

GERMANY

Germany was another roller coaster. We were met at the airport by Mario Martin, the investigator and his daughter and stayed at his house for 10 days. Mario, several months ago, had made an appointment with the mayor for us to sign the Golden Book of Leipzig. The mayor gave a press release about us at that time. We were also featured in a local newspaper in April. Mario also is a good friend of a very well known journalist. We met with the mayor - you would not believe all the press, radio and TV stations - there must have been 30 people there bombarding us. Josephine, (now 87 years old) one of the people that hid us, also came in and it was a big reunion for us all. The mayor was a very charismatic person, wanted to know all about our experiences. We signed the golden book (we have newspaper articles and clippings of everything). The day prior the prime minister of Italy signed the previous page - the mayor said that even though we were of a different status, we were equally important to him. After the interview and signing, the press followed us and took pictures and interviews. The news media accompanied us to the house where I was born. Of course, I could not remember anything - supposedly we lived there for a few years - now the building is falling apart - we went up the steps but couldn't go any further because the floor would cave in. It is ready to be torn down. My grandmother's house still stands in grand fashion in front of ours where my mother was born. The Nazis drove my grandmother out of her beautiful home. I could not remember this time period. I was too young. Later that day through my parent's photographs, Matt and I were able to piece that time period together. Unfortunately, I did not have more time to explore because the press was in a hurry. I felt very sad because my freedom time took place in this house, and I have some very faint good memories from my grandma's house. It's from her beautiful house (now newly renovated) from which she was driven away by the Nazis to live in the small living quarters in the factory they then owned.

The press accompanied us to the house where Josephine (One of the daughters whose father, her and little son lived together and hid us twice for a 5 week period each time) lived. She showed us which rooms we occupied - I could not remember. The real estate person, who now rents out these newly renovated apartments let us in and believe it or not, the part of the apartment we were hiding in, is open and still up for rent. At the time, her father owned the whole floor and this now has been divided into several apartments. It was quite traumatic for Josephine to recall these times and iterated of how much my parents loved me and how they played with me. We then moved on to another street - most of the buildings have been torn down to

make way for new ones - the corner house now houses the Italian Embassy - but you still could see the remaining houses at the end with the same architecture. In a house on that street we were all gathered at the end - my parents, I, and my grandmother and Aunt Bertha (her three children were put on the last children's transport to London in 1939 to escape eventual deportation to concentration camp) and it is from there that my grandmother and Aunt Bertha said good bye to us before deportation to Theresienstadt - the same transport we were supposed to take. It is from that house that we then escaped and went underground - there is a real faint memory there - I remember the goodbyes and the fleeing but not our destination.

Another day we went to the cemetery where my grandfather is buried. Aunt Bertha also buried the urn of her husband there when it came back from concentration camp in 1941. The monument now is 76 years old; the decorations and the Hebrew lettering are crumbling - you can hardly make out the name. Aunt Bertha at the time had a tablet made containing the name of my grandfather and her husband and that now is hardly readable. In the name of my mother we are just replacing the family name in bronze letters, adding a granite plate with the names of the already interred, and adding my grandmother and all the children's names who have died - including my mother, their youngest child. All these monuments are now under the protection of historic landmarks in Leipzig and by the Jewish Community. Permission has to be granted to make any changes.

Another day we went to the grounds where my grandfather's ceramic factory once stood. It was the fifth largest Jewish business in Leipzig. Now, all that remain are the ruins from the war and fire - the smoke stack is still visible where once the ceramics and china was fired and you can make out where my grandma's living quarters were. After many years of litigation, the government compensated all the living relatives for this property. So with sadness I said goodbye to the ruins that once were the roots of all the richness and wealth of our family.

On another day, the press and television crew came to Mario's house and filmed Josephine and me and also took a story from Mario who made our meetings and findings of the cousins possible and who provided all the documents of our whereabouts during the war. We also gave a two-hour interview for that TV station - a documentary that was featured on Leipzig TV the end July 2000. We are awaiting a copy of the cassette. The press and TV followed us almost the entire time. We also went, on the second to the last day, to the final place where we were hidden (the family of Christa) and bombed out. It was from there that we emerged with our fictitious name. In its place now is a new apartment building. At the other corner of that block still stands an identical building to the newly renovated one in which we lived for the last 6 months before we

went to Austria. This family of a butcher took us in and believed our story that we were bombed out in Mannheim. My father had forged passes while in hiding with the help of the people that hid us.

As we entered the house of this butcher, I instantly recalled it, the steps, etc. I could not remember, however, which apartment it was. Then we walked to the corner where I attended school for six months under my false name. It was there on the corner that a school pal of mine was shot - the Nazis thought she was Jewish and told me to go home to my parents. I faintly recalled the surroundings - although instead of the school, there now sits an apartment complex. The feelings came all back and I remember not looking back and just running home. I had to cross a street and with streetcars; it's a wonder I did not get run over. These last remembrances were very painful to me and somehow made me think that I opened old wounds and created new ones. We also stopped at the still now Jewish Community Bureau, which my father once headed. We stopped at a synagogue, which is still operating for the 30-some Jews who are still left and who returned after the war and for the Russian Jews who are being educated with some Judaism.

We also stopped at the Karlebach Foundation - a sort of Museum of items left from the once Jewish community and they seemed to know all about my father and his dear friend, Dr. Grubel - the latter migrated to the US but kept in close touch with my parents then and after the war. Dr. Grubel had written several documents and also a book mentioning my father and his accomplishments. These are still housed at the foundation. I was asked to donate anything that I possibly could - maybe copies - I believe our children want all the original things. Until the last day did the press and TV cameras follow us. One photographer was even allowed up the ramp to the airplane when we left Leipzig. I have three newspapers with stories and pictures of our visit.

One of the events that impressed us the most was a concert of Leipzig's Synagoralchor. It is a choir comprised of 30 members. This choir performs Yiddish and Synagogue style selections. To our surprise, none of its members are Jewish. This voluntary group performs all over the world, including Israel. The manager of the choir is the assistant of the director of the Karlebach Museum Foundation. The encore selection was Sh'viti Adonai sung exactly to the same tune that we sing it in our Northern Hills choir. The concert brought tears to our eyes because Leipzig once had so many Jews and now there is only a handful of German Jews left.

Mario had one more surprise for me. He was able to locate my dear childhood friend Elfie who lived with us for three consecutive summers in Bludenz. His acquaintance with a journalist from Vienna resulted in securing Elfie's phone number and address in Windsor, Canada. One morning Mario dialed that number and told me that I had a phone call. It was Elfie. We now are in contact at least once a week and will see each other in the near future.

Again, I am not sure I did the right thing coming back after all these years - I don't think this will give me closure - I was extremely sheltered by my parents. I wonder even more what happened during this time. I was too small to remember and there is no one left in my family to ask. We are keeping in touch with our wonderful host, Mario, and I believe through new discoveries Mario will unlock other hidden memories.

Transp. Name u. Vorname Nr.	geboren am: /m:	Staatsan- gehörigkeit	Beruf	Wohnort
42. Bleyl, geb. Brotz Hedwig Sara	7.7.1869 Ruschendorf	Dt.Reich	ohne	Färberstr. 11, Vorderh. / III.
43. † Blümlein, geb. Heinemann Therese Sara	19.11.1867 Magdeburg	Dt. Reich	ohne	Färberstr. 11, Vorderh. / I.
44. † Blumenberg Selmar Israel	21.11.1882 Einbeck	Dt. Reich	ohne	Nordstr. 11 / II b. Levy
45. † Blumenberg, geb. Steinberg Hildegard Sara	31.1.1898 Dassel	Dt. Reich	Hilfs- arbeiterin	Nordstr. 11 / II b. Levy
46. Blumenthal Eugen Israel	2.12.68 Rybnick	31.8.1942 Dt. Reich	Hilfs- arbeiter	Keilstr. 4 / III
47. † Blumenthal geb. Gotthelf Henriette Sara	28.9.1872 Kassel	Dt.Reich	Hilfs- arbeiterin	Keilstr. 3, Erdg.
48. † Bon, Dr. Siegfried Israel	15.2.1871 Leipzig	Dt. Reich	ohne	Auenstr. 14, Vorderh. / II Zimmer 23
49. Borns, Anna Rachel Sara	19.11.1874 Berlin	Staatenlos (Österr.-Ung.)	ohne	Auenstr. 14, Vorderh. Zimmer 7
50. Braunsberg, Hermann Israel	29.3.1888 Breuna	Dt. Reich	ohne	Humboldtstr. 15 / II
51. Brecher, geb. Weissbraun Chaja Sara	26.12.1861 Wojnilow	10.9.1942 Staatenlos (Polen)	ohne	Färberstr. 11, Hinterh. / I.

Transp. Name u. Vorname Nr.	geboren am: /in:	Staatsan- gehörigkeit	Beruf	Wohnort
224. † Krauss, geb. Rosenstingl, Charoline Sara	18.11.1869 Sopron	Dt. Reich	ohne	Färberstr. 11 / Vorderh. Erdg.
225. Krauthammer, geb. Horowitz Ester Sara	27.5.1871 Kolomea	Staatenlos (Österr.)	ohne	Gustav-Adolf-Str. 7 / IV Zimmer 24
226. † Kroner, Frida Bella Sara	27.1.1869 Halle	Dt. Reich	ohne	Leibnizstr. 30, / II
227. Kufeld, geb. Meyer Rosa Sara	22.5.1872 Bentheim	Dt. Reich	ohne	Gustav-Adolf-Str. 7 / II Zimmer 21a
228. Kurz, geb. Pacamower Pauline Sara	18.2.1871 Krakau	Staatenlos (Polen)	ohne	Gustav-Adolf-Str. 7 / III Zimmer 27 a
229. Leeuwarden, Wolf Israel	19.3.1876 Delmenhorst	Dt. Reich	ohne	Färberstr. 11 / Vorderh. / III
230. Leeuwarden geb. Marcuse Rosa Sara	23.10.1871 Selau	Dt. Reich	ohne	Färberstr. 11 / Vorderh. / III
231. Lenkowicz geb. Pacamower Rosafie Sara	27.5.1872 Krakau	Staatenlos (Polen)	ohne	Gustav-Adolf-Str. 7 / III Zimmer 27 a
232. Leopold, Dr. Walter Albert Israel	15.3.1898 Ottweiler	Dt. Reich	Beitrags- buchhaltung	Humboldtstr. 21 / III
233. Leopold, geb. Blümlein Hilda Sara	11.1.1902 Leipzig	Dt. Reich	ohne	Humboldtstr. 21 / III
234. Leopold, Anneliese Sara	14.2.1937 Leipzig	Dt. Reich	ohne	Humboldtstr. 21 / III

hat wahrscheinlich überlebt