my friend Lewis Froman, along with the Lewis Derby family. They provided a home for me. I soon found out it was time to find work as quickly as possible. It was in the midst of the depression and work was scarce for everyone. A job in a clothing factory opened up and my starting wages were minimum, twenty-five cents per hour. Lewis and I decided that "two could live as cheaply as one" and on December 23, 1939, we were married. Lewis was born in Kaiserslautern. His parents, who also left Germany, lived in Greatfalls, Montana. The Derby family gave us a small wedding in their home.

Their willingness to help when I needed it, and their kindness will always be remembered by us and appreciated. Without their assistance, I certainly would have become a statistic too. I remained their "Jewish daughter" to the days of their demise. We are still in touch with their son, Roger, and his wife who still live at the family home. Lewis was in the U.S. Army for four years. Ironically, he became interpreter at a German Prisoner of War Camp in Mississippi. My parents could not leave Germany and were deported on October of 1940 to Camp de Gurs in France where my father soon died. My mother was liberated from Gurs at the end of the war and made her way to us in late 1946 and lived in our home for sixteen years in comfort.

My life in the United States has been a mixture of a hard beginning to a recent and comfortable retirement. If life will be good to us, Lewis and I will celebrate our 50th wedding date in December, 1989. We have one son, Michael, who owns a law firm in the Chicago area, his wife Gloria, our daughter-in-law, and two lovely granddaughters, Rebecca, nine years old, and Elissa, six years old. They live in Wilmette, Illinois. I am looking forward to the Mannheim Reunion and hopefully will meet again with some friends from the past.

Walter Salomon - New York, New York

I arrived in New York on February 22, 1940. It was a holiday, Washington's Birthday, a cold, raw day. Three of my good friends, Erwin Hirsch, Hans Karlsruher and Franz Rosenthal, were waiting for me at the pier in Hoboken. One of them had \$10.00 for me, a gift from my American cousin, another \$10.00 I was allowed to bring along, and that was my start here. Yet, I was fortunate to get out with almost the last boat, the first one in my family. I was spared the deportation to Gurs-Rivesaltes, a fate my parents and brother had to endure. My brother, Hans (see also), was able to escape from there to Switzerland and came to the U.S.A. in 1946. My parents were deported to the East and perished in the Holocaust.

I was born 1920 in Mannheim, went to Luisenschule for four years Volksschule (elementary public school). It was in 1930 when I entered the Realgymnasium (high school) and stayed there until we were forced out of school. In all my school years from the first class until the end I shared the school bench with Hans Karlsruher, and that was where our life long friendship developed. Unfortunately Hans died much too young in 1987. From the year 1936 until my emigration I worked for the Juedische

Gemeinde (Jewish community) in Mannheim, and was a witness to the destruction on November 10, 1938 (Kristallnacht). Shortly after my Bar Mitzvah in 1933, I began to participate in the synagogue youth services as Vorbeter (Cantor) on Saturdays and on the high holidays. My hope was to become a Cantor some day; however I never made it to the school in Wuerzburg. I studied early on with my teachers Adler (see also Marianne Adler) and Liebermensch in Mannheim and later with my friend Erwin Hirsch here in New York. Music was always my great hobby and, although I studied violin with Lene Hesse-Sinzheimer, my greater love was for singing. For many years I sang here with the 92nd Street "Y Chorus" performing many of the great oratorios and also was a member of a small madrigal group.

In 1945, I married Eva Zuckermann from Berlin. We have one daughter, Linda, who is a Physical therapist. Eva and I worked together in the family business "Zuckermann Bros." We manufactured small leather goods which we sold to national and regional chains. We sold out in 1981. Soon thereafter I joined U.J.A. Federation here in New York and I am very fortunate to be able to end my working years as I started them, namely in the Jewish field. I am happy to be working with my good friend Ernie Michel (see also) with whom my brother Hans and I played kellerloechels many, many years ago in front of our house Richard Wagnerstrasse 26 (a game of neighborhood soccer whereby a screened basement window becomes the goal).

I went back to Mannheim several times, on one occasion visiting a true "Righteous Gentile" our Realgymnasium Professor Wilhelm Duerr. The most memorable visit, however, was the one in September 1987 for the opening of the new Jewish Center with its beautiful Synagogue. Having seen Dr. Gruenewald (see also) carrying in a Sefer Torah and having heard his inspiring opening sermon was a most rewarding experience. Am Yisroel Chai (Long live Israel).

Ruth Ellen Fremont May (Rosenberger)

St. Louis Park, Minnesota

I was born June 14, 1928. My parents were Josef Rosenberger and Else nee Freiberg. She was born and raised in Mannheim as the only child. My father was the son of Meyer and Emma Rosenberger of Sinsheim am Rhein (near the Rhine). He was one of four children. His brother, Arthur, died in Dachau concentration camp in December of 1938. My father was in the real estate business. My home in Mannheim was #10 Tullastrasse. Here, as I remember, we had the entire third floor as our apartment. One part was occupied by my parents, brother and myself. The other side was the home of my maternal grandparents, Heinrich and Emilie Freiberg. He is the only grandparent I really remember. They were prominent in the Jewish community and belonged to the Hauptsynagoge (main synagogue).

My early childhood friends are but names to me today: Simon Lauer the son of Rabbi Lauer. I did correspond briefly with Mrs. Lauer in the early sixties. At that time, she and Simon lived in Switzerland. Rabbi Lauer had passed away. Simon was a teacher of Greek and Latin. Ernest Stein. The last my family knew, he was sent to France on one of the Kindertransports (children transports). I have often been told he was

my first boyfriend. On the rare occasions that we attended the Mannheim Jewish School, he volunteered to carry my books. How serious was this romance? We each were seven or eight years old. Lora Baer. I have one snapshot of her. We were playing with dolls. She was a member of the same Kindertransporte to England as were my brother and myself in May 1939. I saw her last in Frankfurt the day we left. Apparently she did marry, and when I last heard about her, in 1963, she was living in Chicago. Maybe this reunion, June 14-17, 1990, will be our reunion.

The rest of Mannheim is from stories often told. Nothing specific, nothing unusual. My childhood had its usual joys and tears. I was protected from the stress and tension of the adults by their love. I was aware of some of the difficulties, the need to find a way to leave Germany, but always felt protected. The first real fear seems to have come during my father's final illness and the impossibility for him to obtain adequate medical attention. He died in Mannheim in April of 1939. Only vaguely do I remember that Rabbi Karl Richter (see also) was our Rabbi at that time. Although my mother did correspond with him after her arrival in the U.S.A., that contact stopped until recently. Following an appearance by him on a program observing the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht, I was again able to make contact.

My brother, Emil (see also Robert Emil Fremont), and I started our journey to freedom in May 1939 from Frankfurt. We were on a Kindertransporte to England. Our destination was Chelsfield, Kent, a very small village approximately 60 miles from London. A loving foster family, for each of us, was waiting to give us a home. The year in Chelsfield was filled with mixed experiences. New language, new customs, separation from my mother. My mother and Opa did make it to England in August 1939. I remained with my foster parents but did visit Mother occasionally in London. By spring 1940 our quota number to the U.S. was called, and the four of us arrived in New York in May 1940. From New York we went to Cincinnati, Ohio, the home of our American sponsors, who suggested a change and Americanization of the name to Fremont. I grew up in Cincinnati, attending school and doing the usual teenager activities of the time. I worked as a babysitter and a hospital aide. Eventually, I graduated from a school of nursing. My graduate specialty was operating room nursing. Later I was an instructor of nursing.

In 1956 I married my husband, Alfred May, and in 1961 I retired from nursing. Our son, Ted, was born in 1961, and our daughter, Emily, in 1965. They are both now residing in Chicago. Neither is married. Theodore (Ted) is an attorney, and Emily is an archaeologist/anthropologist. At present my husband and I are enjoying his retirement from The Pillsbury Company.

Judith Shuchman (Rennert) - Guilford, Australia

Editor's Note: I must ask the many reader's indulgence for deviating, in this instance, from the adopted format in presenting the "Remembrances" of former Mannheimers. However, after reading the correspondence between Judith Shuchmann and Edith Ullman (nee Oppenheimer) and her husband Joey in New York (see also), I decided to publish portions of both. Once you read same, you will perhaps as I did, experience a peculiar lump

in the throat, and some excess moisture in the eye. This exchange of letters so vividly portrays the beauty and wonderful experiences of meaningful friendships cemented at a young age and during stormy times. Sadly enough, the written words and the unwritten thoughts, let one experience the agony of being separated, sometimes forever, from those that made a difference. (The parenthetical notes are those of the editor).

Guildford, Australia
31st July 1989

Dear Edith:

I was immensely surprised and elated when I received your two invitations to the Reunion of former Mannheimers next year. After reading the names of both secretaries, yours and Lotte Marshall (see also), I was certain that after so many eventful years I had found a former long lost friend in you and a Habonim group leader in Lotte Marshall assuming that the latter was Lotte Rosenthal (see also Ruth Rosenthal).

As my daughter Gabriella was at the time in New York, I mentioned to her the Mannheim reunion event and asked her to get in touch with either one or both of you to make certain that you both are indeed the people I knew and loved in my youth so long ago. Gaby rang me yesterday telling me that my assumption was wrong; that she had spoken to you and that Lotte had sadly passed away (died in a commercial airplane disaster). The other names she mentioned didn't ring a bell either - perhaps only Marion Sonders - being perhaps older than myself at the time. I was born in 1925. Regarding yourself, dear Edith, you are also not the girl I remember from our school days in the Jewish School in K 2, 5. I looked through my old poetry album where most of my friends at the time had written a few lines in those long gone years. I attach hereto photocopies of these to enable you, perhaps, to get in touch with them and/or to enlighten me whether they are still alive and, if possible, their whereabouts.

I myself joined the Jewish School right from the beginning - I think it was 1933. I was a student also at the Klaus Synagogue. My teacher and instructor was the late Mr. Kaelbermann. (He chose to end his own life and thus became an early martyr in the eyes of his students.) I can't remember the Headmaster's name; only that we referred to him as "Zeuss". (Berthold Stahl). My Klassenlehrer (teacher) was Mr. H. Kaufmann. I have memories of happy days too at the K 2 school and some of the boys' names in my class. There was cheeky Werner Liebhold and "Eierkopf" ("egg head") Edgar Moses. Werner Retwitzer and Marion Sonders were in a higher grade. I can't recall Joe or Gretel Ullman at all.

I was a member of the Mannheim Habonim from an early age. I remember many impressive and varied meetings in the cellar of the Schiffhaus in F 2, 14 where the Zionist dream was instilled in all of us singing Hebrew songs in the dark cellar, etc. Lotte Rosenthal and Selma Gottlieb were two of my leaders then; later an Irma Eltis, now Mrs. Erma Levett who lives with her family here in Sydney and with whom I am still in constant

contact. I emigrated with my parents Wilhem and Mina Rennert, Mannheim K 3, 21 and my younger sister Paula, now Pnina Lahav, Neveh Monosson Israel, in September 1938 and lived in Tel-Aviv until December 1955. I married in 1947 in Tel-Aviv. My husband Boris is Russian by birth, educated in Vienna, a former Bethar and Irgun member and an ex prisoner-of-war of the British Army. I had finished my schooling in then Palestine and was afterwards one of the first public servants of the new State of Israel. We left Israel together with Gaby (daughter) for Sydney, where in 1956 our second daughter, Linda, was born.

As my parents returned to live again in Mannheim in 1957, I had the opportunity to visit this, our hometown, on several occasions and for extended periods. Each return there brought back sad and happy memories. Our house in K 3, 21, which had been bombed, had made way for a parking station for Karstadt. The "Great Synagogue", the "Klaus" (orthodox synagogue), the "Schiffhaus" (all youth activities were held there) had sadly gone and with it the memories of friends. My parents lived then in Q 7, 17 with a view right of the Wasserturm (Water Tower) and were members of the newly founded Jewish Congregation right from the start. My father passed away in Mannheim and was buried back in Israel. My mother, aged 92, lived with us here in Sydney for eight years and is now staying at the local B'nai B'rith Hostel.

I enclose also a photocopy of a photograph, published in the Stuermer (a Nazi propoganda journal) under the heading Vertreibung der Juedischen Badegaests aus dem Rheinbad Herweck durch SA-Mitglieder in Zivil 6-27-1935. (Expulsion of Jewish guests from the Rhein swimming pool "Herweck" by SA - Nazi party members in civilian clothes.) In this photo is my sister Paula, our Jewish live-in girl Klara from Odenwald and myself, marked with a cross, leaving frightened and sobbing in our bathing costumes. In front of us is a girl - I think her name was Margo, I can't recall her surname. This photo was published in the book "Juedisches Gemeindezentrum F 3, Festschrift zur Einweihung in 9-13-1987, 19 Ellul 5747" and attended by my father's cousin Mrs. Rose Zweig nee Rennert and husband formerly of Mannheim and Dresden, later on in Naharia, Israel and now in Sydney. Can you imagine my shock opening this book and by some uncanny coincidence right on this very page?

I really don't know why I bored you with all these details.

Sincerely,

Signed Judith Shuchman

EDITOR'S NOTE: Photocopies of the friendly and affectionate lines entered by Judith's friends into her poetry album - customary in those days - could not be reproduced herein. However, their names and dates of entry into her album are as follows: Lotte Rosenthal 1-2-1935; Edith Ullmann 3-8-1936; Ilse Doernberg 10-3-1935 (see also); Ellen Rauh 10-8-1935;

Renate Israel 10-9-1935; Edith Blum 10-8-1935; Hannelore Roos 2-2-1936; Hilde Eckstein 11-24-1935; Ivonne Mayer 2-11-1937; Gisela Bruckmann 2-3-1936. Likewise, the photocopies from the "Herweck" could not be reproduced.

Cliffside Park, New Jersey
August 15, 1989

My Dear Judith:

Before me I have your letter of July 31st which I wish to answer myself.

Edith Ullmann, the girl that you called your dear friend, was the daughter of Sally Ullmann, a brother of my father, Willi Ullmann, Commerzbank (Bank of Commerce) whose son I am. In Mannheim I was better known as "Hans Ullmann der Schrecken der Richard Wagner Strasse", (the terror of Richard Wagner Street), but my cousin Edith found her resting place in the gas chambers of Auschwitz together with her family, ...except Erwin Ullmann, her brother, who escaped from the concentration camp, but never took up contact with the family again. He lives married in Hamburg, Germany, but wants no part of the old family! My wife Edith is the daughter of Max Openheimer Zigarrenfabrik (cigar factory) Mannheim and became an Ullmann upon marriage. I want you to know, Judith, that your page from the poetry album is the only "memoir" that our family now has as a remembrance of my late cousin. We also studied the picture of the Herweck in detail as my wife and I were present at this "infamous exodus" which we can never forget. It is the reason my Edith will never enter any waters above her waist!! You will meet many of your old friends at our reunion when we start to introduce ourselves and I can foresee a very moving scene with many a hug and tears of friends long forgotten. With best wishes from house to house to you and your family.

Most sincerely,

Signed Joey Ullmann

Cliffside Park, New Jersey
August 15, 1989

Dear Judith:

I am sorry that I am not your "old friend" but my maiden name in Mannheim was Edith Oppenheimer. I think I was probably one year ahead of you in the Juedische Schule (Jewish School), because I had Lehrer (teacher) Hanauer and I don't recall the names you mentioned except Lehrer Kaelbermann whom I think I had also for religion. Your pages of the Poesie

Album were very interesting. I still have mine also. There are two names among your pages who are coming to the reunion and I give you their addresses, in case you may want to contact them: Ilse Doernberg, now Mrs. Ilse Strauss, New Paltz, New York, USA; Renate Israel, now Mrs. Renee Stern, Skokie, Illinois, USA (specific addresses deleted).

There are a great many of your age group coming to the reunion and I give you following some of the names born in 1925 and 1926. I am sure some of the names will come back to you when you read them: Bianca Zwang, Margot Maas, Ernst Kahn, Rudy Appel, Kurt Loeb. Marion Sonder was in my class and so was Lotte Becker. Others are Emil Rosenberger (see also Ruth Ellen Rosenberger), Werner Heumann, Alice Doiny (see also), Max Kaufmann (see also), Hannelore Silbermann, Marga Furchheimer, Karl Dreyfuss, Lore Dellheim, Margot Weiss, Ruth Liebermensch (see also), she was also in my class, we had her father as Religion Lehrer (teacher) also. It should really be a big Hello when we will all get together next year. Let's just hope that everyone will be well and can make it.

Warmest regards,

Signed Edith Ullmann

Ilse Goid (Seligmann) - Altamonte Springs, Florida

I was born in Mannheim December 20, 1920. My parents were Hugo, born in Wuerzburg 1886 and Betty Seligmann. My mother's maiden name was Gottscho from Alsenz/Pfalz where my grandfather had a general store. He died in 1933, but my grandmother was taken to Camp Gurs in 1940 where she died. My father came to Mannheim in 1908 and became assistant manager at Teppichhaus Hochstetter (Kunstrasse). After World War I, my parents, after their marriage in 1920, opened Teppichhaus Seligmann (carpet business) at F1, 10 Markstrasse. We also lived at that address, next to the Klaus Synagogue on the corner. I have a book written by a priest after the war, "Die Juden in der Nord Pfalz" (The Jews in North Palatine). It is dedicated to my mother's family and goes back to my great, great grandfather in 1750.

I went to kindergarten run by Tante (aunt) Ette, and from grades 1, 2, and 3, I attended the R Schule (school). For religion we had to go to the L Schule. Our teacher was a Miss Lehmann, who taught us Hebrew. For the fourth grade I had to go to the L Schule and for religion to the Luisenschule, where Mr. Leopold taught. I also had Hebrew lessons from Mr. Kaelbermann, whom I knew very well. Then came four years of high school at Elisabethschule. For religion we had Rabbi Oppenheim, Dr. Lauer and S. Liebermensch. We were six Jewish girls in the class. After that I went to the Handelsschule (school of commerce) but it got so bad there, that all Jewish students left. In 1936-37, I attended the Juedische Haushaltungs (housekeeping) Schule in Frankfurt/Main. Then I went to Vorbeck Dolmetscherschule (translator school) in the Augusta Anlage (name of street) to study more English, since I knew I would leave soon. I left Mannheim April 25, 1938 and arrived in New York May 1, 1938. I stayed

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with relatives, till my parents arrived in July.

First I worked as a nursemaid, then got a job with a provision company where I skinned and packed frankfurters in an icebox for four years. After that, I worked in defense plants on inter-communications for the Navy. I was married on July 25, 1942 to Lothar Goold who came from Thuringen. After nine weeks he went in the U.S. Army, where he spent 3½ years, 2½ in India. After his return in 1946 we moved to Kissimmee, Florida, where we bought a menswear and shoe store, which we developed into a full line clothing and shoe store for men, women and children, specializing in western wear. My parents joined us in 1949 and both are buried in Orlando, Florida.

Our daughter, Roslyn Pollack, was born in 1948 and lives with her attorney husband in Philadelphia. She, too, is an attorney. They have two boys, Michael, nine and Richard, seven years old. Our daughter, Janet Fried, was born in 1950 and lives in Plano, Texas. She is a CPA and her husband works for General Telephone Co. They have two children, Brian, 10 and Justin, 8½ years old. After 28½ years we sold the business. It is still there, carrying our name, "Goold's". In 1980 we moved to Altamonte Springs, north of Orlando, and since then we have traveled extensively and are enjoying our retirement.

In Mannheim, I sang in the children's choir on the High Holidays at the Lamei Loge. I belonged to Habonim and our leader was Seppel Zatzkis. I remember taking part in several Sprechchors (speaking chorus) and enjoyed going "auf Fahrt" (excursions and hikes). I also attended all the concerts, operas and dances, wherever we were allowed to go. I was also in the Schwimmbad (swimming pool) Herweck, when the Nazis threw us out. In 1978, we visited for a half day in Mannheim. I found our former maid, Emmy Ritzhaupt. It was a very emotional experience for me and I could hardly wait to leave. She writes me for my birthday and sends me news about Jews in Mannheim.

I was 12 years old when the Nazis came and I am sure, the experiences have influenced my entire life.

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Ruth Goetz (Singer) - Chicago, Illinois

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My father was Ludwig Singer, born in Frankenthal, Pfalz (Palatinate) and mother was Sally Mayer from Ulm, by the river Donau (Danube). I was born December 14, 1912 at the Luisenheim Hospital in Mannheim, a nice city with two rivers, Neckar and Rhine, a city with excellent theater and concerts. I went to the Lieselotten Schule (school), where I took Latin and French. Already then, there was some anti-Semitism, but barely noticeable. Some of the Jewish girls I remember are Eva Stern, who had an older sister named Renate. Eva came to pay me a visit in London. Margot Spitzer married a Mr. Bodenheimer and lives in New York. I also remember Gretel Strauss, Erna Suess, Gretel Weiss and Eva Hildesheimer, who was in my class, and of course I remember dear Dr. Max Gruenewald, our Rabbi (see also), who instilled in us a love for Zion before there was an Israel. After graduation, I had secretarial jobs with Gebrueder Rothschild (department store) and R.A.Hachenburg, and in 1935 I had a wonderful

opportunity to work for Professor Rehfisch, one of the outstanding heart specialists in Berlin. This professor was a saint, a great physician who taught me a lot. In 1935 Berlin was still a great city to be living in. He died in 1937 and I went back home.

Now we are approaching November 9/10, 1938. I had a job with a company manufacturing ladies hats, Hugo Zimmern. The owner was Jewish, his wife gentile. It did not help her one bit in the eyes of the Nazis. Besides me, there were two other Jewish employees. On that fateful day, about six SA men, in their dreadful brown uniforms and boots forced their way in and asked the Jews to stand up. We were lead to the police station including the boss and his gentile wife, amid stares and jeers from the people in the street. It was terribly humiliating, but we were not physically harmed. We were released after an hour or so. Little did we know what was to follow. I lived with my mother. My father had already passed on at age 56, a prince of a man. He had been secretary of the Netherland Consulate near the Christuskirche (name of church) where he used to take us to organ concerts on Sunday evenings. He was also a broker at the GetreideBoerse (grain exchange) on the Rheinstrasse. We lived in a nice apartment, on a very nice street, Beethoven Strasse 18. That day another handful of SA men stormed into the apartment, looked around and then toppled over our lovely buffet, it's top part filled with beautiful colored wine glasses and other crystal. Hence the word Kristallnacht. I can still hear the sound of smashed, broken glass after 50 years. I was told the Germans do not refer to this event as Kristallnacht anymore, too much of a euphemism, but refer to it as "Tag der Schande", "Day of Shame". That day all the Jewish men were rounded up and sent to concentration camps known as Dachau, Buchenwald, Sachsenhausen and others.

We had two cousins in New York who had the good sense not to wait but had left Germany in 1935/36. We asked for help and they sent us an affidavit promptly, even though they had to struggle themselves. When the affidavit arrived, the quota number was too high and we had to wait and sweat it out. I then learned there was a possibility to get out of Germany by securing a job as Domestic servant in England, a job no English girl wanted, and there was a great demand. You had to be under age 45. I had to go alone in 1939 or early 1940 and leave my mother behind, hoping to get her out of Germany just as soon as possible. The war broke out and there was absolutely no hope. For a while my mother lived with another woman in a tiny little apartment, and then all the Jews still there were sent to Gurs, a camp in the South of France. She worked there in the sewing room, being a good seamstress. We could correspond via friends in Switzerland and I could send her some money that was actually given to her. This helped in some small way. Then one day I had a note from her saying: "I hope we are not going to be sent to yet another place", and that was the last I ever heard from her.

I spent seven years in England, Blitz and all, nights in the shelter or the underground. We were classified as "Enemy Aliens". None of us ever spoke German unlike the German Jews in New York who to this day still speak German among themselves. Later on, there was a chance to escape from those menial household jobs. One could work as a waitress at Lyons, a coffee house where Jewish girls obtained work permits, or in an ammunition factory and similar places. I had the good luck to land a job with Louis Golding, a well-known writer. I started as housekeeper, but when he discovered I

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could do other things, I advanced to housekeeper/secretary. I met very interesting people in his home at Hamilton Terrace. I still shopped and cooked for him and his friends. He liked my European cooking, which took some ingenuity. We had ration cards, one egg a week per person. I learned to turn out some quite good omelets with powdered eggs. I had lived in Paris from 1930 to 1932 as an "au pair", and we all know French cooking is vastly superior to English cooking.

Now the war was over and I learned that the American Government had opened offices in London Grosvenor Square, needing people to do "Civil Censorship" in Germany. This sounded very interesting and I applied. One had to pass a test which was not too difficult and had to undergo a very exhaustive physical that took a whole day. You were checked from your teeth to your toes. Well, I was young and healthy, and I passed. I was issued a nice American uniform with a smart cap and off I went to Offenbach, very close to Frankfurt am Main where we were assigned different clerical jobs. We were referred to as ACES, Allied Civilian Employees, paid in Script and had access to those lovely PX's (Post Exchange). There we could buy things I had never seen before, neither in Germany or in England, like ice cream in the middle of winter, and other delights. I did avoid contact with the Germans but if one did speak to them, oh what a contrast to just a few years ago. They almost fell to their knees seeing an American uniform. No more Aryan Master Race!

There is a lot more to tell, maybe one of these days I'll write a book about my journey from Mannheim to Berlin, to Paris, to London, to Army life in Offenbach and then New York City in 1948 where I lived for seven years. I still have a great love for that city in my heart. A friend introduced me to Max, whose birthplace is Eberbach, on the River Neckar, when he was in New York on a business trip. He had me come to Chicago to visit. It's been a long visit. We got married in Chicago in 1955 and I have been living here ever since. We have no children since I was already 42 years old when we were married.

I have had my own commemoration every year on November 9/10 for the last 50 years, long before there was an official Yom Hashoah (day of remembrance). I very often feel guilty that I am around when millions of my people are not. If it had not been for England, I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. I want to say that this country, this beautiful America, with everything that could be better, to me is the best country in the whole world, and I am very grateful.

Dorit Paul (Dorit Marion Selig) - Indianapolis, Indiana

I was born November 22, 1928, in Mannheim. My mother, Bertl Siegel, was born in Mannheim at M7, 15 to Emmanuel and Ricka Siegel. My grandparents both born in Euwigheim. They were cousins. My grandfather must have come to the USA in early 1860's. He became a citizen of the U.S. and retained his citizenship even though he returned to Germany and settled in Mannheim. He returned to the US several times after his marriage, but never with my grandmother. She was born in 1863 and was 22 years younger

than her husband. During World War I the Siegels' were, so to speak, enemy aliens in Mannheim. My Grandfather died in 1915. My grandmother came to the US in 1938, on her 75th birthday. My father somehow convinced US Immigration that she and my mother were US citizens. They both came here on US passports. My grandmother died in New York in 1946. My mother died in 1970 and my father in 1977. My grandparents owned the building they lived in M 7, 15. Grandmother had the most beautiful lilac bushes in her garden, and in the back I had a sandbox.

My father was born in Weinheim to Sigmund and Lena Selig, grew up in Ladenburg, but went to gymnasium (similar to high school) in Mannheim. He went to the University in Heidelberg and Freiburg. His name was Ludwig Selig, but there was an attorney in Mannheim by that same name, no relation, so he changed it to Rudolf Ludwig in memory of his best friend who died in World War I. My father seems to have had two periods of service in World War I, once as a regular soldier and after he got his doctorate in law, as an officer. He was a wonderful raconteur. It is too bad we don't have his memories. My father had several friends who became Nazis, yet were very helpful to him in his work. One of them, Dr. Walther Uttermoehle, an official in Berlin, aided him with Auswanderungs (emigration) cases.

On the whole, my memories of my years in Mannheim are happy. We lived in Augusta Anlage 12. My parents were the first occupants of their apartment. My aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Weis, lived across the street from us, and we could wave to each other out the window. Like every middle class family, we had a Kindermaedchen (nursemaid), several in succession. They used to take me for walks in the Luisenpark, where we met lots of other children. Another favorite spot was along the Necker River. In the fall the boys would climb up the chestnut trees and shake loose the chestnuts, which we collected. I think I still have one. Another favorite collection was of streetcar tickets. Mine was a very glamorous collection since I had many from Switzerland. I was very disappointed upon coming to the United States to discover that none of the New York modes of transportation issued tickets.

I went to the Luisenstrasse school for two years and then to the Jewish school. The latter was at a very busy part of town and I was not allowed to go to school by myself. Of the teachers I had, I recall the names of Fraeulein (Miss) Traub and Lehrer (teacher) Marx. I also remember that in Hebrew class there was a minor celebration whenever someone announced they were emigrating to Switzerland. Since we were often in Switzerland I did not receive much of primary schooling.

One of my most distinct early memories was of the entry of Hitler's troops into the Rhineland in 1936. I was sitting on the window sill watching the parade. I could not understand why my parents were so upset. We left Mannheim precipitously in October 1937. My parents were in Switzerland and on their return, my grandmother, who was babysitting with me, informed them the Gestapo (Nazi secret police) had stopped by. My parents turned around and took the next train to Basel. I followed the next morning. It later turned out it was a false alarm. The Staatsanwalt (prosecuting attorney) had merely sent a policeman to obtain some data for a case. But those were nervous times. My father did return at least twice to settle his affairs. My mother and I never returned to Mannheim. We spent almost a year in Switzerland, and then came to New York on July 7, 1938.

Since the war, I have been to Mannheim several times. My parents went to Europe nearly every summer after 1950 until their death. A friend of theirs, Wilhelm Hess, used to send us the most delicious confectionary, Mannemer Dreck (chocolate confectionary for which Mannheim was famous). I can taste it now! I have many wonderful photographs of Mannheim, and of Mannheimers. I have a whole series of photographs of the Loge (Lodge) taken at Arosa (Switzerland) in 1934. Unfortunately I do not know who most of the people are. I am willing to send duplicates to whoever wants to research them.

In 1954 I married Gerald Paul, formerly of Witten, and moved to Indianapolis. Gerald and I are currently sponsoring a biennial lecture series entitled "Germans and Jews" at Indiana University. Every other year a German scholar will come to Indiana University for a four-week course in the department of Jewish studies and give a public lecture. The first lecture concerned itself with current anti-semitism as exemplified by the Fassbinder play. The second one was on the topic of anti-semitism in the past.

We have two daughters. Eloise lives in Indianapolis. Alison is married to Marc Gold, they have an 8 month old boy, Benjamin, and live in Tarrytown, New York. Our daughters and I have been to Mannheim, although we stayed in Baden-Baden. My husband has not been to Mannheim, even though I have been to his place of birth, Witten, several times.

Henry Vogel (Heinz) - Woollahra, Sidney, Australia

Born 7 August 1920, Mannheim M7, 20. My parents were Leo and Lilli Vogel. My grandparents were Leopold and Elise Reinheimer. My father was born in Nieder-Saulheim near Mainz and came to Mannheim as an apprentice in 1901. My mother was born in Reinheim near Darmstadt. Her maiden name was Reinheimer. I had no brothers or sisters. My father said one like me was enough! I attended Volksschule (elementary school) near Tattersall (a busy transfer station for streetcars), 1926 - 1930. We moved to S6, 22 directly opposite the former tennisplatz (tennis courts) in 1930. In the same year I entered the Lessingschule (name of school). My klassenlehrer (homeroom teacher) was Prof. Hoegen. I was a good student but also assertive and, consequently, upset the teachers. A teacher once called me out at the beginning of a lesson and gave me a "tatze" (a hit on the hand with a stick). To my question what that was for, he said it was in advance as I would do something to deserve it later for sure.

I always liked sports and was a member of the Mannheimer Turnverein (sports club), member of the soccer team of R.J.F. (Jewish War Veterans), Freischwimmer (certified swimmer) at age 5. I received the Royal Life Saving medal in England at age 13, and was a member of the first eleven soccer and first eleven cricket team, as well as the tennis team at Whittingehame College, England. I am still a member of the Surf Life Savings Club and the Maccabi Tennis Club. When I was nine years old some teenagers at the strandbad (public beach) said they were going to swim across the Rhine. I joined them. On the other side a man asked me some

questions. Next morning my father asked me whether I had swum across the Rhine yesterday. I admitted I had, and, as usual I got a thrashing, one of more than I care to remember. However, he also put 50 Marks in my savings account as a reward for the feat and the courage. How did he know? It was in the Neue Badische Landeszeitung (regional newspaper).

My first real fright was May 1933, when I was 12. A boy in my class by the name of Krug dared me to meet him and others by walking along an angle iron frame under the Ebertbruecke (bridge over the river Neckar). He told me he would meet me half way across. It was a precarious walk. Finally I came to a small steel platform I could stand on. Surprised, there was Krug and two other boys dressed in Hitler youth uniforms. You can imagine how I felt. Krug said to the others, "Sigscht die judde sin net alle feigling, jetzt hab ich's bewiese!" (See, the Jews are not all cowards! Now I proved it to you?) And they let me go. I did not dare tell my parents for a long time. I did not want to get a thrashing.

My parents' first fright came in summer 1928 when I was eight. We were on holidays at Hundseck, Schwarzwald (Black Forest). I cannot be found and my parents are concerned. Father finds little me, lying under a cow, and squeezing milk straight into my mouth by pulling a teat. Need I say more? My second fright, not counting military service, was when after the war I took up flying. I held an unrestricted private pilot's license, instrument rating 4, with aerobatic endorsement on various aircraft including the trainer used for Spitfires (name of British WWII fighter aircraft), etc. Whilst on a navigation training flight over "tiger country", no landmarks, just bush, I realized I was lost. Subsequently, it was determined that my compass was 12 degrees off. I was running out of fuel and had to force land on a dirt strip. One fuel tank was empty, the other had at most 10 minutes of fuel in it. It was my wife's birthday and I was 350 miles north of Sydney. We had arranged a party that night. I got there at 10:30 PM. First action, I had a double, double scotch!

My father was Frontkaempfer (soldier) in the First World war. He was with the Badisches Infanterie Regiment No. 111 and received the Iron Cross EK 2 1914, EK 1 1916, the Tapferkeitsmedaille (medal for valour), the Badisches Ehrenkreuz (Cross of Honor), etc., etc. He was Vorstand (president) of the R.J.F. (Jewish War Veterans) Mannheim. Partly for this record he was not immediately affected by the Nazi rule except in a general sense. However, he was foresighted enough to realize that there was no future for us in the long term.

In April, 1934 after my Bar Mitzvah he sent me to Whittingehame College in Brighton, England. For holidays I returned to Germany until 1937. In April, 1938 my parents left Germany, joined me in London and then we sailed for U.S.A. We had a permit for U.S.A. and also for Australia. Whilst walking with me somewhere in downtown New York, May 1938, we passed a seedy hash joint which had a sign in the window, "Dishwasher Wanted". My father told me to see if I could get the job. The owner, a foreigner with a heavy accent, could not understand my, at that time, very cultured British English. He said: "The job ain't no good for you, how can I tell you what to do when you can't even speak no English?" That episode decided my father to go to Australia, where we arrived on July 1, 1938. Times were tough, jobs scarce. I worked in a steel foundry ten hours a day, including Saturday. At night I studied mechanical engineering. My father and a Mr. Krug, from Hamburg, started a wholesale textile business. My father, ex

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steele merchant, had the money, Krug knew textiles.

The war in Europe was far away. This changed abruptly with the attack on Pearl Harbor and the Japanese rapid invasion south. In March 1942, I volunteered and joined the Army. In August, 1945 I was "demobbed" (demobilized). My father's business had grown and he persuaded me to join him as a partner. I decided to learn about textiles and went to U.S.A. and England. Business grew and we prospered.

In August, 1950 I married Dita Charmatz, originally from Vienna, in the Great Synagogue, Sydney. My father died in 1954. In May 1956 our daughter, Linda, was born; in 1960 our son, David Leonard.

I never liked textiles, nor the type of people whom I had to deal with. I decided to liquidate. I then started a construction company with a sand dredging operation. Misfortune befell these operations. A series of record floods ruined the dredging operation, and a sequence of labor strikes killed the construction company. By 1975 we even lost our house. With two kids at private school, we rented a small apartment. I was age 55. By chance I came in contact with a company in U.S.A. which manufactured self adhesive plastic films. I started importing these products in a small way.

Our son David had a tragic life. When three years old, left in the care of our maid, he fell into our swimming pool in mid-winter and all but drowned. He was an excellent student and a grade A tennis player. When he was 17 he contracted leukemia. In spite of this he continued his studies to the last and played tennis, against doctor's orders. He did not want any kind of sympathy. Although he was told that there was no cure, he entered the university and studied political science. He died in December 1981. The university named a memorial prize in his honor, as did his tennis club. One month after David was diagnosed, I had a heart attack. After an enforced rest I continued to learn about my new business, took a trip to U.S.A. and put the knowledge to work. I visited Japan and Europe and made connections in those countries. Business grew. In 1984 I had a second heart attack and in 1985 a quadruple by-pass operation.

Today, my company is the biggest in its field, and, we have added a number of high tech plastic engineering products to the mundane beginning. At the time of this writing we are erecting our own building, which will house all operations. Our daughter Linda has a law and commerce degree and is one of Sydney's highly reputed and paid attorneys specializing in corporate law and intellectual property. She is single.

My mother, Lilli Vogel, is alive and fully alert. Unfortunately, she needs two canes for support. She will be 90 in December. My first visit to Mannheim after the war was in 1947. It was then still a heap of rubble. At that time you needed a special permit to visit Germany. I was a member of the "X" force to re-vitalize commerce and industry in Germany. The hotel where the military and foreigners stayed was the Palasthotel Mannheimer Hof, at that time called "Hotel Truman". No Germans were allowed in there. Outside the hotel there was no food, no clothes, etc. I looked up my father's former chauffeur, Alois Neumeyer - Seckenheimer Landstrasse (street where he lived) who was a true soul to the last minute. He did not care to be tainted by contact with Jews and he insisted to take my parents to the station when they left, against my father's advice. He had not seen me since I was a boy and did not recognize me. When I told him who I was he had tears streaming down his cheeks. Against regulations, I took him

down to the "Holzkistel" (name of a restaurant) and gave him his first square meal in years. Then I fitted him out in the U.S. PX store.

We all have a story to tell, and we think ours must be unique. Yet mine is only unique because it is mine. Collectively, these stories are a slice of life and of those who, but for a chance or a quirk of fate, would not be alive to tell it today.

Lotte Eva Hirsch (Landmann) - West Lafayette, Indiana

Paul I. Landmann and Martha Landmann had four children (see also Otto and Carl Landmann). I was number three, born in 1923. We lived on Kantstrasse 11. My father was born in 1881 at Schifferstadt, my mother in Kehl, 1894. Her maiden name was Wertheimer. Dad operated the Paul I. Landmann printing factory, primarily producing cigar box and wine labels, and was located at Neckarau. The fishpond in the Louisenpark, the Palmenhaus (a glass enclosed conservatory where large tropical plants, like palm trees, were displayed), and the fountains at the Wasserturm (a water tower surrounded by a park with waterfalls and flowers), were some of my favorite Mannheim haunts. Our early childhood was filled with games and vacation trips. My father also kept a very important tradition. His eleven brothers and sisters visited with us every Rosh-Hashana. (Jewish Holiday - New Year). My mother's and her sister's families were expected every Friday night at their mother's house. We went to the Mollschule (name of school). On the way to school, on a Bauplatz (empty lot), my sister and I used to take our aprons off and stuff them into the Ranzen (backpack), so we'd look more elegant. Later we rode bikes to the Lieselotte schule (name of school).

After Hitler came to power, Zionist movements became important. We danced the Horra (a dance performed by young Zionists, today a traditional dance in Israel and Jews everywhere) and sang. Dr. Cohn-Asulai taught us Hebrew. Mr. Kaelbermann gave us private lessons. Dr. Gruenewald (see also) and Dr. Geiss (also a Rabbi at the main synagogue) inspired us to discussions on Jewish topics. A powerful spirit of community prevailed among our age mates. Now, Lulu Blum-Karp and Hanne Weill-Holesovsky are still in touch with me. Spring, 1937, a Jewish Aufbauklasse, 9th grade was started. Liesel Oppenheimer was our outstanding teacher. Many of us had a crush on her. On Succoth (a Jewish holiday - Festival of Tabernacles) our whole class came to our Succah, (a temporary hut made of wood and branches, to celebrate the harvest, to remember our wandering in the Sinai Desert, and to share a vision of a better world), and listened to her read Joseph Roth's "Hiob". It was very moving. Under the Nazi pressure, most of us could truly empathize.

Since there was no more schooling available for me in Mannheim in spring of 1938, I continued at the all English tract at the Philantropin, in Frankfurt. Instructors were teachers from England and only English was spoken. It was an upbeat experience for me, especially since I lodged with the wonderful Hallo family. Gertrude Hallo was the widow of Rudolph Hallo, co-founder of the Lehrhaus (school) in Frankfurt at the Main River. Quite

independent of me, one of their children later became my sister-in-law.

A friend of our family took my brother and me on vacation in July, 1938. He begged not to have to return to the Mannheim gymnasium (similar to high school), where he had experienced traumatic anti-Semitism. We spent half a year in Lausanne, Switzerland, where we learned French intensively, until our parents picked us up there in February of 1939. Meanwhile, they had undergone the horrors of Kristallnacht. We left for England in March of 1939 and stayed a year in London, where my father died of cancer in November, 1939. With a convoy, we crossed the Atlantic, March, 1940. The older siblings immediately went to work in New York City. My brother and I still had the luxury of high school. Yet, it was a big change from a sheltered life to the very sexually oriented seniors in high school. After seven years of work and night school (CCNY), and day school at Queen's College, my husband, Walter and I penetrated the wilds of West Central Indiana in 1947. It was another culture shock! You couldn't even get a piece of rye bread! There also was no Democratic Party headquarters. Well, we helped start one and now have a very good female Democratic mayor. The newest stirrings have been efforts to clean up the environment, spurred by another eastern immigrant.

My husband Walter is a sociologist and I am a school teacher. We both enjoyed our work and have just retired. Although this has been a good community for bringing up our four children, they all left for greener pastures. Dr. Martin Hirsch, born 1947, is an internist at Kaiser Permanente, Los Angeles, California. He and his wife, Joyce Weiner, have a daughter Amy, born in 1986 and are expecting another child. Our Judy was born in 1949 and is an art teacher in San Francisco, California. Our other daughter, Janet, born in 1954 is a computer network engineer. She and her husband Dan Wittenberg, a shipping broker, live in Washington D.C. They have two daughters, Alexandra and Jamie, born in 1987 and 1988 respectively. Our second son Dan, born in 1947, is a salesman for radio communication systems. He is married to Barbara Kirkwood, an assistant to Laguna Honda Hospital administrator in San Francisco. They all give us a lot of "Naches" (happiness). Incidentally, our fourth grandchild will be my mother's 17th great-grandchild. Our daughter and her two babies visit her every week in Washington, an event worth living for, as my mother is 95 years old.

We have been back to Mannheim to show our children their mother's birthplace, but couldn't wait to get away. We found it hard talking to anyone born before 1925. Yet, we know that there are many older decent human beings in Mannheim who just didn't have the super-human courage needed, under Hitler, to show their true colors.

Walter Beissinger - Cheltenham, Pennsylvania

I was born in 1924, the only child of Robert and Zilla Beissinger, nee Westheimer. My father was a wholesale tobacco dealer. Our Mannheimer family consisted of Max and Else Berney, who had two sons, Heinz and Kurt; Ferdinand and Stephe Maas, my mother's twin sister, and their daughters Lotte and Inge; Louis and Friedel Westheimer and their son Hans. We lived

in the Victoria Strasse and later moved to Werderstrasse 12.

During the early Hitler years I attended the Tulla Oberealschule. During those years most of my friends were non-Jewish. I was crazy about soccer and most of my hours, when not studying, were spent on the soccer field or playing "Kellerloch" (a neighborhood soccer game where a screened basement window was the goal) in the street. Many of the happenings during the middle and late thirties are only faintly sketched in my brain. I vividly remember being thrown off the school soccer team and playing for the RJF (Jewish War Veterans) team on a terribly sandy field near Waldhofen (a suburb). During the later thirties I was kicked out of school and attended the Jewish school and made new friends, such as Ernst Michel (see also), Heinz Kuhn and Hans Salomon. But my best friend, companion and fellow soccer player was Klaus Hausler, later Nick Housley, Huntington, LI, who lived not too far from our house in Mannheim. I cannot remember the name of the street. We've kept in touch through all the turmoil of the war years and were friends until his death from cancer some years ago. I still correspond with his widow, who was not a refugee, and am godfather to his children.

I will never forget one incident where Klaus and I just had to attend a major soccer match even though no Jews were allowed in the stadium. Entering that stadium, and standing in the stands hoping that no one would recognize us, were the first terrifying moments of what was yet to come. After that horrible day on November 10th, 1938, when my father was shipped to concentration camp Dachau, I was able to leave the country and stay with relatives in Zurich. We were fortunate to obtain a Visa to the U.S.A., and when my father was released from Dachau we sailed for the U.S. in March, 1939.

I became Americanized very quickly, served in World War II in the Pacific Theatre and attended Temple University after the War. I made my career as a CPA and was fortunate to become the managing partner of our accounting firm, Goldenberg/Rosenthal, which has grown to approximately 100 people and is one of the largest and best known firms in Philadelphia. I've been happily married for 38 years to my wife, Muriel, who has blessed me with three wonderful children; Steven, who is a professor at Yale; Mark, who is a professor at the University of Wisconsin; and Susan who is an investment trust officer in Jacksonville, Florida. All are married but to date I have not become a grandfather.

Today our families are spread across the U.S. My mother is the only one alive from her generation; my father died suddenly in 1952 from a heart attack. My cousin Hans, (now Henry) and Kurt live in the New York-New Jersey area; my cousin Lotte, in Los Angeles and my cousin Inge (now Joan) in Chicago where also my cousin Hans (Jack) now resides. Lotte (see also Lotte Newman) and her husband, Walter Newman, reside in California. My mother has had quite a bit of misfortune in the past year and is not well at the present time. She is now 89 years of age. The last few years she has had two hip replacements as well as a cancer operation.

Lisl Sperber (Lisel Suess) - New York, New York

I was born in Mannheim on January 19, 1912, daughter of Julius and Rosl Suess, nee Einstein. My father was born in Lampertsheim where his family had lived since 1732. My mother was born in Buttenwiesen, Schwaben (a district of Southwestern Bavaria). My grandfather Samuel founded a cigar factory in 1883, and when his three sons, David, Julius and Theo grew up he called the firm "S. Suess and Soehne" (Sons). My father and his two brothers were partners. My only sister, an unusually gifted girl who had studied piano at the Hochschule fuer Musik (conservatory for music) under Willy Rehberg, unfortunately died in 1930, only 22 years old. We lived at Heinrich Lanzstrasse 9, where I was born and later, after my sister's death, at Augusta Anlage 34.

My school time memories are very pleasant, and I owe a lot to some outstanding educators. On account of re-zoning, I was transferred for one year from the Liselotte Schule to the Hans Thoma Schule in D 7, where my teacher in French and religious instruction was Dr. Guste Oppenheim, the daughter of Mannheim's chief Rabbi at that time. She did not, as was the custom then teach Hebrew by rote, but taught us Hebrew grammar which was most unusual and helpful. The rest of my schooling took place again at the Liselotte Schule. Oberreallehrer (teacher) August Friedenauer was an outstanding teacher of the humanities, but God help you if you addressed him without mentioning his title. The least he would say was: "Haben wir zusammen Schweine gehuetet. Sind Sie mit mir in die Schule gegangen dass Sie sich erlauben mich beim Namen zu nenner? Wir sind keine Kameraden!" ("Did we tend pigs together? Did you go to school with me, that you have the nerve to call me by my name? We are not chums.") This man who loved his profession and who had stayed on long after his retirement age, resigned immediately in 1933 when the Jewish students had to leave the school. In contrast, Dr. Konrad Ott, a fabulous teacher whom we all revered and who had seemed to be a real Liberal, turned out to be an ardent Nazi.

After graduating from class 1-A, classes were numbered in reverse, starting with 10, I continued my education in the Liselotteschule's Frauenschule (School for Woman), formerly called "Selecta", a one-year finishing school. When that year was over, five of the twelve pupils of this class pleaded with Dr. Stultz, our principal, to let us have one more year of that excellent program. To our surprise he and the City, for whom it was an expensive experiment, approved it. The instruction our small group received during this additional year enriched our lives forever.

After unsuccessful attempts by Lene Hesse-Sinzheimer to make a violinist out of me, my parents finally gave in to my wish to study drama. So, at age 15, I first became the pupil of Hildegard Grethe of the National Theater and a year later that of Ida Ehre who was her successor. With Ida I shared a wonderful friendship that lasted until her recent death. She founded, in 1945, the Hamburger Kammerspiele, received the Mannheimer Schillerpreis (award named after the poet and dramatist) and on the occasion of her 85th birthday became an Honorary Citizen of Hamburg, the first since Johannes Brahms. When she died, Hamburg's City Hall flags flew at half-mast for this great Jewish woman.

But now back to Mannheim when I was 16! Intendent (superintendent) Francesco Sioli had seen me at a school performance and, when a young actress, Karin Vielmetter, took sick, he asked Mrs. Ehre whether I could

take over her parts for the duration of her illness. This, of course, was one of the highlights of my youth. To be on the stage in a scene with Willy Birgel; to rehearse on the Probebuehne (practice stage) which was surrounded by the original wings, Kulissen (scenery) of the Raeuber (name of play written by Schiller) was wonderful! One of Vielmetter's parts, however, Ida did not accept for me, namely that of a prostitute in Brecht's "Trommeln in der Nacht" ("Drums In The Night") whose lines included the "Goetz Zitat" (quotation). She told Sioli, with her wonderful sense of humor, that if I played that part, my father would probably come running up on the stage, take me by the hand and say "let's go home". So, the safer choice was the part of Sophie in "Kabale und Liebe" (Intrigue And Love). My youth was further enriched through my parent's close ties with the August Lamey Loge (Lodge) of B'nai B'rith, our beloved Liederkrantz, the gymnastic lessons by Irmgard Mayer and the great time I had at the Tennis Club.

After Mr. Billigheimer retired as our Religionslehrer (teacher of religion), Dr. Max Gruenewald (see also) entered our lives when he came as a young Rabbi to Mannheim, and naturally was every girl's Schwarm (idol). I had not been a very conscientious Jewess until he revolutionized us by creating the Jugendgemeinde (Youth Congregation). But mostly through contact with the K.J.V. (a Zionist fraternity) in Heidelberg did I become an enthusiastic Zionist. I enjoyed working in the Zionistische Ortsgruppe (local Zionist group) and, on the advise of Seri Levinsky, the President of the WIZO (Woman's International Zionist Organization) founded the Jung-WIZO (Young WIZO) where I also found lifelong friends and, indirectly, my husband, Dr. Fred Sperber.

Another interesting experience was my participating in the "Sprech-Chor" (speaking chorus), directed by dr. Paul Epstein of the Volkshochschule. When Ida Ehre forbade me to "verschrei" (scream) in the chorus, and I had to resign, Dr. Epstein appeared one Sunday morning at our house. He was dressed like a real dandy in a morning suit, derby and white spats, asking to see my father. When Dad came into the salon, Dr. Epstein stood up, clicked his heels and said: "Mr. Suess, I came to ask for the voice of your daughter. She will only speak solo parts." And so, after a good laugh, I was allowed to join the Sprech-Chor again. How very saddened I was years later, when my mother-in-law, deported from Vienna and having survived Theresienstadt, told me of Paul's tragic fate and death in that Ghetto. He was a great man!

We were married in Mannheim in Dr. Gruenewald's study on January 26, 1933. On the fourth day of our honeymoon in Rome, we learned that Hitler had become Chancellor. On April 1st, the day of boycotts of Jewish businesses, Fred lost his position in Berlin on account of being an Austrian citizen. I became one by our marriage. We soon left for Vienna, settled there and in 1935 became the happy parents of a little girl named Aenne after her late aunt. After the Anschluss (annexation of Austria by Germany), the Israelitische Kultusgemeinde (Jewish community) had come under the control of the later infamous Adolf Eichmann. Eichmann ordered Fred to stay in Vienna until he would get his American visa and did not allow him to go with the child and me to Cuba where we had obtained landing permission. We had a 24 hour transit visa to enable us to say our farewell to my parents in Paris and from there take the boat in Cherbourg, France. These 24 hours became five months, when, after the ship "St. Louis" was refused entrance to Cuba, our ship, the "Orinoco" never sailed - at least

not with Jewish passengers. The French Prefecture (police) treated us as though we had swindled our way into France. After having received our American visas a few days before the outbreak of the war, we were able to book passage in October, 1939.

Aenne and I were extremely fortunate to find in our guarantor (sponsors) second cousins we had never met before. Isidore and Sara Ehrman, now deceased, were the most wonderful friends and helpers. We are still close friends with their children and grandchildren. This made the waiting for my husband more bearable. Luckily, he finally joined us here on the leap year day of 1940, after he had gotten passage for the last trip of the Italian liner "Conte Di Savoia". We would have been blissfully happy, especially when in 1942 our son, Alan, was born, if there would not have been the terrible worries about the loved ones we had to leave behind and of whom so many perished. In 1947, I joined the Riverside Group of Hadassah and was their President for one year. When Fred retired he joined Liberty Lodge, and almost immediately became its financial secretary until his sudden death ten years ago. I became a member of Liberty Chapter, found wonderful friends in this unique group and had the honor to serve twice as President.

Alan is a doctor specializing in Urology. He lives in Manhattan with his wife Betty. Aenne, now Ann, is single, living also in Manhattan, a writer and author of a best seller.

Renate Spiegel (Wildberg) - Chicago, Illinois

My birthdate is February 6, 1910, and I was born in Mannheim. My parents were Jakob and Bella Wildberg, nee Salomon. We lived at B6, 1a. My brother Alfred, born July 16, 1912, passed away in August 1975, in Jersey City, New Jersey. I had a good education at Elizabeth School, continued at a private commercial school, and also at a cooking school. I worked for my father at the Mannheimer Knieblechroehren Fabrik (metal tube fabrication company) at B5,6 several years at his office. I was married in 1935 in Mannheim at the Hauptsynagogue (main synagogue) and our wedding was officiated by Rabbi Dr. Geiss. My husband's name was Joseph, born at Dinslaken/Niederrhein. He had three brother and sisters and was in the scrap metal import/export business in Cologne. In the U.S. he did similar work as a purchasing agent. We moved as newlyweds to Duesseldorf where we resided until 1937. Our stay in Duesseldorf was short, we had a few friends and one relative there, and belonged to the Duesseldorf Synagogue. We lived under severe strain and circumstances, my husband was beaten badly by some of his customers who were stout believers in Hitler's ideas. He was beaten once in his hometown and his spine was damaged.

We lived very plain in Duesseldorf, the only luxury we had was a beautiful apartment in an ultra modern building. We were so happy. One day, completely unprepared, we were visited by the S.A. (Hitler's brown shirt troops) who interrogated my husband for several hours. I was locked into the kitchen, not knowing what was going on. After the Nazis left and I was released, my husband and I were faced with a serious problem.

The Nazis wanted my husband to bring back his brother from Holland, so he could stand trial because he took all his private money with him. He had fled to Holland by bicycle, leaving his family behind. My husband received a court order to appear. In the meantime I helped my sister-in-law and her two daughter to escape to Holland to join their husband and father.

The upcoming court date gave us just a few weeks time to run away. We got the affidavit original made out to my husband's brother and family, but they decided to stay in Holland. The papers were transferred to us; even so, we did not know the sponsor. The day of packing came fast. We sold in a hurry all our furniture and belongings which we couldn't take along. All went well until we came at noon to the Police Department who had to stamp and sign that our belongings were to be sent to America. The officer in charge said, "Where did I hear your name mentioned?" We got very scared, but my husband answered quickly, "Most likely from the moving company." It was 12:00, lunch time, and the officers were anxious to get their meals. They stamped the papers and we rushed directly to the railroad station and took the next train to Mannheim to say goodbye to my parents, but not to anybody else.

My husband studied for weeks the timetables for our escape. So we went next morning without my parents to the Mannheimer Bahnhof (railroad station); my husband bought me a huge bouquet of tulips and we got on the "Rheingold" (name of a particular train). My husband knew that there was little time for checking the passports. When the SS officers came in our car our hearts were beating rapidly. Would they take us off the train? The beautiful flowers were our life savers. They thought we were honeymooners and okeyed our papers. My youngest sister-in-law boarded the "Rheingold" in Duesseldorf to go with us to the border. She then returned home to let my father-in-law, as well as my parents, know that we were safe. So we arrived in Holland and another brother of my husband met us. While waiting for our suitcases to be checked I suffered a breakdown.

We had to wait in Holland four weeks until we got to see the American Consul and the doctor for our final papers. We had to bribe an employee of the consulate since one of my papers was missing. They treated us very nice. While we stayed in Holland at a small inn all our mail was intercepted. The Nazis got after my parents. My father had been taken into custody for a few hours, but was released since he was a sick man. Already in 1937, some Dutch people were traitors, and other were very kind to us. Finally the day of our departure from Holland came. We sailed to England, stayed a few days in London, and at last boarded the "Samarta", which took us to the U.S.A. When we arrived late in the afternoon, August 30, 1937, the sponsor and all her children and son-in-laws picked us up. They took us to a restaurant where we ate supper. The bill was on us, we had no idea how fast we would spend our money. When they questioned us at which hotel we booked, we thought the sky was falling in. They rented us a furnished room in their area, and sent our belongings to a warehouse. It was a tough situation. No money, no job, knowing little English.

It was almost Rosh Hashonah (Jewish Holiday - New Year) and the people where we roomed gave us tickets to the synagogue and loaned us some prayer books. While at the services, I leafed through the book and found an inscription which struck me, and I told my husband that we had relatives on my father's side by this name. When I returned I talked to these people

and sure we were related to them! We were invited to join them at the family dinner at Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur (Jewish highest holiday - Day of Atonement). Those were the nicest people one could have. In a city of many millions like New York, to find a relative by surprise--they were the Jacob Weinstock's, originally from Ober Elsbach/Thuringen. In 1940 my parents came with the last boat from Holland. All their belongings were held in Holland. We were happy to have them. They were really poor. We managed and struggled in the smallest apartment possible. After my husband couldn't get a job to help me support my parents, we left a few days after my brother's wedding for Racine, Wisconsin. My husband worked for a third cousin in a tannery. The pay was poor, and I was expecting my first baby in 1941. Unfortunately, I lost the baby. In 1942 our daughter Brenda was born. My husband gave up his job in November, 1943 and went to Chicago to try his luck. We all followed in February 1944. Since that time we were all in Chicago, settled and liked it here.

My father passed away in 1951, my mother in 1960 and my husband passed away June 21, 1987. My daughter, Brenda married Prof. Dr. Fred Turner on June 7, 1964, and lives in Skokie, Illinois. They have two children, a daughter, Sherilyn, born March 1, 1966, who is married to Brian Nadig. A son, Arthur, born October 5, 1968, is a Senior at the University of Illinois at Champaign, Illinois. Walter and Hans Salomon (see also) are my first cousins.

Hans Salomon - Feasterville, Pennsylvania

I was born in Mannheim in 1922 and went to Tante (Aunt) Trude Traub's Kindergarten. Next I went to Luisenschule for four short years, Oberrealschule for an additional four long years. Finally, I went to the Jewish School at K2. Her Stahl (we called him Zeus) was our teacher there. Thereafter came my apprenticeship at Eppstein and Gerstle, a six months training program at Bielefeld, upon which I returned to Neckarau (suburb of Mannheim). I am the younger brother of Walter Salomon. (see also) We lived in the famous Richard Wagner Strasse where Ernst Michel (see also) used to live.

I was one of the last Jewish inhabitants of Mannheim to be sent to concentration camp in Gurs, France. I was fortunate enough to survive. In 1942 I escaped to Switzerland. There I was commissioned by the European Student Help Committee to write of what has happened to me since being kicked out of Germany. I did translate my manuscript into English and donated it to the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. As a matter of information, I played the role of Columbus in 1946 to discover America.

Following is a part of an article written by Ms. Dora Goldberg in the Philadelphia Jewish Exponent, April 28th 1989, after an interview with me. "For years, the manuscript Hans Salomon wrote in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1942, detailing his experiences in French concentration camps, lay hidden in his Feasterville home. But recently, he retrieved the emotionally moving eyewitness account, translated it into English from German, and donated the translation to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in

Washington, D.C. Like many aging survivors, Hans Salomon has given thought to what he should do with his tangible reminders of the Holocaust. The memories will stay with him always, but the objects, he feels, should be kept in a place where they speak to future generations. Hans Salomon decided to give his manuscript to the museum because it is the only home for it. 'Maybe I could have given it to my children or grandchildren; it is not right to be put in a drawer again.' It is much better that it is in the public eye, where it can educate people and remind them of this tragedy. Along with his moving accounts of his experience in Camp de Gurs and Rivesaltes in France from 1940 to 1942, Hans Salomon gave the Museum some original documents. In this collection are certificates of his presence and internment in these French camps as well as a paper issued to him in 1942, when he was 20 years old permitting him to travel in France for one month under the name of Pierre Stocher. With this document, Hans Salomon fled to the French/Swiss border and found refuge in Switzerland. Hans is a humble man. He does not want to be known as a hero. It is important, however, to tell people that it happened and what has happened. It is not important that Hans survived. It could have been anyone. When Hans was writing this manuscript, he never dreamed that one day it would find a resting place in the United States Holocaust Museum."

I arrived in the U.S.A. in April, 1946. Uncle Sam, the man with the white beard, told me: "I want you!" I did not know what "Chow" was, yet I cooked good in the US Army uniform. After one year in Guam, Japan, and Korea, Uncle Sam sent me home, after serving 18 months. In 1948 I married the former Ruth Franke from Herford (Westfalia), a perfect combination. She speaks Hochdeutsch (High German) and I speak Mannemerisch (dialect spoken in Mannheim). We have two sons and three granddaughters. Every night before we go to sleep and when I wake up in the morning, I, along with my wife Ruth, who is also a survivor of the Holocaust - Ghetto in Riga - say: "NEVER AGAIN!"

In 1963 I bought a lumber and millwork business. I liquidated the business in 1986 and went into retirement for three months. It ended when I was offered a position as a sales consultant and I work three or four days a week. Why not? I am too young to sit in a rocking chair.

Trude Tausig (Freund) - Madison, Wisconsin

When I think of Mannheim, it is for me like going down memory lane of my earlier years. I get very nostalgic and recall so many happy moments of my life. My name is Trude Tausig now, but then it was "Trudel Freund" and I married Martin, known to some as Az, who is also a born "Mannemer". Once in a while we share moments of reflection of our childhood, even in the German language, and I rattle on, fondly recalling the wonderful forming years of a carefree youth. One of the clearest memories was time spent in the Friedrichspark. What wonderful days I experienced on the Spielplatz (playground) with its bowling teams, boys against girls, and much flirting. The Terasse (terrace) with Herrn Becker and his Kapelle giving us his loud and happy rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner" and many more. How we

enjoyed the privilege of sitting in the restaurant, a rare treat, with our parents and having ice cream and feeling oh, so grown up.

Another event I remember so vividly is the Bengalische Beleuchtung (a colorful light show in the evening). It was so beautiful to see the whole park lit up in the wonderous colors and give it some mystic feeling, as well as ever present mosquitoes biting us steadily. My father was so proud to be a Mannemer (to be from Mannheim) and pronounced at every turn, how much he loved to be in Mannheim and that he never would want to live anywhere else. How little he knew what was in store for him and my mother, who were both born in Mannheim. Their life experiences were so close knit to the city and the future looked rosy for all of us then. When I was six years old I started school in the L-Schule. How I loved those old cobble stones in the former old Kaserne (buildings where formerly soldiers were housed) and my teacher, Herr Batholomae! I had my first crush on him. For our Jewish instructions, we had to walk to the Luisenschule, quite some distance away and on the way there we met the boys from other schools and for some reason, that walk took us an awfully long time, wonder why? Then came the year of 1933 and I went to the much hated Elizabethschule in the Rheinstrasse, where we also lived. It was an all-girls lyceum.

I was excited about going there, not particularly for the learning, but for the smart caps the students wore. The different colors represented the level of the year we were attending, such as purple, orange, red, green, etc. We sported these caps like peacocks and wore them at every occasion and we were very proud to represent our school. Our teachers, single old ladies with long drab dresses, were very strict and stern and not much of an inspiration to young people. There were two, however, whom we enjoyed in the class room: a younger person who taught us English and a professor who taught us math. When a teacher entered the room, one of the girls opened the door and the class stood at attention until we were told to sit down again. Our hands had to be neatly upon the desk until we had an assignment. I was the only Jewish girl in the class and had a very difficult time, since anti-Semitism was very much alive and former friendships forgotten. One day the Brown Shirts stormed into our school and actually threw the two Jewish professors out bodily. One of them later committed suicide, the other was able to leave Germany quickly. I left the school at once and went home to tell my Dad I would never go back to that school to finish my education. I usually was a most obedient girl and surprised myself with the firm stand I took. I was rather proud of it. My father said he would go see the director, who told him in no uncertain terms that things would only get worse for me. So we shopped around for another school where I would be more welcome, but it was not easy in those days. We found a business school which would give me my degree, provided I would be able to finish there. I was fortunate enough to meet some very understanding teachers as well as classmates, one of whom I still correspond with and visit when I am in Germany.

These were very traumatic times for all of us. We never knew what the next day would bring. As time went on, it went from bad to worse. But in the end, I was lucky enough to have received a decent education. Even so, my highest goals were never achieved.

Good days for me were when I joined, in 1935 or so, a Judo class sponsored by the Reichsbund Juedischer Frontsoldaten (Jewish War Veterans)

which branched out into the BDJJ (Bund Deutsch Juedischer Jugend German Jewish Youth Organization). That's where I met, for the first time in my life, a young group of Jewish people. I shared and experienced a never forgotten comradeship, happy days auf Fahrt (excursions and camping) in the Kaefertaeler Wald (Forest), but also anxious moments and fears of the young Nazis prevailed. As young as we were, at that time the most important part in our lives was not "fun and games", but serious thoughts about our early emigration. Who had received their affidavit and where and when did one go? An almost abnormal way of living for people our age. But we also shared happy days, and especially when we went to "Camp" in Hoerden. That's where I met Az, whom I did not especially like at the beginning. He was so devious. He and some of the other boys locked me in my room with a cat, when they knew how I hated and feared cats. They had the time of their lives, to peek through the keyhole and watch me and poke fun at me.

I don't know how it happened and events turned around for us. We got married in 1938 and emigrated to the USA. Together we boarded the Nieuw Amsterdam in Rotterdam and started to make a new life, in Chicago for 28 years. In 1966 we moved to Madison, Wisconsin, a lovely University town. Much has happened to us in those years, but it is always good to stop for a moment and look back to our former life in Mannheim. We have returned several times and are much impressed with the still beautiful city of our birth.

Egon Gruenhut - Brooklyn, New York

Born in Mannheim on August 24, 1922, I lived first at S1,2 (Breitestrasse), next at P5,14 Enge Planken (name of street), and last at P2, 8/9. My father was Heinrich Gruenhut; my mother Bertha nee Kahn of Kuppenheim near Rastatt. My brother Lothar was three years my senior. My last school in Mannheim was the Tulla Oberrealschule where I was the only non Aryan in my class. During 1939 until October 1940 I worked in the Israelitische Friedhof (Jewish Cemetery) in Mannheim as a full time Gaertner Lehrling (apprentice gardener) under the watchful eyes of Herr Heilbronn and his son Hans.

I was deported from Mannheim to Camp de Gurs in Vichy France in October, 1940 together with my mother and father. In 1943, my father and brother were again deported to Camp Rivesaltes, then to Drancy, France, by the Nazis, and from there to unknown extermination camps in the east. I never saw them again. My mother, who spoke fluent French was able to leave Camp Rivesaltes in Southern Vichy, France and hide with a family near Nimes. Thereafter, she was transferred by friendly French Protestants to Chambon Sur Lignon in the Loire to stay as cook with the local protestant minister, Pastor Troche. Chambon Sur Lignon became famous for its passive resistance against the Germans. This village, under the leadership of Pastor Troche, saved 10,000 Jews from the Germans. I was one of the saved ones myself. My mother survived the war in France and migrated to the U.S.A. in 1947 where she lived until 1966.

For some time I attended Hebrew classes in Mannheim and I recall my

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teacher Herr Rosenthal. (See also Ruth Feist Rosenthal). While I never had the privilege of attending classes conducted by Professor Stahl who, I believe, was then the Principal of the "Israelitische Schule" (Jewish School), I was his immediate "neighbor" in Camp De Gurs. Those who were there know how awful it was and rats were a constant threat to the small bread ration which we got. One fat rat in particular bothered me and I waited for her late in the night with a heavy boot with nail soles in my hand - ready to strike. One night she rested at the foot of Herr Stahl's blanket. A mighty blow with the heavy shoe, an agonizing scream! I had hit one of Professor Stahl's feet, but the rat escaped. A few months later I received a letter from the Professor when I was in Camp de Rivesaltes near Perpignan which read "I am much improved and can walk almost normally again - but your rat is still here."

After Camp de Rivesaltes I volunteered to the 318th "group de travailleurs" Prestataires, a quasi Vichy copy of the German Arbeitsdienst (work corps) which, however, was exclusively for foreigners. We wore World War I uniforms and performed heavy labor in quarries and road construction, cutting trees, etc. In 1941, I was able to join the Maison Roches in Chambon sur Lignon-Hte Loire, where I rejoined Hans Salomon (see also) and Kurt Muellner, ex-Mannheimers. Eventually we had to flee to Switzerland. Actually we were sent back by the Swiss once at the end of tortuous mountain climbing in the Cheval Blanc (a mountain opposite Mont Blanc) 3,400 meters high. The second time we crossed the border near Geneva and succeeded. In Switzerland I was able to continue my schooling. In between there were compulsory stays in refugee camps during the summer, lasting two months. I was able to work from 1944 - 1947 for the Committee International pour Les Refugees Intellectuels (International Committee for Assistance to Intellectual Refugees) as bookkeeper and assistant social worker. Besides, I translated English poetry and prose into German for a Berlin born poet, Hans Feist Wolheim, who had fled to Switzerland. He wrote "Ewiges England" which is actually beautiful German poetry translated from the English Masters from Chaucer to Elliot.

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In 1947, I left Geneva for good and settled in New York. During the ocean crossing I met my future wife who had immigrated from Italy via France. Married in New York City on October 18, 1947, to Esther nee Kaner, born in Lodz, we now have four children and six grandchildren. Our children are: Shirley, single and living in Manhattan, New York City, a legal secretary and accomplished pianist. Then, Allen, married to Felice nee Asch, living in East Meadow, New York. He is Vice President of a major international bank in New York. They have two children, Amy, 10 years old, and a second daughter, Lindsay, age 8. Next, our daughter Frances is married to Steven Sonkin, a computer analyst with The Bank Of New York, residing in Westport, Connecticut. They have four children, Beth, age 10, son Evan, age 6, Danielle, age 8, and Gregory, age 2. Joyce, our unmarried daughter, lives in Brooklyn, New York and is a computer operator. Professionally I worked immediately as a bookkeeper in a major steamship company and eventually I joined the Israeli Shipping Company in 1949. In 1967, I became the Executive Vice President of Zim-American Israeli Shipping Company, Inc., in New York Zim Container Service, where I am still working to date.

In Mannheim, at first, I had a carefree childhood and enjoyed the special performances at the National theater i.e. "Peterchens Mondfahrt" (Pete's Travel To The Moon). Also, some young people's performances of the

Liederkrantz orchestra, under the direction of Herrn Sinsheimer. I spent many happy hours at the Friedrichspark until in 1935 we fought with the Hitler Jugend (Hitler Youth Group) until Jews could no longer visit the park. One of the excitements of those days was for me to sneak into a movie house in spite of the fact that Jews were not allowed there and big signs to that effect were posted. Of great interest to me were the meetings at the Gemeinde Haus at F2 where the Jewish Youth groups met, sometimes for detailed orientations on settlement in Palestine.

I was in Mannheim twice after World War II - the first time in 1977 and the second time in 1987. My first impression was how small Mannheim really is. My remembrances from childhood had it appear so big. Three of the four of my previous residences have disappeared. The one near the Ring in G7 was intact, but our apartment was subdivided into two which were occupied by Turks. I was surprised to find myself with little emotion, as if it was a totally strange place and as if I had never been there before.

Some of my friends I remember from Mannheim, of course my cousin Robert Kahn (no relation to the editor Robert B. Kahn) who now lives in New York, Walter Hayman, who was deported to the eastern camps; Helmut Jacob, another friend, now living in Washington D.C. and Max Liebman, who lives in New York (see also). My friend David Metzner was also deported to camps in East Europe; and Karl Henry Liebman is living in San Francisco, California.

Ilse D. Strauss (Doernberg) - New Paltz, New York

My name is Ilse Doernberg, born 7-19-1926, Goethe Strasse 10, the second daughter of Paul and Sophie Doernberg, Drogerie (pharmacy) Doernberg 05,3 next to Engelhorn & Sturm (name of a department store). Of my early years I can only recall that people loved to pinch my fat cheeks. In 1934, it was off to the Jude-Schule (Jewish School) in an old dilapidated building in the other end of town, then over in the building where the Fromme (Orthodox) Synagogue was. I recall my class-mates as nameless, faceless figures and wonder what happened to them? Are they white-haired and arthritic, like me, or are they fifteen years old for all eternity? My childhood buddy was Ellen Rau. She and her widowed mother, Gertrude, were taken to Camp Gurs, then went to Cuba and later to the U.S. I know that after her marriage, Ellen moved to Kingston, but do not remember her married name.

Gretel, my sister (see also) went to England in 1936, where we had Mischpoche (relatives). After the demise of the Drogerie in 1938, and an extended stay in Dachau following the Kristallnacht, my father joined the folks in England. Mother and I were stuck in Mannheim, certain that we were going to die together. We had to take in four other Jewish families into the apartment on the Grosse Maerzel Strasse as part of the "Final Solution". Sorry, but I cannot remember the names of the families that shared our last days in Mannheim, except the Engels and their daughter, Marian. They perished in the death camps. They had a son who had gone to Palestine in the late '30's.

A miracle happened with the help of some of our Christian friends who

brought my mother and me to the Dutch border in their car in January, 1940. The person who took us there, that snowy night in January, 1940, was Georg Hans, who had worked at our pharmacy for many years. We were in touch with him immediately after the war. In 1979, I learned that he was very ill with cancer. He was the reason we went to Mannheim in 1980. I had a long and sentimental visit with him that covered 40 years. He died while I was in Mannheim. His wife told me that he had waited for me. I was his "Ilsele" (Little Ilse). He was my special friend.

"Sophele" and I were able, by this miracle, to leave Mannheim through Holland and were eventually reunited in the U.S.A. Things were rough for us with Paul, my father, working as a dishwasher in the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital. Things got better for my parents with Wiedergutmachung (German restitution after the war). I met my husband, Manfred Strauss from Langendiebach, Kreis Hanau, on his return from the army after he had spent almost four years overseas, courtesy of Uncle Sam. We were married on November 2, 1946. We have three children and five grandchildren. Our oldest is Arnold, 40, married to Diane from Massachusetts. They live in New Paltz. That's how we fell in love with the area. He is a teacher and they have a daughter, Stephanie, 2 years old. Our daughter, Claudia, 38, lives in Schenectady, New York, married to Rick Gottesman. She is an interior decorator. They are the parents of twin 4 year old girls, Rachel and Andrea. Our youngest son, Warren, 32, is a physician's assistant and lives in Staten Island, New York. He and his wife, Debbie, have a girl almost 4 years old and Jonathan Paul, almost 2 years old.

We were the owners of a retail bakery for almost thirty years. It was known as "Richer's Bake Shop" on Horace Harding Blvd. Little Neck, (Queens) New York. As mentioned earlier, in 1980 we went to Germany for the first and last time. Nothing had changed, I was extremely uncomfortable, and could not wait to leave, especially after visiting my husband's old home, and being told by the woman living there "Ja, das war ein Jude-Haus". ("Yes, that was a Jew house.") What a blow for him! After all, he is the only one who got out. Everyone else in his family died in the extermination Camp Auschwitz.

As retirement came closer, we decided to relocate "for the last time", left Long Island and came to the beautiful Hudson Valley where the back of our property faces "Mannheim" Boulevard.

Lisa G. Kay (Liselotte Ebertsheim) - Hartsdale, New York

Dr. Heinrich Ebertsheim, Rechtsanwalt (attorney) and his wife Charlotte, were greatly surprised when, on January 4, 1928, instead of a big baby boy, my mother delivered two little girls named Lisel and Ursel. Except for their two year old brother, Wolfgang, no one could distinguish them except with the aid of colored ribbons. Mother, Schwester (nurse) Gretel and Eva were kept busy pureeing food, washing diapers and taking us on our twice-a-day mandatory walks since, according to my mother, children were in jeopardy if they did not get frische Luft (fresh air). Consequently, our red cheeks attracted attention and our stock answer to the inevitable

question was that a quarter came from eating vegetables, a quarter from fruit, a quarter from sunshine and a quarter from Mom and Dad. Except for looking alike, my sister and I were quite different which manifested itself in our fighting over every toy and book and insisting on having our own friends.

My father was born in Mannheim and had his law practice in L7,5. My mother was born in Berlin nee Silberstein. They met first in Berlin, however, their real courtship transpired when they were students at Freiburg. I was born in Muehldorfer Strasse (name of street), but mainly remember our apartment at Grosse Merzelstrasse, where we moved in 1935. It was a safer place since it was owned by a Swiss Jew. We had a long corridor (hallway) in which we had swings attached. Jointly, with our friends, we would give performances for the adults. We grew up without religion. Only our Sunday hikes at Heidelberg were religiously observed. In 1934 we started first grade at the designated Jewish school in the old section of Mannheim. Girls and boys were separated except for religious instruction. My most vivid memory of that was seeing a boy caned by our Hebrew teacher. Girls were not exposed to that indignity.

November 9, 1938, Fraulein Baer sent us home early from school and we were warned to go straight home due to anti-Semitic demonstrations. My mother informed us that my father was taken to a place called Dachau and that the S.S. (Nazi Storm Troopers) would return to search our apartment. When they came, my mother promised them the crystal and other valuables in exchange for not breaking anything. The fine fellows returned regularly to retrieve more of the loot. A few days later a Dutch friend, whom we had met on earlier trips, came to Mannheim and took my sister and me to Holland. My brother was away at school and came to Holland later, on a children's transport. We stayed with private families and, except for missing our parents, lived typical lives of other Dutch children. My father was released after six months and was permitted to leave for England as the guest of the Bishop of Lichtfield. In the mean time, we all waited for our visas to the United States. When they finally arrived, April, 1940, mother was not allowed to leave Mannheim, but my brother, sister and I left on the last boat from Antwerp, Belgium to England. It took us three days to maneuver through the English Channel, but we arrived safely in Southampton where my father boarded for our final journey to New York.

My mother was transported to Camp de Gurs, but in the summer of 1941 made her voyage to Marseille and freedom. Soon after my mother arrived, we moved to Columbus, Ohio, where I lived at home until 1950 when I came to New York to start my professional career as a social worker.

In 1952 I married Maccabi Greenfield, a painter/teacher who had been born in Siberia and came the easterly route to the United States after his father deserted from the Russian army. We had two young children when my husband, Mac, died an untimely death. I am now married to Sidney G. Kay, with whom I am sharing a wonderful life, each of us enjoying our retirement according to our own needs.

My Son David (32) and daughter Ariel (30), only recently are comprehending some of the enormity of life in Europe under Hitler. I remember my parents talking about the first World War and how strange and remote it sounded to me. My children are living in Manhattan after having spent years on the West Coast, in Europe and Central America. David is happily married and he, his wife and Ariel are the best of friends. They

took a long time finding careers, but now are very actively and gainfully employed. David is as Sous Chef; Robin, his wife, is a Graphic Designer; and Ariel is an Account Executive with the same firm where Robin works.

Edith Ullmann (Oppenheimer) - Cliffside Park, New Jersey

I am the daughter of Max and Alice Oppenheimer and was born and raised in Mannheim together with my brother Werner. We lived in the Nietzsche Strasse and one year before our emmigration to America we moved to the Richard Wagner Strasse. My father owned a Zigarren-fabrik (Cigar Factory). I recall my biggest treat when visiting the factory, to assort the many hundreds of colored design paper ribbons that went around the cigar boxes. I was always allowed to "select" as many ribbons as I liked with which I made my friends as well as my whole class at the Pestalozzi schule (name of school) very happy. After the Volksschule (elementary school) I transferred to the Lieselotte Schule but like others was forced out and had to attend the Juedische Schule (Jewish School) in K,2. I do remember many of my friends and anxiously look forward to meeting them at the reunion after more than 50 years.

Most of my memories of Mannheim are far from pleasant, for I was part of the Ueberfall (surprise raid) at the Herrweck Schwimmbad (swimming pool) and the trauma of this incident stayed with me all my life. Still today, I do not like to go to a swimming pool nor enter the water. I also recall how children were throwing stones at us as we went about on our bicycles and yelling all kinds of anti-Semitic and hateful remarks at us. One of my finer recollections is the Jugend Gottesdienst (youth religious services) at the Hauptsynagogue (main synagogue) which was attended by all of us and where I was a proud member of the children's choir. Those melodies, particularly those of the high holidays are still embedded in my mind. For gym I belonged to the R.J.F. (Jewish War Veterans) and for my "social life" I was a good member of the Werkleute (Jewish Youth Organization). As I am writing this biography of Mannheim recollections, it seems to me as if it all happened in another world.

It was in the fall of 1938, when apartments in New York City were vacant everywhere and landlords were giving many concessions just to have a tenant move into one of his vacant apartments. We had landed in New York a few weeks before and had just moved to our new apartment on Riverside Drive and 160th Street in Washington Heights or what was then called "The Fourth Reich". One day the Superintendent of our building came to our door and asked my mother, Alice Oppenheimer, to do him a special favor and speak to a family downstairs who were also from Germany and who were looking for an apartment. His thought was that if they would see that other German Jewish families live in the building, he might be able to rent another apartment. Of course my mother obliged and when the elevator man opened the door in the lobby, who was standing there? None other than Sidy and Willi Ullmann who too were from Mannheim. The two women fell around each other's neck and after only a very brief inspection of the vacant apartment, the Ullmanns rented it immediately.

Now both families were living on the same floor and Ullmann's daughter, Gretel (now Peggy), and I were quite friendly, as we knew each other from the R.J.F. in Mannheim which both of us attended. However, her brother, Hans (now Joey), was strictly another matter! His reputation preceded him, as he was known in Mannheim as "der Schrecken der Richard Wagner Strasse" and I would have nothing to do with him. It was really "hate at first sight" and the feeling was mutual. When I entered our building and he was waiting for the elevator, I would walk the stairs to avoid saying "Hello". Unfortunately, and to the great dismay of everyone, Sidy Ullmann died suddenly of a heart attack only three years after their arrival in this country. It was a great shock for all of us. A year later war broke out and Joey was inducted into the Army. He spent most of his Army years in Africa and Italy where he made friends with an Italian soldier who had saved his life during the invasion and carried him over his shoulders to safety. This Italian Lieutenant later became a most famous lawyer in Italy and our two families have been very close friends up to this day. We meet in Europe or the USA occasionally, but correspond regularly.

When Hans, now named Joey by the American Military Court, returned home from the Army, my mother baked him his favorite cake, a Streusselkuchen (crum cake), which his late mother used to bake for him. When I was asked to deliver it to his apartment, I refused at first, however, being a dutiful daughter, I brought it to him. We talked a while, and several times thereafter, and suddenly found him not to be such a bad guy after all. Before long, it was an "unwritten law" that each of us would go out on our respective dates on Saturday night, occasionally meeting in the Treppenhaus (stairway), when my date would bring me home, and every Sunday afternoon Joey and I would go together to a neighborhood movie.

The rest is history. Joey and I were married in 1948 and have lived 42 years together very happily since. The famous Dr. Freud would probably have a picnic with his analysis of this hate/love relationship. We have one daughter, Sharon, who is married to Ken Kaufmann, whose parents originally came from Frankfurt. Our pride and joy are our two wonderful grandchildren, Ari, age nine, and Rena, age six. We try to see each other as often as possible as we live only 45 minutes apart. Their house is in New Providence, New Jersey. Even though Joey is retired now, life keeps us very busy with both of us being President for the second time of our B'nai B'rith Leo Baeck Lodge and Chapter in New York besides all the preparations of the Mannheim Reunion. My mother, Alice Oppenheimer, is still very active in the Jewish Community, many organizations, and is a very proud great grandmother.

I have visited Mannheim together with my husband on numerous European trips, at times accompanied by our daughter, Sharon. Since Sharon was very interested in seeing where her parents grew up and in learning the "roots" of her family, it was easy for us to show her around Mannheim. However, the city left absolutely no nostalgic impact on us, especially as we passed many of the stores that had proudly displayed the sign Juden Unerwünscht (Jews Not Wanted) during the early Hitler years. Yet, I must admit, Mannheim is a beautiful city, especially the Rosengarten (name of concert/theater/ opera complex) with Wasserturm (a water tower overlooking beautiful gardens and waterfalls).

Joey Ullmann (Hans Josef Ullmann) - Cliffside Park, New Jersey

I was born at Tullastrasse 17, Mannheim, April 5, 1921. Officially I was known as Hans Josef Ullmann, son of Commerzbank Direktor Willie Ullmann and "Frau" Sidi. Most others knew me by another name, "Der Schrecken Der Richard Wagner Strasse" (the terror of R. W. Street) even though we lived on Otto Beckstrasse 12 across the street. If you asked the milkman, storekeepers, the policeman, or the fine local residents of those years gone by, they remember "l'enfant terrible". My elite associates from all parts of the Oststadt (subdivision of Mannheim/suburb) took pride to sit on their bicycles with fully loaded Flobert pistols in our belts and shoot up the neighborhood with loud blanks to the dismay of our poor neighbors! With our bicycles we tried various tricks on the adjoining flatlands of the Wasserrutsch where a special stunt course was built by us for the hearty dare devils. Else we played soccer in friendship and harmony until my father complained about the mounting glass bills for windows where a stray ball found its unintentional, and sometimes intentional mark.

My school years and my dislike of certain very strict teachers was proven in my early years at the Mollschule (name of school) when I decided to send the entire class home! The reason was simple. A teachers' conference was called and I was appointed the Klassenaufseher (class monitor). Enough said? (see also Frederick Wertheimer.) My immediate dismissal from this learning institution saw me thereafter for two years at the Pestalozzischule (name of school), where I had no problems until some nearby store-owners complained bitterly that their door entry alarm bell was constantly set off by building bricks inserted between door and frame. Of course, I had to take the blame! The Lessingschule (name of school) was next where my first friendships developed, but Professor Stierle, a number one Nazi, with the swastika proudly pinned to his jacket, was happy to give the Jew Boy a failing mark in mathematics. I revolted and promptly put a "deathwish" on him, which was hopefully executed by now! Since I had no intention to repeat math, I transferred out of this school to the private school, Institute Schwarz, where life was conducted in a more leisurely and pleasant pace. We could smoke, and if homework was not done, no one took any offense. You could either do it or forget about it! The strict German discipline was gone, and everyone voluntarily buckled down to some serious learning.

My religious holidays were spent next to my father, grandfather, uncles and aunts in the orthodox Klaus Synagogue, which still today has left a lasting impression on me by keeping a kosher home with my entire family circle. My final schooling took place in Switzerland starting in 1936, where I finally realized that education is a must to reach the goals that I had set for myself in later life. Looking back now, I well remember crossing the Neckar River in a rowboat for 2 Pfennige, one way, after visiting the Luisenpark or watching the rowing teams of the "Amizizia" (name of team) from shore. The weekends I traveled to the Kaeferthalerwald (a forest near the town Kaeferthal) as a proud member of the Werkleute Club (Jewish Youth Group) else by car with my parents to nearby Heidelberg visiting the Wolfsbrunnen, Schloss, (castle) or Koenigstuhl. In later years my weekends were spent embracing some Mannemer girl in the Tanzschule

Stuendebeck (dance school) but those happenings are chapters by themselves.

June, 1938 saw me disembark alone on the shores of this glorious country and months later on I joined my parents and sister Gretel. My sister Gretel, now Peggy Lange, is living in Westport, Connecticut and was divorced recently after many years of marriage. Uncles and aunts did not make the trip, but they will always be remembered as part of my Mannheim memories. They were deported to Camp Gurs in France...and never heard from again! Traveling continuously for the past 40 years, be it Europe, the Far East, or all parts of the U.S.A. as National Sales Manager and V.P. for America's major wine importers, I decided to retire a few years ago to the leisurely life as President of B'nai B'rith Leo Baeck Lodge, New York, and other voluntary tasks.

Living side by side with my Mannemer Bope (slang for doll), my loving companion for the past 41 years, Edith nee Oppenheimer (see also) and all the exciting events and experiences which happened in the 50 plus years in the U.S.A. would fill another few volumes. It is now part of a sealed autobiography for my grandchildren. Now that we look back on some of our fond and sometimes sad memories, we are fortunate to have a generation to which we can pass on this history; to our daughter, Sharon, and her husband, Ken, and to our wonderful grandchildren, Ari and Rena whom we teach always to remember their heritage.

Otto Ernest Landman (Landmann) - Bethesda, Maryland

My mother, Martha Wertheimer from Kehl was one of eight siblings. My father, Paul, was born in Schifferstadt in the Rheinpfalz and was the oldest son among 12 siblings. By 1925, the year of my birth, he had risen from poverty to prosperity. He and his brother Wilhelm owned a lithographic printing plant widely known for well-designed products. The "Paul Landmann Lithographische Kunstanstalt" employed 150 people. During the Nazi period, quite a few Jews were employed, e.g. Lotte Marshall's dear husband, Walter (see also) and several of my cousins.

My parents had a deep sense of family solidarity. My father took a lead in organizing his brothers to provide dowries for the sisters and to send a younger brother to University. The siblings assembled at our house for Rosh Hashanah (Jewish holiday - New Year) each year. When my brother, Carl, (see also) became Bar Mitzvah in 1933 my parents presented him and the family with a Stammbaum (family tree) of the Landman family. In 1984 my mother and I completed a book on "The Landmans", updating the genealogies and complementing them with biographical sketches of family members, photos, tales of emigration and encounters with the Nazis, and our subsequent lives. "The Landmans", and another book by my mother, "The Wertheimers" are available in the Leo Baeck library and other libraries.

My brother Carl, my sisters, Susan and Lotte (see also) and I were all born in Mannheim. I am the youngest, and when I was only one year old our family moved to the Oststadt into our handsome light-yellow house with a red tile roof, set in a large, beautiful garden. The area was known as the Philosophenviertel (philosopher's quarter). We lived at the corner of Kantstrasse #11 and Fichtestrasse #8. My friends, the Altschuelers, lived nearby. My recollections of my early childhood and my years in the elementary

school are happy. I spent many hours in the sandbox, building castles and my specialty, Ballrollbahnen - sand mountains with tunnels for complex tennis ball runs. Our garden resounded with our games - Abschlager, Versteckerles (hide and seek) shared by lots of Jewish and non-Jewish kids of the neighborhood. High on the list of our pleasures were the yearly skiing vacations in Lenzerheide and summer vacations in Zermatt, Pontresina and the Italian Alps. At home my father led the family on weekly hikes to the Odenwald or the Haardt, story telling included. The friendships made in these years with Ursel, Lieselotte (see also) and Wolfgang Ebertsheim, with Marion (see also) and Gerhard Sonder, with Erich Hirschler (see also), Lutz Meyer, Hanne Weill and Evi Altschueler were very important and some continued for a lifetime.

In about 1935, when I started in Sexta in the Adolf Hitler Realgymnasium, (name of school) the Nazi presence began to have it's impact. Many non-Jewish friends stopped playing with me on orders from their parents. Then my bosom friend stopped after his father had come to see mine, explaining, with some guilt, that it was no longer possible to maintain contact. One teacher at the Realgymnasium, Professor Strubel told my father that he couldn't give me top grades in German, much as I deserved them, because "Jews just didn't get top grades in German or in Phys. Ed". Another teacher, Pfeiffer, slapped me viciously for an invented rule infraction because I was a Jew. In spring '38 there were only three Jewish boys left in the Realgymnasium and we maintained a low, low profile. Still, a fanatic Hitler Junge (Hitler Youth) picked a fight with me in the school yard. We were surrounded by a circle of his jeering supporters and, of course, no one dared to cheer me. I was afraid to fight back to the best of my ability because a Jew couldn't be allowed to win a fight with a Hitler Junge. The recollection of that humiliation remains vividly in my mind! I also remember standing in front of the Sturmer case (a Nazi propaganda newspaper) at the Wasserturm, (a water tower surrounded by a park of flowers and water falls) reading about the moral depravity of the Jews and their cultural inferiority. I didn't recognize any of the characters but it took years before I stopped being hesitant to admit that I was Jewish and still more years before I realized the disproportionate contributions Jews have made to every facet of Western civilization.

Among the pleasant recollections of my life in '36-'38 are the outings with Victor Lenel. Victor, who was then about 25, took Ernst Maas, Hans Kahn, myself and several others on wonderful hiking, rock-climbing and camping trips on weekends. When the "Juden sind hier unerwünscht" (Jews not welcome here) sign was posted on the Herschelbad (public indoor swimming pool) and it was renamed "Städtisches Hallenbad" because Herschel, the donor, was a Jew, Victor took us to Darmstadt for a weekly swim. During my last year at the Realgymnasium my brother Carl was in England, Suse in Lausanne and Lotte attended the Philanthropin, a Jewish High School in Frankfurt while boarding with the Hallo Family. In 1948 I married one of the Hallo girls, Ruth, and 41 years later we are still happily married.

In June 1938, my mother's friend, Lotte and I set out on a vacation trip to Italy and Switzerland which turned into our emigration and a five month stay in Lausanne, shared by Carl and Suse. My parents, meanwhile, were trapped in Mannheim without passports and suffered through a horrendous Kristallnacht, during which a gang of hoodlums smashed everything breakable in our house. Finally, in March, 1939, our parents joined us in Switzerland. Tragically, five of my aunts and uncles were

not so lucky and were soon afterwards consumed by Hitler's ovens. My family moved to London where my father died later in the year. Early in 1940 our U.S. visa number was called and with the aid of an affidavit given by a rich American Landman, discovered via Stammbaum research, we arrived in New York via convoy in March, 1940. I enrolled in Stuyvesant High School and graduated in January, 1942 and loved it, then moved on to Queens College as a chemistry major. During summers I worked as an automobile mechanic, 50 hours a week for a total of \$5.00, as a caddy, and as a chemist. In September, 1943, I joined the Army. A few weeks after completing military intelligence training at Camp Ritchie I landed at a Normandy beach. I was privileged to enter Paris on the day of its liberation and in 1945 I visited a greatly demolished Mannheim. I also saw a concentration camp with fellow Jews, barely alive.

Back in the U.S. in 1946 I graduated from Queens College and, supported by the GI Bill, scholarships and fellowships, went on to Yale to study genetics and microbiology under Nobel Laureate Ed Tatum. My wife Ruth came to Yale to finish her Ph.D. in Anthropology. Between 1951 and 1963 I was a postdoctoral fellow in genetics at the Caltech, a research associate at the University of Illinois and a laboratory chief at a U.S. Army lab in Maryland. Our three children, Wendy, Jessica and Jonathan were born in Illinois and Maryland. In 1963 I became Professor of Biology - genetics, at Georgetown University and soon after, Ruth became Professor of Anthropology at American University in Washington. My university career has been spent teaching under-graduates and doing grant supported laboratory research in microbial and molecular genetics with graduate students, I retired from teaching in 1987; Ruth is still teaching. Our children are well past their college days (MIT, University of Chicago and Brandeis University)

Wendy is in an urban planning firm in Boston. Her husband Joel is a health planner with the Harvard School of Public Health. They have two very cute red-headed sons. Jessica and husband Dan are both lawyers. Jessica works for NRDC, an environmental lobby. Dan is in a firm specializing in trade law. Jonathan is an enthusiastic teacher of history at Brookline High School in Massachusetts. When he was 21 he spent a year studying and teaching at Nanjing University in China, speaks fluent Chinese. He, and all of us, love to travel.

At home I engage in local politics and civic affairs. I have been a member of a conversation club for 15 years and Ruth and I have been members of a book discussion group for over 30 years, following in the footsteps of my parents who participated in a monthly Leseabend (a book review) in Mannheim long ago.

Alice D. Plust (Doiny) - Tamarac, Florida

I was born Alice Charlotte Doiny in Mannheim, March 2nd, 1925, to Gretel and Hermann Doiny. My sister Meta (see also) was born the previous year. My childhood memories are mostly happy ones. Our father had been a soccer player with VFR Mannheim. When he could no longer play on the team, because he was a Jew, he became very active for Bar Kochba (Jewish

sports club) Mannheim. Meta and I were on the handball team. We also took acrobatics and tap dancing, and watched soccer games most Sundays. I recall participating in a relay race in Frankfurt, representing Bar Kochba Mannheim, competing with teams from all over, even Israel.

Meta and I went to Hebrew school at the Klaus Synagogue. Lehrer Liebermensch was my teacher and to this day, Ruth Liebermensch (see also) and I are still devoted friends. We enjoyed going to the Haupt Synagogue every Shabat and holiday. Erwin Hirsch and Walter Solomon (see also) conducted the children's services and I sang in the choir. Ernst Michel (see also) was my very first boyfriend. We saw each other at synagogue and at the soccer field. I remember being at his Bar Mitzvah. We are still friends; we have never been out of touch too long. Lehrer (teacher) Hanauer suggested to my father that he submit my name to an agency that brought Jewish children, through sponsorship, to the United States. So, at age 12, I left Mannheim for destinations unknown. But I wasn't frightened; I was confident that I would see my family soon.

I hit the jackpot when I arrived in New York City on September 7, 1937. From a group of 20 children, I was the only one met by my sponsor. Mrs. Levin and her 10 year old daughter, Nancy, took me on a tour of New York City before we returned to their home in Franklin, Michigan. Mrs. Levin told me to call her "Aunt Curly", not mom, because my family would be here soon. And so it was. One year and three months later Aunt Curly and I flew to New York to meet my parents and sister when they arrived by ship. The Doiny family settled in Detroit to be near our wonderful sponsors. I was "Alice in Wonderland". The Levins were the parents of Cable News Network's foreign correspondent Jeremy Levin who was kidnapped in Beirut, Lebanon, in 1984, and held captive by Islamic terrorists until his escape one year later.

The Doinys couldn't wait to become American citizens. My parents went to night school and in no time we only spoke English. They had no desire to return to Germany. They enjoyed 37 happy years in Detroit before they passed away. Meta and I have been living in Florida with our husbands for more than 10 years.

I married Alvin Nussbaum on August 19, 1945. Two days before my wedding to Alvin there was an ad in the Aufbau (a German language newspaper for Jewish immigrants) which read "Ernst Michel sucht (is looking for) Alice Doiny." When Alvin and I returned from our honeymoon, two lengthy letters from Ernst were waiting for me. Thank G'd he was alive and well. Ernst and my husband became very good friends. I quit college to put Alvin through law school. He passed the Bar and practiced law. Our daughter, Joan, was four years old and Jeremy, our son, two, when Alvin died of brain cancer. He was 27 years old and we had a beautiful marriage that lasted only six and one half years. Within two years, I married Irving Plust. We had our son Paul, now 35 years old. Jeremy, in California, will be forty years old. On September 20, 1989, just two days after his 67th birthday, Irving passed away.

Paul is in Plainview, New York, in the automobile business. Separated from his wife Carolyn, their children are Michelle, 7 years old, Matthew, 6 years old. Joan is an attorney, married to Michael Carmack, a free lance writer and living in Santa Ana, California. Their son, Justin, is 8 years old. Jeremy is also an attorney, married to Gloria Golden. They live in Villa Heights, California with their children, Vanessa, 5 years old and Gregory, 1 year old.

Hans George Mayer - New York, New York

I was not born in Mannheim but in Amsterdam Holland, on December 19, 1916, during World War I. At that time my mother lived there with her parents. This made it possible for me later to immigrate to this country under the Netherlands quota, while my parents and one brother were not so lucky, and in the end fell victim to the Holocaust. After the First World War my mother returned to Mannheim with me (1919) where I then lived for about twenty years. My father was Bernhard Mayer, born August 21, 1877, in Mannheim; my mother was Clara Mayer, nee Siegheim, born February 14, 1883, in Frankfurt, and my only brother was Ernst Rudolf, born November 17, 1907.

We lived first in M3, 9A, then in 1933 in L8, 5. Kurt Fischel, (see also) whom I knew, lived in the same house, with his parents. They had a watch and jewelry store in Mannheim. My father's business was wholesale wine and liquor, under the name of Joseph Mayer, with cellars in the Mannheim castle, until closed by the Nazis in 1938. My father was also active in sports. In his younger years he was a gymnast. He founded and was president of the Mannheimer Turngesellschaft (gymnastics association). Their sportsfield was in the castle garden grounds and later outside the city at the Sellweide (name of an area). This activity also ended through the rise of the Nazis in 1933. My brother was a stage manager for the opera. He started at the National Theater and was also teacher at the Opera School. Since 1933 he could not do this any more, he worked temporarily in Holland for an Italian troupe, but returned to Germany. Then he was active in the Kulturbund Liederkrantz (a social club) and designed the scenery for several operas at the Schloss (castle) restaurant. This ended in 1938. My mother gave Dutch language lessons and rendered translations.

I went to school first in the Volksschule Luisenschule (name of public elementary school), then private school Institute Schwarz. After four years, I attended the Lessingschule for six years, to 1933, when the Nazis came to power. Thereafter, I went for a while to a commercial school. Later that year I started working for Sussmann & Bodenheimer grain wholesale, until 1937, when this business was also ended by the Nazis. I also belonged to the sports group of the Jewish War Veterans organization which had to be disbanded after Kristallnacht. In the meanwhile I tried to get an affidavit to come to this country, with no success. Finally, after Kristallnacht, where I was lucky not to be arrested by the Nazis, I got the affidavit from a distant relative in Dallas, Texas. It took me more than eight months until I received my visa from the American Consulate. World War II had already broken out. But in September 1939, I managed to get into Holland and could get on the ship, "SS Statendam", later sunk, and arrived in New York on October 31, 1939. I was then close to twenty-three years old.

As mentioned, my parents could not get out of Germany and in October, 1940 were deported to Camp de Gurs in defeated France (Vichy France). Although I tried to get them here (USA) and received permission for their visas in October, 1942 but they had already been deported to Auschwitz. My brother was illegally in Switzerland, but got caught and sent over the French border (1939). There he was imprisoned, and, ironically, set free by German troops. He went to (German occupied) Paris, but got caught by the Gestapo (secret police), imprisoned at Drancy, and from there deported

to Auschwitz. I stayed at first with relatives in Brooklyn and worked at clerical jobs. I was then sent by the committee (for refugees) to National Youth Administration in Rhode Island, where I learned some basics in different trades. I then worked at different clerical jobs in and near Providence and then in Boston, Massachusetts for two years. In 1944 I entered service in the U.S. Navy and became a U.S. citizen. My highest rating was storekeeper aboard ship, a floating drydock in the Panama Canal, and I was discharged in May, 1946. I then held various clerical jobs in Boston, Washington D.C., and New York, in traffic management. The company was later taken over by an import company of building materials in Rutherford, New Jersey in 1961, where I was a bookkeeper until I retired at age 65 in 1982.

Some of my Jewish friends in Mannheim were: Kurt M. Aberle, brother Ernst and sister Ruth Aberle (see also). Father Moritz Aberle had a furniture store and was later also deported to Camp Gurs with his wife. Kurt came to this country, Ernst went to Israel, and Ruth went to England. Another friend was Ludwig Frank; his father, Hermann Frank, had a butcher store. They all were taken later to Camp Gurs. I heard Ludwig was trying to break out and was taken to Auschwitz. His parents managed somehow to get out of the Camp Gurs and survived. After the war they went back and lived in Heidelberg. My Jewish classmates included Walter Jacobi who went to Buenos Aires, Argentina; Rudolf Stiefel (see also Ernst Stiefel and Luise Metzger) who came to this country; Adolf Bodenheimer, whose father was a physician and lived at Mannheim-Waldhof, went early to Israel, then known as Palestine; and Werner Stahl. I do not know what happened to him.

I also had a second cousin in Mannheim who survived. She is Mrs. Anne Schmich, nee Mayer, who was married to a gentile Hans Schmich, manager of the Deutsche Bank in Mannheim. He had to retire early because of a Jewish wife. They are not alive anymore. They had a son, Gunther, who was a Catholic priest, and later a professor of religion. I had a number of Aryan friends since my childhood, who later belonged to the Hitler Youth and were not allowed to know me anymore, but I also knew some former classmates who were anti-Nazi.

Believe me, all these memories cause me great pain. I live now in New York at a residence for seniors.

Curtis E. Heppen (Kurt Erich Heppenheimer) - Cranbury, New Jersey

I was born in Mannheim at Richard Wagner Strasse #9 on March 29, 1920. My parents were Max and Recha Heppenheimer; he of the Frankfurt Heppenheimer clan; she of the Darmstaedter Lehmann's. My dear father was in the scrap metal business and passed away in 1935. My late brother Fred, known in New World Club circles as Hippo, was born on January 29, 1923. I went to a kindergarten, elementary school of Helene Mayer-Lindeman, and then to the humanistische gymnasium (school where they taught humanities) until the end of Ober-Tertia around Easter 1935. During that same period I studied afternoons for six years at the Klaus Hebrew School. From 1935 to 1937 I was a Lehrling (apprentice) for Suepag, Sueddeutsche Papier Manufactur (paper manufacturer Max and Alfred Kahn were the principals. Actually I remember little of the note. My Bar Mitzvah in March or April

1933 took place at the Klaus synagogue and coincided with what was known as the Shabbat after the Shabbes-Boykott. Among my friends were Hans Loebman, Paul Erlanger, Ernst Freudenthal, Lore Friedman, and Lore Katz. For fun, we went swimming, to the movies, to parties, and we read and listened to the radio. I did not belong to any (Jewish) youth organization. In 1935, the desire to get out became of paramount importance. Daily contacts at work and at the Gewerbe Schule (technical school) made me realize that I was not wanted there, and left me with the distinct feeling of worse to come. By the way, Inge Gross, nee Beer, tells me that my brother was in the class of Lehrer (teacher) Stahl. She lives in our neighborhood and we go to the same synagogue.

I left Mannheim on April 3, 1937 by train, going to Antwerp, where I embarked on the Pennland. When the train crossed into Belgium I began to breathe easier, particularly after an SS (Nazi Storm Troopers) checked my passport just before the border crossing. Finally I landed in Hoboken on April 13. Having lived a relatively sheltered life, and being just seventeen, I found it difficult to adjust as my mother and my brother were still in Germany. I now had to fend for myself. Fortunately, they arrived here in January 1939, having experienced Kristallnacht and other unpleasanties that I was spared.

We lived in Jackson Heights. I had any number of jobs in the restaurant business which were adequate to keep body and soul together. I was finally drafted in September of 1943, and reported for duty on erev Rosh Hashanah (beginning of Jewish New Year). Going to services at Camp Upton, I found that the Torah being used was one salvaged from the Klaus Synagogue in Mannheim by Rabbiner (Rabbi) Dr. Lauer, a Swiss subject. It had been given to the Rabbi by one of the organizations. I had basic training in field artillery in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where I also got my citizenship papers. After finishing basic training, I was sent to cadre school to study how to become a non-commissioned officer. I was an instructor, and later a mail clerk, which lasted until March 1945. I was shipped to Camp Ritchie by way of Texas. School started in April and ended in June. Most of the fellows were shipped to Wiesbaden. I was fortunated to be transferred to a small camp known as P.O. Box 1142, Alexandria, Virginia. During my stay until my discharge in March 1946, I took advantage of the USAFI (United States Air force Institute) benefits and studied accounting.

Returning to civilian life, I had some temporary jobs while I finished High School requirements to enter Pace College New York. I graduated 1951, cum laude with a major in accounting. Meantime, in 1947, I fell in love with a Luxembourger Millie Hertz, who willingly exchanged her last name for mine. She lived in Puttlingen of the Grand Duché Luxembourg and later in its capital by the same name. My wife and her sister were sent to France in 1939, before emigrating to the U.S. in 1940, together with her parents and three brothers. One was unfortunately lost in the war. Her father was in the quilt business under the name of Bon Somme, on the Grand Rue in Luxembourg.

Our oldest son, Marc, was born while I was still just in school. I was employed as a controller until 1968 when I switched to public accounting from which I permanently retired in April of 1988. After son Marc came son Bruce and daughter Rachel. All three grew up to give us much pleasure in their growing up and with Bar Mitzvahs, weddings and similar moments.

We enjoy our four grandchildren and, God willing, expect number five in January of 1990. Our son Marc, a CPA, is married to Gail Smiley and resides in Plainview, Long Island, New York. Their children are Marc, nine years old, Eric, seven years old, and Todd, two years old. Gail has taught school and is a professional cellist. Our son Bruce is married to Bonnie Suchman, both attorneys, living in Washington, D.C. They are the parents of Emily, two years old, and are expecting an addition. Our daughter Rachel, a pediatrician, is married to John Warshaw, a new products manager in the computer business. They live in Westboro, Massachusetts.

In 1970, Millie and I went to vacation in Europe. As my father is buried in Mannheim, we spent less than 24 hours there. I visited the cemetery, took a short walk, and travelled by trolley car. We travelled from there by TEE to Zuerich, and I breathed easier when the train crossed the Swiss border. The old feelings are still there (in Mannheim), and there is nothing that would ever induce me to go back again!

We are now living in a planned retirement community halfway between New York and Philadelphia. We also have many cultural activities available to us which do not require the crossing of either the Hudson or Delaware. The community has swimming pools, trips to Atlantic City, activities adequate to keep one busy all day and night. Millie is very active in the National Council of Jewish Women. I chair the budget and finance committee of our community, Concordia, which has 1700 homes, and am the treasurer of the Jewish congregation of 1400 members. We hope that we will be well enough to enjoy our growing family and our home here as much in the future as we do now.

Otto Neubauer (Franz Otto Neubauer) - Columbus, Ohio

I was born in Mannheim on November 5, 1907, to Maximilian Neubauer and Agnes nee Bloch. They had travelled to Mannheim from Tachau and Taus, respectively, after their marriage. Ernst Elias Neubauer was my older brother. Our family lived at C8, 15, a sturdy building, five stories high, with an apartment on each floor. Grandparents, uncles and cousins joined my family before and after World War I.

My childhood is unforgettable. Everyone called me Otto or Ottl. Friedrichspark was the place to meet friends, and band concerts were enjoyed with both grandmothers. A sundial was made up of flower beds. I will never forget the air raid on Mannheim (during WW I) when I waved to the attackers with a cloth from our balcony, only to be pulled inside by my parents. The mayor lived in B 7, nearby. My school was converted to a hospital. This was the Kurfuerst Friedrich school which was quite new. Then I attended the Luise School, using a pass for the streetcar. After 1915, when my father was drafted and served on the Western front, life turned tough. My mother suffered badly from the privations and died in 1919. Therefore, my Bar Mitzvah was a sad occasion.

After the Mittlere Reife (graduation) I had apprenticeships with firms in the leather line, in and out of Mannheim. My last position, until my emigration in 1938, was with Langerman, a shoe manufacturer near Zweibruecken, where I lived during the week, spending many weekends home in Mannheim. In 1938, my father urged me to emigrate, and I was fortunate

to get the affidavit from indirect relatives in Chicago. The U.S. liner "Manhattan" brought me across the Atlantic, together with "Wrongway Corrigan" and a memorable reception in New York, by my cousin, Richard Neubauer, formerly with Transkrit in Ludwigshafen. It was one of the hottest August days ever. Rosh Hashanah was near. I earned a ticket for the Yom Tov (holiday) services by washing windows of a synagogue. A few weeks later I traveled by bus to Columbus, Ohio. My possessions were in a steamer trunk, a Schrankkoffer (wardrobe trunk), and another suitcase. A recommendation by a distant relative, a shoe store owner in Washington, D.C., resulted in an entry job with a shoe manufacturer in Ohio's capital. Little did I dream, that I would live here 51 years later.

Meanwhile, my father and brother, Ernst, were deported to Vichy, France with the other Mannheimer Jews. My daughter Carol and my wife have since translated their correspondence from Gurs and other camps. My father died at the Asile de Rabes, an old age home, in Cornil, Correze France, January 1945, the same month that FDR died in. My brother, Ernst was deported earlier, August 18, 1942, from Camp Gurs to the East with Otto Wuerzweiler. He was the nephew of my dear step-mother, Johanna, the son of Ernestine Wuerzweiler, who survived. According to German archives, Wuerzweiler was deported to Auschwitz and was declared dead. The same fate happened to Ernst if he survived being transported to the East.

In the spring of 1948, Siegfried Rosenberger, then a travelling salesman out of New York, came to Columbus, and together we visited a family from Germany who lived in the northside of town where few Jewish immigrants had settled. My future wife and her father happened to visit the same people. This was the first time since 1941 that I saw Anne again, and I decided it was time to get married. Our marriage was performed by Rabbi Folkman of Temple Israel (reformed) where Max Dreifus, Anne's father was a member. The date was September 3, 1948. My wife, Anne nee Dreifus, was born and raised in Stuttgart and emigrated on March 10, 1939 with her father and sister to Chicago in the United States of America. Her father, Max Dreifus, died in Columbus at age 96. Anne worked in her father's Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shop, which he had opened in Columbus in 1941, coming from Chicago. I continued my first job till my retirement, supplementing income with part-time jobs, when the children came along. Our son, David, moved into our little house in June 1950, and was joined by Carol in March 1953. We did a lot of rehab work on the house and created a safe play-yard for the children. Right after Nancy was born in November 1956 and David had started first grade, we moved to a ranch-style house, near the then eastern end of Columbus.

Since our marriage, Anne and I went to services At Ahavath Scholom (orthodox) where I had said Kaddish (Mourner's Prayer) for my father. The three older children went to Columbus Hebrew School in the afternoon, after Public School, while Agnes, born 1961 in December, went to Columbus Torah Academy grades K-8, which is all they have yet. In June 1976 I returned to Mannheim for the first time with Anne and Agnes. The older children were at universities in Boston, London and Columbus by then. During one and one-half days we visited the cemetery, the synagogue, looked at all my old school buildings, C8, 15, and attended the opera performance Don Carlos as guests of the city. Our daughter Nancy visited Mannheim and the graves later, and David, with his wife, were taken there in July 1988 by Anne's good friends from Stuttgart.

I have been lucky, that since my retirement, Ohio State University has invited senior citizens as guests to audit classes. I have attended many classes in the area of Jewish studies and others. Anne has joined me there six years ago, when she retired as a social worker for Franklin County. During the seventies we visited Kurt and Nellie Stern, formerly from Ludwigshafen, in Miami Beach, Florida, several times, but have not returned there since both have died. Albert Fischel and Alice (see also), Eric Sonneman and Edith (see also), Lotte Hirsch nee Landmann (see also) are probably the only Mannheimers we correspond with, plus Bianca Zwang Hirsch (see also) of San Francisco. In 1987, our Carol, who has a Ph.D. in English Literature, married Richard Friedman, of Morton Grove, Illinois. Rick is a third generation American and the father of our precious grandson, Aaron Max, born June, 1988.

Our son David and his wife, Jean Krum, born in Pittsburgh, live in Columbus. He is an attorney and active realtor. Jean will graduate from Law School in December, 1989. Daughter Nancy graduated from Ohio State, and works with retarded adults through her own clinic. She changed her name to Adlai Johana Neubauer and lives in Granville, Ohio. Agnes is a graduate architect. She works for a Columbus developer and lives at home.

Ruth J. Copley (Heilbrunn) - Los Angeles, California

I close my eyes to see...! This story unfolds in Germany where I was born, 1912, in Ratibor O/Schlesien (Upper Silesia). I don't remember very much of importance until my parents moved to Mannheim in 1920, where I spent most of my life until I emigrated in 1939. My youth was most enjoyable, making a lot of friends in Liselotte Schule and even more in C.V. (an organization) and I am still in touch with many of them. Some of them are: Bertl Groll nee Braun, lives in New York; Eric Sonnemann (see also); Albert Fischel (see also); Hilde Schorr nee Kahn, California; Herman Brudersohn, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Carol Levy nee Feibelmann, Spencertown, New York; Hilde & Otto Loeb, Riverdale, New York; Rosel Zweig, nee Rennert, Sidney Australia; and there are others too numerous to mention.

My father was Friedhofs Gaertner (cemetery gardener) and instilled the love for nature in me. Mother was the best seamstress and inspired me, and to this day I love sewing. We were a very close-knit family with two brothers, Walter, and a younger brother Hans, and one much younger sister named Elli, but I confided mostly in my older brother Walter who was also my best friend. Professionally, I graduated from Froebel Seminar as Kinder Gaertnerin (nursery teacher) and later on was Leiterin (manager) of the Kinderhort (children camp) of the Jewish community in Dresden, beginning in 1936. It was there that I witnessed the burning of the Temple on November 9th, 1938 and all the terrible things which happened that day and the months to follow.

I came home to Mannheim to say goodbye to my parents. My older brother had left earlier in 1936 for Argentina. Now it was my turn and very late August 24, 1939, ten days before the war broke out! Parting from my father was the saddest task for me. His tears were flowing and when I called one hour before boarding the flight to London he was still weeping and unable

to talk. This was the last memory of my father and will remain forever. That day I left my parents, my younger brother was 26, and sister, 15.

How grateful I was to arrive in England and after a short time to find a titled family who engaged me as nursery governess for their 2½ year old little boy, with whom I fell in love instantly. Billy and I became inseparable. After a few month, however, I had to leave because I was an enemy alien and living too close to the beach. Therefore, his parents sent me with the child to the South of England, where we stayed with Lord and Lady Coleridge, the grandparents of Bill. It was a huge estate with more than 50 rooms, all numbered and the most famous was the Blue Room where the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772. The library seated 200 people and there were many servants who all lived in their own cottages on the enormous grounds and beautiful gardens. Bill and I had the best times, but a few months later the police came and I had to leave again.

Two months later I was offered a job as companion to Bill's other grandmother, Lady Fisher and I agreed since I had met her before. She lived at Hampton Court Palace near London, the Palace of King Henry VIII and of course fabulous. The upper floors were apartments given to widows, whose husbands gave extraordinary service to the British Empire and Lady Fisher's husband was such a man. He was Sir William Fisher, Admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet. It was all like a fairy tale, and in spite of the war, I had a wonderful time at Hampton Court. One year later, Bill's father was being transferred to Washington D.C. as the Secretary of the British Embassy and very sad to leave his family behind. I told him how much I would love to come to the USA but had nobody to sponsor me. He left, but did not forget me. Two months later I arrived with them in New York, it was October 12, 1941.

I shall never forget the day and the feelings I had when I saw the Statue of Liberty and could not believe that my dream became reality. We arrived in Washington D.C. that same evening and again I took care of Bill, now 4½ years old. My heart was bursting with joy and gratitude for the family who made it possible for me to come to this great land, America! Since 1942 I have lived in Los Angeles and married my former Dresdener friend, Leo Lewin Copley, whom I had not seen in nearly four years and we lived happily ever after. When he was drafted in 1943 I followed him from camp to camp and designed children's accessories, handmade of felt and sold them to many soldier fathers. When he was sent overseas I started my own little studio.

How thankful I was when Leo came home after the war, weary but healthy. We opened a retail tobacco store where I helped him for 25 years. In 1950 our only daughter was born, and when she was 2½ years old, I opened a little kindergarten and enjoyed again my original profession until she went to school. I have been a widow since 1975 and am forever sorry that Leo did not meet his little grandson. My daughter, Doreen, is a high school art teacher, her husband, David Barsky, is a computer programmer and their 2½ year old little boy, Daniel, is my whole life. They live near me and I love it!

My brother Walter died in Buenos Aires in 1978. He had lived there since 1936 with his wife, Irene nee Fisher, also from Mannheim. He became a widower in 1974. His daughter, Sylvia Wolf, and her family live now in Koblenz, Germany. My younger brother, Hans, my sister, Elli, and my parents were taken to Camp Rivesaltes, France. The Red Cross informed me in

1942 of the death of Hans and my parents. Only my sister survived and is taken care of in Montpelier, France in the General Hospital. I visited her once in 1964 and decided not to see her anymore after that. She was a complete stranger to me and only spoke French so we could not communicate at all. Of course we keep in touch and send photos even though her mind is that of a five year old.

My many travels brought me also to Mannheim and last year I attended a service in the beautiful new temple, but I am sorry to say that I feel like a stranger in my former home town where I spent so many happy years. And then, I close my eyes to see...., the deepest instilled memory, going to the Friedhof (cemetery) and searching; the house I lived in is gone; my dear parents and family gone; only an empty spot remains, surrounded by lilac bushes. This was our gazebo and on nice evenings we had our meals in it and spent many happy hours. I had a happy life full of wonders and am grateful for my good health, my family who gave me a new title "Oma" (grandmother) and last but not least, I thank the Coleridges who brought me to this country and with whom I still correspond after fifty years.

Marianne Aaron (Adler) - Wellesley Hills, Maryland

It is quite amazing that my dear parents managed to provide a happy childhood within Collinistrasse 28, while the world was in turmoil around us.

I was born in the Hedwig's Clinic in September of 1930, the second child of Cantor Hugo and Selma (Rothschild) Adler. My brother, Hans Samuel, was 2 years old at the time. My earliest memories are of Sundays in Heidelberg with my grandparents, Leopold and Rosa Rothschild and of synagogue and choir activities. The synagogue was so much a part of us that in our playing, my brother and I would pull the curtain in our livingroom, making believe that this was the Ark (the holy shrine in which the scrolls of the Torah are kept) on the Bima (the pulpit in the synagogue). One day my mother came running into my room to find me sitting on my Topfel (potty chair) because both my brother and I were screaming at the top of our lungs. "What's wrong?" she demanded of my 4 year old brother who was frantically waving his arms at me. My brother turned in disgust to her and said, "I'm Herr Sinzheimer and she's supposed to be the choir but she doesn't want to sing loud enough!" (Max Sinzheimer was choir conductor and worked very closely with Cantor Adler.)

Shortly after Kristallnacht, we were able to emigrate to the U.S. via Amsterdam and London due to a stroke of luck that my father was born in Antwerp (Belgium), when my grandparents lived there a short time, making us eligible to come under the Belgian quota. Upon arrival in New York we shared an apartment for six months with our cousins, Herbert and Thea Lehman. My father registered immediately with the HIAS (Hebrew Immigration Society) but jobs were at a premium and it was decided that it would be best to find something outside of NYC. My brother and I were enrolled in a "foreign" class in PS 27, where in a class emulating the tower of Babel, dozens of us learned English with a teacher who knew no language except English. My father proudly was able to provide for us by transcribing some music for several large synagogues and was sent to Worcester, Massachusetts.

for an audition on the last days of Pesach. The Congregation was very pleased with his chanting of the Service but the deciding factor that the job was his came when he played chamber music with the President of the Congregation, who was an amateur violinist. A few days later, my mother, in her newly-bought American outfit of dress, hat and shoes from Alexander's for \$1.50, travelled to Worcester to rent an apartment, only to be turned down in her first choice because the landlady found out that she was Jewish.

In June the family moved to Worcester and when I began school in the fall, everyone thought that I was a native of the Bronx because of my typical New York accent. A funny thing occurred shortly before the High Holidays. My mother received a call from the Sisterhood President who had heard that my mother was an excellent cook. "Would you give me your recipe for Gefilte Fish?", she asked. My mother's English was not too good at the time and she asked the question to be repeated. Finally she had to confess that she had never heard of "Gefilte Fish". The poor lady was completely confused and quickly spread the word that she suspected that the Cantor's wife wasn't Jewish.

Worcester was a wonderful community and the Adler family, including my grandparents who came several years later from London, prospered in an atmosphere of freedom. My father composed more than ever before and founded adult and children's choirs, and taught in the religious school with a special fondness for his Bar Mitzvah students, who remember him to this day because his instructions encompassed broader lessons of life besides Torah and Haftorah.

Our home was constantly filled with music and Judaism. Shabbat was so special beginning with the aroma of freshly baked Challah (a braided loaf of bread) and Torten. After Erev Shabbat services, my father would stand in a receiving line and select several couples to join us for Oneg Shabbat (social gathering). At our home, my mother would serve coffee and the cakes and after conversation everyone would join in the singing of Zmirot (Sabbath Songs). On Shabbat afternoons, my father and brother would spend hours studying Judaica. As my brother grew, he became more and more accomplished as a violinist and soon weekends also included much chamber music. Although I always sang in choirs, as I continued to do professionally throughout my life, my main interest was art and presently I am a commercial artist and calligrapher.

Cantor Hugo Chaim Adler, my father, had a bout with cancer in 1948 at which time a leg had to be amputated. He continued to do all his work with a courage and strength that is still an inspiration to us all. He died in 1955 at age 63.

Selma Adler, my mother, truly an Eshes chayel (woman of valor), remained in Worcester, singing in the Temple choir and volunteering her time for a variety of charitable organizations. She had many wonderful friends and reluctantly moved to West Hartford, Connecticut to be close to my family. She died at age 82 in 1982.

(Hans) Samuel Adler, my brother, an accomplished teacher, composer and conductor is head of the Composition Department of the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, New York. He was married in 1960 and has two daughters, Deborah, 28, a professional flutist and Naomi, 23, a law student at University of Buffalo.

In 1953, I married Ronald Aaron, and Interior Designer. We have three sons, David, 33, an ordained Rabbi and doctoral candidate in Judaic studies

at Brandeis University; Richard, 30, a professional cellist living in Seattle, Washington; and Jonathan, 28, an actor and song-leader who lives in Hartford, Connecticut. David has given us our cherished daughter by marrying Marjorie Corman, an attorney.

Editor's Note: Hugo Adler, the father of Marianne and Samuel, is prominently remembered by the former Jewish Community of Mannheim, the young and older. His dedication as Cantor, teacher, composer and music lover enshrined him in the hearts of all that knew him.

Rabbi Karl Richter - Sarasota, Florida

Because my family and I lived in Mannheim for only fifteen months, we cannot truly be counted among the Mannheimers. Born October 31, 1910, I grew up in Stuttgart. My wife, Lina Ruth, nee May, grew up in Breslau, where we were married March 31, 1935. Our daughter, Esther, was born in Stettin, and our son, David, in the USA. However, because of that one particular year, our destiny is inextricably connected with the Jewish community of Mannheim. When I was a rabbinic student at the Jewish Theological Seminary of Breslau I had a long discussion with Rabbi Max Gruenewald (see also) after one of his lectures. He invited me to preach at the branch services in the "Ballhaus" in Mannheim during the high holy days of 1932. This was my first encounter with a very special group of my fellow Jews.

I was ordained at the Breslau Seminary in 1935, served for one year as a district rabbi in Central Pomerania and for two years as Gemeinderabbiner (communal Rabbi) in Stettin. When Dr. Gruenewald's pulpit became vacant, the Synagogenrat (synagogue council) invited me to serve as Stadtrabbiner (city Rabbi), and I began my duties on February 1, 1938. Dr. Chaim Lauer, a fine scholar and extraordinary human being, then still served as rabbi of the Klaus Synagogue. I was very young (not quite 28) and relatively inexperienced, catapulted into a position of grave responsibility before my time. The burden of the Nazi terror weighed ever more heavily upon the shoulders of the Jewish community which through progressive loss of economic opportunity, government extortion, and wholesale emigration became ever more impoverished.

During the summer of 1938 we received the order to evacuate the old Jewish cemetery in the city within six weeks. This difficult task was accomplished, and the remains of centuries were re-buried in a mass grave in the new cemetery with the appropriate ceremony. One redeeming fact, dear to the heart of a rabbi, was the overflow attendance at every religious service. Our year in Mannheim was marked by the Austrian Anschluss (annexation), the Sudeten crisis of the summer, and the phony peace of Munich in the fall. Our last high holy day services in the magnificent Hauptsynagogue (main synagogue) were burdened with forebodings.

At the end of October we witnessed the sudden deportation of the members of our community who possessed Polish citizenship, with all its cruelty and misery. Ten days later the hammerblows of the "Kristallnacht" fell upon us. Our synagogues lay in ruins. The broken glass, the burning books, the smashed furniture, the confiscation of property, the imposition of crushing penalties, the arrest of hundreds of our men and the long trains

bound for Dachau (concentration camp) brought home the stark fact that centuries of Jewish life were coming to a brutal end. Rabbi Lauer and his family left for Switzerland on November 10, and I was the only rabbi left in Mannheim. We still remember in our bones the coffins shipped back from Dachau, the urns arriving from Buchenwald (concentration camps), the fear and sorrow of our friends, the suicides of the despairing, the mass flight, the cold realities of the winter of 1939 which was only the overture of worse things to come.

After a while we were able to resume regular religious services in a restored room of the Klaus Synagogue (name of orthodox synagogue). Our worship and our sense of common destiny upheld our Jewish pride and provided fleeting moments of light and hope in the gathering darkness. We owe a debt of gratitude to strong leaders whose selfless heroism gave new meaning to our spiritual and moral heritage, to the generous people who shared whatever they had with the poor, to our friends who never lost faith and hope even in moments of great tribulation. I owe a personal debt of gratitude to my successor, Rabbi Frank Rosenthal, who served the congregation faithfully for another year, until he was able to emigrate in the spring of 1940. May his memory be a blessing.

During the last week of April of 1939 my family and I left Mannheim to begin a new career in the United States. We left with heavy hearts, having to leave so many behind, among them friends close to us. They will not be forgotten, in the midst of all the noble Jews of Mannheim who paid the ultimate price in Gurs, in Auschwitz, and other places forever cursed in human memory. I spent only fifteen months of my life as a rabbi in Mannheim which was the seat of an extraordinary Jewish community, praised in history; but I feel that those few terrible months made me at least a Mannheimer through adoption and shared memory.

My family and I emigrated to the United States and arrived in New York on May 11, 1939. I served as rabbi of Temple Israel, Springfield, Missouri, from 1939 to 1942; Mt. Zion Temple, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 1942-1950; Michigan City, Indiana 1950 until 1976, and became Rabbi Emeritus in 1976. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was awarded me by the Hebrew Union College/Jewish Institute of Religion in 1960 and I was elected Honorary Life Member of the Central Conference of American Rabbis in 1985. I have served as a Jewish Chaplain at various U.S. Army military installations, hospitals, and state prisons, and served in many leadership roles of civic, philanthropic and educational organizations.

Our daughter, Esther Blumenfeld, is married since 1958 to Dr. Warren Blumenfeld, who serves as teaching and research professor at the Georgia State University in Atlanta. He holds a Ph.D. Degree in Industrial Psychology. Esther is an author in her own right, and has three published books to her credit. Her field is the psychology of humor. Their son Joshua is enrolled as a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin. His field is ecological studies and environmental issues. Our son, Dr. David Richter, is married since 1971 to Rudina, nee Honi. They live in Tampa with their two children, Samara, who is 9, and Ari, who is 6. David has a doctorate in psychology. Rudina has two master's degrees. They head a flourishing practice in family therapy. Before entering graduate school, David served for two years in the Peace Corps in Micronesia.

Editor's Note: The humble words with which Rabbi Richter describes his role as head of the Jewish community contradict his pillar-like conduct

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during some of the darkest days of Mannheim Jewry. His ability to counsel console, and lead the very scared, confused and terrorized Jews, prevented their further disarray and strengthened their resolve to live and survive --many did!

Lisa Moos Liebmann (Moos) - Tel Aviv Israel

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My maiden name is Lisa Moos, changed to Lisa Liebmann when I married in 1944. But when my husband died in 1949 I decided on Lisa Moos Liebmann. However, on the stage, where I have been for many years, I am known as Lee Moos. I was born in Mannheim, 31 December 1919, five years after my brother, Friedrich Wilhelm. We lived at D7, 13 and later at M7, 20. My parents, Hugo Moos and Sophie nee Einstein were both born at Buchau/Federsee - Wuerttemberg, the same town where Albert Einstein's parents were born. My mother and Albert Einstein are 3rd cousins. After four years of Volksschule (elementary school) I was at Hans Thoma Realschule til 1935. My brother, Friedel (Friedrich) Moos and I were already, in 1930, members of the Zionist Scout League Haschomer Hazair in Mannheim. In 1933, my brother went to fulfill Hachschara in Denmark and in 1934 he immigrated as Chaluz (pioneer) to Palestine to start with other Chawerim, a new Kibbuz (communal settlement). All members were from Germany.

In August, 1935 when I was 15 years old, I immigrated with the Youth Alijah, the first from Mannheim, to Palestine. The main reason for leaving Germany that early was that in the Realschule (highschool) the main subjects were taught by a Nazi woman teacher and due to the numerous clausus (forced isolation) I had no chance to continue my studies. To start my Alijah I had to meet the rest of the group in Munich. My parents took me at midnight to the night train for Munich since during the day many SA (brown uniformed Nazis) were all over the railroad station and I was typed as looking Jewish. The train came and my father helped me on board the first compartment with the two heavy suitcases. He had to leave the train in a hurry, since it only stopped for three minutes. So I stood alone in front of the first compartment which was full of SA men. When they saw me, they yelled "Get out of here you Jewish pig! - Out of here with you!" Even though my poor father overheard all of this, he had to leave the train. I remember only that I took both of my suitcases and walked to the end of the train and there I spent six hours huddled up and frightened until we arrived at Munich. I can well imagine what a nightmare it was for my poor parents until they received a phone call in the morning that their daughter arrived safe and sound in Munich. I will never forget that farewell!

Quite a few young people who belonged to the Zionist youth organizations in Mannheim joined the youth Alijah, especially after 1935 (immigration to the Holy Land Palestine - Hebrew word for "going up"). These young people were all 15 - 17 years old. In Palestine, the Kibbuzim (those living on the Kibbutz) took us in since we arrived without parents and most never saw our parents again. Everybody had only attended school for 9 years. At the Kibbutz we had two counselors and a house mother assigned to us. In the morning we worked for four hours and in the afternoon attended classes for four hours. The most important object was to learn Hebrew, since we never learned the language before; we also learned Jewish history, history of

trade unions, and about the Kibbutz movement. After two years, we knew the language and the studies by the Youth Aliyah came to an end. Many belonging to this group formed a new Kibbutz, others left for the city. I was first two years at Kibbutz Merchavia, then three years at Naharia, an agricultural settlement of German Jews.

In the meantime, my parents had firmly decided to follow their two children to Palestine and turned down an offer from Albert Einstein to go to the U.S.A. Christians hid them during November 9, Kristallnacht. Surprised by the outbreak of the war in 1939, they now lost all contact with their children. In September, 1940, shortly before the deportation of all Jewish Mannheimers to Camp Gurs started - which they were not aware of - they left Mannheim and escaped through Austria, Czechoslovakia, to Bulgaria. By way of Varna, a port on the Black Sea, they managed with many others to get on board a ship that had sailed illegally. After an incredible and insane three month journey "Irrfahrt", under indescribable circumstances, with a ship that had become almost unseaworthy, they reached the coast of Palestine. There they were transferred with other refugees from several other ships by the British to an old requisitioned passenger ship by the name of Patria which was to take them to the island of Mauritius.

A day before the planned departure, the Jewish underground organization Haganah prevented the ship from leaving the harbor by causing an explosion on board. Of the 1904 persons on the Patria, 244 persons drowned as a result. My mother, Sofia Moos was among the many injured. Both my parents were sent as illegals (by the British) to an internment camp and were released only after many months. At long last, after they overcame many big problems, they managed to find work in Tel-Aviv and continued their existence with the help of their children. I had left Naharia in 1940 for Tel-Aviv and lived with my parents, trying to get them settled. After my mother's injury had healed she took jobs as a domestic worker and my father, a certified engineer, worked as a Schlosser (locksmith and metal worker). I also worked as a maid and studied to become a teacher.

Shortly thereafter, in 1944, I married Max Liebmann from Berlin, who came to Palestine in 1934 via Denmark where he had been since 1933. He was a journalist and worked in Tel-Aviv at a German daily newspaper as editor. He died unexpectedly at age 36 without having children. While we were married I went to acting school and was for five years at the Hebrew Theater, but after Max's death I went back to teaching. I was pensioned ten years ago and with another Mannheimer, Ruth Levy, now Katz, founded a Literarisches Quartett (literary quartet) in German. Our repertoire was Goethe, Heine, Tucholsky, Ringelnatz and many others. Since Ruth passed away, I perform by request alone. I am also very active in the Verband (association) of former Mannheimers.

Editor's Note: I thank Lisa Moos Liebmann for a stirring portrayal of her remembrances and hope that the translation into English did not obscure the intended meaning. Additionally, as an exception, the general purposes of the "Verband Ehemaliger Mannheimer, Ludwigshafener und Umgebung", are described and its address is indicated below. We do so to demonstrate the genuine and heartfelt comradeship with the members of this organization; to commend them for their highly worthwhile work, and to give our readers the opportunity to get in touch with former friends and perhaps make new ones in Israel, the U.S. and other countries.

Verband Ehemaliger Mannheimer, Ludwigshafener und Umgebung

Post Office Box 18013 - 61180 Tel-Aviv Israel

The Verband (association) of former Mannheimer, Ludwigshafener, and those who lived in the surrounding area, was founded, 1978, in Tel-Aviv. The President is Zvi Goldstein, whose father, Heinrich Goldstein, was president of the Jewish Community from 1966-1980. The members of the Association meet once a month for a cultural program such as lectures, literary programs, movies, slide shows, etc. At these meetings many Mannheimers were reunited. These get-togethers are like informal parties and take place in the afternoon, and of course with coffee and cake. One of the main projects of the organization is to welcome Christian groups who come here yearly from Mannheim and to greet individual visitors as well and converse with them. Most of them (visitors) are the young or middle aged generation much interested to learn about our fate in earlier years and our emigration. Often this learning process and information exchange leads to lasting contacts. Since we are the last generation that knows first hand about the Holocaust, we are anxious to keep the knowledge and details of the Holocaust alive and pass it on. Only in this manner can we insure against forgetting and ignorance about the Holocaust.

There is also a good relationship between City Hall of Mannheim and the German Embassy in Tel-Aviv. Since people are getting on in years, our circle, unfortunately becomes always smaller. In addition, it is harder for many to come to Tel-Aviv from the surrounding area. In Haifa, as well, exists an organization similar to ours. Gad (Edwin) Haas from Mannheim is in charge. In Tel-Aviv are fifteen members, all belonging to the umbrella organization known as "Centra". Every year Centra organizes three special events: A memorial service for the 9th of November, a large Chanukah and Purim festival, all of which draw big crowds.

Robert Emil Fremont (Emil Rosenberger) - Cincinnati, Ohio

Born November 21, 1925 in Mannheim, my parents were Joseph and Else Rosenberger, nee Freiberg. We always lived at Tullastrasse 10, opposite the Oberreal Schule (school). Father and grandfather, Heinrich Freiberg, were in the real estate business, Firma Heinrich Freiberg. Father was born in Sinsheim at the river Elsenz. His parents, Meier and Emma Rosenberger, lived and died in Sinsheim where grandfather was a teacher. My mother was a second generation Mannheimer. Father died in Mannheim, April 1939, mother died in Cincinnati, August 1963, and grandfather Freiberg died 1942, also in Cincinnati. Grandfather Freiberg, a native of Gollheim/Pfalz was very active in the Jewish community of Mannheim serving as a member of the board of the Liberale Gemeinde and also the Jewish Altersheim in Neustadt/Pfalz (Jewish Home For The Aged). Both he and father also were members of the B'nai Brith Lodge. I remember Chanukah parties and other functions for us children at the "Lodge".

I left Mannheim with my younger sister, Ruth Ellen (see also) on a Kinder Transport (children transport) for England in early May 1939. We

stayed with foster parents in Chelsfield, Kent until April, 1940 when we rejoined Mother and Grandfather, who had arrived in London during August, 1939, to continue the journey to Cincinnati. We arrived in New York on Erev Pesach (evening of Passover), thus completing our Exodus. Once in Cincinnati, welcomed by the extensive Freiberg family, we were settled and schooling again became the important factor. Also, a change in name was advised by our sponsors and benefactors. I entered the University of Cincinnati in February 1943 to study engineering. This was interrupted by military service between April 1944 to April 1946, all of it in the Pacific Theater and Japan following basic training. I returned to the University of Cincinnati, graduating as a Chemical Engineer in 1949. Another Mannemer, Hardy (Leonard) Feibelman was a classmate.

The majority of my business career has been with the Formica Corporation working in a variety of assignments, with Cincinnati always as home base. I retired in 1989 and currently am doing consulting work in Environmental Engineering. In 1958, I married Ida Verderame of Wilmington, Delaware. We had one daughter, Ellen, born in 1964, who died in 1971, and have a second daughter, Jennifer, born in 1969 and a son, Robert, born in 1972. Rob shares my hobby of sailing and racing in small boats. My work with the International Standards Organization allowed me to travel to most of the capitals of Europe, East and West, and visit some of the old centers of Jewish life. Mannheim, too, has been visited a few times, but limited mostly to the cemetery and walks along the adjacent Neckar.

My recollections of Mannheim center around family and school. My uncle, Professor Fritz Zivi and Aunt Liesel, who taught me to swim in the Neckar last taught mathematics at the Jewish School. My cousin, Freddy Zivi, a few years younger than I, also was sent to England where he spent the war years. He then rejoined his parents who had managed to leave Mannheim the day before the deportation to Gurs and had settled in Montevedeo, Uruguay. Unfortunately he succumbed to an illness within weeks of arriving in Uruguay. Another uncle, Artur Rosenberger, was killed in Dachau after his Kristallnacht arrest. Other Mannheimer relatives are my mother's aunt and uncle, the Dr. Max Jeselsohns. Names and faces that come to mind are those of our neighbor Simon Lauer and his parents Rabbi Dr. Lauer and Mrs. Lauer, Renata Scheuer, whose parents were close friends of my parents, schoolmates Werner Nachman, Walter Weil, and Guenter Brauer. Other memories are of the many weekend outings with our parents to the woods above Heidelberg and, later, bicycle tours with school friends, Lehrer Stahl, and the young man who told us stories about life in America now recognized as Horatio Alger Stories.

Kristallnacht and the weeks after are a vivid memory. More so, since the destruction of the synagogues also destroyed the plans for my Bar Mitzvah scheduled three weeks later. All the effort of Cantor Adler (see also Marianne Adler) and Rabbi Richter (see also) to prepare me for the day culminated in my reciting the Borucho and Torah Passage in our living room before grandfather, my parents and two family friends, Lehrer Waldbott and Miss Katten from Speyer, whom we sheltered after they were evicted from the Pfalz. One more vivid picture are the laughing faces and remarks "ein Jud weniger" (one Jew less) made by two teenage girls living on the floor above us as my father's body was carried from his home for burial. It was time to leave but not to forget.

Ruth Regina Eisenmann (Karlsruher) - Skokie, Illinois

I was born July 30, 1922 in Mannheim to Nathan and Jella Karlsruher nee Furth, 27 Schwetzinger Strasse, and grew up with my older half-sister Irene Schweizer nee Regensburger/Karlsruher with whom I am still very close, today. I attended nursery school, 1926, at Tante Maria, corner of Augusta Anlage and Werder Strasse. From 1927 to 1929, it was nursery school at Trude Traub located at the corner of Tattersall Strasse and Moltke Strasse. Then came Pestalozzi Schule which was a grammar school. My class teacher for four years was Karl Stengel; we had Miss Lindauer for religious lessons. In October, 1933 my father, who was a commodities trader, died after a short illness. For the next three years I was enrolled in the Hans Thoma Schule, High School. On June 26, 1935 I was among the guests at the Rheinbad Herweck (swimming pool) when all the Jews were thrown out by the S.A., Nazis in plain clothes. There were fist fights and glass bottles were thrown. As the situation for Jewish students became worse in public schools I had to attend K2 Juedische Schule (Jewish School). My teachers were Lisel Oppenheimer, Mr. Kaelberman, Rabbi Geiss, Samuel Liebermensch (see also Ruth Knox), and Professor Darmstaedter from 1936 on. From 1937-38 I attended the Juedische Frauenschule (Jewish school for women) in the town of Wolfratshausen near Muenchen (Munich). While waiting to emigrate from Germany I attended compulsory Fortbildungsschule in K2 Schule (continued education) and took private lessons in English, Hebrew, French, sewing, handicraft, and massage to prepare for a new life in U.S.A. or Palestine.

On November 10, 1938 my brother-in-law, Frederich Schweizer, together with six Jewish men from our building were picked up and taken to Dachau concentration camp. Luckily, all the men returned by January 1939. On this 10 November day, an especially vicious group of Nazis came into our apartment, smashed lamps, crystal, china and pictures. All the while, we were cowering in a corner. However, these men must have been aware of the fact that our building was owned by a Swiss Erben-gemeinschaft (investment company) because no damage was done to the windows or the structure. The next day, S.A. men were posted in front of the building, Grosse Merzel Strasse 7, for protection of the property. In the meantime, WW II started. All hopes to emigrate were shattered. At age 17, I remember wondering if this nightmare of Nazism would be reduced to a few pages in a history book. The only relaxation and entertainment the Jewish teenagers had was to gather at a Jewish-sponsored club to play ping-pong and socialize. This took place in the afternoon because there was a curfew for Jews at night. To travel any place out of the city overnight, we were required to obtain special travel permits.

With many others I was drafted to harvest potatoes in Bucholtz near Berlin for two months together with other Jewish boys and girls, most of whom were from the Berlin area. There were seven girls and about 20 boys. Even though it was cold and rainy during the months of October and November 1939, and the work was long and hard, at least we had fun in the evening. If it hadn't been for the intervention of Rabbi Rosenthal (he became the spiritual leader after Rabbi Richter (see also) had departed), we would have been sent to Eastern Europe and an even more uncertain fate. Long before these traumatic events, mother and I had applied to the U.S. Consulate in Stuttgart for a "waiting" number to immigrate to the United States. After many pleas, telegrams and letters, we were fortunate to get

an affidavit of support from the family. Finally, on May 10, 1940 we received our visas from the American Consul. This was the day that the Germans invaded Holland and Belgium and Luxembourg. Thus, our plans to sail from Holland to the United States were scrapped. Plans to travel via Italy and Spain were also aborted.

After much finagling, frustration and worry, we obtained the necessary visas in Hamburg and Berlin and flew to Moscow August, 1940. We took a 10 day train ride through Siberia. At the border between Siberia and Manchuria, the diary I was keeping about the journey was confiscated. I was terrified that we would be interrogated or worse yet, detained. We weren't, and the diary was returned but I didn't write another entry. We stayed one night in Harbin, Manchuria, and continued by train to the southern tip of Korea; from there we sailed to Japan. We stayed three nights in Kobe and sailed from Yokohama to Seattle, U.S.A. Wherever we went in the Orient, Russian Jews were there to greet us and help us with advice about how to proceed. We arrived in Seattle September 10, 1940 and crossed the country by train stopping in Omaha to visit relatives. We were picked up by cousins and driven to Chicago, arriving September 18. There we settled in Hyde Park, the University of Chicago neighborhood and home to many German Jews.

On June 14, 1942 I married Al Eisenmann, formerly of Noerdlingen, Germany. I attended night classes until 1945 while working and helping my husband establish a business. I became a citizen in 1944, a thrilling event. Al and I raised two children, Audrey, born in 1946, and Geoffrey, born in 1949. We cared for my mother who lived with us until her death, January 13, 1961. We were married for 40 years until Al's death, August 3, 1982. He died as a result of complication from surgery. It was in 1961 when I began my career as a travel consultant which gave me the opportunity to see the world with my new American passport. I have travelled to Israel eleven times. Other trips included almost all of Western and Eastern Europe as well as many parts of the Orient, Africa, the Caribbean, and Canada. I have also seen much of the U.S. including Alaska and Hawaii. Today I am still enjoying my position as a travel agent in Skokie and always look forward to seeing former Mannheimers.

Harry J. Kennedy (Hans J. Kahn) - Foster City, California.

I was born November 11, 1924 in Cologne, Germany, with the name Hans J. Kahn. From there we moved to Mannheim at age four, in 1928. My mother, Johanna Kahn, nee Sichel, hailed from Frankfurt/Main and my father, Alfred Kahn originated from Freiburg, Baden. Both came from large families. My father, together with his brother Max Kahn, established a large paper jobber firm known as SUEPAG, Sueddeutsche Papier Manufaktur, A.G. Said firm was confiscated immediately after Kristallnacht, November, 1938. Father happened to be in Switzerland on business and stayed there for the duration of the war. He later became a Swiss citizen. About 1950 my father married again.

From 1928 through 1939 we lived at Augusta Anlage 34. My education was Ruhmlos (without fame). The first four years I spent at Pestalozzi School; then four years at the Moll Real school from which I was dismissed in November 1938, as were all Jews. Thereafter, I was assigned to the Jewish School in the K block, under the leadership of Dr. Stahl, the

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director. He and his teaching staff accomplished an unbelievable hard task just to give us students at least some education. Some of my school mates were Ernst S. Maas, Bianca Hirsch, nee Zwang (see also), Renate Scheuer, Hans Brand, Martin Suess, Retwitzer, Rolf Piccard, Ruth Klotz, and others. Unfortunately, I was not able to maintain contact with all of them. I belonged to the RJF (Jewish War Veterans Youth Group), loved to play soccer, chess, and ping-pong. Victor Lenel took many of us youngsters to outings and campings, even to public Schwimmbaeder (swimming pools) away from Mannheim, those which had the signs "Juden unerwuensch" ("Jews not welcome"). Among those who were always concerned that Jewish youth would receive a good education and good exercise were Messrs. Kaelbermann and Liebermensch. The latter was also my teacher for my Barmitzvah in October, 1937. I owe much gratitude to all of the above!

During the day of Kristallnacht I was dismissed from high school, went home and found our apartment destroyed; my mother was in the hospital; my father, as mentioned earlier, was on business in Switzerland. I then rode with bicycle throughout Mannheim, saw our Synagogue being destroyed; saw other apartments demolished, and some Jews being beaten up. Upon advice of an adult, I spent the night in the Luisenpark just in case the Germans were still picking up Jews. Thereafter, I heard the explosion from the Jewish cemetery, and saw the destruction there a few days later. In 1940, about half a year after I left Germany for the United States, my mother, my 82 year old grandmother, and many aunts and uncles, plus two cousins, were deported to Camp de Gurs, France, where some died, except two aunts. The rest of my family died after being transported to camps in Eastern Europe. I knew of their deaths before I went into the U.S. Army, which is why I immediately volunteered for the Paratroops. I am pleased to state that in often fierce combat, such as the Normandy paratroop invasion, and Nijmegen, Holland, the Battle of the Bulge, and others, I was able, to some small degree to repay the Germans for their atrocities! I was wounded in Normandy, was hit by a German tank during the Battle of the Bulge, and fought in the Rhineland. Later, with the Army of occupation, I served in Frankfurt/Main. My name change to Kennedy took place at the suggestion of U.S. Paratroop officers, inasmuch as chances for capture were ever present when jumping behind enemy lines and when running numerous patrols in German-held territories.

When I immigrated to the U.S. in December 1939, the war was on between Germany, Great Britain and France. I was supposed to leave Germany since my family had only one U.S. visa and gave it to me. My father, who was in Switzerland, managed in the last minute to obtain a Swiss transit visa for me. Thus, in December 1939, I travelled with my mother in the middle of the night from Mannheim to Basel. That was the last time I saw my mother. Father picked me up at the Swiss border where I was met by my cousin, Herbert Kahn, who brought me to the Italian liner "Saturnia". Then I was alone. The ship was intercepted by a French submarine which ordered ten Jewish refugees off the ship, whom they claimed were actually German agents posing as refugees. These ten persons were interned in Algiers. Till I entered the Army I lived with my cousin in Rego Park, Long Island; had to learn English; read the Aufbau (German language paper) and experienced the usual refugee status all too well known in our country. Several years after World War II, I graduated from New York University with a B.S. degree. I entered Federal Government service and retired after 30 years with the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, also known

as Health, Education and Welfare. For the past 18 years I was Deputy Director, Intergovernmental and Congressional Affairs, West Coast Region, which entailed working with Indian tribes, various state governors, and the various islands in the Pacific. I am married to a nice Jewish girl, Rossana L. nee Hamburg, born in Evansville, Indiana, for the past 37 years. We have two sons, Marc A. Kennedy, who is a teacher in California; and Victor H. Kennedy, who is with UCLA working in the field of chemistry and environmental health. Both became Bar Mitzvah, and both earned their Eagle in Boy Scouts. They are not married.

My feelings about the Germans, in total, are absolutely negative. As a Volk (nation) the Germans are most aggressive, and can be unusually brutal. They have no pity on others, but much self-pity, which Winston Churchill so well proclaimed in his speech to the U.S. Congress during World War II. Germany, unfortunately, lies in the center of Europe. Also, their unusual ability to organize feeds their nationalism. All of this puts them in an unusually strong economical and military position. I write often to various papers on political matters, especially regarding Germany. In one of these articles I stated that East and West Germany should never be united. If it ever is united, I would give Germany two to three generations and they will involve the world in another war. Germans as individuals have all the Gemuetlichkeit (pleasant and relaxed disposition) possible, but look below this surface, and watch out! I taught my sons not to hate the Germans, but most certainly never to trust them! Germans are not sorry that they started two world wars, only that they lost them. While in West Germany the last three months, primarily in Mannheim, I heard the usual strong voices of the Germans against all foreign workers whom the Germans had brought into Germany, especially the Turks. Only this time Jews were not mentioned since, after all, the Germans had killed most of them. I did not enjoy my visit to Mannheim due to the fact that my 98 year old stepmother had died and I had to close her apartment, but, also because I have no love for the Germans.

Janet N. Ettelman (Inge Neuburger) - Hewlett, New York

When I was born we lived in Collinistrasse (name of street), so I was told by my mother. From there we moved to Prinz Wilhelmstrasse when I was about one year old, and later to Moltkestrasse #6 when I was still quite young. I have a latent recollection of the apartment with a large fireplace in the entry hall and a balcony looking out over the Rosengarten (cultural center). My father, Felix Neuburger, owned or managed a cigar factory in Sandhofen. It was there I first developed a fear of dogs, which I have since overcome by owning dogs. On occasion, my father would take one of us, brother Henry (see also) or myself to the factory. It was a drive in the country. When my father stopped the car an enormous Doberman, or so it seemed, would run toward us barking furiously. I suppose he was just coming to say hello. In the first grade with Fraulein Traub (name of teacher), I spent much time behind the free standing blackboard for being too talkative. I also remember thinking that I would like to wear the uniforms (Hitler Youth) German girls wore. It causes me to think how easily children can be taken in.

Looking back over the past 50 years, it is difficult for me to bring to mind the small, thin little girl who clutched her father's hand and wept. The tears she shed were tears of sorrow and fear; sorrow because she was leaving her mother, Lia Neuburger nee Selig, her brother, Henry, then Heinz, and two grandmothers, Karoline Neuburger and Zerline Selig behind; fear because she was embarking on a journey to the unknown. I often recall that day in the spring of 1940. I look in the mirror now and no longer see that little girl. I was ten years old when, at long last, our visas for America were granted. It was decided that I would be the one to accompany my father to "The New World" because I would be able to travel on a child's half-price ticket. Although my memories of Mannheim and my life there are dim, specific incidents of experiences I had there and my journey to America stand out clearly in my mind.

I vividly remember Kristallnacht. The terror I felt then when I saw the synagogue and school in flames is still very real. Those images helped shape an important aspect of my present career. I think I had a very limited understanding of what was happening because I was shielded from all that went on around me. My brother, Henry, who was soon to be a Bar Mitzvah, was much more involved in the day-to-day problems of getting food and understanding the difficulties we Jews faced. (There were food rationing cards and Jews could only go to certain stores.) To me it was a sudden devastating occurrence. But, even though I may not have been directly included in my parents' plans and concerns, I was certainly aware that all was not right, and caution was to be practiced at all times. The street car was no longer to be used, and there were many other day-to-day activities that Jews could not participate in.

At last the time came when we traveled to Stuttgart to obtain our visas to America. By then I knew, that applications for visas had also been filed with a number of South American countries. My parents studied Spanish and English, with rather little success, and life went on. Dad and I left Mannheim on March 31, 1940, my 10th birthday. We travelled by train, endlessly it seemed, to Geneva, Italy. On board ship I was assigned to a cabin with a German lady who had been visiting relatives in Germany before going back to her husband in the U.S. I couldn't understand why she called her slim little boy "Dickie" (means fat in German). My recollection of the voyage itself, on the Italian steamship, Rex, was like a party that lasted for five days. I was allowed to stay up late to watch the nightly movie, and my father gave me tremendous freedom to run and play on the deck with the other children. I remember being secretly happy that my mother wasn't there. She would never have given me such free rein.

Fortunately, my mother and brother were able to join us in America six weeks later. Now, those memories, and many, many others are brought to light mainly when I tell my children about my childhood and youth to make them aware of their heritage and to teach them my personal lessons of this period of the Holocaust. For the past 16 years I have become almost obsessed with the need to study and teach about this darkest period in the history of the civilized world. For many years I spoke to the students of the Temple with which my family is affiliated. But, perhaps more importantly, I introduced and continue to teach a course of study in the history and literature of the Holocaust period to the Junior High School students at the Hebrew Academy of Long Beach where I teach English and Social Studies.

I was very fortunate to be able to grow up in New York, still sheltered, by parents who worked tirelessly to provide my brother and myself with as normal a life as possible. I, as the youngest, had it easiest. I went through elementary and junior high school, then on to Hunter College where I earned my teaching certification along with my B.A. degree. Years later, after my second child was born, I went on to earn my M.A. at Kean College. In my senior year of college I was married to David, my husband of 39 years. Together we built a life and a new generation. We reared three wonderful children, Susan, the oldest, is married to Steven Eisenhauer. After being married twelve years they had their first child, Michael, last June. Both Sue and Steven are attorneys. Next came Laura, who has inherited her father's artistic talent and is a registered architect. She is married to Sheldon Gunter from Toronto. Our youngest, a son Brian, is an alumnus of Cornell University. After working on the east coast in hotel administration he moved to San Francisco and is employed there by a Japanese hotel company. Our family has always been a close one and we wouldn't allow a mere 3,000 miles to change that! My mother and I visited Mannheim in 1983.

It's impossible to include all the details of one's life on a few pages. But, there has never been any doubt that the frightened little girl who left all that was familiar to her in 1940, has grown up to live a rich and full life in a new setting with her loved ones nearby and the past merely a haunting memory.

Inge Golovin (Goldbach) - Palo Alto, California

The Visa. The summons to come to the American Consulate in Stuttgart arrived in Mannheim in April, 1938, two weeks before the actual appointment. My parents and I had been waiting for it with a mixture of hope and dread. Hope, because it is the only way the three of us can leave Germany together; dread, because we are afraid my mother cannot pass the physical examination. In 1938 one had to be in excellent health to be a candidate for an American visa. My thirty-eight year old mother had a heart condition brought on by stress and terror, worsened by the treatment from our longtime family doctor, who kept her resting in bed for a whole year. She had retired to her bedroom a silken upholstered cocoon, an oasis where bad news was filtered out for her, and visitors - "cheerful subjects please" - were received by appointment only. By the time my father managed to get a world famous heart specialist to come to Mannheim and make a house visit, she was too weak to walk and had an assortment of complications from lack of exercise.

With my father driving his Opel car, we started out for Stuttgart early in the morning. We were well supplied with a picnic hamper of food so we could stop for periods of rest on the way and not have to rely on eating in restaurants, most of which had signs that "dogs and Jews" were not allowed on the premises. My mother had an infected tooth; her cheek was swollen and painful, and she kept on putting camomile poultices on it. We discussed what would happen if she did not get her visa. "I insist that you and your father leave without me," she told me. "You must leave and

save yourselves." I looked at my mother, her pretty face swollen out of shape, her pallor, her helplessness, and thought how heroic her offer was. Impossible, but heroic. I would stay, and my father would leave, if we could convince him. I knew him so well; he would never leave without us.

We arrived in Stuttgart in early evening. We had reservations on the ground floor of a hotel that accepted Hebrews. The rooms were immaculate and impersonal. While my mother rested, my father and I went to the Consulate to check it out. The first floor had a very high outside staircase, impossible for my mother to navigate. I felt restless. My father returned to the hotel and I took a walk. Stuttgart was a beautiful city; the main streets and promenades were lined with trees and a mixture of old and new architecture. The air felt soft and caressing and the lighted windows seemed to look at me with friendly eyes. I kept on walking, feeling pleasantly anonymous. I had forgotten the name of the hotel and the address! The stores were closed; there was no place to look at a telephone book to jog my memory. I had no money or identification with me. All I carried was a handkerchief. I walked along some side streets looking on doorposts for a mezuzah, a small container enclosing a parchment scroll of prayers, a sign of a Jewish home. I would ring the bell and ask for help, but I could not find one. By now I was completely lost.

I stopped in front of a park and looked at the sky. I wondered if there was a higher being, if there was anyone anywhere who cared what happened to us. There used to be offerings and sacrifices, back in the so called dark ages. I took off my garnet ring, very old, a gift from my grandmother, and held it high above my head. "To a God unknown," I cried silently, "help us." Then I threw the ring far into the trees. It shimmered like a drop of blood rising into the darkness. Next to the park was a police station, a really dangerous place for me. I stood across the street debating what to do next, when a young policeman walked down the steps. I discreetly followed him for a while, then ran after him and explained that I had arrived in town with my parents that evening, gone for a walk and forgotten the name of the hotel. To my surprise he found that very charming. He good naturedly walked me to several hotels until we found the right one. The next morning we left for the Consulate very early, so my father could carry mother up the stairs without attracting attention. We leaned against the wall until the doors opened at nine, then sat in the reception room, grateful to have seats.

The mustard-colored room was crowded with people of all ages, sizes and shapes. They were very different from each other, yet all seemed curiously alike. It was the expression on their faces, the way their bodies sagged. They seemed to me like grains of sand, quietly suffering, frightened, isolated in a world of their own, alone in a multitude of others. Even the air had a metallic taste. Fear has a smell of its own. Two medics came and took someone out on a stretcher. A murmur went through the crowd. A man had failed his medical test, his wife and children passed. He had become so upset that he had a heart attack. At one-thirty we were called. Our papers were in order, no debts, no criminal record, a security bond posted in an American bank, proof that we would never be a burden to the government. Then the medical examination, men to the right, women to the left. Mother and I were led into a small, glaringly white cubicle closed off with a curtain and told to strip. "How far?" I asked. "Completely," the nurse answered. Mother and I looked at each other in

dismay. I was now age fifteen and considered myself a young woman. "We will keep our chemises on, "mother told the nurse firmly. We will take them off for the examination." We undressed avoiding each other's eyes. I tried to remember what had been drilled into us in school, before I was dismissed for having the wrong ancestry. "We are all soldiers," the principal used to tell us. "Soldiers follow orders, soldiers don't cry, soldiers have endurance!" "I am a soldiers," I keep telling myself.

Someone in the waiting room told us that the medical exam took about fifteen minutes. I was called in first. "Try to keep him occupied as long as possible," my mother whispered, "so he has less time for me." I ripped off my chemise and marched into the doctor's office. I could feel my face and ears burn from embarrassment. The doctor, tall, sleekly blond and youngish seemed hostile. "Well," he asked, "are you another one who thinks the streets in America are paved with gold?" "I am sure they are paved with asphalt, like everywhere else," I replied in my best Berlitz School English. "And how are you going to support yourself when you get to America?" "I don't know," I answered. "I am studying to be a designer. I can sew, I can look after children, I can do lots of things and I can learn what I need to know. I am sure somebody is going to hire me." He looked at me from head to toe. "Turn around," he said. I turned slowly. "You are very attractive." "So I have been told."

He examined my chest, then told me to do some exercises and examined me again. "I am a gymnast," I told him. "Let me show you some of the exercises we do." Under the nurses disapproving eyes I did some spectacular leaps and turns. He is a doctor, I kept telling myself, so he is not really a man, and I am a soldier, so I do what I have to do. I glanced at my watch. Twenty minutes. "Tell me about New York," I smiled at him. "Do you think I am tall enough to be a model?" I picked up my shoulder length hair and piled it on top of my head, striking a seductive pose. The doctor started telling me about New York. Twenty eight minutes. "I will see your mother now." I quickly returned to the cubicle, put on my chemise and returned to the office with my mother. He took her pulse, listened to her heart for a moment, then sent her back to get dressed. "I want to talk to you." He motioned me over to his desk. "I am a soldier, I kept telling myself, I am a soldier". He looked at me for a while in silence. I felt hollow and icy cold. My teeth started chattering. "Will you promise to look after your mother?" "I promise", I answered fervently. I could not control my teeth. They were clicking together, making noises. "It's all right," he said softly, "it's all right". "Did we both pass?" "You both passed." And then, soldier or not, I started to cry. I still have his linen handkerchief, now yellowed with age. "Keep it," he had told me. "Think of it as a trophy." But I kept it as a reminder that sometimes a whimsical fate allows people to make their own luck.

Editors Note: Although Inge Golovin's submission does not follow the guidelines for preparing her biographical sketch, the story provides insight on a very significant and troublesome aspect which confronted all Jews trying to save their lives through emigration. For that reason her previously published article is reprinted here.

Liane Gutman (Kayser) - New York, New York

Born in Mannheim, January 10, 1926, my mother's name was Gertrude nee Lefo, father's name was Stephen Kayser. Actually, my mother often called me Peter, quite apropos, since I was a bit of a roughneck as a kid. Mother was born in Mannheim; my father in Karlsruhe. His original first name was Salli. We lived at Werderstrasse 15. My parents were divorced in 1928 and I did not have any contact with him since I was five years old. I attended Pestalozzi elementary school from 1932-1936. The event I distinctly recall during those years was when Hitler's portrait was hung on the classroom wall. I took an instant dislike to the man, and "machte ihm eine lange Nase" (thumped my nose at him), without any repercussions. In 1936, on the first day I was enrolled at the Hans Thomas Schule, all Jewish girls were kicked out, and I subsequently attended the Juedische Schule (Jewish school). It was a 20 minute walk from my home in Werderstrasse. Not infrequently I was threatened by older non-Jewish children on my way to school, but the threats were never carried out. Perhaps a certain chutzpah of mine served as a buffer. Being among Jewish children in school was reassuring. It gave me a sense of belonging. On the minus side was the steady flow of emigration of teachers and pupils alike, which, needless to say, accounted for an underlying malaise for those left behind.

We were still in Mannheim when Kristallnacht swept through Germany, and our apartment was not spared, except for my room, filled with stuffed animals. One SA's (brown shirt Nazi) guilty conscience perhaps? In December, 1938, we emigrated to Belgium; I attended the Athenee Royale de Jeunes Filles in Brussels, a school for gifted girls. My knowledge of French was not sufficient as yet to follow the curriculum, but in a class of 50 I had no choice but to do my utmost to fit in and become fluent in French. No bilingual programs in those days. There was one other refugee girl in my class. Living in Brussels was like a dream; our apartment was in the outskirts, real country. I loved school, and had become one of the top students in my class. I recall to this day the calisthenics classes and the white togas we had to wear.

May 10, 1940, at dawn: Nazi aircraft over Brussels. It meant farewell to everything I had come to love. We departed for DePanne, close to the French border, where we had a small apartment. Brazen as I always was, I still recall walking towards the French border, replete with barbed wire. Soon enough, we joined the thousands of refugees flooding the roads towards the south of France. Mid-way on our odyssey, we were arrested by the French gendarmerie in Niort and transported by train to Camp Gurs, in the French Pyrenees. Released from there ten weeks later, because my mother had enough money hidden underneath her girdle to prove we would not become a financial burden to the French government. If not for that, we would have had to stay on, and might have been deported East (to extermination camps) later on. After many months in Perpignan in the South of France, we finally got our visas to Mexico, since the U.S. denied us a visa. On our way to Portugal via Spain, my mother's passport was stolen in Barcelona, a disaster. It was, however retrieved since we were told to place an ad in the local paper for a lost passport and a sizable reward. Six weeks in Lisbon, waiting for passage to the U.S., we were on the last voyage of the Portuguese liner Serpa Pinto.

Arrival in New York meant going to Ellis Island. The U.S. authorities

feared we would settle somewhere in the U.S. instead of going to Mexico. Ellis Island seemed utopian compared to Gurs, particularly in terms of cleanliness. Everything in life is relative. We were released from Ellis Island thanks to relatives in New York who vouched for us, and soon enough, embarked on the Mayflower, destination, Veracruz. During the voyage I gave a brief accordion recital, and was awarded my first compact. I gave up the accordion years ago and played the alto recorder for a couple of years. Mexico was an alien environment. My family decided that I was to attend the American High School primarily to learn English. It was more of a social club for wealthy Americans, and I felt out of place. But soon enough, I found a nucleus of Europeans, also refugees, and we became close friends. I was preparing for a secretarial career, not out of choice but out of necessity. College would not materialize for at least a couple of decades. It was a strange life in Mexico. A Jewish girl was supposed to marry if not by 18, at least by 20, and be chaperoned.

After World War II, I finally made it to the U.S., since the German quota had been full in 1940. My first job in New York was with the World Jewish Congress where I was secretary to the Spanish editor for five years. My enforced travels came in good stead, since I was now fluent in English, Spanish, French, and German. In 1950, I met my husband, John Gutman, and we were married a year later. He was also born in Frankfurt, Germany, but arrived in the U.S. in 1937. Originally his first name was Hans. He is an insurance broker and a painter by avocation. Our two sons, Peter and Tom, were born in 1956 and 1960, respectively. I had become a homemaker. In 1969 I decided to go to Columbia University and matriculated for the B.A. It was rough going at first, but worth the effort. I majored in anthropology, and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. Having been denied the opportunity to go to college at 18, I was far more motivated than I would have been at an earlier stage. Both sons are still single and living in New York. Peter is an actuary and Tom is in the export-import business.

Currently I am matriculated at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York in the M.A. program in Translation. As a free-lance translator, I work from home, and have been focusing mostly on Jewish topics, anti-Semitism, Holocaust, Zionism. So far I have been working primarily in English and Spanish. I plan in the near future to work from German into English as well. At 63, I feel my life has come full circle. I am searching more and more for my roots, and forever reading books and articles on anti-Semitism and the Holocaust. Endless questions come up, many remain unanswered. My husband and I spent one day in Germany, back in 1967. It was in Cologne, not in Mannheim. We continue to travel in Europe. I have no desire, however, to return to visit Mannheim. For me, it is simply a place where I happened to be born.

Ruth Michels (Aberle) - Neuss, West Germany

My family lived in Mannheim, G 3, 19 for some generations, and then, I was born May 3, 1918. In my childhood I played with my Christian girl friends and did not experience any hatred. From 1929 on I visited the Elisabethschule (name of school). The class teacher, Miss Quenzer, nicknamed Quetsch (prune), was quite o.k. She treated us seven Jewish girls no different from the other 21 Christian children. We had to learn a lot. Sometimes we liked it, but sometimes not so very much. We had a nice time under her rule in Buchklingen, in the Odenwald (name of a hilly forested area, nearby) which served as Landschulheim (country school home) of the Elisabethschule. I still remember the creative school festivals during summer time, organized to collect money for this school-home.

I left Elisabethschule in 1932. From there, I enrolled at a school of commerce at Frankfurt/Main Junghofstrasse, for three years, while living with my grandmother. When Hitler came to power I had already changed to that school and succeeded to get through the final examination with good marks. In the school I was the only Jewish girl and had to suffer a lot under the mostly Nazi-influenced teachers. In spite of this, there were some girls in my class with whom I have kept contact up to this day. I went back to Mannheim in 1935 and since I didn't succeed in being accepted as a student to study for a social profession at the Soziale Frauenschule (name of school for women), because I was Jewish, I decided to take on an apprenticeship for a commercial profession with a Jewish firm, Wachs and Saenger, Mannheim. After finishing my two-year apprenticeship, I worked there as a clerk for another half a year. Thereafter, 1937, I visited a Jewish Hauswirtschaftsschule (school of home economics) in Koeln (Cologne) to prepare for Hachscharah (communal living and working) in Palestine, now Israel. The school was located at Salierring.

Backtracking some, the first lessons in religion I received from the teachers Liebermensch, later Kaelbermann, Adler (see also Marianne Adler) and Dr. Lauer. Thanks to their influence, I joined the Jewish youth movement and was active in the Haschomer Hazair in Mannheim. After my stay in Koeln I went to Berlin in 1938. There I lived in the Beth-Chaluz (literal translation House of the Pioneer) at Elsaesser Strasse, and worked for some time at the maskiruth (office of the director) in the Meinecke Strasse till 1938. This is where, in addition to Hashomer Hazair, all offices of the Jewish youth movement and Zionist organizations were located. After the 9/10 November 1938 pogroms, and the required registration of Jews, I came back to Mannheim, only to find that my mother was alone, since my father had been interned in Dachau (concentration camp). Our home was a chaos, everything was demolished. Back from Dachau later on, my father had to register daily at the Gestapo (secret police) in Mannheim. My parents wanted me to leave Mannheim for safety. Thanks to their initiative and the help of friends, I got a permit to go to England in 1939. I lived first in Leeds, later on in London. My parents and other relatives I left behind. In 1940 my parents were deported to Camp Gurs, where my father died from typhoid and neglect. My mother was deported to Treblinka in 1942.

My brother, Ernst Daniel Aberle, born in Mannheim July 7, 1916, was nicknamed "baby" because he was, at age seven, the youngest kid in the Zionist youth organization Blau-Weiss. Later he became very active in the

Bund Haschomer Hazair. Very often meetings of youth groups were held in our house in G 3, 19. My brother came in 1938, together with his friend Werner Frank, nicknamed "Nazerl" to Israel (his parents had a butcher store in Mannheim), after they had finished the Hachscharah in Jugoslavia. In 1983 my brother died; his wife, Chaja Arbel nee Schloss, is from Stuttgart/Nuernberg, and their three children are still living in the Kibbutz Hamaapil in Israel. All three, two girls and one son, are married. I am married to Werner Michels since 1948. He is from Berlin, but grew up in Wuppertal. Both of us lost our parents and nearly all adult relatives as a result of Nazi terror.

After the war I went back to Germany with my husband. We lived first in Wuppertal, where I worked in a bank, later on in the municipality, then in a chartered accountant company in Duesseldorf. My husband visited the Jawne school in Koeln before the war and came to Liverpool, England with his class in 1939 to finish studies and get his diploma in a college in Liverpool. Following the outbreak of war he was interned and later deported to Australia. After his return we met in London. Later in Germany he worked as a civil servant in the department of social affairs of North-Rhine-Westphalia in Duesseldorf. Now we are retired and live in Neuss near Duesseldorf. I am still in touch with the Mannheimer Maedels (girls) and one fellow of my former youth group which I regularly meet when I visit Israel. The photo I sent you was taken in June 1989. Here are their former names and their current Israeli names: Lina Fass - Jael Peled, living at Givataim; Gretel Kahn - Gretel Aronstein, Nathanja; Lisa Moos Liebmann, Tel-Aviv (see also) Lena Dzialowski - Lea Shoshani, Tel-Aviv; Ruth Schnurmann - Ruth Sheleg, Kibbutz Maabaroth; Else Freireich - Else Salinger, Kibuz Kfar Menachem; and Werner (Seev) Frank, Kfar Yedidya.

I was invited to Mannheim in 1987 to celebrate the dedication of the new Jewish community center and the newly built synagogue. I was deeply impressed, after such a long time has passed, by the excellent speech of Rabbi Gruenewald (see also). My thoughts went back to the time of my youth, to the old synagogue in F 2, and to our second youth center in the Schiff-Haus (next to the synagogue), where we spent most of our spare time. The new synagogue was erected exactly opposite our house in G 3, 19, where my father had his furniture business next to Hut-Gutmann (name of a store that sold hats) on the corner. In the neighborhood resided quite a few well-known Jewish families. Maybe some of you remember Kaffee Silberberg (restaurant), Schuh-Maier (shoe store) or Metzger Meyer (butcher).

The appearance of Mannheim has changed in the last twenty years. You become aware of modern buildings and new landmarks, also the reconstruction of the Neckar river side. There is also an improvement in the atmosphere and more official understanding for problems of specific groups among the population. An inkling of this was conveyed by the words that were spoken by the Lord Mayor of Mannheim on the occasion of the dedication of the Jewish congregational center.

Ernst C. Stiefel - New York, New York

Born in Mannheim 29 October 1907, we lived first at Beethovenstrasse 7 and later at L 13, 4. My father, Karl Stiefel, was Hauptlehrer (teacher) at the Luisenschule, president of the Jewish community from 1938-1939, and on the board of the August Lamey Lodge. My grandmother, Sara Levi nee Heinsfurter had a business, "Samt & Seide" at M 4, 7 (Velvet & Silk). My sister Luise (see also) married Richard Metzger of Mannheim and emigrated to Palestine in 1936. My brother Rudy was enrolled in the Lessingschule Mannheim and the Ingenieurschule (school of engineering). He left for Israel in 1939 and came later to the U.S. where he died in 1989.

Of my youth, I remember compulsory walks in summer to the Waldpark, full of mosquitoes, and Sunday hikes with my parents to the Koenigsstuhl and Kohlhof on the Himmelsleiter Heidelberg - hot and steep. Afterwards we had coffee at the Molkenkur, sandwiches from the rucksack, and one piece of cake shared in four parts. During winter we had a good time rodeln (sledding) and glennen (ice-sliding) at the Schlossgarten (castle garden), and Gockelsberg (name of a hill). The Rhine was completely frozen in February and March 1929, so we walked from the Herweck (swimming pool) across the Rhine to the Walzmuehle, Ludwigshafen.

Next come my recollections of World War I when we lived at L 13, 4. I remember zeppelins flying over Mannheim built at Schuette-Lanz, Rheinau. There were bomb alerts preceded by sirens and our descending to the cellar with other tenants, led by Pfarrer (vicar) Steinwachs of the Schlosskirche (name of church). I also remember Red Cross trains arriving at the Hauptbahnhof (main railroad station) and the Kaiserring closed for the transport of the wounded, on stretchers hung between two bicycles, to the Oberrealschule (school), at Tullastrasse/Prinz-Wilhelm-Strasse, which had been requisitioned as a hospital.

Some of my activities included bicycle riding in the Luisenpark and in the suburbs Neckarau and Ilvesheim. Then there were gymnastics which I tried to skip whenever I could. They were scheduled weekly and included boring exercises at the Turnverein located at Lameystrasse. Their motto was FFFF: "Frisch, Fromm, Froehlich, Frei" (Fresh, Devout, Cheerful, Free). From that period I remember some of our neighbors like Architect Lehmann with two beautiful half-Jewish daughters; the family Noether, and their beautiful Villa at corner Bismarckstrasse; family Bassermann, who had an even more beautiful villa on the opposite side -- they were Mannheim high society, too high for us to mix with. By coincidence, during the reception in honor of Rabbi Max Gruenewald's 90th birthday, December 1989, I met Max Kaufman who used to live since 1930 at L 13, 3 - fifty nine years ago. There was also the family Kahn, now Lessing, who lived at the Bismarckplatz, and were relatives through the Stiefels from Fulda; a family Jakobi at the Friedrichsring, who were relatives of the Bunge Born, Buenos Aires clan. There was a second family, Joseph Kahn of I & S Kahn, the parents of Robert B. Kahn, now Dayton, Ohio, who is the illustrious editor of this book. They lived across the street at L 11, 25.

Even in those years, before 1918, I feared to be beaten up by gentile gangs assembling around the Suezkanal (name of underground tunnel) entrance between L13 and L14. Sometimes I accompanied my father on endless up-and-down walks under the shady Platanenallee of the Bismarckstrasse (name of street) in the company of Notar (notary) Appel, Mr. Freiberg and Rabbi

Oppenheimer, also known as Oppes. Their conversations were dealing with community issues and community Klatsch (rumors). From 1918-1923 I went to Lessingschule, in Mannheim, but discontinued in 1923 at Untersekunda because of the necessity to earn money to fight inflation. Some of my friends were Gustav Reiss, Erich Hockenheimer, Kurt and Ernst Meyer, who lived at C2, 20; the parents were in the celluloid toy business. Later he went to Spain, then Mexico and Venezuela. Then there was Richard Hirsch, in the wine business and living at Friedrichsplatz, later was with the CIA in Berlin, and in the U.S. Army. Walter Esslinger, another friend lived in the Beethovenstrasse; Fritz Strauss, lived in the Lameystrasse; Hans Hoechheimer, now lives in Amsterdam, was known as the Beau Brummel of Mannheim. Others were Stephan Haas, who resided at Friedrichsplatz, Mariele Jakobi, at Hebelstrasse, Margot Wagner, Augusta-Anlage, Ilse Kahn, at the Tennisplatz, Edith and Margot Blum, Lamey/Victoriastrasse, and Hanna Wolff, now Elsbach-Rau, living in San Francisco. Also much younger, I remember the kids, the Kameraden (comrades) of my beloved brother, who was ten years younger than I. They were Ernst Boehm, now living in Philadelphia, and Erich Bauer, the leader of the Hasorea Kibbutz, Israel.

We also had lots of fun at the Tanzstunde at Atelier Gut (dancing lessons), with Gretel Oberlander now Titcher, Arizona and Indiana. From 1923 to 1924 I was delivery boy at Adolf Pfeiffer's hardware store at M5, 3, a speciality store for tools, nails, hammers. I was invited to their 100th anniversary October 20, 1980. The shop is located opposite my grandmother's, Sara Levi's residence and boutique "Samt und Seide" (Velvet and Silk) at M4, 7. Then came my apprenticeship at L. Weil & Rheinhardt, a firm owned by the authoritarian Reinhardt family, specializing in steel, other metals and competing with Beaer Sondheimer, Frankfurt, as well as with Wolf, Netter, Jakobi, Ludwigshafen.

In 1925 I returned to Lessingschule and passed Abitur (graduation examinations). From 1926-1931 I was a law student at the Universities of Heidelberg, Paris and Berlin under the professorship of Heinsheimer, Gundolf, Gradenwitz, Radbruch the former Justizminister, and Anschuetz, author of the Weimar Constitution. My doctoral dissertation was entitled "Die Schwarzfahrt im Versicherungsrecht" (illegal use of a car and the insurance law). Next I became a member of the fraternity FWV, Freie Wissenschaftliche Vereinigung (Free Scientific Association). Herbert Bodenheim, son of Theo Bodenheim, in the tobacco business, Augustaanlage, was a "Leibfuchs" supporting member. Friends during my young adulthood were Hans Koebner, M.D., son of Max, Chief Chemist at Raschig; Otto Hecht, son of attorney Hecht, brother of Hermann Hecht, Rhenania; Rudie Hecht, now Chairman of the Board Haifa Port Authority and Dagon Haifa. Let me not forget to mention the lovely law ladies, studying law in Heidelberg with me: Lotte Lehmann, Lotte Liebhold - Betten Liebhold, Gretel Kiefer now Kost, Tel Aviv, close friends of my sister Luise in Israel. From 1930 to 1932 I became assistant District Attorney in Mannheim under Amtsgerichtsrat Hugo Marx; Assistant District Judge at the Amtsgericht (court) Buchen/Odenwald, also known as Badische Siberia; and Assistant Landrat (county judge) Buehl/Baden Baden. In December 1932 I was admitted to the Bar in Mannheim.

Three months later, April 1933, I was disbarred under Hitler legislation to keep Jews from practicing law. As a result the blatant anti-Semitism against the legal profession, I left for France in 1934 and was employed at the "Assurances Alsaciennes" in Strasbourg after having become Licencie

en Droit in Paris and Strasbourg. During this period and until 1939 I was also enrolled in intermittent studies and was admitted to the English Bar and the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple. Finally, in September 1940 I fled from Strasbourg to New York. To earn some extra money I became helper in the kitchen of the Holland America Liner "SS Staatendam" and upon arrival performed various menial activities in New York in cafeterias and sales organizations. I had many close friends in New York, also from Mannheim. They were: Herbert Bodenheim, Willy Wolff, Hans and Marga Oppenheimer, Else Feitel now Adler, Hanneliese Feibelmann now Guggenheim, Hans and Rena Wirth, Lore Leiter now Hirsch-Heinemann. In 1941 I obtained a job as clerk in a New York law office and was admitted to the New York Bar in 1942. Drafted into the U.S. Army in 1943, I had an interesting assignment to the office of Strategic Services under General Donovan and Alan Dulles. In 1945 I was assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Bern, Switzerland by the State Department in Washington.

From 1946 to 1947 I became an associate of the law firm of Cook, Nathan & Lehman, Pine Street, New York, and from 1947 to 1971 was associated with the law firm of Cleary, Gottlieb, Friendly, Hamilton & Steen as resident expert on European law and on international business translations in general. In 1971 I became a senior counsel to the law firm of Coudert Brothers, New York, Paris, Brussels, Washington, California, Hong Kong, Sydney, Singapore, Tokyo and Moscow, and in 1975 was appointed Professor of Law of the New York Law School, Adjunct Faculty. 1986 saw the establishment of the Ernst Stiefel Endowment Fund at the New York Law School. For my 80th birthday in 1987 I was honored by a Festschrift (a special publication) published by 42 law professors and jurists worldwide with an introduction by the former Bundespraesident Walter Scheel (President of the German Congress). An honorary degree of Doctor of Law was conferred by the New York Law School in 1988.

Ilse Rinns (Blum) - New York, New York

B7, 7 in Mannheim seemed a safe place in the early twenties if one discounts the after effects of WWI and inflation. I was born 1921 in Mannheim. My father was born in 1874 in Mannheim and operated a manufacturers' representative firm bearing his father's name, which was doing fine. My mother Angele nee Bisson, born in Paris, France, did not miss her native France too much, especially since we visited Paris and our French relatives quite often. I had no brothers or sisters. My father Gustav Blum was indeed and of course a member of the Jewish community and synagogue. I was not, since I was not brought up Jewish and was religionslos (not associated with any religion) on documents. This fact disturbed my mother who was not Jewish and who thought that by 1938, her religion on documents would possibly save one's life. I was thus baptized a Catholic in the Jesuitenkirche by Praelat Bauer, a wonderful man who did whatever he could to save and protect Jews in Mannheim.

In 1933 the clouds gathered. My earlier school days in the Hans Thoma Schule (name of school), passed without too much trouble, but my later days in the Elisabethschule (name of school) were something else again. Prizes for being first in class grades were impossible to hand out to the

halb-aryer (half Aryan) pupils like me. My best friend, therefore, received them instead of me. No grudges, even to this day are held on my part. The storm came in 1938, making it impossible to continue in school. That was it as far as formal education was concerned in Hitler's Germany. Kristallnacht, 8/10 November provided the infamous ending of the bizarre year. My father walked all night in the park along the Rhine, my mother staying at home watching for things to come, since she had not that much to fear as she was not Jewish. Early in the day, my father sought refuge in the Jesuiten Kirche, (name of church), when night came he left for the park. I was hidden with non-Jewish friends for the duration of horror, which however, passed us by unscathed, at least materially, but not mentally and emotionally.

Since 1933 my father's business had been rapidly declining and it had to be closed entirely after Kristallnacht. My mother gave French language lessons to those looking forward to emigrating. Non-Jews would not come to her for such lessons. It was spring, 1940 and the war was going great for Germany. As France capitulated, my mother was dying of cancer. She had to hear this news before her death in May. Then the bombings started in earnest. Our apartment was spared for a time, even though by then my father and I did not live there by ourselves any longer. Several Jewish families had to be taken in by a 1942 decree. Jewish families were not longer entitled to an apartment of their own, hence, in our 6 room apartment we had to triple with two other families. In September 1943, however, the house burned down and we had to move. We found a room in C7, 20, an address that I shall never forget.

Very early in the morning, January 10, 1944, the by then well known knock on the door - "open up, Gestapo, (secret police) Gustav Blum is to come with us". All the Jewish people of mixed marriages were rounded up, most never to be seen again. At that time, where would they go, what would happen? No one knew. He was first taken to the Gestapo offices at B7, 1 while others were taken by truck to destinations unknown. I walked the streets wondering when my turn as a Halb Arier (half Aryan) would come. Several days after this, and after inquires leading nowhere, an acquaintance of mine, Werner Baer, also Halb-Arier, hands me my father's gold watch. Since he had also lost family through this arrest action, he followed the transport, saw them being put on a train near Karlsruhe, where my father recognized him and threw something to him - the watch. Long before, Jews had to surrender all jewelry, silver, etc. to the Nazis. We were, however, able to hold on to my father's watch. It has accompanied me to the USA and is my prized memento. My friend had also been able to find out that the destination of my father's transport was Theresienstadt.

After my father's arrest I had to leave our room at C7, 20, and found another room. After the first day there, the landlady discovered to her horror that I was not arish (Aryan) and threw me out. Mr. Fasshold, for whom I was then working as secretary, offered me a room in his house B2, 1, on the top floor. A few months later the top floor was bombed and the few items I had been able to gather to send to my father, in Theresienstadt, were lost - another experience I shall never forget. Mr. Fasshold is the owner of the Fasshold Bank, B2, 1. I am still in contact with his oldest son Dagobert, who is semi-retired in Mannheim. Spring 1945, the situation in Mannheim became more and more dangerous and more and more rumors of people like us being shot began to circulate. Finally, Mr. Fasshold who had kept a "safe" room in Heidelberg for some time, offered me to come along, and I found refuge again with a family of mixed marriages, whose Jewish

husband/father had been hidden in the basement since escaping from a concentration camp in Bavaria.

On April 1, 1945 we were liberated by the Americans at last! I found work immediately with the Military Government in Heidelberg. My cousin, who lived in Heidelberg, was able to contact someone in Mannheim to inquire about the Theresienstadt detainees, whether they were liberated, and coming back. He found out that my father was on his way back, a desperately ill man, and located him on June 4 in the Mannheim hospital. There were no telephones and no trains, thus no way to reach me in Heidelberg to let me know. The next day he succeeded and the Americans immediately drove me to Mannheim and the hospital. It was one day too late, my father had died the night before. Finally, in November 1947, an affidavit from cousins in New York made it possible for me to leave, via the Stuttgart-Esslingen Sammellager, (a collection camp), then Bremerhaven and on the ship "Ernie Pyle" to New York. New York has been my home and that of my husband Walter, originally from Koenigsberg and who came via Brussels to New York in December of 1947, as well. Both my husband and I are now ready to take it a little easier after working since our arrival here in our upholstery and decorating business with me as the bookkeeper and accountant.

Our only daughter, Jennifer, married, is an executive with a pharmaceutical company in New Jersey. Thank heavens she lives in Morristown, New Jersey, not too far away, in this country of enormous distance. My husband, daughter and I have been back to Mannheim several times. How often do I think of my parents who were great opera and theater lovers, especially when we are privileged to enjoy our house near Tanglewood and the wonderful concerts in that summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. What a tragic and miserable end to their lives with such suffering.

Kurt Bigler (Kurt Bergheimer) - Lausanne, Switzerland

I was born in Mannheim in December 1925 as the only son of Josef Bergheimer and Emile Bloch. We had stores in R1, 1 and G2, 19. I was taught at first from 1932 to 1936 in the Pestalozzischule (name of school) and from 1936 on in the Juedische Schule in K2, 6. Of course I have a lot of remembrances of Mannheim and from our teachers in K2, especially of Mr. Baruch Stahl, our principal, Mr. Samuel Liebermensch and Mr. Hermann Kaufmann for whom we didn't make life easy. Mr. Kaufmann had a tragic teacher personality and taught us geography. He had the heart in the right place but his feelings were easily hurt. We were deeply moved when the rumor spread that he had actually taken his own life. The other teacher I remember is Mr. Kaelbermann who did not support (accept) the persecutions and chose free death (as an expression of defiance toward Nazi inhumanity). And of course I have not forgotten my beloved uncle and teacher Salomon Bergheimer, who died just like all my family in Auschwitz. We were deported on October 22, 1940 to Camp Gurs and then transferred to Camp Rivesaltes, wherefrom I came to a Kinderheim (children's home) of the OSE (Oeuvre de secours aux enfants) in Chateau de Main, October 1941. From there I was taken to St. Pierre de Fursac during the terrible month of July 1942. It was during that month that the big pogroms against the Jews in France began. My father and mother were redeported via Drancy near Paris, in all probability to Auschwitz liquidation camp. They will never be forgotten, and for their murder is no

forgiveness.

During the night of August 25-26, 1942 our home was occupied by the French milice (a counterpart of the Gestapo, secret police). They arrested all children 16 years and older. I had just become 16½, but when they shouted my name, I simply did not answer. I don't know why I did that. And so, since Kurt Bergheimer was not there, I was spared the fate of my friends and comrades. All of them that were like me at St. Pierre de Fursac were deported and, as far as I know, did not survive. With the help of the local resistance movement, I was able to leave the village with a falsified carte d'identite (identification card) under the name of Eric Berger from Strassbourg. These were two miracles I shall never forget. Through some good luck and adventure, I found my way to Switzerland in September 17, 1942, where I had to stay in work camps until 1945. Of course, none of these Swiss camps can be compared to the German camps. I worked on road construction and as a gardener. I don't think that I was the best worker they could find.

After the war, when I knew the sad destiny of my family, I made the acquaintance of a Swiss teacher, Mrs. Bigler, who adopted me as her son. This was the reason that I had to change my name. My new mother enabled me to go to school and do my studies at middle schools and later at the university, after five years of living in camps. It was the third miracle in my life. In 1954 I became a Swiss citizen. Not too many were able to become Swiss. I began my professional and political career. From 1954 to 1966 I taught in a college and from 1966 to 1989 in a teachers' training school as professor for German and history. Only recently I was obliged to give up my job as professor for health reasons. I got married in 1959 to a lawyer who is now judge in the Federal tribunal court of Switzerland. We have no children.

Of course there would be a lot to tell of adventures, but I think that they do not differ much from those of many other Mannheimers. Many years ago I wrote about my experiences, suffered by millions. I don't think it is necessary to repeat them here.

Nanny Weil (Kaufmann) - Forest Hills, New York

Born in Mannheim on February 21, 1911. My parents names were Moses and Ida Kaufmann. My father was the owner of M&B Kaufmann, a grain company and was born in Hainstadt-Baden. He came as a young man to Mannheim and lived there all his life. My mother's maiden name was Reiling, born in Bensheim-Bergstrasse. They were married in 1904 in Mannheim. I have one sister Grete, born 1905 in Mannheim and went to Elisabeth school. She was married in 1927 to Fritz Schloss from Koblenz and lived in Frankfurt-Main. They emigrated and went to New York in 1938.

I lived on Friedrichsplatz 12, and in the later years at Richard Wagnerstrasse 25 and went to Lieselotte Schule including Selecta. I went to school with my girlfriends Ellen Leiter, Lotte Scheuer, Ruth Weissmann, Anny Reiss, and Lollo Mueller. I am still in contact with Lotte Scheuer, now Coper (see also), who lives in Caracas, Venezuela. Unfortunately, many of my former friends are not living anymore. Dr. Gruenewald (see also) was my last religion teacher. We belonged to the Hauptsynagogue (main

synagogue) where Dr. Gruenewald was Rabbi. In Mannheim I was secretary to Dr. Julius Steinfeld, neurologist, and later had a part time job at Bleichroeder & Company, an insurance firm. The manager was Fritz Lefo who emigrated to Mexico.

April 1937 I married Siegbert Weil in Amsterdam, Holland where we lived until our deportation in 1943. He was born in Gailingen-Baden. His business required travelling to South Germany, Switzerland and Sweden. My mother joined us in Amsterdam in 1940 after she had to leave Mannheim.

July 1943, the three of us were deported from Amsterdam to the Camp in Westerbork Holland. From there we were sent in February 1944 to the concentration camp Bergen-Belsen where my mother died. January 1945 we came through an exchange for German war prisoners to St. Gallen. After ten days we were able to reach Marseille France. On February 7th, 1945 we left by boat to the UNRA Lager (refugee camp) "Jeanne D'Arc" in Philipville Algeria, and stayed there from February until August 30th 1945. From there we went to Algiers and waited until we found a boat which could take us to New York.

In March, 1946 we arrived via a Liberty ship in Baltimore where my brother-in-law and friends waited for us. After a short stay we left for New York. Unfortunately, after a very short time my husband took sick and after five heart attacks he died in 1966. We had no children. In the meantime, I have visited Mannheim to go to the grave of my father who died in 1924.

Erich Dreifuss - Chicago, Illinois

I was born in Mannheim Germany August 16, 1924. My father's name was Fritz Dreifuss, born in Strumpelbron near Eberbach Baden. My mother, Amalia, came from Leutershausen near Weinheim. My father was employed by the Deutsche Bank (German Bank). I entered the L school until 1936 when no more Jews were allowed to be together with Christians. So then I went to the Jewish school in K2, until I finished the eighth grade, in March of 1938. I must interject an interesting experience that happened in 1953 when the teacher in the L school asked one of the brightest Jewish students what the signs on the taverns said, the boy by the name of Simonne answered: "Hier Gibts Neuer Wein" ("We have new wine"). The teacher expected him to say "Juden Sind Hier Unerwuensch" ("Jews are not welcome here"). The name of the teacher was Lehrer Moss. My closests friends in school were Max Kaufman (see also), Alfred Selig, Franz Karlebach, and Robert B. Kahn (see also). I was a member of the CV Club (youth social club). In May of 1938 my parents, brother and I left Mannheim for Chicago, Illinois where I now reside. My brother Herbert Dreifuss now resides in Sunnyvale, California. He is now retired after spending 35 years with Lockheed Aircraft Company as an engineer.

In 1943 I entered the U.S. Army, and served for four years. I was wounded in Okinawa on June 29, 1945 and spent two years in Army hospitals. After returning from the Army I was employed in the waste material industry. In March 1949 I went into business for myself in the waste material industry.

In May of 1950 I married the former Ellen Bachenheimer born in Frankfurt

Germany. We have two children, a son Steven who lives in Highland Park, who is 35 years old, married to the former Michelle Goldberg. He is an Option Trader on the Chicago Board of Options Exchange. They have two sons, Jason and David and a daughter Julie. I also have a daughter Susan, 38 years old, who resides with her husband Larry Branmann in Los Angeles. They are both teachers and have a son named Noah.

In 1967 I joined the brokerage firm Bear Stearns & Company as a registered representative (stock broker). In 1979 I became a limited partner at Bear Stearns & Co. In 1985 we went public and I am now an associate director in the Chicago branch. Last year Ellen and I were invited to Mannheim. We stayed two weeks and enjoyed seeing the old sights. The highlight of the trip was seeing the new synagogue, meeting many Mannheim Jewish people, especially the president of the congregation Mr. George Stern and Mr. Althausen.

Lotte Meyer Coper (Scheuer) - Caracas, Venezuela
and Longboat Key, Florida

I was born in Mannheim on June 3, 1911, daughter of Heinrich and Frieda Scheuer. My brother Otto, born 1910, lived in Mannheim until he emigrated to the United States in 1938. He lived in Chicago, later in Baltimore and passed away in Baden-Baden in July 1975. My mother, nee Laemle, was born in Stuttgart, Wuerttemberg, and my father in Michelstadt, Baden. We lived at Sophienstrasse 24, where I stayed until November 1935.

I spent my eleven school years in the Liselotte Schule, was not one of the best students, but never missed any mischief and surely was a pain in the neck to my professors. The same was true of Miss Haldenwang, my piano teacher. I was very lazy with my practicing and it was a happy day for me when my parents finally gave in and allowed me to discontinue those lessons. Later, however, too late, I regretted it. I was very good at sports. Tennis, swimming and skiing were my favorite pastimes and in 1932 I made my "Deutsches Sportabzeichen" (German Sports Badge). When in 1933, my brother and I were asked to resign from the Mannheimer Tennis Klub, my parents, as a consolation, let me take a trip to Palestine to spend three months with friends who had invited me. I stayed two years, working as a secretary at the then well-known Hotel Ritz in Tel-Aviv.

In October 1935 I returned to Mannheim to marry my boyfriend Kurt Meyer, who had lived with his parents, Julius and Jenny Meyer, and his brother Ernest in C2, 20. We were married by Rabbi Dr. Max Gruenewald in his home on November 20 and left for Madrid, Spain, where Kurt and Ernest already lived. My brother-in-law Ernest was married to Liesel Richheimer who also was born in Mannheim. I had hardly finished furnishing our apartment when in 1936 the Spanish Civil War broke out and we had to leave, because for the White Patriots we were the Jews and for the Reds we were the Germans. The German embassy helped us to get out of Spain and, through my good friends, the Drs. Metzger, we got special permission to come back to Mannheim just long enough to wait for the birth of our daughter Dorith Eva. She was born on December 10, 1936, and when she was three weeks old we had to leave Mannheim.

We went to Belgium hoping that the Civil War would end soon. However, it turned out that we could not go back to Spain, thus losing all our possessions. We stayed in Brussels for 2½ years. My brother-in-law Ernest

and his wife Liesel emigrated to Mexico in 1937 and finally, in 1939, Kurt decided to go to Venezuela. I stayed in Brussels and would not leave before getting my parents out of Germany and to Brussels. I was fortunate to achieve this just a few days before I left to embark with Dorith for my trip to Venezuela. We took the French boat "Cuba" on the 25th of August 1939. When six days later the war broke out between France and Germany, I found myself in the difficult situation of being an enemy alien on a French ship. But the captain and the crew were very nice to us and after some difficulties in several French islands we finally arrived in Venezuela. My parents stayed in Belgium until January 1942, when we were able to bring them to Caracas to stay with us. They greatly enjoyed their granddaughter, Dorith Eva, and the birth of their grandson Juan Miguel in April 1944. My mother passed away in 1949, but my father was with us until 1965 when he died in his sleep at age 90.

In 1952 I took the children to Mannheim to show them the town where Kurt, Dorith and I were born. This was a big mistake because by comparison with New York, where we had embarked, Mannheim seemed overwhelmingly small. I met with my good friends, the Drs. Metzger, and with my parent's housekeeper who came to see us at the hotel, but after two days I left, never to return. In September 1957 Dorith Eva got married to Dr. Stanley Hollander, an ophthalmologist in Montclair, New Jersey. They have three children: Margie, Michael and Barbara. Juan Miguel, a consultant with Eagle Capital Management, lives in Greenwich, Connecticut with his wife Virginia, nee Wyman, and their two children, Edward and Katharine. My husband Kurt was manager of a glass factory in Caracas and unfortunately he suddenly passed away in 1971 at age 63. In 1975 I married Dr. Rudolf Coper, a professor of Economy at Loyola University in New Orleans. We spent the years travelling until his death in 1980.

While I live most of the time in Caracas, I also stay a few months in Sarasota, Florida and visit with my children and grandchildren as often as possible. Whenever I am in New York, I try to see my friends from Mannheim. I have always been an active Zionist, was a founder of the Caracas WIZO group (Women's International Zionist Organization) and was their treasurer for 40 years. I am also a member of the B'nai B'rith of Caracas and belong to many local organizations as well.

Carl R. Landman (Landmann) - Menlo Park, California

Born September 13, 1920 in Mannheim to Paul and Martha nee Wertheimer Landmann. My sister, Suse was born 1921, Lotte born 1923 (see also Lotte Hirsch), and my brother Otto in 1925 (see also). My mother, Martha Landmann lives in Washington D.C. and is in her 96th year. She has written two nice family histories: The Landmans and the Wertheimers. The period covers about six generations with photos going back well over 100 years. She was one of 8 siblings. All escaped the Holocaust. Only one other was a Mannheim resident, namely Rea Wolff, who has three children. My father, Paul Landmann was one of twelve children, none of them are alive today, four perished in the Holocaust as did some of their families. None of our immediate family was left behind when my parents joined us in Switzerland in February 1939.

I lived in Mannheim from birth until 1925 at Mollstrasse 34. From then

until March 1937 at Kantstrasse 11. Schools: 1st, 2nd grades with Mayer Lindmann as teacher, 3rd, 4th grades in Volksschule (public school) near Karl Reisplatz. Sexta through Quarta were at the Gymnasium with teacher Gropengiesser. Some of my classmates were Robert Baum and Ruth Katz. In Untertertia through Untersecunda at the Realgymnasium I remember teachers Jost, and Durr at K2 school. What happened to them? I quit school in November 1935 when the political climate became hard to tolerate and attended the Jewish community school under Dr. Billigheimer. At the same time I began working at my father's business: Paul J. Landmann, Lithographische Kunstanstalt (lithographic art producer) in Neckarau (a suburb). In March 1937, I left Mannheim for London, to go to Pitman's College at Russell Square and sold my father's labels to cigar and wine merchants. Next I lived in Scotland, working at a paper mill. In March 1938, I moved to Lausanne, Switzerland, with my two sisters and my brother. I attended Ecole Benedict, Ecole Berlitz and served a short stint as agricultural worker in the Valais. My parents arrived in February 1939 and we moved to London the following month. I worked at the Jewish Refugee Committee and at Bloomsbury House as a trainee in the luggage department when the war broke out. We lived at Ludlow Way at the time. My father died there in November 1939. Finally the family moved to New York in March 1940.

After working in lithographic plants in New York, I was drafted and served in the 10th Mountain Infantry Division (Ski troops) with training in Camp Hale and action at the Italian front in the Appenines. My wife, the former Doris Cain of New Jersey, Long Island, Northfield and Wellesley, Massachusetts, and I were married at Camp Hale, Colorado in June 1943. She had met and became friends with all of my family, except me, at the Balsam's New Hampshire in the summer of 1941. We met when she came to visit us in Forest Hills.

We now have four children and seven grandchildren. Our children and their families are Susan Fisher, of Santa Monica. Barry, her husband is an attorney specializing in First Amendment Rights, Sierra Club. Benji 17, Jamie 15 and Robby 12 are all musicians besides their own special areas of interest. Their father plays the accordion in a very active Klezmer group. Pat is married to Bob Herriot, of Palo Alto. He is a software engineer in nearby Silicon Valley. Pat is a licensed clinical social worker and their two children are Jenny 5, and Nicolas 1. Paul is autistic, living in a special place with good friends in Pacific Grove, near Monterey, California. We owe Paul much we have learned and have acquired good friends through his difficult years and condition. Jim is married to the former Deborah Norwat in San Francisco. They have two children Katie, 6, and Max, 3. Jim has been working with me in the coffee business for 15 years and is gradually taking over more to enable Doris, who is also helping in the business, and me to travel some. I have been distributing my own brand of Landmark coffee beans for 30 years.

In the 1970's I introduced my wife and daughter Pat to Mannheim. In an attempt to meet some classmates I checked some class pictures and the phone book and came up with Walter Caroli. He used to live in the Lindenhof section of Mannheim. Most of my classmates seemed to be recorded on the Heldentafel (commemorative tablet for heroes) in the lobby of the Gymnasium. Included was Rolf Schroeder whom I considered to be one of the good boys who didn't deserve to die. There were also a couple of friends still

working in my father's old plant. I'd love to hear from anyone who can fill in some blanks. Additional Mannheim memories include a great fun group, the Tanzstunde (dance lessons). Re-visiting I was surprised to see an advertisement for the Stundebeck Studio still in business. We also saw a number of familiar retail establishments with their very special flavors that we as children remembered such as the Konditorei Gmeiner (bakery) and Marzi's Delicatessen.

Henry S. Neuburger (Heinz Sigmund Israel Neuburger)
Flushing, New York

Born July 23, 1926 in Mannheim to Felix Neuburger also born in Mannheim, and Lia Neuburger nee Selig, born in Ladenburg. My father was a manufacturer of cigars but had to sell the factory in 1938. I was admitted to Pestalozzischule early, due to my large stature, in April 1932. Until 1936 we resided at 10 Prinz Wilhelm Strasse. Since the buildings Prinz Wilhelm Strasse 8 and 10 were owned by the Physician Association, we had to move. My grandmother owned a corner house at Moltkestrasse 6 where only Jews lived. So we moved there. I was admitted to Lessingschule in 1936 but only because my father was in the army during World War I. I did not take advantage of Lessingschule and transferred to Juedische Schule (Jewish School) when it was first organized. Classes were first held across the Kunsthalle (art museum) near the Wasserturm, thereafter at F1, 11 and K2, 16. Werner Heumann met me in front of my house daily and we rode our bicycles to school. We were joined by Manfred Ohrenstein, now New York State Senator Ohrenstein, who moved with his mother and sister across the street to Moltkestrasse 5. Across the street from Moltkestrasse 6 was a Jewish organization to help Jews leave Germany. On November 10, 1938, the contents of said building were thrown into the street and burned. I still remember the sight in November while going home from school after having been dismissed by Mr. Stahl. On our way home we saw demolished Jewish stores, their contents burned on the streets.

We had no eligible relatives in the United States who would stick out their neck and give us an affidavit. On November 11, 1938, my uncle, Dr. Rudolf L. Selig, who had been in the U.S. for some time, agreed to give an affidavit for my parents, my sister Inge, now Janet Ettelman (see also) and myself. Yom Kippur 1938, the Nazi block captains collected all the radios owned by Jews. These people were later responsible that no light came through the blinds at night which could give some guidance to Allied bombers. The war broke out in September 1939. All passages had to be paid in U.S. dollars. My father had to leave in a hurry in March 1940. He was only able to transfer enough money to buy passage to the U.S. for himself and my sister, who could still go at half fare since she just became 10 years old.

I graduated from the Jewish Volksschule Easter 1939. My entire class had to perform forced labor at the Jewish cemetery. We had to plant flowers, rake leaves and do other general garden chores. While coming in contact with plants and earth, I broke out in a rash. My mother's biggest concern was how to get me through U.S. immigration. My mother volunteered to bring over (to the U.S.) a Kindertransport (children transport). It was intended to be made up of 32 children, but only 6 got their papers and tickets in order. In the meantime, the only possible country from which to leave Europe

became Italy. The Kindertransport with 6 children, myself and my mother left Mannheim on May 11, 1940. The border with Italy was closed part of the day as Hitler had just decided to enter Holland and Belgium. We did not know if we could reach Italy until we had crossed the border safely. We left Genoa on the morning of May 17, all Jews were kept downstairs in their cabins, as the British inspected the boats thoroughly. Many times previously the British had taken Jews off boats and interned them in Cyprus. On the morning of May 23, 1940 we finally saw the Statue of Liberty and my family was again reunited. On the way back to Italy, the boat that had saved our lives was sunk by the British Navy.

After coming to New York, I enrolled in junior high school and after graduating junior high, I went to work during the day and attended George Washington High School in the evenings. When I became 18, I was drafted into the U.S. Army Field Artillery, however, later transferred to the U.S. Army Air Corps. During my army time I became an interpreter for German prisoners of war and had two Mannheimer Nazis in my group. After my discharge from the army in 1964, I went to work in my father's business during the day and worked towards my BBA degree at CUNY in the evening. During 1987/88, I tried to reduce the inventory of the business as much as possible preparing myself for retirement.

During my vacations in Switzerland last year, I visited Dieter Engel, Now George Engel, one of my former Mannheimer classmates who is now a maitre d' in one of the big hotels in St. Moritz. He is married and has two sons. I am still single. Bob Kahn (not the editor) and I get together on occasion to go to the theater. During my last vacation my house was broken into. It was hard for me to stay in the house all day long, so I found a new job as a bookkeeper and have recently been promoted to office manager.

When I become 65 years old, I shall try again to retire. Maybe I will have more luck then.

Clare Cohen (Claerle Hirsch) - Highland Park, Illinois

My name was Claerle Hirsch, daughter of Hermann Theodor Hirsch, who had a Weinhandlung (wine business). I had two brothers, Paul, born 1908, and Richard, born 1910; both have since passed away. My career choice was actress and I studied under intendant Herb Maisch and Ida Ehre. I was employed for junior parts at the Mannheim National Theater from 1931-1933. My contract was then cancelled under Hitler.

I left Mannheim September 1933 and went to Paris, where I had some friends. I found a job with a Jewish French family, with whom I lived for almost three years as governess for their two boys. After that I went to London, England, working for a dentist, through whom I met my husband. He is British born, and I have been married to him for 50 years. My parents died in the concentration camp. After the war we lost our business.

My brother Paul, who served in the American Army, had settled in Highland Park, Illinois, as well as my husband and I. Our daughter Barbara left England in 1952 and started a new life here in the United States. My husband and I are both retired now.

Editor's Note: Clare Cohen was unable to complete her autobiographical sketch because of illness. We wish her well.

Julius Guggenheimer - Long Island City, New York

My mother, brother and I were living in Mannheim Richard Wagner Strasse 6, over 20 years. I was born 1905 in F3, 11 where my parents had the Metzgerei (meat market) Joseph Guggenheimer. My father passed away in 1913 so we sold the place and it then became the Metzgerei Maier. Both places were real kosher under der Aufsicht (the supervision) of Dr. Rabbiner (Rabbi) Unna. My father was born in Heidenheim, near Gunzenhausen/Bayern (Bavaria). My mother came from Hainstadt Kreis (county) Mosbach/Odenwald. Her maiden name was Ella Neuberger.

I went to Lessing Real Schule until Einjaehriges (graduation). I had two Jewish professors, the Mannheimer Dr. Billigheimer and Professor Demuth who came from Heidelberg. We left Mannheim comparatively early, namely in May of 1936. At this time not many Jews were emigrating. It was still possible to pack a big "lift" (overseas shipping container) with the entire household goods. On account of the Olympiad in Berlin August 1936, the Nazis eased up a little with the anti-Semitic propaganda. Besides, we had a very nice inspector, an elderly Mannheimer by name of Zimmerman who let us pack anything we wanted, even money, which was not allowed. Certain things which we did not want to take along, he came to pick up after midnight.

As a traveling salesman for the Schuhgrosshandlung (shoe wholesale house) Albert Nahm & Sohn S6, 18 for over ten years, I covered Baden (Bavaria) and Wuerttemberg. For all these years I stayed in the hotels of mostly smaller towns and was very friendly with the owners and can say that they all liked me. Then came the day they had to put out the sign "Juden unerwünscht" (Jews not welcome). I remember the winter night in 1935 hoch im Schwarzwald (high in the mountains of the Black Forest) and could not get a room from my former friendly hotels. I went from one little town to the next. In the meantime it was almost midnight when a smaller hotel in Schwenningen gave me accommodations. As terrible as I felt first, this night was my lucky night. That same night I sat down and wrote home to my brother Willie that I was willing to leave now. I want to bring out that my brother wanted to leave since the Nazi boycott of Jewish stores April 1, 1933. Not too many people judged the Nazi system the right way from the beginning. He belonged to one of the few who said, and I quote "you cannot live in a country where you have no rights anymore". All the time he was after my mother and me to leave with him, we refused, and alone he would not go.

Our main luck was that we had an uncle in USA, Dr. J.F. Neuberger, a commander in the US Navy who was the brother of my mother. He visited us almost every year during his vacation. He left Germany in the year 1905 from Hainstadt. While he was in Mannheim in 1933, he went with my brother to the Consulat in Stuttgart, already preparing our Auswanderung (emigration) papers so in 1936 we had no problems at all. The United States, in the beginning, was quite hard to adjust to. After three months, I found a job and started with I. Miller & Sons Shoe Factory in Long Island City. My salary was \$10.00 a week. My daily lunch in their cafeteria was 20¢, sandwich 10¢, coffee 5¢, and apple pie 5¢. Subway fare was

Later on I went into business for myself selling house slippers wholesale.

After the war, I went seven times to Europe, each year between 1972 and 1978. Naturally I visited Mannheim. Each time I went to Synagogue.

There were hardly any Mannheimer Vor-Kriegs Juden (Jews who had lived there before the war). Most were immigrants from the east or such or survivors from concentration camps. Also, I went each time to the Mannheimer Friedhof (cemetery) which was in fairly good shape. I stayed there for hours and hours beside my father's grave and looked at dozens of other graves. Those who passed away before 1933, others during the Nazi time, and others after 1945. This brought back old memories of people I knew very well. I also want to mention that I visited Dachau (concentration camp) while I was in Muenchen, and for days after, I could not sleep. Even to this day I often dream about this picture of Dachau and this only from looking at this place.

I only found one of my Mit-schueler (school comrades), most of them are not alive anymore, either they were killed in the war or passed away. Another Mit-schueler for two years, while I was in Sexta & Quinta, became one of the top Nazis, namely Albert Speer. He was sitting right in front of me and I must say I never felt anything anti-Semitic during these two years. Then his family moved to Heidelberg. After the war when he was released from prison I contacted him in 1976 by phone while I was in Heidelberg. He invited me to come up to his house right next to the Heidelberg Schloss (castle) but I never went. My brother was strictly against it, and never wanted to see Germany anymore. Albert Speer mailed me his two books "Inside The Third Reich" and "Spandauer Tagebuecher". As far as I know, he gave the money which he made with these books to Jewish organizations and Israel.

While my mother passed away in 1956 and my brother in 1985, I am still living in the same apartment, and thanks to our dear Lord, carry on as a bachelor, a comfortable life.

Ruth Ross (Reinhold) - Huntington Woods, Michigan

I was born November 9th, 1921, and lived at S6 11. My father, Julius Reinhold, was baker and owner of "Baeckerei Conditorei Reinhold". He was born in Kleineibstadt, Unterfranken on January 20, 1890. The village is located near Koenigshofen, close to Schweinfurt in Bavaria. About 500 people live there. I remember visiting the house, where my father was born, being carried by him into the horse barn. I also remember, vaguely, my grandfather, Lehman Reinhold, who died in 1927. My father left home in 1903 to learn the bakery trade in Hamburg. He also served in the war, 1914-1918, as did his three brothers and a brother-in-law. All returned home safe and sound. My mother, Rosa Reinhold, nee Beer was born in Baierthal, near Heidelberg, on February 12, 1888. She died in Mannheim August 16, 1931. Her mother was Flora Beer, nee Seligmann, who grew up in Wangen, near Switzerland.

The store, bakery, and our living quarters were all together at the ground floor of the house. It was a comfortable living in my childhood, and my early teens were secure. I remember being taken for a walk to the Rheinbruecke (bridge across the Rhine) and seeing Negro soldiers there. (There were no Negroes in Germany during those years). Also, we pedestrians had to step off the sidewalk in front of the sentry soldiers who were French of course. Years later, I remember a girl, a little younger than I was, half Negro, who was not able to identify herself with anybody. My parents decided

that I should be enrolled in a private Kindergarten. The school was located near the Ebertbruecke (name of bridge). Speaking of Ebert, I was also there watching his funeral parade in Heidelberg. Also, a Schlossbeleuchtung (a multi color light display of the castle) is in my memory. We visited the city in 1936 during its 550 year jubilee, and seeing students not in the brown uniforms, but in white. The celebration was dull, due to the political atmosphere.

Back to my early youth - I had eight years of compulsory schooling in Mannheim. Grade school, Friedrich Ebert, which is still standing, is now co-ed, next to the Neckar. Schooling was strict or at least it seemed so to me, under Miss Kletty's hand. I cannot forget another Jewish girl who was the smallest in the class. I was the second smallest. Her name was Toni Preis and she and sister Bella lived in the Waisenhaus. (Jewish orphanage). They were deported back to Poland. What happened to them? When I was 10 years old, Elisabethschule (name of school) was next. Most Gentile teachers were pleasant, especially Miss Holzer. But the Handarbeits (needlework teacher) was not to be trusted and was covertly nasty to the Jewish girls. Only two Jewish teachers were on the faculty. Professor Darmstaedter and a woman. Herr (mister) Kaelbermann taught us Jewish girls. The Jewish girls were: three Jacob sisters, one by the name of Friedel, who emigrated to Nice; Doernberg (see also); Goetz, Casewitz (see also), and Annelise Katz are in the U.S. Doris Naviasky, her father was a chemist at the I.G. Farben, kept herself distant from the others, never mentioned Judaism, and left for the U.S. early. We all quit school in the spring of 1936, and were not thrown out. I attended Fortbildungsschule, (school for continued education) a few times, and that was the extent of my education in Mannheim.

My father heard of a boarding school in England. I enrolled, left for Bunce Court (name of the estate where the school was located) in December of 1936 together with Edith Baum and a teacher from Frankfurt, who was home on vacation. The school was originally located in Herrlingen near Ulm. Anna Essinger, who had studied teaching in the USA, somewhat progressive, transferred herself, family and teachers, to Bunce Court in Kent near Canterbury. Operated very democratically, teachers and students had to share KP and washing dishes. The school also attracted English students and teachers. They learned German, we English. The school gave everybody a good home, security, and love. The school existed until 1948. England became home to me. I visited Mannheim twice during the summer, or early fall 1937 and for the last time in October 1938. I was not happy at home and did not want to leave England. The atmosphere was so constricted, no freedom. The bakery's business had dropped, as Gentiles were afraid to step into our store and Jewish business dropped also. The dictatorship affected all society, fear was in the air, I felt suffocated. My family tried so hard to show me their love, hospitality, and tried to make me feel welcome. In hindsight, I hope I showed appreciation. In 1938 I missed a few of my friends, who had already left, as the noose was tightening considerably.

My sister, Feodora Singer (see also) observed the destruction of the bakery from across the street, November 9, 1938. After the destruction, father closed the shutters, went upstairs to grandmothers apartment and hid in a closet. As soon as Jews were released from Dachau he had his hair cut extra short, to blend in with the other Jewish neighbors. After the pogrom, I was relieved to greet my sister in London. My parents left

Germany April 1939. We followed to the United States in November. Next month my sister and I will celebrate our 50th year in the USA. It was a hard beginning for us. My sister attended and graduated from high school. I went to work. We were glad to accept jobs nobody else wanted. Mother cooked and cleaned for people who did not appreciate her talents. Father did the menial work in a bakery. I was hired to watch a baby, sleeping in and ending up doing the housework for the same money. Sister "Dorle" babysat on weekends, also being short changed and asked to perform extra work. But slowly we moved up on the economic ladder. We worked in various factories, received regular pay with the help of the union. Defense work was not for us enemy aliens. I finished high school at night, received my diploma and took a course in medical technology and landed a job in a hospital. Ambition kept on driving me, so I enrolled in City College, at night of course, but never long enough to receive a degree.

I met my husband, Herbert and we were married in May 1948 and moved to Detroit where I found a position with the Veterans Administration as a lab technician. I worked there until our son was born, March 1954. In the meantime, my husband bought a business, and I was able to "retire" into domesticity. Two years later our daughter was born. Edgar, a medical doctor, works as an anesthesiologist in Cleveland, Ohio and has two children. Renee studied pharmacy, lives in this area and still works part time. I watch her two little girls while Mama practices her profession.

It all sounds almost perfect, except that my husband, Herbert, passed away two years ago. Still, he lived long enough to realize the success of our determination. He was born in Berlin. He left Germany in 1934, but stayed in Europe and was deported from Brussels to Southern France, spring 1940. He arrived here in 1941 and was back on his way to Europe, first North Africa, the following year. He served 38 months as an interpreter in Italy.

Renee Stern (Renate Israel) - Skokie, Illinois

I was born July 1, 1926 in the Luisen Hospital, Mannheim. My parents were Jeanette and David Israel. My father was born in a small village near Eberbach, namely Strumpfelbrunn. He left for apprentice training in Mosbach, and then to Mannheim, where he went into the shoe wholesale business. About 1933 he started traveling representing various shoe manufacturers until 1938. My mother was born in Koenigheim near Tauberbishofsheim and came to Mannheim about 1924. My parents married in Mannheim in 1925. According to stories I was told as a little girl, we first lived in L14. Family Ottenheimer, who were our neighbors, had children that were teenagers. They took pride to take me out in the baby buggy for most likely the first year of my life. We moved to Seckenheimer Strasse (name of street) and then to Richard Wagner Strasse 81 when I started going to school. I believe it was Moll Schule and I could only attend there from 1933-1936.

In 1936, after we moved to Rupprecht Strasse 16, I started my life at the Jewish school. The school was located across from the Art Institute. Our teacher in third grade was Mr. Kaufman, and we played a lot of tricks on him, i.e. rubber animals in his coffee cups and various other similar

tricks. After a year we moved to the Jewish K2 school and had Lehrer Marx, Stahl, and Rosenthal (see also Ruth Rosenthal). After school I went to Hebrew school at the Klaus Synagogue where my favorite teacher was Lehrer Kaelberman, also Ako (nickname) for Cantor Arthur Cohn who left for Montevideo. A group of classmates belonged to Habonim and we spent a lot of time at the Klaus Synagogue usually on Saturday afternoon. I also remember a few pranks that we pulled by antagonizing someone who had an office right next to the Haupt Synagogue. The worst remembrance I have was the Kristallnacht since I went to the Klaus Synagogue and still saw the Sefer Torah smoldering. Since my father was in hiding he was spared that trip to Dachau. However, he had been incarcerated at concentration camp Dachau in July that same year. That night, he went with me and we found some of our prayer books that I still have in my possession and will always cherish.

We were very fortunate to leave Mannheim on the 5th of March, 1939 for London on a visitors visa. Still we couldn't get to the United States, specifically Chicago. We never received any of our belongings since they were stored in Holland. We were fortunate to save our lives as a family, mom, dad, myself, and my grandmother. One of my dearest friends from my youth, Hannelore Silberman, came to New York with a children's transport from Camp Gurs and after she became a Rosenfeld by marriage, moved to Chicago where we were very close until her recent death from cancer. Her parents had a tailor supply and material store in R2, Mannheim.

When we arrived in Chicago, April of 1940, I was almost 14 years old and had the opportunity to finish high school there. I also attended two years of night college. My father David Israel passed away in September 1945, which made life very hard for my mother, grandmother and myself. I got married in November 1946 to my beloved husband of over 43 years, Julius Stern. Julius is from a small town near Marburg, Hessen. He was associated with Hart Schaffner and Marx as a supervisor for 50 1/2 years. He retired two years ago. I worked for a mortgage company from 1944 - 1949 at which time our oldest daughter Elaine Betty was born. Elaine is married to Peter Wagner and they have one daughter, Kira. They live in Niles, a suburb of Chicago. In 1953 our second daughter Karen Joan was born. Karen is married to Dr. Martin Bogetz and have three daughters. They live in Marin County, California.

In 1972, after a trip to Israel, Julius and I stopped in Mannheim, which was rather difficult, since I did not think I would ever see it again. After getting off the train and walking around, all the old memories came back - remembering the people that lived in some of the houses and apartments. Some of these (Jewish) people were fortunate to make it to countries of their choice and found a new life and freedom. One never forgets the many unfortunate ones who suffered and met their death under the worst circumstances. I think about my former friends often. One of them, Amelie Breem, I met in London. Ellen Kahn was in New York; Ellen Rauh's whereabouts are unknown to me; Robert Karlebach was in Chicago a few times, but have not heard from him. Ivonne Mayer was married in Los Angeles, California but I now have lost track. Judith Rennert's (see also) whereabouts are unknown and Walter (Gaby) Newberger is in Israel working for the Government. Nora Eppstein lived in the Boston area. Her father was cantor at the Klaus synagogue. Ruth Eisemann (see also) is living in this area and is a friend of mine and once in a while I see Irene

Poll (see also). Walter Strauss (see also) and his wife Carol nee Jesselson, whose family also comes from Mannheim, belong to our synagogue here.

Here in Chicago we are very fortunate to have a group of former Mannheimer's who still can reminisce about their youth. Erich Dreifuss (see also) and I have a saying "if they don't remember than they are not Mannheimer's".

Herman Gruenebaum - Skokie, Illinois

Mr. Gruenebaum was interviewed in September 1989 by Irene Poll (see also) and her husband Albert Poll, with the assistance of his daughter, Mrs. Erica Brief, born in Mannheim in 1934. Mr. Gruenebaum who is 96 years old resides at a Nursing Home in Skokie, Illinois. He looks forward to the daily visit of Erica and her husband Rabbi Neil Brief, his grandchildren and a great-grandchild born in 1989. It was apparent that Mr. Gruenebaum had not thought of Mannheim in a long time, and as he confided: "It is not easy to think about that time, when one has lost everything..."

Herman was born in Leipzig on September 9, 1893. He became employed by a grain wholesaler, Krieken, (not the complete name of the firm) in Cologne and became one of their buyers (Prokurist). He learned the trade well, and became the owner of "Gruenebaum & Lorber" in Mannheim, buying grain from the north. He remembered the names of Falkenberg, Viktoria Muehle (mill) and Barton Steiner Werke. They sold flour to bakeries. But that was so long ago! Herman married Paula Wosharsky in Mannheim. She was the daughter of Johanna Wosharsky who bore 7 children, died in 1934 and is buried in Mannheim. Herman and Paula had three children all born in Mannheim. Selma born 1931, Joan formerly Johanna 1936, and Erica in 1934. They lived in a big 8 unit apartment building, Spelzerstrasse 14, where they had the best years of their married life. They belonged to the "big" synagogue, went shopping on Thursday to the open market and had domestic help at home. Herman remembered how much he enjoyed the Rosengarten concerts, opera, the Stadtheater, and the evenings at Wasserturm (water tower surrounded by a park with waterfalls and flowers). He mentioned that he never liked to play cards, and did not know how to play Skat (a card game). It made him smile as he talked. He told us that he did not serve in the German Army during WW I because of one of his legs being shorter and he was glad about that. With a gleam in his eyes he reminisced about beginning his honeymoon in Heidelberg. Yes, he loved going to Heidelberg, the Schloss (castle) and the huge library at the university. And then there was the Schwetzingen Spargelfest (a famous festival to celebrate the white asparagus which grows there). That was good and beautiful.

When we (Irene and Albert Poll) mentioned the Rhein, Herman thought of the "Walzmuehle" in Ludwigshafen, and the time he actually walked over the frozen Rhein February 1929. It really was exciting to think back. (The Rhein has not frozen solid since that year). Yes his business as grain wholesaler was good; he had a 3 room office in the Boerse (grain exchange) and as he spoke, a feeling of pride came over him. When asked what he could

tell us about his experience with the Nazis, he said bluntly: "We want to forget about them! They were robbers! Everything was destroyed including the good life and...." The pain of remembering did not let him finish the sentence. It was 1938 when the entire family emigrated to the U.S. and settled in Manhattan. Herman tried to make a living by running a little grocery store and held out for nearly three years, but the business failed and they moved on to Memphis, Tennessee. Herman went to bookkeeping school at night, even got a diploma in refrigeration, but that was not for him, and he never repaired a single refrigerator! Times were hard. Herman had to make ends meet and so he represented J.R. Watkins Co., selling spices and flavors door to door, mostly to colored people. At some point he became cashier for M.E. Carter and worked there until he was 82 years old. His dear wife, Paula, died already in 1962 in Memphis.

At age 82 he realized a dream of a life time. He went with the Memphis Congregation on a trip to Israel. It became the highlight and joy of his later years. Herman remembered the big department store Schmoller in Mannheim, Tietz in Cologne, and for one who has not thought about that part of his life for so long he suggested we come back soon, he would think and tell us some more.

Herman Gruenebaum lives in the present, enjoying the love of his devoted daughter Erica and husband Rabbi Neil Brief. She is a teacher at Niles Township Jewish Congregation, Skokie. Their children are Dena, married to Jerry Wald an attorney. She is an occupational therapist. Their son is Joel. They live in Northbrook, Illinois. Erica and Neil's other two children: David is married to Hazeel Kassel. He is an engineer and she is getting her degree in social work. They live in Brookline, Massachusetts. Debbie, the Brief's youngest daughter lives in Jerusalem doing research in the public health field. Selma the oldest of Herman's children is married to Charles Ochs. Their children are Terri an accountant and Larry an engineer. The Och's are retired and live in Ocean Side, California. The youngest of Herman's children is Joan, living in Houston, Texas and working in real estate. She has never been married. Selma and Joan are often in touch with him, but most of all "he gives a great future" to his five grandchildren and great grandson Joel born in the spring 1989.

Editor's Note: We are grateful to Dr. and Mrs. Poll for recording Herman Gruenebaum's remembrances. In the hope that some Mannheimers will extend their brotherly love by writing him or perhaps paying a visit, it is suggested that you write to Herman in care of Rabbi and Mrs. Neil Brief, 4214 Suffield Court, Skokie, Illinois 60076.

Ruth Knox (Liebermensch) - West Palm Beach, Florida

My memories are priceless as the daughter of Samuel and Gisela Liebermensch nee Schiff. Born in 1925 at the Asyl in Mannheim, my sister Hanna was my senior by almost five years. Supposedly she had placed sugar on the window sill, only to be picked by the stork, according to the fairy tales of those days, and her wish for another sibling came true.

Deeply inbedded are the personal memories of my early youth, the kindergarten days at Amanda's at the Luisenring, meeting the neighborhood

kids and participating jointly in games and rhymes, getting inner nourishment by sitting on papa's lap during the Bar Mitzvah lectures for his students, whom he would test for voice ability and Hebrew reading. My father, the teacher of Hebrew and history including biblical and Jewish law was noted for his pedagogics, and I would also proudly thrive on his cantorial services at synagogue. Nicknamed by some of his students as "Schmuel" annoyed me, but this prankish behaviour was in all of us as youngsters. How wonderful was the enrollment at the dancing school of Annemarie Fuss. Tap dancing and body movement were such skillful training. At the end of the session I would energetically get on the bike and move at fast speed from the Ost Stadt (eastern suburb) back into our neck of the woods, Kirchenstrasse #2 where we lived. However, in those early evening hours I would encounter groups of Hitler youth and I would pick a detour to avoid personal attacks. Yes, our minds were trained for such detections at early ages, at home and in the youth movements, in anticipation for a possible immigration to Palestine.

Special treats for Hanna and myself were the evenings of music, when papa's quartet would gather at home. He was joined by his friends in music making namely: The Salomon's, Heilbronner's, Metzger's, all of whom perished consequently in the Holocaust. With a keen ear for music, of special childhood value were the Kinderchoir (children's choir) participation and its ramifications for solo parts as well as the liturgical presentations at the Rosh Hashonoh services (Jewish New Year). I never forget the opening hymn: Wir stehn' in Deinen Hallen, es toenet unser Chor, und unsere Lieder schallen zu Deinem Thron Empor, (We stand in your halls, the chorus sings, and our songs reach your throne upon high) only to face the destruction of the sanctuary (on 9 November 1938), so meaningful to our lives and undeviating faith. How envious I would be of my sister Hanna, who participated in the children's choir of (cantor) Adler's Oratorio: Licht und Volk (light and nation). My mother sang the soprano solo and papa was a member of the first violin section. I was too young to judge what then sounded somewhat harsh to me in its marked originality. The Adlers' enjoyed a close association with our family, probably based on their professional background.

The love for nature prompted many outings to Heidelberg with the O.E.G. (a suburb train) and I remember the climb to the Molkenkur and Koenigstuhl, where we would meet with friends of my parents and their children. There was camping in Bad Koenig, and my realization of the boys tender approach. It was a new discovery, innocent in nature. The rebuttals at home, warning me to watch my step. The visits to the Planetarium/Luisenpark were enriching. On the other hand the shopping for food while kosher meat was rationed were difficult encounters. Papa was summoned to a hearing by the Gestapo (secret police) in connection with the purchase of two Leica cameras, to secure some funds in the event we would reach foreign soil. It created anxieties quite early in my life to see inner suffering beyond its outward signs. My grandparents, Max and Pauline Schiff were a close link to us. Opa (grandfather) who in his tenure, was the Schames (in charge of the synagogue; from the Hebrew: One that serves) of our congregation and synagogue, was a well respected and generous man. Often, he would treat us the younger crowd to the delicate pastry of Silberberg's Mannemer Dreck, (candy specialty unique to Mannheim). He expected obedience during synagogue services and I loved being near him, when he had discussions with the so

called Kanzleirat (governing board). We came to our grandparents rescue during the early hours of Kristallnacht. Aflame was the synagogue and the Schiffhaus. Several hours after my grandparents had settled in our apartment the invasion of the SS (Nazi Storm Troopers) came to drag out Opa and Papa and leave his valuable library burning on the sidewalk. Whereas my father was interned in Dachau (concentration camp) for four weeks, my grandfather was returned after several pleas at the police station.

The confirmation for my so called "Exodus" arrived, destination for Leeds, England the city of textile manufacture, where I was to live for the transitional period until the quota number for the American visa would be called. My parents accompanied me to Frankfurt for an overnight stay before the children transport was to be assembled for the trip, via Hook Van Holland. The parting in May 1939 was such sad sorrow, never realizing that it would be the eternal good bye from papa. The war broke out only three months later and direct correspondence ceased to exist. Yet through the generosity of Gustav Wuerzweiler, another family friend, the mail would be forwarded in either direction through his temporary home in Brussels. The evacuation started in England for children at the onset of the war and we were all moved from the major cities into the country where we attended public school. Actually we made headlines in the Lincolnshire area as the so called refugees. The principal of the school and some of the board members had invited us for afternoon teas simply to learn more about our fate and what it was actually like to experience the implications under Nazi rule. It was a tough adjustment in a foreign land at age 14 without parental guidance and doing all kind of work after school hours.

One day both of us, Hanna and I, were called to the U.S. Consulate and consequently received our visa. We secured arrangements through The Woburn House for transatlantic passage. There were many incidental events in the course of the many months. Yet we arrived at New York Harbor in February of 1940, and welcomed our dear mother three months later, happy to be alive having survived the many ordeals. There was only one additional goal namely to secure safe passage of our father who was interned in Camp Gurs and Les Milles, respectively. All attempts to save his life failed.

Being young and my heart filled with enthusiasm, there were many directions I wanted to pursue. The struggle to earn a livelihood and continue with my education and meeting a new group of people from various walks of life kept me well on my toes as I matured to a young women. Eventually I met a handsome and talented young man, a corporal in the army, who was quite attracted to me and the response was equal on my part. Richard Pfifferling was his name, and we were married in a small family ceremony by Dr. Hugo Hahn in 1944. After his discharge from the armed forces, we founded the orthopedic shoe and repair business Tip Top Shoe. It was and remains an institution for comfort and appearance. However, my dear husband suddenly passed away at age 50, a deep shock and a great loss. Destiny paved the way in stride to rebuild my life at age 40, for there was my aging mother living with me. Her determination influenced me to keep up the spirit and pursue the business affiliations, established over the past two decades. In the course of months to follow, I received a supportive hand from a very dear business friend. His charm knowledge and dependability were the major ingredients in our relationship. Emil Knox and I were married in the years which followed. Together we shared a wholesome life until his recent death in April of 1989.

In retirement, I now live in West Palm Beach, Florida since 1975, enjoying a community life of many valuable aspects and dependable friends. Life in retrospect has been like a symphony of many themes, fascinating in structure. The close family link remaining is my sister Hanna and her two children. Unfortunately Hanna Lewin lost her husband, Heinz, in January 1989. Just as in our formative years, we now depend on each other in the spirit of the golden age Liebermensch girls.

Meta Levy (Doiny) - Margate, Florida

I am Meta Levy, born as Meta Doiny in Viernheim, not far from Mannheim on February 12, 1924. My parents were Gretel and Herman Doiny. My mother's maiden name was Schmidt. She and her parents were also born in Viernheim. My sister Alice (see also) and I were their only off-spring. We were raised in a rather large home on H5, 19 above my grandmother's fruit and poultry store. The house was also shared by our grandmother, our uncles Fritz and Manfred and our Aunt Susie. Uncles and aunts, all Doinys, were born in Mannheim as well as my father.

I remember my youth, although in the shadows of Hitler, as a very busy and rather happy one. My sister and I were very much into all types of sports. I especially enjoyed gymnastics and entering in track events. My days were very busy between K-5 school, Hebrew school, tap dancing and helping out in my grandmother's poultry business or my dad's tobacco store. My dad, after he was no longer allowed to be on the road as a sales representative for the Retwitzer tobacco firm, opened a cigar store at F2, 15, just around the corner from the synagogue. My sister and I attended services almost every Friday night and Saturday morning. We were quite religious. Our social life in large part centered around the synagogue.

As youngsters we were very Zionistic and belonged to the Hashomer Hazer (a Zionist organization) if memory serves me correctly. We went on many nature trails, did a bit of camping and planned on going to Eretz Israel (Palestine). However, after my sister Alice was fortunate enough to be sponsored to come to the U.S.A. in 1937, our plans changed. My dad was taken to Dachau (concentration camp) along with so many other males in November, 1938. The night of Kristallnacht, my mom and I put on four layers of clothing, since we didn't want to leave it all behind. We left our home and managed to get to Viernheim. There we hid at my grandparents home until we were able to leave Germany on December 8th, 1938. Fortunately through a man in the Nazi Party, a former soccer player friend of my father, we were able to get my father out of Dachau and come to this country together. We lost our business and home, but we were fortunate to have our visas and boat tickets. Also, some of our belongings had been shipped to Detroit where we expected to make our home.

My life in the United States has been a very happy one. Upon arrival we moved to Detroit, Michigan. There I went through high school and upon graduation became a manager of Neisner Department Store. In January of 1944 I met my husband-to-be, Lou Levy, at a concert and we have had 45 very good years together. Lou, although born in England, came to the U.S. at the age of six and spent his youth in New Hampshire. Upon his release from the Army, we moved to Winthrop, Massachusetts, just outside Boston, where he be-

came a pharmacist. We had our own pharmacy and our two lovely daughters there, before we moved back to Detroit in 1957. We lived in Detroit for twenty years and were in the pharmacy field until our retirement to Florida in 1977.

We've been enjoying our retirement down here these last twelve years, keeping busy with sports, enjoying the beaches, playing golf and cards, traveling and more. We do the usual things that keep retired people busy! Of course we do miss our daughter Karen, a divorcee who lives in Berkeley, California, and is employed at Berkeley University. Our daughter Jane Crawshay-Williams is a pharmacy technician and our son-in-law Rick a Vice President for a record company. They have given us two grandsons, Dylan and Gavin, 10 and 4 years old and reside outside Los Angeles, California. We try to see them two or three times a year and keep the telephone companies in business keeping in touch.

After writing these "Remembrances of Mannheim" I'm looking forward to renewing old friendships and exchanging many memories.

Henry J. Bierig (Heinrich) - Chicago, Illinois

I was born April 12, 1913, in Flehingen, Baden, where my parents Hedwig and Jacob Bierig lived. My father died in Germany in 1929. I have one sister Therese. We were three brothers, I being the oldest, then Julius, now Jerry, and the youngest Arnold, who unfortunately passed away recently at age 64. All of us lived in Chicago and its suburbs.

After four years of Volksschule in Flehingen, I went to the Real Schule in Bretten for an additional four years. In 1927 I went to Mannheim to begin my apprenticeship at Kahn & Wolf, Weingrosshandel and Distillery. During that time I attended the Handelsschule (school of commerce) am Zeughaus Platz. For one year I lived with an aunt and uncle at B2, 15 Hansa Bank Building, next to the National Theater. In later years, I lived in several other places, including a few years with Mrs. Marshall, who had a Jewish pension and later I ate at Pension Salomon. I was 18 years old when I worked as a traveling salesman for the above company. Due to the anti-Semitism created by the Nazi regime, it was impossible for Kahn & Wolf to continue their business. Many customers, even good friends and clients were afraid to do business with a Jewish establishment. After the closing of the business in 1935, I worked as a salesman for L.H. Kauffman, who had sold their business to one of their Jewish employees, Mr. Oscar Laufer. However, this lasted a very short time and a few months after my emigration to America he too had to leave Germany. He lived in Switzerland and finally was able to come to America.

I had an enjoyable time in Mannheim while living there. One of the pleasant memories was when I attended the Tanz Schule (dance school) in 1932, where I always had fun and made many friends. I only remember Erna Mayer, who is now living in Elsass Lorraine and whom I visited a few years ago. I attended services at the Grosse synagogue (big synagogue) and the high holidays I spent with my parents at Flehingen. In August 1937 I was fortunate to emigrate to the U.S.A. For a short while I stayed in New York, working as a bus boy at a fine restaurant called Longchamp. In September of 1937, I decided to leave New York for Chicago where I had some family

and friends. I found employment at Illinois Bronze Powder Company, where I worked in the shop mixing bronze powders. It was not one of the healthiest jobs. I had to work with a mask in a closed room. Previously, no one ever stayed longer than about four to six weeks on this job. On the promise that I would be sent on the road, after I improved my English, I stuck it out and worked in the factory for two years. I started to call on only new accounts and with some success, I finally covered most of the eastern part of the U.S.A. for the above firm.

In the meantime, in 1940, I was able to bring to the States most of my immediate family, my mother, grandmother, brothers and sister with family. Unfortunately, many members of our family including three sisters of my late father died during the Holocaust. Last February my wife Helga and I celebrated our 45th wedding anniversary in Boca Raton, Florida, where we spend three months each winter, and have for the last nine years. Helga and I were married on February 19, 1944, on my delay-in-route, before being shipped to Europe with the U.S. Army. Helga, whose maiden name is Rothschild, was born in Gelsenkirchen and lived later in Cologne. We have one son Jack R., an attorney, living with his wife Barbara and two children Robert 11 and Sarah 7, in Highland Park, Illinois. Our daughter Judith P. Farby and her husband Gerald, a doctor, have three girls, Karen 14, Lesley 11, Julie 7, and a boy David Benjamin born nine months ago. They also live in Highland Park. We count our blessings, having wonderful children and grandchildren and all our direct family members living close to us.

From 1942 to 1945 I served in the U.S. Army, of which two years were spent in Europe. After being discharged on Christmas 1945, I returned home and started my own business in 1946, together with my friend Eric Wagner, who originally also came from Germany. The name of our company was Master Bronze Powder Company and our first location was in Hammond, Indiana. From bronze powders and aluminum paint, we expanded to rust-inhibitive coatings under the trade name of "Derusto", which eventually became our main product. We moved to larger quarters in Chicago Heights and in 1970 we sold the company to "DAP" Caulking Compounds, a Division of Schering-Plough.

Too young to retire, I made my real estate license and specialized in the sale of restaurants-banquet facilities, and similar. My experience in selling wine and whiskey in Germany to the same kind of trade turned out to be helpful in my present endeavor. I am still somewhat active in this capacity and enjoy what I am doing whenever I am in Chicago. Besides Florida, we enjoy an occasional trip to Europe. I also visited my father's and grandparent's graves in Germany. Our emigration to this blessed and great land was a stroke of luck, which fulfilled all our dreams and much more. However, we can never forget our many family members and friends who perished during the Holocaust. The following list is of members of my father's family who lost their lives during that terrible time, which one can never forgive or forget. Many other family members on my mother's and my wife's side also perished.

<u>Name & City</u>	<u>Date of Birth</u>	<u>Death Camp</u>
Baum Tone, nee Bierig Wiesbaden	02-05-1886	Declared Dead Camp Unknown
Bierig Karoline, nee Bierig Leimen	08-04-1878	Auschwitz
Bierig Selma Leimen	11-14-1908	Auschwitz

<u>Name & City</u>	<u>Birth Date</u>	<u>Death Camp</u>
Bierig Klara, nee Springer Schwetzingen	06-20-1901	Auschwitz
Bierig Max Schwetzingen	08-24-1893	Auschwitz
Herz Frieda, nee Bierig Cologne	03-07-1879	Auschwitz
Kahn Hans Sulzburg	10-13-1906	Sobibor
Kahn Helmut Mannheim	12-25-1913	Zasavica
Kahn Ilse Sulzburg	02-27-1921	Minsk
Kahn Julius Mannheim	01-29-1881	Rivesaltes
Kahn Toni, nee Bierig Mannheim	05-01-1884	Auschwitz
Kaufman Rosa, nee Bierig Balertal	11-09-1887	Auschwitz
Marx Jenny Karlsruhe	11-13-1908	Auschwitz
Marx Karoline, nee Bierig Karlsruhe	09-01-1876	Auschwitz
Marx Selma Karlsruhe	06-23-1913	Auschwitz
Marx Toni Karlsruhe	04-24-1907	Auschwitz
Kaufman Caesar Balertal	04-20-1886	Auschwitz

Editor's Note: The above list of family members, who perished in the Holocaust, was not deemed responsive to the general purpose of this book. And while each and every one of the contributors to this book could have supplied a list of their loved ones whose lives were taken by the Nazi barbarians, Henry Bierig viewed this list as a very important part of his "reflections". It is this latter recognition that brought about my conscious decision to let this list remain a part of Henry Bierig's story. A list of honor!

George Cahn (Georg Wilhelm Cahn) - Eugene, Oregon

I was born as Georg Wilhelm Cahn in Mannheim June 6, 1915, and lived at B7, 11. My parents were Sally (Salomon) and Hela (Helene) Cahn, nee Silberfeld. Father was born in Koenigswinter on the Rhine and through his mother is a descendant of the Auerbach family. My grandmother Johanna Silberfeld lived with us until her death in 1932. I had one brother, Ludwig Max Cahn, born in 1912. He died in 1979 at his last residence in

Zurich, Switzerland. He joined the business of Wolf Netter in Ludwigshafen till his emigration to Antwerp, Belgium in 1935. My father was Prokurist for Weil & Reinhardt A.G., Metalhandlung (metal business). He died in 1919. My mother was a translator for the Landgericht (county court) in Mannheim. She also had a distributorship for coffee and tea. My brother and I made home deliveries. My education was primarily at the Badisches Realgymnasium, Mittlere Reife (graduated) 1932. Some of my Jewish classmates were Bernhard and Ludwig Bodenheimer, Oskar Droller, Paul Kaufmann, Julius Keller (see also) and Harry Kann living in New York. Later I had my apprenticeship with Heinrich Jakobi, Cigarren Fabriken (cigar manufacturer); then was clerk till my emigration to the United States in July 1937 on a ship of the Bernstein Linie (shipping company) from Antwerp, Belgium. Fredl Kalter (cousin of Arthur Kalter-see also) worked with me at Heinrich Jakobi. He and I left Mannheim the same day. Fredl left for Israel and I to America.

I spent 15 years in New York, mostly working in the fur industry. On one of my early odd jobs I had to wear a uniform, which to me was very ironical, being a refugee from all the uniforms. I was then a houseman at the Hotel St. Moritz on Central Park. In 1952 we moved to Eugene, Oregon where I was connected with Kaufman Bros. for the next 25 years. Kaufman's is a first class Ladies Fashion retailer with eight stores in Oregon. In 1977 I retired from my position as Store Manager. In 1940 I married Thea Gumpert. She came to the States in November 1934 as part of a Kinder transport (children transport), under the auspices of the Greater Council of Jewish Women in New York. It was the "Save the Children" campaign sponsored by Eleanor Roosevelt and Mrs. Nathan Strauss. We met on a blind date at a little social gathering listening and dancing to the "Hit Parade" on the radio. Lore Katz was our hostess. About half a year later there was a reunion of the children from aforesaid children transport at Walhalla, New York, on the Strauss estate. Thea had gotten me a ticket and as a result I found myself in a lengthy conversation with Mr. Nathan Strauss, then a member of the Franklin Roosevelt cabinet. This still remains the high point of my political input into the affairs of the U.S. Government.

We have two children. Evelyn Young is a high school teacher in Stockton, California. She has two daughters: Debbie, 25, and Julie, 22 years old. Our son, Robert Salomon Cahn, is a Senior Engineer in San Francisco, California, with the P.G. & E. Company. He has three sons: Aaron, Andrew and Michael, and a daughter, Megan, 9 years. The boys are 19, a student at Davis, 16, and 13 years old. My brother Ludwig was interned in several camps in France. He escaped Camp Gurs and found refuge in Switzerland where he married. His friend Rudi Weiss and Alfred Weil returned to Mannheim from Spain.

The forthcoming Thanksgiving holiday gives me again the opportunity to reflect on how good this country has been to me. Regarding Hitler, let me state that we, Thea and I lost both of our mothers and many relatives in the Holocaust. We do remember, but do not care to talk much about it, unless we feel attacked by untruth about it. On our visit to Germany and Mannheim we visited some of their graves.

Ilse L. Wieder (Lichter) - Norcross, Georgia

I am Ilse Lichter Wieder and lived at 15 Lamay Strasse Mannheim many years ago. Even so, the building still stands today. I went to Liselotte Gymnasium until we all had to go to the Judenschule until 1938. My parents owned a dry goods store at T6, 1. Unfortunately, my mother died in 1938 when my sister Doris and I needed her most. I left Germany alone on October 28, 1938 after singing in the synagogue choir for the last time for the high holidays, which I still remember very clearly, even though I don't remember much else. I was alone on the big ship USS Manhattan and was met by an American born aunt in New York. She was my father's sister-in-law. She took me to Bloomfield, New Jersey where I went to school two days later. My aunt spoke very little German and I didn't speak a lot of English. You can imagine how frightening this was for a 15 year old girl. My uncle had died before I came to the United States. Under the circumstances I learned English very fast.

My father was taken to concentration camp Oranienburg on September 1, 1939 and my sister Doris to the Jewish Orphanage; from there to Camp Gurs. In 1941 she was rescued by the Philadelphia Quakers and reunited with me in America. She now lives in Clark, New Jersey. My father perished either in Oranienburg or in some other camp. At age 17 my aunt made me leave high school so I could go out and earn money and become a cosmetician. I learned to treat skin, apply and sell make-up. I liked it so much that I did it for about 20 years in various department and drug stores.

In 1945 I married an American born engineer, Horace Wieder, and we have been happily married for 45 years. We have a son and a daughter and two grandchildren. My husband and I, plus our children, lived in Italy for three years on company business from 1961-1964, and I had a chance to return to Mannheim and many other places in Germany and Europe familiar to me. This gave me a chance to show my husband and children just where I came from. It was a nice time for me. We returned to Clifton, New Jersey in 1963 and stayed there for ten years. We went back to Mannheim for a visit in 1984 and were very much impressed with how well the Jewish cemetery has been kept up.

Horace and I moved to Atlanta, Georgia, again for business reasons, and have been living there ever since. We are both retired and traveling, visiting old friends and spending time with our granddaughters. The people I remember from Mannheim are Erwin Hirsch, as well as Walter and Hans Salomon (see also). I met Max Kaufman, who lives in Livingston, New Jersey (see also) and we have stayed in touch.

Susan Jeannette Wildau (Landmann) - Menlo Park, California

It is a long time ago, 68 years, 1921, that I was born in Mannheim, into, what seems to me today, a very privileged setting. To be one of four siblings, very close to each other in age, has been, all through my life, an important and rewarding factor. (See also Carl, Lotte and Otto) We had a wonderful childhood with much emphasis on family living throughout Germany and Switzerland. We lived near the Luisen Park and went to eat ice cream at the Rennwiese with my grandparents. My grandmother took walks

to our house at Richard Wagner Strasse, always wearing black dresses and stockings. One of my big impressions was in 1935, when I got to see the air raid shelter with gas-proof doors, that my father had to provide in his factory, with an assigned seat for each employee. He operated a lithographic business, specializing in artistic designs, which won for him several design contests. I also remember that we had to draw the blinds on the train, approaching the Swiss border, to hide the German military installations from the travelers. I also remember when a Nazi in uniform wanted to date me. When I showed him my Synagogue seat card, he said: "No one needs to know that you are Jewish".

I left Liselotte Schule in 1936, I believe, and went to the Jewish school, where my teachers, Mr. Cohn-Asulay, Professors Sichel, Zivi, and others, devoted people from other professions, taught whatever they had to offer. They did a heroic job. I went to school with Ellen and Carlos Gimbel, who went to Mexico, also Else Zivi and others whom I do not remember by name. I also went to Tanzschule (dance classes) at Mr. Stuedebeck, with Walter Storer, Ilse Wolff, Ellen Karlebach, Kurt Heppenheim and others.

In the summer of 1937 I left for Lausanne, Switzerland to study until February 1939, when my parents finally made it out Germany. They had lived through Kristallnacht, but were spared deportation. Their house then was shared with several Jewish families from Schifferstadt, my father's hometown, who came on foot from there, for shelter. Since my father was already sick, my mother carried an enormous burden of caring for him, dealing with the sale of business, and the hassle of providing visas, passports and emigration. She was bravely dealing with civil servants of the Third Reich, those who were willing to accept bribes or others who were happy to do favors for Jews. My mother met someone in the woods to help her with passports.

Five of my father's eleven siblings and their mates ended their lives in camps. Some of their children lived on. We arrived in England in March 1939. The war broke out, and we experienced together my father's death of cancer in London late 1939. My two younger siblings went to school and my brother Carl worked for Bloomsbury House. I took some classes and helped at home. The Albert Wolff family was a big help to us. We all left together with my mother for the United States in 1940. Within a short time, my brother Carl, and soon Otto, were in the U.S. army. Hans Wildau, from Darmstadt, and I were married in New York by Dr. Max Gruenewald. We lived in Cleveland, Ohio, where Hans was a successful shoe retailer. We had three children: Robert is a lawyer in Atlanta, as is his wife Karen, nee Zalenko. Their children are Brie, 12, and Gabriel, nine years old. Richard lives in Boulder, Colorado. He and his wife, Sharon nee McClew, work in the field of human resources, and gave me two granddaughters, Jennika, 16, and Arielle, 2 years old. Jackie lives in New York City, where she and her husband, Marc Opshinsky are actors. They operate an entertainment company, one that addresses mostly children.

My mother went into business in 1949, importing candies from France, and enjoyed both the challenge and the success of her late career. She is now 95 years old, living in Washington, D.C. I've been privileged to be home with my young family, and enjoying making sculptures, more for my pleasure than income. Hans and I moved to Carmel Valley, California where my oldest brother lives with his large family. I enjoy hiking, some skiing and tennis, and have done much exciting travelling in the past few

years.

I believe that our generation who came to the U.S., and to other parts of the world, were faced with demands and pressures that were most real and clear. Our children dealt with their changing world admirably for the most part. They, as young parents, see huge challenges coming up for their offspring. I have real trust that the third generation of our immigration will provide many of the good and great qualities and some of the leadership that the world needs.

Helga C. Longtin (Suesser) - San Francisco, California

I am Helga C. Longtin, born in Mannheim October 1916 at Elizabethstrasse 9. My maiden name was Suesser, the Umlaut was dropped to "Susser" after our arrival in the USA. My Dad was Otto W. Suesser born in Mannheim, August 1886 at 02, 2. My Mother's maiden name was Elsbach. I was their only child. I went to school at Herr and Frau Riesterer for the first years and thereafter to Lieselotteschule. My recollections are rather vague, except for the times spent at my maternal grandfather's house in Westfalia and at my father's business located at B4.

Of course I went swimming during summertime at Herweck until the place was raided and all Jews expelled. I had the rare distinction of having my picture printed on the front page of the "Stuermer" (a Nazi propaganda paper). My closest friend at that time was a non-Jewish girl. In 1936 I took apprentice training in Berlin. I was later denied permission to return to Mannheim by the Gestapo (secret police). In 1940 I had to work for Siemens at Lublin or Berlin, "Sie koennen waehlen" ("you can elect which"), I was told. My parents and I left Berlin October, 1940 via Siberia to Japan. One month there, and then on to Chile, South America. Since the boat could not dock we had to return and found asylum in Ecuador. Thereafter we went to New York and from there to Omaha. I returned to New York by myself and a year and a half later to San Francisco. I have lived here ever since.

Gilbert Longtin and I met in June 1949 and were married 10 days later. My husband was the light of my life. He died last year. We have two daughters; Marguerite, a registered nurse with a degree in biology lives with her two children north of San Francisco as does my younger daughter Jeannette a psychotherapist.

I have never been back to Mannheim, nor intend to do so, though my grandparents are buried there. My Dad visited Mannheim in 1959 with disastrous results. He went to look up old "friends" who had our belongings in their safekeeping. Earlier, they had assured us that everything had been destroyed by the bombings. When my Dad rang their doorbell, the "friend" answered. My Dad noticed immediately that the man wore a ring which had belonged to his father, and etchings on the wall were clearly ours. I know now that my Dad had a heart attack in Mannheim before his return to San Francisco. He had a second and fatal attack in December of the same year. I am in constant touch with my cousins daughter, Mrs. Liane Gutman of New York (see also).

Henry Hoexter (Heinz) - Berkeley, California

I was born in 1922, in my father's hometown of Frankfurt. When I was about four, we moved to Mannheim, where my mother had grown up. Her parents had come from Reilingen, near Hockenheim, and Schwetzingen, respectively, I attended the L-Schule and the Humanistische Gymnasium (school where the humanities were taught). Our Religions-Stunde (religion class) teachers were first Fraulein (Miss) Oppenheimer and later Herr (Mister) Liebermensch (see also Ruth Knox), who also prepared me for my Bar Mitzvah. I belonged to the Bund Deutsch-Juedischer Jugend (German Jewish Youth Club) and to the R.J.F. (Jewish War Veterans) sports group.

One summer day in 1936 or 1937, I was swimming with some friends at one of the floating Rhine swimming pools. Suddenly a gang of young Nazis burst in: "Alle Juden, Raus!" (All Jews get out!) Since they didn't give us time to get our clothes, I left in my swimming trunks and bare feet, arriving at home in clothes borrowed from a friend on the way. At school, one of my Jewish class mates was misbehaving one day, I don't remember how. The Herr professor who happened to be one of the worst Nazis, said "Da sieht man ja wieder Deine Rasse" (That shows again what race you belong to!) To which the reply was "Und Ihre auch!" (And your race too!) Needless to add - the boy was immediately expelled.

By 1938, the family business, Zigarrenfabriken Gebrueder Baer (cigar manufacturing) had been arianisiert (Aryanized). After much effort, my parents had obtained an affidavit of support for me from an old family friend. My parents could not be included, because the family friend had already sponsored too many other refugees. In November, I had my U.S. visa and my ship ticket. On Kristallnacht, a gang of Nazis ransacked our apartment, but miraculously, neither my father nor I was arrested. A week later at age 16, I left for Hamburg and the U.S. on my own.

My sponsor had made arrangements for me to live in Monroe, Louisiana, where she spent a part of the year. I finished high school, attended junior college, then went to work in a drugstore, starting at \$12 per week! With the help of relatives, we kept trying to get my parents out of Germany, but they had a very high quota number. Then came their deportation to Camp de Gurs. Despite all of our efforts, it was too late.

By now, the U.S. was in the war. I remember people saying to me in the store, "Are you still here?", not realizing that "enemy aliens" could not volunteer for the Armed Forces and were investigated by the F.B.I. before being drafted. But finally I was drafted, ending up doing air corps radio maintenance in the Dutch East Indies, the Philipines, and, after V-J Day, on Hokkaido Island, in the north of Japan.

In late spring of 1946, I was staying with old friends in San Francisco while waiting to enter the University of California on the G.I. Bill of Rights. One day, I wandered into a neighborhood pharmacy to buy some coughdrops. The pharmacist looked me up and down and finally asked, "aren't you Heinz Hoexter from Mannheim?" It turned out to be Warren (Warner) Hirsch (see also); we had been in Religions-Stunde together in Mannheim. This meeting changed the course of my life, since through Warren I met my wife-to-be who, incidentally, is a third-generation San Franciscan and proud of it. We have a son born in Honolulu, where we lived for three years after my graduation in electrical engineering, a daughter, and one grandson. For the last three years, I have been happily retired from the local power company as an electrical engineer.

One final note -- although I lost many family members, my grandmother, Frau Joseph (Thekla) Baer, and my aunt, Frau Jonas (Else) Loeb, survived the war in France and lived on for a number of years.

Ina Schwabe (Kahn) - New York, New York

My original first name was and is Ina, even so my birth certificate States "Regina". I guess the shorter version wasn't acceptable to the bureaucracy. My parents names were Sali and Ida Kahn, nee Kugelmann. In New York it became Henry S. Kahn. I have one sister, now married, living in suburbia near New York City. We lived at Bismarckplatz in Mannheim. I went to private school, then Lieselotte Schule, Sexta through part of Obersecunda. Then I attended half a year in a private language school, name forgotten, but could have been Vorbeck.

While in Mannheim under the Nazis, I was fortunate to have had but one truly bad experience and that was when a SS contingent came to the Herweck Schwimmbad (swimming pool) on the Rhine to throw out the Jews. Fortunately, my mother was there who kept me quietly sitting in a corner, my face to the wall, pretending to sun my back. Because I was there daily I would have been recognized, while she was hardly ever there and none of the regulars knew her. I remember all the Jewish kids fleeing in panic, in their bathing suits and barefoot. I heard that is how they ran home through the Schlossgarten (castle gardens). We waited until it was all over and then quietly got dressed and went home. Not much of a story in view of what happened in years to come. I left Mannheim in April of 1936 and lived partly in Zurich and Geneva on funds legally transferred monthly as Schueler Geld (student tuition money). Then I joined my parents in Belgium the summers of 1937 and again 1938 and arrived in the United States with my parents in October 1938. I got married rather late in life and am now a widow.

In Switzerland I had to visit the police regularly since they were mostly interested in making certain that I was actually going to school and not about to settle there. In Belgium there were, every Saturday night, torchlight parades led by Leon Degrelle, the Belgian Nazi. They constantly shouted "mort aux Juifs (death to the Jews) and they drew quite a crowd. In France we spent two weeks prior to leaving Europe. At first I was denied a visitor's visa though we showed our U.S. Immigration Visa and the steamer tickets. Finally, I did get a visa through diplomatic channels. "Sale Juif" (dirty Jew) seemed to be the everyday insult, specifically remembered by me when a speeding truck almost hit me and a companion. The driver shouting those words could not have seen whether we were male, female, black or whatever since it was pitch dark. I like to recount the above for all those who stop speaking to you if you mention that you still have German friends and have been back to Germany to visit.

I left in April 1936 and can't really contribute to what might be considered pertinent, but since my school experiences were so very positive, I feel I should submit some of these memories, if only to tell of good experiences. I am afraid, however, many memories are anything but pleasant. It was 1934; I was in Untersecunda at the Liselotteschule.

The month was October, and we were scheduled to go to the Landschulheim (country school home) in Oberfinkenbach. Being the only Jewess left in the class, I told the class leaders, consisting of three girls whose fathers were all connected with IG Farben (one of the largest chemical companies in Germany) in Ludwigshafen, that I considered it the better part of wisdom to stay home. An immediate argument ensued. I remember telling them that if they are caught stealing apples, a definite part of autumn fun at the Landsschulheim, it's a prank; if the Jew is caught, forget it! The next day I was told by these three girls either you go or the class doesn't go. That I couldn't afford. Most of the other kids were in the Hitler Jugend (youth movement) and yet I went. We had a marvelous time and while I wasn't exactly made a pet of, in retrospect it came close.

Then came the Einjaehrige (graduation) which was always a big deal with dinner, a party at a restaurant, or whatever. Again I was told in no uncertain terms that the party would be held at M's home, one of the IG Farben homes in Ludwigshafen and that my two Jewish friends, who had left school half a year or so ago, would be invited. After all, we had all been together for so many years. Obviously, they had foregone the usual formalities of a great big affair so that the three of us could be with them. I surely need not point out that this was at considerable risk to the people in whose home we met. My friends, naturally, did come and a very good time was had by all.

I left Germany a year after that and am sorry to admit that I never tried to contact Mannheim after the war, I should have!

Julius Keller - San Antonio, Texas

I was born in Mannheim in December 1915. My father was born in Hoffenheim near Sinzheim and my mother in Lutzelsachsen near Weinheim. Her maiden name was Martha Neu. We lived in B6, 10 until we left Germany. When my mother was eight years old her father passed away and they moved to Mannheim. Her mother opened a small hotel. She had four children to support, 2 boys and 2 girls. One son served in the German Army during the First World War and was killed on the Russian front. My father established a plant for the manufacturing of electrical connection parts. He had a complete tool room in his plant.

At an early age I showed much interest in sports and joined several sports clubs, from which my brother Emanuel and I were expelled even before the restrictions on the use of swimming pools and sports facilities were ordered by the Nazis. I made my Bar Mitzvah in the Claus Synagogue under Rabbi Unna and Rabbi Dr. Lauer. My brother and I went to the Volksschule at L 1 and Realgymnasium (elementary and high school) in Mannheim, and I also attended a technical school. I joined the scout movement and became very active in leading camping trips and running scouting tests. I was also involved in Jewish sport activities and became coach of the track team and goal keeper of the soccer team. When travel out of the city was restricted, I spent nearly all my days with the Jewish youth movement as most of their leaders prepared to migrate to whatever country would accept them. At a maximum count there were two hundred boys and girls in several

youth groups who shared one leader.

To avoid being taken to the concentration camp Dachau like my brother was, or the penitentiary like my father, I worked intensively to get my papers for leaving for the U.S.A. After arriving in the U.S. I found a job immediately as a tool and die maker with one of the largest corporations. I had learned the trade in my father's plant in Mannheim. I lost the job when the industry changed over to war production where only U.S. citizens could be employed. A few weeks later I received clearance to work on the most secret weapons. The clearance was given by the FBI and military intelligence.

Before returning to work I took some time off to look after my relatives who had also come from Germany. When they told me details of the pogrom the Nazis had organized for November 9, 1938, I got so angry that I said to myself: "I can't stay out of this war!" However, it was not easy, not being a citizen, to volunteer and have my deferment canceled. Then I read in the New York Times that the National Ski Patrol System was authorized to recruit skiers and mountain climbers to form a winter warfare regiment. I enlisted and after long months of hard training a division of mountaineers was formed. I was assigned to Intelligence in modern warfare. I was leading many patrols when we landed in Italy where most of the patrol work was done at night. One day we entered the headquarters of the German Army at the Brenner Pass and demanded to see the commanding General. We were a five man patrol and the general allowed only a U.S. Major and myself as interpreter to enter the headquarters building. The General did not know how close to the end the war was. We convinced him that his only choice was to lay down their arms and march his troops towards our lines. The war in Italy had ended.

Returning to our lines I received orders to report immediately to Fifth Army Headquarters and was assigned for temporary duty. There were ten linguists who had been selected, one man from each division, to assist with their knowledge of the German language in translating secret (captured) documents. The next day I was placed in charge of the liaison section and became a top secret agent. Moreover, I was given the papers of Werner Von Braun, containing the details for the construction of the "V2" rocket. I returned to the Tenth Mountain Division when it was brought back to the United States for discharge.

When I returned to civilian life I went to Chile to visit my mother and brother who immigrated there after his release from Dachau in 1938. I got married in 1947 to Ruth Feldman and have two daughters; Sandra, born in New York and Carol, born in Santiago, Chile. Carol is married and now lives in San Antonio. Both daughters have two children, a boy and girl each. We moved to Chile in 1949 until 1964 when I was transferred to Mexico. I retired in 1978 and moved to Texas in 1983. My father died in Chile in 1941 and my mother in 1963.

Henry Zatzkis - Shreveport, Louisiana

My parents names are Nathan and Regina, nee Spett, Zatzkis. My father came to Mannheim in 1898 and was born in the Ukraine. He passed away at the age of 78 in Shreveport in 1958. My mother just celebrated her 99th birthday and is in a very nice nursing home here. My mother lived in Wiesbaden, and moved to Mannheim in 1913 when she married my father. My father had a wholesale cigarette company in Mannheim. I have only one brother, Herbert Zatzkis, who just visited us here in Shreveport. He lives in a Kibbutz, Beith Hashittah, in Israel.

I was born in Wiesbaden on May 4, 1914 and my wife, Ruth, nee Daube, (see also) was born on June 7, 1916 in Quedlinburg am Harz. We both lived in Mannheim. I successfully passed the Abitur (graduation) at the Tulla-Oberrealschule in 1932. My wife attended the Lieselotteschule. We met at the Habonim Jugendbewegung (Jewish youth organization) and both attended the Hebrew School and services at the Claus Synagogue. My teacher was Rabbi Dr. Lauer and later Rabbi Dr. Unna. My wife's teacher was Manfred Kaelberman. During the last three years before my Abitur, Rabbi Dr. Ukko and Rabbi Dr. Gruenewald were my teachers. One of my closest friends in Mannheim was Martin Neter, son of Dr. Netter. He emigrated to Israel in the mid 1930's to the Kibbutz Dagania in Israel and was killed in the War of Independence in 1948 when the Syrians attacked Dagania. His son was also killed in the war of 1967. Additional friends were Berthold Bernfeld and Kurt Dublon, who are living in Israel. My classmates, who made the Abitur with me were Heinz Stahl, son of Lehrer (teacher) Stahl. He emigrated to Kibbutz Givatah Benner, Israel and suffered a heart attack approximately a year ago while visiting in New York, where he died. The other classmate, Heinrich Jeredt became a Rabbi in Israel.

My early Hebrew teachers were Herr Schloss, connected with the Claus Synagogue. In my class were Heinz and Lore Retzwitter. At the grammar school my teacher was Herr Liebermensch. His daughter, Ruth Knox nee Liebermensch (see also) lives in West Palm Beach Florida. After my Abitur I worked several years for the export-import company of Gebrueder Weil, and on September 1, 1937 my wife and I were married in the Claus Synagogue by Rabbi Dr. Lauer. Two days later we travelled by train to Brussels and on the way in Aachen we were thoroughly checked and examined by the German customs police. They even checked the heels of our shoes, to the consternation of our Belgium travelling companions, who had never seen anything like it.

We stayed with my relatives in Brussels overnight. The next day my two uncles accompanied us on the train from Brussels to Rotterdam to see us off on the S.S. "Westernland", a tourist ship of the Red Star Line, headed for New York. We had our honeymoon on this ship and arrived in New York on Yom Kippur eve. There was only one more Jewish couple on board. We did not have to stop at Ellis Island. The American immigration officials came on board to check passports and immigration papers and I shall never forget, it still rings in my ears, when they called out: "American citizens first!" I told my wife that some day we hoped to be among this group. At the dock in New York we were met by a friend of my wife's relatives in Ardmore, Oklahoma, who accompanied us to the Wellington Hotel. In amazement we looked down from our hotel room to the tremendous traffic below. This gentleman also accompanied us that evening to a synagogue for the Kol Nidrei services. A few days later we left New York for Ardmore, Oklahoma

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to my wife's relatives who, by the way, gave affidavits to approximately 80 people in Germany. We stayed in Ardmore a few weeks and then travelled to Houston, Texas, where my relatives lived. The year 1937 was still a tough year to find employment in the United States, and finally I was employed by the Fohs Oil Company, through connections of our relatives in Oklahoma, who were also in the oil business. I was transferred to Houma, Louisiana, where our two older children were born. Soon after the war I joined a life insurance company and we moved to New Orleans and after two years I was transferred as Manager to Shreveport, Louisiana. In 1970 I joined the Prudential Insurance Company where I became a million dollar producer and in 1984 I retired as an agent emeritus.

We have two sons who are both successful attorneys in New Orleans, Louisiana and a daughter who is living in Los Angeles, and we have four grandchildren, two already in college. (For more information on the children and grandchildren see also Ruth Zatzkis.) For the past 15 years my wife and I have travelled extensively, internationally. For the past 12 years we have spent July and part of August in Aspen-Snowmass, Colorado, where one of our sons has a condominium and we enjoy the music festival there during that time. We have a very nice Jewish community here in Shreveport, a reform temple and a conservative synagogue. In the latter I am quite active as an officer. During the past 25 years our Jewish population here has dwindled from approximately 2,500 people to about 1,000, as practically all the young people have moved to larger cities.

My parents were very fortunate in coming to the United States in 1939 and during Kristallnacht my father was very lucky, hiding in the woods near Mannheim and was not taken into a concentration camp.

Ruth Zatzkis (Daube) - Shreveport, Louisiana

I was born June 7, 1916. Some of my remembrances are covered in those of my husband's, Henry Zatzkis (see also). My parents' names were David and Cilly Daube, nee Cohn. My father was born in Hoffenheim, Baden on the Elsenz. My mother was born in Ballenstedt on the Harz. My mother moved to Mannheim when she married in 1914. My father came to Mannheim as a young man. Father and mother lived in Werderstrasse 32, all the years until the mid 1930's. My father's firm's name was Daube and Mayer and their business, wholesale grain, was located in the Boerse (commodity exchange). My mother lost a brother in the First World War and my father had one sister. Mother's best friend was Frau Kaufman, who lived across the street from us. Additional friends of hers were Frieda Scheuer, Rosa Scheuer, and family Kaiser, who lived at the Lindenhof, a near suburb. My father's niece was Erna Kuhn, her husband was Rudi Kuhn, who was a director at the Dresdener Bank on the Planken in Mannheim. Their sons, Henry and Peter Kuhn, are living in New York.

I have a brother, Albert Daube and a sister, Eve Wasserman, both living in New Orleans. My mother was interned in Camp Gurs in France and my sister, Eve, was with my husband's relatives in Camp Rivesaltes, France. Finally they got together with my mother and were fortunate to leave France and arrive in the United States shortly before the war broke out in 1941.

My friends in Mannheim were Ilse Wirth, Ruth Mueller, Anneliesle Mandelbaum, Addy Beer and Lotte Kaiser.

My husband, Henry Zatzkis and I arrived in Hoboken, New Jersey on September 14, 1937, the evening of Yom Kippur, and remained in New York one week as a gift from our relatives in Ardmore, Oklahoma. From there we took the train to Ardmore and remained several weeks. Our relatives there, Sam and Dave Daube, were most generous. They brought approximately 80 people over from Germany, got them situated, and always kept in touch with them. They were in the oil business and had a department store in Ardmore, Daube and Westheimer.

Our children are Carol, Lanny and Ralph. They are all single at the moment. Our daughter went to Oklahoma University, lives in Los Angeles, and is in the real estate business. Our older son is a graduate of Tulane Law School and has a Master's Degree from Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas. He has his own law firm in New Orleans. Our youngest son is a graduate of Louisiana State University Law School, with a Master's Degree from New York University. He served as a Captain in the USAF in Okinawa, where he was in the Judge Advocate's Office. He has a Master's Degree in labor law and is a partner in the firm Milling in New Orleans.

We have four grandchildren. The oldest is Scott Zatzkis, who will graduate from Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee in December 1989 and is planning to attend law school; he is 22 years old. The next grandson is our daughter's son, Leslie Shiaman, and he attends Acata College in California; he is 18 years old. Our granddaughter, Suzie Shiaman, goes to high school in Agoura, California and she will be 16 years old. Our youngest granddaughter, Michele, will be 6 years old in December 1989 and attends the Newman Private School in New Orleans.

Lotte Erika Newman (Liselotte Erika Maas) - Van Nuys, California

My parents were Ferdinand and Stefanie Maas, nee Westheimer, born in Grosseicholzheim. Her sister, Else Berney, and family, her brother Louis Westheimer, and my mother's twin sister, Zilla Beisinger, as well as my Uncle William Maas, lived all in Mannheim. I was born on March 31, 1923 in Mannheim. Everybody called me Lotte. My parents owned a leather wholesale business at Q2, 5. We lived at Victoria Strasse 9. My first four years I went to the Luisenschule. We belonged to the Hauptsynagogue in F2 before it was destroyed. In December of 1932, my sister Inge was born, which was a relief for me as I was no longer the only child. My mother spent most of her time at the office, while my father travelled a lot, calling on shoemakers. Our maid Maria, took care of my sister and me, while my parents were at work.

During vacation I spent a lot of time with my grandparents in Grosseicholzheim in Baden. I looked forward to these vacations, as my grandparents spoiled me. While I was growing up, I remember that many times, my mother sent me to a terribly smoke-filled hall, which was crowded with fighting card players. My father enjoyed playing cards on weekends. I went there to pick up my father, so that we could spend the afternoon with him, enjoying many refreshments at the Rennwiese (a restaurant adjacent

to a race track). After I finished grade school, I went to the Liselotte Schule, where I remained until all Jewish students had to go to the Jewish school. I was in Miss Oppenheimer's class. A fast friendship developed with Ruth Karlsruher (see also), Marianne Hirsch and Trude Loeb. Marianne went to France and did not survive. Trude Loeb immigrated to Italy and lost her life there. After finishing my required schooling at the Jewish school, I entered the Aufbauklasse (an extension class for higher learning), located in the Jewish Community building where the Klaus Synagogue stood. At that time, I started dance lessons with Mr. Stuedenbeck. We went to different homes for these classes. I have also enjoyed the gymnastic activities at the RJF (Jewish War Veterans). I belonged to the children's choir at the Synagogue. I still remember the chocolate treats on Simchat Torah (Jewish holiday). The taste of the chocolate is still my addiction.

When the new Aryan laws went into effect, we had to dismiss our maid. My parents moved the business and our apartment to Heinrich Lanzstrasse 43. After the school years, I went to the Jewish boarding school in Wolfratshausen. On November 9, 1938, the Gestapo gave us one hour to leave the school. Lotte Gutwillig and I went back to Mannheim, unaware of what had happened. When we arrived home I was happy to see my parents, even if the apartment looked empty. The Nazis confiscated our business. Our chauffeur drove my dad around all day in order to hide him from the Nazis. To prepare for a new life, we went to Berlitz School to learn English. I also learned Arts & Crafts. My parents packed a lift (a large overseas shipping container), which eventually was confiscated in Holland. We moved into a smaller apartment in the same building.

Since we had a very high US quota number, we tried to go to Cuba. My grandmother, Klara Westheimer, went first. She was on the boat which had to return to Holland. Finally she was able to immigrate from Holland to Chicago. We never could use our visa. In September 1939, Ruth Karlsruher and I were drafted for harvesting potatoes in Buchholz near Berlin. The Jewish community was mandated to supply girls over 16 for this type work. When I became sick, I was sent to Gut Neuendorf for recovery. I finally received mail from home with the news that my father had been arrested and sent to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. Our mother worked day and night to obtain visas for different countries, so that we could be saved. They told us that he would be released, having met all requirements. However, they did not release him. My mother and I went to Berlin, trying to see my father in Sachsenhausen while my sister, Inge, remained with our friend, Miss Traub. While in Berlin, we were informed by the Jewish Community of Mannheim that my dad had "passed away". Consequently, we left Berlin and six weeks later received the urn with my father's ashes.

I started to work for the Juedische Winterhilfe (assistance for the poor during winter time) under the supervision of Miss Guggenheim. We repaired clothing. In October 1940 we were picked up with the rest of the Mannheimer Jews and sent to Camp de Gurs in France. Through hard work by our uncles and aunts in the United States, we left Gurs for Marseille, to receive our visas. While in Marseille the mother of Marianne Hirsch invited my sister to stay with her in the country, as my sister was very much undernourished. Eventually, after four months, we left Marseille by way of Spain to Lisbon, Portugal, to embark on our journey to the new world and to freedom. We arrived in the U.S. one day after Pearl Harbor was attacked, and started our new life in Chicago.

My mother and I worked in a hat factory, while my sister went to school. After one year, my mother fell sick with cancer. Meantime, I met my husband, Walter Newman, in the temple youth group. His name was formerly Neumann, from Cologne. I changed jobs for war work in a luggage factory, then changed again to work for Ruth's husband, Al, as a forelady in the briefcase factory. After Walter came home from the war in Europe, we were married during his 30 day furlough in 1945. Our son Fred was born in 1947. My mother passed away in 1948, due to cancer. We moved to Van Nuys, California in 1953. Our daughter Judy was born in November of 1954. During my pregnancy I started to work for Kurt Cahn, who is also from Mannheim. I was a homemaker then. In 1963, Walter joined Kurt's company and we worked together for almost 25 years in the same office. We retired together in April 1988.

We are very happy parents and grandparents of four grandsons and one granddaughter. Our son, Fred, went to Claremont Men's College and enlisted in VISTA, which brought him eventually to Greensboro, North Carolina. He met his wife, Linda, in Asheville. He works for the United Way, and is also in the Army Reserve. They have three sons, Jeffery, 16, is at Duke University. Daniel is 14 years old and Simon is 10. Our daughter, Judy, went to the University of California, Irvine, where she met her husband, Ed Green, who is a physical therapist. Judy has her Master's in social work, and works now as a clinical social worker in the Long Beach Memorial Hospital. They live in Los Alamitos, CA. Their son, Jacob, is 10 years old and their daughter, Stefanie, is 6 years old.

We are involved with Temple life and the City of Hope as volunteers. I feel that it is a miracle to be alive and reach this wonderful day. My sister, Inge, now Joan, lives in Chicago and puts her whole attention into her career in real estate management. It was a special privilege for us to be able to attend the dedication of the new synagogue in Mannheim in 1987 and also the dedication of the former synagogue in Hemsbach, my father's birthplace. We visited my father's and my grandfather's graves for the first time.

Werner S. Cahn - West Orange, New Jersey

I was born January 11, 1927 in Mannheim to Alfred and Anny Cahn. My first residence was at D6, 9, an apartment house owned by the Wuerzburger family. I lived with my grandparents for most of my young life since my mother had been divorced before my third birthday. Their name was Isidor and Ida Mann. We lived in a rather large apartment which was, after November 1938, shared with the "Daube" family, mother and daughter, since they had been evicted. My mother left for the United States in February 1937, being the recipient of a visa from a distant relative. I remained with my grandparents until August 29, 1939. I left Germany on the last voyage of the "SS Washington" prior to the outbreak of World War II.

I remember going to public school, private school, and finally to the Jewish school at K2, I believe. Some of my friends were Werner Liepold, Leo and Erich Wuerzburg, and Nachman, whose first name I don't remember. Living with my grandparents I must have lived a sheltered life. I do

remember taking art lessons and playing soccer on the youth team of Bar Kochba. I clearly remember "Kristallnacht" on November 10, 1938 when early that morning uniformed Germans came to arrest my grandfather who at that time was 62 years old. The Christian landlord at that time tried to intervene, but to no avail. My grandfather had just returned from the bank to withdraw his money, and without the arresting Nazis seeing it, handed me the envelope with the cash. My grandfather was released during the night because of his age.

Some of my other close friends in Mannheim were "Bubi" Dellheim, Eva Daube and Lilo Oppenheimer, of whose whereabouts I have no knowledge. For a brief period before departing Germany I lived in an apartment at S6, 28. I attended the main synagogue with Dr. Max Gruenewald (see also), and have been with him here in the U.S. on several occasions. I left Mannheim alone on July 27, 1939 and arrived in the U.S. August 3, 1939. My grandfather escorted me to the ship at Hamburg. That was the last time I saw him. He died in a concentration camp. My grandmother was deported to Camp Gurs in France, where she was severely wounded during an Allied air attack. The roof of the building originally had a Red Cross painted on it, but the Germans had switched the markings to an ammunition site. One night, dive bombers strafed the building. That's when she was hit in the back. The doctors at Gurs performed excellent surgery on her and she survived. She was fortunate to survive, came to this country in 1946 and enjoyed her final years with us.

Upon my arrival in the U.S. I lived in Washington Heights, went to public school and high school, and became Bar Mitzvah with Rabbi Max Koppel at Audubon Hall, New York City. I was drafted into the Army and became an NCO (noncommissioned officer) in charge of a POW (prisoner of war) camp for Germans in Caserta, Italy. Upon my discharge, foregoing a scholarship, I went to work as a salesman for an automotive fabrics jobber in Newark, New Jersey. I stayed with this firm for 20 years before becoming a partner and finally sole proprietor of my own firm. I met my wife Shirley in 1947 and married her in 1949. She was born in Newark, New Jersey. We have two married children and two grandchildren. My daughter Janet, 27 is a speech therapist and my son Marc, 34, is a chiropractor in practice in Boulder, Colorado, where he has been married for the past three years. His wife Lynne is from Quebec, Canada. Janet has been married to Michael Wright for ten years. He is a Certified Public Accountant. They live near us in West Orange with Eric, 7, and Ellysse Danielle, age 1½.

In 1957 I became a Mason, went through the Chairs and became Master of Triluminar Lodge in South Orange, New Jersey. My wife and I became members of the "Order of the Golden Chain", a Masonic affiliated national organization which at that time had over 40 chapters throughout this country. I subsequently became Grand Patron of this order in 1966. Presently we are members of congregation Oheb Shalom in South Orange, New Jersey. For many years I have had no desire to visit Germany. I have since changed my attitude and may visit in the future.

Sally Kesten - Orpington, Kent, England

My father Georg passed away in 1932. Together with my brothers, Alex and Adolf (Watschl), we went every morning during the week to the Klaus Synagogue to say Kaddish (mourner's prayer). One morning in 1933, on our way home, we saw a small troop in Nazi uniforms with the swastika flag in the front, marching towards the Rathaus (city hall). I think it was in April of that year, after the latest election in which the Nazis gained most of the votes. On that morning we did not immediately realize the situation until we saw the newspaper that same evening and the next morning. A new historical era had started. We lived first at K1, later at G7, 9, and last at A2, 4. I went to Burgerschule (name of school) next to the Ober Realschule and until graduation, to the Hoehere Handelsschule (school of commerce). My sister, Hilde, was born in 1917, my brothers Adolf, 1913, and Alex in 1912. I was the oldest, born in 1910.

I was employed by Messrs. Friedman & Haeusler, iron and glass wholesale, D7,23, since 1928, where I also served my apprenticeship. My brother Alex, was studying architecture at the Technische Hochschule in Stuttgart, and was soon forced to discontinue his studies. My brother Adolf passed the Abitur (graduated), and afterwards joined a plumber to learn that trade. Alex became a laborer on a building site.

We all have been members of the Zionist movement, in youth clubs: Blau-Weiss, Habonim, and later Hechalutz. We anticipated the situation and we prepared ourselves and without doubt knew that we all would emigrate to Palestine. My two brothers and also my sister Hilde went on Hachscharah (preparation for Palestine) and to learn gardening. Later she went to a special school (in England) to study nursing of infants. After the death of my father, I had to take over full responsibility of looking after my mother, Ety nee Margulies, and assist my brothers and sister. My father left no money and we had a very hard time. Often we had to depend on help from the community.

Within the next few years, Alex, Adolf, and Hilde emigrated to Palestine and joined Kibbuzim (people living in communal settlements). My mother and I carried on in Mannheim, as best as possible. I was able to remain with the company as an employee, and with my meager salary could keep us. To reduce our expenses, we arranged to share our flat with another family. My boss, Mr. August Warnecke, was an exceptionally good man. He was not a Jew, but was sympathetic to me. The firm, originally Jewish, had to be changed to an Aryan company, and my boss who was a partner, took over as the sole owner. When it became dangerous to employ Jews, he arranged for myself and another Jewish employee to work in a small office on the second floor out of sight of the customers. However in 1936, I realized that there was no future, and I gave notice. With the help of the Hechalutz, and since I was a leading member of this organization in Mannheim, I also went on Hachscharah at Sondheim near Heilbronn. I worked on a farm, and did agricultural work. I worked there for twelve months, and after this period, it was arranged that I come to Schweden, to do another six months work there, also on a farm.

Without my knowledge, my mother wrote to her brother, who had left Germany in 1932 for England, to obtain permission for me to come to London and join his business. He answered promptly and made all the arrangements for me to go to London. In January 1938, I left for London and joined my

uncle's business where I remained until 1979 when I retired. My mother managed to emigrate to Israel in 1938 and was able to rent her own flat. There she had the opportunity to welcome all her children in her home, give them some comfort and help them because, as you might know life in a kibbutz in the years 1934 and later was very primitive. She became the center not only of her family, but of all the friends of her children and some who lost their parents. They all called her "Mother Kesten" and she would give comfort to them all until her old age of 79 when she passed away.

I married Edith in 1948. She came to England as a refugee from Prague but unfortunately she passed away in 1981. We had no children. I remain a widower but have a charming companion since 1983.

My brother Adolf, unfortunately, was killed on June 10th, 1948, helping to defend the village "Mishmar Hajarden" from Syrian attacks. He was a member of Kibbutz Kfar Gileadi, which received an appeal to send help to save the other village. My brother Alex, a member of Giwath-Chajim-Ichud near Hadera, joined the Jewish brigade of the English forces during World War II, and helped to find many Jews in Italy and West Europe who had been able to survive the Holocaust. For a year, he was sent to Hamburg to take over a home for children who survived concentration camps and help them become civilized human beings, after what they had experienced. When the war ended he was able to continue his study at the Technische Hochschule in Haifa, and did become an architect. He specialized in Staedteplaning (city planning) and became very successful in his profession. He remained a member of Kibbutz Giwath-Chajim, had his own studio there, and now, at the age of 77, he is still active in his profession. My sister Hilde, changed her profession and became a dancer, at first with the Gertrude Kraus Dance Group, and later as a solo artist, she gave performance throughout the country. She is divorced from her husband Anatole Gourewitsch, an artist painter, and has one son who is a director of the Habima Theater in Tel-Aviv. My sister also lives in Tel-Aviv.

Now coming back to my youth in Mannheim. In addition to being involved in the Zionist Youth Movement I was also a member of the Juedischer Turn and Sportverein Bar Kochba in Mannheim. I was one of the leading members, captain of the Handball Mannschaft (team) and a member of the committee to run the organization. This was all before the Nazis came to power. After 1933, I was one of the committee members who invited Jewish sportsmen to join Bar Kochba. Most of those who still participated in non-Jewish clubs refused to join. They did not want to be involved in a club who assisted Palestine. Only a few months later they had to leave their clubs and many, some very good sportsmen, joined. We had football, handball and other athletic teams for both men and women. To have the opportunity to play against other clubs, we had to travel to many different towns in South Germany. Bar Kochba was not only a sports club, it also became the social center for all the members. Social life amongst the Jewish community in Mannheim developed in a very pleasant way. The sports club and also the different youth clubs gave young people of both sexes the opportunity to meet and to develop friendships. The Jewish community arranged for a special house, near the synagogue in F3, where all the youth organizations had rooms for meetings.

Since Jews were not allowed to visit theaters or participate in general events, it became necessary for us to create our own cultural life. Bar Kochba decided to create cultural and artistic presentations for members. At first we invited our members for special evenings, to discuss events

in Germany and in Palestine. Before a Jewish holiday, we met to explain its historical background. Bar Kochba's Vorstand (chairman) Artur Loewenbaum, started these meetings, and delegated to me to prepare the lectures and presentations. From these small beginnings developed the idea to arrange two or three larger festivals, not only for members, but in one of the larger halls still available to us, for the whole Jewish community. Many years ago, before the Nazi events, I was a member of a non-professional theater group, under Paul Epstein. We also had a Sprechchor (speaking chorus) at that time. This gave me an interest in dramatic performances. I took the opportunity which was offered to me and started to organize those special evenings. I prepared the programs and had to write the plays myself, which I could then produce with amateur actors. The programs and the plays were usually relevant to the political situation of Jews in Germany. The evening celebrations were mostly on Channukka and/or Purim.

In my plays I tried to point out similarities in our situations with the problems our previous generations had suffered. We also arranged cabaret evenings. After the first and second productions I had the satisfaction that some professional artists, who could not continue their employment in the professional theater, because they were Jews, approached me and cooperated with me. A young artist painted the scenery, another ex-professional worked on one of my plays and even built a revolving stage. From 1934 until the last performance at the end of 1937, I arranged at least two performances for Bar Kochba every year. Later I also arranged programs for another Jewish organization. All those theater performances usually were followed with a dance and social function. This work also helped me financially. When I left for Heilbronn, to work in Sondheim with a farmer, I met professional and amateur artists and I was able to create a group to give performances for the Heilbronn community. I was encouraged by Dr. Scheuer, at that time the head of the Zionist organization. They were enthusiastic, and although I was only an amateur, they cooperated with me, followed my directions, and we all had a good time. We even travelled as a group to other towns to perform our programs. During the year in Heilbronn I arranged four different programs and received new clothes in lieu of payment, which I needed very badly that year.

As a commemoration to the death anniversary of Theodor Herzl, I wrote a Sprechchor (speaking chorus), in which I described Herzl's life and his effort for a Jewish state. In this Sprechchor with individual parts I created something which was unique. The conductor of the choir was Franz Oppenheim, a professional theater director. The choir consisted of nearly 100 voices. My work for the entertainment of the Mannheim community gave me great pleasure and great satisfaction. I was hoping maybe to become a professional theater director. I loved that work, but could not go through an apprenticeship earning enough to earn a living as a professional.

I will always remember those years. I was aware, that because Jews weren't allowed to go to theaters and see professional actors and plays, they accepted what was offered to them. This gave me the opportunity to create something which gave them some pleasure and me the chance to fulfill an ambition. After over 50 years I still remember all this and look back with great pleasure.

Harry W. Froehlich (Hans Wilhelm Froehlich)

Pacific Palisades, California

I was born in Mannheim December 15, 1920. My father's name was Jakob and my mother's Lisel nee Schwarz, from Konstanz. Our business was Wilhelm Froehlich & Zivi, Eisenwaren Grosshandlung (hardware dealership). My mother was active in my father's business and had her own office. Our house in F4, 7 had four stories and a fifth story apartment which was part of the Speicher (attic). The business was on the ground floor which made it easy for my mother to come up when needed. We lived on the second floor, one flight up. I still remember the names of the third and fourth floor tenants, Major and Guggenheim respectively. We had a Kinderfraulein (nursemaid) and a cook. I was in their care more than in my mother's, though we had all of our meals as a family and went on trips as a family.

The house had a Hinterhof (backyard) and beyond that was a three-story stockroom. There was a two-car garage that housed two Mercedes. The mainstay of my father's business was nuts and bolts for major customers like Mercedes Benz, Lanz, today John Deere the tractor manufacturer, and for the Strassenbahnwerke (streetcar and electric train manufacturer). Because of his connection with Mercedes-Benz he was always the proud owner of two of their cars. I so well remember, when it came time to trade in a car, a chassis was delivered to us from the factory. Our chauffeur would drive the contraption to Stuttgart where a specially prepared Carrosserie (body) was mounted and the finished product would be delivered a couple of weeks later.

My first four years of school were spent at the "L" Schule (school) near the Schloss. The fourth year of school at the Lessing Schule, 1934, offered only Latin as a foreign language, which I did not want and therefore I transferred to the Tula Oberrealschule. That was when my problems started. I was a new Jewish boy and not accepted by the other students. Anti-Semitism reared its ugly head. I was beaten up, my bicycle was smashed and I had to suffer other indignities. My father was having problems selling to his customers, and was no longer allowed to come and see them. He saw the handwriting on the wall and he was one of the German Jews who had no illusions. He wanted to sell and started looking for a buyer. My mother's parents and family lived in Konstanz/Bodensee (Lake Constance) and owned a corset factory in Kreuzlingen, Switzerland, but a stone's throw away, literally. They owned and lived on the German side and the factory was and still is about the 10th building on the Swiss side. Because of these connections, and my problems at school, I went to live with my grandparents on the German side and went to school on the Swiss side from 1934 to March of 1937, crossing the border at least three times daily.

My grandfather retired from the corset factory in Kreuzlingen and my father, having found a buyer for his business, followed to Konstanz in early 1937 and took his place. He was able to get a work permit because he was an employer, but not the Einreisebewilligung (entry permit). He thus also crossed the border several times daily. The Swiss made it very plain that entry into Switzerland would be forthcoming only if he would guarantee that neither of his sons, my younger brother born in 1928 and myself, would ever apply for entry. This precluded any future for me in Switzerland, uncertain as it was at that time at least. Therefore I prepared to emigrate to the United States. A quota number was obtained and I moved to Winterhur, Switzerland as a student to attend the Metallarbeiterschule (metal fabrication school) to learn a trade. My visa to the U.S. was issued the

first week of November 1938 in Stuttgart. The night of November 9 (Kristallnacht) I was in my parents' flat in Konstanz. They had been warned that something was about to happen through the gentile husband of a cousin who worked for the city of Konstanz. That same night I stayed in Kreuzlingen. Somehow nobody came to pick my father up and no one knew that I was in the flat. In the late afternoon of the tenth someone saw me near the window, and it took but a few moments for the Gestapo to take me, age 18, into custody. But my luck held out since the Konstanz Jews had been rounded up early in the morning and the transport to Dachau had already left. I had my passport with entry visa to the U.S. in my pocket. The head SS man told me to get out and disappear within the hour. I was across the border in Kreuzlingen in no time flat.

Steamship tickets had been obtained before by two uncles, who had left Germany ten days earlier and were in Switzerland waiting for the boat to America on which I too was booked. The boat, the "SS Washington" left from Le Havre, France. It was Westbound Voyage 72 Hamburg-New York, via Le Havre, France. It was December 2, 1938, the arrival in New York was December 9. My parents and my brother stayed behind. About November 12, my father, my mother and brother went back to Konstanz without any problem and continued crossing the border many times daily until they, including my brother, finally got their entry permit into Switzerland in 1939. To get a visa to the U.S. one needed an affidavit from someone in the U.S. guaranteeing that the immigrant will not become a public charge. A brother of my grandfather, Louis Schwarz, had emigrated to the U.S. about the turn of the century, settled in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, married, and had a daughter, Betty. She and her husband not only guaranteed for me, but also took me in. I lived with them in Pittsburgh from December 1938 to January 1942. I had two jobs, and was paid the minimum wage of the time. One was with a laundry-tag company, the other with a poster printing company. I knew little English but learned fast in a home with two young children, where no one spoke German.

My parents decided also to apply for American visas, which they finally received in November 1941. They left Switzerland for Portugal on a sealed train via Vichy, France and Spain. They arrived in New York on December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor day. It was the last ship crossing the Atlantic before Roosevelt declared war on the Axis. The two uncles with whom I crossed the Atlantic in 1938 had settled in California with their wives, sisters of my mother, and their children. My parents decided to move to California too, and we all ended up in Los Angeles. I left Pittsburgh in early 1942 and also moved to Los Angeles where I went to work in a garment factory until May of 1943 when I was inducted into the Army. They kept me until October of 1943 at Fort Reilly Kansas, when I was discharged for medical reasons. In the meantime my father also started working in a garment factory and upon my return home, we decided to start our own business. We bought a small garment factory and converted it into a brassiere factory. I was the jack of all trades, fixed the machines after learning by looking over the shoulder of a professional mechanic, and also went out to call on the trade. It was an instantaneous success. My father was the bookkeeper, my mother the shipping clerk.

After my brother graduated from college he joined the firm about 1947 and went into sales. The firm, called "Charmfit of Hollywood", grew. In December 1946 I married Anneliese Rothschild (see also), a young lady also

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from Mannheim, whom I met at children's parties through my best friend and school buddy Karlheinz Gimbel, her cousin. Anneliese and her family had emigrated to Melbourne, Australia. The entire Gimbel family, children, parents and grandmother, had emigrated to Mexico City. Anneliese decided to visit her aunts, uncles, cousins and grandmother in Mexico City. She arrived in early December 1946. Karlheinz, now Carlos, invited me down to Mexico, and I arrived on December 15, 1946, my birthday. It was love at second sight. I had not seen Anneliese since December 1938 in Paris, where she lived with an aunt and uncle. I was on my way to LeHavre with a stop over in Paris and saw her for a day. We renewed our friendship after an eight year separation and decided to get married. I was 26 and she was 23 years old. And marry we did, in Mexico City on December 31, 1946. Though as an American soldier, I was never in Australia, she nevertheless qualified under the War Bride Act, and obtained immediate entry into the U.S. On January 2, 1947 we returned to Los Angeles as man and wife and have lived here ever since.

We have two children and two grandchildren. Marion, our daughter, was born January 31, 1949, and Clyde, July 16, 1951. In 1958 we moved into our new house in Pacific Palisades. Marion earned a high school teaching credential and a Master's in Linguistics and Clyde also has a high school teaching credential with a Bachelor's degree in Political Science. Marion is single and lives in Atlanta, Georgia, working for the University System of Georgia in their Education Abroad Program. Clyde is married, has two children and works as director of Student Housing for the University of California in Davis. As our business grew, we built our own building in West Los Angeles, close to the Santa Monica factory and moved into it in 1950. In April 1957 my father retired and sold the company to me and my brother. He died in 1959. We carried on the business until 1967, when we merged with a large New York manufacturer of ladies sportswear. By mid 1971 the buyer had lost interest in their California acquisition and I bought back the plant, not the company. The production was moved to Brooklyn and Puerto Rico and only a sales office remained in California, with my brother in charge.

I founded a new company under the name of Radiant Fashions, Inc. I developed new "niche" products, new in the brassiere business at the time. It was hard work, but within five years I exceeded the volume of the old company. By 1986 I found that I was slowing down and finally found an interested party and a deal was struck as of September 1988. As of January 1, 1989 I am retired. Unfortunately my only interest in life was my work, and so, doing nothing was very scary for me. Therefore I decided to represent several manufacturers in the L.A. area. The two lines keep me busy a couple of days a week. The really exciting things I am doing have to do with the Harold Willens/Wesley Bilson Initiative. These are two men, activists, who want to help Gorbachev in Russia bring more and better quality consumer goods onto the otherwise bare shelves of Soviet stores. Accordingly, I am helping a large Moscow brassiere factory update their product. Also involved is a children's wear factory in Leningrad which has recently taken over an abandoned military base now being turned into a children's wear factory. This keeps Anneliese and me traveling and otherwise very busy.

As I "play back" the story of my life, with Hitler and Kristallnacht, 50 years and more in the past, I cannot help but think ever more often

about those very difficult times so long ago. I think of the relatives and friends who were not as lucky as I was, and who suffered much more than I did, and those who lost their lives. I read the stories being published today about the survivors...and here but for the grace of God go I. Let us never, never forget.

Anne L. Froehlich (Anneliese Rothschild)

Pacific Palisades, California

I was born in Mannheim in 1923 to parents Will and Erna Rothschild. My father was born in Bensheim/Bergstrasse, my mother Erna Rothschild, nee Stade, is from Darmstadt, still living in Bern, Switzerland. My father died in Bern in 1988, almost 97 years of age. I attended the Moll Volksschule (name of public school) in Mannheim and then transferred to the Lieselotte-Schule. In 1937 my mother was called to meet with the principal, Dr. Vulpius, who told her that we (Jews) were no longer welcome. At that time my father had been forced to sell our business, the Kaufhaus, Gebrueder Rothschild (department store in Ludwigshafen and we moved to Heidelberg, since we also had to sell our house in the Oststadt (name of suburb of Mannheim). By that time the Autobahn had opened, so it was easy for my father to commute between Heidelberg and Ludwigshafen, since he was still running the business from behind the scenes. In Heidelberg, my sister and I enrolled in a Catholic Girls School. I still remember with amusement that the nuns started each school day as prescribed with a "Heil Hitler" salute, but in the same motion crossed themselves (while saying) "In the Name of the Father, etc.". The nuns were very nice, and we learned a lot there, but had private religious lessons by a young rabbi in Heidelberg and I learned even Ivrit. Hebrew had been my first foreign language in pre-Nazi Germany, in regular school and I always liked it.

In the summer of 1947 I moved from Heidelberg to Paris, France to live with my maternal aunt and her husband, a former Austrian. He had been forced to leave by the Nazis in 1933, though he was not a Jew anymore, as he had been baptized. My mother had for years wanted to leave Germany, and finally convinced my father that we should leave. He was a very good German, had volunteered in the First World War, and had an Iron Cross, (war decoration). My father, never believing that Hitler would stay in power, agreed to emigrate to Holland, where we had many relatives, as my grandmother he been Dutch. One of my mother's cousins, who had given us the affidavit to go to Holland, was jailed, as a result of an indiscretion towards one of his young female employees. As a result of this, we could not go to Holland, which (ironically) saved our lives. When I read the book by Anne Frank later, I would say, there, but for the grace of God, go I. My sister Marion, 2 years younger than I and my brother Ernest, had been to a boarding school in Holland while I was living in Paris.

My father was an atheist. He said, after what he saw as a medic in World War I, there can be no God in heaven to allow all this misery. After what happened in the Holocaust, his mind certainly was not changed. But we did go to the high holyday synagogue services, i.e. we children did. We celebrated Xmas at home, until a year after Hitler came to power. Only

then did we start celebrating Chanuka as well, but that was a very traumatic experience for us. We never denied we were Jewish, of course, and I will not forget the horrible experience at the Herweck swimming pool on the Rhine, when the Nazi hooligans came shrieking "Juden raus" (Jews out). My mother had the foresight to lock us all into a dressing room until the excitement had subsided. This was my first serious brush with anti-Semitism.

I think it was in 1936 we vacationed in the Bavarian Alps, in a place called Reit im Winkel, a famous resort. One Sunday morning when we returned to Reit from a walk, people were very excited, screaming: "Hitler is here". Lo and behold, several open Mercedes cars were driving out of a narrow road, and Hitler was standing in one of them, raising his arm in the Nazi salute, and we saluted back, like everybody else. He and his entourage had driven on the road from Berchtesgarden which was near by. We could have easily murdered Hitler at that point, we were close enough to touch him. Of course, we did not, nor did anybody else. I will never forget the experience though.

One of my Austrian uncle's cousins had emigrated to Australia from Austria many years ago, and helped us get the papers to enter Australia in the summer of 1938. We almost did not make it though, as on the 10th of November, my father was caught in Mannheim at his parent's apartment and taken to Dachau (concentration camp). At that time, he had no passport to leave Germany. My mother had fled to Switzerland during the Munich crisis, worrying that war might break out. Since her three children were outside Germany, she was worried that she would never see them again. My father could not get his papers as he was trying to save some of his money to emigrate to Australia and therefore could not get his tax clearance to get a passport. I can now see what he, as a wealthy individual, had to go through, giving up his home, leaving his aged parents, and emigrating with 10 Marks in his pocket. We had to borrow the 200 Australian Pounds, which we had to have to get our Australian permit. In Dachau, one of the inmate trustees, an old communist who took my father's valuables, shaved his hair off, etc. happened to be from the same area in Germany as my father. He knew that my father had fed 100 children everyday during the depression in our store cafeteria. He took my father under his wings. Still my father got so ill with pneumonia that he almost died, being exposed to the terrible wintry weather conditions without adequate clothing.

Our ship to Australia, a Dutch liner, was supposed to have left from Rotterdam early in December, but with my father still in Dachau, we could not leave. With the help of a decent German attorney from Mannheim, Dr. Gentil, who had a Jewish wife, we got my father out of Dachau, with the understanding that we would leave Germany forthwith. All our lifts (shipping crates) had been packed, so we were ready to leave, except for my father's passport. Finally, he obtained his passport and left by train to meet the Dutch ship, which we had taken in Villefranche, France. My father was to meet us in Genoa, Italy, the next port, but was not there when we docked. You can imagine our anxiety, as we did not even know if he had been able to cross the German border, but in the last minute he showed up. We hardly recognized him, he looked so bad. The young ship's doctor, who had never seen anybody out from a concentration camp thought he would die any minute, and asked him to stay below the deck so that the other first class passengers would not see him. Well, after a three week's

trip on that fabulous ship with good food and rest, we arrived in the then Dutch East Indies, changed ships in what was then Batavi and took an Australian liner to Melbourne, our final destination. We arrived on the hottest day of the year, over 100 degrees. The Australian relatives had rented a furnished flat near the ocean for us. Among the few books on a shelf was the "History of the House of Rothschild". The Australian cousin gave my father a job in his men's underwear factory. We found an apartment soon, and moved in as soon as our lift with furniture etc. arrived.

All three of us children were immediately enrolled in school, my sister and I in the local girl's high school, and my brother in the elementary school. He was over 4 years younger than I. I graduated after one school year, though I knew very little English when I arrived in Australia. While in Paris, I had studied at a French Lycee (secondary school) specializing with other foreign born girls in the French language, and learned typing afterwards. After war broke out, in September 1939 my father wanted to join the Australian army, was eventually accepted, and could not wait to fight Hitler. Instead, foreigners were segregated in special units and helped unload ships and trains, etc. In the meantime I had started working as a comptometer operator and billing clerk in a cosmetics firm where I stayed until I left Australia in 1946. I went to night school and eventually became an accountant with an equivalent degree of a CPA in this country. In the beginning we were enemy aliens in Australia, but later became refugee aliens, and after 5 years became Australian citizens. My father left the army since he could not fight, and started a carpet cleaning business. My mother sold Watkins products, door to door on a bicycle, we children helped deliver the merchandise on the bike on weekends.

My sister started an apprenticeship in cutting and designing clothes and my younger brother finished high school. My parents started a skirt manufacturing business around 1944. My sister managed the factory, I did the bookkeeping, my father the buying and my mother the selling. It was quite successful, but when my parents were ready to retire in the 1960's they could not find a buyer, closed up and retired to Bern, Switzerland. My aunt and uncle from Paris, who survived the War in North Africa, also came to Switzerland. I left Australia in the fall of 1946, after getting my accountancy degree. I had saved some money, and my relatives who had emigrated to Mexico, had invited me. So I left Melbourne for Mexico City.

My husband to-be, a friend of one of my cousins, came to Mexico to look me over. We had a teenage romance in Paris, when he was on his way to America and I lived there and showed him around. After a whirlwind romance, we married there, and I came to America as an Australian War Bride since I was an Australian citizen, and he was an American GI. I became an American citizen after 2 years, and have lived with him and our children in California ever since. I worked here part-time as an accountant-bookkeeper until the children were born, then became a typical suburban housewife. Early in 1948 I started to take an interest in politics and have been active ever since. I am the President of the Pacific Palisades Democratic Club, and am an elected member of the Los Angeles County Democratic Central Committee for 20 years. I am still working as an independent contractor part-time in my profession. I went back to school and got an AA degree and later studied political science but never finished my studies for a B.A.

Since my parents lived in Switzerland and my sister in England, we have

been to Europe a lot and almost every year we have been back to Mannheim, and must say that when I hear the Mannheimer dialect I feel very much at home there now. When we first went there in 1953 it was quite different, as there were so many refugees from other parts of Germany, but now the Mannheimer dialect is again quite prominent. Mannheim has been rebuilt. We contributed windows to the new Synagogue and were at the opening in 1987. Though I am not religious I had to cry when the Torah scrolls were brought into the synagogue. We are the lucky grandparents of two wonderful grandchildren, a boy and a girl. Our son has married a non-Jewish girl. We have brought the children and grandchildren back to Mannheim to show them our roots, as my husband Harry (Hans) Froehlich (see also) is also from Mannheim. Our daughter is a linguist, understands and speaks a little German, and my son has also inherited the aptitude for foreign languages from his father, and can make himself understood.

Carl E. Gutman (Karl Erich Gutmann) - New York, New York

I saw the light of the world July 1, 1922, at the Wochnerinnenasyll (name of hospital) in Mannheim, where my father, Dr. Selmar Gutmann, a gynecologist, practiced. My mother's name was Lili nee Levi. We lived in an apartment in C1, 4, and later in a house in L5, 3. I attended Kaiser Friedrich Gymnasium, which I left at the end of 1936 to come to New York with my family, father, mother and sister Brigitte. My mother was born in Mannheim. Her mother came from Nuernberg when she married my grandfather. At the time he was in Mannheim as an apprentice and later started his own business there.

What do I remember of Mannheim? I think everything that I experienced may be colored or distorted through time. Only lately have I tried to recall many of the incidents--good and bad--that happened there. When I was still in Volksschule, circa 1929, my class was on an outing. As we were walking, a classmate pushed me so that I fell into a fence, knocking the breath out of me. When I asked why he did it, he said: "Weil alle Judde shtinke!" ("Because all Jews stink!"). It was my introduction to anti-Semitism, and my parents could not give me an adequate explanation of the phenomenon. In 1933, while I was attending Gymnasium, the advice, possibly circulated by the Gemeinde (Jewish community) was that we, the Jewish students in the schools, would participate in school assemblies held with Nazi themes like Schlageter Tag, other Gedaechtnisfeier (memorial services) and celebrations. We would raise our hands in salute, but would not sing. I did not do so, and received Klassenhiebe (beating by all of my classmates). It was at that time that the Jews of Mannheim suddenly remembered their heritage. Partly for legal reasons, and partly to prove that they were not Ostjuden (East European Jews), God forbid! Ancestor tracing and making Stammbaum (Family Tree) became a popular sport.

On April 1, 1933, a boycott of all things Jewish took place. A yellow dot was placed on my father's MD sign outside the house. During the day, some Hitler Youths cut up the sign with their knives. My father confronted them and they ran away. A few days later, SS men came and conducted a Haussuchung (house search). They found nothing, in fact they missed an

old shotgun that my father kept in the basement, as well as a copy of "Das Kapital" (name of book that was banned) in the library. I think that episode gave the final impetus to my father's decision to leave. He, as well as my uncle Hans Goetzel, had a conversation that I remember at my grandfather's 80th birthday, March 6, 1933, the day after Hitler's election. My father said, "Ich sehe sehr schwarz" ("I see everything very bleak"). My uncle Emil, my father's brother, did not believe that the new regime would last. He remained in Coburg, his and my father's birthplace, until he was bodily thrown out with nothing but a pack on his back in 1940. Eventually he landed in the United States, by way of Cuba, and made a new life for himself in Los Angeles.

At 14, I was undecided about my stand on Jewish orientation, but at different times belonged to Habonim (Zionist youth group) and Bund C.V., but for sport I belonged to R.J.F. (Jewish War Veterans). A classmate was thrown out of Gymnasium because, as a Jew, he sassed an anti-Semitic teacher. My Jewish classmates were Heinz Hoexter, with whom I am still in touch, Heinz Kuhn, Hans Reis, Beate Hirschler, Peter Gernsheimer, and Harry Hirshhorn. My friend and classmate Julius Fesenbecker later became mayor of Mannheim. I was instructed for my Bar Mitzvah by Samuel Liebermensch; my Rabbi of course was Dr. Gruenewald. Dr. Dr. Reis (individuals with two doctoral degrees were addressed in this fashion) tried to teach me English.

My father came to this country on an exploratory visit in 1936. The trip was delayed by a few months, because, he had a bicycle accident and broke his patella. Anyway, the relatives here in the U.S. urged him to stay, but he came back to settle matters. He went back to New York in September of 1936. My mother, sister, and I followed in February of 1936, after the house was sold and incidentally, my dog was poisoned by some Nazis. We had to leave my grandfather, Sigmund Levi, behind; he was 82 at the time. Later he died in Camp Gurs, despite our efforts to bring him to New York after we were settled. I cannot remember who, if any, of the Germans -- classmates, storekeepers, or others -- said goodbye or expressed anything at our leaving, except perhaps our former maid and Putzfrau (cleaning lady). Heinrich Strauss, a lawyer who lived in Ludwigshafen, saw us off at the Bahnhof (railroad station). He later perished with his wife and aged mother. We sailed from Hamburg on the SS Manhattan, and were assigned to a cabin. When we reached it, the door appeared to be locked. When the steward appeared, my mother, with her high school English, said: "Have you the kay?" (key). The steward (apparently German) answered "Da steckt er ja im Schlüsselloch" (the key is in the key hole).

In the beginning, the relatives (Affidavit givers) were very nice to us. Later, the relationships deteriorated, as we felt too much interference. I started out in the hotel field after high school, but was soon drafted. I trained with the ski troops in Colorado, left them temporarily to train dogs in Virginia, returned, went to ASTP (type of military school) in Utah, until that broke up. I was sent to Texas with an armored division, went to Germany with them and won the war. After the war I went to college and became an accountant. Following a public accounting experience, I became a controller in the non-profit field, and still do some consulting to organizations, though officially retired.

I married Renee Deutsch, a girl born in the Bronx, and we have lived

happily with her all these years. We have no children. My father, who practiced medicine in New York, died in 1960. My mother died in 1977. My sister Brigitte, two years younger than I, is married to a psychiatrist in New York and has three daughters.

Thea Therese Zwern (Kahn) - Elmhurst, New York

I entered the world on February 16, 1922, at the Luisenheim (hospital) in Mannheim as the daughter of Julius and Zidonia Kahn nee Bierig. My father was born and raised in Nieder-Florstadt, Kreis Friedberg, Hessen; my mother was born in Flehingen Baden near Bretten. My grandparents on both sides were Orthodox. At home, my brother, Helmut Jonas Kahn, who was eight years older, awaited me. First we lived at Kepplerstrasse 25, not far from the Hauptbahnhof (main train station), later on Schanzenstrasse 9, just off the Luisenring. In December 1926, I sat next to my aunt at my brother's Bar Mitzvah in the Hauptsynagogue in Mannheim wearing a velvet dress. At the dinner at home, I was told, I tried to finish off the wine in all the glasses. I spent many summer vacations in Nieder-Florstadt and once in Flehingen, both small villages.

My first recollection of Hebrew school is from age six. A very fine and gentle Hebrew school teacher by the name of Miss Traub taught us the Alef, Beth (first two letters in the Hebrew alphabet) at the Pestalozzie school in Mannheim. I had eight years of Hebrew school. To synagogue I went with my father where I enjoyed the service, the choir, and my friends from early childhood on. At age eleven Hitler came to Power and with it life in school and in general changed. No more French and English lessons in Sprachklasse (language class) which I attended. I graduated eighth grade from K5,2 school, 1936 in Mannheim. After that, I went to the Jewish Fortbildungsschule (school for continued education) but did not learn much. Some of the families we knew were the Hermanns, Heinrich Lanzstrasse and on the same street, the Rosenfelds, related on my mother's side. They had twin boys and a girl. There was also Lauchheimer family.

On Kristallnacht 1938 my father was sent to Dachau where he remained for nine weeks and came back with frozen fingers. My brother was spared. He picked me up at my place of work on that day, 10 November 1938. Later, 1940 (by direction from the authorities) we were cramped with other Jewish people into an apartment in D7, 12. Erev Succoth (harvest festival) 1940 my parents and I were deported to Camp De Gurs in France. In June 1941 we were again shipped to Camp Rivesaltes where my father died on December 29th, 1941. In spring 1942, many young people were liberated from the camp, thanks to decent French people who knew what was in store for us. After the young ones were taken out of the Camp (rescued), all the others were deported to death camps. I went with my girl friend Ruth Haas to the Jewish Scout Center Eclereur Israelite De France in Moissac. Moissac is located on two rivers, the Tarne and Garonne. We went to summer camp and from there could no longer return to Moissac on account of the German occupation. From then on, until a guide brought us over the border during the night into Switzerland on December 24, 1942 we were hidden all over, in the forests, mountains, an apartment and in a convent in Beziers, France.

I lived as a refuge in Switzerland, Police No. 7505, until I left for the United States in May 1947. In Switzerland I was able to take a social and pedagogish (teaching) course. With me in Switzerland was my girl friend Ruth Haas, also Kurt Heilbronner and his brother. I believe both went to Palestine. My mother did not have the privilege to survive the Holocaust. My brother was killed in Jugoslavia by the German Wehrmacht in 1942 on his way to Palestine.

On June 2nd, 1947 I arrived in New York on board the Marine Flasher. I was married on December 25th, 1949 to Elias Zwern, also a concentration camp survivor, at Congregation Habonim in Chicago, Illinois. Rabbi Bernard Wechsberg officiated. My husband was born in Antwerp Belgium. His parents moved to Frankfurt am Main. He is a product of the Breuer Synagogue and of the Samson Rafael Hirsch Realschule (name of school). Our son Micah Jeremiah was born on May 18, 1954, a great joy in our lives. Another joy was his Bar Mitzvah on June 3, 1967, at the Rego Park Jewish Center in Rego Park, New York. He is not yet married and lives in California. My husband Elias is now retired from his profession as a tool designer. I worked as an assistant to a medical doctor. At present I am still working helping with secretarial work for my former boss and his wife.

Finally, I would like to mention my childhood and teenage friends from Mannheim. Ruth Hess nee Haas, with whom I have shared sorrow and joy for the past 50 years. She moved with her parents to Mannheim from Ruellsheim two years prior to the deportation. They lived at Kirchenstrasse. I met Ruth during a sewing course at Mrs. Geismar who was our teacher. There were also Ruth Knox nee Liebermensch (see also), Ruth Nessenbaum nee Oppenheimer, and Ruth Saffro nee Neuman. We are all alive today - in contact with each other - and live in the United States.

Kate Feibelman Hecht (Strauss) - Baltimore Maryland

My personal sketch and my memories are somewhat of a mixed bundle! I was born September 13, 1908 in Mannheim, and my brother, Alfred, October 2, 1921. There were no children in between. We grew up and lived there till we emigrated, too late, in 1939! Our parents were Emil and Frieda Strauss. My youth in Mannheim was a very happy one. I remember going to Kindergarten there, which was then located in the building of the Klaus Synagogue and one of the two teachers was Miss Gruenebaum. I attended Elisabeth School for ten years, and one year a class called "Selecta" in the Liselotte School. Although I have forgotten most of my teacher's names, I do remember Miss Holzer, Mr. Steinecker, Dr. Oppenheimer, and Mr. Billigheimer. I lost my lift (a household overseas shipping container) containing all my photographs and memorabilia. We went to dancing lessons with Mr. Gut. Our cultural life was a very satisfactory one. I loved the theater and concerts, and with the wonderful National Theater and Rosengarten, we had all we could wish for. And not to forget the interesting lectures in the Kunst Halle. How nice were the balls from the Liederkrantz and the Fest for kleine und grosse Leute (Festival for young and old people).

I was married to Leon Feibelman from Ruelzheim, who came into my father's business located in G5, 4, which was retail and wholesale Leder

Schuhmacherartikel (leather and shoemaker supplies) and was known under the name Gottfreid Bauer. We had to sell it in 1938, after being expelled from the Badische Lederhaendler Verband (Leather dealer association of Baden). My husband and I lived at E7, 24. My father died in Mannheim in 1934. Leon was taken to Camp Dachau on 10 November 1938 where he was held for six weeks. On that date, Kristallnacht, no damage was done to our apartment, thanks to someone from the Partei (Nazi party), but I never learned who it was.

My mother was deported to Camp Gurs, France in spite of a severe stroke. From Gurs she was shipped to many more camps in France, including Recedebou and St. Rambert. Thank God she survived, and as best as I could determine, she was taken to a home for the aged in St. Antoine/sur Nice, where she was well taken care of. She died in that old age home in 1954.

We had a son, Ernest, born in Mannheim in December 30, 1934. He and his family live here in Baltimore. My brother and his family live also here. We left Mannheim in September 1939 to go illegally to Belgium. We had help from Belgians who gave us their passports. Once we got there we were trapped. My husband was interned there and ended up in Camp Gurs, France. I tried to get to Marseilles with my son, still in the hope to get out, but our registration number was too high. My husband came from Gurs to Camp Le Milles and from there to Camp Aubagne, from where he was deported via Drancy to Auschwitz, where he was killed. The Nazis searched for my son and me. Therefore we had to go underground on a farm near Marseilles till I had forged papers to try to escape again illegally to Switzerland. We arrived in August 1942 in Switzerland. My son and I crossed borders five times illegally, were caught twice, first by the Gestapo near Aachen, and then in France crossing the Maginot line.

In Switzerland I was interned in different camps, first near Geneva in a so-called Auffangslager (consolidation camp), then in the town Bueren on the Aare River, from there to Adliswil near Zurich and from there till 1945 in Montana/Wallis. From there I was released into the custody of the Neuburber's in St. Gallen. David and Selma Neuburger, with whom my son had lived while I was interned were the most wonderful people. In August 1946 we came to the U.S.A. Mrs. Neuburger and one of her sons came from Switzerland to America especially to attend my son Ernest's Bar Mitzvah. I remarried in 1953 to Edmond Hecht, born in Belgium. His parents had originally come from Frankfurt, Germany, and went back to Frankfurt after World War I. Edmond died in 1985.

I had many friends in Mannheim. Among them were Margot Wartensleben, Lotte Schwartzschild, and Helen and Lillie Ottenheimer. My brother Alfred emigrated to England in 1939 where he went to school in Leeds. From there he was taken to the Isle of Man and hence to Australia to an internment camp. He came back after the war, after he worked for the American Army as a civilian as a uniformed interrogator since he spoke perfect English, French, and, naturally, German. He finally arrived in the United States in 1948. I could write a book about what happened to us between 1939 and 1946! But this is enough!

Lore Wallach (Jakob) - Pepper Pike, Ohio

We were known in Mannheim as "Das Drei Maedel Haus" ("The House of Three Girls" -- the title of a German play). Our names were Friedel, Lore and Hilde Jakob, the daughters of Arthur and Martha. Friedel was born 1922, I in 1923, and Hilde in 1927. Our life on Rheinwillenstrasse 8 was that of a happy middle class family. We took vacations in Mecklenburg where we visited our grandparents. I remember well the outings to the ocean in der Kutsche (horse drawn carriage). The horse seemed to know the way all by itself, and very often we were allowed to sit in the Kutscher's (driver's) seat. Then, in 1933 Hitler came to power, and my father, who at that time worked for a company in the Netherlands, decided to leave Germany. We settled in Nice in Southern France, where he bought a feed store business, having been in this business before on the wholesale level.

Nice was a beautiful place to grow up, we learned French very quickly, went to school and again had a good life until France was occupied by the Germans. Living near the French/Italian border, all Germans had to leave, and my father was interned in a camp near Marseilles. Friedel, my older sister, was 18 years old and had to go to Camp Gurs. My mother decided that she did not want to be separated from her. So we all went to Gurs voluntarily. This could have had a disastrous outcome, but luckily for us, when the Germans took over the camp (from the French), we were allowed to leave because we had a French residence. Home we went where our father joined us too. Unfortunately, he became ill, and died of a tumor of the brain shortly after our return.

Then came the adventure of our immigration to the USA. Aunt Lena (from America) sent us an affidavit, and in August 1941 we were to leave from Cadiz, Spain on a ship to New York. Arriving in Madrid we learned that the ship was not in service any more. Since we were not allowed to take any money out of France, we were penniless and had to find transportation away from the Continent. After much ado, Aunt Lena cabled us the money for passage on a ship leaving from Portugal. We got here just before the start of the war. After spending a few weeks in and around New York my mother moved with us to Cleveland, Ohio. This was the time when jobs were not too hard to find. Friedel was a good seamstress and found work in a department store. My mother was trained as a baby nurse and found work at Bellefaire, a Jewish orphan home. Hilde stayed in Newark, New Jersey. I had business experience, and eventually worked in the retail field as a store manager.

Every family has its share of sickness and deaths, and so it was in our family -- prematurely. My mother passed away many years ago, and so did my older sister Friedel in 1968. She had been married. My younger sister Hilde, unmarried, lives in New York but is completely crippled by muscular dystrophy. Our daughter, Miriam Boyce, lives in New York with her husband Steve, and after a number of years presented us this year with a grandson, Michael. Too bad that Ernest, my husband, cannot enjoy him, since he is in a nursing home; he has Alzheimer disease. Ernest is from Hanover. Kenney, my son, lives in Indianapolis, and has a good position as an MBA; he is 37 years old and not married.

In 1980, Ernest and I were guest of the city of Hanover. At that time we also visited Mannheim, where my nursemaid still lived. I live in a suburb of Cleveland, and am now retired from my job as a dental ceramist. I have a large garden, and I wonder how I ever had time to work. I am looking forward to do some travelling, and also enjoy the many cultural activities that Celveland has to offer.

Luise Metzger (Stiefel) - Ramat-Gan, Israel

In thoughts I am with you to reminisce about our youth in Mannheim. Most of you raised in Mannheim were students of my father Hauptlehrer (teacher) Karl Stiefel, either taking religious lessons in public school or in his private classes at our home, where my mother Frieda Stiefel also taught. Therefore, I want to tell you a little about my parents. I brought out the notebooks which my father brought along when he immigrated to Palestine in 1939 and I protected ever since. The first notebook was prepared beginning January 1, 1911. During all the following years, to the last class in 1932, all names of the students were recorded. I came across so many familiar names, faces and their fate, that memories become alive again.

During these teachings (by my father), we were exposed to the concept of Jewish religion, the Jewish holidays and family traditions. There were also Hebrew language classes, so the prayers could be followed in synagogues. But of course, basic education such as mathematics, physics, chemistry, etc. were also cultivated. Field trips were taken to Worms, to the nearby Neckar Valley, Heidelberg and Schwetzingen. History was studied as well as Flora and Fauna in its natural habitat. The character which was nourished throughout those years is still alive in us. In addition of being a teacher, my father was also active on the board of directors of the Jewish community and took over the leadership during the tough years of 1938-39.

In this leadership position, my father was personally in danger and he endeavored to immigrate to Palestine. With the help of a good friend professor Dr. Moses, my parents were able to obtain the certificate to immigrate for Palestine in 1939, right before world War II broke out. It was a certificate which I and my family had been yearning for. Soon my parents were happily surrounded by dear friends, Dr. Moses, Mia Neter, Dr. Eugen Neter, Sery Lewinsky and others, until my parents passed away in 1946 and 1947. They still saw the end of World War II, but unfortunately did not witness the birth of the State of Israel. To tell you about myself, Luise Metzger nee Stiefel, let me say that we were three siblings, myself, Ernst (see also) and Rudi. We were brought up under the strong influence of our parents and experienced the shortages of World War I. Later on came the prosperous golden years of the 20's until Dr. Max Gruenewald (see also) arrived to take the position of Youth Rabbi for our community and brought all young and old under his spell. When Rabbi Gruenewald presented his sermons there was not an empty seat in the synagogue and that had never happened before. He organized a Jugend Gemeinde (youth congregation) with various working committees and organizations, all sorts of sport activities, joint excursions and he introduced all of us to Zionism. Dr. Gruenewald intensified and strengthened the activities of the youth groups "Blau Weiss", "Kameraden" and "Werkleute" with their Heim Abenden (evening meetings) excursions and hikes. My younger brother Rudi belonged to those youth groups.

In 1940, my beloved brother Rudi arrived from Israel, only to be drafted in the U.S. Army shortly afterwards. Rudi was in the expeditionary force landing on the shores of Nagasaki, Japan in 1945. After his return to New York he worked as an engineer with Bell and later, as an independent computer consultant, he recognized the importance of computers. He registered several important patents, among others a computerized voting

system, for which he received a thank you letter from President Truman. For years he was the Chairman of the New York chapter of IEEE, the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, accompanying its delegation to Russia and China already in the seventies. Above all, Rudi's dedication to charitable causes, such as the Hudson Guild, was outstanding. He met every year with his former Mannheimers "Kameraden", (buddies) especially with his friend Erich Boehm. They went on skiing trips all their lives, until February 1989, when during a skiing trip in Utah, Rudi had a heart attack and Erich summoned the ski rescue team who transferred him to the hospital. Erich took care of him bis zum letzten Atemzug (until he took his last breath). He died, age 70, with his boots on (Stiefel).

After the establishment of the Jugend Gemeinde, (youth organization) the young generation had a generally good social life, meeting with their different youth clubs, dancing lessons, swimming at "Herweck", until Hitler came to power and the great worries and immigration problems began. Even then, the feeling of Jewish comradeship gave us moral support. I received higher education in the Staedische Soziale Frauen und Wohlfahrtschule (a special school for social studies) and after 4 years passed my state exam as a social worker, with specialization in teaching. After that, I worked in the Jewish youth office, under the leadership of Mia Neter and Dr. Hedwig Strauss Eppstein. They both became my closest friends in later life.

Before the Nazi regime came to power the Jewish community of Mannheim had organized their own cultural activities. There was the Liederkranz under the leadership of Max Sinzheimer, the Sprechchoir (a speaking chorus) under the direction of Dr. Paul Eppstein, and the festival for big and little people, conducted once a year at the Rosengarten (a multi-purpose building for cultural activities) under the direction of Mrs. Juedel. Then there were cultural institutions provided by the City of Mannheim. Examples are the Volkshochschule (public high school) under the supervision of Dr. Paul Eppstein as well as the journal "Mannheim, die Lebendige Stadt" (Mannheim the lively city) with it's editor also Dr. Eppstein. Other activities were offered by the Freie Bund with it's lectures on art by Dr. Hartlaub at the Kunsthalle (art institute); regular performances at the planetarium; extraordinary theater and opera performances at the National Theater; and of course the symphony orchestra. I remember still today when the ten year old miracle child Yehudi Menuhin performed, and on some other occasion the singer Chaliapin, as well as the Russian dancer Anna Pavlova in her beautiful "dying swan" routine. These are all unforgettable happenings.

In 1934 I married Richard Metzger, also from Mannheim, and moved to Berlin. Since my husband was a Zionist for many years, we immigrated to Palestine in 1936 and later maintained a happy home together with my parents. We have two children, Eli who is a professor of mathematics in Chicago where he is known as Eli Maor and lives with his Israeli wife Dalia, who is a hydraulic engineer. They have two sons: Dror who is a Yeshiva (school for Talmudic studies) student and Eyal, a student in graphic arts. Our daughter Shulamit is married to Uri Nathansohn, an interior architect. They also have two sons, Tal and Regev, both attending a technical school to specialize in electronics. Unfortunately my husband passed away several years ago. Therefore, I am very happy to have my

family live close by and we all get along well together. I acquired a hobby. I paint flowers, because working with nature gives me lots of joy. Also I make other people happy with flower paintings. I wish everybody a very stimulating and happy future.

Lotte Marshall (Isaak) - New York, New York

The title of this book should really read "Reflections of Our Youth". It is almost 50 years now that four policemen rang our door bell in Mannheim and told us: "Get ready immediately because you will leave your home forever!" There were no arguments, it was a command and we had to follow orders. The 23 months prior to this day -- the time between Kristallnacht (November 9/10, 1938) and our deportation -- were precarious ones for those of us still in Mannheim. There was the Nazi decree that we could not stay in our apartment. Only one room for two people was allowed. There was the decree you could only shop for food between the hours of 12 noon and 2 P.M., and there were the many big and small fears threatening our lives day and night. I suppose this is what brought a group of us closer together. We would meet at the offices of the Gemeindehaus (Jewish community building). It became our home for hours daily, exchanging rumors of what might happen to us, and trying to be of comfort to each other. Those weeks and months before our deportation will forever remain with me. Friendships were formed, our futures, if any, discussed; we became a family. And so it was, that I picked up the rumor that we would be sent away. This nightmare happened on October 22, 1940.

But there was life before the Holocaust. Many have fond memories of their childhood years, others don't. The majority had built up successful lives in businesses or in various professions. Theirs was a good and comfortable life. And they believed they could not change. After all, we Jews have done so much for Germany. We served in the war, received decorations, had assimilated our social and business lives, became famous and prominent as doctors, lawyers, bankers, artists etc., in so many more different ways. How could Hitler destroy generations of Jews who had become an integral part of Germany? Well, he could, and he did!

I was almost 14 years old when Hitler became Reichskanzler in January of 1933. My brother Herbert had his Bar Mitzvah on April 1, 1933 - the proclaimed Boycott Saturday (of Jewish stores and businesses). Synagogue services started at 7 A.M. We lived in Feudenheim at that time, a suburb of Mannheim, and I remember so well Dr. Gruenewald (see also) paying us a visit in spite of the actions against the Jews on that very day. His commitment and devotion to his congregation, his care and concern for his Gemeinde (community) are legend.

My parents were Emil and Therese Isaak. I was born in 1919 and Herbert, my brother, in 1920. My father had died in 1929, leaving my mother with two young children. Ours was not a very comfortable life. I started working as a Lehrmaedchen (apprentice) at 14 years of age, changing jobs frequently, every time a company was taken over by the Nazis. My various jobs have prepared me well for life. Looking back today I realize that the difficult and hard times turned out to be a solid foundation for me.

I met my future husband Walter in Marseilles where I was interned together with my mother. We had come from Camp de Gurs and Walter had just returned from the French Foreign Legion in Africa, having volunteered to serve when the Nazis came to Paris. Walter and his family also were from Mannheim, although we did not know each other in Mannheim. His father was Dr. Paul Cohn, an eye specialist. His grandmother Marshall was in charge of the Naehzirkel (Sewing Circle). We were married in 1942 after he arrived in the U.S. from Lisbon, Portugal. I had arrived in the U.S. five days before Pearl Harbor in 1941. We have a daughter Madelaine and two granddaughters, 19 and 16½ years old. For the last, almost 46 years, I have been working for Congregation Habonim, New York City. I started out as the secretary to founder Rabbi Hugo Hahn, and have served for many years as the Executive Director. For some time now Walter has been very ill and our lives have changed overnight. Madelaine and her husband are doing so much for Walter and me, I don't know what I would do without them.

While I do remember my life in Mannheim well and still speak German fluently, I care not to dwell on it and just treat it as a faint memory. However, I always look forward to share some of our life's experience with old friends after so many years. And so be it!

Rosel Goldbaum (Zatzkis) - Los Angeles, California

Years have passed. I am a mother and grandmother now. But the memory of the Nazi terror is always there. Many incidents are indelibly in my mind. One day stands out, the day my brother Henry and I departed from Mannheim, from Germany. Only now do I begin to understand the sorrow my parents must have felt as we prepared to leave. They had experienced so much grief in their lives: Pogroms in Russia; a new beginning in Germany; the first World War in a camp for enemy aliens; and now, once more searching for a new home for themselves and for what was left of the family. One son had gone to Brazil, two to Israel, and, after our leaving, only my sister would be with them. And what would become of them? Prior to all that I attended the Volksschule (public school) located at U2. By the end of my fourth year, I switched to Elisabethschule. Later, I was forced to leave that school because I was a Jew. From first grade on I also attended the Klausschule twice a week for religious instruction. Of my teachers I remember Dr. Lauer, Professor Darmstaedter, Samuel Liebermensch, Rabbi Geiss, Rabbi Una, Rabbi Ucko, Luise Oppenheimer, Dr. Oppenheim, and Rabbi Gruenewald (see also).

My parents were born in Russia/Ukraine and came from a small town with their three children, Herrman, Max, and Dora to Mannheim just prior to the outbreak of World War I. My mother's maiden name was Lifsha Eber. Josef, Henry and I were born in Germany. As soon as the war broke out, my parents and their children born in Russia became enemy aliens and spent the war years in a detention camp. But by the end of the war they received permission to remain in Germany. They settled in Mannheim, where I made my appearance, and lived in Ul, 9. In 1933 my oldest brother Herrman left with his wife and baby daughter for Israel. Max left for Brazil in 1939. Josef went to Israel shortly before the Kristallnacht, Henry and I left

in 1939. My sister and parents were fortunate enough, their visas came through at the very last moment, and thereby escaped the transportation to Gurs. By the way, my father's youngest brother, Isidor, and wife Rosa, were transported to Gurs, France, and from there to Poland, never to be heard from again.

Our final day in Germany had come. My mother was helping my brother Henry and me with a heavy heart, tears in her eyes, she found words to comfort us, even finding a farewell present for each of us. A few months before, all of us had experienced the full terror of the Kristallnacht. Through a miracle, Henry had escaped arrest, but not the ever-watchful eye of those in power. A few days later, he received a postcard from Gestapo headquarters "inviting" him for an interview. There he was told he had a choice. Either he would leave Germany within three months, or a place would be found for him. They also ordered him to convey the same message to me. With this threat hanging over us, our desperate search for a safe haven became even more frantic. Through another miracle, we obtained visas for England. We made plans to get there by boat from Calais to Dover, but then France had closed its border to all Jewish refugees, even though our passport showed the permit to stay in England. The only other way available was via Hamburg, and then by German boat, and we took that route.

The day had come. Indescribably sad, and, at the same time, excited about the impending trip. It was 1939 and I was 19 years old. We left the house late in the evening, a time when Jews felt especially threatened outdoors. We were ready to board the train for Hamburg. One more embrace, one more kiss, one more tear. Would we ever see each other again? Inside the train, we put our luggage away and turned to the window to wave a final good bye. But two heavy set Germans blocked our way, one saying to the other: "Des sin Judde, mach Dich nur breit, damit die net ans Fenschter Koenne" (Those are Jews, spread yourself out that they can't come to the window!). Slowly, the train moved out.

In the morning we arrived in Hamburg, tired and hungry, hoping to find a place to eat, fully aware that Jews were not permitted in most places. But Hamburg was filled with international tourists, where nobody knew us, so maybe we could remain undiscovered. We stepped into a pleasant looking restaurant, sat down and waited, and waited. An hour later, a waiter appeared, pointing to a sign hidden behind a potted palm reading: "Juden verboten" ("Jews prohibited") and adding: "Wir bedienen keine Juden" ("We do not serve Jews"). We left. Somehow we found our way to the Jewish refugee center, where we were fortunate to spend the night. The following day, a boat took us to England.

A year later we were reunited with my parents and sister in New York. The beginning in New York was very difficult. I first worked in shops as an operator on dresses, went to night school to finish my education, and landed a job at Bloomingdale's as a decorator. After I married Henry Goldbaum and had our first child, I resigned from my job. Eventually we had an opportunity to move to California, which we gladly accepted. My husband was a Certified Public Accountant, now retired. Ruth Zatzkis nee Daube (see also) is married to my cousin, Henry Zatzkis (see also), both from Mannheim. We have two daughters, Lea and Danielle. Lea lives in Los Angeles and does television research and development. Danielle lives in San Diego; she is a doctor, married to Murray Reicher, also a doctor. They have a little boy by the name of Joshua.

Milli Frank (Malli Hess) & Walter Frank (Werner)

Jackson Height, New York

I was born in Frankfurt/Main 1908. My parents were Samuel Hess, known by everyone by the name of Simon, born at Schluechtern, Hessen, and my mother, Pauline nee Hanf, born at Gruenstadt, Palatine. My mother passed away when I was three years old, March 1911. Afterwards, my aunt and uncle Hugo and Alwine Klein took me into their home, Augusta Anlage 20, in Mannheim. I called her Mutti (nickname for mother). They had no children. I went to Elisabeth School, from where I remember teachers Dr. Dora Ulm and Miss Abel. After my uncle passed away March 1923 I worked with my aunt in her store "Alwin Hanf" at Bl, 5 - Breite Strasse (name of street). We had a specialty shop in the finest ladies fashion and had exclusive clientele. We travelled twice a year to Paris to buy, and imported the latest fashions from 1926 to 1932. My friends had been Marie Hirsch, now Dr. Marie Berg, living in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Her husband, Dr. Kurt Berg, also was a friend. Other friends were Marianne Heidelberger and Hilde Kaufmann. Hilde's sister and parents emigrated to Holland. They all died after deportation to extermination camps.

I met my future husband, Werner Frank, now Walter Frank, at a Liederkranz social affair. We were married in 1935. He was born in Mannheim March 1910 and his parents were Max and Paula Frank, nee Weil. Walter and his family lived at Luisenring 6. His mother was born at Hochstadt, Palatine. Walter went to Oberrealschule, Mannheim and both of us went regularly to the Hauptsynagogue (main synagogue). Walter had his religious instruction by Rabbi Dr. Max Gruenewald, who also lived across the street from him. We were married by Rabbi Ucko. My husband worked in his father's business in Mannheim.

In February 1937 we left Mannheim via Paris to Cherbourg, and then with the liner Aquitania, to the United States of America. We have no children. At our departure from Mannheim, Ludwig Kahn, my husband's best friend, went with us to the railroad station at Ludwigshafen, across the Rhine from Mannheim. Ludwig was also best man at our wedding, as Walter was best man at Ludwig's wedding to Liselotte. In February 1938, when Ludwig Kahn arrived in Hoboken, New Jersey by ship of the Arnold Bernstein Line, my husband Walter was there to greet him. Another good friend of Walter was Ludwig Fischel. After arriving here I worked as a milliner. Afterwards I was employed at a publishing house. Subsequently I had been working for a prominent department store and retired three years ago.

My father died May 1941. He and my mother are buried in Frankfurt. My aunt, Alwine Klein, was deported to Camp Gurs, France, 1940. She died at Cornil, France October 8, 1944 under sad circumstances. I know because I visited there in 1960. She was 80 years old. Walter's parents and grandmother, age 80 were deported and died in the Holocaust in 1942.

Marga Hauptman (Furcheimer) - Bethesda, Maryland

I am the second and youngest daughter of Benno and Karoline (Line) Furchheimer of Mannheim-Neckarau, and was born on May 8th, 1925. My father was raised in Kuenzelsau, where his brother was in business until his death in 1933. My big sister Inge Angst (see also) being all of 17 months older than I, has largely described our early years in Neckarau. Since our parents business, the "Kaufhaus Benno Furchheimer", was next door to our own home in Neckarau at the Marktplatz (market square), we got an early introduction into commerce. However, it was more than once that we were thrown out of the store because we interrupted the normal functions of business.

I more or less followed in my sister's footsteps as long as we were in Germany. Being only one school year apart, my experiences were somewhat different than hers. When I was accepted at the Hans Thoma Schule (name of school) in Mannheim, the principal of the school was so pleased with my sister's scholastic performance that he asked our father if he had any more girls at home to enroll in his school. And only 3½ years later, on the 10th of November, I was thrown out of that same school! Papa, along with all the other men, was taken to Dachau concentration camp, and did not return home until the beginning of December. The years in the Hans Thoma Schule were made a little easier for me by my home room teacher, Professor Schwartzman. He was a former Swiss who did not go along with the Nazi doctrine and therefore kept the anti-Semitism in my class to a minimum. He even dared to give me a sort of character reference in my report card which was strictly forbidden in 1938. At a class party in my second year at the school he asked me to dance with him. I was all of 11 years old. Since the Nuernberg Gesetze (laws) had just been put in force I answered him: -- "but Herr Professor, das waer doch Rassenschande!" (disgrace of the German race). I had no idea what Rassenschande truly meant, - I only knew that I should not fraternize with the non-Jewish opposite sex no matter what age!

My first bad impression of Hitlers existence was the boycott in 1933, when our parents rolled up the "Iron Curtain" (steel shutters) in front of our show windows for the first time in many years. At that same time our Uncle David committed suicide in Kuenzelsau. The fact that he shot himself after he was beaten up by the Nazis, and I saw the bloodstains on the carpet, left an everlasting impression on my mind.

I attended Religionsunterricht (religion classes) in der Louisenschule with Lehrer (teacher) Marx and Hedwig Traub and later in the Klaus Synagogue with Lehrer Liebermensch. There were a few really fine students in our class that made life very miserable for some teachers. I remember an incident when one of the pupils made the teacher so mad that he chased the kid around the room with an umbrella! After the 10th of November 1938, I had to attend 8th grade at the Jewish School in Lehrer Bergman's class. I was a terrible student then, since my earlier curriculum was totally different from that of the Jewish School. That is also where I met Ria Stumpf-Kessler who is still a good friend today.

We were still in Mannheim when the deportation to Camp Gurs took place. As my sister wrote, our father was again taken to Dachau in 1941 where he was beaten to death. When we saw him laid out under a glass cover his face on the left side was totally discolored and when we received his belongings from Dachau we found that his eye glasses were broken on the

very same side. That trip to Dachau I shall never forget. Mama was then forced to sell the business for next to nothing, but after the war managed at least to obtain a German pension for the many years of work in the store, besides a widow's pension. All our former employees testified for her. They all really stuck with us until the day we left Mannheim. When my mother, my sister, and I were finally permitted to leave Germany in 1942, my sister and I felt very adventurous. But when we were temporarily stopped at the border and searched we thought that the Nazis would never let us go. We missed our train from Basel to Zuerich late at night. But the Swiss authorities had been alerted by a fellow traveler that we seemed to be in trouble and they somehow found us at the station, put us up at a hotel for the night and fed us dinner and breakfast the next morning.

I was lucky enough with the help of my mother to find an apprenticeship as office clerk in a factory for men's clothing. My boss, Mr. Hayum, paid me a slightly higher salary since I knew typing, shorthand and enough French to take French dictation. It was there in Zurich that I met my future husband Kurt Hauptman who was a refugee from Vienna. Kurt was of course staatenlos (without a legal nationality) and as such was not permitted to properly make a living in Switzerland. So as soon as the war was over he emigrated to Washington D.C., where his sister Rose lived and I followed a year later. We were married in Washington. We have two sons; Gregory 38 and Ronald 34. Greg has a lovely wife Joan and three children, Karen, Kurt and Leann.

Unfortunately, in 1983, my husband Kurt died of a heart attack while we were on a business trip in Florida. At the time we owned a jewelry and gift catalog house which I continued to run until our lease expired in 1986. I neglected to mention that my mother arrived from Switzerland in 1951 and lived with us until she died in her 90th year. It is thanks to her that my children speak German. My mother was quite a great gal! When all fell apart, it was thanks to her efforts that we got out alive in 1942. There would be a lot more to report. The war years in Germany; the running into the air raid shelter at night (also known as the "read" cellar); the bombings; and the constant fear of deportation. All of this left a certain fear with me throughout my life time. During the riots in Washington D.C., in the 1960's I was scared to death and the earlier horror dreams returned. At this point I am partially retired. I help my son Ronald in his dental practice on a part time basis, trying to keep his bookkeeping straight. I have not sold our home as yet but intend to do so in the near future. In the winter months I have been heading south for some weeks, thus escaping the cold weather up north.

In closing this short reflection upon my past, I feel that we truly had no childhood. We had to grow up in a hurry, and whenever we said Auf Wiedersehen to relatives and friends it seems it was good bye forever. But in spite of our bad experiences and great losses, we managed somehow to make a life for ourselves and most of us succeeded in the various countries we chose as our new homelands.

Jean Kaufmann (Grete Casewitz - Bridgewater, New Jersey)

My name is Gretel Kaufmann (Casewitz). I was born in Mannheim on January 11, 1922 and lived at M6, 16 until my departure for the United States in February 1939. I attended the Tattersall Schule for four years and then Luisenschule until 1938 when I was forced to leave that school. The Jewish community arranged for classes which I then attended till I left Germany. I also took lessons in ballet and gymnastics with Irmgard Mayer for many years as I wanted to be a gymnast.

My brother Hans Casewitz, left for the U.S. in 1938 and my sister Lotte was married in Antwerp, Belgium to Kurt Landauer, also from Mannheim. They lived in Mexico City for many years but are now residing in Los Angeles. I was only in New York about a week when I started to work as a governess for a family in Long Island. As soon as our furniture arrived I quit that job and lived with my parents and brother in Washington Heights. We took in boarders and I got a job in a factory knitting gloves for the Army and Navy.

I met Sigi Kaufmann at a party and we were married in December 1942. Nine months later he was drafted and went to Europe to fight. When he returned in 1946 we started a new life, had four great children, one son Michael and three daughters, Linda, Vickie and Phyllis. They are all married now with families of their own. I also have four grandchildren. Unfortunately my husband Sig died of cancer at the age of 55 in March 1976. His twin brother died of the same illness a few years later, very sad. I am now living alone at our Bridgewater, New Jersey home and work at Somerset Medical Center, a job I have been doing for almost 17 years. I am looking forward to the reunion and hope to see many of my good friends from Mannheim.

Marion Glasserow (Marion Hedwig Sonder) - Manhasset, New York

I was born in Mannheim on March 7, 1925 and lived first at Maerzel Strasse, next at Leibnitz Strasse 3 and last at Oberen Luisen Park 10. My name then was Marion Hedwig Sonder, but here I am also known as Marion Gladney. Just before summer vacation in 1938, the Juedische Schule held some kind of track and field event. I remember winning some races, but we left for Switzerland almost the next day and I never collected my medals. "We" means, luckily, my father, Alfred Sonder, my mother, Julie Sonder nee Gottschalk and my two brothers, Richard, two years older, and Gerhard, five year younger than me. We sat in Zurich for six months trying to get visas to America without having a sponsor for the five of us. It meant daily visits to the consulate.

1939 was a vintage year! It was crammed full of traumatic events. The start of the war; the opening of the New York World's Fair; learning English in about three months; going to the movies for a quarter; having our huge short-wave radio going day and night; dad looking to make a business connection. The FBI even investigated us because we seemed to have no visible means of support for the big family in the large apartment. However, we took in boarders and sold off some of the furniture. The number three (3) keeps cropping up in my personal history. I was born

in March. We arrived here in the States 3/3/39. We are three children and my husband, Norman, and I also have three adopted children. So far, we have three grandchildren. I lived at three addresses in Mannheim, and went to three schools there. I attended three schools in this country, Joan of Arc Junior High School, Walton High School and New York University. I have lived at only three addresses: Waldo Avenue in Riverdale Bronx; Tarrytown; and Manhasset. I have held three jobs over the years in advertising. Three of my books have been published by Doubleday & Company and Hearthside Press.

My memories of Mannheim are many. I walked from Oberen Luisenpark to Synagogue every Saturday morning, defiantly right past the SA guard (brown uniformed Nazis). We drove to Heidelberg every Sunday for a midday meal and a healthy hike in the woods, another memorable event. I rode my bicycle everywhere I needed to go, including school and raced down into the empty lots and up the other side. Why were those lots deeper than the streets? There were always two or three boys on bikes hanging around our fence. Do they remember this too? And what fun it was sitting on a secluded bench in the park with a girlfriend to read risqué novels we got from the lending library. Buying ice cream from the wagon and "Americaner" (sweet rolls about palm size with icing on the flat bottom, half vanilla and half chocolate), from the bakery. Walking on the River Neckar, winter 1929, when it was frozen solid, was fun. Visits to my father's and uncle Leopold Weill's "Rohrenlager" (metal pipe business) in Ludwigshafen was always eventful. Other memorable events were my first day at Pestalozzi Schule, carrying my Schultuete (custom of giving youngsters on their first school day a large, approximately 2' tall, cylindrical decorated container) full of candy.

I recall the teacher who secretly wore a brown shirt under his regular one. And there was the campaign at school for collecting Groschen (similar to a dime) from kids so we could buy shiny nails to hammer into a board on which the SS (Nazi Storm Trooper) insignia was to be covered all over with these studs. All my spending money went for this because I wanted my school to win. I remember studying Hebrew with a lady in the apartment upstairs from us at Leibnitz Strasse. And most of all I remember Fraulein Fuss and my dance and acrobatic lessons. I remember the maid servants we had to let go because they were not allowed to work for Jews. For some reason the chauffeur could stay. And the weekly "Eintopfsgericht" and the fear the Nazis would search through the trash to see if we cheated. (A requirement levied on the entire population to eat a meal consisting of food which could be cooked in one single pot.)

Before the lift (large wooden container) was finally packed, it was my duty to sew name tags and initials into all newly purchased linens and clothing, acquired for the Auswanderung (emigration). Thus the customs inspectors would be convinced nothing was for resale. The freight for the lift was paid for through to Seattle, but we never got there. Our first stop was the Broadmore Hotel on Broadway and 103rd Streets and then 845 West End Avenue. Those were the days when Americans moved every year in order to get a free paint job and landlords gave several months concessions (free rent). Shrimp cost 25¢ for two pounds, on special! My first English teacher let me do spelling tests with the dictionary which did not make me a great hit among my classmates. I didn't learn to spell anyway, but she did teach me grammar.

My friends, some of whom I still see and some I dated here in my teens, include: Otto Landmann, best boyfriend (see also) and his sister Lotte (see

also); Fritz Mayer, my date here, but my brother's friend there; Werner Retwitzer, the boy on the bike; Hanne "Bissy" Weill, my cousin and niece to Kurt Weill; Gretel Wolff, now still a good friend in Chicago; Lotte Altschueler; Lotte Becker; Alice Doiny (see also); Lore Dornbacher; and Marion Rothschild, my best girlfriend who corrupted me with sleazy novels. I think she went to Mexico. Once in America we refused to speak German with our parents in public and they talked little about what dreadful rumors they heard from over there. The kids in school knew less than nothing about world events. "You can't be Jewish if you are German", I was told.

I am married to Norman Glasserow, who was born in Brooklyn, but managed to overcome this. As a matter of fact, he was a radio announcer in Washington, D.C. and still has that voice which got to me on our first phone call. Our children are Jeff, married to Deborah with a four year old girl Coby. They live in Port Washington a few minutes from our house. Lisa is married to Eugene living in Roosevelt, Long Island. Laura and husband John are expecting their third child. They live in West Point, New York with their children Daniel, four years old and Christopher, two.

Nelly Lazarus (Reiss) - London, England

My name was Nelly Reiss, born November 2, 1901, Mannheim at C8, 10½. My parents lived in the front of the house in a six room flat. At the back of the house was my grandparents and parents' cigar factory. My father was the second husband of my mother, who married when she was 17 years old. Her first husband died after ten years of marriage. She was a widow for ten years. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, lived in Mannheim too. At 38 years of age she married her second husband, my father, Heinrich Reiss, also from Mannheim, and one year later I was born. I was a wonder child, because my mother was 39 years old and I was her first child, weighing nine pounds. I was her only child. My father died, unfortunately, ten year later, and my mother was a widow the second time. We lived then at Beethovenstrasse.

My earliest remembrance was when I was four years old. We went in summer to Herrenalb (a resort in the Black Forrest). We went to an open air cafe and I opened and closed the garden gate for everybody who wanted to come in or go out. People who came in said: "What a sweet girl."

I had to wait going to school, till I was seven years old, because the school year started on the first of October and I was not six years old yet. My friend Erna Goldschmidt nee Jesselsohn from Mannheim was only four weeks older, but could start school one year before me. I went to the Liselotte school. At that time we lived at Rosengartenstrasse 1, opposite the Rosengarten near the Wasserturm. I liked school very much and after the first four years I went to the Real-Abteilung, where I learned Latin as well as French and English. I made my Abitur (graduation) at age 17. First I studied in Heidelberg, taking psychology, but later I decided to earn money, and stopped studying.

I worked for four years at our cigar factory doing the typing and accounting and after two years I made the payroll for our 2000 employees.

We had an accountant for 25 years, who "stood" behind his desk all the time. I was now 21 years old and wanted to do something different. I had an uncle in Berlin, Dr. Rudolf Reiss, brother of my father, who had a chemical factory in Berlin. He asked me to work for him and I was pleased about it. For four weeks in Berlin they taught me what I could do in Mannheim for him. I had to offer doctors of medicine his 60 preparations, including Rheumasan and Lenicet, which he had invented, plus others. I visited most doctors in Mannheim and Ludwigshafen and gave them samples. He sold so much that he wanted to let me store supplies in Mannheim. Instead, I got engaged and was married a few months later December 1925 to Mr. Ludwig Lazarus. We spent our honeymoon on the French Riviera in Nice, Cannes and Monte Carlo. After a fortnight we both got the flu and had to stay in bed for a few days. My husband lived in Kassel where he and his uncle had a timber yard, the largest in central Germany, named Leo Lazarus. It was difficult in 1925 to get a flat, so we lived together with an old lady, Mrs. Gotthelft, who died a few months later; now the flat was ours. My husband was very hard working, because he wanted to relieve his uncle in business since he was not young any more. We went on holidays only once a year.

My mother visited us twice yearly and I visited my mother also twice yearly because we were the best friends one can imagine. After two years our son, Guenter Leo, was born. I thought he will become the owner of the timber yard later in life and he can call himself also Leo Lazarus. But "der Mensch denkt und Gott lenkt: ("man thinks and God acts"), it did not happen. Besides our flat in Kassel we had a lovely summer house on Wilhelmshoehe, with a very big garden, lots of fruit, vegetables even asparagus, and also had some chickens.

When Hitler came to power my son was six years old and could only go to a Jewish school, which was around the corner where we lived. When the uncle of my husband died and my mother died soon afterwards, we thought of emigrating to England. I had a cousin of my mother in London, Sir Robert Mayer, the founder of the children's concerts, who also came sixty years ago from Mannheim. He kindly gave us the affidavits. July 1939, after my husband sold his business, we emigrated to England. As the war started with Germany two months later, we had to wait here (England) till our number would be called and we could go to America, San Francisco. Since the brother of my husband lived there we had sent our two lifts there. We lived in London in the same boarding house as two of our friends from Kassel. Unfortunately my husband got very ill, so we decided to stay in England for good. My brother-in-law sent us 20 large parcels with our stuff to London like porcelain, knives, forks, spoons, bed linen, towels, etc.

The three of us had first one room in a boarding house, where we did our cooking as well. After one year we got two rooms in a nice house. My husband Ludwig worked in a big timber yard, but outdoors. Unfortunately, he came down with very bad arthritis and could not work any more. Twice a year he had to go to a hospital at Bath, later had a heart attack, and in 1953 he died. My son was 16 years old and worked in a clothing factory. I worked also, finishing dresses. We lived now at 249a West End Lane N.W.6, and my son went to work for himself. He designed and cut dresses and had them machined. I went to the Westend to manufacturers with all his designs and one or two sample dresses, to sell them. I was quite successful and sold a lot. My son started his own factory and I retired. I was 65 years of age. His factory was in Willesden Green next to other factories. One

e. evening our factory and four others burned down. This was a shock for
le us. Since my son had bought a few houses the last few years, he decided
ry to become an estate agent in West End Lane and moved to a very nice flat
or in Heleys Corner N.3. My son and I lived there for three years till he
m. got married to Helga at age 32. My daughter-in-law Helga came as a 2 year
an old child from Frankfurt to London. We bought a lovely house now in
rs Waverley Grove N.3 with two self-contained flats, ideal for me. We have
at been living there for 28 years. They had three children. I am now 88
nd years of age, do mostly my own cooking, but eat twice a week downstairs
nt with my children, always Friday evenings and Sunday for lunch. I am
er suffering from balance disturbance and go only out on the arm of somebody.
My son takes me out very often and every morning for 20 minutes before
st he goes to work. He is a son like one in a million, with a golden heart.
a I still play three times a week bridge and once a week chess with a very
ew nice partner. I sincerely hope I can end my life one day in this house.
g. I forgot to mention one important thing. When my husband, son and I
ng emigrated in July 1939 from Kassel to England, we got a visa many months
ce before and did not look again in our passports, otherwise we would have
rs noticed that the visa had expired a few days before we left Germany. We
he went via Cologne, where we spent the night, then to Belgium. When we
ut crossed the border we were told to go back to Germany to have our visa
ot renewed in Aachen. I decided to go with the three visas, because I was
on afraid they would keep my husband in Germany and put him in a concentration
en camp. My husband and our ten year old son were waiting at the station
go till I came back. At the German border they told me that I have to go
he to Aachen to have the visa renewed and if I am not back in three hours,
of they would put me in a concentration camp. I said only: "How can I be
rt back in three hours by train?" He shouted at me: "Halten Sie Ihre
rs Schnautze" ("Keep your trap shut")! He put me in a large metal cubical
my on the train platform, where I was sitting from 12:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.
th Afterwards he came in again and said: "The passport office has opened here
ld again. You can get your visa here and not in Aachen." I was relieved.
of I got our three visas and went back on the next train going to Belgium.
lon On the train I got a Weinkampf (crying spell). I was terribly nervous.
ly My husband and son waited anxiously at the station for me and were happy
My to see me again. Now we continued our journey. In Cologne we stayed for
ke one night in the best hotel, and here in London the next night in a
terrible one, because we had hardly any money left.

Warren W. Hirsch (Werner) - San Francisco, California

I was born in Mannheim on March 27, 1922. Since my birth, my parents
Sally and Milly Hirsch, my brother Erwin and I, lived in 04, 7. My father
was a travelling salesman for textiles. My mother's maiden name was
Hausman. Her brother Max lived in Mannheim until 1936. I entered Luise
Schule in 1928, went to Adolf Real Gymnasium from 1932-33, and then
graduated from Luise Schule in 1936. Subsequent thereto, I attended
the ninth grade at the Jewish School. We spent a good amount of time in
the Haupt Synagogue where I sang with the children's choir and often had

the opportunity to sing a solo. One of my standards was the En Kelohenu (closing hymn sung at religious services on Saturday mornings. A few of us used to be active at the services and after being Bar Mitzvah, were entitled to accept aliyas (privilege of being called to render a special service at the pulpit). We were called the "Mitzvah Jaeger" (literally from the Hebrew - do good; Jaeger - for hunter; therefore "do good hunter") because we were so anxious to be given the privilege and honor to be called to the Torah. My fiercest competitor was my best friend, Hans Salomon (see also).

My education was deeply enriched by Marthel Oppenheim, who was my piano teacher. She was a wonderful lady with whom we kept in contact until last year, when she passed away. She emigrated to Sydney, Australia and visited us in San Francisco to attend our son's Bar Mitzvah. We also visited her in Sydney and continue to remain friends with her family. While on the subject of teaching, there were many outstanding men at the Jewish School, such as Dr. Berg, Dr. Reis, Dr. Neter, Dr. Zivi, Mr. Hugo Adler (see also Marianne Aaron), Mr. Samuel Liebermensch (see also Ruth Knox), and many more. To all of them, I want to apologize as I was not the best behaved and most cooperative student. I would be remiss if I did not mention Cantor Wolf Lewi, who left in 1933 and went to Birmingham, England. He was without a doubt the greatest cantor I have ever known. He had a beautiful voice and was a very kind and considerate human being. I was fortunate enough to visit with him twice, in 1976 and 1980, when we talked of the good old days and sang some of the old familiar melodies together. He passed away about three years ago, in 1986 I believe.

In 1937 when I was 15 years old, I was fortunate to leave Germany with the Kinder Transport (children transport) and was sent to San Francisco. I was very sad at the time, inasmuch as it was so far away and I did not know a soul there. In Germany, we had heard all kinds of stories of what happened to these children in the United States. Some, we were told, were lucky to have wonderful lives, whereas others had a tough time and ended in an orphanage home which in my mind was the worst of circumstances. When I arrived in San Francisco, a gentleman met me at the train station and I ended up in an orphanage home. My first meal, lunch time, usually the main meal in Germany, was a plate of cottage cheese and pineapple. Imagine my surprise when I ate the cottage cheese thinking it was whipped cream! How strange, I thought, that they serve dessert first and that the other children were loading themselves up on bread and peanut butter. Little did I know that it was lunch. As far as I was concerned I had to wait forever until dinner time. It was a strange but vivid introduction to mealtime in America. I stayed at the orphanage only a few days until I was placed in a Foster home. After a few weeks in San Francisco I had a pleasant surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Siegbert Zwang from Mannheim visited me after they had brought their children, Hans and Bianca, to relatives in Coalinga, California. They were returning to Mannheim and wanted to inform my parents as to my adjustment to living in San Francisco. Little did I realize at the time, that less than eleven years later, I would actually be their son-in-law!

Unfortunately, to our great sorrow, my father was transported to Camp de Gurs on October 22, 1940 and perished in Auschwitz on September 4, 1942. In 1939 and 1940 respectively, my brother and mother arrived and lived in New York, where eventually, my brother Erwin accepted the position of Cantor

at Congregation Habonim. I remained in San Francisco and went to high school where I graduated in 1940. I entered the University of California and studied Pharmacy, but in 1942, I decided to visit my mother and brother in New York, our first get-to-gether since I had left in 1937. It was wonderful being reunited, and I seriously considered staying with my family as I had no serious ties in San Francisco. However, after living through part of one summer in New York, and seeing the crowds, the climate and the living conditions, etc., I gladly returned to San Francisco and have remained a happy Bay area resident ever since. I graduated in 1944, and after a stint in the Army, worked until December 1946 when I bought my own store and became the youngest pharmacist in San Francisco to own a store.

In 1947, Hans Solomon visited me after his release from the Army and told me that he had plans to visit the Zwangs, (his former employer in Mannheim), now living in Chicago. He wrote me subsequently that he had met their daughter Bianca, who turned out to be a beautiful girl. In the meanwhile, my brother wrote that he had met Bianca in New York, where she had attended the wedding of her cousin Inge Bodenheimer and Kurt Guggenheim and at which my brother had officiated as Cantor. She had mentioned that she was going to California and visit San Francisco, and my brother gave her my address. To my surprise, in the fall of 1947 Bianca called me, we met, fell in love and married in July 1948. She worked for the San Francisco Unified School District as a Child Psychologist for most of our married life. She earned her Ph.D. Degree in 1971 and was selected by her peers as Outstanding School Psychologist in 1976. We have two children, a son Clifford who is a lawyer and a daughter Felissa who is a Chemical Engineer and currently attending law school. Our son and his wife Lori Aronson, have a little boy Derek, born on my 65th birthday. Our daughter and her husband Myron Cagan, have a year old little girl, Amanda Beth.

My wife and I have travelled extensively, including various visits to Mannheim, where we have enjoyed many performances at the National Theater. I am now retired and work as a relief pharmacist. We live in a pretty section of San Francisco and consider ourselves fortunate indeed to live in this part of the world which to us is Paradise, in spite of occasional rumbles, quivers and quakes.

Dr. Bianca Hirsch (Zwang) - San Francisco, California

Mannheim was my home from the time I was born, November 11, 1925, until I emigrated to the United States in 1937. I attended Froebel Kindergarten very briefly because there was an epidemic of whooping cough and my parents withdrew me from school. I entered "L" Schule (school) in 1932 with four other Jewish girls, Marion Grodzinski, Margot Maas, Ruth Loeb, and Marianne Schott. During the first year, we still received religious instructions. I believe Mr. Liebermensch (see also Ruth Knox), whom my father always considered to be ein Lieber Mensch (a nice person), came to school several times a week for such instructions. When these instructions were prohibited, we attended Klaus (orthodox synagogue) regularly for our religious instruction. I remember one incident where my brother Hans received eine Ohrfeige (slap in the face) because Zwang talked too much. Indeed it was me rather than my brother who had talked too much, a problem

I have to this very day. We had the same teacher for four years and throughout the years, a bench separated the Jewish from the gentile girls. She rarely called on us. However, I received many Tatzen (hitting the fingers with a stick) and my mother was frequently called to school because I asked too many questions. After L Schule I took and passed an examination to enter Die Katolische Maedchen Schule (a Catholic school for girls), only to learn that an edict came out that no more girls could be admitted. However, those that had completed a year were allowed to remain. Passing an exam was for naught. To this day, I hate any type of an examination.

Because my father could prove that he was a Front Soldat (a soldier who saw action) and the recipient of the Iron Cross in World War I, I was admitted to the Hans Thoma Schule where I had the sister of my previous teacher. However, she did not show her dislike for Jewish children in such an obvious manner. Margot Maas continued to be a classmate. Unfortunately, I do not remember the names of others who may have been in my class. Sexta was not a totally unhappy year except that our math teacher was our gym teacher and she made certain that we could not participate in activities that might be fun. For example, when there was an Ausflug (excursion) we were sent home. Luckily we had Reichsbund Juedischer Frontsoldaten Sport Verein (RJV) (Jewish War Veterans sport club) and Bar Kochba as a social outlet, which enabled us to grow socially and emotionally in a more positive way. In the school situation, we were often made to feel inadequate and less than competent.

My brother Hans fared better than I. His teachers were of the old school and much gentler in nature. However, I remember one evening when he and a cousin of ours from Switzerland were caught in a pogrom and did not come home until very late in the night trying to avoid the round-up. That was the beginning of the years of terror that my parents and so many of their generation and ours endured and made their hearts heavy with fear. In 1937, my parents took my brother, two cousins, Ruth and Bella Neumann, and me to the United States and placed us with various family members. My parents returned to Mannheim, hoping to wind up their business affairs and salvage some material goods for our future. We were indeed grateful and lucky that our parents finally left October 30, 1938. My brother and I went to live with our parents who had settled in Chicago when the school year ended in 1939. I entered and completed high school in Chicago where I was very actively involved in numerous clubs and organizations, and was elected to class offices and the honor society. Upon graduation, I worked as a legal secretary while attending Northwestern University College for two years and then received scholarships for day school. I graduated in 1947 with a B.S. degree in Psychology.

Because I never liked the climate in Chicago, I told my parents that I would never settle in the Midwest. When I read in the Reader's Digest that San Francisco was doing a great deal with and for juvenile delinquents, I thought to have found my niche and went there to find a job in that field. Little did I know that a bachelor's degree was worth nothing and that the minimum of a master's was required to work in the social sciences. I was fortunate, upon my arrival, to come upon a person that was interested in my attitude and my philosophy and helped me in getting a 20 hour per week internship with the Department of Public Health. I moved into a Jewish residence club where I became a switchboard operator fifteen hours a week in exchange for room and board. I also worked in a department store in

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the dress department for 20 hours a week which enabled me to purchase clothes at reduced rates. I attended the University of California during that time and earned a Master's Degree in Child Development in 1950. I then began to teach, so that I would become familiar with the child in the classroom and subsequent thereto began my doctorate at Stanford.

In 1947, when I moved into the Residence Club, I decided to call Warren Hirsch (see also), whose brother Erwin and friend Hans Salomon (see also), had given me his number. It turned out to be the best nickel I ever invested, because not only did I say hello but we met, fell in love and married in 1948. I have worked as a School Psychologist and Child Psychologist since 1958 and finally completed my doctorate in 1972 at United States International University in San Diego. I have been involved in professional organizations and Warren and I have worked for our Temple for many years.

My beloved parents moved to San Francisco in 1951. We bought a duplex together hoping to spend many joyful harmonious years together. Again, fate changed our lives. Our dear mother had a severe stroke. Although she lived to see and share the joy of the birth of her grandchildren, she died in 1958. Our Dad, my brother and his family, and my husband had been devoted to her during all of that time. We then sold our house and bought a larger home. Dad and we lived together until 1978 when he passed on at the age of 93. I was active with our children in Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts and served as leader with the proviso that I would never be expected to wear a uniform. My daughter at one point volunteered me to make a turkey casserole. I became unreasonably upset until I realized that here again Hitler's evil hand had played. I remembered suddenly, that in 1934-35 S.A. troops (Nazis in brown uniforms) came into our kitchen on a Sunday, lifted the lid of a pot in my mother's kitchen to inspect if we were cooking Eintopf Gericht (a meal that had to be cooked utilizing only one pot), which was a requirement once a month. The money that was saved by cooking such a simple meal was to be donated to Winterhilfe (help for the poor in wintertime). I had totally forgotten about that incident until I was asked to make the casserole. Once I understood my anger I had no difficulty cooking anything my family wanted or desired. When I sorted out my parents household things I came across a wooden spoon marked Eintopfgericht 1934/35. Those were the ugly memories which marked my youth.

The beauty and meaning of our lives have been enhanced by the wonderful relationships that we have developed over the years with Margot Maas, Ruth Loeb, Margot Weil, Ruth and Hanna Liebermensch (see also Ruth Knox), Walter and Hans Salomon (see also), and Kurt Loeb, all people whose friendships we treasure. We are also in close touch with our dear friend Harry Kennedy (Hans Kahn) (see also) and his family, with whom I share a birthday and with whom we have shared much of our lives. As far as I know, Marion Grodzinski and her entire family did not survive the Holocaust, neither did Marianne Schott. Margot Maas lives in New York married to Walter Lauchheimer, and Ruth Loeb is now Ruth Casparius living in Howell, New Jersey. I also remember Walter Mueller, son of Julius Mueller, better known in Mannheim as Hosen Mueller (he had a store selling men's pants). His birthday was November 14, 1922. He emigrated to South America, but I have no idea what became of him. There are others whose names Hans and I recall vividly. These include Robert B. Kahn (see also), Erich Dreifuss (see also) Franz Karlebach, (?) Landman, and Rudy Appel.

Hans was a neurologist in Berkeley, California for many years where he and his wife Eva Cronheim, formerly Berlin, Chicago, raised two wonderful children. Hans and Eva now reside in Coalinga, California where he continues to practice medicine and is a leader in his community.

Warren and I have never forgotten that Hitler has dispersed our family and friends throughout the world, has killed millions and prevented the birth, growth or development of those who might have risen to greatness, or those who would have contributed to mankind through love and good deeds. We who are here have been spared, but none of us must ever forget, and all of us must teach our children to do what we can that such horror will not ever recur.

Walter J. Straus - Evanston, Illinois

I was born in Mannheim on April 30th, 1924. We lived in Mannheim on Kaefertale St. 176, across the River Neckar, next to the VFR Fussballplatz (soccer field). My parents were Toni nee Salomon and Otto Straus. My mother was from Hamburg near the Elbe and Alster. Her father was Alfred Salomon from Luxembourg, where he was in the wine business. My father and his two brothers, Albert and Sigfried owned the firm of (AFN) A. Freiberg Nachfolger. They were suppliers to the farmers and to the retail hardware and building trade. In 1936 or 1937, we had to give up our warehouse because the owners of the building asked us to leave before the Nazis would come to take it away by force. We moved our business into the old city of Mannheim in a much smaller warehouse. Due to the Nazi influence we lost hundreds of our loyal customers. We also had to move our living quarters to Lamay St. 18, which was near the Tennis Platz (tennis courts).

I attended the Volksschule Mannheim Wohgelegen (name of elementary school), and from there I went to the Lessingschule Real Gymnasium (high school) from 1935 to 1936. After that I attended the Juedische Schule K2 (Jewish school). My grandparents from my fathers side were from Goellheim, Pfalz (Palatine). I spent many weeks there in the summer with my relatives and I also spent part of my summer vacation in my mother's old home town. On weekends we often spent time in Heidelberg and Dilsberg where I biked with some of my school friends. Lulu Wertheim, Heidelberger, Werner Hirsch, and a young lady by the name of Freudenthal were some of my friends that I remember. There were others whose names I cannot remember. I also collected stamps, but did not continue after arriving in the United States.

We belonged to the Haupt Synagogue (main synagogue), and under the supervision of Cantors Adler, Erwin Hirsch and "Schmul" Liebermensch, I learned to conduct the children's services which were held after the regular Shabbat services. I attended the Klaus School for my Hebrew education and my teachers were Mr. Kaelberman and Mr. A. Kohn. I know that I often got plenty of Makkes (spankings) for my behavior during Hebrew classes. I also studied piano lessons with Marthel Oppenheim and took part in several of her recitals. I also studied English with her sister Gustel. They were the daughters of the Rabbi of the Haupt Synagogue.

On November 9th and 10th, 1938, my dad went to the Haupt Synagogue to say Kaddish (a prayer for a dead person) for his mother, and twenty minutes

later he came back and said that the SS (Nazi storm troopers) were destroying both the Haupt Synagogue and the Klaus Synagogue. He recognized many of the people as lawyers, and other professional people from the town, people he had known for years and thought of as friends. On this day we left the house and drove to the Kaefertaler Wald (a wooded area in the suburbs) and stayed there all day. When we went back home that evening some of our friends came to stay with us. My parents and I were able to leave Germany with the help of some relatives who were already in the United States, and we arrived in New York in March of 1939. We stayed there only one week and then left for Chicago where we settled.

Upon our arrival in Chicago, I began going to school and at the same time held several jobs. I assisted in collecting garbage in an apartment building, delivered newspapers, caddied at an exclusive golf course and worked in a grocery store as a delivery boy and I also cleaned the grocery store. When I worked as a caddy I usually received five cents as a tip since people knew that I was a refugee. I also worked as a "go-for" in a wholesale jewelry concern. I was drafted into the United States Army in 1943 and spent three and a half years in service. I was in England, France and Belgium. I was assigned to the hospital as an orderly and later to the kitchen as a mess officer. Upon my discharge, I went to school to study watch repair and jewelry repair and design. While in school I had a part time job in a jewelry store. In 1950, with \$100 to my name and with a little encouragement from my parents, I opened my own shop. As the years went by I expanded from a small showcase and repair bench in a cleaning store to a larger store and later an even larger store. With each expansion, I also increased the type of merchandise that I sold from our business "Charles A. Miller Jewelers, Inc." on W. Cermak Road, Berwyn, Illinois.

In 1961 I married the daughter of Arthur Jesselson, who was also born in Mannheim, attended the same Hebrew school and had some of the same teachers that I had. He is no longer living and was one of the fortunate people who left Germany prior to the Nazis coming to power. My wife, Carol, who was born in the United States, and I have two sons: Herbert who is 27, married to Michelle, nee Shapiro, who is American born. They have just become parents of a little boy, Jonathan Aaron. Our other son, Joel is 23 and attends Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa.

I remember Robert B. Kahn (see also). My mom, dad, and I used to visit his parents, Joseph and Martha at least every six weeks on the southside of Chicago. At their home we often met Fritz and Amalia Dreifuss, the parents of Erich Dreifuss (see also). In Mannheim, my mother and several other ladies would get together once a month at the Kahn's house for Kaffee Kraenzchen (afternoon get together).

I am 65 years old and semi-retired. I spend much of my time in a small town in Wisconsin called St. Germain. We own a house there and I go to fish in the summer and in the winter I enjoy snowmobiling. I look forward to taking my grandson with me to learn fishing and a love of the American outdoors.

Peggy Kreisman (Gretel Wolff) - Highland Park, Illinois

I was born in Mannheim, June 1925. My parents were Oscar and Else (Odenheimer) Wolff, and my sister's name is Suse, now Sue. She is older, born in 1921; her current married name is Sue Bley (see also). My father was born in Saarlouis, in the Saar district; my mother in Mannheim. We lived at Werderstrasse 55. My early memories, from 1925 to about 1933, include morning shopping forays with my mother to the open-air produce market (Marktplatz), or the Planken (a shopping area). Afternoons I played in the Luisenpark or sat on a bench on the Otto Beck Strasse with the nursemaids. Other times I took walks along the Neckar (river) collecting chestnuts. Then there were the obligatory Sunday outings including hikes in Heidelberg or the Spaziergang (walks) with children in front, parents behind to the Friedrichspark. Sometimes we visited with my grandparents in the Tattersalstrasse.

I have not forgotten the dolls in that wonderful toy shop in the arcade (Kaufhaus) near the Paradeplatz. The start of school in the Pestalozzi Schule was another important event. In 1933 we moved to Richard Wagnerstrasse 15 to a larger apartment. In a prescient moment my mother said: "Let's not unpack, let the moving vans roll out of Germany". Growing political awareness and a sense of responsibility and concern for one's family came to the foreground. The problems of the family business, the Edelweiss Oil Gesellschaft at Tattersalstrasse, with its large list of civil employee customers forced to shop elsewhere; adults in endless discussions about possible emigration destinations; and secretively listening to Radio Strassbourg's news broadcasts. All of those things I remember well. Yet we were playing ball and riding bikes and scooters on the Richard Wagnerstrasse, went on outings to the Herweck (swimming pool) and celebrated Fastnacht (carnival) on the Planken.

We took summer vacations in Switzerland with near nervous breakdowns at the border every time, especially since my father had to smuggle out those smelly cigars. Discovery of our Judaism, and regular attendance at services and the youth choir becoming a social activity was a curious choice for someone who has never been able to carry a tune! Then came a year at the Liselotteschule followed by a move to the Jewish School in K2, and the so-called "sale" of the family business.

A close girl friend was Edith Oppenheimer with whom I lost touch until the letter announcing the Mannheim reunion came signed by Edith Ullman (see also). I thought I recognized the "Edith" signature, and I was right. I subsequently received a letter from her. Another very close friend was Marion Sonder Glasserow (see also) with whom I've maintained contact and have had a very warm relationship, especially during the last ten years. Hannelies Feibelman Guggenheim was our neighbor on the Werderstrasse (Mannheim). Since our mothers were lifelong friends, and we are fellow Brandeis University supporters, we've been in touch. Teachers are somewhat hard to remember. One who comes to mind is a Religion teacher, Herr Lieberman, who used to pace the floor stroking his cheeks, intoning "and Moses said". I think he had a beard, or was it my imagination? Mrs. Harbrecht at the Pestalozzischule, I think, was a strong lady. Maybe Toni Ottenheimer's gymnastics class is to blame for starting my life-long exercise habit.

My father's death was followed in 1936 by the move to a smaller apartment, Richard Wagnerstrasse 72, as life became more constricted and

friends began to leave. Through Dr. Gruenewald's (see also) intervention, my sister Suse received an offer to go to boarding school in England. Every cloud has a silver lining, I inherited her bicycle, which became essential to my social life! One and a half years later (1938) I sold my precious bicycle and left my childhood and my mother, and went to boarding school in England to join my sister by means of some complicated arrangements. There is no better way to learn English than through the merciless teasing of English schoolgirls. My V's were quickly parted from my W's, a blessing in disguise! Many were the nights this outsider cried herself to sleep, not knowing till much later how incredible lucky she was to be in England.

When the Nazis arrived on 9 November 1938 - Kristallnacht - the I.G. Farben executive from whom my mother was renting stood at the door and said "Heil Hitler, they have already been here!" They apparently recognized the voice of authority and left. My grandfather was arrested briefly in Baden-Baden and released shortly thereafter. Still in Germany, with great courage and perseverance and support for good friends, my mother finally got the necessary affidavits and the right numbers at the U.S. Consulate. My grandfather was finally on his way to the U.S., our Lift (a large shipping crate) was packed and shipped, only to be bombed into oblivion on the docks at Rotterdam. After managing all this, my mother was able to get onto a boat to the U.S. in January 1940, at the eleventh hour. In June 1940 my sister and I crossed the Atlantic in a blacked-out ship. During the first night's dinner in New York with new-found relatives, "Gretel" became "Peggy" and a life, with a new Americanized name! On to Chicago, our new home, and a reunion with my mother. School, work, making friends, building a life occupied the next few years.

In 1948 my mother returned to England to marry Nathan Schmidt, the widower of one of her closest friends. We gained a wonderful caring human being as a stepfather. In 1951 I entered marriage with Herbert Kreisman, a third generation American of German Jewish descent. In 1955 son Ronald was born, followed in 1958 by Nancy. 1960 saw our move to a house in the suburbs where we still live. Den Mother, Brownie leader, PTA, community activities on many levels, etc., and so the years passed. Herbert, an engineer by profession, in the contracting business, has spent his entire business career with the same firm. Continuity and long-term relationships seem an important part of my adult life. Our son and daughter went on to college and graduate schools. Today, Ron, an attorney, is married to Roberta de Araujo, also an attorney, and lives in Hallowell, Maine, near Augusta, the father of 2 year old Aliza. Nancy, an M.B.A. is married to William Goldberg (Bill), also an M.B.A. They live in Chicago. In 1977 I returned to work part-time, but still spend lots of time on volunteer work.

After my stepfather's death in 1964, my mother returned to Chicago where she and her grandchildren enjoyed each other. She died three years ago. While my mother was alive there was occasional contact with some of her contemporaries, but I had no personal contact, nor did I maintain any relationships. Somehow, living in Chicago, and not being married to someone of German background, we were somewhat removed from what I suspect is a much closer knit community in the East. In 1979 with husband and daughter we drove through Mannheim. There was no one left I wanted to see, only buildings to show my family where I had lived. Unfortunately it was Passover weekend and the cemetery, a reason for going, was closed. It was a hollow, almost detached experience.

I have tried to avoid a lot of trivia, and also felt that some people, unfortunately, had much more eventful tales to tell. There was this feeling that it should be their story. Writing an autobiography has never been on my list of "Things To Do", but in doing so I've again become aware that, despite early problems and dislocations, life has been good. I have been lucky.

Hanna L. Bratman (Hannelore Schott) - Chicago, Illinois

Born 1920, daughter of Moritz and Thekla Schott nee Bloch, known as the Schotts an der Boerse (commodity exchange) E5, 3. I had two brothers. My brother Kurt was ten years older, my bother Hansel about 14 months younger than I. He died age 5 of appendicitis in Juedischen Krankenhaus (Jewish hospital). My father died when I was 5 years old, he was sick as long as I can remember. My mother used to say that his illness had been caused by being poison gassed during World War I on the Russian front. Mother was born in Rheinbischofsheim near Kehl/Strassbourg, which at the time was part of France. My father was probably born in Mannheim. My mother ran the butcher shop and the sausage factory. On Mondays and Thursdays, when there was Boerse und a Viehmarkt (livestock market), we served, what is now known as fast food, Heisse Wurstel, Suppe, Suppenfleisch, belegte Broetchen (hot sausages-franks, soup, soup meat, sandwiches, etc). My mother worked very hard. She was usually behind the butcher's block, waiting on our customers, cutting the meat herself. To this day, whenever I meet a Mannheimer they tell me that they knew my mother. (Editors Note: I cannot resist adding that, as a young boy, I always enjoyed going there with my mother. Frau Schott would always cut me a slice of Wurst-Salami.)

We had a lot of help. There was Heini Schumacher. He started as a Metzger Lehrling (apprentice) about 1907 and was a trusted employee. He learned how to drive a car, our delivery truck and was with us for 30 years. He met his wife Rosa, who was our Ladenfraulein (sales lady). They married and lived in our house. Rosa, a short heavy lady arrived the day I was born. She was truly a part of the family. Her sister Luise was our cook. Besides Heini, we always employed 3 or 4 butchers and sausage makers, a kitchen help, a cleaning person and a Kinderfraulein (nurse maid). We also had 1 or 2 dogs, several cats and a canary bird living with us. The house at E5, 3 which had been owned by my grandparents, was a big house. We lived in the front house on the second floor, the maids on the 3rd floor. The butchers, Rosa and Heini occupied the back house.

My first grade teacher in the school in K,5, was Fraulein Ackermann. I was very scared of her, as she generally carried a long stick, which she used occasionally. I had her again in 3rd grade and really loved her then. In the 4th grade I transferred to another school am Ring (name of street), near the Schloss (castle) for only one year. From there I went to the Elisabeth Schule, which was close to our house. I really liked the school. Most teachers were very nice and not anti-Semitic. I especially liked one lady teacher, who taught French, English and Gym. Gym and math were my favorite subjects. This teacher always let me demonstrate in Gym. This irritated the Goyim (non Jews) a great deal. This teacher cried the last

day I was in school, which I left in the middle of the school year over a dispute with an anti-Semitic male Algebra teacher. I had solved some Algebra problem correctly, but used a formula different from what he had taught us. Therefore he did not give me the credit. I objected, he made some anti-Semitic remarks, and I walked out of that classroom never to return.

About 1935 I left Mannheim to study in Stuttgart at the Alice Block Institute. This Jewish school taught physical therapy, physical education and dance. During that time the city of Mannheim had bought our building in E5, 3 to be demolished for the new to be built City Hall. Jesselsohns, the Liederkrantz, everything on the block was demolished. My mother, with the help of my brother, about 1936, moved the Metzgerei und Wurstfabrik (meat market and sausage factory) to 07,7, building a costly and up to date butcher store. But this lasted only a short time. Our trusted and before mentioned Heini used to sit in our delivery truck in front of the store reading the Stuermer (a Nazi propaganda journal) and other anti-Semitic trash. All of the employees still ate with us, but had to live some place else. My mother, brother and I lived in a beautiful completely modernized apartment on the second floor. This did not last very long. My brother Kurt was arrested Kristallnacht November 9, 1938 and sent to Dachau. He was released after five weeks and escaped May 1939 on the ocean liner "St. Louis" to Cuba. However, they could not land there, and he wound up in Kitchner Camp, England, until he could join his wife Tilly in New York, August 1940. Kurt and Tilly were married in Mannheim by Rabbi Karl Richter (see also) December 20, 1938. They were perhaps the last Jewish couple married in Mannheim by a Rabbi during the Holocaust years.

I lived in Mannheim again part of 1937, after having graduated. I took over the remains of the Tanzschule (dance school) of Anneliese Fuss, who had fled to France. More and more students of the dance school were leaving, and by mid-1939 there was hardly any more activity. I had a few private patients for physical therapy, and I was the gym teacher for the Juedische Schule (Jewish school). I taught all grades, both boys and girls, in separate classes. My best friend in Mannheim was Ilse Blum now Tinns (see also) who lived in B7,7. I spent many happy hours with her and her parents including some long summer vacations visiting relatives in France, small towns in Normandy, the beaches and flying kites. I do not remember the names of my classmates or in my sports activity group - RJF (Jewish War Veterans).

In 1939 my mother was forced to negotiate a so-called sale of the butcher shop and property at 07,7 with help of a gun, which had been placed on the table where the negotiations were held. My mother moved out of the apartment and lived with my cousins, Ludwig and Martha Schott in Q7. On 5 December 1939 I emigrated on the second last ship over the Atlantic to leave from Italy. I met my future husband Eugene, who had fled from Czechoslovakia to Italy. He too was a passenger on the "S.S. Saturnia". For about two years I lived in San Francisco. My mother arrived literally on the last boat. She arrived in Seattle the day before Pearl Harbor on a Japanese ship, having travelled through Russia, Siberia, China and Japan. She was ill and broken. Being Jewish now became an advantage for me. I worked as a physical therapist for a German born lady, who hired me solely to keep her Jewish clientele, who had boycotted her. In 1942 I moved to Chicago and married Eugene Bratman. My mother too moved there, but

unfortunately died in 1943. I worked as a physical therapist until the birth of my two children. In about 1948, by chance, I got involved in market research and worked for many years on a multitude of studies at Social Research, Inc. After a few years I became a national field director.

Eugene and I went back to Mannheim, I had to confront Rosa and Heini. Heini was not thrilled to see me, but Rosa seemed pleased. They own a Wirtsstube (restaurant) which they closed the next day at lunchtime, and invited us and some former employees of my mother. Over lunch we talked about our lives. Heini's statement about the past was: "If I had not worked for a Jew for 30 years, I would not have had such a tough time during the war. I probably would not have had to go to the Russian front. Es war schlecht fuer mich fuer Juden gearbeitet zu haben" ("It was bad for me to have worked for Jews").

Eugene had founded an import business, in which I joined him in the late 60's. We imported all kinds of artificial flowers and decoratives. Eugene and I have two children and four grandchildren. Our daughter Rudy Joan Lubov lives in Wilmette, a Chicago suburb. She is a school librarian. Her husband Alvin is the principal of a large all black Middle school and also a travel agent. They have two children, Stacy Ann, a senior, and Rebecca Schott, a freshman, both attending high school. Our son Stanley Lawrence lives in Chicago with his two children. He is divorced. His son Rafael is in sixth grade and his daughter Eve in fifth grade. He is president of Permarm Corp., silk flowers and gift items, a business my husband founded. I am a bragging Grandma and mother, just ask me!

My Mannheimer friends in the Chicago area are Mr. and Mrs. Eric Sonneman (see also), Mrs. Renate Spiegel nee Wildberg (see also), Mrs. Clare Cohen (see also), Sig Emerich and others. When we get together we talk about many things but never about the olden days.

Ernest J. Kahn, O.D. (Ernst) - Sharon, Massachusetts

According to my mother, I was born July 19, 1926 at the Heinrich Lanz Krankenhaus (name of hospital) and lived for my first twelve years of life, before America, at B6, 2. My father, Simon Kahn from Laufersweiler, in a region known as the Hunsrueck was known as the "Strumpf Kahn" since he had gone into the wholesale socks, stockings and underwear business with his brother Joseph in 1925. My mother Hilde nee Ullmann, from Wiesbaden was a wonderful young thinking woman who read to us and taught us basic skills around the house. My brother Walter born March 24, 1929 was generally a good companion even though we fought a lot. Walter K. Kahn is now Ph.D. in electrical engineering, lives in Bethesda, MD and teaches at George Washington University. He is married to Barbara and has two children. Hilde who just married Steve Bradbury, both attorneys, and Jonathan, who just graduated from George Washington University.

In this era of great technological and political changes it is most difficult to come up with highlights of over 60 years experiences in a few pages. The tragedy of our exodus from Germany notwithstanding, coming to America was an awakening for me. It seemed to me that I was not a good student in Mannheim to the 5th grade and I had particular difficulty with arithmetic. When I went to school in Brooklyn PS200, I caught on to the

math and science right away, in spite of the language problem. This was a great benefit to me through my entire education. It enabled me to attend Stuyvesant Technical High School and then after two years in the Navy (1944-1946) I went to college for my degree in Optometry. In 1948, while attending Brooklyn College I met Marilyn Zeldin. We right away liked each other. I left Brooklyn to attend the New England College of Optometry in the fall of 1949 and we corresponded. On New Years eve, I popped the question and we got engaged to be married on June 4, 1950, just shortly before my parents 25th wedding anniversary.

After graduation, we both liked the greater Boston area so I opened an office in Walpole, MA. We also lived there. When Marilyn expected our first child in 1956 we looked for a larger place. We had very little money and there was a minor economic recession so when Marilyn saw an ad that said "live rent free" and own a house, we said what do we have to lose? We called the agent and looked at the house, and somehow managed to buy it with the help of GI mortgage. That summer Marilyn delivered David and two years later Richard our second son arrived. At the risk of sounding like the "begats" in the bible our children grew up, got married, and also had children, which for us translates into three grandchildren, so far. David is married to Gail Heffner and has two children, Jennifer 5 and Allison 3 years old. Richard is married to Sherry Owens and has a little boy 2 years old named Matthew.

As you may understand from the above account of my sojourn, America has been good to me as well as to most of my relatives who made it out of Germany. My early years before the Nazi era were spent doing things that little kids do as they are growing up. I have many recollections of going shopping with my mother to the market to buy vegetables and fruit in season, to the Nordsee for fish and to different department stores like Schmoller's for various other things. It was a special treat to go to the Spanier, as my mother called the store which was full of tropical fruits, dried fruits and nuts to buy something special like tangerines and dates. I still can smell the sweet odor that permeated the whole store.

I entered L-Schule public school in 1933, the year Hitler became chancellor and Hindenburg died. Only in retrospect do school events seem significant to me. At the time the Nazi activities were happening my parents sheltered us from any concern that they may have had of the situation. Perhaps they were not alarmist because even though they spoke of terrible events, such as my cousin Kurt Strauss from Frankfurt being arrested or that a neighbor was beaten up, they seemed not to be emotional about it. At any rate it seemed these were outside events and we worked around them. For example I went swimming at a pool and got swimming lessons even though there was a sign "Juden unerwünscht" (Jews not welcome). At other times we went to the parks and I biked all over the area as though we were perfectly safe and nothing could possibly happen to me. In 1936 my closest friend and neighbor Herbert Dreifuss (see also Erich Dreifuss) and I took a weekend trip on bike to visit his grandparents, a trip of about 25 Km. The following year Heinz Schott and I biked to Heidelberg for the day with sandwiches and a few Pfennige in our pockets. One day my cousin Bob, then Robert Kahn, (see also) and I biked in the Waldpark. We didn't pay heed to signs that said "For Pedestrians Only" and the forest ranger gave us tickets for the violation. We had to return the next day in the

pouring rain to pay the small fine at the zoo (Kaffe Stern).

What I hoped to convey with these remembrances is a sense of the time, the way it felt to me and my family. Regardless of what some more farsighted individuals saw and expressed, the view that we were in danger of losing our freedom, our way of life or even our life was not expressed by family or friends. The preparations to come to America seemed sort of matter of course. I did note that Jews were "unerwünscht" in Germany, we were asked not to be there and in my young mind that seemed to be enough reason to leave.

Claude M. Erlanger (Klaus) - Lake Arrowhead, California

I was born as Klaus Erlanger in 1923, in Mannheim. My father, Joseph, was born in Altenstadt, Bayern (Bavaria), and my mother, nee Roos, in Chemnitz. Both died in Los Angeles, California. I had one brother, Paul, also born in Mannheim, in 1919. He died in Los Angeles in 1982. We first lived on Rheinstrasse -- both Ernst "Erwo" Michel (see also) and I were born in the same apartment during the inflation. We then moved to 18 Mollstrasse, corner of Augusta Anlage. My wife, Dorothea Inge Gimbel, now Dotty, and her brother Rudolph, now Roger, lived on Augusta Anlage and Rosengarten. We belonged to Hauptsynagogue (main synagogue) and my father's seat was next to professor Billinger, who passed away in Australia.

Dr. Max Gruenwald (see also) barmitzvahed both Paul, on December 2, 1932 and myself, on August 1, 1936. Both Paul and I were very active in the Jugend Gottesdienst (youth synagogue services) with Werner Hirsch, under the direction of Cantor Hugo Adler, organist Sepl Levi, who died here in Los Angeles, and Rabbi Dr. Laemle. I visited Dr. Laemle in Rio de Janeiro, who incidentally was my in-laws' Rabbi when the Gimbels all lived in Rio de Janeiro from 1943 till 1949. Dr. Laemle also barmitzvahed my brother-in-law, Roger Gimbel, in Rio. I also remember Rabbi Oppenheimer, his son Ludwig, and Dr. Una, who were teachers at the Jewish school. Some of my friends were Karlsruher, Heppheimer (see also), Karlebach, Wolf, Feibelman, and my cousin, Eric Samson (see also), now Sao Paulo, Brazil. I collect stamps, and have complete first day issues for United States since 1942, complete United Nations, and complete Israel first day cover collections.

Our departure from Mannheim, for my parents and brother Paul, and myself actually started in 1912! "How come", you ask? Well, let me tell you about it. Joseph Erlanger, my father, a partner with his brother Max in M. Marum G.M.B.H. located in Mannheim, ran a branch office in Milan, Italy, prior to WWI. Dad's office was next door to Corriera Dela Sera, the renowned newspaper, on whose staff was a young reporter -- same age as my father, about 26 years old, and the two bachelors were good friends. I was told they palled around together until the outbreak of WWI. His name: Benito Mussolini!

When World War I started, Dad returned to the Vaterland to become a Frontsoldat (soldier) in the German Imperial Army, and Benito entered the Italian Imperial Army as a Carabinieri. And so it came to pass that in 1923 Benito became Il Duce! We were told that the friendship continued and I remember as a little boy, about Weihnachtzeit (around Christmas) the

Italian Consulate, which was right down the street from where we lived, on the Rheinstrasse, would send beautiful floral arrangements to my parents. Marum was engaged in export of iron and steel to the Balkan and to Italy, and my father, on many of his business trips to Italy, would have an audience with the Duce in Rome. When the Nazis came to power in 1933, my father received an assurance from Mussolini, if ever he needed help, to come and settle in Italy and to contact someone. Whom, we do not know, but Dad must have had the phone number engraved in his brain or tattooed around his naval!

The years 1933, 1934-1936, and 1937 went by. I went from Adolf Hitler Real Gymnasium to the Jewish School. My father was designated a Sonder Jude (special jew) for bringing foreign currency into Germany, and selling German steel in Italy. Paul was selling condoms and other rubber goods made in Germany, also in the Balkan. Suddenly in March 1938 my grandmother passed away in Amsterdam. My mother had in aller Stiege (in all secrecy) all our furniture packed and put into storage. On March 7, 1938 the Nazis were kind enough to issue mother a passport valid for seven days to attend her mother's funeral in Amsterdam. Six days later the Erlanger Family travelled on the French side of the Rhine to Milan.

At the Guestura (police), like all other foreigners, we immediately registered, only to be told, like in the Haggadah: "Wi-Hijeh Bachazi Halaila" (from the Hebrew--may it come to pass at midnight)! At midnight Signora Erlanger will be sent back to Germany! My father got up, asked to use the phone to call Roma (Rome)! A scene as vivid in my mind as if it happened yesterday. He dialed the phone and spoke in perfect Italian. The police officer probably thought Dad to be derailed, but after a few minutes my father handed the officer the receiver and the conversation continued, but at the time in a language I did not quite understand. I did understand what the officer said after hanging up: "Si accomodi Signor, un amico del Duce est un amico de me!" ("Sit down please, a friend of the Duce is also my friend!"). Out came the forms, the stamps, salutation, friendship, and we stayed! Weeks passed while I lived with an Italian Jewish family to learn Italian. Dad accepted applications for Italian citizenship, but he wanted to leave Europe. Visas for USA were applied for and running. Three families from Mannheim living in Milan, one was a family Rothschild, the others I don't remember, pooled their resources for emmigration to Australia to start a wool farm.

Papers in order, we left Milan August 28, 1939, for London to receive our immigration papers at the Empire House on the 2nd day of September 1939. On the day before, Hitler had marched on Poland and on the 2nd day of September war broke out. On the third day of September we all were Enemy Aliens! Eighteen months later in April 1941, after internment on the Isle of Man in Camp Lingfield southeast of London, and after the evacuation of British troops from Dunkirk with our US Visa twice renewed, we finally left England on board of a British merchantship, destination: USA! And thus during the battle of the Atlantic, 13 European refugees, including two from Danzig, a family of three from Prague, and two children from a children's transport who had lived in Manchester England, were on the water for 43 days. The route took us to Iceland, Greenland, Canada, Bermuda, Curacao, and, wherever we stopped we were Enemy Aliens and not permitted to go ashore. Finally, we sailed through the Panama Canal to the American West Coast, and finally again "Wi-Hijeh Bachazi Halaila," we arrived at Long

Beach, California harbor and were advised by the Captain: "End of the Line!"

When I arrived in Los Angeles I got a janitorial job at a radio parts manufacturing plant owned by the son-in-law of David (?) and Grete Sternheimer from Mannheim. Their daughter Emily married Walter Schott who became a prominent electronic manufacturer. I had last seen Emily in Mannheim when both of us were thrown out of Schwimbad Herweck (swimming pool) by the Nazis. I left Schott five years later and started with my brother Paul, an electronic representative agency in 1946. We switched to consumer goods in 1978, and work now in the handbag, backpack, small leather goods, and novelty import items with two of our sons and my brother-in-law, Roger Gimbel.

In 1950 on a blind date in New York I met my darling wife-to-be, Doris Gimbel, also from Mannheim -- and four months later our revered Rabbi Dr. Max Gruenewald married us in New York. Doris Gimbel's family had a Getreide Muehle (flour mill) in Ludwigshafen. Ruth Gimbel was her aunt and Hugo and Sophie Feibelman, Zigaren Fabrick (cigar factory) in Mannheim, were their maternal grandparents. They left Germany in 1934, went to France, fled the Nazis to the Pyrenees, then to Portugal with false immigration papers. From there they went to Brazil, and came to New York in 1949. Her parents and brother Roger stayed in New York, where he became extremely successful in the leather goods business. Both parents passed away in New York.

We have three sons and four grandchildren. Steven, 38 years old, single, is in business with me and lives one block from us in Lake Arrowhead, California. David, 36 years old, is married to Heidi. They were school sweethearts and have four children, Brooke 8, Chason 6, Sidnee 3, and Kirby 1. They live two miles from us; he is CEO of our warehousing corporation. Mike, 28 years, single, graduated from Architectural College at Cornell University in 1986, and works in Century City, Beverly Hills, California. I am on the Board of Directors of our Temple in San Bernardino. Dotty is home maker and a good provider. All of us, including grandchildren, are all ardent water skiers and enjoy racing and in winter we become snow skiers. Steve is a Certified Ski Instructor; David and Heidi work for the Ski Patrol, and Mike is into racing! For forty-nine years we have lived in and loved California.

Edith Wolff (Kiefer) - Ashdod, Israel

I was Edith Kiefer, now I'm Edith Wolff. I was born March 15, 1922 in Ludwigshafen. Our family doctor was Dr. Eisenheimer. When I was two years old, my parents, Theo and Erna Kiefer moved across the Rhine to Mannheim where I spent a very happy childhood and adolescence. My father was born in Rhein-Duerkheim, a small village near Worms. My mother was born in Laufersweiler and her maiden name was Rauner. My father was manager at Schmoller department store at the Paradeplatz (name of city park). I have one sister, Doris. People called me Giggi because I did a lot of giggling. I grew up on Bachstrasse 3 and went to Mollschule which was across the street. I was not what you would call an exemplary student and whenever and wherever there was something going on against the teachers I was in the middle. There was no tree too high and no hole too deep for me. There was no end to the Streiche (pranks) I was involved in. We used to phone

people and ask them: "Haben Sie 32 Zaehn 3210?" Naturally the answer was no, so we said "Dann haben Sie einfalsches Gebiss". (This is a play on words in German only, and means little after it is translated into English). Or we ordered some cake from a Konditorei (bakery) and had it sent to someone. My father didn't tire to tell the story when one day the teacher left the classroom, Hans now Joey Ullmann (see also) who also went to Mollschule said: "Ihr Kinner weil ihr so brav wart, duerft ihr nach Haus' gehe", and they went. (Children, because you were so well behaved, you may go home). I also remember that I had to do a lot of Nachsitzen (detention) after school). I have only limited space at my disposal but I could write a book!

I was about ten years old when we moved to Richard Wagnerstrasse 12. There I had lots of friends. Across the street lived Ilse Wolf, Dina Loebenberg, now Uhlfelder, and Suse Wolff. There were the Saenger girls and Edith Oppenheimer, now Ullmann (see also). Hans Karlsruher, Selig (of blessed memory) lived around the corner, Walter and Hans Salomon (see also) and the Michels (see also) in the next block, the Erlanger (see also) boys, Hertel Loeb, the Zarcharias twins to name a few. We had our special whistle and whenever I heard it I was outside. I started to pussieren (flirt) when I was about 12 and had my parents go crazy. My most steady was Walter, whom I met this year in Israel after 51 years.

From Sexta to Untertertia I went to Hans Thoma school. There I made friends with Ellen Karlebach, the Dellheims, and Lore Neuberger. My piano teacher was Lene Diefenbronner who tried to teach me some piano. I didn't make life too easy for her. We used to put a needle into her downstairs doorbell and wait around the corner, first for her to appear on the balcony, to see who was there, (she lived on the 4th and last floor in Lameystrasse 24), and then we waited for her to come down to take the needle out because the doorbell rang without end. I went to Stuedebeck's Tanzstunde (dancing class) which I enjoyed immensely. I became a good dancer and until this day I love dancing - but only to the old tunes.

I had a good friend, Irene Kahn (see also) who lived near the Hauptbahnhof (main railroad station). In my possession is a photo postcard which she dedicated to me March 1934. Later, we lost touch completely. Her parents, Martha and Joseph Kahn always had a full house (parties and social gatherings) and I think even the Chanukamaenchen (Chanuka Man) used to pay a visit there. She was a very quiet girl with lovely braids and never involved in all the Streiche (tricks) we played. It's unbelievable that Robert Kahn (the editor and author of this book) is her brother. Regularly, on Friday night and Saturday morning I went to the Hauptsynagogue with my parents, my father wearing a Zylinder (top hat) and I sang in the Jugendchor (youth choir). Our rabbis were Dr. Oppenheim, Dr. Gruenewald (see also, and R. H. Lemle was our Jugendrabbiner (youth rabbi). I believe we were all in love with him. He emigrated to Brazil and I met him once in Buenos Aires.

I went to Jewish school when under the Nazis it became impossible to study anywhere else. I remember a few of the teachers there: Arthur Cohn, (ACO), and Dr. Dr. Reis, whom we called Dr. hoch 2, (Dr.² or Dr. squared). He didn't have a good time with us. Our music teacher was Mimi Marx and I think there also was Dr. Manfred Geis. I then spent two years in boarding in Petworth England, which proved to be very useful in my future life. My parents did not go with me to England. They took me to Frankfurt and put me on the train to Ostende from where I took the boat to cross the channel for Dover. During the crossing a woman jumped into the water committing

suicide and they had to look for her which took some hours though they never found her. I remember this like it was yesterday. From Dover I took the train to London, Victoria Station, where a friend of my father's was supposed to meet me. But as I was late in arriving because of the suicide, the friend thought I wasn't coming and left. Naturally I had his address and so took a taxi. I wasn't scared at all and what impressed me most was the left sided traffic. All this was in 1936 when I was 14 years old.

I returned twice to Mannheim during my school years in England, once after the first year for the summer holidays and then shortly before we left Germany in 1938. We emigrated to Argentina in 1938, and lived in Buenos Aires where I married Enrique Wolff, formerly Heinz and where my children Claudia and Ricardo were born. I learned to speak Spanish very quickly and found a good job as a secretary in an import and export firm. My husband was from Norden, Ostfriesland. When he died of cancer I was 46 years "young". My daughter Claudia got married to a religious boy, Rafael de Levie who was born in Argentine. His parents are from Germany; mother from Berlin and father from Gudensdorf near Cuxhaven. My daughter and son-in-law went on their honeymoon to Europe and then for a month to Israel. They decided they wanted to live there and we all made aliyah (immigration to Israel) in 1974, which we never regretted. They live only a few blocks away from me. My father passed away in 1973. My mother, by then 81, and my sister Doris, her husband and son, stayed behind. My sister Doris' married name is Bomse. Her husband Gerd passed away some months ago. He was from Dresden. Doris has a son Andy who is married. They all live in Buenos Aires.

I immediately found a job in an insurance company in Tel-Aviv where I'm working to this day, but I live in Ashdod. My mother, age 85, once came to visit us but I visited her in Buenos Aires many times. She died at age 92. I never returned to Germany. My father's entire family, 5 brothers and sisters and his mother age 96 died in the KZ (Nazi concentration camps). I have four grandchildren. My son Ricardo and his wife Sara nee Rosenblum born in Santiago de Chile have two girls, Adi age 6 and Karin, 4½. My daughter Claudia has a girl Tamara (Tammy) 17, and a boy Benny age 15. My son became a soldier in the Israeli Army of which he was very proud. Now he is in the reserves. His profession is chef at a hotel.

I lost touch with my "Mannemer" friends. But Paul Erlanger visited us in Buenos Aires many, many years ago. Then, already in Israel I met with Dina Uhlfelder nee Loebenberg. In 1987 I received a letter from Walter Salomon in answer to a letter of mine dated 1958. We kept up our correspondence and as I mentioned before, met a few weeks ago for the first time after 51 years. And last May I had a phone call from Erwin Hirsch who was in Tel-Aviv, with his wife Martel. Naturally we met and had lots to talk about old friends and old times. I can also tell you that in Buenos Aires lives Hertel Loeb and her brother Walter. Their parents Otto and Irma Loeb were my parents' best friends. They lived in Richard Wagnerstrasse 72, and my father opened a business together with Otto Loeb in Buenos Aires under the name of DEOWA (Edith, Doris, Walter). They manufactured underwear and blouses and were very successful. Hertel married Erwin Schuelein who died many years ago and now she is married again. Walter is also married. Then there were the Kirchheimer boys in Buenos Aires. Guenterle, as we called him is the youngest of seven

brothers. There was also Hans Herbert Schlesinger.

I wonder what it will be like to meet others, now that we are older, grey or white.

Arno Raphael - Dallas, Texas

My earliest memory of my childhood is the time I visited the Wasserturm, (water tower surrounded by beautiful gardens and pond), leaned over, and fell in! Perhaps that is why, according to some, ever since then I have been "all wet". Education: My first two grades were at Herr Stieffel, then public Volks Schule (school), and then Ober Real Schule. Religion was taught by Herr Liebermensch, whom we drove crazy and gave a hard time. I belonged to "den Kameraden" (Jewish youth group). After the Nazis closed that down, it became known as the "Werkleute". My group leader there was Kurt Fischel (see also). I remember taking bicycle trips with Kurt, and this was a highlight in my young life. Kurt and I have renewed our friendship after 50 years and we keep in frequent contact. My wife and I are enjoying the fruit of his retired life - novels of political and economic intrigue. I left Germany in 1934 for Holland where I attended a trade school for two years.

I entered the U.S. in 1936 and found employment in New Orleans as a cabinet maker for the weekly salary of \$8.60. I visited Louisville, Kentucky in 1938, where my sister was getting married, and since I had no money to return to New Orleans, I had no choice but to remain there and seek employment. I was in the U.S. Air Force from 1941-1946, and spent three years in England and Germany.

After the war, I settled in Dallas, Texas where my brother and his family lived. From 1946-1966 I ran my own business as designer and builder of custom furniture. I married Selma Mexic of New Orleans in 1949, and we have two sons. In 1986, I retired and have thoroughly enjoyed my leisure life. I keep busy with a variety of activities, among them silver smithing and metal sculpture. I believe I have lived a very full, interesting and happy life.

Max Kaufmann - Livingston, New Jersey

I was born in Mannheim on February 11, 1925. My parents were Bernhard and Selma Kaufmann. I had twin brothers, Siegfried and Josef, known as Siggie and Seppel, who were born in 1921, and a younger sister Else, born in 1927. We resided at L13,2 from 1930 until our respective emigration. My brothers left in September 1938 for the U.S.A., narrowly missing Kristallnacht, while my sister and I left for England in April 1939 with a Kindertransport. My parents were deported to Gurs on October 22, 1940 and eventually were transported to the East where they ultimately perished.

I attended the Luisenschule for my elementary schooling. The teacher's name was Scholl. We were three Jewish students in the entire class, Hugo

Kauffmann, Kurt Weil and I. I do not recall any anti-Semitic incidents at that school. Subsequently, I attended Institut Schwarz for about two years. There were infrequent anti-Semitic remarks by some of the students and overt anti-Semitic antagonism by one of the teachers who would draw Stuermer-type caricatures of Jewish faces complete with offensive captions. One day in 1935 after school, some seven classmates ganged up on me. They formed a circle and proceeded to push me from one to the other. I fell against a lamp pole which resulted in a concussion and fractured skull. After a lengthy recuperation, I was instructed to avoid activities which would cause shock or vibration to the head. This, aside from exclusion on ethnic grounds, precluded my participation in sports. My subsequent disinterest in sports would become a bone of contention with my children. When the nationwide expulsion of Jews from the public schools went into effect, I was enrolled in the newly founded Jewish school. Due to its co-ed student body, a new experience for me, I had hopes of becoming high man on the totem pole. My dreams were rapidly shattered when I found the level of scholarship and discipline extraordinarily high and the competition keen. Two of my teachers were Leo Hanauer, and Mr. Weiss. The roster would be incomplete without mentioning Hauptlehrer Stahl whom we called Zeus, who was feared and yet respected for his fairness.

Among my classmates and friends were: Ralf Lewin, Max Sezemska, Kurt Muellner nicknamed "Floh" and my neighbor from Lll, Robert Kahn (see also). We played and bicycled, built crystal radios and swapped spools and other components. We attended synagogue services where we exchanged stamps and flirted. When later put to the test by my parents to discuss the theme of the rabbi's sermon, I was usually hard pressed to respond. We would also remove emblems from the winter radiator covers of automobiles which required one or more of us to stand guard while another would remove the emblem. The loot would become objects for barter. Two Opel for one Mercedes, two Opel and two Mercedes for one Horch etc. On the streets of Mannheim, one would often spot the motorcycle of the glazier, Loeschner. In the sidecar were some glass panels, tools and putty, the latter begging to be acquired by us for later insertion in doorbells. As much as we feared exposure for our misdemeanors, the activities of today's youth dwarf our criminality. We went swimming in the areas of the Rhine, where we would be undetected, as the more commonly frequented places were off-limits to Jews. We occasionally waded in the Neckar in the Ilvesheim area which, incidentally, is my paternal ancestral home.

I joined the Betar and, shortly thereafter, became a youth group leader. Thanks to my brother's popularity I was accepted into the ranks of their friends despite a considerable age difference. Heiner Meier, who led the Betar went with me on an unforgettable bicycle tour to Frankfurt where I got to know and admire him. Regrettably, he perished in the Holocaust. Oskar Athausen, bright and mature beyond his years, was second in command of the Betar. Ernst Salomon, Herbert Isaac and others belonged to the group of my brothers' friends.

On November 10, 1938, my father was arrested and taken to Dachau. Our home was not demolished and became the refuge for many from the Palatinate who were driven from their homes. This event, together with the never-ending reports of suicides, such as a cousin, my former Hebrew teacher Manfred Kaelbermann, Robert Suess a student at school, and others, caused me to have a breakdown which manifested itself in stuttering and a temporary

loss of speech. After Kristallnacht, I photographed the interior of the destroyed synagogue, as well as the dynamited chapel of the Jewish cemetery. Both photos are now in the archives of the Jewish congregation as well as the city archives. Despite exclusion, restriction and discrimination, I felt relatively secure until my family was torn asunder. I recall the sadness with which my sister and I left for England. As the train pulled out of Frankfurt station, we held onto each other as we waved good-bye to our parents for the last time, as they, too, clung to each other. We all suppressed our tears out of consideration. We were separated in England, and at the beginning of the war we were evacuated and placed in non-Jewish foster homes. By the war's end, my sister had been sufficiently brainwashed to convert to Christianity. She married and lived in Scotland until illness claimed her in 1962. She had a child who is not known to me.

In November 1946, I arrived in the U.S.A. aboard the Ile de France. Many of the passengers were the "beautiful people", theatrical groups, film stars and the pitiful survivors from the death camps of Europe, the illegals. The five and a half days on board ship and the many conversations I had with some of the survivors helped me crystallize the toll of that war, put it behind me and pave the way for a new life in a new land. I was joyfully reunited with my brothers who had just been discharged from the U.S. army and I was introduced to my new sister-in-law, Gretel nee Casewitz (see also)--our "Shnoockie". There was an uncommonly strong bond among the four of us. Due to a housing shortage, we all moved to New Jersey "temporarily", my first and present home state. Late in 1949, I met Lila Segall who had just graduated from nursing school at Newark Beth Israel Hospital. She was born in Brooklyn and raised in Washington, D.C. After a lengthy courtship of two months, we were married in January of 1950. In the same year, my brother Joe married Gisela Vohs from Ruestringen near Wilhelmshaven and they had three sons.

We have three children: Stuart Allan, born in 1952, who graduated with an M.B.A. and recently founded his own company. He resides in Harmon Cove, New Jersey. Larry Harvey, born in 1955, attended college for three years, and is parts manager at a Volvo dealership in San Carlos, California. He and his wife, Karrie, presented us with our first grandchild, Ascher Bernard. Our daughter, Pamela Sue, was born in 1958, graduated from the University of Virginia with a J.D. (Juris Doctor) and practices law in San Francisco. I founded a machine-tool and die company in 1955 which I owned and operated. For reasons of health I retired in 1984. I humbly submit that I received recognition beyond my expectations for achievements in design and manufacture of automation machinery, medical instrumentation and out space technology.

In 1987 I returned to Mannheim for the dedication of the newly erected synagogue accompanied by two of my children and Rabbi Fellner and his wife Judy, a journalist. They filmed and documented this historic event. Contrary to my behavior fifty years ago, I was most attentive when Dr. Gruenewald spoke. I quoted him in an address I was privileged to give our congregation in Livingston commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Kristallnacht. For my parents, for my relatives, for Heiner Meier, my schoolmates and acquaintance who perished, I weep.

Margot Strauss Jacob (Weiss) - Walnut Creek, California

On December 3, 1925 on a very cold and snowy day, my mother Rosa Weiss nee Adler, gave birth to her only child, Margo, in Mannheim, Germany. My father, Berthold Weiss, also was born in Mannheim and his parents, Josef and Anna Weiss, are buried at the Jewish cemetery in Mannheim. My mother was born in a small town in Baden, Kuelshheim, where she lived until the age of twelve and then the family moved to Tauberbischofsheim. My father was an executive with the Badische Assecurance and Transport Versicherung, which was located at Augustaanlage 18. My parents and I lived at Richard Wagner Street 79, a lovely new building, but by the time I attended Pestalozzi Schule, the winds of Nazi propaganda began to make themselves felt. Until then I was loved, spoiled and very happy. I remember my ninth birthday party my Christian friends could not attend, since they were warned by B.D.M. (Nazi youth movement for girls) group leader not to socialize with Jews or the punishment would be severe. We later moved to Werderstrasse 12.

Since my parents were very active in the Klaus synagogue, it gave me a strong background of Jewish learning and we also observed Kashrut, (Jewish dietary laws), even in times of meatless years when Hitler revoked the kosher killing of meat. After finishing my four years at Pestalozzie School, my parents enrolled me at Hans Thoma School where I met some nice Jewish girls, one of them is Bianca Zwang (see also) who now is married to Warren Hirsch (see also), of Mannheim, living in San Francisco where we have a chance to still get together. It really is a small world! One of my oldest and dearest friends since second grade is Lotte Behrend now Silva, who continued with me to K-2 school after being thrown out of Hans Thoma and a short time at a Catholic school. Lotte Silva now lives in Atlanta, Georgia and we see each other from time to time. At the Klaus, I did have some very good friends and joined the Ezra-Aguda (name of youth organization), where our leader was Ruth Levi and Anneliese Loeffler.

Due to my family's involvement with Jewish life, I too have always felt very strongly about my background and heritage. I went to K-2 School where some of my friends, besides Lotte Behrend Silva, were Liane Kaiser (see also), Ruth Loeb, Carola Steiner, Ingé Kahn, Dorle Landman, Renate Engel, Kurt Bergheimer, Werner Heuman, Helmut Herz, Manfred Ohrenstein, and many more. My teachers were Gustel Oppenheim, Berthold Stahl, Mr. Hanauer, Mr. Liebermensch, Lehrer Kaelberman, Cantor Kohn, and many more. On Kristallnacht, November 9, 1938, I witnessed my wonderful dad being arrested and sent to Dachau concentration camp. The synagogue was burned, the stores and markets were closed to Jews. It was a tough thing for a twelve year old girl to witness. But my mother taught me a valuable lesson. After the initial shock she said: "you must get hold of yourself", and set wheels in motion to remedy a situation. She moved heaven and earth to get us an appointment in Stuttgart with the American consulate where we had been registered since our affidavit had arrived in 1936. Three weeks after his arrest, my dad came home from Dachau, a broken man. He was yellow and suffered from a severe kick into his abdomen. He died nine years later in St. Louis, Missouri, due to a liver ailment inflicted originally by the SS (Nazi storm troopers).

We left in February 1939 via Holland on the ship Veendam and arrived in Hoboken, New Jersey. We left for St. Louis that same evening and after a twenty-four hour train ride, arrived at Union Station, tired, scared,

confused, but happy to be free. We were met by our distant cousins and started a new life, thank God! I started Soldan High School in St. Louis, and upon graduation I worked and went to Washington University in St. Louis at night and became a real Yankee. At 14, I met my future husband, Ernest Strauss, who attended Washington University and was born in Frankfurt, Germany. His family lived in New York, and after he was inducted in the army in 1943, we got engaged and very much to our family's shock married on January 9, 1945 before he was shipped overseas.

Meanwhile, I worked, went to college, and lived with my parents and a year after his return from Europe, our lives became somewhat normal. He finished his undergraduate work at Washington University in two and a half years, and in 1950 we were blessed with our first child, our daughter, Ellen. In 1951, we moved to New York for business reasons where we bought a house in Jamaica estates and joined Israel Center of Hillcrest Manor, a conservative Synagogue. Five years after Ellen we had our second child, our daughter Karen. In 1966 my husband opened a new plant in Everett, Massachusetts, and once again our family relocated to Newton, Massachusetts. It was not easy to move but we were together and our girls grew up beautifully. In 1970, after twenty-five wonderful years of marriage, my husband suffered a heart attack and 36 hours later a fatal one. My life seemed to come to an end, but once again we had to pick up the pieces and go on with living. In 1971, my daughter Ellen graduated at Boston University with honors and started teaching while Karen was still a student at Newton High School.

In 1972, I was lucky to have met and married my present husband, Ernie Jacob, who was in the steel business and lived in Ft. Lee, New Jersey. He had come to New York in 1938 from Kirchain near Marburg. He too had been widowed at a young age and was the father of a son Gary and a daughter Linda. Now our family grew instantly since Gary, a student at Harvard, was already married and my daughter Ellen married Marty Shapiro in 1973. After marrying Ernie Jacob, I moved to the "Colony" in Ft. Lee, New Jersey, where we started a new life and once again found happiness. Ft. Lee was a great place to live until, in 1976, Ernie told me that his company would like to start a new steel warehouse in California. Again we packed and in 1977 bought a lovely house in Alamo, California. It turned out to be my favorite place to live. In due time our four children got married and grandchildren started to arrive. At this time we are blessed with nine grandchildren ranging from the age of 13 to a tiny one month old. We have five boys and four girls, and each one is very precious and special to both of us.

My daughter Ellen is the only child who lives in Walnut Creek, California, with her husband Marty and two boys. The others are dispersed between New York, Connecticut, and southern California. A year ago we sold our big house and bought a new condominium in Walnut Creek, California. In 1989, we decided to take an extended vacation to Israel and Europe. It was a marvelous trip and I had very mixed emotions to see Mannheim, the city of my birth, after 50 years. After all it was the place where my family had lived for so many years and we actually had to flee. Seeing the newly built Synagogue was a very special feeling since Hitler had tried so hard to eradicate the Jewish people. But this proved that we are indestructible and did rise like the Pheonix from the ashes. This beautiful sanctuary in Manheim, brings very special feeling and emotions

to me. I did not meet anyone from the past, but the thought of being back there and talking with Mr. George Stern, the president of the new congregation, and the people running the Jewish life in Mannheim was a wonderful experience and I am very grateful.

Sue Bley (Suse Wolff) - Highland Park, Illinois

In 1932, life seemed pretty normal for a ten year old who loved school, gymnastics and considered herself "one of the boys", the son my father never had. Tree climbing, diving off the high board at the Herweck (swimming pool) - oh how the neighbors loved to call my mother and tell her about terrible Suse's latest escape. One-upmanship in those days consisted of my mother and Clair Feibelmann next door, comparing Hannelies's and my report cards. One name began to crop up in adult conversation over the next few months, Adolf Hitler. Plans were underway for us to move from the Werderstrasse to the Richard Wagnerstrasse, and in one of her many intuitive moments, my mother begged my father to let the van roll on across the border. My father, Oscar Wolff, well established and comfortable, was never one for change. Starting all over again with two growing daughters, me and Gretel now Peggy Kreisman (see also), seemed overwhelming. Deep down he'd always been anti-German. Born in the Saar area, veteran of World War I, he often said he fought on the wrong side.

How does a ten year old know when major changes are afoot? When one of her best friends, Renate, is no longer allowed to sit next to her in school. Her father, Herr Rechtsanwalt (attorney) could be affected by her association with Juden (Jews). This was hard to understand since many of us were Germans first and Jews second. Changes came swiftly. The concern in my parents eyes grew as they digested the news. The word "boycott" became part of our lives when the Edelweiss Oil Gesellschaft, my grandfather's pride and joy, became a target. He fought being told where to buy and sell, but it was a losing battle, and eventually he was forced to sell out. He had travelled to the United States in pre-Hitler days - that intuition again - but he came home. I remember standing in front of the Palace Hotel amidst crowds awaiting Hitler's parade. Youngsters in brown uniforms looking proud and happy, music that made you want to march along. I always felt in later years that without the (marching) music Hitler might not have made it. And while I knew this wasn't my parade, I remember desperately wanting to be a part of it.

I can't pinpoint the exact time, but all of a sudden we were Jews first and Germans very much last. We attended regular Sabbath services now and our social life began to revolve around the synagogue. I sang in the children's choir. I couldn't then and still can't carry much of a tune. But singing wasn't the objective, the boys were. We had such fun pretending to let them follow us home. To everyone's surprise, I enrolled in Hebrew classes, not beginners, but advanced, because my idol, Dr. Max Gruenewald (see also) taught the class. It meant hard work, but when did that ever interfere with hero worship? Next came my transfer to the Jewish School - now clearly separate and different. A most vivid memory of those days is Professor Sichel, one of our teachers telling us over and over again

that achieving wasn't enough, that as Jews we had to excel in order to compete on a very uneven playing field. English classes consisted of studying Shakespeare - maybe that's why I could recite the "Quality of Mercy" better than anyone else when I finally wound up in an English boarding school. Friends began leaving daily for foreign lands including Palestine. Spending summer vacations in Switzerland had taught me more about Pontresina than about the cradle of my religion.

1936 brought drastic changes. After my father's death in April, my mother, Else nee Odenheimer, an only child, approached Dr. Gruenewald hoping to have my name placed on a list of children to be sent to school in England. With my mother's perseverance and determination and Dr. Gruenewald's generous help, we were crowned with success in October. I was going to England, 14 years old, leaving my mother and younger sister behind. Northend House in Petworth, Sussex became home. Strange customs and language, lonely, scared moments, yet a sense of a new world that needed to be conquered. I grew up fast and learned English in a hurry, thanks to a multi-lingual headmistress who permitted only English except when you sat at the French table with Mademoiselle, then you spoke French. Icy cold mornings in the dormitories, making a mad dash for the jug of hot water for washing, wearing uniforms, and good old porridge for breakfast, these were part of our daily lives. I've never touched hot cereal since I left school.

I remember two years of hard studies, new friends from around the world, kind and strict teachers, and vacations with wonderful families in London arranged through the head of the Jewish Refugee Committee, Mrs. Jeanette Franklin Kohn, who deserves many thanks. I learned first hand about the ever present English class system, where a titled housekeeper in a boarding school with a broken down Irish castle, is still an object of awe because she was Lady Rosemary. I almost went home for a visit in 1938 but needed some documents to return. An official at the German consulate in London will never know how his unfriendly letter may have saved my life. I didn't go home, instead went to visit relatives in Luxembourg where my mother and I waved to each other across no man's land. Later that year my sister Gretel was able to join me at school in Petworth. What a reunion, soon followed by friend Edith Kiefer (see also). I'll always remember her mother, a very special confidant, with whom rested all those secrets I could never confide at home. Having matriculated from North End House, sad farewells to sister and friends, I was off to Bournemouth and its local college under the protective wing of Jeanette Franklin Kohn. She was a titled English woman married to a German Jew who felt she had a debt to pay and devoted her life to helping others.

Ongoing efforts to get my mother out of Germany proceeded ever so slowly. As luck would have it, the official who checked her lift (packing crate) remembered having served under my father in World War I and would have permitted mother to take out the crown jewels! September, 1939 brought the dreaded war and delay after delay. But finally the wonderful news came that mother's visa had arrived after numerous visits to the American consular officials. The lift was shipped to Rotterdam, and in January 1940, she secured passage on what was to become the last ship to leave. However, the Luftwaffe destroyed the lift on the docks prior to loading. By now war was a reality with air raid shelters, gas masks and men in uniform. Efforts for the two of us to join mother in America took

until June 1940 when we sailed on the blacked out SS Samaria. After days of darkness at sea, the lights of New York were an incredible sight. Exciting days with new relatives, seeing all the sights of the New World, followed by a family reunion in Chicago. Our apartment was in the Hyde Park community, home of a large part of the Jewish community of Chicago of German descent.

Denial of the past, rejection of the label German refugee, a desperate desire to belong and be a part of the established community drove me to everything American, away from everything German including the language which I refused to speak. New challenges in school, the advertising business and a blind date in 1943 led to marriage in 1947 to Bob Bley of Cleveland but raised in Chicago. We dated for several months before I revealed my past during an emotional confession. Mannheim didn't become a part of my life again until some years later when something, maybe who I was, allowed me to talk freely about the past. My mother, living in England since 1948 married to an old friend of the family who had recently been widowed, gave our daughter, as a Bat Mitzvah present, a trip to Europe with her parents in 1964. Yet, my husband, an American born Jew, was much more reluctant to go to Germany than I seemed to be. I finally rationalized that to him Germany meant only one thing - Nazis - while I had good memories of wonderful years before the world changed. There were the Planken, the Wasserturm, the cemetery, the synagogue, the Richard Wagnerstrasse and the Tattersallstrasse - all the old haunts where we let the boys chase us on the way home from school and synagogue. Those were the places I had finally stopped denying their place in my history, recognizing how incredibly fortunate I was to be here with my immediate family, none of whom had perished.

Daughter Marsha arrived in 1951, followed by son Steve in 1953 and Jerry in 1956. After years in the South Shore community we moved in 1964 to suburban Glencoe where life was ideal. During her stay at the University of Wisconsin, Marsha spent a year in England where she met her husband Bert Bell, a New Zealander. Now happily settled in Iowa with daughter Katie, 7 and son Elliott, 4 she is teaching school part time. Son Steve travelled around the world after college in Colorado, and is now settled in Seattle with wife Debbie and 3 year old Jordan. He has a flourishing construction company. Son Jerry, with wife Emily, reside in Maine. He is a land use research specialist, making his mark in the battle to save our environment. After years of volunteer work I decided to become a travel agent which has kept me busy and roaming the globe for the past 15 years. The industrial real estate market keeps husband Bob busy without any thought of retirement. Mother lived a full active life until 1986, when she died at age 92. My life has been relatively unscarred compared to the agony and suffering of so many. I'm glad I took the time to delve back into the past.

Hanne Holesovsky (Weill) - Amherst, Massachusetts

My parents were Hanns and Rita Weill, nee Kisch. My father was born in Dessau, my mother in Groningen, Holland, moving to Thale/Harz about 1909. We arrived in Mannheim from Berlin, in the fall of 1931, so I cannot claim to be a proper Mannemer. Much as I enjoyed Mannemerisch, (dialect spoken in Mannheim), I never quite managed it myself. Recently, I was introduced to a young woman from Germany. After two minutes she said: "Sie sind aus Berlin?" ("Are you from Berlin?")

Living in Mannheim from the age of 8 to 14 was the central experience in my life; positive for good friends and the Jewish community, negative, of course because of the Nazi times. In Berlin, we had lived in what was called New Westend, on Meiningenalle. In Mannheim, we first lived in a modern looking apartment on Augusta-Anlage, then in a larger apartment, Leibnizstrasse 1. Looking back, I find it remarkable to what extent children can lead their childhood existence in the midst of serious trouble, until the moment of real danger. There was school, friendships, a small Zionist group called "Werkleute", reading, music, and Sunday walks. This in addition to all kinds of private lessons, including a quite hopeless attempt to teach me how to sew, in case that might be needed in emigration. I also took lessons in gymnastics, piano, and English. Gymnastics was fun as opposed to the quasi-military way it was taught at school. The piano lessons were with Kapellmeister (conductor) Sinzheimer, usually with the feeling "let's get it over with". Perhaps he didn't like teaching a not very gifted pupil. But I did learn a lot from him, even a bit of theory, and, talented or not my love for music has lasted. As for the English lessons, which came shortly before we left, the teacher asked us to practice the phrase "comfortable circumstances" - what irony. There even was an old fashioned "Kranzchen" of young girls meeting at each other's houses, for talk and hot chocolate.

One was aware of course of the growing isolation. Can I ask this German girl to borrow her eraser? And what did big signs "Die Juden sind unser Unglueck" mean? ("Jews are responsible for our misery!") And then step by step there was no swimming, no theater, no concerts. Once my father took me to Ludwigshafen for a concert conducted by Beecham. I was afraid "they" might notice and arrest us, but all went well. I also had a big scare when a policeman stopped me for riding my bicycle without touching the handlebars, and imposed a fine of one Mark. I had to go and pay it, but this was the normal police, and they gave me no trouble.

The adults of the Jewish community also did their best to keep things normal as long as possible; it must have been very difficult for them. I remember, for instance, an all Jewish performance of "Bastien and Bastienne" and a children's performance of Beer-Hofmann's "Jaakobs Traum" ("Jacob's Dream"). But above all, the synagogue services, and most especially Dr. Gruenewald (see also), who gave all of us, children and adults, courage, and a spiritual underpinning without which I can't imagine how we would have managed. At home, I asked my father to make a proper Sabbath evening and Seder (Passover services), and being the son of a cantor, he did a fine job. The forced turning inward of the Jewish community also had a positive effect which, in my case, have lasted.

I first went to Mollschule, which I remember as a rather dismal place. But the principal, Rektor Winter, I think was a nice person. He retired

shortly after the Nazis came to power. It was probably in disgust, because I remember Lotte Landmann (see also) and I meeting him later and him speaking to us very kindly. The Luisenschule had a much better atmosphere, at least for a while. My teacher for the main subjects was a Frauelein Asinelli. I can remember her dresses, always of the same cut, only different materials. And I still remember the one fable of Lafontaine she had us memorize. There was also a Frauelein Roth, I think, who taught biology. She was more severe, but an excellent teacher. Both did their best to remain fair to the Jewish girls, which must have been difficult for them. Finally, after we were thrown out, there was the improvised Jewish school - surely an heroic enterprise under the circumstances. It was certainly less stressful to be unter uns (among ourselves), but at the same time there was a kind of sad unreality, because by that time we all realized that the (Jewish) community was dissolving. The teachers I remember were Fraulein Oppenheim, known best as Oppes, and beloved by all, as well as Dr. Gruenewald and Dr. Geis.

My closest friend was Lotte Landmann, with whom I am still in touch. As an only child, I attached myself to her family as well, an experience remembered with gratitude. Then Lulu Blum, very grown up in her ways and gifted in all directions, but especially in music which I know has stayed with her. Inge Beer, sweet and conscientious, used to pass by on the way to school and suffered because I was so often late. I also remember Lieselotte Rosenstiel with a sunny temperament. When she laughed, in her low sweet voice, everyone in the class joined in. I saw her last in Paris, where we were staying for a short time before the trip to New York. She had come for a few days from Holland. The Nazis caught her and her family, and this horrified me as much as the murder of some of my own family. Why her? Why not me? I liked all the girls in my Zionist group. I remember Marianne Weil, quiet and thoughtful. I was closest to Baerbel and Judith Buber, who would come into the big city from Heppenheim to meet with us. Thanks to Lotte Landmann Hirsch, I got in touch with Judith some years ago. Since she spends part of the year teaching in Boston, she and her husband visited me. My first question was "wo sind deine Zoepfe?" Sure enough, she still wore a braid down her back. She in turn was most excited about a volume of a series of books for girls that she had missed out on, "Bibi" by Karin Michaelis. Could she borrow the last volume? Of course! Childhood memories are powerful.

The girl in charge of us (in the Zionist group), Luise Bauer, was only a few years older than the rest of us, but in full control, mainly through her own enthusiasm. She died at age of 17 from an infection, as there was no penicillin then. This was my first experience with death and it took me and perhaps the other girls too, a long time to get over the shock. I remember the many walks and outings, mostly on Sundays and mostly in Heidelberg, either to the Philosophenweg, or to the Schloss and a restaurant called Molkenkur.

We got out of Germany in the spring of 1938, I believe because my father got a personal warning. We stayed in Geneva for a time, while he tried to figure out where he might be able to make a living. He decided against Europe, and so we arrived in New York City in July, 1938. I think that despite the relief and gratitude, there was for all of us a kind of culture shock. In the years to come, we learned to juggle the German, Jewish, and American aspects of our identities, and it seems to me that each one of

us ended with a very personal "mix". For me, loyalty to the Jewish tradition, little as I know of it, has remained strong. In this country I always feel a bit European. In Europe, I feel very American indeed. In mid-life, I returned to my love of German literature and wrote a dissertation on a Goethe topic. I would not have been ready for that earlier. I belong to the last generation to experience the one-sided love affair of the Jews with German culture.

My husband, Vaclav, was Czech. We met in Paris in 1948. I had come from graduate studies in Baltimore for a year in Paris, he from the lost fight against the Communist takeover in Prague. Human rights, and politics from that perspective, remained an important part of his work. We were married in 1950 and moved to New York a year later. He took up his studies at Columbia, typically for his generation for a third time, after Prague and Paris. In 1965 we settled here in Amherst, where my husband taught economics at the university. He died of kidney cancer in 1981 at the age of 56. I have a son, Thomas, and a daughter Janet. Thomas is married to a completely American girl named Gretchen. They have two boys, Silas 15, and Hathaniel 13. My children are very much interest in my German-Jewish past. I have started to make tapes for them, to keep the memory.

Alice Oppenheimer (August) - New York, New York

A new beginning! It was in November of 1938, as the flames of the burning synagogues in Mannheim were flaring up to the sky, that a small group of immigrants gathered to establish a new congregation in Washington Heights for newcomers to the USA from Germany.

The congregation under the name of "Congregation of Washington Heights", later changed to "Congregation Ahavath Torah of Washington Heights," was headed by the former Mannheimer (owner of a cigar factory in Mannheim) Max Oppenheimer, my husband as President. Willi Ullman (the father of Joey Ullmann -- see also) served as Treasurer. It was not an easy task for the first board of officers to conduct a congregation. Most of the members had to struggle with their own personal financial matters and even the small membership dues of 50¢ were for many a hardship. But the singing of old Nigunim (hymns), and the feeling of belonging to a group of friends with the same background, were the incentives that made the congregation grow. After one year, 350 members had already joined, among them many who came from Mannheim.

From the beginning, under the guidance of my husband Max, many charitable projects were initiated. Examples are a Chevrah Kadischa (brotherhood responsible for preparation of the dead for burial) and a Sisterhood, which in turn established a Kleiderkammer (a collection of used clothing for redistribution), as well as Nachbarschaftshilfe (neighborly assistance groups) for the sick and ailing; there were also English lessons free of charge in our apartment, as well as at Mr. and Mrs. A. Felder's. The teachers gave their time as a Mizvah (a good deed). The sisterhood also had a Stellenvermittlung (employment assistance office) free of charge, and through all these activities the congregation continued to grow. We were accustomed in Mannheim to a typical Jewish Gemeindeleben (community

life) and the leaders Dr. Josef Unna and Dr. Max Gruenewald (see also) were harmoniously united in their secular knowledge and all their endeavours on behalf of Judaism. It therefore was a major highlight, when in October 1940 Dr. Max Gruenewald volunteered selflessly to officiate at the High Holiday services at the Congregation Ahavath Torah. From all over, the former Mannheimers came to listen to the High Holiday sermons of our beloved Dr. Max Gruenewald, so that we needed three halls to accommodate the overflow attendees. A seat was \$1.50!

In 1940 my husband Max and I established "The Jewish Way", a newspaper in the German language which was well received by all refugees, many of whom did not speak English. It kept them informed of local and world happenings, especially on the Jewish scene. An urgent cry for help reached "The Jewish Way" from Mannheim in December 1945. Approximately 150 Jews who returned from concentration camps were in very great distress. "The Jewish Way" formed immediately an Honorary Aid Committee consisting of my husband, Willi Ullman, and Gustav Wuerzweiler. Many generous donations solicited from other Mannheimer immigrants were received, which enabled the committee to send packages to each member of the Mannheim congregation. This project was handled by the Mannheimers with the greatest of integrity. The grateful acceptances are documented by many thank you notes.

In the year 1950 Congregation Ahavath Torah built the first Synagogue of German Refugees in Washington Heights, but unfortunately my husband, who had given his heart and soul to this project, died shortly after completion in November 1950. On the day the Schloshim (days of mourning) were over, a package was delivered, addressed to my husband Max Oppenheimer, which contained a Sefer Torah from Mannheim, saved from the Holocaust. It was to express the grateful thanks of the Mannheim Congregation from the devoted and generous help given during their time of greatest need! A chaplain of the U.S. Army was commissioned to carry this Sefer Torah to its destination where it found its honorary place in the Oron Hakodesch (shrine where the Torah rests in the synagogue) of the Congregation Ahavath Tora.

Editor's Note: Alice Oppenheimer was born May 17, 1900 at Neunkirchen/Saar. Alice married Max Oppenheimer 1920 in Mannheim and had two children, Werner and Edith (see also Edith Ullmann). Alice did not want to write about herself but thought it more important to write about the "New York-Mannheim connection", the bond between Jewish survivors. Although not in good health at present, Alice lives in her own New York apartment. It is inspiring that her remembrances are the last in this book, for it seems so fitting that we close with an account of brotherly love, compassion and heroism of the spirit. We wish Alice well.

Addendum

Months after the already extended deadline for accepting items for inclusion in this volume, a number of inquiries were received from England. They were triggered by an announcement which appeared in the January issue of AJF--"Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain", published in London. While a few of the correspondents sent their "remembrances" with their initial letter, others gave only fragmentary information. Notwithstanding, excerpts from their correspondence are included here.

Henry Jonas (Heinz) - London, England

There was an announcement in the AJF Bulletin (Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain) that you are looking for old Mannheimers. I was born there on September 28, 1926. The family lived in Bad Duerkheim until the end of 1938 when we settled in Mannheim from where we left for England in March 1939.

I went to the Jewish School in Mannheim, which was housed first in the building of the Volksschule, but afterwards had its own building. I keep seeing in my mind's eye, after reading your name, (Robert B. Kahn) a small dark-skinned boy with curly black hair and if indeed you look like that in your youth, you and I went to school together. If I remember rightly we were taught by Lehrer Kaelberman.

Since leaving Germany I have never met anyone of my age from Mannheim and am looking forward to a reunion -- who knows, I might see a face from the past?

Hans Oden (Hans Odenheimer) - Leicester, England

Born February 23, 1919, I eventually came to stay at the Israelitischen Waisenhaus, Mannheim R7, 24 (Jewish Orphanage) from where I attended the "U" Schule and Lessingschule (name of schools). From 1933-1937 I was employed at Eckstein & Seelig, first as apprentice, during which time I also attended the Handelsschule (school of commerce). I then moved to Offenburg, where I had accepted a position with Gerbrueder Kahn, until I was taken to Dachau (concentration camp) in November 1938. After my illegal immigration into what was then Palestine, I volunteered for the British Forces, serving in the Middle East, Italy and Germany.

Keith Leonard Orpen (Kurt Leopold Oppenheimer)

Little Chalfant, England

I have not been back to Mannheim since I left in October 1937, but a good friend of mine, Gerald Kennedy, formerly Helmut Kahn, now deceased, often went there and kept me in the picture. I was born in Mannheim January 30, 1920. My parents were Max and Alice Oppenheimer (nee Casewitz); my late father was General Manager of Gebrueder Jakobi, Zigarren (cigar business). Unfortunately, during Kristallnacht he was taken to Dachau, and died there in November 1938, aged 58. My dear mother came to England early in 1939 and lived till 1967. Although we had to rely on family, we did not have an easy time, but we did have some happy times together and fond memories.

My sister Lilly, born 1913, emigrated to Israel, but very unfortunately got leukemia and died during the war, 1942, leaving my mother and myself here in England. I had a business career, from 1938 until 1965 full time, thence part time marketing and consultancy work mostly with the farming industry. I worked for an uncle's oil business first, then after he died and an Aunt became the owner, I left and joined another company. It was a type of agricultural co-op central purchasing/marketing business. I was a senior executive, had a company car and other benefits.

Our one daughter Suzanne Orpen, married two years ago, now Mrs. Stephenson, expects a baby in July. I would not want to come to Mannheim for any reason. I think it would bring back only terrible memories about the Hitler regime and my dear father's death. I made my life here, married of course in 1954, with Suzanne born in 1956. We live quite happily, have a house with garden and dog, have some friends and relations. We read, walk, watch TV, have holidays (vacations) in Spain where my wife has a small flat in Menorca. We are both in reasonably good health, though of course I am now 70.

I have a relation in Denver -- a travel writer -- Curtis W. Casewit and an old family friend in Reading, Miss Ruth Ascher, from Mannheim.

Dr. Hans M. Wagner - London, England

I was born in Mannheim in 1924, grew up and went to school there until November 1938. In December 1938 I emigrated to Scotland where I found a new home in Glasgow with a Jewish family. I was very well looked after, was treated as part of the family, and I have maintained contact with them to the present day. I was also fortunate in that my parents could join me in Scotland in the summer of 1939.

I subsequently went to school and university in Scotland and in 1951 I joined the research laboratories of Kodak Ltd. where I spent the whole of my working life, retiring after 35 years service.

I married in 1958. My wife originally came to England from Vienna on one of the Kinder Transporte in 1939. We have two sons.