

January 27th 1978

Dear Laurie:

We received your letter and I am trying to help you as much as possible for your "ROOTS".

Family heirlooms we do not have, the oldest piece of jewelry in existence on my side is a pocketwatch from my father, which is in Uncle Jack's possession. All other valuables we had to leave in Germany, otherwise we would not have gotten the allowance to leave that country. Recipes I do not have either. A photograph of my parents should be in your mothers album. Paintings or postcards I do not have, but I send you a copy of the last letter I received from my mother, dated November 7th, 1941, also copy of a letter from my aunt, dated May 12th 1939, which she sent to me and your mother to the boat on our way to the United States, which was called the "Manhattan". Enclosed is a copy of a postcard, I sent to Opa, when he was in Concentrationcamp in Dachau, dated November 25th, 1938.

I send you:

copy of my birth certificate, September 4th 1914
 " " Opa's " " , July 13th, 1906
 " " our marriage license, dated July 30th 1936
 " " my parents marriage license, dated August 29th, 1911
 " " Opa's parents " " " Sept. 18th, 1905
 " " birth certificate of my mother, Pauline Ansbacher, born 12.6.1882
 " " " " of Opa's grandfather, Victor Vollweiler, born 9.20.1846
 " " death " of my father, Isaak Rosenbaum, died 11.23.1930
 " " " " " " grandfather, David Ansbacher, died 5.2.1931
 " " " " " " grandmother, Babette Ansbacher, died 6.28.1933
 " " " " " " Opa's mother, Frieda Vollweiler, died 8.4.1969

Also enclosed are:

copy of Abgangszeugnis (Report-card) from Opa, dated 4.15.1921
 " " Lehr-Vertrag from Opa, when he worked at the Wuerttembergische Vereinsbank, Heidenheim, dated 9.27.1923
 " " Schlusszeugnis (Report-card) from me, dated 4.30.1927
 " " Entlassungszeugnis " " " " " 4.10.1930
 " " letter of recommendation from A.H.Meyer senior, where I worked worked from 4.15. 1928 to 5.29.1936.
 " " 2 awards I had gotten for Stenographie, one 5.25.1930 and one 5.17.1931
 " " of a postcard of Treuchtlingen, where I was born.

Immigration papers I do not have, and the first papers, which we got, when we became US Citizens, cannot be photo-copied, by law.

Bridge awards from Opa I do not have, he only has 4 trophies, as you know, and about 125 masterpoints. (I have 39).

X Two tin-plates your mother has, from Turenberg, originally belonged to my parents, so these are rather old, also a few pieces of silver, like a soup ladle & same- ladle, your mother has, came from my parents house.

The story of my life is as follows:

I was born on September 4th 1914 at Treuchtlingen (Bavaria) as daughter of Isak and Pauline Rosenbaum.

I went to the "Volkshauptschule" in Treuchtlingen from August 18th 1920 to April 30, 1927,

to the Berufsfortbildungsschule in Treuchtlingen from May 1st, 1927 to April 10th 1930.

I went to work for A.H. Meyer senior ^{as Bookkeeper - Secretary} in Treuchtlingen from April 15th 1928 to May 29th 1936.

On August 18th 1936 I got married to Opa, in Heidenheim, (according to the marriage certificate on July 30th 1936) and in Nuernberg we ~~were~~ were married by Rabbi Cohen on August 18th 1936, at a restaurant by the name of "Plaut". We went on our honeymoon to Berlin and Dresden, and then settled in Heidenheim a.d.Brenz. On May 28th 1937 your mother was born, and Opa worked in his father's business (Cattle-dealer).

On November 10th 1938 the Nazis took Opa to Concentrationcamp in Dachau, luckily he came out after about 3 or 4 weeks, by the way, Uncle Werner too, was picked up by the Nazis together with Opa, and came back with him. Opa, Uncle Werner und Uncle Viktor immigrated to the United States end of January 1939 on the "Washington". I went with your mother to Nuernberg to stay with my mother, until we were able to come to the United States, leaving Germany May 15th 1939, arriving in New York May 24th 1939. All we could take out of Germany was: Clothes, furniture, dishes etc., Silver and Valuables we had to leave behind, as for money we had \$ 10.--. When your mom and I came here, Opa already had an apartment, on 136th Street in NY. Living with him were Uncle Werner and Viktor, and a Boarder Howard Freemont. We worked hard, and in December 1939 Opa Liebmann and Oma Frieda arrived from Germany, living with us too. I did housework, cooked and washed for all these people, and on Oktober 31st 1940 Uncle Jack was born. We lived in this apartment until 1949, when we bought a house in Woodside. We stayed in that house until 1961, when we moved to Elmhurst. In New York we belonged to a congregation of Rabbi Bieberfeld, in Woodside we belonged to Woodside Jewish Center, where Uncle Jack was Barmizwah, and in Elmhurst to the Elmhurst Jewish Center. In April 1973 we moved to Hallandale und now belong to Hallandale Jewish Center.

Now we are taking it easy, playing a lot of Bridge, going to Theaters, swim, when it is warm enough, and wait until one of you comes visiting

I hope, this information helps you for your project. I try to do Opa's story in a different sheet of paper.

Good luck !

Love and kisses

PS. My father, Isaak Rosenbaum, worked most of his life at ^{Opa} Banks, first in Nuremberg, then in Treuchtlingen and lost his last job, he had, at the "Bayerische Vereinsbank" in 1922. This was inflation-time and since my parents had all their money invested in stocks, lost everything. These were very hard times and my parents started to sell dry goods, mostly to farmers. They rented a store too, but had to make all deliveries themselves, Not all these little villages had train-stations, they very often had to walk for hours to get there, first selling and then delivering. One Sunday morning in 1930 my father wanted to go by train to "Weissenburg" to collect money for delivered goods, and died of a heart attack with the train ticket in his hand, at the station in Treuchtlingen.

My mother continued with the business, my grandparents - David and Babette Ansbacher - also lived with us when they got older and could no longer take care of themselves. They too, died in Treuchtlingen in our house. After I got married in 1936, my mother moved to Nuremberg, to be near her sister and brother, Julchen and Wilhelm Ansbacher. She was deported in 1941 by the Nazis to Riga and nothing was ever heard either of her nor her sister and brother.

It might be interesting for you to know, that under Hitler all women had to add the name "Lara" and all men the name "Israel" to their first name. You can see it on the birth certificate of my mother on the left hand side.

It might be a good idea, if you make copies of all the documents I enclose, as well as of our histories, in your Dad's office, maybe some day Cheryl or Fayne need something like this too.

Love
Oona

January 28th 1978

Opa's History

I was born on July 13th 1906 in Berwangen (Baden) as the first child of my parents, Liebmann and Frieda Vollweiler. Their parents and their children are listed in our familytree, of which your parents or Howard should have a copy. - When I was one year old, my parents moved to Heidenheim a.d.Brenz (Wuerttemberg). We lived in an apartment next to a big inn, which had barns for travelers by horse and buggy. My father rented one of these barns to do his business in as a cattle dealer. On October 7th 1907 Uncle Hans was born and on March 1st 1910, aunt Ilse. In 1911 my father bought property with 2 houses at Wilhelmstrasse 11 in Heidenheim, and build a barn for about 60 heads of cattle and horses. I ~~started~~ started Elementary school in fall of 1912 and advanced to Oberrealschule in Fall of 1914, (see Abgangszeugnis-Reportcard-). On November 4th 1912 Uncle Werner was born. In 1916 my father was called to the army and was fighting in Worldwar I in France (Hartmannsweilerkopf in the Vogesen, until the end of the war in 1918. The army confiscated our barn to store hay for the horses of the army. During the war food was very scarce, we had foodstamps. We had to sell our St. Bernard dog "Barry" because we did not have enough food for him. There was a village near Heidenheim, where people ate dog-and cat-meat. They took him, Uncle Hans and me accompanied the dog to the Railroadstation and cried. The man, who took him, gave us 20 Pfennig to buy some cherries. My father's brother Isak was also in the army, but he was killed. Uncle Hermann and Uncle Samson were also in the army, also the husbands of my father's sisters, Johanna (Moritz) and Fanny (Siegwart). The youngest sister Selma was not married yet, and when my grandmother (Ernstine) died in 1917, Aunt Selma and my grandfather moved in with us. In July 1918 my father came home on a one week furlough, and the day after he left for the front again, my grandfather (Viktor) died of a brainstrok possibly on account of the exitment. I was sleeping next to him and woke up at 5 o'clock in the morning to find him unconscious. I woke up my mother got dressed and run for the doctor, but he could not help anymore. Our telephon was disconnected during the war. We sent a telegramm to my father and the army let him come home again for the funeral, which was held in Ulm a. Donau, where my grandfather was burried at the jewish cemetary. A few month later the war ended and my father came home. A couple of days later a friend of his called from Heilbronn, that the army is liquidating the horses, which could be bought cheap. So my father told him to buy two carloads. He sent 24 horses, but only 23 arrived, and one was a donkey, which was bad looking and we sold him to people who ate him. But my father was in business again, Part of our barn was still full of hay and we had to put about 10 horses in the barn of an inn next to us. One afternoon, Hans and me, took our blankets from our beds, sneaked out of the house, put the blankets on two horses in that barn, took the horses out and rode away. Big Exitment ! Where are the boys ? I don't remember how it ended. - On December 9th 1920 Uncle Viktor was born. In spring of 1921, not 15 years yet, I was finished in School with the "Einjaehrige" and Realgymnasium. My father's business was good and he talked me into quitting school and start working for him. A few days later he sent me out to buy cattle. The first day I bought: 1 heifer, the second day 2 steers, 2 cows, and 1 young heifer. We lost money on the steers, but made money on the other animals I bought. And so I imgroofed. When I was 16, using horse and buggy or my bicycle, for transportation, I bought most of the available beefcattle, until the butchers in Heidenheim complained at City Hall, young Vollweiler is buying so many, that they can't get enough to feed the people of Heidenheim.

There was a law then, that I only could get a permit to buy cattle after being 21 years old. I was fined a few marks. After that I took my bike on the train to Ravensburg, about 100 km. away, and started buying heifers. Soon the competitors complained and I again was fined for 100 Marks. I was finished, buying cattle.

My father went to our Bank direktor, where Hans was working $\frac{1}{2}$ year already, and he also wanted me to work there since the inflation had already started and they needed help. So I started there with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ year contract, and I also started to go to the "Handelsschule".

In 1923 my father bought our first car, a "BOB". He hired a chauffeur. On my 18th birthday I had my drivers license. A few month later we were supposed to pick up a calf some saturday night in "Zang", a village about

7 miles from Heidenheim. The chauffeur was driving, when we lost the right frontwheel of the Bob. We found the wheel, pushed the car into the village, and walked home. This accident decided my future. Next day, my father told me, he will buy me a new car (10/50 Opel) which just came out, if I leave the Bank to work for him. So I did, in 1925. We had a good business and I had a good life. In 1930 we bought a new Mercedes.

There were 6 Jewish Families living in Heidenheim. We belonged to the Congregation in Ulm (30 miles from Heidenheim). Once every week the cantor or the Rabbi came by train to our house and gave us lessons, but we did not learn very much. We were very friendly with all of the jewish families, especially with the "Storch's". My father played cards with Mr. Storch every afternoon and Mrs. Storch was very close with my mother. They had a shoe store. Mrs. Storch's brother, Alex Czechowitzka, was a traveling salesman in shoemaker supplies, his own business. Some day he was killed when his car skidded on ice and turned over. His wife could not continue the business and we bought it for Hans, who worked until then at the Bank. We also bought him a car to travel. My aunt Selma and Ilse were doing his shipping and office work, located in our smaller house on the ground floor. Werner quitted school in 1926. He wanted to be a butcher and started working bei "Liebermann" in Ichenhausen. He worked there for about 2 years, and after that also worked in my father's business. We were never paid a salary, but were reimbursed for our expenses and got money we actually needed for ourselves. In 1933 my sister Ilse was married to Max Wolf, the big wedding was in Stuttgart. In 1936 I met Oma through a friend in Treuchtlingen, we met for the first time middle of April, got engaged May 1st in Nuernberg, and married on August 18th 1936 also in Nuernberg.

In spite of the growing antisemitismus we bought a Mercedes Benz 2ton Diesel cattle truck, and did business until September 1938, when I had to render my business licence to the government. On November 11th 1938 the Nazis came to our houses early in themorning, smashed the windows and threw rocks into the livingroom, destroying the radio and damaging our piano. Then the police came and took Werner and me in "Schutzhaft". They kept us there for 2 days, then a bus came and took us to Dachau's Concentrationcamp. On December 7th 38 we were released on account of a telegramm from a Mr. Herbst from Brokklyn, that emigrationpapers are on the way. They never arrived.

But in the meantime Hans sent us the papers. Werner, Viktor and me left Germany on January 30th 1939, boardes the "SS Washington" at Le Havre, France and arrived in New York February 9th 1939.

Hans was hier already since October 1938. He had an apartment on 116th Street, near Riverside Drive, in Manhattan with his In-laws and brother in law Herber. They picked us up at the pier and we lived with them for about 6 weeks, until our lift with the furniture arrived, and we then had to take our own apartment

It had 6 rooms, was on the 5th floor at 536 West 136th Street, NYC. We took Howard Fremont in as a boarder and managed without help, until Oma and Inge arrived on May 24th 1939.- My first job was pressing artificial flowers for lady's hats. I made \$ 11.-- a week for about 7 weeks. Then the season was over and I lost my job. Since I had experience in the butcher-business I took a job at Levy's strictly kosher store on Intervale Ave. in the Bronx for # 16.-- a week. I had to sell his products (sausage etc.) out of a suitcase on the Westside of Manhattan. He also had his son Arthur in his business, but there was no car. To continue like this was impossible. I insisted on having a car and I went with Arthur and bought a 1933 Plymouth for \$ 150.--. Arthur had a driver's license, but I had to teach him how to drive. When he was able to drive, he used the car and I had to walk again. I talked to Levy, that I would buy a car for myself if he would pay me \$ 20.-- a week. He agreed. I bought a 1929 Nash for \$ 70.-- (all my money) The man wanted \$ 80.--, so he took the radio out. Levy's business improved until July, when his "Wurst" could not stand the heat, and meat consumption was less. I quitted the job by Levy, worked a few days for Gruenspecht, when Hermann Maier came to me and persuaded me to deliver packages with food to customers all over New York City. The goods were sold by about 20 salesmen to their friends and people they knew. I started with \$ 22.50 a week and continued selling Wurst on Sunday. Some day I made a delivery to a Mrs. Weiler and was asked, if I would deliver Candies twice a week to Candystores in the Bronx. Her husband had a Candy-wholesale-business. I accepted this job and worked two nights (7 to 12 o.cl.) for Weiler. On a Sunday afternoon (after finishing selling Wurst) I took a job to drive Mr. and Mrs. Weil and their son to Monçecello for \$ 5.--. I was allowed to take Oma and Inge along. On the way up, the car boiled over. My clutch weakened and on the way home the lights went out. I had it fixed, but we came home at 4 o.cl. in the morning via Ferry (25 cents), because the George Washington Bridge was 50 cents. Next day I sold the car to Gruenspecht for "600 Frankfurters", and bought a 1933 Ford for \$ 80.--. The Ford used more oil then gasoline, and when I needed tires, I found out, that the Ford was an "Ex-Taxi". I had to get rid of it, because the tires would have costed me \$ 100.--. I traded it for a 1936 Plymouth 7 passenger Sedan for \$ 300.-- and the Ford. That Plymouth was a good car. Then Worldwar II started. In the summer Herbert Lichtstern and Wife asked me to take them to Fleischmanns. On the way home I took a couple to Central Park South. They gave me \$ 4.--, the busfare was about \$ 8.--. I was angry. The next day I bought a privat taxi license for my car to be able to make my own price in a case like this. Then I started advertising trips to Fleischmanns and other occasions. It worked and I got busy. I bought a better car, a 1939 Plymouth and later a 1940 Packard limousine as a 2nd car. I hired Leo Adler as chauffeur. The business grew, I bought two Lincoln Limousines and the 1939 Cadillacs, they were the best cars for the mountains. When the war ended in 1946 I had 9 Cadillac limousines. Now the friends and customers wanted to buy cars and I started to buy and sell used cars. There was a dealer by the name of Zimek in the Claremont Garage and I was there a lot. Some day the owner of the garage Louis Stettner offered the garage to me. Since I could not do it alone, I took my chauffeur Ray Gould in as a partner, made a new 10 year lease on the garage and bought Stettner ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ out. Soon after Zimek went out and I started our own Used Car Business (Claremont Motors).