The Newsletter of the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems, Inc.

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In Touch

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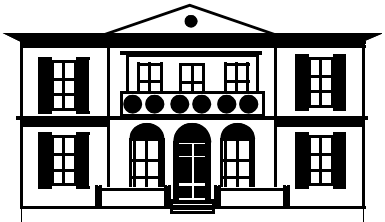

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A Letter from the President

Claude Rollin, Esq.

Dear Friends,

I am pleased to report that our fundraising efforts to support the new permanent exhibition at the Jewish Museum in Hohenems paid off handsomely!

We raised a total of $18,140 (in U.S. dollars) for the permanent exhibition project during the year. This amount includes $10,640 contributed by individual members of our organization plus $7,500 in matching funds from the Stephan & Renee Rollin Family Charitable Foundation.

I want to thank everyone who so generously contributed to our successful fundraising campaign. We could not have done it without you! It is obvious to me that our members are willing to "step up to the plate" when necessary to support important initiatives at the museum.

Other major contributors to this huge project include the City of Hohenems, the State of Voralberg, the Austrian federal government, the Association of the Jewish Museum Hohenems, foundations like the National-Fund for Nazi Victims in Vienna, as well as a large number of companies, industrialists and civic organizations.

The Museum staff is now hard at work developing and installing the new permanent exhibition for the museum. It is a tremendous undertaking, masterfully led by Museum Director, Dr. Hanno Loewy.

In order to facilitate the installation of the new permanent exhibition, the Museum will be closed from December 24, 2006 to April 29, 2007.

Thanks again for your continued support of the American Friends and the Jewish Museum in Hohenems. I hope you and your family had lots of fun during the holiday season.

All the best to you and yours!

Claude Rollin

News From the Museum

Dr. Hanno Loewy

NEW EXHIBITION UNDERWAY

The renovation of the Museum and the construction of the new core exhibition are under way.

On December 24, 2006, the Museum closed temporarily and work began for the installation of new exhibition facilities and technical equipment for audio and video presentations. These facilities will allow a more professional conduct of the activities and events at the Museum – and a new permanent exhibition that presents the richness of Hohenems' Jewish history and culture in a fresh and thought provoking way.

The celebration of the reopening has been scheduled for Sunday, April 29, 2007, and will be attended by the Governor of Vorarlberg, Herbert Sausgruber, and representatives of the Austrian and Swiss Jewish communities and other government officials. After that date, the Museum will be open for visitors once again.

FUNDRAISING CONTINUES

This ambitious project will enable the Museum to confront the challenges of the future, but its success relies heavily on the generosity of numerous friends, donors and sponsors such as the American Friends. The Jewish Museum Hohenems is particularly grateful for your support.

The list of donors and sponsors from Europe include prominent companies such as Siemens Austria, Zumtobel Lighting, Collini and Otten Realty, the Dornbirn Sparkasse Bank and the Vorarlberg Power Station, as well as leading foundations such as the Hanadiv Charitable Foundation in London, the Ars Rhenia in Liechtenstein, the National Fund for Victims of National-

(Continued on page 2)

News From the Museum

(Continued from page 1)
Socialism in Vienna, the Braginsky Foundation in Zurich, the Adolf and Mary Mil Foundation in Zurich and the Kahane Foundation in Celerina.

Together with various partners, the Museum has organized several successful fundraising events.

On November 23, 2006, fifty friends of the Museum attended a fundraising dinner hosted by the Museum Association (Förderverein) in the Salomon Sulzer Auditorium in the former Hohenems Synagogue. The guests were given a demonstration of the planned audio guide installations for the Museum, by singer Sandra Kreisler and writer Michael Köhlmeier, with readings from personal documents and memories that will form a significant component of the future exhibition. More than 30 donors have committed 500€ each to enable the Museum to acquire the personal audio guides that will be made available to visitors to the Museum.

On November 30, the General Consul of Austria, Dr. Bettina Kirnbauer hosted a fundraising dinner in Zurich, attended by Austrian Ambassador Aurel Saupe and his wife, and several friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems in Switzerland. Charles Ritterband, the Vienna correspondent of the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, the main newspaper of Switzerland – and himself a descendant of Jewish families from Hohenems – spoke about the significance of the Museum in the heart of Europe, building bridges between Jews and non-Jews in Switzerland, Austria and Germany. About 30.000 Swiss Franc were raised that very evening for the Museum.
Finally, the Liechtenstein friends of Yad Vashem have invited Justus Frantz and the Philharmonic of Nations, together with well-known violinist Jozsef Lendvai, for a fundraising concert in Vaduz to be held on January 29, 2007. Yad Vashem in Jerusalem and the Jewish Museum Hohenems will share the proceeds from this anticipated event.

In order to complete the project, the Museum is trying to raise an additional 50.000€. Donations are still more than welcome, and will be given credit as described in the News from the Museum article in the July 2006 issue of In Touch, whether given directly to the Museum or contributed to AFJMH (tax deductible for US taxpayers).

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION WORKSHOP IN DECEMBER 2006 The education department of the Museum, led by Helmut Schlatter, invited thirty educators from different Jewish museums and other institutions fostering tolerance and integration in Europe to a workshop on "Diaspora and Migration." The workshop afforded the opportunity for intensive discussions about the Museum's future programs for school and adult groups. These programs are designed to bridge Jewish history with contemporary issues of globalization- issues raised by many visitors to Jewish museums today.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD EXHIBITION Although most of our efforts are directed towards the Museum's future, the old core exhibition received a proper farewell at this year's "Long Museum's Night" on October 7. Celebrating the 20th anniversary of the Jewish Museum association and the 15th anniversary of the Museum's opening in 1991, the Museum welcomed more than 650 guests that night. The program included a photographic display of the Museum's past projects and exhibitions, offered readings and concerts, as well as a discussion and an opportunity to take the dance floor.

NEW CONTACTS TO HOHENEMS FAMILIES Thanks to the great effort of archivist Eva-Maria Hesche, the Museum has established bonds with newly discovered descendants in recent months, such as the Litt (Menz) family in New York and the Weyl (Burgauer-Schwarz) family in Germany. This growing resource of contacts will enable the Museum to broaden our relationship with the living community of Hohenems families and help us to prepare for the upcoming Reunion in 2008.

NEW ARCHIVES AND EXHIBITS The collection of archives, loans and exhibits of the Museum is ever growing; new gifts include precious artifacts such as the watch that Harry Weil kept in memory of his participation for Austria in World War I; the "Dienstbüchlein" (book of military service) that Adolf Burgauer, the first Jew granted citizenship in St. Gallen, kept of his Army service in Switzerland; several objects documenting the activities in Southern Tyrol of members of the Schwarz family, who developed tourism, railways, cable cars and breweries; and religious artifacts such as a Chanukah chandelier sold to Jewish DP's in Hohenems after 1945, and a Torah binder from Innsbruck.

Professor Thomas Albrich from Innsbruck University and Eva-Maria Hesche organized a workshop for students in the Museum, encouraging students to do research on several Hohenems family histories. We hope this research will improve our knowledge about many aspects of Hohenems history.

VIVID MEMORY An integral part of the new exhibition will be interactive video terminals and audios, presenting interviews with Hohenems descendants, expressing their varied views on history and contemporary issues, interviews with refugees from Vienna who fled Austria to Switzerland through Hohenems in 1938, and interviews with orthodox Jews who had been Displaced Persons living in Hohenems and Bregenz between 1945 and 1954. This will enable us to present vivid memories and statements that still reflect on crucial issues today, in a powerful message to our visitors. This is a project not to be terminated with the reopening of the Museum, but to be continued in the future. Just recently the Museum was able to acquire 28 video interviews from Steven Spielberg's Shoah Foundation, which present memories of Hohenems and Vorarlberg during the years between 1938 and 1950. ❖

A New Beginning For The Old School House

Gerhard Lacha, who recently has undertaken a number of restorations in Hohenems, including the Synagogue and the Elkan House, has just purchased the building which, commencing in 1851, housed the Jewish School . He is seeking investors for a total of 400,000 Euros to restore the building. Should you think you might be interested in this project, please contact him directly by email at: lacha.finanz@real-partner.at
❖

Contributions Towards Permanent Exhibition

Contributions to the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems for the Permanent Exhibition have now reached $ 18,140.00. This includes $ 7,500 from the Stephan and Renee Rollin Foundation, as well as contributions by many others:

Mel and Nini Amler
Christine and Serge Angiel
Ron and Carolyn Bernell
Claudio and Miguel Berndt
Eric Billes
Mark and Zarina Brunner
Ann Dorzback
Eugene Dreyer
Mark and Nadia Follman
Jennifer Goldstein
Harvey Gutman
Marion Hussong
Lucille M. O'Keefe (in memory of Sylvia Jacknow)
Elizabeth Lambert
Herbert Leviton
Julie Levin
Sandra Mintz
Ann Morris
Walter Munk
Marjorie Perloff
Claude Rollin
Renee Rollin
Morton and Eva Shavit
Susan and Zachary Shimer
Michael Sobel
Uri and Marlena Taenzer
Harry and Marita Ann Weil
Harry Weiss (in memory of Erik Weltsch)
Allen and Rega Wood

William Mendelsohn 1834-1937

Clinton Brown

William Mendelsohn (as his name appears in his military record) was born Wilhelm Mendelsohn, 7 October 1834 in Hohenems. It was thought by some of his descendants that he was part of the famous family descended from Moses Mendelssohn, the brilliant philosopher credited with being the emancipator of Prussian Jews of his generation (during the reign of Frederick The Great of Prussia) and a cousin to Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. I found that the only members of that family having a son named Wilhelm in the time-frame of the 1830-35 period were Alexander and Marianne (Seligmann) Mendelssohn. Alexander was son to Joseph, the senior partner of the wealthy banking firm of Joseph and Abraham Mendelssohn, the elder sons of Moses. Alexander was also a banker, having followed his father into the management of the banking firm, and was a man of considerable wealth. It has always seemed to me that his eldest son would have been brought up in rather well-privileged circumstances which would have led to memories of a childhood which was unlikely to have included such things as the game of "Kick-the-Mayor", which he recounted to me as we were walking past a vacant lot in which a group of kids were playing kick-the-can (like hockey) near his home in Lomita, a suburb of Los Angeles, California. He described the game to me as having been played with a small bundle of rags instead of a tin can and with a slightly different set of rules. The object was to see which team could capture and surround the Mayor (bundle) and kick it to pieces before the other team could rescue it in order to have the privilege themselves. He also described the community in terms that indicated it was a much more rural scene than that which would be encountered in the environs of Berlin, where his supposed father, Alexander, must have lived.

For this and other reasons, including the pursuit of truth, in 1994 I took my beloved wife to Europe where we visited Hohenems, going to the city offices at the Rathaus Hohenems for information. There we were treated with the utmost courtesy and cooperation. An English-speaking clerk, Barbara Burtscher, was appointed to

(Continued on page 4)

WILLIAM MENDELSOHN

(Continued from page 3)
conduct us to the site of the house where Wilhelm was born. She also shared a delicious luncheon with us at one of the good local restaurants. She obtained a key to the Jewish cemetery so we could spend some time there searching for ancestral graves. She informed us that we had an appointment to visit the Burgermeister, who spent an hour with us, shared by the compiler of a book entitled "Hohenems Kultur." Barbara bought and gave us a copy of this beautifully illustrated volume, which is treasured by us even though it is very difficult for us to read because it is written in Deutsch. Barbara also directed us to the Judisches Museum, where Johannes Inama placed all of his facilities at our convenience, furnished us with every bit of genealogic information quickly available and has mailed us more material, which now forms an important part of my genealogic records. We were not allowed to pay for any of the costs and we were treated with the utmost kindness at every turn. The data we were provided clearly indicates that Wilhelm's ancestry was indeed very different from that which we were led to accept. The fact that he had a deep love for plants and the land and became a Nebraska farmer who raised his family to appreciate the simple sorts of things he valued are more in keeping with a humble origin that the sophistication more likely in a banker's son.

He told me that he came to America when he was very young in order to avoid being impressed (drafted) into the Austrian Imperial Army to fight in one of their foolish wars. In other words he was a draft-dodger. I found (in November 2006) a photographic copy of the Original Passenger List or Manifest provided by law to the Authorities of The Port of New York by Wm.Goodborn, master of the bark "Gertrude", which lists Wilhelm Mendelsohn as Passenger #37 on a voyage that departed from Antwerp and arrived at New York 7 Oct 1856. His age is given as 21 and his profession is Butcher. He must have been most pleased with the fact that this day of arrival was also his 22nd birthday!

After his arrival in the United States, Wilhelm worked at any job he could find in order to support himself and settled in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. The Civil War broke out in 1861 and our hero, who had by this time Americanized his given name to William, had become an enthusiastic American patriot who believed in the principles embodied in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. He volunteered for service in the Twenty-Ninth Ohio Volunteers, which was known as "The Squirrel Hunters." This was printed and pictorially represented on his "SQUIRREL HUNTERS DISCHARGE" which he framed and hung on a wall of his home in Lomita, California. The document has been preserved and is in the possession now (2006) of Armista "Mistie" Mendelssohn, the widow of Lloyd, only child of Arthur, 11th and next-to-last child of William and Rebecca (Burfield) Mendelsohn. I laminated this document in vinyl to minimize oxidation and possess multiple copies of it. A copy of those Discharge documents is reprinted here. Pictured on it in the uniform of a general is, I believe, Charles W. Hill, Adjutant General of Ohio. Also, in the upper right is a portrait of a civilian, almost certainly David Tod, Governor of Ohio in 1862.

William served well and honorably and took a rifle ball in a thigh on 9 July 1862 at Fort Republic, Virginia. As he lay wounded among the dead and dying for several hours, it became apparent that if any of the wounded were to be cared for, they were going to have to provide that care. He heated his pocket knife over a small fire started by a match from his government-issue match case, which he later gifted me with (I have it among my most cherished possessions), and dug the rifle ball out of his thigh, He bandaged it with strips from a dead comrade's shirt, which he boiled in his mess kit and dried over his fire. He then cut a crutch from a nearby shrub with the same pocket knife. Then he proceeded to aid and organize

(Continued on page 5)

William Mendelsohn

(Continued from page 4)

those who could be helped into a company of hobbling wounded that walked for days and nights toward where they hoped to find their friendly compatriots. Many of them succeeded with him. He was discharged due to his disability 20 Dec 1862.

He walked with a limp for the rest of his life, using a cane. He was not much slowed by this because he always went enthusiastically wherever he went. [He also gifted me with a Malacca cane he used when he wanted to dress up fancy. I have it in my home where it is much admired by my own great grandchildren and their peers who visit.]

After his discharge from "The Squirrel Hunters" he returned to Cleveland where he married, on 23 Feb 1863, Rebecca Burfield, a lovely girl who came from Toronto, Canada. They raised a family of eleven very vital and interesting people, the first of whom was my maternal grandfather, the twelfth died a child. I never enjoyed the pleasure and privilege of meeting my grandfather, Bartholdo Samuel, fondly called "Uncle Sam" by many of his surviving kin, since he died of "consumption" 25 days after his youngest child was born. This left his widow, Lura Ethel (Pease) Mendelssohn with four children and herself to feed, clothe and be responsible for. She managed this by being an exceptionally good seamstress and very resourceful in many other ways, and by teaching her children excellent work ethics. She remained unmarried and independent 'til her death at age 85. My mother, Vera, was the eldest of these four and had not had her 5th birthday when her father died.

William became one of the five last survivors of the Civil War (North and South) before he died at the age of 103 years as the result of an accident, not of old age. He was traveling by bus to Los Angeles to be the featured speaker at an afternoon meeting of a women's club. As he stepped off the bus, the driver allowed the bus to move. That motion caused him to lose his balance and he fell upon the curb, breaking a bone in his hip. In 1937 the practice of immobilizing fractured bones with screws through metal splints was unknown and penicillin had not yet been developed. The only known treatment for a broken hip was to attempt to get the broken bone properly aligned, put the patient in a body cast and leave him on his back until it healed or the victim died of pneumonia. Most died and he did. He told me the day before he died that he was bitterly disappointed that he missed that speaking engagement because the ladies were always loving and considerate toward him AND THEY FED HIM LOTS OF GOODIES!

Even in extremis he had not lost his enthusiastic humor! He still had five of his own teeth and he knew how to take best advantage of them. I remember vividly the grin on his face as he sat at our table one evening a few hours after he came to our home after his first airplane ride taken on the centennial anniversary of his birth. My mother had served him his first artichoke with melted butter. He had to work rather carefully with his few teeth to get his full measure of the good stuff off the petals of that odd vegetable-flower-weed blossom (fancy overgrown thistle), but he was enjoying it. He said to me, "I seem to be trying a number of firsts this week and I'm enjoying them all, I wonder what the next one will be." I was a junior in high school that year and I suggested that he might like to go dancing with me and a couple of my girl-friends on Saturday night. He chuckled and said, "I think I'll leave the dancing to you youngsters but I'll go with you and tap my toes while you dance." (Now as I am nearing his age at that time all too rapidly, I realize all too well just how he felt because I can no longer dance as I once loved to do on roller skates and on my feet).

When, in September 1994, my wife. Pauline, and I traveled to the birthplace of Wilhelm in Hohenems with the objective of verifying his parentage we learned that his parents were named Bertold Levi-Mendelsohn, born in Hohenems 27 Nov 1781, and Clara Levi-Sager, born in Hohenems 8 Mar 1808. Their progenitors have been traced for five and four generations respectively and the rccords are on file at the Judisches Museum. There is no doubt of their authenticity. The Museum also provided me with copies of what they described as an Italian Passport issued to Berthold Mendelsohn. It is covered on both sides with official-looking stamps under groups of written material. I have an Italian friend who is a member of a social organization with a number of linguists in it who have examined this document and been able to translate portions of it. That which has been translated clearly indicates that it is a document describing Berthold's arrest in Italy and his having been passed from the hands of one police authority to the next until they got him back to Austria where they pushed him across the border while telling him it would be hazardous to his well-being to return to Italy. The document contains a physical description of Berthold and characterizes him as a Merchant.

Many of his descendants are living in the United States today. ❖

Werner J. Cahnman

Werner J. Cahnman (1902-1980) was a member of the last generation of German-Jews who were trained and active in Weimar Germany. Trained as a lawyer, Dr. Cahnman was deported to Dachau in 1938, then released and in the summer of 1939 fled to the United States. He taught sociology at the University of Chicago and at Rutgers and wrote a number of essays between 1940 and 1980 encompassing the experiences of a German Jewish refugee, an economist turned sociologist, and a scholar of Judaism.

Dr. Judith T. Marcus, professor of sociology at SUNY Potsdam and Dr. Zoltan Tarr, who has taught sociology and history at City College of CUNY, the New School for Social Research, and Rutgers University, have brought these essays together in a volume entitled Social Issues, Geopolitics and Judaica. It was Zoltan Tarr who led the editor of this newsletter to the interview with Stefan Zweig which appears on pages 8-9 of this Newsletter. Part I of that volume begins with the essay: "My Relations to Jews and Judaism" and includes analyses of the cultural ambiguities of Jewish assimilation in Germany and Austria. Part 4 contains twelve essays and return to Cahnman's ever-present concern with Jews and Judaism. They present a wide-ranging historical-sociological view, from the Jews of Vienna in the 1930s to the American scene in the 1960s, to the still-unresolved problems of Arab-Israeli relations, with Cahnman arguing for coexistence and the two-state solution for Jews and Arabs. Of possible interest to our readers might be Deutsche Juden, Ihre Geschichte und Soziologie, also edited by Marcus and Tarr. Another volume by Cahnman, entitled Jews and Gentiles: A Historical Sociology of Their Relations, is also now available through the editing work of Marcus and Tarr. ❖

A Visit to Hohenems

Nancy Saches

At the beginning of every school year in Mission Hills, Kansas, USA, my daughters are always asked what they did over summer break. Instead, this year the teachers asked them if they knew where their ancestors came from. Kate, age 15, and Amy, age 12, were more than happy to share their knowledge with their teachers and classmates.

Our family traveled to Hohenems last summer. My father, Gene Dreyer, is a descendant of Simon Bernheimer. Dad caught the "genealogy bug" when he was about forty, and I must admit that I have been infected too. Dad, my mother, Thelma; and I have spent many years talking about making a journey to Hohenems to see a piece of our history.

Dad planned our trip with the kind help of Professor Felix Jaffe-Brunner. He contacted the museum and made arrangements for us to meet with Dr. Hanno Loewy. We scheduled a meeting and the plans were set. Dad, Mom, Kate, Amy, and I flew to Zurich and drove to Hohenems a few days later.

The five of us were so excited and really didn't know what to expect. Dr. Loewy greeted us and we joined him for coffee. Dr. Loewy gave us a wonderful history of Hohenems and information about our family. My family and I were spellbound. It was hard to wrap our arms around the fact that our family inhabited Hohenems hundreds of years ago and we were now seeing it for ourselves!

Dr. Loewy patiently answered our many questions and made us hungry to learn much more. We went on a tour of the town; it was so interesting to learn about the townspeople and their culture. Kate and Amy were fascinated to see what daily life was like for our ancestors.

We enjoyed a wonderful lunch hosted by Prof. Jaffe-Brunner and the girls enjoyed tasting the authentic Austrian dishes. Afterwards, we toured the cemetery, which had a great impact on all of us. Dr. Loewy took us to the oldest part of the cemetery and found Simon Bernheimer's tombstone. We each placed a rock on the tombstone to honor him. We were truly humbled to be standing at the grave of our ancestor who had lived so very long ago.

My husband, Mark, was not able to visit Hohenems but met us later in Munich. We traveled from Munich to Salzburg and Vienna. It was a wonderful adventure, and we will never forget the special time we spent in Hohenems.

My daughters returned to school and told their teachers and classmates that not only did they know where a branch of their ancestors came from, they had actually visited the beautiful little town in Austria nestled at the foot of the Alps.

Kate and Amy hope that our family can travel back to Hohenems in 2008 for the reunion. They would like to celebrate with descendants and learn even more. I think the next generation has caught the bug and I am so glad. ❖

Amy, Nancy and Kate Sachse at the tombstone of their ancestor.

Judith K. Munk

1925-2006

Judith K. Munk, an architect and sculptor died on May 19, 2006, in La Jolla, California at the age of 81. For 53 years until her death, she was the wife of Walter Munk, a member of the Brunner family.

Judith Munk was born in San Gabriel, Calif., on April 10, 1925. She was raised in Los Angeles and began sculpting at age 7. She graduated from Bennington College in Vermont with a degree in arts and architecture, but her plans to undertake graduate work at Harvard University Graduate School of Design were stymied by polio, which struck just as she began. In 1951 she was hired by Sam Hinton as an illustrator/materials assistant at Scripps Aquarium and shortly thereafter met Walter, who had been affiliated with the Scripps Institution of Oceanography (SIO) in La Jolla, California since 1939 and with whom he remains affiliated to this day.

Judith Munk was an active member of the Scripps and University of California San Diego communities, where she made numerous contributions to architecture, campus planning and the renovation and reuse of historical buildings. This influence continued until the time of her death. In her architectural design and artistry, Judith worked with conventional materials and traditional forms, but with an original style. Some have described her building design, including her own home, as international in style, but with organic elements that address the canyons and ocean cliff terraces and unique environments of San Diego. She had an active role in the design of the old and new laboratories of the Cecil H. and Ida M. Green Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics (IGPP) at Scripps. For the original building, now named the Judith and Walter Munk Laboratory, Judith approached architect Lloyd Ruocco to design the building, but she was responsible for its concept and siting. As part of a later addition, Judith and Walter Munk were fundamental contributors to the development of Scripps Crossing, the innovative cable-stayed foot bridge linking the west and east sections of the Scripps Oceanography campus. "Judith Munk's clarity of thought, artistic good sense and sheer drive were behind several elegant buildings built on the Scripps campus," said Charles Kennel, director of Scripps Oceanography. "An evening in her living room was renowned as the quintessential Scripps experience for students, scientists and legions of friends from around the world. Judith Munk enlivened all she

(Continued on page 7)

JUDITH K. MUNK

(Continued from page 6)
touched. She made all lives better."

Walter Munk said Judith took a deep interest in his research. "If I described a project I was working on and she couldn't understand it, then she told me I didn't understand it myself—and she was right," said Walter. Judith inspired Walter to take an interest in the tidal problems of Venice, Italy, and threats to its art treasures. She accompanied Walter on expeditions and scientific visits to remote locations.

MORE ABOUT WALTER MUNK

Walter Heinrich Munk was born in Vienna on 19 October 1917 into a cosmopolitan Austrian family. His father, Dr. Hans Munk, and his mother, Rega Brunner, were divorced when Munk was a boy. His maternal grandfather Lucien Brunner was a prominent banker, a member of the Gemeinderat in Vienna and unsuccessfully ran for mayor against Carl Luegger. His stepfather, Dr. Rudolf Engelsberg was Generaldirector of the Oestereichischen Salinen. He was a member of the Schuschnigg government at the time of the Anschluss. The Munk family spent holidays at the Egelgus in Altaussee, near Salzburg, where Munk learned tennis and skiing. In 1933, when Munk was fifteen, he was sent to a preparatory school in New York State. The family selected New York because they envisioned a career in finance for Munk in a New York bank with connections to the family business. Munk worked at the banking firm for two years, hated banking, and instead decided to study physics at the California Institute of Technology. He received a B.S. degree in physics there in 1939 and a master's degree the following year. In 1939, Munk applied for a summer job at Scripps and in the following year became a doctoral student there. Scripps was a research institution with only a few students at that time.

Meanwhile, Munk's parents left Vienna without too much trouble traveling through Switzerland and then to England before settling in Pasadena, California.

In 1939 Munk applied for U. S. citizenship and enlisted in the ski troops of the U.S. Army as a private. Munk was eventually excused from military service to undertake defense related research at Scripps. The opportunity to make a contribution soon arose in connection with the Allied plan for an amphibious landing in northwest Africa. The area is known for large winter surf, which could have prevented LCVP landing craft from reaching the shore. The scientific problem was to predict and select two days of low surf for the landing. Walter Munk, together with his mentor, Harald Ulrik Sverdrup, a distinguished Norwegian oceanographer, developed formulae and methods to predict surf conditions and later began training groups of military meteorologists in their methods at SIO. The surf prediction methods were used successfully to predict conditions for Allied landings in North Africa, the Pacific theater of war, and finally the beaches of Normandy. This work was credited by the Allies with saving the lives of many men in combat.

In 1947, Munk completed his doctorate, a degree granted by UCLA for work done at Scripps. Thereafter Dr. Munk matured as a leader in the field of oceanography as it made an important transition from wartime funding for defense-related research to a broad effort in basic science, funded by the Navy and National Science Foundation, and pursued cooperatively by scientists around the globe. During the postwar period, oceanography changed from a ship-based science focused on expeditionary research, to one characterized by the use of a variety of remote instruments. These instruments and observations included radar, acoustics, seismology and satellites. All of these trends made it possible for oceanography and for Walter Munk to make major contributions to the science of the whole earth, not just the sea. Dr. Munk's scientific work and reputation grew beyond oceanography, and he is recognized as one of the great geophysicists of his generation. He has applied himself to problems others consider intractable. He is renowned for suggesting daring, some say risky, projects that yield revolutionary discoveries in science. Through his work he invented the tsunami warning system.

Dr. Munk studied earth wobble and spin and variations in gravity. This was an early element in his lifelong interest in the earth's dynamics. Dr. Munk is a pioneer in the use of acoustics as a method of studying the earth. His scientific studies of deep ocean tides have profound implications for oceanography and astronomy. Dr. Munk developed some of the first computer programs used to analyze waves of all lengths. During this same period, he wrote the classic paper on wind-driven ocean circulation. In 1953 Dr. Munk's studies of the glitter of the sun on ocean surface waves led him to develop statistics of surface slope which helps explain gravity waves, ripples and the micro scale of surface disturbances.

During the early 1960's Dr. Munk became an active member of JASON, a group of scientists that advised the military on scientific matters. He also served on several panels of the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC). Throughout the cold war period, he traveled extensively and visited many remote locations. For example, Dr. Munk and his family lived in a fale in Tutuila, American Samoa while he directed the Waves Across the Pacific Experiment. In this experiment, Dr. Munk studied very long Pacific swells and surmised that the source of these swells was in the Indian Ocean and that the waves had entered the Pacific along a great-circle route through the Tasman Sea. During the period 1965-1975 Dr. Munk attempted to improve tide prediction.

Thereafter Walter Munk continued to be active as an advisor to government on scientific subjects. He served as Chair of the Ocean Studies Board of the National Academy of Sciences. He was a member of the Naval Research Advisory Committee (NRAC) and the MIT Visiting Committee. During the 1980's, Walter Munk joined the board of the Monterey Bay Aquarium Research Institute (MBARI) where he helped focus the research aims of the Institute. In 1984, the Navy Secretary named Walter Munk to one of four Secretary of the Navy Research Chairs in Oceanography. The purpose of the chairs was to reaffirm the strong interest of the Secretary of the Navy in oceanography and to recognize the leading oceanographers in the United States. The generous terms of the SECNAV chairs became a major factor in all of Dr. Munk's subsequent work. He also continues to work on Ocean Acoustic Tomography.

Walter Munk received the National Medal for Science from President Ronald Reagan on February 27, 1985. He has been elected to membership in

(Continued on page 8)

Stefan Zweig in Salzburg*

Werner J. Cahnman

Originally published in *The Menorah Journal,* Vol. xxx, No. July-September, 1942, 195-198]

The death of Stefan Zweig (he committed suicide February 23, 1942, in Brazil) revives the memory of a blasty winter night in Salzburg. It was in January 1931. I had been invited by the small Jewish community in Salzburg to come from Munich to deliver a lecture on the struggle that the Jews in Germany had to fight at that time for their threatened civil liberties. I took this opportunity to write to Stefan Zweig that I wanted to discuss with him a few questions concerning the future course of the *Morgen*, the then leading German-Jewish periodical. It was agreed that I was to come and see him in "his" café-house after my lecture. The lecture, followed by a rather heated discussion of the sense and nonsense in the various methods of Jewish defense which were employed at that time (still, more or less, the methods of today in America), took place in a restaurant that was not too far from the main railroad station, while the café-house where I had my appointment afterward was situated on the banks of the Salzach.

It was late, half an hour before midnight, when I passed the Mirabell Garden and proceeded toward the city and the river. Fresh snow had fallen on this very evening, the air was sharp and spicy, and only a few stars glittered in the dark skies overcast with great grey banks of clouds. Stefan Zweig was standing outside the entrance to the café-house waiting for me: a tall, lean man, dressed in sportsman's breeches and knee-stockings, with a heavy fur-lined grey jacket not quite reaching down to the knees, and a green Alpine hat above the clear face of a dark-eyed and somewhat melancholy gentleman. "Oh, there you are!" he said. "I have spent my evening browsing through all the Austrian and foreign newspapers in there, and then I could not stand the smoky atmosphere any longer. So we might just as well have our conversation in the open, if you don't mind." I did not mind—although the snowflakes began to fall again and an icy blast was springing up as we passed the bridge over the Salzach and entered the older part of the city.

Salzburg was enveloped in a fairy-tale garment. The iron rails alongside the front steps of the houses, the baroque volutes above the wooden doors, the broad window-sills, the images of the Madonna, and the saints in the niches of the walls, the heads of the church pillars, and the branches of trees which towered over the garden walls—all were thickly lined with a fresh snow, yet seemed to swing like the lingering strains of a violin from some old chamber music. Inevitably we began by remarking about the spirit of this town, built in Italian fashion on the Northern edge of the high mountains, and about Mozart who had been born here, and about Austria. It was only a brief step farther in the course of our thoughts to the Jews in Austria. Stefan Zweig was bitter: the hurt heart of so many educated Jews in Austria was talking through him. "Look here," he said, "the Jews of Austria have loved this country, this German-speaking Austria, like themselves. Many of them have rendered a pure, unselfish service. Actually, where would literature be, the press, the theater, music, where the Universities in Austria—without the Jews? And the result? One after the other of them is being edged out of his place; it seems, indeed, an inevitable process. Please don't misunderstand me: I am not touchy. I do not complain about the attack. Considering the depths of human hatred, I can even appreciate the nature of such an attack. What I am complaining about is the lack of defense. It is a joy to have foes if you have friends also, but this is just precisely what is lacking. You'll not believe how corrupt this country is, and how cowardly. Of course, I do not mean the ordinary people, the peasants and workers—they are just as good here as they are everywhere else, they are a kindhearted though unenlightened folk. But the leaders are cowards. See, I came here to this place, yes, people do know me, and greet me, and smile to me, and they are well aware of the fact that my name means something to the international public that attends the *Festspiele*. But do you think they would have asked me for the least bit of cooperation, for the smallest contribution I might have been able to provide? Oh, no, that would have shocked some of the bullies that are lurking around the corner."

In reply, I recalled the "indolence of hearts" which had worried Jacob Wassermann so much, and the devastating impression he had received, coming as he did from a small town in South Germany, of the metropolitan decadence of the Jewish "bourgeoisie" in Vienna. Stefan Zweig agreed that this was the reverse side of the coin. A Jew of the Reich had no conception of either the social significance or the social problems of Viennese Jewry. "We used to ride in horse-drawn carriages and live in the best living quarters of the city. We owned the big business houses and left the vocations of street-cleaner or trolley-car conductor to the

(Continued on page 9)

Judith K. Munk

(Continued from page 7)

the National Academy of Sciences in the United States and the Russian Academy of Sciences, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society. Dr. Munk has received many national and international honors including the Vetlesen Prize, Gold Medal, Royal Astronomical Society, Bakerian Lecturer of the Royal Society, Agassiz Medal of the National Academy of Sciences, the National Medal of Science and the Kyoto Prize. He has an honorary degree from Cambridge University.

Although his grandfather Lucien Brunner may initially have been disappointed by Walter Munk's career choice, we are certain that he would now agree that it was a good choice and the world has benefited from his grandson's work. ❖

HARVEY E. GUTMAN (1921-2006)

EDITH R. WORMSER WITH SUSAN R. SHIMER

Harvey E. Gutman, a Trustee of the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems, died on September 1, 2006 in Sarasota, Florida, following a brief hospitalization.

Remembered for his loyalty, generosity, intellect, diverse interests, wit, and courage in the face of adversity, he is survived by a niece Tara G. and her child Maxim; by numerous close cousins, both European and American; by many dear friends scattered worldwide; and by his friend Carol Gilbert. He was predeceased by his long-time companion Anne M. Keen.

Harvey was born on July 1, 1921 in St Gallen, Switzerland, to parents who lived in Munich until the Nazis made life there too difficult. His birth in Switzerland may have saved his life, since it permitted him as a German to emigrate in 1938 to the U.S. under the more easily available Swiss quota.

Harvey Gutman's maternal family tree traces back to 18th century Hohenems. Harvey's grandfather Hermann Brettauer was the grandson of Ludwig Brettauer (1768-1837), already a 2nd generation Brettauer in Hohenems, and his wife Fanni Wolf (1783-1840). Grandfather Hermann Brettauer also born in Hohenems, married Betty Schlesinger, settled in St Gallen, Switzerland, and became the parents of five daughters:

- Helene Brettauer Gutmann – mother of Harvey and Gerry Gutman,
- Erna Brettauer Alexich – mother of Beatrice Weber-Alexich,
- Hedwig (Hedie) Brettauer Wormser – mother of Hans W., Eric W. and Eva W. Shavit;
- Annie Brettauer Schwabacher – mother of Edith Schwabacher;
- Nelly Brettauer – unmarried.

(Continued on page 10)

STEFAN ZWEIG

(Continued from page 8)

rest of them. Our own poor—we despised. Success has made us fat and complacent. What sort of a self-defense could you expect under these circumstances? On the contrary, we took nothing and no one seriously, not even ourselves. Our intellectuals took it upon themselves to criticize the church. At the same time, they thought it was great sport to ridicule their own weakness. How many of our girls, or shall I say young ladies, forgot all their dignity when a smartly dressed "Aryan" army officer courted them! And yet, all this is so much less appropriate to us than to other people! Ours is an age-old title of nobility, an actual obligation to hold to higher values."

I was deeply moved by the despair that had obviously seized so noble a mind. I said that nobody should believe his work had been in vain. I told him that his *Sternstudnen* and his *Drei Meiser* belonged to the most widely read books in the German youth movement. I tried to have him realize the encouragement that his *Jeremias* had brought to numerous Jewish boys and girls in the Reich who were now looking forward, moreover, to a new word of encouragement from him. He shook his head. "When I was writing the *Jeremias*," was his reply, "I thought I could possibly be of service to the peace movement, but those days are gone."

A prolonged silence followed. He must have felt that he should say something more consoling. "You still have it easier out there in the Reich," he continued. "You can still try to be Germans *and* Jews at the same time—a magnificent combination indeed, if it were at all possible. But, to be honest, I believe that your fight, too, is lost for the moment. This is a nationalistic epoch and it must have its victims. What, then, is a Jew to do? Be calm, be silent, shun the limelight until the storm has passed. This epoch of nationalism, to be sure, cannot last forever. I'll give it fifty years at the most."

"I will admit," I replied, "that we'll have to pass through nationalism, just as we had to pass through many other things before. But your philosophy of defeatism cannot be mine. Don't you see that your fifty years represent exactly my lifespan?

At this moment the bells in a nearby church-tower struck two. We had long since left behind the narrow winding streets and lanes of old Salzburg, and were stamping on a highroad that passed by scattered suburban homes and headed toward the open country. It was pitch-dark, the wind was howling, snowflakes still fell slowly from a heavily curtained sky, and I noticed that my hands with only thin gloves were almost frozen stiff. I most certainly felt like getting into a warm room; but since I was the younger, I did not want to set the pace. For some minutes only the stamping of our feet was to be heard. I fear it must have sounded rather shy when I finally asked, "Mr. Zweig, do you live in this direction?" With a charming little smile of understanding he answered: "No, I live in the opposite direction." We turned, and after a short while we found ourselves back at the Salzachbridge where we parted.

Coming to London in 1939, I did not meet Stefan Zweig, but I heard of him shortly after the outbreak of war. One of the executive officers of a large Anglo-Jewish organization told me Zweig had said, or written, to him that in such a time of decision he did not feel like sticking to his desk and do nothing but write. He wanted to be of service in some way, in any place, in which he might fit. This statement seemed to be remarkable in view of our discussion in Salzburg some eight years before. It appeared to be the attempt of a noble skeptic to shake off his fears and forebodings and to pull all his strength together in a new effort. It was a final effort, as the news of his death has shown. If one wishes to do justice to that effort, one should not, I believe, regard the suicide of Stefan Zweig as a sign of personal weakness. One should rather regard it as but another proof of the tremendous strength of those powers which overwhelm "a man without a country" in these most turbulent times, after he has been caught up in their whirlpool.

** Stephan Zweig was a descendant of the Brettauer family of Hohenems. He was born in Vienna,the son of Moritz Zweig, a wealthy Jewish textile manufacturer, and Ida Brettauer Zweig, the daughter of an Italian banker family. ß*

Cahnman was a noted sociologist. More information about him appears in a separate article in this Newsletter. ❖

HARVEY E. GUTMAN

(Continued from page 9)

Although Harvey's mother was a Swiss citizen by birth, she lost her citizenship when she married a German, Otto Gutmann. The couple built a family life in Munich, while also maintaining close contact with the Brettauer family living in St. Gallen. Holidays were spent together with cousins, either in St Gallen, in Munich or in Offenbach am Main, where Helen's sister Hedie Brettauer with her husband, Arthur Wormser, resided and raised their three children. Briefly, Harvey even went to school in St. Gallen, while his brother Gerry (born 1922) was ill with scarlet fever.

Harvey always cherished his memories of those visits. In later years, he often returned to St. Gallen when he came to Switzerland and developed a special bond with cousin Bea. He also reminisced with great fondness about the annual Easter egg hunts in the Wormser garden in Offenbach. The ritual consisted of hiding the children's previously hand-colored eggs and, after the successful search, all the eggs were gathered into one large basket and then were auctioned off ceremoniously by Uncle Arthur, one piece at a time, in his charming version: "Wer will dieses schoene, grosse, blaue, gelb-gefleckte, geschmackvolle Ei...?" ("Who wants this beautiful, large, blue, yellow-spotted, tasteful egg?"). It must have been a favorite experience for Harvey since, years later in the US, he reminded his Wormser cousins annually about the quoted portion in the original German version.

With changing times in Germany, the Gutman family experienced considerable upheaval. Harvey's idyllic youth ended abruptly when, one morning in his school in Munich, he found that his best friend and bench neighbor was sitting in another seat, leaving Harvey sitting alone without a word of explanation. He never forgot this scene and mentioned it rarely, but with bitterness.

In 1938, his 16 year old younger brother Gerry was sent by the parents to relatives in England. After the start of World War II in 1939, Gerry, like other European refugees, was declared an "enemy alien", interned by the British in 1940 and sent with thousands of passengers (the famous "children's transport") aboard the British ship Dunera to a then unknown destination, arriving several months later in Australia. There, as a stranger, Gerry worked hard, continued his studies, earned advanced university degrees and, with his skills and some good luck, became an accomplished and respected government economist. His marriage to Pamela (Pam) Munson produced their only child Tara, who became the major impetus, in the late 1970's, for Harvey's and Gerry's widowed mother (Helen) to relocate from the US to Canberra, where she spent the rest of her 103-year long life, outliving her four younger sisters and bonding warmly with her only grandchild.

During this same unsettling time in Germany, Harvey, while awaiting an affidavit for entry to the U.S., was hidden by another family and then sent to Frankfurt, where he spent some time in the home of his Grandmother Betty's brother, Fritz Schlesinger. Fritz and his wife "Betz" had believed in prior years that they were safe, since Fritz had fought in World War I and had received an Iron Cross for special bravery. They were mistaken and, in 1943-44, both perished in the concentration camp Theresienstadt. Fortunately, Harvey's circumstances improved. Some nearly unknown distant relative provided the necessary guarantee (an affidavit), enabling Harvey to immigrate to the U.S.A. in 1938.

Harvey's father, Otto Gutman, was taken to the concentration camp at Dachau. He was released from Dachau but then was again imprisoned there. He secured a visa for England which won his release a second time, with the accompanying threat: "If we get you a third time you will not get out any more." So Otto left for the Swiss border, hoping to secure a transit visa to Switzerland and, from there, reach England via France. He stayed in a small German village near the border to Basel, tried to cross the border without any success, and had to appear daily at the Gestapo-office. Erna Alexich, Otto's sister-in-law in Switzerland, tried to secure his entry and visited him once, but returned home alone. She managed to get an audience with the highest Swiss police officer, Dr. Rothmund, and tried to convince him that Otto be permitted to enter Switzerland, since he did not intend to stay there, but planned to travel to England, for which he had a visa. That effort was also unsuccessful. Beatrice Alexich Weber described the memory of her mother's reaction: "Erna came home in despair. Never will I forget when, one evening at 9 o'clock, there was a knock on our door in Basel and there stood Otto, like a ghost. He had waited in a queue at the German station in Basel (but still in German territory), and when the man ahead of him showed his papers, Otto pushed him away and, as a last attempt, ran out of the building across the line to freedom. Then for weeks, some relatives secretly nursed Otto with a severe case of jaundice back to good health and he could finally get to London."

Meanwhile Harvey's mother, Helen, made her way to Switzerland and waited there. She had sought a permit to enter the United States, but that did not come until December 7, 1941, the day America entered World War II, and all immigration was stopped. So the Gutman family survived the war in three different continents - Europe, North America and Australia. It took many years before husband, wife, sons and brothers saw each other again, the first such time was on American soil.

Although already 17 years old, Harvey had not yet finished his high school education by the time he came to the United States to live with distant relatives in Oregon. During the day, he worked for a casualty insurance company as clerk and assistant auditor, while at night he attended college. That schooling was interrupted for four years by the war. After being detailed to a Russian area and language course, he was transferred to an infantry platoon that saw front-line combat in France and Germany, for which he earned a bronze star. Later he served with an intelligence team and, for one year after the war, worked in the Economics Division of the Military Government in Germany.

Upon returning to Oregon, Harvey completed his Bachelor's degree in political science at the University of Portland, while continuing to work as an adjuster for his former employer. Two years later, he bought an insurance agency, but then decided that this was not the way he wanted to spend his life. Instead, he passed a competitive entrance examination that enabled him to work at the Commerce Department's Bureau of International Trade in Washington D.C. At the same time he attended the American University's Graduate School at night and earned a Master's degree in international relations there.

Thereafter, Harvey served as a Foreign Service Officer in the

(Continued on page 11)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

THE STORY OF A FAMILY WHICH SURVIVED THE HOLOCAUST

SISTER HEDWIG WAHLE[1]

Under the most difficult circumstances, my parents had the courage to do everything possible to survive for us, their children. This record of their life story, which is interwoven with that of my brother[2] and myself, is dedicated to them in gratitude.[3]

I found several postcards that we children had written home from the train on our journey to England. For in January 1939 my brother and I were on our way there with a "Kindertransport."

CHILDHOOD IN ENGLAND

We had to leave

In 1938 Hitler marched into Austria. Laws directed against the Jews were introduced. They stipulated what was to be understood by "Jew:" Whoever was descended from four Jewish grandparents was considered to be a 'Full Jew." If only two grandparents were Jewish then the person was a "Mischling" or Half-Jew. As our four grandparents were Jewish, both I and my brother, who was two years older than I, were also considered Jews.

As soon as the danger of National Socialism became evident, my mother sought an opportunity to emigrate. However, in spite of there being some possibilities, my father did not want to go. He was a war invalid. During World War I he had contracted a nervous disorder, in the struggle for the independence of judges in the army. He was himself a judge. He could not therefore imagine that anything could happen to him, a good Austrian. One of his sayings was "I'd rather be a martyr in Vienna than a scrounger in America." He had no idea how true the first part of that saying would become.

After the Anschluss, when German troops marched into Austria on 11. March 1938, it became increasingly evident that a normal life would no longer be possible for us in Austria. As a judge and therefore a civil servant, my father was immediately removed from office on the grounds of the Hitler race laws. We children were also made to feel that times were changing. Until then, we had gone to the Catholic Private School on the Judenplatz, which was now closed down. So from autumn 1938 we were obliged to go to the school on the Börseplatz.

We felt the change in other ways too; there were days when we were not permitted to go out. Nevertheless, the maid sent us across the street for milk and bread. We were both quite fair-headed and could not readily be

(Continued on page 12)

1 Sister Hedwig Wahle is a descendant of the Brunner family. She died in August 2001. This essay was written by her in German, and first published in Entschluss, in May 1991. It was subsequently translated. We are grateful to reprint it here with the permission of the Sisters of Sion.

2 Her brother, Father Francis Wahle, retired as a parish priest in September 2004 on reaching age 75. He lives in London.

3 My mother, who was an actuary, had planned to write her memoirs when she retired; unfortunately she was unable to do so, as she died of cancer in her 60th year. Nor did my father, who rebuilt the Commercial Court after the war, taught at university, and finally became the first president of the Supreme Court of Justice, find time to write his memoirs. He had, however, carefully kept and organized all the letters he and my mother received after the war, together with the carbon copies of the replies they wrote, so that today I have authentic sources at my disposal.

HARVEY E. GUTMAN

(Continued from page 10)

Agency for International Development. An understanding of the local culture was vital to his success in the many places where he worked. His assignments brought him as AID officer to Laos from 1958-1960, and to Lome (Togo) in 1961. In his oral history, he reported that: "Knowledge of the city's existence was then largely confined to NY Times crossword addicts. Unsurprisingly the U.S. Dispatcher's office in Singapore thought they had come across a misspelling and shipped my household goods to Rome, whence they were returned to Laos and eventually reached Togo 15 months later in perfect condition." In 1963, he was assigned to Mali and Guinea, both of which were undergoing difficult times. Then, in about 1964, he became the operations officer for the US/AID for the Equatorial/Madagascar region. Next came an assignment to Ethiopia, followed by a stint in Paris to coordinate with the various French assistance programs. Other assignments included Vietnam, Thailand (from 1968-1971), Geneva, during the Nigerian civil war and Biafra crisis, (1971), Morocco (1971-1975), Liberia (1975-1978), and finally his last foreign assignment, Niger. After a short stint in Washington, Harvey retired from US/AID in 1980. He continued working as an economic consultant on projects in Africa.

Clearly, the boy who fled to America led a fascinating life, one with the opportunity to assist many peoples in this world of ours. His final reflection in his oral history should be quoted here:

"As I look back on my years with the Foreign Assistance Program, I am left with the rewarding realization that this part of my life was spent constructively. Through my service with America's foreign assistance programs, I had the unique opportunity to participate in what Arnold Toynbee called the twentieth century's greatest achievement: history's first example of systematic assistance by the advanced countries to poorer fellow nations."

After moving to Sarasota in 1991, Harvey Gutman was active in planning international lectures for the Sarasota Institute of Lifetime Learning; served on the board of a local chapter of the U.N. Association, was a member of the Foreign Service Retirees and American Foreign Service Associations, became a board member and substitute "docent-in-training" at the Sarasota Museum of Asian Art and, of course, was a trustee of the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems. We are proud of our association with this descendant of Hohenemsers.

Harvey Gutman's indomitable sense of humor is reflected in the advice he offered to the readers of his annual winter holiday letter two years ago:

DIE YOUNG AS LATE AS POSSIBLE

[This article is based on information provided by Harvey Gutman's Swiss cousin Beatrice Weber-Alexich, American cousin Hans Wormser; friend Carol L. Gilbert (Sarasota, FL); obituaries in the Washington Post and the Sarasota FL Herald-Tribune; as well as the documented U.S. Foreign Affairs Oral History interview with Harvey Gutman in 1997.]

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 11)

recognized as "Jews." I was only 6 years old then and cannot therefore remember much. However, I know that twice within a few months there was a great commotion in the family. There were telephone calls and whispering. Some things were evidently not right; they must have been the Anschluss on the one hand and the "Reichs-Kristallnacht" on 9 November, when synagogues and Jewish houses were destroyed, on the other.

In view of this situation, my parents were now anxious that at least we children should go abroad, since for them to leave no longer seemed possible. Some of our family lived in Trieste, and at first our parents wanted to send us there, but there was always some new requirement for the passports, a new stamp, a new fee. One day Mother came home with the news that we could go to England. She had heard that the Quakers were organizing children's transports to England with collective passports.

Soon it was time to say goodbye. For days beforehand, our parents cried a lot. This seemed strange to me, I could not understand it since I was looking forward to going away. It was not the first time that we had gone away without our parents. We had once been to Hungary by ourselves, staying with relatives at Lake Balaton. I had splendid memories, especially of the fig tree, which was just outside my window. We had often been to Semmering over the weekend as well. So I did not understand why there should be such a fuss now.

On Tuesday 10 January 1939 the time finally came. Late in the evening, the whole family went to the station. The parents were not permitted to go as far as the train, so we had to say goodbye before. There were tears again on the part of our parents. I still did not understand, and only looked forward to the adventure of seeing a new country, whereas they stayed behind with heavy hearts. They knew that they had said goodbye to their children never to see them again.

We climbed into the train, but it did not leave for a long time. Something was not in order. Later we learned that it was a burst pipe. My big brother Franzi, who was only nine years old, looked after me during the whole journey. First, the air cushions, which our parents had given us, had to be blown up. Then the blankets were taken out. Franzi also looked after our food all the time. We traveled for many hours. Grown-ups came along the carriage to see if everything was in order, and if we children needed anything. Twice we stopped at a station and were given hot tea, once in Germany for breakfast, and once in Holland. On the way we wrote postcards to our parents and to our aunt Elli, our father's sister.

On the ship, Franzi and I could not stay together, as girls and boys were separated in the cabins. I was with a bigger girl. It was already late and I was tired, so I soon fell asleep. In the afternoon of the next day, we finally arrived in London.

Now we all waited at the London station. Children were called, one by one. Franzi was to go to a family and I to a convent. After a long time I was finally called too. My brother stayed behind as the family, which was to take him in, had not appeared. He wrote to our parents himself: "A lady took me to her house...I had afternoon tea at the lady's place. I also met some children there from the Society [Society of Friends, the organization which had arranged the children's transport]. After the afternoon tea I went in a car with a couple of children to Sussex."

There they came to a lovely hostel called Bankton House, which had been established by the "Catholic Committee for Refugees from Germany." When my brother arrived, there were ten children there, aged between ten and seventeen years, so he was the youngest. After some months he went to a very good school nearby, called Worth Priory.

My brother stayed at Bankton House until the summer of 1940 when it was requisitioned and Franzi had to go to Devon. In the autumn he moved to the Jesuit School, Stonyhurst College, in Lancashire.

At the London train station I was introduced to a tall man who was to take me to a convent in Brentwood, Essex. We had to take the train. I did not understand the language, but nevertheless I did notice that the gentleman took the line to Brentford and not to Brentwood. But I said nothing. Firstly, I was not certain if the line to Brentwood was the same as that to Brentford, and secondly, I did not know the language anyway. How would I have told the gentleman what I thought?

But it soon turned out that the tall gentleman had made a mistake. So we turned around and took the underground back to another train station, where we caught the train to Brentwood.

It was late when we finally arrived at the convent. The children were already in bed, except for a few of the older ones, so my companion did not stay long, but handed me over to the sisters and took his leave. I was led to the dormitory straightaway, and the next day I was allowed to sleep longer than the others. After breakfast I was taken across to the school. In the First Class, to which I was now to belong, they were having a quiet study time.

All the children sat and read their books, I was also given a book to read. As I did not know any English, I did not understand a word, but that was to change very soon. A few weeks later I wrote letters home which were already sprinkled with English words; "Mir geht es very gud. It is very nice and it is very cold. How geht es euch. Wisst you how it Tante Elli geht. Ich habe noch das ganze Briefpapier von Hackers nicht angefangen und das alte habe ich auch im Kloster nicht benützt aber das neue hat mann me als erstes gegeben und das hav I schon all verbraucht. I kan now English very gud. I kan zimlich mutch English" (beginning of April 1939).

But in the first weeks there was many a difficulty with communication. No one in the house or in the school could speak German and my English vocabulary was limited to "yes, no, apple, pear." It was only some weeks later that a girl arrived, Elisabeth, who was a few years older than I was. She was also from Vienna and could already speak some English. Then life became easier, but in the meantime I just had to muddle along on my own.

At the end of April I wrote in German: " I can already speak very good English, almost as well as real English people, but I cannot write so well. I am very homesick..." It was true that in a few months I had learned to speak fluent English and could read effortlessly. Later I no longer experienced any difficulty in writing either.

Meetings with my brother

During the first months my brother and I were able to communicate only by letter. Then one day I had a visitor (in the meantime spring had already arrived). A lady from the "Catholic Committee" fetched me from the convent. That was a great pleasure for me. First the lady took me to a cafe, and then she intended to take me by car to see my brother at Bankton House. The cake at the cafe was excellent, but the excitement of seeing my brother again was so great that hardly had I got into the car, then I brought up the whole afternoon tea. So that was the end of the visit at that time.

Then in May an English lady, Lady Peel, invited my brother and me to her house in London. My brother wrote to my mother about it: "Today I am with Anni and write you this letter from Anni. She is quite mad with joy today. It is to be hoped that she does not stay mad! That would be a great pity! She is just so charming and sweet! And she has such rosy cheeks! We have just been to the zoo. It was very nice...."

In the Christmas holidays we could be together for a longer time. I was allowed to spend two weeks at Bankton House.

(Continued on page 13)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 12)

That was an unforgettable Christmas, playing in the snow in the big park, sliding on the frozen lake, partaking in the celebrations in the church, where Franzi was an altar boy, and simply the joy of being together at last. After I left, Franzi wrote home: "Anni set off from here on the afternoon of 19 January in the old station wagon. My only comfort is that she will come again at Easter. I have just received a letter from her. She writes that she is well, that she likes the snow and that it has been snowing again."

Our next meeting was not at Bankton House but in London at the home of Aunt Cara, a relative of my mother. Aunt Cara had come to England from Poland at the beginning of the war with her husband and three children. She was like a mother to the two of us as also to other relatives. Although she did not have much herself, there was always room at her table for others and on Sunday there were often ten of us for dinner. We both wrote to our parents from Aunt Cara's place on 25 March 1940.

"My dear ones! How are you? I am well. I have come to Aunt Cara's for the Easter holidays. Annie is here too. Yesterday we were in the garden. A boy from next door gave me a long stick. I found two balls in the garden. One is a handball; the other is a very small blue ball. Annie and I played with them nearly all afternoon until it was time for tea. Tomorrow school starts again. We had lovely holidays, but I really like to go to school too. Annie does very well at her lessons, and I am also not a bad student. Now, many kisses. Your Franz

"N.B. greetings to Mitzi"

"My dear ones! The Easter holidays have been very nice. We have been on some outings. The weather is nearly always fine. I hope you also have fine weather. I hope we will be here again at Whitsun. I got a dark blue dress and matching coat for Easter. Auntie and Uncle send greetings too. Many, many kisses to you and Aunt Elly, and also to Mitzi. Your Annie"

Mitzi was our maid, who remained loyal to my parents through all the years.

After Easter 1940 correspondence becomes very sparse. My brother and I did not see each other for a long time either, as Franzi was transferred to the north of England and the distance between us was too great. There is one Red Cross letter dated August 1940 and one dated April 1941. Further letters were sent on through my godmother via Brazil.

In the following years, Franzi and I were often together in Blackpool at Christmas and in the summer. Franzi and another boy of the same age, Richard, always went there in the holidays. It was nice and the three of us, and Auntie Mary, as we called the lady who took us in, looked after us very well. In summer we often went to the seaside or picked blackberries in the sand dunes. In winter we went carol singing before Christmas. That was always a special experience. Most people were very nice, invited us into their houses and gave us not only money but something to drink or to eat.

From May 1942 onwards there was no more news of our parents. We did not know if they were still alive. Aunt Cara kept our hopes up, but we felt that she herself did not really believe it. And yet the miracle happened.

UNDERGROUND IN VIENNA

Before the Roundup

Among the letters I found a rough draft written in English by my mother, of a letter, which my father wrote to the "Catholic Committee" in England asking the society of Catholics in England to take on the education of his children. "...We would very happy if you could find a possibility for our children to get an education of that kind and spirit, we always tried to provide for them in their native country as long as we could, in order to help them become true Christian characters." Father had become an Old Catholic by conviction after university and a Catholic a few years later.

Next to this letter was one from Franzi and me to "Auntie and Uncle," in which we thanked them for their presents for Christmas 1938. Mother had added the following lines: "Please excuse me for not sending the children's letter until today. Before doing so I had to send off the children themselves and that involved so much running about and writing here and there that I did not get around to anything else, not even sleeping. We spent Christmas Eve very happily with the children, and your gifts especially caused great rejoicing. Now we are a lonely, childless couple and would be very happy if you could visit us soon. Best wishes from your Hedy and Karl."

Mother wrote to a relative in 1946 about this separation from us children: "I also have grown up children now, 14 and 17 years old. The decision to send them away from here in January 1939 was a difficult one, which was not made any easier for me when the boy, who was then 9 years old, promised me that he would look after his little sister like a father. Looking back I am amazed myself that I found the strength to do it."

But what was the situation like for our parents after the Anschluss?

At the time of the Anschluss my father was a higher judge of the Trade Court in Vienna. Although the "Nuremberg Laws" were not introduced in Austria until 20 May 1938, the Minister of Justice ordered the "dismissal of non-Aryan officials in the judiciary" immediately after the Anschluss, in March 1938. This included "the dismissal of all judges and public prosecutors who were Jews or half-Jews."

Because of his four Jewish grandparents, my father was considered to be a "full Jew" and was immediately dismissed from his position as a judge. He received a pension, but this was continuously reduced over the years. The relevant paragraph in the Nuremberg Laws reads as follows: " If these (Jewish) officials served at the front in the World War either for Germany or her allies, they will receive in full, until they reach the age limit, the pension to which they were entitled according to the salary they last received; they will, however, not advance in seniority. After reaching the age limit, their pensions will be calculated anew, according to the salary last received, on the basis of which their pension was computed."

My mother was chief actuary with an insurance company, Anker, on the Hohen Markt. As a private employee she was able to practice her profession for a while longer. However I do not know how long, for the employers association and the small businesses were required to dismiss all Jewish workers and staff by 30 June 1938. On 29 June 1938 the employers association issued a circular regarding this matter, which stated among other things: "Furthermore, the pension and maintenance benefits paid to such persons will terminate."

In 1938 my parents' financial situation was also more difficult because new taxes were continuously demanded. In May 1938 a proclamation had already been issued, according to which Jews had to declare their assets. The next step was then "Aryanization," that is, the business or house was "bought" by "Aryans" for a ridiculously low price. In this way the Jews were gradually dispossessed.

A further problem was housing. In order to provide housing for "Aryans," a decree was published on 4 May 1939, stating that Jews were to be moved out of their homes and several Jewish families were to be housed together in one dwelling.

"4. Based on the registration of housing, the local authorities are then to pave the way for the exchange of housing. The fundamental idea of the legal regulation is that Jews should be concentrated in certain houses, if necessary by force. Also to be taken into account is the advisability of those houses in Jewish ownership, which are already predominately inhabited by Jews being preferably allocated as dwellings to Jews.

(Continued on page 14)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 13)

"6. As far as local circumstances require the space available to Jews can be restricted above all by housing several Jewish families together in a bigger dwelling formerly inhabited by Jews. In doing this, all possibilities provided by the law are to be used to obtain the most complete separation of non-Jewish and Jewish tenants.

"7. When premises in non-Jewish houses which until now have been occupied by Jewish tenants, become free, a suitable way is to be found of making them available if possible for German comrades who have until now lived in Jewish houses..."

On the basis of this edict, our parents also faced the threat of having to accommodate subtenants. My father wrote about this in April 1946: " In the beginning it was not so bad for us. We stayed in our home, and warded off the introduction of subtenants through all kinds of clever tricks to which my wife was an expert. In 1941 things became worse. We had to take subtenants, but managed to find an official of the Jewish community, a doctor, who had the right to several rooms, so that things were still quite bearable. We kept one large room and one small room for ourselves."

On 1 October 1938 a further discriminatory measure came into force, the compulsory identity card for Jews. "Jew who are German citizens must, with reference to their characteristic as a Jew, apply to be issued an identity card from the appropriate police authority by 31 December 1938...As soon as they have received an identity card, Jews over 15 years of age must, on official demand, identify themselves by this card."

Before that on 17 August 1938, it had already been decreed that each Jewish man and each Jewish woman must adopt an additional forename. "If Jews bear first names other than those authorized for Jews according to Section 1, they must from January 1939, adopt an additional first name, namely 'Israel' for men and 'Sarah' for women...So far as it is customary to give one's name in legal or business dealings, Jews must also give at least one of their first names. If they are obliged to accept an additional first name according to section 2, then this first name is also to be given."

Already before the Anschluss and even more so afterwards, many Jews applied for emigration, especially to the USA. From the correspondence with a cousin of my father, Heinz (Henry) Marcus, who had emigrated to the USA very early, it is evident that on 16 November 1938 our parents put their names down for a visa for the USA.

My father's sister, Aunt Elly, also applied to emigrate as we can see from a letter sent to her by Heinz Marcus. "Enclosed I am sending you the long promised affidavit and hope that it will be of some use. When you let me know that you really intend to come here and we most sincerely invite you to do so, I shall endeavor to obtain an additional affidavit, as mine may possibly be too weak, since we cannot provide any documentation for Vally's earnings. Moreover, affidavits are very difficult to obtain, as I certainly know, since up to now I have still had no success with my applications on behalf of Weissens, but this is understandable, after the many, unfortunately very bad experiences the people here have had...I would suggest that you have photocopies made of the affidavit and enclosures, before you send them to the consulate (registered)." (31 December 1939). It seems however that this letter was not sent directly to Aunt Elly. Heinz Marcus' mother, Clara, sent it on to our parents from Berlin with a letter dated 18 March 1940. "After a long time I have just received a letter from Henry with the enclosure for you. It's a pity that this letter did not come earlier, then Elly would still have been alive, what a pity." For Aunt Elly had died in January 1940, or rather she had taken her own life. My father wrote about this after the war: "My sister is also dead. She was given notice by order of the Party to leave the home where she was born. She would have had to move to the ghetto. Two days before the expiry of the deadline for moving house, she put an end to her life." And in another letter: "She was perhaps spared a great deal, as she was not tough enough to endure the underground life which we went through."

After Aunt Elly's death, our parents seemed to have applied again for permission to emigrate, because Henry Marcus wrote on 23 July 1940: "Four weeks ago I received a letter from one of your friends in New York, Dr. Beck, if I remember correctly, in which he asked me to look out for an affidavit for you, or else to have the affidavit which was originally intended for Elly re-written for you. I answered immediately that we are prepared to provide the necessary affidavits for you with the greatest pleasure, although until now we had no idea that you wanted them. Indeed I could not send them immediately at that time, and unfortunately can still not do so today. The reason for this is that for a little more than a month I have a new and quite promising position and cannot of course ask yet for a letter confirming that I am permanently employed."

A cousin of my father, Ida Conrad, wrote to my parents: " It is very hard to cope here and it gets harder and harder. Nevertheless, it would be a joy to have you over here, where you could be together again with the children in the foreseeable future. I don't yet know a way. We are as poor as church mice and don't know anybody who is not many times overextended... Do you, particularly Hedy, not have any relative here who is sufficiently respectable and well off to give you an affidavit? Have you ever registered? Above all, make sure that you stay well." In a further letter of 16 June 1941, Ida wrote again in the same vein: "We are constantly searching for affidavits, but have nobody in the relevant circles to supply them. They have also become very limited even in wealthy circles. Everything is oversubscribed, and people have as little interest in those who are suffering now as we had with the Chinese, etc."

It seems that neither Henry nor Ida was able to provide the required affidavits. In any case there was no emigration. Our parents stayed in Vienna. In a letter dated 16 April 1946, my father wrote: "After the introduction of the Jewish star and the beginning of the transportation of the Jews, things became more and more ticklish."

Flight

After Hitler's attack on Russia in 1941, anti-Semitic policies were intensified and new anti-Semitic measures introduced. On 1 September 1941, the "Police Regulation Concerning Identification of Jews" was released. This stated, among other things, "Jews...who have completed their sixth year of age are forbidden to appear in public without a Jewish Star. The Jewish Star consists of a hexagonal star as big as the palm of one's hand, drawn in black on yellow material, with the inscription "Jew." It is to be worn on the left breast firmly sewn on to the garment and clearly visible." This was just the beginning of a series of discriminatory regulations designed to exclude Jews from society. On 23 September 1941 the regulation concerning the "use of public transport by Jews with police permission" was issued. On 3 April 1942 a further regulation required apartments and buildings also to be identified as "Jewish." "Jewish householders...who are obliged to wear the sign of identification must also identify their dwellings. The dwellings are to be identified by a Jewish Star printed in black on white paper, similar in shape and size to that worn on garments. This identification is to be glued next to the nameplate, or if this is lacking, on the door frame of the entrance, visible from outside."

Mother wrote to our godparents in April 1946: "In the summer of 1941 we were forced to take into our home Jewish lodgers..."

On 22 September 1946 my father wrote an account several pages long to our godparents. In this he says: "You will hardly believe it but psychologically the most upsetting time was really the time *before* we fled. We had known for months that all Jews

(Continued on page 15)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 14)

would be deported, so we took precautions to avoid being resettled, although we did not as yet know the full truth. We had no idea that the deported Jews would be murdered in Poland, and still believed that they would only be carried off to Polish ghettos and thus transplanted into a new homeland. But since as you know, we had no special affection for Poland nor in particular for Polish Jews, we decided to evade deportation. Since we were aware that movable possessions of those being deported had to be given by them 'voluntarily' to the NSV before transportation, already in February 1941 we gave all our household effects just as they were, legally certified, to an Aryan woman. She was Hedy's Nanny, Frau Poldi, if the name means anything to you. When the deportations began, we left the house before 7:00 every day and made our way first of all to the Jesuit Church (Am Hof), where we attended several masses and then separated at about 8:00. At that time I was working illicitly with Dr. Klee, a lawyer friend, who was an Aryan, so I had shelter for the morning and afternoon. At first, Hedy drifted about the streets, but eventually that was no longer possible as it was the middle of winter, so we had to find a place for her to stay during the daytime. That was not easy."

Mother added: "First of all we usually went into a church which had two exits, then we wandered around. Karl went to Dr. Klee for a couple of hours and I went on excursions, which were not very enjoyable with the severe cold, inadequate clothing and an empty stomach. I was also afraid of being stopped, as at that time the obligation to work was already quite strictly enforced and therefore people going for walks on weekday mornings were suspicious. At the same time we were haunted all day by the fear of not finding our 'cozy home' still intact in the evening."

Father continued: "In our need, we turned to our 'house Jew, Gustav.' Gustav belonged to that noble class of people through whom one bribed officials in the German Reich. He had free access to the housing office and to the Gestapo, and probably also served as a police informer in between making a living by illicit trading in foodstuffs. An engineer in civilian life, he always had exact information on those districts of the city where one could expect Jews to be rounded up the next day. Hedy had absolute confidence in him until we discovered some of his dirty tricks. By and large, however, he functioned quite well and we are still grateful to him beyond his death, in spite of the payments he swindled out of us. He is no longer alive today, as in the end he too had to go into hiding but was caught by the Nazis and taken to Poland where he was probably gassed.

"Now the aforementioned Gustav had a girlfriend, who also worked in illicit trading, especially in foreign currency and gold. It was in her home that Hedy found shelter for the critical days, and was able to stay there when she did not know where else to go. At lunchtime I usually went there too and we had a bite together, which we had brought with us. I then went back to the office, whilst Hedy stayed with the lady- when the latter had no errands to make- and played with her little boy, who was an extraordinarily sweet and clever child. Towards evening she would then ring up our home...and since everything was always in order, we returned to our flat in the evening. These daily excursions were not easy to carry out, as we were under the strictest supervision in our home. That is to say we had compulsory Jewish lodgers, among whom was the chief doctor of the Jewish community, Dr. Lederer, who distinguished himself by exceptional cowardice. He insisted that all the regulations imposed on the Jews should be strictly adhered to and was continually threatening us with denunciation, since we disregarded all the rules on principle. Thus the Jewish Star had to be clearly displayed on our door; we always had to wear the star in his presence, etc. He was always prophesying that we would come to a bad end. Now he has long ago been gassed, and we live fit as a fiddle as if no Hitler had ever been up to mischief here. Of course, Dr. Lederer knew exactly why we left the house each day, and since he was afraid that he would be made responsible if we were not found when there was a roundup- he was convinced that he himself would be left in peace by virtue of his position- we were of course always afraid that he would report us or spoil our plans in some other way. You can imagine therefore how unpleasant these six months were, from December 1941 to May 1942."

On 2 May 1942 the Gestapo came to our parents' house to deport the Jews living there. "On 2 May 1942 we had exceptionally stayed at home because my wife believed that she had precise information that there would be no rounding up on that day, because the First of May was being officially celebrated. But the information was incorrect.

"Just as I was leaving the house by chance at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was informed by the caretaker that the raiders were in the house and had already surrounded it. I did not, however, allow myself to be intimidated, and left through the cordon, quite unhindered. I was obviously considered to be an Aryan because of my calm demeanor. At the same time I instructed the caretaker to inform my wife immediately, which he did, although reluctantly. She, having just had an afternoon nap, got ready quickly and was leaving the flat just at the moment when the Gestapo rushed up the stairs to fetch our neighbors and ourselves." (Letter dated 26 April 1946)

Mother wrote of her escape: "...I just looked calmly at the uniformed gangsters and their Jewish helpers, and asked them as though I was curious 'What's all the commotion about?' Yet we had to reckon with the probability that the lodgers, who had been compulsorily installed in our home, would tell the SS people that we had only just left the house. Fortunately we had a few minutes start- the Nazis always came a few minutes too late on other dangerous occasions too- this was enough for us to escape deportation and a horrible, agonizing death, by jumping on to a moving tram." As soon as our parents had escaped immediate danger their first action was to take off the yellow star. Then they went to the agreed meeting place.

Friends are interrogated

"Our successful flight was the first miracle of our time underground, which was rich in miraculous escapes. Admittedly we could not take anything with us but as a precaution we had already given some things to friends for safekeeping and Mitzi, whose behavior was exemplary, brought us a few things. But by and large we had lost everything in our home, especially the beautiful Biedermeier furniture, which you had provided for us, almost all our family pictures, etc. We had essentially escaped with nothing but our bare lives." (Letter to Lili Berger 23 February 1946)

Our parents spent the first nights with friends. Father stayed with "Uncle Beppi," the son of Poldi, who has already been mentioned. Then they found accommodation with a relative. They were however very soon being searched for at Poldi's house which was raided, probably because our parents had legally given her the household furnishings.

Many friends and acquaintances of our parents were also interrogated. In a detailed account to women friends mother wrote: "Because we had succeeded in evading being transported to the slaughterhouse by bluffing them, we were considered by Nazi authorities to be especially dangerous individuals, who absolutely must be caught.

"Many of our acquaintances were 'interrogated' in the most brutal way to make them reveal our whereabouts. Fortunately, they had no idea where we were, as we had purposefully left even our best friends in the dark about this. At these 'interrogations' they had to pledge to cooperate in capturing us, by telephoning the Gestapo immediately if they should see us or receive any information

(Continued on page 16)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 15)
about us, otherwise they themselves would be sent to a concentration camp. The result was that almost all our friends and acquaintances, even those whom the Gestapo had left in peace, avoided us like the plague, so that we could not count on their help either with regard to food or for shelter. Indeed most of them even avoided us on the street by making a detour as soon as they caught sight of us."

In spite of that, there were still people who were prepared to help our parents. After having had her house raided and been interrogated, it was no longer possible for Poldi to help directly. However she continued to do as much as she could through our maid, Mitzi.
There are several accounts of Mitzi's help in the letters. "With regard to your question as to whether we have a factotum, I must answer in the affirmative. I do not know if you still remember our Mitzi, who has been with us since our marriage. She stayed with us all through the Nazi time, until we went underground. After our flight she cleared out the flat as best she could. What we have left, we owe for the most part to her. She was also questioned thoroughly by the Gestapo, and gave absolutely nothing away, in fact she became so offensive to the Gestapo that they believed that she really knew nothing about us and left her in peace. During the following years, she was constantly in touch with us, gave us bread coupons again and again, and she occasionally brought us cooked deserts such as dumplings, which she made herself. As she is a dreadful cook, the desert was no delicacy to be sure, but at the time we ate even her dumplings ravenously. After the liberation she immediately gave notice and left the position she had held in the meantime and came back to us."

In her account, mother also mentions the help of two of her club friends. "As I have already related, my women friends from the club, Dr. Knappitsch and Dr. Prutschner were praiseworthy exceptions to the general behavior, although I was allowed to come only at particular times of the day, was not to stay there very long, etc. Dr. Knappitsch also tried once in a very tactful way to offer me some money, telling me that a collection had been taken up for people in need, and perhaps I knew someone who was in need, etc. I refused, of course, because we did not need money, although our bank account was closed and Karl's pension had been discontinued."

In another letter from Mother to her club colleague, Dr. Marianne Beth, she says: "She (Dr. Knappitsch) was exceptionally nice towards us during the Nazi time, and every few weeks she gave us a few food coupons. This was of great importance to us, because for the whole three years we were hiding from the Nazis we were without food coupons and absolutely nothing could be obtained without them. She also told her friend Dr. Prutschner about our situation and from then on she too provided us with some food coupons."

The parents of one of my school friends from the first grade at primary school, the Kröglers, also helped my parents; they had a grocery shop. On 26 January 1946 my father wrote to me in England: "Do you still remember your school friend Grete Krögler?.. Last year the house they lived in was bombed, and they lost nearly all their belongings. They were always very kind to us, also whilst we had to stay in hiding. After the liberation, one of the first things I did was to visit them. When I met him in front of his shop, Mr. Krögler flung his arms around my neck and smothered me with kisses, for joy that we had been saved. They really are good kind people."

Occupation whilst in hiding

Before going underground, Father had already worked illegally for two lawyers. This work now became much more important, as his pension had been stopped and the bank account closed.

"At first I earned our living by working in several lawyers' offices, but one of the lawyers who employed me (Dr. Alois Klee) died suddenly of blood poisoning, and the other (Dr. Ernst Eckerl) had to report for active duty, so that I was left with nothing. My wife however succeeded in finding me a position as bookkeeper, with hourly wages, with two firms who were completely unaware of my real name. Our living costs were thus more or less covered since we did not need very much, the main thing being the expenses for accommodation." (Letter from Father to a colleague, Dr. Edward Koren, 14 June 1947)

Regarding my mother's occupation, my father wrote: "Furthermore, my wife gave lessons, not only in mathematics and physics, fields in which she is an expert, but also in Latin, French, English, chemistry and a series of subjects of which she hardly had any idea. But the pupils were satisfied, even with the lessons in those subjects, with which she was less well acquainted. They recommended her to other friends, so that she was usually given some hot soup and vegetables as well as her pay, sometimes also food coupons, and even now and then a hot dessert at one student's home. This meant that she did not become nearly as run down as I did. At the end I weighed only about 50 Kg instead of 90, and had aged so much that all the young girls on the tram immediately offered me a seat. Consequently I was completely unrecognizable. Furthermore I had grown a long bushy mustache so as not to be recognized by the Gestapo who were hunting for us."

Mother wrote: "In the end I had so many pupils, that I was on my feet the whole day, all the more so as the tram lines were often destroyed by bomb attacks and I had to go on foot from Hetzendorf into the city, for example. Even leaders of the Hitler Youth took lessons from me." Father's account to Mr. and Mrs. Kris, our godparents is especially detailed. "In one sense I felt my escape to be a relief, and Hedy did too. The mere fact of no longer having to wear the star and of no longer having to carry out an awkward procedure to make the star disappear when we were a few streets away from our home, was a relief. There was also the feeling of 'I can do what I want, for if I am caught it will cost me my head anyway. Therefore I am no longer bound by any rule whatever, except this single one, not to get caught.'"

Social contact in the underground

Father continued: "With time we settled into our situation quite well, once the tiresome question of accommodation had finally been reasonably well arranged by the middle of August. A certain amount of social contact also developed between those in hiding.

"Here I must go back a little. When my sister died and we had to liquidate her home, a Jewish lady, Mrs. Wittner was recommended to us. She had a small grocery shop in Atzgersdorf and professionally liquidated the homes of Jews who were emigrating. We handed the matter over to her, and she carried out her job decently and obtained good prices, so that we recommended her to our acquaintances in general. Mrs. Wittner worked together with a Mr. Preis, an ironmonger from Neuenkirchen. The Preis family, Mrs. Wittner and her old mother had gone into hiding shortly before we did. Naturally our common fate now brought us close together. The Preis family, by the way, was later picked up in a raid. They were first transported to Theresienstadt and from there to Auschwitz, where they were gassed. Only the 16 year-old daughter survived Auschwitz by a miracle. She is already in the USA. We are still good friends with Mrs. Wittner and her mother, an old Jewish lady from Warsaw, who in spite of her 78 years cannot yet speak German properly.

"The aforementioned Preis had an aunt, now 84 years old, who was married to an Aryan, a retired inspector from the electricity works. He died a few months ago, after the liberation. Mrs. Vidiz repeatedly declared that the fact that she happened to have an Aryan husband, and was therefore protected, put her under the obligation to help all other Jews wherever she could.

(Continued on page 17)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 16)

Her husband thought the same. If someone in hiding had nowhere to stay, they could be certain that the Vidiz couple would put them up for a few days. Hedy slept there frequently. Their home was open to all in hiding at all times. One could warm up there, and also get some hot soup etc. Well, that is where all those in hiding met. Most of them were engaged in illicit trading, only I worked with Dr. Klee and after his death as a bookkeeper per hour with several firms and Hedy gave private lessons. Amongst the others who came was an Aryan, who dealt in all sorts of things. Hedy arranged with him that he should let his children have private lessons with her, and in return he gave us coupons for bread and occasionally for other food-since he dealt in food coupons wholesale. This was the basis of our nourishment for three years. As a rule we ate in pubs, a coupon-free soup at midday and in the evening, and a so-called 'Dish for regular guests.' The latter were coupon-free and fat-free dishes of potatoes and boiled vegetables which we ate with a piece of bread obtained with the bread coupons, which the father of Hedy's aforementioned pupils let us have. When the pupils had had good marks on their tests their father treated us to a couple of fat coupons, we were then able to treat ourselves to a meal with a fat coupon, for example peas, but this did not happen too often. Things got really bad after January 1945, when the dishes without coupons were abolished. From then on we literally starved most of the time, as we had only very few fat coupons, although at that time another of Hedy's pupils gave us some. But this was of course far too little for two people, and in fact we almost starved to death."

The problem of lodging

Our parents used tram passes with false names as a means of identification. I found three of these passes among the letters, one of Mother's, made out in her maiden name of Brunner, and two of Father's, in the name of Maly and Thaller. As Brunner was not an incriminating name, it was not so difficult for Mother. Father however was afraid that someone would address him by his name on the street and that he would react to that. He therefore chose several names with "a" and "e." If he should react to being addressed as "Wahle," he could then say that he thought Mr. Thaller or Mr. Maly had been called.

Father wrote to Lily Berger on 23 February 1946: "The main worry was the question of lodging. Sometimes we slept in the open, then in a bombed out warehouse, then again a couple of days with friends, who however usually sent us away again after a few days, for fear of the Gestapo. We were safest with strangers who did not know who we were."

To Dr. Koren father wrote (14 June 1947): "So we had to look for lodgings with strangers. It was at the same time necessary to make it clear to the landladies that we must not be registered with the police, but without arousing their suspicions." Father continues in a letter to Lily Berger: "To this end we had invented the following story. I introduced myself as a businessman from the provinces that usually came to Vienna for a few days each week, bringing his mistress with him. Since my wife was very jealous and kept tracking me, I must not be registered with the police. With this story I rented accommodation in two different districts. Twice a week (on Monday and Thursday) we moved from one to the other. When I told one landlady I was going home, I told the other I had just arrived. After three days the game was played the other way round. We stayed in one of these places using this story from July 1942 until the liberation in April 1945. By the way one landlady was a committed party member, whom one could greet only with 'Heil Hitler.' With the accommodation for the second half of the week however we had problems most of the time. Only rarely did this work out. "

Father wrote to Dr. Koren regarding accommodation: "One of the ladies was an extreme Nazi, who had even put a Swastika on her nightcap (this is not an invention). In this way we spent the greater part of our underground time. However we lost one of our lodgings in connection with our arrest in September 1944. That was the worst time because we often did not know in the morning where we would stay that night."

The arrest

"Luckily for us, the Gestapo always came too late, if only by five minutes. Once when we visited another friend, and this happened to be the only time in the three years of our so-called underground time that we were invited for an evening meal, we encountered the detectives at the door of the house as we were leaving. They had learned of our invitation in some inexplicable way, but they went past us unsuspecting! With my Styrian jacket and a long, bushy mustache with curled up ends like an old German sergeant major, I was not easily recognizable even by good friends, and women were never looked at too closely. The Gestapo was mainly concerned to catch the men. So the three police officers took no notice of us (I had immediately recognized what kind of customers they were). They made a beeline upstairs to our hostess and told her straight out that we were in her home, and she should tell them at once where she had hidden us. Although the search of the house came to nothing, the lady was repeatedly summoned to the Gestapo and had to pledge herself to report us immediately, and make sure that we were arrested, if she should see us again, otherwise she would be imprisoned herself." (From a letter Father wrote to Olga Bunzl, a relative. 18 August 1946)

The most alarming thing, however, was being taken into custody. Mother wrote about this in her account: "Unfortunately, the police were in and out of the house of the second landlady who had many lodgers (and still more bedbugs) and who was herself involved in various shady business dealings. As there had already been a few disturbing incidents, we were on the lookout for another room, but had not yet found an alternative. And then, during a search of the house, we were summoned to prove our identity and as we had no documents we were arrested and taken to the police prison on the Elisabeth Promenade. Karl was handcuffed to another person under arrest! After we were arrested, we spent a terrible night with quite bearable fellow detainees, but unbearable bugs! But still worse than the bugs, we were tortured by the thought that now we would come to a dreadful end, since we had to assume that they would inquire at the addresses we had given and learn that all the facts were false, and very soon our identity would be established. However we were determined that we would keep going, even in this situation. We had nothing more to lose. And so Karl recited his old story again. He was a married man and I was his mistress. One must not, for Heavens sake, inquire at the address he had given. If his wife found out something, his marriage would be destroyed. And as the address he gave was actually listed in the telephone book and we had obviously put on a good act, the police officers believed this story and after twenty- four hours they set us free. "

This story has a twist to it which the parents learned about only subsequently, as Father wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome, 28 July 1946, "The prominent socialist whose name I had chosen so innocently, mainly because it sounded similar to my own, at least superficially, was also in custody at Elisabeth Promenade as a political prisoner when we were taken there. Two months later he was sent to Dachau, and was liberated by the Americans in the spring of 1945.

"Really it is amazing that the police officers, with a reputation for knowing everything, did not even know whom they had locked up there. If they had declared to me that I could not be the Mr. Thaller I claimed to be because he was already there, then I would probably have been stumped. Looking back, one can see that the much feared German police force was not nearly as efficient as was generally believed, but achieved suc-

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17)
cess only through terrorism and intimidation."

The last days and the liberation

"We had settled into our situation so well that, for example, we made an excursion into the Vienna Woods every Sunday. That was all quite safe, as until 1944/1945, unsuspicious looking passers by and excursionists were left completely unmolested. Moreover there were no round-ups in the small inns that we frequented, where we were regarded as regulars who sat at table with the SS and SA and talked politics according to Nazi views. That did not change until Christmas 1944 when the collapse was just around the corner. People were stopped on the street and had to identify themselves. It was like that in the pubs too. Hedy was even questioned a few times, but could always talk herself out of it. I myself was very careful and had developed a technique of suddenly disappearing without trace. My companions, who did not know who I really was, were often quite astonished that in the middle of a sentence I simply disappeared." (Account written to Mr. and Mrs. Kris, 22 September 1946).

In a letter to Heinz and Vally Marcus, dated 25 November 1945, my father mentioned that he had even been arrested twice, and was only released because of his impudence and good luck. In a letter to Ida Conrad, dated 1 November 1945, he writes: "The longer it all lasted the more frequent were the round-ups, and it was so much more difficult to conceal oneself." Father wrote further to Mr. and Mrs. Kris: "I always breathed a sigh of relief when the warning sounded, that aircraft were approaching. Then I knew that the round-ups would be stopped. There was also another thing. Bombs destroyed the place where I had worked as a bookkeeper in February 1945, so that I had to walk around the streets in the middle of winter. When the alarm went, I knew that the air raid shelters would now be opened, and it was relatively warm there. During these last months, we were only kept going by the knowledge that the present situation could last a few more weeks only. Besides, at this time we had fixed accommodation for half of the week only. In this state of mind, we shouted for joy when, in the week after Easter 1945, shells just flew over Vienna and the dead and wounded lay around everywhere.

But even then our situation was not very easy. You know from our earlier letters that we lived for half the week unregistered in the house of a party member. When the bombardment of Vienna began on the night of 4 April 1945, our noble comrade demanded that we leave the house immediately, as there was a danger that we could be hit by a missile inside it. Then if our bodies were found, she would get into trouble because she had not registered us. We had to leave the house at ten o'clock at night and hang around for hours in the darkened city, in the middle of the bombing. The public air raid shelters were closed. It was a miracle that a shell did not hit us.

"From Friday 6 April onwards, Vienna was under fire. On Friday afternoon a shell exploded near Hedy in the Kärtnerstrasse extension, so that she was quite deafened and could not hear properly for days. Something much worse happened to me. On Saturday morning when I was on my way to find Hedy and discuss our further plans, I was hit by shell splinters in the Kaiserstrasse. Two men next to me died immediately. I had wounds to the head, which though they looked very nasty, were quite harmless. My trousers were so full of holes that after the liberation I had to throw them away, but the leg wounds were also harmless. One piece of shell went through my shoe, wounded several toes and lodged in one. It was months before it festered its way out.

"On Tuesday 10 April, the western districts of Vienna were liberated. On the 11th, I had my wounds dressed at the hospital. On the 12th I reported to the leaders of the resistance movement and obtained food coupons, which we had managed without for three years. (This was not easy to do, because of the bureaucracy.) Unfortunately there was practically nothing to get with them. And on the 13th, while there was still fighting in the eastern part of the inner city, I started work in the Palace of Justice. At that time, the lawyer, Dr. Paul Antosch, headed the judiciary in the name of the resistance movement. He put me in charge of the property management of the Palace of Justice and of the preparation for compensation. In the first capacity, I first of all had to arrange for the burial of Nazi officials who had been shot dead during the fighting in the Palace of Justice. I had them temporarily buried in the Schmerlingplatz. Two weeks later the Provincial Government took up office. Since compensation was now assigned to the Ministry of Commerce I was no longer involved in it. A few days later I was appointed head of the Commercial Court, which was to be re-established. Since it is foreseen in the third draft of the third amendment of the compensation laws that the compensation commissions are to be affiliated to the Commercial Court, I could soon have to deal with this matter officially.

"In any case we are glad that we have all of this behind us. We continue to be amazed at how in spite of all our adventures everything turned out well in the end. Perhaps Hedy is right when she says that the children must have prayed for us very diligently."

"... we are glad to be alive. We have become very modest over the years, and do not ask much of life. The main thing is that we have news that all is well with our children, even if, apart from a letter from Annie, this is only indirect. And what more could we wish for? After all that is really the main thing." (Father, writing to Heinz and Vally Marcus, 25 November 1945)

A NEW LIFE

The first news

Since 1942 we had received no news, no further sign of life from our parents. The last news had reached us indirectly via Brazil, where our godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Kris, had found refuge. Then there was absolute silence, and we had to come to terms with the thought that perhaps we no longer had parents. Nevertheless, we prayed for them every day, for somehow or other we still had hope.

A cousin of my father, who had also fled to England, lived in Yorkshire. We had contact with her by correspondence. Immediately after the war, she received a list of judges who had taken up office again in Austria. Our father's name appeared on this list, and she informed us straight away. About the same time, I received a Red Cross message from our parents. It went to the convent where I had first been taken in and was sent on to the Sisters of Sion, where I had found a new place to stay. Now we were really sure that our parents were alive.

It was still sometime before we received letters, and before our letters arrived in Vienna. Some seem to have got lost in transit. The first to reach us was dated 30 August 1945. " Dear Franzi, We have already tried to write to you several times, but do not know if our letters have reached you. So we want to tell you again, briefly, that for the last three years we have lived in Vienna under false names, so as to escape the persecutions of the Gestapo. We could not therefore send you any messages through the Red Cross, because we could not give our address...But after all that we have been through, we are glad that we have escaped with our bare lives. As soon as we receive good news from our children, we will be perfectly happy. I am sure, dear Franzi, that you will take the first opportunity to send us a few lines. Please send this letter on to Annie straight away. We have written to you first, only because we assume that you are still at the same place as before, whereas we do not know whether Annie is perhaps at another school now. In the meantime we send her many, many kisses!

"Our thoughts were always with you in those difficult years, and I believe that gave us the strength to overcome the most difficult

(Continued on page 19)

MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND I

(Continued from page 18)
situations and to hold out to the end. Unfortunately, the number of friends and relatives who succeeded in doing the same is not very large. So, dear Franzi, write as soon as possible and with as much detail as possible! We are interested in everything! With heartfelt hugs from your old Mummy, I am longing for news of you. Heartfelt kisses from your Father."

The first letter that our parents received from us was written by me in English on 28. September 1945: "My darling Mummy and Father, I received your letter from August 30, to Francis, today, and I am answering it straight away... I have been praying very hard for you both and now at last my prayers are answered and I know you are safe. By your letter I gather that Mitzi too is safe.... I do hope this letter will reach you safely then your happiness will really be complete...Please mummy and father if you have got a photo of yourselves please do send us one...."

In fact, it was to be more than two years before we received photos of our parents.

The first meeting

Two years later we saw our mother again for the first time. She got herself sent to a conference in Paris as delegate of a club of professional women. There she succeeded in obtaining a visa to come to England.

For me, this first meeting was a very great disappointment. Until then, we still had not received any photograph of our parents. In my memory, or perhaps rather in my imagination, Mother was a beautiful woman, but in reality she was quite different, and moreover, much aged by time and deprivation. My tears were not from excitement but from disappointment. It took me a long time to realize that this woman really was my mother, and to accept and love her. It was just before Christmas 1947.

Soon afterwards, we finally received a photo of Father. This too was a disappointment for me, although I had not expected so much this time.

When I met Father again for the first time, I was on the contrary pleasantly surprised. It was in the summer holidays of 1948. Our parents were afraid to let us travel with our grey card over the demarcation line to Vienna, and therefore arranged a meeting in Styria. There we spent several pleasant weeks together and then traveled together to Vienna.

It was during this time that I began to get to know my parents again, but this was not easy. There was not only the difference in language, as both my brother and I could now speak only a little German, but also a mentality that was foreign to us. In Vienna I was above all horrified that we had to lock the door to the flat from the inside. To be sure certain anxieties still remained, which our parents could not get rid of so quickly.

The post-war situation in Vienna

After the war my father received many letters from friends and relatives, asking him for legal advice. Some also considered returning, and thought that they would be welcomed with open arms in Vienna. In his replies, Father described the dismal situation in Vienna and advised against returning. In spite of the end of the war and of Nazi rule, anti-Semitism was far from dead. My mother described the situation in a letter dated 31. January 1947, but which she did not send. ".... Every Aryan street sweeper is firmly convinced that he is superior to the non-Aryan university professor. The fact that a couple of non-Aryans have been given managerial positions, and that the so-called "religious Jews" (but not the non-denominational and converted Jews) receive large donations of food and clothing through the "Joint", increases anti-Semitism to boiling point..."

Return to Vienna

We spent the summer holidays of 1948 and 1949 together in Styria and Vienna. In 1948 there was already talk of my returning to Vienna to my parents. At first I was enthusiastic at the idea, but then my parents hesitated, as the situation in Vienna was still not so good, so I stayed two more years in England to finish my Higher School Certificate, the English School Leaving Exam.

In the meantime, my brother had started his studies at London University. He saw it as his duty to take up a profession in England in order to prepare a home for our parents there. In 1950 he applied for British citizenship and, in the summer of 1950, could therefore not leave the country.

I traveled alone to Austria, this time not only for the holidays but to stay there. I did not go quite voluntarily, for I felt myself to be English and not Austrian, and wanted to stay in England to study. Moreover I had noticed during both previous visits that my parents and I were really quite strangers to each other. My decision to enter the convent after my studies was quite firm at that time, so I returned to Vienna thinking that it would only be for a while, for then I would enter the convent and could go back to England.

The four a half years with my parents were not easy for any of us, and yet they were very good years. We gradually grew closer to each other. My parents knew how to break down my initial constraint towards them by allowing me a lot of freedom. They were very discreet and did not ask many questions.

I studied mathematics and physics... Moreover after a year I began to attend the "Theological Lay Year, the theological course for lay-people on the Stefansplatz....

Entry into the Order

After a year, I wrote to the Mother House in Paris that I wished to enter the congregation of "Our Lady of Sion." In answer I was told to contact a sister in Vienna. I had imagined that I could enter immediately, but I still had to wait a long time. At Christmas the Superior General visited Vienna. She told me that I should wait until the end of the year. By then I had however already completed four semesters of study and did not want to interrupt my course right in the middle. I therefore decided to complete my studies after all, and did not enter the convent until later.

I am often asked why I entered the Order. I think that the roots go back a very long way, When we were children Father set great store on all of us going together every Sunday to Mass in the Burgkapelle, and he also usually said evening prayer with us. In the first class of primary school I had as a catechist Father Penall, who later became dean of the cathedral. I believe that he laid the foundation of my future calling.

My brother becomes a priest

In 1957 just before I was to take my first vows Mother died. My brother and I believed that we had now to look after our father, but he stated categorically that he did not wish us to change our lives because of him. He managed to live alone for the next thirteen years and saw to everything himself.

Since Father had declared that he would never go to England except for the baptism of his first grandchild my brother realized that it was not necessary to establish a home for Father there. He was thus free to follow the path which, as he says, he had wanted to follow since he was a boy, namely to become a priest.

So instead of going to a baptism in England, my father traveled with me to Rome for the ordination and first Mass of my brother. It was a happy journey for us....

Afterwards we had an audience with the Pope, who took our hands and said to my father, "in the name of the Church I thank you for giving both your children to the Church."

Father eventually became First President of the Supreme Court of Austria and died in 1970 aged 83. My brother was parish priest of a large parish on the outskirts of London untill 1992 and is now parish priest at Queensway in London.❖

The Newsletter of the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems, Inc.

In Touch

January 2007

The Jewish Museum of Hohenems, as a regional museum, remembers the rural Jewish community of Hohenems and its various contributions to the development of Vorarlberg and the surrounding regions. It confronts contemporary questions of Jewish life and culture in Europe, the diaspora and Israel - questions of the future of Europe between migration and tradition. The museum also deals with the end of the community of Hohenems, the regional Nazi history, the expulsion or deportation of the last members of the community, anti-Semitism and the Holocaust. Along with these fragmented lines of regional and global history, it is also devoted to the people and their histories and maintains a relationship to the descendants of Jewish families in Hohenems around the world.

The permanent exhibition in the Heimann-Rosenthal Villa, which was built in 1864, documents the history of the Jewish community in Hohenems which existed for over three centuries until its destruction during the era of the Nazi regime. The museum offers annually changing exhibitions and an extensive program of events. ❖

We're on the Web!
http://www.jm-hohenems.at

Enclosed please find cards that you may want to use to make a contribution to the AFJMH honoring a friend or relative.

Join Us . . .

Become a Member and Let's Keep *In Touch*!

During the meeting of the descendants of Jewish families from Hohenems in 1998, the idea to found the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems, Inc. emerged. The association unites the numerous descendants living in America and supports the Jewish Museum of Hohenems in various ways.

Annual dues are $25. We hope to count on you to join today. Dues can be sent to:

PO Box 237
Moorestown, NJ 08057-0237

Any additional contribution you could make would be very much appreciated and thus enable the American Friends to continue to make important contributions to the Museum at Hohenems as well as to other endeavors designed to contribute to knowledge of the Hohenems Jewish Community as it was when our ancestors lived there. ❖