

*Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial
Testimonials by 100 Surviving Jewish Students
of Their School Days in
Frankfurt on Main/Germany
During the Nazi Era*



Benjamin Ortmeier (ed.)

Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial

Testimonials by 100 Surviving Jewish Students
of Their School Days
in Frankfurt on Main/Germany
During the Nazi Era

*English translation by
Ruth Backer,
Miriam Jonas
and Harold H. Stern*

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Photograph mounted on top of the title of the book: Federal Archives Koblenz

The picture shows two Jewish students being humiliated in front of their class. The writing on the blackboard reads: "The Jew is our biggest enemy. Beware of the Jew."

Photographs on the last page and on the back by Klaus Malorny, Frankfurt.

All the other photos were either placed at our disposal by the City Archives of Frankfurt or sent to us as copies from private albums together with the reports.

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Acknowledgements

The two photos inside and outside the back cover demonstrate the dispute over the displaying of the poster at the square Boerneplatz which contains the list of Jewish children and teens who had been murdered. It gives an insight into the difficulties which we encountered, not only at our own school, but also beyond it, as we were engaged in our work "Research the Nazi time at the schools!". However, it is also true and must be stressed, that we received tremendous help and encouragement, moral as well as financial, from many sides. Only this enabled us to go ahead with our project.

Special thanks must be given here to Mr. **Ignatz Bubis**, President of the Central Board of the Jews in Germany, in particular for participating in the mounting of the poster at the Boerneplatz in March 1994. Equally our thanks go to Mr. **Romani Rose**, Chairman of the Central Board of the German Cinti and Roma. During a program at the Jewish Community Center, he personally emphasized to all the representatives of students of all schools in Frankfurt the genocide of the Cinti and Roma people, and pointed out the discrimination still practiced today against Cinti and Roma.

Our thanks also go to the ex Mayor of the City of Frankfurt, Mr. **Andreas von Schoeler**, who in a personal interview to our fellow co-workers of the Working Group Against Anti-Semitism not only promised that he would contribute to our book by writing an introduction, but also arranged the distribution of the book to former Jewish students from Frankfurt schools.

Special thanks are also due to Mrs. **Trude Simonsohn**, Chairperson of the Jewish Community Board, who worked with our Working Group for over 10 years. She shared all the highs and lows which we encountered in our work, and gave us invaluable assistance with her expertise and understanding.

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- "Max-Traeger-Stiftung" (foundation) of the Education and Science Trade Union (Gewerkschaft Erziehung und Wissenschaft),
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For all this, and for the support given to our work by Josefa Páez Gómez, Maria Holz, Sylvia Kalich, Doris Kern-Pohl (translation from English), Elisabeth Abendroth, Frolinde Balsler, Andreas Bauer and Sandro Koch, as well as many others not named here specifically, we wish to convey our heartfelt thanks.

For the Working Group Against Anti-Semitism/Holbein-Schule

Sandra Dinklage	(Class 8b)	Ibrahim Ergen	(Class 8a)
Antionietta Di Vito	(Class 8b)	Özgür Öztaş	(Class 8a)
Jelena Gligorijević	(Class 8b)	Hasan Öztaş	(Class 8a)
Nicole Kreß	(Class 8b)	Sabine N.	(Class 8a)
Christoph Haupt	(Class 9b)	Manuela Knobloch	(Class 9b)
Jan Muczak	(Class 9b)	Mirijana V.	(Class 9b)
Ramana Salijevič	(Class 9b)	Benjamin Ortmeier	(teacher)
Pinar G.	(Class 9c)		

Some advice for our English speaking readers: In the reports of the Jewish students you will often encounter dates, terms or proper names from German history, mainly from the Nazi era. Whenever we considered it necessary for the comprehension of the testimonials, we put an additional explanation in brackets.

The school system in Germany is different from English speaking countries. At the time recalled by the Frankfurt Jewish students all pupils attended grade school from the first to the fourth grade. Then about 10 percent changed to secondary schools. Whenever the Jewish students refer to the "Gymnasium", we translated it with "high school", although we are quite aware of the differences which exist in comparison to the U.S. or Canadian "high school" or the British "grammar school". The "Gymnasium" began with the fifth grade and ended with the 13th grade. In all the testimonials, this division of grades was taken as a basis.

Aknowledgements

Introduction

Foreword by the Mayor of the City of Frankfurt on Main, Petra Roth

Foreword by Andreas von Schoeler,

ex Mayor of the City of Frankfurt on Main

Preface

M. R.

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*I cannot and I do not want to remember those terrible times
of the Nazi era any more*

E. W.

28

*I have lost my entire family through deportation, and therefore I try to avoid
bringing back this sad period from my subconscious to the conscious*

Everyday school life and discrimination

G. M. was a student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule

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The walk to school was a daily ordeal

Charles Altschul was a student at the Woehler-Realgymnasium

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The Jews were not allowed to come to school for the next three days

Felix Adler was a student at the Francke-Schule,
the Woehler-Realgymnasium and the Philanthropin

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*There were many "ferovent Nazis", but attempts at opposition
or even resistance were - to my knowledge - non-existent*

Helmut Jaffe was a student at the Sachsenhaeusener Oberrealschule
and at the Reform-Realgymnasium in Berlin-Zehlendorf

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but that if we did we should be very careful*

Prof. Dr. Kurt J. Altschul was a student at the Muster-Schule

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From one day to the next suddenly everyone avoided us

... No guilt feelings. No regrets.

Simon Avisar, formerly Simon Rewisorski, was a student

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at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule and Klinger Oberrealschule

"Hitler in the coat pocket"

Ruth Backer née Nachman was a student at the

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Holzhausen-Schule, Elisabethen-Schule, and at a trade school

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- Max Goldsmith was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule 54
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- Rose Beal was a student at the Philanthropin 109
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 and the Philanthropin
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- Ruth Spangenthal-Mack was a student at the Schwarzburg-Schule 124
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- Hilda Wolf was a student at the Schiller-Schule 126
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- G. H. J. was a student at the Philanthropin 131
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- E. M. F. was a student at the Woehler-Real-Gymnasium 136
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- Bella Lewin née Bernhang (Wittmann) was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule 136
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- Jakob Tannenwald was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule 137
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- Liselott Fefferman née Stern was a student at the Philanthropin 139
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because at the time we all lived in great danger*
- Eric J. Oppenheimer was student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule 140
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- Hilde Baumann née Wolf was a student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule 144
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- Salomon Horn, brother of Rose Beal, sent us 147
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- Ruth Ilan-Porath née Alice Marx was a student at the Holzhausen-Schule and at the Philanthropin 154
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Introduction

The "Gesellschaft fuer Christlich-Juedische Zusammenarbeit" [Society for Christian-Jewish Cooperation] takes pleasure in issuing this book primarily with the younger generation in mind.

Without a doubt we need good historical books and scientifically based reports, in fact they are an urgent requirement. But books of that nature cannot pass on that part of the time under the Nazi regime in the same way as the testimonials of the young Jewish people who were directly exposed to it.

The 100 testimonials paint a graphic picture of the many aspects of the Nazi period in Frankfurt. They are like mosaic stones; some of them do not seem to belong together and may even contradict each other. However, this is no disadvantage. On the contrary, it results in the strength of the arrangement of those 100 testimonials, which were collected from a voluminous correspondence.

For life in the Nazi time was not without its breaks, without hopes - usually dashed ones - and not without friendships and positive experiences as well. All the more grievous was the expulsion which followed discrimination.

And I know whereof I speak. I myself had to tremble for my own survival "underground" in Belgium. I had not been successful in emigrating to the USA and lost the major part of my family to the extermination machine of the Nazi regime.

It is appropriate that the young people today research so intensively this Nazi time and enlighten their peers in order to defeat the present tendencies of anti-Semitism and neo-Nazism.

The Society for Christian-Jewish Cooperation in Frankfurt on Main is convinced that the twelve years between 1933 and 1945 are urgently in need of elucidation, particularly at the present time.

All that was done cannot be rendered undone any more. But to remember, to recall, and to be informed about that period, that is the prerequisite for an honest and deliberate cooperation between Christians and Jews.

Helga Cohn

Chairperson of the
Gesellschaft fuer

Christlich-Juedische Zusammenarbeit
Frankfurt on Main

**Foreword by the Mayor
of the City of Frankfurt on Main
Petra Roth**

During the time of National Socialism, Jews were terribly discriminated against and persecuted in their home town, Frankfurt on Main. Even more than the adults, it was the youth who suffered from that. Classmates were separated from their friends. The humiliation they experienced has left deep wounds. These events cannot be undone, but to remember them can set an example and serve as a warning of the evil of racial ideology and intolerance.

Thanks to the initiative taken by Mrs. Ruth Backer, Mrs. Miriam Jonas and Mr. Harold Stern it was possible to make this book of testimonials by Frankfurt Jewish students, which was first published in Germany, known to English speaking readers. Together with many other former Frankfurt citizens who were expelled by the National Socialists, they wish to tell their grandchildren in the United States, in England, Australia, Israel and many other countries about their youth and school days. The activities of the "Working Group Against Anti-Semitism" give proof of the efforts which are being made in Frankfurt on Main in order to inform new generations of young people about the criminal aims pursued during the Nazi era.

My predecessor Mr. Andreas von Schoeler and I received a lot of approving letters concerning the German edition of this book. These reactions encouraged us here, in the City of Frankfurt on Main, not to cease from our endeavors to inform about the period of National Socialist dictatorship. I hope that the memories of the former Frankfurt students will show the way into a future in which members of different confessions and nationalities can live together with respect and mutual dignity.

Petra Roth
Mayor of the City
of Frankfurt on Main

Foreword by Andreas von Schoeler, ex Mayor of the City of Frankfurt on Main

Heinz Voremberg was a “regular Frankfurt boy”, bright and smart. He did not hold still for any provocation. He attended the Helmholtz-Schule and was anxious to learn. In a word: he was a good student. In the beginning, he was also a popular student. Later on his classmates started to harass him. At the age of 14 he had to leave school. It had become unbearable for him. Heinz Voremberg, born January 3, 1922, came from a Jewish Frankfurt family. After he left the Helmholtz-Schule in 1936, fourteen years old, there were no more Jewish students for the next sixteen years. Luckily, the Vorembergs managed to flee Germany at the last minute. Heinz Voremberg survived. Twelve students and teachers of the Helmholtz-Schule did not survive. They became victims of the Holocaust: died in Buchenwald, missing after Majdanek/Lublin, died in Minsk, missing after Auschwitz. There are no tombstones to remember them. Today, nearly 50 years after the liberation from the National Socialist regime, students and teachers of the Helmholtz-Schule remember these victims. In the coming months they will unveil a memorial plaque for those who were in their school at that time and were killed. They are in friendly contact with Heinz Voremberg, who today lives in the USA.

In the last few years many such contacts and new friendships have sprung up. In many schools in our city the students remember those who were expelled from their schools in those years of terror and horror, those who were driven from Frankfurt on Main into extermination camps in the East. In many schools in Frankfurt this chapter of history has been omitted from school chronicles for a long time. It is now being examined. The facts emerge from documents which to this date make one blush with shame; the facts emerge from letters and conversations with former Jewish students who survived. Those Jewish students were exposed to all kinds of discrimination, loss of rights, and expulsion. Their next of kin fell victim to the industrially organized mass murder. The fact that they are willing now to return to our city, which at one time they regarded as their hometown, and to share their stories with our children and young people, this fact is a generous gift on their part. I am very grateful for it.

I am no less grateful to the students and teachers who grasped the initiative and asked for explanations of this horrible chapter in their own school's past. One group asked the questions most persistently, most intently, and with great perseverance: the “Working Group Against Anti-Semitism”. It was founded twelve years ago as the brainchild of a teacher, Mr. Benjamin Ortmeier, at the Holbein-Schule. The impulse for it was given by some troubling events at the school. Xenophobic and racial graffiti appeared on the school building. Students who had darker hair or skin color were considered “un-German” by extreme

rightist rowdies and were harassed. The harassed students and their friends inquired: Did this not happen once before in our school history and with terrible consequences? Do any documents exist anywhere from that time? And whom can we ask about it? And they kept on inquiring with great perseverance. They did not allow themselves to be sidetracked when the school administration reacted at first with great hesitancy to their inquiry.

The documents of the Nazi time had been stored in the cellar of the Holbein-Schule. Only after lengthy disputes was it possible to examine and to evaluate them. After receiving the lists of deportees who had been drafted from Frankfurt on Main to the extermination camps in the East, they researched the names of the students from Jewish and Gypsy and Roma families, who had fallen victim to the Holocaust. In France, Belgium, and the Netherlands members of the Working Group traced the names and the fate of those who were trying to escape the barbarians, but had fallen into the net of their Nazi executioners. They examined the reparation files stored at the Institute of City History in order to find out about the fate of the survivors, and to reveal how post-war Germany and post-war Frankfurt had often been treating them. Finally, and this seems to me personally the most important point, they were looking for a dialogue with the surviving former students. Innumerable letters were exchanged between former students from Frankfurt and today's students at the Holbein-Schule. These former students are today living in Israel, in the USA and all over the world. At first they discussed the past, the years at school, the childhood of those who had been outlawed, exiled, and deprived of their closest loved ones. But today the discussion often touches on contemporary problems. They talk about the appearance of extreme rightism in Germany, which troubles the survivors as much as the students of today, and about the possibility of fighting it.

The efforts of the Working Group Against Anti-Semitism have resulted in twelve publications. They are studies about various schools. The group organized their files for further research by others. The material was produced with the support of the Education and Science Trade Union, the Society for Christian-Jewish Cooperation in Frankfurt on Main and the Institute for City History, Historians' Coordination. Probably the most effective item to catch the attention of the public was the tremendous poster with the names of all the Jewish students from Frankfurt who were killed by the Nazis. It was hung on the wall of the building of the Municipal Works at the Boerneplatz in the presence of Mr. Ignatz Bubis, Chairman of the Central Board of the Jews in Germany. Passersby, tourists, and citizens of Frankfurt stop at the place, read the names, ask about their fate and are shocked. With this poster the Working Group Against Anti-Semitism/Holbein-Schule and its project "Research the Nazi time at the Frankfurt Schools!" has created a modest, unassuming memorial. It is their wish that many schools in our city would follow the example of the Helmholtz-Schule and remember the girls and boys, and teachers who perished in the Holocaust with a memorial plaque.

Now the activity of the Working Group is to be finalized. Twelve years is a long time for a Working Group at a school. In the next few weeks, the manifold documents will be handed over to the Institute of City History to enable other students in our city to continue the work. For the Working Group this publication is the most important one. Their correspondence with former Frankfurt citizens who had to leave our city because of their religion and their origin during those horrible years resulted in many voluminous files. Out of those files the students selected one hundred testimonials for this publication. These reports show how the children and young people experienced the deprivation of rights and the terror. These reports make it possible for today's children and young people to visualize and experience at first hand where discrimination, loss of rights and terror can lead - and what it means to the victims.

Silvia Tennenbaum today lives as a successful author in the USA. In 1981 in New York she published the novel "Yesterday's Streets", in which she describes the history of her family and her childhood: the story of a family from the western part of Frankfurt, the story of a childhood which was highly protected at first and then suffered an abrupt change. Her mother, Silvia, and her stepfather, the famous conductor William Steinberg, managed to escape. Her much-beloved great-uncle was killed. After the liberation, when she is informed of the unimaginable and horrible end of her uncle in Auschwitz, Silvia's mother says to the young girl: "You and your generation will do better than us. You will make sure that such a horror can never happen again." The Working Group Against Anti-Semitism/Holbein-Schule has contributed to that goal, that these terrible things can never be perpetrated again. For that I am deeply grateful.

Andreas von Schoeler
ex Mayor of the City of
Frankfurt on Main

Preface

1. The testimonials about the Nazi era documented in this book were written between 1992 and 1994.

They are excerpts from letters in reply to the following questions we had submitted:

- "Can you assist us in clarifying the fate of Jewish fellow students who were either able to emigrate, survived the genocide despite deportation, or were murdered in the concentration and extermination camps?"

- Please describe to us as precisely as possible the situation at YOUR former school: We are primarily interested in the conduct of the school principal, the teachers, and your fellow students.

- What particular experiences did you encounter? Who stood out as a particular "fervent Nazi"? Did you notice any signs of opposition, help or maybe even resistance?"

Our group, the Working Group Against Anti-Semitism/Holbein-Schule was and still is comprised of former and present day students of the Holbein-Schule. We have been active since 1982, and since 1988 our main project has been "Research the Nazi time at the Schools!".

In the past two years we have been meeting every two weeks to take care of our work, to attend informative meetings or to organize some of those ourselves. Previous to that we met on a monthly basis.

From the onset we had not limited the project "Research the Nazi time at the schools!" to our own school, the Holbein-Schule. We were able to obtain school chronicles and other documents of the Nazi era in our own school after fierce arguments with the authorities, inquiries at the parliament of the state of Hessen and at the City Hall. The question was whether students are allowed to utilize such files from the Nazi era on their own. In 1992 we finally published these documents. From the very start we encountered various problems and difficulties, but this is not the place to describe and document all of those in detail.

Our first letter to the Jewish emigrants from Frankfurt was sent out in January 1992 through the kind offices of the municipality of the City of Frankfurt who did the mailings for us. A voluminous exchange of letters resulted from this. Up to now it fills 10 big file boxes. More than 500 letters were written, and even long-distance friendships resulted.

The 100 testimonials published here, were chosen from among these letters. All these reports were mailed to the authors with the request for possible changes or corrections. For various reasons some authors requested - explicitly or not - to delete their names. In these cases we have abbreviated those names.

2. Fifty to sixty years have passed since. And yet while reading these testimonials it becomes clear how deeply certain scenes of discrimination, ostracism and Nazi crimes have been ingrained.

The young readers of this book may not immediately understand the close historic correlation of events indicated in the letters, namely:

- that the term "Boycott Day" refers to April 1st, 1933, the day on which the Nazis for the first time called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses.
- that the "Nuremberg Laws" pertain to the racial laws adopted at the Congress of the Nazi Party NSDAP ("National Socialist German Workers' Party") held in Nuremberg in 1935 which forbade marriage or any sexual contact between so-called "Aryans and non-Aryans",
- that "9th of November", the so-called "Kristallnacht", which means "Crystal Night", refers to the pogrom undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany: On that date hundreds of synagogues were destroyed by fire, over 90 members of the Jewish Communities were beaten to death, and thirty thousand Jews were arrested.

Actually, this should also be taught in all schools immediately after the basics, for example, of arithmetics. We know, however, that in the schools it is treated too often late and inadequately.

There are also certain concepts and comments mentioned in the testimonials which we have explained in parentheses since they may not be understood by the young reader. Unfortunately it is not taken for granted here at the schools that during the time when Christian-Protestant students celebrate their confirmation, they should be told that the comparable celebration for Jewish students is the ceremony of "Bar Mitzvah".

We are, however, convinced that despite occasional difficulties with individual concepts, the focal point becomes clear, namely:

Discrimination and ostracism were but the beginning.

Expulsion and emigration were the inescapable outcome for all those who were still able to escape.

Deportation to the concentration camp Buchenwald or the extermination camp in Auschwitz-Birkenau, the murder of 250,000 of the 500,000 members of the Jewish Communities living in Germany - that was the criminal and murderous face of the Nazi regime.

In 1933 there were 30,000 members of the Jewish Communities living in Frankfurt. The names of all those from Frankfurt who were deported and then murdered are on record. Over 10,000 names are listed, and among them there are 1,300 children and young people.

Some members of the Jewish Communities emigrated to countries in western Europe, like the family of Anne Frank, who went to the Netherlands. And yet, many of those were unable to escape unless they were subsequently able to flee to other countries.

For the Nazis overran and occupied these countries. In France alone 254 members of the Frankfurt Jewish Communities were thus affected. We were able to obtain and then publish this information from documents which were put at our disposal through the kind offices of Beate and Serge Klarsfeld.

3. Primo Levi, survivor of the Holocaust, writes:

"It has happened and therefore it may happen again: Therein lies the central theme of what we are about to say here."

Whether we like it or not, we are tempted to draw parallels at least emotionally, between the individual happenings of the Nazi era, especially the early days, and events of our own time. However, parallels should not and cannot be drawn between the Nazi era in general and today.

The Nazi murders in Rostock and Solingen, the arson attacks on the memorial to the victims of the Sachsenhausen concentration camp, the torching of the synagogue in Luebeck, as well as the chasing of people categorized as "un-German" in Magdeburg, and the conduct of the police in many cases - all this awakens terrible memories in the survivors of the Holocaust who every year come in groups to visit Frankfurt by invitation of the city.

There is, however, one important difference which is not to be denied: Today, anyone who feels up to it, can defend himself with relatively little effort against Nazi ideas and crimes, which are gaining ground. Though it must be said that this may be inconvenient, and may also entail difficulties or even prove dangerous.

But it can in no way be compared to the possibilities and difficulties encountered by the resistance after the Nazi criminals seized state power in Germany with Hitler taking office as Chancellor on January 30, 1933.

Despite all the depressing occurrences in the recent years and months, it is encouraging that precisely students are using various forms of information as well as protest and resistance; that they engage in demonstrations, even strikes at their schools, as well as undertake research and documentation on the Nazi era such as the present book, to send a clear signal:

The world shall not forget!

Never again!

Benjamin Ortmeyer

Working Group

Against Anti-Semitism/Holbein-Schule

I cannot and I do not want to remember those terrible times of the Nazi era any more

M. R.
*lives today
in the USA*

I am sorry, but over 56 years have passed since I left Germany. I cannot and I do not want to remember those terrible times of the Nazi era any more. I hope that you can understand this.

M. R.

I have lost my entire family through deportation, and therefore I try to avoid bringing back this sad period from my subconscious to the conscious

E. W.
*lives today
in Israel*

I never went to a non-Jewish school. Whatever happened outside the school is mostly known. From April 1, 1933 till the bitter end.

As for the correspondence you asked for, I am sorry to have to disappoint you. I have lost my entire family through deportation, and therefore I try to avoid bringing back this sad period from my subconscious to the conscious. Every time I think of it I become nauseated, because right away I see before my eyes the picture of my parents' agony, when they stood naked in the gas chamber in their death struggle.

E. W.

*Everyday school life
and
discrimination*

The walk to school was a daily ordeal

G. M. was a student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule;

she lives today in Israel

I lived in a part of Frankfurt called "Oberer Atzemer" and went to the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule. The walk to school was a daily ordeal because the "German" children continually harassed us with abusive names calling us "filthy pig" or "Jew pig" etc. They often ripped the caps off the heads of the Jewish boys.

Whenever we saw "German" kids approaching us we crossed over to the other side of the street, but then most of the time they followed us across.

G. M.

The Jews were not allowed to come to school for the next three days

Charles Altschul was a student at the Woehler-Realgymnasium;

today he lives in France

I was in the 3rd grade of high school at the Woehler-Gymnasium. My homeroom teacher was Dr. Hardt. I remember that one day we were told that the Jews were not permitted to come to school for the next three days. They made an exception for me, because my father had been a front-line soldier in World War I. However, they still murdered him in Auschwitz.

I believe that during those three days the whole class was taken to the Opernplatz to listen to a speech. I suppose that I was too young at the time to feel anything. I only remember that this was the first time I saw a large number of Brown Shirts [members of the terrorist Nazi elite forces S.A.].

I do know that my comment, "that Hitler should be hanged" brought about some consequences because of the presence of a fellow student, whose name I believe was Graetz. I do not know exactly what happened.

During one of the boycott days [refers to April 1, 1933, when the Nazis called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses] I went with my mother to every store known to us, although there were always two S.A. men in front of the doors.

I moved from Frankfurt to Paris in 1933. At that time I was 12 years old.

Charles Altschul

There were many “fervent Nazis”, but attempts at opposition or even resistance were - to my knowledge - non-existent

We are dealing here with a period of 55 to 60 years ago, and while general impressions remain, there are few memories about specific instances of either praiseworthy or criminal conduct by fellow students or teachers towards the Jewish students, and those recollections are rather vague.

For the first four years of grade school I went to the Francke-Schule in Bockenheim where I spent the first 12 years of my life. That was from 1927 till 1931 and those years passed without problems.

After that I went to the Woehler-Realgymnasium, completed the first two grades of high school and had started with the third grade when my father took me out of school. The principal, Mr. Schramm, who had the reputation of being a good pedagogue, a humanist, and a very decent person, had asked my father to come to his office and advised him to remove me from the school for my own protection and to send me instead to the Philanthropin [Jewish school].

In the beginning there were approximately five Jewish students in my class and by the time I left there remained only one Jewish student. Since the power takeover by the Nazis, there were increased verbal threats and insults and since 1935 these were certainly a daily occurrence. The physical assaults, starting with jostling and hitting, and culminating into fierce attacks also increased, but not as much as the verbal abuse. Usually those who actively participated in these verbal or physical assaults were the same ones. Those who were not active participants, either watched, or stood by passively, and did not interfere because they were afraid to be looked upon as Jew-friendly. Although I am certain that some of the teachers saw and observed these incidents, I cannot remember a single case where teachers interfered in favor of Jewish students.

From the beginning, teachers were compelled to enter classrooms with the Hitler greeting, students had to rise and had to return the greeting by shouting “Heil Hitler”. There were no exceptions. Some of the teachers displayed a

Felix Adler was a student at the Francke-Schule, Woehler-Realgymnasium and the Philanthropin;

he lives today in the USA

noticeable lack of euphoria about this rule, others did it with full conviction.

Only one single Studienrat [special title of a German high school teacher], Dr. Probst, a World War I veteran with a limp and a scar from a big wound on one side of his face, was my homeroom teacher for one year. He had a good conversation with my father, who also was a World War I veteran. Whenever it was possible for him to put in a good word for me and show a friendly gesture towards me, he did this even though he put himself at risk by doing so. One could see that he was a man who did not approve of what was going on.

There were many "fervent Nazis", but attempts at opposition or even resistance were - to my knowledge - non-existent.

Regarding the fate of my fellow students, I personally know of approximately 20 who disappeared during the Holocaust. You have to understand that I am limiting the number to those who were either a year younger or older than I was.

To my great joy I only recently found out about one fellow student who was very well known to me from the Philanthropin, and of whom everyone had believed that he had disappeared. He is living in Australia.

Of the 50 students of the 5th grade of high school in 1937, there are, as far as I can tell, 15 to 18 who are today, in 1993, 72 years old. If you assume that at that age approximately 5 to 10 would have passed away from natural causes, I personally know of 2 of them, that means that about 50 percent of this class perished in the Holocaust.

Felix Adler

One teacher told us that he wished for us never to have to deal with Jews, but that if we did we should be very careful

During the years 1919 till 1922, long before the Nazi regime, I went to the grade school at Sachsenhaeusener Oberrealschule in Sachsenhausen. I remember very clearly that one of the teachers told us children in a very friendly manner, that he wished for us never to have to deal with Jews, but that if we did we should be very careful. Later I casually and innocently mentioned this at home at the dinner table and my father "hit the roof". I never found out whether he did anything about it at the school.

In 1921 my father was transferred to Berlin, and I went to the Reform-Realgymnasium in Zehlendorf until I graduated. There I did not notice or experience anything negative or unpleasant from either my classmates or from the teachers. On the contrary, we had one student, by the name of Linz, who was a "fervent Nazi" and therefore we all continually mocked and ridiculed him.

In 1933 I graduated from high school. I only remember one student by the name of Roschanski, who had stored various items with a former classmate, probably because he feared deportation. No one ever heard anything more from Roschanski, especially since this classmate later fell during the war.

Helmut Jaffe

Helmut Jaffe was a student at the Sachsenhaeusener Oberrealschule and the Reform-Realgymnasium in Berlin-Zehlendorf;

today he lives in Venezuela

From one day to the next suddenly everyone avoided us ... No guilt feelings. No regrets.

Prof. Dr. Kurt J. Altschul was a student at the Muster-Schule; today he lives in the USA

I can only contribute little about the Muster-Schule. As soon as the "filthy mess" became serious in the spring of 1933, I quit immediately. It was useless. From one day to the next suddenly everyone avoided us.

Mr. Walter N. was in my class. He actually was the last Jew to graduate from the Muster-Schule.

During our visit in 1990 I had a very emotional meeting with city councilman Adalbert Schwarz, who in the past had been a friend, neighbor and playmate. Unfortunately he passed away suddenly two years ago. He told me a few things about the Muster-Schule. For instance, that a certain classmate who lives today in Mainz, is still a Nazi.

Last year I met two former classmates. One of them became a physician. He had always been a bit "passive" and I am certain that he only participated because he had to. Without enthusiasm.

The other one had been in the Waffen S.S. [terrorist Nazi elite forces]. We talked about our lives and he remarked quite nonchalantly that the Nazi era meant nothing more and nothing less than a stage in his life. No guilt feelings. No regrets.

I do want to make clear that my impressions about the Muster-Schule are not shared by all my friends with whom I talked about this. The principal, Mr. Peter Mueller or PeMue, as we called him, was an exceptionally fine and sensible person. He was pushed out later on. I do not know the name of his successor.

I can report that most of my teachers had been former army officers. As such they were, politically speaking, mostly German nationalists. The following ones I remember very clearly: Dr. Zickel and Otto Hepp (we called him "Thunder-Otto") were terrific people. Our math teacher Mr. Michel was one of the first to come to class in a brown shirt. He became a party member [member of the Nazi Party NSDAP] early on but kept this a secret. The homeroom teacher Dr. Thuere, was

a malicious guy. Whether he actually was a party member or not, I was always certain that he enjoyed participating.

Another classmate was Hans Schlicht, a most disgusting fellow who, together with his buddy Guenther May, had never tried to hide his pro-Nazi bias. Schlicht was responsible for the firing of Mr. Schwarz, who was a Catholic. Schwarz's father was a congressman of the German Reichstag for his party, the Center Party. Schlicht was killed during the war. Hopefully he suffered as much as he caused others to suffer.

Regarding the book "Schule im 3. Reich" (Schools during the Third Reich), my biggest complaint is that it protects all Nazis. All the names of the authors were crossed out and are illegible. All the big-wigs are being protected. This is irresponsible and cowardly. And it is to be assumed that all these fellows are enjoying their pensions and have forgotten their crimes. This attests to a sad lack of civil courage.

Prof. Dr. Kurt J. Altschul

"Hitler in the coat pocket"

In 1930 I was transferred together with two of my Jewish classmates from the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule to the Klinger-Oberrealschule. I remember that the principal, Dr. Hartmann, regularly, in his addresses to the school body, emphasized, "I do not care whether a student is Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish." The other teachers, too, (with the possible exception of one who taught History and English,) were equally friendly towards the three of us.

However this class, which up to then had not contained any Jewish students, was already influenced anti-Semitically. No one wanted to sit next to us. Especially a certain Taesler, son of a non-denominational and magnanimous pastor, proclaimed himself openly as a Nazi and succeeded in turning the class against us. Our German teacher, Mr. Hans Heinrich Schmidt-Vogt, called him "Hitler in the coat pocket." This teacher returned to class after the first election victory and screamed furiously, "The German people do not deserve to live any more!" However, I was informed that it was he who

*Simon Avisar,
formerly Simon
Rewisorski, was
a student at the
Samson-Raphael-
Hirsch-Schule
and Klinger
Oberrealschule;*

*he lives today
in Israel*

already before Easter 1933 had led a group of students in hoisting the Swastika [official Nazi flag] at the school building. Our principal Mr. Hartmann also took part in the change in direction. During the graduation ceremony, he announced the renaming of the school to Adolf Hitler and in his address praised the "absolute determination" etc. of the "Fuehrer" [refers to Adolf Hitler, literally translated it means "leader"].

I myself emigrated at the end of 1933 and was thus spared. Also a younger brother who had already been interned in Buchenwald [concentration camp] was still able to get away in 1939. My three older siblings all perished during the war.

Simon Avisar

"The Jew-face must not be seen"

*Ruth Backer
née Nachman
was a student at
the Holzhausen-
Schule,
Elisabethen-
Schule, and at a
trade school;
today she lives
in the USA*

I went to the Holzhausen-Schule, and later was admitted to the Elisabethen-Schule [Girls' High School]. There I had many friends, only one of them was Jewish, but that made no difference at all. I knew their parents, they knew my parents. We often worked on homework together. The teachers were satisfied with me, and I was with them.

Then Hitler came!

The whole class was in a Christmas play. We were dressed as angels, stood on the stage and studied our songs in between rehearsals. Someone positioned us on the stage according to height and voices. I was pretty much in the front. The singing teacher, Miss Moll, entered the auditorium with a loud "Heil Hitler", inspected the stage setting and ordered that I be placed in the back row. "The Jew-face must not be seen." I returned home totally shocked, I was 12 years old. Then it started with my "girlfriends". They crossed the street to the other side whenever they saw me. No one wanted to have anything to do with me. I could not understand this and I was very unhappy.

I rode to school on my bicycle every day and the bike was stored in a special bicycle cellar. One morning as I arrived at school, I found a notice posted outside the bicycle cellar: "Jewish bicycles not allowed!" I stood there totally stunned

and one of my friends felt sorry for me and offered me to store my bike in her yard. It was but five minutes before the start of school and too late for this. I went home crying and my mother was unable to console me. I cried for hours. When my father came home for lunch that day he put a fast stop to this tragedy. He took my brother and me by the hand and went with us to the Philanthropin [Jewish school], and thus we were enrolled there as students. My brother is almost two years younger than I am, and he went to the Philanthropin until we emigrated.

At the age of 14 my father took me out of school because he knew that I would never be able to complete my studies. He thought that a practical apprenticeship in a bank would be of more help to me abroad. By law I had to go to a trade school in Junghofstrasse twice a week. There was a brute Nazi teacher there and his name was Mr. Borich. At the beginning of class we all had to get up and he greeted us with "Heil Hitler". If we, the two of us, returned the greeting, he screamed at us and we had to step in front of the class and he talked about the Jews who were dishonoring the name of Hitler when they called out "Heil Hitler". If we kept quiet, we had to step forward and he acted as if he was possessed by the devil, because we showed no respect for the Fuehrer [refers to Adolf Hitler, literally translated it means "leader"]. It was terrible.

After a short while, which to me seemed like an eternity, a new law came out which dictated that Jewish students had to go to the Jewish trade school. That school was located in a distant suburb of Frankfurt. I was happy to have escaped the monstrous Borich. I will never forget my youth in Frankfurt, although I have but few pleasant memories.

I left Frankfurt in 1937 with my parents, my siblings, clothing, furniture, two cameras, without any money. We had to leave everything behind. I was not quite 17 years old and had to start working immediately. I was the oldest of three children, and in the beginning my parents were unable to find work in the foreign country.

Ruth Backer

*Some of the students attacked me
and pushed me against a tree,
because I was Jewish*

*Ernest D. Bello
was a student at
the Woehler-
Schule;*

*he lives today
in England*

I left Germany with my parents in 1933, when I was 12 years old, and therefore I cannot answer most of your questions.

The only incident which I can still remember vividly happened shortly after the Nazis assumed power. I went to the Woehler-Schule. Some of the students attacked me and pushed me against a tree, because I was Jewish.

My father took me out of the school, partly also because of this incident, and sent me to England for my continued education.

Ernest D. Bello

*My son was denied admission to the
Woehler-Schule*

*H. H. reports
about her children: E. H. was a
student at the
Philanthropin,
and E. H. was a
student at the
Varrentrapp-
Schule;*

*they live today
in the USA*

In 1938 my son Ernst was 14 years old and went to the Jewish Philanthropin [Jewish school] after he was denied admission to the Woehler-Schule. My daughter Edith, 10 years old, went to the Varrentrapp-Schule and had a teacher who was half-Jewish, Mr. Beicht, who was by no means friendly to Jews.

My deceased husband Dr. F. H., former curator at the Senckenberg-Museum, and my two children Edith and Ernst, left Germany together with me in 1938. Fortunately both of my children received a very good education in the USA.

H. H.

When Jewish children were sent home from school, my teacher cried

Since I came to Israel at the age of 10 and for the year prior to that I went to a private Jewish school, I have but few memories about the Holzhausen-Schule where I studied for 4 years.

My upbringing at home was devoid of even a glimmer of Judaism. I had no idea that I was Jewish till the beginning of the Hitler time. We never observed Jewish festivals, I hunted for Easter eggs and celebrated Christmas like all German children. When I saw a parade of Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization] marching by, I liked the music and wanted to march along with them, but my parents told me that this was impossible because I was Jewish. I know exactly that I raised my hand and sang along when "Deutschland ueber alles" [means "Germany above all", first line of the German national anthem] was sung in school, since I had no idea what fate this brought with it.

My father served in the infantry during World War I, my uncle David K. received the Cross of Honor award because he



10-year-old Elsbeth Katz before her departure to Palestine in 1935

was killed during that war. I still have the papers here in my cupboard.

When Jewish children were sent home from school on April, 1933, my teacher cried. Her name was Miss Till. Another teacher attempted to teach race ethnology, but since I was a blond Jew, that did not fit exactly into her scheme and she asked me who in my family was blond. I told her that my father had been blond, at that time he had already turned gray.

*Elishevah Beck
née Elsbeth Katz
was a student at
the Holzhausen-
Schule;*

*she lives today
in Israel*

I was the only daughter and I was not to be told anything unpleasant. My parents wanted me to grow up as sheltered as possible, naive and happy. They did not tell me a word about the loss of the entire family in Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp]. They never spoke to me about this. My parents had lost everything they owned, they never adjusted to life here because they did not understand the language, and both were sick with embarrassment because they were unable to give me the kind of future that they had envisioned for me. In Germany I had been the top student, I took dance lessons, violin lessons and everything else, and here in Israel I had to start working at age 14, because my parents could not afford the tuition for their only daughter. We arrived on November 4 in Haifa. Thus was the fate of many emigrants who could never forget Germany and could never ever understand that a civilized nation could do such terrible things to other people.

Elishevah Beck

We felt like "outsiders"

L. B. was a student at the Technical Teachers' Seminar; she lives today in Israel

In the years between 1929 and 1931 I went to the Technical Teachers' Seminar in Seilerstrasse. This was before the Hitler era, but that school was already then very German-nationalistic oriented. There were four Jewish girls there during my time: Luise Dagan with whom I had close contact and constant exchange of letters till her death in 1991, as I did with Ilse Schnell from Stargard who lives (lived?) in Chile. The fourth one was from the Jewish Orphan Home and also escaped to Israel.

The school itself was probably all right, but still we felt like "outsiders". That may have been because we were not natives of Frankfurt.

We left Germany very early, already in January 1934.

L. B.

A voice was heard:

"And what did the Kike write?"

I was the only Jewish student in my class in the Liebfrauen-Trade-School. I never had any complaints about the conduct of my classmates, not even about those who were real Nazis. The school principal was Miss Lille. She was a very fine woman who always treated me very well. My homeroom teacher was Miss Habermann. She was a good teacher and a very decent person.

In trade school my teacher was Dr. Weigand, who was always very even-handed towards me. I remember that he praised me in front of the class because ironically I had written the best essay about Hitler. Then a voice was heard "And what did the Kike write?". Of course the teacher had to ignore this and did not ask who had said it.

In my class in trade school there was one other Jewish student, who also emigrated to England.

Irma Levinson

*Irma Levinson
née Irmgard
Gruenewald was
a student at the
Liebfrauen-
Trade-School;*

*she lives today
in the USA*

*I also lost friends then, who announced to
me that as Hitler-youth members they
could no longer get together with Jews*

From 1930 to 1931 I went to the Holzhausen-Schule and from 1931 till 1934 I went to the Karmeliter-Schule near the Parkhotel at the railroad station. In those schools I did not experience any overt anti-Semitism. From 1935 till 1936 I went to the Sachsenhaeuser Oberrealschule in Sachsenhausen. After one year the principal invited my mother to come to him for a conference. There he suggested to her that it would be better for me if I left school, because he could no longer guarantee my safety at the school. He seemed genuinely sorry about this. With the exception of one assault I did not experience any direct attacks against me. Yet it was often embarrassing to have to listen to the teachers and watch films which engaged in vigorous propaganda campaigns for the

*Ernst S. Valfer,
Ph.D., was a
student at the
Holzhausen-
Schule,
Karmeliter-
Schule, Sachsen-
haeuser Ober-
realschule*

*and at the
Philanthropin;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

Party and the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization]. I also lost friends then, who announced to me that as Hitler-youth members they could no longer get together with Jews.

Then I went to the Philanthropin, a Jewish high school, and there I had only Jewish friends. Sometimes after school we were attacked there by hoodlums, but most of the time it was quiet, until the school closed in the aftermath of "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] in November 1938. A few weeks later when the school reopened, I returned there till March 1939. Then I left Frankfurt. After the war I have not been able to find any of my former classmates who were still there when I left. They probably perished.

I know of no resistance in Frankfurt. Nothing that compares to the "White Rose" [resistance group] in Munich. Of course there were also wonderful people in Frankfurt. I knew only one of them. He died in 1991 at the age of 80 and he had lived in Wildenbruchstrasse 50. His name was Josef Stumpf and he was a friend of the family till the end. When our bank account was being blocked by the Government (1939-1940), he hired my father as an office help in order that he could pay him so that my parents had money for food. In those days this was very very dangerous for him, it may even have been against the law. When my parents were deported to Auschwitz [extermination camp] in 1941, Stumpf even sent money to them to Auschwitz, till they did not reply any more. I saw the postal money transfer slips to Auschwitz which Stumpf showed me in 1945.

I left Frankfurt in March 1939 with a Children's Transport which took me to France. Classmates who left Frankfurt with me in March and who lived in France, survived the war if they could move to the USA or were hidden in France (60 percent); and approx. 40 percent were sent from France to Poland from where they never returned.

When I lived in France in 1941, the French police often came during the night by German decree, raided our children's home, and took the older children away. We never saw any of them again.

As an American soldier I frequently visited Frankfurt in 1945/46 because the U.S. Headquarters was located in the

former building of the IG Farben company. I looked at the ruins of the old city, and I took with me a rock of the rubble from the area where formerly the Goethe-Haus had stood. Till this day Goethe is still my favorite author. Yet I think of Frankfurt as a rich city of trade, very sensible and oriented towards business, but with little feeling and character.

Ernst S. Valfer

In October 1938 we were deported to Poland, first my father, the following day my mother and we, the two children

I entered the Israelitische Volksschule [Jewish Day School] on April 10, 1934. I believe that my homeroom teacher Mr. Strauss ("When one gets angry, one should first sleep over it") was able to emigrate to England. Later on I went to the Hirsch-Realschule where my teachers name also was Birnbaum (but she was not a relative). She was allegedly gunned down by a Nazi as she attempted to come to someone's assistance.

A fellow student, Hans Loewental, emigrated to England already in 1935. Herbert Kahn and his sister Hilde also made it to England. Manfred Nussbaum from my class lives today in Jerusalem. I discovered him by chance: now his name is Egossi, which in Hebrew means Nussbaum.

I am able to describe the atmosphere and events of the times well, but after my sister and I both went to the Jewish school, -my sister went to the Philanthropin - there were of course no teachers there who were fervent Nazis.

In October 1938 we were deported to Poland, first my father, the following day my mother and we, the two children. A few weeks after the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] I was able to attach myself, together with my sister, to a Children's Transport, which saved our lives. In 1970 I came to Israel with my

Dr. Paul P. Birnbaum was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule and the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule;

he lives today in Israel. His sister Ruth was a student at the Philanthropin

family in an effort to help the country as an expert on synthetic fibers.

My sister Ruth was so shaken by the events which were revealed after the war that to this day she is mentally ill.

Dr. Paul P. Birnbaum

*My German teacher hit me
every morning on my hands with a ruler,
"All Jews are dirty by nature."*

*Elsy Hirtz de
Bleiweiss
was a student at
the Holzhausen-
Schule and
Steimer-Lyzeum;
she lives today
in the USA*

I was born in Frankfurt on March 13, 1921. I lived with my parents and my sister, who was nine years older than I, in Lersnerstrasse 34 and later in Grueneburgweg 13. For four years I went to grade school (Holzhausen-Schule?), and after that, till 1933, I was in the 2nd high-school grade at the Steimer-Lyzeum [Girls' High School].

After January 31, 1933 the tone changed immediately at the school. My German teacher, Dr. or Mr. Tod, hit me every morning on my hands with a ruler and explained to the class that he had to do this to a Jewish girl so that she might learn to keep her hands clean, because all Jews were dirty by nature.

I was good at sports and was supported by my gym teacher who told me that I had won the gold medal. When the medals were given out in the "German House" I was just passed over and the second place winner received the gold medal, and so on. I remember that I cried a lot. I was only 11 or 12 years old; during the next few days, I was insulted and defamed at school by children, some of them children of high-ranking party members [members of the Nazi Party NSDAP], and one of my classmates landed in the hospital during the confrontation. After that my homeroom teacher, who was married to a Jewess, came home to my parents and told my father that he had better take me out of school at once, because things would only get worse, and that he - the teacher - would also have to leave.

On January 17, 1933 I emigrated with my parents to Milan, Italy, and was enrolled there immediately in the German school, again in the second grade, since I had not completed my school year in Frankfurt. After my father passed away in 1934, I moved with my mother to Barcelona (Spain) and there I went to the Italian school. In 1936 the Civil War started in Spain, so I returned to Italy with my mother. In 1939 we emigrated to Bolivia.

I am one of the very fortunate ones who did not directly experience the overthrow in Germany personally, and yet it was very hard for a young girl to have to change schools, countries and languages constantly. My husband's parents were not so lucky and were deported to Auschwitz [extermination camp] for ever.

Elsy Hirtz de Bleiweiss

The most dangerous agitator among the teachers was Dr. Rudolf Bonnet

At the Woehler-Schule there were a few decent teachers, but there were also bad Nazis among them (not too many at the Woehler-Schule) and especially among the students there were many really bad ones.

The worst anti-Semitic agitator at the Woehler-Schule was the teacher Dr. Rudolf Bonnet, but there were also some teachers in Frankfurt, who, although they were party members [members of the Nazi Party NSDAP] behaved decently towards Jewish students. In second place I name the teachers Konstantin Hartte, Spamer (or Spahmer?) and Dr. Voelkel. Hartte was possessed by racial madness and preached it constantly. However, the students viewed him as somewhat ridiculous. Spamer was not harmless, a terrible anti-Semite, also personally vicious. If I remember correctly, Voelkel was less dangerous.

Bonnet, however, was able to influence the students, and among the teachers he was by far the most dangerous agitator. During every lesson he preached Nazism and anti-Semitism

Peter Bloch was a student at the Woehler-Realgymnasium and the Philanthropin; he lives today in the USA

and he was more popular with the students than the other teachers mentioned before. With many students his poisonous seed fell on fertile soil.

Bonnet was not only our geography and - occasionally - history teacher, but he also taught religion to the Protestants! No comment. By the way, some of the Nazi teachers tried to avoid embarrassment by declaring that Jesus was an "Aryan" and not a "race-Jew" since the discoveries of the race researcher Guenther. Because in Galilee, he said, there were found to live blond and blue-eyed people; they forgot that many Jews, too, were blond and blue-eyed. 1933 was the beginning of an era of madness...

As far as I know, Bonnet reappeared after the war as if nothing had occurred. Obviously nothing bad happened to him; rather he was able to publish some sort of paper.

The influence of the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization] was strong, but it was not a phenomenon that appeared overnight in 1933. The widespread Protestant youth organization called BK of the lower and middle classes had already anti-Semitic leanings before 1933. It is to be noted that with the worldwide economic crisis because of mass unemployment, neither the teachers nor the students of the Woehler-Schule ever brought up social questions, but only reemphasized the need for German rearmament. I am speaking of the time before 1933. In 1933 the BK merged with the Hitler Youth without any opposition and with flying colors. From Green Shirts to Brown Shirts. Not only the Hitler Youth and the teachers were responsible, but many of the parents, too.

A classmate of mine from the Philanthropin [Jewish school], Simon Kirschbaum (son of a Rabbi from Krakow), was in Belgium from 1939 till 1942 with his parents and his two younger siblings (an older brother was working in London for the Polish Government in exile). Simon was a very friendly boy, much more German than Polish. His father, whom I saw only once, was a highly intellectual scholarly type of person. The children were anything but ultraorthodox fanatics. All were handsome people, all were still young.

In 1942 Simon wanted to escape with me to Switzerland but was unable to obtain the necessary papers in time. He fled some time later, was caught by the Gestapo [Secret Police of

the Nazis] in Besançon under mysterious circumstances, and was never seen again... It is not known to me who had betrayed him, but obviously he was not arrested by chance. His parents were later deported from Belgium and perished. The younger siblings survived the war and were later able to emigrate to Israel. I assume that they succeeded in hiding during the [German] occupation, before the Gestapo could find them.

Besides Kirschbaum, in Brussels between 1939 and 1942 I did not know any other former classmates from Frankfurt, with the possible exception perhaps of one other couple from Frankfurt (if memory serves me correctly): Dr. med. Hirsch and his wife who went to Israel after the war. As far as I know Dr. Hirsch was a descendant of the famous Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch and presumably he went to the school named after his ancestor. I believe that his first names were also Samson Raphael. Unfortunately I did not resume contact with him after my return in 1945.

Whenever I talk about the war years a deep sadness overcomes me. When I have a nightmare at night, I still dream that we have to flee. How do we escape from here? And in my dreams often enough the war is still going on.

Peter Bloch

Unfortunately our principal, Dr. Driesen, was deported and nothing was heard any more about him

I was born in 1915 and am a native of Frankfurt. Till 1922 I went to a private school which was then in Taubenstrasse. From 1924 till 1931 I went to the Philanthropin. This was a Jewish school, though it did not have only Jewish teachers.

For a long time I maintained contact with my teacher Miss Dr. Steinberger who was still able to emigrate to the USA and who died there at a great age. Unfortunately Dr. Driesen was deported and nothing was heard about him any more. The fate of the other teachers was described in the book about the

H. M. was a student at a private school and at the Philanthropin; today she lives in Bad Kissingen

Philanthropin. A few were able to escape, but unfortunately not too many.

From 1931 till 1936 I worked in a large Jewish silk business "Schwarzschild Ochs" located at the Rossmarkt.

In October 1936 I emigrated to Israel, where my husband already was. I met several of my former fellow students there, also some of my own classmates who were able to escape, too. Many of them are probably not alive any more. Another teacher, Miss Schleifer, also escaped to Israel in a roundabout way and lived there in Jerusalem.

H. M.

I was thrown out of the Woehler-Gymnasium

*H. D. was a
student at the
Woehler-
Realgymnasium;
today he lives
in Australia*

In April 1933 I was thrown out of the Woehler-Gymnasium. I was in the 6th grade of high school at that time. After that I worked as an apprentice in Frankfurt till 1936.

I never had any difficulties in school. To my knowledge there were only two students connected with the Nazis at that time. Afterwards probably most of the students joined the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization], either enthusiastically or because they had to. I know of one Jewish student (the last one?) who graduated from that school. He graduated together with the rest of my class. I did not know him personally, he probably joined the class later on. His name is Goldschmidt and he lives in London.

The only names of Jewish students from my class which I remember are: Sonnenberg, who I was told, went to Palestine, but I never heard from him any more. Epstein, I have no idea whether he went away or what became of him. Kurt Selig, with whom I was still friends during the Nazi time. I knew him either from school or from "Schild" [Jewish sports club in Frankfurt]. I am not certain whether he went to the Woehler-Schule. As far as I know he went to South America, but I never had any further contact with him.

As far as I know the teachers were not members of the Nazi party, although I am certain that the older ones belonged to the rightist parties. Our homeroom teacher was Mr. Bobby Hirsch. He went on to teach at the Philanthropin [Jewish school] and then emigrated to the U.S. After the war I obtained his address and we started an exchange of letters. He died there.

The principal of our school was Mr. Schramm, who also lost his job in 1933 because he was Catholic. As far as I know he survived the war and is working at a Catholic school.

In 1936 my brother and I emigrated to South Africa. Six years ago I moved from South Africa to Australia.

H. D.

*The "democratic" principal
of the Sachsenhaeuser Oberrealschule
became a fanatic Nazi*

I belong to that generation which left the Thousand Years' Reich [Nazi regime which was supposed to last 1000 years] early, and thus experienced little during our childhood and school years of what happened to most of our co-religionists.

I was born in 1915 and enrolled in 1922 at the Schwanthaler-Schule. There were quite a few Jewish boys and girls there, and so we had separate classes in religion. During that period when I went to grade school I never had to suffer from any anti-Semitic attacks, and I had a happy childhood.

Later I went to 1st grade of high school at the Sachsenhaeuser Oberrealschule, which was bombed during the war. The name of the school which stands in its place today escapes me [today it is called Carl-Schurz-Gymnasium]. I must have been the only Jewish student at the school, and because of me they even had to find a teacher for Jewish religion. He always gave me, very kindly, an 'A' as a grade. Maybe I deserved it? I had a number of good friends with whom I was very close, and I felt no anti-Semitism.

*H. W. was a
student at the
Schwanthaler-
Schule and
Sachsenhaeuser
Oberrealschule;*

*today he lives
in Chile*

In 1931 I received the Goethe-Prize of the City of Frankfurt for being the best student in German at the school. To this day I occasionally enjoy reading the works of Friedrich Stolze, because I am still fluent in the Frankfurt dialect.

The only event of this kind happened when, after I had already left school, I saw one of my closest friends as a member of the S.S. [terrorist Nazi elite forces] on the street. He purposely avoided seeing me.

After April 1, 1933 [the day on which the Nazis called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses] I decided to leave school against the wishes of my parents and the school principal Dr. Hoffmann, member of the Democratic party. I had read Hitler's book "Mein Kampf" and I took Hitler's intentions seriously. On the day I was promoted to the 8th grade of high school a delegation from my class came to my house and wanted to pick me up to go with them to a tavern and celebrate the "promotion". Despite that I left school and did a 2½-year apprenticeship in a leather business. In 1935 I emigrated with my family to Chile.

My younger brother was transferred directly from grade school to the Philanthropin [Jewish school].

I only found out about the Nazi regime outside the school. Real "fervent Nazis" hardly existed in my class, and if so, I did not have to suffer under them. As I heard later, the "democratic" principal of the Oberrealschule became a fanatic Nazi, but there were plenty of fellow travelers. After all, the majority of the German people.

As I discovered later, part of my family (aunts, uncles and cousins) perished in the gas chambers, and nothing was left for me to do but to remember them at the Memorial in Jerusalem.

The first time I returned to Frankfurt for a visit was in 1951 and I could not recognize the city as my home town. In later years I visited Germany and also Frankfurt on a regular basis and the city grew closer to my heart every time. One of my so-called "Aryan" friends, a very special friend, is still in contact with me. In 1989 I visited him with my wife when we were invited on a visit to Frankfurt.

H. W.

A girl from a well-known anti-Semitic family tried unsuccessfully to incite the class

My late father Dr. Moses Breuer was sent to Buchenwald [concentration camp] after the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] but until then, to my knowledge, he never experienced any anti-Semitism from his colleagues. My late sister and I went to the Schiller-Schule in the years from 1936 till 1939. We both experienced hardly any anti-Semitism (in my sister's class there was a girl from a well-known anti-Semitic family who tried unsuccessfully to incite the class). The principal, Mr. Maurer, released us from classes on Saturdays. My Latin teacher Prof. Schmal, a high official in the Nazi party, postponed exams in Latin to the middle of the week to enable us to participate, although Latin lessons were on Saturdays. Our art teacher Mr. Gottscho instructed my sister during recesses in the middle of the week because art classes were on Saturdays.

Dr. Bernhoefft, my homeroom teacher, who once invited the class over to her home for a private visit, had not removed the books by Heinrich Heine [German] Jewish author, 1797-1856] from her library. She was a terrific person who spoke her mind freely. Also Dr. Heubes and several others whose names I cannot recall were free from anti-Semitism.

All this was overshadowed by the unspeakable things which happened later, but we must beware of generalizations.

S. F.

S. F. was a student at the Schiller-Schule;

she lives today in Israel.

Her sister was also a student at the Schiller-Schule

As early as 1935 Jewish children were unable to receive a better grade than a 'C'

Prof. J. G. was a student at the Varrentrapp-Schule and the Philanthropin; he lives today in the USA

Interestingly enough, as early as 1935 Jewish children, even in their first year of school, were unable to receive a better grade than a 'C'. This was enforced without hesitation at the Varrentrapp-Schule in the western region of the city.

There were no new admissions in 1938 because Jewish children were excluded from public schools. The Philanthropin [Jewish school] into which I was transferred in 1939 was also destroyed.

A letter from Prof. J. G. to Dr. Berenbaum of the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, DC states:

I heard about your interest in memorabilia. I am sending you this enclosure because I believe that in a subtle way it tells a lot about the life and conditions under which children grew up during the Nazi regime.

The enclosed document is a copy of my report card. I have the original in my possession. It has accompanied me from place to place in the U.S., just as the papers from my military service have.

A few comments: On the first page, the document states my religion. The abbreviation in the first line stands for 'Israelite' which in those days was a friendly term for "Jewish". Then it states that my father was a merchant. The basic idea was that children were judged by their religion and by the background of their parents. The document goes on to say that from April 23, 1935 till February 12, 1938 I was a pupil of the Varrentrapp-Schule in Frankfurt. It says nothing about the fact that after the first school year in 1935 we went to segregated classes. My grades ("1" means very good, "2" means good, "3" means satisfactory) were especially interesting in my first year. All Jewish children received the same grades: "2" in religion and Hebrew (in those days religion was taught at all public schools by teachers of the Protestant, Catholic or Jewish faith). In almost all other subjects the grade was "3". The idea being that Jews, limited by their racial inferiority, were never to appear intelligent, and the teachers were to give us poor grades. Within the separate classes, where we had Jewish teachers, we certainly received the grades we deserved.

Then in the year 1937/1938 there is nothing noted in the report card. That was because I was thrown out of the public school, as were all other Jewish students. I then went to the Philanthropin, a well known Jewish school in Frankfurt, the only one, and located very far away from our home. You may see from this that I never completed the school year, because the Nazis destroyed the school in November 1938. This was a blessing in disguise, as it caused my parents to send me to Sunderland in England which is noted on the last page of the report card.

Prof. J. G.

*Sometimes the school principal said
that it would be better if I stayed home;
she tried to protect me.*

My parents had both been baptized and we all were confirmed at the Katharinen-Kirche. So it seemed all the more difficult for us, and especially for me to be designated as "Jewess", which in those days meant "subhuman".

I went to the Anna-Schmidt-Schule till Easter 1937. I was treated very well there. We had small classes and in my last year there, during the 8th grade of high school we were but 9 girls. My classmates were very nice and friendly, we had known each other for a long time, and anti-Semitism had not resulted in any changes in this. But I believe that they all had to be very careful. The school principal was a very fine lady. At times she spoke with me and she recommended where I should stay when Hitler came to Frankfurt. I should not say anything, and sometimes she said it would be better if I stayed home; she tried to protect me.

Our classes were often interrupted by speeches over the radio or visits by officials of the Nazi Government. The teachers were all kind and friendly, even those who were allocated to the school probably because they were Nazis.

I have no knowledge about the fate of my fellow students. I believe that I was the only one of my class in my particular situation.

*Gisela Friedberg
née Neukirch
was a student at
the Anna-
Schmidt-Schule;
today she lives
in the USA*

The only opposition which my "Aryan" friends and I experienced was concerning the church. There was a lot of resistance there and between 1934 and 1937 we often went to the Paulskirche. I would like to find out how pastor Fresenius of the Katharinen-Kirche survived those years.

I was also a member of the Christian youth club called "Bund Christlicher Jugend" which also opposed the Nazis and its members did not want to join "Bund Deutscher Maedchen" [Nazi organization for girls].

In 1937 I joined my brother in the USA where we had many relatives. My mother joined us in 1938 and my sister followed one year later. My father had committed suicide in August 1933. He had read "Mein Kampf" and he believed what Hitler had announced in this book; he did not want to live under a criminal regime.

Gisela Friedberg

We went through beatings, anxiety and insults daily

*Max Goldsmith
was a student at
the Israelitische
Volksschule;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

I am writing this letter on my father's birthday. He was the son of a family that had lived in Germany for seven generations and in World War I had been given the Iron Cross First Class [medal of the German army] after the battle of Verdun. On March 27, 1942 he was deported from Warburg in Westphalia to Warsaw to appear later on as "untraceable" in the records.

I went to the Jewish grade school in Warburg/Westphalia. My teacher was Dr. Julius Kohn (untraceable.) After the National Socialist takeover I was transferred to another grade school, the Altstaedtische Katholische Volksschule. I was excused from compulsory religion classes but had to absolve the same number of hours in Jewish studies. In June 1936 my parents arranged for me to live in Frankfurt, where I stayed until the day of my emigration to Switzerland. In Frankfurt I went to the Israelitische Volksschule [Jewish Day School] at Roederbergweg 29. My peers and the teachers were all self-assured and religious Jews.

I lived in a Jewish home for boys oriented towards religion in Hoelderlinstrasse 10 supervised by the Israelite Religious Society. I can report only in a limited way about the events that I witnessed on my way to school. There was close to our boys' home a school for retarded students, if you will, and during and after school hours we went through beatings, anxiety and insults daily. The Jewish children could not defend themselves and therefore always got the short end of the stick. Neither the names of non-Jewish students or teachers are still known.

When after the Pogrom Night on November 9 to 10, 1938 many of the Jewish teachers landed in concentration camps, we had only limited instruction. Shortly after I moved to Switzerland.

During the Nazi period 68 members of my family lost their lives.

My wife and I visited Germany in 1986 and Dr. Michel drove us to Warburg/Westphalia. There we met the Holtgreve family whose father and father-in-law were courageous enough to rent a flat to my parents at low cost at a time when the Nazi laws had forbidden to rent to Jewish former German citizens. I had the opportunity there as a former student and inhabitant of Warburg to tell the students of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd high-school grade of the Warburg-Gymnasium about my childhood and early teenage years.

Max Goldsmith

I found myself cut off from friends and classmates

I was born in Frankfurt on April 24, 1920, and went to the Schiller-Schule in Sachsenhausen. I do not remember exactly the teachers at the Schiller-Schule. I know that the principal, Mr. Bojunga, was very friendly towards me.

I found myself cut off from friends and classmates and since leaving school contact was only reestablished with them two or three years ago.

Irene Gottlieb

*Irene Gottlieb
was a student
at the
Schiller-Schule;
today she lives
in the USA*

*A teacher told me to stay away from a class
in order to spare myself the annoyance*

*R. K. Holden was
a student at the
Goethe-
Gymnasium;
today he lives
in England*

I went to the Goethe-Gymnasium from early 1932 to the end of 1935. In all this time, of course after January 1933, all the instructors (assistant principals, professors, doctors, etc.) and all my classmates were very correct and fair towards me. The subject "Jews" was nearly never discussed.

From the beginning of 1936 I was an apprentice in Offenbach to prepare for my emigration. I went to the trade school for leather goods one day a week. There, too, the same circumstances prevailed, although I was the only Jew in that school. One exception was an S.A. man [terrorist Nazi elite forces] who always came in uniform and was teaching the subject Racial Science. Another teacher told me to stay away from that class to spare myself the annoyance.

At the end of 1938 I emigrated to England.

I don't know what happened to my other Jewish classmates. Emigration, the following war and my military service (British Army) cut off all connections.

R. K. Holden

*A classmate provoked his friends to do
something useful and kill a Jew*

*Fred L. Hammel
attended the
Schwanthaler-
Schule, Woehler-
Gymnasium and
the Philan-
thropin;*

I was born in 1921. I attended grade school at the Schwanthaler-Schule from 1927 to 1931. Then I started first grade at the Woehler-Schule, where I had to repeat that year having lost a lot of time due to illness. In 1932 I was again in first grade at the Woehler-Schule. Up to Hitler's takeover of the government everything went well. But it took only to the end of September 1933 in second grade, before it became impossible to stay at the Woehler. Just a few instigators started to harass the few Jewish classmates. I then transferred to the Philanthropin [Jewish school]. In the Woehler-Schule

*today he lives
in the USA*

most of the teachers were very decent, but I do remember two students at the Woehler, one in my class, the other one a year ahead.

In my class was a certain Ernst Gelbart. He was a little, dirty looking youngster, who never had reached the standard of the scholastic requirements. I had known him already in the Schwanthaler-Schule. He attended my first-grade class for a while. He apparently changed a few times from school to school to avoid a repetition of a school year. Somewhere he went through a grade a second time. One of the teachers responsible for the class did not want him there, thus he ended up in my class. This happened in the spring of 1933. Immediately Gelbart started to provoke the students against the Jews. I think he wanted to impress his peers, since he was too dumb for studying. The threats, nasty remarks, and more, happened constantly originating with this useless individual. He lived in an old part of Sachsenhausen. When my mother transferred me from the Woehler-Schule into the Philanthropin, our very decent principal Mr. Schramm asked her whether that character was the reason for it. He was well aware of Gelbart as the worst anti-Semite at the Woehler. Around 1937 I met a former classmate of the Woehler-Schule who told me that Ernst Gelbart had joined a school for cadets under the name of Tiroler.

I still remember Herbert Levi. What he reports about the older Mrs. Gelbart ought to be true. We saw her always in the Schwanthaler-Schule. The old lady came every five minutes to complain about the teachers Mr. Beck and later Dr. Nicklas who never gave adequate grades to her poor Ernst. She told us that the teachers were liars just 'like the Pope'. Apparently the apple did not fall far away from the tree.

The other one at the Woehler-Schule was a youngster who also had learning problems. His name was Rossteutscher. Already in February 1933, he appeared at the school in the uniform of Jungvolk [Nazi organization for children], his hand raised and loudly giving off the Hitler greeting, and he provoked his friends to do something useful and kill a Jew. He was soon considered a great hero.

There were also two underprivileged guys in the Westend, Heiner Merkel from my class and another one by the name of Breul. The two of them and their friends wandered through

the streets of the Westend, and when they came upon a Jewish boy they beat him up. But only when the Jewish boy was by himself.

These events took place sixty years ago. Hopefully, those useless characters found their slow and painful end in the ice and snow of Stalingrad. I was lucky. I could leave Germany in April 1939 in a Children's Transport. I spent a year in England and went to the U.S. at the beginning of May 1940. I served in the war against Japan and was wounded on Okinawa in the Pacific in 1945. My wife was born in America. My father died shortly after the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany]. My grandfather Ullmann died in 1943 of starvation in Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp], aged 85. To this day I am still furious and upset.

Fred L. Hammel

Since the students and teachers constantly changed, it was almost impossible to make friends

T. H. was a student at the Schwanthaler-Schule, Varrentrapp-Schule and Bonifatius-Schule; today she lives in the USA

In 1935 I attended the Schwanthaler-Schule. Six months later I was transferred into a Jewish class at the Varrentrapp-Schule and in the next year (or two years later) to the Bonifatius-Schule. Teachers and students changed constantly, and with a long route on the streetcar it was almost impossible to make friends. My siblings attended other schools.

Following my emigration to Bolivia in April 1939 I had no further contact with any classmates.

T. H.

*Nearly every day we
were assaulted and beaten up*

Since I attended the Jewish Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule until 1933, I had obviously no anti-Semitic problems there, but had to endure heavy excesses on the way to school from Schuetzenstrasse, where I lived, to the school building. Nearly every day we were assaulted by evil kids of our age and beaten up, especially in the Friedberger Anlage.

My satchel for school was thrown into the pond twice with all its contents. When police was informed, they arrived either not at all or much too late, when the attackers had long since fled. Many of my friends, especially since we went to school in groups, remember these attacks with sadness.

A. Dzialoszynski

*My homeroom teacher, Oberstudienrat
Mr. Ickes, did not try to make a secret of his
desire to get rid of the five Jewish students
in his class as soon as possible*

I started in the Glauburg-Schule 1926. Until 1929 my class was stationed in Adlerflycht-Schule. For the last year we were sent to the Glauburg-Schule. In those four years I had felt merely the usual social anti-Semitism on the part of some students but not from any teachers.

In April 1930 I went to the Lessing-Gymnasium. For the first two years I did not experience much anti-Semitism. It changed quickly and radically when Hitler took over.

Some of my classmates, who had been my good friends, suddenly appeared in Hitler-Youth uniform [Nazi youth organization]. Now I was their enemy. Others emphasized that I was still their friend. The remaining students stayed in the middle and tried to act neutral. In the next few months

*A. Dzialoszynski
was a student at
the Samson-
Raphael-Hirsch
Schule;*

*today he lives
in Switzerland*

*J. W. H. attended
the Glauburg-
Schule, Lessing-
Gymnasium and
the Philan-
thropin;*

*he lived in the
USA and died
recently*

some of them became "neutral enemies". Many scrapes ensued in the schoolyard and going home. Since I was one of the strongest in class, I did not allow any insults to go by without reacting physically. I believe it was no coincidence that the worst students were the most aggressive Nazis.

The teachers occupied different categories. The principal, Oberstudiendirektor [title of a German high school principal] Mr. Majer-Leonhardt, had a difficult position, as his wife was Jewish. He tried to compensate with especially German nationalistic speeches, which always sounded a bit unconvincing. After his wife had committed suicide, he was again considered as "genuinely German". The gym teacher, a certain Mr. Weber, who was also a gym teacher at the Philanthropin [Jewish school], had an especially difficult situation as he was under suspicion of being a "Jew-friend". I could understand, if such a person tried to pursue a very nasty anti-Semitism to counteract such a reputation. But Mr. Weber was an honorable human being and tried to bring harmony to the classroom. His duty as a gym teacher was to teach us marching and the Nazi songs of hatred. Even though he had little success with it, one ought to recognize that he needed courage to try to go against the hatred.

Old German nationals like Prof. Herrting demonstrated great contempt for all the "rabble", Nazis, Jews, laborers, etc. These were mostly decent people, suffering from great illusions of grandeur but did not favor physical force. Most of the teachers, I suppose, stayed in the center and tried to appear unpolitical.

My homeroom teacher, Oberstudienrat [special title of a German high school teacher] Dr. Ickes, appeared shortly after the Nazi takeover in S.A. uniform [terrorist Nazi elite forces]. He delivered the most hostile anti-Semitic speeches and did not try to make a secret of his desire to get rid of the five Jewish students in his class as soon as possible. Here we had a man of good education, who could not even fall back on economic problems as an excuse. He supported the ugly laws of the Nazis with the greatest energy and let no opportunity pass to vilify the Jews. Those "men" were the tragedy of Germany in the 30s and 40s.

In the fall of 1933 my parents transferred me to the Philanthropin against my wishes. I don't know what became of my classmates. I heard that Albert Karolyi, a half-Jew,

emigrated to Australia. Ernst Bing was a French citizen. Ullis Stras and Werner Gans were the others.

The following two years at the Philanthropin were very much influenced by the outside world. At school we enjoyed a certain physical safety, since the teachers and students were nearly 100 percent Jewish. That changed as soon as we left the school, and we had daily fights with Nazis in the streets. Sometimes we even had to guard the entrances to the school to keep the Nazis out. I met most of my present friends in the Philanthropin and am still in touch with many of them.

In 1940 I heard from Leo Kraus (Leka.) As a Polish citizen he was pushed across the frontier. He spent a few days there, as the Poles did not want any Jews for sure, even though they were their citizens too. He had made his way to the Russian part of Poland, but he did not know what had happened to his family. I never heard of him again.

Walter Hepner was found in a concentration camp after the war but he died soon after from his illnesses. I have not found my Gentile friends either. Siegfried von Kretschmar warned me in the winter of 1937 to leave Germany as soon as possible. Erle Jung and the two Mueller brothers helped me several times against Nazi assaults.

Barbara Lohmeyer, a classmate at the Lessing-Gymnasium, was the only one who still spoke to me openly. This meant a risk for her father, who was a high official in the postal service. In that crazy period it could be seen as high treason, to speak to a Jew.

These words depict the memories of my school years in Germany.

J. W. H.

All the neighbors ignored us. I was very much alone

*Miriam Jonas née
Marion Lachs
was a student at
the Varrentrapp-
Schule and Die-
sterweg-Schule;

she lives today
in the USA*

For the first two years of school I attended the Varrentrapp-Schule. Afterwards I attended the Diesterweg-Schule in Ginnheim until we emigrated. They sent us home from the school in Ginnheim in April 1933.

Later on I still remember I was pursued by older children, boys, on my way home from school. I was only eight years old and they hurled insults at me. My parents decided after the first boycott [refers to April 1, 1933, when the Nazis called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses] to emigrate, and took me out of the school completely until we left. All the neighbors ignored us. I was very much alone.

I emigrated with my brother and my parents from Frankfurt to Palestine January 1934.

Miriam Jonas

*In the Friedrich-Ebert-Schule
the atmosphere was outspokenly
Nazi oriented and anti-Semitic*

*B. H. was a
student at the
Uhland-Schule,
Friedrich-Ebert-
Schule and the
Philanthropin;

today he lives
in Israel*

I attended the Uhland grade school until 1932. The relations with the Jewish students were fine overall. Then I went to Friedrich-Ebert-Schule (renamed Eckart-Schule later on) from April 1932 to April 1933. The atmosphere there was outspokenly Nazi oriented and anti-Semitic. The principal Mr. Berg meant well and was decent, but he could not or did not dare oppose the incitement of hatred among the students. The teachers were not anti-Semitic.

Friedrich-Ebert-Schule was a highly modern school situated in a new part of Bornheim. The walls of the classrooms consisted of glass and could be opened completely on warm days. The students were partially from well-situated

inhabitants of the area, and partially from a lower income stratum of the old city.

The boys from the old city were violent little Nazis and during recess and after school hours they engaged in wild anti-Jewish "propaganda". Their leader was the namesake of a well-known anti-Semite of a former generation. His name was Kurt (Kurtche) Wagner. He delivered speeches like Goebbels during recess about "the kikes in their easy chairs" - "the kikes stole our money and betrayed Germany".

After school, going home, these Nazis organized themselves into groups of five (after January 1933 they already wore the uniform). They danced around a Jewish classmate who was physically handicapped (one leg was partly paralyzed). We, the two other Jewish students, were "only" called names all from a certain distance, and had stones thrown at us. What was significant for the Jewish children of that period and their spiritual "toughening" is that they never mentioned anything at home.

But the agitation and the insults got worse from week to week, and I was happy when in May 1933 I transferred from the Friedrich-Ebert-Schule to the first grade of high school at the Philanthropin [Jewish school].

I left the Philanthropin the end of 1937, and until our departure from Germany in March 1939 I attended the Yeshiva. The Yeshiva prepared boys aged 14 - 17 years for a future as religious Chalutzim in Palestine. The subjects were intensive courses in Hebrew, Bible, Mishnah, Talmud, Jewish History and Communal Life.

As far as I know almost all my classmates were able to emigrate and to survive the Holocaust - except Hermann Sommerfreund, who apparently lost his life in the deportation of the Jews with Polish citizenship (1938/39). Hermann was a student at the Hoffmann Yeshiva at Theobaldstrasse 6 (renamed Theobald-Christ-Strasse later on). He had written to me from Frankfurt to Tel Aviv - but one day I heard a rumor that he had been deported with his family to Poland. At the time the Poles would not allow the Jews with Polish citizenship from Germany across the frontier (as we were told) and the expelled people vegetated in some kind of no-man's-land. A similar fate was suffered also by the family of Herschl Gruenspan (whose assassination of Mr. vom Rath [Nazi

diplomat] furnished the excuse for the pogroms in November). I published a search announcement in the New York "Aufbau" re. Hermann Sommerfreund in the 1940's. This was then the most widely read paper for emigrants, but I received no reply.

B. H.

*"A foreigner and a Jew!
That is twice as bad!"*

*Alfred Herrmann
was a student at
the Varrentrapp-
Schule and
Muster-Schule;*

*today he lives
in Monaco*

I was born on September 12, 1920 in Frankfurt at Mendelsohnstrasse 51, the second son in the family. My father, who was born of German parents in Esch on Alzette, luckily was of Luxembourg nationality, which we inherited at birth. My German mother received Luxembourg nationality through her marriage.

I attended the Varrentrapp-Schule since 1927 and the Muster-Schule afterwards until 1933. In primary school we had a teacher from Upper Silesia, who was a Nazi already before Hitler's regime. I forget his name. He was the successor of our homeroom teacher who died in a motorcycle accident. Because of him I (and other students) had to collect money from families and at the Opernplatz for the Association for Germans in Foreign Countries called "Verein Deutscher im Ausland", a rightist organization.

The principal of the Muster-Schule, who was very decent under the Hitler regime, could not stay and before 1933 signed an appeal against anti-Semitism in the newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung". I have forgotten his name (was it Dr. Mueller?). Oberstudienrat [special title of a German high school teacher] Dr. Zickler was also very fair. I seem to think that name might be wrong.

I witnessed two events in the Muster-Schule after Hitler came to power. During gym class my classmates had to perform exercises, almost military, in the sun-drenched part of the schoolyard. Running, lying down, getting up, etc. It was quite

a coincidence that the Jewish classmates were assembled in a corner away from the hot sun. One of the students claimed I was laughing about it and they threatened me with a class-beating.

Later they started with the "German salute" on the arrival of the teacher in the class at the beginning of each lesson. The only ones not obliged to do so were foreigners who only had to rise. One of the "Gentlemen" roared: "Hermann, why don't you salute?" I replied: "I am a foreigner." He countered: "A foreigner and a Jew! That is twice as bad!" I then emigrated to Luxembourg, aged 13, without my parents.

Alfred Herrmann

On the way home we were often roughed up

I attended the grade and high school at the Philanthropin. Since it was a Jewish school I experienced no anti-Semitism at school. However, on the way home we were often roughed up.

I spent my first school year in a grade school. Being the only Jew in my class I had some bad experiences, whereupon my parents transferred me into the Philanthropin. It was the year 1921.

In 1934 I entered a trade school as a painter's apprentice. Life at that school was nearly unbearable.

Walter Freedman

Walter Freedman, formerly Walter Friedmann, was a student at the Philanthropin;

he lives today in the USA

*"It is perfectly all right
that Rathenau was killed."*

*L. S. - R. was a
student at the
Schiller-Schule;*

*today she lives
in Switzerland*

I attended the Schiller-Schule from lowest grade until graduation from high school in 1926. I was on good terms with all the teachers and classmates. The principal Mr. Bojunga was a German nationalist but no Nazi. Since my 13th year I am still in close contact with my best friend. Today she is a Mother Superior Deaconess in Hamburg.

There is one event which I never forgot. A classmate, Anne-marie Heldmann, whose father was a president of the Senate or something similar I think, remarked one time during recess for everyone to hear, "It is perfectly all right that Rathenau was killed." This sentence hardly originated in her own brain, she must have heard it from her parents.

After wandering through many places, I live today in Switzerland, because my only son and my grandchildren are living here.

My family was scattered all over the globe and my youngest aunt was killed. We were an old and well-known Jewish family, and I enjoyed all my wonderful youth in Frankfurt. The memories still make me happy. Whatever happened afterwards is horrible.

L.S.-R.

My application for reparation was refused

*M. K. was a
student at the
Elisabethen-
Schule and
finished her
apprenticeship as
a dressmaker;*

Until April 1, 1933 [refers to the day when the Nazis called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses] I attended the Elisabethen-Schule, which was a Girls' High School. On March 31, the Jewish students were requested not to come to school on April 1. We were eight Jewish children in a class of 23. One girl, the daughter of our principal Mr. Sander, originated from a so-called "mixed marriage". The following day I found my grades for Easter already in our mail box. We were no longer permitted to go to school.

The Philanthropin [Jewish school] would have admitted us, but the students who came from that school to us were forced

*today she lives
in the USA*

to repeat one year. Therefore, it was useless. I was 15 ¾ years old and wanted to study fashion design and applied arts. These were my best talents. There used to be a very good institute in Offenbach, but they refused me, being Jewish. In October 1933 I was accepted as an apprentice at D. Cohn Jr.'s shop on the Zeil (Slogan: "High fashion made to measure"). Around the beginning of 1936 the business was sold to a certain Mr. Stier. After that the NSDAP ["National Socialist German Workers' Party"] took over power and I was fired. However, Mr. Stier, a very fine gentleman, made it possible for me to pass the journeyman exam.

After that there was no work available for me, and I emigrated September 1938 to the U.S. I had a hard life there for five years working as a dressmaker, until I finally found employment with an arts and crafts company. My mother was able to follow me to the U.S. in 1941.

Around 1954 to 1957 we heard that the German Government had decided to grant compensation to those children who had not been able to finish their schooling and education. I applied for it with the following results: principal Mr. Sander was demoted to a primary school, because in his first marriage he was married to a Jewish lady. He sent his children abroad immediately. But in reply to my request he answered that we could have continued going to school. This was not the case. But by that time he was already old and senile.

After that they asked my last homeroom teacher, Mrs. Weber, who had become a principal at the school. Her report claimed that I supposedly had been a mediocre student who had no intention of studying medicine or law and therefore had no need to attend the school any longer. Although I was not the best one in class, I must add that Wilhelmine Schmitz and myself were the first and the only children who could pass up the fourth grade of grade school and were allowed to enter the 1st grade of high school directly. At that point religion and politics had not entered into it as yet.

My application for reparation was refused. Besides, it had been a long time ago. Proofs and grade papers I have thrown away long ago.

Most of my Jewish classmates managed to emigrate. My mother's sister died in Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp]. Already in 1932 she had lost the house

and the business of my grandparents in Alsfeld, district Oberhessen. They boycotted her until she was bankrupt. I was unable to have the real estate returned to me as the sole survivor. They told me that one cannot inherit anything from an aunt.

M. K.

The other students were not allowed to have any contact with us

Martin H. Kingsley, formerly Heinz Martin Koenigsberger, was a student at the Muster-Schule and the Philanthropin; today he lives in the USA

I attended the Muster-Schule from about 1931/32 until after the Boycott Day [refers to April 1, 1933, when the Nazis called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses], e.g. I was in the 1st and 2nd grade of high school. I remember just before that day our teacher assembled all the Jewish students to advise them to remain at home on that day. I believe, it was April, 1933. The other students were not allowed to have any contact with us, and so I was "removed" into the Philanthropin [Jewish school].

I also remember that I was allowed to pass up the last grade of grade school. The only other student who joined me in this was Edgar Feucht. We together took our "coaching lessons" in a very friendly spirit. But when the government changed, he then became very nasty, beat me up and turned the others against me.

I could not say that the teachers mistreated me. But it was far from pleasant to stay at school.

The only classmate, whom I met once in New York, is Hans Kaufmann, who survived the Nazi period.

I emigrated in 1937, continued my studies in England, and went to the U.S. in 1940. I was in Germany as a U.S. soldier from 1944 to 1945.

Martin H. Kingsley

I was not personally attacked

I was born in August 1919 in the Jewish Hospital in Gagernstrasse, which today is the Jewish Home for the Aged. I started school at the Philanthropin [Jewish school] in 1925 and finished primary school there in 1933.

Thereafter I learned dressmaking and finished at the general trade school at Muehlberg in Sachsenhausen. Up to my emigration there reigned an ever more rampant anti-Semitism in Germany, but I was not attacked personally.

In 1935 I emigrated with my parents to Palestine.

R. S. L.

*R. S. L. attended
the Philanthropin
and the trade
school at
Muehlberg;*

*today she lives
in Israel*

Until April 1933 I had never experienced anything unpleasant as a Jewish girl

I am a Jewish woman and attended high school at the Schiller-Schule until April 1933 when I left having reached the 9th grade of high school. My parents had decided to take me out of school and to send me to England.

I had never experienced anything unpleasant as a Jewish girl, although our principal Mr. Bojunga was well-known as a German nationalist as well as our much liked homeroom teacher Mrs. Lisel Disselkoetter. On the contrary, she visited my parents on April 2 [after the Boycott day of April 1, 1933, when the Nazis called upon the population to boycott all Jewish businesses], and assured them that the class, and she herself, desired I should still continue until graduation from high school. Nothing would happen to me. I was also requested to spend some time with the other students at the school country home named "Allgaeu" during Easter recess, which came to pass.

Then I emigrated to England and my younger sister stayed at school to the end of 1935.

Ch. L.

*Ch. L. was a
student at the
Schiller-Schule;*

*today she lives
in England*

It was very hard for me in those days to be totally alone all of a sudden, without having even one single friend in my class

*Walter J. Natt
was a student at
the Muster-
Schule;
today he lives
in the USA*

I come from an old Frankfurt family, on my mother's side since 1489. My father's family came from Langenlonsheim, where his family had been living in that area since 1550. My father was a highly respected physician in Frankfurt and had been awarded the Iron Cross I [medal of the German army], having served as staff surgeon during World War I. He is mentioned in the article from a Frankfurt paper enclosed.

I was a student at the Muster-Schule for nine years from 1926 to graduation in 1935. I was the last Jew who graduated from that school. We were about ten Jewish boys in a class of perhaps thirty students, but most of them emigrated in 1933. It seems to me that I was the only Jew at that school for the last 2 years: Since I intended to study medicine, it was very important for me to pass the graduation tests.

I don't have much to tell myself. I emigrated to the USA in 1938. My brother Bernhard, who attended the Muster-Schule up to the 6th grade of high school, has been through much more than myself.

Although they were mostly members of the Nazi party, my teachers did not give me a hard time at all. For the last two years my grades were hardly satisfactory any longer, because it was very hard for me to concentrate on school work during that time. If the teachers and the principal had wanted to, they could easily have failed me. But they were all very fair towards me and thus I passed the graduation exam.

The teachers who opposed the Nazis were Mr. Banholzer, Mr. Zickel and Mr. Hepp. The principal Dr. Peter Mueller was also an anti-Nazi. All the others belonged to the Nazi party, but I don't believe out of enthusiasm but solely to protect their career. I must not forget to mention one anti-Nazi, Dr. Schaefer-Zimmer. He was always very courageous and he is mentioned on pages 3, 26, 27 etc. of the book "School in the Third Reich" (Schule im Dritten Reich). The Nazi teachers adopted a very cold attitude towards me, but they were always polite.

The classmates who were my friends without exception before January 30, 1933, were no longer permitted to talk to me after the takeover of the Nazi party. They all belonged to the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization]. It was very hard for me in those days to be totally alone all of a sudden, without having even one single friend in my class. After all, this is so very important at that time of life. Since I had the goal to study medicine, I decided to go for the graduation exams even under such circumstances.

The classmates and the teachers persisted in an ice-cold attitude towards me. Nobody talked to me, they were only absolutely correct. I never heard a term of abuse. In 1935 after my graduation I had three classmates suddenly coming to my house in order to apologize for the whole class, and they were very sympathetic. As far as I know there were merely two real Nazi boys in my class, one of the two lost his life in the war. All the others had to join the Hitler Youth to facilitate their entry into college.

Walter J. Natt

*At the Woehler-Realgymnasium
in the early spring of 1933
my classmates attacked me and beat me up*

I attended the Woehler-Realgymnasium in 1933. In the early spring of 1933 my classmates attacked me and beat me up. I could not go back to school then (I have repressed it all.) In the fall I had to enter the Jewish school, the Philanthropin. I attended the Philanthropin until 1937, afterwards one year at school in England. Then I emigrated with my family to the USA in August 1938.

The only teachers I can remember from the Woehler are Dr. Stiebeling, our homeroom teacher, an instructor in math, Mr. Diehl, and a biology teacher, whose name I have forgotten. I don't think they were Nazis. I knew Stiebeling a little better, because he had been a friend of my father since World War I.

*Professor Dr.
Herbert W. Levi
was a student at
the Woehler-
Realgymnasium
and the Philan-
thropin;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

The biology teacher, an entomologist, made a great impression on me. I myself became an entomologist later on. I often think back to his marvelous method of teaching. All of us had to have a house pet and record our observations in a book. At first I had a cicada, later a finch.

After the war I heard more about my teachers at the Philanthropin who had perished. I also heard that our homeroom teacher at the Woehler-Schule had been retired, because he could not keep his mouth shut during the Nazi period.

I still remember a student named Gelbart. I think he was the student whose mother brought him to school every morning, and when the students complained to her very cautiously, she yelled at us: "You lie like the Pope!"

I have discussed our school memories with my brother, who can remember hardly anything except that he attended grade school classes at the Woehler-Schule, later the Varrentrapp-Schule, and that it was a long way from our house. I believe we all have expelled the worst years from our memory. I can remember the excursions to the Taunus region much better than the classes at school.

Prof. Dr. Herbert W. Levi

The headmaster of the Muster-Schule, Dr. Peter Mueller, had to resign from his post in the mid-30s

Helmut Rothenberg, O. B. E., was a student at the Muster-Schule;

I was a student of the Muster-Schule from 1926 to 1933. I graduated from high school in January 1933 and left Frankfurt on March 31, 1933 for London.

The headmaster of the Muster-Schule during my attendance there was Dr. Peter Mueller who was an outstanding academic and a man of a very fine character. He had to resign from his post in the mid-30s but after the war was reinstated as a high-ranking civil servant on Frankfurt's School Board. His son,

Otto Mueller, was a classmate of mine and after the war he became President of the West German Patent Court in Munich until his retirement. He still lives in Munich and I am in touch with him.

*today he lives
in England*

I am still in touch with a number of the Jewish students who were at school with me in the 1920s and 1930s.

Helmut Rothenberg, O. B. E.

My friend escaped after years of flight through France

As I graduated from the Woehler-Schule in 1928, my classmates were still able to flee in time. At that time, if I remember correctly, there existed no open anti-Semitism at all at school. Mr. Hirsch was a popular teacher, even though people made comments on his physical appearance. The memorial publication of the Philanthropin [Jewish school] describes his fate.

*Dr. P. D. was a
student at the
Woehler-Real-
gymnasium;*

I never again heard of my classmate Helmann, the son of the director of the Neues Theater. My friend, Franz Dessauer, escaped to Los Angeles after years of flight through France.

*today he lives
in South Africa*

In March 1936 I emigrated to South Africa and I still practice medicine there today.

Dr. P. D.

If the Jewish girls had tried to continue their friendships, they would have endangered their friends and themselves

*Irma Rita
Lichtenberg née
Irmgard Rita
Stein was a
student at the
Varrentrapp-
Schule, Viktoria-
Schule, the Phi-
lanthropin and
the Jewish School
for Home
Economics;
today she lives
in the USA*

I was 13 years old when Hitler seized power. My grade school years were totally normal with many friends of any religion. Nobody asked what one celebrated, Christmas and Easter or Hanukah and Passover. The clergy was treated with respect, if we knew them we said hello to them, and we exchanged the typical holiday food among each other. We were four children and received from our neighbors small gifts at Christmas time and Easter eggs for that occasion. Come Hanukah our friends received nuts and candy, and for Passover Matzoh or some other special holiday foods.

I went from grade school at the Varrentrapp-Schule into the 1st grade at the Viktoria-Schule. I enjoyed that time very much. Once again we were disinterested in the differences between religions. We had a home for school excursions in Eppenhain in the Taunus mountains. Every class spent at least two weeks there during the school year. In the beginning it was not possible for the girls who kept kosher [Jewish dietary laws] to participate. But the principal and the faculty considered it a matter of course to make it possible for us to spend those unforgettable weeks with the class there. It shaped the 36 girls into a strong unit, or so it seemed.

Easter 1933 brought the turning point. They sent us home before the end of the official school year. In those days one could find out to what extent some girls had been incited at home, or whose attitude was still free of Nazi influences. Tears were shed and we heard manifestations of regret and of injustice. But there was also one of them, whose name I remember to this day, who threatened to have the decent ones prosecuted.

My goal was always to become a teacher. Therefore I had to try to graduate from high school and entered the Oberrealschule of the Philanthropin [Jewish school]. But before I could arrive at graduation it became impossible for a Jew to be admitted for the teaching certificate examination or to hope for the chance to become a teacher at an institution of public secondary school. Therefore I transferred a year before gra-

duation into the Jewish School for Home Economics in Koenigswarterstrasse. There was still a possibility to prepare for the state exam as a supervisor in a day home or as a teacher in home economics. It required an apprenticeship of three years.

From then on I was a Jewish girl in the school for home economics. Neither the school nor myself had any contact with the public schools. From the moment that we left the public schools we had to forget our former girl friends. If the Jewish girls had tried to continue their friendships, they would have endangered their friends and themselves. The neighbors remained reserved but friendly.

Life became more and more difficult, of course, and new anti-Jewish laws appeared constantly. My goal to become a supervisor or home economics teacher was also destroyed with these regulations.

It was very difficult to leave Germany because very few countries opened their doors to the threatened Jews in Germany. I still managed at age of 20 to leave my parents with two suitcases and to emigrate to the USA. Life here was very hard, especially for a young person who had never been employed before.

I was permitted to take two suitcases with the most necessary personal clothes and 10.- Reichsmark. It meant when I arrived here I had neither any money nor a roof over my head. But as the years go by one learns to stand alone on one's own two feet and to utilize the foundations acquired at home and in school to master one's fate.

My great hope to see my parents and brothers again never became reality. They were sent to the concentration camp, all of them, where their lives were ended.

On studying history we find out that nearly in every country they find a scapegoat, if the problems become overwhelming there. "Somebody must be responsible, after all, when we have so many unemployed." This is just one example.

It is my opinion that we humans are all alike and religion is a private matter which concerns social relationships only in as far as the ethics of any religion are applied to the way people treat each other.

Irma Rita Lichtenberg

Three or four girls in my class made no secret of their anti-Semitism long before January 1933

*Hilde J. Mayer
was a student at
the Viktoria-
Schule;
today she lives
in England*

In January 1933 I was a student at the Viktoria-Schule in the 7th grade. The Jewish girls were sent home at the end of March 1933, and this was the end of my school years.

Due to the foresight of my father, whose family had been living near Frankfurt since 1680 approximately, which is documented, our family emigrated in 1935 and I can tell little about those following years.

Four of my Jewish classmates emigrated to the USA. I don't know anything about the fate of the other ones.

The lady principal of the school was fired immediately or forced from her position. A Math teacher, Dr. Ernst, took over as acting principal. He conducted himself before and after January 1933 like a perfect gentleman. The homeroom teacher was probably a fellow traveler. A small group of girls in class (3 or 4) made no secret of their anti-Semitism long before January 1933.

Hilde J. Mayer

My mother hanged herself before her deportation to Auschwitz

*Gretel Merom née
Baum was a
student at
the Viktoria-
Schule;
today she lives
in Israel*

The family of my mother (née Geiger) had been living in Frankfurt since the beginning of the 17th century. Our family tree can be seen in the archives of the City of Frankfurt, which I found on a visit to Frankfurt in July 1993.

In 1932, the hundredth anniversary of the death of Goethe, I graduated from high school. Therefore I can report merely about the years directly before Hitler.

The memories of my school years are very positive. I spent an unbelievably happy time at the Viktoria-Schule [today Bettina-Schule]. One half of my classmates were Jewish and enjoyed a particularly good relationship with our Gentile classmates, two of whom became enthusiastic Nazis later on.

Thanks to our teachers - Mrs. Grete Hoff, Dr. Gertrud Fucker and our principal Ferdinand Reinhold - we received an extraordinary democratic education. We maintained an unusually good relationship with these teachers and in class there reigned a particularly good "class spirit" as it was called in those days. Although I graduated in 1932, I still stayed in touch with those teachers and classmates and I am still friendly with them today to some extent and correspond with them.

Now I can report that our German teacher, Dr. Rudolf Hoffmann, who pretended to be a democrat and was a very bad teacher, turned out to be a very ugly Nazi. I remember especially that after he had delivered a speech in the auditorium on Constitution Day, the then lady principal, Mrs. Dr. Hoffa said, "I want to point out to you all that Dr. Hoffmann, a former army veteran, has spoken for democracy." Maybe spoken all right, but the truth looked unfortunately quite different. Immediately after the seizure of power he was put in charge as principal of the school. His first act in office was to chase our highly popular lady teacher from the school - that's not the half of it.

I visited Germany the first time after the war in 1961. Mrs. Dr. Fucker told me that on the occasion of the Book Burning [refers to the public burning of books which the Nazis considered as "Jewish-Bolshevist" literature on May 10, 1933] he almost threw a book about the Nibelungs which his father had published into the flames. The gym teacher, Miss Gertrud Abée, a vigorous Nazi, had no qualms about asking Mrs. Dr. Hoff to write a declaration for her that she had never been a Nazi before, this on Mrs. Hoff's return from England after the war. Mrs. Hoff told me that herself during a visit to Israel.

I am not informed about the other teachers. I have been in touch with many of my classmates to this day. We all think that we spent a wonderful time at school, most of all due to our homeroom teacher Mrs. Grete Hoff, whom we all loved and who has had a definite influence on our lives in one way or another. We could discuss any problem with her and were in the know on all the currents and problems of the Weimar Republic in those days.

I don't want to forget our home for school excursions, which gave us the chance to get intimately acquainted with each

other. We talked about the problems that concerned all of us. Mrs. Hoff, an excellent musician on the cello, provided musical evenings which to this day are unforgettable to me.

In 1934, in April, I emigrated to the then Palestine and live today in an old people's home in Haifa.

My parents remained in Frankfurt, my brother emigrated in 1937 to the U.S. My parents were deported in 1942 to Litzmannstadt/Lodz. My mother hanged herself before her deportation to Auschwitz [extermination camp].

Although I still have friends in Frankfurt, it is not easy for me to go back there. The memories are too overwhelming and they don't lessen as one gets older; on the contrary, I always think more and more of all the things that happened.

Gretel Merom

*Every morning all the students
had to line up in the schoolyard
and yell "Heil Hitler"*

*Henry M. Black,
formerly Heinz
Max Schwarzschild, was a
student at the
private school
Birklehof in the
Black Forest and
the Philanthropin;
today he lives
in the USA*

From 1932 until 1934 I attended the private school "Birklehof" near Hinterzarten in the Black Forest. The principal was Mr. Kurt Hahn, and because he was a Jew he had to leave in 1933. A certain Mr. Wittelshass assumed the management. Every morning all the students had to line up in the schoolyard of Birklehof and yell "Heil Hitler." I was exempt from it because I had asked to be.

Then, from 1934 to 1935, I attended the Jewish school Philanthropin (where the cinema "Die Kurbel" is now). Our principal Mr. Driesen tried to prove that the Jews in Frankfurt were loyal citizens of the state. He shouted: "We German Jews show the colors Black, White and Red!" My younger brother attended the Philanthropin as well.

Perhaps one or the other of the older Frankfurt citizens still remembers Schwarzschild-Ochs. The company was owned by my father.

My older brother Max emigrated to France in 1934 and has been missing since 1942. I have requested the local Red Cross Organization to search for him.

Henry M. Black

One morning Dr. Fath arrived in a storm-trooper uniform, saluted smartly and then observed critically the reaction and response of the students

On January 30, 1933 I was ten years old. I was sent to the neighborhood grocery to get something. It was late in the afternoon, the store was crowded with late local shoppers, and the radio was turned on for the news. On that day Hitler had become chancellor, but I had heard nothing about it, and as far as I know, nobody knew anything about it at home. It appeared to be a significant event, and the people in the store listened with the utmost attention.

Dad had not returned yet from his work at the daily newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung", and I can't remember any response till he came home to dinner. The comments sounded guarded but troubled. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" was well-known for its long and exemplary liberal editorial tradition. It belonged to Jews and its editorial staff spoke up against the Nazis during the time of political turmoil. My father was a well-informed editor and worried about the future, but his optimism gave rise to his remarks that Hitler would not long be capable of running the government.

I attended the Lessing-Gymnasium since 1932. It was an elitist institution with high educational demands, with humanistic and liberal traditions, where we studied Latin as the first foreign language followed by classical Greek. Gym classes were emphasized. The faculty consisted of marvelous instructors of high caliber. My classmates and friends were a mixture of children belonging to the upper middle class, Jewish and non-Jewish, and if we had not attended a separate

*Lothar E.
Nachman was a
student at the
Lessing-Gymna-
sium and the
Philanthropin;*

*he lived in the
USA where he
died in 1994*

class for religious studies each week, I would never have noticed the difference.

The first changes happened gradually. For a boy of ten years nothing changed on the surface in the city of Frankfurt. Once a week I went to the sports club, played soccer in my class team and went to school as usual. Generally speaking the teachers ignored the political change for a while. The atmosphere changed on the day when the teachers had to enter the classroom with the Hitler salute, arm raised and shouting "Heil Hitler".

The students were obliged to respond to the salute in the same way. One morning Dr. Fath arrived in a storm-trooper uniform [uniform of an S.S. Nazi], saluted smartly and then observed critically the reaction and response of the students. We now had a complete polarization, and from one moment to the next the class was suddenly divided into followers, opponents and neutrals. In contrast to this, Dr. Engel entered the class, equally outspoken, with his hand turned carelessly downward, said "Sit down!" and started the lesson.

Those were the early signs for the future of the "nonconformists" and the Jews who were thus clearly identified and listed for their exile. It happened quickly. The friends turned away either shamefully or with hostility. Soon after there appeared uniforms of the Jungvolk [Nazi organization for children] in the lower forms, and Hitler Youth uniforms [Nazi youth organization] in the upper forms. Those in uniform turned openly violent and encouraged others to harass the Jewish students and to make life difficult for them. The most diligent Jewish students were the ones mostly mistreated, the Jewish players in the soccer teams were attacked on the playing field and in the locker rooms. Verbal and physical fights were a daily occurrence. After some of us had been asked to give up extra curricular activities, all the Jewish players refused to continue their soccer playing with the result that the class could no longer form a successful team. I well remember the satisfaction I felt when my former classmates lost one game after another.

Already long before the Nazi takeover Frankfurt had a famous high school under Jewish leadership. Even though they had not as yet been excluded from the other Frankfurt schools officially, Jewish students changed over to the Philanthropin

in ever increasing numbers. The school grew fast and was regarded as an established alternative to the growing molestations. In 1934 the number of students at the Philanthropin had doubled to about 800.

At home a changeover to the Philanthropin was constantly under discussion. A very irksome event became a turning point for my changeover and the other Jewish students in my class. Four of us lived in the same area, and usually we all went home together. Edgar Saretzki, Norbert Meyers, Gerhard Strauss and I were waylaid close to our house by some of our classmates, and an ugly fight ensued in the street. Gerhard was carrying his cello case and immediately pulled out the bow, which he used as a handy weapon. If it had not been our classmates it could have been regarded as a normal street fight. But there was no chance of a misunderstanding. Victory or defeat was not the aim. We were not wanted.

The incident was brought to the attention of the principal of the Lessing-Gymnasium. He was a well-known educator, liberal and proud of the high standards and reputation of his school. He questioned me and indicated in a very friendly manner that it might perhaps be better for my education to change schools, since this was surely only the beginning of things. Dr. Meyer-Leonhard appeared deeply worried and ashamed. He spoke to me more like a father than an official teacher. My father knew him well and held him in high regard. Some time later Dr. Meyer-Leonhard was dismissed.

In 1934 most of the Jewish girls and boys in Frankfurt were integrated into a new Jewish lifestyle. They concentrated on their families, the Jewish activities at the Philanthropin and the social and cultural organizations that arose in the city and elsewhere in Germany. We were more discriminated against than persecuted and as youngsters growing up we lived rather more concerned with the hardships of the older generation than our own problems.

Lothar E. Nachman

The students harassed me and beat me up

B. K. was a student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule;

she lives today in Israel

I was born in Frankfurt in 1923 and attended the school at Tiergarten. The principal of the school was Jewish. The students harassed me and beat me up. My parents decided to emigrate because of that. We went to France and settled down in Belfort.

B. K.

Of course, in 1933 I was expelled from the association of former students of the school

Arnold S. Oppenheimer

I was born June 15, 1907 in Frankfurt, attended the secondary school of the Israelite Religious Society from 1913 to 1922 and the Sachsenhaeuser Oberrealschule from 1922 to 1925 in Frankfurt.

As far as I know, there were only three Jewish students at the school, all of them in my class. I have information only about one of my two classmates. He emigrated in time, since his father was an international banker and very wealthy. First he went to France but continued on to Israel in time. He died last year at age 84 in Israel.

The Sachsenhaeuser Oberrealschule had no Jewish students before us, except for my older brother, who attended the school from 1920 to 1923. Therefore "an active anti-Semitism" was unknown there. But naturally we suffered some small attacks from the younger students at the school.

There were only four active anti-Semites in my class, the other students were indifferent. Therefore we had hardly any violence, even though we heard remarks from time to time. Approximately one third of the faculty was

Bitte lesen!

Sehr wichtig!

An alle Vereinsmitglieder!

Sicher haben Sie die neuen Satzungen des Vereins gelesen, die wir Ihnen Anfang Oktober dieses Jahres haben zugehen lassen, und dabei ganz besonders § 6 beachtet, wonach nur noch solche ehemaligen Schüler Mitglieder des Vereins sein können, die

arischer Abstammung

sind oder als Nichtarier am Weltkrieg als Frontkämpfer teilgenommen haben.

Da sich in der Zwischenzeit fast alle nichtarischen Mitglieder angemeldet haben, halte ich es für überflüssig, von jedem Vereinsmitglied schriftlich die ehrenwörtliche Erklärung über seine Vorfahren einzufordern, die ja doch nur nach bestem Wissen und Gewissen gegeben werden kann.

Ich fordere aber hierdurch alle Mitglieder des Vereins nochmals höflich auf, ernstlich zu prüfen, ob sie gemäß § 6 Mitglied des Vereins bleiben können; andernfalls erbittle ich die Abmeldung bis spätestens zum 15. November 1933. Wir bedauern selbstverständlich das Scheitern eines jeden Mitgliedes, aber die Gleichhaltung muß im Interesse des neuen Staates genau durchgeführt werden.

Den allen anderen Mitgliedern nehme ich ohne weiteres an, daß ihr Verbleiben im Verein zugleich die ehrenwörtliche Erklärung nach bestem Wissen und Gewissen ist, daß sich unter Ihren Vorfahren bis zum 2. Grad keine Juden befinden.

Frankfurt am Main, im November 1933.

Mit deutschem Gruß.

Der Führer des Vereins ehem. Sachsenhäuser Oberrealschüler:
Erst Becher.

anti-Semitic and showed it. But we had a particularly liberal principal by the name of Mr. Zint. Therefore anti-Jewish remarks by the teachers remained harmless due to the attitude of the principal. He is not alive any more.

Of course, I was expelled in 1933 from the association of former students.

In the beginning of 1936 I emigrated to England.

Arnold S. Oppenheimer

*was a student at
the Samson-
Raphael-Hirsch-
Schule and
Sachsenhaeuser
Oberrealschule;*

*today he lives
in England*

Please read! Very important!

For all Clubmembers

I assume you have read the **new by-laws of the association**, which we sent you the beginning of October of this year, and you have especially noted § 6. Accordingly, only those former students can be members of the association, who are of

Aryan descent

or who as **Non-Aryans had participated as front-line soldiers in World War I.**

Since in the meantime nearly all non-Aryan members have withdrawn from the association, it is **superfluous to request** from each member a written declaration on his **word of honor** about his ancestors, which can be given after all only according to the best of his knowledge and conscience.

However, I herewith ask all members of the association once more to seriously consider, whether they can remain as members according to § 6; otherwise I request their withdrawal by November 15, 1933 at the latest. Of course, we regret the departure of each member, but in the interest of the new state our association must be brought into line with exactitude.

I assume of all other members without fail, that their remaining as members of this association is tantamount to **their word of honor declaration, to the best of their knowledge and conscience, that there are no Jews among their ancestors up to the second degree.**

Frankfurt on Main, November 1933

With German Salute

The President of the Association of Former
Students of the Sachsenhaeuser Oberrealschule

Fritz Becker

*Translation of the announcement sent to us by Mr.
Arnold S. Oppenheimer*

Come Christmas time our teacher read from the New Testament; afterwards he reminded us in a speech that we had to take revenge on France

Alfred H. Sommer was a student at the Goethe-Gymnasium; today he lives in the USA

I graduated from high school in 1928 at the Goethe-Gymnasium. Enclosed I am sending the copy of a photograph of my graduation class. Since then I have only met Ernst Caspari, who was my best friend at school. He died a few years ago in Rochester, where he worked as a professor of biology. My only brother also attended the Goethe-Gymnasium.

I can say the following about the four teachers you can see in the first row on the photograph. Although they had to keep their mouth shut during my time there, I was convinced already then that they were all Nazi sympathizers. Later on I heard as well that all of them officially became members of the Nazi party after 1933. Mr. Adami was my Latin teacher for all the six years, Mr. Wirtz my Math instructor from 3rd grade of high school to graduation. Mr. Bruhn was the principal and taught us Greek prose. Mr. Weber taught Homer and French. Come Christmas time Bruhn read from the New Testament; afterwards he reminded us in a speech that we had to take revenge on France!

Nearly all the teachers at school were rightists; I think one of the main reasons was that they were professors before the war, but in the Weimar Republic only "Studienrat" [special title of a German high school teacher]. I left the Goethe-Gymnasium in 1928, i.e., during a time when the teachers could not yet demonstrate their anti-Semitism and their admiration of the Nazis.

Naturally, there existed other attitudes as well. Some of the teachers were very much to the right, e.g., Mr. Pfeffer, but of a fine human character. I have heard nothing but good things of Mr. Preiser. I was highly impressed by Mr. Fries - he was also "to the right" but very decent, especially on the Jewish question. He was good to me - I have to thank him in part that I studied chemistry. I believe after the war he became principal of the Goethe-Gymnasium.

I would like to mention one point. Before the Nazis took over, no Jew was employed as an instructor at a secondary school, in spite of the fact that many schools like our Goethe-Gymnasium had many Jewish students. But a Jew only had to allow himself to be baptized and he would be hired immediately (Mr. Banner at the Woehler-Schule, Mr. Neustadt at the Goethe-Gymnasium, etc.). It is interesting that religious anti-Semitism changed to racial anti-Semitism under the Nazis.

My father was a director of the company Metallgesellschaft. He started in 1890 as an apprentice and was thrown out in 1936. After the war they treated him very well - he got a pension which my mother continued to receive after he passed on, until 1984 (her death) - 94 years after my father started work there! The family of my father's mother had lived in Frankfurt since about 1600.

Until 1930 the Nazis did not play a big part, and my daily life was not much disturbed by them. I had many non-Jewish playmates and friends at school and my father worked at Metallgesellschaft, where Jews and Non-Jews worked very well together. We were living, of course, in the socialist "Weimar Republic." The mayor of Frankfurt was a Jew, Mr. Landmann, and the Jewish Police Commissioner was Mr. Sinzheimer.

With the elections of 1930, the Nazis made substantial progress and my life and that of my family became more and more unpleasant. But the great change arrived only in 1933, when Hitler was elected chancellor. I realized at once that we had to emigrate in order to save our lives, but the daily existence was still bearable. I was able to finalize my studies at the University of Berlin and in 1934 was given the title of "Doctor" in chemistry. I even was employed in a non-Jewish firm and with the help of some non-Jewish friends (and some luck) I was given a position in England as a chemist. I married an English lady and we lived in London until 1953. After an interesting offer we moved to the U.S. and now we live here. Naturally, I have never returned to Germany.

My family was lucky too. My older brother found a position in the U.S. already in 1933. My parents were able to emigrate to the USA in 1938 by way of England. Of my three uncles two were in Buchenwald [concentration camp], but they managed

to get out in time with U.S. visas. One uncle died in London, my parents and the other uncles in the USA.

A few weeks ago I met Fred Baum (in New York) with whom I attended the Goethe-Gymnasium for 6 years. He left school with the grade of "Einjaehriger" [graduation from secondary school] aged 15 years, but I saw him from time to time in Germany, in England, where he visited me as a U.S. soldier, and since 1953 once in a while in the USA. Otherwise, I have no other contact with students of the Goethe-Gymnasium, and I don't know who may still be alive from my class. Fred Baum meets his old friend Rudolf Wolf (now in Los Angeles) occasionally. I graduated with him, but I have not seen him any more since 1928.

Alfred H. Sommer

A Christian primary school teacher in Heddernheim, whose name was Willi Jude, was requested to change his name

L. P. was a student at the Elisabethen-Schule and at the Philanthropin; today she lives in Israel

Since Easter 1932 I attended the Elisabethen-Gymnasium in Frankfurt. Shortly before the Easter recess in 1933 the principal of that time visited our classroom. We were altogether nine Jewish students. He suggested the Jewish students should not return after recess. We, nine students, rose up as one and left the Elisabethen-Gymnasium already a few days before the end of the semester.

We attended the Philanthropin, the Jewish high school, for another five months. I emigrated in September 1933. I am sorry to say that I don't remember the names of the eight classmates any more. It ought to be possible to find them. I was then at the end of the first grade of high school.

Concerning the schools, I remember the following: There was a Christian primary school teacher in Heddernheim whose name was Willi Jude [= Jew]. He was requested to change his name. He did not comply with it, and I heard then that he was removed because of his refusal.

L. P.

After 1935 almost none of the other students wanted to be seen with us anymore or to be caught talking to us

I am a former citizen of the city of Frankfurt. I was born December 29, 1920. My parents came from Kassel and Heinebach (district Melsungen). My father came to Frankfurt about 1904 and became a very successful merchant. He and a partner owned and operated as many as 38 fine food stores under the now defunct name "Witwe Hassan". These stores were located throughout the city of Frankfurt on Main and the surrounding towns, including Offenbach, Hanau, Bad Homburg and Bad Nauheim.

We owned a fine home at Loenestrasse 5, but we were forced to sell it in 1935 and moved into an apartment at Finken-
hofstrasse 32.

I was enrolled in the Muster-Schule in the spring of 1935. I was among the better students and I had every intention to graduate and then study at the university. During the five years I was at the Muster-Schule I was treated decently. The principal at that time was a Peter Mueller, who was extremely upset when I left for the Philanthropin [Jewish school] in 1936. I left the Muster-Schule primarily because of a course called "Race Science" which taught the worst kind of anti-Semitism. I was one of three Jewish students in the class, and after 1935 almost none of the other students wanted to be seen with us anymore or to be caught talking to us.

I continued my education at the Commercial School in Hamburg and worked in an export company until I emigrated in January 1939.

Walter M. Sommers

*Walter M.
Sommers,
formerly
Walter Sommer,
was a student at
the Muster-
Schule and at
the Philan-
thropin;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

*One classmate was a brutal fanatic.
He made no secret of his desire
to see us Jews killed*

*Hans Wolff was a
student at the
Goethe-Gymnasi-
um and the
Muster-Schule;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

I was born in 1913, attended the Goethe-Gymnasium to the 7th grade of high school, had to repeat one year for health reasons and graduated in 1932 at the Muster-Schule. Thus I was no longer at school at the time of the Nazi takeover and not in Frankfurt either. I was a medical student at the university of Heidelberg, but I had to abandon my studies in 1933.

In our graduation class we had a few Nazis, but I want to comment only on two of them, since they were basically different from each other. I think it makes no sense to name them, although I remember them well. One of them was a brutal fanatic. He made no secret of his desire to see us Jews killed. The other one was a more intellectual person, attracted by the Nazi ideology and who was principally no less fanatic. I have no idea about the fate of those two or the other classmates. I heard of one who lived in England, and know of two of them in the USA. I heard indirectly that some of them were killed in concentration camps and found their names on the long list at the Jewish Museum in Frankfurt.

The principal of the Goethe-Gymnasium, Dr. Bruhn, was a distinguished, somewhat old-fashioned scholar. I did not know his successor, who was quickly removed by the Nazis. I had heard that he was a modern and progressive personality. I had the greatest respect for the principal of the Muster-Schule, Dr. Mueller, a highly respectable decent man, who was also removed very soon by the new regime. I found it most interesting how one of our teachers, prone to make remarks like "the gentleman of the chosen people", became very tactful and decent towards the Jewish students, while one of our other teachers, whom, as a Catholic, we regarded as a follower of the Center Party, turned out to be especially nasty towards the Jewish students after these events.

Regarding my classmates: seen alphabetically, in the Goethe-Gymnasium Ambrosius was first, and since he may have suffered more than all the others, I want to talk about him. His father was an architect. They lived in Bettinastrasse. Ambrosius would have loved to be a Nazi with every fiber of

his being, but having had a Jewish mother caused him unbelievable desperation. I remember my father met Mr. Ambrosius somewhere, and the father of my classmate said to my father, "Mr. Wolff, you can't imagine how difficult a situation we have at home." And I believe that.

I assume that perhaps one third of our class consisted of Jewish students, as far as I know not one of the teachers. I only know of Kurt Friedlaender, who is a successful businessman in New York, Theo Neustaedter, who used to live in Mexico and died a few years ago, Felix Oppenheim, who probably was a university professor in the eastern United States. I remember my classmate Sporn. After the war Sporn was in contact with Neustaedter. Other Goethe-Gymnasium students who were not in my class, but whom I still remember are naturally Bethe, who is a famous physicist (Nobel Prize), zur Strassen and especially Ernst and Fritz Caspari, whose parents perished in a concentration camp.

I believe that in many cases like the one of the Casparis, the younger generation escaped abroad, but the parents perished in the concentration camps. For instance, four generations of one of my mother's cousins by the name of Ettinghausen were murdered, but one son, Richard, emigrated to the U.S. and became an outstanding scholar in Islamic Art. He never spoke again of his parents, grandparents, two sisters and their children. They all were killed. I know about some others, but since they have no direct connection to the Goethe-Gymnasium, I will not report on them.

Hans Wolff

*In my class a Jewish student was called by
the history teacher Mr. Goerres "The
Knight With the Crooked Nose"*

*Fred L. Strauss
was a student at
the Goethe-
Gymnasium;
today he lives
in the USA*

I graduated from high school at the Goethe-Gymnasium in 1926 and left school. In those early years - and Hitler was still fairly unknown - the predecessor of Hitler was very active: "The Freecorps" [militarist and anti-democratic military unit] which agitated in a radical and criminal way. During that time Walter Rathenau was murdered. The majority of the teachers made no secret of their distaste of the Weimar Republic and informed us about it. The students heard speeches about the "November Criminals", the founders of the Republic, and anti-Semitic remarks were not lacking. One Jewish student in my class - he was an immigrant - was called by the history teacher Mr. Goerres "The Knight with The Crooked Nose".

The principal of the high school, privy councilor Mr. Bruhn, demonstrated radically national sentiments already in those early days. He almost always wore an old fieldgrey uniform, and his lessons were a militarily influenced activity based on the very strictest discipline. It was unpleasant, impersonal, in short, disagreeable and unproductive. He is dead and I have no idea whether he became a member of the Nazi party.

The gym teacher Jansen certainly was a Party member. He was pretty stupid, and to the best of my knowledge, he became the official representative of the NSDAP at high school.

The three or four Jewish boys in my class sensed very little of the future catastrophe. Two of them emigrated to the U.S. I can mention one name: Paul Weidenbaum (now Weiden) who unfortunately has passed away in the meantime. I believe he was very successful and lived in New York. He was an attorney. Helmut Silberburg emigrated to South Africa. I don't know anything more about him.

Fred L. Strauss

I was kicked out of the Goethe-Gymnasium for accepting the "Gold Sports Medal of the Reich"

We are an old Frankfurt family with relatives still living there, vineyards in the Wuerzburg region, which are still, or rather again, our property, and there is a close connection with Frankfurt, dating back to the 17th century.

In 1929 I entered 1st grade at the Goethe-Gymnasium. While it was considered an elitist school, it also had a few students from poor families on scholarships. One of my closest friends during my childhood was Eugen Jussek. His family were staunch Catholics. The Nazis prevented him from graduation and sent him as a soldier to the Russian front. He survived it and is today a famous psychiatrist in the USA. Other classmates were Peter Erskine, formerly Ehrmann, who is living still as a pensioner in England, also the bankers' sons Morell and Hirsch-Ladenburg. A great number of my former classmates live today in the USA where all have done exceedingly well. If I may be allowed some cynicism, it seems to me that Hitler, had he worked with the 6 million Jews instead of killing them, might even have won the war. The military records of the emigrants on the Allied side give a fair picture.

The teachers at the Goethe-Gymnasium represented mostly the Stahlhelm type, who on the so-called "Heroes' Memorial Day" appeared at school in full (and forbidden) uniform of World War I. They were largely decent and correct people, all anti-Nazis and most certainly not anti-Semitic. During the early Hitler years they helped, sponsored and protected the Jewish students, who were still attending the school. Specifically, I remember Prof. Fries, whose son became a naval officer and was saved from being shot for disobeying some secret surprise orders by the Allied forces, before it was too late. Mr. Jensen was our gym teacher and trained someone like me to confront the Nazi system by helping me to win the "Gold Sports Medal of the Reich". I was kicked out of school for accepting it. That was the time of Reichssport-leaders Mr. von Tschammer and Mr. Osten, who still permitted Helen Meyer to fence and win medals at the Olympic Games. She

*Barón Howard
Steven Strouth
was a student at
the Goethe-
Gymnasium;
today he lives
in Spain*

and I were trained by Master Gazzera, but her talents were much greater.

Prof. von Wendhausen and Prof. Hahn returned after the war over 80 years old, to teach again. We have to thank all these teachers, including principal Mr. Neumann, and my favorite German teacher, who was dismissed as a "Non-Aryan" by the school and committed suicide with his wife. Our true appreciation of the German humanistic tradition. I am sorry to say I forget his name. The replacement was as expected. A grade school teacher from a village became the "enforcer". He had been given the "Medal of Blood" [Nazi medal]. The young teachers were employed on the basis of their Nazi connections and the remainder were those who had always been both Nazi admirers and anti-Semites, just too cautious to show it during the days of the Republic.

My father sent me with other family members to England in 1934, where I continued my education. He stayed behind in Germany until November 1938 and supported the opposition within the Wehrmacht. The end came with the Munich Agreement. With the assistance of some friends he managed to leave Germany at the last moment. He never went back; in the tradition of a formerly imperial officer he felt that the Germans had betrayed themselves and their past.

I fought as a volunteer with the French forces and was wounded at Dunkirk. Later on I returned as one of the officers under General Patton and after the end of the war I also served as liaison officer in the first War Crimes Trials in Nuremberg.

Barón Howard Steven Strouth

Friendships with non-Jewish students hardly existed at all

I was born in Frankfurt in 1921, attended grade school from 1927 to 1931 at the Adlerflycht-Schule and Holzhausen-Schule, and attended the Muster-Schule from 1931 to 1937. I left it after completion of the 6th grade of high school, primarily because it was no longer possible for Jewish students to attend public schools. At that time I was one of about three Jewish students. The principal of the school was Dr. Peter Mueller, an anti-Nazi, who I believe was forced later on to retire.

It is hardly necessary to say that at that time it became an increasingly unbearable situation at school. I have reason to believe that some of the teachers were not Nazis, but they were forced to join the Nazi party and to avoid any contact with the Jewish students. I always felt that my homeroom teacher Dr. Albin Hofmann had been a very decent human being. But in the last years of my schooling he, too, avoided any contact with me. Friendships with non-Jewish students hardly existed at all. They clearly avoided any friendship with Jewish students. Although I experienced some painful clashes with boys in the streets, there never occurred any unpleasant events with my classmates. But there were no pleasant events either.

My father, Joseph Strupp, died in 1930; my brother and I emigrated together with my mother in June 1939. I am now 70 years old and still work daily as a tenured Professor of Psychology at Vanderbilt University.

Several uncles and aunts of mine were deported by the Nazis and died in the concentration camps.

Hans H. Strupp

Hans H. Strupp was a student at the Adlerflycht-Schule, Holzhausen-Schule and Muster-Schule;

today he lives in the USA

At first my parents thought that nothing would happen to them. When they finally grasped the situation it was unfortunately too late... Our parents and the parents of my youth group all perished in the concentration camps

Nomi Pulvermacher née Frieda Fleischer was a student at the Philanthropin; today she lives in Israel

Since my sixth year I attended the Jewish grade school of the Philanthropin at Hebelstrasse 13. During that time there were Christian students there as well, and there were also Christian teachers employed together with the Jewish teachers at the school. We were between 25 and 30 students in the class.

Before the Nazis came to power in 1933, some of my girl friends wanted to change over into a Christian high school. I myself and my brother, who is 2½ years older than I, stayed at the Philanthropin. After the summer recess in 1933 all the students who had changed over into Christian schools (e.g. Holbein-Schule) returned to the Philanthropin. In addition, many Jewish students from the nearer and farther surroundings of Frankfurt joined us, because they got thrown out of the Christian schools. If anybody wishes to find out more about our school and the circumstances at that time, he can find it in the book: "Das Philanthropin 1802-1942. Die Schule der Israelitischen Gemeinde in Frankfurt am Main", Verlag Waldemar Kramer ("The Philanthropin 1802-1942. The School of the Jewish Community Frankfurt Main", Publisher Waldemar Kramer).

With the first grade of high school we joined the athletic association of the Philanthropin, which was also prohibited as time went on. A part of our class became a Zionist young people's group: "Die Werkleute". We had our own house (Jewish property), but come 1937, the Nazis "took over" the building and remodeled it as Nazi barracks.

We conducted our meetings illegally, always organized in a different location. They were teaching modern Hebrew at our school and our club as well. It consisted of 12 boys and girls. Three boys and girls emigrated with their parents, and nine boys and girls were lucky enough to get to Palestine in

the beginning of 1939 with the Youth Aliyah [Organization which brought groups of children from Germany to Palestine]. My brother learned precision mechanics for two years in the automobile workshop at the Philanthropin from where he was sent to England.

On November 9, 1938 during the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms undertaken that night against the Jewish population in Germany] when all the synagogues were set on fire, we accompanied a group of "Eastern Jews" to the railroad station. They were part of a transport to Poland (Sponjin). Most of those expelled Jews were killed in concentration camps.

Our parents and the parents of my youth group all perished in the concentration camps. One part was deported in 1941 to Riga, another part to Buchenwald, Terezin, Birkenau and the South of France. Most of our classmates at school perished. Only the nine of us had the good fortune and the courage to continue our clandestine struggle to escape until 1939, and in this way we finally reached Palestine.

My parents and my relatives had lived in Germany since the 16th century. At first they thought that nothing would happen to them. When they finally grasped the situation, it was unfortunately too late. Their bad financial situation caused by the Nazis made it impossible for them to flee abroad. In the years 1939-1940 a fortune was required to make an escape possible. My brother and I regret tremendously being so powerless to help our parents and relatives, because we fled our "homeland" completely penniless before World War II.

I have never come to terms with the murder of our parents and our relatives. Even now, 55 years later, the wound is open. My visit to Frankfurt did not heal the injuries of the past. On the contrary, I felt that hatred of the Jews and foreigners still exists. I regret that this fact cannot let me forget.

Nomi Pulvermacher

Before Hitler, there hung a picture of Jesus in every classroom. It disappeared and was replaced by a painting of Hitler. It was said that Jesus went with the Jewish children, as their protector

I. T. tells about her son, who attended the Varrentrapp-Schule; today she lives in the USA

My son is now 62 years old. He attended the Varrentrapp-Schule for a short time. All the Jewish children were sent home and were prohibited from attending public schools.

Before Hitler, there hung a picture of Jesus in every classroom. It disappeared and was replaced by a painting of Hitler. It was said that Jesus went with the Jewish children, as their protector.

Most of the Jewish children afterwards attended the private institution of Mrs. Anni Hamann-Schnapper. I remember only my niece, Ursula Oesterreicher, whose father, my brother, was in two concentration camps. I was able to free him with money, and he arrived with his wife and child in England, where his wife was employed as a cook and he as a butler.

Other children were my nieces: Evelyn and Margot Weismann, Walter Edelmuth. Walter and Ellen Stein arrived with their parents in British Honduras and later went to the U.S. The grandchildren of Dr. Hanau got to Israel. Richard and Hilda Staumberg arrived with a Children's Transport to relatives in Baltimore. Erwin and Hilda Vogel moved to Belgium. I only know of other children in other cities.

I. T.

Our art teacher, Peter Schaefer-Simmern, was very anti-Nazi. On one occasion, when the students saluted him with "Heil Hitler" he said "Hands Down!"

I attended the Muster-Schule. In my time the faculty of the Muster-Schule behaved very decently towards its Jewish students. Especially worth mentioning is Oberstudienrat [special title of a German high school teacher] Paul Olbrich. He taught English and French and gave me private lessons to prepare me for the U.S. The principal Peter Mueller must also be mentioned. His name was mud in Nazi circles because of his democratic attitude. Our art teacher, Peter Schaefer-Simmern, was very anti-Nazi. On one occasion, when the students saluted him with "Heil Hitler" he said "Hands Down!" He himself had to emigrate in the end. I met him again here in America. There were some Nazis among the teachers also, but I remember those who were not better.

Most of the students slowly but surely were infected by Nazism. I had many arguments with them and we fought with each other. But the exceptions must be named especially: Helmut Mann, who is still living in Frankfurt. He became a high-school principal, and I am still in contact with him. He was very friendly, and there were others besides who behaved very decently.

Today it is difficult to understand that great blow which befell the German Jews and deprived them of their German citizenship and tradition. They were deeply imbued by everything German and had lived for centuries not only in Germany but even in Frankfurt. My own family was already living in the city on the Main in 1498.

In 1936 I emigrated to the USA.

Prof. Hans L. Trefousse

Prof. Hans L. Trefousse was a student at the Muster-Schule;

today he lives in the USA

Some conservative Westend families who wanted a humanistic upbringing for their sons sent them in most cases to the Lessing-Gymnasium. They considered the Goethe-Gymnasium too Jewish and too liberal

*Michael Zuntz
was a student at
the Lessing-
Gymnasium;
today he lives
in the USA*

I graduated from high school at the Lessing-Gymnasium in 1935. The majority of my classmates were "theoretical" anti-Semites. This means they had the usual anti-Semitic prejudices and looked upon me as an outsider of suspicious origin. Apart from occasional stupid jokes, I was never exposed to ugly or hostile behavior personally. Several of my classmates were my friends.

The theoretical anti-Semitism of my classmates existed long before the Hitler takeover. It must have been predicated on the attitude at home. Conservative families in the Westend, who wanted a humanistic upbringing for their sons sent them in most cases to the Lessing-Gymnasium. They considered the Goethe-Gymnasium too Jewish and too liberal.

The contradiction between anti-Semitic attitudes and rather harmonious cooperation can be explained as follows: We were a small group as a class - less than 20 students studying together for nine years - and I, the only Jew among them, differed in no particular manner from the others, except in religion.

When I left school in 1935, only two years had gone by since the Nazi takeover. The theoretical anti-Semitism of my classmates must still have been very remote from the consent to mass murder. However, such a purely theoretical anti-Semitism must have provided a fertile ground for National Socialist propaganda. I can well imagine that after seven years of intense Nazi propaganda some of my classmates agreed with the murder of millions of Jews as well as other anti-Nazis.

However, in the class that followed mine, there was a leader of the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization]. He often hurled invectives at me and once beat me up with his comrades

after school in the street. I felt treated unjustly only by one teacher. This was Mr. Studienrat [special title of a German high school teacher] Ickes, who arrived shortly after the takeover in his brown uniform and who, whenever possible, uttered National Socialist remarks. However, he caused me no problems that could be considered as based on anti-Semitism pure and simple.

Regarding the decent behavior of Studienraete Mr. Bornemann and Mr. Schumann, I take the liberty to point to page 122 of the Merian publication Frankfurt 8 XXXVIII/C 4701E (ISBN-3-455-28508-2). I fully agree with Richard Hey regarding the teachers and the complete faculty, and what he has to say about them.

Also, most of the other teachers were fair. Mr. Studienrat Kracke was especially understanding. After 1933 he often forgave my naughty behavior and unsatisfactory performance. He must have realized that my bad behavior was the psychological consequence of my situation. Even today I still regret not having expressed my thanks to him before my emigration. I returned in 1945 as a U.S. serviceman to Frankfurt and tried to make up for it. But his wife told me that Dr. Kracke was still imprisoned.

Michael Zuntz

The way to school became a torture, as my schoolmates abused me verbally as a Jew and beat me up as well

Ernest Stock was a student at the Reform-Schule am Bornheimer Hang and the Philanthropin; today he lives in Israel

In 1931 in April, I started school six years old at the so-called Reform-Schule am Bornheimer Hang. I lived with my family in Helmholtzstrasse. It was a rather long walk, twice a day, but in the beginning I was very enthused about the school. It really was a great attempt to effect new ideas in education, which was also expressed in the style and the environmental architecture.

With the takeover in 1933 everything changed. The way to school became torture, as my schoolmates abused me verbally as a Jew and beat me up as well. The worst of it was that my homeroom teacher, Mr. Habicht, functioned as the president of the Frankfurt branch of the "National Socialist Association of Teachers" and in this capacity he made anti-Semitic utterances in class. This only encouraged my persecutors.

In April 1933 the point was reached where my parents sent me to the grade school of the Philanthropin [Jewish school]. I stayed there (later on in the Reform-Gymnasium) until my emigration to France on December 6, 1938. Many classmates of mine (the last of the 4th grade of high school) perished. One of them, my best friend Karl Heinz Schweber, had emigrated in 1937 with his parents to Thann in Alsace. I found asylum with them with my little sister during the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] after my father had been carried off to Buchenwald [concentration camp].

Karl Heinz was caught by the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis] in Nice in 1943 and killed. He was a member of the Resistance in Nice when they caught him. He was an only child. His parents, who survived him, never recovered from this blow.

Another one who had succeeded in fleeing to Belgium was Martin Kaufmann. Unfortunately, when the Nazi occupiers asked the Jewish population in Brussels to register for their transportation, he followed the request. Others, who went

underground immediately, had a chance to survive the war. Those two were brilliant students, although it is a tragedy for everyone, of course.

I have no further information about Martin Kaufmann. I received these few facts from a former teacher, Prof. Schaumberger. He was also in Brussels during the war and had contact with Martin. I once met him in 1949 as an old pensioner in Gagernstrasse.

Emil Stelzer was a heroic gym teacher at the Philanthropin. He was a non-Jew and married to a Jewish lady. When she was taken away, he refused to leave her and was apparently sent to the gas chamber with her. I would like to erect a memorial to such a man. He was an exemplary teacher besides and greatly appreciated by his students.

Ernest Stock

Grade School at the Philanthropin Israelitische Volksschule
To the Mayor

School Board of the city Frankfurt on Main
Frankfurt on Main, 8/20/41 Hebelstrasse 15/19

We, the signatory school principals, are taking the liberty of drawing your attention to the fact that our schoolchildren on the way to and from school have been exposed to intolerable attacks for some time. Whole troops of boys are lying in wait for them, they tear away their knapsacks and play havoc with them; they try to take away their watches, fountain pens and other articles and frequently beat them into a bloody state. They love to occupy the streets leading to the school (Scheffeleck, Gausstrasse, Messendenkmal, Baumweg) thus making it frequently impossible for the children to go to school or come home as expected with the result that here and there passersby have tried to help. Most of the time these troops keep in the background, until nobody else is present.

During the collection of junk material, which our schools have to conduct as well, our students are being seriously molested and interrupted. In various streets the material of scrap, etc., was thrown into the street and a cart was overturned. During a delivery on our premises, the children were exposed last week to a hail of stones, and one child suffered a head injury.

The children are especially at risk at the end of the morning period, at 1:15 pm, before the start of the afternoon period 3:30 pm, and after its completion at 5:10 pm or 6:00 pm the approximate time for the dismissal of our day-home children.

We would be most grateful to you, if you would use your good offices to have measures taken to prevent these attacks, as naturally, the majority of the children does not dare any more to defend themselves nowadays. We are sending a copy of this information to our local police station, Oberweg.

Israelitische Volksschule
Rosa Sara Jeidel
Principal

Grade School at the Philanthropin
Alfred Israel Speyer
Principal

A copy of this letter in German was sent to us by Mr. Moshe Ayalon

*Ostracism
and
persecution*

*"You filthy Jew, don't come here any more!
I don't want to see you any more!"*

*Edith Abrahams
née Wolf was a
student at the
Philanthropin;
today she lives
in the USA*

I was born in 1920 in the city of Wilhelmshaven and we moved to Frankfurt when I was one year old. First we lived in Kroegerstrasse, later on Koernerwiese.

My parents owned a leather goods store on Kaiserstrasse. My father's interest was in insurance, so he worked for the Phoenix Co. and did so much for them that he became the director.

We were a large family in Frankfurt. Grandparents, uncles, cousins, etc. The family was always together, especially on our holidays. My grandparents went to the Boernestrasse Synagogue where they had their seats for many years. We went to the same temple and it was a tradition that we visited my grandparents on Rosh-Hashnah to wish them a happy New Year. The Jewish calendar is much older than the Gregorian one. So we celebrated the New Year long before January. I had a beautiful childhood with our wonderful family. My father was an ethical man who taught us early on that it is more important to give than to get. My parents both were philanthropists who did a lot for the City.

In the year 1932 the situation changed. We began to feel the power of National Socialism. At the end of 1932 my father was told that he had to leave his job because they could no longer keep Jews. A Nazi would take his place as director. Anti-Semitism began to grow. My parents opened a leather goods store in Grosse Eschenheimerstrasse.

I had a girlfriend with whom I had a long-standing friendship. Her name was M. H. She was not Jewish. We were always together and we took her along on all our hikes. She began to come less often to us, so I went to her. Her mother was suddenly most peculiar towards me. Something had changed, only I didn't know what it was.

One day a drawer was open in my girlfriend's bedroom. I saw the brown uniform of the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization]. It was as if somebody had hit me over the head. She said "You filthy Jew, don't come here any more! I don't want to see you any more!" We were not only girlfriends, we were like twins. It is an episode I have never forgotten.

On April 1, 1933 the boycott against the Jews started. At that time the following event occurred: a woman tried to start a provocation outside our store because a shopper bought in our store. She didn't want to let that shopper out of our store. My father pleaded with her to move aside. She started to scream. Within a few seconds there was a mass of people and we were very scared, because the screaming at the Jews became louder. Luckily a policeman passed by who knew us well. He quieted the crowd down. He told us to quickly close the store. He sent all the people in front of the store away. We had moved to Schadowstrasse in Sachsenhausen just prior to this. He took our address and warned us not to reopen the store. We should wait till we get notice from the police.



Edith Wolf

He came a few days later and brought bad news. Because of what happened at my father's store, he was blacklisted. That meant we had to leave. I don't know how my parents disposed of the store.

As for our house, we had many valuable pieces there. The Nazis came and confiscated these things with an explanation that they would be given to the museum. It was an upsetting time.

In the meantime my grandmother got sick and we didn't want to cause her any worries. Slowly my father had withdrawn money from the bank. He had no idea where we should flee to. Finally the time came. My father first went alone to Strasbourg. We followed a few days later. It was terrible for the family, especially at the train station. From Strasbourg we went to Lyon. We were there for eight months, started a few projects, but nothing worked. Mostly we lost money. We had to leave again. This time we went to the Netherlands. Since we had no visa, and almost no money, we lived for six months in Amsterdam, and were deported back to Germany. I will never forget the day we arrived at the border in November 1934: brown uniforms, Swastikas [official Nazi flag], "Heil Hitler" - it was as if one had run away from a burning house and returned to stand in front of it. The fear remained forever.

On the train an S.A. man [terrorist Nazi elite forces] took down our name and ordered my father to report at the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis] the next day. Our family welcomed us with open arms. My father, we called him Pappi, went to the Gestapo. There an S.S. man was sitting at a long table with large books, each one marked with big letters: "JEWS". He opened the book at our name Wolf and asked Dad where we had been. Before Dad answered the S.S. man gave him the exact address in Lyon where we had lived. He also knew where he had worked. How the Nazis knew all this we will never know. Luckily Dad was never politically active, so at the moment they left us in peace.

In Lyon my middle sister and I went to school. In Amsterdam we worked as household helpers. In Frankfurt we all had to work again. I could not go to school. Hitler had announced: "Jews don't need learning, because we don't need the Jews". For almost six months from the end of 1934 to mid 1935 we ran a restaurant in a Jewish men's club. The building name was "Gesellschaft fuer Freunde", which means Society for Friends. It was on Eschenheimer Landstrasse near the Eschenheimer Turm. Then the Nazis closed it up.

Every few weeks new laws came out. The Nuremberg Laws [racial laws adopted at the Congress of the Nazi Party held in Nuremberg in 1935] were the worst, because after that the Jews were without a country. We had no protection. From then on, all restaurants, theaters, etc., had a sign "No Jews!" So as Jews, we could go nowhere. We opened up a restaurant on Grosse Eschenheimerstrasse and called it "Speisehaus Wolf". It was not far away from the Tietz store on the same side of the street on the second floor. My mother, who had cooked in the men's club, now hired a cook. We girls were the waitresses, and my father was the manager. That's how it went.

In the meantime there were other changes. The whole family always met at my grandparents house on Pesach for the traditional Seder. Now there was a law saying that it was forbidden for more than ten Jews to meet. It was terrible for my grandparents.

In 1936, on our highest holy day, we were at the temple on Boerneplatz. Stones were thrown through the windows from outside. They fell directly where the choir stood. The rabbi

told us to leave at once. As we came outside, people who had made this provocation were standing on the other side of the street. It wasn't boys who had played a prank. No, it was citizens, different ages, many women were among them. We held hands and walked in one line. Suddenly they came from the other side and started to push. My grandmother (she was a diabetic) was so thin and weak that she fell. We picked her up and pulled her away as quickly as possible. It was terrible.

That was the time when Goebbels continually had new ideas against the Jews. At the corners were loudspeakers with Goering's shrill voice. All around at the news stands were posters of the "Stuermer". That was an awful newspaper with propaganda against the Jews. I was sixteen years old at that time. All photos were abnormal. They showed Jews as ugly hunchbacks with long noses. Nobody I knew looked like that. It was written there that on the occasion of Passover Jews kill babies in order to have blood to drink at our Seder ceremony.

People who stood around me either laughed or badmouthed the rotten Jews. I suddenly had the feeling that I was a leper and nobody wanted to come near me because I was a Jew. And nobody wanted to have anything to do with Jews.

To be alone was a terrible feeling. I wanted to run away from Goering's shrieking voice, from Goebbels laws, and from the hatred that was rising against us. My father calmed me down. I asked him why the people hated us so much. His answer was that this was nothing new, we were a minority, and we had been persecuted for hundreds of years because we stuck together and didn't give up our religion. The ten commandments, he said, came from our religion and that is the most important thing in life.

It was difficult for young people to get together since one couldn't go anywhere. At the end of 1937 several parents, a gym teacher from the Philanthropin and several young people tried to get a room in the building of the Society for Friends where we could get together for dancing lessons. The Gestapo gave a permit for six months. There we could take our dancing lessons. We all knew how to dance, but we were anxious to get together at least once a week. That was my only pleasure during those years for I had forgotten how to laugh.

In 1937 I met a nice young man. His name was Arno Michel. He only had a mother, no other family. We became good friends. He was the same age as I.

In 1938, in the middle of the year, we got our visa for the USA where we had cousins. It took a while to find them. First my sisters left. I came with my parents on November 4, 1938. It was exactly one week before the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10]. We were lucky. Unfortunately, many people were not so lucky. My uncle was sent to Buchenwald [concentration camp], but my aunt got him out after four months. We never heard from my grandfather again. My parents found his name many years later on a deportation list. He was killed at age 88 in Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp]. I found the name of my friend Arno Michel this year on the wall of the Jewish Museum. He was only 24 years old, and he was killed in the Flossenburg concentration camp.

The best thing was, when we came to the U.S. that all Jewish young people were proud to be Jews and proud of all their accomplishments in science, in literature, in music, etc.

I never had to fear for my life again. It took years till I could look at something German. But years have passed and the criminals of those times are not the children of today.

In June of this year (1994) we were invited by the City of Frankfurt as guests. It was wonderful to come back. We talked with many people. Some of our generation did not change, but the youth of today is different.

Edith Abrahams

*A group of men smashed all the windows,
chased the people out of their apartments,
then hit them with clubs*

I went to school in Frankfurt, to the Philanthropin in Hebelstrasse. First to grade school, then to a higher girls' school, and later on to high school, since I wanted to study Latin. I had planned to become a lawyer. That was no longer possible when the Nazis came.

I was just eleven years old when Hitler became chancellor. In the beginning it was not so bad for me and for my two brothers who were younger. We did not understand politics and our life was quite normal. But after a few months it was rough for us children. We were harangued on the street, our business was boycotted, children who had been our friends did not want to have anything to do with us. Gradually it became clear that we were not wanted. We were constantly told that we were not as good as the Christian children. At the same time, we also heard of concentration camps; several of our acquaintances had disappeared, not only Jews, but also Christians who were against National Socialism. That was in the beginning. Now the whole world knows what happened. Many of my fellow classmates and many of my family were murdered by the Nazis.

I was in the Philanthropin and without my homeroom teacher things would have been much worse. It would have been worse living through the terrible Nazi time. She contributed a lot to make our youth as normal as possible. I met her once more in the USA (she lived in Israel) at which time I could tell her how personally grateful I am to her to this day. Only one of our teachers is still alive. I correspond with him once in a while.

We were in Frankfurt at the time of the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938]. That morning early we heard a lot of noise. We looked out the window and saw how a group of men smashed all the windows, chased people out of their apartments, then beat them with clubs, and threw all their furnishings out of the windows. Worst for us was that our mother was on her way to her business and we feared for her

*Rose Beal was a
student at the
Philanthropin;*

*today she lives
in the USA*

life. Luckily a decent policeman whom we knew well saw her on the street and brought her home. One could also find good people at that time.

We were all awaiting those wild men to come up to our apartment to beat us and destroy our furniture. In the meantime trucks arrived in the street. All Jewish men were arrested and sent to concentration camps. Around five o'clock in the evening the whole thing stopped. We were lucky that our apartment was on the third floor. The wild mob was too busy beating men (and also some women) and arresting them. Two Gestapo men [Secret Police of the Nazis] then came up to us to ask if we knew whether there were Jews who were still in hiding. My brothers (thirteen and sixteen years old) had to go down to the street, sweep up all the broken glass and clean up the street.

The next day we went to our business which was totally destroyed. Most of the merchandise was stolen. What was left my mother gave to the owner of the building so that he could repair the damage. That was the end of a small men's clothing store which had given us our livelihood for four years. Nevertheless we were grateful that not more had happened to us, and we knew that we had the opportunity to leave for the U.S. soon. That gave us courage.

As I said, I was eleven years old when it started, and seventeen when I had the luck to arrive in the USA. I have lived here since 1939. My two brothers and my mother left Frankfurt at the end of that year (1939). My parents were divorced and my father lived in France. We took along ten Reichsmark. That was all we were allowed to take with us. The beginning in the USA was hard. My mother and I worked as household helps since my brothers were younger and had to go to school.

Rose Beal

"You miserable Jew child!..."

The principal of the Schwanthaler-Schule ordered that from the beginning of 1933 Jewish children were to stay at home one day a week (I believe it was always Tuesday that we had to stay at home). Even if the principal followed the orders he received, my homeroom teacher Mrs. Schnurre was so upset that on our return on the next school day she greeted us with special care and tenderness. I did not experience any hatred from my classmates.

My father was a well-known and respected pediatrician. We lived in Forsthausstrasse 40. He was a true visionary, so that we already left Germany in 1933 when I was seven years old. We immigrated to Chile. It was enough for him that one of his good old patients had called him to the house with the plea not to park his car near her house. Shortly before our emigration from Germany, as I took a letter of my mother's to the mailbox, a big Nazi woman, 1.80 meter tall, slapped me in the face with the words "You miserable Jew child!..."

The result of the tragic fate of the 6 million European Jews, that we were able to avoid, meant a total transformation for me in a new world. I have now been living here in Chile for 58 years. I have not found any friendships, nor have I had any personal contact with my forefathers. Today, thanks to the "Senioren-Zeitschrift", I correspond with the daughter of my erstwhile homeroom teacher, two fellow classmates, and two erstwhile patients of my father.

Marlise Hochschild Simon

*Marlise Hochschild Simon,
widow Mizgier,
was a student at
the Schwanthaler-
Schule;*

*she lives today
in Chile*

A boy had to walk half-naked through the streets of Sachsenhausen with a sandwich board with the words: "I am a filthy Jew"

Lore Confino née Jacobi was a student at the Schwanthaler-Schule and the Philanthropin;

today she lives in England

I was born in December 1923. At that time my parents lived in Sachsenhausen close to the Schwanthaler-Schule. At first my homeroom teacher was a friend of my parents, especially of my mother. This friendship became very unpleasant for him during the Nazi era, possibly such friendships were forbidden. He hardly had any contact with my parents anymore. He was probably afraid that someone would report him. That is what people in those days did, to prove that they were good Nazis.

I had hardly any friends in my class. One Catholic girl invited me for a little while. One day I was told that Jews could no longer remain in the school. That is how I came to the Philanthropin, a very good Jewish school. At that time several school friends from the Philanthropin and I took hikes to the Taunus mountains. The Hitler Youth groups [Nazi youth organization] which we met were always in uniform. They knew at once that we did not belong to them. They chased us with threats and slaps and put fear into us. Those excursions became too dangerous. We were scared to go to the Taunus.

The persecution during the Nazi era became more gruesome daily. It was a heavy burden on us from which we could not



Lore Jacobi together with her classmates at the Schwanthaler-Schule



Lore Confino in 1993

free ourselves day or night.

Jews had to close their businesses, were fired from their jobs, doctors were not allowed to treat Christian patients, we, the children, could not stay in a non-Jewish school, neither could the Jewish teachers. The works of Jewish authors could not be

published; the works of Jewish musicians could not be performed. Books in heaps were burned by the Nazis. The laws against the Jews got worse and reached the point when the Jews had no rights anymore. The only right which remained was the trip to the concentration camp, and the only way out was emigration. But not everybody could do that.

The "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10] was in November 1938. The Nazis burned down the synagogues and destroyed the apartments of Jews. I lived in Scheffelstrasse behind the Philanthropin. There the Nazis came with long iron poles. My father stood in the doorway holding up his two Iron Crosses [medal of the German army] from World War I. He had been a fieldmarshal. He thought the Nazis would leave him alone. But they pushed him aside and we, my father, my grandparents and I, were herded into the kitchen. There came a terrible crash, as the iron poles smashed our furniture and our dishes. My grandmother was sure that we would be killed, but suddenly there was silence. We left the kitchen and looked at our destroyed apartment. The furniture destroyed, the books, which my mother had collected with great love, on the floor, ink spattered over them. The curtains were torn down. The entire apartment was in an indescribable condition.

As a result of the "Kristallnacht", which foretold a lot of even worse things, my relatives in England sent for me. My father came to the station with me for the farewell. That same night he suffered a stroke from the worry and the pain. He died three months later. I emigrated to England in December 1938. My grandparents were both over eighty years old. They were

transported to Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp] where they died.

My brother studied in France at that time. The Nazis, after their occupation of France, continued the same persecution of Jews as in Germany. He was sent to Poland with other Jews and died there. I remember a schoolmate of my brother's, whose name I cannot recall. He had to walk half-naked through the streets of Sachsenhausen with a sandwich board with the words: "I am a filthy Jew". They threw all kinds of thing at him, made fun of him, and beat him until the poor fellow was half dead.

Not everyone in Germany was a Nazi. We had, for instance, Catholic friends who helped my father. In a dangerous moment they hid him in a crate in their store. Our former maid, another example, brought food to my grandparents at night because it was difficult for us to go shopping. She endangered her whole family through such assistance to Jews. Such good people existed also.

Lore Confino

"Jews are not allowed to visit the Taunus mountains on Sundays!"

*Dr. Ruth Esser
Frank was a
student at the
Philanthropin;
today she lives
in the USA.
Her little brother
Kurt was a
student at the
Holzhausen-
Schule*

I was in the sixth grade of high school at the Philanthropin. My little brother Kurt who then was in his first year at the Holzhausen-Schule was beaten up daily on his way from school, and came home crying. In November after the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938], he was no longer allowed to go to that school which made me happy. I knew he would not be beaten anymore. In those days one could get beaten up for no reason. My parents could not even complain. One was only allowed to go to the police to report one's intention to emigrate.

Until 1938 I was a member of the German-Jewish Youth Group. We often hiked to the Taunus mountains. In the fall of 1938 when we were sitting down to eat our lunch in a meadow at the outskirts of Oberursel, a small town in the Taunus region, we were suddenly taken by surprise. A convertible car driven by a Hitler-Youth [Nazi youth



The faculty at the leaving ceremony for Dr. Driesen in March 1938

organization] leader passed by. One BDM [Nazi organization for girls] and five or six Hitler youths attacked us six girls. First they beat us up and then they screamed at us, "Jews are not allowed to visit the Taunus mountains on Sundays!" The name tag (which I will never be able to forget) on the white blouse of the leader said "Miss Braun - county leader/Hoehchst".

Mr. Meissinger was one of our non-Jewish teachers who made a memorable impression on me. He raised our hopes and was a very decent Christian person.

In 1936 he took a group of us, 20 to 30 students, on a summer trip to the Dolomites. Other teachers came along. We built a small dam, collected Chanterelle mushrooms, and turned into brave mountain climbers. The most important thing was that we found out that we were quite normal and good children and that we could fight to continue living. It was a particularly beautiful summer. For some of us it was the last summer in Germany, and for some the last summer in their lives.

Mr. Meissinger was sent East and was killed in a concentration camp. I read some of the names of my classmates at the Philanthropin in the deportation list. We emigrated to the USA in March of 1939.

We had "our Bertha" who worked for us as housekeeper. After 1935 she was not allowed to work for us any longer. She had to leave us after many years. She got married to a traffic

cop, a Mr. Fischer, who later on became chief of police. After the war we sent her food packages, and wrote to each other. She died of cancer in the sixties.

Dr. Ruth Esser Frank

*I saw with my own eyes how Jews were
beaten up in the street, and windows of
Jewish stores were smashed*

*A. H. was a
student at the
Klibansky-
Knabenschule
and a rabbinical
school;*

From 1929 till spring of 1933 I studied in Frankfurt. I left the city before the Nazis had the majority in the Reichstag. Hitler was already the chancellor, but the persecution was still in its infancy. I studied at the Dr. Breuer rabbinical seminary at Friedberger Anlage, Frankfurt. It was a Jewish institution, so that neither teachers, nor principals were a problem to me. Also the boys' high school Klibansky which I attended at the same time was in Jewish hands.

*today he lives
in Israel*

I fled Germany when I saw with my own eyes how they beat up Jews in the street. I was at the boycott of the Jewish stores and witnessed how they smashed the windows. At that point I got very scared and saved myself by leaving Germany.

A. H.

*My father left Germany as early as April
1933 because he had terrible forebodings*

*Aviva Igaël née
Ingeborg Simon
was a student
at the
Philanthropin;*

My parents, grandparents and ancestors were born in Frankfurt, in Wiesbaden, and the surrounding area. I was born in Frankfurt on April 11, 1923. I was at the Philanthropin grade school for less than 3 years. My teacher was Mrs. Anna Adler.

*today she lives
in Israel*

In the first half of 1933 before I was ten years old, I moved with my parents to Strasbourg in France. The Nazi period was at its beginning when we left Frankfurt. My father, a doctor of law Julius Simon, left Germany as early as April 1933 because he had terrible forebodings. He was a lawyer and one of his colleagues from school came at night to warn him. He was an

officer in the S.A. [terrorist Nazi elite forces]. He told father that he would not be allowed to work at court.

My late brother, Frank Dieter, who at that time was two years old, was taken by our nursemaid Helma to the city of Bad Orb where her family lived. Weisbecker was the name of those good people. My brother remained with them for a whole year until my parents found an apartment and we could all be together again. The family Weisbecker was often harassed and warned to give up that "Jew child", otherwise Mr. Weisbecker could lose his position as bank employee and spa director. In the end he really lost his job as spa director.

Unfortunately my grandparents, aunts, and many family members perished in concentration camps. No family member who stayed in Germany was spared. We stayed in touch with our nursemaid Helma after the war, and visited her regularly until her death in 1991. We are grateful to everyone who helped us.

Aviva Igael

"Jews are not welcome here..."

Where to start?

Should I start when I began at the Philanthropin and Ruth and Lothar were there as well? They were no longer in the Elisabethen-Schule or Lessing-Gymnasium, where they had been. On the one hand because of discrimination against the Jews by the teachers, on the other because of the threat of hostility from students.

Or with our daily walks? Suddenly posters emerged in stores where we had been shopping: "Jews are not welcome here".

Or when we walked along the Zeil, one of the main streets of Frankfurt, and the S.A. (Brown Shirts) marched to the song "When Jewish blood flows from the knife, then all will be well. S.A. comrades, take the Jews, put the moneybags against the wall", and our mother hurriedly pulled me into a side street, to put me out of sight and hearing?

Or, should I start when we were not allowed to go to the stadium? The beautiful swimming pool with lawns and open air theater, where we had gone many years to swim, and where I was allowed to go to the theater for the first time, and

*Greta Nachman
was a student
at the Philan-
thropin;*

*today she lives
in the USA*

my mother and Miss Emilie, whoever was with me, was embarrassed as I yelled out "It serves you right!", as the wolf was captured in the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

The Jews were banned to the swimming pool called "kike baths" in Niederrad which had wooden planks, where my cousin Eric Ettlinger burned his feet on a hot summer day when he visited us in Frankfurt.

Or, at the ice skating rink where I watched Ruth and Lothar and hoped that some day I would learn to skate, only to find out that Jewish children were not allowed.

Those memories are very vivid.

But the memories of home are even more vivid. Our dear Miss Emilie who was with us as long as I can remember, had to leave for a new post, because Jews were not allowed to hire Christians. Once a week, meals were to be simple stews and the money thus saved went to the Nazi party. When they came to collect the money, she answered the door saying "We are Jews here". Our cook Mathilde also had to leave us after many years, but when Miss Emilie left, that was a very sad farewell. Even today these events come to my mind when I see a family sitting together reverently.

She was such a good soul. She came to help as Lothar's Bar Mitzvah neared, sowed a beautiful dress for me with white bunny rabbits and white lace on the hem. On top there was smocking. It was a masterpiece. She was very talented and creative. She also came in 1937 to help us pack, which was very dangerous for her. To be able to cook for the family, my mother bought a French cook book and read it every night in bed and consequently became a perfect cook and baker.

Dad lost his job as editor of the financial section of the daily newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung", after more than 20 years in that position. Jews who had their own business, like our cousins Kurt and Gretl Dreyfus were subject to something which I could only speculate, or guess at, because I was only 10 years old, and was known to be the biggest blabbermouth. Theirs was a small business, a cigar store. However, Mr. Hanau who lived on top of us had a big business, and something happened that I was never told. But Mr. Hanau lost his business at the beginning of the Nazi era.

In the summer of 1936 I spent a week with my uncle Adolph W. and his wife in Hamburg. When I left there, they took me

to the train to Frankfurt. That was some event. Until the other travelers in the compartment asked the usual questions of a little girl and began to ask about my membership in "Bund Deutscher Maedchen" [Nazi organization for girls]. The questions scared me more and more and I pretended to be asleep. When my Mom and Dad picked me up at the station, I was totally frightened.

Father took a trip to France to find out whether we could emigrate, since he had many connections there. He had for years been on the phone with Paris, every single morning to quote the stock exchange and other financial news. He also spoke French perfectly. He came home without success, thank God, and said "We are leaving Europe, I do not like the way things are developing." He made preparations to go to the United States to inquire whether we could emigrate there. Mother and I brought him to the train station to say good-bye. I cannot remember the month, but it was very cold and father had a blanket.

Father returned with the necessary suretyships. We got a date at the U.S. Consulate in Stuttgart for the necessary physical check-up which every emigrant to the USA had to endure. I remember that we stayed with relatives whom I did not know (and whom I think I have never met again). They had a large house on a slope from where you had a wonderful view of the city. The days between our return from Stuttgart and our departure were a hectic time, and a big upheaval in my memory. Mother and I went to Rastatt to say good-bye to Grandma Ettliger and our relatives. I remember sitting on the train and my mother crying with the unspoken feeling that we might never see each other again. Back in Frankfurt we made all preparations for the trip and said good-bye to all our friends and relatives: uncle Alfred, aunt Joanna, aunt Matilde, uncle Julius and cousin Leopold, of whom - except my cousin Gertrude who emigrated to Denver, Col. - only Leopold survived the Nazi era, because he managed to escape to England. Our Grandma Nachman died in 1935.

We left Frankfurt by train for Luxembourg to meet with relatives for about a week; aunt Herta and uncle Freddy Dryfuss (later on Drews) who lived in France. Jews were not permitted to go to France because of the World Exposition in Paris.

From Luxembourg we traveled on and spent two days in Brussels. From there we went to Ostende where we boarded a very small boat across the English Channel to Dover. Subsequently we took a train from Dover to London. From Southampton we boarded an escort ship to get on the SS "Ile de France". I suppose we would probably have boarded the vessel directly in Cherbourg if the World Exposition had taken place anywhere else. On July 6, 1937 we arrived in New York.

Greta Nachman

The vile murderers arrived to take all the orphans and transport them to gruesome annihilation

A. O. was a student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule and Helmholtz-Schule; today he lives in England

On Saturday 1st of April 1933, I was 18 years old. I had completed the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule near "Tiergarten". We lived at Baerenstrasse 12. For a short time I went to the Helmholtz-Oberrealschule, but I had to give up hope of continuing my studies. I had to earn money, since my father had become unemployed after 28 years. He had been a soldier with the German army under Kaiser Wilhelm. But the Jewish firm where he had worked for 28 years called Baer, Sondheimer & Co., had to shut down because of growing anti-Semitism.

I became an apprentice and earned 300 Reichsmark a year. My free time I spent with the Orthodox Youth Movement "ESRA". Saturdays and Sundays I led a small group of 11 and 12-year-old boys. We sang and hiked, etc.

April 1, 1933 was the first official "Jewish boycott". That afternoon I was on the street with my group. When I saw what was going on I decided to rush each child back to his home. They smashed store windows. At the Uhrtuermchen uniformed gangsters beat up a Jewish man until he was on the ground bleeding. A policeman watched all this, then turned around and walked away.

This episode in front of my eyes was the deciding factor for my future, and for my life. As young as I was, I realized

immediately that the State, as represented by this policeman, was totally indifferent to the killing of a Jew.

After a sleepless night I left my homeland and Frankfurt, the city of my birth, forever. God be blessed for his guidance.

On Roederbergweg there had been a Jewish orphanage for many years. These poor children were lovingly cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Marx. The day came when the vile murderers arrived to take all the orphans and transport them to gruesome annihilation. Mrs. Marx, the generous mother of the orphanage, could not stop them. She willingly followed them and said "I go with my children." Even now I cannot stop my tears.

I am sending a copy of a seemingly unimportant questionnaire. My father received it on October 18, 1941. It asks "Where is A. O. at this moment?" It had been 8 and a half years since my father had withdrawn my name from the register on May 2, 1933. But it was still worth the 50 Pf. for postage to these miserable murderers to try to find me. Why? To kill me too! Just think of the "Final Solution". This was in 1941, at the end of that year, almost 1942. It was sixty years ago. Thanks and praise to the Almighty for my rescue.

There is so much more, so many terrible things, but I cannot go on.

A. O.

Only one "friend" told me she could no longer play with me

The last five years in Germany, from 1933 to 1938, we lived in Kordierstrasse in Frankfurt. My parents were born in Frankfurt.

I attended the Hufnagel-Mittelschule, and I believe I was the only Jewish girl there. I did not have bad experiences. Of course it was early on, and before the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938]. As I think back, I truly cannot remember anything bad. Only one "friend" told me she could no longer play with

*Erica Hess Rose
was a student at
the Hufnagel-
Mittelschule;*

*today she lives
in the USA*

me. Once some bad boys locked me up in a garbage dump. Of course, my parents were very protective of me, so I did not suffer much.

I was eleven years old when all of us emigrated to the USA. We left on September 15, 1938 for Hamburg where we boarded the SS Columbus.

Erica Hess Rose

Our neighbors were decent people, but they were afraid to speak with us

B. I. S. was a student at the Juedische Schule;

today she lives in Brazil

I attended the Jewish kindergarten of the Baumgarten-Schule and after that the Juedische Schule in Roedelheimerstrasse. I remember Sally Hirt and Dina Gruenbaum, the teacher was Miss Jeidel, but I don't know what became of her. Sally Hirt emigrated to England, and Dina Gruenbaum to the USA.

I was too young to understand everything. Our neighbors, the Spickers - no Jews - were decent people, but were afraid to speak with us for fear of being watched. They were even afraid of their own children. It is a known fact that Germans who had contact with Jews were in as much danger as the Jews.

The situation at school, as in all Jewish circles, was depressing. There were many rumors, but at least a part of us escaped the true barbarian horrors because of our timely emigration. Relatives of ours were killed. Since we were in a Jewish school, we children were a bit isolated from that horrible world. Nevertheless, we were in constant expectation of an oncoming catastrophe.

B. I. S.

In 1933 I left the sports club because, as a Jew, I was expelled from the team

I was born in Frankfurt in 1908. My family lived in Frankfurt since the 13th century. I graduated from the Goethe Gymnasium in 1926 and after that I was apprenticed in Frankfurt, London and Paris. I entered the firm of my father in Berlin which at that time was the largest Real Estate Company in Germany.

In 1932 I transferred to the Frankfurt office where I was till the beginning of 1936 when I left Germany. At that time I was very active in sports: tennis, football and hockey. I played with the A-team of the "Sports Club 1880", and represented Frankfurt in South Germany. My aim was to take part in the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin. I did not receive an invitation to the game against Heidelberg and when I asked the team manager why, he advised me to go to the president of the club. He told me that Heidelberg would only play against Frankfurt if no Jews were on the team. I will never understand why my club did not have the good manners to let me know what was going on. I myself had to go and find out the reason for my exclusion. In 1933 I left the sports club because, as a Jew, I was expelled from the team.

In 1935 on the way back from a Jewish tennis tournament, my friend Fred Baum and I heard on the radio that Jews who kiss a pretty girl will go to jail. At that moment we decided to leave Germany as quickly as possible. Fred wanted to go to South America, I to Palestine. Since we wanted to leave together, we decided on the United States where we did not know anybody. We booked a passage to the USA on a pleasure boat. At that time it was still possible to pay a vacation trip with Reichmarks.

We arrived in the USA in November 1935 with recommendations which helped us to get suretyships. Then we were able to return to Germany, get our visa, and emigrate to the USA. We arrived in the USA on March 25, 1936. During the following four years I got my brother, my sister, my brother-in-law and my parents into the United States. I was a member of the U.S. Olympic Team in London in 1948.

John H. Slade

*John H. Slade,
formerly Hans
Schlesinger,
was a student at
the Goethe-Gym-
nasium;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

I had to leave the Schwarzburg-Schule as my safety could no longer be guaranteed

Ruth Spangenthal-Mack was a student at the Schwarzburg-Schule and the Philanthropin;

today he lives in the USA

I had to leave grade school, the Schwarzburg-Schule, because my safety could no longer be guaranteed and I was accepted in the Philanthropin. After about three years I was transferred to the Josephine-Reiss-Institut. Classes were held in the adjoining building of the Westend Synagogue.

My sister Greta, who is no longer living, had to leave the Elisabethen-Schule and was also at the Philanthropin. I cannot say anything about my sister's feeling when she had to leave the Elisabethen-Schule. I heard one day that she could not go back to school. It was not safe enough to continue. I was supposed to go to the same school. But of course, that did not happen. For the same reason I could not finish grade school. All my teachers had been very nice to me. I remember being exposed to some verbal abuse during my grade-school years.

My father died in 1937. His funeral was attended by Nazi sympathizers. The directors of the "Deutsche Effekten- und Wechselbank" were advised not take part in a Jewish funeral. They would be photographed if they came. We met friendly and unfriendly people. I doubt if any of them are still alive. I had many friends, but circumstances prevented me from keeping in touch. I regret that very much.

On November 10, 1938 as my sister and I crossed Bockenheimer Landstrasse, we noticed a commotion in the distance. We met a friend of the family who whispered to us that all the synagogues were burning. My sister and I tried to get as near as possible to the Westend Synagogue on Freiherr-vom-Stein-Strasse. In front of us was a huge mass of people, some very quiet, others very loud.

I saw a fire truck in the distance, but it was idle. I suppose it was there to stop the fire from spreading to the adjoining buildings. I wished to get closer, but that was impossible. We were scared. I had a lump in my throat, and could not understand why all this was happening.

I attended the Josephine-Reiss-Institut, which was located in the main building of the Westend Synagogue near Freiherr-vom-Stein-Strasse and Friedrichstrasse. I have a feeling that

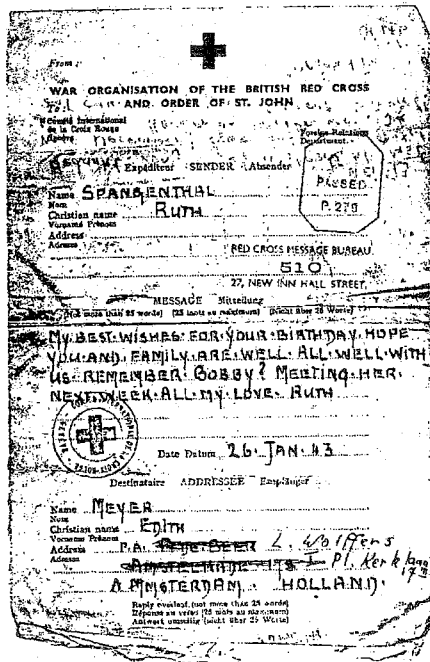
some Jewish members tried to save the Thora, but it was not possible.

While we grew up, my sister and I and my parents visited that beautiful synagogue frequently. I have never seen another synagogue which came close to its beauty. My mother was a volunteer at the registration of generous donors.

We felt the heat of the fire even though we were at a good distance. I heard the shattering of glass and marble. We found ourselves so helpless. We cried. My sister was 18 years old, and I about 15. I was in the youth choir under the direction of Studienrat [special title of a German high school teacher] Frank Rothschild. I believe that the choir did not exist any more before the happening of 1938, because we were all too scared to take part in it.

The events of that November left a permanent impression on me and all those who lived through it. In England, where I lived from 1939 to 1946, I did not want to go to any synagogue, especially not without my family.

I was afraid that the memories of those horrible days would haunt me and depress me. Had I lived in London where Rabbi Dr. Salzberger (from Frankfurt) conducted services, I would probably have overcome these feelings. But I did not live there. I remember the pipe organ, so beautiful and with a wonderful sound. I remember the beautiful chandelier suspended from the cupola. Often my thoughts go back to the colored stones



which were around the cupola. All this is gone, and I am always near tears when I think of it.

I left Germany in June 1939 with a Children's Transport to England. My best friend Edith Meier went to the Netherlands with her mother to meet her father. I enclose a copy of her last letter sent to me by the Red Cross. My other friend Eva Guenzburg went to Israel. I lost contact with her as with many others.

I learned that most of the children who went to England after the declaration of war were shipped to Australia as so-called "victims of the enemy" and I hope that they can provide you with more detailed information.

A few months ago I took part in a reunion of former Philanthropin students. It was a high point in my life.

Ruth Spangenthal-Mack

"Be a little quiet! It sounds like a meeting of Jews."

Hilda Wolf was a student at the Schiller-Schule;

today she lives in Australia

I attended Schiller-Schule from 1921 till 1933. Dr. Bojunga was the school principal. There were good teachers, especially Miss Disseln-Koetter.

I experienced only one anti-Semitic remark from my schoolmates. We were returning from the swimming pool on the trolley car and chatting with each other. One girl said, "Be a little quiet! It sounds like a meeting of Jews." When I returned to Frankfurt for the first time after the war for a school reunion, this same girl came to me and expressed a sincere apology for that remark.

My time at the Schiller-Schule was a happy time. It was before the arrival of Hitler.

Hilda Wolf

November 9, 1938: On the very same night S.A. and S.S. men came to our apartment and arrested my uncle and my father

I was born in 1927 in Bad Homburg. In 1933 I was enrolled in the local grade school. I do not remember many details of the school year 1933/34 except for the fact that my teacher was a Nazi. He punished me every day without cause by keeping me after class and by beating me during class. By 1935 it became so unbearable that my parents took me out of the local school. In 1935 we still lived in Bad Homburg, but I went by streetcar every day to Frankfurt to the Israelitische Volksschule [Jewish Day School]. Whatever I say here about myself applies also to my brother Herman who is one year older.

Unfortunately I do not recall the name of that teacher in Bad Homburg. I remember clearly his face, his general appearance, and what he did to me. The only schoolmate whom I can name is my cousin Max Strauss who perished in a concentration camp.

After one year of going by streetcar to Frankfurt my parents decided that it was too hard for us, and moved to Frankfurt. I completed the Israelitische Volksschule and started at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Realschule. My official education in Germany ended in November 1938. I was 11 years old. From 1938 to 1941 I did not go to school.

In my swimming test pass, dated February 7, 1937, my name is Norbert Strauss. In my passport, dated February 8, 1940 my name is Norbert Israel Strauss. All Jewish men had to take on the name "Israel", all Jewish women "Sarah".

I remember the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938] very clearly. My father's brother, his wife and two children, who had lived in Schmitten in the Taunus mountains, had been forced to leave the village of Schmitten some years earlier because of the Nazis. Schmitten was also my father's birthplace; my mother came from Hamburg. This uncle had moved to Frankfurt and was operating a kosher restaurant on the Zeil. On November 9, 1938 the Nazis broke into his restaurant and

*Norbert Strauss
was a student at
the Israelitische
Volksschule and
Samson-Raphael-
Hirsch-Schule;*

*today he lives
in the USA*



into his home behind the restaurant and destroyed everything. He moved with his family into our apartment. On the very same night S.A. and S.S. men [terrorist Nazi elite forces] came to our apartment and arrested my uncle and my father. They were taken to the Festhalle where thousands of arrested Jews were being held for the time being. When we found out where my father was, my mother took me along by taxi to the Festhalle to try to bring my father a blanket and some food. Outside the Festhalle thousands of Nazis screamed at us and threw stones. We had to leave quickly without a chance to bring anything to my father.

Next morning my brother and I attempted to go to school by bicycle. We always did this to be able to escape the Hitler Youth groups who were always looking for Jews to beat up. When we came to the Uhrturmchen (the Clock Tower), we stopped because we saw the synagogue at Friedberger Anlage in flames. The fire truck was standing there without any attempt to put out the flames. A passerby told us to go home again and so we did. For the time being the school was closed. Afterwards our classes were transferred to the building of the Philanthropin, although the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule still was run as a separate institution.

My father was taken to Buchenwald [concentration camp] with all the other arrested Jews. He was kept there for four weeks. He was eventually released after my mother was able to convince the authorities that he had been a front-line

soldier in the army during the First World War. She had to promise that my father would be out of Germany within six months. My father was able to purchase a visa for himself but not for his family. The visa was for Cuba, and in May 1939 he boarded the vessel St. Louis of the Hamburg-America Line. The story of the St. Louis became so famous that a book was written about it. The movie "The Voyage of the Damned" was made about it in Hollywood.

My mother, brother, and I were eventually able to follow to the USA in 1941. In the U.S. I returned to school from 1941 till 1945, then entered the American army till 1947 (Korea). I ended my school studies in 1949. Since that time I have worked till 1985 and never experienced any trouble with anti-Semitism ever again. Today, in 1993, my father is 97 years old and he is still in good health.

Others in our family were less fortunate. My father's brother perished in a concentration camp with his wife and children. The same fate befell two of my father's sisters and their families who lived in Uhlandstrasse in Frankfurt until they were deported. Not one of our relatives who did not get out of Germany, survived the Hitler era.

Norbert Strauss



The burning Synagogue at the Boerneplatz in November 1938

"You are kikes and I don't take you."

*Ernest L. Harvey,
formerly Ernst
Heppenheimer,
was a student
at the
Philanthropin;
today he lives
in the USA*

From 1920 to my graduation in 1932 I was a student at the Philanthropin. From 1932 to 1934 I was an apprentice in a textile firm.

On Whitsuntide [Christian holiday] 1934 two friends and I wanted to take the same night trip to the Taunus mountains which we had taken the year before from Zeilsheim to the Feldberg. Early in the morning at 4:30 am, dead tired, we arrived at the Feldberg and saw a magnificent sunrise. Around 9 o'clock we got to Dreisberg where we had stayed in a beautiful house the year before. We rang the bell and the lady of the house looked out the window. We asked if she would give us lodgings. Whereupon she called down "You are Jews and I don't take you." and closed the window shutters with a bang.

We found lodgings somewhere else and I said to my friends "I will no longer stay here. We Jews don't have a future here."

In the evening of the next day when I arrived home I told my dear parents that I had made up my mind to emigrate to the USA. I intended also to prepare for a better future for them.

I wrote to my second cousin and asked him to send me a suretyship. I received it within three weeks, and took it to the consulate in Stuttgart. In September I left from Hamburg. On the 21st of September 1934 I arrived in New York where my relatives were awaiting me at the pier.

My parents followed me four and a half years later. We were happy to be reunited.

Ernest L. Harvey

I was probably the only one of the few Jewish students who remained most of the war years in Frankfurt

I was born in 1930 and started school at the Philanthropin in 1936.

The book "Das Philanthropin 1804 - 1942" by Inge Schlotzhauer shows a picture on page 100 of the first school day with the teacher Kurt Silbenpfennig. I am on this photo (second row from above, the third student from the right, where Mr. Silbenpfennig lays his hand on the shoulder of a student in the first row). Today I only know about one of my classmates.

Then came November 9th 1938 [refers to the pogroms undertaken that day against the Jewish population in Germany]. I was 8 years old. I was probably the only one of the few Jewish students who remained most of the war years in Frankfurt. I wore the Jewish star, but my mother had converted to Judaism and so was considered an "Aryan" mother. My father was Jewish, but died in 1931/32. I worked at the cemetery until the beginning of 1945. Then I was sent to Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp].

In 1946 I came to New York. I had only 2½ to 3 years of education, and knew no English.

G. H. J.

G. H. J. was a student at the Philanthropin;

today he lives in the USA

Emigration

Windows of Jewish establishments were smashed and everything which was not nailed down was thrown out into the street

*Martha Meyer
was a student at
the Fuersten-
berger Schule
and the Philan-
thropin;
today she lives
in the USA*

I was born August 6th, 1899, so my school years were before the Hitler era. In 1906 I entered the Fuerstenberger Schule. Four years later my parents enrolled me in the high school Philanthropin in Hebelstrasse. I was there till 1916.

Our parents died before the Hitler era. My oldest brother was killed fighting for the "fatherland" in World War I.

My working years at the "Deutsche Effekten- and Wechselbank" were good and very interesting.

My emigration came on the day of the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany]. I was in Bremerhaven. My hotel was right near the port. From there I was determined to get on a freighter to prepare my legal emigration and immigration to the USA.

The next day all hell broke loose. Windows of Jewish establishments were smashed and everything which was not nailed down was thrown out into the street, glass, porcelain, furniture, etc. I watched all this with horror from my hotel window. I also saw fires in stores and Jewish synagogues.

The hotel asked me to leave my room, because the Nazis were looking for Jews in hotels, apartments, houses, and stores. In my fright I hardly knew where to go. I reached the freighter. There the Nazis were already standing. The captain told them that the twelve passengers had legal papers and were allowed to emigrate.

In all of Germany there was chaos. Cities, towns, everything was controlled by Nazi forces. Men were beaten mercilessly, there was no sympathy.

My attempt to go to friends in Holland was made impossible. The borders were closed and I had to sit at the railroad station in Emmerich for a whole day, watched by Nazis. Shortly before midnight the train that was going to Frankfurt arrived. Prior to that they had taken away my passport, which was

very bad for me. At the last moment, as I entered the train, they threw the passport at me. I had to stand up during that trip and had to listen to unpleasant remarks.

Finally, after weeks, I could emigrate from Bremerhaven to San Francisco. The trip on a freighter was an adventure. It took nearly five weeks. I was seasick. We, the twelve passengers, tried to overcome everything with some humor. One of the passengers was a certain Mrs. Bayer from the well-known Aspirin factory, a native American. Also there was an elderly woman, widow of a French engineer who had worked on the Panama Canal.

The trip through the Canal was another event, lots of boats behind us and in front of us, all in a hurry to get to their home port. It took a lot of time to pass the boats through the lock. Our captain had to send several telegrams to get the money for the lock dues. No other country was prepared to maintain business contacts. When I saw the U.S. flag for the first time, I started to cry with joy and sadness.

Now a new and serious life began. New challenges, a new language. My school English was not enough. But necessity is the mother of invention. I took on any job and gradually set down my roots. I was grateful to have been able to get out of the Hitler Reich.

My sister was killed in Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp], as well as two of my cousins.

Martha Meyer

My classmate Gries was the first to wear an S.S. uniform

E. M. F. was a student at the Woehler-Real-Gymnasium and the higher trade school;

today he lives in the USA

In April 1992 I was 85 year old, and since I went to school during the Nazi era, I can report the following.

At the Woehler-Schule there was a very stupid boy by the name of Gries. He behaved very badly toward the Jews. He lived on Altkoenigstrasse. This Gries was the first to wear an S.S. uniform [terrorist Nazi elite forces]. Other than that I can only report good things.

When I emigrated in August of 1938, I had to go to the customs office at the railroad station. A very nice employee examined my belongings. I had a lot of new suits. This man asked whether I left my old suits at home. He allowed me to take a taxi to my house where I picked up four or five suits. I gave them to the customs house officer who packed them away in a carton. Later I found in my luggage a note from this man. He wished me good luck in the USA, and I should not think that all Germans are as terrible as the Nazis. He knew my father Bernhard Fuld who was partner in the firm Bender & Gattmann, men's wear factory. It was the best in Germany. My father died in 1918 from a wound which he received as a volunteer in the First World War.

E. M. F.

Since the "kike paper" was attacked...

Bella Lewin née Bernhang (Wittmann) was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule;

today she lives in Spain

I was born in 1908 and attended the Israelitische Volksschule [Jewish Day School] at Roederbergweg for six years. In those days one did not experience the Nazi era. One was aware of anti-Semitism, but at my age I only knew what I heard from my mother.

My parents were from Poland and could not legally get married in Frankfurt. My father's name was Ludwig Wittmann, my mother's Rosa Bernhang. Therefore we were considered illegitimate children by the Germans. In all my papers I am Bella Lewin née Bernhang, but at school I was registered as Wittmann.

My husband and I were in Stuttgart from 1933 to 1934 where my husband was the representative of the daily newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung". Since that "kike paper" was attacked - the Nazis confiscated several editions - he had to go to the "Braune Haus" for negotiations. But nothing happened to him.

In April 1934 we emigrated to Turkey where my husband got a good position in a department store. In Turkey we knew only some professors who had been offered a post at the university by president Kemal Atatürk, but among the emigrants there were no classmates whom I knew from my school years.

In 1937 we traveled to Holland where in 1938 I gave birth to my son. Since the mood in Holland at that time did not look promising, we decided to go to Argentina with our 3-month-old baby. We got our visa because we had connections. At that time it was no longer possible to go to Argentina the regular way. But in Argentina I again did not have the luck to meet friends from my childhood or school years.

My mother and my two sisters emigrated also. My father died before the Nazi era.

Bella Lewin

*My father and uncle fled
to the woods outside Frankfurt
and stayed hidden for three days*

I was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule which was part of the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule located at "Tiergarten". In 1938 I was in my fourth year and had already gotten many beatings which were handed out freely by the Hitler youths [Nazi youth organization] to the young Jewish children. The same year on my way home from school I was beaten by a group of Hitler youths on the street. I was bleeding so much that I lay unconscious in front of our house. My mother heard my screams and ran to the street and saved

*Jakob Tannenwald
was a student at
the Israelitische
Volksschule;*

*today he lives
in Israel*

me at the last moment before an oncoming car would have run me over.

In spite of the restrictions by the Nazis on Jewish school activities, our studies continued to be more or less normal until the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] of November 10, 1938. Then the real persecution of Jews began. My father and my uncle fled into the woods outside Frankfurt and stayed hidden for three days. All my teachers were taken to the concentration camp Buchenwald and the school was without male teachers. The classes which had been separated into boys' and girls' were now consolidated. The female teachers who until then had only taught girls had to teach mixed classes with double the number of students.

During the three days when my father was hidden in the forest we had two "visits" from the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis]. They were looking for my father. During the search they demolished all our furniture. On the third day my father and my uncle went to the police. They saw no possibility of getting across the border. The next day they were shipped to Dachau [concentration camp].

My mother was now alone with two little children, my five-year-old brother and me, and with my father's factory. By Nazi law she had to sell the factory. Jews were not allowed to own an establishment. She finally sold the brush factory for a ridiculous price.

For my mother it became clear that we could not stay in Germany. At the first opportunity, when the Jewish orphanage of our community left for Switzerland, she sent me with the orphans, hoping that at least I would be safe.

In the meantime she left no stone unturned to get a visa for other countries so that my father could be released from the concentration camp. During that time the Nazis were willing to release all Jewish prisoners from concentration camps who had visas for emigration into foreign countries. My mother was successful. On the same day she got both a certificate for the family for Palestine, and a visa for the United States. She paid for those documents with all the money she got from the sale of the factory. Getting these documents would make an entire story in itself.

My father was released from Dachau in March 1939. In April he emigrated with my mother and my brother. They traveled via Switzerland to pick me up and all four of us arrived in what was then Palestine.

As new immigrants in a new country, without a penny, we had to struggle to exist. My father sold candies from house to house. My mother worked as a cleaning woman.

This is more or less my personal story. Of my classmates, about 20 percent were saved, some are here in Israel, others in the USA and other countries. Approximately 80 percent were deported and ended in the gas chambers.

I cannot say anything about the opinions of specific teachers and the principal of our school, but in general, I believe that the views of the Jews in Germany, and in particular those in Frankfurt, were the following: "The Jews in the Diaspora have survived persecutions and pogroms during their 2000 years of exile. In the same way we will survive Hitler's dictatorship. A cultured people like the Germans will never agree to the annihilation of an entire people." After the "Kristallnacht" the eyes of our people were opened, but, for the most part, it was too late.

Jakob Tannenwald

*I lost all contact with my schoolmates
because at the time we all lived in great
danger*

I was a student at the Philanthropin and therefore not exposed to any persecution in school. I lost all contact with my classmates who either fled or were killed. We all lived in great danger at the time, and could only focus on saving ourselves and our families.

Liselott Fefferman

*Liselott Fefferman
née Stern was a
student at the
Philanthropin;*

*today she lives
in the USA*

My family left Frankfurt on September 24, 1938

Eric J. Oppenheimer was student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule; today he lives in the USA

I am a member of the Oppenheimer family from Hemsbach on the Bergstrasse. I was a guest in September 1987 when the old renovated Synagogue was opened for the public. The building is now used for cultural Jewish festivities.

Now I come back to the computer list of the deportees. My great-aunt Betty Oppenheimer (née Hemsbach) and her youngersister Cilly (widow of Leopold Schack) were deported from Frankfurt in the fall of 1938 and were killed by the Nazis. Their names are not on the list. At least, I cannot find my aunt Betty's name under the Oppenheimers.

My family left Frankfurt on September 24, 1938.

My late father traveled two or three times a year to Holland. His friend Michael Levy and his brother Albert were in Amsterdam and advised him not to emigrate to Holland. My father had a brother Jakob (born in Hemsbach in 1890) in Chicago who had gone to America as early as 1905. That is how it was possible for us to go there in October 1938.

My father was a very religious man and feared that he would not be able to observe the Sabbath in the USA. At his death on April 1st 1970 he could rest in peace because he never violated the Sabbath. He was a very active member of his orthodox synagogue. Had we emigrated to Amsterdam, our situation would have been similar to that of Otto Frank's family.

During the last years I found a number of things which might be of interest to you. I enclose a copy of a prayer from the time of the First World War, and some examples of gallows humor in the thirties.

Eric J Oppenheimer

A mocking poem about Hitler from the Nazi era was sent to us by Eric J. Oppenheimer. The following is a free translation by the poet Mark Perlberg:

In Dachau

*The Fuehrer inspects a prisoner's cell
finds a Communist, haggard, gaunt,
reading a book by Schiller.*

Startled, he says to the man:

"Now perhaps you finally see

That we National Socialists

*In spite of our opponents'
mockery, are the one true party.*

*Even Schiller, whom you just read
was a National Socialist."*

*The Communist stands up
and laughs in the Fuehrer's face.*

"Schiller? National Socialist?

You don't believe that yourself."

The Fuehrer screams full of rage

"You dare say that to me?

I'll have your head cut off!"

The man replies, "I'm ready for death.

But grant me a favor.

I beg three minute's time,

so I can free you of your illusion.

I'll prove, though it costs my life,

that Schiller is international!"

"'The Virgin of Orleans'

he wrote for France,

and as every child already knows,

wrote 'Wilhelm Tell' for Switzerland.

He conceived—who doesn't know—

'Maria Stuart' for England.

And is it unknown to you

that he created for Italy

'The Bride of Messina' and 'Fiasko'?

I've also read 'The Fortress of Orange',

*and 'Don Carlos', which he wrote for
Spain."*

"Stop!" The Fuehrer screams,

*"Dog!—and for Germany he wrote not-
thing?"*

"Oh sure", says the man,

"Allow me to tell you.

*He wrote for the beautiful Third Reich
which thousands of cultured people fled,
where a thousand men were sterilized,
where godless brown-shirted hoards
plunder and murder Jews—*

For this country Schiller wrote,

'The Robbers'.

*Deportation:
Dachau, Buchenwald
and Auschwitz*

I had the good fortune to be able to leave Frankfurt in January 1937

*Hilde Baumann
née Wolf
was a student at
the Samson-
Raphael-Hirsch-
Schule;
today she lives
in the USA*

I was a student at the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule. I cannot name any teachers or students who were members of the Nazi party. However, I do know of a number of classmates who were victims of Nazi persecution.

My family and I had the good fortune to be able to leave Frankfurt in January 1937, so we were spared the worst. My husband, however, whom I met and married in the U.S., was less fortunate. He was transported to Buchenwald [concentration camp]. He lost his mother in the gas chamber at Auschwitz [extermination camp]. This despite the fact that his father, a good German soldier, died in World War I.

Perusing the list of deportees, I found names of classmates whose destiny was not known to me. To read the names of relatives and friends who, as I knew before, did not survive the Hitler years, was terribly upsetting for me.

Hilde Baumann

On 16 of November 1938 I was deported to Dachau

*Albert Rothschild
was a student at
the Ostend-
Mittelschule;
today he lives
in the USA*

I was born on April 26, 1907. I went to the Ostend-Mittelschule from 1913 till 1922. After that I worked for a business firm in laces until 1938. Then I was fired. I was there when the synagogues were set on fire. I also lived through the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany].

On 16 of November 1938 I was shipped to Dachau [concentration camp]. I was there for one month and saw how many prisoners were mistreated. Later on they sent me for two years to a work camp near Munster in Westphalia. My luck was that it was a private enterprise. We were a total of 200 Jewish workers. We could not work during the winter

months, so we were sent home on leave until next fall. Of course we had to report to the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis] daily. I left Germany on May 10, 1940 and the borders were closed ten days later.

Albert Rothschild

On 1st of April, 1933, the Boycott Saturday, I was accosted and beaten up

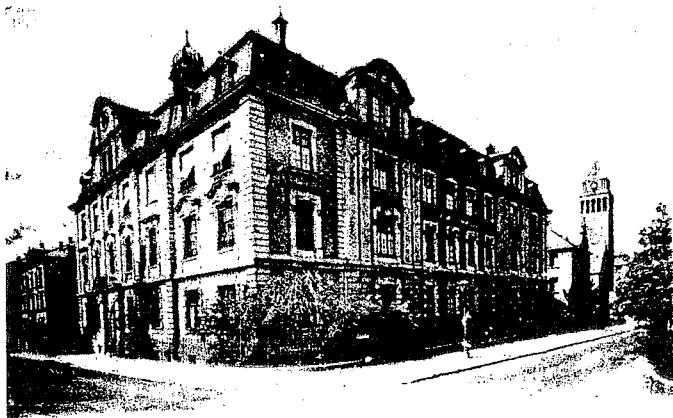
I attended the Israelitische Volksschule [Jewish Day School] on Roderbergweg 29, from 1919 to 1927. Students and teachers were all Jewish, so I had few opportunities to get together with non-Jews. The only non-Jew was a gym teacher.

I took my apprenticeship at "Deutsche Fakirin Werke" on Hanauer Landstrasse. I attended a trade school called Staedtische Fortbildungs-Handelsschule on the Boersenstrasse. One of my classmates named Stark already then made propaganda for the Nazis and held lengthy discussions with our teacher Mr. Meyer. In August of 1932, because of a recession, I was laid off.

In 1933 I briefly met Stark in the city, we had an icy conversation and each went on his way. On April 1st, 1933, the Boycott Saturday [when the Nazis called upon the population to

S. F. was a student at the Israelitische Volksschule before Hitler's takeover of power;

today he lives in the USA



Israelite orphanage on Roederbergweg 87

boycott all Jewish businesses], I was accosted and beaten up in Koenigswarther Strasse. I got away with a black eye.

My wife and I left Germany in August 1935 for Palestine, now Israel. In 1938 my sister-in-law, her husband and son were deported to Poland. She and her son were murdered. Her husband somehow managed to escape first to England, later he went to the USA.

One of my brothers left Germany in 1933. Another brother of mine was drafted to a workforce in 1934. He, his wife and son, were murdered while waiting for papers for America. In 1941 my father was deported to Lithuania. The train never arrived, neither did the passengers.

In 1965 I met a woman from Frankfurt whose parents had been deported in 1938 and were never heard of again. She herself emigrated to South America. Some of my classmates, colleagues, relatives, friends and acquaintances, were able to leave, others were murdered.

One other story comes to my mind. At Roederbergweg 87, corner Waldschmidtstrasse, was the building of a Jewish orphanage "Israelitische Waisenanstalt", a foundation of the Frankfurt Rothschilds. In 1936/37 the head of the orphanage Mr. Isidor Marx traveled with children to Palestine to bring them to safety. On his second trip in 1939 when he tried to get more children out, he was warned not to return to Germany, since the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis] was looking for

PESSACH das Befreiungsfest

DAS OMER - ZÄHLEN
Die verbindende Brücke

SCHWUOTH das Offenbarungsfest

Die Omerzeit ist - dieses Jahr - fünfzig und einisch - verbunden mit der Festsetzung, entsprechend dem Erntedankfest

Herzliche Bitte: Denkt an die Weltarmen - deren Zahl im November verdoppelt!

him. On the inside of the "Omer-Count" of 1939 they were asking for donations for the orphans and the following sentence appeared: "Don't forget the orphans - whose numbers have doubled since November!" which, of course, was a reference to the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany]. That was the main reason for the warning sent to Mr. Marx, even though there was a permit for the printing of the "Omer-Count". All Jewish organizations had to apply for a permit by the authorities before they could print anything.

With a heavy heart Mr. Marx remained in Palestine. His wife Rosa Marx took over as head of the orphanage. She was deported to Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp] and did not survive the Holocaust. The orphans also disappeared.

S. F.

*As the S.S. men came closer, one of them
threw the man back and beat him brutally
in the face with his fist*

On October 6, 1938 Poland announced that all Polish passports would be declared invalid after October 31, 1938 for those Poles who had lived in a foreign country for more than five years. That decree was directly aimed against the 50,000 Polish Jews who at that time were living in Germany. The German Government, in order to avoid this ruling, decided to round up all Polish Jews on October 28th and ship them to Poland. The international press paid little attention to these events, even though thousands were made homeless and later on lost their lives. Everything was overshadowed by the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany].

In 1938 I had been living at a Jewish children's home, the Flersheim-Sichel-Stiftung, with my brother Bernhard since

*Salomon Horn,
brother of Rose
Beal, has sent us
the following
report about his
deportation to
Poland*

1933. During this time we found out that the Germans looked upon us as inferior, bad people. My Bar Mitzvah was in May, and according to Jewish law I was now a man. I was thirteen years old.

Late at night on October 27th, I was called into the office of the home. The principal told me to pack a few things and go home. A policeman from the nearby station passed the word to the principal to do that. He had got an order to come and pick me up in the morning and, "If he is not here, I cannot haul him in", he supposedly said. I was stunned. Why would they want to arrest a thirteen-year-old boy? I took the streetcar to my mother's house. We discussed together why that could have happened, and what we should do. We decided to go to the Polish Consulate early in the morning.

Around 4 o'clock we were woken up by loud banging and ringing of the doorbell. Three S.S. [terrorist Nazi elite forces], or Gestapo men [Secret Police of the Nazis] came into our bedroom and ordered us to get dressed. "You can pack a small suitcase. That is all you can take along", they barked at us. The fear of the night before was nothing compared to the fear we now had. We first thought it had all been a mistake. Now we knew it was not. We three children were Polish, because our father was Polish. We knew nothing about Poland. We didn't even know the language. I was particularly upset when one of the S.S. men stayed in the bedroom while my mother was getting dressed. I had to stay there, too. The reason they gave was that they had orders not to leave the arrested alone, so they could not commit suicide.

Within a few minutes we were ready. Without breakfast, with a few things, practically no money, they took my family. One of the S.S. men looked at me and said, "We don't have your name on our list, therefore you are not to come along." My mother, who still thought that the arrest was a mistake, called to me to go to the Polish Consulate to see if the consul could help. There was no time to say good-bye, no time to be afraid, all of a sudden, I was all alone. From one moment to the next my family was gone.

I hardly remember how I got to the Consulate with my little suitcase. When I arrived, there were many people standing in front of the door waiting for the Consulate to open up. After one or two hours a secretary came out, and said "Go home. The Consul has no time for you and cannot do anything for

you." We were shaken up. Up to that time, in spite of the strong anti-Semitism in Poland, the Consul was still a symbol of protection for us. Our Polish citizenship had helped a little to protect us from the Nazis.

Probably my family was already on a train to Poland. Since I didn't know what to do, I went to the main railroad station. In a bakery I bought a dozen rolls for me and my family, in case I would still find them. When I arrived at the station, there were masses of people. Freight cars and police cars arrived continuously loaded with dazed Jews who were watched by S.S. or S.A. men. One picture that still remains with me is that of a young woman in a bathrobe. She was helped from a truck. She appeared to be in pain, could hardly climb down, and when she turned towards the truck, a brown shirted S.A. man threw her newborn baby to her. To this day I can see the little arms and legs of the baby as it flew through the air.

I ran along the platform in search of my family. It appeared as if there were thousands of human beings, all watched by brown and black uniforms. I didn't think I could have stayed back by myself, or, what would have been worse, they could have sent me to a foreign country. I had no money, could not speak Polish, and did not know a soul in Poland. If I had thought of that, panic would have overtaken me. After an endlessly long time, I found my family. They had missed the first train in which my uncle David and my aunt Fannie left. Later on they were killed in Auschwitz [extermination camp]. We embraced and kissed. I proudly took out my rolls.

After a while we were put into an old fourth-class train, which had been out of service for a long time. Inside wooden benches stood opposite each other and ran through the whole train. Our guards were two young Swabian policemen who were brought from a small town especially for this transport. They were friendly and nice, totally different from the police and Nazi officers we were used to. They seemed to be ashamed about the things they had seen and had to stand by and watch. We were on this trip about twelve hours to Katowice and even though we used to be afraid of men in uniform, those two made it as comfortable for us as possible. One of the families in our compartment came from the city of Saarbruecken and were related to us. All the others were strangers.

After a time the train stopped at a station. Many German Jews were there and had erected a soup kitchen. Many of the very orthodox Jews did not want to eat, because it was not kosher. But a famous orthodox rabbi who was also on the train assured them that under these special circumstances the food should be eaten. For most of them it was the first meal of the day and it had to last for this and the following day. For many it was the last good meal of their life. I remember still how surprised we were by these signs of friendship and brotherhood expressed by the German Jews. Most of them had no great love for their Eastern brethren and had looked upon us as dirty and belonging to an inferior class. But Hitler had thought of all of us as inferior people and taught us finally that we shared the same fate.

During the night we got to the border. We were brought into a tunnel that led to the border. There was a lot of noise and a lot of confusion. I cannot and will never forget what followed. More than three thousand people were packed into this tunnel with suitcases which they pushed along the floor. Ice-cold water drops rained continuously on us from the ceiling. Nobody knew why we were there or what would become of us. We moved slowly forward, a few steps per hour. Only once in a while a family emerged through the door at the end of the tunnel. Luckily we never came through that door.

Our family was among the last to come down the stairs. For a while we stayed at the end of the tunnel because the air seemed a little better there. We didn't know that a delay in the forward movement would save us from a terrible death. For one to two hours there was a little space at the end of the tunnel. A few Jews from Katowice brought a little food and water. Two or three doctors tried to help the sick. I helped one of them, got him water, and did little things for him. Many people came directly from the hospital from a sickbed to the transport. The doctor wanted these people to be brought to the hospital there. But he didn't get the permission. Even children with diseases like measles or scarlet fever had to stay with us. After two to three hours I became hoarse, had a fever and felt very sick.

Then a second train came and we were pushed forward. Now there was no room to turn around and nobody could sit. It was impossible to go to a toilet or to get something to eat or drink. A group of East Prussian S.S. men came to us in the

tunnel. They were obviously drunk, their pistol holders were open and their hands lay on their pistols. Before they went through the tunnel they shouted orders to create a path through the middle, so they would not be touched by the "dirty Jews". We knew how anti-Semitic the East Prussians and the Poles were. We were terrified what they would do to us. Even children like me who were born in Germany knew of pogroms in Russia and Poland. Despite the fact that we were packed like sardines, we freed a path in the middle. The S.S. men walked back and forth and screamed at us "Dirty Jew" or "Pig Jew". I was convinced that they were waiting for an opportunity to shoot and I was trying to hide as well as possible.

During one of their promenades, unfortunately a man was pushed into the path. As the S.S. men came closer, one of them threw that man back and beat him brutally in the face with his fist. There was no room for him to fall down. The masses held him up and took him away quickly. His nose was broken and he bled for a long time. Everyone hoped that this would be the end of it and no more people would be beaten. You cannot imagine our terror when the daughter of that man, a sweet, gentle, but mentally retarded girl of about sixteen, ran toward that S.S. man and hit his breast with her fist and screamed irrationally "You ... You ... You ..." We stood there as if turned into stone and feared that something dreadful was about to happen. But instead of getting furious, this drunken animal looked at her in a frightened, questioning way, pushed her gently back and walked out of the tunnel.

We stood in that tunnel for fourteen long hours. None of us knew that the families that passed through would be later killed in the Polish concentration camps in a dreadful way. Others stayed in camps between the borders and died of typhus and other terrible sicknesses. All we knew was that we were more than thirty hours without sleep, food, or drink. We were hoping that we would be able to get through that door soon. As we finally reached the end of the tunnel, the door opened, and a big man, who looked like Goering, in an elegant S.S. uniform and many decorations, came into the tunnel. He called "Quiet!" and made a short speech which he ended by saying that that because of special kindness by the Fuehrer, permission was given to return home. We were totally overcome, but still glad of this news.

The tunnel emptied out quickly after that speech. We walked along the tracks. We had to wait several hours for the trains. I fell asleep on the ground, lying on my coat and suitcase. When I woke up my sore throat was gone, my voice was normal. On the return trip we were taken care of again by German Jews with food and drink. In Frankfurt many German Jews waited with their cars to drive us home. They worked all night in this manner.

Now we were home again and happy that everything was as it had been. Next day I returned to the children's home and my family tried to lead a normal life again. But that was quickly interrupted, and this time for ever.

At the beginning of November a man named Grynspan, whose family had been brought to Poland on the same transport, walked into the German Consulate in Paris and shot the Secretary Mr. vom Rath. This man died on November 8 and Hitler gave Goebbels the order to punish the Jews. Goebbels and Heydrich set up the so-called "Reichskristallnacht" on the night of the 9th and 10th November. The name originated from all the broken windows of Jewish businesses and warehouses. All Jewish businesses in Frankfurt were smashed, all synagogues were burned, and all Jewish cemeteries were destroyed. Some Jews were beaten, others were arrested and sent to concentration camps. Thousands were killed later on.

My mother, whose business was in the old town of Frankfurt, the section known as Frankfurter Altstadt, left early in the morning. One of her neighbors warned her, told her that so-called spontaneous hoodlums would come. She rushed home to my brother and sister. She was so nervous that she broke the key as she tried to enter the iron gate into our house. Therefore the hoodlums later could not enter the house. They tried for hours to break the door open. They were successful in the late afternoon. My family heard the screams of the people in the lower apartments as they were dragged out. At the moment the hoodlums came to our apartment two S.S. men came and said "It's all finished". The attacks were stopped officially at that moment. Later on an S.S. officer who introduced himself as Sturmbannfuehrer [special rank within the S.S. hierarchy] Hoffman-Horn came to our apartment because he heard that up here Jews were living who had the same name as he. He sat down and gave a lecture in which he

told my brother and sister that they should report our mother in case she said anything against the Fuehrer. In that case he would have respect for them. The room where he sat was that of a lady and her daughter to whom we had rented a part of our apartment. She was a Communist and had many forbidden books. Luckily the S.S. officer did not look at them. We later on burned them all in our oven. My brother had to go down to the street with other Jews. They had to clean up the street.

On the weekend we went to the store of my mother in the Graupengasse. It was totally destroyed. The windows were smashed. Whatever was worth anything had been stolen. My mother had invested all her money in 100 new leather jackets and many of them were displayed in the windows of the neighboring stores. Nothing was left.

We almost did not get out of Germany even though they told us at the American Consulate that our visas would come soon. We still had to wait five months till we got them. My mother's passport was no longer valid. The U.S. Consulate would not put the visa in an invalid passport. We went to the police station and my mother was threatened with arrest, because she was a stateless person. After we explained everything to the man in charge, he called the Polish Consulate with whom he was friends and asked him to extend the passport so he would be rid of those damned Jews. The Consul extended the pass for two months. On April 1, 1939 we were called by the American Consulate in Stuttgart and told that our visas were ready. My mother's passport was still valid for one more month.

If we had not waited at the end of the tunnel in Katowice, or if the German S.S. officer had made his speech five minutes later, we would have been killed in Auschwitz [extermination camp]. If the Consul had not extended the passport of my mother as a favor to his Nazi friend, we would not have been able to leave Germany and we would have ended our lives in Buchenwald or Auschwitz-Birkenau .

One last miracle saved us at the German border in Kehl on the Rhine on April 13, 1939. The S.S. officer at the border saw that my mother's pass had expired in November and would not let us get back on the train and continue our journey. She had remained in Germany for four months without permission. At the last moment, just when the train had started into motion, he said "Well O.K., get on that train now". We

jumped on the landing of the train and in a few minutes we were in France. We had nothing, but we were free, and we were no longer faced with a death sentence.

My uncle and my aunt who were with the transport to Poland wrote to us that we should send them a few things. We never heard from them again. Their lives ended in Auschwitz.

Solomon Horn

Reading the devastating deportation list, I came across the name of my poor brother

*Ruth Ilan-Porath
née Alice Marx
was a student at
the Holzhausen-
Schule and at the
Philanthropin;
today she lives
in Israel*

When I was eight years old I studied at the Holzhausen-Schule, a new building near my parents' home, corner Eyssen-eckstrasse. My homeroom teacher was Mr. Klein, an elderly tall man, near sixty. He was always very correct, also towards us, the Jewish girls, and we never felt any hatred, which we experienced so much from others. On that morning when six or eight of us were brutally thrown out of the school, he did not read the list of names. Instead it was the principal. He never opened his mouth, he just stood next to the S.A. man [terrorist Nazi elite forces] and the principal and stared sadly at the floor.

That same afternoon Mr. Klein appeared at our house in a dark suit, carrying an umbrella in his hand even though the sun was out (children's memories), and said the following to my parents: "I have always been a Social Democrat. What happened today infuriates me. I would have liked to leave my position right then and there. But I have a family, and in one to two years I will receive my hard earned teacher's pension. So, I could not risk it. I beg you to forgive me that I just stood by. In my entire life I did not expect such a shameful deed."

The expulsion from the school, and his visit made a tremendous impression on me. I was eight years old and I haven't forgotten it to this day. So that was the silent majority

of the German people. Since then I have met the son of Mr. Klein and I learned to respect him. We have become friends and correspond regularly.

Since I could not go back to the Holzhausen-Schule after that humiliating day in April, and went to the Philanthropin, I was saved from any further persecution.

When I read the devastating list of the deportees, I came across the name of my poor brother. Only three or four years ago when I saw Serge Klarsfeld's lists I became aware that he, my brother, was killed in Majdanek and not in Auschwitz [extermination camps]. I read that the reason for his transport was that two S.S. men from Paris were killed by partisans whereupon two thousand young Jewish men were transported for revenge! From the "free" section of France! It was not Nazi soldiers, but French gendarmes who took him away.

Ruth Ilan-Porath

The Jewish teachers looked terrible, their heads were shaved, and most had lost a lot of weight

I was born in Frankfurt in 1926 and started Schwarzburg-Schule on Easter 1932. I attended that school for one or two years and was transferred to the Holzhausen-Schule. When I was ten years old I was again transferred, this time to the Philanthropin. Jewish children were not allowed to go to public schools. They all had to go to the Philanthropin, a Jewish private school.

In the fall of 1932 I became very sick and stayed at home from summer vacation till the New Year. During that time a teacher from the Schwarzburg-Schule visited me. I cannot remember his name. He took a great risk since we were Jews. I remember that he talked to my mother and told her that as a Social Democrat he did not agree with the boycott measures taken against Jewish stores. I cannot remember any unpleasant incidents at the Schwarzburg-Schule.

*Curtis L. Mann
was a student at
the Schwarzburg-
Schule, Holz-
hausen-Schule
school, and the
Philanthropin;*

*he lives today
in the USA*

At the Holzhausen-Schule it was a totally different situation. My teacher wore a swastika in his button hole. He did not want to have anything to do with the Jewish boys. We were three in a class of thirty. Then, of course, the boys followed his example. (And maybe it also came from home, parents and newspapers). They had great pleasure to start a fight with me. Five or six against one. It happened in the schoolyard and on the way home from school. I was beaten up regularly, because I was a Jew, and there were always many against one. I remember once complaining to the teacher, but he did not care. I was a Jew, so what right did I have to complain?

Easter 1936 I started at the Philanthropin, a Jewish school with only Jewish teachers. There was, of course, no anti-Semitism. On the morning of the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] I went to school as I did every day. As we arrived in the schoolyard, some pupils reported that they had seen synagogues burning. We had to wait outside and at 9:30 am we were sent home. The teachers were afraid that they might want to burn down the school as well, and they could not guarantee our safety. I went home directly and my mother asked "How come you come home so early?" I told her "All the synagogues are burning."

All my teachers were sent to concentration camps and there was no school till New Year 1939. By then some teachers were released from the concentration camp and lessons were beginning again. The teachers looked terrible. Their heads were shaven and most of them had lost 30 to 40 pounds. Some were beaten up, others suffered from the cold weather, one lost his leg through the frost.

I left Germany with a Children's Transport on April 19, 1939. I was thirteen years old. On my first day in the faculty of law at the University of Michigan in the year 1948 I sat next to Ernst Mayerfeld. He was the same age as I. He had also been to the Philanthropin, but we did not know each other in Frankfurt. Ernst and I then studied Law for three years together till 1951.

I saw a concentration camp for the first time after the war. I was never deported and I never had to hide. But I remember vividly that the years 1932 till 1939 were most depressing.

There was so much fear and uncertainty, evident even to a child. I have fewer pleasant and more unpleasant memories of those times. That might be the reason why I don't remember exact details.

I do not know what became of the boys and girls who went to school with me. My best friend during the last two years was Herbert Schafranek. He died in the ghetto of the city of Lodz. He had a brother Fritz who is mentioned on page 122 and 123 of the book "Das Philanthropin 1804 - 1942" by Inge Schlotzhauer, publisher Waldemar Kramer. Their father died in Lodz and their mother was killed in Auschwitz [extermination camp]. I could only expect that Fritze's destiny would be the same, however, he survived Auschwitz and Dachau. He got in touch with me and we now have contact with each other.

Curtis L. Mann

In the year 1940 an attempt was made to evacuate orphans and half-orphans to Ecuador

In 1941 there was a "Flersheim-Sichel-Stiftung" where orphans and half-orphans (boys) got their schooling and education. The institution was at Ebersheimstrasse 5 and was probably moved to Leerbachstrasse 105 in August 1941.

In the year 1940 an attempt was made to evacuate 50 orphans and half-orphans from this institution together with four educational and management personnel to Ecuador. It was an attempt that dragged out till the end of 1941, and unfortunately failed - among other things - on account of bureaucratic red tape.

We know the names of 38 children. Twenty four of them are written up in the deportation book of Diamant. They were killed in the East. The others we have to assume unfortunately were also killed. Some of those children were out of town and when the Nazis confiscated the building during the summer

Moshe Ayalon reports about the Flersheim-Sichel-Stiftung;

he lives today in Israel

vacation of 1941 they probably traveled back to their home town from which they were then deported to the East. This meant a certain death.

Moshe Ayalon

My mother was sent to the gas chamber in Auschwitz by Mengele

*Friedrich
Schafranek was a
student at the
Woehler-Schule
and the
Philanthropin,
today he lives
in Bobingen*

I was not born in Frankfurt. In 1928 my father was appointed as Austrian Trade Commissioner by Austria and we moved to Germany. He requested that the location of his office be in Frankfurt rather than in Berlin. Frankfurt had a better railroad network for his purpose. Our first apartment was at Kettenhofweg 83. My father's office was there as well. It was a seven-room apartment.

That is how I started at the first grade in 1930 at the Woehler-Schule, which was of corner Lessingstrasse, Westendstrasse, and Lindenstrasse. At the Lindenstrasse, directly across from the school which was grade school as well as high school, was, as I recall, a bakery and school supply store by the name of Rohrbach. My first teacher was Mr. Kirmse, a nice elderly man. We got along fine. I think he retired, or was moved, because in the second year I had a new teacher named Mr. Teichert. If I remember correctly, he came from Silesia, had a beautiful bald head, and was a super-Nazi. He let me feel that at once and always. A "first-class" Jew hater.

He singled me out in particular. Although he knew I was a Jew, I continuously had to sing Nazi songs and he accompanied me on his violin. I frequently had to sing "Heads will roll and Jews will cry" until one day my mother came to school and told him that we were Austrians, and if he would not change his attitude, he would be reported. After that it got a little easier for me, but my marks got worse. In his sadistic way he often beat me with his violin bow, on my head and my hands.

In 1934 as I was to enter high school, my parents decided to send my brother Herbert and me to the Philanthropin. My last report card was not bad, since Teichert said to me "It

wouldn't matter one iota what kind of marks you brought to a Jewish school." I just remember that there was one Jewish teacher also at the Woehler-Schule. He came to the Philanthropin. His name was Mr. Beicht. He gave us religious instruction at the Woehler-Schule. I was happy that I got away from Teichert. By the way, later on Teichert lived right around the corner from us, in Eppsteinerstrasse. Since my mother felt inconvenienced by the office business where we were living in Kettenhofweg, we moved to a four-and-half-room apartment at Kronbergerstrasse 30/II; my father's office was then near the Alte Oper.

In the Philanthropin my first teacher in the first grade of high school was a Dr. Stern. Since my language skills were very good, my brother and I had private lessons in English and French from a Dr. Georg Schott (a journalist for the daily newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung"); we were soon moved to the second grade. There I had Dr. Plaut as my homeroom teacher. I felt comfortable in the Philanthropin. What was important to me as an athlete was the fact that we had a fantastic sports and gym teacher, Emil Stelzer. What I admired about him most was the fact that he was a Gentile who was married to a Jew and became Jewish and had himself circumcised as an adult. There is a lot to tell, but that would make the letter endlessly long. Many students and teachers had already emigrated. My father had the strong conviction that nothing could happen to us, first because he was a diplomat, and second because we were Austrians. But everything happened contrary to what he thought.

After the annexation of Austria we had to get out of our apartment in Kronbergerstrasse. The owner of the house was the Duke of Hessen whom my father knew very well, but nevertheless we had to get out. Finally we found another apartment in Leerbachstrasse 10, where we lived until October 19, 1941, the day of our deportation.

Since only three of us students were ready for high school graduation, the School Board decided not to allow graduation exams. It was suggested to my parents to take us to Berlin to the Addas-Jisroel-Schule to pass the exam there. Just the week that Hitler marched into Russia on June 22, 1941, the three of us started our graduation exam. After that we returned to Frankfurt. One of the three of us was Fritz Waldvogel (on the deportation list page 43), the other was

Kurt Hecht. He had a fatal bicycle accident on Reuterweg. He hit a streetcar and was buried in the new Jewish cemetery. I was the third.

Shortly thereafter I had to go into a Jewish apprenticeship and on November 10, 1941 we were taken away to Lodz where my father died on 16, June 1942, and my brother on March 13, 1943. My mother and I were taken to Auschwitz [extermination camp] on August 8, 1944 where my mother was sent to the gas chamber by Mengele. I was sent to Birkenau and after 21 days was shipped to Dachau. Finally to Kaufering-Hurlach camp #7, and later camp #4.

After perusal of the deportation list/material III, I felt quite sick because of the many names of my friends on it. About some I can give you information:

Edith Baer and Emil Stelzer were active with me in the sports club of the Philanthropin. I was an ardent soccer player, and then handball.

Family Eisenstein with children Ruth and Inge were good friends of my parents. Mr. Eisenstein had been dead for a long time. Ruth and I were good friends. We went dancing on the sly on Saturday nights in private homes. Eisensteins lived in Oberlindau, corner Stauffenstrasse, on the first floor. You mention in the list that the girls were taken to the East together with their very sick mother. One prisoner from Riga whom I met in camp #4, a Lithuanian, told me that he lived next to the family, and the girls were put on a boat in the Riga ocean, and there the boat was set afire. The people either burned or drowned.

Kurt Floersheim was one of my best friends. He lived with his parents in the so-called Flersheim-Stift. His father was a teacher who had lost his job. This Flersheim-Stift gave shelter to young Jewish boys from Frankfurt and vicinity who went to school there or to apprenticeships. Amongst them was Kurt Marx.

Lotte Krug was a good friend. She lived near the Philanthropin, I believe Jahnstrasse, or in Mittelweg.

I met Kurt Marx in Auschwitz-Birkenau. As my transport from Lodz entered Birkenau, I took a walk next day along the fence which separated the work-camp from the quarantine camp. I had not eaten in two days. Suddenly I heard two boys

talking in good Frankfurt dialect. I called to them and asked if they were from Frankfurt. They said yes, "Who are you?". I gave them my nickname: I was the Tall Scheffel, my brother was Little Scheffel. They threw a piece of bread across the fence. That was very dangerous. Any guard could have shot them. We met a few times and each time they threw something across the fence. One of them was Kurt Marx. I don't know what became of him. I was transported after 21 days, first to Dachau, then to Kaufering. There is a long story in-between, but it would make my letter too long.

Steffen Popper was my best friend. Our parents were also good friends. Steffen's dad was a well-known Frankfurt lawyer. I seem to remember that he got the medal "Pour le Mérite" during World War I. I met him in camp #4 in Kaufering after his transport from Terezin to Kaufering. I could bring him to my block. We went daily, till December 1944, to the same work center ("Commando Steindel Strassenbau"). When typhus broke out in the camp in December, we both got very sick. He must have died in December 1944 from typhus. Thank God I stayed alive.

My brother Herbert came to Lodz with the family. Since all families from camps were put into homes, the four of us, father, mother, Herbert and I had to live in one room of about 12 square meters, and sleep in two beds. My father died after terrible tortures on June 16, 1942 and was buried in Maraschino (cemetery in Litzmannstadt/Lodz). My brother also was sick until they discovered malnutrition followed by tuberculosis. When he was already very sick, and hospitals and doctors could not help (only good nutrition would have helped, but that was not possible) my mother and I took turns taking care of him, my mother during the day and I during the night, so that one of us was always with Herbert. When I came home March 13, 1943 in the morning and went to bed next to him, we still were talking. I woke up around noon, and he was lying next to me dead. He was not to live to his 17th birthday. We brought him to the same cemetery where my father was resting. There are no markers on the graves, so we do not know where they are resting today.

Fritz Waldvogel lived in Oederweg. He was Polish and he and his whole family were deported to Poland, as Mr. Diamant mentions in appendix III of his book. However, he returned shortly thereafter to Frankfurt. Fritz, Kurt Hecht,

and I traveled to Berlin in 1941 for our graduation exam. I remember that he was very short and therefore never participated in sports. During the school year at the Philanthropin he earned extra money for his poor family by delivering rolls early in the morning. What became of him and his family, I do not know.

Friedrich Schafranek

*No one in their wildest dreams could
believe that a country
would designate an entire portion
of its citizens for annihilation*

*Alex. Messerer
was a student
at the
Philanthropin;
today he lives
in Israel*

I was a student at the Philanthropin (graduation 1937), a Jewish "Reform-Realgymnasium", which is a type of high school. Today it no longer exists. I had a school life without pain.

The saga of Dachau [concentration camp] is an epoch in my life which I would like to have forgotten, and nearly have done so. For after leaving Frankfurt I built a life for myself based on an optimistic and positive outlook, ignoring bitter experiences. Today, however, this theme has come to life, seeing especially what is happening in Rostock and other cities; nor can I deny the fact that I am a product of my German past and German education; these thoughts disturb me. These are echoes of the 30s. That is when it all began.

About the "circumstances" of mass arrests of Jewish men in November 1938, after the so-called "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany] so much has been written already that there is no need for me to add anything. I only

want to remark that it was the first time in my life that I came across organized, official, and bureaucratic evil.

I believe that the most lasting memory for me was the scene at the Festhalle which was the gathering point for the transport to Dachau, even more than the transport itself in the packed railroad cars, or even Dachau itself with the hour-long and day-long parade formations in the icy weather in our thin summer clothing, the marches back and forth, and the overcrowded blocks. The Festhalle was a scene out of Dante's *Inferno*, and I thought to myself "such events cannot exist, this must be a bad dream, or a different world altogether". Here were these arrogant types, the S.S. men in black uniforms [terrorist Nazi elite forces], some also in civilian clothes, chasing, beating, inflicting pain, and degrading people of all classes and all strata with the sadistic satisfaction of their power over other people. Especially with former front-line soldiers with the Iron Cross [Medal of the German army] from World War I they did not have any mercy. And what I did not understand at that time was that this was only the tip of the iceberg.

The mass murder was a new form of persecution of minorities. It was a known fact that since 1933 "political opponents" were sent to concentration camps. It was also known that well-to-do Jews had to sign over their assets. Even the heroes in their Brown Shirts and their bloodthirsty songs were not taken seriously (a lesson for the future!). One knew what type of people they were, and I often saw how they fled when there was opposition.

We knew that we had no future in Germany. No university would admit us, no employer was allowed to hire us. We believed naively that this persecution and propaganda were rhetoric. No one in their wildest dreams could believe that a country would designate an entire portion of its citizens for annihilation (in the twentieth century), and then try to conquer the world.

In November 1938 I was sent to Dachau. I belonged to the lucky ones who got away with a black eye and survived. At the end of February 1939 I was released, after my father received a student certificate for me from Palestine, with the condition that I leave Germany within four weeks. So I left in March 1939 with ten Reichsmark in my possession.

My brother David, who attended the Klinger-Oberrealschule and the University of Frankfurt, is today living in South Africa. My sister Noemi, who went to the Humboldt-Schule, lives in London. There is nothing known about the fate of my parents except that they were still in Frankfurt in 1944, then deported to Terezin [in German: Theresienstadt, concentration camp], and then to one of the extermination camps.

Alex. Messerer

On November 9, 1938 my father and all my uncles were arrested and sent to a concentration camp

A. V. S. was a student at the Woehler-Schule and the Philanthropin; today he lives in the USA

For four years I attended the Woehler-Schule, continued my education in 1933 at the Philanthropin, until November 9, 1938, a few months before graduation. As far as I can remember, I had the following teachers at the Philanthropin: homeroom and Math Dr. Hermann Weil, German Dr. Epstein, Hebrew I. B. Levy, Art Dr. Galiner, and Biology Dr. Seelig.

Most of my classmates were able to flee. The only ones with whom I corresponded, but have lost contact now, were: Werner Floersheim, Leo Meyer, and Ellen Levy. Since all my friends and acquaintances were Jews, I had no contact or problems with Nazis.

On November 9, 1938 my father and all my uncles were arrested and sent to a concentration camp. Two of my uncles (Theo and Julius Wohlfahrt) died. My parents and I left Frankfurt in February 1939. After a stay in England and in the Philippines we finally arrived in the United States where at the age of 17 I had to repeat my entire high school years. I graduated two and a half years later at the age of 19.

I am enclosing my last report card which, as I said before, did not do me any good in the United States, since I missed graduation by a few months.

A. V. S.

“Addendum: A.S.R.-Jew 5013 died in the barracks.”

From Easter 1934 to Easter 1938 I attended the Holzhausen-Schule where I finished grade school. The short period till November 1938 I attended the Philanthropin.

During the first years I do not remember having had any problems except that my classmates joined the Hitler Youth [Nazi youth organization] and at times came to school in uniform. After a while there were anti-Semitic remarks and sometimes beatings of Jews. I do not know how the principal felt about these things. I do remember that my Math teacher Mr. Widera made anti-Semitic remarks and always gave me bad grades. The situation got worse and in 1936 so bad that the Jewish children were separated. That means, different hours were arranged for them. Then we were just taken care of by a Jewish teacher. He was Mr. Albrecht. I don't know what became of him. Today one would call this situation apartheid. I do not know, even though it would be of interest to know, how many Jewish students were at the Holzhausen-Schule at that time.

The separation had the effect that the Nazi students were waiting for us, ran after us, and tried to beat us up. We had to run, and I remember that I was scared of this walk to and from school. We lived at that time at the Grunenburgweg, not far

*Ronnie Moser,
formerly Rudolph
Karl Moser, was a
student at the
Holzhausen-
Schule and the
Philanthropin;
today he lives
in England*



First school day at the Holzhausen-Schule on Easter 1934

from the school. A Gentile friend of my parents picked me up and brought me to school when the situation got tense. This lady, her name was Helene Rempt, was arrested and jailed for anti-Nazi remarks.

About my Jewish classmates I cannot tell you anything. Some emigrated to the USA.

In the year 1991 I wrote to the Holzhausen-Schule and asked them for copies of my report cards and other documents referring to my school years. The Holzhausen-Schule replied only after a second request, nineteen months later, stating that in 1945 they had a fire in the basement and even though nothing happened to the structure of the school, all records were lost.

On 7th of November 1938, two days before the "Kristallnacht" [means "Crystal Night" and refers to the pogroms of November 9/10, 1938 undertaken against the Jewish population in Germany], we received our visas for England which were noted in our passports. A few days later my father had to report to the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis]. They released him because we were ready to leave. The emigration was not that simple. We had to pay fines and taxes, among them the "flight tax", before we were "allowed" to flee Germany.

On November 15th two Gestapo guys came to our apartment to arrest my father. He was not at home. We had a rather big apartment, so one of the guys took my mother and grandmother to the front of the apartment while the other took my sister and me to the back. As I recall he asked us when my father would come home. I don't think he threatened us. We could not say anything and neither could my mother. They left and said they would come back.

The next day they came again. This time my father was at home. Although we had all the papers to leave, they arrested him. They told him to pack a suitcase, took him along without any explanation. I did not know if I would ever see him again. They took him to the gathering point at the Festhalle (where the Fair Grounds are today). That was where the transports left for the concentration camps. My father was lucky. The Gestapo guy who had seen him a few days before recognized him. Since all his papers were in order, he released him and told him to leave Germany within 24 hours. My father talked

little about those hours in the Festhalle, where they cursed him and beat him. There he witnessed sad scenes. He came home very depressed and left on November 17th to go to friends in Holland.

My mother, sister, grandmother, and I left Frankfurt on November 20th, each with 10 Reichsmark in our pockets. I was 11 years old and very scared. We were very lucky. As a child one has an easier time dealing with such fears. Only later on I became conscious of the tragedy of those times. Although one must try to forgive, one will never forget.

My uncle Sali Moser, the oldest brother of my father, was sent to the concentration camp Buchenwald in summer 1938 where they killed him. The person who compiled a memorial for Buchenwald wrote to me in November 1992, upon my request, that they found the following entry in the diary of the S.S. camp leader, dated April 7, 1938: "Addendum: A.S.R.-Jew 5013 died in the barracks...."

One cousin who lived in Holland spent some time in Bergen-Belsen [concentration camp], but came out alive. We could not establish the fate of all our other relatives who went to Holland.

Ronnie Moser

I had to cry when I read the deportation list. It was the first time that I found the name of my brother

I was born on April 21, 1912 in Kantstrasse 5. I went to the Philanthropin. My brother who was three years older went to the same school. On our way to school we suffered a lot from the students of the Muster-Schule. My brother finished school and emigrated to Holland. My teachers at the Philanthropin were mostly Jewish. We just had one gym teacher (Mr. Maurer) who would make anti-Semitic remarks, so Dr. Driesen threw him out.

I was apprenticed in my father's butcher shop. For four years I had to go to the trade school and there I had only to deal with

M. N. was a student at the Philanthropin and a trade school;

*he lives today
in the USA.
His brother K. M.
was also a
student at the
Philanthropin*

Nazis and anti-Semites. The teacher belonged to the S.A. [terrorist Nazi elite forces]. I was 18 when my father died.

He was buried at the Jewish cemetery Eckenheimer Landstrasse, one year before Hitler came to power. In order to take over the business I had to pass a master's exam (2 - 3 years). When I took the exam I was the last Jew. In 1934 I gave up the store since no one was allowed to buy meat from me. In 1935 I emigrated to the USA.

Family Hans Hauck who had two sons lived in our house. Till Hitler came to power, we were friendly with them. Alfred became an S.A. man and Walter joined the S.S. When I was in Frankfurt I wanted to find those bandits, but I did not succeed.

[After perusing the list of deportees Mr. M. N. writes down the following:]

I had to cry when I read the deportation list. It was the first time that I found my brother's name: K. M. N., born on January 15, 1909 in Frankfurt. He went to the Philanthropin and was the brightest student in his class. He spoke three or four languages. Then he went into apprenticeship to Herrman Lehmann.

My brother got married in 1935 (?), and emigrated to Holland. There he was well-known (red hair) and he also was very religious. After Hitler entered Holland my brother and his wife went underground. German Nazis betrayed him. Kurt's wife was put into a cattle car in Amsterdam and died there. He was deported. I was told that at the end of the war he was still alive, but his work kept him there. My mother visited him there in 1938, then came to the USA where she died in 1942.

On my mother's side of the family about 20 persons were killed. They came from Rod am Berg (Taunus region). This town should be leveled to the ground. Every person was an accursed Nazi. I know it, because I grew up there during the First World War.

M. N.

In the five weeks at Buchenwald I saw more death, torture and misery than a front-line soldier would see in six years of war

After my graduation from high school my parents sent me to London in order to learn the English language. I stayed there for three months with relatives as a "paying guest". After that I became a volunteer at "Deutsche Bank" in Frankfurt and after that I worked at the company Gebrueder Feisenberger in Moselstrasse 4, and up to 1934 in our family establishment. I was sent to Augsburg where again I worked as a volunteer in a shoe factory which was in close touch with our firm. There I met my wife to be, Trudy Juengster.

In the fall of 1935 I traveled to Berlin where I entered our Berlin branch as an apprentice and there, during the next four years, possibly because I had good connections, I worked myself up to the post of chief executive.

I believe it was on November 9, 1938 when I heard on my illegal radio in a report from Luxembourg that all male Jews in Frankfurt were arrested. Naively I called my mother and asked "How is Dad?". She answered in code "He went on a trip". I told her: "Don't get excited, I am coming to be with you." I took the next train to Frankfurt, but at three o'clock in the morning an S.S. man [terrorist Nazi elite forces] stood in front of our door and asked for me. They had broken our secret code and knew that I was in Frankfurt. I was taken to the police station in Niedenau and from there to the Festhalle where hundreds of Jews had already been waiting. Then we went to Buchenwald [concentration camp]. There I met my father, an uncle, and many other friends and relatives. I was there for five weeks. During those five weeks in Buchenwald I saw more dead bodies, more torture, and misery than a front-line soldier would see in six years of war.

I did not believe that I would get out alive. My luck was that my U.S. visa had already been applied for and when my mother brought the proof of that to the Gestapo [Secret Police of the Nazis], they let me go on condition that I leave Germany immediately and pay a flight tax. In January 1939 I flew to

*Hank R. Schwab
was a student at
the Goethe-Gym-
nasium;*

*today he lives
in the USA*

England where I waited another three months for my visa for the U.S. On April 19, 1939 I arrived in New York on the SS "Europa" with my parents.

Hank R. Schwab

My parents were killed in Treblinka

*Ruth Stern
was a student at
the Samson-
Raphael-Hirsch-
Schule;*

*she lives today
in the USA*

I was a young girl when my brother and I were sent from Frankfurt to England in a Children's Transport. Our family was born in Frankfurt and my father was a soldier during World War I and had gotten the Iron Cross award. First we lived in Rhoenstrasse, and then we had to move to Uhlandstrasse 21 (the house still exists), because my father's business went downhill.

I went to the Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule which was a very good religious school. My studies were interrupted and my education was very short-lived, because the Nazis closed the schools in 1939. In my class it happened that half the children were not there any more. All the children and families who were born in Poland were sent back to Poland overnight. At the border Nazis stood and threw out the poor Jews and on the Polish side the Poles stood and did not want to let them in. That is how I lost many of my girl friends.

In 1953 I received a report which said that my parents Harriett and Israel Lippshitz were probably deported to Riga. Both were born in Frankfurt. They were killed in Treblinka [extermination camp]. That was a sad youth for me.

Every year I remember the 9th of November 1938 as the worst day of my life. My father was almost beaten to death in front of me and my brother on the street. We went to the hospital with him. Later on we came home. Everything was destroyed; my mother cried and a young man took his life in our house. His name was Walter Hess. To this day I have a scar on my thigh from broken glass.

My mother saw to it that we children were sent to England to our relatives with the Children's Transport. My brother went to Palestine in 1948 to help the Israelis in their war of independence. My brother Arthur Lippschitz lives today in Kyriat ATA near Haifa in Israel. Until 1947 I lived in Manchester and I then emigrated to the USA.

Ruth Stern

Appendix

*Documents of the
school authorities
from the Nazi era*

Already in April 1933 it became clear, as the **first** document demonstrates, that the systematic removal of the Jewish students was to be the responsibility of the school principals. They were to aim at a percentage of 1.5 percent on average vs. the total population in Germany, but for a city like Frankfurt this in no way corresponded to reality.

The **second** document dated April 4, 1934 and the **third** document "Percentage of non-Aryans and Foreigners" for 1935, 1936 and 1937, show the policy ensued for the time being which was aimed at a reduction of Jewish students to the intended 1.5 percent.

The **fourth** document deals with the shooting of the National Socialist diplomat vom Rath in Paris. He was shot dead by a Jewish young man, whose parents had been deported from Germany across the border into Poland according to the Nazi policy whereby all Polish-born Jews, even if they were German citizens, were evicted from Germany to Poland. Poland refused to let these people in, they were stranded in between the borders and many of them died. In the Nazi parlance of the day it was described as "the ruthless murder of Paris". It became the excuse for the pogroms of the nights of November 9-10, 1938. We see here the documented intensification of the Nazi policy towards the Jewish population with the final and complete exclusion of Jewish students from the "purely German schools" as they were now called.

The **fifth** and last document finally reflects that the policy of deportation and extermination had to be finalized even from the viewpoint of a lower Nazi bureaucrat: the file for "Jewish Schools" was to be closed "properly" at last.

The documents were obtained from the City Archives of Frankfurt on Main.

Document #1 (1933) - Copy of the original

"Against the overcrowding of German schools and high schools"

Gezetz gegen die Überfüllung deutscher Schulen und Hochschulen. Vom 25. April 1933.

Die Reichsregierung hat das folgende Gesetz beschlossen, das hiermit verkündet wird:

§ 1

Bei allen Schulen außer den Pflichtschulen und bei den Hochschulen ist die Zahl der Schüler und Studenten soweit zu beschränken, daß die gründliche Ausbildung gesichert und dem Bedarf der Berufsgebiete genügt ist.

§ 2

Die Landesregierungen setzen zu Beginn eines jeden Schuljahres fest, wie viele Schüler jede Schule und wie viele Studenten jede Fakultät neu aufnehmen darf.

§ 3

In denjenigen Schularten und Hochschulzweigen, deren Schülerzahl in einem besonders starken Abwärtsstadium zum Bedarf der Berufe steht, ist im Laufe des Schuljahres 1933 die Zahl der bereits aufgenommenen Schüler und Studenten soweit herabzusetzen, wie es ohne übermäßige Härten zur Herstellung eines angemesseneren Verhältnisses geschehen kann.

§ 4

Bei den Neuaufnahmen ist darauf zu achten, daß die Zahl der Reichsdeutschen, die im Sinne des Gesetzes zur Wiederherstellung des Berufsbeamtentums vom 7. April 1933 (Reichsgesetzbl. I S. 175) nicht arischer Abstammung sind, unter der Gesamtheit der Bewerber jeder Schule und jeder Fakultät den Anteil der Reichsarter an der wachsenden Bevölkerung nicht übersteigt. Die Anteilzahl wird einheitlich für das ganze Reichsgebiet festgelegt.

Die Besetzung der Zahl der Schüler und Studenten gemäß § 3 ist ebenfalls ein angemessenes Verhältnis zwischen der Gesamtheit der Bewerber und der Zahl der Reichsarter herzustellen. Hierbei kann eine von der Anteilzahl abweichende höhere Verhältniszahl zugrundegelegt werden.

Abfälle 1. und 2. finden keine Anwendung auf Reichsdeutsche nicht arischer Abstammung, deren Väter im Weltkriege an der Front für das Deutsche Reich oder für seine Verbündeten gekämpft haben, sowie auf Widmungskinder aus Ehren, die vor dem Inkrafttreten dieses Gesetzes geschlossen sind, wenn ein Elternteil oder zwei Großeltern arischer Abstammung sind. Sie bleiben auch bei der Berechnung der Anteilzahl und der Verhältniszahl außer Anschlag.

Erste Berechnung zur Durchführung des Gesetzes gegen die Überfüllung deutscher Schulen und Hochschulen. Vom 25. April 1933.

Auf Grund des § 6 des Gesetzes gegen die Überfüllung deutscher Schulen und Hochschulen vom 25. April 1933 (Reichsgesetzbl. I S. 223) wird verordnet:

Da § 1

1.

Das Gesetz findet auf öffentliche und private Schulen gleichmäßige Anwendung.

Die Landesregierungen bestimmen, soweit noch erforderlich, im einzelnen die Schulen und Hochschulen, auf die sich das Gesetz erstreckt.

2.

Der Reichsminister des Innern kann für die Beschränkung der Zahl der Schüler und Studenten allgemeine Richtlinien festsetzen.

(...)

8.

Da § 4

Die Anteilzahl (§ 4 Abs. 1) für die Neuaufnahmen wird auf 1,6 vom Hundert, die Verhältniszahl (§ 4 Abs. 2) für die Herabsetzung der Zahl von Schülern und Studenten auf 5 vom Hundert im Höchstfall festgelegt.

0.

In den Fakultäten ist die Anteilzahl innerhalb der Erstinschriften zu wahren.

In der einzelnen Schule ist die Anteilzahl innerhalb der Neuaufnahmen zu wahren, solange diese Schule noch von Schülern nicht arischer Abstammung besucht ist, die im Rahmen der Verhältniszahl des § 4 Abs. 2 auf ihr verbleiben sind.

Ist die Zahl der Neuaufnahmen bei der einzelnen Schule so klein, daß nach der Anteilzahl kein Schüler nicht arischer Abstammung zugelassen sein würde, so kann ein Schüler nicht arischer Abstammung aufgenommen werden. Jedoch ist in diesem Falle eine weitere Aufnahme von Schülern nicht arischer Abstammung erst statthaft, wenn innerhalb der gesamten Neuaufnahmen seit Inkrafttreten des Gesetzes die Anteilzahl unterschritten ist.

10.

Wächst ein Schüler nicht arischer Abstammung, der nach Inkrafttreten des Gesetzes noch aufgenommen worden ist, die Schule, so ist er bei der Anschlag auf die er übergeht, in die Anteilzahl einzurechnen.

11.

Schüler nicht arischer Abstammung, die mit dem Beginn des Schuljahres 1933 in die Schule neu eingetreten sind oder eintreten, gelten in jedem Falle als noch nicht aufgenommen. Auf sie findet § 4 Abs. 1 Anwendung.

Das gleiche gilt entsprechend für Studenten, die mit dem Sommersemester 1933 erstmalig eingeschrieben worden sind oder eingeschrieben werden.

Berlin, den 25. April 1933.

Der Reichsminister des Innern

Friz

25

Document #1 (1933) - Translation from the original

"Against the overcrowding of German schools and high schools"

Law against the overcrowding of German schools and high schools. From April 25, 1933

The government of the Reich has adopted the following law which is proclaimed herewith:

§ 1

All schools and high schools with the exception of compulsory schools are to limit the number of students attending, so as to assure a thorough education and adequate supply as needed for the professions and trades.

§ 2

The Provincial Governments will determine at the beginning of each school year how many students may be admitted to each school and each university.

§ 3

In those schools and universities where the ratio between the need for specific trades and professions to the enrolled number of students is especially mismatched, the schools must reduce the number of students during the school year 1933, so as to reach a proper relationship needed to achieve these goals without excessive hardship.

§ 4

Care should be exercised when admitting new students to any school or university, that according to the law (See Reichsgesetzblatt I, p. 175) of April 7, 1933 for the reconstitution of public and civil service, the number of Germans who are of non Aryan descent, does not exceed the total ratio of non-Aryans to the general German population. The proper ratio is being determined uniformly for the whole country.

When reducing the number of students, according to §3, the proper ratio between the general student number and that of non-Aryans, is also to be attained. This may also be achieved by having the higher percentage of non-Aryans to the general student number.

Paragraphs 1 and 2 do not apply for non-Aryan Germans whose fathers were fighting in the front lines for Germany or its Allies during World War I. It also does not apply to offspring from marriages entered before this law was enacted, if one of the parents or 2 grandparents are of Aryan descent.

First edict towards the implementation of the law against the overcrowding of schools and universities. From April 25, 1933

Based on § 4 of the law against the overcrowding of German schools and high schools of April 25, 1933 (See Reichsgesetzblatt I, page 245) it is ordered as follows:

Res. § 1

1.

The law is to apply equally towards public and private schools.

Wherever still needed, the Provincial Governments will determine which schools and high schools are to be affected by this law.

2.

The minister of the Interior can determine the number of students to be reduced, according to general guidelines. (...)

3.

Res. § 4.

The ratio for new admissions of students (See § 4, section 1) must not exceed 1.5 percent, whereas the percentage (See § 4, section 2) of the reduction of the number of students must not exceed 5 percent.

9.

At the Universities the percentage is to be followed at the time of registration.

Individual schools are to observe the prescribed ratio for new admissions to the school, if there are other non-Aryan students who remained at the school by then according to prescribed ratio established under § 4, Section 2.

If the number of new admissions within a certain school is so small as not to allow any non-Aryan students within the prescribed ratio, then one single non-Aryan student may be permitted to be enrolled. In this case, however, further admissions of non-Aryan students are only permitted, if since this law came into being, the total number of new admissions has not reached the prescribed ratio.

10.

If a non-Aryan student who was admitted after this law has been enacted transfers to another school, then his admission to the new school must be counted among the ratio.

11.

Students of non-Aryan descent who are newly entering a class at the beginning of the 1933 school year, are not to be considered enrolled as yet. §4, Section 1 applies to those.

The same applies to students who are enrolled newly at the beginning of the summer semester 1933.

Berlin, April 25, 1933

Minister of the Interior

Frick

Document #2 (1934) - Copy of the original

Dokument 2 (1934)

134. Beschränkung des Besuches der höheren Schulen.

Durch den Erlaß des Gesetzes gegen die Überfüllung deutscher Schulen und Hochschulen vom 25. April 1933 hat die Reichsregierung zum Ausdruck gebracht, wie notwendig es ist, rechtzeitig den Zugang zur höheren Schule und zum Studium so zu begrenzen, daß dem gegenwärtigen Überangebot an akademischen Kräften, das zu einer weitreichenden Notlage geführt hat, wirksam begegnet wird. Es hat dann auch die allgemeine Einsicht in die Notwendigkeit weitgehender Beschränkung des Zugangs zu den durch den Besuch der höheren Schulen und mittleren Schulen eröffneten Berufen bereits dazu geführt, daß die Zahl der Neuanmeldungen zu diesen Anstalten in den letzten zwei Jahren erheblich gesunken ist. Die mir vorliegenden Berichte rechtfertigen die Annahme, daß zum bevorstehenden Beginn des neuen Schuljahres mit einer weiteren Abnahme der Neuanmeldungen zur Sexta der höheren Schulen zu rechnen ist. In der Erwartung, daß diese Entwicklung anhält, nehme ich für das bevorstehende Schuljahr davon Abstand, besondere zellensmäßige Beschränkungen für die einzelnen Anstalten oder Aufsichtsbezirke von mir aus vorzuschreiben. Ich glaube dieses um so eher tun zu können, als ich darauf vertraue, daß die Anstaltsleiter sich ihrer Verpflichtung bewußt sind, durch ausreichende Anforderungen die gebotene Auslese unter den Anmeldungen vorzunehmen.

Die für die vom Staate unterhaltenen und vom Staate verwalteten Schulen in meinem Erlaß U III 300. 1. vom 25. Februar 1931 (Zentrbl. S 84) getroffenen Anordnungen über die Beschränkung der Klassenzahlen werden durch diesen Erlaß nicht berührt.

Gleichzeitig mache ich darauf aufmerksam, daß die zur Ausführung des Reichsgesetzes gegen die Überfüllung deutscher Schulen und Hochschulen ergangenen Erlasse betreffend die Aufnahme von Nichtariern in höhere und mittlere Schulen (U II G 969 U II G 1. vom 8. Mai 1933 Zentrbl. S. 163, U II G 1416 U II G vom 15. Juni 1933 und U II G 1572 U II G vom 28. Juli 1933) selbstverständlich auch zernerhellen, und zwar sowohl für öffentliche wie für private Anstalten, in Geltung bleiben. Zur weiteren Durchführung des genannten Gesetzes bestimme ich sodann, daß auch bei der Neuaufnahme von Nichtariern, diesen Beschränkungen des Gesetzes vom 25. April 1933 unterworfen sind, die Abstammung angemessene Berücksichtigung zu finden hat. Unter den Anmeldungen ist, soweit die hinreichende Begabung für einen erfolgreichen Besuch einer höheren oder mittleren Lehranstalt anzuerkennen ist, den Nichtariern mit nachweisbarem

arischen Bluteintrag der Vorzug vor reinen Nichtariern und den Kindern aus seit längerer Zeit in Deutschland angesessenen Familien der Vorzug vor den Kindern erst seit kürzerer Zeit, insbesondere seit 1914, eingewanderter nichtarischer Familien zu geben. Ich gebe der Erwartung Ausdruck, daß die Anstaltsleiter in sachgemäßer Anwendung der hiermit gegebenen Richtlinien dafür Sorge zu tragen, daß von den Anmeldungen der unter die Beschränkung des Gesetzes fallenden Nichtariern in erster Linie diejenigen Berücksichtigung finden, denen vom Standpunkte einer im nationalsozialistischen Geiste geführten Gemeinschaftserziehung die verhältnismäßig geringsten Bedenken entgegenstehen. Dabei ist darauf zu achten, daß dort, wo die Zahl der angemeldeten aufnahmereifen Schüler größer als die Zahl der angemeldeten aufnahmereifen Schüler größer ist, als die Zahl der verfügbaren Plätze, Kinder arischer Abstammung auf keinen Fall hinter solchen nichtarischer Abstammung zurückgesetzt werden. Zum Besuche der höheren Schulen oder mittleren Lehranstalten geeignete Kinder arischer Abstammung verdienen vielmehr den Vorzug bei der Aufnahme kommenden Nichtarier hinter der Verhältniszahl zurück bleiben sollte. Neuaufnahmen an höheren und mittleren Lehranstalten die Ihrer besonderen Zweckbestimmung nach gerade für den Besuch der jüdischen Schüler (Schülerinnen) bestimmt sind, dürfen in diesem Jahre, gleich ob es sich um öffentliche oder private Lehranstalten handelt, nicht erfolgen.

Berlin, den 4. April 1934.

Der Minister für Wissenschaft, Kunst u. Volksbildung.

Rust

An die Herren Oberpräsidenten (Abteilung für höheres Schulwesen, in Berlin: Schulabteilung) und die Herren Regierungspräsidenten.-
U II G 3073. 1. U II C, U II J.

(Zentrbl. 1934 S.127.)

Document #2 (1934) - Translation from the original

134. Limiting student enrollment at secondary schools

By enacting the law against the overcrowding of German schools and high schools of April 25, 1933, the Government of the Reich has demonstrated the importance and necessity of timely limiting the access to study at high schools. This counteracts successfully our present surplus of university graduates which has already caused considerable problems. The general understanding of the necessity to limit to a wide extent access to professions which require enrollment at high schools and secondary schools has already led to a considerable reduction in applications for new admission to these schools in the past two years. The reports presented to me justify the assumption that for the next school year a further reduction in applications for new admission to the first grade of the high school is to be expected. Supposing that this trend will continue, I have decided not to intervene in the process of reduction of enrollment of individual schools and the supervisory boards of their district for the next school year, because I trust that the school principals are aware of their duty to be selective with new admissions by means of high standards.

The instructions about the limitation of student numbers, which was decreed in my edict U III 109 of February 25, 1931 (Zentralblatt, p. 84), concerning those schools financed and administered by the Government are not affected by the present edict.

At the same time I wish to emphasize that the edicts concerning the limitation of admission of non-Aryans (U II G 969 U II C 1 1 of May 8, 1933, Zentralblatt, p. 193, U II G 1416 U II C of June 15, 1933 and U II G 1572 U II C of July 28, 1933) aimed at implementing the law against the overcrowding of German schools and high schools, are certainly still in effect and affect public schools as well as private schools. I herewith announce for the further implementation of the above mentioned law that the origin of non-Aryans subject to reduction measures decreed by the law of April 25, 1933 must be carefully taken into consideration in the case of new admissions. Providing that the applicant has sufficient capabilities required for a successful graduation from high school or secondary school, certain classifications are to be considered, namely, that those applicants who are offspring from families with at least some Aryan blood, are to receive preference over those who are purely non-Aryans, while applying for admission to secondary schools and universities. Also preference is to be given to children from non-Aryan families who have resided in Germany for a long time, over those who have immigrated here only a short period ago, especially those families who have moved here since 1914. I expect that school principals will exercise sufficient discretion in enforcing these laws. I hope that they will see to it that for those non-Aryan applicants subject to legal restrictions a differentiation is made in favor of students who from the point of view of collective education in the spirit of National Socialism would give rise to the least objections. Care is to be exercised that in cases where applications for enrollment exceed the spaces available, non-Aryan students must be denied admission in favor of Aryan students. Aryan children deserve preference by far over non-Aryan applicants at secondary schools and universities, even if this should mean that the prescribed ratio will not be attained. No new admissions of Jewish students to secondary schools and universities shall be allowed this year, even in those instances where Jewish students were to be admitted to schools specifically meant for them. This pertains to private as well as public schools.

Berlin, April 4, 1934

Minister for Science, Art and Education.

Rust

To the chairman (Dep. of Secondary Education in Berlin, Dep. of School Affairs) and to the president.

U II G 3073. 1. U II C, U II J.

(Zentralblatt 1934, page 127)

Document #3 (1937) - Copy of the original

"Development of the ratio of non-Aryans and foreigners..."

Entwicklung des Anteils
der Nichtarier und Ausländer sowie der Auswärtigen
in v.H. der Gesamtzahl der Schüler am 15.5.1935, 1936 und 1937 *)

Klassenanstalten

Lfd. Nr.	Anstalten: (Art, Bezeichnung)	Nichtarier			Ausländer			Auswärtige		
		1935	1936	1937	1935	1936	1937	1935	1936	1937
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
<u>A. Öffentliche Anstalten:</u>										
	Kaiser Friedrich Gymnas.	0,4	1,1	.	1,4	1,4	.	9,7	8,7	.
2	Kaiser Wilhelm Gymnasium	5,8	2,9	.	1,5	0,9	.	4,0	5,4	.
3	Goethe-Gymnasium	18,2	6,8	2,3	1,7	1,5	0,8	10,2	12,9	10,9
4	Lessing-Gymnasium	11,7	7,3	7,5	1,7	1,2	1,8	1,9	1,5	1,5
	Master-Schule	11,6	9,3	5,3	2,0	-	0,5	1,8	2,6	2,0
6	Wöhler-Realgymnasium	5,9	1,9	0,9	0,6	0,2	0,4	5,3	5,6	5,0
7	Adolf Hitler-Schule	1,3	0,5	0,8	1,2	1,0	1,0	4,3	4,7	5,1
8	Liebig Oberrealschule	0,4	0,7	0,7	0,4	-	0,7	2,5	3,6	4,7
9	Sachsenhäuser Oberreal.	2,6	0,7	0,5	1,1	0,9	0,9	3,3	3,1	2,5
10	Helmholtz-Oberrealschule	1,5	1,5	0,9	0,3	0,6	0,6	6,7	4,9	6,7
11	Ziethen-Oberrealschule	1,6	1,0	2,2	1,4	2,2	1,7	3,3	3,4	7,0
12	Kath. Selektenschule	0,5	-	-	-	-	0,5	1,6	1,7	1,8
13	Stiftsirr. Philanthropin	88,0	90,6	.	12,0	9,4	.	14,0	15,1	.
14	Stift. Sagnou-Raph. Hirsch	80,8	82,0	.	19,2	18,0	.	14,1	24,0	.
15	Reformgymn. Ffm.-Höchst	0,3	-	0,2	-	-	.	23,0	21,2	25,0
a)	Öffentl. Anstalten insg. (ohne	12,6	11,7	.	2,3	2,0	.	7,3	8,3	.
b)	die "rein jüdischen")	4,6	2,6	.	1,0	0,8	.	6,6	7,1	.
<u>B. Private Anstalten</u>										
16	Haasel Realschule	6,6	4,9	.	1,8	2,6	.	6,1	6,7	.
<u>C. Öffentl. u. Priv. Anstalten</u>										
in Frankfurt a.M. insges.										
		12,3	11,4	.	2,3	2,0	.	7,3	8,2	.
Dagegen:										
Öffentl.	Hessen-Nassau	5,0	4,2	.	1,0	0,9	.	27,6	28,2	.
u. private	Preussen	2,2	1,7	.	0,8	0,7	.	24,8	25,9	.
Anstalten	Deutsches Reich	1,9	1,5	.	0,7	0,7	.	28,0	29,4	.
insgesamt										

*) Für 1937 vorläufige Zahlen nach den Fragebogen für die städt. höheren Lehranstalten.

There follow two lists of the individual high schools in Frankfurt. One of boys' schools and a separate one of girls' schools. The lists contain a breakdown of the percentage of non-Aryan students, foreign students, and non-residents, in the years 1935, 1936 and 1937.

Erweiterte Tabelle
der Nichtarier und Ausländer sowie der Auswärtigen
in v.H. der Gesamtzahl der Schüler im 15.5.1935, 1936 und 1937

B. Höhere Anstalten

Lfd. Nr.	Anstalten: (Art, Bezeichnung)	Nichtarier			Ausländer			Auswärtige		
		1935	1936	1937	1935	1936	1937	1935	1936	1937
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
<u>A. Öffentliche Anstalten:</u>										
1	Elisabethen - Schule	8,6	4,3	2,4	-	0,6	-	1,4	7,0	0,7
2	Schiller - Schule	6,4	3,1	4,2	2,3	2,4	1,1	4,7	4,8	5,7
3	Victoria - Schule	14,8	3,4	1,4	2,1	2,6	2,3	2,1	4,9	7,2
4	Herder - Schule ¹⁾	2,5	1,2	1,3	1,4	1,7	1,4	3,9	3,3	13,2
5	Jessel, Philanthropin	89,7	92,1	-	10,3	7,9	-	7,1	5,2	-
6	Stift. Simeon Bsp. - Hirsch	31,4	79,3	-	18,6	20,7	-	3,7	5,2	-
7	Humboldt - Schule ¹⁺⁾	5,2	6,3	-	-	0,8	-	23,8	23,6	-
8	Lyzeum Elm.-Höchst	1,5	0,7	1,1	-	1,1	-	14,4	13,4	14,6
a)	Öffentl. Anstalt insges.	22,3	19,6	-	3,5	3,7	-	5,5	7,1	-
b)	" " (ohne die rein jüdischen)	7,1	3,4	-	1,2	1,6	-	5,5	7,5	-
<u>B. Private Anstalten</u>										
9	Stud. Anst. Anna Schmidt	20,1	23,5	-	4,0	4,4	-	9,8	6,6	-
10	Lyzeum Steiner	1,7	3,9	-	1,7	0,9	-	7,7	1,4	-
11	Oberlyzeum d. Ursulinen	1,1	1,4	-	1,4	1,4	-	6,6	6,3	-
<u>Private Anstalten insges.</u>										
<u>C. Öffentl. u. Private Anst. in Frankfurt a.M. insges.</u>										
18,5 16,8 - 3,2 3,3 - 6,0 6,6 -										
Dagegen öffentl. Hessen-Nassau 0,3 7,3 - 1,7 1,7 - 15,4 16,9 -										
und private Preussen 3,0 2,2 - 0,8 0,8 - 17,2 18,3 -										
Anstalten insg. Deutsch.Reich 3,0 2,2 - 0,8 0,8 - 18,3 19,6 -										

1) Für 1937 vorläufige Zahlen nach dem Fragebogen für die städt. höheren Lehranstalten.

1+) Die Humboldtschule ist vom Schuljahr 1937 ab mit der Herderschule vereinigt.

bitte wenden!

Schulunterricht an Juden.

Der Reichsminister
für Wissenschaft, Erziehung
und Volksbildung.

Berlin, den 15. Nov. 1938.

E I b 743 (b).

Nach der ruchlosen Mordtat von Paris kann es keinem deutschen Lehrer und keiner deutschen Lehrerin mehr zugemutet werden, an jüdische Schulkinder Unterricht zu erteilen. Auch versteht es sich von selbst, daß es für deutsche Schüler und Schülerinnen unerträglich ist, mit Juden in einem Klassenraum zu sitzen. Die Rassentrennung im Schulwesen ist zwar in den letzten Jahren im allgemeinen bereits durchgeführt, doch ist ein Restbestand jüdischer Schüler auf den deutschen Schulen übriggeblieben, dem der gemeinsame Schulbesuch mit deutschen Jungen und Mädchen nunmehr nicht weiter gestattet werden kann.

Vorbehaltlich weiterer gesetzlicher Regelung ordne ich daher mit sofortiger Wirkung an:

1. Juden ist der Besuch deutscher Schulen nicht gestattet. Sie dürfen nur jüdische Schulen besuchen. Soweit es noch nicht geschehen sein sollte, sind alle zur Zeit eine deutsche Schule besuchenden jüdischen Schüler und Schülerinnen sofort zu entlassen.
2. Wer jüdisch ist, bestimmt § 5 der Ersten Verordnung vom 14. November 1935 zum Reichsbürgergesetz (RGBl. I, S. 1333).
3. Diese Regelung erstreckt sich auf alle mir unterstellten Schulen einschließlich der Pflanzschulen.

An die Herren Regierungspräsidenten (Schulabteilung).

II b 9 Nr. 5196.

Wiesbaden, den 29. Nov. 1938.

Wird zur Beachtung veröffentlicht.

Der Regierungspräsident.

Document #4 (1938) - Translation from the original

School instruction for Jews

The Minister of the Reich for Science, Education and Public Instruction

E I b 745 (b)

Berlin, November 15, 1938

After the ruthless murder in Paris no German teacher can be expected any more to teach Jewish students. It is also self evident that it has become intolerable for German students to sit in the same classrooms with Jews. The racial separation in the schools has generally been accomplished, however there remains a remnant of Jewish students in the German schools. The joint school attendance of Jews with German boys and girls cannot be permitted any more.

In anticipation of further official laws, I hereby order effective immediately:

1. Jews are not permitted to attend German schools. They may only attend Jewish schools. In as far as this has not been done so far, all Jewish students who are still attending any German schools, are to be dismissed immediately.
 2. Who is considered a Jew shall be determined by § 5 of the first edict of November 14, 1935 concerning the law of German citizenship.
 3. This regulation extends to all schools in my jurisdiction, including compulsory schools.
- To the Regional Presidents (School department)

Wiesbaden on November 29, 1938

II b 8 # 5186

Published for consideration.

The Regional President

Document #5 (1942) - Copy of the original
Closing of Jewish schools

Abschrift

aus den Akten "Volksschule am Philanthropin" 1922
-Abt. h 2 a Nr. 1 Band 1

Wissenschaft,
Der Reichsminister für Erziehung und Volksbildung
E II e Nr. 1598

Berlin W 8, den 7. Juli 1942
Postfach

Schliessung jüdischer Schulen.

Im Hinblick auf die Entwicklung der Ausgliederung der Juden in der letzten Zeit hat der Reichsminister des Innern (Reichsicherheitshauptamt) im Einvernehmen mit mir die Reichsvereinigung der Juden in Deutschland angewiesen, sämtliche jüdische Schulen bis zum 30. Juni 1942 zu schliessen und ihren Mitgliedern bekanntzugeben, dass ab 1. Juli 1942 jegliche Beschulung jüdischer Kinder durch besoldete und unbesoldete Lehrkräfte untersagt ist.

Ich gebe Ihnen hiervon Kenntnis. Von einer Veröffentlichung dieses Erlasses ist abzusehen.

Im Auftrage:

gez. Hoffelder

An den Herrn Regierungspräsidenten in Wiesbaden pp.

Der Regierungspräsident
II 10/ I 9
Nr. 2455

Wiesbaden, den 23. Juli 1942

An die
Herren Landräte und Oberbürgermeister

des B e z i r k s

Abschrift des Erlasses wird zur Kenntnisnahme und Beachtung übersandt. Bis zum 1. August 1942 ist mir über dessen Durchführung zu berichten. Mit dem Bericht ist mir gleichzeitig ein Verzeichnis der am 30. Juni 1942 geschlossenen jüdischen Schulen vorzulegen.

I. A.
gez. Prohasel

Beglaubigt: gez. Seyerle
Reg. Assistent

Document #5 (1942) - Translation from the original
Closing of Jewish schools

Copy

From the files "Grade school at the Philanthropin" 1922
Dep. h 2 a # 1, vol. 1

The Minister for Science, Education and Public Instruction
E II e # 1598 Berlin W 8, July 7, 1942, P.O.B.

Closing of the Jewish schools

Considering the recent development of the resettlement of Jews and in agreement with me, the Minister of the Interior (Security Office of the Reich) has instructed the National Jewish Association in Germany to close all Jewish schools by June 30, 1942. I have also instructed them to announce to their members that beginning July 1, 1942, any kind of instruction to Jewish children by salaried or volunteer teachers is prohibited.

Hereby I am giving you notice of the above. There will be no publication of this edict.

Signed on behalf of

Holfelder

To the Regional President of the City of Wiesbaden

The Regional President

II 10/I 9

n° 2455

Wiesbaden, July 23, 1942

To the Administration Heads and the Mayors
of the district

Copy of this edict is being dispatched for acknowledgment and consideration. Compliance with this edict is to be reported to me by August 1, 1942. Together with this report, a list of all schools which have been closed by June 30, 1942, is to be submitted to me.

signed on behalf of Prohasel

Notarized: signed Seyerle

Assistant to the Regional President

*Documents of
the second guilt:
From the reparation correspondence
of Jewish emigrants*

In our research of the Nazi period in Frankfurt schools we also found documents in the School Board of the City. There are nine heavy files with the letters of surviving students who had requested to have their school attendance confirmed in their effort for reparation as Jewish survivors.

We have thoroughly investigated all the files. It was frightening.

Only the school administration of one single school, e.g., Bettina-Schule (formerly Victoria-Schule) demonstrated in their correspondence an effort to assist the exiled Jewish students.

We now want to cite some examples from the reparation files, from a documentation of 800 pages, which we researched. Any further commentary does not appear to us necessary here considering the previous 100 testimonials of the Jewish students. However, this much ought to be said:

On reading them, we don't just find the factual irregularities, which create incredulity, even rage, horrifying. Much worse, it is most of all the iciness of an evidently diehard and in many respects unchanged bureaucracy, which makes you shudder.

We therefore decided to publish some extracts from those reparation files, to give at least an idea of what Ralph Giordano had in mind, when he coined the concept of the "second guilt":

The second guilt consisted and consists in not unreservedly and clearly investigating the Nazi crimes after 1945, in not coming to grips with the historical responsibility, and in not starting out from humanitarian basic positions in order to formulate the future.

Benjamin Ortmeyer

"... that all the students' reports were lost through enemy action." (1955)

Mrs. Sch. tried to have her school attendance certified.

“Besides, we do not have information which shows that there was an expulsion of Jewish students from school in 1933 due to their descent.” (1961)

Mrs. D. had requested confirmation that in February 1933 she had been expelled from school due to heir descent. She received the reply “that no expulsion of a Jewish student had ever taken place from a public school in Frankfurt on Main due to their race”.

“Whether there really did not exist any possibility for Jews in 1941 to attend another school, is not known to us here.” (1954)

Mr. E. had requested confirmation that due to the closing of the Philanthropin he had no opportunity of attending high school.

“The faculty of the Herder-Schule confirms that a forced expulsion from the school never took place.” (1957)

Mrs. L. had requested confirmation that as a “half-Jew” she was asked in 1933 to quit the Herder-Schule.

*"Already in former normal times these achievements had been insufficient in order to attend high school."
(1959)*

Mrs. F. had requested confirmation that in 1938 as a racially persecuted person she could no longer attend a high school.

They replied to her that her scholarly achievements would have been too bad anyway.

"I can't understand at all why the student left after attending the Philanthropin for four years. Why did precisely this student leave school in 1935? Was it her own intuition that there existed no possibility for a Jew to graduate from high school any more?" (1960)

Mrs. M. had requested confirmation that due to the impossibility to study further, she had stopped attending school before the regular time without graduation.

"Did you apply after the end of the war for readmittance to a school?" (1958)

Mr. Z. had merely applied to receive a statement that in 1943 a so-called "non-Aryan" was not permitted to attend a secondary or high school.

Dokumente der 2.

Wie das Schul-Schuldamt Anträge auf "Ausbildungsschäden" behandelt!

"Es ist mir völlig unverständlich, warum die Schülerin nach 4 Jahren Philanthropin abgegangen ist.

Warum hat ausgerechnet diese Schülerin 1938 die Schule verlassen? Hat sie allein diese Einsicht gehabt, daß kein Abitur für einen Juden mehr möglich war?"

(1960)

Frau M. hat beantragt, ihr zu bestätigen, daß sie zugunsten der Unehmlichkeit zu verfahren 1933 vorzeitig die Schule ohne Abitur abgegangen ist.

"... daß sämtliche Schülerunterlagen durch Feindeinwirkung vernichtet worden sind"

(1955)

Frau Z. wollte sich ihren Schulbesuch bestätigen lassen.

"Das Kollegium der Herderschule bestätigt, daß eine zwangsweise Verweisung von der Schule nicht vorgekommen sei."

(1957)

Frau I. hat beantragt, ihr zu bestätigen, daß sie als "Halbjude" 1933 vorzeitig aus der Herderschule zu verlassen.

"Ob für die Juden 1941 tatsächlich keine Möglichkeit bestand, eine andere Schule zu besuchen, ist uns hier nicht bekannt."

(1954)

Herr F. hat beantragt, ihm zu bestätigen, daß er 1941 durch die Schließung des Holbeinsteges keine Möglichkeit gehabt habe, eine andere Schule zu besuchen.

Angeblich Ausschluss aus der Schule nicht "kraft seiner Zigeunereigenschaft", sondern weil "die Zigeunerkinder ab Ostern 1941 wegen ihrer Verwahrlosung beurlaubt waren"

(1958)

Herr M. der 1943 nach Ansbach deportiert wurde, hat beantragt, ihm zu bestätigen, daß er als Lehrling von der Volksschule nicht abgemeldet wurde, weil er "Zigeuner" gewesen sei.

"Es ist uns im übrigen nicht bekannt, daß jüdische Schüler wegen ihrer Abstammung 1933 von der Schule verwiesen wurden"

(1961)

Frau D. hat beantragt, ihr zu bestätigen, daß sie im Februar 1933 wegen ihrer jüdischen Abstammung von der Schule verwiesen wurde. Sie erbittet als Antwort, "daß auf keinen Fall eine Verweisung eines jüdischen Schülers von einer öffentlichen Schule in Frankfurt am Main aus rechtlichen Gründen erfolgt ist."

These and other cases pertaining to the second guilt were documented and made accessible to the public in a poster exhibit arranged by the Working Group Against Anti-Semitism/Holbein-Schule. Information and materials regarding the work of the Working Group can be obtained through the office of the Education and Science Union GEW - Frankfurt Branch, Bleichstrasse 38a, 60313 Frankfurt/Main, Germany.

Appendix to the 4th German edition
Letters to the editor:
Comments, corrections and additional notes

Introduction

1.

During the summer of 1994, when the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial" was first published, the Town Hall of the City of Frankfurt sent 1,000 copies to Jewish residents who had been driven out during the Nazi era. In response to the book an enormous volume of mail reached the Mayor, the City Hall, the publisher, and the editor. This has led to the following postscript to the 4th edition of the book.

While the majority of the mail was in agreement, there were also critics. This was not surprising. After all, this is a book of memories of events which took place more than 50 years ago. Corrections are needed. We welcomed all the replies including the critiques. These will be taken into consideration in the 4th edition and also in the English translation which is in preparation. We thank all our readers who have helped us with their letters and who will continue to help us with their input.

2.

The School Board of the City of Frankfurt am Main took an interest in our book. 1800 copies were distributed to classes in Public Schools. We were delighted to hear from teachers that a great interest was aroused among their students when they were confronted with the lessons of the book and with the evidence given by individual contributors.

It was also gratifying that a copy of the book was ordered for every school library in the county of Hessen. The Ministry of Culture of Hessen took over the task of supplying every school with a copy of the book.

All three newspapers in Frankfurt on the Main reported on the publication of the book.

3.

One reader, Mrs. Hannah Fraenkel, the daughter of Dr. Arnold Lazarus, a former rabbi from Frankfurt on the Main wrote:

"Please accept my thanks for the mailing of the remarkable collection which documents the oppression, and above all the destruction of German Jews. This is a document of rare value. I wish it would be translated into English so that it could reach a worldwide audience."

Through the wonderful work of Mr. Harold Stern, Mrs. Ruth Backer, and Mrs. Miriam Jonas, the entire book was translated into English. The publication of the book in English is anticipated for the end of 1995.

Benjamin Ortmeier - Frankfurt on the Main, October 1995

Letters to the Editor

Mr. Edgar Sarton wrote from Canada:

"I wish to thank you for the mailing of the various materials, but especially for the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". I read the book yesterday through the night. I regret that I did not contribute to the original edition. My name is mentioned in the report by Lothar Nachman on page 75. Unfortunately Attorney Nachman died last year after fighting courageously for some years against cancer.

I was also personally interested in the introduction where Heinz Voremberg was mentioned. I knew him well. My parents often named him as a role model. I was a student at the Holzhausen-Schule, the Lessing-Gymnasium, and the Philanthropin. I emigrated to England in April 1939.

My father, Nathan Saretzki, was the leading cantor at the Haupt Synagogue and the Westend Synagogue. He taught at the Lessing Gymnasium, at the Elisabethen-Schule, and at the Hassan-Schule. He was the last Education and Culture official of the Jewish Community in Frankfurt. He is also mentioned in the book of Jewish musicians in Frankfurt. He was severely wounded in the First World War. In August 1942 he was transported to the concentration camp Theresienstadt. In November 1944 both my parents were sent to Auschwitz."

In another letter Mr. Sarton wrote:

"... Experiences in the Lessing-Gymnasium, which I attended with my best friend Lothar Nachmann, deserve some additional notes. On one occasion, it was in 1934, and, I believe, the 11th November, on the way home from a school ceremony we were attacked and pursued by a mob of people. We were able to flee to the house of one of our schoolmates by the name of Bamberger who lived in Oederweg. He was a student in one of the higher classes and he was still able to graduate from the Lessing-Gymnasium. Indeed, he was cited for excellence in a hand grenade throwing competition in a 'military training class'. My homeroom and Latin teacher was Engel, known to be strict but fair. He was a colleague of my father who gave religious instruction at the Lessing-Gymnasium. I had good friends among the non-Jewish classmates. I remember three boys from East Prussia with whom I played war games with tin soldiers. In their presence I was protected and nobody would harm me since I was their friend.

I cite the following as an example. In the Holzhausen-Schule (we called it barracks) there were fights between Nazis and "Sozis" (Socialists) on the schoolyard and on the streets. In such a fight I was wounded under my eye by a pen prick. Reul and Ruehl (son of the cake shop owner Ruehl) were the names of the boys who inflicted the wound, on account of which I was then accepted by them as an honorary member in their group. Reul taught me to ride a bike. His father was a leading Nazi even before 1933, but Reul would take me to his house.

Lothar Nachmann and I belonged to the "Schwarze Faehnlein" group and dressed in their uniform so long as this was allowed. I believe that we even dressed this way as a provocation at school at the Lessing-Gymnasium. We were specially proud of the black and red sports-uniform of that school. We were fanatic ball players, inspired, I believe, by Dr. Fath who urged us to "beat the Russkis". He had fought in Russia in the First World War. Another teacher, Dr. Franke, carried the Iron Cross of the First Class, and was regarded as a hero.

I could write a great deal about the 9th and 10th November 1938. I accompanied my father as he entered the burning Haupt-Synagogue and saved the prayer-books and cassocks. The mob outside was yelling: "Now the rabbi's mantle is on fire". But they let my father pass. He walked with a cane, but always with the proud and upright bearing of an ex non-commissioned officer and officer cadet of the German army. Then he was arrested at our home in Lersnerstrasse 34. But a fellow officer from the First World War happened to be in command at the police station. He arranged for my father to be released and let out through the back door. So father returned home again that first time. I myself was arrested at the Gagern-Hospital. I was trying to meet my friend, the daughter of Prof. Dr. Isaac, the famous internist. I also stood before the commander, rigid with fear, but I was also released. Anne Isaac then worked for a long time as a doctor in London before she retired (Dr. Anne Alexander). She offered her father's autobiography to the Jewish museum. Her younger brother Hermann was deported from Holland and perished in the death march. ..."

Mr. Alfred Sommer reported from the USA:

"... The report of the Jewish students before 1938 was very sad. I had many unpleasant incidents during the Hitler era. After reading your book I can see how fortunate I was to have been able to emigrate to England in 1935.

The enclosed letter from Walter Bolch came as a great surprise. He and I not only attended school together for 12 years, but we often played in the Palmengarten in the years prior to going to school. He is the only living person who knew me before 1916. I never saw him again since our graduation. Now I shall write to Duesseldorf at once..."

Mr. Harold Stern wrote to us from the USA:

"... The story of the brothers Schafranek hit me hard. We spent a summer vacation in Eppenhain together in 1934. I knew that the family had been deported, but had no idea that Friedrich Schafranek was alive. I would like you to send me his address in Bobingen. I have a good photo of his brothers which I will mail to him. I remember his mother, a charming Viennese woman..."

Mrs. Hilde Wolf wrote from Australia:

"Now I finally get to thank you for the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". I can imagine how you had to fight to get this book published. Every student, Jewish or not, ought to read such a book..."

In another letter Mrs. Wolf wrote:

"...On the one hand one does not want to be reminded of the gruesome events, on the other hand we have to continue to impress upon the Germans how much we suffered under anti-Semitism..."

We received an important correction from Mr. Klaus Rhode from Oberursel, regarding the fate of Mr. Beicht mentioned on page 36. Mr. Rhode who knew Mr. Beicht personally wrote:

"... Mr. Beicht was discharged from the school on 30. 3. 1933 by decree of the Regional President. On 26.4.1933 this decree was rescinded since new regulations were published on 7.4.1933 which excluded veterans and Mr. Beicht was a veteran. On 31.12. 1935 he was discharged again, only to be hired again 10.1.1936 to teach only elementary school classes for Jewish children which just had been formed. Such classes existed in the Varrentrapp-Schule and in the Holzhausen-Schule. After November 9, 1938 like the majority of Jewish men, Mr. Beicht was deported to a concentration camp. He landed in Buchenwald.

During that period the Jewish classes were eliminated and Mr. Beicht was finally dismissed from school. After 8.12.1938 he returned from Buchenwald with a shaved head, emaciated, and with visible marks of beatings. He reported to my mother that the young S.S. men had been the worst. They had carried on like a 'pack of wolves'. The Beichts, a young married couple, had to leave their apartment on Eschenheimer Landstrasse and moved to a so-called Jew-house in Reuterweg. In the end Mr. Beicht could no longer teach at the Philanthropin. He carried on as best he could as a manual worker. On 18.08.1942 he and his wife Edith née Wolff (born on 10.02.1895 in Berlin) were deported to Theresienstadt. Both were later murdered in Auschwitz...."

The memory of the then 10-year-old daughter of Mrs. H. H. regarding the Nazi slang "half-Jew" is incorrect. In 1933 he was indeed not dismissed as all other Jewish teachers. He was a veteran of the First World War. For a time such cases were the exception in the legal rules. Mr. Beicht, like 10,000 other members of the Jewish Community was deported. This fact is verified in the "Deportation Book" published by A. Diamant. A plaque was mounted in the Merian-Schule in his memory.

Mr. Rhode also informed us about the correct name of the principal of the Elisabethen-Schule: his name was Dr. Arnold Sander and not Sanders. He added that "Dr. Ziegler" mentioned on page 61 "probably refers to Dr. Zickel". Besides, his list of printing errors will be taken into consideration in the next German edition and the English translation of the book.

Mr. Schaefer from Frankfurt, author of the book "Schulen und Schulpolitik im Frankfurt am Main 1900 - 1945", (Frankfurt/Main 1994), placed the following additional information at our disposal: Mr. Meyer-Leonhard who is mentioned on p. 76 did not commit suicide. He died in Falkenstein in 1966. On page 59 the

Muster-Schule is mentioned instead of the Klinger-Schule . About the teacher Maurer, mentioned on page 160, he told us:

"In 1935 on orders from the School Board, Maurer, being an Aryan, had to leave the Philanthropin and the Gauleiter ordered that he never should be reinstated. He went to teach in Nord-Hessen and the Gestapo arrested him in 1944. He was freed at the end of the war (March 1945)."

In addition, Mr. Schaefer does not agree to what is said about teacher Rudolf Bonnet mentioned on page 42. Mr. Schaefer told us that Bonnet was not a member of the NSDAP. He published the book "Chronik des Lessing Gymnasiums, 1897 - 1947" (Kramer Publ., Frankfurt 1954) and died in 1981.

In the meantime we have received a letter by Mr. Peter Bloch from New York who countered by saying:

"... If Mr. Schaefer claims that Dr. Rudolf Bonnet had not been a member of the NSDAP, then my first question is: How did Bonnet prove that? Even if he had not been a formal party member, he nevertheless did belong to the Movement and during the lessons he always declared to do so. I am willing to take my oath on that. One could belong to the National socialist Movement without necessarily being a formal party member. One could belong to the various Nazi formations without being a party member. The most important thing is that in every class we had with him he always took the opportunity to make Nazi propaganda and to say something against the Jews. By the way, at the Woehler-Schule there were other teachers who belonged to the Nazi party but never spoke disparagingly about the Jews.

Obviously Mr. Schaefer is trying to keep alive the shameful attempt to wipe Doctor Bonnet's slate clean. Rudolf Bonnet's denazification is a blame and tells a great deal about the way the so-called Denazification was dealt with: it was a farce. If in these days one had tried to get rid of such riffraff, the people could have spared themselves a lot of trouble they had later on. The fact that Mr. Bonnet was allowed to continue to teach, even was able to publish a book and in the end could live on a big pension is blatantly unjust. In all my life I have never again met such a worse poisoner of the youth..."

From London Mr. Arnold Oppenheimer wrote:

"The City of Frankfurt sent me the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". I wish to express my joy and satisfaction. It appears that your work has brought about a definite transformation in the public conscience. I, along with many others, thank you for that...."

Mrs. Gretel Merom sent us the following note from Haifa:

"In the meantime I have also received the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". You have accomplished a great work. May I call your attention to a few small errors, namely: Mrs. Hoff's name was Grete. At the time Dr. Rudolf Hoffman made his Democratic Address, Dr. Ferdinand Reinhold was still our principal. Dr. Hoffa arrived

after our graduation. None of this is very important. I just wanted to call it to your attention. Possibly this can be corrected in the next edition."

Mr. F. Lichtenauer wrote from Paris:

"My very best thanks for the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". The research and publication is remarkable. My appreciation goes to all who took part in it, especially the students of the Holbein-Schule, and to you yourself. I was personally interested in the reports on the Woehler-Schule where my father was a pupil before me, and I graduated in 1931. That was before the terrible Nazi era. I know many of the teachers and students mentioned."

Mrs. Miriam Jonas wrote from the USA:

"Several days ago I received the gift of the City of Frankfurt. Now I am the owner of the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial".

It is a fascinating book and I not only read my remarks, but, of course also, all others who were Frankfurt students at that time. I want to tell you how much I admire your enormous amount of work. The book was created with devotion and it is evident how much work was connected with it. Again my many thanks for your labors.'

A letter from Mrs. Bertha Jarez reached us from Jerusalem:

"Today I write with two-fold feelings to express my sincere thanks for the mailing: joy for the Senioren-Zeitungen, which we always read with great interest, sadness due to the book which not only evoked painful memories, but also admiration for the editor who had the courage to face future generations.

The book ... shook me up. I find it 100% correct to publish these and related memories of the Nazi era. Even if the Germans of today generally are not such anti-Semites, the world and especially our youth are not allowed to forget that these Germans went through a period of mass murder. Although I emigrated in 1936 (a sister of mine with two married children was here shortly before I came), and our parents followed us in 1938 before the Kristallnacht, I lost many relatives and friends through the work of the Nazis. My late husband came from Poland and most of his family perished. Therefore the Holocaust - Shoah is fixed in my mind.

Some of the writers in the book are acquaintances and even friends. Their contributions have a personal meaning for me. However, every report carries an individual message. I subscribe fully to the quote from Primo Levi on page 25, and can only hope that you are right in your remark on the same page: "Never Again!"

I allow myself one question. Is that possible: on page 76 Mrs. B.K. writes that she went to the Samson-Raphel-Hirsch-Schule and was pestered and beaten by other students. How is that possible? All students at that school as well as the director were Jewish, with the exception of the gym teacher Robert Braun whose daughter attended my class. Therefore, this letter is a puzzle to me."

Mr. R.K. Holden wrote from Cardiff:

"It is a sad and depressing book, but it tells the truth. Therefore as many people as possible should be reading it. Special recognition and thanks are due to the people who collected all the details and, in spite of difficulties and pressure from the outside, were not deterred from bringing these remembrances to publication."

From Paris we heard from Mr. Artur Hirsch:

"I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the collection in the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial".

The letters which you publish are very moving and a constant testimony to a terrible time in which so many people experienced physical, ethical, and moral suffering. My family was not spared either: two of my father's brothers, one of them together with his wife and two sons perished. But all those who were victims of the racial laws suffered because they felt that they were Germans. This identity was denied to them. We not only lost our geography, but also our spiritual home. This is only a part of the biggest (and best organized) genocide in human history. Unfortunately, it was not the last..."

Mrs. Edith Abrahams wrote from the USA:

"I thank you for the wonderful book which you published. The book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial" is like a monument. You removed all obstacles in order to bring out the truth of the happenings in Frankfurt am Main. We are very grateful to you."

Mr. Moshe Ayalon from Haifa added a source:

"...On page 94 you publicized the letter which I faxed to you. Its facsimile I saw in the Ph.D. dissertation by J. Walk: 'CHINUCHO SCHEL HAJELED HAJEHUDI BEGERMANIA HANAZITH HACHOK UBIZUO' Jerusalem 1971, Bd. 3, s 86. (The education of the Jewish child in Nazi Germany, the law and its execution)..."

Hanna Dror wrote from Israel:

"I want to express my thanks for the book gift "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". The collection is an impressive documentation of what happened to Jewish students during the Nazi era. Since I belong to that generation I had to leave the Elisabethen-Schule in 1936 so the testimonials moved me very much..."

Mrs. Elsie R. Morgan wrote from the USA:

"...Many thanks for the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". Many of those reports moved me greatly since I was a classmate and suffered the same. Even though I was able to flee abroad, my parents, my sister, and many of my relatives perished in concentration camps. In my thoughts I have lived through the deaths of my loved ones a thousand times. They may be dead, but their souls, I hope, are in peace. I myself can never get over this horror."

All I can wish for is that the world will learn to finally live together in peace..."

Fritz Rothschild wrote from Canada:

"...It is a very sad and depressing book but it is important that these testimonies are not forgotten..."

From USA we heard from Mrs. Ruth Spangenthal Mack:

"...Here are my thoughts about the book "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". Even though everyone spoke about their individual experiences, their thoughts and memories have much in common: the loss of home, friends, often the loss of education and the loss of a trouble free youth. These dark clouds hang over us and are difficult to describe. The memories of those tragic days will always be a part of us.

Many thanks for your efforts, your interest, and your time..."

Mr. Adi Zarkovec wrote:

"...The "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial" moved me to a great sadness, but the credit and thanks belong to you for your efforts. Thanks to you, these tragic times will not be forgotten and cannot be denied..."

From Israel we heard from Mr. Kurt Wolf:

"...I wish to thank you, especially for the very interesting book you sent, "Eyewitnesses Speak Out Against Denial". These and all other authentic reports should be compulsory reading in all schools so that finally the young generation will learn the truth about the shame and horrors of the Nazi regime..."

From Buedingen Mr. Besserer wrote:

"...Like many eyewitnesses quoted in your publication, I also was a student at the Lessing Gymnasium from 1931 to 1936. Lots of names were familiar to me..."

I wish to personally thank you and all those helpers who aided in the time consuming research..."

We apologize to Mr. Salomon Horn. We received the news that he is not the one who died as reported on page 139. It was his brother. Also Mrs. Alice Hecht wrote that her husband John Hecht died suddenly last year.

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