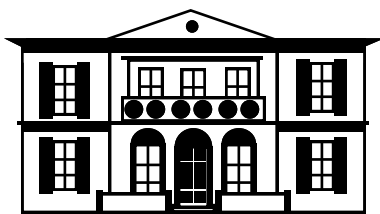


IN TOUCH

DECEMBER 2010

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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

FRANCESCA BRUNNER-KENNEDY

I grew up in California with ancient oil paintings of unnamed relatives in my home and a leather-bound Stammbaum (family tree) in German that I couldn't understand. They were always there, so I accepted them, and let them fade into the background without questioning the past that they represented.

My father, Mark Brunner, talked little about his family, his childhood in Austria, and how he came to America. And so I knew little of the family history until I was 17 years old, when my father took me to Austria for the first time.

It was a trip of discovery and wonder, but also a



bit surreal – like a page out of someone else's life. I met

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NEWS FROM THE MUSEUM

DR. HANNO LOEWY

**New President of the
Verein zur Förderung
des Jüdischen Museums
Hohenems**

Jutta Berger will succeed Dr. Eva Haefele as the new president of the Verein zur Förderung des Jüdischen Museums Hohenems. Jutta Berger has been the vice-president of the association since 2008. The new president is married, a mother of two adult children and lives in Bregenz. In her professional role as a journalist for the Austrian daily newspa-

per "Der Standard," Jutta Berger has had a long-standing relationship with the Jewish Museum Hohenems. Dr. Eva Haefele will remain the vice-president of the association.

**The Preservation of the
Hohenems Memory – in
order to secure the
future**

Next year we will celebrate the 20th birthday of the Museum. This year has seen an encouraging increase in visitors. While 2009 broke all records with

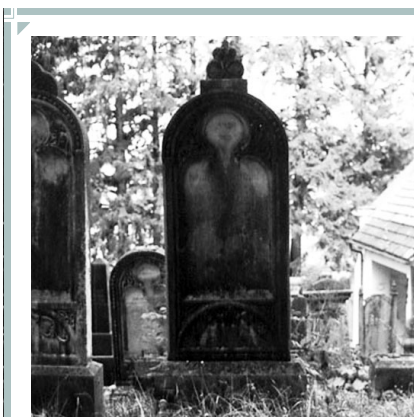
more than 13,000 visitors, this total will probably be exceeded by the beginning of November. Still, with this success, we have additional obligations, and more than ever the Jewish Museum needs your support. A year ago we began a major program to catalog our collection and our database and, most important, to establish new professional archival facilities. All this will enable us to preserve the Descendant's heritage, the

(Continued on page 3)

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 1)

relatives who were strangers to me, and who spoke no English. My father spoke German to them, a language I had never heard from him before. We went to Hohenems, where my father collected a key from a factory, and used it to gain us admittance into a secret, walled and gated Jewish cemetery. It was like something out of a fairytale. I wondered how he even knew how to do this. We found our oldest ancestor's gravestone, Heinrich Brunner, 1784 – 1867, and I marveled that he was born less than twenty years after the American Revolution.



Gravestone of Heinrich Brunner

As we wandered through Hohenems, looking for the original Brunner home, and asking for information from the lo-

cals, an old woman hurled anti-Semitic epithets at us. I didn't even know it until my father translated for me. Since neither my father nor I were Jewish, it was a strange feeling to be hated by a stranger because of a religion that wasn't even our own. Later I came to realize that the Nazis did exactly this, not only hating, but persecuting people if they had any Jewish ancestors in the last three generations. Since my grandfather was Jewish, I would have been considered a Jew.

I came back from my first trip to Europe with ambivalent feelings

about my roots. But over the years, my father talked about his past more, wrote his autobiography, and got in touch with more of his relatives. This lessened my feelings of disconnectedness with my family's history, and I began to see how rich and fascinating a history it was.

So when my father found out about the reunion in Hohenems in 1998, he encouraged me to go.

And I think this was the first time I really embraced my heritage. Thanks to the Museum, we were brought together with descendants from all over the world, many of them related to us. Jews and Gentiles together, we learned about our collective history, toured the Museum, found out about its ambitious goals, and got to know the town that spawned us. We were reunited with family members we knew, and met many we didn't. The Brunners enjoyed each other's company so much that we began a tradition of Brunner family reunions, which have happened roughly every three years since 1998. Many of the articles in this newsletter come from the most recent Brunner reunion last August, in San Francisco.

After the reunion of '98, my father became the first Vice President of the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems (AFJMH). I am happy to follow in his footsteps as the new President of the AFJMH. Since the Museum put me in touch with a larger family and a larger community than I knew existed, I am pleased to

pay it back with my financial and emotional support.

I hope you will join me, as I try to bring the organization into the 21st century. I want to expand our membership, especially reaching out to the younger generations. We plan to create a website and introduce content that provides more interest and value to all of our members. I would love to hear from descendants about how best the organization can serve them. We're always eager for subject matter for the In Touch newsletter. If you have family stories, histories, or trip reports you'd like to share, please contact Sue Shimer, the editor. To join our listserv e-mail distribution list, send an e-mail to any one of us whose e-mail addresses are listed on the front of the newsletter.

Looking forward to hearing from you,

Francesca ❖

NEWS FROM THE MUSEUM

(Continued from page 1)

archives of the Hohenems Diaspora, for the future. Since the opening of the Museum in 1991, we have been acquiring and preserving a rapidly growing collection of documents, photographs, artifacts and audiovisual testimonies. Those memories and memorabilia are the documentation of a cosmopolitan community that has not forgotten its roots, the glorious and the bitter aspects, the achievements and the hardships. Eva-Maria Hesche and our new colleague Christian Herbst are now putting the archives on the new track.

The first step has been the integration of the different databases into one and thereafter, utilizing archival documents, photographs, artifacts and audiotapes as well as documentation from the cemetery and the houses in the former Jewish quarter, we will be able to improve research into different areas of interest.

A year ago in the old ski factory of Kaestle, we found the proper space for the new archive storage room, and started renovation. Necessary improvements, including security, climate control

and other archival structures are now being executed. Soon the archives of the Museum will move from their present location in the old Kitzinger house to this new venue.

We were able to secure funds from the Austrian federal government for this enterprise, and substantial financial support came from the Museumsverein (the Museum's Association): six thousand Euros were contributed by various donors in Hohenems and the region. Still we are in need. We would be pleased if your donations could match the grant of the Museumsverein and enable us to prepare our Museum for the task that is our future: the preservation of the memory of the Hohenems families' history. We appreciate that we have already received \$4,000 from the American Friends of the Jewish Museum Hohenems for this endeavor.

Hohenems Genealogy Database

Five years ago the American Friends generously supported our genealogical database project. After many years of research and fruitful collaboration with many active Descendants of

Hohenems' families and Professor Thomas Albrich and his team at the University of Innsbruck, we are now able to go on the Internet with our Hohenems genealogy database.

The new online genealogy database of the Jewish Museum Hohenems, created by Niko Hofinger, presents the genealogy and biographies of the members of the Jewish community in Hohenems, their families and their Descendants all over the world, and will allow access to all persons interested in our history. Under our archival rules, access to the database will exclude any information about living Descendants.

The database focuses on biographies and family histories. It allows people to concentrate on single personalities and to connect them with their relatives, their family trees, their ancestors and their Descendants. Printout versions of family trees can be downloaded and will be in the process of revision continuously.

With an integrated Google Earth image, the database will locate the most significant events in each biography in their geographical

context. Additional features like CVs and integrated photographs will follow.

Most important for us: the database will enable us to communicate. It allows all of the Descendants to help us develop this tool further by correcting mistakes, adding information about family members and reporting new Descendants. A link on the web will permit the user to communicate useful information that helps to eliminate mistakes and close the gaps.

One will be able to print out a family tree just as one can produce data in the international GEDCOM format, thereby enabling one to develop distinct genealogical projects.

In addition to the Hohenems community the database includes information about Jews and their descendants from Vorarlberg and Tyrol and the members of the Jewish DP-community in Hohenems and Bregenz between 1945 and 1954. We hope you will make use of our new database as much as possible. You may find it on: www.hohenemsgenealogy.at

In 2017, the Hohenems Diaspora will meet again

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NEWS FROM THE MUSEUM

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in Hohenems to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the time of the granting of the Hohenems Letter of Privilege, the document with which it all began. We want to make the genealogical database a helpful resource enabling us to invite everybody to this reunion, making it a powerful statement of life in a global world.

The Photo Archive

For years, due to a lack of funds, the photo archives of the Museum were kept without proper digital registration in the database of the archives. Last year we were able to secure funds from the Austrian federal government to start the Hohenems Photo Archive Project. A new database for this part of the archive was installed. With the help of Christine Jost, who has been working on this for a year, we were able to digitize the basic photo archive that was accumulated in the years before the founding of the Museum. We are now proceeding to post the loans and donations of photographs and albums obtained, mostly from the Descendants, in recent years. Please help us to make the

Hohenems Photo Archive a powerful tool to commemorate the story of the Hohenems families. We collect original prints, but also accept digital high-resolution scans of images that illustrate the trajectory of the Hohenems families' history through the ages and their migration over the globe.

Whoever is willing to use our archive to connect his or her family history with those of others, should feel free to communicate with us. Please follow our advice regarding those documents. CDs with scanned photographs and albums should include high-resolution scans (of at least 300 dpi), accompanied by proper documentation (if possible information about each photograph: location, date, individuals seen, name of photographer). If photographs are from an album, scans of complete pages are required too, as they tell a story on their own. We are glad to offer this service and hope you will make use of it.

Entirely Pure – entirely into it!

Our recent exhibition about Mikvah, the Jewish ritual bath, with photographs of Frankfurt

based photographer Peter Seidel and photographs and interviews by photographer Janice Rubin and writer Leah Lax from Houston, Texas was a huge success. The project was realized in collaboration with our fellow Jewish Museums in Frankfurt, Vienna and Frankonia and is now being shown in Fürth; next year it will be exhibited in Frankfurt, and in 2012 in Vienna.

After enjoying its best-attended year ever in 2009, the Jewish Museum Hohenems is on track to have even more visitors this year. The Museum is now one of the major cultural institutions in the region, both in terms of public attention and diversity of its international audience.

With the exhibition on the Mikvah, the Jewish Museum turned to a central but particularly intimate and discrete focus of Jewish life over thousands of years. The earliest existing Jewish ritual baths date back almost 2000 years. Monumental medieval Mikva'oth were built starting around 1200 in the German Rhine valley and in southern France. The exhibition in Hohenems displayed magnificent images of different architectural structures throughout the

ages and throughout Europe as well as the vivid and pretty much varied experience of women in the Mikvah today. The ritual bath is regularly attended today only by orthodox Jewish men and women. But a growing number of reform Jews have begun to reinvent the Mikvah tradition in their own facilities, giving new meaning to an old ritual, while also changing ritual practice to new and voluntary forms that no longer deny secular and liberal ways of life. Still the Mikvah is a subject of debate. And for that the Jewish Museum Hohenems created a complete new exhibition format in its own right.

Radio Mikwe

Since March 7, 2010, the Jewish Museum Hohenems has presented its own radio station on the Internet. The program (we have to admit: mostly in German) can be heard all over the world, via Internet, Internetradio or smartphone. The program presents "historical News" from Hohenems every hour, as well as Jewish music, interviews and literature, reports and travel magazines, and introduces the listener to different Jewish places and Mikva'oth in the world,

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NEWS FROM THE MUSEUM

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from Cologne to Peking. The Radio Mikwe website allows downloads of a great number of programs. It can be found on the web at: www.radiomikwe.at

Catalogue "Ganz rein! Jüdische Ritualbäder. Fotografien von Peter Seidel"

Together with the Jewish Museum of Vienna, the Jewish Museum of Frankonia in Fürth and the Jewish Museum of Frankfurt, we have issued the catalogue "Ganz rein! Jüdische Ritualbäder", with the photographs of Peter Seidel and texts by Felicitas Heimann-Jelinek, Gail Levin, Gerhard Milchram, Hannes Sulzenbacher and Annette Weber. The catalogue on *The Mikvah Project* by Janice Rubin and Lea Lax was produced ten years ago,

when their exhibition began its travels through the US and Canada. The subject of Mikvah was reflected in its contemporary setting by this years' exhibition.

Summer University Hohenems for Jewish studies 2010

For the second time students and scholars from Germany, Austria and Switzerland met in Hohenems for the Summer University of Jewish studies, organized, in collaboration with the Jewish Museum, by the University of Munich, the University of Salzburg and the University of Basel. This year the program centered on the subject of "conversion," an exploration of the borders and the exchange between religions, either by force or by choice and dealt with conflicts and

challenging open questions.

The 65 participants, 30 regular students, 20 scholars and 15 senior students, enjoyed a week of intensive learning and discussion in the Salomon Sulzer auditorium in the former synagogue – as well as the relaxing atmosphere of Hohenems, both in the Museum and in the old Jewish quarter.

New Highlights in the Jewish Quarter of Hohenems

After more than two years of renovation work the old Jewish school and the preserved Mikvah opened to the public in March and July, respectively.

First, at the Mikvah, the Jewish ritual bath that has become an extension to the Jewish Museum, a little

public. Over the course of four days, the Federmann auditorium, the Sulzer auditorium and several old Jewish houses were used as exhibition venues, and the whole Jewish quarter became a vivid stage for many different cultural events– music events, lectures and artists' exhibitions as well as a theatre production on Regina Ullmann, the writer who was a descendant of two generations of Hohenems rabbis.

On July 9, 2010, the ground floor of the old Jewish school finally opened its door, as a magnificent restaurant named Moritz, paying tribute to Moritz Federmann, who worked for the Jewish school for 51 years. For almost 40 years Federmann was the director of this legendary institution that provided generations of Jewish school children in Hohenems (and a great number of Christian children too) a substantial education enabling them successfully to make their way in the world.

Felix Jaffe-Brunner came from Geneva in order to represent the Descendants in the opening ceremony. He donated a commemoration plaque that will remind future

permanent exhibition was presented, with the old stairway down to the bath, though no longer filled with water, still conveying a strong impression.

In May, in conjunction with the local *Emsiana festival*, the Federmann auditorium in the old Jewish school opened to the



Summer University 2010 in the Salomon Sulzer Auditorium

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NEWS FROM THE MUSEUM

(Continued from page 5)

visitors of the great history of this building. The plaque, which appears in both German and English, reads:

"Until 1913 generations of Jewish Hohenemser enjoyed an excellent education in this school, thanks to devoted teachers like Moritz Federmann. From here many made their way successfully, in Europe or overseas. They became physicians and business people, scientists and writers, judges and educators. Some of the students had to leave Hohenems by force, or were murdered during the Holocaust.

Today descendants from Hohenems live all over the world. Their memories of this building are filled with deep gratefulness.

For the Descendants
*Felix Jaffé-Brunner,
Geneva/Jerusalem*"

On October 7, 2010, another venue in the former Jewish quarter opened its doors: the "Literaturhaus Schanett" (House of Literature), named after Jeanette (Schanett) Landauer, the first Jewish innkeeper who, followed by three generations of her family, ran the "Frohe Aussicht" ("Happy Prospect Inn") in Hohenems, right next to

the Synagogue. The building had been renovated during the summer by the owner, Ms. Scheiderbauer, together with Erika and Elisabeth Heidinger. A number of visual installations in the house now commemorate the story of the Landauer/Bollag family, the family that is still active in the Cemetery Association of Hohenems. The House of Literature is a private association formed by members from all over Vorarlberg, and presents organized readings and lectures, creative writing workshops and other events.

And more news possibly is coming: the old Jewish Poorhouse will be the subject of a new renovation project next year – if we succeed in finding sponsors in the region. Part of the project includes a guest apartment for Descendants in this late 18th century landmark. More information about this will follow soon. If anybody is interested in this project please get in touch with the Museum!

A Certain Jewish Something

On Sunday, October 17, 2010, an exhibition of a

special kind came into being in the Jewish Museum Hohenems, one made in a day!" A Certain Jewish Something" – the first exhibition that was curated and realized by our visitors themselves.

For once, it was not the Museum that told the audience what Jewishness is all about, but the other way round: the Museum – together with Zurich based Journalist Katarina Hollaender – invited everybody to bring along objects and their stories. In this

context, it did not matter whether one is Jewish or Christian or Muslim, nondenominational, religious or atheistic, or even one's nationality. Our "exhibition curators" came from Hohenems and Zurich, from Vienna and Stuttgart, St. Gall and Frankfurt, from Rotterdam and Prague, from Basel and Kiel, from many places in

Bis 1913 haben in dieser Schule Generationen von jüdischen Hohenemsern eine hervorragende Ausbildung genossen, dank des Engagements von Lehrern wie Moritz Federmann. Viele sind von hier aus erfolgreich ihren Weg gegangen, in Europa und in Übersee. Sie wurden Ärzte und Geschäftsleute, Wissenschaftler und Schriftsteller, Juristen und Pädagogen. Manche der ehemaligen Schüler mussten Hohenems als Flüchtlinge verlassen, oder sie wurden im Holocaust ermordet. Heute leben Nachkommen der Hohenemser Juden in aller Welt. Ihre Erinnerungen an dieses Haus sind mit tiefer Dankbarkeit erfüllt.

Für die Nachkommen
Felix Jaffé-Brunner, Genf/Jerusalem

Until 1913 generations of Jewish Hohenemser enjoyed an excellent education in this school, thanks to devoted teachers like Moritz Federmann. From here many made their way successfully, in Europe or overseas. They became physicians and business people, scientists and writers, judges and educators. Some of the students had to leave Hohenems by force, or were murdered during the Holocaust. Today descendants from Hohenems live all over the world. Their memories of this building are filled with deep gratefulness.

For the descendants
Felix Jaffé-Brunner, Geneva/Jerusalem

Plaque for the Jewish School donated by Felix Jaffe



A photograph of the opening on October 17 of "A Certain Jewish Something." Hildegard Schinnerl with a suitcase belonging to Jewish refugees, who passed the border in Hohenems about 1940 © Darko Todorovic

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NEWS FROM THE MUSEUM

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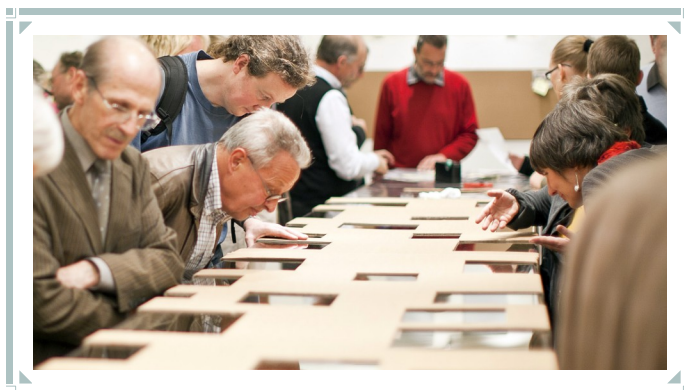
Vorarlberg and the entire Lake Constance region.

110 objects were brought together to form a most unusual ensemble. Objects that are - for our visitors - connected to something Jewish, objects that are of special personal value, objects connected to a memory or an experience, and about which there is a story to tell. Be prepared to meet the unexpected and the obvious, something traditional or surprising, something unexplained or quaint!

As expected, we had interesting discussions and a lot of communication between visitors from all tribes, coming from different countries, belonging to different communities.

Exhibition Projects of 2011

Next years' exhibition program is exploring different facets of the notion of "Heimat." Together with the Jewish Museum of Vienna we are going to present "The Turks in Vienna, The Story of a European Jewish Community" - a show about the Sephardic communities in Europe, centering on the strong presence of



The showcase in the basement for "A Certain Jewish Something"
© Darko Todorovic

Sephardic Turkish Jews in Vienna since the 18th century. This exhibition organized by the Jewish Museum of Vienna will present new insights into the question of who is a European and the diversity of Judaism in Europe, without addressing the question of the role Turkey played inside Europe for so long. The show will open on April 3, 2011.

A joint exhibition project with the Viennese Jewish Museum is devoted to the notion of "Heimisch" itself, a concept and notion that effects most debates about migration and the cause of "ethnic" or cultural minorities in Europe today. This exhibition will first be shown in Vienna and in November 2011 in Hohenems.

Parallel to this, our show "Did you see my Alps?" will travel from Munich to Switzerland (to the

Forum of Swiss History in Schwyz) next year and to Meran in Southern Tyrol in 2012.

The Mikvah exhibition right now and until the spring of 2011 is being shown in Fürth in Frankonia - and, starting in the end of November, will be shown in the Jewish Museum Vienna, and then in the spring of 2012 will be presented in Frankfurt am Main.

Cantor Jacob Hohenemser

Last but not least we will close the year of 2010 with a new publication, again this time something for the aficionados of Jewish music.

Cantor Jacob Hohenemser and his beautiful voice was a landmark of Jewish cantorial music in the US when he died in 1964, after having served the Jewish community of Providence, Rhode Island, for almost 25 years. We are

pleased to be able to offer for the first time after many years his rare recordings as a beautiful CD with a booklet, presenting the story of the life of this legendary cantor from a Hohenems family. This publication was made possible by a generous donation from the AFJMH and through the efforts and strong support of LeRoy Hoffberger of Baltimore, Maryland.

The CD can be ordered through the Jewish Museum, for 12 € (\$15) plus shipping.

New Series Of Publications

Under the title "Hohenemser Museumstexte" the Museum has started to publish various texts related to the core permanent exhibition and the Jewish history of Hohenems. We have started with two booklets, presenting the texts of the core exhibition, and the interviews with Descendants and other witnesses, presented in the Museum. In the spring a new guide to the Jewish quarter of Hohenems will follow, replacing the outdated brochure on sale for many years. ❖

THE 2010 BRUNNER REUNION

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 2010

©NICOLE ANGIEL AND SUSAN ROSENTHAL SHIMER

Once again, the Brunner family gathered to meet, enjoy one another's company, and talk about their family history. Comments by a number of Brunner family members appear later in this Newsletter.

The August 2010 Reunion was held in San Francisco from August 13th through 15th, and was organized by a number of local descendants, Zarina Issac Brunner, Lorenzo Montezemolo, Glenn Clark,

Vea Van Kessel, Nicole Angiel, and Rega Wood. This, the first Brunner reunion in America, was a memorable event. It was attended by more than 70 descendants, from the U.S., Italy, England, Spain and Australia, some very young and some quite old and many in between.

All gathered at the Westin St. Francis Hotel on Friday morning, August 13th, and were treated to photos of San Francisco and speeches

by Francesca Brunner-Kennedy, Walter Munk and Rega Wood, as well as brief remarks by Hanno Loewy and Sue Shimer.

Some of these remarks are published in this edition of *InTouch*.

After enjoying a buffet brunch, the family gath-



Participants received a badge, folder, button and tote bag designed by Vea Van Kessel



ered across the street in Union Square, where, in perfect weather, the official photograph, appearing below, was taken.



2010 Brunner Reunion attendees © Bob Butsic

THE 2010 BRUNNER REUNION

(Continued from page 8)

After the group photograph, the participants departed on a delightful bus tour of the city. Those with warm clothing enjoyed the sights from the upper deck; others gathered below.

The weather was quite changeable, with a mix of sunshine and fog, as is common in San Francisco in the summertime.



Atop the double-decker bus © Bob Butsic



San Francisco Bus Tour © Bob Butsic



Giulia Faraguna and Helene Stavro
© Bob Butsic



Left:
Martina
Guadagni
and Luisa
Faraguna
© Bob
Butsic



Right:
Mercedes
Faraguna
and Zarina
Issac ©
Bob Butsic



Clockwise from left: Mary Coakley, Walter Munk, Peter Munk, Glenn Clark, Karen Demastus, Dale Demastus, Cristina Munk and Liza Munk
© Lorenzo Montezemolo

THE 2010 BRUNNER REUNION

(Continued from page 9)

August 14th began for many with a ride on the cable car to Ghirardelli Square. For others, it began with a taxi ride or a steep walk up, and then down, to the same location. There the organizers had arranged a brunch at McCormick's

Seafood Restaurant; the view of the bay, Angel Island, Alcatraz and the nearby aquatic park was amazing. From Ghirardelli Square, the participants traveled in two buses to Muir Woods, just outside of San Francisco. The sight of the redwood trees



Cable car ride to Ghirardelli Square © Bob Butsic

there was spectacular. We had time for a walk and could really feel the beauty of this National Monument.



Glenn Clark and Silvana Graf © Silvana Graf



Ann Winter, Helen Brunner and Rega Wood © Silvana Graf



Left to Right: Michele Faraguna, Nicole Angiel, Elise, David and Cleo Rehkopf, Alessandro and Martha Faraguna, Joanna Lacey Faraguna and James Faraguna © Silvana Graf



Nina Levinson, Father Francis Wahle and Joe Levinson © Silvana Graf



Left: Hanno and Astrid Loewy, and Zach and Sue Shimer

Right: Sophie Cheston, Carol Levinson Pross, Jeff Gordon and Allison Cheston © Silvana Graf



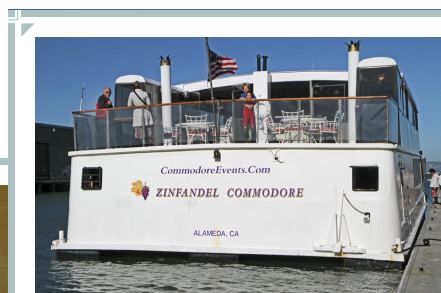
THE 2010 BRUNNER REUNION

(Continued from page 10)

That evening, the organizers sponsored a dinner at an Asian restaurant called E&O Trading Company. All enjoyed great food and conversation.

The next morning began with a walk to the Palace Hotel, which has an incredible Sunday brunch in a spectacular courtyard setting.

Below: Susanna Montezemolo and Giorgio Boni enjoy brunch © Francesca Brunner-Kennedy



The dinner cruise yacht © Bob Butsic

Rehkopf gave a tour of the University of California at Berkeley and its political history, past and present, to a number of participants. Then on Wednesday, August 18th, Rega Wood hosted a tour of Stanford University. Both universities are a short distance from the City of San Francisco. ♦

Right: Reunion attendees aboard the yacht © Lorenzo Montezemolo



Below: Filippo Faraguna © Lorenzo Montezemolo



Brunch at the Palace Hotel © Silvana Graf



Glenn Clark and Marina Montezemolo announce the next reunion site © Bob Butsic

After that, a number of descendants took a walking tour of the city led by Francesca Brunner Kennedy; others went to the Jewish Museum and still others to the Museum of Modern Art.



Lorenzo Montezemolo and Dennis Kennedy © Bob Butsic

Soon it was time for the last official event, a dinner cruise on the bay. The weather cooperated and the views were spectacular. Everyone enjoyed the cruise, just as they had enjoyed all the other events of the Reunion. There it was

announced that the next Brunner Reunion would take place from May 2nd to May 5th, 2013 in Florence, Italy.

On Monday, August 16th, after the reunion was officially over, Glenn Clark and David



All the way from Australia, left to right: Ann Winter, Louisa Virgo, Lynette Steer, Dorothy Winter, and Nicolas and Paul Virgo © Bob Butsic

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY GERTRUDE CLARK

ABBREVIATED AND SLIGHTLY REVISED BY REGA WOOD © REGA WOOD

Earliest Recollections

My father, Hans Munk, served in the Austro-Hungarian army in WWI. His eye-sight was bad, so he chauffeured high-ranking military personnel. I remember his impressive uniform with its high collar. But my earliest childhood recollections are of a house on the outskirts of Vienna where I was born during World War I. Swallows built a nest over our doorway.

1917-1925 Early Education

Later we moved to Vienna near the agricultural university where we lived close to a large park, named for the Turkish barricades. Our spacious "villa" had a beautiful, large yard with fragrant white lilacs and large trees - a mulberry, a cherry, and a hazelnut. We lived on the two top floors.

Born on March 14, 1915, I am the oldest of three children, with two younger brothers. My brother Walter is two and a half years younger. He and I were a pretty good physical match, and we fought a lot, mostly wrestling and physical competition. I was proud of the fact that I could get boys my age to the floor. I remember that we particularly liked to wrestle at the houses of friends we visited. We would roll and tumble all over the place to the consternation of adults.

My younger brother, Alfred Otto Munk, is ten years younger. I remember how excited I was when he was born in our house in Vienna

and how proudly my mother showed him to me.

My mother, Rega, arranged for a tutor to work with me for the first three grades, since she thought it a waste of time to send me to school in the early years. This arrangement did save time but it later made getting along with peers more difficult. When I finally entered public school, I had few friends. As if that were not bad enough, I came down with scarlet fever, chicken pox, measles, mumps - all in the fourth grade. I just barely passed the exam designed to allow advanced students to enter secondary school.

On the whole I enjoyed my years in high school, but excelled at nothing. I liked physical education classes, especially a European version of baseball and going on skiing trips. All the students from our school went together for a two-week winter vacation and skied every day. I was also a good long distance swimmer, but I was denied membership and training at the main Viennese club - [Wiener Donau Schwimm Club] - on account of my Jewish ancestry. Anti-Semitism was rampant at school, and after school teasing, cursing, and general abuse, made the walk to and from school unpleasant.

We grew up in an affluent home in a good neighborhood, with servants, and a car. Like most middle class Viennese Jews of that time, we did not belong to any

religious group. We did not consider ourselves Jews, but neither did we repudiate our Jewish ancestors or join Catholic or Protestant churches. Some of our relatives, however, did embrace Catholicism.

We had an extensive home library. I took music lessons, dance lessons, tennis lessons, etc. There was a convenient streetcar to take us downtown. I got a driver's license at 18 and used the car more than anyone else. I was a reckless driver at times, taking full turn skids on ice and generally driving very fast. I also used to jump off our streetcar at full speed while it was going around the corner to save having to walk a few more steps towards our home. Or maybe, I just did it for the heck of it.

Our social life was extensive. I remember large parties at our home, both for grown-ups and for children. I was rather introverted and not really at ease at all these festivities. Being quite near-sighted and having to wear glasses was one of the curses of my teenage years. My mother insisted that I try to manage without spectacles, something I found extremely difficult. I remember one particularly impressive party at our country house in Alt-Aussee. It was a beautiful, large estate bordered by woods and a small stream in the Austrian Salzkammergut. On this particular evening, it seemed that just about everybody from the village



Gertrude Clark and daughter Rega
© Rega Wood

had been invited. As I watched in fascination, a continuous procession of visitors streamed up the long path leading up our house. There was an orchestra, festive outdoor tables, dancing, and much food and fun for most of the night. But since my mother had peevishly hidden my glasses, everything was a haze for me! My parents were divorced when I was 10 or 12 years old. My father had had an affair (one of many), and my mother was tired of living with him, though they remained friends for the rest of their lives. Not long after the divorce my mother married her childhood sweetheart, Rudolf "Rudi" Engelsberg. Rudi was a Catholic civil servant who had a successful career and was the general director of the Austrian salt monopoly at the end of his career. It was a happy marriage. Rudi was an amusing, generous, and delightful person, and we children just adored him.

When we were young, we had governesses: Mme. Wilk was a Swiss French-

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY GERTRUDE CLARK

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speaking tutor. My time speaking French with her made it possible for me to retain this knowledge throughout my later life. Mme. Wilk, my older brother, Walter, and I once spent a vacation in Switzerland at Vevey sur Montreux in delightful surroundings. We rode the Funiculaire up and down the lake through banks of flowers and flowering shrubs. But my brother Walter objected to sharing a room with Mme. Wilk who was somewhat strange and rather rotund. She wore only black – even her small round bonnet was black – and she smelled strongly of artificial violet perfume.

A maiden piano teacher came to our house for a while. Of Russian descent, she was pallid, with lank, pitch black hair. Many years later when my daughter, Rega [Wood, nee Clark], was born, I had the fright of my life: when I first saw Rega, I feared that she might resemble this woman.

On becoming an adolescent, I developed a great taste for boyfriends and dates. I went out with a different date every night. I also went on many skiing, hiking, and car trips, usually as the only girl amongst men. My family used to try and clamp the lid on by decreeing that I could only go out three or four nights a week. I still remember how unjust I found this decree and how often I disobeyed it.

Like most teenagers, I was very untidy. I will always remember coming home late one night to find that my stepfather had embellished on the existing disorder in my room by adding further humorous touches. Clothes were hanging from light fixtures; the remaining underwear and miscellanea had been pulled out of drawers and arranged artistically on the floor. It was quite a sight, though I don't remember that my behavior improved.

1925-1937: Vocational Training, Cooking, Skiing, Swimming

In the seventh grade when the going got a little rough, I dropped out of Gymnasium and at my mother's urging went to a hotel management school which was much easier. She planned for me to run a pensione, providing lodging and meals on a smaller scale than a hotel.

When I graduated from the two-year course in hotel management, paid work was not available, since unemployment in Austria was very high. So I worked as an unpaid apprentice. At Kobenzl, a mountain resort at the edge of the northern Vienna Woods owned by a Hungarian family, I mostly helped in the kitchen. How I feared and hated the ill-tempered chef who presided over the preparation of hot dishes, entrees, vegetables, soups etc., surrounded by a staff of underlings! Eventually I was promoted to full responsibility for preparation and service for cold dishes,

including meats, fishes, and all types of salads. Desserts were someone else's responsibility.

An entire summer was spent working with the same family in Salzburg, at their Mirabell Hotel located in the beautiful, formal Mirabell gardens. The hotel was near the center of town and included several restaurants, a prosperous bar, and several bands. My assignment was to help where necessary: in the offices, in the kitchen, and in room services. I soon became the night-time bar cashier, since they trusted me with large sums of money, and I did not drink. I really had the time of my life, flirting with customers and musicians, & overseeing the waiters. I was only 18 years old at the time, and somehow my mother found out what I was doing and had me transferred.

Though the owner figured that in exchange for room and board he should keep me occupied 24 hours a day, I usually vanished after dinner out the backstairs when no one was looking. I acquired quite a few free tickets to operas, concerts, ballets, and plays. There was so much to see and do. It was a glorious summer! I still have a picture that was taken of myself, the family governess, and the famous singer, the bass [Feodor] Chaliapin whom we met through friends. Even though he was quite old, he was an excellent dancer, and he spent quite a bit of time with us whirling us about.

1937-1938: Hitler Arrives and Gertrude Leaves Vienna

The last few months in Vienna put a dramatic end to my youth. My stepfather, Rudi, had been in charge of the Tobacco Monopoly and was the general director of the state controlled Austrian salt mines. From miners living close to the German border, he learned of troop movements. Through Rudi, my family knew that the long awaited and dreaded occupation of Austria by Germany was imminent. At least as far as the Nazis were concerned, we were Jews, so we knew only too well what would happen to us. Rudi was Catholic but he did not expect to survive the occupation either, since he had worked against the Nazi regime for years, and his sympathies were well known. He was a career civil servant and a prominent member of Kurt von Schuschnigg's government who could not and would not abandon his post.

I decided to make this *Fasching* [the carnival that ends with Mardi gras], a time to be remembered. For the young at heart *Fasching* was a time for general merriment. There were many dances, some formal like the Opera ball and others wild like the artists' masked ball, which lasted all night. Though beer was also served, I especially remember the delicious white Rhein wine we sipped during the intermissions at these dances. Most people came without a partner. But by midnight when the masks were removed, many

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY GERTRUDE CLARK

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friendships had been made.

All the couples opened the 1938 Opera ball together: half waltzing from the left, half from the right. I still remember the dress I wore that season, a beautiful, light green chiffon; other costumes were crazy and original. They were made at home as were everyone's clothes in those days.

In retrospect it seems I attended almost every dance and ball that season. After them on weekends, we would often go skiing. I would sometimes go directly home, change into my ski things and take the train to go skiing without sleeping. My cousin and best friend, Herta Winter, and I were practically inseparable in our youth. Herta is now married to Professor Frank (Franz) Massarik, a Czech refugee, and lives close to Melbourne. After all these years we still correspond.

Immediately after *Fasching* came the disaster we expected as we were "dancing on a volcano," as we would say. Most of the people in my circle were Socialists or Communist sympathizers. The so-called *Gruppe der Jungen* consisted of political activists and intellectuals. We, the men more than the women, had been hiding weapons at secret locations in Vienna, so that the expected invasion by Hitler's army could be resisted. We knew there was no chance to make much of an impact without an

Austrian army and with so many Nazis already lodged in the Austrian government. But my friends thought it "better to offer some resistance than to surrender to the enemy." As it turned out, Reichskanzler Schuschnigg, in his last public declaration, urged people to avoid bloodshed. Somehow the hidden weapons, too, had been sabotaged, and no guns were available at the critical moment.

I remember very well the night when the mechanized Germany army, tanks, armored cars, and guns rolled into downtown Vienna. Pigheaded as I was, I insisted that I must go downtown to see the horrid spectacle. My parents refused to let me use our little car, so I took a streetcar instead, with passengers commenting on my Schuschnigg button and saying: "Lady, your clock is a little slow." I was actually on the way not only to experience the "victory" celebration, with everybody shouting "Sieg Heil," but more importantly to meet my boyfriend in our clandestine apartment. We witnessed the end of our world together.

When Rudi got word in February 1938 that the German army was massing on the Austrian border, my mother, Rega, rather calmly went downtown to purchase a railway ticket to Switzerland. In the meantime, I packed her bags. She left the day after the invasion on the last train on which no visa was required in the Austrian pass-

port authorizing people to leave the country.

Before Rega left, of course, we took a little time for urgent business. We knew that telephones would be bugged and letters opened. So we decided on some codes. My brother Otto, twelve years old, we would refer to as mother's fur coat. Both my mother, my brother Otto, and one of my mother's coats had red brown hair. Being a minor, Otto was listed on Rega's passport, making it difficult to get him out of the country. He could not be listed on Rudi's papers, and he could never obtain his own passport. I would have to try and get Otto out of Austria. We also made preliminary plans for my mother to attempt to send someone to rescue us.

My mother had money abroad, in Switzerland and in the USA. Her father, Lucian Brunner, the only Jewish member of the Austrian-Hungarian parliament, banker, aviator, and Jewish Zionist activist, had invested funds abroad many years earlier. We had never declared these foreign holdings, and they had been illegal under Austrian law from some time. Under Nazi laws, the penalty for such holdings was death; indeed the death penalty was decreed for endlessly many major and minor transgressions. Naturally confiscation of all holdings was also part of this penalty. Mother had unfortunately amassed endless drawers of papers, pertaining to these illegal holdings. I will never forget the

many days and nights I spent burning all these records in our basement furnace, in secrecy. The furnace was large enough but papers had to be carried down several flights of stairs. To destroy at the same time all our "subversive" books would have been futile. It could not have been done before the anticipated visit of the German police.

My stepfather, Rudi, somehow survived. He spent the day of the invasion alone in his office, trying like everyone else, endangered or otherwise, to figure out what to do. Many provincial administrators were killed almost immediately; a few managed to escape. What really seemed to matter was whether a person or family had personal friends or enemies. We were lucky in this regard, since even though we were well-to-do and of Jewish descent, there was no one with a grudge against us. Rudi had many good friends who had joined the Nazi movement. They helped him covertly, from behind the scenes, to leave the country. Approximately four weeks after German troops entered Austria, Rudi received official permission to take a flight to Switzerland. I was relieved to see Rudi get away, since he was in greater danger than the rest of us.

With the help of our maid, I kept house half-heartedly. There was a steady stream of visitors in the early days after the invasion. My favorite uncle, Felix Brunner, Rega's brother, was

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particularly hard hit. He had a factory in Vienna where he manufactured pharmaceutical machinery he had invented. His wife and children were at least nominally Catholic. He did not want to leave; he seemed so lost. He went to jail several times a little later on, but luckily he escaped the concentration camps. Finally his family broke up. His wife Mitzi stayed behind. Felix came to California, and eventually he and his son Mark spent many years with my mother in California.

There was a Gestapo (secret police) headquarters right across from our home. Our car had been confiscated almost immediately. I felt sure the Gestapo knew most (but not all) of our doings. I really hated having them as close neighbors. Then, one night — it was always at night — came the fearful secret police visit. We were more or less ready for them. I had even managed to hide some incriminating documents that we would need at the bottom of flower pots. Our villa was shared by three tenants. We were on the two top floors; below us our friends and tenants, and on the ground floor the caretaker, the all-important potential spy and troublemaker in Nazi times. We heard the secret police ring the bell at about 2 AM and subsequently loud voices, noise, and rummaging around. We hurriedly put on clothes. Luckily after searching our place for some time, they found nothing incriminating. They

departed without harming us or making threats.

After this "visit" I spent all my time and effort trying to figure how to get my brother and myself out of the country. We were quite sure there would be another visit soon, and there would be questions about the whereabouts of my parents. We figured that we would probably be safe until the plebiscite ratifying the *Anschluss* (Annexation of Austria to Germany) [on April 10]. In my recollection, the doctored vote showed the Austrian people more than 100% [now said to be 99.75%] in favor of living under "our leader" Hitler. Anyway it was a day of official jubilation, and we were told that Hitler himself secretly came to Vienna on that day as part of the celebration.

Luckily, money was no problem. I knew that our bank account would be confiscated in short order. It was a time to spend as much money as possible. I used taxis freely and ordered lots of food for our many visitors. Our maid was happy to cooperate, though naturally she was not cognizant of my plans.

My boyfriend and I investigated many schemes — Lithuanian passports, for example, were cheap — but none seemed safe. Then, near the end of the initial six-week period of occupation, I received a letter from my mother in Zürich. Using our code she indicated that someone was going to come and see me and make plans "for the

red fur coat." My mother's letter asked me to trust the visitor from Zürich, and this seemed our best means of escape. I made all the arrangements I could to get ready for our departure, but the only one I could trust, besides my boyfriend, was my mother's stepsister.

Soon the call from the Swiss stranger with all the identifying details came. We arranged to meet in my boyfriend's apartment the next night, rather than in our villa in the presence of our maid and my young brother. Our rescuer from Zürich had some business in Vienna. He asked my brother and me to meet him in front of Schönbrunn castle the next day at noon.

I ordered quite a bit of food for the next week and made arrangements with our maid for the usual domestic details, including care and feeding for the woman who came once every two weeks to do our laundry. It was too dangerous to use the telephone for good-byes, so I spent my time deciding what to pack in addition to the ski clothes and equipment that would serve to divert suspicion. Finally I packed a few clothes for both of us and some of my jewelry in one small suitcase. I also took what was left in our Viennese bank account and stashed it away beneath the soles of my shoes.

On our last day, we took a taxi to Schönbrunn. No one was there to meet us at the agreed hour. This hap-

pened to be a day [probably, April 2, in the run up to the plebiscite planned for April 10, Otto's birthday] when Hitler arrived in Vienna. The place was filled with German troops; traffic was at a standstill in many areas. This delayed our Swiss rescuer, and he arrived very much later than arranged. My brother and I were standing, very obviously, it seemed, in a large square, in front of the castle gates. Luckily no one asked what we were doing. Finally, our rescuer arrived in his car. Troop movements throughout the city had delayed him.

We were really glad to see him and to take off. It took us a little less than two days to reach the Swiss border [at Feldkirch]. The weather was pretty bad; some of the mountain passes we crossed still had considerable snow. But we drove fast, with few stops, spending the night at a small hotel off the beaten path.

On our flight, we pretended to be man and wife, in case we should be stopped, but we worried about our accents. We tried to make it quite plain to my brother Otto that he was under no circumstances to say anything to strangers, since that would reveal his Austrian identity. For those familiar with the dialects, there is a lot of difference between an Austrian and a Swiss German accent. But it was quite a chore to convince a 12 year old of the dire necessity: "Always keep your mouth shut!" Luckily we were stopped only once

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY GERTRUDE CLARK

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by German guards on a routine inspection. They did not question our skiing trip with the child in the back seat, and our Swiss benefactor did all the talking. It helped that our car had a Swiss license.

Our driver took us to Feldkirch, a border town, where we were met by Swiss people aware of our escape plans. They carried Swiss border passes which we used to cross into Switzerland. We met in a bar where there was drinking and jubilation, in view of the imminent vote of the Austrian people ratifying the annexation. Late in the afternoon we all walked across the river into Switzerland. The Austrian border patrol hardly glanced at our papers; mine was for a Swiss dressmaker. We had been told to walk quickly, once we had crossed the Austrian border. The Swiss guards were informed, and no one ever looked at our border permits on the Swiss side.

We walked just a little further into Switzerland, and waited there for the car. Some of the Swiss who had crossed with us indicated that they expected me to kiss Swiss soil. I did not. I have never been much of a patriot. Though I realize that the Swiss and later the Americans did much for us and other refugees, I resent being asked to salute any flag.

It took our Swiss rescuer quite a while to catch up with us. He crossed the border on another road and

went through a strict inspection. They even took the air out of the tires and searched them. But he did bring our suitcase, and we soon reached Zürich where my parents were waiting. Strangely, I do not remember much about the family reunion. I do remember having a nervous breakdown which took me out of circulation for a little while.

The father of five children, our rescuer was employed by the Zürich Playhouse where he was responsible for set construction. My mother arranged to make a payment to the Swiss Communist party after our rescue, but money was not the motive. The attempt was one that could well have resulted in death — not only for us, but also for a Swiss intervener. Our rescue, crossing the border with Swiss border passes, was a first attempt to see how the plan worked. Since it went off without a hitch, hundreds of Austrians later took this same, relatively easy escape route across the border.

The 1940's in the United States

After we migrated to the United States, we moved rather easily, thanks to my mother, from the home of Charaline Triar [widow of Dr. Julian Triar] in the Hollywood hills, to Pasadena, where my brother attended Caltech.

Walter was glad to have us in the States, but he had made a life for himself starting at age 15, when my mother sent him to NY

to become a banker. She sent him because he was always busy with numbers and playing with money. Also, mother's brother had been one of the founders of a small Wall Street brokerage house which offered employment.

But I digress. We moved to a house at [964] N. Holliston Ave., quite a beautiful home, which my mother and Rudi purchased. By that time I had finished Occidental College (Oxy), by *chutzpah* and because President [Remsen DuBois] Bird told me: "You can make it in one year." I did, but the registrar had quite a time with me. I took most of my work by examination.

My major was in modern languages, and I finished it by taking umpteen units at UCLA (University of Calif., Los Angeles). That summer spent studying Goethe's "Faust" was a very exciting experience I will never forget. Goethe's philosophy has since shaped some of my strongest beliefs.

I also took a speech class to get rid of my accent. My success was mixed: Every time the teacher corrected me, the class said they liked my speech better. But after listening to my voice on records, I did manage to eliminate a few crass German consonants.

I completed my BA at mid-year and took the graduate record examination for library school at the University of Southern California (USC). Academically I was at my peak. But though I made almost a straight A

record and did very well on my graduate record exams, I did not qualify for *Phi Beta Kappa*, one year did not suffice.

Gertrude Malwine Munk received a library science degree in 1941. She married Albert Merwin Clark on her twenty-eighth birthday in 1943. She was especially proud of her children and her contribution to the Biblioteca "Mario Negri" in Milan, Italy, where she and her son, Glenn, visited in 1963-1964.

From about 1970 Gertrude suffered from manic depressive illness, and her health was seriously compromised. The delusions from which she suffered included a fear of being transported to a German concentration camp. Still a member of the Social party in 1987, she died in 1989.

Rega Wood, Gertrude's Daughter, 25 October 2010 ❖

A copy of Rega Wood's MS PowerPoint presentation with additional images can be found at:

<https://www.slashtmp.iu.edu/public/download.php?FILE=regawood/50403TBdCzA>

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ALFRED OTTO'S LETTER TO HANS MUNK

APRIL 1938 © REGA WOOD

Dear Papa,

Now I am finally in Switzerland. . . The trip here was very beautiful; on the first day (Saturday) we drove from Vienna to Wörgl, we drove for seven hours in very fine weather. But after Salzburg we went from one snow squall to another, so that we could drive only very slowly, and right at Thurn Pass we were snowed in. . . We spent the night in a small hotel at the far end of the city, which was very small and primitive, but nice. We had to eat in the kitchen, since the farmers took up all the room in the dining room, and drank an incredible amount of alcohol, since on the next day (April 10: election day [& Otto's birthday]) there was an alcohol prohibition.

The next morning we got up at 6:30. . . We needed two hours to get to Innsbruck; from there we drove to Landeck and over the Arlsberg, which had more than three meters of snow, but was passable. . . we went on to Dornbirn where we met two companions who later went over the border with us. From Dornbirn we took an electric to Brugg, and then for the last half hour we went on foot to the border.

Gertie and I each had a passport [identifying us] as Swiss [people] who were coming [home] from abroad. Besides that, there were two Swiss policemen with us who helped us. The border was a bridge which was occupied on the Austrian side by the S. A. [Security Army]. When we came to the beginning of the bridge, we showed our false passports, unfolded. Then we gave the papers to the two Swiss policemen, who had them checked. They acted drunk, and they held off the border police until we were on Swiss soil. Nothing could be done to them, because they were Swiss. It went as easily as it did only because it was election day and so many people went over the border that the border police didn't check very carefully. . .

Greetings, Otto

A BRIEF REVIEW OF MY CAREER

© WALTER MUNK, AUGUST 13, 2008, 2010 BRUNNER REUNION, SAN FRANCISCO

Earlier this year we went to Stockholm to receive the Crafoord Award. This is given every four years in the Geosciences by the Swedish Academy of Sciences, the same Committee that awards the Nobel Prize, the same King, and a comparable amount of money, so we like to think of it as the Nobel Prize in Oceanography. How did this wonderful event come about?

I spent my boyhood in Vienna in a drafty villa on Gregor Mendel Strasse 25, now the South Korean embassy. But my happy memories go back to summer and winter vacations spent at the Egelgut, a beautiful 18th century farm house in Alt-Aussee, restored by my grandfather Lucian Brunner early in the 1900's. The Egelgut lies at the foot of the Loser (our "house mountain") between the Egelwald and the Egelbach. My mother, Regina Brunner, taught me to play tennis on our red clay court at the lakefront; later mother and I entered tournaments as a mixed-doubles team. My uncle Felix Brunner took me skiing when I was four years old, a sport I greatly enjoyed until I hung up my skis 10 years ago.

My parents were divorced when I was very young. I remember my stepfather Rudolf Engelsberg with great fondness. He became Generaldirektor der Salinen (the Austrian Salt-mines, which were then a state monopoly) and served under Dollfuss and Schuschnig.

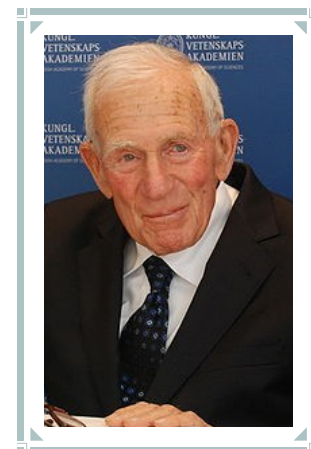
I was a mediocre student and mother was not pleased when, at the age of 15, I announced that I was going to be a ski teacher. Grandfather had formed a bank in Vienna in close association with Cassel & Co. in New York. My uncle Julius Trier was a Director at Cassel, and mother had planned a banking career for me. One night we had dinner with an American visitor who had a son "just like me" who would not study hard and [that] he said he had found an ideal school where boys were taught good work habits. So in 1934 at the age of seventeen I was exiled to the Silverbay School on Lake George in New York State. A year later Silverbay had founded a ski team and I was captain.

After graduation I went to work as a "runner" for Cassel & Co. Surprisingly, I had the good

sense to take night classes at Columbia University. My banking career was not going well. At last I had been promoted to a clerical job and one day when ordered to buy 1,000 shares of U.S. Steel I got the sign wrong and sold instead. After two years, my mother was finally ready to give up on my banking career. She gave me a generous check and told me that I was on my own.

In the meantime, I had been studying University catalogues and fallen in love with the Spanish street names of Pasadena and San Marino. I bought a DeSoto Phaeton and drove to California. When I presented myself to the Dean at CalTech he said, "Let me pull your file." I had to admit that there were no files. He was so amazed at my naivety that he said, "I'll give you a month to take our entrance examination." I holed up in a room at the corner of California and Lake Streets and crammed for the examination. And wonders upon wonders, I passed!

I selected *Applied Physics* for a major but fell in love with geology in the course of listening to Professor Peter



Munk in Stockholm in 2010 to accept his Crafoord Prize

Buwalda's lectures on the geologic structure of California. When Buwalda spoke of the great 1906 earthquake along the San Andreas fault, we inquired whether he would take us on a field trip if something similar happened during the semester. It did, and he did. I will never forget camping along the ruptured fault line with the Sierra Nevada's glistening in the moonlight. By this time, I had become a good student.

In 1939, after completing my Junior year at Cal Tech, I drove down to San Diego to ask Harald Sverdrup, the Director of Scripps Institution of Oceanography (Scripps), for a summer job. The incentive was not high-minded intellectual curiosity about oceanogra-

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A BRIEF REVIEW OF MY CAREER

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phy; my girl friend was spending her summer in La Jolla with her grandparents and I needed a job so I could date her. La Jolla consisted of a number of summer cottages plus Scripps, then affectively known as the "bug house" located a mile north of the village. I fell in love with Scripps, and was back the next year asking Dr. Sverdrup whether he would take me on as his student. After a ten second eternity he said, "Yes", but warned me that he could not think of a single job that would open in the next ten years. I quickly said, "I'll take it." For some years I was the only Scripps student; the student body voted unanimously on all matters. We now have over 250 graduate students.

After a stint in the army, I joined the Scripps staff, then 18 people including the gardener (now 1500). Some 25 years ago, I was awarded the Secretary of the Navy Chair in Oceanography. I have flunked retirement. Seventy years later I am still here. People ask, "Have you been at Scripps all your life?" and I reply, "Not quite yet!"

In 1938, Hitler invaded Austria, and those con-

nected with Schuschnig fled. Mother went to England to stay with a fellow classmate from Cambridge University, where she had studied Botany in 1913. I enlisted in the U.S. Army and for a while trained with the Ski troops on Mount Rainier. There was no military action during the 18 months I served, so I was glad to accept an invitation to join a small group from Scripps working with the U.S. Navy at Point Loma on problems of submarine detection. I was discharged on 1 December 1941. On 7 December 1941 Pearl Harbor was attacked, and all discharges were cancelled. My Division was sent, on short notice, to the Owens Stanley Mountain Range in Papua New Guinea and virtually wiped out by the Japanese.

For the next two years the Allied Forces were occupied responding to Axis initiatives. Finally, in 1943, there was an Allied initiative, an amphibious landing on the coast of North West Africa. I was permitted to witness landing practice on the beaches of North Carolina. Whenever the waves exceeded five feet, the LCVP (Landing Craft Vehicles and Personal) would broach and

fill with water. People were hurt, and the exercise would be postponed for calmer conditions. I went back to study wave conditions in winter in northwest Africa and learned that wave heights exceeded six feet most of the time. It was a disaster about to happen. The only way out, it seemed, was to learn to predict wave height (it had not been done) and to pick a couple of calm days. When I proposed this to my superiors, I was told that "they" had taken all this into account and that I should stick to my own assignments. In desperation I called on Dr. Sverdrup (who had an international reputation) for help. We spent a month working on a method of wave prediction. Eventually the landing took place during two relatively calm days. This was the first of many unique opportunities during my career.

A close interaction with the Navy has been a benchmark of my career. For the last twenty-five years, I have held the Secretary of the Navy Chair in Oceanography at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Nearly all the research efforts that have led to the Crafoord Prize have had Navy support. Admiral

Nevin Carr, the present Chief of Naval Research, was present when I received the Medal from King Gustav XVI Adolf, as was the Austrian Ambassador to Sweden. Listening to myself tell the story of my career makes me realize how incredibly fortunate I have been.

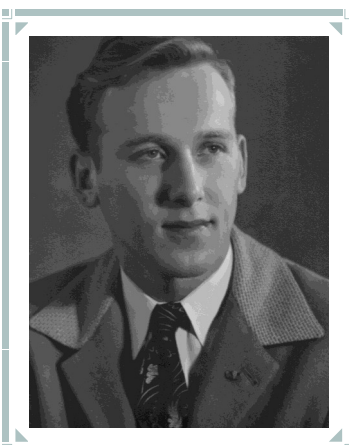
My wife Judith of 53 years, who passed away in May 2006, along with my daughters Edie and Kendall, have enjoyed several wonderful trips back to Austria, my homeland.

Thank you for inviting me to share my story with you. ❖

*For a more complete account of Walter Munk's career, see Hans v. Storch and Klaus Hasselmann 2010: *Seventy Years of Exploration in Oceanography; a prolonged weekend discussion with Walter Munk.* Springer-Verlag Berlin Heidelberg, 137 pp.*

MARK BRUNNER - COMING TO AMERICA

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Mark Brunner in 1948

Mark was born in a suburb of Vienna called Mödling on March 13, 1926 to Felix and Maria (Urban) "Mitzi" Brunner. His childhood home was in a nice neighborhood and had a garden and an adjoining orchard. His father was Jewish; his mother Catholic; and he had a sister, Helene, 7 years older than he was.

Hitler had been in power in Germany since 1933, and had slowly rolled out the legal changes to Jews' rights. However, they happened almost overnight in Austria. On March 12, 1938, German troops marched across the border, and annexed Austria. The day after the Anschluss, on my father's 12th birthday, March 13, Hitler marched into Vienna and life was forever changed.

Not long thereafter, Mark's father, Felix, was

jailed by the Nazis. Felix naively believed that it was a mistake and they would have no reason to hold him. He wasn't politically active, or particularly religious, and he was a war veteran. Felix was wrong. He was a Jew and he had money; that was the only "crime" the Nazis needed. They searched the Brunner house, looking through every book for some sort of damning papers. When nothing incriminating was found, Felix was eventually released.

Later that year, on November 9, 1938, the attacks on storefronts and businesses occurred in what came to be known as Kristallnacht, and in Mödling, the synagogue was burned. When Mark saw the black clouds billowing from the direction of the synagogue, he wanted to go and investigate, but his mother became hysterical and forbid him from doing so. Kristallnacht was a defining moment in many ways and made Mark's family take stock of their position.

They were now alarmed enough to start making plans to get Felix, Mark, and Helene out of the country. His parents decided to obtain a

divorce, and his mother would remain in Austria to retain the factory, the house, and any other family property. Since she was Christian, his parents felt she would be immune from the confiscations. The plan was for these three to go to America to be with Felix's sister Rega, who had left Austria before the Anschluss, but since America was in a Depression, American visas were very hard to come by.

In these early days of the Nazi government, Jews were encouraged to leave, but they didn't make it easy. Each member of Mark's family ended up leaving the country by different routes and means. His sister was sent to Prague, then Paris, and finally London. His father went thru Italy to the United States. Mark went an even different way.

Kristallnacht triggered the means by which Mark was able to leave Austria. The British people were so appalled at the reports of crimes against Jews on Kristallnacht that they put pressure on their Parliament to do something to help the Jews. It was this outcry that spawned a program called the Kinder-

transport, which enabled children under 17 to immigrate to Britain. On December 22, 1938, Mark was put on a Kindertransport train bound for England. Only children were allowed on the train and parents were not allowed to accompany them. The Brunners entrusted Mark to a teenage girl for the trip, one who he had never seen before and would never see again. He spoke no English. Looking back, Mark's parents were incredibly wise to do this, but one cannot imagine the faith it took to do it. They had no way of knowing if the Nazis would let the children cross the border or if the organizers of the Kindertransport program would be able to get a train load of unaccompanied children onto a boat in Belgium, off that boat in Dover, and then on another train to London. The trip lasted a day and a half, and Mark's parents had to wait for days afterward to hear that he arrived safely, because telephone calls were rare, expensive, and took a long time. In reality, Mark and his family were some of the lucky ones because many of the children in the Kindertransport program

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MARK BRUNNER - COMING TO AMERICA

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never saw their parents again.

Helene, having already reached London, picked Mark up at Victoria station and took him to a boarding school in Ascot, where he lived for the next 2 years. It was only 9 months later, on September 3rd, 1939, when England declared war on Germany. Mark already felt "English", and was convinced that "we would prevail". He kept a diary in 1940 in perfect English, and it never occurred to him to use German. He had already converted to his new language.

Later that year, his mother was arrested trying to smuggle gold out to Harry Brunner, his father's brother, who was in Paris. She was eventually released, but was under great Nazi scrutiny during the entire war, and eventually lost the family factory.

In May 1940, Mark's immigration visa to the U.S. was granted. On June 10, he left England, just before the bombings started that are now known as part of the "Battle of Britain". He was 14 years old, and setting off to meet his father, who was already staying with his sister Rega in Pasadena,

California. They had settled there because Rega's son, Walter Munk, was attending the California Institute of Technology (CalTech) in that town.

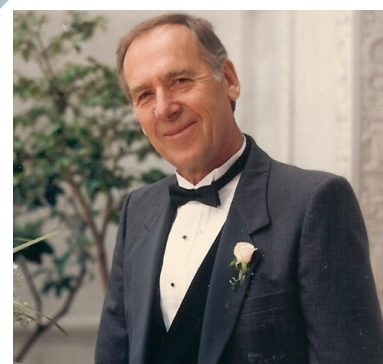
Mark sailed on the M.V. Britannic, escorted half-way by two British destroyers. It didn't occur to him at the time that they had an unusual amount of protection for a ship heading west. German submarines were more interested in east bound ships supplying England. Many years later he read a book called "A Man Named Intrepid" about a personal agent of Winston Churchill's, whose job it was to try to get the U.S. into the war. It turned out that this agent was also on board.

Mark was met at the boat dock in New York City by a friend of the family, with whom he stayed for a week. Then he was put on a train bound for Chicago. Again he was met by family friends, at whose house he stayed before being put on the next train bound for California. Finally, two years after leaving his home and family in Austria, Mark's train pulled into the station in Pasadena. His father (Felix), Aunt Rega, her husband (Rudy), and younger son Al Munk

were waiting for him on the platform. His long journey was over, and he was once again reunited with most of his family.

When Mark turned 18, he tried to enlist in the U.S. Army. They wouldn't take him because he was considered an "enemy alien." However, he was drafted three months later when there was a shortage of young men, and that is how he gained his U.S. citizenship. He was being prepared to be in the first wave of an invasion of Japan, but that became unnecessary. The war ended before he saw any fighting, and the atomic bomb most probably saved his life.

Mark did not return to Austria until 1955, ten years after the end of the war. It had been 17 years since he'd seen his mother, and his homeland was strange and unappealing to him. By that time, he was an American through and through. He didn't care for the Austrian lifestyle and did not approve of the class distinctions and superficial, unearned titles. Because of his father's position as owner of a factory,



Mark Brunner at his daughter Francesca's wedding in San Francisco

people called Mark "Herr Engineer," though he was not an engineer. At the end of a tour of Europe, his parents asked him to stay and run the family factory. He was horrified. He couldn't wait to get back to his life in the U.S. and his career as an architect.

Mark spent most of the rest of his life in San Francisco, California. He died in 2008.

From Francesca:

Later, when my father and I travelled to Austria together, he would speak German, understood the local dialect, discussed details of Austrian history that an outsider was unlikely to know, and yet he would not tell them he was Austrian. When I asked him why not, he said he wasn't Austrian, he was an American. ❖

RABBI DR. ARON TAENZER - AFTER HOHENEMS

GERHARD SALINGER

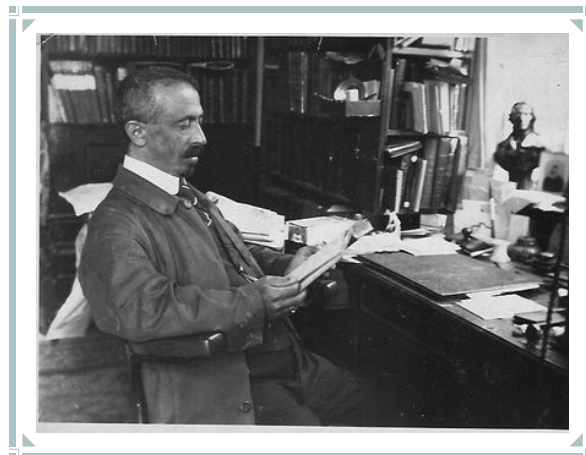
The Jewish population data in Hohenems speaks for itself. From 274 Jews in 1792, the Jewish population increased to 528 in 1830, 541 in 1840 (the highest figure) and decreased continuously thereafter to 490 in 1860, 271 in 1868 and 165 in 1878.

In January 1895, when Dr. Heinrich Berger (born 1861 in Vasvar, Hungary) assumed the rabbinate in Hohenems, the Jewish community did not number much more than about one hundred. Dr. Berger was a graduate of the Conservative Jewish Theological Seminary in Breslau and author of several publications. He remained in Hohenems until May 1896 and then assumed the rabbinate in the much larger community in Krotoschin, Province Posen.

Dr. Aron (later Arnold) Taenzer (born 1871 in Pressburg, Hungary - today Bratislava, Slovakia) assumed the rabbinate in Hohenems on December 10, 1896.ⁱ He was the author of several publications, among them "Die Geschichte der Juden in Hohenems" (1905). Dr. Taenzer was officially Landesrabbiner for Hohenems and Vorarlberg. Under the law of March 21, 1890, the Jews of Tyrol were "allocated" to the rabbinate in Hohenems. According to Burmeister,ⁱⁱ those

districts in Tyrol were Meran (Merano after 1918), Borgo, Bozen (Bolzano after 1918), Cavalese, Cles, Primiero, Riva, Roveredo, Schlanders, Tion, Trient (Trentino

assumed Dr. Taenzer's function as a spiritual advisor within the Hohenems community. When the Austrian authority in Feldkirch, the Bezirkshauptmannschaft,



Rabbi Taenzer in his study © Uri Taenzer

after 1918) and Mezzolombardo. Dr. Taenzer's obligation, among others, was to keep the official registers (Matrikel) of the area; no one else had previously done this. When Emperor Franz Joseph opened the new synagogue in Meran on March 27, 1901, Dr. Taenzer delivered the dedication address. The Jewish community in Meran was officially constituted in 1905 and Dr. Taenzer moved to Meran. He offered to continue the Matrikel (official records) for the Hohenems community and the Hohenems community agreed.

After Rabbi Taenzer moved to Meran in 1905, Moritz Federmann, the head teacher (Oberlehrer)

was informed of Dr. Taenzer's replacement by Mr. Federmann, they agreed to this arrangement for six months only, and the re-occupancy of the rabbinate in Hohenems thereafter. The financially pressed Hohenems community was not happy about this interference and would have been happy continuing with the teacher Federmann. Eventually, in 1906, Dr. Josef Link (born 1879 in Neutra, Hungary - now Nitra, Slovakia) became the new rabbi in Hohenems. With the installation of Dr. Link, under a new law, Tyrol came under the jurisdiction of Dr. Link and Dr. Taenzer lost the legal right to officiate in Tyrol from Meran.

Jews in Tyrol

The settlement of Jews in Tyrol, and especially its southern part, can be traced back to 1310 in Meran and back to about 1400 in Bozen and Trient. The few Jews living in Innsbruck were massacred during the Black Death persecutions of 1348/49. Notorious blood libels occurred in 1442 in Lienz and in 1475 in Trient. In 1475, the Jewish community of Trient consisted of about 30 persons. A fanatical Franciscan, Bernadino da Feltre, in his sermons preached against the Jews. A few days before Easter, a Christian infant named Simon disappeared and his body was later discovered near the house of the head of the Jewish community. After 17 of the Jews were tortured for 15 consecutive days, one died in prison, six were burned at the stake and two, who had converted to Christianity, were strangled. All Jewish property was confiscated and five more Jews were killed the following year. Pope Sixtus in 1478 "legalized" the so-called trial of the Jews.

Jews were henceforth excluded from Trient and, according to legend, in 1475 the rabbis imposed a ban on Jewish settlement in this region. Although expulsion orders of Jews were issued in

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RABBI DR. ARON TAENZER - AFTER HOHENEMS

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1520 and 1569, they were not enforced; nonetheless, very few Jews were living in Tyrol, a situation that continued until the beginning of the 19th century. In the second half of the 19th century Jewish communities were established in Bozen and Meran, then under Austrian rule.

Bozen

Jewish moneylenders were functioning here in 1363, when the city was under Habsburg rule. Some apparently were of Italian and others of German origin. Later Jews were affected by the blood libel in Trient and the expulsion orders. Two Jewish families lived in Bozen in 1754. Around 1900 there were an estimated 100 Jews living here. A Jewish cemetery existed in Bozen. During the German occupation (1943-45), one of the largest concentration camps in Italy was set up in Bolzano and the Jewish community was annihilated.

Meran

Following the expulsion of Jews from Tyrol after 1500, the first Jewish settlement did not develop in Meran until 1832, after the growth of the resort town. The Koenigswarter family established the Koenigswarter Stiftung (foundation) in 1872. The

foundation was instrumental in creating in 1873 a sanatorium for poor Jews suffering from tuberculosis, two cemeteries in Bozen and Meran and, in 1901, a synagogue.

The Koenigswarter Stiftung offered Dr. Taenzer a five-year contract as rabbi for Meran from March 1905 to February 28, 1910, which Dr. Taenzer accepted. After arriving in Meran, Dr. Taenzer, in his new position faced a quandary. The period between 1905 and 1907 was concerned with the interpretation of the statute of 1890, allocating the Jews of Tyrol to the rabbinate in Hohenems and the 1905 change, which provided that Hohenems must have a rabbi of its own. According to Burmeister, in 1905 the Hohenems Jewish community had appealed that decision to the Ministry of Kultus und Unterricht (Religion of Education) in Vienna and needed to await its decision. During his time in Meran, Dr. Taenzer composed a booklet about the Koenigswarter Stiftung and Dr. Rafael Hausmann on the occasion of his 70th birthday. Dr. Hausmann, a physician, was a friend of Dr. Taenzer.

The reply from Vienna came July 26, 1907 and was directed to the Bezirkshauptmannschaft in Feldkirch. It rejected the

appeal made by the Hohenems Jewish community, and ruled that Dr. Taenzer had left the jurisdiction of the Hohenems Jewish community. Therefore, he was no longer rabbi of the community and was not entitled to perform any wedding ceremonies in Hohenems, because all Jews of Tyrol belonged to the Hohenems Jewish community. Accordingly, only the rabbi in Hohenems was competent to perform wedding ceremonies there. The Statthalterei was ordered to inform Dr. Taenzer and asked that he comply with this order ("ueberwacht werde").

The long waiting period and the uncertainties in his position caused Dr. Taenzer to look for a position elsewhere, and earlier in 1907 he accepted the rabbinate in Göppingen. Before discussing Dr. Taenzer's activities in Göppingen, this article will address the situation in Hohenems after Dr. Taenzer left the community.

Hohenems after Dr. Taenzer

With the further decrease of the Jewish population in Hohenems and an increase in the Jewish population in Innsbruck, the Ministry "für Kultus und Unterricht" in Vienna agreed to the request of the Hohenems Jewish community to create a "common rabbinate for

Hohenems and Innsbruck" located in Innsbruck.

As of January 1, 1914, Dr. Link became rabbi for both communities and moved to Innsbruck. In 1914, the Hohenems Jewish community had shrunk to 30 people. At that time the cantor/teacher was Ignaz Hauser. He was of Hungarian nationality. As a potential spiritual leader, he lacked the necessary qualifications. Hohenems looked for a support for Hauser. They contacted Dr. Adolf Altmann,ⁱⁱⁱ then rabbi in Meran, to support Hauser in rabbinical matters. But, Feldkirch did not accept this proposal because it opposed a connection with the rabbinate in Meran. Again the statute of 1890 was cited, but every time it was interpreted differently.

Between 1907 and 1915, Dr. Altmann was rabbi of the Salzburg Jewish community. Between 1915 and 1919, he officiated in Meran and was also chaplain (Feldrabbiner) of the 10th Austrian Army. In 1919, after Meran was ceded to Italy and became Merano, Dr. Altmann returned as rabbi to Salzburg.

After World War I, the Merano Jewish community increased to 600 persons, and had jurisdiction over the Bozen/Bolzano community and all of

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southern Tyrol. Several Kosher hotels and sanitariums were established in this resort town. Most of the 780 Jews who lived there in 1931 were foreign citizens. Between 1933 and 1938 hundreds of Jews escaped Nazi persecution and found shelter in Merano, and Jewish schools were established for them. In later years the Fascist regime adopted the anti-Jewish laws of the Nazis, the Germans moved into South Tyrol, and foreign Jews were expelled. Following the collapse of the Fascist regime in Italy in September 1943, Nazi Germany occupied South Tyrol. Soon thereafter, the first deportation of Jews from Merano started. More than 80 Jews from Merano perished in Nazi concentration camps, mainly Auschwitz, the Reichenau concentration camp near Innsbruck, and the camp established by the Nazis in Bolzano in 1944 (some victims were buried in the cemetery of Bolzano).

Between 1945 and 1947 more than 15,000 Jewish survivors from all over Europe found temporary refuge in Merano and the sanitarium run by the American Joint Distribution Committee. Most of them left for Israel as soon as that was possible.

In later years, the Merano Jewish community was very small, but it main-

tained its synagogue and a Jewish Museum was added to the building.

Rabbi Taenzer in Göppingen

Rabbi Aron Taenzer served the Jewish community in Göppingen from 1907 until his death in 1937. As an eminent and excellent historian, Dr. Taenzer followed his seminal 1905 book about the history of the Jews in Hohenems and Vorarlberg with the 1927 publication of "Die Geschichte der Juden in Jebenhausen und Göppingen."

World War I interrupted his service in Göppingen. Göppingen is located east of Stuttgart in Württemberg. Due to local residence restrictions, its Jewish community started to develop quite slowly in the second half of the 19th century.

As was the custom at that time, most rural areas were under the jurisdiction of more or less prominent landowners. The village of Jebenhausen, next to Göppingen, was ruled by the Liebensteins, who had amassed substantial properties.

When, in 1777, a number of Jewish families left various Bavarian towns, such as Memmingen and Illereichen, the Liebensteins, as lone rulers of Jebenhausen, extended protection and permitted them to settle there. The



Aron Taenzer during WWI © Uri Taenzer

selection of the first Jewish families in Jebenhausen in 1777 was subject to the acceptance of Reichsfreiherr Philipp Friedrich von Liebenstein. Later arrivals were subject to the approval of the majority of the Jewish population in the village. The new arrivals had to pay "Schutzgeld" (money of protection), to the Liebensteins, initially between 12 and 25 Gulden and, in later years, 12 Gulden annually.

Jewish inhabitants were permitted to buy real estate, specifically the land to erect their own buildings, but they were not permitted to buy properties from Christian neighbors. Jews were

permitted to observe all their customs and had complete religious freedom. Exempt from the payment of Schutzgeld (1798) were rabbis, cantors, teachers and other community officials.

The Jewish population in 1805 numbered 238, among the total population of 650. After 1820, 60 Jewish families (about 300 persons) lived in Jebenhausen together with 500 Christian inhabitants. The Jewish settlement in Jebenhausen extended from the village center in a northern direction toward the main road to Göppingen. Some of the old Jewish buildings, barely changed, were still visible after 1980.

While the Liebensteins were relatively tolerant in their relationship to the Jews, they expected increased sources of income from them. Jebenhausen during the 18th century was a well-known spa (resort town), but it lost its attraction after 1750. The income from Jewish commerce was

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intended to revive the local economy.

Political changes occurred in 1805. Jebehausen came under the jurisdiction of Württemberg and the Liebensteins were deprived of their local rule. For the time being the "Schutzbrief" regulations remained. Various local ordinances prevailed up to the year 1828. The so-called Israelitengesetz (Jewish law) of April 25, 1828 was intended to bring uniformity in jurisdictional matters, but full emancipation at this stage was not achieved. The prevailing thought was to encapsulate the "Jewish nation" in "das Gewand protestantisch aufklärender Ethik" (into the gown of Protestant emancipatory ethics). With the increase of the Jewish population in Jebehausen, the usual communal institutions were established. A new synagogue in 1804 replaced the old prayer house. Donations for the new building even came from Hohenems. Already in 1781, the Chewra Kadischa was established. In 1790 a Jewish school (Talmud Torah) was built and other educational organizations came into existence in 1796. This was followed in 1818 by a Jewish elementary school located in an annex of the synagogue. Young Jews were encouraged to learn a trade and 31 of 153 em-

ployed young men worked in textile fabrication. The textile industry in Jebehausen was of great economic importance for the village.

In 1845, the Jewish population numbered 550, equal size to the Christian population. The relationship between Jews and Christian was considered harmonious.

After 1853, various Jewish textile firms moved to nearby Göppingen. In 1871, there were 194 Jews living in Göppingen and only 121 were left in Jebehausen. This shift of the Jewish population continued. Already in 1874, the rabbinate moved from Jebehausen to Göppingen. After occupying provisional prayer locations in Göppingen, the foundations for a new synagogue were laid in 1880. The last religious service in the Jebehausen synagogue took place on December 31, 1899 whereupon the Jebehausen Jewish community was dissolved. The synagogue in Jebehausen, built in 1804, was torn down in 1905. Only the cemetery now remained with the earliest tombstones dating from 1781.

Following establishment of the community in Göppingen, a section of the municipal cemetery has been used for burial services by the Jewish community.

Württemberg can be considered a Protestant state and the "church" dominated everything, in name and practice. Up to 1895, the rabbi had the additional title, Kirchenrat. The highest Jewish authority was called "Israelitischer Oberkirchenrat," the chairs of the Jewish communities were the "Kirchenvorsteher." The cantor's title was "Vorsänger."

When Dr. Taenzer arrived in Göppingen, he succeeded Rabbi Jesaia Strassburger (1897-1906). Dr. Taenzer was instrumental in promoting public education, especially as the founder of the public library which opened in 1909. His service which included public speeches promoting the library, donation of suitable books and countless hours devoted to organizing the library, has been commemorated by the community.

Aron Taenzer was very active in the life of the Jewish communities in both Göppingen and in Stuttgart. He lectured and authored countless articles for the general public in the fields of philosophy and literature. In addition, he was dedicated to the "Verein für Kunst und Wissenschaft" (Art and Science).

The Jewish community in Göppingen consisted of 311 persons in 1910.

This number increased to 351 in 1925. The last four Jewish residents still living in Jebehausen later moved to Göppingen. The Göppingen Jewish community retained the same institutions and organizations that already existed in Jebehausen. Many of its members were clothing manufacturers or owned textile firms. Some of these enterprises were founded in Jebehausen in the second half of the 19th century. For the most part, the Jewish families were active one way or another in commerce and business.

Dr. Taenzer was in Göppingen for only 7 years when the First World War broke out in 1914. Ninety two members of the community participated in the war. Of these, nine were volunteers, including Dr. Taenzer and his sons Paul and Fritz. Seven Jews from Göppingen lost their lives during this war.

On August 1, 1914, at the age of 44, Rabbi Taenzer entreated the Israelitische Oberkirchenbehörde in Stuttgart for appointment as Feldrabbiner (army chaplain). He did this out of his great source of patriotism and "to preserve the German culture" and "serve the German people." After his third petition, he received a positive answer on May 26, 1915. He commenced his military service on the

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eastern front on August 15, 1915. After several stop-over points in Breslau, Krakau, and cities now in Poland, he acquired temporary quarters with a Jewish family in Cholm where he conducted services for Jewish soldiers at the local synagogue.

Soon thereafter, he received appointment as army chaplain of the German Bug Armee (named after the river Bug) and was stationed in Brest Litovsk. In his report to the Oberkirchenbehörde in Stuttgart, Dr. Taenzer described the misery, hunger and diseases of the Jewish population. He was instrumental in setting up a Volksküche (canteen) for the local Jews, visited field hospitals and was helpful to Jewish and non-Jewish soldiers in countless ways. He also authored a publication about the Jews in Brest Litovsk, describing the local history which, while fascinating, will not be summarized here.

At the end of the war, Rabbi Taenzer served briefly as military chaplain with the army group Linsingen-Eichhorn-Kiev. He was decorated in 1916 and 1918 with various medals.

Despite manifestation of various anti-Jewish sentiments after 1919, the years after the war, during

the Weimar Republic, were years of relative tranquility in a political sense, although worldwide economic conditions were deplorable. Nevertheless, the relationship between Jews and non-Jews was reasonably good. Several members of the Jewish community in Göppingen held public offices.

In 1921, Dr. Taenzer became an honorary member of "Kampfgemeinschaft," the local military veterans organization. He remained the great German patriot of former years and even changed his first name to "Arnold." His great achievement during those years was the publication of "Die Geschichte der Juden in Lebenhausen und Göppingen" in 1927. An appendix was later added to the 1988 edition to cover the years between 1927 and the end of the community following the deportations.

The years after 1933 were a bitter disappointment to Dr. Taenzer, who as a patriot felt deeply betrayed by the events unfolding. Slowly he withdrew from public functions and confined himself to work in the Jewish community. He initiated a series of lectures in biblical history and spoke on festive occasions whenever such events took place in the community. On October 30, 1933, he received a letter from the

"Kampfgemeinschaft," where he was an honorary member, stating that, according to "Führer-anordnung" (order by Hitler), "Nichtarier" (non-Aryans) are excluded from membership in the organization. On this letter, which coincided with his "Festschrift" (commemorative publication) for the 50th anniversary of this organization, he noted: "Des Vaterlandes Dank" (the Gratitude of the Fatherland).

In 1934, an "Ehrenkreuz" (a special medal) was created to honor the participants in the First World War. Rabbi Taenzer applied for this medal. On October 4, 1935, the response stated that he was not a participant in the war but acted as a "Zivilperson" (a private person) and as a Chaplain, thus he was not drafted into the army. In his reply, he pointed out that he received many medals for his service during the war, but this response was unavailing.

In 1936, being ill, he asked his son Paul, a lawyer, not to pursue this matter because it may upset him. His words were: "Ein Judenschicksal, das getragen werden muss" (a Jewish fate, which must be accepted). In 1936, with the deterioration of his health, he gave up certain honorary positions. After a lengthy illness, Dr. Taenzer died on February 26, 1937 at

the local hospital in Göppingen. In his Will, written a year earlier, he obligated all his children "Zeitlebens der jüdischen Gemeinschaft treu anzugehören und hierzu ihre Kinder zu erziehen und ebenfalls zu verpflichten" (to be faithful to Judaism and to educate their children in this sense). His extensive library he intended to leave as a legacy to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. His academic possessions, including letters from soldiers and memorabilia of his WWI experiences, partially reached that destination. A smaller part of his books and papers remained with his family, and those were confiscated by the Gestapo in August 1939. Regarding his burial, he ordered no service in the synagogue, no speeches of any kind and no German prayers, only those in Hebrew customarily said at burials.

Shortly after his father's death and burial in the Jewish section of the Göppingen cemetery in 1937, Dr. Paul Taenzer was able to arrange for publication of "Die Geschichte der Juden in Württemberg." (The history of the Jews in Württemberg).

Rabbi Taenzer's successor was Dr. Luitpold Wallach (1937-1939), the last rabbi in Göppingen. Dr. Taenzer could not have anticipated what

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happened to his community after his death: the continuing persecutions of the Jews, the emigration of many members, the night of the pogroms on November 9-10, 1938 with the destruction by arson of the synagogue and deportation of most men to concentration camps and finally the deportations of the last members of this community, mostly in 1941-1942, including his wife Berta, who died on September 29, 1943 in Theresienstadt.

Most Jews from Göppingen were deported to Riga, Izbica in Poland, Theresienstadt and a few unknown locations. Their number is given as 87, but including those who left Göppingen after 1933 that number would be 101. Only five persons, including four in Theresienstadt, survived the war. Other sources speak of eight survivors. While the Stuttgart Jewish community was reconstituted after the war in 1945, the Göppingen Jewish community has passed into the annals of history. ❖

ⁱ Taenzer, Dr. Aron (Arnold), b. 1871 Pressburg (Hungary, today Bratislava (Slovakia))
Dr. phil 1895 (Univ. Bern)
March 1896 - 1905 rabbi in Hohenems
1905 -1907 rabbi in Meran
1907-1937 rabbi in Göppingen
1915-1918 chaplain, German Bug Arme

ⁱⁱ Burmeister, Karl Heinz, b. 1936
Dr. phil 1962 (Univ. Mainz)
Dr. jur 1969 (Univ. Tuebingen)
Hofrat
Director, Vorarlberger Landesarchiv
Professor, Univ. Zuerich

ⁱⁱⁱ Altmann, Adolf, Dr. phil, b. 1879 Hunsdorf/Hungary, now Huncovce, Slovakia
1907-1915 rabbi, Jewish community Salzburg
1915-1919 rabbi, Meran; chaplain 10th Austrian Army; decorated by Austrian emperor for "meritorious service"
1919-1920 returned to Salzburg
1920-1938 rabbi, Trier (Oberrabbiner, honorary title)
End of 1938 emigrated to Holland
May 1944 deported to Auschwitz with his wife, both perished there

Changes in control of communities discussed in this article:

Innsbruck, Tirol/Tyrol, Austria	
Meran/Merano	} before 1918 Austria
Bozen/Bolzano	} after 1919 Italy
Trient/ Trento	}

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Jüdisches Museum Göppingen, ©2002 Verfasser
und Stadt Göppingen

The editors want to acknowledge the suggestions of Uri Taenzer, grandson of Rabbi Aaron Taenzer, which have been incorporated into this article. We also want to express our appreciation to Mr. Taenzer for the accompanying photographs that he has graciously allowed us to make a part of this article.

For further information...
The Leo Baeck Institute Center for Jewish History houses a large collection of documents pertaining to the life and work of Dr. Taenzer. A summary of these documents can be found at:
<http://findingaids.cjh.org/?fnm=ArnoldTaenzer&pnm=LBI>

The Newsletter of the
American Friends of the

IN TOUCH

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We're on the Web!

<http://www.jm-hohenems.at>

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. ❖



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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:
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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. ❖