RECOLLECTIONS

Of my childhood in Germany until my emigration

by

REINER J. AUMAN

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October 2006

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Dedicated in loving memory

To my grandson

Rabbi Shabtai Shmuel Eliyahu Auman ז"ל

whose whole short life was filled with Chesed,

a quest for Tora knowledge, Jewish tradition, family history and customs

He left an irreplaceable void.



Background Information

I have always been interested in family history and for this reason have tried to put down on paper and into booklet form, some of the previously known genealogy both on my mother and father's side. I had frequently made attempts to collect and gather additional facts, such as names of individuals, residences, stories and past writings, which may shed light on such people and their activities in their particular surroundings. However, I was struck by the fact, that detailed knowledge of their intimate lives, activities and interaction with their families, friends, community and business associates was impossible to establish. In short, while sketchy outlines of their historical existence could sometimes be established, all detailed information about them and their lives became extinct when they passed out of this world. It would have been wonderful if I had found diaries or autobiographies of my grandparents and in turn of their parents and grandparents, in order for me to understand fully what their lives actually were like in their own particular intimate settings. How interesting it would have been to know, what motivated these individuals and propelled them into action in their own personal lives. How were their daily lives conducted, what did their houses look like, what went on in their communities at various times and what part did they play in it? What relationships did they have with their siblings and what kind of schooling and training did they receive? There are indeed an infinite number of questions I would have liked to ask and have answered. Unfortunately however, no known records of these facts exist anymore today.

To try to recollect ones early childhood memories is not necessarily easy. The German poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe labeled his autobiography " Dichtung und Wahrheit ", Poetry and Truth, indicating that not everything he remembered was entirely correct. Some of the facts may have been colored by time, some of them may be but blurred memories or memories of things retold to us by others and yet others may be just wishful thinking. All or part of this may also be true in my own case, because I was not quite 2 years old, when I seem to remember that uncle Harry was standing at my crib playing with me. Uncle Harry was Harry (Hirsch) Niederhofheim, my grandfather Bondi's much beloved maternal uncle, a bachelor who frequently came to his and our house and enjoyed a close family relationship. He was a stockbroker by profession and a rather tall and stately appearing individual. My dear mother used to say that all the Niederhofheim sons were good looking and aristocratic.

At the insistence of their father Reb Benjamin Niederhofheim, who was one of my great-great grandparents, each of his 10 children who survived into adulthood had to learn a trade. He felt very strongly that it was very important for a Jew to have a readily available means of support in later life, if the situation should require it. In accordance with this, Uncle Harry was also an accomplished watchmaker by trade, even though he never practiced this trade in order to earn a living. Uncle Harry had a beautiful golden pocket watch on a golden chain, which he carried in his vest pocket. This golden watch had a lid, which was usually closed and which was only flipped open when checking for the

time. Uncle Harry played magician with me. He told me to blow at the watch and as I did he pressed on the stem of the watch, to make it pop up. Uncle Harry died in March of 1924 when I was one year and nine month old.

I clearly remember the two white painted steel cribs in our children's bedroom, the front gate of which could be partly collapsed so that we could climb out. I think that we were in those cribs until we were about four years old before we got adult beds. Our first bed room was next to our parent's bedroom, but this was changed about the time we got adult beds.

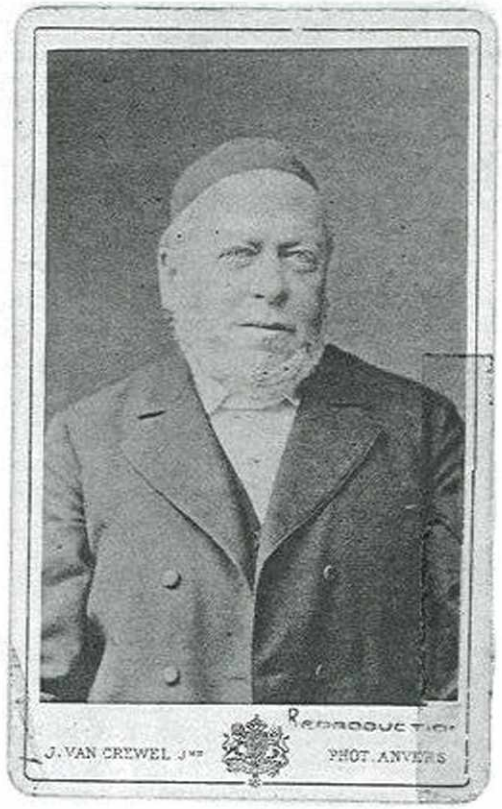
My great-great grandfather Reb Benjamin Niederhofheim 1810-1885 was the son of Hirsch Niederhofheim 1786-1849 and Jeanette nee Speyer 1788-1851. The family Speyer was for centuries a most important family in the town of Frankfurt/Main, where it held distinguished positions in the Jewish community. They were active in commerce and banking and also were substantial benefactors for many philanthropic causes. Their earliest traceable presence in Frankfurt goes back to the early 1500th with indications of having been there some 200 years prior to that date.

The story is told that Benjamin's grandparents who lived in Frankfurt and who called themselves by their last name Stern, were childless for a considerable time after their marriage. The name Stern which they used as a family name was taken from the sign which had hung outside their house in the "Juden Strasse" (ghetto) and which was that of a star (Stern). In the days before it was compulsory for Jews in the ghetto to adopt a family name, it was customary to use the name of the sign in front of the house in which they lived as a means of identification. Later on this became common practice, especially when they were forced to adopt family names at the time when Napoleon swept through Europe.

The young Stern couple remained childless after their marriage for several years. It was suggested to the young people, that they inquire from the local rabbi, what if anything they might be able to do about their particular situations. The rabbi, after questioning them and determining that their relationship with one another was in good order, suggested to them to follow the old Jewish dictum "meshane mokaum, mechane massel" namely, to relocate their home to a different town. Agreeing that a change of scenery and environment might make them more relaxed, the young couple promptly took the rabbi's advise. They moved to a small village at the foot of the Taunus mountain range near Frankfurt by the name of Niederhofheim. As happens so often, their luck indeed changed, because the young wife promptly became pregnant and gave birth to an infant son, whom they called Hirsch and who was the first of a whole series of children which followed. Ultimately they moved back to Frankfurt where in



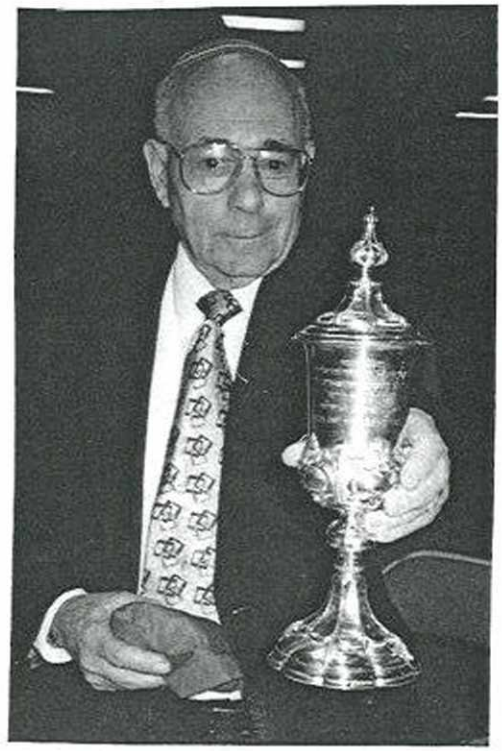
Gravestone of Reb. Benjamin Niederhofheim at the IRG-Rathbeilstrasse Jewish Cemetary in FFM



Reb. Benjamin Niederhofheim
1810-1885



Harry (Hirsch) Niederhofheim
1949-1924



Goblet presented to R.Benjamin Niederhofheim for his 50th anniversary of being a Mohel held by George Auman

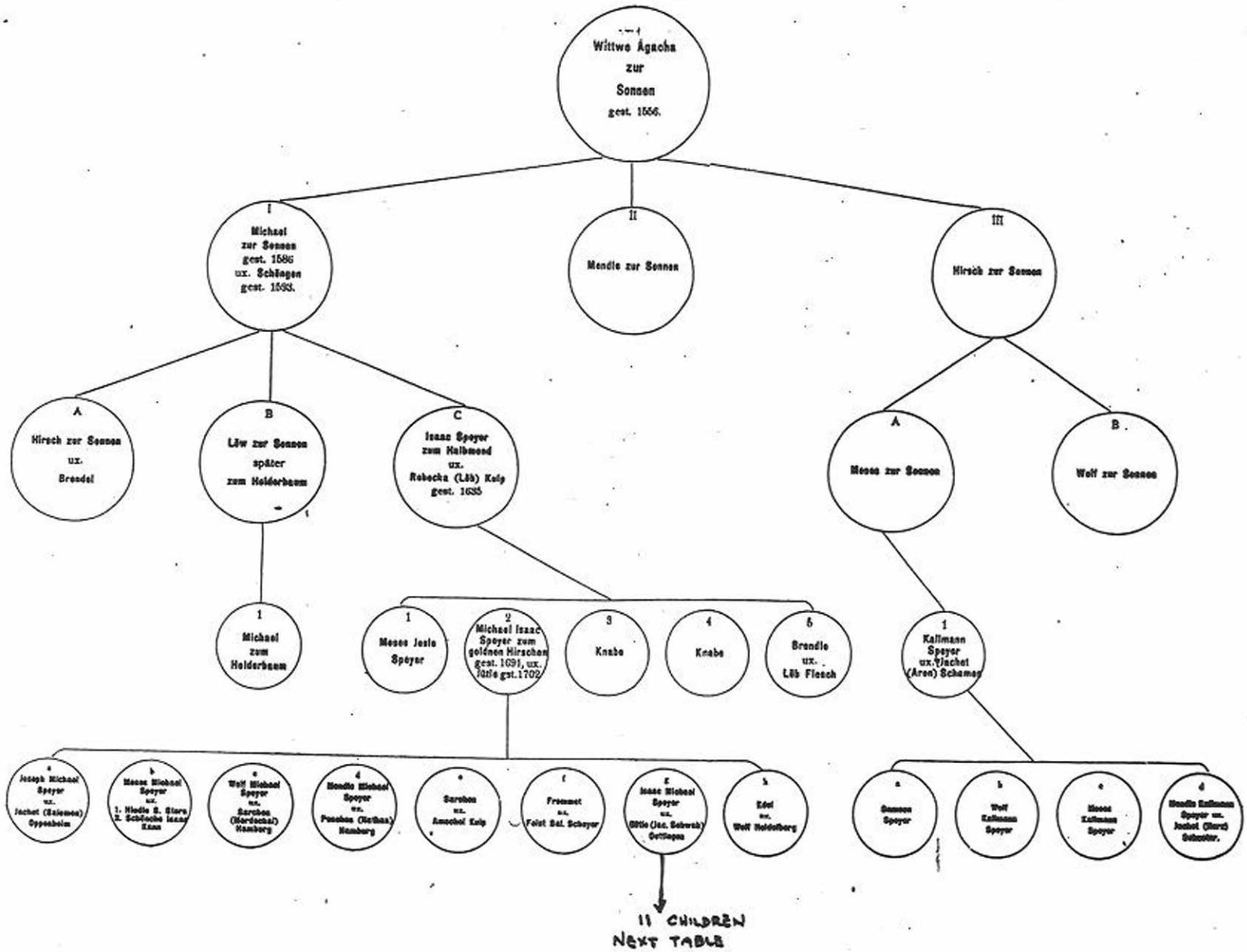
commemoration of this event, they adopted the name of Niederhofheim as their family name.

Benjamin became an upstanding member of the Frankfurt Jewish community. He was a practicing "Mohel", which he performed "leshem mitzwa' in excess of some 6000 cases. He never accepted any pay or other gratuities for performing this mitzwa. At the anniversary of his 50th year as a practicing mohel, he was presented with a beautiful, large silver plated goblet, which carried a Hebrew inscription suited for that occasion. This silver cup used to adorn grandfather Bondi's extensive silver collection of Jewish memorabilia in the large silver closet in his dining room and it is now still in the possession of my cousin Dr. Elmer Offenbacher. I saw it being used at a Brit Mila for some member of his family, some years back.

One of Benjamin's sisters namely Clara 1817-1877, was married to Moses Schiff 1810-1873 a descendent of the old and famous Frankfurt Schiff family of whom the "Maharam Schiff" 1605-1641 was but one of its many famous rabbis. One of Moses and Clara Schiff's sons was Jacob Heinrich Schiff 1847-1920. He was the Wall Street mogul and partner in the investment firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. My grandfather Hugo Bondi used to tell us, that when Jacob Schiff and his wife Therese nee Loeb came to visit his family in Frankfurt and Mainz, they were the talk of the town. This was especially the case, when they drove up in their liveried horse drawn carriage. They were also free spenders for charitable causes in their hometown.

Reb Benjamin prayed regularly at the "Kippe Stubb" a private "Klause Shul" also known as the Traub Shul, endowed by a Riess Family Foundation in the old section of the Frankfurt Jewish quarter. Incidentally, the Traub family are believed to be one branch of the ancestors of the Aumann family in Koeppern. Reb Binjamin liked the informality of this small prayer group. But he also gravitated there, because of the increasing influence of the reform movement in the official Jewish community at that time, thereby expressing his disfavor with this policies of the heads of the community. Even though he was no friend of complete separation, a policy which was pursued by Rabbi Samson Rafael Hirsch and other members in that community, he supported the separatists in spirit, but remained and continued to be a member of the official Kehilla until his death.

Benjamin was married twice. His first marriage to Rebecks Schloss 1814-1838 daughter of Lion Phillip Schloss 1789 – 1838 and wife Babette nee Doctor 1793-1838 produced one child, namely my great grandmother Clara 1838-1880. After his wife died at childbirth, he remarried. His second wife was Sara nee Dann 1819-1885, the daughter of Beer Loeb Dunn 1762-1857 and Gellchen nee Gumpertz-Emmerich 1786-1867. This



Niederhofheim- Speyer Genealogy
Table 1

Niederhofheim- Speyer Genealogy
Table 2

מנהגים

נוסח הטפלה

נעזרדמעם מון ר' אפרים יצחק ריעס פראנקפורט אם מאין

Special " Minhagim " followed by the "Niederhofheim Minyan "
in the Traub Shul supported by the Reiss Family Foundation

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ב״ה

סדר עבודה לר״ה ולי״כ:

יום א׳ של ר״ה.

שחרית:

מתפללים כסדר · עטיפת טלית · הודו לה׳ קראו וכו׳ עד כאשר יחלנו לך · קדיש · שיר המעלות ממעמקים קראתיך · ברוך שאמר · מזמור שיר ליום השבת · נשמת · יוצר אור · ש״ע בלחש · אחר סיום ש״ע בלחש מתחיל החזן אור עולם וכו׳ (קהל) : **מלך אוזר גבורה** וכו׳ · **כבודו אהל** וכו׳ **עד חיים ומלך** · ש״ע בקול בלי הפסק שום פיוט · קדושת נקדש וכו׳ · לדור ודור נגיד וכו׳ · לדור ודור המליכו לאל כי הוא לבדו מרום וקדוש : ובכן יתקדש שמך ה׳ אלקינו על ישראל עמך · ובכן תן פחדך וכו׳ · ברכת כהנים · שים שלום עד עושה השלום · ואז מתחיל החזן מסוד (ק׳) **את חיל** · וכל הפיוטים ככתוב במחזורים עד **שלש קדשות** · אבינו מלכנו · אבל אין אומרים בר״ה חטאנו · סלח · מחה · מחוק : קדיש תתקבל · קה״ת · תקיעת שופר :

תקיעה · שברים · תרועה · תקיעה · ג פעמים

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה · ג פעמים

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה · ג פעמים

אשרי העם · בשמך יגילון וכו׳ · אשרי · יהללו ·



היום הרת עולם אמן · זכר עד למשפט יזכר ותוקעין :

מלכי עד ירוממם וימלך · ותוקעין :

רצה · ברכת כהנים עד עושה השלום · ואחיכ אנסיבה

תקיעה · תרועה · שברים · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה ·

אחה נגלית וכו' עד ברחמים · ותוקעין :

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

אחה זוכר וכו' עד זוכר הבריית · ותוקעין :

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

עד יום הזכרון · ותוקעין :

תפילות עד וגואלי · חון ש"ע בקול · והכל כסדר בלי מסוד וכו' וכלי

ח"ק · ש"ע בלחש · אחר כן מתחיל החזן מסוד וכו' וכלי

היום הרת עולם · אתה זכרתם למן קדם תזכרת ש"ע בקול :

אתיי לתנך עד צרופה שאומרים הפיוטים של יום ב' · והפיוט

הכל כביכול · אין כאלקינו · מי כאלקינו · ש"ק · ותוקעין :

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

ונערב עליך · קדיש תתקבל · ארשת · ונאמר כי בי' וכו' עד העולם ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

היום הרת עולם · ארשת · אשא דעי עד קורא כשופר "

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · שברים · תקיעה ·

תקיעה · תרועה · תקיעה ·

כל נדרי:

ע"כ אחר עטיפת טלית מתחילין פ' עקה"ה · ואח"כ סמוך לחשיכה אומרים וודוי או"א תבא עד הרשענו :

החזן אומר כ"נ ג' פעמים ואחר שהחיינו אומרים (מזמור ק"ג) לדוד ברכי נפשי וכו' · ח"ק ברכו · ומתפללים ואומרים הפיוטים כסדר הכתוב במחזורים :

שחרית:

כמו יום א' של ר"ה עד אחר תפילה בלחש ואז מתחיל החזן אור עולם וכו' · ש"ע בלחש · ואומרים כל הפיוטים שבמחזור עד קדשה משלשת אח"ז החזן מתחיל ש"ע בקול ואומר קדושת נקדישך ונעריצך כסוד וכו' לדור ודור נגיד וכו' · לדור ודור המליכו וכו' · ובכן יתקדש · ובכן תן וכו' · יעלה ויבוא עד מלך חנון ורחום אתה · אנא תבא וכו' · וודוי עד דברי התוהה הזאת · א"וא מחל וכו' · רצה · ברכת כהנים · ש"ש וכו' · ואחר סיום ש"ע מתחיל אל ברוב עצות וגומר כל הפיוטים והסלי"ח כסדר הכתובים במחזור · ואח"כ א"מ חטאנו · וכו' ק"ש קה"ת · ח"ק · הפטרה · אשרי · יהללו :

מוסף:

ח"ק · ש"ע בלחש · אח"כ אומר החזן אני הוא השוא' וכו' · א"וא היה עם פיפיות וכו' עד צורי וגואלי · ש"ע בקול · קדושת כתר · לדור ודור נגיד וכו' · לדור ודור המליכו וכו' · ובכן יתקדש וכו' · ובכן תן וכו' עד ושני תמידים כהלכתם · אח"כ אומרים (סדר עבודה) אמין כח עד אשרי העם שד' אלקיו · אנא תבא וודוי עד

דברי התורה הזאת · א"וא מחל וכו' · רצה ב"כ ש"ש אח"כ מתחיל החזן מסוד וכו' ואומרים כל הפיוטים והסליחות כסדר עד ולכל ישראל עד העולם ותערב וכו' · קדיש שלם :

מנחה:

קה"ת · הפטרה · יהללו וכו' · ח"ק · תפילה בלחש · ומתחיל חזן מסוד · ואומרים הפיוטים עד והנקדש בקדש · החזן מתחיל ש"ע בקול · קדושת נקדישך · הכל כמו בשחרית · ואחר סיום התפלה מתחילין אליך תלויות עינינו · ואומרים כל הפיוטים והסליחות כסדר עד למען שמך · קדיש שלם :

נעילה:

אשרי · ובל"ג · ח"ק · ש"ע בלחש · ומתחיל החזן מסוד וכו' · ואומרים אב ידעך עד תערץ ותקדש · החזן מתחיל ש"ע בקול · קדושת כתר · ואח"כ כמו בשחרית עד חנון ורחום אתה · וודוי של נעילה עד והשיבו וחיו · א"וא מהל · רצה · ברכת כהנים · ש"ש · ואחר מתחילין אליך תלויות וכו' · כי מקדישיך עד לאדנינו · פתח לנו שער וכו' · הכל כסדר עד עד העולם · א"מ · ותערב · קדיש שלם :

ח"ת דבפרים הראשי

marriage was blessed with 10 more children. Clara, was raised by her stepmother, whom she adored. Grandfather used to tell us that his mother Clara did not know for the longest time that Sara was not her real mother and she and her half siblings were always one harmonious entity throughout her entire life.

Many stories about Reb Benjamin's experiences are told while acting in the honorary capacity of a Mohel when travelling, as he frequently did, to some of the small villages in Southern Germany and the surrounding small Jewish settlements near Frankfurt. On one such occasion he was called for a Bris at some small village by name of "Ober Eberbach". Like so many small villages in Germany, Ober Eberbach was located on top of the mountain, ober = upper, while another corresponding community by the name of "Nieder Eberbach", nieder = lower, was located in the valley a few kilometers away. Reb Benjamin started off early in the morning from his home in an open horse drawn carriage and as luck would have it, half way to his destination it started to rain. Stopping along the way, he asked a local peasant for the fastest way to his destination. However, somewhere along his route he missed the proper turn in the road and ended up in "Nieder Eberbach" instead. Local people made him aware of his mistake and realizing where he had made his error, he backtracked to the missed intersection and took the correct road. After much travail he finally arrived hours late and soaked to the skin at the proper address in Ober Eberbach, where everyone was eagerly but somewhat impatiently awaiting his arrival.

After changing out of his drenched clothing and preparing everything for the Bris Mila, the show finally got on the road. Eventually, after the ceremony was over, everyone settled down for the Se'uda where, to show him respect, he was dutifully placed next to the attending local rabbi at the head of the festive table. The rabbi was not really personally acquainted with Reb Benjamin but was trying to be nice to him and make him feel comfortable by proceeding to repeatedly engage him in some kind of light conversation. Reb Benjamin being tired from the long and strenuous trip was not too receptive to much conversation. Seeing that he was not too successful, the rabbi figured he would try once more, so he asked him the famous question, which was always on everyone's mind, namely "when do you think the Moshiach will come?" Reb Binjamin thinking for a moment and recalling in his mind the rain soaked suit, the long trip with all the obstacles he encountered and the long way home which he yet faced, finally answered him in his best Frankfurt dialect as follows: "That the Moshiach will come, there cannot be any question, and we hope that he will come "Bimhero Beyamenu" (soon in our days). But then in his jovial way he continued, "Abber, Obb-er, ueber Obber Eberbach kommt" (but if he will indeed come through Ober Eberbach) that is the question".

39. VII. F. 2. a. **Sara Dann,**

220. geb. 23. April 1843, gest. 17. Oct. 1865, getraut 8. Aug. 1862 mit **Beni Benjamin,** aus Hanau,
(als dessen I. Ehefrau) geb. 1. September 1836, Sohn des *Israel Benjamin*, geb. in Hana
18. Sept. 1809, und dessen erster Ehefrau *Rosine*, geb. *Schames*, geb. 5. Jan. 1804,
gest. in Hanau 8. Nov. 1845.

Kinder:

221. A. *Rosalie*, geb. 15. Oct. 1863. gest. 11 Febr 1884

39. VII. F. 6. **Adolph Dann,**

222. geb 15. Juni 1816, gest 27 Juni 93 getraut 25. Febr. 1849 mit **Sara Lob** aus Bingen, geb. 6. Dec. 1819,
gest 1 Aug Tochter des *Samuel Lob*, geb. 1791, gest. 8. Dec. 1825, und dessen Ehefrau *Jeannette*,
geb. *Bondy* geb. in Mainz 1793, gest. 23. April 1837.

Kinder:

223. a. *Jeannette* geb. 31. Oct. 1857.

224. b. *Simonette* geb. 19. Aug. 1859.

39. VII. F. 7. **Sara Dann,**

225. geb. 22. Nov. 1819, gest. 3 Nov 1885 getraut 2. Juli 1843 mit **Benjamin Niederhofheim,** (als dessen
2. Ehefrau) geb. 12. Aug. 1810, gest 28 Juli 1885 Sohn des *Hirsch Niederhofheim*, geb. 7. Decbr. 1786,
gest. 7. April 1847, und dessen Ehefrau *Jeannette* geb. *Speyer*, geb. 13. Mai 1788, gest. 24. Febr. 1851.

Kinder:

226. a. *Simon Wolfgang* geb. 20. Juni 1844. gest 2. 6. 1884.
227. b. *Simonette* „ 1. Aug. 1845.
228. c. *Salomon Benjamin* „ 25. Juni 1847. gest 13. 2. 1915
229. d. *Hirsch* [illegible] „ 3. Sept. 1849 gest 23. 3. 1924
230. e. *Jeannette Johanna* „ 31. Juli 1851. gest. 17. 4. 1913

231. f. *Leo* geb. 22. Aug 1853. gest 9 Juni
232. g. *Adelheid* „ 4. Dec. 1855.
233. h. *Louise* „ 6. Juni 1857.
234. i. *Bernhard Oscar* „ 28. April 1859. gest 15 Sept
235. k. *Esterina (Rina)* „ 1. Febr. 1863.

39. VII. F. 7. a. **Simon Wolfgang Niederhofheim,**

236. geb. 20. Juni 1844, gest 2. 6. 84 getraut 21. Febr. 1868 mit **Elise Oppenheim,** aus Windecken,
geb. 13. Aug. 1846, gest 6 Sept 1914 Tochter des *Aaron Oppenheim* aus Windecken, geb. 1806 gest 16 Nov.
und dessen zweiter Ehefrau, *Adelheid*, geb. *Nussbaum*, aus Schlüchtern, geb. 1820. 24 März gest 28 Sept

237.

Kinder:

A. *Otto Hirsch*, geb. 7. Dec. 1868. gest. 21. Juni 1891
Ludwig Steiger geb 10 Nov 1870.
Laura Heller „ 20 Okt 1873 gest 2. Febr 1926

39. VII. F. 7. b. **Simonette Niederhofheim,**

238. geb. 1. Aug. 1845, gest 4 Nov. 1926 getraut 4. Aug. 1865 mit **Moritz Jeidel,** aus Pfungstadt, geb.
gest 19 März 1894 geb. 6. Juli 1838, Sohn des *Isaac Jeidel*, geb. in Pfungstadt, 11. Oct. 1807, gest 6 März 18.
und dessen Ehefrau *Babette*, geb. *Vogel*, geb. in Sprendlingen gest. 4 Juni 18.

239.

Kinder:

A. *Emil Joseph* geb. 5. Mai 1866. gest. 25 Aug 1927

240. B. *Henry Morits* geb. 13. Juni 1867. gest 4 Aug.
Oskar Bernhard geb 9 Juni 1872 gest 10. 6. 1913 Babette Bertha „ 7 Dez 1870.
Julius Moritz „ 21 Sept 1875 „ 13. X. 1940 Rosa „ 13. „ 1882
Willi „ 14 Aug 1878. Benjamin „ 22 März 1888 gefallen als
Leopold Dann, Offizier bei Verdun 26 May 1915 im Felde

241. geb. 11. Juni 1826, gest 19. 9. 1900 getraut 17./21. Nov. 1852 mit **Sidonie Dann,** geb. 5. Aug. 1835, gest
Tochter des *Samuel Beer Dann*, geb. 18. Juni 1807, gest 15. 1. 89 und dessen Ehefrau
Sophie, geb. *Gundersheim*, geb. 3. März 1806. gest. 6 Dez 1879

41. Peslo Dann,

geb. 1725, gest. 17. Aug. 1811, getraut 13. Dec. 1748 mit **Löb Beer Schames,** geb. gest. 28. Oct. 1773,
Sohn des *Beer David Schames*, geb. gest. 5. März 1747, und dessen Ehefrau *Jütle*, geb.
geb. gest. 10. Dec. 1732.

Kinder:

[illegible] geb. 14. Sept. 1749, gest. 23. Febr. 1829.
„ 22. Sept. 1751. „ 27. Nov. 1830.
„ 23. Jan. 1755. „ 3. März 1791.

245. IV. E. Kd. w. Geschl. geb. 29. Dec. 1760. gest.
246. V. *Beer* „ 15. Dec. 1768, „ 22. März 1830.

Benjamin Niederhofheim
geb 12 August 1810 gest. 28 Febr 1885
getraut I Ehe 7 Juni 1837 mit Rebecka
geb. Schloss geb 3 Dez. 1814 gest 3 Mai 1838.
Tochter des Lion Philipp Schloss
geb 25 Dezbr 1789 gest. 23 Juli 1839.
& dessen Ehefrau Babette geb. Dreyfuss
geb. 1793. gest 25 Aug 1838.

Kinder

1 Clara geb 27 März 1838 gest 19 Febr 1880

2 Rebecka Bondi geb 27 Juni 1860 (27. Juni 1737)
gestraut 19 Oktober 1884 mit Lassal Lewysohn
geb 23 Juli 1851 in Mbg (23 Juli 1851)
Sohn des Isaak Lewysohn
daselbst geb 3 Febr 1812 gest 21 Juni 1896 &
dessen Ehefrau Hannchen geb Schloss
geb 9 Okt 1817 gest 30 Juli 1896

Kinder

2a Ludwig geb 12 März 1892.

3 Hugo Bondi geb 22 April 1863
gestraut 6 Sept 1891 mit Caroline geb
Rothschild geb 4 Mai 1869 gest 28 Dezbr
Tochter des Moses Rothschild in Frankfurt
geb 28 Dezbr 1831 gest 2 Okt 1897. &
dessen Ehefrau Helene geb Stahl (auf Ziervogelgasse in Cassel)
geb 4 Jan 1841 gest 22 Mai 1920

Kinder

3a Clara geb 10 Juli 1896.
B Beatrice Laura " 14 Jan 1898. gest 11 März

1 Clara Niederhofheim
geb 27 März 1838 gest 19 Febr 1880
gestraut 15 Juni 1856 mit
Jonas Bondi in Mainz
geb 27 Sept 1817 gest 15 Novbr 1896
Sohn des Samuel Bondi daselbst
geb 16 März 1794 gest 15 Dezbr 1878.
& dessen Ehefrau Sofie geb Ehrstein
(Tochter von Isaak Ehrstein aus Falla)
geb 1801 gest 19 April 1871.

Kinder

2 Rebecka geb 27 Juni 1860
3 Hugo " 22 April 1863
4 Jeanette " 1 " 1865 gest 13 April 1899.
5 Martin " 3 Sept 1866
6 Leo " 1 " 1868
7 Sofie " 5 April 1878 gest 27 Sept 1878
8 Adelheid " 3 Okt 1876.

4 Jeanette Bondi geb 1 April 1865 gest 13 April 1899.
gest. 21 April 1898 mit Markus Kahn aus Cöln (Kahnweiler)
geb 23. 7. 1860. (Ehrsam)
(geb 15. 8. 1770 Halberstadt 18/8 23, gest. Cöln 1910)
& dessen Ehefrau Julie geb Hirsch Tochter
des verst. Rab. Samson Raphael Hirsch
geb. in Oldenburg 15 Dezbr 1833.

5 Martin Bondi geb 3 Sept 1866
gestraut 13 April 1896 mit Emilie Seligmann
aus Carlsruhe geb 25 Okt 1869 (gest. 30 Juli)
Tochter des Seligmann Seligmann daselbst
geb 20 März 1828 gest 22 Dezbr 1894
& dessen Ehefrau Hannchen geb Seligmann
geb 1 August 1835 gest 14 Juni 1891.

Kinder

5a Clara, Ines geb 23 Aug 1897.
B Hannchen Johanna " 29 April 1899.
C Bertha " 20 Febr 1901.

6 Leo Bondi geb 1 Sept 1868
getraut 20/25 Juli 1899 mit Adelheid Clara
geb Baumgartelbrunn geb 18 Sept 1877 Tochter
des Samuel Clara, Iesselbst
geb 20 Sept 1853 gest 29 Dez 1939 in Lodz
& dessen Ehefrau Wilma geb Clara
geb 22 März 1853.

Kinder

6a. Clara, Kella. geb 4 Mai 1900
B. Jonas " 8 Juli 1901
c. Martha " 4 Juli 1903.
d. Josef Hugo " 18 Sept 1907.
e. Heinz Alexander " 3 Juni 1916

8 Adelheid Bondi
geb 3 Oktober 1875 gest 19 Jan 1935
getraut 6/8 Juli 1906 mit Isidor
Wachtel in Wien geb 13 März 1868
Sohn des Simon Wachtel
geb. gest. 24 Jan 1915
gest. 13 Jan 1911.
& dessen Ehefrau Auguste geb
Schlesinger
geb. gestorben 18 März 1910

Kinder

1) Hans Jon. geb 29 März 1908
geb. = 24 Sept in Wien Ostbahn = Wien
1.

3a Clara Bondi
geb. 10 Juli 1896
getraut 5/9 Feb 1920 mit Oscar Ammann
geb.
Sohn des
& dessen Ehefrau

Tochter 1) Alexander Adler geb 14/5 1918 gest 3 Juli 1938 (Lodz)
& Tochter Esther Tochter geb 6/6 1924 gest 7/5 1944 (Lodz)

5a Clara Ines Bondi
geb 23 Aug. 1897.
getraut 16 Juni 1919 mit
Friedrich Wohlfarth geb 28 Okt 1888
Sohn des Josef Wohlfarth
geb 28 März 1856
& dessen Ehefrau Jacobine geb Hehmann
geb 28 Juli 1857.
I Hans Veit Kinder geb. 17 Juni 1920.
II Ernst Jonas " 2 Okt 1921
III Inge " 13 Februar 1928

3 3a Clara Bondi geb 10 Juli 1896.
getraut 5/9 Feb. 1920.
mit Oscar Ammann geb 15.7.84
Sohn des Moses Ammann geb 12.6.54 gest 8.9.1916
& dessen Ehefrau Caroline geb Kasse
geb. 20.11.1857. gest 23.III.1933

Kinder

3a1 Hans Veit geb 17 Juni 20
Jörg Martin geb 20 Feb 1921.
Reinhard geb 16 Juni 22

5b Johanna Bondi
geb 29 April 1899 in Lodz
getraut 3 August 1926 in Berlin mit
Gottfried Julius Müller in Hamburg geb 23 März 1899
Sohn des Wilhelm Müller
geb 25 Sept 1865 gestorben 4 Okt 1928
& dessen Ehefrau Sara Tochter von Jakob Kiel, Hamburg
geb 20 August 1867

Kinder

Rolf geb 6 Juli 1927
William " 1 Februar 1929
Ernst Jonas " 22.6.32

41. I. D. 3. d. **Auguste Clementine Reiss,**
Siehe *Abraham Mayer Adler* 41. I. D. 2. b.

41. I. D. 3. f. **Therese Babette Reiss,**

456. geb. 14. Nov. 1846, getraut 20. März 1868 mit **Moritz** genannt **Fritz Jonas** in Mainz,
geb. 17. Juni 1834, Sohn des *Bernhard Jonas*, geb. in Wiesbaden 11. Febr. 1802
und dessen Ehefrau *Hannchen*, geb. *Hecht*, geb. in Mainz 7. April 1802.

Kinder:

457. A. *Emma*, geb. 23. Dec. 1868. gest 24 Juli 1872

Marie gest 24 Aug 1872.
Elisabeth. 30 Jan 1874.

41. I. D. 4. **Sara Schiff,**

441. geb. 18. Aug. 1808, gest. 6. Febr. 1864, getraut 12. Juli 1837 mit **Mayer Abraham Adler,** (als dessen 2. Ehefrau) geb. 28. Mai 1796, gest. 19. März 1861, Sohn des *Aberle Beer Adler*, geb. 1763, gest. 27. Febr. 1833, und dessen Ehefrau *Brendle*, geb. *Weinheim*, aus Gelnhausen, geb. 1766 gest. 5 Okt 1843

Kinder:

458. a. *Auguste*, geb. 13. Juli 1838. gest 29 Novbr 1901

41. I. D. 4. a. **Auguste Adler,**

459. geb. 13. Juli 1838, gest 29 Novbr 1901 getraut 19. März 1858 mit **Heinrich Nahm** aus Grünstadt,
geb. 18. Mai 1833, Sohn des *Michael Nahm*, geb. 1800, gest. Sept. 1868, und dessen Ehefrau *Hendle*, geb. *Neumann*, geb. in Ebertsheim 1803.

Kinder:

460. A. *Johanna* geb. 7. März 1859.
461. B. *Pauline* „ 16. Aug. 1860.
462. C. *Bertha* „ 26. Nov. 1861. gest 23 Aug 1886.
463. D. *Hedwig* „ 3. Dec. 1862.
H Erna 14 Okt 1876

464. E. *Sara* geb. 25. März 1864.
465. F. *Adele* „ 19. Oct. 1865.
466. G. *Ottilie* „ 19. Juli 1868.
J Michels Hchz. 25 Juni 1871

41. I. D. 5. **Moses Schiff,**

467. geb. 5. April 1810, gest 23 Aug 1873 getraut 30. Aug. 1840 mit **Clara Niederhofheim,**
geb. 27. Juni 1817, gest. 23 Aug 1877 Tochter des *Hirsch Niederhofheim*, geb. 7. Dec. 1786, gest. 7. April 1849
und dessen Ehefrau *Jeannette*, geb. *Speyer*, geb. 13. Mai 1788, gest. 24. Febr. 1851.

Kinder:

468. a. *Philipp* geb. 13. Juli 1841.
469. b. *Auguste* „ 17. Dec. 1842, gest. 22. Dec. 1842.
470. c. *Abraham* „ 22. Febr. 1844, „ 23. Febr. 1844.
471. d. *Adelheid* „ 8. Febr. 1845. 13 April 1913

472. e. *Jacob Heinrich* geb. 10. Jan. 1847. gest 26 Sept 1920
473. f. *Herrmann Moritz* „ 12. März 1851. gest.
474. g. *Ludwig Heinrich* „ 14. April 1853.

41. I. D. 5. d. **Adelheid Schiff,**

b. 8. Febr. 1845, gest 13 April 1913 getraut 5. Juni 1864 mit **Alfred Salomon Geiger,**
geb. 16. März 1834, gest 19 Juli 1906 Sohn des *Salomon Michael Geiger*, geb. 14. Juni 1792,
und dessen II. Ehefrau *Fanny*, geb. *Geiger*, geb. 21. Febr. 1802.

Kinder:

476. A. *Max Alfred* geb. 15. Dec. 1865. gest 6 April 1903.
Henry geb 6 gest 6 Juni 1870
Flora geb 6 März 1872

477. B. *Jacob Heinrich Alfred* geb. 18. Dec. 1867. gest.
Moritz Alfred 26 Juni 1880

41. I. D. 7. **Rosette Schiff,**

478. geb. 13. Febr. 1813, getraut 4. Oct. 1840 mit **Salomon Feist Cahn,**
geb. 25. März 1817. Sohn des *Feist Salomon Cahn*, geb. 13. April 1790, gest. 23. Juli 1859,
und dessen Ehefrau *Jette*, geb. *Katz*, aus Höchst, geb. 1797, gest. 25. Juni 1846.

41. I. D. 8. **Johannette Schiff,**

geb. 28. Juni 1815, gest. getraut mit **Mayer** in Strasburg,
geb. gest. Sohn des geb.
gest. und dessen Ehefrau geb. geb. gest.

According to what my grandfather Hugo Bondi always said, Reb Benjamin was a very humorous and pleasant individual, who smoked cigars, blew smoke rings which amused everyone especially the children, was a good conversationalist and good "Chevre Man". He was well liked and well respected man in the community. In appreciation for all his communal work, he was buried in a place of great honor, in the very front row among the dignitaries of the congregation of the "Israelitische Religions Gesellschaft" section of the "Ratbeil Strasse" Jewish cemetery in Frankfurt. His grave is only a few places to the right of Rabbi Samson R. Hirsch, the famous Frankfurt rabbi of this congregation.

Another of my early childhood memories is sitting on my mother's lap. It was a dark early winter afternoon, sitting in the "Rote Zimmer" (red room) right next to the warm potbelly coal stove, which was in use most of the winter days. We were watching the flickering flame of the fire through the small air opening of the furnace door. Mother was always lullabying tunes to me and stroking my hair, which I enjoyed. The cozy and comfortable feelings as well as the warmth radiating from the stove and from mother's body are still with me as I tune in to those past, precious moments. It was at times like these, when mother would tell me stories about her childhood and about the family, which she in turn either heard in her early years or remembered from her own experience.

The apartment, room layout, it's furnishings, etc. on the first floor of Baumweg 32 where I was born and where we lived from early 1922 to 1937, is still most clear in my memory. The house was bought and owned by my father after my parents were married in 1920. Due to the severe housing shortage existing in Germany at that time right after World War 1, they had to live for a short period of time with my grandfather Bondi. Apartments were impossible to get and father actually had to purchase two houses, one in the Fischerfeld Strasse and one in the Baumweg, in the hope that someone would move out of one of the apartments in these houses so that they could occupy an apartment. As it turned out an apartment in the Baumweg became vacant first and they quickly moved in without doing any renovations and in order to forestall someone else from claiming preference. This was possible under then existing German laws, even if you were the owner of the house and wanted to move into your own house. My brother George was still born while parents lived in grandfather's apartment. For his delivery, mother went to the "Rote Kreuz" hospital in the Koenigswarter Strasse" a continuation of the Baumweg, right in our neighborhood.

When they took possession of the new apartment, it was shortly before my birth. Therefore mother decided to give birth to me in the apartment, rather than go to the hospital. Two physicians were in attendance, Dr. Leon Marx her family doctor and Dr. Traugott her gynecologist in addition to Frau Zipperisch, her midwife-baby nurse. Frau Zipperisch was an old timer, having been used for childbirth occasions by various members of the family before and after my own birth. I remember her as a spry and thin elderly lady, very business-like and efficient, who always got things done well and

מצבת קבורת איש אמונד
כה בנימן בן כבוד הצדיק כה׳
הירש נידערהאפהיים זצ״ל הנר
ביום א׳ יב מנחם תקע״ד לפק׳ נפ
..... ונקבר .....
יתלונן בצלהא אשר בובטח והאמין

"Tzavah" Last instructions by Benjamin Niederhofheim to his children
and proposed inscriptions for his gravestone

ב"ה אנכי היום בן ששים שנה והנני קרוב לגרק אבי זצ"ל ואמי זצ"ל ובאשר שלא ידע האדם את עתו הנני מצוה את ביתי אחרי.

בראשון אני מבקש מבני ובנותי שי"י עמ"ש לשמור דרך ה' להתעסק בכל מאמצי כחם בצדקות,במצות ובגמילות חסדים— אתם בני י' אתם יודעים שאירם עמדי על דעתי יגעתי ב"ה במצות ובגמילות חסדים בשיר אמצותי ולא נהנתי אפי"ו באצבע קטנה.

אני מבריז ומצוה,שאחר מאה שנה,אל יילקו זרעי ללות אחרי ממתי—אבל בני הבכור שמעון המכונה וואלף שי"י ורני שלמה,צבי המכונה הירש,יהודה המכונה ליב וישעכר המכונה בער שיהיו עמ"ש הם יעשו בעגלה אחר הנאצת ארוני לבהק"ב לובר הקדיש— ואם מה שיהי' אשר יאקדר בי"מ אל יסעו אפילו לבהק"ב.

הנני מפיל תחינתי לפני אנשי חק"ק דגומלי חסדים יע"א שיסהדו אותי בעמידה - דהיינו השפיכות ט' קבין ישפכו על ראשי שמשם ילכו על כל הגוף.עוד אני מבקש אם אפשר להם שלא יעשו לי ארון שלם כי אם פתוח מתחתו שתהי' קבורת קרקע ממש. אצל התכריכין מדגח כיס קטן עם עפר א"י כמנו יחנו על מקום ברית קודש ואני מבקש מחילה מחברי אנשי חק"ק דקברנים יע"א ואנשי חק"ק דגומלי חסדים יע"א וגם אני מוחל להם הגם שלא עלתה מימי שנאת שום אדם מישראל על מסתי.אני מצוה שלא להספיד אותי.לבני ולבנותי שלי אני מצוה שלא להתענת בשום פעם ביאהרציים רק יעסקו בכל אפשרם בתורה ובצדקות.

בני שמעון המכונה וואלף שי"י הורחיק ב"ה עסק המילה—ואתה ב"ה מוהל מומחה, אל תחרשל במצוה זו! היא המצוה הראשונה שנצטוו בה אאע"ה וזרעו—עליה נכרתו שלש עשרה בריתות,היא מצלת מרינה של גהנום וכו' וכו' ואם יגזור ה' בחיים ויזכני ללמדה עוד לבנך מה סוב ומה נעים כמש"ה והודעתם לבניך ילבני בניך— ואם ח"ו יגיע קצי קודם הזמן שיגיע בנך לחינוך הלמוד אתה לבניך ולבני בניך. על מצבתי לא יכתוב שום תואר ושבח כי אם בזה הלשון. מצבת קבורת איש אמונה כ"ה בנימין בן כבוד הצדיק כ"ה הירש נידערהאפהיים זצ"ל הנולד ביום א' י"ב מנחם חקע לפ"ק נפטר...ונקבר...יחלונן בצל ה' אשר בו בטח והאמין.

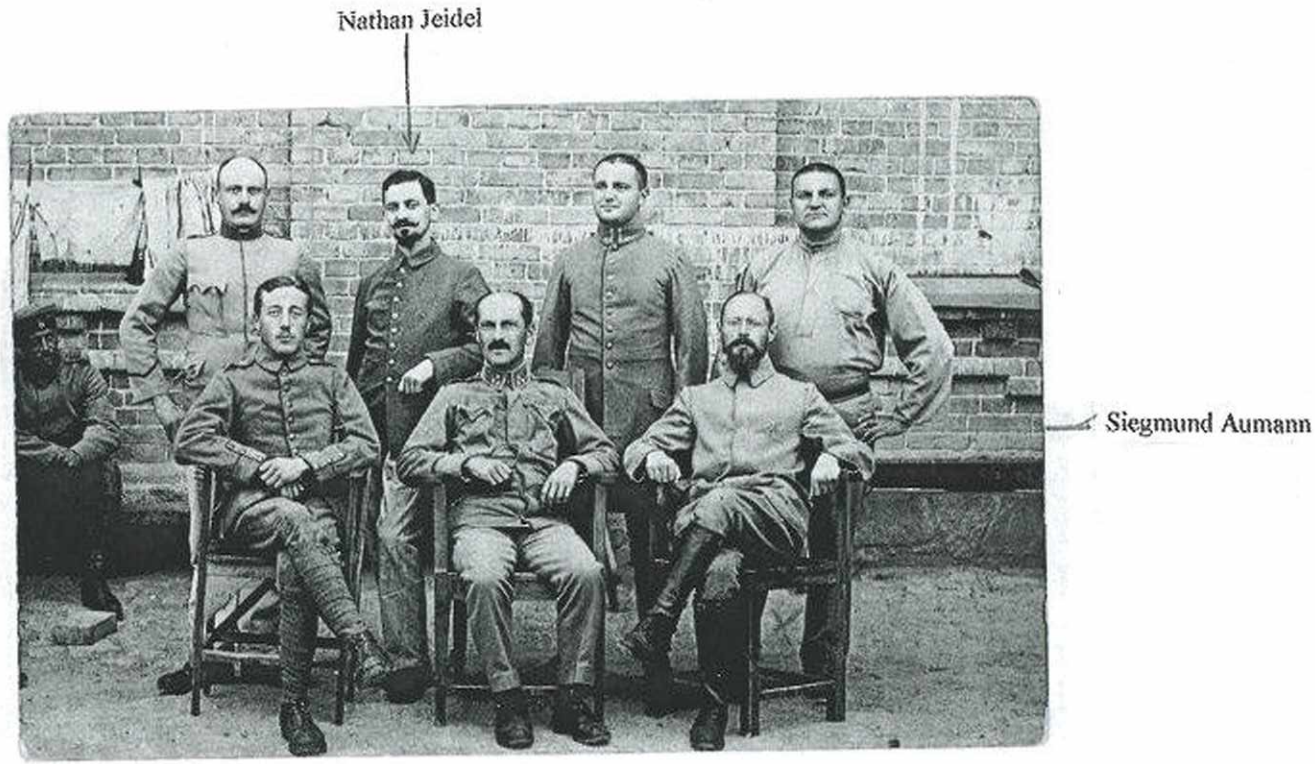
ואני תפילה לאל חיי שיאריך-ימי ושנותי בטוב ובנעימים ויזרני לראות בבניאת הגואל בב"א.

without much fuss and kept the house spick and span during her tenure. She was still around in the late 1920th helping out among our family and circle of friends.

When my father got out of the German army after World War 1, he lived again for a while with his mother at "Palmstrasse 11" two houses away from where grandfather Bondi lived with his two, now adult daughter. My father was, after graduating high school, interested in going to university. He wanted an academic career and study medicine to become a surgeon. His father however, was dead set against this. He insisted instead that my father should become a merchant. As a dutiful and obedient son, my father subordinated his personal preferences to those of his father, something that he occasionally regretted later in his life. His whole disposition was much better suited for a career in academics. He was always aware of this and sometimes alluded to the fact that he really was not cut out to be a super successful business man, even though under normal circumstances he always held his own in most any situations.

In line with his father's wishes however, he was apprenticed to the well known Jewish owned metal commodity trading firm by the name of "Altheimer & Speyer" which had branches throughout Germany, for a career in metals. Over the years he applied himself well and subsequently headed their office in the German port city of Hamburg. Naturally World War 1 interfered with his career. He was called to serve on active duty for the "Fatherland" as soon as the war broke out in 1914. He spent the four war years in the German army, two years at the Eastern front in Poland and Russia and another two years in France. He was in many battles according to his military passport, which I still have in my possession and he was decorated with the order of the "Eiserne Kreuz II" for bravery in the field. He was indeed fortunate to come out of this war without as much as a scratch. Many of his friends, family and acquaintances were either wounded, became mentally sick, or died in battle or as results of injuries received.

His older twin brother Siegmund who was also in the German army, was taken prisoner in Russia in the early stages of the war. He was held in Siberia for six years, until he was finally released and returned only in 1920, after my parents were already married. My mother always told me of the trip she and her new husband took to Hamburg to fetch uncle Siegmund from the boat, after a long delayed trip which took him through Siberia, Mongolia, Harbin, Japan, the Panama Canal back to Germany. Father's youngest sibling, his brother Leo, who had immigrated to America in 1914, was the major player in facilitating Siegmund's return. This was not an easy task after the war. Leo had to pull many strings and grease many hands, to finally enable his return. Uncle Leo was also instrumental much later in 1938 in securing USA affidavits for my parents as well as for my brother George and myself. This enabled us in 1938, when things got really difficult in Germany, to obtain transit visas to go to England and then get entrance visas for the



Picture post card mailed to his mother by Siegmund Aumann
from prisoner of war camp in Transbeikalien, Siberia, Sept. 1917
Also on picture fellow prisoner Nathan Jeidel
(Brother of uncle Leo Jeidel)

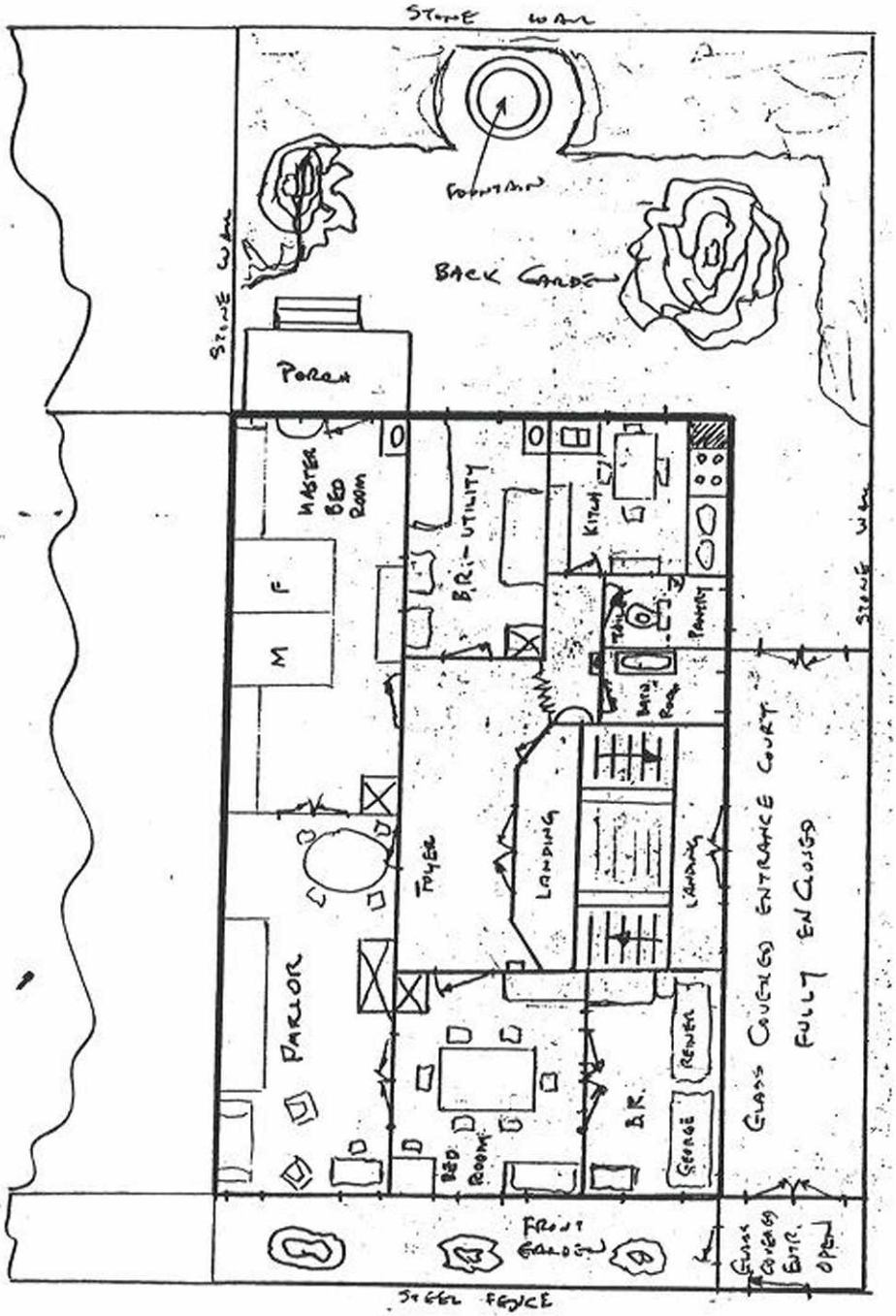
USA, which ultimately saved our lives from sure destruction, had we been forced to remain in Germany. We are forever indebted to him for this good deed.

Our house in the Baumweg, when originally built before the turn of the 20th century by a wealthy Jewish banker by the name of Haas, was a one family villa. The lot on which it was built, was located between two parallel streets namely the Baumweg and the Herter Strasse and went clear through from one street to the other. The house itself was build close to the Baumweg. It had a small front garden. The rest of the ground consisted of a huge walled in garden, which stretched all the way to the Herter Strasse. When standing in front of the house, there was a separate but attached grand entrance hall to the right of the house, the front portion of which had open sides, but had a glass awning cover. It, like the front garden, was enclosed with a steel fence and a steel gate. There also was a steel gate opening to the front garden once you entered through the front gate.

In line with the front façade of the house, there were two momentous heavy double hinged wooden doors which led into the fully glass covered and enclosed greenhouse type entrance area, which was attached to the side of the house. An equal and parallel set of double wooden hinged door at the rear of the glass enclosure, gave entrance to the back yard and garden. One other set of large double hinged doors in the side of the house, gave entrance to the house proper. A wide marble staircase with two human size bronze statues flanking either side of the steps, led to the Parterre level of the house, which was about five steps elevated from street level. This was customary design for old German buildings of this design.. By American standards however, the Parterre was really ground level or the first floor, while in Europe the level over Parterre is called the first floor.

A magnificent and spacious staircase led to the upper levels. The staircase itself was constructed of lacquered mahogany wood, with broad landings halfway between floors. At the landing level there were two colored glass windows on each level and a chair in the corner for anyone who needed a rest. In the center of the staircase was a larger empty space like an atrium all the way to the roof to give it space and ambiance. A closed off entrance door to the large cellar under the whole house was to the right, just as one entered the house before getting to the marble stairs.

The house in its original layout must have been magnificent with its spaciously sized rooms on each of its three levels. There was also a "Mansarde" level, which by American standards would have been considered a full attic. Parts of some of the rooms on the Mansarde level had moderately inclined walls, the outside of which was already part of the roof construction. However, an actual stand up size unfinished attic was still above that level in the center portion of the house, where the roof was the highest. The house



Floor Plan of our apartment in our house at Baumweg 32, FFM
and plot layout of front and rear gardens and entrance halls

was semi attached to the adjoining building on the side opposite of the grand entrance hall. The rear garden had flowerbeds, well manicured walk ways and a fishpond with a fountain. In the rear of the house and attached to each floor level were porches of steel construction. The Parterre level porch however was of stone and had a wide sandstone staircase, which gave direct access to the garden.

Early in the 20th century the house was rebuild by the original owner who had built himself a new villa in the now more fashionable West End of town. The house was converted to a four-story apartment dwelling, with self-contained and enclosed apartments on each floor. For this purpose a kitchen, bathroom and toilet were added to each floor with the appropriate plumbing. Simultaneously about 40% of the back garden, which fronted the Herter Strasse was sold off and a dividing stone wall was erected to separate the two properties. This left the fishpond, which used to be in the center of the previously undivided garden, as part of what was now called the Baumweg property. Another apartment building was also erected on the sold off portion of the land with entrances to the Herter Strasse. When my father purchased the house in 1920, it was in that condition. When the apartment on the first floor (2nd floor American) became vacant, my parents moved in just shortly before my birth.

Our Apartment at Baumweg 32 was typical for a middle class Jewish family living in Frankfurt in the first quarter of the 20th century. It gave us adequate space and when augmented by two additional rooms which were for our use on the Mansarde (attic) level and the use of most of the cellar for storage, provided comfortable living space. The Mansarde rooms were used by our sleep in help, one for housework and one to take care of us, the children. In the cellar we stored sacks of fruit, potatoes, vegetables, wood and coal. In addition, the cellar also contained a spacious wash kitchen, which was used for the "big laundry", which was washed once a week, generally on Monday of every week. An extra helper in the person of Frau Krueger would come to take on this chore. Frau Krueger was our special cleaning lady, who in addition to helping with the weekly laundry would also do periodic heavy seasonal household cleaning especially before holidays and before Pessach.

The wash kitchen had a special coal burning heavy duty stove with a large copper pan built into it, which would be filled with water, soap and laundry and the water was heated to a boiling point. It was necessary that the laundry be stirred with a large wooden ladle and the water was repeatedly replaced for additional cleaning and final rinsing. In between this process, the laundry was often taken out of the water, examined for remaining stains, rubbed against scrubbing boards. It was then reintroduced for additional soaking and stirring until considered clean. When it was taken out, it was wrung out by hand and hung on the line, either in the cellar on a rainy day or out into the yard for drying. By the time this was all done, Mrs.Krueger with the help of our regular girl, had done a full days work.

After the laundry was dry and brought up to our apartment, it was ironed by either one of the girls or by mother herself. The ironing itself was quite a chore. In those days no electric steam irons existed. Two or three heavy steel irons would be heated on the gas stove and kept continuously hot to the right temperature, in order that they could be used alternately, one in use and two heating on the stove. One had to be very careful to have the iron at the right temperature so as not to burn the fabric. When the ironing was finally completed, mother would herself fold up all the linen, shirts, towels, etc., bundle all the linen with pretty colored ribbons and bows and put them in a special linen closet which was located in the utility bedroom. Only she had the key to that closet, which was her pride and joy and I would often see her stand in front of it and with a slight smile on her face, admire it. Then she would show it to us children as a learning experience in neatness and order, a lesson, which are to this day well remembered.

The utility-bed room was originally our nursery. It had doors, which connected it to my parent's bedroom. There was a stove in one corner and a wash sink in another corner. It also had a regular bed in case our governess would need to sleep in the room with us, should we be sick and need special attention. Later when our bedrooms were changed, it served as a spare bedroom for company. Much later when we did not have the governess anymore, our regular house girl would sleep there instead of in the attic, which was then used mostly for storage. The utility room also housed a "Pfaff" foot pedal operated sewing machine, which would be wheeled out weekly to the foyer, at which time a seamstress would come to do all the sewing and mending for the whole family. One of the seamstresses was named Fraeulein Ringer, but whose original name was "Fingerhut". How this name change came about was never very clear to me especially since I do not believe that she was ever married and was always addressed as "Freulein". She was a very thin, emaciated and rather unattractive looking lady but well respected in our house. She was never treated in any way as a servant but more like a friend or member of the family. She was Jewish and around 1937/8 she emigrated to what was then Palestine where she lived out her life. I know that my parents still had contact with her until well after WW II, when we found out that she had passed away.

There was no central heating in our house and individual stoves in the various rooms provided heat during the cold winter season. Naturally in order to save money, not all stoves were lit at all times. A fire was usually kept burning in the "Red Room" which served as our main living and family room and which also provided heat when needed for my brother George and my adjoining bedroom. As a general rule, bedrooms in Germany were left unheated for health reasons and bedroom windows were left open most of the year, except for unusually cold spells in some winters. This was in line with the sentiment of the time that one had to train oneself to become more robust and

resistant to colds and sicknesses by not pampering oneself too much. The other stove which was kept burning most of the winter was the heavy duty coal burning stove in the kitchen, which by means of build in heating coils, was supposed to give us some hot water for washing dishes. For some reason or other this hot water system never worked properly.

When the house was originally converted into an apartment house, exposed cold water lines were installed to serve the kitchen, toilet and bathroom. When my parents moved in, they added additional sink facilities in the master bedroom, the adjoining second bed-utility room and they also added a wash sink in the foyer outside the bathroom, toilet and kitchen. This latter sink was mainly used for "netilat yodayim" after using the toilet and before sitting down for a meal. Nearby was also a wardrobe space for overcoats, umbrellas, galoshes and hats and served as sort of a staging area, for arriving company, closing off the general foyer from this and the kitchen areas by a set of drapes.

Our parent's bedroom and the adjoining parlor were huge rooms. They were so spacious that they could easily have been subdivided into four separate large rooms. Unless one of my parents was sick, the stove in their bedroom was never lit. The hot water supply, which was supposed to come from the kitchen, was always inadequate and my parents always had extra large hot water kettles brought to their room to help them out for their daily morning wash routine.

The stove in the parlor was an elegant "Kachelofen". This type of stove was of fire brick and loam construction and was finished on the outside with elegant colored tiles. The stove extended from the floor all the way to the ceiling, had space in the rear between its back wall and the building wall which was also tiled. The stove itself was constructed for maximum heat retention and when lit for a while, the space behind the stove was really the warmest area in the house. Some stoves of this type had a build in bench in the rear of the stove, where ladies could sit for extended periods, read the paper, knit or darn stockings or just hang out. Other stoves had little niches or cubbyholes for keeping food warm, which was especially useful on Shabbat. Our stove did not have any of these luxury features. Besides, our stove was seldom used, except when we had "important" company.

Obviously, to keep the stoves burning during the winter season was a major undertaking. Coal had to be constantly fetched, once in the morning and once in the later afternoon, all the way from the cellar where we had a large supply to last us for the whole winter season. Our household help usually took care of this, but in later years when we had less help, it became my job to fetch up buckets of coal, which were kept

near the stove, to keep the fire going bright. The fire had to be stoked and kept going and the ashes had to be removed periodically, but specifically early in the morning when the fire had died down during the night. In later years we also had a special gas fired water heater installed in the bathroom to provide running hot water for taking a tub bath. Prior to that time all the hot water for a tub bath was first heated in kettles on the kitchen stove and brought to the tub for a bath.

As mentioned previously, our parent's bedroom was very spacious. In addition to the two twin beds there was a night table at each bed with a reading lamp, drawer space and bookshelves. On either side of these, were two huge closets with built in drawers, shelf space and room for hanging suits, dresses, over coats, shoes and hat shelves. Built in wall closets as is the custom in American houses of today, did not exist in those days. The rooms however, were so large that there was ample space for all types of freestanding furniture, which could always be spaced and arranged to suit ones own taste. At the foot of the beds stood an upholstered bench and against the opposite wall was another large chest with drawer space and additional room for mother's hats. Since father was an avid reader, but never had enough time to finish all the articles which interested him, he cut them out of the newspaper and stored them on one of the shelves inside one of his closets. I do not think that he ever got caught up with his reading. I clearly remember that when we finally moved much later after he sold the house, he had to throw away many papers, because we had to dispose of much for lack of space in our newer but much smaller apartment.

At Pessach time, mother would empty the chest opposite her bed, which was mostly used for storage for her hats. She would then place all the Pessach provisions into it and keep it under lock and key until Eruv Pessach. At the window wall facing the garden, there was a wash sink in one corner and between a door leading to the porch and another window, mother's had her vanity. It had a large mirror in the center and two full additional hinged mirrors on the side, so one could view oneself from all corners and angles. Mother would sit in front of it on a special upholstered chair and do her thing. I was always intrigued with all the bottles, jars and paraphernalia kept on this vanity and when no one was looking, I would play with the bottles, unscrew them, sample the perfume and examine them to no end. The furniture in this room was made to order of hard wood, lacquered on the inside and painted in a gray enamel color with light red trim striping. It had a very elegant modern appearance.

As children we were only allowed to come into this room when invited, but I remember that mother would let me come to her bed frequently when I was a little boy. I also remember that after I had my middle ear operation when I was about six years old and right after I had come home from the hospital, I was allowed to sleep in my father's bed for several days and nights. The large porch outside my parent's bedroom was often used in the summer time. It had awning type draw curtains from floor to ceiling, which

could be kept open or closed on all three sides for privacy. There was a large table with chairs on one side and an icebox on the other. Since this was before the time of refrigeration, all perishable food was kept in an icebox in order to keep it cool. An ice deliveryman came every day in the summer to bring huge blocks of ice for cooling. Naturally the melted water, which drained off from the ice, had to be removed and that was the reason for keeping it on the porch, where a drainage pipe led to the gutter for easy flow off. In the summer months the whole family ate frequently on this porch especially on Shabbat afternoon and evenings. With the garden and trees in the background, the side curtains usually kept closed and only the front curtains open, it gave us the very comfortable feeling of being in the country.

When George was twelve and I was eleven years old, mother had the idea, that our " O-Beine " crooked legs needed reshaping. Whatever motivated her, whether it was something that she had read or had heard discussed or whether it was for strictly esthetic reasons, for some unexplainable reason, she felt that the shape of our legs was impeding our walking. The explanations mother always gave were that after consultations with various orthopedic specialists it was felt that it would improve our endurance in walking and sports and make us generally healthier. So one fine spring, I believe it was in the year 1933, both George and I had both of our legs surgically broken and reset and we were both laid up with gypsum sprints for the whole summer of that year, until the casts was removed and we had to relearn how to walk, which took some time until everything was normal again. The operation was performed by Prof. Dr. Hohmann and his assistant Dr. Staudinger in the Frankfurt Bone and Joint Decease Hospital which was associated with the Frankfurt University. That particular summer, we spent many days on the back porch in our beds, which were rolled out onto the porch, so that we could be outdoors. We really enjoyed the wonderful environment, the lush sycamore trees and leaves, but especially the full horse-chestnut tree with its lush cone shaped white blossoms which covered the whole tree and the fragrance which all this vegetation gave off. As we were lying there, watching the chestnut tree finally top the roof of the adjacent houses, we had few forebodings of the soon impending catastrophe, which would affect all of us within the immediate future.

The parlor (Herrn Zimmer) was as huge as our parent's bedroom. It contained a massive mahogany furniture set in baroque style featuring hand carved decorations, stained in a dark brown color. A large breakfront was the centerpiece. It had a large glass enclosed show case, which contained in addition to books, many items of silverware, vases, multicolor cut crystal stemware and all kinds of assorted porcelain figures. To either side of this were two solid wooden hinged doors, behind which were more shelves containing many other collectors items and valuables. Toward the window stood a heavy upholstered couch and two easy chairs and a center coffee table arranged in a conversation circle, with a telephone extension near by. Between the easy chairs was a brass serving table of Indian design. On it were all types of oriental brass ashtrays, candlesticks and trinkets. There were two windows in the front wall of this room, one was

near the couch area and in front of the other one there was a heavy writing desk set with a matched upholstered arm chair. In the corner toward my parents bedroom was a heavy oval table with six upholstered chairs. All the furniture was of the same design and part of the same set. The floor in this room was polished mahogany inlay. Various Persian carpets runners covered these floors in their proper places. All this together with a window treatment of heavy drapes, a large "Kachelofen" as described above, gave the room a very severe and formal air, and consequently the room was used infrequently. For us children this room was mostly "off limits" and we very seldom entered it, except when our parents had company and we were asked to make an appearance.

Most of the daily activities took place in our living room. It was called "Das Rote Zimmer " The Red Room, because all the furniture was lacquer painted in a red color, my mother's favorite. This room had a large rectangular center table with six chairs where we would eat daily, but also at times entertain company for meals. On one side of the window was a couch where mother or father would take occasional naps. Father usually came home for lunch and rested up for about half an hour, before returning to his business. Otherwise it was used mostly for lounging around. A smaller writing desk stood near the window, which was used mostly by my mother for her daily correspondence, record keeping, etc. A cupboard, with three drawers stood on the right side of the window, containing our daily used silver dairy and meat cutlery, tablecloths, napkins and napkin rings for everyday usage. The good, heavy sterling silver cutlery, which was used when we had company, was locked away in another closet.

On top of this cupboard srood our silver candlesticks. Diagonally opposite stood a breakfront, which contained dishes, vases, bowls and other utility items. On one shelf in this breakfront was mother's fine hand painted "Rosenthal" dairy and meat porcelain dinnerware set. Unfortunately, it was used very seldom and kept for special company and posterity, as was our good heavy sterling cutlery. Like so many of parent's valuables, it was packed and crated for shipment to the USA, but was left behind in Germany when they ultimately had to flee to England in August of 1939 to escape the imminent war.

The red living room originally was much larger when my parents moved into the house. They had this room partitioned off, in order to gain an extra spare room. This spare room was awkwardly located, since it had no direct exit to the foyer. Consequently, anyone in this room had to pass through the Red Room to gain entrance and exit. Despite all these shortcomings, it became my brother George's and my bedroom at the time we transitioned from our steel cribs to grown up beds. The beds were placed end to end against the far wall, with night tables at each bed. On the opposite wall, there also was a large closet at one end and a chest of drawers at the other. In between these two pieces of furniture was a large double door, which led to the Red Room. Also against the bed in the center portion of the room was a table with two chairs. It served as a play table for

games, paint and art work, building model planes and other objects and for doing our school homework. At night the doors to the living room were closed and we were sort of closeted in.

The few occasions when all the fineries were used was when Uncle Emile or Uncle Leo would come from America and dine with us. Other times, Uncle Emile's sister came to visit with her husband, the Neubergers from Munich, when mother made her famous Matzo Torte which she decorated beautifully with creamed flower decorations. It was also one of the few times when she served fish and meat both at the same meal, in contrast to the normally much plainer meals, which we had on a daily basis. Other house guests were Schwester Gerda, Sofie Isaak and her children Walter and Ruth, the Ansbachers and Sterns, both school friends of mothers with their husbands, as well as other nephews and nieces.

There was always a lot of activity in the living room and parents would spend leisure time there and at intervals entertain guests. We naturally would know and hear everything that went on even though the doors were closed. At numerous occasions we would stick our heads through the door and make sure that everyone would realize that we were there and that we would much rather be part of the conversation or company, than being shut up behind closed doors. As we grew older, this sort of behavior would gradually stop and we were often just as happy to retire behind closed doors and play a disappearing act.

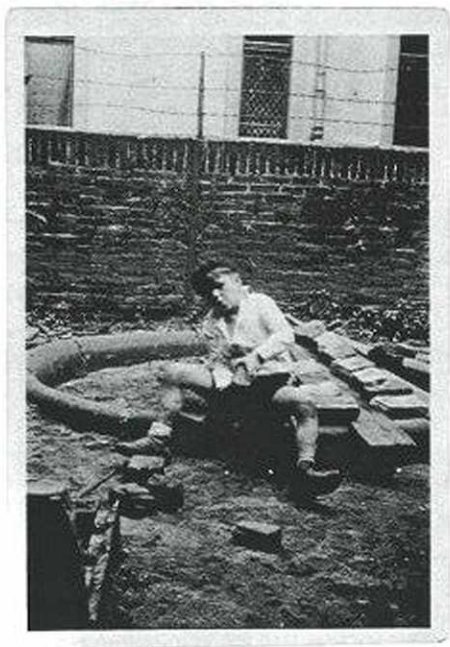
The kitchen was mostly out of bounds for us two boys except for Sunday night, when our girls were off duty and mother allowed us to eat in the kitchen to make it easier on her. The kitchen had two types of stoves. One was a large old fashioned country style coal burning kitchen stove, also used for heating and supplying hot water by means of a set of copper heating coils passing through the flames, which as mentioned earlier, never really worked satisfactorily. The other stove was a gas oven with four burners on top and an oven for baking below. In one of the corners was a double sink. Against two other walls were two massive closets, one containing a full array of meat dishes, pots pans, cutlery etc., while the other one had the same for dairy and for parve. A kitchen table with four chairs was set against the window. A small door between the large coal burning stove and one of the closets allowed entry to a low ceiling pantry where all kinds of vegetables, canned goods and groceries were stored. This pantry was carved out of a space behind the toilet in such a way, that it allowed the venting of the toilet through a window above the low ceiling pantry.

The bathroom was very austere and contained next to the bathtub only a wash sink, a wall hung hot water gas heater, which was a much later addition and a chair. The bathroom itself was totally unheated and quite cold in the winter. That however was quite common in those days in the first quarter of the last century and we were quite used to these conditions. There was also a collapsible laundry drying rack for those things, which had to be washed during the week, other than the big laundry of every Monday morning.

When coming off the landing in the staircase on our floor level, there was a central double door and another single door, which was angled to the right of the central doors. The center doors were hardly ever used except when moving larger pieces of furniture. The single door to the right was the normal entrance to the foyer of the apartment. At the other end of the foyer there was a type of alcove with a chair, which was used as a telephone booth, since it contained a wall hung telephone extension from the main phone located in the parlor. Above the staircase landing, but accessible by means of a ladder through doors, which opened from the inside of the foyer only, were a set of three large built in hidden closets. As far back as I can remember they were always used to store all our Pessach dishes. Consequently, the week before Pessach and during "Rumpel Nacht" the foyer was off limits to us children. Then all the dishes and utensils were moved to and from these closets and were temporarily parked on tables, which were set up in the foyer for that purpose, while the kitchen was converted for Pessach and a week later on "Rumpelnacht" returned to normal.

Otherwise, during the year and especially in the winter and during times of inclement weather, the foyer was an area for much of our play activities. We played ball and games there with our friends and our parents were quite tolerant in letting us run around and making lots of noise. The other main area where we played was in the fully glass enclosed entrance court, which was much larger than our foyer. There we could really kick the ball around and let off lots of steam. Since this area was self contained, airy and light, our parents but especially mother, who always worried about us being out in the street where we needed constant supervision, could relax and leave us relatively unattended.

Naturally we also did many things while mother was not looking. Once I am told I colored my hair with hydrogen peroxide to make it appear blonde. I do not know what got into me, but I assume that I wanted to see what it was like to have blonde hair. Especially so since mother always mentioned that I was born with blonde hair and that I had it for the first five or so years and that she sort of liked it. Another time I experimented with matches and made a bond fire under my bed until I was quickly discovered and reprimanded. Once I cut my hair with a pair of scissors and mother had Mr. Ballast our hairdresser come to reshape my hair or whatever was left of it. A more serious accident happened when our governess was out for some reason and George and I played in the



Reiner "at work" of what was left of the fishpond and fountain in our garden 1930.

house running after one another. In an unexplained wild moment, I slammed the door so George should not catch me, and part of his middle finger got caught in the door. They had to take George to the hospital where unfortunately they had to amputate the top part of his finger. It all goes to show that even in a well supervised household many things can happen in a split second.

The front garden of our house had an array of flowerbeds. Several blue flowering hydrangea bushes were intermittently spaced between three most exquisite pink and red flowering "Rot Dorn" trees. These trees bloomed only once a year in the spring and had blossoms similar to small hedge roses. The blossoms appeared for about a month and then, as quickly as they had come, faded away, leaving just the green leafed branches of the tree. One summer my father brought home some wild fern leaves with their roots from a hike to the mountains, which he planted and which took root over the years and developed into lush fern bushes. Another time he planted a rubbery leafed low growing plant, which produced flowers every year. As kids we would plug the leaves off this plant and after squeezing them in order to loosen the skin on one side, we would blow air under the skin to inflate it, so it would look like a frog. In later years I took care of the front garden and made sure that it was weeded, trimmed neatly and cleaned.

The back garden had several maple trees and one enormously tall wild chestnut tree which over time grew higher than the whole house. To the chagrin of my mother, I was always climbing trees. To prevent me from climbing, mother had the gardener remove all the lower branches from these trees, which sort of kept me at bay for a little while, but did not stop me altogether. The water fountain and the fishpond which at one time was the center piece of the garden amidst its flower beds, was also disconnected and the pond was filled in with soil because mother was afraid we might drown. As a kid I would dig out the soil, place wooden boards over the concrete perimeter and make a playhouse of this area into which I would crawl and hide. In effect the backyard was my domain and I could occupy myself playing there for hours.

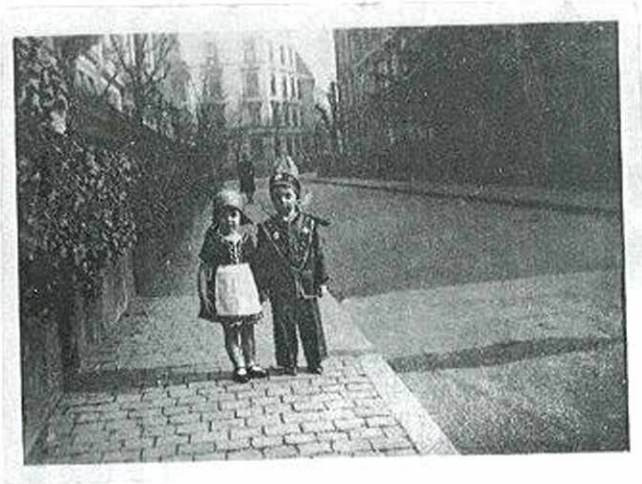
Originally the flowerbeds were kept trim and neat by a gardener who planted all kinds of pretty flowers and plants during the season. With all my activities there however, my parents finally realized that it was a waste of money to keep this place manicured and orderly and gradually surrendered it to me. Next door to us on the Parterre level lived a very fine and quiet older lady by the name of Goldschmidt. She was the owner of the house and kept her place and garden in tip-top shape. A staircase led from her apartment to a lovely patio with very elegant garden furniture. At times she would entertain there and serve coffee and cake to her invited guests, mostly elderly ladies. One time I was playing with some of my friends and like so often as kids of our age would do, we made a lot of noise. Mrs. Goldschmidt did not hesitate to scold us and to object to this noise calling over the brick wall for us to kindly quiet down and to keep the

noise under control. My prompt answer to her was a barrage of bricks and rocks, some of which landed on her patio where she was entertaining. Luckily for me nobody was injured. Mrs. Goldschmidt immediately called my mother on the phone to complain in no uncertain terms. As a result, I had to go over to her garden, pick up all the debris, which I had heaped on her and her friends and to meticulously clean up her garden and patio. In addition, I was told to pay her a very formal visit over the weekend in my best demeanor and dressed up in my best clothes, stand in front of her and offer my sincere regrets and apologies, while telling her that this would never happen again. To this day I have not forgotten the shame and dread that I felt when I had to do this. The lesson however, has stuck with me all my life.

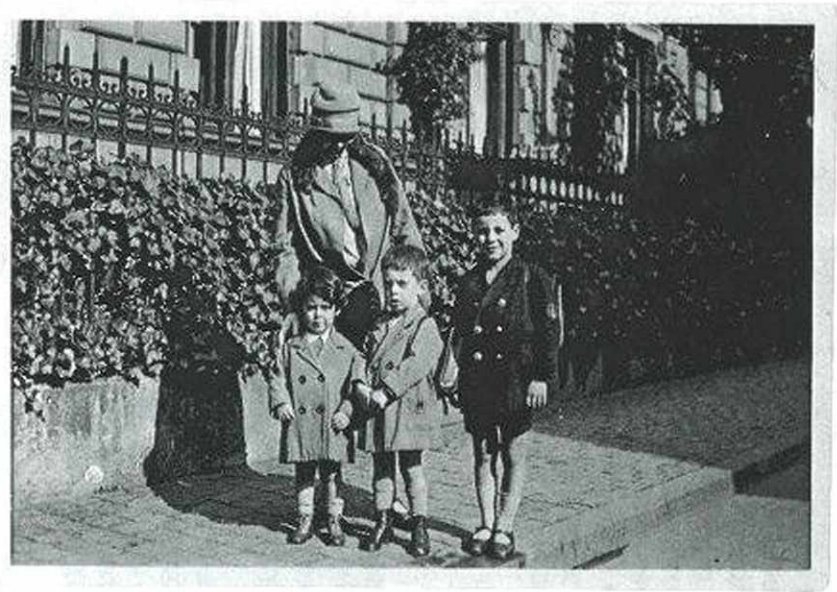
On occasion we would be allowed to play on the sidewalk in front of the house. Since we had all the space for play activities within the confines of the house, the entrance court and the back garden, there was really very little need for us to hang out on the sidewalk. My brother George however, was given a small tricycle for one of his birthdays and I had inherited from someone a "Hollander" which was a hand propelled foot steered little wagon which we liked to ride. The smooth pavement of the sidewalk was ideal for this and besides and we also liked to show it off to our neighborhood friends. So mother relented to let us ride up and down the block under the strict supervision of our governess. We also played with a "Reifen" a large hoop, which we propelled along while running along side of it but just only to the first corner at the Bergerstrasse and back again.

Most of our other toys were hand made with the exception of a "Merklin" erector set, which I received as a gift for one of my birthdays and which would keep me occupied for many hours on end. Most other toys with which we played were home made. We used old wooden crates, balsam wood cigar boxes, paper and cardboard boxes, for making our toys. Among of the many things which we made were such items as swords, daggers, rifles, boats, battleships, houses and airplanes. I remember making a very fancy "Aron Hakodesh" for the miniature play Sefer Torahs which we had and it had curtains which could be drawn open and closed, to imitate what we saw in synagogue. I also built myself a "Droller", a two wheel hand steered scooter, which I constructed from old wooden slats and a set of hinges for the steering wheel column and to which I somehow attached as set of wheels taken from an old carriage. We had lots of imagination without seeing it on television or in magazines.

The three other floors in my parent's house were rented out. Below us on the Parterre level lived an elderly couple by the name of Feist. They had several grown up children. I remember one daughter who was married to a Dr. Jacobson in Hamburg and they and their children frequently came to visit with their parents, grandparents respectively. At times I was allowed to play with some of these children in the garden. Round about 1935 Mr. Feist died and Mrs. Feist moved to her children. The apartment was empty for quite



Elmer and Carolyn
Palmstrasse, FFM Purim 1926/27



Frau Dr. Schwarzschild (neighbor) with
Carolyn, Elmer and George, FFM 1927.



Elmer and Carolyn
Front Garden, Palmstrasse FFM, Purim 1928.

some time. Since this was already well into the Nazi period, father was undecided about who he might be allowed to rent the apartment to and who might be a suitable tenant. In the end father decided, that due to the Nazi effect on his own business and his problems in collecting outstanding bills from his own customers, that he would cut down on his overhead and relocate his business from the Kaiserstrasse location into the empty apartment in his own house. From there two or three years later his business was ultimately liquidated.

Above us on the second floor, lived a family by the name of Bodenheimer. They has three children, one daughter and two sons, but much older than myself. One of the sons was a severely disabled veteran from the First World War and he moved with great difficulties on crutches, but was mostly confined to a wheel chair. It was always a major undertaking to transport him up and down the staircase, which fortunately was very spacious and had lots of landings for taking a rest in between floors, so that ultimately he could be placed into his wheelchair. Both the Feists and the Bodenheimers were quiet and very refined Jewish people and my parents always only had the best relations with them.

The couple who lived in the smaller attic apartment however, were coarse individuals. He was a laborer who frequently came home drunk at which time he abused his wife who often ran down the stairs to ring our bell in the middle of the night to plead for help. This happened also at times when my father was away travelling causing mother to become very scared so that she had to call the police who had to quiet things down. After several years of trying to rid himself of this unpleasant tenant without causing unnecessary Nazi repercussions, but aided by the fact that he thought that the tenant was a communist sympathizer although he never used it against him, he was able to make them move. Thereafter the apartment was left vacant until my parents were forced to sell the house because of Nazi pressure and at a financial loss, since it went for a fraction of its real value. We then rented a much smaller apartment in a newly build apartment house at Unterweg 13, pending future yet still undefined plans for eventual departure from Germany.

As far as my memory reaches back, a substantial part of our lives was played out in interaction with our maternal grandfather Hugo Jonas Bondi 1863-1943 and involved life at his home at Palmstrasse 7, about a three minute walk from our house. He did not own the Palmstrasse house, but rented the Parterre apartment at that address when mother was but a toddler and shortly after my grandmother Caroline nee Rothschild 1869-1901 had died. From that time on he lived there continuously the rest of his days in Frankfurt, until he and his second wife Franziska nee Kaiser were deported to the Theresienstadt Concentration Camp where he died of starvation in 1943. His wife was then transported to the death camp in Ausschwitz to be murdered in the gas ovens.



Hugo J.Bondi with friends and family in Marienbad, then Austria , after his wife's death in 1903/4
Standing L to R: Dr. Guggenheim. Commerzienrat Louis Feist, Hugo Bondi, Michael Rapp, Leopold Mosbacher
Sitting L to R: Rebecca Lewison (Bondi), Emma Emden (Feist) Hannchen Mossbacher (Roos)



Beaty and Emile crossing Atlantic, 1923.



Beaty Offenbacher
Tulsa, Oklahoma 1922.



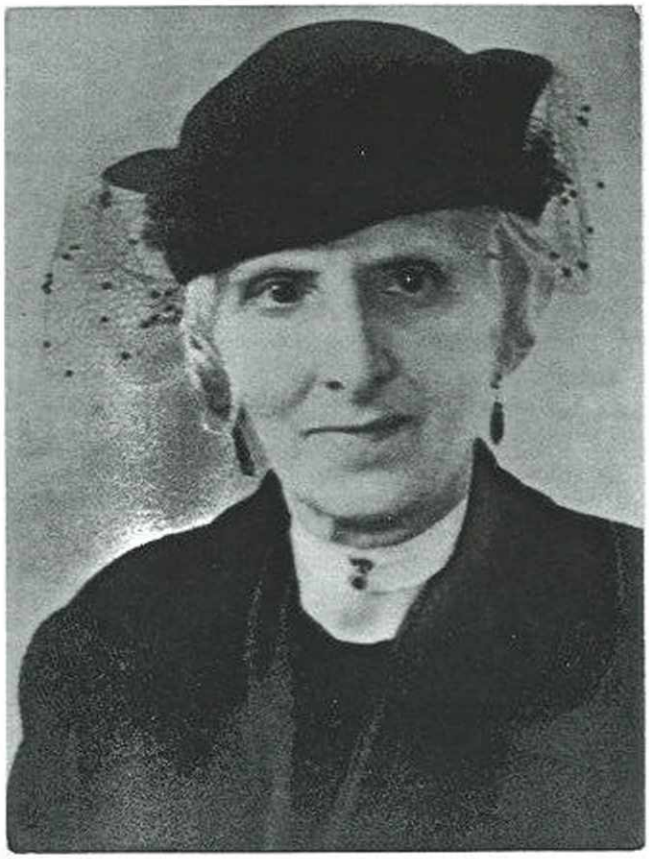
Beaty Offenbacher (Bondi)
with infant Elmer, Dec, 1923.

The owners of the Palmstrasse 7 house were an elderly family named Meier who lived on the floor above grandfather. Above them on the second floor lived a family Nussbaum together with their grown up children. After the Meiers died and the Nussbaums moved, the apartments changed hands several times. One of these apartments was then occupied by a family named Weichselbaum, and the other one by a family by the name of Strauss. Nobody lived in the attic. It was subdivided into individual rooms, which were assigned to the various tenants to be used as needed by them, for added sleeping facilities or storage. On various occasions I was in that attic, helping Uncle Emile Offenbacher sort out things which he kept in storage in one of the rooms. Uncle Emile had since the death of his wife Beaty in 1927, given up his residence in Frankfurt and lived now mostly in America.

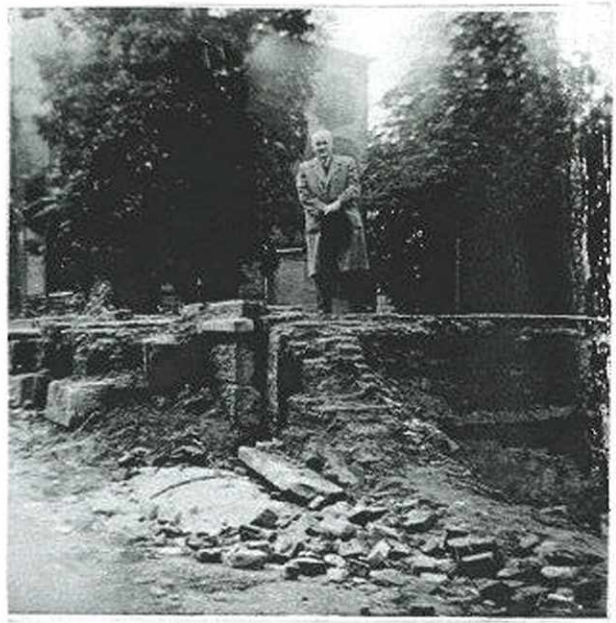
My grandfather Bondi had undertaken the task of raising the two very small children, namely my cousins Elmer then barely 3 and his sister Carolyn barely 2 years of age, while aunt Beaty was sick and confined to the hospital. At the same time uncle Emile was busy in attending his business in America, just popping in here and there to visit the family. I still remember when Uncle Emile celebrated his 100th ocean crossing, then a big event, when all travel was still done by ship, which always required a considerable amount of time. Grandfather was greatly assisted in the task of raising Elmer and Carolyn by Frl. Kaiser his Jewish housekeeper, whom he later married. They also had other none Jewish household help, the last one whom I remember was Fln. Birn, who was with them until shortly before Elmer and Carolyn went to join their father in America in early 1938.

Like most of the German houses, which were built at the end of the 19th century and which had apartments that were very large, Palmstrasse 7 was one of these houses in which the individual rooms were very spacious. It was an attached house, one of a series of five such houses in a row, starting with number 5 and ending with number 13. The houses were individually styled, approximately of the same height but had different fronts and various widths. They all had sandstone facades. During the period that I remember, number 5 and number 7 had a variety of climbing plants, flowers and climbing ivy growing over its front walls, which gave off a very peasant aroma during the spring months. On this small, quiet and peaceful street, everyone knew each other. Some of the neighbors were related, others part of the same social and religious circle and yet others who were just acquaintances. Most of the people living on this street were Jewish, but not necessarily observant to the same degree.

The street itself was a very short residential street coming off at right angles from a green belt called the "Friedberger Anlage". This "Anlage" was part of a circular ring of lawns, ponds, wooded areas and parks, which surrounded the inner and older city of



"Tante Jenny" Bondi (Rosenthal), wife of grandfather's cousin and business partner Heinrich Bondi



Fred Bondi, 1954.
Standing on bombed out ruin of former house Palmstrasse 5, FFM



Gravestone of Heinrich Bondi at the IRG-Ratbeilstrasse Jewish Cemetery , FFM



Hermann (Percy) Bondi
Jerusalem, 1956.

Frankfurt. It was developed at the end of the 1800th in place of old fortifying walls that had surrounded the then much smaller town, which had been razed and which ended at both ends at the "Main" river. The other end of the Palmstrasse was the intersection of Hermesweg and Julius Heyman Strasse. The corner houses at the Anlage end were unattached villas on large lots with surrounding gardens. The owner of one of the villas was a wealthy Jewish banking family named Stern. The other one directly across the street from them was owner occupied by the family Cramer. The old, widowed Mrs Cramer lived there together with her daughter, husband Dr. Siegfried Oppenheimer and their family.

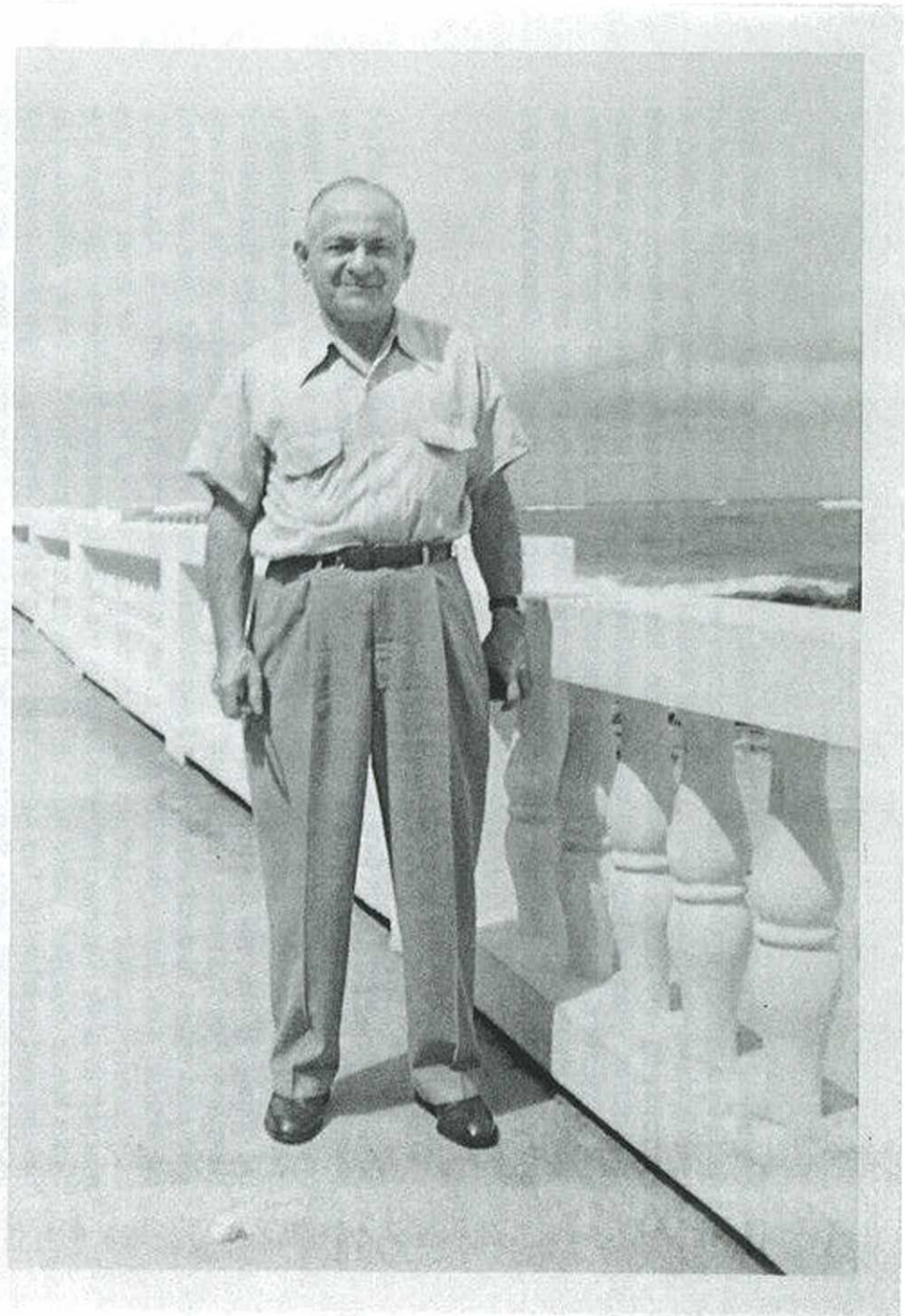
On the same side as the Cramer house in the Palmstrasse itself, the first semi attached house was number 5. There, on the Parterre level lived Aunt Jenny the widow of my grandfather Bondi's beloved cousin and one time business partner Heinrich Bondi. Heinrich had one day suddenly died in the street of a heart attack as he was walking to his office. He was still a relative young man, and he left two teenage sons Friedrich and Hermann. Friedrich who later called himself Fred later lived in London, while Hermann who also called himself Percy later lived in Jerusalem. After her sons grew up and left the house, Aunt Jenny lived for quite a few additional years at number 5. About 1935, aunt Jenny decided to give up her apartment and moved in with her sister who was married to a Mr. Ansbacher, who lived in the Koenigswarter Strasse, across from the "Rote Kreuz hospital". After Aunt Jenny moved out of number 5 a family Adler lived in her vacated apartment. The Adlers had a few children, mostly younger than myself, but we knew them well since they belonged to our Shul and the Adlers were very friendly with my grandfather.

In number 9 on the Parterre level lived Franz Ettlinger and his wife Selma. Franz was the brother of my Uncle Aba (Abraham) Ettlinger who was married to my father's sister Martha and who lived around the corner at Hermeswag 3. Franz Ettlinger and wife had several children. The oldest son Hans was a classmate of mine. His sisters a pretty girl Lotte was a year younger and another sister Bobby was several more years younger. Above the Ettlingers lived a family Fraenkel, who were in the button wholesale business and who were the owners of the house number 9. Above them lived the family Stiebel, whose daughter Annie was later married to Dr. Nathan Glatzer a noted Zionist, sociologist and university professor. My mother always told me that as a young girl she frequently wheeled cute little Annie Stiebel about in the baby carriage.

In the next house at number 11, on the first floor, lived my paternal grandparents Moses Aumann 1854-1916 and his wife Caroline nee Rapp 1857-1933 and their six children. They had moved there from the Ostend Srasse, which was in the older East End of town where they had occupied a very modest apartment early in the century, to this more spacious apartment after grandfather's business grew and they became more affluent.



Charlotte Auman (Ulman), ca 1930.



Leo Auman, 1937.

Recha, the oldest of the Aumann girls got married in 1909 and moved with her husband Siegfried Oppenheimer to Paris. Martha the second of the girls got married in 1913 to Abba Ettlinger and they moved to Hermesweg 3. My Uncle Siegmund , the oldest of the six Aumann children was active in the family business Aumann & Rapp lived at home and my father was already in Hamburg at his job. But in 1914 both Uncle Siegmund and my father were called to serve in the German army. My Uncle Leo the youngest of all the children went to America in early 1914 to visit with uncles and aunts and ostensibly to use the sea voyage to cure his hay fever. However, a more plausible reason for his leaving home was the fact that Leo was not religiously inclined and wanted to get away from home and start to live a life of his own. Once he was in America, he felt more comfortable with his father's brother Leopold and wife Tilly as well as his father's sister Rosella who had immigrated to America already in the previous century. They and their respective families, though very Jewish conscious and Jewish minded, were not observant anymore and Leo decided to stay in America permanently. Shortly after Leo had left, my grandfather Aumann suddenly died after a very short illness and the only one of the children who was still living at home at that time was the youngest of the siblings, namely Aunt Hilda. She however got married in 1918 and the young couple soon moved to their own apartment at Hanauer Landstrasse 4.

When father came back from the German army he went back to live with his mother for a short time, but quickly got engaged to the girl down the block in 1919 and was married in February of 1920. My mother always told us that she fell in love with father's blue-gray eyes when she saw him walking past her house. In effect, they knew each other casually through his sister Martha who had much earlier befriended the Bondi girls and who somehow got my parents formally introduced and better acquainted. The young couple moved right away to Grandfather Bondi's house at number 7, waiting for their own apartment at a time when there was a severe housing shortage after the war, which had just ended and living quarters were almost impossible to find.

When Uncle Siegmund finally came home after his long prisoner of war ordeal in Siberia in 1920, he moved back to his mother's apartment. It is from there that he got married to Aunt Miriam nee Landau an English girl whose father lived for many years in South Africa where she was born. She herself was educated in England and came to Frankfurt to learn more German and visit with friends and relatives. She had befriended Martha, Siegmund's sister, who in turn introduced the two of them. Incidentally, she was somehow related to Abba Eban the former foreign minister of the State of Israel through her aunt Elsie Landau-Sachs and her husband. The young couple made their home together with my grandmother at number 11, until Cousin Peter (Moshe) was born at which time they moved together with my grandmother to larger quarters at Bockenheimer Anlage 2. Other occupants of number 11 were the family Schwartzschild and also the family Dr. Ettinghausen in the Parterre apartment, the owners of the house. After the Ettinghausens left, I believe to emigrate, grandfather's 3rd cousin Josef



L to R: Hilda, Martha and Grandmother Caroline Aumann
Koenigstein / Taunus , 1912.



Outing in the Taunus (Falkenstein) in June 1911
Back row L to R: Abba Ettlinger, unknown unknown,
Hilda Aumann(Jeidei), Fritz Wohlfarth,
unknown,
Front L to R: Siegmund Aumann, unknown, Oscar Aumann,
Unknown



Oscar Aumann, 1920.



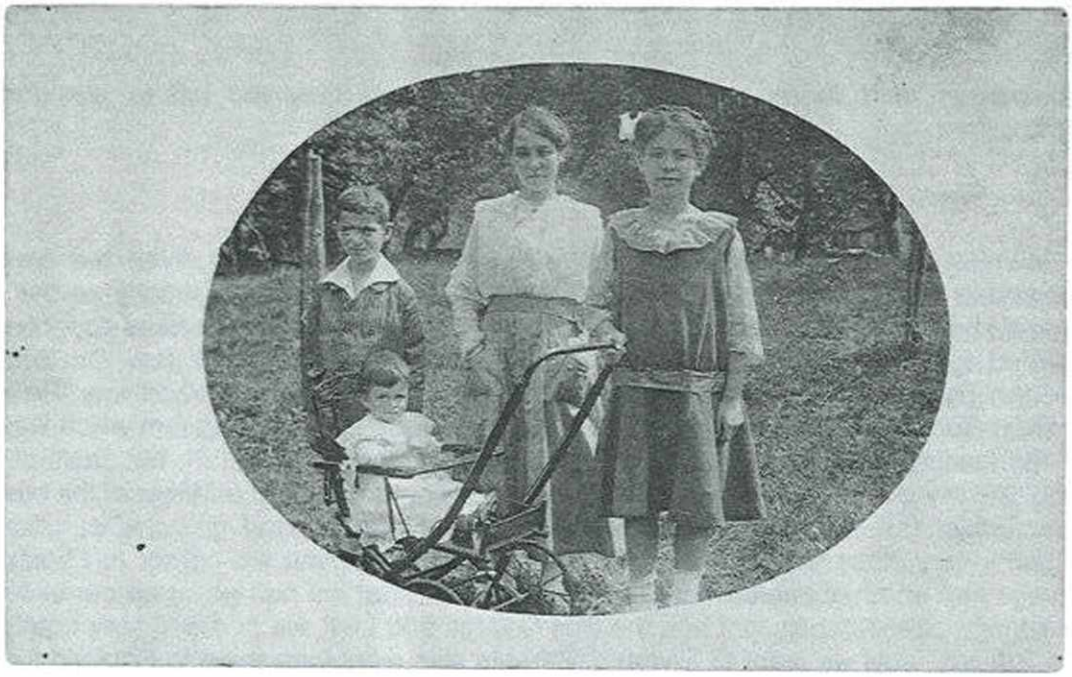
Siegfried and Recha Oppenheimer (Aumann), 1912.

Rosenbaum and family took up quarters there until they too left to immigrate to Switzerland.

At number 13, the corner house Palmstrassse and Hermesweg, lived the family of Siegmund Plaut, whose son Erich was one of my classmates. Directly across from grandfather Bondi, in a stately villa, lived Mr. & Mrs Jacob Besthoff whose doughter was married to Dr. Moses Breuer, one of the sons of the Frankfurter Rav Dr. Solomon Breuer. They lived for a while upstairs in their parent's villa. Mr. Besthoff was "Prokurist' at Beer-Sondheimer the large and well known precious metal trading firm which was one of the leading companies run by strictly orthodox Jews in Frankfurt. Mr. Besthoff was also, like my grandfather Bondi, a well respected personality and member of the board of directors of the Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft and he and grandfather ultimately became very close friends. Later the Breuers moved around the corner to Friedberger Anlage into another apartment. In the short perion after we had given up our Unterweg apartment after Kristallnacht and the time George and I left, we boarded temporarily with the Breuers, until we went to England. Parents also went form there to England just two weeks before the war started.

Two houses down from the Besthoff villa stood the house of Julius Heymann, a Jewish collector of antique furniture, art and interiors. He was a bachelor and when he died in the 20th, he left the house, interior furniture and his whole collection to the city of Frankfurt. In time it was made it into a museum and in appreciation for his donation, the city called portion of what used to be a longer Hermesweg, the Julius Heyman Strasse in his memory. When the Nazis started to rename streets and places, which were called after Jewish personalities, that street's name reverted back to Hermesweg. The Julius Heyman Strasse connected the Palmstrasse to the Baumweg where we lived, not far away. When my cousin Marguerite Oppenheimer married Adolf Strauss in 1934, they briefly lived in one of the houses on that street and it was there that their sons Stefan and Isaak were born before they immigrated to Italy.

The apartment in Palmstrasse 7 where mother and her sister grew up was indeed also my brother George's and my second home. It was a meeting place for much of the family. Grandfather's brother Leo often came from Mainz, sometimes with his wife Adelheid and some of their children, Jonas, Joseph and Martha. Also His brother Martin and wife Milly came on occasions from Berlin. At times his sister Adelheid and son Hans came from Vienna. Another frequent visitor was Ludwig Lewisohn, son of grandfather's sister Rebecca. Ludwig was a bachelor who had inherited much of his father's wealth. He was kind of peculiar in his ways, had strange political views especially about the late Kaiser of Germany whom he detested. Naturally we children picked up on that and we used to purposely antagonize him, by mentioning the Kaiser, in order that he would get angry and furious, which in turn we enjoyed. He was indeed a poor soul, who also fell victim to Hitler's inferno.



Children of Uncle Leo and Adelheit Bondi (Marx) , Mainz
L to R: Seppel (Josef), Claire, Martha and
Heinz (Alexander) in carriage

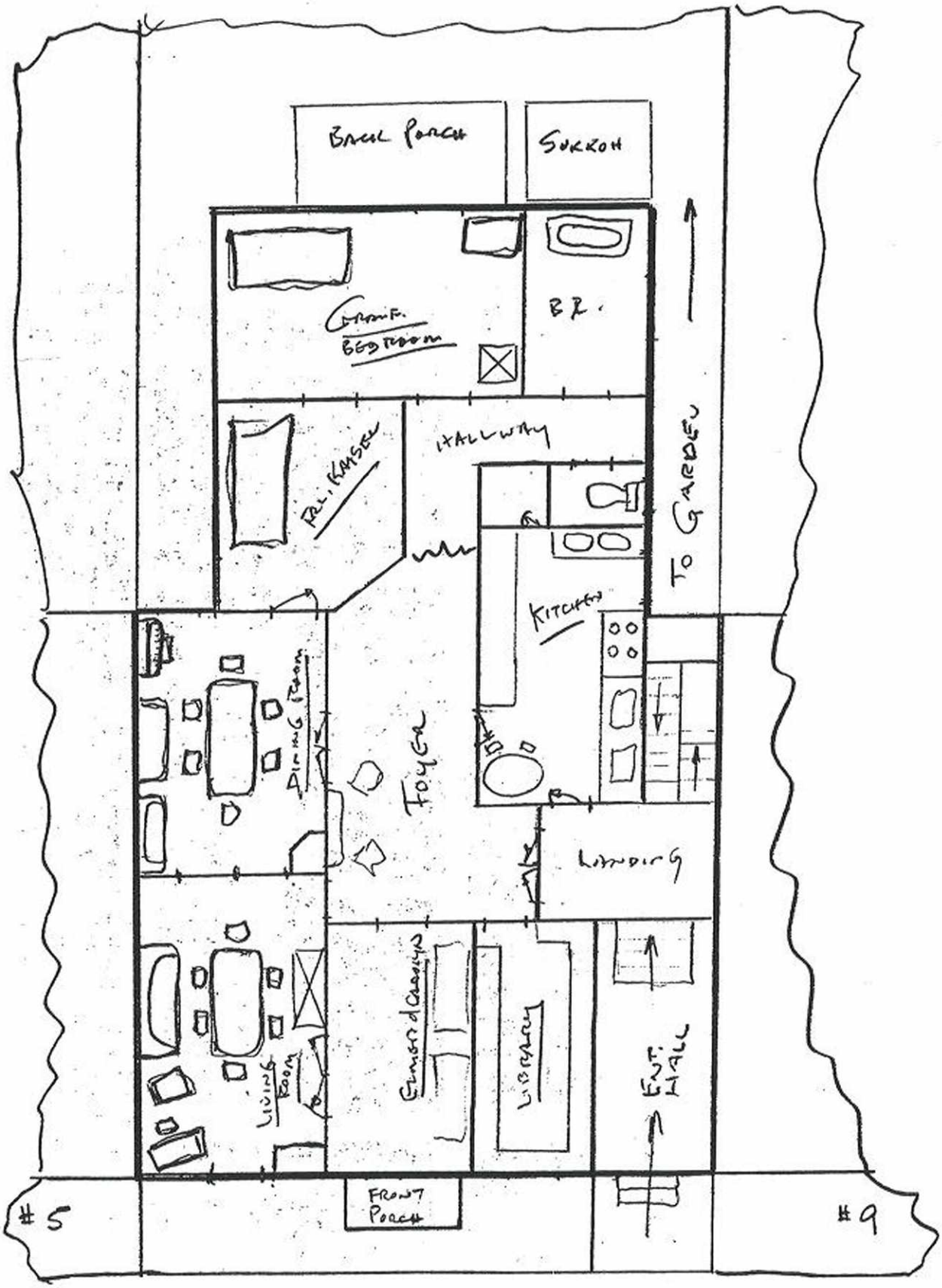


Uncle Martin and Milly Bondi (Seeligmann)
Berlin, late 1920th

Since our cousins Elmer and Carolyn lived with grandfather, we sort of considered the two of them like brother and sister. We were always in and out of that house and knew its layout intimately. After entering the house and passing a spacious entrance hall, about four marble steps up to another landing, which turned left, you came to the entrance of grandfather's apartment. In addition to the large double swinging entrance door, there also was a separate entrance to the kitchen on the right for the servants and for general delivery. Upon entering, you found yourself in to the foyer, which was the size of a large room. It had a "Garderobe", a place to take off and hang hats, coats and galoshes and facilities for ladies to sit, look in the mirror, powder their faces and straighten their hair in front of a mirror. To the immediate extreme left, was what used to be another bedroom in mother's early days, but which had become my grandfather's library and other storage area. When mother was a child the adjoining room used to be a parlor. It had now however, become Elmer and Carolyn's bedroom, which also had a small porch toward the front of the house.

Adjoining this room was the general living room. It also contained a large dining table and chairs, a large couch and easy chair, a rocking chair a writing desk and chair, an Aron Hakodesh for the Sefer Tora which grandfather kept for Aunt Jenny, a huge "Kachelofen" for heat and other incidental pieces of furniture. An equally large dining room adjoined the living room, containing a large table and upholstered chairs, a credenza, a piano, a couch and a silver closet. The walls of this room as well as that of the living room were paneled for about three quarter of their height with dark wood paneling, and then topped off with a wide ledge on top of the paneling. All types of decorative collector items stood on that ledge such as stone, pewter and silver goblets, old style oil lamps and other trinkets. The area between the ledge and the ceiling was wall papered and hung with antique porcelain and pewter plates of various vintages, which grandfather had collected throughout his various travels. Grandfather was well known for his hospitality, always having invited guests and walk in company. It is easy to imagine grand type of social gatherings, which often came for elaborately lavish entertainment in these two rooms especially when the double connecting glass doors were swung open and the tables were place end to end.

In the back of the apartment were two bedrooms, one for Frl. Kaiser, who in the absence of grandfather's first wife who had died many years earlier, was my grandfather's principle house keeper and helped to raise my cousins Elmer and Carolyn. In recognition for all her good deeds, grandfather married her late in his life, in the middle of the 1930th, when Hitler was already in power and she had serious intentions of leaving him to join her family who had already moved to America. Beyond that room was grandfather's own bedroom and adjoining porch. Further along the back hallway was the bathroom and separate toilet as was customary in European houses.

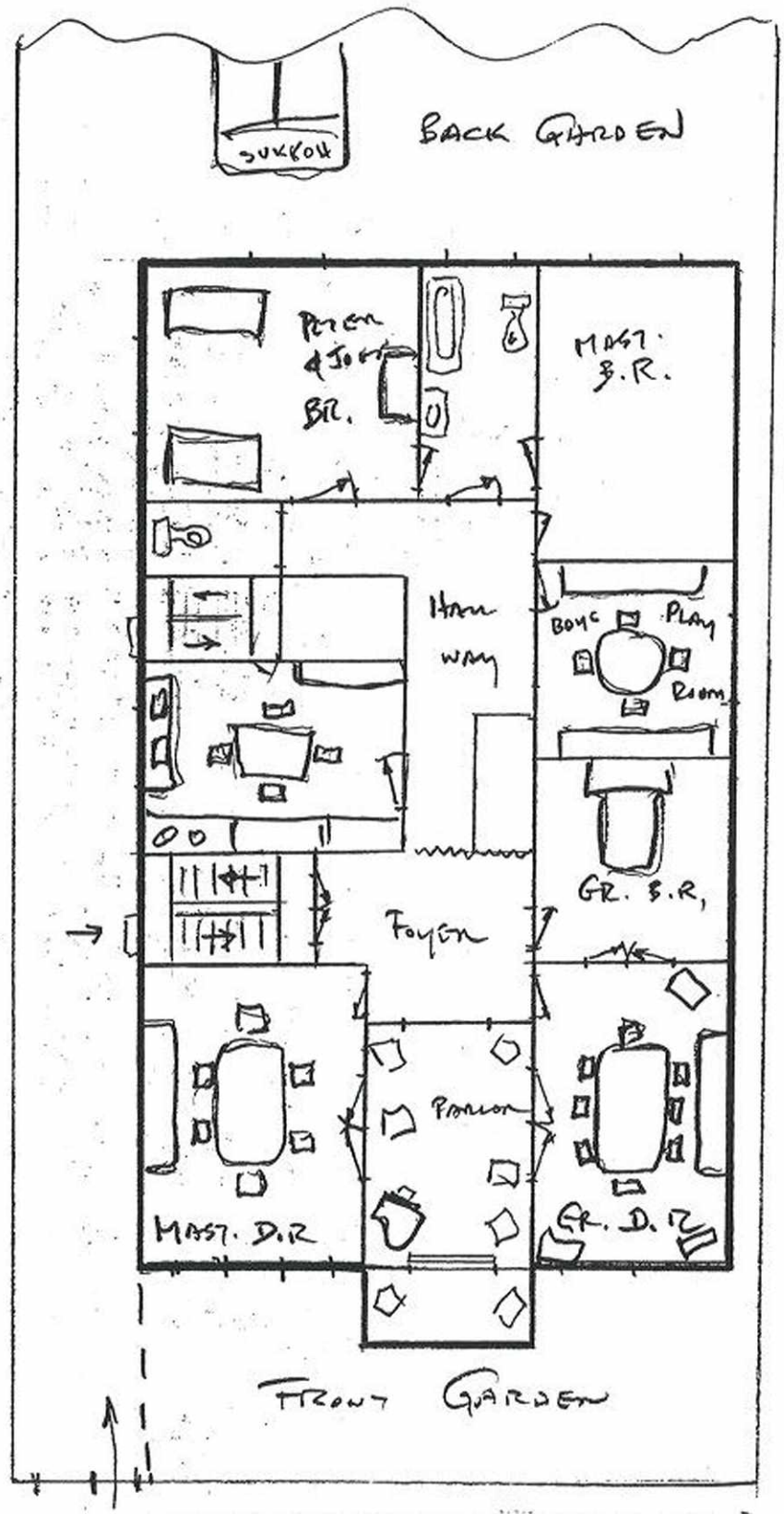


Floor plan of apartment occupied by grandfather Bondi at
Paterre level, Palmstrasse 7, FFM

When my cousin Peter was born, Uncle Siegmund and family including grandmother Aumann moved from Palmstrasse 11 to the first floor apartment of Bockenheimer Anlage 2. That location in the at that time more fashionable West End of town, was not only considered a social step up, but was mainly for creating more space for the family. This new location was considerably further away from our house, yet we tracked there religiously all the time, to visit with them. We got to know this apartment well, since we not only visited our grandmother every Shabbat to receive our customary blessings, but we also were invited often, specially in later years, to spend time with our cousins Peter and Johnny. In 1927 grandmother Auman celebrated her 70th birthday. It was a grand party for the whole family, with a festive dinner, many speeches and well rehearsed stage performances. It was also the time when grandmother official retired as an active partner in the business of Aumann & Rapp, at which time Uncle Siegmund became a full fledged partner in the firm, to take her place.

Befitting my grandmother's senior status, she had her own wing in the apartment, consisting of a large bedroom and an even larger dining room, where she would hold court and receive visitors, which she did with great dignity and much charm. A centrally located parlor with adjoining "Erker" a closed in porch, with many easy chairs, and book cases, was used jointly between her and the rest of the family. There still was another large size master dining room on the other side of the parlor, which was used for special occasions by Uncle Siegmund and Aunt Miriam. A very sizable and spacious kitchen which had a large center table, was used by all parties, as was a large play-living room for the boys and the rest of the family. I remember its furniture was painted in a matte sea green color, which was very pleasing to the eye. Since that room was close to the kitchen, much of the daily activities took place in that room. When Uncle Siegmund came to America in early 1938, they brought with them pieces of this furniture. When Edith and I got married and needed additional pieces of furniture, they presented us with one piece, namely a narrow upright closet, still in the original sea green color, which at this time is still in our basement and is being used by us for liquor storage. In the back of the apartment were the bathrooms and bedrooms. There were two separate staircases, one for the normal daily traffic and one, which was strictly used as a service entrance. Since I became very friendly with Peter and John and often played with them and when I was a little older took them out for walks and hikes, I always felt very much at home there.

Every Shabbat and Yom Tov we dutifully marched to Bockenheimer Anlage, ring the Shabbat bell to the apartment and pay a visit. The Shabbat bell was a device used to circumvent the electric doorbell and was used almost exclusively by Frankfurt orthodox



Floor plan of apartment occupied by Siegmund Aumann and family and grandmother Aumann, one flight up at Bockenheimer Anlage 2, FFM

Jewry was sanctioned by the local rabbinate. It was an alarm, consisting of a handle which was connected to a cable, which in turn operated a swinging cowbell in the first, second or higher apartments, in order to alert people that the downstairs door, which normally was kept closed, needed opening to gain access to the staircase. At grandmother's we often met many of our other cousins, uncles and aunts, the Oppenheimers, Ettlingers and the Jeidels, who also paid their respects, which gave us the opportunity to hear what went on in their respective families. There were always lots of cut fruit, candy, cake and cookies on the table and after taking something and receiving our blessings, we headed off to elsewhere.

On Sukkot, we had frequent invitations to Uncle Siegmund's Sukkah, which was erected in the back garden. It had two hinged roof panels, which were opened by means of pull strings run over pulleys. This Sukkah was larger than normal ones, since it had an anteroom, partitioned off from the dining area, for hanging ones topcoats and for making the customary Netilat Yadayim and a serving table for staging the food prior to it being brought into the Sukkah proper. There always was much household help around, at Bockenheimer Anlage 2. In addition to the general kitchen and household help, they employed a governess for the boys. Her first name was Manda, who later married the son of our direct vis-a-vie neighbor in the Baumweg at number 33, by the last name of Edinger. She and her husband immigrated to the US and for many years owned and operated, a large and well known dry good and apparel store, which was located uptown on Broadway in the Washington Heights section of Manhatten. Another person who was often in that house was Schwester Ida, who had been the boy's baby nurse, but who also helped out with lots of work in a busy household.

Grandmother and Uncle Siegmund also had available to them the use of business owned cars and chauffeurs. On various occasions we were invited to take trips to the country with grandmother, either for outings or to visit family who lived in outlying communities. One of the driver's names was Anton and another was Gottlieb. They usually drove a large Mercedes Benz limousine, with a glass partition between the driver's seat and the passenger section. It also featured collapsible folding seats, which came out of the floor paneling to provide added seating capacity when needed. I remember going on trips to visit grandmother's cousins the Kahns in Asslar, her brother and sister in law Uncle Gerson and Aunt Johanna Wallenstein in Wohnbach, as well as Uncle Adolf Aumann another brother in law and his family in Koeppern. Other trips also took us to Schmitten, Koenigstein and the Bergstrasse, a mountainous range south of Frankfurt.

On occasion I was invited to spend a summer vacation with grandma in Koenigstein in the Taunus mountain range, where they had rented a villa for the summer. I specifically remember one time when I must have been about six or seven years old, because



Siegmund Aumann with
George and Reiner
Koenigstein, 1925



Koenigstein, 1927.
Top row L to R:
Walter Ettlinger. Irma Levi,
Martha and Aba Ettlinger,
Claire and Oscar Aumann,
Ruth Ettlinger(head band)
Foreground L to R:
Ernst Ettlinger
George and Reiner Aumann



Koenigstein im Taunus, 1927.
L toR: Grandmother Aumann
Helene Oppenheimer
Moshe (Peter) Aumann
Siegmund Aumann



Muenster am Stein, July 1928
L to R: Helene Oppenheimer
Paul Oppenheimer
Miriam Aumann
James Kimche
Grandmother Aumann
Siegmund Aumann
Siegfried Oppenheimer (sitting)
Recha Oppenheimer
Ruth Oppenheimer
Marguerite Oppenheimer



Schmitten 1929.
Back L to R
Martha Ettlinger
Aba Ettlinger
Siegmund Aumann
Front L to R:
Ernie Ettlinger
Ruth Ettlinger
Peter Aumann



Marguerite Oppenheimer with
Carolyn Offenbacher and
Moshe (Peter) Aumann in
carriage, 1928, FFM

cousin Peter was still in a baby stroller and I often accompanied him out for a stroll. Grandmother had the habit of offering her visitors a type of cookie, which was called "Russiches Brot". It was letter shaped brown crisp cookie, which I loved. I discovered the closet where she kept them and when no one was looking, I conveniently helped myself to a generous portion of this delicacy. But soon enough I was discovered and thereafter, much to my chagrin, the closet was locked and I had to ask for the cookies.

As a family we were really very fortunate to have most of our immediate close family living very near by. My Uncle Siegfried and Aunt Recha, the Oppenheimers mentioned earlier had six children. Since all of them were older than my brother and I, we normally had less immediate contact with them. We were however, often invited to their house at Mittelweg 16. Uncle Siegfried, being an executive at the prestigious metal firm of "Aaron Hirsch und Sohn", which was located in Halberstadt, headed their Paris based branch. Thus Marguerite the oldest of their children was born in France. The second born Samson was born in Frankfurt, while Aunt Recha was there on a short visit with her parents and then Marcel and Helene were again born in Paris. The chances were good, that they might have permanently settled in Paris. However, when World War 1 broke out in 1914, the French anti German atmosphere was so intense in Paris that they had to flee for their lives in the middle of the night and return to Frankfurt, fearing that all of them might get lynched. At first they moved in temporarily with grandmother Aumann, but then they all went to Halberstadt for several years, to make a home themselves there. The youngest of their children, namely Paul and Ruth were thus born in Halberstadt.

After the war, as part of a deal that Uncle Siegfried made with his company and to induce him to stay with them, the company built him a large and spacious house on a large building lot in Frankfurt, to where they finally moved. This way Aunt Recha could be close to her family, while Uncle Siegfried could again spend more time in Paris and try to rebuild their offices there, which had been abandoned during the war. Uncle Siegfried would come home for weekends to spend time with the family but often had to spend longer time in Paris. This naturally was not always ideal. Mother always told us that Aunt Recha often had a tough time coping and controlling her teen aged children. In order to support her efforts, she frequently enlisted father's help, who had to come to her house and help her enforce discipline. Aunt Recha also kept a large German shepherd dog in an oversize dog house near the entrance of her house, since she was often afraid to be all alone in that large house. On one occasion when she asked father to come over to help her with the children, the dog whose name was Lotte, promptly bit father in the leg. During the early Hitler years one of the neighbors poisoned the dog.

The beautiful villa when first built, was the talk of town. It was a three storied, detached single family dwelling with many bedrooms, bathrooms and living quarters. It also had a large back porch, a tremendous well manicured garden with fancy fruit trees, the

branches of which were trained to grow in specific directions. It also had a build in Sukkah in a room, which was adjoining the dining room but was part of the house. It had a roof, which could be cranked back by means of a rack and pinion hand cranking device, making it usable for a Sukkah, while during the year it could be used as a spare room for guests, play or storage area. When George and I were invited on Sukkot, it was always a special treat to be allowed to turn the handle to move the roof into the open position, before we sat down for our meals. The rest of the house was lavishly furnished with heavy antique furniture, Persian rugs and many paintings on the walls.

Marguerite the oldest of the children was born in 1910. After finishing her school, which was partly in Frankfurt then Halberstadt and then Frankfurt again, she studied for many years at the music conservatory in Berlin, where she became a very accomplished concert pianist. Both Samson born in 1911 and Marcel born in 1912 studied to play the violin. But of the two only Marcel matured into a very accomplished violin player. When I visited Frankfurt for the first time again since World War 2 in 1964, the "Oppenheimer" house was still standing in its original condition, having survived the war without any visible damage. On subsequent visits I saw however, that the house had been torn down and an apartment building had been placed onto that large piece of real estate.

Aunt Recha was the oldest of my father's sisters. She was an extremely good looking young lady, somewhat petite, but she had that clear, beautiful Aumann complexion, which all the Aumann siblings had and which kept them almost wrinkle free, until way in to their old ages. I remember visiting her in Tel Aviv shortly before her death and she still looked as radiant and the same as I remembered her in her prime age in the 1920th. Uncle Siegfried also was a rather handsome man. He always had a little beard and a rather stylish mustache. I still have a picture of them together showing them as a young married couple and they were indeed a very attractive looking pair. Uncle Siegfried was an individual full of temperament. He always had definite opinions on every subject and did not hesitate to express his feelings and let you know his moods, his likes and dislikes with great bravado. He was very artistically inclined which went sort of hand in hand with his temperament and all their six children and even some of his grandchildren inherited that character trait to some extend. He suffered some kind of a bone deficiency, most probably osteoporosis, which caused him to have frequent bone fractures in later years. I believe that he died from complications of this condition as a rather young man. I remember visiting him in his house three days before his death in 1937, when confined to his bed due to his illness, he proceeded for some reason to give me a long lecture on the importance of being an identified Jewish individual. To this day I still don't quite know why he picked on me to tell me all that. I suppose that he must have felt that I needed this lecture. At any rate it made a vivid and lasting impression on me, which is still with me today, thus accomplishing its purpose.

Uncle Siegfried and Aunt Recha went on an exploratory pilot trip to what was then Palestine under British domination for the purpose of evaluating whether that land would be a viable place to emigrate to. However, shortly after their return to Germany, Uncle Siegfried fell ill and never recovered. It was only after he had died and after all the Oppenheimer children had left Germany, that Aunt Recha finally gave up her house and joined some of her children who had moved to Palestine. It was there in Tel Aviv that I saw her again in 1964, when visiting Israel for the first time with Edith and Dick. Unfortunately, the Oppenheimer family, like so many other refugee families who had to leave Germany, got scattered in various parts of the globe.

Marguerite the oldest got married in 1934 to Adolph Strauss. They first lived as a young couple in the Julius Heymann Strasse where their first two children Stefan and Isaak were born. In the late 1930th they immigrated to Italy where Adi had business opportunities and where their son Rafael was born. However, when Italy started to cozy up to the Nazis and trouble for the Jews started also there, the young couple had to split up again in order to save themselves. Due to the fact that Marguerite was born in France, she was able to get American immigration visas for herself and her three children on the French quota. Adi however, who was born in Leipzig, Germany, had to wait for his visa on the way oversubscribed German immigration quota and was not able to join her when she left for the States. When things started to really get nasty for Jews in Italy, he managed to get a last minute transit visa to England, where he had a brother who had been there for some time. When England entered the war against Germany, and much hysteria was evident due to imminent German invasion jitters there, the British bundled all so called "enemy aliens" off into internment and shipped them off to distant islands or to the colonies in far off parts of the globe. Adi thusly wound up being shipped to Australia, where he had to remain until the end of the war and was not able to rejoin his wife and three children until late in 1945.

In the meantime Marguerite had a very difficult time in America to hold together her fledgling family. Since she had no money and nobody in the family had enough to help her out, all being refugees themselves who had just started up from scratch, she had to hire herself out as a domestic. Simultaneously, her three little boys found shelter in the Israel Orphan Asylum under very primitive conditions. I still remember clearly when Edith and I visited the three boys, how very starved they were for any sign of love and affection and how they would cling to us every time we had to leave because visiting hours were over. Finally after several years of hard work and scraping together a few hard earned dollars, Marguerite took a chance and rented a small apartment in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. There she started again to make a home for the family, while she gave piano lessons to make a meager living. Adi finally was able to join them after the war ended. It still was not easy for them, especially since the boys did not remember their father anymore at all, who had to leave them, while they had to fend for themselves during all these years when the boys were mere toddlers. It took a lot of patience on Adi's part to gradually weld the family back together into a functioning unit,

while at the same time he started once more to build up his business. They also had another child namely Miriam, who helped in this process. Unfortunately, Adi died very young, leaving the task he had set for himself to make up for lost time, incomplete.

Samson the second of the Oppenheimer children was a communist sympathizer as a young man. When Hitler took power in 1933,they quickly bundled him off and sent him to Palestine where he eventually married, had a son Siegfried and then got divorced and married a second time. On one of his trips back to Germany after World War 2, he was killed riding a motor cycle on the Autobahn in Germany and was buried on the IRG cemetery in Frankfurt on the RatBeil Strasse, not far away from the grave of his late father. Edith and I have visited his grave on various occasions in the past.

Marcel the third of the siblings, had a very sad life. He too managed to get out of Germany as he was born in France and could therefore claim his French citizenship. During the war years, but specifically those of German occupation of France, French nuns hid him for some time in a convent. They convinced him that it would be better for him to convert to Catholicism, which he did, but which he later repudiated. This left him in a miserably confused and unfulfilled state of mind. He was always a most warm and loving individual, an artist at heart, and as mentioned before a very accomplished violinist. After the war he was able to move to England, where he eventually married a gentile girl Elizabeth and together they had two children, a boy named Pasqual and a girl by name of Sanja. He struggled hard to make ends meet but was never very successful. He died very young of cancer and with the exception of Marcel's sister Ruth Fairweather in England who has still some contact and knowledge as to their whereabouts, the remainder of the family has lost contact with them.

Helene or Lene as we called her, was always a very easy and uncomplicated individual to be with. She too immigrated to Palestine in the middle 1930th to join a Kibbutz there. After spending some years on the Kibbuttz and getting married to Hans (Eliezer) Rosenfeld, they settled on Moshav Nachalim where Eliezer maintained a blacksmith shop, while Lene tended to a Lul and some fields with fruit trees and other produce which they owned. I never forget the first visit we paid them in 1964 on our very first trip to Israel, when she treated us to a meal of Frankfurters and potato salad on the back porch to their house. I was very reminiscent of the wonderful hospitality, which we always enjoyed in their original home in Frankfurt. We also met for the first time their children Shula and Shimon. Shula had already married Eliezer Gutmann and they already had their first child Amir who was very proud to take our Dickie for a ride on their white work horse called Levana. Lene and Eliezer have passed on now, leaving me with very fond memories of them and their families. Their son Shimon also died not very long ago at a very young age, leaving a wife Tova and four lovely children several of whom being married.

Paul the fifth child finished SRH Real Schule and was then sent to the yeshiva in Telshe, Lithuania. After attending there for a few years he returned to Frankfurt for a short period and then immigrated to Palestine in the middle 1930th. He tried various occupations there and since he was a health bug, drifted into the physical exercise, massage and body building field. He studied various methods of physical therapy in Sweden and Germany after the War and established a practice in Tel Aviv. When we visited with him there on various occasions, he was well established in his field. He was married twice and lived with his first wife in Bnei Brak in a very lovely one family house, which had a large garden with multiple fruit trees. He too was always very hospitable and on our first trip to Israel he took us around sightseeing. After he divorced and remarried, he sold his house and lived in an apartment in Tell Aviv where again we saw him numerous times. Unfortunately he had several strokes later in life, which left him partially paralyzed. Since he was a fighter by nature, he tried very hard to make a come back but he had more strokes which ultimately left him in very poor condition. He had to be hospitalized in a home, where he lingered on for a few more years and then finally passed away in 2000. Neither of his marriages produced any offspring.

Ruth was the youngest of the six Oppenheimer cousins. She immigrated to England in the latter part of the 1930th. There she was able to stay in the house of her Aunt Betty Fairweather, the sister of her father who was married in London and had lived there for many a years. Their original German name was "Schoenwetter", which they translated into English during the First World War, hence the name Fairweather. Aunt Betty had two children , a son Ernie and a daughter Dolly. Her husband had died years earlier and she lived with her two grown up children in Fairhold Road in the north of London. I visited them at that address, when cousin Ruth was already there in 1939 when I first got to England and lived around the corner from them in Bethune Road with Ben and Adelvic Wexler and their family. Subsequently, I saw Aunt Betty at various times and the last time in a very lovely senior citizen home north of London, where she finally died. As it turned out, Ruth ended up marrying her cousin Ernie with whom she had three children, Anne who married Rabbi Roger Tuitu in Paris, France, Susan who married a Mr. Gabriel Kessler in London and Robert who is also married and lives near Birmingham. By now all have children and grandchildren, and I have seen and been together with them on various family occasions both in England and in Israel. Ruth and Ernie were quite successful business people. In later years they sold their business, which they had started from scratch, to a large British company, with whom they stayed on for a period of 5 years and then retired. They lived in Hendon and traveled a lot, but later on they bought a seaside home in Poole near Birmingham right at the water, and sold their home in Hendon. There they went sailing, a sport which they both liked and continued travelling around the globe, until Ernie passed away several years ago. We visited with Ruth in Poole near Bornmouth, where she displayed the customary Oppenheimer hospitality.

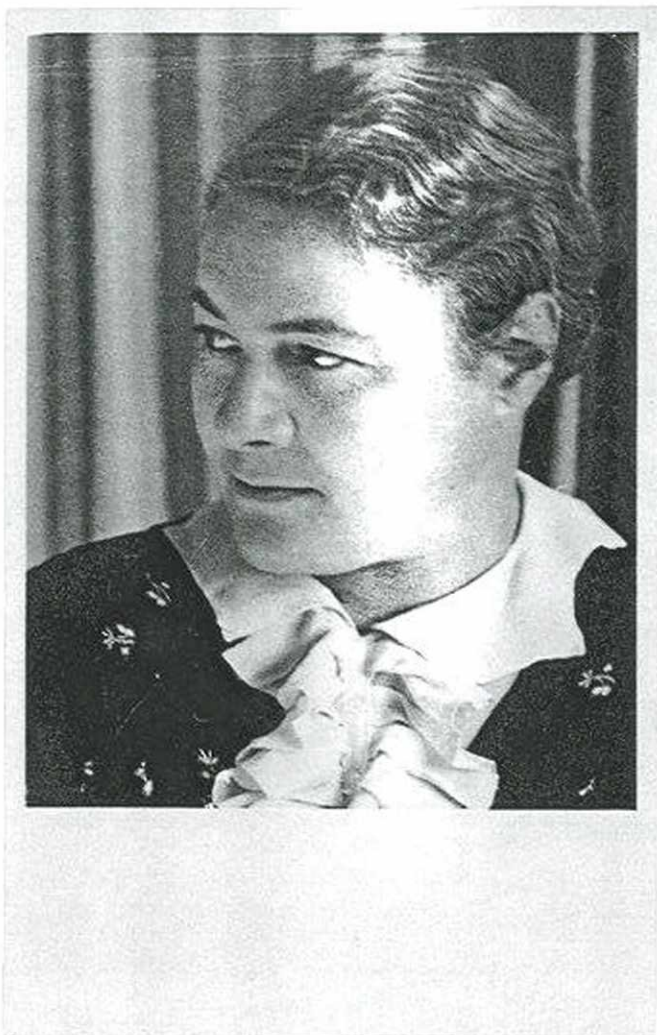
Another uncle and aunt of mine, Aba (Abraham) and Martha Ettlinger lived on the third floor of an apartment building at Hermesweg 3, just around the corner from the Palmstrasse. On the second floor of that house lived Mr. Selig Schachnowitz and his family, who was the Author of various books of Jewish content and the well known editor of the orthodox Jewish weekly paper "The Israelit". This newspaper was originally conceived and published in Mainz by the uncle of my grandfather Bondi, namely Rabbi Dr. Marcus (Meier)Lehmann. After the untimely death of Rabbi Lehmann, it was first continued by one of his sons, but subsequently publication was transferred to Frankfurt and then sold to a partnership of which Jacob Rosenheim of Agudath Yisrael fame, was one of the partners. Mr Schachnowitz was also a great "Lamden" and lecturer, who attracted a considerable following. He gave regular Shiurim and weekly lecture in the "Hoersaal", the official lecture hall, which adjoined our synagogue. On the first floor of that same house lived a family Bamberger.

Of the Ettlinger three children Walter and Ruth were older than both George and I. Ernest however, was my age and we were classmates throughout our schooling at the SRH School. There always was some rivalry between us, but at the same time we were the greatest of friends. We often played together either in their apartment or in our house and garden. We also both belonged to the ITB, the Jewish sport club, where we were on the same soccer team. Their house was right next door to what was known as the Hermesweg Shul. This synagogue was the outgrowth of what formerly had been the Niederhofheim Minjan, a Klaus Shul, which had been in the Rechneigraben Strasse near the now defunct old Jewish Ghetto. It was originally donated and supported by the Reiss Family Foundation as a private prayer hall, when the reform movement in Frankfurt made it difficult for orthodox Jews to function with their old customs in the main Kehilla synagogue. It had moved to the Hermesweg location early in the 20th century into a more modern building and many individuals, including my Uncle Siegmund Aumann, were members there in addition to having membership in the IRG. Since it was located right in our neighborhood, we would often go there especially for Mincha services on Shabbat afternoon and during the week. Uncle Abba and Aunt Martha left Germany in 1938 to live in Palestine with their children Ruth and Ernie. Uncle Abba, who originally was a diamond merchant in Germany, became a real estate broker in Israel. Unfortunately he died at a very young age there, leaving his wife and two children to fend for themselves in Israel.

Walter Ettlinger the oldest of the three Ettlinger cousins, was the first one to leave Germany to settle in the USA in the middle 1930th. It was there that he married a lovely American young lady by the name of Stella and they had one girl named Carol. Walter was very close to our Uncle Leo Auman and since he was never very religious, he moved freely in those circles and they got along well with one another. Walter became a buyer for various large department stores and in line with his job, he moved about rather frequently. On one occasion while I was in the US Army and was stationed in Ft. Benning, Ga., I visited him in Atlanta where he lived at that time. After the war he moved



Ruth, Walter and Ernst Ettlinger, 1925.



Martha Ettlinger (Aumann), 1937.



Ruth and Ernst Ettlinger
Purim, 1927.

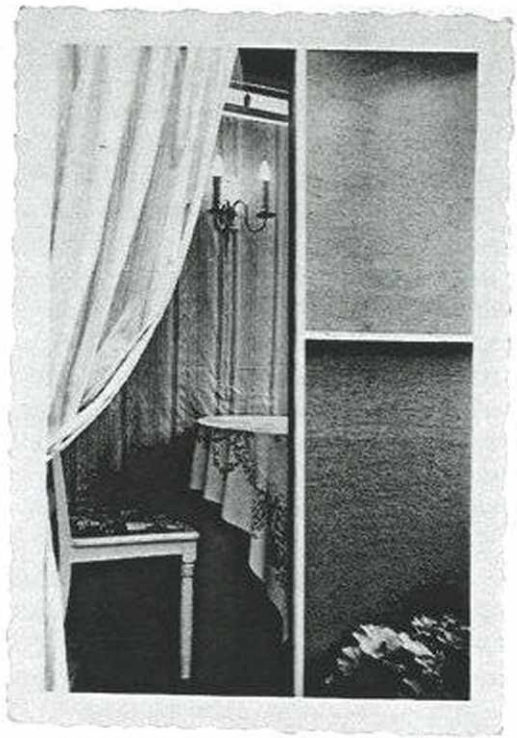
back up north and lived for a while in the Jackson Heights section of Queens, where we saw him and his family quite often. Carol got married and moved to Alburquerque, N.M. and after Walter and Stella retired, they moved there also, to be together with their children.

Ruth Ettlinger came to America from Israel sometime in the early 1950th to promote and work for Israel Bonds. It was in that capacity that she met Rabbi Isaak Swift, known as Ike to us, whom she ultimately married. Rabbi Swift was British by birth and came from a large rabbinical family of East European decent who had settled in England. His father and all his brothers were rabbis and Dajonim. He had been married previously, but that marriage ended in divorce for reasons of his wife's mental health. After his divorce, he went for a while to Australia, where his sister Goldie helped to keep house for him and his daughter Valerie from the first marriage. Later, he came to America to accept a position at the Sephardic Synagogue in Boro Park. He was a most gifted and eloquent public speaker and people came from far and wide, to listen to him orate. Thereafter he became the Rabbi of the newly formed orthodox Jewish community in Engelwood, N.J. It was mainly through his dynamic efforts that the Engelwood Orthodox Jewish community grew to its present dimension, with a large modern synagogue on the grounds of an old estate, a Jewish day school and many other community activities. Ruth and Ike had one daughter Elenore. When Valery and Elenore were still small, Aunt Martha gave up her household in Israel came to live with them in their very large spacious house and spend the rest of her life in Engelwood.

Ernie the youngest of the Ettlinger children lived with his parents in Palestine thereafter Israel until the early 1960th. There he attempted to do various things to earn a living, after his father had died. Simultaneously, he made a concerted effort to study international law through corresponding courses and part time attendance of the university. He received his LLB after many years of work and managed to obtain a scholarship to come to the USA for further study at Stamford University in California. Subsequently, he taught law at various schools. One of his students was an Egyptian Jewish girl named Janette, whom he ended up marrying. She had come to live in California with her parents from Egypt, when most of the Jews were forced to flee from Egypt after Gamul Abdul Nasser had deposed King Faruk and taken over the Egyptian government. Ernie and Janette had three children, Sandra, Karen and David. After various law jobs, Ernie took on a position of a law clerk for one of the US Supreme Court Justices. Subsequently he worked for many years for the World Bank, being stationed in Manila in the Philippines. From there he traveled extensively throughout the world and often came to visit New York with his entire family, at which time we would spend time together. In his later years he and his family came back to live permanently in the USA and they bought a house in New Jersey. After raising their children, yet while David the youngest was still a teenager, Ernie and Janette were divorced. He finally retired at age 70, but lived a very lonely life until he passed away in his 75th year.



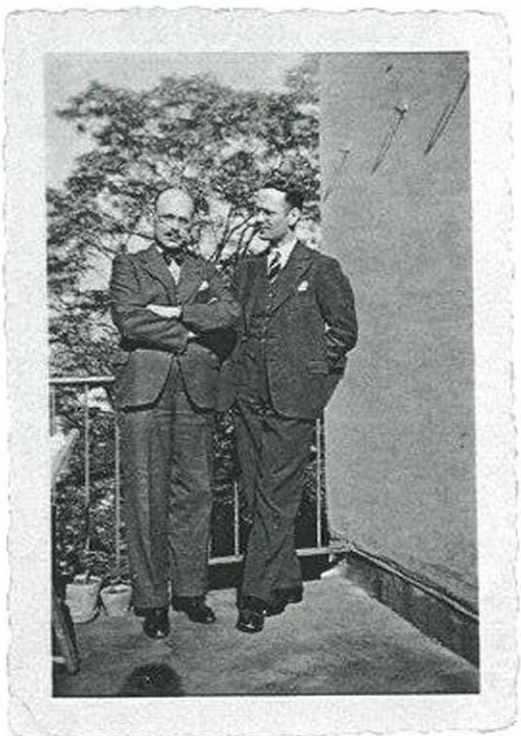
Nathan Jeidel brother of Leo
Succot, 1927.



Jeidels Succoh
Leerbach Strasse, FFM, 1937.



Last get-together Sept.1938. Hilda and Leo with his sister
Fanny Rothschild, brother Nathan and wife Toni,
the Dr.Schnerb and Homburger cousins



Leo Jeidel and brother Max 1937, FFM



Agathe Breuer (Jeidel), Leo's Sister and
wife of Dr. Samson Breuer
and two sons, Karlsruhe , 1928.

Aunt Hilda, the youngest of my father siblings and her husband Uncle Leo Jeidel lived at Hanauerlandstrasse 4. They had moved there shortly after their marriage in 1918 and after Uncle Leo had been discharged from the army. Since he was wounded in battle and was laid up in the hospital for a considerable period of time, he was mustered out before the war had officially ended. They never had any children, but they tried very had to fill this void in their lives by being very close to all their nephews and nieces. We felt however, that they were always very much into themselves. They loved to hike and often took us on day outings to the mountains. We also were frequently invited to their house for meals. They had a large German shepherd dog called Ralph, who was very friendly to us children, once you got to know him. Uncle Leo took over his fathers business which was wholesale notions, but after the 1929 market crash it was not profitable anymore and he finally liquidated it and kept one room in his apartment for the remnants of his stock, which he gradually sold or gave away as presents. Through my grandmother Auman's intervention, he was then employed in the accounting department of the family business of Aumann & Rapp until the business was "forcibly sold" to new "Arian" owners, who promptly kicked him out of his job. In the early 1930th, they moved to another apartment in the Leerbachstrasse where we visited frequently. On Sukkot they build a lovely small quaint Sukkah on their porch. The Sukkah was just big enough to seat two people, but that did not stop them to invite us together with other nieces and nephews also from the Jeidel side of the family. There, we got to know Paul Jacob Jeidel the oldest son of Uncle Leo's brother Max who lived in Munich as well as Hanna and Clair(chen) Rothschild, daughters of Leo's divorced sister Fanny. Hanna, later immigrated to Palestine and married "Rolle" Greissmann on Kibbutz Chofez Chayim. Claire was shipped out of Germany with one of the children transports to Switzerland, but for some reason was later returned to Gemany, where she remained. She miraculously escaped detection and survived the war, remaining with gentile people who had helped her during that time. Aunt Hilda visited her a few times after the war, but eventually lost contact with her. Another of Uncle Leo's sister by name of Agathe became the second wife of Prof.Dr.Samson Breuer in Karlsruhe and they subsequently settled in Palestine. Uncle Leo was taken to concentration camp Buchenwald in the action after Kristallnacht on November 11th 1939. Since he was a diabetic and unable to survive without daily insulin injections, he promptly died of insulin shock within three days, witnessed by my late father who was there with him at the time. Leo's ashes were sent back to Aunt Hilda in an urn and his remains were buried in the Ratbeilstrasse Jewish cemetery IRG section in Frankfurt/Main. Aunt Hilda was able to escape Germany in 1939 by going to Leo's relatives in England and then came to the USA in late 1940.



Clairchen and Fanny Rothschild (Jeidel)
ca 1937.

Childhood in Germany through emigration 1922-1939

My childhood in Frankfurt was really a very positive experience. When I now look back, I can honestly say, that the pleasant memories of my first dozen or more years outweigh by far the negative thought, which I may have about that period in my life. Our household was not just physically well managed by my parents, but it provided us with a feeling of love, understanding and togetherness. Despite an atmosphere of expected discipline within a framework of religious, moral and social obligations, which were continuously imbued into us, it allowed us children sufficient slack, to develop normally and act out our own individual likes and dislikes.

As early as I can remember we always had a "Kindermaedchen" governess for my brother George and myself, who was in charge of our daily activities. The earliest one whom I can remember was a young lady from the "Schwarzwald" Black Forrest area by the name of Lina Gerber, whom we children called "Linana", a name which stuck to her. She was with us for about five years. Her exclusive duties were to see to it that we were properly cleaned, clothed, fed and occupied. She had no further household duties other than to be there just for us. From the time that George was a toddler and I was still in the baby carriage, until George was close to kindergarten age, she slept either in our room or nearby, ate at our table and was a fully accepted member of our extended family. Although she was not Jewish, she learned our customs very quickly and became proficient not only in our rituals and prayers, but was also able to enforce Kashrut with us children inside and outside our home. She made sure that we wore Tzizit, said Berachot, wear our Kipot and even recited our daily prayers with us in Hebrew, which she had miraculous picked up along the way. She had a very sunny and cheerful disposition and we were really very close to her and liked her a great deal. According to mother, Linana was basically schooled and trained for pre-school children. Therefore, when we became of school age, we required someone who could take charge of us on a more firm and mature basis. Consequently she left us and returned to her native village. Mother had long and continued contact with her for many years and even reestablished contact with her post World War II, when my parents were already in America. After Linana left, there was a short period when a lady by name of Toni Weber filled in the job caring for us. I do not remember too much about her anymore, since her tenure in our house was rather short lived. She did however have a bachelor brother whom we simply called "Weber" and who often came to our house to visit her and who ran short errands for us. He continued coming to us after she had left and sit in the kitchen and socialize with our other household help, something that my parents apparently did not object to.



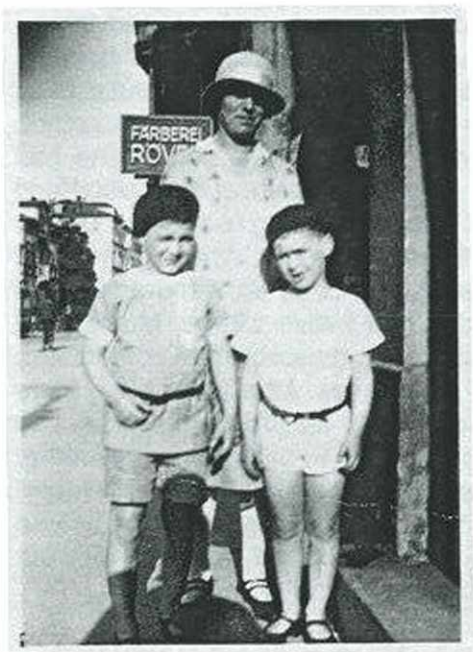
"Linana" with Reiner and George, on back paterre porch, Baumweg, 32 ,FFM, 1925.



Lina Gerber, Sextan im Schwartzwald (Black Forrest) Germany , 1965.



Toni Weber with George and Reiner FFM, 1925.



Irma Levi with George and Reiner in front of Jeidels, Hanauerlandstrasse 4, FFM, July 1929.

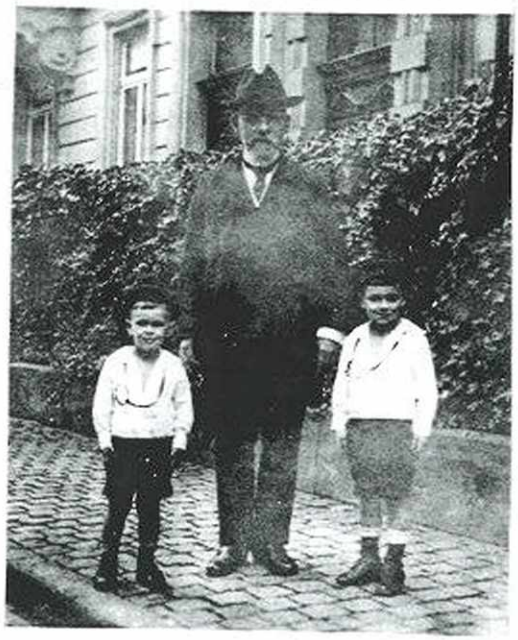


Mina Seipel our last sleep-in household help 1939

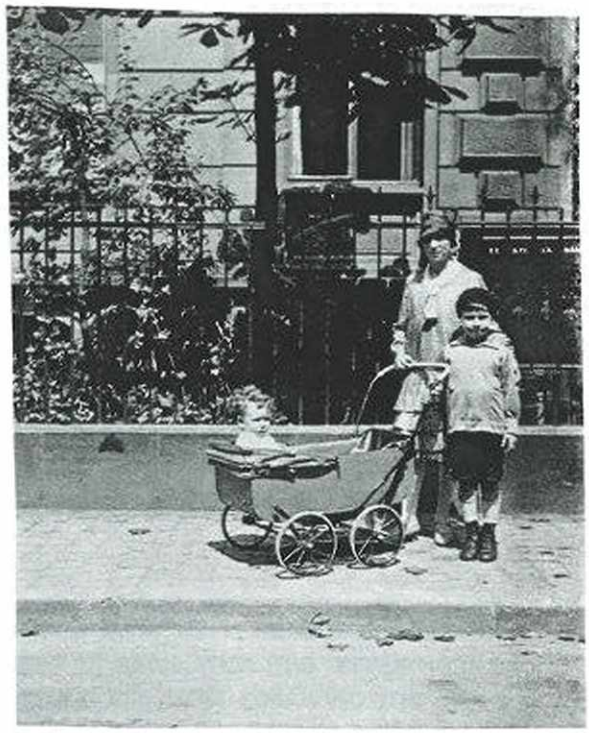
After interviewing different applicants for several months, mother finally settled on a Jewish young lady by the name of Irma Levy who came from Haigerloch in the West Schwarzwald area. As mother told the story, what impressed her about "Freulein Irma" as we later called her, was how she reacted and was able to control my brother George's aggressive behavior. After George was being introduced to her at one of her interviews with mother, he almost tore out a piece of fur from Fln. Irma's fur collared coat. Apparently she remained very calm and the method she displayed to distract and divert him to something more constructive, made points with mother. At any rate, Fln. Irma became our governess and stayed with us for many years until we were past Bar Mitzwa age. She was a very firm but at the same time a very fair person and we quickly found out to what behavioral limits we could push her and still get away with it. She was a very intelligent women, who helped us with our school homework and she had a very positive influence on us in our years of development. Like so many she was later killed by the Nazis.

As a toddler, I suffered from a skin disorder, which exhibited itself by rashes, small blisters and itchy spots all over my body. Whatever it was, it was never diagnosed by any particular name, but it was not considered contagious. Mother told me later that she hated to take me out in the baby carriage, because of the way I looked all bloody and scratched up, almost like an abused child. Once Linana took me out for an airing when someone in the street stopped to look at me and remarked, "wow, is he a mess, do you by any chance have any others at home like him?" After many consultations with the best medical experts at the time, Professor Grosser our pediatrician suggested a recently popularized natural remedy, namely doses of "Duerkheimer Maxquelle". This was a salty tasting mineral water which was obtainable in the local pharmacy and came in small but very expensive bottles and which was spoon fed to me at the rate of a half a dozen tea spoons a day. Whether it really helped is not quite clear to me. The end result however was, that over a period of two years the skin condition gradually cleared up. Thereafter, I was only plagued by the appearance of a yearly scab on the right side of my chin, which also had the side effects of swollen and painful glands on the right side of my neck. Today I would categorize it as some sort of a herpes virus, which remains dormant in your body, but which comes to the fore every once in a while. With me, it appeared always on the same spot and always in the springtime of the year. As a precautionary matter, I continued on the mineral water cure yearly for a period of about six weeks, until I was at least ten years old, after which it was discontinued. The rash over the full extend of my body never came back again during my lifetime. The scab however, came back religiously every year until well into my middle age, after which it became less frequent and then gradually disappeared.

We also had our other normal childhood diseases. George the mumps, I had scarlet fever and we both had whooping cough and the measles. Shortly after I had started school, at about age six and a half, I came down with a very bad case of middle ear infection. I had very high fever for a considerable number of days and no medication seemed to be effective. The EENT specialist Dr. Marum proceeded in piercing my left



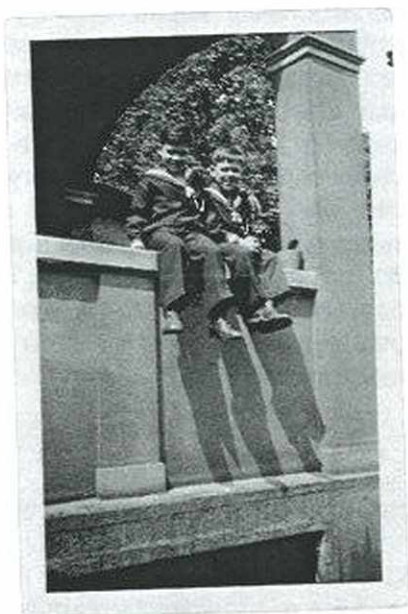
Grandfather Bondi with George and Reiner



Miriam Aumann (Landau) with nephew James Kimche, wheeling Moshe (Peter) in carriage, June 1928, Palmstrasse 11, FFM



Ruth Oppenheimer
Nov. 1935, FFM



George and Reiner on the back porch of the Oppenheimer house, Mittelweg 16, FFM, 1928.



Ernst and Hans Wohlfarth
FFM, 1924

eardrum, trying to drain accumulated fluids in the middle ear, an attempt which failed to help. The pain and high fever persisted and seemed to get worse. After a few days of consultations with other specialists, they finally rushed me to the Gagern Strasse Jewish Hospital for emergency surgery. From all I heard later, I must have been deadly sick and it must have really been a case of life and death that propelled my parents to consent to this operation. Part of my cranial skull was removed behind my left ear, exposing the inner ear almost to the linings of the brain, to allow them to treat the by now spread infection and drain the accumulated fluids. After about three weeks in the hospital I was finally allowed to go home, but only straight into my father's bed, where I was left to recuperate for another week or so. This was a real treat for me and I was pampered, received visitors and toys. I remember father gave me his army pocket watch as a gift, which I promptly took apart into a thousand pieces and naturally I could not put it together again. I also received a bunch of get well letters from all my classmates, becoming quite a celebrity after having come back from death bed, which swelled my head for quite a while.

Perhaps this had something to do with the next episode, namely my "appendicitis". About a year after my mastoid operation, I developed some stomach pains, which after a while was diagnosed as appendicitis. Somehow I have in the back of my mind, that I faked part of these pains in order to be allowed to stay home from school for a while. Yet as a precautionary matter it was decided to remove my appendix. The operation was again performed in the surgical wing of the Gagern Strasse Jewish Hospital. After the operation, Dr. Altschueler who was the surgeon, proudly presented me with the appendix which he had removed and put it in a glass jar filled with alcohol, which I kept around the house for the longest time, to the disgust of everyone I showed it to. Oddly enough, the appendix showed no sign of decease and was perfectly normal. I was supposed to stay in the hospital less than a week, but as it turned out my wound became infected for some odd reason and I developed a fever. To relieve the situation, they reopened half of the incision after about a week, inserted a drain, which cleared up the matter. What was supposed to have been a routine week's stay in the hospital, turned out to be a three weeks affair. By the time you add on to this another two weeks of recuperation period, it turned out to be a full five weeks before I got back to school. Was this operation really necessary? I honestly believe that I really faked this whole episode, fooled my parents and the doctors. But I got my payback with all the complications, extra pain and further restrictions which prevented me from playing ball and doing other sport activities for many weeks. I had no choice but to abide by these parental decisions and in the end this whole affair taught me a good lesson for the future, not to claim to be sick unless there is a real good reason for it.

My years before my Bar Mitzwa were relative pleasant ones. I went to grade school in the Israelitische Volksschule, where Herr Ochsenmann and then Herr Stern were the principals. This was a preparatory school, which everyone attended until age ten. Then I switched to the "Real Schule", the rough equivalent of junior high and high school combined. I was a relative good student, did the minimum amount of work that I could

get away with and generally breezed through all subjects without too much of a problem. I excelled in history, geography, math and sciences, but was less talented in languages. We started learning French with the first year of high school and then English was added as a second foreign language in the third year. Hebrew as a spoken language was only added much later in the curriculum and only after the Nazi advent of power made it desirable to have this option for possible use, if forced to emigrate and go to Palestine.

The daily morning program in our school consisted of most of the Hebrew subjects taught by an array of teachers, most of whom quite adequate, but few being very dynamic. I absorbed most of the religious rituals, customs and beliefs from what I saw in front of me at home and in the community. This was specially reinforced by our close contact with our late grandfather Bondi of blessed memory who was a constant positive role model for us, his grandchildren. Consequently, what we were taught in school about the Jewish religion, rituals and history, served to fill in the gaps rather than provide a foundation. Yet surprisingly enough, the combination of school and home life provided an astonishingly well rounded amount of information, which in due time allowed me to form my own basic believes and religious philosophy, which became part of my own "Weltanschauung", which remained with me till today.

My favorite activities were sports of all sorts. I developed a strong liking for workout on athletic apparatus such as parallel bars, horizontal bars, horse, rings and floor mats. Because I excelled in many of these sports, I quickly became a special favorite of our gym teacher Herr Braun, a former Olympic Champion, who spend much extra time training me and a few others who showed promise. He was a wonderful teacher, demanding but patient and he really knew how to coach and get the best performance out of individuals.

In the off hours I belonged to the Jewish sport organizations, where we played organized group soccer and table tennis. In the winter I went ice skating, some skiing and horseback riding. My father originally taught me how to ice skate and I fondly remember the hours spend with him on the ice. Also Uncle Emile, when in town from his many America voyages, would also take us skating. He was a particular good skater and he encouraged me to learn some of the fancy figure skating. Since artificial ice production for skating purposes was not yet technically perfected at that time, we had to wait until it was cold enough for longer periods of time, in order for artificial outdoor skating surfaces to freeze over. Our favorite skating place was at the "Café Milani" in the Friedberger Anlage just a few minutes away from our house. There the outdoor terrace of the café would be repeatedly sprayed over with water for several consecutive cold nights, to provide a satisfactory skating arena. For a few "Pfennige" in entrance fee, we would be allowed to skate the whole afternoon or evening. There was nothing as good as a thick piece of rye bread with butter and chocolate milk, which mother made for me, when I got home from skating in subzero temperatures for long hours on end.

At other times we would go to the tennis courts in the "Palmengarten", which were located in the West End of town. There the surfaces were also sprayed over to provide a skating surface, but it was a much larger area, with lots of space for figure and speed skating without continuously being bumped into. This was however much further away from our house and the entrance fee was much more expensive than at the café. Consequently, we only went there on special occasions or when Uncle Emile was in town, who would treat us for this luxury. Occasionally, the Main River was frozen over and people would skate there. Mother however, would not allow us to go there since she feared that the ice might break and harm would befall us. I do remember that after exceptionally long cold spells, father would on very rare occasions take us down to the Main River and once or twice we would walk across the river on the ice to the opposite bank to "Sachsenhausen" as the town across the river was called. Sachsenhausen was most famous for its beer and "Apfelwein", the apple cider but especially the sweet apple cider. Father would then stop in at one of the local inns and treat us to hot sweet apple cider. When I close my eyes, I can still savor the delicious flavor of this drink and fondly remember the close personal moments spend with dad, knowing that he had specially reserved quality time to spend with us, which was stolen from his usually busy day.

There were occasions when father would take time off to take us to the Stadtwald. This was a wooded area south of Frankfurt , on the south side of Sachsenhausen across the Main river. We went with the streetcar to Sachsenhausen and then waited for a special narrow gauge railroad train to take us to Neu Isenburg. From there we tracked out a nice hike through the Stadtwald to the Ober and Unter Schweinstiege, where we would stop for refreshments and continue to Oberrad, from where we could again get a streetcar to take us back to Frankfurt.

Our attire for skating in the cold outdoors was nothing more that the customary short knee pants and knee socks together with a wool shirt and sweater. Some time, when extremely cold, we would also wear a parka. We also wore our normal high walking boots onto which adjustable skates, which we owned ourselves, would be clamped. Skates as they are known today, with the skate being permanently screwed to a special skating boot for figure skating or for hockey, were an extreme luxury and much too expensive for us and were only worn by professionals. We however, were perfectly happy and content with what we had and surprisingly became quite proficient at this sport, despite the poor equipment and in spite of what today would be considered a major handicap.

When Uncle Emile was in town, and because he was quite a sports enthusiast, who did not like to sit around and always wanted to be active, he would take us outdoor

swimming in the "Stadion". This was a public sports club, tucked away behind the town of Sachsenhausen across the Main River at the edge of a wooded area called the "Stadt Wald". There, for a moderate entrance fee, one could gain access to a large public swimming pool, tennis courts, athletic fields of all types, soccer fields and picnic grounds. On what was hoped to be a clear warm day, people would start off early in the morning and spend a whole day there until late at night, doing all kind of sport activities and have a wonderful time. Uncle Emile arranged that we and some of his other nephews and nieces should meet him early in the day with our bikes, swimming gear, soccer balls and picnic lunches, so that we would ride across the Main bridges and head for the Stadion. It generally took us about a three quarter of an hour's ride until we arrived there, pick a suitable area to park our gear and head for the swimming pool. Uncle Emile was quick to demonstrate his swimming and high board diving skills in which he excelled and encourage us to learn various new swimming strokes and diving techniques. Thereafter we went to engage in field athletics, watch others or play soccer ourselves and have sports races of various types between ourselves. By the time we got home at night, we always had a great time.

In order to better understand the many things that happened in our house, the dynamics of our life as a functioning family and interaction of all its members, it is important to gain an understanding of my late dear mother. One must gain an inside on her upbringing, her disposition, her outlook on life and her interaction with people, the family at large and with us her children. I have written about the family Bondi in various other connections and here I just intend to mention some of the basic family circumstances and values to which my mother was exposed in her early childhood and formative years, which formed her character and much of her behavior.

The Bondi family into which mother was born, represented Jewish royalty in all aspects of human endeavor. Its lineage spectrum was colored by a magnitude of learned rabbis, Poskim, authors and community leaders. They had achieved a high degree of Jewish and general culture, wealth, but above all impeccable integrity. Positive family values were stressed to the highest degree in every step of life and in order to attain and maintain the best personal reputation, so as to reflect only honor to the Jewish religion and Jewish people. It stressed continuous service to the Almighty and community, without looking for public accreditation. Honor was something to be proud of in private, but not to be sought after in public. It was considered proper to shun public honor, so as not to appear superior or haughty and in order not to evoke jealousy at any cost. It was always taught that jealousy was the root problem of most fights, which developed between neighbors, classes, people and nations and the idea to keep a low profile, was stressed as one of the most important attributes to develop. This basic Weltanschauung had already penetrated deeply into the bloodstream and subconscious memory DNA of most members of the family and our dear late grandfather Hugo Bondi was perhaps one of the best embodiment of this philosophy throughout his life. A true form of Ashkenasy Chassidus as developed over many hundreds of years,

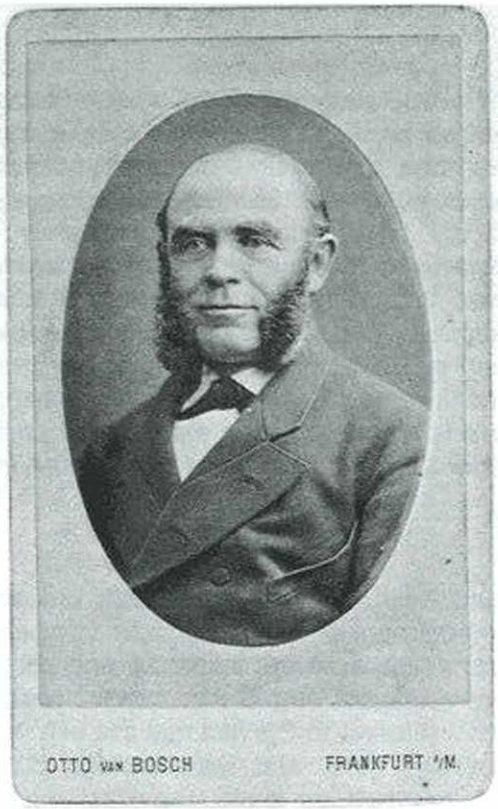
My grandfather married Caroline Rothschild, a beautiful and wealthy girl from a solid Jewish family in 1891. The couple remained childless for the first five years of their marriage. Eventually mother was born in 1896 and her sister Beatrice Maud followed two years later in 1898. The young couple's joy was short lived because grandmother, shortly after her second pregnancy, developed a heart ailment, which was only diagnosed too late for proper treatment to be effective. In hindsight it is questionable what kind of treatment known at that time, might have been effective, but proper diagnosis certainly could have been the first step toward a possible cure. Grandmother died in 1901 at age 32, leaving my grandfather with the task of raising two toddlers, 3 and 5 years old respectively, all by himself. He ruled out remarriage for various reasons and finally resorted to ask his still unmarried sister Adelheid to join his household, in order to help him bring up the children in the proper family tradition.

Aunt Adel(heit) barely 26 years old and rather inexperienced, was indeed the typical embodiment of a true Bondi in spirit and deed. She was very self assured in her ways and a high achiever by nature and upbringing. Her goals were to raise model children in every respect and in the shortest period of time. While she meant well, she gave little consideration to the fact that the two little girls had just lost a mother and needed lots of cuddling, love and handholding, rather than continuous prodding toward faultless achievement. In short, she was very strict with the girls, leaving very little room for human feelings. In addition, Adel engaged a governess Fln. Neumann from Bromberg, West Prussia whom she used as her taskmaster. Together they presided over grandfather's household, often while he was away on extended business trips. The two girls adored their father and his easy ways with them, but were at the mercy of Tante Adel and Fln. Neumann when he was not home to inject a little love, compassion and understanding into this emotionally austere setting.

Then there was Uncle Hans Heinz Rothschild the bachelor brother and only sibling of my late grandmother Bondi. He was the heir to my great-grandparents Rothschild's paint and oil business. Accustomed to the better things in life, he lived in style in his plush villa in the Rosegger Strasse where he kept house with butlers , maids and cooks. As the two motherless young Bondi girls only maternal uncle, he also wanted to have his input into their upbringing, very much to the chagrin of Tante Adel, who neither cared for his unsolicited advise and his extravagant demands. This was specially the case when it came to clothes, fashions, finishing schools and the girl's social calendar. He proved a constant thorn in the side of Tante Adel with his never ending nagging suggestions for doing this differently and better and then expecting his demands to be met. While he was perfectly willing to pay for and foot the bills for all his pompous expectations, Tante Adel felt that he was just overbearing and often just used the girls to serve and feed his own vanity. He insisted on taking them on trips to various spas, but mostly only to show off with them. He made them change their clothes ten time a day and for all different occasions and reasons and pumped their heads full of highfalutin ideas. When the girls finally came home after an excursion with him, Tante Adel felt she had to undo much of



Great-Grandmother Helene Rothschild (Meyer)
1841-1904



Great-Grandfather Moses Rothschild
1831-1897



Grandmother Carolyn Rothschild with brother
Hans Heinz (Hugo), 1883.



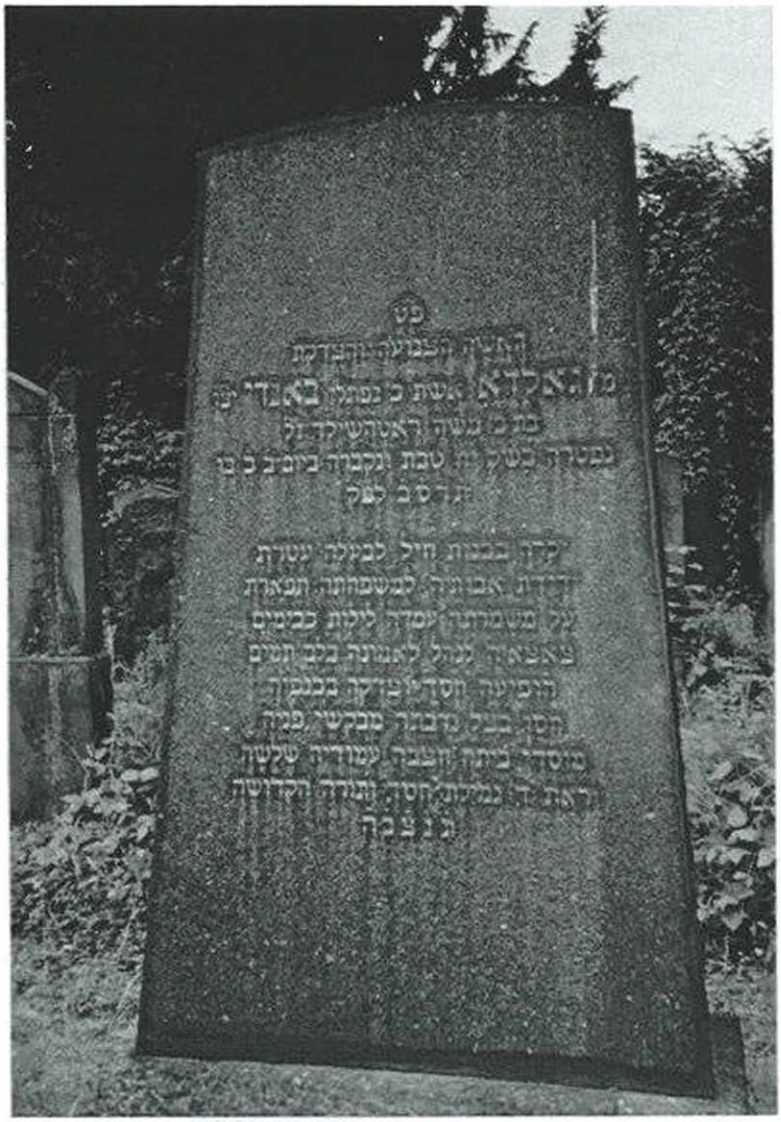
Great-Great grandmother
Bertha Rothschild (Goldschmidt)



Great-grandmother Helene Rothschild with her granddaughter Claire Bondi, 1 year 4 months old, in 1897.



Engagement picture of grandfather Hugo J. Bondi and Caroline Rothschild , 1891



Gravestone 0f Caroline Bondi 1869-1901 at the
IRG-Ratbeilstrasse Jewish Cemetery, FFM



Beaty and Claire Bondi
Purim 1904, FFM



Claire Bondi and friend
Marianne Loewe performing
Summer 1906

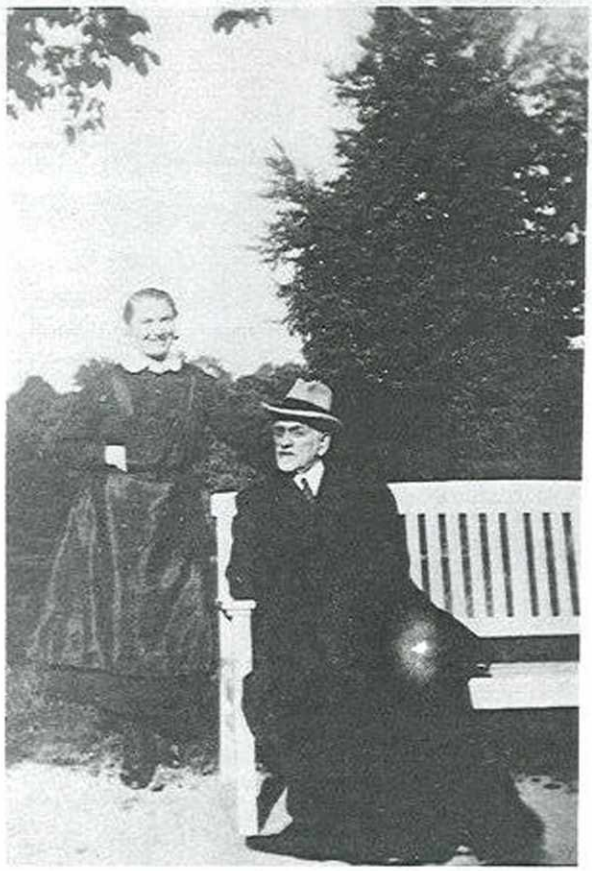


Beaty Bondi with Silva and
Claire Bondi 1915, FFM

the damage, which she felt he had inflicted and get the girls back into the groove. Tante Adel finally left grandfather's house when mother was 12 years of age to get married to Uncle Isidore Wachtel in Vienna, Austria, while Frl. Neumann stayed on for a number of additional years with the girls. After a while the situation improved somewhat when uncle Hans Heinz finally moved to Berlin, where the distance softened his impact. There was always plenty of general household help around like Kati Sonn, about whom mother talked frequently. Kati Sonn managed to leave Germany and joined her son who lived in Pittsburgh, Pa. where I met her as a frail old lady together with her bachelor son, when on business trips to that area of the USA.

One of the more positive influences on the mental stability of the two girls was that of Dr. Jonas H. Bondi, who was nicknamed "Ronzi" for some unknown reason. He was the son of "Uncle Hugo" my grandfather's uncle and the brother of Heinrich, grandfather's very dear friend, cousin and business partner. Ronzi was a bachelor, a university professor of oriental, semitic and ancient history, an author and a sometime teacher at the SRH school in Frankfurt. Both mother and Beaty had private Hebrew lessons with him, at which they would often discuss numerous other topics and they both developed a very close relationship with him. He was a person in whom they could confide, and he would often take much time to unravel for them personal troubling situations, which apparently he helped to smooth over in a positive way. I remember mother's glowing reports of his wonderful patience even in her advanced age when she would often say, "yes, that it just the way Ronzi would have handled it".

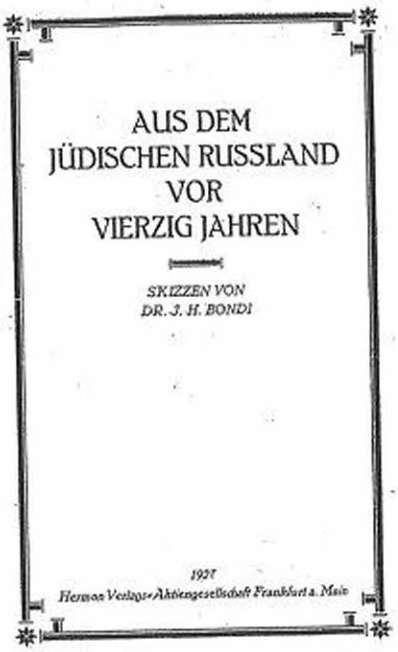
From stories, which I often heard from mother she was often forced to try to evade her aunt's commands. When she was ultimately discovered, it led to not inconsequential punishment. Mother always stressed that she really loved Tante Adel in spite of her strictness and she accepted Fln. Neumann with good graces, since she felt that both were essentially quite fair in their treatment of her. But the person whom mother really adored was he beloved father who was the moderating influence in her life, especially between Adel's strictness and Uncle Hans Heinz's frivolity. He was everything to the girls and his being with them and spent quality time, had a stabling effect on them. In their minds they idealized him and he could absolutely do no wrong. He was indeed a most worldly figure, pious, correct and despite his deep religiosity, a very modern and tolerant individual. The girls had dance lessons, music instructions and were allowed to join a riding club. They were taken to the beach in Nordernei at the North Sea, allowed trips to the stately Prins summer resort at the beach in Holland and went to finishing school in the" Elizabethen Schule" after their high school education. Mother was then sent to England for one year together with one of her school friends, to spend a year to perfect her spoken English. There she lodged with the prestigious Loewe family and met many very interesting people. Mr. Loewe was the son of the former private secretary of Sir Moses Montefiore, a very educated individual with extensive knowledge in Hebrew and Jewish history, who had many connections to British Jewry. Mother also struck up a very close relationship with his daughter Rose who was about her age and who later

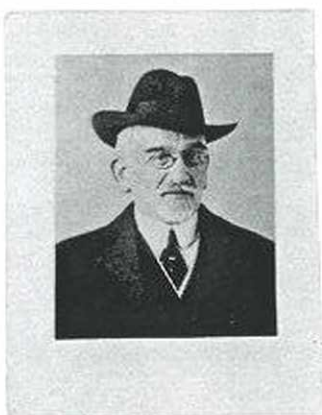


Prof. Dr. Jonas H. Bondi (Ronzi) with nurse, 1925.



Gravestone of Prof. Dr. J.H. Bondi
IRG-Ratbeilstrasse Jewish Cemetery , FFM





Prof. Dr. J.H. Bondi (Ronzi)
Orientalist, author and teacher

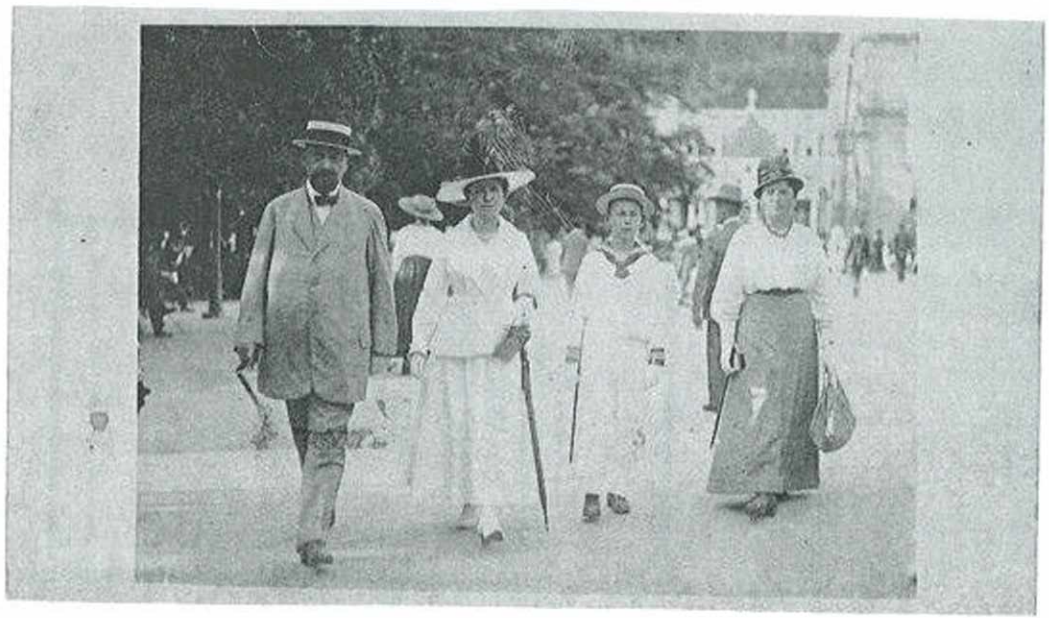




Adelheit Wachtel (Bondi),
Vienna



Mothers Governess w/dog
Jenney Neumann in 1925.
Bromberg(Bydcsgodze)



Dori ,Adelheit and Hans Heinz Wachtel with
Governess,Marienbad, 1917.



Hans Heinz Wachtel
Vienna, 1916.

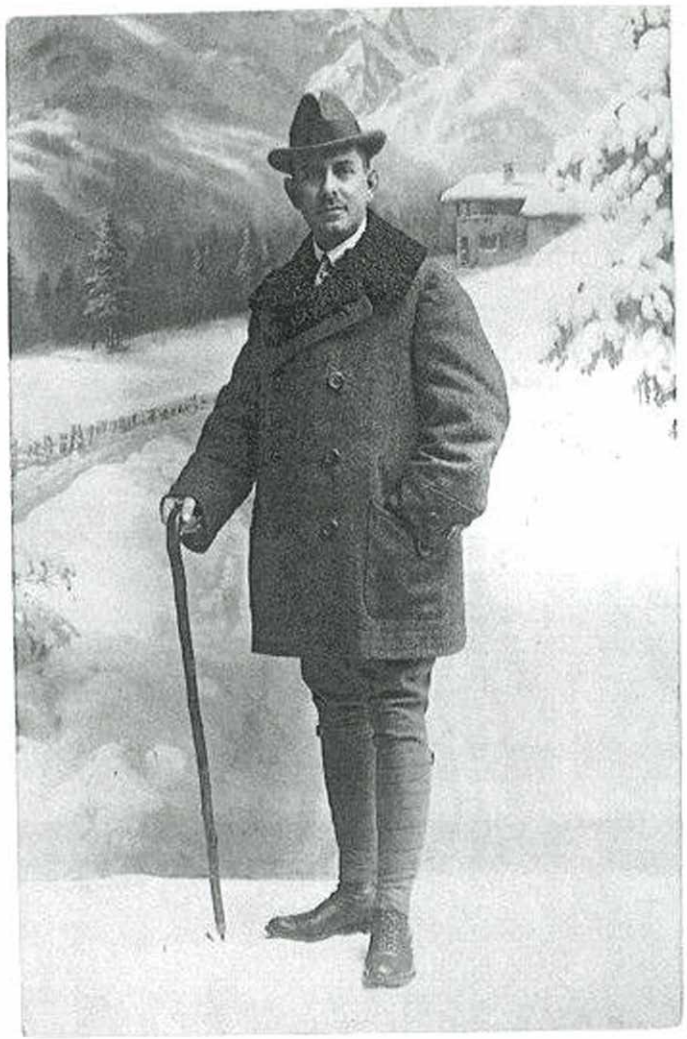
married Sir Basil Henriques, a high powered Jew of Sephardi decent and very active in Jewish philanthropy. I remember visiting with the old Lady Henriques in 1964 when we first started to visit Europe. When Edith and I went to pay our respects to her and to conveyed her mother's love and personal wishes, she lived in a flat at the Bernard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement on what was then called Henriques Street in London's East End. The settlement was an institution, which she and her husband had supported during their lifetime. She showed us many old pictures of her family and she gave us a grand tour of the facilities.

During the First World War years, mother served as a volunteer nurse in one of the local Frankfurt hospitals. She also devoted much spare time as a hostess in an USO type organization, which would meet soldiers at the train station and entertain them with café, cake and good cheers. As it turned out, mother and her sister Beatrice were by no means wallflowers. They mingled freely and easily, as was the custom even among the strict orthodox Jewish crowd of that period. The girls knew their limitations and conducted themselves within the framework of what was considered acceptable behavior. By the time they were in their late teens, they had grown into very attractive young ladies, intelligent, well groomed and ready to meet and mingle in the best circles of society. Beaty however, far surpassed mother in looks and was considered by everyone a most gorgeous and stunning beauty. There are still some people around today who personally knew her and who still speak of her unsurpassed natural beauty. By the time she was twenty, people would stop in the street, stare at her and turn around in order to get a second look, something mother found very amusing. Mother never had any feeling of jealousy while Beaty often stole the show, but on the contrary, she would bask in her pride to have the honor to have such a radiant beauty as a sister. Naturally with two young, good looking girls around, there always were many male admires, which kept both girls actively entertained and made up for some of the harsher aspects in their earlier upbringing.

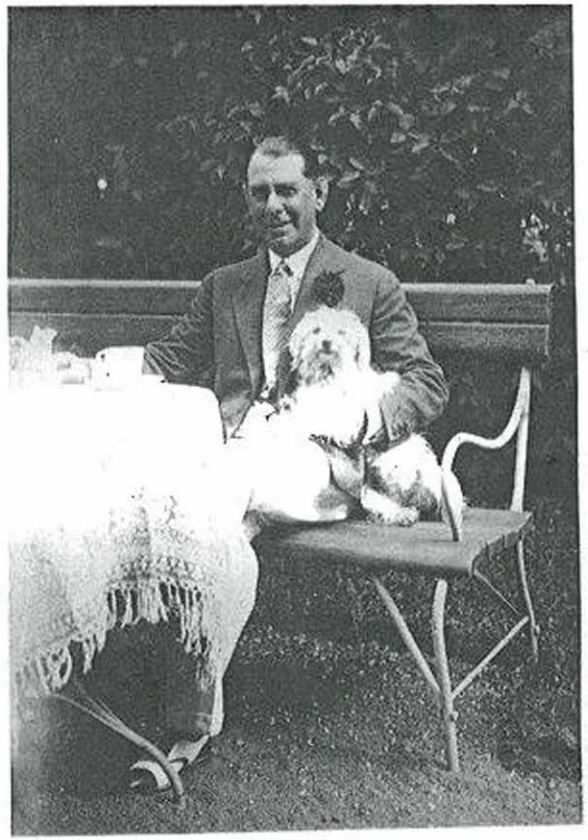
Mother in her own right seemed to have an abundance of male and female friend. She drew close to many and they remained in contact with each other right into mother's old age, friendships that survived their own individual marriages. Mother always spoke fondly of Ernest Schwabacher, Sally Cramer, Franz Goldschmidt and many others. There was an active correspondence with all of them, Sally in London, England and Franz in San Diago, Chile until they died much before mother's own demise. The same was true of some of her girl friends like the sisters Edith Ansbacher nee Goldschmidt and Alice Posen nee Goldschmidt as well as Alice Eisemann nee Goldschmidt, no relation to the first two. Edith Ansbacher and Alice Eisemann had immigrated to England while Alice Posen had come to New York. There was a regular correspondence with all of them and some occasional visits.



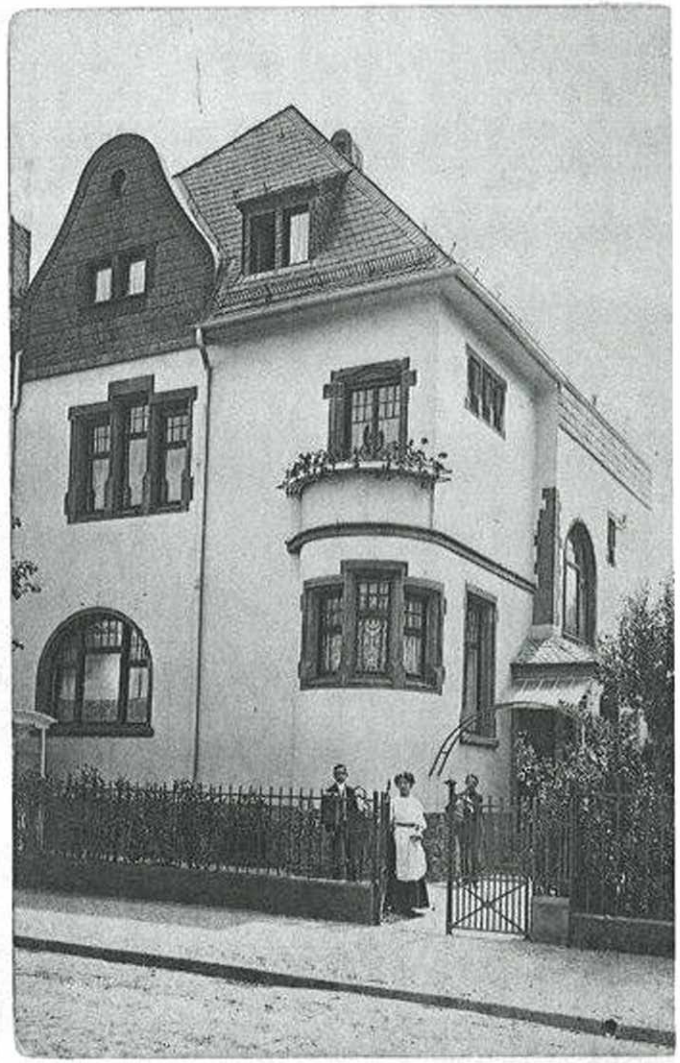
Claire Bondi during her stay in London, 1911.



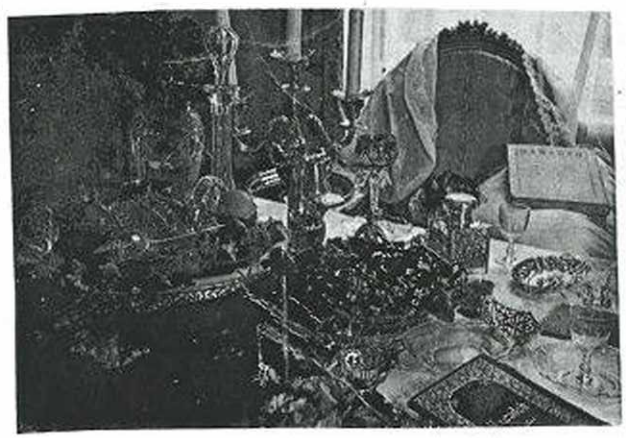
Hans Heinz Rothschild
Sommering bei Wien, 1910.



Hans Heinz Rothschild in his
backyard garden, FFM, 1920.



Hans Heinz Rothschild's villa at Roseggerstrasse,
FFM with his butler Otto, maid Ida and houseboy
holding one of his many dogs.



Seder Table at Hans Heinz Rothschild
Berlin, 1935.

When my parents finally got married in February of 1920 a little more than a year after World War I had ended, it must have seemed like and ideal time for starting a new family. It is true that Germany had been defeated, lost the war and was economically destitute, while settled with enormous war reparation obligation, which were financially impossible to be satisfied.. The country was also politically quite unstable, having just thrown out the monarchy, while starting on a brand new experiment, namely the Weimar Republic, Germany's first venture into a democratic government. Despite all this, eager and young people however needed and wanted to make a new start at things and felt that a much brighter future was awaiting them. Therefore, they enthusiastically looked for an opportunity to better themselves and their circustances. Father at 35 was already a well-trained and seasoned businessman. He was not a risk taker and quite conservative in his thinking and in his business dealings, as he was also in many aspects of his personal life. Mother at 23, as described above, came from a much freer spending environment, yet she remained modest and unassuming in her demands. Even in the early years of their marriage, she was always satisfied with whatever father could offer her financially, often declining expensive purchases of jewelry, furs, etc., which father was more than willing to lavish on her.

Father being 12 years her senior, would sometimes treat her like his daughter. On the other hand, mother needed someone a little more like a father figure to look up to and to find a replacement for her own much beloved father, who did not intend to get involved in the young couple's personal relationship. Father on his side also had a very close relationship with his own mother. He really looked up to his mother and he treasured her company and her advice in many areas, because she too was an accomplished individual in her own right. He would make sure that she always received the proper treatment and honor as the matriarch of the Aumann clan. I have heard it said by others that father was grandmother's favorite child and that she helped him financially on numerous occasions, may be more than some of her other children. With lots of money in the house however, there is always bound to be some sibling rivalry and this is what I suspect what came to the surface as part of the undercurrents of the family interaction and various relationships. As it turned out, it certainly did not affect the young couple in the early years of their marriage.

Intellectually the couple was well matched. They had similar interests in reading and I often heard them discussing various books, authors, newspaper articles as well as theater plays and actors. They both liked music and in the early married days would go to concerts and operas together. The general tone, which they had set for the household was on a very high level, living clean and respectable upper middle class lives for themselves and their family. Despite their occasional squabbles and fights, there never was any vulgarity in their personal language and I just cannot recall them ever using an off color swear word toward each other, or us their children, the household help or anyone else. Foul language, so often used today by almost anyone and quite casually, was unheard of in our circle and unknown to me until I actually came to America.

Die Verlobung meiner Tochter Claire
mit Herrn Oscar Aumann gebe ich
hiermit bekannt.

Hugo F. Bondi.

Palmstrasse 7.

Meine Verlobung mit
Fräulein Claire Bondi beehre ich
mich anzuzeigen.

Oscar Aumann.

Palmstrasse 11.

Frankfurt a/Main, Dezember 1919.

Engagement announcement of Claire Bondi to Oscar Aumann
Dec. 1919.

When my brother George was born in 1921, he was the first grandchild to grandfather Bondi. Consequently, he was a very much anticipated and then celebrated arrival. The whole family doted on him, but none more so than grandpa Bondi, who as a well-known "Mohel" was waiting for this opportunity to have all the honors at this "Brit Milah", which he proudly carried out. Needless to say, this joyous occasion was celebrated in a grand fashion. George also quickly became his grandfather's favorite, a position, which was undisputedly his throughout grandfather's lifetime. Mother in her mind had expected a baby girl. She was so sure of herself, that she had prepared a complete girl layette for the new arrival. She also had made a handshake agreement with her best girl friend Alice Eisemann who was also expecting at the same time, that they would call their babies Elizabeth by either first or second name. Alice was the first to give birth and the baby was duly called Clementine Elizabeth. Since Alice's baby was an early birth in October of 1920, mother still had to wait for a few months. When the baby finally arrived on February 20th, 1921, mother had the surprise of her life. All her premonitions had been wrong and it actually turned out to be a boy. She had never even thought of a boy's name and now had to scramble to find a suitable name and one that she would like. The baby's Hebrew name was by custom and desire of both my parents to be Moshe after my late grandfather Moses Aumann. Since she disliked the German version of Moses, which would have been an easy translation, they decided to call the baby Martin, the name which actually appeared on his official birth certificate. But after a few days, mother had second thoughts about her choice of name. She now decided that she had an aversion against the name Martin, because for some reason she did not like to call the baby by the same name as her own Uncle Martin Bondi in Berlin. Therefore as an afterthought they quickly picked the name Georg out of the blue sky as another name and father had to hustle down to the "Standesamt", the bureau of family affairs and name registration, to formally and legally add this name addition. My brother was now officially registered as Martin Georg Aumann, but he actually was never called Martin but always Georg. In one of the customary table songs which were sung at George's Brit Milah Seudah and which went to the tune of Libi Uv"sori, the first verse went as follows:

"Ist das nicht Elizabeth, was da liegt im Kinderbett,
Nein, das ist ja Martin Georg, er ist ein strammer Borsch"

Which translated into English would have approximately the following meaning:

"Is this not Elizabeth, sleeping in the children's bed
No, it's Martin George a boy, such a healthy bundle of joy.

By the time I was born a year later, my parents were not so dead sure of themselves any more as to what sex I may turn out to be, so they were a little more cautious when it came to settle for a name. Here again, my Hebrew name Jonah was pretty much a forgone conclusion, a name picked to honor my maternal great grandfather Jonas Bondi, grandpa Bondi's late father from Mainz. But they could not readily find a suitable call name for me, which they liked and which would start with the letter "J". So they looked for some kind a connection to a particular name which they liked and arrived at picking the name Reinhard. The connection, which was explained in the speech made my dear late father at my Brit Milah, of which I still have my dad's hand written notes in my possession, was the following:



George Aumann , 1923.



George Aumann , 1922.

Jona, the Hebrew word for dove, was a type of bird, which according to tradition, was thought to be an impeccably clean bird and it used to be brought as a sacrifice in the holy temple in Jerusalem in biblical times. Therefore the equation Jona = Rein (sauber in German, clean in English)was established, which led up to the name " Reinhard "

As it ultimately turned out, no one ever called me by my full original birth name of Reinhard, but always Reiner. Therefore, when I had the opportunity to change my name legally at the time I became a US citizen while serving in the US army in 1943, it was officially changed to Reiner.

Shortly after my arrival, mother underwent some sort of emotional change. Perhaps it was a delayed case of what is now commonly called postpartum depression. At any rate, she gradually withdrew from her up to now extensive social contacts and activities and often refused to participate in many normal social activities. Perhaps this strange behavior may have been a delayed reaction to her sometime extreme upbringing in a motherless home. It was not until much later in her life, especially after she came to the USA, that she outgrew some of these strange behavioral symptoms. While George and I were still small children, we never actually quite understood her mood swings. What we did notice however, was the fact that father often would have to attend functions and social gatherings all by himself, never really knowing to the very last minute whether mother would accompany him. Naturally we children were also quite aware that many times it was father alone, rather than both our parents, who would take us to places of interest.

Because of the many fears which mother had developed in her childhood, she naturally was always very protective of us. Thus, our governess always escorted us to and from school until we were already quite grown up. It often irritated us, that we of all the students in the school were still treated like small children. As we grew older, we therefore often tried to evade our escort, who was generally waiting to pick us up at school, to escort us home. Somehow we would manage to skip out of school undetected and go home a roundabout and different way with some of our classmates, much to the displeasure of mother. Because of mother's fears, we were also not allowed to own our own bicycles. While most of our classmates had them and would bring them to school, especially if they lives some distance away, we were denied this pleasure, even though we knew perfectly well how to ride them well and safely. It was not until much later after my Bar Mitzwah, that I took things into my own hands. I decided to sell some of the expensive books, which I had received as gifts to my Bar Mitzwah, and for the proceeds of this sale, I bought a nice bicycle for myself. It took some courage, but I finally had the guts to confront my mother with the fact, that I was now the proud owner of this latest and newest utility for transportation and sports. Mother grudgingly relented to let me keep it and to her credit, she gradually got used to this new situation, which at times



George and Reiner, 1924.



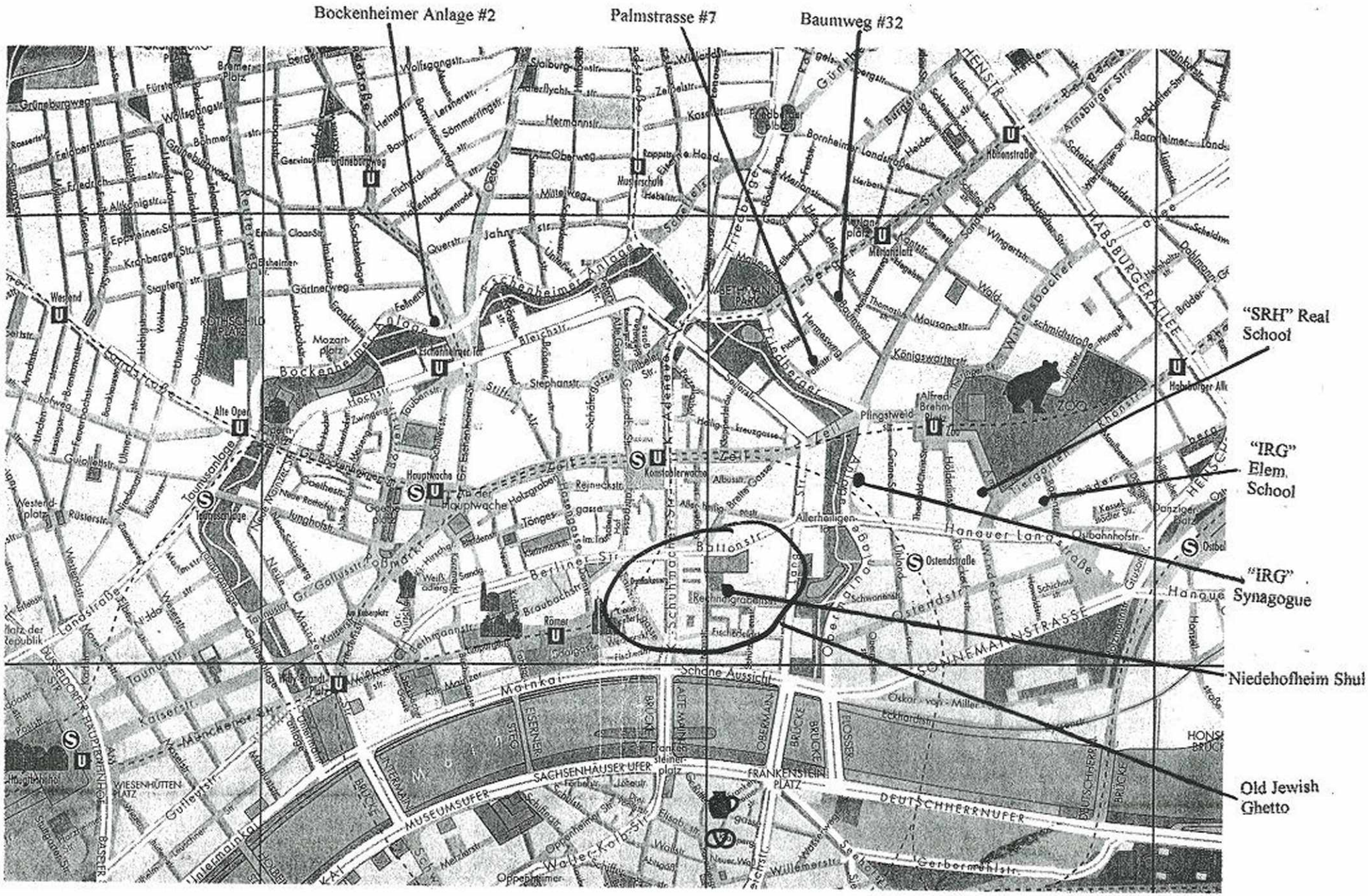
George and Reiner, 1927.



George and Reiner, 1930.

turned out to be helpful in running errands for her and the household. One of the reasons why I was allowed to take up horseback riding, was because mother herself loved and participated in this sport while a teenager right up into her early years of marriage. She also wanted to recompense me for the denial of the bicycle and allow me to do some other alternate exotic activity. As it turned out, I took an immediate liking to this sport and eagerly looked forward to the weekly sessions at the local hippodrome. It was quite a challenge for me to learn to take my horse through all the fancy steps and maneuvers and to successfully manage to jump hurdles, which the trainer kept on raising higher every week. In due time I became a rather good horseman and I even was allowed to participate in a few competitive horse shows.

The way to school usually took us southeast along the Baumweg past the inn called "Die Schoene Muellerin " where the best sweet cider was produced and sold in the city of Frankfurt. On occasion we would purchase some, especially when fresh cider was made in the fall just in time for Sukkoth. Further down the road but across the street, we would pass a Jewish community center. In it, the main Jewish community ran a nursery and kindergarten. The building was donated by the "Ettlingersche Stiftung" a foundation by the family Ettlinger, who also donated the "Kinderheim" a children's summer home in the village of Hofheim in the Taunus mountain range. To this day, the community house building in the Baumweg is still standing and today serves also as a small synagogue, frequented mostly by Russian and other East European Jews, who settled in Frankfurt after Worlds War II. Next door at Baumweg 5 was "Pferde Koch" a horse dealership owned by the Koch family. The entrance of the house was decorated with horse heads, one each on pillars flanking the driveway, which was always very intriguing to us youngsters. At the northern corner of the intersection of the Baumweg and Sandweg, was an well established silver manufacturing factory building belonging to a silversmith factory by the name of "Boremann". This factory had existed in that location prior to the delineation of the street and protruded past the sidewalk into the street, thus narrowing the Sandweg at that particular point. At the end of the 1800th tracks for the city streetcar grid were laid, which tried to connect the outlying northern suburbs. The Sandweg, which led in a northern direction, connected the two towns of Seckbach and Bergen with the inner city. To accommodate the street cars, a special single track switching arrangement had to be devised in order to circumvent this traffic obstacle, which narrowed the roadway in this particular location. At the end of the Boremann factory about 300 feet north from the intersection, but still belonging to the factory property, was a private cul-de-sac driveway with apartment houses, which Boremann had build to provide living quarters for some of the employees of the factory. In the one, which was the furthest away from the street and up on the fifth floor right under the roof, lived Mr. & Mrs. Krueger. Mr. Krueger was a locksmith who worked at Boremann and Mrs. Krueger was the long time help whom mother employed for her weekly cleaning and heavy laundry. On X-mas day we were allowed to go up to their apartment and deliver to them many holiday gifts, admire their X-mas tree full with colored decorations and lots of candles, which Mr. Krueger would specially light for us so that we could admire his wonderful tree. We were also allowed to accept some of Mrs. Krueger's delicious cookies. Since Mrs. Krueger knew our dietary laws, she had specially baked these cookies exclusively for us only with butter so that we could safely taste them. The Kruegers were by all standards very decent people and stayed friendly with our family to the very end of our

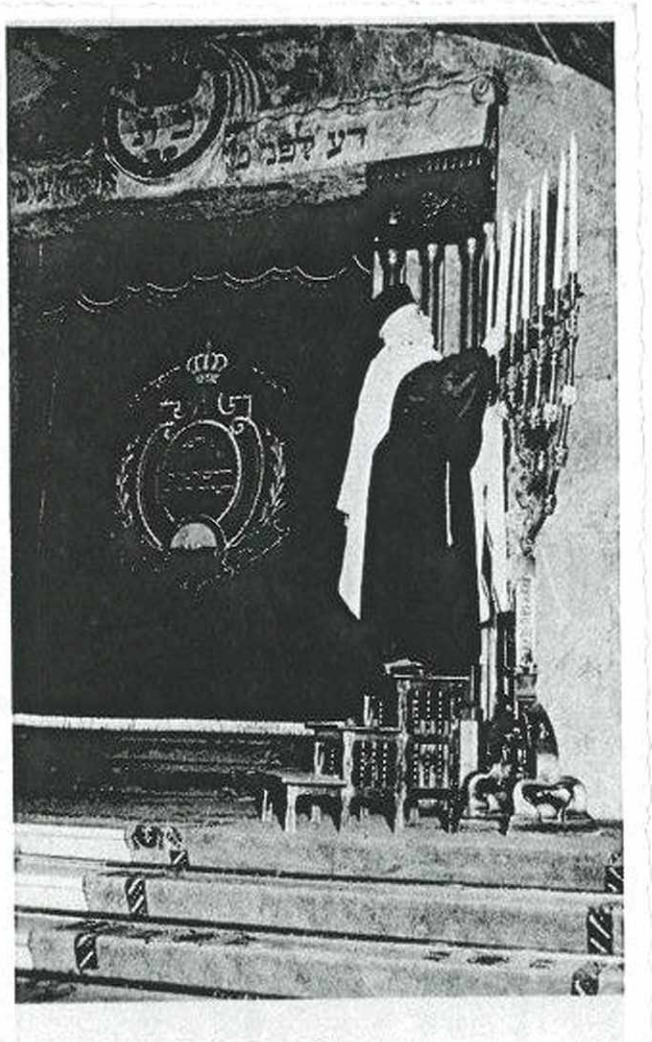


Street map of inner city of Frankfurt/Main, post World War II

stay in Germany in 1939. I was told that they even helped my dear late Grandfather with many good deeds to the time that he and his wife were sent to Theresienstadt in November of 1942.

At the south corner of the intersection of Baumweg and Sandweg was the café house and bakery by the name of Freimark. It had the Hashkacha of the main Frankfurt Kehillah of Frankfurt but not the Reliogionsgesellschaft, consequently not frequented by us. On turning the corner into the Sandweg toward the "Uhrtuermschen" and on the Freimark side of the street, we knew people in practically every house on that block. Right next to Freimark lived mother's friends Dr. Fritz and Edith Ansbacher and their three children, Ruth, Erich and Hainer. One house further at Sandweg 7 lived the Mosbachers, parents and grandparents of my school friend Felix. Above them in the same house lived the lawyer Dr. Herbert and Mira Brinkmann and family. They had several children, some older and some younger than myself, but I specifically remember their son Albert who was about two or three years older than George and also two girls Nini and Erika about our age and others somewhat younger. Miri(am) nee Eisenmann was the sister of Rivka Breuer wife of Rabbi Dr. Josef Breuer. Next door at number 5 lived the family Joseph, whose son Kurt was a classmate of George. Also upstais in the same house, lived the family Schames, cousins of my uncle Aba Ettlinger. Next door at Number 3 lived Studienrat and Mrs. Munk with their three sons. Eli, the oldes was a classmate of mine, Joseph and Michael who were nicknamed Jojo and Mimi respectively.

On the other side of the street across from Freimak at the corner of where, as an extension of the Baumweg, the Koenigswarter Strasse met the Sandweg, there was a pharmacy. In the adjacent house lived the family Goldschmidt and their four children. Mrs. Terese Goldschmidt was a school friend of mother. The older children, daughter Martha and son Erich were older than us. But Karl was in George's class and Gustave was a classmate of mine. Erich was killed as an American soldier in World War II. Martha, Karl, Gustave and I met in a much different and changed Frankfurt in 1996 at a reunion of former Jewish inhabitants at the invitation and sponsorship of the Frankfurt municipality, when also Edith, Hughie and Adrian were present. At that time all of us looked at their house in the Sandweg, which was still standing just as it had some 60 years earlier. Two houses further down the road, a series of stores started. The first one was that of a confectionery and chocolate store of Alois Bauer. This business had two locations, one branch here and one in the Berger Strasse corner Klinger Strasse. The store on the Sandweg was managed by its owner a very fine older gentlemen and his wife who had Swiss citizenship. Later on in Hitler's times, they would prove themselves to be good friends of their Jewish customers and secretly sell them merchandise, which was unavailable without official ration cards. I know for a fact that he was one of the benefactors to my late grandfather Bondi, until the latter's deportation to Theresienstadt in 1942. On my various past business trips to Frankfurt after the war, this old man was still alive and I went back to thank him for his kindness, while I made it my business to



Chazzan Peissachowitsch lighting the
Channuka Menorah in the IRG
Friedberger Anlage Synagogue 1937.



Matzewah for Chazzan Peissachowitsch
at the KAJ Cemetary in Passaic, N.J.

patronize his establishment. A Jewish man Mr. Landauer who was of Luxenberg citizenship, ran the other store on the Berger Strasse. Mother had an open account there and she would often send me there to buy ice cream and candy. The next store on the Sandweg was a grocery store owned by the Rosenthals. Next to them was a greengrocery owned by an old Russian couple Mr.& Mrs. Geminder, who delivered our weekly orders of fruit and vegetables to the house. The next store in line was that of a milk distributor by the name of Rothschild. From this location he dispatched his daily delivery pushcarts carrying several 25 liter metal containers. The delivery man would then pore out milk from the large cans into half or full liter measuring cups, which people would pick up from him in their individual glass jugs at the street in front of their houses. The milk naturally had to be boiled right away and kept cool for daily consumption. It was not until I came to England in 1939, that I first encountered the pre –pasteurized and sealed milk bottles and containers sold in stores, or being delivered each morning to most households. The next store was sort of a corner store, since thereafter the buildings were set back as one approached the large intersection where five streets met, called the "Uhrtuermchen". This was a large square, which had a metal clock tower on a center isle. In this corner store was the cigar business of Mr. Lazar Jeidel a cousin of my Uncle Leo Jeidel. Mr Jeidel I remember well, because we stopped in this store often to ask for picture cards, which the cigarette companies placed into the cigarette packs as a collectors and sales promotion item. Besides, Mr. Jeidel was very obese and one just could not miss him. In the stepped back section of the street there were several other stores, one of them being a stationary, school supply as well as Jewish bookstore run by Mr. & Mrs. Rachelsohn. Upstairs, in one of the apartments over the shops, lived Mr. Benno Pessachovitch and his family. He was the very talented and popular first Chazzan in our Shul.

At that point, the Sandweg ended into what colloquially was called the Uhrtuermchen. In order to proceed to school, we would make an immediate left turn at the corner into the Pfingstweidstrasse. There at number 4 was at one time the office of my grandfather Bondi's metal business, which after the sudden death of his partner and cousin Heinrich Bondi, declined and was ultimately discontinued. I do however remember being up in the, by that time almost empty office, which he called his " Kontor " and looking out of the corner office window at the top of the passing street cars, all the way down toward the Uhrtuermchen intersection. Years later my classmate Jossie Brandsteatter lived at that address with his family and I frequently spend time there playing with him and his younger sister. At the end of the Pfingstweidstrasse, which was a very short street, was another square in front of the entrance to the zoological garden. The place today is called Alfred Brehm Platz, but in my days it was called the Schuetzenbrunnen. In the middle of the square on a small island and surrounded by bushes stood a soldier's monument which had been dedicated to the heroes of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, in which Prussia and its other German allied states had defeated France. Walking around the monument to the right we passed the Theobaldstrasse. In that street was the "Suppenkueche" a soup kitchen for the poor, destitute and homeless Jews who frequently came to town. Walking a little further came the Hoelderlinstrasse. In the middle of that street lived my good school-friend Siegbert Adler, who was exactly the same age as I, having birthday on June 16th. Siegbert was one of four boys with the last

name of unrelated Adlers, who were in my class. At the corner of Hoelderlinstrasse and Am Tiergarten, a street which would itself around the zoo, lived another classmate of mine, namely Isaak Oppenheimer and his family. Mr. Oppenheimer was called the "Potatoe Oppenheimer" since he was a wholesale dealer of potatoes. Two houses past the Oppenheimers, the Am Tiergarten took a sharp turn to the right, almost due south, past the "Kaiser Friedrich Gymnasium" a secular high school. Attached to this school and build in the same brown stone style, almost a continuous building for just about the rest of the block and almost to the Zobel Strasse, stood our high school, the "Samson Rafael Hirsch Real Schule". It was a school for both boys and girls in the same building but in separate facilities (see appendix for further information). In our younger days we would have to go another block then making an immediate left turn around the zoo to the intersection of another small street called the Baerenstrasse, where at the intersection of the Baerenstrasse and Roederbergweg, stood the building of the elementary school of our congregation.

Thus each morning and afternoon our governess would bring us to and fetch us from school. In later years, when I wanted to dodge the pick up girl, I would walk completely around the zoo with my friends Fredle Banberger, Heini Emanuel and Erich Diefenbronner who lived on the north side of the zoo in what was called the Thueringerstrasse and Waldschmidtstrasse respectively. I would then continue to walk home by myself through the Koenigswarterstrasse, past the "Haushaelterins Schule", a Jewish home economics school for girls, and past the "Rote Kreuz Spital" a hospital. Across from the hospital lived "Tante Malchen" and her husband by the name of Ansbacher who was the sister of Aunt Jenny Bondi. Mr. Ansbacher was a collector and dealer in potage stamps. At the end of Koenigswarterstrasse was again the intersection of the Sandweg and Baumweg, a three-minute walk home to our house.

Anyone who had ever seen any of my mother's letters can truly verify that she was an artist of writing. To some extend I believe, that she had inherited this gift to express herself in a large measure from her father. I still have in my possession a batch of letters written by my late grandfather Bondi, which prove this point. He was able, well into his very late age of close to 80 years, of putting into precise words, a complete story and description of events as I have seldom seen anyone do. To top it off, his handwriting was immaculately legible, a masterpiece indeed. Mother had the same gift, except that her style was much more descriptive, flowery and detailed. She was able to describe people and scenes to the minutest detail. Nothing ever escaped her keen eyes. We always told her that she had missed her vocation. She should and could have written beautiful books and stories about many subjects, especially about people, human interaction, places and scenery. One never tired of reading her writings and even looked forward to the next time, when she always had something of interest to say. Mother was an excellent observer. Nothing escaped her and she was quite uncanny in the way that she sized up people. Mother liked order, cleanliness and well-groomed and dressed people. She was a stickler for esthetics, neatness and good manners. She also had a extrasensory ability to look behind the façade of people's looks, dress, speech and behavior and was able to

recognize a persons true character in a very short time after making contact with the individual. To top it all off, she was seldom wrong in her evaluation, which mostly proved correct in the long run. Neither did she often change her mind about things. While never business or money oriented nor politically schooled, she recognized Hitler's threat to Jewish interests and cultural life in Germany and to us as a family much earlier than did father, who generally also had a good handle on how the world turns. It was at her insistence, that we applied to the US consulate for quota numbers, first for us boys and later on for father and herself and she left no stone unturned to make contact with relatives in America and England to try to get us out of Germany.

During much of her married life, mother was what in German would be called "Schwerfaellig", a word which is not easily translated into English. I can be understood as a combination of lethargic, retiring, immobile and thought of applying in a physical sense rather than the pure mental state. She was quick, sharp and an extremely verbal and fascinating conversationalist, which readily attested to her perfectly healthy mental state. However, she also was often quite hesitant to meet with people unless they came to see her on her own turf and at her own convenience and readiness. Despite all this she loved people in general and often was sorry when she missed such a contact because she was just not "up to it" at that moment to receive them. She was rather self-conscious about her weight, looks and appearance to others, though she was never really was very much overweight. She made sure that she was always in tip-top shape, super clean in her personal hygiene and well groomed when appearing in company. She was an undemanding individual, totally unselfish and happy in other people's good fortune. She was also a very liberal person in her outlook on life, always generous in her thoughts and expectations from others. Perhaps she was somewhat naïve in her expectations, because she always gave everyone the benefit of her doubts even though they might not really deserve it. She never harbored any bad feelings toward others and quietly defended people for their human failures. She was a rather freethinking spirit and while a firm believer in a higher being, she was never very conventionally religious. She was a very loyal individual and always remembered other people's good deeds toward her or others. Because she could pick up a conversation with anyone on most any topic and hold her own and even advance clever observations and thoughts, she was dubbed by many as a truly "Renaissance" person. Physically perhaps she was not very robust nor gave the appearance of being very strong, yet she knew how to take care of herself and lived a rather healthy existence well into her 94th year.

Father was quite different in many of his ways. He was a very intelligent individual, who understood how the world functions. In his young days he was quite fearless, a trait, which helped during his army and war days. He was very level headed, which benefited him in his most degrading and savage days in Concentration Camp, where keen awareness of all interacting fact and split second timing could spell the difference between life and death. He was a good sportsman, liked outdoor activities and taught me many survival tricks, which he had picked up over the time. He was physically tough, a non-complainer, modest in his behavior and undemanding for himself. He was a most

principled and ethical person, who would not sanction any infraction on rules and the law. Above all, he represented the pinnacle of honesty in all his dealing, to the point of rather suffering a personal loss, than to take advantage of any loopholes in the law. Father was an ingrained religious person, very self controlled and very decent. He was an intellectual thinker, clever and quick to understand difficult concepts, well read in all subjects and like mother, could converse on most any topic with just about anyone. He was a most devoted son to his mother whom he adored. While he was very fair and tolerant to us children, he was also a strict father and on occasion he did not shirk his responsibility of sparing the rod. But he also spent quality time with us. He took us on walks in Frankfurt, had us meet some of his relatives like the unforgettable aunt Bertha Kahn who lived in the Blumenstrasse. Aunt Bertha was hard of hearing and walked around with a large hearing aid which looked like the old type powder horn, which she place to her ear and into which one had to shout. Father would often take us to the "Hut Park" in Seckbach through gardens and vineyards and in the opposite direction, to the "Ostpark" near the Ostbahnhof. I was told that he was a most fair, pleasant and understanding boss to his employees at all times. The concentration camp period, thought short, left a distinct imprint on his character and personality. He became often quite fearful and indecisive, even afraid of policemen and uniforms in general and he lost the initiative of his earlier days when his reactions became much slower with time. Though he lived past his 81st birthday, he developed a heart ailment (angina) for the last 25 years of his life, to which he ultimately succumbed.

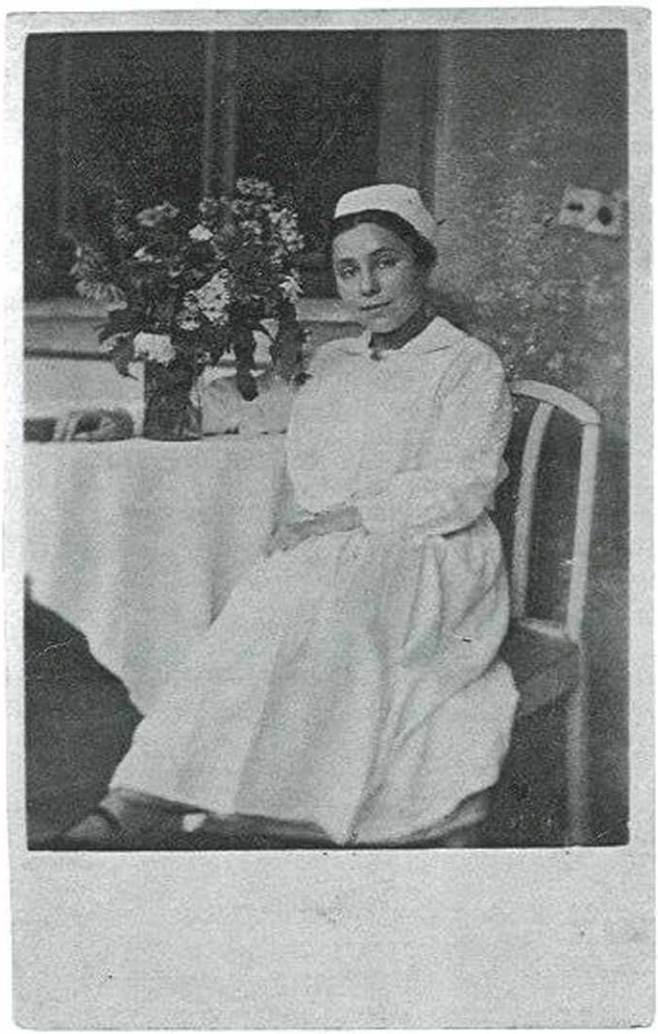
As mother stayed home more and more frequently, she succeeded in delegating most out of house functions to others. She became an expert at using the telephone, which had just been popularized in the years following World War I where a phone grid had been established covering Germany and all its municipalities. Consequently, most stores and most homes of middle and upper class residents had telephones. Mother was thus able to make most of her purchases by phone and had things delivered to our house. In a town where service was king, all stores, large and small made house deliveries promptly. Many residential streets were also visited periodically by roving hand pushcart vendors, who would sell many goods from their carts or horse drawn wagons directly to the house. There was for example the roving greengrocer, the milk cart, the household goods merchant, the fish man, the junk dealer, the knife and scissors sharpening service and others, who would make sure that your immediate needs would be satisfied at all times. All other items needed to run a household, such as linen, furnishings, pharmaceuticals, etc., were readily ordered by phone and promptly delivered. When toddlers, we would wear "Ada Ada" shoes. This was a brand name of a well known baby and children's shoe factory owned by a Mr. Nathan and was locally distributed. There was also the well-known ladies shoe store of Hermann Speier & Soehne, which mother would wear. The daughter of Mr. Speier, Matha, was a schoolmate of mother. She was later married to Dr. Hermann Oppenheimer a gynecologist. They had four children, the eldest a son named Reinold, was for the longest time my role model. The second a girl Eva, was a long time friend of my cousin Marcel Oppenheimer. I remember he desperately wanted to marry her, but I believe that her family objected for some reason or other and since both Marcel and Eva emigrated, he to France and she with her parents to England the friendship ended anyhow. There was another daughter Charlotte,

who was a year younger than I and whom I remember as a very pretty girl and a fourth son Arthur who was several years younger still.

In my younger years, mother had a seamstress come to our house to fix and mend our clothing and also make new things for us boys to wear from bought materials often from the family business of Aumann & Rapp. We also often got "hand me downs" from our older cousins, which were altered for us. When we were still older, mother employed the services of a tailor by the name of Mr. Berglass, who would take some of the older suits from grown ups which we had inherited and rework them. The old suits were cleaned, taken apart, inverted inside out and this tailor was indeed a real expert in making the old suits into new ones for us. About the time of George's Bar Mitzwah, this procedure changed. We now received custom made tailored suits from the large men's wear department store by the name of "Gustaf Carsch & Soehne", which had Jewish owners. This store provided the service of having their head tailor come to our house with sample swatches of materials and sample sketches of styles from which to chose, and he would take our measurement and take the order for the suits. He would then come back to our house a week or two later with the rough cut and basted suits for a first trial fitting and nervously hoped to pass inspection of mother's super critical eyes. Mother had to be totally satisfied that every little detail of fit was correct. She checked for the correct length of the sleeves and trousers and the removal of all wrinkles at the shoulders and back of the jacket. Finally she made sure that all the "Shatness" laws had been properly observed, at which time the tailor was finally given the go ahead to finish up the suits and to have them delivered to us.

Mother also had a hair stylist and barber who came periodically to our house, for both styling and cutting her hair. He also became the barber for us boys. This hairdresser whose name was "Herr Ballast" was a middle-aged individual who according to mother's stories, still sucked his thumb every night, which mother found very amusing. He also had plenty of gossip stories to tell, which kept everyone entertained. In our preschool years until we were about 8 years old, he would style our hair in what we would call "Zimpelfranzen", combed down to the front and clipped in a straight line above our eyes. In the back of our head he would make sure that the hair would not be too short and but tapered neatly below our "Wirbel", the circular growth of hair at the top rear of your head. Mother seemed to like this particular style which was rather neat looking, but we boys hated it with a passion. Later on we were allowed to have our hairstyle with a parting to one side. In all the years that I grew up in Germany, I don't ever remember going into a barbershop for a haircut and it was only when I came to England that I learned to use this service.

It was about 1929, when mother started to complain of very serious stomach pains, which persisted for an extended period of time. She consulted various medical



Mothers friend,
Schwester Gerda Bloch
FFM, 1929

specialists who could not find any reasons for her discomfort. The doctors thought that she was just a complainer and some sort of a hypochondriac. However, when her complaints and pain persisted and finally became unbearable, Dr. Leon Marx our family physician and Dr. Traugott a gynecologist decided to do an exploratory operation to see if they could determine and locate her problems. When they opened her stomach from the naval all the way down to her bladder, they found to everyone's surprise, a huge cyst the size of a large grapefruit, attached to one of her ovaries, both of which they removed leaving her with just one ovary. Luckily for mother the growth was benign and there were no long term after effects on mother's overall health. She was told however, to refrain from having any more pregnancies, at least for the next two years. I presume that this was a major reason, but coupled perhaps with the upcoming political storms gathering for German Jews at that time, that we had no more siblings, especially since mother always declared that she would liked to have had a dozen children under normal circumstances.

During mother's extended stay in the Gagernstrasse Jewish hospital, she befriended one of the nurses who took care of her. The nurse's name was Schwester Gerda Bloch, a Jewish unmarried girl, who came from somewhere south of Frankfurt. She was a rather short statured but quite good looking person, by then I would guess in her middle 30th, with a sort of olive Mediterranean colored complexion, pretty eyes and straight long dark brown hair, parted down the middle of her head. She was very charming and intelligent and frequently came to our house to socialize with mother, often dressed in her black nurse's formal uniform, but at other times also in her civilian clothes. I rather liked seeing her around, because she and mother got along so well and she always seemed to have a very soothing effect on mother. She was in those years mother's closest friend and confidant. I do not know what became of her and can only presume that she perished in Hitler's inferno together with so many other co-religionists.

Like in many established households in Europe and within our community, there came the type of "steady visitors", a collection of acquaintances, helpers, charity people and others, who came to our house on frequent occasions. Several times a week, poor bachelors would come to us and eat at our table or sometimes in the kitchen. At times mother would have a special table set for some in the kitchen or in the hallway. I remember by name a Mr. Kaniol and a Mr. Goldmann who were weekly guests for many years. Mr. Goldmann when he first came as a steady guest started to eat with us at our table. He always had such a frightened look about him and he had a very odd yawn, which came sort of automatically every minute or so, across his face. This was coupled with strange manners and behavior as he uttered all kinds of queer sounds while eating. Naturally we kids found this very amusing and would continuously break out in laughter to the point where we became quite uncontrollable. After a while mother decided to serve him separately either before or after we ate. He was never bashful and always complained about the quality and type of food and it's preparation that was served to him, even though it was exactly the same that we ate. I felt quite sorry for him, since he had such a melancholic look and way about him that made you feel that he needed and

wanted to be helped. Yet if one tried in some way or other to be nice to him, he would very quickly become quite indignant. He was indeed a poor lost soul. We also had the weekly peddler ladies, who came to the door laden down with heavy baskets of merchandise. They carried everything from soap and kitchen utensils to knives, shoe polish articles, underwear, towels, paper, pencils and you name it. One was a Mrs. Luell and another a Mrs Blickmann, both of East European extraction. I understood that they both had large families to support and barely eked out a living. I found out later that grandmother Aumann generously supported them both and their respective families. When grandmother died in 1933 they were both very much distressed and lamented their fate, being obviously very nervous as to who might continue to support them from now on. I was told that my dear late father promised to continue to help them as much as he could and I knowing him, I am sure that he was not stingy.

About the year 1930 George started to fail to keep his schoolwork current. His grade school work at the Iraelitische Volkschule with his class teacher Mr.Erlebacher was completed, but barely adequate. After much consultation with educational authorities, everyone came to the conclusion that the double program off Jewish and secular studies were too much for him at that time and therefore decided to sent him for a year to a none Jewish school, so as to give him some slack and allow him to catch up. In order to help him along, parents started to look for someone who could work with him after school hours and at the same time supplement his Hebrew education, so that eventually he could be mainstreamed back into the Jewish SRH Real Schule after the year was over. For a while, mother employed the services of a young lady by name of Fanny Oppenheimer for that purpose. She came to our house after school hours to see that not only he but also I would do the assigned homework correctly and at the same time overcome some of our weaknesses in certain areas and stimulate us in numerous directions of inquiry. Fanny was the daughter of Mr. Leopold Oppenheimer and brother of Arnold who later married Miriam Travis. Another older brother Josef, became Rabbi in the German Orthodox Jewish congregation in South America after emigration. Years later, after Fanny came to America she married Arnold Sulzbacher, a former neighbor of ours, who lived across the street from us in the Baumweg. This learning arrangement came to an end about a year later, when a young Jewish dental student at the Frankfurt University was recommended to us as a house teacher. After interviewing him, mother felt that his Hebrew and secular background was different and perhaps superior and that he would do a fine job, and be more of a role model to us, which was something that we needed. In return for some financial compensation and room and board with us, Kuno settled in with us and became almost like an older brother for the two of us, who accompanied us on many of our extra curricular activities and outings. Prior to getting his doctorate in Dentistry and as part of Kuno's own studies, he interned at the university's dental policlinic. At that time my teeth were in need of orthodental work and through his connections I was able to get work done on my teeth. Unfortunately this work was left incomplete, due to the restrictive Jewish policy at the university and it's dismissal of all Jewish students from the university in 1937 as well as Kuno's and my subsequent emigration from Germany. Kuno immigrated to Israel and based on his excellent German dental training, which was very much in demand in Palestine (Israel), became a highly successful and much sought after dentist in Tel Aviv. I visited him there

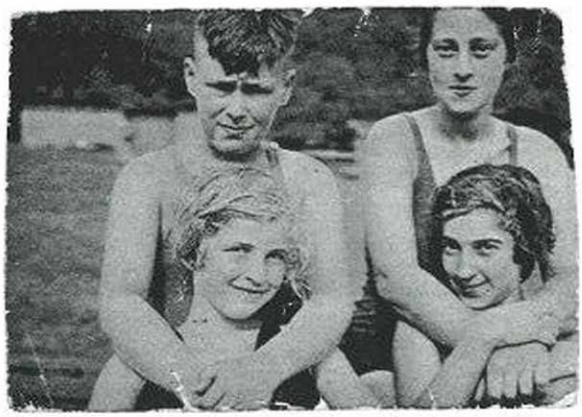
on various occasions and found that he was very ably assisted by his daughter, also a dentist. He also visited America in the late 1960th and came to see mother who was delighted at his success and they reminisced about the past and updated each other on news in their respective families for many hours.

Another individual who occasionally did errands for us, but who was mostly a handyman and general "Schlepper" for grandfather Bondi, was a Mr. Balleberg. He was always available to do odd jobs and hung around for a cup of coffee or a meal. Dressed in shabby old black suits and with a crumbled hat on his head, he followed grandfather around like a mascot. He was a very friendly sort of a guy and on occasion played with us. I have no idea as to where he came from nor what became of him after we left Germany. We would meet him occasionally at grandfather's office, his "Kontor" as grandfather would call it, which was located upstairs in a loft building, where they had a "Padernoster" type elevator. This was an elevator which ran continuously like an escalator, except that its construction was that of a chain of independent open carriages linked to each other like an endless chain, which passed every floor in the building and which one had to enter while it was slowly moving. It was the only one of its kind in town and it was ultimately declared a safety hazard. The now popular escalator became a later and much safer application of this basic continuous motion elevator idea.

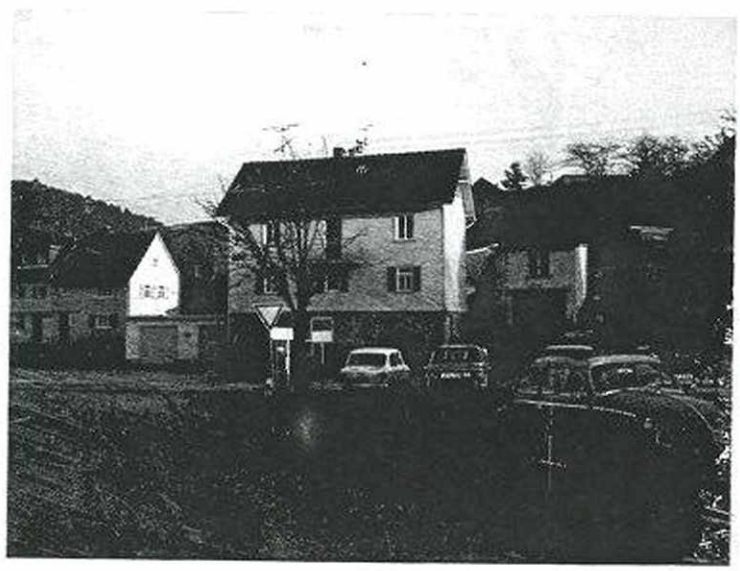
We always had steady sleep in household help as long as I can remember. Occasionally the individuals would change for some reason or other, but most of the girls stayed with us for many years, much to the amazement of some of mother's friends and relatives, who often commented on the fact, that mother must be doing something right, which kind of escaped them. The last person employed by us was a girl named Mina. For many years her steady boy friend Rudi Seipel came regularly every Sunday to have coffee and cake in our kitchen and then about noontime take Mina out on her free Sunday afternoons. This went on for a number of years until Mina became pregnant and left to marry her beau. When Mina left about 1936, it was already illegal for a gentile to work in a Jewish household and therefore no replacement was brought in. Mina and Rudi however, stayed friendly with us and our parents and even eventually helped them in the early summer of 1939 pack all their household gear, which parents intended to take with them to America. The packed and sealed lift was dispatched by a shipping company named Danzas, but when war with England broke out in September of 1939 it had gotten as far as Hamburg, but never went on a boat. It was most probably sold or auctioned off by the Germans, together with all the other abandoned and left behind Jewish property in Germany. Parents never got compensated from the insurance company for the insured value of the goods, which rightfully they would have been entitled to. Mina was also very helpful, at great personal risk, to grandfather Bondi and his second wife until their deportation to Theresienstadt in 1942. Edith, myself and our son Richard visited Mina and Rudi in Frankfurt in 1964 on our first post war trip to Europe and Germany and I saw them there again on several subsequent occasions.



George and Reiner in the apple orchard visiting the Jeidels and Loebs in Pfungstadt a.d. Bergstrasse 1930.



Koenigstein swimming pool
Top : Reiner , Judith Steinberger
Bottom: Margit Wreschner, Lotte Wreschner
1934.



Farmhouse in Schmitten im Taunus where we stayed for the summers 1931 to 1933

In the period between 1928 and 1935, well into the early Hitler years, we would spend our summer vacations in either Koenigstein or Schmitten, two lovely idyllic vacation towns in the Taunus mountain region to the north west of Frankfurt. In Koenigstein we would rent a few rooms with a local teacher by the name of Linder, whose house was next door to the strictly kosher Jewish boarding house and hotel in town. During the week, we would get breakfast from the Linders in their living room and for the rest of the week, mother and our household help who always accompanied us, would do improvised cooking, many times eating cold meals or sandwiches. On Shabbat however, we would book our meals at the Jewish hotel. Likewise in other years in Schmitten, we lodged at a peasant family opposite the local Jewish hotel. Since the family where we stayed had chickens and cows, they were allowed to serve us breakfast in our room. For the rest of the week, mother would do limited cooking in our room and we would eat our Shabbat meals at the hotel across the street. It is interesting to note that the hotel was owned and run by a widow by the name of Herz, her teenage son and her brother by the name of Strauss. After I married Edith, it turned that the lady was her aunt Bertha and the son Edith's first cousin Benno, who later on lived in Washington Heights here in New York. In Schmitten, Aunt Bertha used to do all the cooking, Mr. Josef Strauss ran the physical hotel and Benno ran all the errands for his mother and was a general helper.

Koenigstein was a well-known and much frequented summer resort for Frankfurt Jewery. A number of affluent families had permanent summer estates there as well as in the adjacent town of Falkenstein. Both these towns originated from two "Raubritter" robber baron families who had settled on opposite hills in the middle ages and who constantly fought with each other for control of the surrounding lands. They had built for themselves large hill top castles, the ruins of which still remained together with their dungeons, moats and towers and which became a great tourist attraction for everyone, but especially for us children. Koenigstein had a very lovely permanent synagogue, where we would attend daily and Shabbat services. The town also had a well-kept public swimming pool, which we frequently used. Among the people whom we knew and who had summer estates there, were for example, the Goldschmidt family, parents of mother's close friend Alice Eisemann. Also the Wreschners, partners in the large Jewish owned metal trading firm of Beer Sondheimer, as well as Mr. Hermann Wronker, owner of the largest Frankfurt department store bearing his name and many others. Mr. Wronker whom we would meet often in the synagogue or in town, was always very nice to us children, giving us sweets and other goodies. The Goldschmidt villa was rather infrequently occupied by its owners, since Mr. Goldschmidt had already passed away much earlier and the younger members of the family now went to more fashionable summer resorts at the ocean or spent time abroad. The villa itself and the ground were beautifully landscaped and taken care of all year round by a caretaker couple, who was always in attendance. It is of interest to mention here, that this lovely estate was taken over (stolen) by no less a big time Nazi as Hermann Goering, Hitler's Reichsminister and chief henchman, who committed suicide at the famous Nuernberg war crimes trials in 1947. This estate like so many other properties, which the Nazis had seized, became Goering's private villa and was use by him frequently for private and state functions and hunting excursions.

The Goldschmidt house we passed often, since it was on the way up the hill to the Wreshner villa, where at times we were invited to spend time with the two young Wreschner girls, Lotte and Margit. When in Koenigstein during the summer, the two girls were cared for by Judith Steinberger, who was the oldest daughter of Chazzan Steinberger from our Kehilla. Mr. Leo Wreschner's first wife Ida, nee Cramer a cousin of my uncle Emile Offenbacher had died in 1919, leaving him with two sons Arnold and Siegfried. Mr. Wreschner then remarried a widow by the name of Frederika Neumann, who also had a daughter from her first marriage. This second union produced the above named two girls. Margit and my cousin Carolyn Offenbacher who knew each other through the family connection, were also classmates. Margit was a cute little blonde with a sweet smile who I could often see in our school across the fence separating the boys from the girls and on whom I had my first crush. We would often meet the Wreshner girls in the Koenigstein swimming pool, take walks together and were allowed to come up to their house where we roamed the gardens and enjoyed picking fruit and berries on their large grounds. Margit was invited to my Bar Mitzwa celebration as the only present which I requested from my parents. Shortly thereafter the Wreschner family immigrated to Holland, where Mr. Wreschner died in 1937. When the Nazis invaded Holland, Arnold and his family as well as Frederika and the two girls were taken to concentration camp. Siegfried and family had escaped to England and later settled in Canada. Lotte and Margit were the only two who survived the camps and eventually came to live in New York.

Koenigstein was ideally located about an hours train ride away from Frankfurt. It was always a great adventure for us when after much preparations, packing and closing down the house, the time had finally come to take the train to the country. The German railroad cars were build in such a fashion that each car had a series of private compartments seating six passengers per compartment, just enough for our family of four, a girl and some luggage. The big suitcases and boxes were stored in the special baggage car at the front of the train from where it was retrieved at the destination by someone waiting to pick us up. I remember that the train made about a half a dozen local stops on the way and as the tracks curved around when going up the mountain path, we could see the locomotive in the front chugging along. At the various stops along the way we were allowed to stick our heads out the lowered compartment window and observe what was going on the platform, until the whistle blew, indicating that the train would start to move. When we finally saw and then passed the Koenigstein swimming pool, we knew that we had arrived at our destination.

Father did not come out to the country every night, but frequently stayed in town. However, he always joined us for the weekends. On many Sundays we would climb the mountains with him and often with other company. Many times we would try to reach the peak of the highest mountain in the Taunus area, which was the "Grosse Feldberg". On top of that mountain was a high stone tower used for fire lookout and weather

observation station, while in some of the smaller buildings were several restaurants. Since we always brought our own lunches packed in our individual rucksacks, we mostly stopped there only for an occasional drink, to catch the view or to get a moment of rest. On a bright clear day it was possible to see Frankfurt, Mainz and other localities and mountain ranges in the distance.

The midway point on the way up or down was a way station called the "Fuchstanz', where according to legend, foxes would come out at night and dance, hence the name. There, a number of inns and restaurants were always busy with people who decided not to make the more strenuous climb to the top, or with those who just needed a little rest before going the extra step. Since hiking in Germany was and still is a very popular pastime and the combination of food, drink and hiking was connected to having a good time, these places were often mobbed to the point where there was a huge waiting line of people to be served. One could hear people singing and frolicking already from a distance while approaching, especially after they had a few glasses of beer or other hard drinks. In pre Hitler times, we might stop for a glass of apple cider before moving on. During the early Hitler years, when we learned not to call too much attention to ourselves, we would only avail ourselves of the toilet facilities if necessary, and quickly move on again.

From the Fuchstanz many trails branched off to other peaks in the area. One was to the "Kleine Feldberg" the second highest peak in the area and a place called the "Altkoenig", where a sea of rocks awaited the climber, which had to be overcome in order to reach the top. The rocks and stones were part of an ancient Roman wall and fortification. Since however, in our time, the top was not cleared anymore and the view was obscured and neither restaurants nor bathroom facilities existed there, only people who were really interested in climbing ventured to undertake these excursions. Since we always carried our own food and necessary drinks we were independent and we often were just as happy to escape the crowds and climb there.

Uncle Siegmund and family as well as the Ettlingers often spend summers in Koenigstein. On many occasions we had a good crowd of family members hiking and singing together and it proved to be an ideal time for us children to form a close family relationship with one another. Father too, who usually was busy during the year, devoted much quality time with us, which really helped us to get to know him much closer. We found out that he was quite an experienced outdoor man, reinforced by his four years of army life, which taught him how to find his way by means of a compass and the stars at night. He taught us how to spot the weather side by looking at the inclination of the growth of the trees and by looking for the growth of moss on the tree trunks and rock faces. While he appeared to be always rushing during the year, he took much time and patience with us on these outings to explain plants, flowers and wildlife to us children and we learned to spot wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries,

which we spend many happy hours picking and eating. He also taught us to differentiate between the various kinds of mushrooms and how to recognize those, which were poisonous. When on the way home in the evening and descending into some of the quiet and mysterious valleys, he would teach us to pick the correct spot where to rest. There he would show us how to quietly and patiently wait, often for extended periods of time, in order to finally get a good view at various types of wildlife, such as schools of deer or elk coming to water at the local brook or lake. These were thrilling moments, which made a lovely culmination of a wonderful and exciting day spent together and where we really felt very close to one another.

Father would occasionally surprise us by coming early from the city after a day at the office. He would then take us together with mother and the girl to a local inn at the main street in town. There, he would pick a shady table overgrown with trees and near some bushes, but close to the sidewalk, where we would sit and watch passerby's, something that mother seemed to enjoy, while she made her various comments about individuals she was observing. We children were allowed to order a cheese sandwich and a sweet apple cider or hot chocolate drink. Mother and the girl had their tea with cream and father would have either a hard cider of some draft beer in those tall heavy glass jugs or the old fashioned earthen Steins as they were called. Sitting there well into the night gave us the chance also meet friends, passerby's and to enjoy family conversation and hear lots of local gossip. When we were finally overcome by pleasant tiredness, we leisurely went home, to soon fall into a wonderfully refreshing sleep.

Other summers we went to Schmitten a smaller village in the Taunus, where accommodations were more primitive. To us children it made very little difference, because we were in the outdoor fresh air from morning to night with all types of activities such as climbing, going on excursions through fields, meadows or forests, visiting adjoining villages and observing wild life and birds. In a nearby village called Arnoldhain, just a few kilometers from Schmitten, there existed a small synagogue in a private farmhouse. The synagogue of Schmitten, which had been located in the Wiegerstrasse, had already been closed earlier because many Jews had left the village and it therefore lacked a quorum to hold prayer services there. On Shabbat therefore, we walked to Arnoldshain for services and to meet local inhabitants and other vacationers. I remember that my classmate Gustave Goldschmidt and his family spend summers near by, as did several families by the name of Halberstadt. On occasion grandmother Aumann came to visit with us, driven there in her car by her chauffeur. It was on one such a visit that she undertook to hike up the mountain with us all the way to the Grosse Feldberg. It was indeed quite an undertaking for her, being already past he 70th birthday and indeed the first and only time in her life that she ever managed to do that. When she finally reached the top of the mountain, she joyfully proclaimed "ja, ich habs geschafft", meaning to say "yes, I really accomplished it". She really was a very determined lady who always strove toward personal improvement and accomplishment. She was a completely self-educated person, who barely finished grade school in the small village of Reibach from where she hailed. Everything she knew, and indeed she could hold her own with the best, she had

learned the hard and unconventional way. She was a vociferous reader, who knew and quoted Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare as well as the bible at the drop of the hat. She was also an accomplished business person, who successfully helped her husband and brother Isaak Rapp direct the family firm Aumann & Rapp for many years and then ran it by herself, after her husband and also her brother had untimely passed away. Gradually her son Siegmund and also her nephews Zenno and Fritz Darmstaetter who had inherited Isaak's share in the business, took over from her.

When we came to Schmitten the last time, it was already a few years after the Nazis had come into power. I remember that Schmitten was a village where Nazism was clearly and early visible and the local inhabitants, who had previously been quite friendly, now had suddenly become noticeably cooler toward us. From the way in which they now behaved, we could tell that they were trying to tell us that Jews were really not desired in this village any longer. Behind the farm house where we stayed, sort of up on the hill there was a playing field on a clearing in front of the forest, where we often played ball. There always was a permanent flagpole there and sometimes a German or local flag would be hoisted. Now however, one could not help notice, there was always a swastika flying on the pole. In the evening the local youth, who used to go up there to play ball, would now congregate and in Nazi uniforms and sing Nazi songs. We were cautioned not to go there anymore and stay clear of the place and people, lest we may get into some kind of confrontation with them. I remember visiting the forester who had brought home an injured and abandoned young deer from the woods where he had found it, and was trying to nurture it back to good health so he could release it back into the wild. The forester's house was up on a hill which was called "Der Judenkopf" which translated means "The Jew's head", because up on the peak and deep in the woods in a very small inconspicuous place, was an old Jewish cemetery.

When my brother George was about 3 years old and after he had a series of childhood diseases, he was sent to a Jewish Children's and convalescent home in Bad Duerrheim in the Black Forest Mountain area. It was the first time for him to be away from home and he was terribly homesick. After that experience my parents kept him at home for a while. However, when we were about 8 years or nine years old and after I had the bout with my middle ear and appendix operation, they once again packed us off and sent us to the same place during the winter holiday season, which also coincided with Chanukka in that year. This time both of us had a very enjoyable time. The counselors who supervised us, were very sweet and friendly Jewish orthodox girls who taught us many new Hebrew songs, Shabbat Semirot, Havdalah and Melave Malka tunes at the respective activities. We also had many opportunities for outdoor winter sports. It was there where I got my first taste for skiing, a sport to which I took immediately and with ease, much to the surprise of all the staff. Everyone thought that I was an easy learner and they greatly encouraged me in my efforts and cheered me along, something that made me feel good. I had never seen so much snow in my life and was fascinated by the tons of new snow which fell each night on top the angular pitched roofs of the local picturesque houses. When we finally had to leave to go home, I was glued to the train

windows to take in the sights as we passes through all the snow banks and delightful scenery of the Black Forrest.

During the first quarter of the 20th century the orthodox Jewish community in Fankfurt am Main was pretty well defined. The main Frankfurt Kehilla, which dated back 1000 years, had undergone much change and had been captured by the liberal (reform) section of that community which was not orthodox anymore but which represented perhaps 80% of the Jewish population of the city. Since by their sheer numbers they controlled the money of the Kehilla, they consequently controlled the priorities, which they set for Jewish social and religious programs and activities in the community. The main thrust of their efforts was to direct Jews to assimilate into the German culture. In line with their slogan "Deutsche Staatsbuerger Juedischen Glaubens", German citizen of Jewish persuasion, they wanted synagogues to resemble churches and introduced organ music into prayer. They also held prayer service and sermons mostly in the German language, did away with head coverings during services and did away with hitherto separate seating for men and women, during services. They reformed the old and traditional prayer book to reflect their own thinking that Judaism was a man, rather than G'd inspired phenomena. What was even more radical was their laxity in their observance of the strict laws for the Shabbat, ritual slaughter, Mikwah and burial laws and practices, which they officially ridiculed.

In the late 1800th and after Rabbi Samson Rafael Hirsch had come on the scene in Frankfurt and started a government approved orthodox separatist movement, things started to change. The reformist now started to realize that people had free choice, as to which Kehilla they wanted to be members in. It finally dawned on the reformist, that they had lost a considerable number of members in their congregation to that of the Hirsch Kehilla. They were therefore finally forced to make some meaningful concessions to the few orthodox members, who though outvoted, powerless and ridiculed, had for the sake of unity still remained as part of the original Kehilla. They conceded to build a new orthodox synagogue for them in the Boerne Strasse, give them their own orthodox rabbi, allowed them quasi autonomy and meaningful control over Halachic decisions and reintroduced a more traditional approach to rituals and Jewish law.

There remained also those religious Jews in town who did not want to have anything to do with congregational politics, who frequented already older established privately financed prayer groups, some in private houses, some in "Klaus" style Shuls and prayer houses. They often liked different Minhagim and prayer rituals, Eastern European style Chassidic customs or otherwise a more intimate setting, rather than the impersonal and often colder atmosphere of a large synagogue. By German law, all citizens had to pay a religious tax to the state or to some officially sanctioned religious organization. This in turn helped to defray the cost of the salaries of the clergy, Christian, Jewish or other, which was paid by the state rather than the congregation. Some people maintained

exclusive membership in only one of these groups, while others maintained membership in more than one congregation for their own personal or religious reasons.

The two main major Kehillot now maintained their own Kashrut and certified products and supervised their own food stores, bakeries, butcher shops, café houses, restaurants and hotels. Since the IRG rabbinate insisted on the strictest in Kashrut and Shomer Shabbat policy and standards, it declared all those establishments not under their own supervision, off limits to its members. This policy frequently created conflict of interest between people and would at times lead to unpleasant reactions and hard feelings within members of the same family.

Since we would mostly eat at home, everything was prepared for us on a daily basis. Sunday evenings when the regular household help was off for the afternoon, mother would make Frankfurters and potato salad. Thursday evening was a day for "Eintopfsgericht", a single dish, which contained all the necessary ingredients. It consisted generally of a heavy vegetable soup, with chunks of meat in it. It was good and very satisfying. Other times we would get lentil soup and "Spetzel" which were dumplings made from flower, eggs and water, served in the soup. Mother also made large "Katoffelkloess", ground potato balls and "Sauerbraten", a marinated and stewed beef served with very thick gravy. One dish, which I disliked and was unable to eat, was "Lungenhasche", which was a diced lung in gravy as well as liver. Nor did I like cooked red cabbage, which was generally prepared in a sweet-sour form. Our favorite dessert was "Glaesschen-Pudding", a chocolate mousse served in champagne glasses, mother's specialty.

We as children were taught early in our lives to be extra careful where we could buy and eat. On Pessach in particular we were only permitted to eat at home or at our grandparent's house. This way it would avoid embarrassment for us, or other family members, who may have purchased some products at places, which they deemed satisfactory enough, based upon their own good judgement but which my parents would not use. The general rule for us children was not to eat anywhere, unless specifically sanctioned by our parents. As a family practice we used exclusively IRG butchers such as Ochs, Schoen, Bender, Phillips and Halberstadt. Milk merchants were Meyer and Rothschild, while bakeries and cafe houses were Gruenebaum, Mainzer and Schimmel. General groceries came from Rosenthal and Frankenthal.

While café Freimark, Falk and Goldschmidt were only under the supervision of the main congregation and even though we knew that they were closed on Shabbat and were generally considered reliable, very few if any IRG congregates would patronize them. On the other had, grandfather Bondi would not hesitate to take us boys to a non-kosher café

house like café Haag at the corner of Friedberger Anlage and the Zeil. There we could sit in the out-door garden and while he would have a black coffee for himself, he would allow us boys to order some delightfully tasting fruit ices which we relished.

Kashrut in those days was very strict, yet very different from what has become a certain norm today. Kitchens were often much smaller and less complicated. A single cold water sink and often a small gas or wood burning stove, were still the rule. Yet Kashrut was maintained with less talk and fanfare, because the women knew what kosher meant. They maintained this kashrut with discipline and dignity as a matter of fact, with their many sets of dishes, cutlery, pots and pants for dairy, meat, parve and Pessach. Very few people in our circle went out to a restaurant because there really were no major kosher ones in town. There were a few private houses, which would provide meals on request for travelers or for single people who had no kitchen facilities available to them. The congregation also maintained a "Soup Kitchen" in the Theobald Strasse, where the very poor and indigent could obtain a meal for free or for just a few "Pfennige" each day.

To describe the detailed play by play life in our Jewish community would fill pages of another story. It would be almost impossible to capture a full picture and do justice to all the nuances of events as they unfolded in our daily contact with congregational practices and rituals and as we children experience them and perceived them in our early years. It also is quite impossible to remain fully objective, since what we perceived in our experience, might rightfully be seen differently by another observer. Recently I saw a book written by Henry Zimmer called "My life in the 20th century", in which he describes many things which went on in our community. In the pages 27-44, he reports in great detail on the events, customs and on individual players, who played a significant part in his early youth and influenced his outlook on life later on. It is the closest eye witness report which resembles some of my own memories. While it precedes my own time period by about 15 years, since he was that much older than myself, it still overlaps my own period sufficiently enough to portray much of what I remember it to have been. From my own vantage point, which was much influenced by my closeness to my grandfather Bondi, I saw things many times at very close range and often through my late grandfathers eyes, who in my days was one of the prime movers in the daily activities in the Kehilla. This must be coupled with the fact that, our respective families moved in somewhat different social circles. Nevertheless, I recommend this book because it gives a detailed and fair portrayal of the IRG community at that particular time.

My brother George's and my close and intimate exposure to the main characters in the community through our grandfather, was a very unique one. Grandfather was a life long supporter of the Breuer clan. This dated back to the time when the old Rabbi Salomon Breuer came from his native town of Papa, Hungary to become a house teacher at my great-great grandfather Reb Shmuel Bondi's house in Mainz. It was there that Rabbi Breuer met Rabbi Marcus (Meyer) Lehmann, then officially the rabbi of the IRG Kehilla in

Mainz who was also Reb Shmuel's son in law by virtue of having married his daughter Tiraza. Through this connection, Rabbi Breuer was introduced to Rabbi Samson Rafael Hirsch in Frankfurt, resulting in the eventual Shidduch of Rabbi Breuer with Rabbi Hirsch's daughter Sophie. When in 1888 Rabbi Hirsch passed away, Rabbi Breuer, who had by that time gone back to Papa with his wife and family, was called to Frankfurt to succeed his late father in law, in order to become the new Rabbi of the IRG congregation.

When grandfather Bondi got married in 1891 to a girl from Fankfurt and subsequently moved there from his native Mainz, he renewed the old family relationship between the Breuers, Lehmann and the Bondi families and remained a lifelong strong and active supporter of Rabbi Breuer until the latters death in 1926. In the ensuing succession battle which evolved after Rabbi Solomon Breuer's death, the battle lines were drawn between the supporters of Rabbi Breuer's son Raphael who was then rabbi in Aschaffenburg and those who wanted to end the Hirsch-Breuer dynasty and bring in another independent outsider on the scene. Grandfather Bondi made a very forceful case for the Breuer group and his faction became known as the "Hugenotten" for grandather's first name "Hugo". The opposing group headed by Mr. Leopold Schwab and strongly supported by Mr. Jakob Rosenheim of "Agudath Yisroel" fame, were known as the "Leoparten",for Mr. Schwab's first name Leopold. As a footnote it should be added that another possible Breuer son as a candidate, namely Rabbi Dr. Josef Breuer, was really never considered. He was the Rosh Yeshiva of the Breuer Yeshiva in Frankfurt and rabbi of the Klaus Shul in the East End of town and he, as a younger brother to Raphael considered it inappropriate to compete with his brother.

In the interval without any official Rabbi at its head, the community functioned rather well. All rabbinical questions, were properly answered and decided by the very able chief Dayan of the community, namely by Rabbi Gerson Posen. He knew all the people and had lived in the community for many years and was a neutral individual who did not interfere and mix into the politics and the drama that played itself out in the election battle. This continuing battle, which literally split the IRG Kehilla into two bitterly opposed and opinionated groups and lasted for almost three years, created much animosity. I still have in my possession a printed version of the speech delivered by Rabbi Raphael Breuer on the 17th of May 1927 in the Volksbidungsheim, a local meeting hall. He was asked by the committee to come to Frankfurt to speak there before the assembled congregation, to present his future vision of where he intended to take the community, if elected. Apparently his speech did little to help persuade people in deciding the issues. The opposition had a number of excellent prospective candidates whom they proposed. But in the end there were not too many takers. They all dropped out one by one for various reasons. Then they selected Rabbi Dr. Klein from Nuernberg to be a candidate who seemed a good prospect. However he too withdrew after he realized the deep split, which was now within the community, which he felt was almost insurmountable. Running out of good candidates, the Leoparten proposed a young man, a hitherto unknown individual form Hunsdorf, Hungary by the name of Rabbi Jonas Horwitz, who was

recommended to them as a Talmid Chacham, who was willing to stand for election. Contrary to what the congregation was used to at this time, Rabbi Horwitz, who spoke a very broken German with a heavy accent and was really not familiar with Frankfurt customs and Kehilla affairs in general. But despite all this, and the fact that he was ridiculed by many, he finally won the election of what was now a very tired, worn and battle-fatigued congregation, who needed and wanted to get this matter settled and done with for good.

For grandfather Bondi the loss of his candidate, was a major disappointment. However, after all the dust had cleared and the new Rabbi had been installed, grandfather made the best of what was a sad situation. Though many of the alienated people carried grudges for many more years, he was man enough to put all that happened behind him. He easily and quickly established a firm and good relationship with the new Rabbi and with all those whom he had previously opposed during the time of the election battles. Some of these individuals ultimately became his best friends. In addition he helped the new Rabbi on many occasions to polish up his act. He showed him ways to become familiar with all the peculiarities, the Minhagim and undercurrents of the community, which grandfather knew well and which aided to smoothen his way, until he was able to become proficient on his own. He did all this, while at the same time maintaining his excellent relationship with the rest of the Breuer family and their continued strong supporters, who never really fully accepted the new Rabbi. It was grandfather at his best. He showed us the stuff that he was made off and continued to carry himself with dignity, poise and good cheer, always busy with good deeds for others, the community and his own family.

While as mentioned above, most everything worth remembering about the Frankfurt IRG community, has been mentioned in Mr. Henry Zimmer's book. Grandfather Bondi however had some very close personal relationships with individuals, which afforded us, the grandchildren, a special vantage point for making observations. The First Chazzan of the congregation at my time, was Mr. Benno Peisachowitz. He was generally much in control of the various tefilot for the Shabbat , Yom Tov or special occasion prayer renditions, which were required on a regular basis. When he was in good form, his wonderful tenor voice could totally fill this enormously large building, which considering the great size of the hall, had an excellent acoustic. Then there was Chazzan Steinberger, whose first and principle function was to be the regular Baal Koreh, a position, which he filled faultlessly. He was also used as a second Chazzan, when the situation required it. Neither his voice, nor his artistic talent, though very good and solid in his own right, could be compared to that of Mr. Paisachowitz. Consequently, there always was a certain amount of competition between the two, which required substantial diplomacy by members of the synagogue committee and on the part of the Shammes, Mr. Ginsberger, to keep from an occasional flare up. Since grandfather was always on the best of terms with all three individuals and being a very prominent individual on the synagogue committee, he was always able to work things out to the satisfaction of all parties. Grandfather had that special inbred and tactful nature about him, developed

over many years of extensive travels, contacts with divergent parties of all faiths and persuasions, coupled with his Milah experiences and tolerance for divergent views, which gave him moral authority to affect none controversial solutions. The two above mentioned principle Chazzonim were generally used though out the year and the Baalei Battim would generally not officiate on Schabbat or Holidays but only during the week. However, even during the week only those people who were known to be able to read Hebrew flawlessly and who were known to be upstanding orthodox individuals, were asked to officiate. Anyone officiating at the Omed, had to wear a Tallit while doing so. On rare other occasions some other outstanding individuals might be asked to officiate, as for example Mr. Leon Seligmann with his nasal voice that cannot be forgotten or Dayan Posen for Neila on Yom Kippur and Moreinu Yaakov Rosenheim for Selichot.

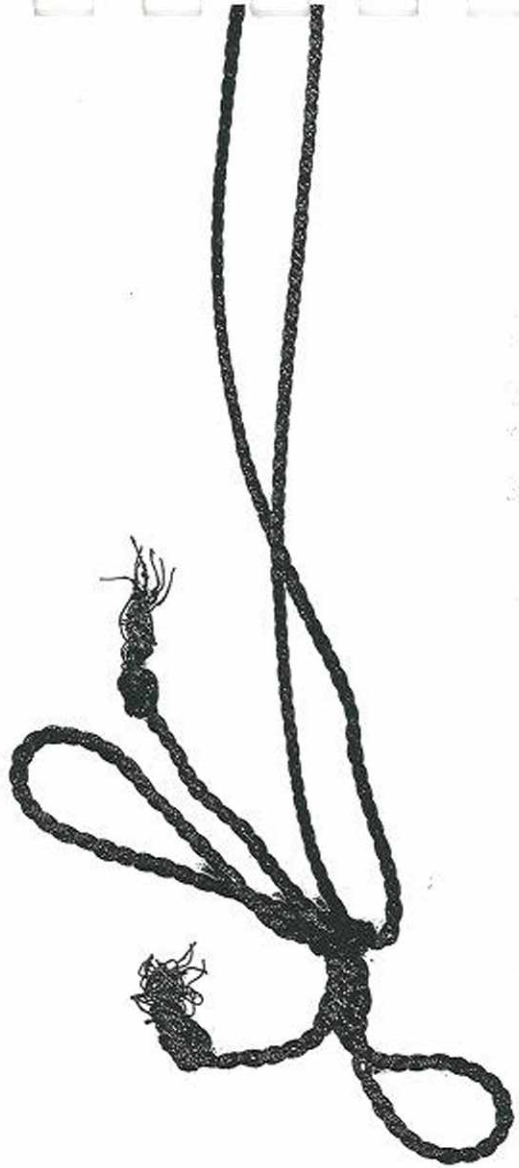
Chazzan Pesachowitz was able to escape Germany and came to the USA where he lived with his son who had preceded him here. George and I visited him on several occasions and we recalled fondly the various tunes and Minhagim of the Frankfurt Kehilla. After he passed away, he as buried in the KAJ section of the cemetary in Passaic, New Jersey. I still have a picture of his Mazevah. Chazzan Steinberger was able to come to England, where he lived with his daughter Gitze who was married to Joseph Bondi, the first cousin of my mother. I visited him there on various occasions and have pictures of him in the setting of his family. I recently visited Gitze in London, where we met some of her grandchildren and adorable great-grand children including a set of triplets. I was privileged to look at her extensive collection of memorabilia of her late father relating to his activities in the Frankfurt Kehilla. Among the items which he kept was a register in alphabetical form of all the boys whom he had taught to read the Torah for their respective Bar Mitzwas. I duly found both George's and my own name registered there complete in Hebrew and German, with dates, name of the Sedra, etc.

The congregation was large enough to have back-up positions for most situations. There was a second Shammes, a Mr. Nussbaum who assisted Mr. Ginsberger. There was also a second Dayan. From my very early childhood I remember one Dayan, namely Rabbi Gerson Posen. When he died, his son Rabbi Eliezer Posen took over for him. But then the congregation also employed Rabbi Schlesinger as another Dayan and they each had a seat in the first row of the extreme right and left seating section respectively on either side of the Aron Hakodesh.

In November of the year 1932, grandmother Auman had a 75th birthday celebration, for which many relatives and friends came from near and far. Uncle Leo specially came for that occasion from America, which greatly pleased everyone. Similar to her 70th birthday, there was a large dinner for friends and family, many speeches and performances by members of the family. We cousins all performed a special composed sonata and play of a travelling singing group for which we were dressed up in oriental clothing, with each of us holding a hand carried musical instrument, which we played as we performed. The



ZUR ERINNERUNG
AN DEN 70. GEBURTSTAG
VON
FRAU CAROLINE AUMANN
AM
20. NOVEMBER 1927.



MENU

TURBOT
SAUCE MAYONNAISE

SAUCISSONS VIENNOIS
PETITS POIS, ASPERGES
VOL-AU-VENT

POULARDE RÔTIE
POMMES-DE-TERRE FRITES
SALADES DIVERSES

TIMBALE CARLTON

MOCCA
TARTE AUX NOISETTES

BOMBE GLACÉE

Invitation to grandmother's birthday party and menu of dinner

Salam, Salam, Mustafe ben Adam
Salam, Salam, Abdulla muley Sam
Fatima, Sulima, chech ala baba boom
Solicka, Astricka, e plure bus unum

Kamen frueh heut Morgen an
Hoerten gleich from Schupo Mann
Dass Palmstrass im elften Haus
Heute ist Geburtstags Schmauss

Wo man feiert da feiem wir auch
Dass ist mal bei uns so Brauch
Allah Mashalah
Hoch lebe die Grossmama

Ha Ha Ha Ha
Haben viel gesehen
Koennen viel erzaehlen
Von unsrem schoenen, heiligen Heimatsland

First verse and refrain sung by
the troubadour group of cousins
(English translation)

Welcome and Salam Mustafa son of Adar
Welcome and Salam Abdulla muley Sam
Etc, etc,

Arriving early in town today
The local policeman was quick to say
At Palmstrasse eleven there's a mighty thing
A grand Birthday party was in full swing

In all celebrations we have a stake
Custom demands that we partake
So Allah be blessed and praised
To grandma our glasses are fully raised

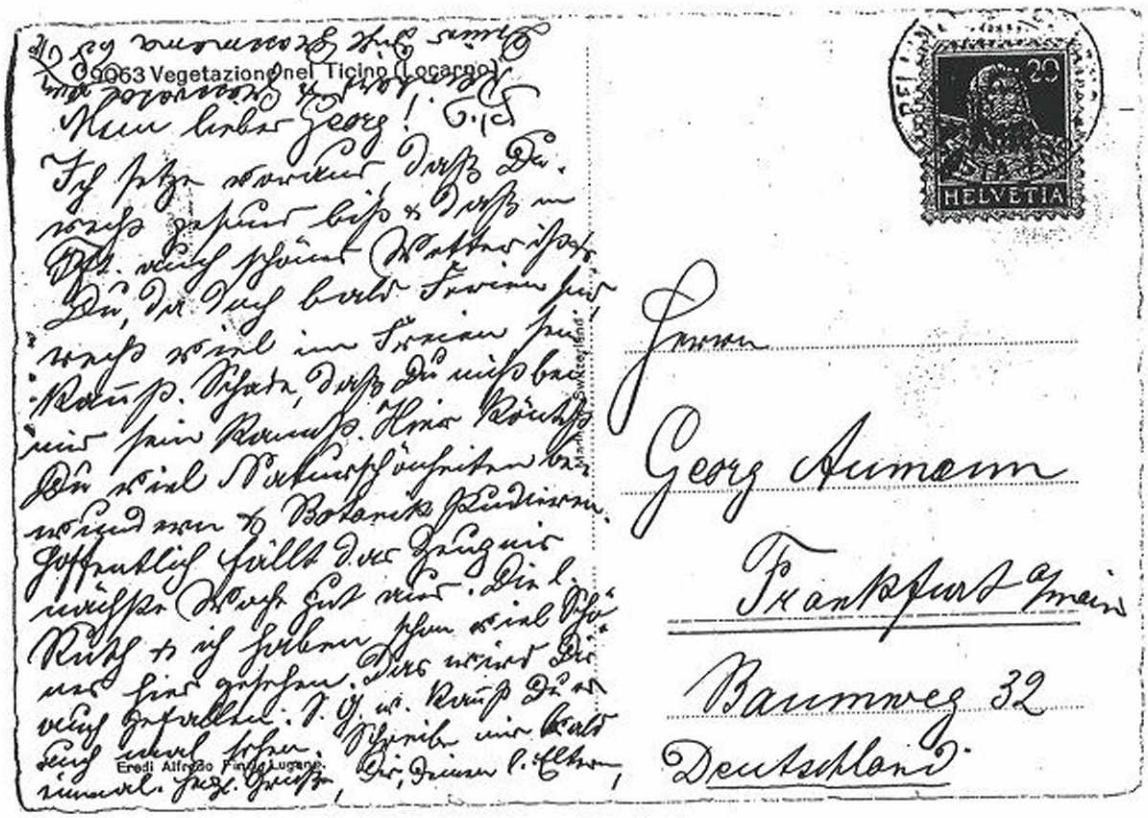
Ha Ha Ha Ha
Have seen much in our travel
Lots of stories can unravel
Of people , beach and sand
And our wonderful and special land.

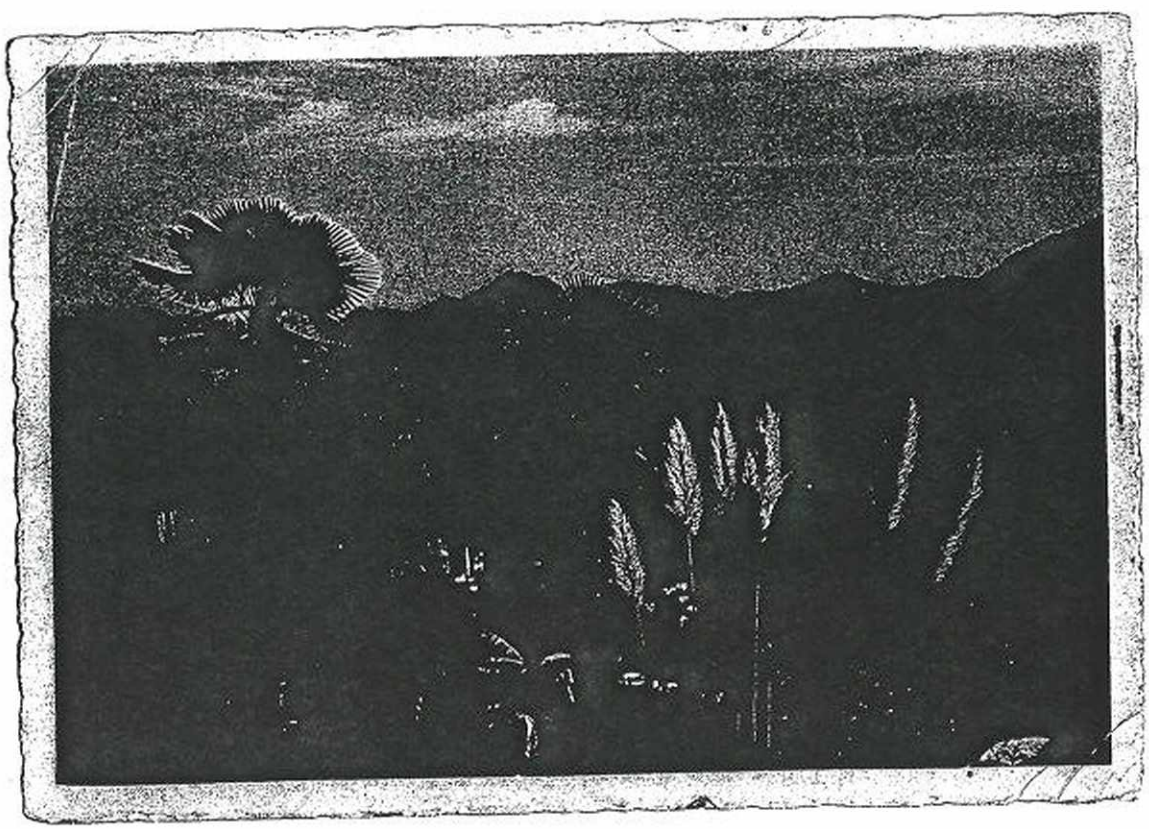


Top row L to R:
Lene Oppenheimer and
an Oppenheimer Cousin
Middle Row L to R:
Ruth Oppenheimer
George Aumann
Ruth Ettlinger
Felix Oppenheimer
Front Row L toR:
Reiner Aumann
Peter Aumann
Ernst Ettlinger
James Kimche

Performance for grandmother's special birthday of group

Dressed as troubadours from the Holy Land





Post card sent from Locarno, Switzerland by Grandmother Aumann to brother George one day before her death in 1933.

attached photograph and partial text being just a sample of what I still remember of this memorable event. A short time thereafter, for Pessach of 1933, grandmother took one of her more frequent vacation trips to Locarno, Switzerland, this time with my cousin Ruth Oppenheimer as her companion. Unfortunately she passed away there on April 23rd. I distinctly remember picking up the phone when Ruth called our house to inform us and to ask for instructions as to what to do, since she was just a teenage girl, stuck in a very difficult situation. Everything was eventually arranged to have grandmothers remains shipped to Frankfurt for burial. One of the unresolved items to this day, were the rather substantial assets and bank accounts which grandmother was supposed to have had in Switzerland at the time of her death. According to aunt Martha Ettlinger, who since has passed away, grandmother supposedly had told her, that in case something should happen to the family and they would have to leave, there would be enough money there in Switzerland, to take care of the whole family. Nothing however, was ever found. Grandmother must have had some kind of premonition at the time, since she wrote her last collective letter of thanks to all her children and well wishes for them for the rest of their lives on the 6th of March 1933. At the time of her death, grandmother's assets in Germany were quite a few million Marks. This was a considerable sum of money considering the still lingering depression, which had hit the world following the 1929 stock market crash. Uncle Siegmund, the oldest of the six children, already had his share through the business interests in Aumann & Rapp, which he had inherited earlier with the stipulation, that the balance after disbursement of taxes and charity distributions, should eventually be distributed to the rest of the five children. This was accomplished, not though without causing a considerable family quarrel, which often played itself out in our house, which however was finally resolved. My mother was eventually credited, for being one of principal moderating individuals who helped avoid a major discord. Despite mothers sheltered upbringing, where rather little was ever missing in her father's house, the possession of much money, held no great meaning to her. Consequently, she was able to be much more objective, nonchalant and generous about the whole thing, which saved the day.

As described in my booklet "The Family Bondi and their Ancestors" grandfather Bondi had a great impact on all our lives and specially us the grandchildren. Since he was a very modest individual, his personal life was generally kept at very low key. For his birthday however, which was always celebrated on his Hebrew date, the 3rd of Ijar, we naturally showed up at his house to congratulate. There we were always treated to the most delicious cherry pie with whipped cream his favorite, which Fln. Kaiser specially prepared for him, knowing his likes and dislikes. In 1933, when he had his 70th birthday, we were disappointed however, to find out that he had chosen to be out of town namely in his hometown of Mainz, in order to avoid the chance for any major celebrations. We were delighted however to get our treat the following Shabbat, before setting out for one of his Brit Milas.

נ"ע

שבת פ' תזר' נצו' ג' אייר תרצ"ב

מי שברך אבותינו אברהם יצחק ויעקב הוא יברך את הגבר ל' נפתלי בן החבר ר' יונה יפרקהו ה' לטובה היום בגלאת לו שבעים שנה בעבור הצדקה והמצות והמעשים טובים הרבים אשר עשה בכל עת ובפרט שסבב בכל מדינותינו הקהילות והרחקות עד עתה יותר מחמשה וחמשים שנה להכניס כתה אלפים מצאצאי עם קדוש בברית קדוש בריתו של אברהם אבינו וכמוצא שלל רב שש על אמרות ה' ומסר עצמו למצוה זו בכל לבבו ובכל נפשו ובכל מאדו והיה זריז וזהיר מאד בעבודתו, ומימי נעוריו עסק בצדקה בראמונה גם פה בקהלתנו הק' ויכר לפני הגבה בגבית תפלתנו בימי הסליחות ובימים הנוראים ונדנה ללמוד וללמד לשמור ולעשות ולקיים. בשנה זה יזכנו ה' לאריכות ימים ושנים בטוב ובנעימים ויוסיף עוד להכניס נפשות רבות תחת כנפי השכינה ולקיים כל מצות ה' עוד רבות בשנים ויטב ה' לו בכל משפחתו בחסדו הגדול וברחמיו המרובים וישמרהו ויצילהו מכל צרה וצוקה ומכל נגע ומחלה וישלח ברכה והצלחה בכל מעשי ידיו עם כל ישראל אמן כן יהי רצון במהרה בימינו ונאמר אמן.

Von Ihm Rabb. Dr Bamberger in Mainz verfasst, Sie mir der Aufgabe diesen in der Synagoge vorzutragen sich leider, doch ermöchte ich diese Erklärung.

Public proclamation written by Rabbi Dr. Bamberger of Mainz meant to be officially read from the pulpit on grandfather's 70th birthday visit to that city, which he respectfully declined.

התהלך לפני והיה תמים (בראשית יז א)

Am משיכ"ד כסלו תרסיז (1. December 1906) traten die am Schlusse verzeichneten praktischen hiesigen מוהלים zu einer Besprechung zusammen, und es wurde dabei einstimmig der Ansicht Ausdruck gegeben:

Damit der heiligen Pflicht der מילה von den Beteiligten in vollstem Maße nachgekommen werden könne, sei der Zusammenschluss aller hier fungierenden מוהלים eine dringende Notwendigkeit!

Das Ergebnis der Besprechung war die Gründung einer Vereinigung, die neben anderen Aufgaben vor allem die Erfüllung folgender Forderungen anstreben soll:

1. Jeder מוהל soll neben einer allgemeinen jüdischen Vorbildung eine gründliche jüdische und profane Fachausbildung besitzen.

   Der ununterbrochene Fortschritt der medizinischen Wissenschaft erfordert eine ständige Weiterausbildung der praktischen מוהלים. Ebenso ist es dringend notwendig, dass diese bezüglich der דיני מילה reichlich Bescheid wissen.

2. Es müssen junge מוהלים herangebildet werden.

   ר' צבי הירש פרנקל, der den weitaus grössten Teil seiner Zeit der מצות מילה widmete, hatte diese Aufgabe mit klarem Blick erkannt; die meisten der hier tätigen מוהלים sind seine Schüler. Wir müssen in gleichem Sinne tätig sein.

3. Jede מילה שלא בזמנה aus unzureichenden Gründen muss vermieden werden.

Aus verschiedenen Landesteilen unseres engeren Vaterlandes, in denen jüdische Bevölkerung in meist kleineren Verbänden vereinigt ist, pflegt man sich bei eintretender Gelegenheit hierher zu wenden. Während an Werktagen der Nachfrage meist genügt werden konnte, gelingt es für שבת ויו"ט oft nur unter Schwierigkeit einen geeigneten מוהל zu beschaffen.

4. Familien, die die מילה unterlassen, sollen auf die Wichtigkeit der מ"מ aufmerksam gemacht und evtl. registriert werden.

   Es kann vorkommen, dass jüdische Eltern unterlassen, להכניס בניהם תחת כנפי השכינה; dies soll seitens des Vereins so weit als möglich verhindert werden.

Möge der Allgütige dem ernsten Willen, mit dem die Vereinigung ihre heiligen Aufgaben zu erfüllen sich bestrebt, Seinen fördernden Schutz und Segen zu teil werden lassen.

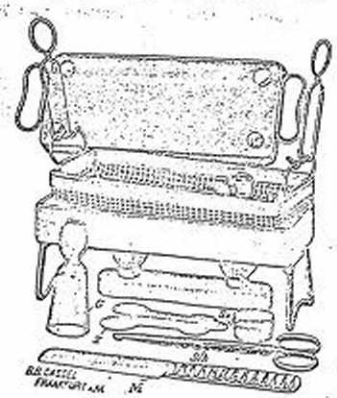
Frankfurt a. M., April 1907.

Liepman Phillip Prins,	**Hermann Marcus,**
Hermann Zuntz,	**Hugo J. Bondi,**
David Strauss,	**Bernhard Niederhofheim,**
Jacob S. Posen,	**Leopold Rothschild,**
Isaac Goldschmidt,	**Lyon Seeligmann,**
Jacob Gotthelmer,	**Hermann Frankenthal.**
Max Loeb,	

Decision of group of practicing orthodox "Mohalim" in Frankfurt/ Main to form an organization in order to assure that "Milah" be performed according to Halachah at all times of which grandfather Bondi was a stout adherent

Sterilising Apparatus for Instruments used for ritual Circumcision.

By H. J. Bondi, Francfort o. M.



As the antiseptic requirements, which medical science demands nowadays in all cases where a chirurgical operation is performed, also extends to the modern instruments used during the performance of the Miloh and the preparation of the instruments required during this ceremony, I have constructed and used for a number of years a cookingapparatus, in which the instruments are fixed and can be transported from place to place and in which the instruments are sterilised on the spot immediately before the circumcision takes place. The apparatus has been a great success.

1

Then the scissors are taken out, dried with wadding or a clean towel and used to cut up the bandages. The small end of the glass tube is closed with wadding and put into a glass kept ready for the purpose.

The knife and tweezers can be put into a basin filled with a lysoform solution or placed upon sterilised wadding, so that they are cooled until they are used and not touched by anything.

The apparatus may also be used for the sterilizing of other instruments (sound, cooperscissors, pincette etc.).

After the operation the instruments are rinsed in water and carefully dried, in the same manner the entire apparatus is dried with a towel or with cotton in order to avoid its getting stained.

If the apparatus or the instruments should have become stained by frequent use they can be re-plated at a moderate cost and recover their former appearance.

For greater convenience a leathercase is provided with the apparatus which can be carried easily in the coatpocket.

For circumcisions which take place on a sabbath the instruments must be sterilised on Friday and be placed with hands carefully cleaned in sterilized cotton and kept there until the operation takes place.

Prices:

No. 1434/A.	Complete set for the circumcision incl. leatherwrapper	£ 2.—
	The instruments can also be had singly.	
No. 1434/B.	Knife out of one piece	£ —. 6.—
No. 1434/C.	Collapsible scissors with button	£ —. 3.—
No. 1434/D.	Glass tube for the mezizah	£ —.10
No. 1434/E.	Tweezer (plate with cut)	£ —. 4. 5
No.	Pocketset, containing:	

3

The firm of B. B. Cassel, Medical Warehouse, Francfort o. M. has effected some improvements on this apparatus (see illustration) and has put it on the market.

Description of the Apparatus.

It consists of a nickel-plated square metal box of light weight, 8 cm wide, 17½ cm long and 4 cm high with collapsible feet. The weight complete with instruments is about 700 gramms.

The box contains:

1. Wirestand at which the instruments are fixed.
2. Knife made out of one piece, together with a tincover for the protection of the edge.
3. Tweezer (protecting plate)
4. The glass tube used for the Mezizah
5. Special collapsible scissors
6. Small box for caustic soda
7. Spirit stove with 2 burners
8. Two lifting tongues fixed in the cover.

Application is as follows:

The cover of the knife is removed, also the lifting tongues, one half of the caustic soda is emptied into the apparatus and the burners are lighted, after the wicks have been fixed and the stove has been filled with methylated spirit. The spirit stove is than placed below the apparatus. It is recommended to place the apparatus during the cooking process on a wooden board so that no damage is done by water boiling over.

The apparatus is filled with water (boiling water is the best, in order to save time) up to the brim so, that all instruments are covered by it. After that the spirit burners are lighted and the water kept boiling for about 5 minutes. After the hands and nails have been washed and brushed with hot water and soap, the wirestand is lifted out with the tongues and placed across the apparatus, so that the water can run off.

2

Bandaging after the circumcision recommended by the Chewrath Mohalim, Francfort on Main.

The best method of bandaging is the following:

a strip, 2 cm wide of Ferrostypticin gauze (folded double).

Put on this

a strip 2 cm wide of sterilised white wadding.

This is fixed by

2 strips Leukoplast sticking plaster put crossways, which are stuck by the ends above the penis to the body of the infant.

If the hemorrage is strong it is recommended to sprinkle the wound with Dermatol- or Xeroform powder from a sprinkling box before fixing the bandage.

This method of bandaging has the following advantages:

1. It is completely sterile
2. It covers the wound against impurities
3. It acts as a desinfectant upon the wound
4. It does not impress the penis as the wadding acts elastic.
5. It can be removed easily by simply loosening the sticking plaster.

To be supplied by B. B. Cassel, Medical Warehouse, Francfort o. M.

No. 1434 F.	1 roll of Ferrostypticin gauze 2 cm wide (5 meters)	£ —. 1.—
	12 rolls	£ —.—.16
No. 1434/F.	1 roll of sterilized wadding	£ —.—. 6
	12 rolls	£ —.—. 4
No. 1434/H.	1 roll Leukoplast sticking plaster 1¾ cm wide	£ —. 1.—
No. 1434 J.	1 sprinkling box	£ —. 2.—

4

Complete Miloh sterilizing apparatus and instrument kit developed by Grandfather Bondi to meet all halachic requirements, in conjunction with the German pharmaceutical firm B.B.Cassel in Frankfurt and sold by them internationally

BÜRO DER
RABBINER HIRSCH-GESELLSCHAFT
FRANKFURT A. MAIN
HANAUERLANDSTRASSE 15

Postscheck-Konto: 8/I.
No. 59121 Frankfurt (Main)
Rabbiner Hirsch Gesellschaft

FRANKFURT A. M. DEN 2. Mai 1933.
5. Ijar 5693.

Herrn

Hugo B o n d i ,

H i e r

Sehr geehrter Herr Bondi!

Sie haben sich in der Ihnen innewohnenden Bescheidenheit jegliche Art von Ehrungen anlässlich Ihres 70. Geburtstages verbeten. Es gibt trotzdem einen Kreis von Menschen, die nicht Sie, sondern die sich selber dadurch geehrt fühlen, dass sie Sie zu den Ihren zählen dürfen.

Das ist der grosse Kreis der Schüler und Verehrer unseres grossen Meisters Rabbiner Samson Raphael Hirsch·A. Da unsere Gesellschaft die organisatorische Form ist, in welcher sich dieser Kreis zusammengeschlossen hat, können wir Ihren Ehrentag nicht vorbeigehen lassen, ohne Ihnen unsere herzlichsten [illegible] Wünsche auszusprechen, verbunden mit dem Wunsche, dass Sie mit derselben jugendlichen Frische, mit der Sie bis heute die Ideale unseres grossen Meisters vertreten haben, auch weiterhin [illegible] vertreten mögen.

Mögen alle, die uns nahe stehen, sich an der Unerschrockenheit und rückhaltslosen Hingebung, die Sie alle Zeit für die Ideale Rabbiner Hirschs bewiesen haben, ein Vorbild nehmen, und dann Ihnen selbst das schönste Angebinde zu Ihrem Geburtstage machen.

Mit bester Empfehlung und dem Ausdruck
vorzüglicher Hochachtung

Vorstand der
RABBINER-HIRSCH-GESELLSCHAFT

Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft"
Frankfurt a. M. DrG/E.

Frankfurt a. M., den 28.April 193[illegible]

Herrn Hugo Bondi,

H i e r .
Palmstr. 7

Hochverehrter Herr Bondi!

Der Gemeinderat der Israelitischen Religionsgesellschaft spricht Ihnen zur Vollendung Ihres 70.Lebensjahres die herzlichsten Glückwünsche aus. Es wäre unmöglich, in wenigen Worten die grossen Verdienste erschöpfend zu würdigen, die Sie sich um die jüdische Gesamtheit und um unsere Gemeinde und Synagoge im besonderen erworben haben. Wir wissen, dass es Ihrer bescheidenen Art nicht entspricht, Lobesworte über sich ergehen zu lassen, dass Sie vielmehr in der steten Erfüllung Ihrer Pflichten als Jude ausschliessliche Befriedigung finden. Wir können aber diesen Tag nicht vorübergehen lassen, ohne Ihnen als einem unserer gewissenhaftesten, kenntnisreichsten und wertvollsten Mitglieder unseren tiefsten anerkennenden Dank zu bezeugen.

Möge Ihnen, sehr verehrter Herr Bondi, die Gnade verliehen sein, Ihre segensreiche Tätigkeit bald in besseren Tagen [illegible] fortzusetzen.

In vorzüglicher Hochachtung und Verehrung

DER GEMEINDERAT
der
Syn.-Gem. Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft"

Letters of congratulation to grandfather's 70th birthday

Thora-Lehr-Anstalt-Jeschiwa

ישיבה

BRIEFADRESSE:
KURATORIUM DER THORA-LEHRANSTALT
RÜCKERTSTRASSE 59.

POSTSCHECK-KONTO:
FRANKFURT A MAIN No 49913.

Frankfurt a/M, den 21. April 1933

Herrn

Hugo B o n d i

H i e r

Palmstr. 7

Sehr geehrter Herr Bondi!

Zu dem weiten Freundeskreise, der sich Ihnen und Ihrer gesegneten jüdischen Wirksamkeit aufs herzlichste verbunden weiss und für Sie anlässlich Ihres 70. Geburtstages die innigsten Wünsche empfindet, darf sich auch unsere Jeschiwa zählen. Erfreut sie sich doch Ihrer ganz besonderen Liebe und Fürsorge. Nicht allein, dass es Bande der verehrungsvoller Freundschaft waren, die Sie mit unserem heimgegangenen grossen Gründer und Führer verbanden, wissen Sie, der Sie seit früher Jugend für alles Jüdische und für unsere Ideale erglühen, am besten die Bedeutung unseres Jeschiwawerkes zu würdigen. Wie Sie an erster Stelle stehen, wo es gilt, sich für einzusetzen, so haben Sie auch Ihre ganze Tatkraft den Interessen unserer Jeschiwa zukommen lassen und als Zeichen Ihrer inneren Verbundenheit mit unserer Jeschiwa durch die Zuwendung Ihrer grossen Bibliothek an unsere Jeschiwa Sorge getragen, dass Ihr Name und damit ein Name, dem heimgegangene Grosse gefürstetes Gepräge verliehen haben, für immer mit ihr verknüpft bleibe.

Mögen die reichen auf die Sie, sehr geehrter Herr Bondi, hinblicken dürfen, Ihnen und Ihrer geschätzten Familie zu allem Guten beistehen und sich an Ihnen der Segen verwirklichen: עוד ינוב בשיבה דשן ורענן לא"ט

Mit besonderer Hochachtung und Wertschätzung

Kuratorium der Thora-Lehranstalt Jeschiwa.

M. D. Breuer.

„Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft"
Frankfurt a. M. E/E.

Frankfurt a. M., den 27. April 1933

Herrn Hugo Bondi,

E i e r .
Palmstr. 7

Hochgeehrter Herr Bondi!

Es ist uns angenehme Pflicht und Herzensbedürfnis, Ihnen, verehrter Herr Bondi, zu dem Tage, an welchem Sie Ihr siebentes Jahrzehnt vollenden, unsere innigsten Glückwünsche darzubringen.

Einer Familie entstammend, in deren Mitte Gemeinsinn und Bereitschaft zur Betätigung im Dienste unserer Gemeinschaft und ihrer Institutionen allezeit lebendig waren, haben Sie, sehr geehrter Herr Bondi, aus einer in Selbstlosigkeit und Frömmigkeit verankerten Verbundenheit mit der Kehall Adass Jeschurun dieser Ihre Liebe mit der vollen Innigkeit Ihres Wesens gewidmet. Aus diesem Gefühl heraus haben Sie sich für die Aufgaben der Gemeinde eines Samson Raphael Hirsch mit einer vorbildlichen Wärme zur Verfügung gestellt unter Hintansetzung beruflicher Interessen und eigener Anliegen. Diese Wahrnehmung findet täglich von neuem ihre Bestätigung, wo es gilt, ideelle Fragen des Schulwesens zu lösen oder das Schulwerk materiell zu fördern; das gleiche gilt von dem Synagogenwesen, dem Sie in ideeller Liebe verbunden sind; auf Ihre jederzeit wache Bereitschaft können wir vertrauen, wenn es auf praktische Tat und erfahrenen Rat in Verwaltungsfragen ankommt.

Mögen Ihnen, sehr geehrter Herr Bondi, vom Ewigen für alle Ihre Verdienste um die Kehall Adass Jeschurun weitere Jahrzehnte in ungetrübter Gesundheit im Kreise Ihrer werten Familie beschieden sein und möge jegliches Leid von Ihnen fernhalten.

In ausgezeichneter Hochachtung

Syn.-Gem. „Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft"
Der Vorstand

Der Vorsitzende: Der Schriftführer:

der
Israelitischen Religionsgesellschaft
Mainz

Postscheckkonto: Frankfurt a. M. 65801

MAINZ, den 28. April 1933

Herrn Hugo J. B o n d i,

z.Z. M a i n z

Sehr geehrter Herr Bondi

Es ist uns eine lebhafte Freude, dass Sie m.G.H. Ihren 70. Geburtstag in unserer Kehilloh verbringen werden, in Ihrer Heimatgemeinde, für deren Interessen Sie schon von frühester Jugend an gearbeitet und gestrebt haben und die mit Ihrer Familie aufs innigste verwachsen ist, und es gereicht uns daher zur besonderen Genugtuung, dass wir Sie an Ihrem Ehrentag in unserer Mitte begrüssen können.

Es ist uns darum auch eine gern geübte Pflicht, Ihnen unsere herzlichsten Wünsche zum Ausdruck zu bringen, zugleich im Namen all derer in unserer Kehilloh, die Sie gewesen haben, und wir dürfen uns wohl zum Dolmetsch der vielen Kehillaus machen, in denen Sie seit über 55 Jahren die gehabt haben, bei vielen Tausenden den vorzunehmen. - Das , diese grosse in selben Hingebung voller Weise, unter Hintansetzung aller Eigenbelange in solch grossem Ausmass ausgeübt zu haben, möge Ihnen und Ihrer Familie beistehen und es sei Ihnen vergönnt, die Ihnen vor allen liebgewordene noch in der bei Ihnen oft bewunderten Kunstfertigkeit wahrzunehmen.

Wir möchten an diesem Tage es auch nicht unausgesprochen lassen, dass wir Ihnen Dank schulden dafür, dass Sie sich uns in den letzten Jahren wiederholt als zur Verfügung gestellt und sich immer in Leid und Freud Ihrer Heimatgemeinde innig verbunden gefühlt haben.

Wir bitten den Allgütigen, dass Er Sie, sehr geehrter Herr Bond Ihren Angehörigen und zahlreichen Freunden noch lange Jahre in Gesundheit und Rüstigkeit erhalte, dass Er Ihnen noch viele Jahre Glück und Freude an Kinder und Kindeskindern verleihe und schliessen mit den Wunsche

Der Vorstand der
Israel. Religionsgesellschaft

Samson Raphael Hirsch-Schule
(Realschule mit Lyzeum)
der
Synagogen-Gemeinde Israel. Religions-Gesellschaft
Telefon Sammel-Nr. 42430 Postscheckkonto 51799

Frankfurt a. M., den 28. April 1933.
Am Tiergarten 8

Herrn
Hugo Bondi
H i e r

Sehr verehrter Herr Bondi,!

Anlässlich Ihres 70. Geburtstags ist es mir ein Bedürfnis, persönlich und im Namen des Kollegiums Ihnen, sehr verehrter Herr Bondi, alles Gute für die Zukunft und innigen Dank für die Vergangenheit auszusprechen.

Wir sind im Laufe der Zeit um viele Freunde ärmer geworden. Wie viele haben sich zurückgezogen, entweder weil ihnen irgend etwas nicht behagt hat, oder aus Bequemlichkeit. Sie, sehr verehrter Herr Bondi, haben auch an manchem etwas auszusetzen gehabt, und die Rücksicht auf sich selbst hätte eine Zurückziehung durchaus gerechtfertigt. Sie haben weder das eine, noch das andere Argument gelten lassen, haben mitgewirkt und mitgeschafft und mitgesorgt für unser Wohl; und dafür Ihnen heissen, innigen Dank auszusprechen, gibt mir Ihr Geburtstag erwünschten Anlass.

Möge der Allmächtige Ihnen und Ihren Familienangehörigen lohnen, was Sie durch sich selbst und Ihrer Existenz und Ihrer Bequemlichkeit entzogen. Er gabe Ihnen Kraft und Gesundheit und lasse Sie in Freuden erleben den Wiederaufstieg Ihrer Gemeinde, die Ihnen so ans Herz gewachsen ist.

Persönlich spreche ich Ihnen noch mein-n besonderen Dank aus, für die Freundschaft, die Sie mir schenken, und meine Hoffnung, sie auch weiter geniessen zu dürfen,

Als Ihr ergebener

Synagogengemeinde
„Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft"
Frankfurt a. M.

DrG/E.

Frankfurt a. M., den 28.April 1932.

Herrn Hugo Bondi,

H i e r.
Palmstr. 7

Hochverehrter Herr Bondi!

Der Gemeinderat der Israelitischen Religionsgesellschaft spricht Ihnen zur Vollendung Ihres 70.Lebensjahres die herzlichsten Glückwünsche aus. Es wäre unmöglich, in wenigen Worten die grossen Verdienste erschöpfend zu würdigen, die Sie sich um die jüdische Gesamtheit und um unsere Gemeinde und Synagoge im besonderen erworben haben. Wir wissen, dass es Ihrer bescheidenen Art nicht entspricht, Lobesworte über sich ergehen zu lassen, dass Sie vielmehr in der steten Erfüllung Ihrer Pflichten als Jude ausschliessliche Befriedigung finden. Wir können aber diesen Tag nicht vorübergehen lassen, ohne Ihnen als einem unserer gewissenhaftesten, kenntnisreichsten und wertvollsten Mitglieder unseren tiefsten anerkennenden Dank zu bezeugen.

Möge Ihnen, sehr verehrter Herr Bondi, die Gnade verliehen sein, Ihre segensreiche Tätigkeit- bald in besseren Tagen- fortzusetzen.

In vorzüglicher Hochachtung und Verehrung

DER GEMEINDERAT
der
Syn.-Gem. „Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft"

JACOB BESTHOFF

George's Bar Mitzwa was in 1934. The Frankfurt IRG Kehilla had its own set of rules and regulations regarding a lot of congregational things and specifically pertaining to synagogue affairs. One of the rules strictly enforced was the limitation on the number of Parshiot which a single Bar Mitzwa boy could recite when reading the Tora and the number of Aliyot allotted to the celebrating family of the Bar Mitzwa. It was not an unreasonable rule, especially in as large a Kehilla such as ours. In this way no one could be insulted if for some reason or other it was felt that the Bar Mitzwa boy's capability was limited and in order to save him and his family embarrassment of being an undue burden on the congregation. Due to the baby boom after the first Wold War, multiple Bar Mltzwas on one Shabbat were quite common, which automatically limited what was available for recitation by each boy. Thus the various portions were usually split up by mutual consent. The reading of the Haftora was decided by a flip of the coin. On the Shabbat of George's Bar Mitzwa another boy by the name of Pappenheim shared the reading with him but also got the go ahead of reading the Haftora. I distinctly remember that a few weeks prior to that Shabbat, an unusual five boys were having their Bar-mitzwa on the same Shabbat. They had to share the honors and they really had to slice up the Sidra to give everyone a little something. George's Sidra was Ki Sisa, which fell on the 3rd of March of that year. Father was still officially in mourning for his recently deceased late mother who had passed away just eleven months prior on the 23rd of April in Lugano, Switzerland. Consequently the mood for this affair was somewhat subdued. On the other hand George was grandfather Bondi's oldest grandson, and considerable fuss was in order on account of that. My proud grandfather would not let anything get in the way of his festive spirit and he insisted that things should proceed in a normal fashion, which is what actually happened.

George was being prepared for his rendition by Chazzan Steinberger, the single most accomplished and excellent Baal Koreh, who recited the weekly portion in our Shul every week. Chazzan Steinberger was indeed an expert in his delivery, who seldom if ever, made any mistakes and whose precise, clear and fluent rendition was attentively listened too by all with great pleasure. He also was an excellent teacher, who after teaching hundreds of youngsters, knew what to concentrate on with each individual student. His lessons started usually about nine months prior to the day of the Bar Mitzwa and most boys had sufficient time to learn their portions well. Grandfather Bondi insisted that there also be a "Verhoer" with the super critical Dr. Moses Breuer, one of the sons of the old Rav Dr. Solomon Breuer. Dr. Moses Breuer was by profession a math professor. Like all his siblings he was, very learned and knowledgeable in many subjects and above all an expert Bal Koreh. He knew how to pronounce every syllable correctly, all the rules of Mil El and Mil Ra, could fine tune every musical note of the Trop. He knew all the nuances of punctuation, inflection and sentence structure with proper explanations as to why this or that was proper. His Layning was on an equal footing with that of Mr. Steinberger. Mr. Steinberger though, did not necessarily impart all the nuances, which he knew and practiced himself, to the individual Bar Mitzwah boys who studied with him. He taught them what he thought they could absorb and use later. It was for that reason that grandfather wanted us to have an audition with Dr. Breuer, who at grandfather's suggestion, offered his own ideas and corrections. Once one

could pass his muster, one could claim the knowledge of how to layn properly. George passed his "Verhoer" with flying colors.

The dress code for a Bar Mitzwa boy in our circle, was to wear a dark suit with knee length pants usually navy or black color, long dark wool socks, walking shoes or boots, white shirt and tie. Since the wearing of a Kippa was not sanctioned in our Shul, the young boys either wore a French type Basque cap or any other casual caps during services. For the Bar Mitzwa however, the boys started to wear a black felt hat with a medium brim but of a round style. It would thereafter be worn every Shabbat, Jewish holidays and other festive occasions and thus became the symbol of the approaching maturity of the youngster. It was quite a queer looking sight when worn together with short knee high pants, but that being the custom, nobody had second thoughts about it. Considering the custom of that period when men wore bowlers, top hats and other strange head gear, it actually blended in rather well.

Grand gala affairs as they are staged today in large festive catering halls with a large musical band, other entertainment and much staged fanfare, was not practiced for Bar Mitzwa affairs in our circles. The event was basically of religious significance only and it was common to rather emphasize that part, than the social aspect of it. In line with this thinking, people generally made a small dinner for the close family and possibly invited a few special close friends to attend. In addition a very small reception was conducted about an hour or so after the services on Shabbat morning in the house of the family. Most friends and members of the Kehilla at large would come to the house where the family formed a reception line past which the visitors would file and offer their best wishes of congratulation to them. At the end of the line there generally was a sweet table with cookies, candy, cakes and drinks, which the visitors would sample. Then they would move on to another table, which displayed the various gifts with the respective accompanying cards of the sender for everyone to admire and then people would make their exit. The whole reception took about two to three hours after which everyone in the family was tired and ready for the Shabbat lunch.

The more festive sit down meal was held on Motze Shabbat in the evening, at which time speeches were made by members of the family, table songs and other ditties or poems were recited or sung and a short Drosha by the Bar Mitzwa was delivered. In order to accommodate the invited crowd of perhaps 50 or so people in the parlor and living room, mother arranged to make substantial space available by moving most of the furniture to various other adjoining rooms. George's and my bedroom, the living room and parlor were cleared, tables and chairs were set up by the caterer and a festive table was set up and decorated for the event with flowers, fancy porcelain dishes and the best silver cutlery. Everyone was busy doing something to help and with our own domestic help and that borrowed from friends or family, the place was quickly made fit to suit the occasion. The food was prepared mostly by the caterer, but various dishes were home

made by mother, aunts and friends during the preceding weeks, giving everyone the feeling that they too had a big share in the success of the Simcha. When all was said and done, and the speeches and songs were recited, all the festive food was elegantly served and consumed, George had acquitted himself with flying colors both in Shul in the morning and with his Drasha at night. The whole weekend turned out to be a huge success to the great relief of mother who had much to talk about for many weeks and months. It also provided a moment of spiritual and mental uplift, in an otherwise deteriorating atmosphere of Jewish life.

My own Bar Mitza took place the following year in the summer of 1935. I too was put through the same regimen of instructions as George from Chazzan Steinberger. My Sidra was Behalotcha, the same I was told as had been that of my late grandfather Aumann. I learned my portion of the Parsha and Haftora and went through the same "Verhoer" with Dr. Moses Breuer, who complimented me afterward on what he thought was a superb job. I secretly was rather proud to have had his approval, since it gave me the indication, that I too was able to successfully complete an assignment well and even with distinction. Grandfather Bondi made up my Drasha, the contents of which I have long forgotten. My parents also made a reception and dinner for me on the same style as George's the previous year. I was quite aware and happy to be the one who was in the limelight for a change and also feeling particularly good, that grandfather Bondi seemed to also be proud and satisfied with me, something about which, I often had considerable doubt.

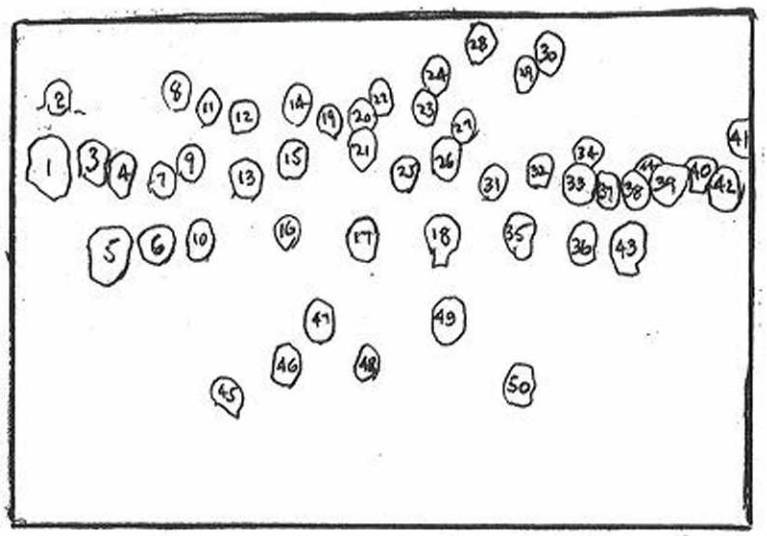
I was now at an age where my own thoughts and ideas about things started to stir within me. By the time I was about 10 or 11 years old I had become more aware of the female sex, showed more interest in boy-girl relationships and began to have fixations on the type of female I might become infatuated with. I had also begun to have questions about religion, which bothered me a great deal. Many of the rut, routine and repetitive type of Mitzwot seriously disturbed my thinking and reasoning. I always seemed to need a full and satisfactory reason and answer to everything, which I was expected to do. Many clear answers did not readily exist and often left me disappointed. Here grandfather Bondi came through as a friend and role model when he told me without shame, about the times, when he too had a myriad of questions and doubts. He related to me of the frequent long walks which he and his cousin, the late Rabbi Dr. Jonas Bondi of Mainz took over a long period of time along the Rhine River. There they were able to discuss and sort out their feelings and doubts on religious subjects and arrive at answers that they could satisfactorily believe and live with. It became quite a revelation to me when he told me that there was often neither a right nor wrong answers in Halacha, but that all had validity and could be construed as essentially correct. He said that the final accepted Halacha was often a product of time, place and environment, which formed the prime reasons for picking the finally accepted form of the arguments. He particularly stressed to me the importance of the individual's ability to logically grasp and sort out the facts in an argument and combine them with one's G'd given empathy and feelings for human nature and relationships with people, which played a deciding factor in the

resolution of disputes. The Posek's ability to understand the interconnecting links of societal behavior, the situation of the moment, coupled with the power to logically and responsibly persuade.others, was what made good decisions. However, he stressed to me that the facts ultimately had to be based on certain unalterable rules, which the Almighty had established for the universe. He made me understand in clear and unequivocal terms, that the Torah was the final and deciding word and guide line for proper human behavior, without which there would be anarchy. He further stated to me that all its tenets had validity, though we might not always understand them and with our limited human ability, to grasp the proper meaning for them. When this is the case, we must therefore assume that the raison d'etre is solely to teach us our own insignificance in the overall schematics of things and to teach us obedience, self-control, good habits and above all human values. Void of these values, human beings would be prone to fall victim to the animal drive within each person, which if uncontrolled, would lead to untold human tragedy. Grandfather stressed the fact that our limited ability to understand everything, made it incumbent upon us to accept things just as given and obeisance would ultimately make us a better and more satisfied person. Grandfather's kind nature and sympathetic reaction to my queries, expressed with such firm and visibly deep conviction, still ring as clever and well grounded advise today as ever. It was no doubt, some of the most profound and useful lesson, which I was ever given in my whole life. It has remained part of my own guiding philosophy to this day.

Some time around 1935, a tragedy took place in Frankfurt, when the old well established and prestigious textile business of Veit Wohlfart and Sons, burned down to the ground. That firm had been established in the middle 1800th and had developed into one of the largest wholesale textile houses in Southern Germany. It was located on the Neue Zeil, in a multi storied department store type building with an atrium in the center, which had been specially constructed for Veit Wohlfarth in the latter part of the 1800th. It also was the place where my own grandfather Moses Aumann served his apprenticeship prior to his opening his own textile business, which also prospered in later years. At the time of the fire, Fritz Wohlfarth was a 50% owner of the firm. He was an active principal in the firm. He was a former classmate of my father and had married the first cousin of mother who both had the same maiden name of Claire Bondi. Of their three children, their son Ernest was a classmate of mine. This tragedy was deeply felt by the whole family on both sides, the Jewish community, especially because many of the employees of the firm, were Jewish and were now without their livelihood in what was already a most difficult time for Jewish affairs in Germany. It was additionally complicated by the fact, that it was suspected that the fire was not an accident but was deliberately set. As it turned out, several weeks after the fire, the suspicions were confirmed with the arrest and ultimate conviction of a minor partner in the business. The Wohlfarth family never recovered from this tragedy, but Fritz, Claire and the three children were lucky to finally escape to the USA where Fritz and Claire lived out their shattered lives. We still maintained active contact with them and their children.



Last major family gathering at the house of grandfather Hugo J.Bondi, Palmstrasse 7, FFM
in his dining room, for the occasion of the Bar Mitzwah of his grandson Elmer Lazar Offfenbacher
son of Emile and Beaty Offenbacher (Bondi)



1) Leo Bondi, Mainz
2) Hans Wohlfarth
3) Frieda Hirsch
4) Albert Neuburger
5) Hermann Cramer
6) Adelheit Bondi,Mainz
7) Else Hirsch
8) Lola Eisemann
9) Selma Goldschmidt
10) Gutta Cramer
11) Oscar Aumann
12) Erika Brinkmann
13) Lucilla Goldschmidt
14) Thea Eisemann
15) Alice Eisemann
16) Jeanne Neuburger
17) Franzisca Bondi (Kaiser)
18) Hugo J. Bondi
19) George Aumann
20) Clementine Eisemann
21) Dr. Markus Hirsch
22) Ernst Wohlfarth
23) Inge Wohlfarth
24) Reinhard (Reiner) Aumann
25) Jenny Bondi
26) Ernst Eisemann
27) Hannah Mossbacher
28) Ludwig Lewisohn
29) Meier Seelig (Bubu) Eisemann
30) Perez Mosbacher
31) Sophie Offenbacher
32) Amalia Bergmann
33) Miriam Aumann
34) Claire Wohlfarth
35) Lenna Offenbacher
36) Fifi Forschheimer
37) Edith Mosbacher
38) Claire Aumann
39) Hedwig Birn
40) Siegmund Aumann
41) Josef Rosenbaum
42) Fredl Mosbacher
43) Henni Fleischmann
44) Fritz Wohlfarth
45) Robert John Aumann
46) Elmer Offenbacher
47) Emile Offenbacher
48) Carolyn Offenbacher
49) Gottfried Neuburger
50) Peter(Mosche) Aumann

By 1935 my parents had suspended their yearly ritual of going away for the summer vacation. There were numerous reasons for this. One was the unsettled political climate for Jews in Germany. There was an increasing awareness by most Jews that they were quickly becoming an undesirable commodity and their presence was not wanted anymore in many areas and by an increasing number of the German population.. This made everyone think twice before making vacation and travel plans in general. In addition the declining economic wellbeing of the German Jewish community was now being felt more directly, which also affected my father's business, which was now showing signs of failure. Furthermore George and I were getting older and really needed other summer activities, more in line for growing teenagers. Therefore when my parents learned through the Wohlfarths, that a Mr. Ivan Moeller who was a Jewish teacher in the town of Fulda was going to lead a group of teenagers for a summer vacation to the town of Berlichingen in Wuertenberg, they signed me up for the trip. Mr. Moeller's already older son Ernst helped his father and acted as a counselor. The trip was for about three weeks and turned out to be very beneficial. Mr.Moeller was a very interesting individual who dispensed a balanced and mixed program of Jewish and secular knowledge, which I found very helpful and stimulating. He taught us geography and botany on a practical level, but also made sure that we did not neglect our Jewish studies, which he helped to supplement. He took us for many hikes into new territory and taught us an array of survival techniques. Since this was already well into the Hitler period, we were somewhat subdued and restricted in our movements and activities and had to be ever so careful not to become too obvious as a group of Jewish youth roaming the countryside. Every time we went on hikes or on other sightseeing trips, we were briefed beforehand what to expect and how to conduct ourselves. All in all it was still a wonderful time for me and one of the last carefree summers which I remember.

In the year 1936 the Summer Olympics were scheduled to be held in Berlin. Much political fanfare was made of the importance of showing off Germany's newly recovered strength, revived national pride and patriotic fervor. A huge sports arena and stadium had been built and everyone was on special guard to make the best impressions on the thousands of visitors and press agents from all over the world who were expected to be flooding not only into Berlin, but all over Germany. There was considerable knowledge though out the world about the many atrocities committed against the Jews in Germany and the ongoing government sponsored campaign, to systematically rid Germany of its Jewish population. It was well known that this did not make good propaganda for Germany in the world press. Therefore the official German line encouraging hate propaganda against the Jews was temporarily toned down somewhat in the period prior to and during the Olympic games. This however, was merely a window dressing since everyday crimes against Jewish life and property continued uninterrupted, with the exception that it was not written up and publicized on a grand scale. This deception however worked quite well. Even people in our circle were misled. Thus when Uncle Emile came to visit from America, and people asked him why he was not taking his children back to safer grounds in America, he answered that he thought the Jewish situation was really not as bad as he was led to believe them to be.

It also temporarily fooled others including my parents, who always thought that things would get better again. Thus when mother's Uncle Hans Heinz Rothschild, who lived in Berlin, suggested to her to have me sent to him for a few weeks so that I could visit the Olympic Games, she gratefully accepted this invitation for me. She knew my avid interest in sports and rightfully thought that this would be a greatly stimulating experience for me. I was now 14 years old, able to travel on my own, so my father took me to the train station and off I went by myself to be fetched at the Berlin end by Uncle Hans Heinz, who took me to his house. Uncle Hans Heinz, still and always a bachelor, lived in the fashionable Charlottenburg district of Berlin, not too far from the Kurfuerstendamm social and business district, which was center to the upper class Jewish population of town. It was also not too far from the Olympic stadium complex and the wooded park section called the Grunewald. He lived in a well maintained apartment complex with a "portier" (doorman), who would announce each arrival through an intercom system, which was the newest technology in those days. His apartment was located on the Paterre level and he had exclusive private use of a well manicured back garden and terrace, which could be reached by going down a few steps from a sliding door of his parlor. When I arrived, the table on his patio had been set for café, cake and whipped cream, which was being served by one of his household help.

I had the immediate impression that here was a man who lived a very luxurious life, had no great worries in general and rather few constructive activities. While we were sitting and having our snack, he told me of the tickets for the Olympic games, which he was able to get through some of his influential friends. One of the tickets was for a track and field competition in the big new sports arena, while some others were for various ball and hockey team games in other minor sports centers on the Olympic grounds. He also told me that he would show me around Berlin. Before long however, I found out what his major sigh seeing activity consisted of, namely sitting in one or other of the many open sidewalk café houses on the Kurfuerstendamm, watching the passing pedestrians and making critical comments about their appearances, clothing and demeanor in general. After the initial meeting with him on the patio, one of his household girls showed me to my room. She told me to unpack my suitcase and announced that dinner would be promptly at a certain time. She also said that I would be expected to wear a tie and jacket for dinner and that I should be ready when she would ring the dinner bell. A quick look about the room indicated an old fashioned bed, lots of old antique furniture, statues, nick-nacks, wall hangings and other items. I found rather little room for hanging my clothes and placing my shirts, underwear etc., since everything was stuffed full with other items. I did manage though to stash away my things as good as I could and get myself ready on time when the dinner bell rang to go to the dining room.

I had thought that with all this formality, there might be a lot of other company for dinner. But this was not the case and only Uncle Hans Heinz and I ate together. The food was good, but I was served lots of small portions of everything and could not honestly say

that it was satisfying. I had an opportunity to casually look about the room and even as an inexperienced adolescent boy of only 14 who was just siting at the table, I was struck by the multitude of antique silver, porcelain, pewter, stemware, paintings, carpets and furniture in the room. As I found out later, the many spacious other rooms were not very much different. They were filled overbearingly with items of all sorts, to the point where one felt constricted moving about while trying to make oneself feel comfortable for a bit. I do remember clearly the portraits of Uncle Hans Heinz's parents and sister, my grandmother, in their huge antique gold frames, being prominently displayed in his living room. He gave me lengthy explanations about the subject individuals, their activities and history. Obviously he had inherited many things from them, including their business, which he still ran in some form or other well into the middle of the 1930th. When I recollect now the great wealth and opulence being displayed, which I saw crammed into these surroundings and knowing how reluctantly he left Berlin in 1939 to escape to England from the Nazi dragnet with but a few of his prized possessions, I cannot but wonder as to what happened to all his belongings, which he left behind.

In the days after my arrival, I did get the opportunity to go to the Olympic stadium, get enthused about the games and their participants. I saw Jesse Owens the famous American black who won multiple gold medals to the chagrin of Adolf Hitler, win one of his gold medals and got swept up in the great enthusiasm of those days. I did not see Adolf Hitler personally at the stadium, but one episode occurred, which still to this very day leaves me somewhat confused and shaken, when I think of my behavior at that time. I was alone taking a walk on a sunny late afternoon in the beautiful nearby Grunewald, when I saw a number of other pedestrians lining the side of the main thoroughfare as if watching for someone to pass. As I later understood, Adolf Hitler was often seen passing by in one of his limousines when going or returning from the Olympic games. These people apparently were waiting to see if they could catch a glimpse of him. It so happened that just as I was walking over to the curb to see what was going on, some one shouted "here he comes" and in a split second his limousine and entourage passed by. Almost in unison, everybody's arm shot up into the air, in the by then mandatory and automatic German "Heil Hitler" salute. I remember trembling at the time, with the instant doubts and fears – should I, or shouldn't I – weighing my options and understanding the immediate situation, that as a German Jew I really should not do so. Yet out of fear and drive of self preservation, not wanting to stand out in the obviously most enthusiastic but perhaps hostile crowd, my instincts told me to better behave like everyone else and also salute, which I did. All my life I have wondered if I acted correctly and to this day I try to understand that in the moment of panic, the instinct of self preservation can make one do things in life, which normally one would consider wrong and immoral. It certainly has made me think twice and much softened my judgement of people's acts and deeds, when they might be acting under duress.

My stay with Uncle Hans Heinz, continued to be increasingly strained as days passed. He insisted on my being formally dressed for every meal, expected me to wear a variety

of different clothes so he could parade me down the avenues or show me off to his friends. He also did not really take me much sight seeing and city exploring as I was originally led to believe that he would. Consequently I took it upon myself to go about and explore the town. When I came back home late for dinner one day, he gave me quite a talking to and told me that I was irresponsible to let him wait that long and have him worry about my safety. After that scolding, I sulked all evening. I had no way of communicating with my parents unless he was around and as I was lying in bed that night, I decided to pack my little hand satchel and just walk out of the house, without letting anyone know where I was going. In my mind I had decided to go to the house of Uncle Martin Bondi, my grandfather's brother and family, who lived in another section of the town, to see whether I could stay there over the weekend. Indeed this was what I did the next morning. I walked quite nonchalantly out of the house and took street transportation to Uncle Martin's house. There Bertel, their unmarried daughter, gave me a great reception and after listening to my story, put me in touch with my parents, who decided to try to smoothen things out with Uncle Hans Heinz. Everyone I suppose knew more about Uncle Hans Heinz and his ways than I did at the time and after a while they all sort of sympathized with me. I was allowed to spend Shabbat with the Bondis, Hans Heinz was persuaded to send me my clothing, suitcase and return ticket, which he had his butler deliver to the Bondis and I went back to Frankfurt in the middle of the following week. As it turned out, this was the last time I saw Uncle Martin and Aunt Milly. Milly still died in Berlin but Martin perished in K.Z. Theresienstadt in 1942. Uncle Hans Heinz subsequently went to England, being supported by the Sassoons of London and Letchworth until he died there in 1963, one year before Edith, Dick and I had a chance to visit him on our first trip to Israel and Europe in 1964. Bertel who was also in K.Z. together with her father, miraculously escaped and later lived in New York where she still got happily married late in life. We frequently saw her on various occasions and also in our house where she came to visit both us and my parents, until she passed on.

By 1937 the general state of affairs for the German Jews became ever more precarious. Close family members of ours as well as people in general now actively looked with ever more zeal, for possible countries in which they could permanently find refuge. This was done either for individual family members who might go for themselves or on pilot trips to try out one or the other country, or to try to emigrate as a family unit. Those families with smaller children naturally did not like to split up, but as time passed and things got more urgent, even that possibility was not ruled out anymore. Jewish businesses were being liquidated or sold under pressure at coerced bargain prices, to try to raise cash for the event of a quick move. People reevaluated their own personal affairs, to see what could be salvaged. So far, mostly only those families with real solid business connections in foreign lands, which allowed them to reestablish themselves and support a family, had emigrated. There were many obstacles which people had to consider, like the encounter of new and unfamiliar languages, different customs, unknown ways of doing business in foreign lands, etc. For orthodox Jews there was the additional task of maintaining the proper Jewish environment, like places to worship, Mikwoth, Kashrut and Jewish schools for the children and not being able to take jobs where they could not observe Shabbat and Jewish holidays. Those who left before 1935 were generally still able to take most of

their accumulated wealth and personal belongings with them, easing the pain of having to start anew under often unknown and difficult conditions. By now however, new laws prevented you to take money or valuables out of the country and everyone felt the stark new realities of life for Jews. One had to act quickly before being completely overtaken by events, leaving nothing to be salvaged. Most professional Jews had already felt the sting. Teachers and government employees were being dismissed from German schools and government posts and lawyers were forbidden to represent gentile clientele and lost their license to practice in court. Physicians could not treat gentile patients and every day people were disenfranchised more from earning a living, as new rules and regulations were being invented by the Nazis to exclude all Jews from the economic scene in Germany. Thus within a span of two years, any prospect of earning a livelihood in Germany had completely evaporated. Professionals, who had their own small offices and small business people with one or two employees, could more easily and quickly wind up their affairs. Those with larger business felt themselves trapped between the devil and the deep blue sea, to either abandon everything and run, or wait for better opportunities, which may never come. The main question though which often remained for everyone was, what country one could go to or better what country would be willing to take you with very few, if any resources which might be able to be brought along. At the very bitter end, this remained the principle obstacle to most emigration plans.

My father, who was trained in the metal commodity business, had established himself as an independent metals broker when he came back from the army around 1920. Thereafter, he formed an association with a partner by name of Mr.Hermann Loeb under the name of "Aumann & Loeb". After a few very successful years, the business however fell victim to the aftereffects of the stock market crash of 1929 and the subsequent severe depression and had to be closed. About 1930, father became a partner in a wholesale haberdashery and dry goods business with a new partner Mr. Goldschmidt under the name of "Aumann & Goldschmidt ". He had some knowledge about fabrics and textiles from being exposed to them in his own father's business. He located the business in a rented loft diagonally across the street from Aumann & Rapp, the business still run by his brother and cousins on the Kaiserstrasse, one convenient block away from the main train station. Mr. Goldschmidt who had previous experience in this field, became the customer man and principle buyer, while father ran the physical business, stock room, employees, company bookkeeping, accounting and finances. This business too flourished for a few years. Shortly after Hitler came to power however, Mr. Goldschmidt quickly and astutely sized up the political and business situation and resulting consequences for Jews in Germany and immediately took advantages of offers from relatives overseas to emigrate and to join them. After several months of negotiations and consultations with family members and friends, father finally agreed to buy him out. Thereafter father started to run the whole show by himself and did so with relatively good success for another few years. He traveled to smaller local communities outside Frankfurt where most of his customers were located, sold his merchandize and collected outstanding payments as he went along. This effort was augmented by other travelling salespeople in different parts of the country whom he now employed, while he still supervised the inside part of the business with the help of some other competent help. He employed approximately 15 people who liked him and were very devoted to him

since he always treated everyone fairly. By the time 1935 rolled around there were increasing signs however, that collections of outstanding bills were seriously falling behind. The out of town customers, encouraged now by Nazi attitudes and ever increasing propaganda for Jewish business boycotts, found all kinds of excuses now to withhold payments of bills. Competitors and Nazi party officials forced father's customers to purchase from "Arians", rather than Jewish sources and what used to be a very congenial atmosphere to conduct business in, deteriorated to such a point, that it became impossible to deal any longer with them. By now Jewish businesses had lost their clout, they had no legal support and standing under the system to collect outstanding claims and everyone knew that the laws were stacked against them and quickly took advantage of the new situation.

After a year of losses, father decided to shrink the business, decrease his inventory and move the remaining smaller business to the "Paterre" level of our own house, where the apartment, once occupied by the Feist family who had recently died, had become vacant. From this location he continued the business for about another year and a half, until it became evident that it had failed and had to be closed. Father always had a top reputation of honesty, integrity and fairness and against the advice of other people whom he consulted, decided not to declare bankruptcy but to liquidate. He sold as much of the inventory as he could, paid all his bills, gave some of his stock of merchandise away and disposed of the rest as good as he could. Having more time on his hands now, he did odd jobs here and there for a while and became more active in social work particularly for the " Rothschild Children's Hospital " and learned more intensively in Jewish studies. He did so with Rabbi Feuermann, our local IRG Rabbi Jona Horwitz's principle understudy, with whom he had established a very good relationship. He still had in the back of his mind, at this late stage and rather contrary to many other disturbing signs to the contrary, that perhaps things would turn themselves around for Jews in Germany and ultimately may get better again.

When the situation did not improve, father's completely closed the business and the Parterre apartment in our house became empty. Any future prospects for renting it seemed futile, as Jewish people were leaving town and gentiles did not want to move into houses owned by Jews. Therefore our parents tried to sell the house and move to a smaller apartment, as a preliminary step to downsize and in anticipation of a possible upcoming emigration. This did not prove to be an easy task, even though the house was in good shape and any major repairs were always promptly done. The stumbling block was, that any gentile buyer sensed that the Jews had to unload and therefore were continuously holding out for a lower price, with no bottom in sight for a final bottom line amount. After holding out for some months, father finally decided to sell to the best offer available, which was a fraction of the actual value of the house. Parents then rented a two bedroom apartment in a new gentile owned building, which had just been completed at Unterweg 13, near the Eschenheimer Anlage, still within comfortable walking distance from our synagogue. Within a short two months period, we sold some furniture,

downsized all our belongings and moved into the new quarters. A room in the attic of the new house, which came with the new rental, became my bedroom. I had my home build crystal set ear phone radio and some other belongings and Bar Mitzwah gifts with which I made myself comfortable. I sort of liked to have my own little abode to which I could retire. The necessity for me to have a bicycle to go to school, which was now more distant, became a reality. Mother was, as before, still opposed to us using a bicycle in the street. I however was determined to buy one myself, one way or another. I finally decided to sell some of my Bar Mitzwah gifts, books etc. so I would have enough money to purchase one and buy I did. At the end and after I had made my purchase, I confronted my mother with a fait-accompli and though reluctant, she finally agreed that it would be alright for me to keep it and to use of it. I bought all the necessary safety features, dynamo for a headlight at night, back basket for my school books, air pump, repair kits for tires and first aid kit, so that I could readily help myself under most conditions. After a while mother was happy that I had the bicycle, since I could now do some of her shopping and running of errands. I was assigned a parking spot in the hallway of the new apartment house and I religiously locked it with a chain and a lock when I was not using it.

George had graduated from the "SRH Real Schule" in the first quarter of 1937. Naturally the question came up as to what to do with him. Mother wanted to send him to safety out of the country but was unsure how and whereto. The only close connections we had abroad, was father's youngest brother Uncle Leo Aumann, in America. Father also had his Uncle Leopold Aumann with wife Tilly and family, as well as his Aunt Rosali Goldschmidt now Loewenthal in second marriage and family, in America. Both were siblings of our grandfather Moses Aumann and had come here straight from Koeppern where they had been born. Leopold had been a butcher, had come to America in 1872 and had died many years ago, while Rosali came to America just before the turn of the century. Uncle Leo had recently married after having been a bachelor for the longest time and after having traveled the world, made and lost fortunes and to top it off, none of the Aumann clan in America were religious anymore. They were not the ideal sort of family that parents wanted to entrust a boy to, who at this time was just 16 years old. Then there was Uncle Emile Offenbacher who never had remarried after Aunt Beatie's untimely death in 1927. He lived in the YMHA in New York, traveled on business in America often to Texas and Oklahoma and still had at this late date, his only two children cared for and raised by grandfather Bondi and his second wife in Frankfurt. He certainly was not in a position to worry about a young boy's supervision and education, in what would be for him, a strange new land.

Grandfather Bondi had various connections abroad, since he always travelled a great deal. He was related to the Sassoons in London and knew them well. Ha also had contacts to the well known banking family Schiff of Wall Street fame. Jacob Schiff the principle partner in the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. was a first cousin to his mother Clara, both being of the Niederhofheim stock. From that family there was Otto Schiff in London and John Schiff in New York, as well as other well placed individuals. There were also

family connections to the Warburg family originating from Hamburg, but now in various parts of the world. Also in London was Fritz, now Fred Bondi Aunt Jenni's son, who had taken over the business of grandfather's cousin Max Bondi, who had recently died. In the last few years, grandfather had also been very active in fundraising for the SRH Real Schule and the IRG Kehillah, who were beginning to feel the pinch of Nazi strangulation of Jewish financial and social lifelines. It was therefore decided that George should accompany grandfather on a trip to London, England, in order to try to find a suitable place for him to stay. It was also hoped that with grandfather's high-powered connection, it might be possible for him to remain there permanently. To obtain a British visa for a short visit was possible and since he would be travelling light with minor baggage and no valuables to create any exit problems for him from Germany, there was no foreseen problem for his trip out of the country. The British had, like most other countries, a very tight immigration policy, which was designed to keep most foreigners out of the country. Exceptions were made for those who were very affluent and had money in England, where they might be able to start a business of their own and employ British citizen, or if they had other means of self support. Since George a mere boy of 16 had none of this, and despite various attempts by influential people to help, his visa was not renewed and he promptly had to return to Germany. When he came back, he therefore started to attend the Breuer Yeshiva in Frankfurt on a full time basis until other plans could be made.

By the end of 1937, when the political situation had not improved and Jews were beginning to leave in larger numbers, mother finally decided to apply for immigration visas for George and for myself at the American Consulate in Germany. We now started to look in earnest for possible sponsors who would be willing to give us the necessary affidavits, which were need for permanent immigration approval to the States. If one had sufficient money in the States, no affidavits were needed and the granting of immigration visas became a routine procedure. Since however, the transfer of money out Germany was forbidden by now and most people would arrive penniless, the U.S. Government therefore required sponsors who would certify to the fact that the prospective immigrant would not become a burden on the U.S. taxpayer for a period of five years. The U.S. Immigration quota was based on a system, which allotted a specific number of visas to people from each country in which they were born, to enter on a permanent basis. Some countries were designated larger groups of people than others, thus controlling immigration on what they considered to be the desirable mix of people whom they wanted to absorb into their population. While Germany had a considerable large quota, but due to the large number of Jews who were now clamoring to emigrate in a hurry, it was heavily oversubscribed. This meant that unless one had a very low number in the system, one had to wait, possibly for years, before one might be called for a personal interview at the U.S. Consulate in Stuttgart. We estimated that our wait might be between two to two and a half years before being called, a long time down the road.

I graduated from the "SRH.Real Schule" in the spring of 1938. I had long time ambitions of becoming an engineer. These ambitions however, were shunted aside since there

was no further educational training available for Jewish youth, all the universities being out of bounds for them by decree. I did however, clandestinely though, take up the study of technical drafting, descriptive geometry and some advanced math courses, with a very fine German gentile architect who was still willing at great risk to himself, to take a chance and teach me in the evenings in his private office. He had quarters in the "Altstadt" the old city of Frankfurt in a very quaint complex of buildings called the cloisters. I remember that this was a very old and massively built complex of what used to be an ancient monastery and convent structure, where the living quarters were arranged in the convent walls of a rectangular arcade surrounding a lovely garden with trees and a promenade in the center. I went there always in the evening in order to remain undetected, since by now Jews in Germany had to always be suspicious that some one might detect and report them with possibly unpleasant consequences. Like everyone else in those days, I had already become accustomed to always look over my shoulders out of fear that someone was stalking me with sinister intentions. Therefore as I entered this compound I did so with an eerie and spooky feeling of going into an ancient medieval castle where I might find dungeons, skeletons, knights and dead bodies. During the day I became an apprentice to a Jewish upholsterer by the name of Julius Schott, who also sold all kinds of interior designs and decorations, floor covering, wall treatments, drapes, curtains and special furniture, something which I liked and had talent for. I was assigned varied work, helped strip old couches, learned the intricate ways of mounting and securing inner springs for easy chairs and sofas, as well as reworking them with new padding and expensive fabric. Since I was a fast learner, I also picked up the art of drape making and measuring and fabricating shadow boxes, lay wall to wall carpets, sewing them together in the right way to make the seam invisible. Considering that my stay with him was of very limited length, I must say in retrospect that I picked up an immense amount of technical knowledge in that field. I gladly did whatever work was assigned to me and considered it a challenge to be exposed to customers, their demands for full satisfaction and quality workmanship. Unfortunately, this activity was short lived, since the owner soon started to wind up his business in order to emigrate. The firm was kind enough though to recommend me to a Czechoslovakian carpenter and furniture finisher by the name of Hackenschmidt, with whom they have had past business dealings and he was willing to take me on as an apprentice and helper in his one man shop. I now had the opportunity to put to use some of the knowledge, which I had learned in the woodworking course for which I had volunteered, while still going to high school. He let me use his tools freely while I helped him build new furniture, joining wood in the old and very precise groove and tongue method, make doors with glass windows, mirrors and picture frames and learn to polish and refinish antique furniture of all sorts. I delivered his good on a pushcart and I had my experience with ever complaining customers. But I learned to satisfy them with a little extra effort and show of good will. I stayed with him through most of the year, still studying at night, until the very fateful day of what is now known as "Kristallnacht" the 10th day of November 1938.

By the beginning of 1938 the world political situation became increasingly more dangerous with Germany posturing for European domination and additional "Lebensraum" territory. When Hitler marched into Austria on the 12th of March 1938 and

the world stood by in silence as he gobbled up this adjoining independent country and eliminating all political opposition there by jailing, killing and chasing out any opposition, the Jews of Germany became ever more jittery. It became quite apparent to them that their fate, desperate as it was, was but a small story in the now unfolding and much more serious overall drama of unfolding world struggle to contain a loose cannon, which the allies had allowed to develop. The Nazis had now been given carte blanche by the nations of the world, to not only brutally suppress their own Jewish population and those whom they considered their internal enemies, but also those of a country which they had forcibly occupied. The handwriting was now clearly on the wall as to what was in store for the Jews under Nazism. The realization started to set in, that since there was no meaningful international intervention to what was clearly an aggressive move of major proportion on the part of Germany, certainly nobody would come to the help of the beleaguered German Jewish community. German laws were being fashioned in such a way almost on a daily basis, to give maltreatment of German Jews and other so called undesirables, who by now had lost their status as German citizen, an appearance of legitimacy. The "Gestapo" and the quasi military SS made daily arrests of Jewish individuals on trumped up charges or no charges at all, but just to harass them and to make life miserable for them. People disappeared, were picked up at home or off the streets and sent to prison or concentration camps without any prior notice. Death notices for some of those who had vanished, arrived at people's homes and urns of cremated bodies were being returned to their next of kin, without proper explanations of what had happened to them. In some cases the family just received word that the next of kin had suffered a heart attack or had died of some other invented sickness.

From our immediate family, Uncle Siegmund and his cousins and business partners the Darmstaetters had been forced to divest themselves of the family business Aumann & Rapp, which was "arianized" in the early part of 1938. He took his British born wife and his children and traveled to England and from there to the USA. Since he has salvaged some money abroad, they had no problem getting immigration visas to the USA. The Ettlinger family made arrangements to imigrate to Palestine at about the same time again being able to show enough financial foreign resources to be able to obtain "Palestina Zerficate", entrance permission to move there. Aunt Recha Oppenheimer too now decided to give up her big house and join some of her children in Palestine. Four of her children had already left, uncle Siegfried had died in 1937 leaving only Ruth who was ready to go to England. Cousin Marguerite, who was married, decided to immigrate to Italy where her husband Adi had business connections through his Italian partner. Uncle Emile finally woke up to the fact that it was time to have Elmer and Carolyn to live with him in America. This was quite a blow to grandfather Bondi and his wife, who had devoted so much of their energy to make a wonderful home for my two cousins. But grandfather understood that with the political uncertain situation and after Elmer and Carolyn had spent the summer in Holland with their uncle Josef Offenbacher, Uncle Emile had them come directly from Holland to America in the summer of 1938. Uncle Leo Jeidel and Aunt Hilda remained, but made frantic efforts to find a way to get out of the country. Events started to happen on an ever accelerated pace, when suddenly the next political crises, namely "Sudetenland", arrived on the scene with short notice. Once more Hitler threatened and the so-called world powers capitulated on Sept. 30th, 1938 by

handing over to the Nazis what legally was not theirs to give away, namely the strategic Sudetenland, thus stripping Czechoslovakia of it best defenses. They did this without ever fully realizing that their failure to finally make a stand against aggression, doomed their own chance to avoid a catastrophe and underwrote the final chapters for the beginning of World War II and the destruction of all of European Jewry. Only a miracle could now stop Hitler, but the miracle never came. Arrogant and drunk with power, Germany plotted its next move and the Allies in their impotence became a willing tool in one of the greatest slaughters of humanity in world history.

On the 6th of January 1936, grandfather Bondi married Franziska Kaiser, who had for many years managed his household. According to mother, Franziska's family had made plans to emigrate and move to the USA and had asked her to leave Frankfurt and go along with them. When confronted with these facts and his prospects of now having to find someone strange to take care of his busy house, especially when everyone was beginning to pack up to leave, decided to propose marriage to her. After discussing this situation with my parents, they could not persuade him to change his mind. They found it strange to say the least of marrying someone, while a most decent individual yet not on par with his station in life and to top it off, half his age and younger by three years than mother herself. From Franciska's point of view however, it was understandable. She was already 36 years old and she had no present other prospects of marriage which rapidly diminish with time and the rapid exodus of frumm, marriageable prospects at this time and this step gained her status and acceptance. So under present circumstances, parents could not object and they quickly made peace with themselves and got used to the facts. Grandfather at this time made no serious effort to leave Germany and they settled into a normal, pleasant relationship with the family, friends and community, who accepted her readily.

In May of 1938, grandfather Bondi had his 75th birthday. While he knew that in the present precarious political and community situation nobody was in a celebrating mood he would not have to go out of town to avoid any great and fanfare. The birthday however, did not go by unnoticed. He received many letters of congratulation from numerous sources and was awarded the great honor of the official "Moreinu" title, which he tried but was unable to decline, since they came officially from the Frankfurt Rabbinate and the Kehillah and were given in recognition of the many services he performed for them, the synagogue, the yeshivah, the IRG schools, the Milas shel Mitzwah, etc. We all were much pleased for him as he quietly continued on his path of performing deeds of Chesed. Naturally, even still in 1938 we got and enjoyed our yearly piece of cherry pie with "Schlag".

Germany's next move against its Jewish population took place in October 1938 with deportation to Poland of all Jewish residents of Germany with Polish passports together with those who had expired Polish passports but who were now stateless. The Polish government for its own internal reasons, which were mostly anti-Semitic in character,

DIE HILFE
VERSICHERUNGSVEREIN AG
FÜR MITGLIEDER DER
JÜDISCHEN GEMEINDEN
DES DEUTSCHEN REICHS

Ms/M

DER VORSTAND

BERLIN N 24 , den 21.4.1938
ORANIENBURGER STRASSE 1
FERNRUF: D 2 WEIDENDAMM 3707

Sehr geehrter Herr Bondi!

Zu Ihrem 75. Geburtstage möchten wir nicht unterlassen, Ihnen als unserem ältesten Mitarbeiter im wahren Sinne des Wortes unsere herzlichsten Glückwünsche zu übermitteln. Ihre Tätigkeit für unseren Verein war auch für uns Jüngere immer ein Ansporn und ein Beweis dafür, dass Alter für eine Arbeit nicht immer entscheidend ist. Wir haben den aufrichtigen Wunsch, daß Sie sich Ihre jugendliche Frische noch recht lange Jahre erhalten mögen, um so in unserem Dienste und im Dienste der jüdischen Allgemeinheit weiter wirken zu können. Ihre wahre Frömmigkeit hat Ihnen stets den Weg gewiesen und wird Ihnen auch in Zukunft ein Leitstern sein.

Verleben Sie diesen Tag im Kreise Ihrer lieben Familie recht gesund und glücklich und empfangen Sie mit besten Empfehlungen unsere herzlichsten Grüsse.

DIE HILFE
Versicherungs-Verein a.G.

Herrn Hugo B o n d i

Frankfurt a/Main
Palmstr.7

MUSEUM JÜDISCHER ALTERTÜMER
ROTHSCHILD-MUSEUM

Unser Zeichen

Ihr Zeichen

FRANKFURT A.M., den 10. Mai 1938
Fahrgasse 146
Telefon 27544

Herrn
Hugo Bondi
Frankfurt a.Main

Sehr verehrter Herr Bondi!

Zu Ihrem 75. Geburtstag, von dem wir leider zu spät erfahren haben, sagen wir Ihnen nachträglich noch unseren herzlichen Glückwunsch. Wir benutzen die Gelegenheit, Ihnen herzlichst für das Interesse zu danken, das Sie dem Museum erwiesen und für die Geschenke, durch die Sie die Sammlung bereichert haben.

Wir hoffen, dass Ihnen noch viele gute Jahre beschieden sind und begrüssen Sie

in vorzüglicher Hochachtung

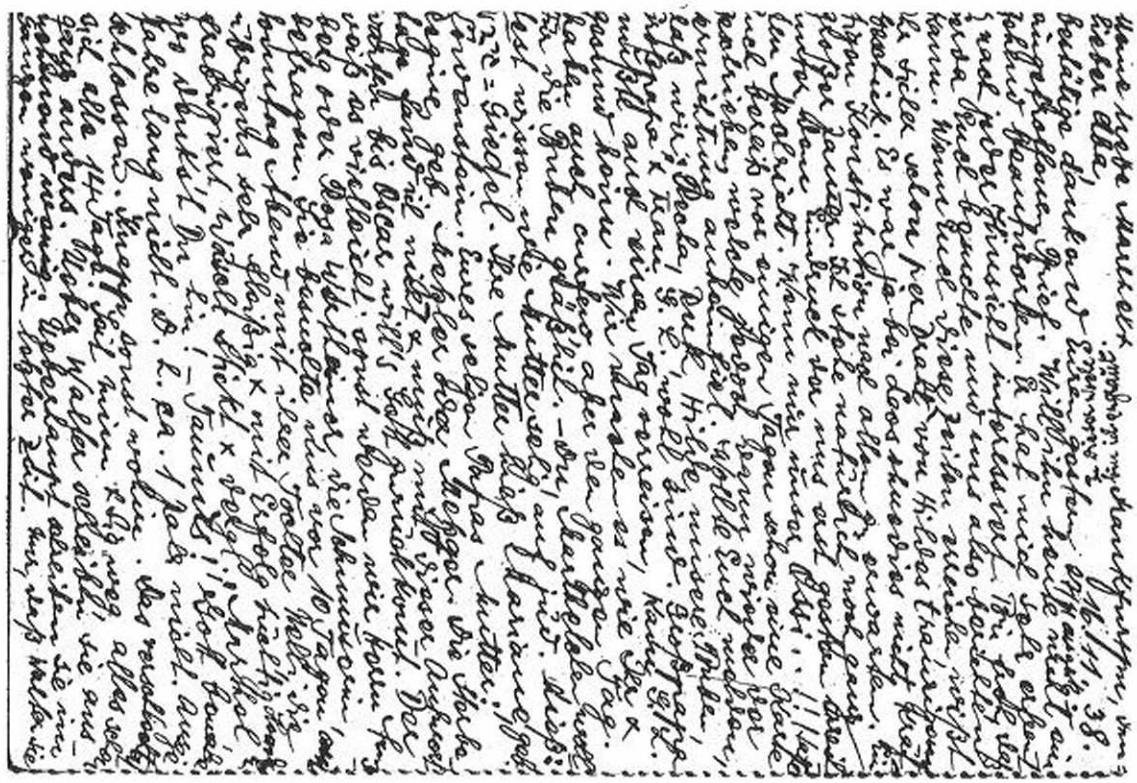
Dr. H. Fürstenheim

Letters of congratulation to grandfather's 75th biethday

declined to let these deported Jews reenter Poland. They were stranded at the border in the no man's land between the two countries at the beginning of a cold season with no prospects for survival. This action so enraged one of the son's of one of the deportee victims by the name of Grynszpan who lived in Paris, that he shot a German embassy official by the name of Ernest von Rath in Paris on November 7th. Von Rath promptly died from his wounds on November 9th, thus setting off the November 10th pogrom thoughout Germany. The direct aftereffect of this action was that with the now official destruction of all Jewish communal and cultural facilities, no independent Jewish life was possible anymore in Germany. At this point it is suggested that the reader turn to the Appendix and read my personal story of "Kristallnacht" November 9.10.11, 1938)

The days immediately following Kristallnacht became bedlam for most of the Jews in Germany. Frankfurt, one of the largest Jewish communities in Germany was no exception. Father was picked up at our house by local Gestapo people and taken to KZ Buchenwald on Friday morning November 11th. Both George and I were under constant fear that we too might be taken and therefore kept a low profile for a few days, until things started to simmer down a bit. Since all the major Jewish community property was damaged or destroyed, synagogues were burned and unusable, makeshift places of worship and assembly were set up at various private or rented facilities. By official order, damaged stores were ordered be repaired at the owner's cost, while all insurance premiums which might have paid for these losses, were declared none applicable for these claims, so that nobody was able to get reimbursed for the huge costs of these repairs. It all had to be defrayed out of the owner's pocket, creating much distress for many of the small storeowners who often barely lived from their daily cash receipts. Rumors about those taken into custody were rampant and everyone knew a different story as to where they were taken and what to do, or how to make applications for the individual's release from the KZ. I myself went right into the lion's den, the Gestapo headquarters on several occasions. I presented proof that father was a "loyal" German soldier in the First World War for four years. I showed them his old military passport, which listed all the battlers and skirmishes that he took part in, as well as his decoration of the Iron Cross medal for bravery under fire. I presented proof that all his legal records and his standing in the community were exemplary and that he had a clean record and no previous court convictions against his name. I tried everything under the sun and answered all questions regarding his political views and whatever else might move them favorably toward his release. In the meantime life at home had to continue to the best of our ability to manage without him. Because George was older that I, he tried to remain invisible, as mother still feared for his safety since people still disappeared from the streets on a daily basis and no one knew where they were. Therefore, I was elected to take care of bank matters, shopping and what became the most important single activity at that time, trying to find a way to get out of Germany.

Mother had previously sent many frantic letters to the family overseas without success. Finally now they hit pay dirt. When Aunt Miriam Aumann, by now in America, found out



Postkarte

Deutsches Reich

Deutsches Reich

Martha Ettlinger.

7 Alharizi Road.

Jerusalem - Rechavia

Palästina.

Nr. 939

Post card written to Martha Ettlinger by mother in November 16, 1938 alluding in hidden language to conditions in FFM following the Nov.10th " Kristallnacht" events

about the recent events in Germany, she left no stone unturned to try to help us. Through British government connections, which her cousin Ben Wexler had in London, they were able to arrange for a special emissary to be sent to the British consulate in Frankfurt. He was especially sent to personally arrange for a special temporary visa for George and me, allowing us to come to England, while we would wait there rather than in Germany, until our anticipated visas for America would become effective. I answered, what was to me still to this day, a strange telephone call to meet this individual on a Shabbat morning at the local British consulate in the West End of town, so that I could give him all the pertinent information. I remember walking there on that Shabbat morning and meeting this person, who turned out to be a short disfigured, hunchback crippled individual, who despite the many apprehensions which I still had, was most kind and understanding to all my uncertainties. Despite my poor school learned English and his broken German, we managed to communicate with each other and establish what needed to be done, in order that he could issue the visas to us. In the few days that followed, I had to obtain German passports and other necessary local documents, so that George and myself could legally leave Frankfurt. I met him again several times at the embassy and we managed to conclude the business at hand without a hitch. He left back for England, but I was assured that we would get our visas as soon as I had all the necessary papers to present to the consul for the final stamp of approval and this indeed turned out to be the case. To this day, all this still seems like a dream and in effect it was a "Ness Min Hashomayim", because it saved our lives. Mother seemed to be satisfied and although her own and father's future were still hanging in the air, she was genuinely pleased that at least we were finally on our way out of the hellhole.

Father still had not come back from KZ and all we could do at this time was to wait. It was now already two weeks since he had been interned and we had no news from him. We heard from several sources that detainees were gradually being released from the camps and that trains from the directions of these camps, arrived at certain fixed hours in the evenings, at the main train station in Frankfurt. Therefore I went religiously every night to meet these trains and to see if perhaps father would be one of the lucky ones to be on his way home. I repeated this for over two weeks, but while I saw many detainees returning, you could not help pick them out of the crowd of people with their short cropped prisoner type haircuts and disheveled and dirty clothes, there was no sign of father.

Much work still needed to be done during the day, to get George and myself ready for our impending trip to England. We were each allowed to take a large suitcase with us. We ordered several new suits at Carsch & Soehne, which had to be tailored for us. Mother got us a complete new wardrobe, shoes, shirts, underwear, sweaters, ties and hats etc., since she was quite sure that we had to live in these clothes for a long period of time. We were not allowed to take any money with us out of Germany and we foresaw little opportunity to buy anything new for ourselves in the near future. Therefore, until we would eventually get to America, where we may have a job and be financially on our own, this wardrobe was meant to last us for the foreseeable future. Fortunately for us we

had some money at our disposal since when grandmother Aumann had died, she had left all her grandchildren some money in individual savings accounts to their own names. Since the money would be of no use to us once we left, we spent it wisely on our clothes now and whatever was left over we gave to our parents to use for their eventual trip to follow and rejoin us abroad.

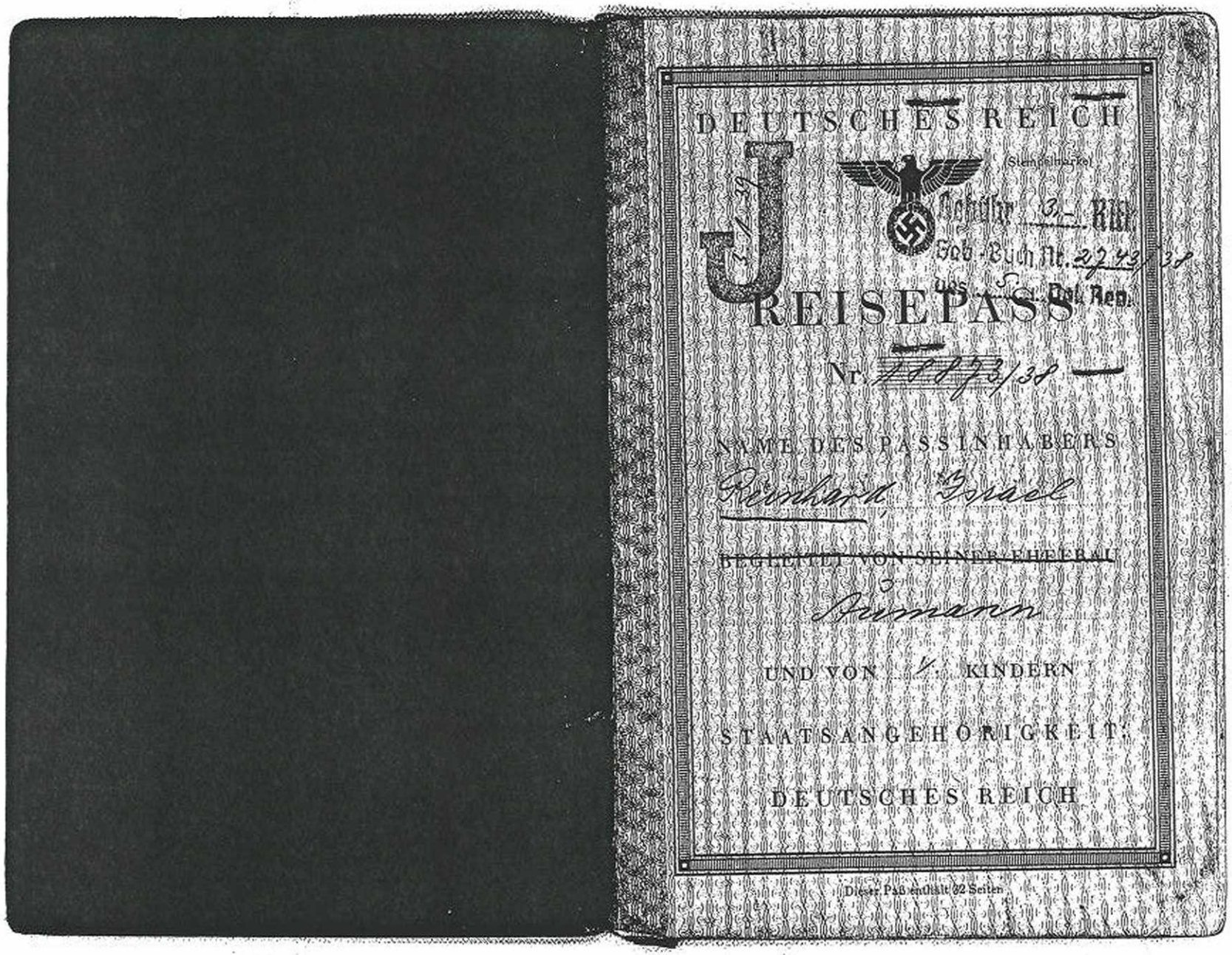
During the weeks following Kristallnacht we spent much time at grandfather Bondi's house. He was a very busy man indeed. With so many men, who had been active in the Jewish community but who were now in the KZ, coupled with all the family emergencies which had invariably come up due to this totally new and often confusing and upsetting time, men of grandfathers statue and ability to deal with situations, were much in demand. He was charged with arranging and overseeing that the remnants of the burned our synagogue building be dismantled as ordered by the local police authorities. He also had to arrange for the new temporary facilities to be used for prayer services, attend to his own business and perform the now much less but still occasional call for a Brit Mila here and there. He came home late at night and left early in the morning, but we did get to see him on occasion and in Shul. Friday night was his relaxation, when he had us all around his Shabbat table and we could thank the Almighty for the little blessings, which were still left to us to be thankful for. So it happened that on the fifth Friday night after Kristallnacht, while we were all assembled there for the Shabbat table, when at about 9 o'clock, father suddenly walked in, to the great and wonderful surprise for every one of us. His appearance indeed was a sight. He looked like a ghost, which had suddenly emerged out of the closet, dirty, disheveled and giving off such horrible odors, that if I think about it still now, my nostrils can still detect the smell. He had not washed in over four weeks, had lived in the same clothes day and night, had lost at least 30 pounds and had suddenly become an old man. Considering what he had been through these past weeks, he was, thank heaven, physically in rather good shape. He was starved, but maintained good control and did not fall over all the food which was offered him that night, which may have caused him much harm if he had indulged. He was exhausted and needed to get home to wash up and clean up and dispose of the clothes on his body. It was good to have him back at last and all else was forgotten for the moment. We dared not ask him any questions and he did not volunteer to tell us much, other than that he was glad to be home and that we must make every effort to leave the country as soon as possible. When he heard that George and I would be leaving as soon as all papers were straightened out, it seemed as if a stone had been lifted from his body and soul. What we did not know at that time was, that he had to sign papers, which obligated him to leave Germany within a period of six months and that at the time he signed these papers, he had no idea as how this might be possible. Now he knew, that once we were safely out of harm's reach, mother and he would at least be one step closer to a solution to their own situation. What was still troubling and much beyond his control, was the situation regarding grandfather Bondi and his wife and their possible relocation abroad. At this time at least, grandfather was still too involved with the Jewish community and dared not think much about his own future and possible fate.

During the next few weeks we were busy with getting all our things together for our impending trip to England. Our German passports were issued on January 3rd, 1939.. Our passports with a swastika and German eagle emblem, had the additional stamp on the first page of a large red "J" indicating that we were Jewish. It also bore the Nazi required middle name of "Israel", which every German Jewish male had to add to his name so that he could be immediately identified as a Jew, when dealing with German officialdom. Likewise, German Jewish women were required to add the name of "Sara" as a second name to their other call names. Once again I went to the British Consulate, this time with George, to have our visa permits for entry to England validated, indicating our special status as "Transmigrants to the USA", which they promptly did on the 11th of January 1939, and as previously promised by the special emissary. On the next day, Thursday January 12th, 1939, we had to present ourselves once more to police headquarters in Frankfurt. There we had to present all our papers to them, indicating that we were now officially leaving the city and the country, pay certain fees and in return, we got an official notification stamped into our passports validating our trip "for the purpose of emigrating to the USA through England". In other words, we had a one way ticket out of Germany, which essentially forbid us to ever return, not that we had any intentions of doing so in the foreseeable future.

With regulations changing at lightning speed and every day bringing new sets of rules, regulations and complications, it was imperative to leave as soon as physically possible. Therefore, father immediately got us our tickets for Sunday the 15th of January 1939, assuring ourselves to get out of Germany without any further delay The official part of our emigration was now completed. All that was left to do, was to pack our bags and say our good byes to all our friends and family. To properly describe our feelings at this time is difficult. Obviously there were mixed feelings for thousands of reasons. Being young, ambitious and enterprising, I looked forward to many new experiences. But lots of questions swirled around my mind. How long would we be in England before being able to travel to America? How would we be received and where would we be staying? With the limited English that we knew, how would we be able to communicate and get around? Could we get a job in England to help us maintain ourselves and possibly help our parents make an escape? This was a monumental step for two youngsters barely 16 and 17 years of age. However, since I had very little time to be selective, I had to make up my mind to accept whatever would come along and try to make the best of it, which is what I did. Money to tie us over in pinch we did not have since other than our suitcases we were not officially allowed to take any valuables with us. These was no purpose to try to smuggle anything out, since if found out, it may very well be that we would not get across the border but end up in trouble, possibly concentration camp and then what? On the other hand we were assured that at least for the immediate weeks following our exit, we would be visitors in the house of Aunt Miriam's cousins, the Wexlers as well as her sister Annie Kimche in London. One consolation for me was, that George had been in London at least once before, so that not everything was totally new for him.

The last Shabbat in Frankfurt was sad for all of us. Grandfather Bondi was now past his 75th birthday, which as I still remember now, was celebrated without great fanfare the

year before. For all his communal work and many good deeds, he was officially given the "Moreinu" title by the rabbinate of our Kehilla, which in his modesty he very reluctantly accepted. He was the one person who had played such a major part in our upbringing. During our formative years, he had helped develop within us the true meaning of the splendor of Jewish aspirations and true Jewish life. He was indeed a most outstanding and shining living example and role model by his ever willing, untiring and cheerful personal performance in all areas of communal work and personal commitment. Through all this, he had helped shape our outlook, understanding and "Weltanschauung", which we now carried with us into our future. One could always feel that despite his very up to date cultural outlook, he carried his personal G"d with him at all times in whom he trusted and with whom he communicated. To leave him behind and not know when and if we would ever see him again during our lifetime, was one of the saddest moments I had ever experienced. As a last gesture of his devotion to us, he personally gave us the family Sefer Tora, which was in his house and a beautiful set of silver candlesticks of his, which had been in the family for many years, to take with us for safekeeping. He wanted to be sure that they remain a family possession in the future. I can just imagine what it must have felt to him to part from these treasures. Yet a cheerful optimism and trust in the Almighty was always part of his life and he certainly displayed it to the fullest extent, at that critical moment of our parting. The parting from our parents too was emotional. We were much more hopeful thought that we would see each other again, probably in America. They were expected to wind up all their own affairs soon and follow as soon as they would be called to the American consulate for their own visas. Little did we know that World War II was less than eight months away. Father and grandfather "bensched " us at home before we started, and then accompanied us with our belongings to the train at the "Hauptbahnhof". I remember my tears as we embraced, kissed and looked out of the train windows as the whistle blew and the train started to roll out of the station. George and I settled into the compartment in silence and with our own separate thoughts of what transpired and the unknown future, which lay ahead. One more obstacle was to be hurdled, namely the border crossing to Holland. On our minds were the possible difficulties, which we might encounter there, because we carried the Sefer Tora and the silver candlesticks in our suitcases. The next few hours to the Dutch border were somewhat uneasy. When we finally got there however, the German border police and the accompanying Gestapo official took one look at us young guys, did not even ask us to open our suitcases, saw that our exit visas were in order and just continued on their inspection of the train. When the train started to move and stopped again shortly thereafter across the official border in Venlo, Holland just a few minutes later, we breathed a deep sigh of relief. The nightmare was behind us and an immediate feeling of impending great expectations started to settle in.



Excerpts from German Passport used by Reiner (Reinhard) Israel Aumann, for emigration from Germany to the USA through England in Janurary 1939

Ehefrau



Lichtbild

Unterschrift des Paßinhabers

Reinhard Israel Neumann

und seiner Ehefrau

Es wird hiermit bescheinigt, daß der Inhaber die durch das obenstehende Lichtbild dargestellte Person ist und die darunter befindliche Unterschrift eigenhändig vollzogen hat.

Frankfurt (Main) 3. Jan. 1939

Der Polizeipräsident

I. A.

2

PERSONENBESCHREIBUNG

	Ehefrau
Beruf Lehrerausbildung	
Geburtsort Frankfurt (Main)	
Geburtstag 16.6.1912	
Wohnort Frankfurt (Main)	
Gestalt mittel	
Gesicht oval	
Farbe der Augen braun	
Farbe des Haares dunkel	
Besond. Kennzeichen –	

KINDER

Name	Alter	Geschlecht

3

GELTUNGSBEREICH DES PASSES

In- und Ausland

Der Paß wird ungültig am

2. Januar 1940

wenn er nicht verlängert wird.

Ausstellende Behörde

Der Polizeipräsident in Frankfurt (Main)

Datum

3. Jan. 1935

Unterschrift

i. A.

4

VERLÄNGERUNGEN

1
Verlängert bis 27 Februar 1940

London den 4 Juni 1939

Dienststelle

SPECIAL DIVISION SWISS LEGATION

Unterschrift

2
Verlängert bis 27 Juni 1940

LONDON den

Dienststelle

SPECIAL DIVISION SWISS LEGATION

Unterschrift

3
Verlängert bis

den

Dienststelle

Unterschrift

5

(See page 8)

U.S.A.

~~Consulate of the United States of America~~

GOOD FOR SINGLE JOURNEY

FRANCOM

JAN 1939 16564

N.Y. Rotterdam

~~Consul~~

CONSULAR SERVICE

CONSULAR SERVICE

SIX PENCE

6d

6

Der Polizeipräsident

in Frankfurt (Main) den 3. Jan. 1939

Zur Anerkennung als

U.S.A. unter Vorlage

zur Kenntnisnahme

von Reiseverkehrsabkommen gesperrt.

J.A.

Dringl. Geschäft. Freigrenze Monat Januar 1939

für Rdl. 9.93 am 12. Jan. 1939 Sorten abgegeben.

Merkblatt Vordr. 7850 ausgehändigt

DEUTSCHE BANK FILIALE FRANKFURT (MAIN)

GRENSPOST VENLO

15 JAN. 1939

VOORGELATEN VOOR

DOUANE

Appendix

1) "Kristallnacht" Nov.9,10,11, 1938 in Frankfurt/Main , Germany

2) Rabbi (Avrohom Naftali) Herz Scheuer 1753-1822

3) A short biographical sketch of Richard F.and Gutta Freudenberger

4) The Samson R. Hirsch School in the context of an orthodox Frankfurt family

5) Origin of the Auman Family

" KRISTALLNACHT' November 9,10,11, 1938
Frankfurt am Main
Germany

Transcript of a speech delivered on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht by Reiner J. Auman. at the Young Israel of Hillcrest, Flushing, N.Y. on November 10,1988. The speech was tape recorded by Mr. Elliot Adler, and is presented here as recorded.

Rabbi Krauss, Mr.Weil, Ladies and Gentlemen,

If I would ask anyone of you here tonight where you were on any Wednesday night five years ago, the chances are that nobody will remember. But if you would ask me where I was on Wednesday night November 9,1938 fifty years ago, I can tell you to the exact minute where I was and what I was doing, it is still that clearly in my mind. I was at home with my parents when the telephone rang.

But before I continue, I have to give you a flashback.

You have got to understand that "Kristallnacht" did not happen in a vacuum. Germany had lost the war in 1918, it was down and out. After a revolution in 1918 it had started the Weimar Republic. Then, in 1923 after severe reparations were imposed on Germany by the allies, it experienced an inflation that was the greatest inflation in its history. At the end of 1923 when the inflation stopped, one new Reichsmark was the equivalent of the inflated one trillion Marks. People lost a fortune, they were wiped out. I remember as a child playing with the bogus one trillion Mark Scheine (bills) by then worthless money. Ladies and gentlemen, the crash of 1929 put the final nail in the coffin. Germany was desperate, financially it was completely wiped out, it was a financial invalid. In 1930 I remember clearly when I was eight years old, hordes of Germans were marching through the streets for weeks on end yelling and screaming " Hunger, Hunger, Bread, Bread, give me bread for my children"!!! The financial situation was terrible, people were out of work, they had no money for anything and everything was just ripe for anyone who would preach anything and promise the German people anything, to take over. Any demagogue with any story could have sold these people anything at that particular time and they would have been willing to follow.

And Hitler was that person. He said " I'll make Germany great, you follow me and I am going to restore the national pride". After several governments failed and after weeks and months of uncertainty and chaos, he was charged with the forming of a government in 1933. He wasted no time! He arranged through his cohorts the firing of the " Reichstag Building " and using that excuse he wiped out the total political opposition in Germany practically overnight. He blamed that fire on the left and the reactionaries and he took full control of Germany and declared all other parties null and void, out of existence. The first concentration camp was established in Germany in Dachau in 1933, and there anybody who would oppose that regime, Gentile or Jew, was placed into that camp. He ruled with fear and he wasted no time with regards to the German Jews. It started with the boycott in 1933 shortly after he took power. He send the SA and the SS, the brown shirt troopers and the black shirt troopers to stand outside Jewish stores, establishments, doctors offices, lawyers offices and dared any German, any pure blooded German to walk into those stores and patronize those Jewish establishments. Naturally nobody entered the stores. This was followed by the burning of the books, which was followed by the dismissal of all Jewish civil servants in Germany. It was followed by the disbarment of all the lawyers, and in 1935, the Nuernberg Laws forbid the social exchange and the social contact between the German people and the Jews. The German Jews were gradually wiped off the map of the German cultural and economic scene. They were disenfranchised completely and they could only earn a living off each other. One Jew could only live and make money of this Jew and

the other could only live off the other Jew. No Jew could make a living any more by doing business with the German public. We were now declared the subjects of the German state, our rights to vote were taken away and we were just reduced to being some form of chattel to be dealt with as they saw fit. While all this was going on, Germany grew more powerful. Hitler used the money from the stores and from the businesses which the Jews were coerced into selling to build up his war machine. It was not long before he marched into the Rhineland in 1936, and he dared the allies. He said "nobody is going to oppose me" and indeed, nobody did. The allies were unbelievably quiet as if nothing of importance has happened. Quiet it was, the world just did not care. It was absolutely amazing! German Jews who thought that may be this thing would pass, could not believe what was happening. They were astounded that nobody did anything. But here we were, German Jews stuck in Germany like animals in a cage, with no place to go. Some people with connections in other countries were able to get out, but the bulk of German Jewry was stuck in Germany with no future prospects. By now in 1938, when the Jews were totally disenfranchised, Hitler took his first major internationally aggressive step, he affected the "Anschluss" with Austria. And he dared the world again and he said " I am the strongest, anyone who will oppose me, I will crush". Again the allies did not do a thing. Then he raised the question of the Sudeten Land, and the allies didn't know what to do. For a minute they were a little nervous. He now demanded that the Sudeten Land, which was a part of Czechoslovakia, be turned over to Germany, since in it's border regions a considerable German population was living. He used that pretext to demand that this territory be turned over to him. Running came Mr.Daladier the premier of France and Neville Chamberalin the prime minister of England came flying to Munich and they concluded what later became known as the "Munich Pact". They signed a piece of paper and with it they signed away the Sudeten Land to Germany. Again the allies and everybody else, just stood by idly without doing anything to stop him. Mr.Daladier went back to France and Mr.Chamberlain, that naïve Englishman with his umbrella under his arm came back waving a piece of paper to the English people claiming that he had brought back "Peace in our time". But what everyone had forgotten was the German proverb, which said "Es kann der Beste nicht in Frieden leben, wenn es dem boessen Nachtbar nicht gefaellt" and which translated meant, "that nobody can ever live in peace, if his bad neighbor does not allow him to do so". Neither Chamberlain understood that, nor did the world. The Sudeten Land was handed over to Hitler without any ado. The German Jews and all those of the territories he had acquired by now and which were now firmly under Hitler's control, were now living in a tinder box and it would only take one single spark to ignite it. That moment came on that fateful November day when Herschel Greenshpan pulled that trigger in Paris.

Here I was, deprived of going to a school of advanced education after graduating the Hirsch Real Schule in Frankfurt earlier that year so I could pursue a college education. I learned Engineering Drawing and Descriptive Geometry in the evening with a German architect. During the day time I tried to learn a trade because I had nothing else to do and it might help me if I had to emigrate. So I went and became an apprentice to a carpenter, a Czech carpenter, because for a German carpenter one could not work anymore. When the telephone rang in my parent's house that fateful evening November 9th we were just getting up from supper. Some one called and said "Can you help"? My mother who answered the phone said "Can we help what"? The other party said "Yes, can you help take in some refugees"? Apparently refugees from the outlying districts were fleeing into Frankfurt thinking that they could get refuge in Frankfurt, because in the smaller villages and smaller towns surrounding the big cities, the Nazis had began to do their work. They were breaking into the homes, they were destroying the homes chasing the people out, they were burning the synagogues and the poor people from the outlying districts came fleeing in to town. That night, we were already living a bit further away from our original residence. My father had sold his house earlier under pressure, the type of pressure you can read about in the film "Godfarther". You were given a proposition that you couldn't refuse. A man would come to your and say " I want to buy your house, I'll give you a couple of dollars for it". You would respond saying "but it is worth a heck of a lot more". Then he would say " you better sell it to me now because if I have to come back in four weeks it may be too late and you may just have to just give it to me for nothing". So people felt coerced and sold their property. Anyway my father had sold his property under those circumstances and we now lived in a much smaller apartment with the

thought and some distant anticipation of emigrating. We had already applied for quota immigration numbers to the United States. But that night, when the phone had rung, nobody came to us and we went to bed very apprehensive because we could smell a rat somewhere down the road.

Early the next morning, I packed my satchel, I packed my lunch box, grabbed my "Tallit" and "Tefillin" because it was "Donnerstag" it was a Thursday, and Monday's and Thursday's I would go to "Shul" to listen to the " laining". I took my bicycle and I rode toward the "Shul". As I came to within two minutes from the "Shul" I see my late grandfather, G'd bless his soul, coming in the opposite direction. When he saw me he waved to me and said "Reiner, come over here, don't go to the "Shul", the "Shul" is burning. You know I have a "Sefer Tora" in my house, let's go, we get a "Minyan" together and we'll "daven" in my house". But I was a very impetuous young fellow. I took my bike, I figured the "davening can wait, because I wanted to see what was going on in the "Shul". I went to the "Shul" and there I saw the fire engines, policemen, standing around not really doing anything, because the fire hadn't really started yet to burn big. I saw people carrying in buckets of kerosene, bales filled with paper and old clothing soaked in kerosene. They were trying to really get the fire started. In Front of the "Shul", I'll never forget, there was the Rabbi, flanked by two SA people one having a gun in his hand and they said "Rabbiner" Rabbi "you better tell us where they hide the silver and the gold in the synagogue, or we're going to shoot you". And the Rabbi protested, nebbich, he did not know where the gold or silver was in the synagogue. That was not his job, he was a "Talmid Chacham" he had a different job and he had no idea where it was. And then he kept protesting saying "I am a Czeck citizen". Just as he said that, I heard a big bang. Apparently the gasoline and kerosene had just caught on as the fire started going up and with it the "Shul" went up in flames.

There were many other synagogues in town. I took my bicycle saying to myself, I have seen enough here, and I took my bicycle and went on to the "Shul" at the "Boerne Platz". The "Boerne Platz" did not exist anymore because it was now called "Dominikaner Platz". All streets which had been named after Jews were now renamed to none Jewish names, Arian names, church names. Ladies and gentlemen, as I come to the Dominikaner Platz and I see the "Shul", a beautiful old "Shul" with an onion style cupola and it's adjoining Jewish Cemetary that dated back to the year 1500. The "Maharam Schiff" was buried there, and lots of other "Gedolim" had their graves there, and the "Shul" was now going up in flames. I see crowds of people standing around and jeering, as one of them said "Ach, may be we get rid of the Jews now". An SA person and a couple of other hoodlums who were standing around to incite the people and who had arranged all these things in the first place, said "You want to know how to get rid of the Jews, come and follow me, I'll show you how to get rid of the Jews". So they collected a couple of guys and they went down the street on a rampage. They broke into Jewish stores, they threw out the merchandise, they broke the shop windows, they chased the owners away and the Jews were running for their lives all over town. I thought to myself, I have seen enough, it's time to go home to warn my parents, may be they hadn't heard. I took my bike and I went home and reported to my parents. They had already heard, they were in touch by telephone with friends and family and they knew what went on.

In the meantime, and that was on November 10th in the morning, the rampage went on throughout that whole day as hordes of people were milling around in the streets, running through the streets and making a noise that was deafening. As they came closer and closer to our house I kept on going out to see which way they were headed and told my parents "Look, they are coming closer to our house, what are we going to do"? My father who had been through World War 1 for four years in the German army crawling on his belly as an infantry soldier, was not easily scared. He said "Let's sit tight, let's see what is going to happen". And by that time afternoon had arrived and evening was coming fast since it was November and getting dark early, when by some miracle we were spared. I understood later what the miracle had been. The house that we lived in was owned by a "goy" and he let them know beforehand that they better not come into his house because they would be responsible for any damage that they might do to his property. Here we were, watching from behind drawn blinds, as the hordes were marching past

our house to other Jewish homes. They went from one Jewish home to another doing their work. I saw pianos, I saw merchandise, I saw all kinds of dishes, I saw clothing being thrown out of the third and fourth story windows hitting the floor and being smashed. That went on until well into the evening and thank g'd it got dark at which time the crown gradually dispersed.

In the meantime people called and asked " have you heard the latest, they are arranging to take all the Jewish men into custody". Protective custody they called it. My father said, "let's wait and see, what can we do"!? My mother said " are they going to take the boys too?" There was my brother who was a year older than I and myself. But we decided to wait it out. We heard they had lists as to who they are going to take. Ladies and gentlemen, they didn't come that night. But believe me, I was so scared by that time, that I put on my heavy clothing, two pairs if socks, my overcoat in case they would come for me that night. In that condition I crawled up into the attic of the house where we had a little room with a bed, in order to wait out that night I had build for myself a little crystal radio set with ear phones to which I started to listen. I was trying to find out what was going on, perhaps hear the news and keep tune for possible reaction from abroad to the day's events. I thought that maybe I can hide up in the attic and escape the whole thing. But I did not sleep very much that night. I was afraid to come down the next morning, but I did, I was hungry. As I did, my mother told me, the Gestapo had just been here, they had just called for my father, they had picked him up. Where did they take him? Everybody said they are taking the men to the "Festhalle". The "Festhalle" was the equivalent of the Coliseum and Madison Square Garden. It was an exhibition hall. They were taking all the Jews to the "Festhalle". Hundreds upon hundreds of Jews, thousands of Jews of all kinds of denominations, partly Christians, it didn't matter anymore. They went back to the second, third and fourth generation. If they were "Geschmatte" Jews, if they were "Mamserim", nobody cared, they were all declared to be Jews as long as they had a Jewish grandmother, now they were all considered Jews again.

Here I went again, I took my bicycle and I figured let me take a ride, perhaps I can see my father, lets find out what is going on and I went to the "Festhalle". I got there and I saw all kinds of cars coming together and all types of trucks getting there and Ladies and Gentlemen, they pushed the Jews off the trucks, they hit them, they did all kinds of things to them and I could see through the open doors. Believe me, I stayed way back trying to be somewhat of out of sight but yet I could see through the door as they were exercising the Jews, up and down, jumping jacks, push ups and sit ups. Then also had collected a bunch of Jews who had beards and they made them kneel down on the floor and sweep up the floor with their beards. Can you imagine that!!!

Then something very specific happened there in the "Festhalle". All of a sudden as all the Jews inside there were being exercised, being hit, being cajoled, there was this old Jewish man with a long white beard, a very fine man who was wearing a "Tallit" and "Tefillin". The German SA and SS were pushing him and they were hitting him as they said " you dirty Jew, why don't you show us how you can pray. Let's see whether your prayer is going to help you any now". And the man was petrified, he couldn't get out a word. Out of the crowd came a man, went over to that old Jew, took off the man's "Tallit" and "Tefillin", said a "Brocho" over both, put them on himself and said out in a loud and clear voice "Shema Yisrael" and the crowd had stopped and the Nazis had stopped what they were doing with all the exercising, as the thousands of Jews joined in saying " Hashem Elokeynu, Hashem Echod". The Nazis kept shouting "weiter, weiter" "go on, go on, " tell us more, we want to hear more" as the man kept continuing " Veohavto Et Hashem Elokecho" and he went through the whole of the "Shema". The Nazis were momentarily stunned as the Jews had joined in, since it had formed a miraculous unity among them. When the Nazis saw that this was more than they had bargained for, they said to that man "go back" and he went back and melted back into the crowd, but the whole episode provided a momentary moment of respite. Ladies and gentlemen, this man who came forward, to save the older Jewish man,his name was Oscar Aumann, my father.

When my father miraculously escaped from concentration camp four weeks later, he never mentioned a word about this to anyone. It was only much later in the year 1963 or 64,when a cousin of mine from England send me this newspaper clipping from the German "Allgemeine

Zeitung" published on July 20th 1963. In it the well known Frankfurt lawyer Dr. Julius Meyer an eye witness to what had happened in there, described what he had seen. He said it was the greatest experience, yes the greatest Jewish experience in his life. The same event was later written up and published in a book under the title "Dokumente zur Geschichte der Frankfurter Juden 1933-1945" by the Frankfurt municipal authorities.

Ladies and gentlemen, now what can we say that we have learned? I can tell you what I have learned and I shall make it very short. People will say it can't happen again. Don't fool yourselves for one minute. I'll give you the menu using computer language, I'll give you the menu how something like this could possibly occur again. The stock market is down 1000 points. Unemployment in the country is 20%. Industrial output is 50%. Social Security and Medicare are broke. The President gets assassinated and a bigoted Vice President and I know many that fit that description, becomes President in the White House. A major catastrophe like an earthquake hits a large portion of the United States, a large epidemic of Aids or a drug infested society takes hold. America loses a war and all you have to do is to remember what it was like in the 60th. Ladies and gentlemen, if any two or three of these things would happen all at the same time or very shortly one after the other and people would loose confidence and be disillusioned, you have all the ingredients which existed in Germany at the time when Hitler came into power.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you something else that I have learned. All the German people were believing Christians. Over 90% of the German people were believers, they were church going people, they celebrated all their Christian holidays. They learned Goethe and Schiller, Plato and Socrates in their schools. They listened to Wagner and to Beethoven, to Mozart and to Schumann. Did it stop them from committing these atrocities? They were so called cultured people. That culture Ladies and Gentlemen was only skin deep. It did not penetrate one fraction of an inch. The Pope and the Cardinals, Khumani and the Mufties have to fall on their knees in front of the "Kotel Hama'aravi" and do penance for all the crimes that religion and specifically their religions have perpetrated upon all the Jews throughout the centuries. Until they do that and until they stop to teach their children in school that the Jews were the G'd killers and that the Jews are the infidels who must be killed, you will never be able to trust them.

There is another thing that I have learned. Hitler, Goebbel and his cohorts, they used the media, at that time the radio, the press and large assemblies like this, to spread the insinuations and the lies of what was later to become known as the "Big Lie". They used it exclusively to their advantage. When you now sit in front of your television, when you listen to your newscaster, be very discriminating, don't ever believe 100% of what you hear. Be very careful and try to understand what he is attempting to tell you. Try to read between the lines to see if he is trying to tell you his opinion and his commentary or if he is really trying to tell you the honest untarnished facts of the news without his own interpretation conveniently smuggled into his presentation, which is what he really would like you to believe.

Something else I have learned. You cannot rely on wealth to save your skin. Your personal wealth means nothing, absolutely not a thing. Do not think that your personal wealth is going to save you. The words of the "Tora" were never clearer to me, when in connection with the "Lott" story the "Tora" says "Vayitmamah", and it uses the "Nigun" of "Schalschelet" which is used only a sparing four times in the "Tora" to specially emphasis the word. It means, "and he hesitated". "Raschi" very keenly interprets this by saying, he hesitated "Ke'day le'hazil et momouno", in order to save his property and his money. The "Melachim" the heavenly messengers who came to save Lot and his family, had to literally drag him away from "Se'dom" in order to save him as otherwise he would have tried to save his wealth first before leaving and by doing this he would have perished instead. Ladies and gentlemen, there were thousand upon thousand of Jews who lingered on and who could have gone out of Germany, because they were too attached to their money and they thought their wealth would eventually save them. Their wealth worked against them!! There was a Carl von Weinberg, whose father and grandfather started the "Cassella Werke" which later on became known as the mighty "I.G.Farben" chemical and industrial complex of Germany in Frankfurt and Hoechst. When he died of starvation next to my beloved late

grandfather in concentration camp "Teresienstadt", his last words were, according to a cousin of my late mother who was present at that time, "if only, if only". If only I would have left my money and wealth and gone out of Germany while there was still time and if only I would have used my money to help my fellow Jews.

With this last thought, ladies and gentlemen I am going to conclude. The Tora reminds us that when Cain killed his brother Abel, G'd asked him "Ayeh Hevel Achicha" where is Hebel your brother and Cain answers "Lo yodatie", I don't know. He then very sheepishly continued by saying "Hashomer achie anouchie?", am I my brother's keeper? Ladies and gentlemen, where was the Jewish Committee in 1938, where was the American Jewish Congress, where was the Joint Distribution committee, where were all the wealthy Jews of America, England, France and around the world? Were they their brother's keepers? If we have learned anything since the days of Cain and Abel, let us pledge here tonight, that we shall teach our children what my late father so intuitively understood. When I asked him later shortly before his death in 1966, why did you come to the help and saved that man who was beaten up in the "Festhalle"? He answered me very clearly by saying, "there were two reasons why I did what I did, one of them was, when they yanked me out of bed that Friday morning I did not have time to put on Tallit and Tefillin. I did so all the four years under difficult circumstances in my army life. Therefore I did not want to miss this opportunity to put on Tallit and Tefillin. But the other reason he said, was a very much more compelling one. He said, son how could I ever face you if G'd willing they let me go from here, if I could watch them do what they did to that man, possibly kill that man and just stand by and watch and not do anything". Yes, he understood "Shomer achie anauchie" that one has to be the keeper of one's fellow man. Yes ladies and gentlemen, let us pledge here tonight, each one to the another, to use our resources to the best of our abilities to help our people, but above all, that we shall teach that obligation to our children and to our children's children from generation to generation, "midor ad dor, ut bee'at goel hamoshiach, bimhero beyameny, amen".

Gebetzeiten in den Konservativen Synagogen 5702

יום הכפורים תש"ב לבק

Dienstag 30 Sept 41, Nachmittag 19.01 Uhr Arbeitsverbot u. Fastenbeginn

זמני התפלות

14.15	מנחה עיב
18.55	עטיפת טלית
19.05	כל נדרי
7.-	שחרית
11.-	קריאת התורה
12.-	מוסף
15.-	קריאת התורה
15.30	מנחה
17.45	נעילה
19.20	שמות

19.43 wird zu Hause מעריב gebetet und הבדלה gemacht.

Fastenende nicht vor 19.43

סדר הסליחות

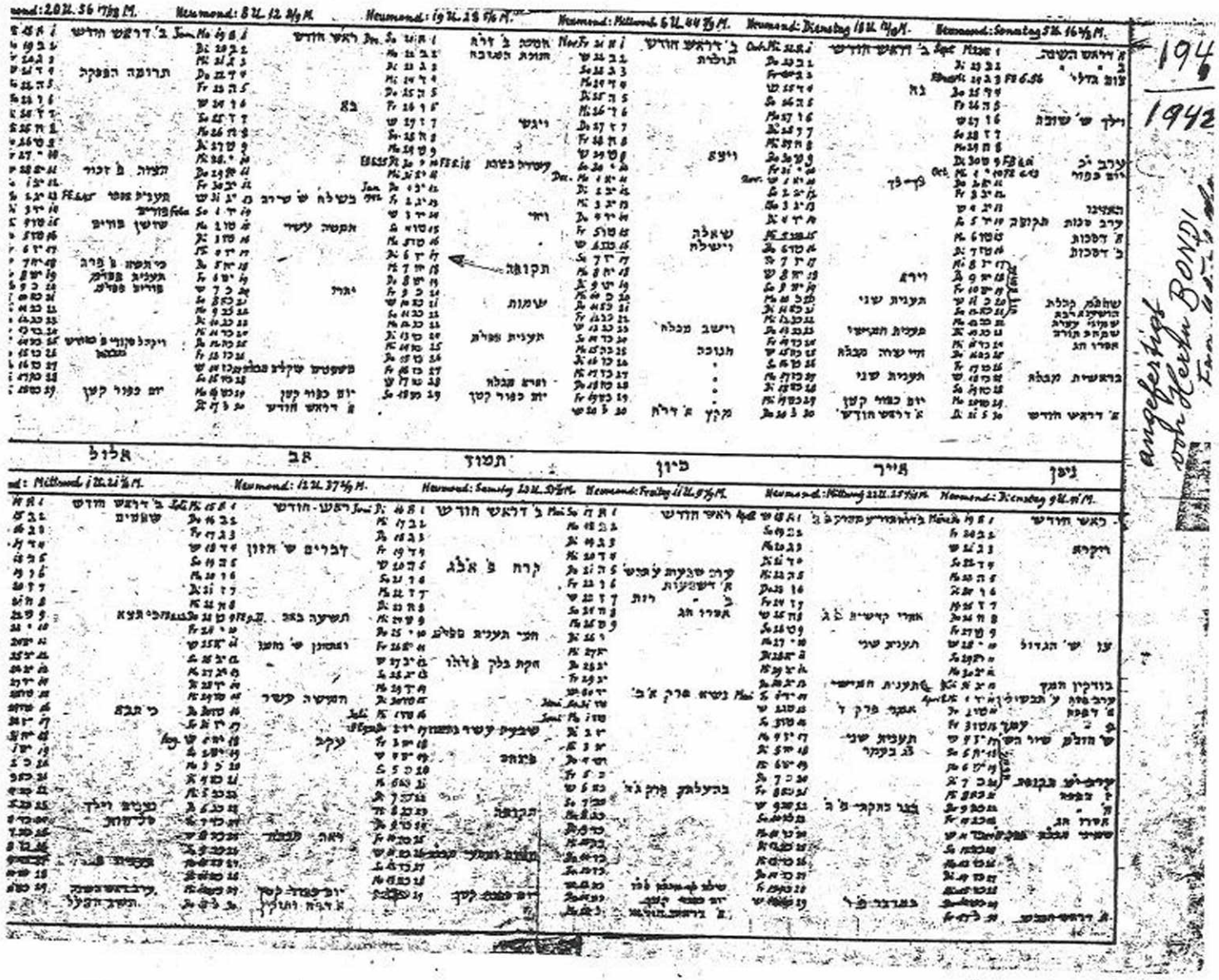
שחרית: אָבִינוּ הוֹאִיל, תַּעֲלֶה, אַשְׁפּוֹךְ שִׂיחִי, ה' אֱלֹקֵי רַבַּת אֱמוּנִים בְּנֵי מַאֲמִינִים, פִּזְמוֹן

מוסף: אֵיךְ אֶשָּׂא, אֲנִי הוּא הַשּׁוֹלֵל, ה' אֱלֹקֵי רַבַּת אַהֲבַת עֲזוּז, פִּזְמוֹן

מנחה: מַשְׂאַת כַּפַּי, מֵאִתְּךָ תְּהִלָּתִי, ה' אֱלֹקֵי רַבַּת אֶת הַקֹּל, פִּזְמוֹן

Der כל נדרי Gottesdienst soll spätestens um 20.25 beendet sein.
Es empfiehlt sich daher:
1. Die Gebete, die sonst der Vorbeter rezitativ mit der Gemeinde vorträgt, von der Gemeinde leise beten zu lassen.
2. שיר היחוד am Vormittag nach שחרית zu rezitieren.
Sollte die Zeit hierzu nicht ausreichen, so ist nur שיר היחוד und שיר הכבוד zu rezitieren.

Handwritten notice of 1941 Yom Kippur schedule produced by grandfather Bondi for services in the only remaining synagogue in FFM found after World War II



Handwritten year Luach for the year 1942 developed by grandfather Bondi found after World War II. At the end of 1942 he was deported to Teresienstadt where he perished in 1943

Rabbi (Avrohom Naftali) Herz Scheuer 1753-1822

Translated into English from a biographical sketch written in German by Rabbi Dr. Marcus Lehmann (1831-1890) as published in the German orthodox Jewish weekly newspaper "Israelit" ca. 1880. Marcus Lehmann was rabbi in Mainz and was publisher of this newspaper. He was married to Terese (Tirza) nee Bondi (1828-1899) a great grand daughter of Rabbi Herz Scheuer.

The giant of a man who is herewith described was born in the Jewish month of Kislev of the Hebrew year 5514 (1753) in the town of Frankfurt on the river Main where his father Rabbi Tewele David Scheuer was active as a Dajan. The family Scheuer is one of the old Frankfurt families, whose names originated from the display coat of arms which designated the houses where they lived. Consequently, names such as Rothschild, Schwarzschild, Kann etc.,originated from the houses identified by a black shield, a red shield or a pitcher etc.

Rabbi Tewele Scheuer was considered one of the outstanding talmudists of his time. He was a pupil of the world renowned Frankfurt Rabbi Jacob Kohn Popers, the "Maharich". Later on he was appointed "Dayan" in Frankfurt to the famous Rabbi Jacob Yehoshua Falk the "Pnei Yehoshua". As word of his ability and wisdom reached to distant places, he was offered numerous rabbinic positions from places like Hagenau, Hannover and Berlin, all of which he declined to accept. This he did despite the fact that his income from the position as Dayon in Frankfurt was minimal and he categorically refused to accept presents and any other favors for any of his services.

Rabbi Tewele was married twice. He had one son from his first wife called Rabbi Michael Scheuer(called after R.Tewele's father, was later on Rabbi in Worms and Mannheim and died in 1809 in Karlsruhe). From his second wife he had a son Abrahem Naftali Herz Scheuer (and a daughter Melche Sara Rachel who was the wife of Gabriel Oppenheim and who died in Frankfurt in 1771).

In second marriage, Rabbi Tewele was married to the daughter of the very pious and learned Rabbi Nathan Utiz, Rabbi in Bamberg. When she once became very ill and all the physicians had given up hope that she would survive, she awoke from he coma that she had fallen into and asked her husband to appear at her bedside. Rabbi Tewele came teary eyed and much disturbed, fearing the worst. She finally gathered enough strength to speak and she told him not to worry saying that her father had appeared to her in her dream and assured her that she would not leave this world until such a time that she had given birth to a great "Zaddik". Thereafter her condition gradually improved and lo and behold some period later she gave birth to a little boy whom they called Naftali Herz. (A different source indicates that Rabbi Tewele's first wife was Bela who died in Bamberg in 1767 and who was the daughter of Rabbi Nathan Utiz who was first Rabbi in Teplitz and then Bamberg. His second wife is recorded and praised for her" Frummkeit" in the Mainz Memor book as Sara Ester who died in 1778 in Mainz and was the daughter of the "Gabbi" Maier Reinganum in Mannheim).

A few early childhood stories are told of Rabbi Herz Scheuer. On the eve of Purim six boys disapeared from the ghetto in Frankfurt and little Herz Scheuer was among the missing. The Jewish population in town was in an uproar. Despite help from the local police and search parties from the community, no trace was found of the children and the parents already feared the worst. Around about midnight , the Gabbi went once more to Shul and acting on a hunch made another extensive search of all the corners of the building. Suddenly he saw a foot sticking out from below the to the floor cloth covered Bema. He pulled on the foot and one of the sleeping little lads emerged. Gradually all six boys were pulled out, who apparently had crept under the Bema and had fallen asleep there during the long evening service which included the reading of the Megilla. It is easy to imagine the great joy and relief felt by the community and especially the parents who were reunited with their children.

A short while thereafter Rabbi Tewele was offered the position of Rabbi of Bamberg where a vacancy had come up due to the death of his father in law who was Rabbi there. He remained in that position for a period of eight years and would have been happy there, had it not been for the continued denunciation by an apostate who badmouthed him with local archdiocese. This apostate claimed that attacks against the Christian religion were contained in the books in the Rabbi's library and he managed to have the whole library put under lock and key. Among the books locked up , was a miniature edition of Mesechtas Beizo which belonged to little Herz and from which he loved to learn. The little child was heartbroken and cried day and night, wanting his Gemora back. It is an indication of the great love which the small child already had then to study the Talmud.

The incessant attacks and denunciation finally induced Rabbi Tewele to cut short his stay in Bamberg. When the Princely Mainz District Rabbi Moses Brandeis called "Chariff" for his sharp sightedness passed away, he accepted a call to take up this postion in Mainz. He was received with great pomp and ceremony by both the Mainz Jewish community as well as the princely government. He wasted no time to found a Yeshiva in Mainz and he was ably assisted in running this institution by his son Rabbi Michael until he was appointed as a Rabbi in Worms. By now Rabbi Herz had matured so that he could now, though still young in years, take over all the functions vacated by his brother.

Already as a youngster Rabbi Herz Scheuer enjoyed a great reputation. His own father, his older brother and the many fellow students admired his clear thinking and great depth of knowledge which so young a person could acquire in so short a time. Among the outstanding fellow students at that time was, among many others, Rabbi Moses Sofer the "Chatam Sofer" of Frnakfurt and Pressburg.

The reputation of Rabbi Herz penetrated to farthest off cities and also to Prag. One of the most outstanding and wealthy Prag personalities at that time Rabbi Samuel Lucka, sent a delegation to Mainz to offer Rabbi Herz, then only 17 years of age, the hand of his daughter. Rabbi Herz traveled to Prag where after being lavishly entertained by all the great Prag "Lamdonim" and community, he married the young lady (whose name was Perl). After all the celebrations, the young couple returned to Mainz, where like before he exclusively devoted himself to the study of Tora.

When in the year 1782 Rabbi Tewele passed on, the various congregations of the princely district wanted to pass the rabbinate on to his son Rabbi Michael. However, the congregation in Mannheim, refused to let him go. In view of that, the Mainz district congregations now asked his younger brother Rabbi Herz to take on this post, which in his extreme modesty he declined. Despite his young age of only 28 years at that time, he declined other offers of great prestige, such as for example a call to Pressburg. He wanted to live exclusively for Torah study and to devote himself to the many students who had flogged to his Yeshivah. Consequently he remained the head of the Yeshivah, when the Rabbi Noach Chayim Hirsch Berliner was called from Baiersdorf to be the Rabbi of Mainz. In the year 1792 The city of Mainz was occupied buy the French army, however in 1993 it was recaptured by the Germans. Anyone who could flee to escape the long periods of siege that the city was under, would leave. Rabbi Herz also together with his whole family and all his students moved hastily to Aschaffenburg and continued learning there uninterruptedly with his students just as he had done in Mainz.

When in the year 1801, the last mentioned Rabbi Berliner of Mainz accepted a call to become Rabbi of the three congregations of Altona, Hamburg and Wandsbeck, he implored Rabbi Herz to take the position which he vacated. Rabbi Herz could not refuse these urgings, however he accepted this position only as an honorary post and refused to accept any type of salary or compensations of any nature. In spite of the very unsettled and warlike period, he continued to learn and teach and act as Rabbi at the same time. Young men from all principalities of Germany, from France and other countries hurried to sit at this great teachers feet, eager to absorb knowledge from his inexhaustible wisdom and a large number of pupils modeled themselves in

his image. Practically all rabbinical positions in the district of Elsass(France) were filled with former students of his.

In the meantime the republic of France ended when Napoleon crowned and declared himself as emperor. He now issued an edict in which he demanded that all Rabbis under his jurisdiction, and Mainz being presently in his domain, make a declaration that Jewish soldiers be released of all their religious obligations during times of war. Rabbi Herz Scheuer was also asked to make such a declaration, however, he rather resigned from his rabbinate, than make such a declaration. In his stead a new Rabbi by name of Rabbi Samuel Levi from Worms was now appointed in Mainz. For a similar reason Rabbi Herz Scheuer declined to participate in the "Sanhedrin" which Napoleon had summoned to Paris, since he feared that Napoleon would make demands which he, Rabbi Herz Scheuer could not sanction with his own clear conscience. In his stead another great talmud scholar by name of Rabbi Moses Kanstadt was sent to Paris. When in 1813 however, Rabbi Levi died after just a few years in office, Rabbi Herz Scheuer undertook to fill the position of Rabbi in Mainz for a second time.

After the defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig the city of Mainz underwent a second siege during which a severe flue epidemic swept the population. Among those who took ill was also Rabbi Herz Scheuer The epidemic was so severe that he soon drifted in to a coma and great fear existed for the Rabbi's life. Already the "Chevra Kadisha" was assembled at his bed site to recite the last confessional prayers, should that become necessary. Now the whole congregation was gripped by an outpouring of grief. Special services were held uninterruptedly by day and night in the synagogue to implore heaven for continued life of their beloved teacher and leader. Men, women and children of the congregation undertook to observe special fast days, which they observed with great piety. Even individuals who had discontinued observing such laws as for instance the prohibition of shaving with razors, pledged to follow the beloved Rabbi's admonitions and to undertake renewed observance and adherence to Jewish law. As if by a great miracle the Almighty must have heard all the prayers and Rabbi Herz Scheuer recovered. Imagine the joy which this noble man felt when he became aware that his sickness and ultimate improvement had contributed to less sin and better conduct by many.

The life of the great man who is being portrayed here was a holy and g'd dedicated one. He utilized every moment of the day for his studies of Torah and the duties of his office and only the minutest time was spent on himself and the on the barest necessities of his body. Every winter he fasted for a period of eight weeks, during every single day starting with the "Sidra" of "Schemot" though "T'zaweh". He ate no meat and drank no wine except on the "Shabbat" and holidays. He made deviation from this self imposed rule only in honor of table guests and he was quite discreet about his habits which he did not want to become public knowledge. He rose before dawn every morning to say psalms, study the "Michna" and the "Zohar". He was very meticulous and made every effort to honor the "Shabbat" and all the holidays. It was his custom to burn 31 candles on Friday afternoon to usher in the "Shabbat" and during the festival of "Succot" while in the "Succa" he lit 91 candles.

He was greatly pained by the new trend to introduce organ music as well as other reform into the synagogue services and he fought with great determination and much force to counter such disturbing new trends where ever they would appear. His benevolence and charity was without any bounds and he literally took clothing off his back, to give it to needy persons. Like the house of "Avrohom Owienu",his own house was open to the poor at all times and he always had many of his poorer students as house guests at his table.

Just a few days before the Jewish year 5583 (1822) he was overtaken by the illness which brought his dedicated holy life to an end. Aware of the seriousness of his sickness, he prayed fervently that the Almighty should allow him sufficient time until after the "Succot" so that he could still fulfill all the obligations of the three great "Tishre" related holidays. On the seventh day of "Succot" it seemed that the end was near. The whole congregation hurried to go to the synagogue to pray for their beloved Rabbi and indeed the Rabbi seemed to improve and held on

until two days after the holiday of "Succot" . His bed was surrounded by the most pious and learned men of the congregationand who wore "Tallit" and "Tefillin" while others overfilled the house all the way into the street. As those who were nearest to his bed started to say the "Scheimot" the whole congregation chimed in all the way to the street. Even the great man on his death bed repeated the words along with everybody else and when they came to the last word "Echod", he breathed out his last breath just like it was said about Rabbi Akiba.

An indescribable deep sorrow caused by the passing of this great man was not only felt in Mainz and the outlying districts. In most of the larger congregations of Germany, France and other countries, "Hespatim" were delivered. The famous Rabbi Wolf Hamburg in the town of Fuerth had his voluminous "Hespet" printed and published.

Rabbi Herz Scheuer only had two children, a son and a daughter. The son Rabbi Baruch was married to the daughter of the most respected and esteemed man in Mainz namely Rabbi Jacob Reinach the ancestor of the Baron von Reinach in Frankfurt on the Main. His daughter married her cousin, Rabbi Jona Bondi from Dresden, who moved to Mainz. He was one of the most outstanding students of the Chief Rabbi of Prague namely Rabbi Jecheskel Landau the author of the opus "Noda Biyehuda". Rabbi Jona himself already a great scholar, only lived to be 38 years of age. His son in turn was Rabbi Samuel Bondi the father in law of the author of these papers. The 18th yearly edition of the "Israelit" reported already about this great man's outstanding and immortal contributions and deeds. It was he who published his grandfather's work "Torei Sohov" a commentary to the "Schier Haschierim". It was also he who lived and acted in the true spirit of his grandfather Rabbi Herz Scheuer and in turn his own sons and grandsons continue with G's help in mind and spirit in the same path until the gathering of all the remnants of Israel from all corners of the globe "Le'secher Olam Yicheye Zadik"

Rabbi Naphtalie Herz Ben Yakov Moses David Scheuer
Rabbi in Mainz (1799-1810),(1813-1822)

Rabbi Naphtalie Herz Scheuer (1753-1822) was born in Frankfurt am Main. The German name Herz was added to his Hebrew name, Avraham Naphtalie ben Moreinu Harav David. Married at 17 to a daughter of Rabbi Samuel Lucka of Prague, he led the Yeshivah in Mainz, founded by his father, Rabbi Tebele Scheuer, after the latter passed away in 1782.(7)

In 1792, during the upheavals after the French revolution, he fled with his entire Yeshiva to Aschaffenburg for one and a half years. His Yeshiva was supposedly the source of all the rabbinical positions in Alsasce.

After Rabbi Chaim Hirsch Berliner was called to the "three congregations", Altona, Hamburg and Wandsbeck, in 1799, he assumed the Rabbinate of Mainz, refusing to accept any salary. He fought the introduction of the organ and of reform innovations in the synagogue service,as his grandson Shmuel Bondi was to do after him.

When the Rabbis of the Jewish communities under French domination were asked by Napoleon to declare all Jewish soldiers exempt from religious law during wartime, he chose to resign his post as Rabbi of Mainz rather than acquiesce to this demand. Succeeded by Rabbi Samuel Levi, he again resumed the Mainz post on the death of Rabbi Levi. Fearing that he might again be asked to act against his convictions when Napoleon convened the Sanhedrin in Paris, he decided not to attend as the Mainzer delegate. Instead, he sent Moses Kannstadt as a delegate.

The story is told that, during a grave illness of Rabbi Herz Scheuer, the entire congregation fasted and prayed, resolving to follow his dicta, such as his Halachic admonition prohibiting the razor for shaving. After a miraculous recovery, he expressed gratefulness for the sickness which brought about the repentance of his congregants.

He was a student of Cabbalah, practicing publicly some of its customs He studied T'hilim, Mishnah and Zohar daily before dawn. He lit 31 candles every Friday night. 31 is the numerical value of "Kel", G-d's name in the Posuk "Ki voh shavat "Kel" mikol m'lachto". His Sukkah contained, in addition to the seven lights for the Ushpizin, 91 candles - the Gematriah of the word Sukkah. After the Sukkah burned down one year, only 31 lights were kindled henceforth. These became electrified in our grandfather's Sukkah.

Rabbi Scheuer's literary creations include in addition to the works edited by his grandson, Shmuel Bondi, a number of other items mentioned in reference (7) B). One of these was a Hebrew song composed in honor of Napoleon and Josephine, which was sung by the Jews of Mainz when Napoleon marched into the city.

Dr. S. Baer's foreword to Anokhi and Ashirah.

שני שירים לשבת.

שיר ליום השבת.

אָשִׁירָה וַאֲזַמְּרָה — לְאֵל אַדִּיר וְנוֹרָא
אֲשֶׁר נָתַן לָנוּ — אֶת־יוֹם הַשַּׁבָּת.
מִ תָּמִד וְכָל — הָאִישׁ הַנִּכְבָּד
הַנֶּאֱמָן רוֹעֵנוּ — בְּאַהֲבָה וְחִבָּת:

לָכֵן נָשִׁיר מִזְמוֹר שִׁיר לְיוֹם הַשַּׁבָּת שׁוֹב לַיְ לְהוֹדוֹת:

גִּילָה וְחָדָוָה — הָיְתָה וְשִׂמְחָה
בְּמַחֲנוֹת קְדוֹשֵׁינוּ — מִמְּלָאכוֹת לְשַׁבֵּת.
הֵינָיו בְּמָחָה — נִצְּחוּ בְּאַהֲבָה
לְקַדְּשׁוּ הַזְּדַיְּנוּ — בְּרִת נֶפֶשׁ מְשִׁיבַת: לכן וכו'.

הֲלָכוֹת וְחֻקִּים — נֶחֱרָתִים וַחֲקוּקִים
לְשָׁמְרָם פְּקֻדִּים — עִם נָעוּר כְּבָבַת.
וַיְבָרְכוּ בְּפִם — בְּמִדְבָּר זִמֵּן
לָהֶם מִשְׁנָה לָנוּ — בְּרוּדִים לְיוֹם הַשַּׁבָּת: לכן וכו'.

Publications and Printings of Anokhi

To the best of my knowledge Anokhi has been published four times: (1) by J. Lehrberger, (2) by M. Lehrberger, (3) by Schocken and (4) by Bergmann. The various editions are described in the list of references (1) to (4). The Hebrew text appearing in references (5) and (6) are photostatic copies from reference (2).

(1) The song was published for the first time in 1868 in the first edition of Dr. Seligmann Baer's "Seder Avodat Yisrael". (1) It immediately follows the table of contents. Over a hundred years later in a number of Ashkenasic congregations all over the world this Siddur is still utilized for the Sh'liah Tsibbur.

The Hebrew text of Anokhi appearing here is taken from that first edition. The letters in large print form the acrostic Shmuel ben Moreinu Horav Rabbenu (MHRR) Jona Bondi. The song consists of a refrain taken from Shirat D'vorah and T'hillim and has a total of eight stanzas. Each stanza has six lines, with the first five ending in the same rhyme, (namely, IM, CHO, RO, IM, IM, OS, OCH, NU) and the sixth line always ending in IM in order to rhyme with the refrain. For the purpose of correlating the references, the lines are numbered in consecutive order. (The seven lines of introduction reveal that it was placed there as Rabbi Shmuel Bondi's Rabbinical Seal, vouching for the correctness of the Dinim regarding Prayer which Dr. Baer had included in his scholarly Siddur. (see p17) The song also appears in the Schocken Verlag edition of 1937 which is a photographic reproduction of the first edition. But the song has unfortunately been omitted from all the "miniaturized" editions of Schocken as well as the Tel Aviv reprints of 1957.

(2) It appears in several editions of the song books for Friday evening published in Frankfurt am Main by M. Lehrberger & Co.

(3) It can be found in Arno Nadel's collection of Z'mirot for all of Shabbat. The Hebrew text for Anokhi is arranged with 3 lines for each stanza similar to (1).

(4) The song is also included in a more inclusive B'rokot V'hodaot book published by Yeheskel Bergman in 1920.

References

(1) A) J. Lehrberger & Co. Roedelheim 1868 (5628)
Seder Avodat Israel by S. Baer
after table of contents p. XVII - XVIII

B) Hotzoat Schocken 1937 (5697)
Seder Avodat Israel
by Dr. Seligman Baer p. XVII - XVIII

(2) A) M. Lehrberger & Co. Frankfurt am Main 1920
Seder S'mirot Livneh Israel L'leil Schabbos 24 p. P.14-16

B) M. Lehrberger & Co. Frankfurt am Main 1922 (1st edition)
1923 (2nd edition)
Seder S'mirot L'leil Schabbos. Uebersetzt und mit Erklaerungen versehen von Dr.Salomon Bamberger Provinzialrabbiner in Hanau 51 p. p.10, 34-39

(3) Schocken Verlag, Berlin 1937
S'mirot Schabbos - Die haeuslichen Sabbatgesaenge gesammelt und herausgegeben von Arno Nadel. Musical score p. 26-7. text p. Chet and Tet. 86 p.

(4) Yeheskel Bergmann Frankfurt am Main 1920
B'rohot V'hodaot 120 p. p. 68-70

(5) Bondi booklet, Jerusalem 1962 p. 3-8

(6) Reiner J. Auman, New York July 1966
The Family Bondi and their ancestors 100 p. p. 17-18

(7) A) The Jewish Encyclopedia 11, 95

B) Jahrbuch der Juedisch Literarischen Gesellschaft III, 235-239 (1905)

(8) The Jewish Encyclopedia 11, 520 and 522

(9) Genizah Studies by Israel Davidson
The Jewish Theological Seminary (1928)

(I0) Ozar Israel by J.D. Eisenstein.

PATENTE.

N.° 177. du Registre.

Le Préfet du Département du Mont-Tonnerre,

Vu l'article 7 ,, du Décret impérial du 17 Mars 1808, qui défend de me se livrer à aucun commerce ou trafic quelconque avoir reçu, à ces effets, une patente du Préfet du Rh.

Vu le certificat du conseil municipal, en date du a——

Vu le certificat du consistoire du culte judaique, établi à Mayence, en [illegible]——

En conséquence des informations qu'il s'est procurées sur la conduite et la vie du pétitionnaire.

Donne, par ces, au Rabbin David Scheuer

la patente prescrite par le Décret impérial du 17 Mars 1808, valable jusqu'au premier Mai 1810, pour en jouir avec les droits et attributs par les lois, décrets et réglemens. Donné à la Préfecture, à Mayence le sept Juin

Le Préfet du Mont-Tonnerre:

Jean Bon St. André

Certificate made out by the French authorities in Mainz during the French occupation of that city by Napoleon, to Rabbi David (Tevele) Scheuer allowing the existence of a "consistoire du culte judaique " (Yeshiva) in Mainz between March 17, 1808 to May 1st, 1810

Letter of approbation given to Rabbi Jona(Benjamin Wolf) Bondi son in law of Rabbi Herz Scheuer when he left Prag

בע״ה

ויצא יונה מן העיר וַיֵּשֶׁב מקדם לעיר ניהו הבח׳
המופלג בן גדולי רו׳כהר״ר יונה
נכדו של הקציו הנדיב כהר״ר שמואל לוריא
עלה על רעיונו ללמוד בדבר הצריך לימוד
השחזת והרגשת הסכין של שחיטה, ולא שקט ולא
נח עדי הוקם ובא לגמור הדבר, וע״ד באתי
להחזיקו בחזקה שיש עמה ? שהבח׳ הנ״ל
למד אצלי השחזה והרגשה ומרגיש ?
בפגימה כ״ד. דברי אלה
שו״ב ונאמן פה ?
סמוך ונראה לעיר פראג
נעשה יום א׳ ר״ח אייר

No. 1215.

ACTIE

P.r DREY HUNDERT FUNFZIG GULDEN WIENER COR.t.

Wir endesgefertigte Deputirte Ausschus und Direktoren der K. K. privilegirten Zucker-Raffinerie in Königsaal bey Prag, bekennen dass uns von *Herrn Jonas Bondi*

der Werth dieser Actie mit *Gulden Dreyhundert Funfzig Wiener-Corrent* baar bezahlt worden, um bey gedachter Raffinerie an gemeinschaftlichen Gewinn und Verlust pro rata dieser Actie Antheil zu haben, und soll dieses Capital von fl. 350. mit jährlichen 6 % aus dem verhoffenden reinen Gewinn verzinset werden, in halbjährigen Fristen, als:

3 p. % den 1 Jänner jedes Jahrs, und
3 p. % den darauf folgenden 1 Julij,

nebst dem laut jedesmaligem Bilanz von denen Stimmeführenden Herren Interessenten bestimten Dividenten

Ein jeder rechtmässiger Besitzer dieser Actie kann solche cediren und verkaufen; doch muss die Declaration davon bey dem Comptoir der Raffinerie geschehen, und die Cession in behöriger Form eingelegt werden.

Alles getreulich, jedoch ganz ohne unsern Nachtheil

Prag den *1 July* 1792.

Die Directoren der K. K. privil.
Königsaaler Zucker-Raffinerie.

J. Fr. Sauvigne *L. Sulzer*

Christ. Dominik Adolff

Jacob Schaffo

Deputirte

Eingetragen in Actien-Buch Folio 77

Stock certificate owned by Janas Bondi in a sugar refinery in Koenigsaal near Prag made out 1, July, 1792

[redacted]

בריביעי בשבת ארבע ימים לחדש אלול שנת חמשה אלפים וחמש מאות
ארבעים ותשע לבריאת עולם למנין שאנו מנין כאן במדינת מגנצא
איך החכר ר' יונה בן החכר ר' בנימין אמר לה להדא בתולתא בילא בת
מורינו הרב רבי נפתלי הרי לי לאנתו כדת משה וישראל ואנא אפלח
ואוקיר ואיזון ואפרנס יתיכי כהלכות גוברין יהודאין דפלחין ומוקרין
וזנין ומפרנסין לנשיהון בקושטא ויהיבנא ליכי מהר בתוליכי כסף זוז מאתן
דחזי ליכי מדאוריתא ומזוניכי וכסותיכי וסיפוקיכי ומיעל לותיכי כאורח
כל ארעא וצבית מרת בילא בתולתא דא והות לי לאנתו ודין נדוניא
דהנעלת לי מבי אבוה בין בכסף בין בדהב בין בתכשיטין כמאני דלבושא
ובשימושא דערסא וחמשין לטרין ועבי החכר ר' יונה לחתן דנן והוסיף לה
מן דילי חמשין לטרין סך הכל מאה לטרין דכסף וכך אמר החכר רבי
יונה לחתן דנן אחריות שטר כתובתא דא ותוכפתא דין קבלית עלי
ועל ירתי בתראי להתפרע מכל שפר ארג נכסין וקנינין דאית לי תחות
כל שמיא דקנאי ודיעתיד אנא למקנא נכסין דאית להון אחריות
ודלית להון אחריות כלהון יהון אחראין וערבאין לפרוע מנהון שטר
כתובתא דא ותוספתא דין ואפילו מן גלימא דעל כרתפאי בחייהם
ובמות מן יומא דנן ולעלם ואחריות שטר כתובתא דא ותוספתא דין
קבל עליו החכר ר' יונה לחתן דנן כחומר כל שיטרי כתובות והוספתות
דנהגין בבנות ישראל העשויין כתיקון חכמינו ז"ל דלא כאסמכתא
ודלא כטופסי דשטרי וקנינא מן החכר ר' יונה בן החכר רבי בנימין
לחתן דנן כמרת בילא בת מורינו הרב רבי נפתלי בתולתא דא ככל
מה דכתוב ומפורש לעיל במא דכשר למקניא בי הפל שריר וקים

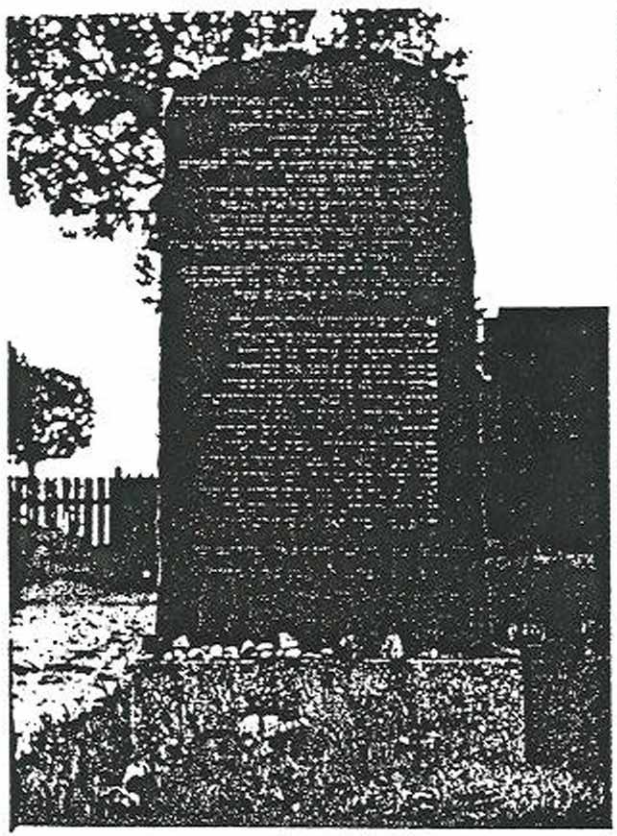
[redacted]

Nissan 4 Elul 5349

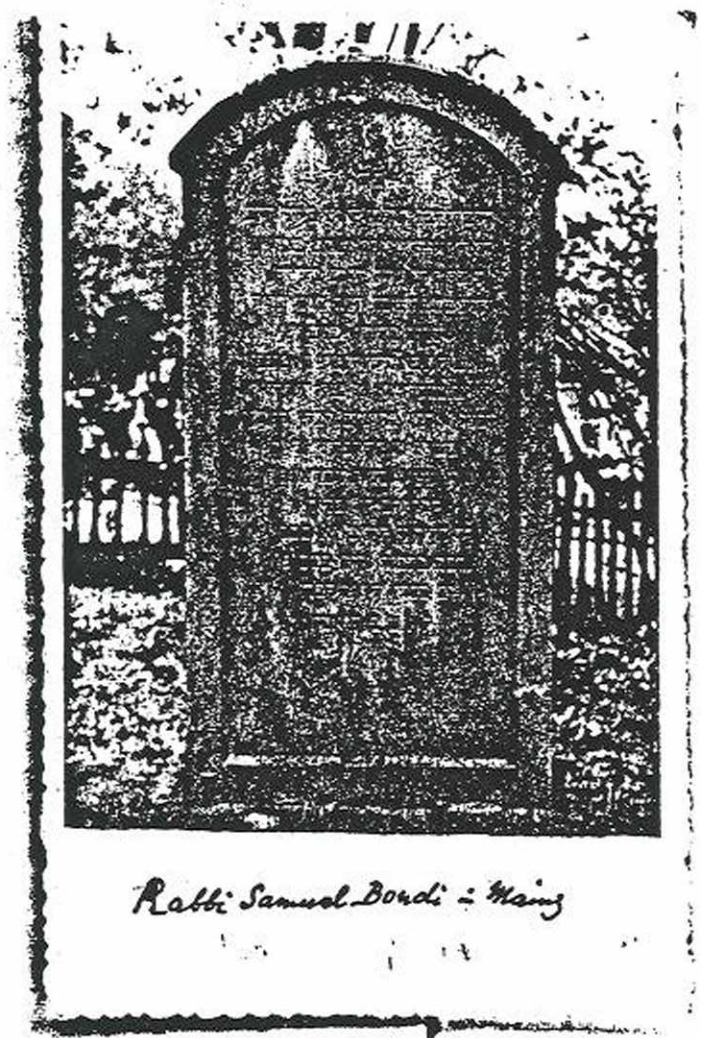
parents of [illegible]
רב שמואל בנך
[illegible] 1806-1763
[illegible]
[illegible] 1755

[redacted]

Ketuba, Marriage Certificate of Jona Bondi to Bele Scheuer



Grave Stone in the Zahlbacher Strasse
Jewish Cemetary, Mainz



Grave Stone in the Mombacher Strasse
Jewish Cemetary, Mainz

Letters by various individuals to R. Samuel Bondi
commenting on the Sefer "Torai Zahav"

ב"ה אמסטרדם יו' ד' ערב החג צד"ק ונוש"ע לפ"ק

בחג האסיף, יאספו אליו שמחות, ויבורך ממקור הברכות, ה"ה מעלת הוד כבוד ידי"ע וידי"נ הרב המאור הגדול לממשלת התורה, עובד מיראה עובד מאהבה בנפש תמה וברה, ידיו רב לו בפלפול וסברא, לבניו עטרת למשפחתו תפארת וליהודים אורה, כקש"ת מר מחותני מוהר"ר שמואל באנדי נר"ו.

אחדש"ת רומכ"ת נ"י כמשפט לאוהבי שמו הטוב גדול בישראל הנני בא להקריב לו תודתי שי ? לב על המנה היפה אשר כבדני בה – תורת האי גאון ישראל ותפארתו הגאון הגדול מר זקנו הרב זצללה"ה וזר זהב סביבו הגהות והערות מאירות מרומכ"ת נ"י מר מחותני חביבי ובחירי הי"ו ועוד נוספות עליו קונטרסיו היקרים, מאירים כספנרים – אשרי לו שזכה להפיץ תורת מר זקנו הגאון זצ"ל א' ממופתי דורו ומהעמודים אשר בית ישראל היה נשען עליהם וזכותו יגן עלי רומכ"ת נ"י חוטר מגזעו נטע תפארה נטיעה דומה לשרשים אשר כל יודעיו יכירו אמיתת מאמר חז"ל תורה חוזרת וכו' וצאצאיו הי"ו ועל כב"י – מאפס הזמן לא יכלתי עוד להשתעשע בדברי מר מחותני הרב הגדול נ"י כאשר חפצתי – ואך יען הראותו כי יקרים דברי כת"ר נ"י בעיני אעיר נא פרט א' – במה שהעיר כ"ת נ"י על פסק הר"מ ז"ל שמי שמסיר אפי' בד אחד מהארון לוקה ? קרא בל"ר כתיב והיה נראה לי לומר לעשות סמוכין לדברי רומכ"ת נ"י מפני שבצווי כתיב יהי' הבדים בל"ר והקפידה התורה שיהי' שנים ומיד ומיד פסוק אחריו הזהירה על ההסרה ממילא גם מי שמסיר אחד מהם עבר על צווי התורה שיהי' בארון שני בדים ומש"ה לוקה – וכאשר האי יומא קאי גרים שלא להרבות יהי דברי מעטים – והקוצרים אומרים יברכך ה' – עוד ינוב בשיבה דשן ורענן – לשמחת כל יודעיו מכריו ומוקיריו ובצל תורת וצדקתו עד כי ישיב ד'שכינתו לציון – ובמועד הקדוש הבע"ל ישמח צדיק ביב ועליו יתענג כנה"ר והנשאה וכנפש אחד אחוז בחבלי אהבתו אה"ר אה"ע ! דש"ת ומצפה לחסדי ד' וישועתו, תשועת ישראל וגאולתו עקיבא

לכבוד חתנא דבי נשיאה הרב נ"י ומע' בניו היקרים והנאהבים שלום רב וברכה

בקידה ובכריעה אדרוש שלום תורת מו"ר הרב המאה"ג נ"י ונא אל תהי ברכתי קלה בעיני כתרו"מ נ"י שיהי' שמח וטוב לב במועד הבעל"ט ככל אשר תאוה הטהורה – ותודתי אוביל לכתרו"מ נ"י על המנחה הטהורה אשר זכיתי, להתכבד בה מיד רו"מ נ"י ? – גם יתר המקבלים ה"ה: הרב דודי הח"ר אברהם משה ! וכה"ר יצחק ! וגיסי כה"ר יאודה ליבל נותנים תודות לרו"מ נ"י על הסי' אשר שלח להם למנה ומברכים אותו בברכת החג – והרבנים ? שיחי' יכתוב בעצמו לרו"מ נ"י אחרי המועד ? לדיר ? יתן ספר מר זקנו הרב הגאון זצללה"ה וזיע"א בין לומדי תורה ימצא לבבו נכון לשלוח לי עוד שני ספרים בעד הרב החסיד דרשן ומוכיח רבים מו"ה ישעיה נ"י והרב המופלג מו"ה אלי' אברהם הכהן נ"י (תלמיד הה"ג) וישלח תודות לרו"מ וכביאה כן יציאה אשתחוה מלא קומתי מול הדר"ק מוקירו ומכבדו

עקיבא

מילים שאני לומד ? ? הין ולאחרים שי ומרכז שמחת התחן!

S. Bamberger
Uhlandstrasse 12
FRANKFURT a/M.

ירושלים ו' אייר תרפ"ח לפ"ק

[illegible]

[illegible]

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בע"ה פפד"מ יום אי כ"ו אלול תרל"ה לפ"ק

חיים שלום וברכה עם כתיבה וחתימה טובה להאי גברא קדישא ופרישא הרבני
המופלג בתורה ומלכתר ביראה כש"ת מהור"ר שמואל נר"י בעיר [illegible] יע"א!

באתי בזה קדם רפ"מ נר"י בפקודת היקר והנכבד כהר"ר [illegible] נר"י
פה והוא להביא לו במכתב אלפי תודות עבור הספר היקר והנחמד
שכבדו בו רפ"מ נר"י בהיותו אצלו בשבוע העבר ומאד מאד שמח היקר הנ"ל
בספרו היקר "תורי זהב" מאת הרב המופלג והמפורסם זקנו זללה"ה
על שיר השירים והגם שלא היה לו פנאי עדיין לעין בו ככל
הצורך מ"מ כבר טעם קצת מאמרות הטהורות הנצפנים בספרו
היקר ובלי ספק זכות מצוה רבה בידו לזכות הרבים על ידי
הדפסת הספר להוציא לאור תעלומות חכמה ויראה וכאשר זכה
רפ"מ נר"י לזה כה יזכה לזכות את הרבים עוד שנים
רבות עד מאה ועשרים שנים ויזכה לרב טוב הצפון לצדיקים כי"ר
ולעת צאת השנה יכתוב ויחתום ה' אותו בספרן של צדיקים
לחיים טובים ארוכים ומתוקים ויתן את כל משאלות לבו הטהור
ע"כ דברי היקר הנ"ל וגם אני [illegible] אוסיף נפך משלי להעתיר
לרפ"מ נר"י ולכל משפחתו היקרה עתירת כתיבה וחתימה
טובה והנני ידידו המוקירו ומכבדו בכל עת ועונה
הק' זעקל בלאאמ"ו הגאב"ד כש"ת מהור"ר יצחק
הלוי נר"י באמבערגער

פֿאָרעראינגערונג·

אמר ומאלף כ"ר שמשון ז"ל לוש היידנהיים·

[illegible]

אבגדהוזחטיכ(ך)למ(ם)נ(ן)
סעפ(ף)צ(ץ)קרש(ש)ת

[illegible]

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90
א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט	י	כ	ל	מ	נ	ס	ע	פ	צ

100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000
ק	ר	ש	ת	ך	ם	ן	ף	ץ	אלף

סידור

שפת אמת

מהדורא ג'א.

[illegible]

תוספו לו מנהגי ק"ק מגנצא בסדר התפלה ונוסחאותיה, ופיוטי הפרשיות והפטרותיהן

רעדעלהיים

שנת תרכ"ב לפ"ק.

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[illegible]

מנהג ק"ק מגנצא בסדר התפלה ונוסחאותיה·

אומרים תהלים ביום החול, בבה"כ קודם ארון עולם, ואחר תהלים אומרים מזמור של יום ואחריו קדיש. ואם אין עשרה בבה"כ קודם ארון עולם אז אומרים מזמור של יום וקדיש קודם ברוך שאמר.

ובשבת וי"ט אומרים תהלים אחר גמר התפלה ועליו מזמור של יום וקדיש. אבל מערב י"כ עד יום כ' של סכות (ולא עד בכלל) אין אומרים תהלים כלל, אבל מזמור של יום אומרים אחר התפלה.

אם יש מי שיגן בעיר יאמר הש"ץ ארון עולם בלחש כימי החול.

ברכות השחר אומרים בכל יום קודם ברכות התורה, וברכות התורה אומרים קודם וידבר, את קרבני לחמי.

בברכת צור ישראל אחר ק"ש אומרים בנוסח גואלנו ה' צבאות שמו קדוש ישראל.

[illegible]

Special edition of a Roedelheim Siddur listing
Mainz Minhagim 1862.

המעריבות אומרים בכל י"ט אבל על ימי השבוע אבל לא כשחל י"ט של שבת. ואם חל ליל י"ט ראשון בשבת אומרים בליל שני המעריבות של ליל ראשון, חוץ מליל שני של פסח מפני ביטול הספירה, אבל בשאר מועדים גם בשמחת תורה אם חל ליל ראשון בשבת אומרים בליל שני מעריבות של ליל ראשון.

בליל י"ט אחר קידוש, ושני לילות הראשונים של פסח אחר קדיש תתקבל ומפייטים מנגנים יגדל, ובליל שמחת תורה גם אדון עולם.

בשני ימים הראשונים של פסח שמפסיקין לשאול את הפיוט קודם תפלת לחש ואומרים ביום ראשון אפיק רנן ושירים, וביום שני אור ישע מאושרים.

בשני ימים האחרונים של פסח שמפסיקין לשאול את כל הפיוט בין של קודם תפלת לחש בין של אחר תפלת לחש ואומרים ביום השביעי את הפיוטים אתה הארת וכו' איומה נוראותיך וכו', וביום אחרון של פסח אומרים ויושע ישרשני פרח וכו' אתותיך ראינו וכו', ואם חל שביעי או אחרון של פסח בשבת אומרים קודם תפלת לחש פיוט של שבת הסה"ש(?) פסח אהובך אהבוך וכו' דודי שלים וכו' אלה ואלה הראיתנו וכו' ברח דודי אל שאנן נוה וכו'. כשחל שביעי ואחרון של פסח בחול, אז אומרים בליל אחרון המעריבות אור לשביעי גש וכו'.

ספירת העומר נוהגים לספור בליל שבת אחר קידוש אם כבר הגיע זמנה, ובמוצאי שבת קודם ויתן לך.

בליל אחרון של פסח בין שחל בשבת בין שחל בחול סופרים אחר קידוש, רק כשחל יום שביעי בשבת אז סופרים בליל אחרון קודם קידוש יקנה"ז.

הזכרת נשמות אומר החזן כישינו(?) בשבת שלפני שבועות ולפני ט' באב ובפ' שמות(?) וביום הכפורים, ומזכירים כשמו(?) ובקילוף(?), ואם בשבת שלפני שבועות וט' באב מזכירים גם הרוני(?) קהלות כמו שנזכרים בספר הממורר(?).

אב הרחמים אין אומרים אלא בשבת שלפני שבועות ולפני ט"ב אשר(?) אשרי קודם יהללו.

אין אומרים ולא של שבתות בין פסח לשבועות ובין המצרים רק בשבת שלפני שבועות ולפני ט' באב, ואם יש מילה באותן שבתות אומרים יוצר ואופן של מילה וזולת של שבת שלפני שבועות וט"ב.

עד אחר אסרו חג של פסח ואסרו חג של סכות אומרים תחנון, אבל שומר ישראל ויהי רצון אחר קה"ת בב' וה' אין אומרים עד אחר ר"ח אייר ור"ח מרחשון. ל"ג בעומר וט"ו באב וט"ו בשבט דינם שוה כמו שאומרים תחנון אבל אין אומרים שומר ישראל ויה"ר בב' וה'.

בשבת שלפני תענית שני וחמישי ושני מוסיף החזן לומר מי שברך אחר יקום פרקן ולהתענות שני וחמישי ושני מי שירצה.

בשבועות מפסיקין כל הפיוט של שחרית בין שלפני תפלת לחש בין שלאחריה ואומרים ביום ראשון אילת אהבים וכו' ארץ מטה ורעשה וכו' וביום שני אומרים ארון אמננו(?) וכו' אורח חיים וכו', בין שחל יום שני בחול או בשבת.

בליל שני של שבועות כשחל בחול אומרים המעריבות המתחלת אל אלקים ה' דבר.

כשחל ליל שני של שבועות בשבת אין אומרים כמנהג אבות את המעריבות(?) המתחיל יום שבת זכור והשמיע.

בליל תשעה באב אומרים הקינה על אלה ועל אלה וכו' כמו שהוא בסדור קינות מנהג אשכנז.

בט"ב בשחרית אומרים הקינה ארזי הלבנון קודם קינת ואת נוי המאתי; בט' באב אין אומרים תחנון, למנצח, של תרך(?) אפים.

בקריאת התורה של שחרית ט' באב אין אומר החזן מי שברך להקרואים אבל בין הקרואים של שחרית עולים ג"כ במנחה לתורה אז אומר החזן מי שברך.

מתחילין לתקוע ביום ב' דר"ח אלול דהיינו ביום א' אחר מנחה.

אומרים בתפלת ראש השנה וי"כ שהשלשו(?) בקטן, גם אדרת ממלכת(?), גם ונאדר ויגבה ה', ולא כבתוב. גם בתפלת מוסף אומרים ורועו(?) החם חוכור(?), ולא לנדעו(?) של ישקר(?).

אבינו מלכנו אומרים בסדר ובנוסח ק"ק פראנקפורט דמיין.

במוסף בפיוט האוחז אומרים הנוסח חסדי קהל דור, ולא הנוסח באמדו(?) לפי כפיוט היה עם פיוטי אומרים ,,הורם מה יאמרו, הבינם מה ידברו, השיבם מה שישאלו''.

ביום ב' דר"ה בשחרית מגביה(?) פיוט כל שנאני שוחק קודם פיוט מלך עליון, במוסף יום שני דר"ה כשבלומית(?) נהרו נעמו עם זו אומרים הנוסח שבועות ברית נשקים שבועה ובריה.

בשבת שובה אין אומרים בקדושת מוסף הפיוט אלהיכם. ובמנחה אין אומרים צדקתך.

קודם כל נדרי יעמדו שלשה שהשוטי(?) הקהל אצל החזן, וקודם לכן קורא הנשיא(?) את הגבאים בשם שילכו להתיר נדרים.

בכל נדרי אומרים בסליחה תשת זורים הגושה(?) וזכור ברית ושבועה ולא ובריה שבועה.

ווידוי של חטא אין אומרים ועל כלם אלוה סליחות כי אם שני פעמים, אבל ועל כלם אשר נדפס במחזורים בין עוון מרת(?) לפרוקת עול אין אומרים אותו.

ודוי ועל חטאים אומרים בסדר ובנוסח ק"ק פראנקפורט דמיין, רק שאומרים קרת שגדי(?) בן בתפלות הן בשחרית ומוסף ומנחה.

אחר תפלת כל נדרי אומרים שירי היחוד כולם וגם שיר הכבוד, ואחר שיר הכבוד אומרים שיר מזמור לאסף וקדיש יתום, ומנגנים יגדל ואדון עולם ואומרים תהלים כולו. אבל תמורת זה אין אומרים שיר היחוד ותהלים בשי"ב(?) ולאחר י"כ עד יום ב' של סכות ולא עד בכלל.

במוסף של יוה"כ אין אומרים בסוף סדר העבודה שהפסוקים רק אותן האלקים שבין מנהג ק"ק פראנקפורט דמיין.

בסליחות ביה"כ אומרים כמו שנדפסו במחזורי מנהג אשכנז, ואך אם ביום קצר מדלגים בשם סליחות כפי הוראת האב"ד, אבל בשחרית אין מדלגין כי אם שתי סליחות אפילו אם היום קצר.

אין אומרים והערב קודם דוכן רק במוסף, ואם עוד זמן שהכהנים עולים לדוכן בנעילה אומרים והערב גם בנעילה.

הכהנים עולים לדוכן בשחרית ובמוסף בר"ה ויו"כ ובכל המועדים אפילו כשחל בשבת, ויה"כ גם בנעילה אם יש עוד זמן.

אומרים התפלה אם יש ילג(?) עדות בסוכות(?) ש"ת בר"ה ויו"כ ובכל המועדים אפילו כשחל בשבת.

בתפלת נעילה אומרים הסליחה אדון כי תקח מוער.

הפזמונים בתפלת נעילה אומרים בסדר ובנוסח ק"ק פראנקפורט דמיין.

בשעת אחר נעילה אומרים בשכנת(?) רוב הקהלות, בתחלה שמע ישראל ואחריו בשכמל"ו, ג' פעמים ה' הוא האלקים ז' פעמים.

נהגו לתקוע בשופר גמור לסדליק(?) על ידי נבחי(?) נר ביוה"כ בנעילה.

במוצאי חג של יוה"כ ובן במוצאי חג של אחר המועדים אין אומרים למנצח יענך, אבל אומרים אל ארך אפים כשחל בב' או ה'. ובן המנהג גם בערב סוכות וערב שבועות. אבל בערב פסח אין אומרים אל ארך אפים, ובערב ר"ה אומרים גם כן למנצח.

בשני ימים הראשונים של סכות שמפסיקים הפיוט שלאחר תפלת לחש, ואומרים לשלם ביום ראשון ארחץ בנקיון כפות, וביום שני אומרים לעולם אימתי בהיל כפור(?).

כשחל י"ט בחול אין אומר החזן בחזרת התפלה של מוסף את פסוקי הקרבנות היום, אלא מיד אחר כאמור מתחיל או"א מלך רחמן. אבל כשחל י"ט בשבת אומר פסוקי הקרבנות בסדר הכתוב במחזורים ואומר אחר פסוקי קרבן שבת בשבת וזה קרבן שבת וקרבן היום כאמור. אמנם בראש חדש ור"ה ויוה"כ אומר החזן את פסוקי קרבנות היום אף כשחל בחול.

סדר הושענא אומרים במנהג אשכנז, רק בהושענא רבה אומרים אל למושעות במקום תערוך שועי.

בשבת חה"מ של סכות מזכירים בברכה אחרונה של ההפטרה ועל יום חג הסכות הזה, ומסיים מקדש השבת וישראל והזמנים. אבל בשבת חה"מ של פסח אין מזכירים י"ט בברכה אחרונה.

בהושענא רבה מוציאים ז' ספרי תורה קודם הושענא ומניחים על הבימה, ואבל מעם(?) של ז' הקפות בשבת החזן מגד ארון הקדש ומסיים הושענא שמכניסים אותן שכן אין הסיבל(?).

בשמיני עצרת שבוא מתנת יד וגם בשמחת תורה מנגנים על הגבל יתגדל ומוסיפים במי שברך לכל הקרואים לכבוד הרגל, ויזכהו לעלות לרגל. וכן נוהגים גם במתנת יד של פסח ושל שבועות.

מדליקים נר חנוכה בבית הכנסת בערב שבת קודם מנחה, ובמוצאי שבת קודם ויתן לך.

אומרים בפיוט שני ויהום גם בשבת אחר של חנוכה.

בשבת חנוכה ור"ח אין אומרים מפיוטי ר"ח רק האופן לך אלים. ואם יש גם מילה אומרים גם באופן של ברית מילה.

בשבת חנוכה ור"ח אומרים בקדושת מוסף השני פיוטים אלהיכם, ואם יש גם מילה אומרים ג' פיוטי אלהיכם. וכן בשבתות אחרות שאומרים אלהיכם בקדושה אם ברית מילה בכן אומרים השני פיוטי אלהיכם.

בר"ח טבת וחנוכה, ושני ימים של פורים קטן מדליקין בשחרית בל הנרות בבהכ"נ כמו בליל שבת חוץ מהמנורה הגדולה אשר משמאל להיכל.

בשבת הגדול שמנהג ליקח עשרה אנשים שלמדו וישמרו תהלים בליל ו' עד אחר חצות בקשוטה(?) שבועות של אבכי"ם(?) ת"ת.

אין אומרים ולכפרת פשע במוסף של ר"ח רק בר"ח אדר שני.

באתרנו פרשיות אומרים האופן כשחיל בבודו.

בליל פורים אין קורין המגלה אלא בסוף הלילה.

קצת מנהגי קדיש של ק"ק מגנצא.

נהגו בק"ק מגנצא שיהיו קדמונים אומרין מלבד הקדישים של התפלה עוד ד' קדישים בשחרית וב' בערבית, דהיינו אחר תהלים ומזמור של יום אומרים קדיש יהא שלמא, אחר שיר היחוד ומזמור נאסף אומרים קדיש יהא שלמא, אחר הלימוד של חב"ר דקהלה אומרים קדיש דרבנן, ועוד אחד אחר הלימוד של ח"ק דג"ח דקהלה אומרים קדיש דרבנן. וזה בשחרית. ובערבית אומרים שני קדישי דרבנן אחד אחר הלימוד של חב"ר דקהלה, ואחד אחר הלימוד של ח"ק דג"ח. ואבני ח"ק דג"ח יש להם קדישם יאהרצייט או בכל ר"ח, וגם כשם יאהרצייט מן הקהלה אשר נפטרו בשנה שהיו נמנים בח"ק דג"ח יש לו להקדיש הקדיש לנשמתו ע"י בנו או ע"י אחר. והקדיש הזה הוא רק בשחרית, אבל בערבית אין לבני ח"ק דג"ח קדישה.

אין יתרון לאבל בתוך השלושים משאר האבלים.

סומי פרשיות של כל השנה

כמנהג ק"ק מגנצא.

לא רשמנו פה אלא סיומי הפרשיות שלא נהגו בכל קהלות אשכנז.

בראשית. רביעי, מן אלה תולדות השמים, עד לעבדה ולשמרה.

ששי, עד כתנות עור וילבשם.

שבי, עד כי לקח אתו אלקים.

חיי שרה. שני, מן ויקם שדה עפרון, עד שם אחי אברהם.

שלישי, עד בית אחי אדני.

רביעי, עד הכים ה' לבן אדני.

חמישי, עד ותקחו אשה לו.

ששי, עד שנים ומות אחרי אמו.

תולדות. שבי, מן ויאמר אתם אם בני, עד גם ברוך יהיה.

ויגש. שלישי, מן ועתה לא אתם שלחתם, עד את חלב הארץ.

רביעי, עד רוח יעקב אביהם.

חמישי, עד הביא אתו מצרימה.

שבי, עד ויצא מלפני פרעה.

ויחי. רביעי, מן ויקרא יעקב אל בניו, עד ולבן שנים מחלב.

חמישי, עד לישועתך קויתי ה'.

שבי, מן גד גדוד, עד להחיות עם רב.

יתרו. שלישי, מן וישמע משה לקול, עד תדבר אל בני ישראל.

רביעי, עד [illegible].

חמישי, עד והאלהים יעננו בקול.

שבי, עד סוף עשרת הדברות.

משפטים. שני, מן וכי יכה איש, עד [illegible].

ויקרא. שני, מן ואם מן העוף, עד על כל קרבנך תקריב מלח.

שלישי, עד כל חלב וכל דם לא תאכלו.

רביעי, עד מחטאתו ונסלח לו.

חמישי, עד אשר חטא ונסלח לו.

שבי, עד מחטאתו אשר חטא ונסלח לו.

בהעלתך. חמישי, מן ויהי בשנה השנית, עד למסעיהם ויסעו.

שבי, עד יתן ה' את רוחו עליהם.

שלח לך. שני, מן ויעלו ויתרו, עד יכול נוכל לה.

שלישי, עד טובה הארץ מאד מאד.

רביעי, עד כבוד ה' את כל הארץ.

חמישי, עד תקריב ריח ניחוח לה'.

שבי, עד כי לכל העם בשגגה.

בלק. רביעי, וילך בלעם עם בלק, עד ותרועת מלך בו.

(בספרד). חמישי, עד ותהי עליו רוח אלקים.

שבי, עד וישראל עשה חיל.

ואם חקת ובלק מחוברים קורים כמו שנרשם בחומשים אין מן שני שקורים לו עד ותרועת מלך בו, ולשביעי עד סוף הסדר.

דברים. בשבת במנחה וביומי השבוע קורים פרשה הראשונה עד כאשר דבר לכם, אבל בקריאת הסדר בשבת אין קורים לכהן אלא עד ככוכבי השמים לרב.

ואתחנן. בשבת במנחה ובימי השבוע קורים עד אשר אנכי נותן לפניכם היום, אבל בקריאת הסדר אין קורים לכהן אלא עד חיים כלכם היום.

חמישי, קורים מן את הדברים האלה, עד הארץ אשר תירשון.

שבי, עד לפני ה' אלקינו כאשר צונו.

עקב. שבי, מן ואכלת את ה' אלקיך, עד ארץ זבת חלב ודבש.

ששי, מן כי הארץ עד סוף הסדר.

כי תבוא. קורים במנחה בשבת ובשני וחמשי עד ארץ זבת חלב ודבש. ובשבת קורים.

כהן, עד והגר אשר בקרבך.

לוי, עד זבת חלב ודבש.

שלישי, עד כאשר דבר.

רביעי, עד [illegible].

חמישי, עד בכל טנאך ומשארתך.

שבי, עד אשר כרת אתם בחרב.

נצבים. קורין בשבת במנחה וב' וה' עד דברי התורה הזאת, אבל בשבת קורים כמו שנרשם בחומשים.

האזינו. קורים הש"ץ ל"ך זכר ימות, ירכבהו, וירא ה', לו חכמו, כי ידין ה'.

בשמחת תורה. קורים לחמשה אנשים כמו שנרשם בחומשים, ומפטיר קורים לחתן תורה.

בחנכת המזבח. קורים עד כן עשה את המנורה.

אם הסדרות מחוברות אין קורים לכהן אלא פרשה ראשונה של סדרה הראשונה כמו שנקראת אם לא היתה מחוברת, וללוי קורים משם והלאה על שלישי שנרשם בחומשים למחוברות, חוץ מן נצבים וילך כשהן מחוברות קורים לכהן עד דברי התורה הזאת.

בענין קריאת [illegible] שקורים אותו בשם הראשונה בבני [illegible] ובכהן אלך בש"ץ אחת.

עשרת הדברות קורים בפ' יתרו בטעם התחתון ובשבועות ובפ' ואתחנן בטעם העליון.

מנהג ההפטרות

כפי מנהג ק"ק מגנצא.

לא נרשמו פה כי אם ההפטרות שלא כמנהג כל קהלות אשכנז.

בראשית. כה אמר עד יגדיל תורה ויאדיר.

נח. רני עקרה עד כי פארך.

וירא. ואשה אחת עד ותאמר שלום.

ויצא. ויברח יעקב עד יכשלו בם.

יתרו. בשנת מות המלך עד תעשה זאת.

אחרי מות, הפטרת קדושים, הלא כבני כושיים.

קדושים. [illegible], ויהי דבר ה' אלי לאמר ואתה בן אדם התשפט.

אחרי מות וקדושים, כשהן מחוברות, הלא כבני כושיים. ואם בשבת אחרי מות, שבת ר"ח או ערב ר"ח או ערב פסח אז מפטירין בפ' קדושים הלא כבני כושיים.

הפטרת וערבה אין מפטירין בשבת הגדול רק אם חל ערב פסח בשבת.

שלש דפורענותא קורין בין המצרים, דהיינו בסדרות פינחס, מטות ומסעי, ודברים, אבל בקביעות [illegible] שמחוברת קורין פינחס קודם י"ז בתמוז ומפטירין בו ויד ה' היתה, וקורין פורענותא מטות, מסעי, דברים.

ר"ח אב בשבת מפטירין שמעו דבר ולא השמים כסאי.

כשחל ר"ח אלול בשבת מפטירין בו השמים כסאי, [illegible] מפטירין בפ' ראה עניה סוערה, אבל [illegible] בפ' כי תצא רני עקרה [illegible] אך כשחל ער"ח אלול [illegible] מחר חדש ולא של [illegible].

נתבים. משפטים אלו פנים גם לגבי שתוכר שמו.

כתוב בשולחן ערוך שהמלין ויצא בשלך עד לך קם כשהוי.
כיום זכו כל עסם משפטיהן ויצא בשלך עד לך עליו עליו
בזכותן משפטי כין אשר לכתוב שמשפטיהן וירפא לו.
כיום כשהוא משפטים יוכח ושב"ב עד לך בשלך עד שיש קשר
עד שיש קשר.
ושב"ב שתוכר שמשפטים כל עד שלא לשלום ושב"ב עד לך כשלך
כשנת זכות ל"ב וי"ב משפטיהן שמשפטים יבוא לך,
משפטים אלו פנים גם לגבי שתוכר שמו.

A short biographical sketch of

Richard Ferdinand Freudenberger -- Refoel ben Nethanel – January.23, 1882—April 11,1942
and Gutta Freudenberger (Herz)—Ge'ulat bas Naftaly – October 25, 1889 - ???? 1942

Compiled by Reiner J. Auman and Edith nee Freudenberger
On the occasion of the Bar Mitzwah celebration of their grandson Ariel Simcha Auman
Shabbat Parshat Bereishit 29 Tishrei 5763 – October 5, 2002

Richard was born in Unterleinach bei Wuerzburg, Bavaria, Germany to Sandel Freudenberger 1848-1917 and wife Johanna nee Engel 1852 –1909 the second son of three male children.

He went to school in his native village and after school he was apprenticed to a local baker to learn the trade. When he learned all he could absorb from the local baker, he went to the French speaking part of Germany, specifically the small town of Luneville in the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine which was ceded to Germany after the French had lost the war in 1871. There he took a job as baker-journeyman in order to fulfill the necessary practical experience, which was required to obtain his master-baker's certificate. He was able to practice his Judaism with the small nearby Jewish community where he lived. After several years of diligently working in this French province, he became a master baker and confectioner. He was well liked by his non-Jewish boss, because he was a good and reliable worker, but especially because he was known to have saved some of the money which he had earned and because he was not a drinker like so many of the local young people. When his boss recognized his virtues he offered him the opportunity to marry his daughter and become a partner in the business, with a chance to inherit it eventually. It was then that Richard knew that it was time to leave. He packed up the few belongings, which he possessed and put the dozen or so Gold - Napoleon coins, which he had saved into his pocket and returned back to his native town in Germany. There he lingered for a while, trying to decide what to do next.

After working for a while at odd jobs, he was introduced to Gutta Herz –Ge'ulat bas Naftaly whom he married in 1912 She was one of eleven children of Hirsch Herz ???? - 1916 and wife Clara nee Herz ???? - 1914 from Berolzheim, Bavaria. Three of Gutta's brothers were killed during World War I, " hero's death for the Fatherland ". Shortly after their marriage, Richard and Gutta decided to move to Darmstadt, Hessen, where there was a larger Jewish community, which needed a Jewish bakery. The former Jewish baker there by the name of Mainzer had moved to Frankfurt/Main, leaving behind him an empty store and bake shop and this seemed like a good opportunity for the newly wed couple to go into their own business and be able to raise a family. They used some of their savings and rented the empty facilities from Mr. Mainzer and started a bakery under the supervision of the local orthodox Kehillah. Their first child was born in 1913, whom they named Johannah after Richard's mother, who had died four years earlier.

When the First World War started in August of 1914, things became more difficult. After a while Richard too was drafted into the German army, where he had to bake and cook for the German soldiers. In the meantime, Gutta tried to maintain the bakery as good as she could, while taking care of their growing family. After the end of the war when Richard was finally mustered out of

the German army and he came back home to Darmstadt for good, they literally had to start all over again. This proved much harder now in 1919, since by now they already had five children to support. He had to readjust once more, but now to the more difficult financial situation, which existed in Germany after it had lost the war and the national German economy was in shambles.

Within the next two to three years they had again began to reestablish their bakery, working long hours and getting by with the minimum of extra help. Richard baked bread, rolls and challes, which he delivered to his local clientele with the help of his older children who were taught from early age to pitch in and be helpful. What came in handy though at this time, was the expertise, which he had acquired over the years to bake and decorate the most delicious cakes and Danish pastry, which were much admired and liked. Before Pessach he closed the shop and converted it to Kosher-shel-Pessach baking. He developed a good following among the local Jewish inhabitants as well as those Jews of the outlying smaller villages surrounding Darmstadt, who now regularly came to shop in his store.

The hyperinflation that hit Germany in 1923 was a major catastrophe for most Germans. It wiped out most of the local wealth of its citizen. People lost fortunes and were reduced to stark poverty as they saw their money lose its value practically over night. When Persach 1924 rolled around, there was nobody who was interested to finance the purchase of the flour that was needed to bake the Matzoh. The local Rabbi feverishly worked behind the scene to try to persuade individuals in the community to arrange for a loan so that they could buy the flour which was needed to bake the Matzoh, but his effort was not successful. A loan was too expensive and nobody was willing to give collateral for fear that they would not get their money back.

Finally the Rabbi came to Richard and Gutta to discuss this matter. Richard mentioned to him that he still had eight of the gold Napoleon coins left, which was part of his nest-egg savings from his stay in France. He had used some of this saved money for starting his business and some during the war years and in order to stay in business. Since the Gold Napoleon coins were foreign currency and moreover being of precious metal, they were also relatively unaffected by the inflation. To the contrary, they were actually worth a lot more than their original value and could pay easily for all the flour that was needed. Richard mentioned to the Rabbi that he was in general not averse to investing more money into the business. This particular money however, he insisted he had put aside for the future dowry for his children. He said that he was not willing to use this money unless he was given an ironclad guarantee from the Jewish community, that the money would be repaid in the full amount within a period of a year. The Rabbi promised him that some of the money would be returned to him starting not later than by the beginning of the coming Jewish New Year holiday, while the rest would be repaid within the next year. Richard declined to charge any interest on the use of this money, since he maintained that since the money would be used for the Jewish community, it would be wrong to do so. To this the Rabbi commented, " let your children be considered the interest on your money and may they always be safe". Being satisfied with the Rabbi's assurances, Richard went ahead, bought the flour and baked the Mazoth just in time for everyone to have the Matzoh ready for Pessach.

Rosh Hashanah rolled around and nobody made any attempt to start repaying the loan. The first year passed and not a single German penny was repaid. Every time Richard talked to the Rabbi about the money, the Rabbi kept on putting him off. The next time he asked the Rabbi, about two years after he had advanced the money, the Rabbi told him, " I really don't know when you will be getting the money returned. I promise you however, that no matter what will happen, you will be blessed with having eight lovely children who will be worth more than all the principal plus interest on those eight gold Napoleons which is owed you". Richard knew then that he would never see that money back again. He chalked it up to just another one of his good deeds and he did not let it distract him from working hard to support and maintain his family and continue to build the business and to serve the Jewish community. Since he and his wife had lots of Bitachon and they

were very G'd fearing people, they figured that no good deed would ever go totally without reward. They never again asked anyone for the return of their money and in their minds they completely closed this matter.

As the 1930 years rolled around and the dark clouds of the Hitler polemic started to engulf and threaten all of German Jewry, Richard and Gutta were concerned about the welfare and future of their now large family. There were now eight lovely children, just as the Rabbi had predicted, whose future needed to be discussed and acted upon very urgently. Actually Gutta had born nine children, but one little boy whom they had called Benjamin, had died in early childhood.

The eldest daughter Hansi showed great talents in the field of art and design and was sent to a special school for training in those subjects. However, as political pressures mounted and started to have a definite effect upon Jewish businesses and their respective economy, both she and the second daughter Claire were needed to help support the now larger family. The other children were still of school age or toddlers. Consequently, these two had to find employment in order to help out financially at home, which they readily did. Some time later it started to dawn on the family however, that the children had no future prospects in Germany and it was decided that they should go on Hachshara for a possible life in Palestine. It was there that Hansi met her future husband Yitzchak VanderWalde. They were officially engaged in 1935 and the whole Freudenberger clan gathered in Darmstadt to celebrate this event, in what turned out to be their last complete family gathering ever. Even Yitzchak's parents came especially from Emden, which is located in northern Germany, to join the family celebration.

Hansi and Yitzchak finished Hachshara shortly thereafter. In order to be able to immigrate into Palestine, an immigration certificate was needed for each person who wanted to go. Certificates however, were not easy to obtain since there was much demand for emigration and the number of certificates were sparingly doled out by the British in their appeasement policy toward the Arab population of Palestine who resented Jewish immigration into what they considered to be their land. Since a married couple however, could go on one certificate, Hansi and Yitzchak decided to have a pro-forma civil marriage in Germany and left Germany for Palestine in 1935. Once in Palestine, Hannah went to join Kibbutz Gedera, one of the early Kibbutzim of the Paola Agudath Yisrael, while Yitzchak went to another Kibbutz, until they could arrange for a formal Jewish wedding ceremony, which was finally performed some months after they had settled down. Sister Claire followed them to Palestine shortly thereafter in 1936. Back in Darmstadt the Freudenbergers continued to struggle financially through the rapidly deteriorating situation for German Jewry. The next two daughters, Liesel and Louise who had now finished their schooling, were also sent away. Liesel went to work in Breslau so she could help her parents with the financial situation and it was decided that Louise go to Hachshara in Munich for an eventual emigration to Palestine. The next in line was Siegbert, the oldest of the brothers. He apprenticed with his father for a number of years and become a master baker. He worked hard and diligently and was a major help in keeping the business running. Even Edith who was in her early teens and next in line was enlisted to help out. She delivered orders to customers on a daily delivery route and helped tend the store when her mother was busy with household shores and their baby brother Max.

Thus it was on one of Edith's shifts in the store, early on Thursday morning on November 10th 1938 when hordes of screaming Nazis and other hooligans broke into their store. This progrom, later became known as "Kristallnacht" or "the night of the broken glass". The intruders to the Freudenberger bakery, smashed and destroyed the storefront windows and broke all the fixtures in the store. They threw all the merchandise on the floor and chased Edith out of the store while actually threatening the life of this barely 15 year old girl, as she was trying to escape. To add insult to injury, the authorities ordered Richard the following day to clean up the mess and make

repairs to the store at his own expense. German insurance companies were ordered by the German government not to honor insurance policies for any damages resulting from this progrom and all the losses, which amounted to over one billion Marks, had to be paid out of Jewish pockets.

The bakery business was now in shambles and as the Darmstadt Jewish community was rapidly dwindling prior to being dissolved. All prospects for any Jew to support his family, quickly evaporated into thin air. Consequently, Richard and Gutta promptly set all the wheels into motion to find a safe haven for the remaining six children who were still left in Germany. They figured that once their children were in safe places, they could then make a concerted effort to think of themselves. Indeed they miraculously managed to send all their six remaining children to safety abroad within a period of a little more than a year.

Siegbert the oldest of the boys, who was now a full fledged baker, obtained a Palestine certificate through the Yeshiva " Kol Torah" and left in January of 1939. Louise abandoned her Hachshara and in a change of plans, was able together with her sister Liesel to go to England on a domestic visa in January 1939. The youngest son Max, barely six year old, was sent to England, with one of the now famous rescue operations, namely the "Children Transport", which was the brainchild of the late Rabbi Solomon Schoenfeld in London, through whose efforts some 10000 German Jewish children were rescued.

Events however, namely the start of World War II in September of 1939 overtook Richard and Gutta faster than they had anticipated, Many escape routes to adjoining countries who now were at war with Germany, which had still been open till now suddenly were tightly sealed. One of the few remaining places for possible refuge however, the United States, which was not yet at war, was quickly considered. In order to get there however, one had to use alternate routes through other countries, which complicated matters substantially. Also, to obtain an American visa, was a complicated matter. One needed a financially capable party in America who would be willing to be a sponsor and give an acceptable guarantee called an "affidavit". This document vouched for the individual's upkeep, in case that the person who being vouched for, should be unable to support themselves and in order that they would not become a burden on the treasury of the U.S. Government. The free immigration policy, which exists in the U.S. today, did not exist in those days. Moreover, individual US consuls whose job it was to issue visas to potential immigrants based on all the facts on hand, would often misuse their power. They would often use every imaginary pretext, including personal prejudices and anti-Semitic feelings, to refuse a visa to the applicant.

Edith finally got her visa and was able to travel to the U. S. in December of 1939 by travelling through Holland. Herbert, the last of the children who was still left in German was still attending Rabbi Kahn's Yeshivoh in Fulda when he was finally able to get his U.S. visa by becoming part of a children's transport sponsored by one of the American Jewish rescue organizations. He left Germany in March of 1940 travelling through Spain.

Richard and Gutta's Herculean effort to save all their children had indeed paid off and was finally an accomplished fact. It was now high time for them to try to save themselves. Frantic last minute efforts to obtain valid affidavits for the two of them to emigrate to America were successful, as everyone of the family who was already in the USA, pitched in to help. The big problem though was getting the visa, since they had to wait until their respective American Immigration quota number were to be called at the US consulate in Stuttgart. American immigration policy called for a fixed quota of number of allowable immigrants, which were allowed into the US based upon their country of birth. Since both Richard and Gutta were of German birth, they were each assigned a number on the German quota. Since at that late time everyone scrambled to leave Germany in a hurry, the end result was that the immigration quota was severely oversubscribed.

Consequently everyone had to wait, often months or even years until their individual numbers were finally called.

Ever since the destruction of the bakery by the Nazis in November of 1938, Richard and Gutta were forced to make a living by taking odd jobs in Darmstadt. On one of these jobs, Richard, through no apparent fault of his own, but in order to help someone else, got into some sort of trouble. Whatever the problem was, never became very clear. It resulted however, in his being detained in protective custody by the GESTAPO for several days. Upon his subsequent release, he was ordered to pay a nominal fine, which he did. No matter whether these charges lodged against him nor the subsequently imposed fine were indeed legal, one has to bear in mind that in the year 1941 Jews in Germany could no longer obtain real justice. They could not obtain legal counsel and they had no further civil rights under German law. Thus any Jew was at the complete mercy of any accusers. It is easy to imagine, that in order not to aggravate things further one had to keep ones mouth shut and quietly accept whatever was dished out. So Richard too accepted this situation and suffered his lot in silence. The consequences of this matter however, turned out to be fatal.

After waiting impatiently for months, Richard and Gutta were finally called to Stuttgart for the US visa examination. The US consul in Stuttgart issued the visa to Gutta, but refused to issue one for Richard on the technicality of the above described incident with the GESTAPO. It almost appeared as if the consulate and the GESTAPO were acting in unison to make things difficult for German Jews. The Germans wanted to persecute the Jews and the Americans did not really want them in their country and used every imaginary reason for refusing them entrance. So many Jews got caught in a deadly squeeze play and suffered the consequences.

From eyewitness reports by individuals who knew the Freudenbergers well and who were with them in Stuttgart and on the train ride back to Darmstadt, it is clear that they were a most dejected and disappointed couple for failing to get their visas at that time. Gutta refused to travel to the US by herself and abandon her beloved husband to an unknown fate. From spotty and infrequent reports, it appears that they still continued to make renewed efforts in late 1941 to find ways and means to leave Germany, perhaps through Cuba. Their deep faith and believe that the Almighty would ultimately help, never left their minds.

On November 7, 1941 however, Richard was taken to concentration camp Dachau and after spending five brutally cold winter months there performing hard and torturous labor, he died on April 11, 1942. His remains in form of his ashes were returned in an urn to Darmstadt to his now widowed wife Gutta, who buried his remains in the Jewish cemetery in Darmstadt and erected a small gravestone in his memory, which is still standing there to this very day.

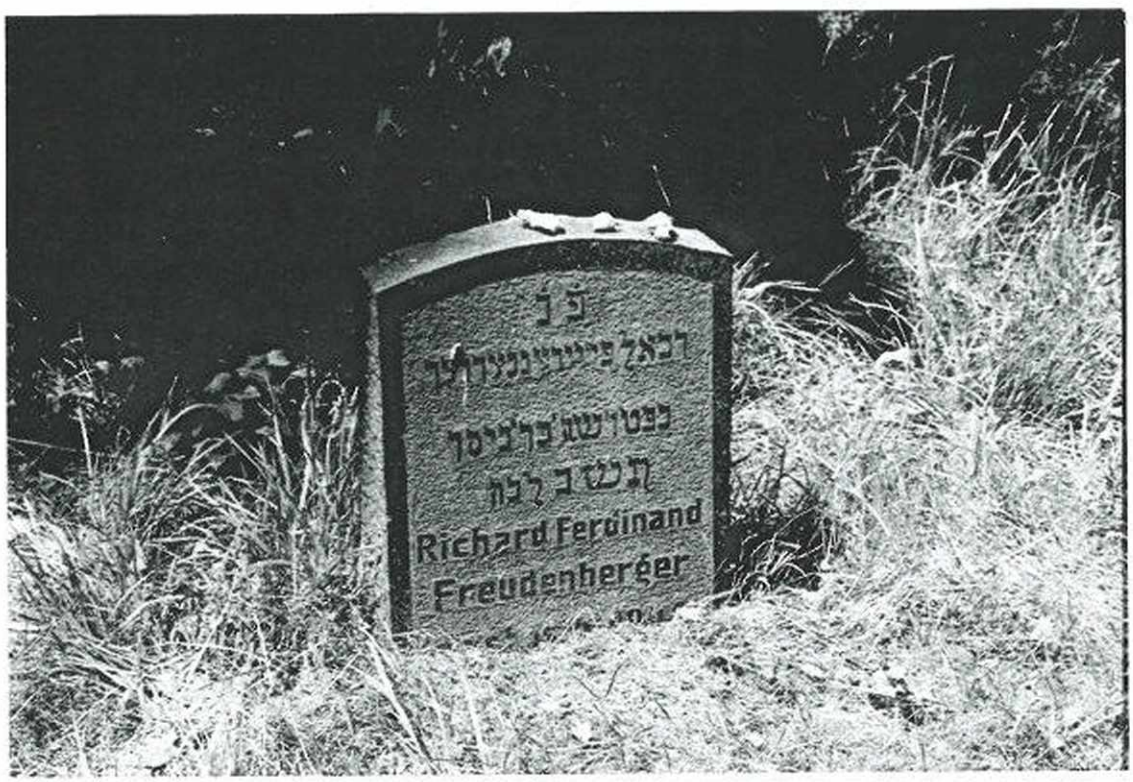
American entry in to World War II on December 7, 1941 effectively stopped all direct communications between Gutta and her eight children who were now in Palestine, England and The United States. Only one or two Red-Cross communications were still received from her thereafter. What transpired in the last months and weeks in her now widowed and destitute life, can only be imagined. It is clear however, that her never faltering faith in the Almighty and her never ending hope that things would somehow turn out well in the end, kept her spiritually buoyant and physically going, even to her very brutal end in the gas chambers of Ausschwitz sometime in 1942.

The wonderful role-model, which this grand, loving, pious and devoted pair Richard and Gutta were throughout their lives, can be readily recognized from the living memorial which they left in form of their progeny. All the eight children for whom they labored all their lives and scrambled so hard to save from harm and who survived through their heroic and unselfish efforts, were ultimately married to fine spouses. They had many children, grandchildren and great-grand

children who remained upstanding and "frumm" Jewish individuals. Indeed, this outstanding couple watching all their offspring from "Olam Haboh", must indeed be very proud of their legacy. Their "Mesirath Nefesh" for their children and Gutta's extraordinary loyalty to her beloved husband as well as their many combined acts of "Chesed" throughout their lives, has been well rewarded. Richard and Gutta's legacy lives on today in their wonderful offspring, just as the Rabbi of Darmstadt had predicted to be their interest payment, the value of which can only be measured symbolically, but which must surely add up by now to an immeasurable fortune.

Yehie Sichronchem Beracha

May their memory be a blessing.



" SAMSON RAPHAEL HIRSCH SCHULE IM RAMEN EINER STRENG JUEDISCH ORTODOXEN FRANKFURTER FAMILIE "

My attendance of the Samson Raphael Hirsch School was no accident, rather it was already a family tradition. Both my father and mother were graduates of this institution as were all five siblings of my father and the only sister of my mother. My grandfather was an active member of its Board of Directors. In addition all eleven of my first cousins on my father's side, two on my mother's side plus other more distant relatives graduated or attended the school during my tenure. The school was sponsored by and affiliated with the Israelitische Religionsgesellschaft, a Jewish congregation in Frankfurt founded by Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch. The congregation was a strictly observant Jewish institution which promoted the idea that the Jewish religion and the daily life of every Jewish individual was an integrally connected and interwoven part of every phase of life and should therefore be lived as such by every Jewish person. It was based on the verse in the Talmud [Fathers, Ch. 2, Vs. 2] " Torah im Derech Eretz" which in the words of Rabbi Hirsch meant "the realization of Torah in harmonious unity with all conditions under which its laws will have to be observed amidst the developments of changing time."This principle became the "Leitmotif" of both the congregation as well as the school and was generally interpreted to mean that there can be a minimum of conflict between living a life of a Torah true Jew, while being at the same time fully immersed in most aspects of a modern twentieth century society. Consequently, a school pursuing such goals should therefore not only be a source where students should be able to obtain general information, knowledge and culture, but must also and most importantly, be a place that exerts a distinct influence on the ethical outlook,moral behavior, and religious orientation of its students. Since my parents themselves were brought up in this type of environment and continued to practice and live by these precepts as their ancestors did before them, they wanted us to have this exposure in strict accordance with Jewish law and tradition. It was therefore a forgone conclusion that both my older brother and I should attend this school.

The school essentially consisted of two separate entities. One was the public school [Volks Schule] located in its own building at the Baeren Strasse corner Roederbergweg and the other was the high school [Real Schule] located at Am Tiergarten 8 [picture of Tiergarten building attached]. Both schools were for both boys and girls in separate facilities but on the same premises.

My first school day was a family affair. I was dressed up in my best clothing , leather satchel [Ranzen] on my back and I was personally escorted to school by my father who stayed with me until I was comfortably settled in class. [see picture of my first school day]. My first teacher Herr Willy Marx had prepared well. He had drawn a beautiful picture of a stork's nest high up on a chimney in color on the big blackboard which was in front of the classroom. He soon commenced making everyone feel at home with a lovely story about the stork and its family and how the pair cared for their offspring and how they taught their little ones to become independent. After some two hours in school we were all released into the care of our attendants. At home I was greeted with sweets and a party and also at my grandfather's house, I was given lots of candy and good wishes and my brother and I were rushed off to the best photographer in town for a picture taking session.

There were ca. eighty plus students in my first grade class and we were divided up alphabetically into two parallel class units. Since my name started with an "A" I was together with students whose names started from A to the letter J. The parallel class had students whose names started from K to Z. Despite the large number of students in each of the class rooms, the discipline was well maintained and the quality of instruction was on a very high level. One home-room teacher taught all subjects in each class, for both religious as well as secular subjects during the whole first four years of elementary school. Herr Marx remained our teacher throughout these first four years. He was a fine young man with a small family, a very affable individual, who cared for his students and had a very close rapport with them to the point where students would visit with him and his family on Saturday afternoons. He encouraged camaraderie and I made many friends during those first few years, some of whom I still have contact with today.

After successful completion of the first four years of elementary school, the choice existed to either continue for an additional four years of public school, for the then mandatory eight years of schooling, or switch to a school of higher learning. For many fellow students and for myself there obviously was only one choice namely, the Hirsch Real Schule at the Tiergarten. The transfer was made without much fanfare, in order not to show up those who stayed behind in public school for a variety of reasons, many times strictly financial. Consequently, after all the necessary paperwork was cleared away, we simply transferred the next year to the new high school without any official graduating ceremony

Now the daily routine was quite different.The two parallel class sections of the elementary school one headed by Herr Marx and the other one led by Herr Strauss were combined into one smaller class, which now became the new Sexta class of the high school. Some of the students who did not join us, either continued in the public school, while others decided to change to different schools entirely or go to Gymnasium. While the elementary school day for us was only confined to morning classes and this was for five days Monday through Friday, now in high school the school day also required afternoon classes plus half a day of school on Sundays.The school was closed on Saturday because of the Sabbath. Since a certain minimum number of class hours of instruction were required by the state, it was necessary to have the school open on Sundays. Even now in high school there was still an assigned home room teacher, mostly for administrative purposes, who in my case was Mr. Reich [photo attached]. We now had different teachers for different subjects and also moved to different classrooms for specific instructions, especially for such subjects as chemistry, physics, music and the arts. Moreover there were female instructors specifically in languages and earth sciences.[pictures of many of my former teachers attached].The curriculum was mostly fixed with only minor choices of courses available and those choices were only available for the upper grade students.The required courses naturally consisted of classes in religious subjects such as Bible, Talmud, Jewish Law , Prayer and Jewish History. These courses were interspersed among the required secular courses such as German language, Grammar and Literature, Geography, Biology, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, and Foreign Languages.In addition there were required courses in Art, Music, and Physical Education. The curriculum was based on the European method where most courses extended over long periods, many times spanning several years and advancing to higher levels from year to year. I am still grateful to this day for this method of education since my ability to remember the contents of these subjects was on a much more mature basis and thus greatly enhanced. It was much better than having to cram the learning of a subject into a short period of time and then forgetting it as fast as it was learned. Since teachers would alternate from time to time, I was now also exposed to different methods of teaching and varied points of view.This helped me greatly in my general comprehension of the subject matter. Overall, the teaching staff was qualified and well seasoned , and the level of instruction was of a high caliper.

Throughout my school years my family was very supportive. They guided me in many of my studies and activities and molded me in much of my "Weltanschauung " which I developed over the years. My father, who was very well informed, widely read and knowledgeable in a variety of subjects such as literature, poetry and philosophy, discussed with me and made understandable to me the finer and deeper points of poetry, literary plays and philosophical view points. He spent lots of time teaching me how to write compositions and letters. Both my parents encouraged my interest in History and the Sciences. Through them and their support I also became a friend of hiking, swimming, ice-skating and nature. My grandfather gave us frequent supplementary sessions in religious subjects and he tested us, my brother, cousins, and myself on what we had learned at various intervals. They fully supported and supplemented my school activities wherever they felt it was necessary and they never criticized either Rabbis, teachers or school administrators for any actual or imaginary shortcomings which they may have felt to have existed in our school. Above all, the fact that they practiced what they preached reinforced what we learned in school. There was never any discord between school and home life.

With the advent of Nazism and increasing discrimination toward the German Jewish population, the school had to absorb an increasing number of new students who came from outlying smaller communities near

Frankfurt. These students were mostly expelled by local village schools because of their Jewishness. They had either to commute daily or weekly to our school or find permanent lodging and board with local Jewish homes. Many times whole families moved to Frankfurt because they found it impossible to remain in the smaller outlying villages where anti-Semitism was extreme and where they were continually harassed and subjected to physical abuse and economic boycott. This imposed an added burden on our school. But somehow everybody managed with larger class sizes and rapidly dwindling resources since the boycott of Jewish businesses by the German population began to have its effect. After 1935, students began to leave as Jewish emigration picked up speed. I had many mixed feelings as many friends started to leave. On the one hand there was the joy of seeing my friends being able to leave and escape the ever tightening net of Nazi pressure, while there was the sadness of losing their company and friendship and secretly knowing that the chance of ever seeing them again was very remote.

Outside student activities, were generally encouraged by most teachers. In the lower grades we had our weekly "Kraenzchen" or other get-together in private homes.As we grew older, the school sanctioned other activities for after school hours and for Saturday afternoons.They included among others additional talmudic studies, youth groups such as 'Ezra' or 'Poale Agudath Yisrael' which were of mostly religious character or the more Zionistic 'Poale Hamisrachi' which stressed the importance of striving to work for a Jewish homeland or at least to help support the efforts of anyone who would go to live there. Many of us joined sport groups run by the orthodox 'ITB'[Israelitischer Turn Verein, see attached picture] or 'Schild'[sponsored by the RJF, Reichsverband Juedisher Frontsoldaten]where we practiced gymnastics and field sports, as well as competitive league soccer and ping pong. There were also the weekly sessions in the " Staettische Schwimmbad " were our sports teacher Herr Braun not only helped to teach us basic swimming, but also supervised competitive swimming and water sports. After 1937 the Schwimmbad was closed for Jews and we could only go swimming in the "Judenbad " in the polluted Main river.

Stories of physical abuse of students on the way to and from school became more and more frequent and prescribed routes and safer passages were circulated among the student body. Late winter afternoon travel when it was already dark was much curtailed. I myself was twice physically assaulted and beaten for no obvious reason other than wearing a cap, which highlighted my Jewishness. I was lucky enough to walk away with only a bruised body, but with a distinct imprint on my mind to try to want to get away as far and as soon as possible.

Since for religious reasons the SRH School did not have co-educational classes. The school building was designed to have separate wings for both the boys and girls departments on three floor levels. The design also provided for separate entrances for the boys and girls and separate outdoor play and sport areas for each, which met at a common fence in the rear of the building. The physics and chemistry laboratory, the music room and the art room were located at the center of the building while the gym hall was at the end of the building and all were accessible from both wings and used interchangeably by both groups. The fence in the rear became a contested meeting ground for those interested in meeting the opposite sex and for making officially unsanctioned contact and dates, or for passing over handwritten notes to whoever would deliver them to the proper address. I know of quite a few romances which originated and blossomed out from this activity, some even ending in marriage.

In our last few years in school there were increased activities to prepare students for possible and necessary emigration. Increased emphasis was placed on teaching the spoken Hebrew language [Neu Hebraeisch], as compared to biblical Hebrew, for later use when leaving for Palestine. In addition to the formal classes, and after normal school hours, voluntary vocational studies were added, such as wood and metal working for boys and typing, cooking and sewing for girls. This was a means to help prepare students for some sort of trade to help them in whatever new situation they might find themselves in when arriving at their new destination in different and yet still unknown parts of the world. There was an added awareness by students of the acute political situation with special emphasis on the Jewish question which seemed to become very

volatile and quickly coming to a head in Germany and the international scene which was monitored by us with our eyes particularly focused on war scares and what effect this would have for us in finding possible haven of refuge. We were forever evaluating and discussing foreign countries and their respective social and economic life and most importantly how to find possible routes of escape if we suddenly and quickly had to leave Germany. We all learned World Geography in a hurry!!! The fact that our school remained a cohesive unit until shortly after Kristallnacht, remains an everlasting credit to an able and determined school staff and school administration who tried their level best to keep the school a cohesive unit to the very bitter end especially after teachers and students started to emigrate.

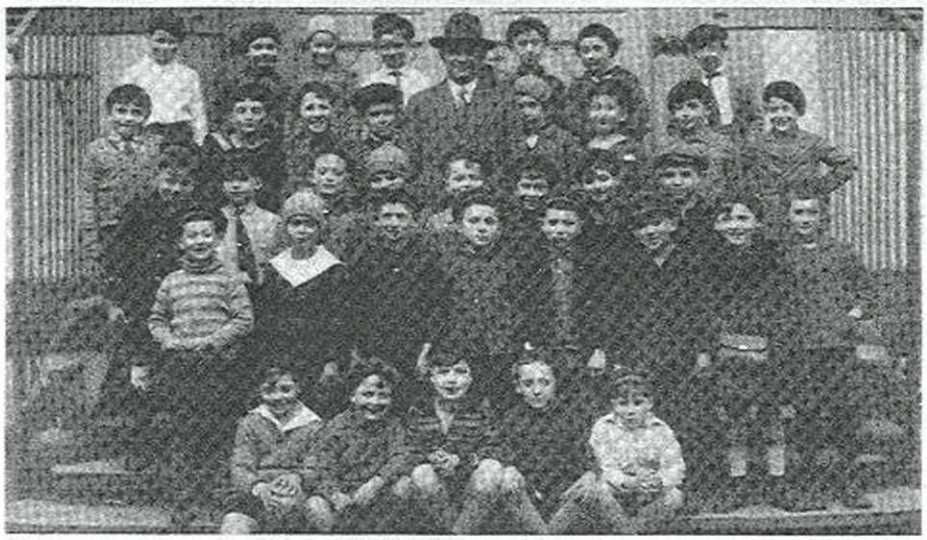
A few bright highlights remain in my memory.There were the occasional class trips to the Taunus which were at times accompanied by a girls class, a most pleasant interlude for the normally strict separation of the sexes which the school practiced and advocated otherwise [see attached picture].I also participated in a final school year class retreat of several days with many of my friends including our last home room teacher Dr. Weger, at the Jewish vacation home in Hofheim i/T. in 1938 [see attached picture]. There, we fondly remembered past years of toiling, reminisced together about hilarious teachers and past experiences such as school plays, music festivals, sport events and the various pranks we permitted ourselves in class or in the school. In a more somber mood we expressed our hopes to each other for a successful and safe future. Needless to say, we all sensed that this would be our last major get-together for a long time or perhaps even a lifetime. By this time all German schools and universities were "off limit"to Jews and those of us who had dreamt of going on to professional studies, were at the end of the road. We had no other choice but to take up a trade, which at that time was still allowed and at the same time become more serious about emigration to wherever we could find a safe escape. We were now vis-a vis the most critical moment of our young lives. The question of whether we now were sufficiently equipped to fend for ourselves and fight for survival was uppermost on our minds. I firmly believe that thanks to our schooling which implanted in us a very healthy outlook on life, most of us who succeeded to escape Germany, managed to avoid failure and were successful to build homes with happy families and satisfying careers.

It would not be fair if at the end of my recollections of my school years I would not mention two non-Jewish staff members of our school, who by their exemplary dedication , correctness in behavior and devotion to the students and Jewish staff, have earned their everlasting thanks in my memory. One was the highly motivated Herr Robert Braun our gym teacher, who was loved and adored by everyone.The other was Herr Klarmann the superintendent [Pedell] who made our daily stay in school a pleasant one. Herr Klarmann and his family had living quarters on the premises of the school building. Both individuals were in an increasingly delicate and often awkward position because as Gentiles they served in a Jewish school until the very end. I do not know whatever happened to them, but I sincerely hope that they survived the war years and lived out their respective lives in a pleasant way, which they so well deserved.

As a footnote I like to mention that of the some eighty or so original members of my class, a little more than half survived the war in some form or other but mostly through emigration. To this day, I have personal contact with about thirty remaining former classmates of mine in various parts of the globe. I was able to leave Germany after Kristallnacht in January of 1939 and my late parents, my father having been in KZ Buchenwald , escaped Germany two weeks before the war started , in August of 1939. After a considerable delay of seven years which my parents had to spend in England during the war years, my brother and I were finally united with them in the USA in 1947. By that time I was already married.

Reiner J. Auman
Jamaica. New York

Two Parallel classes of the school year beginning Easter 1928



Dieses Foto zeigt die Klasse von Gustave Goldschmidt im zweiten Schuljahr. Aufgenommen wurde es 1930 im Hof der Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Realschule; der Lehrer hieß Marx. Gustave Goldschmidt, der heute in den USA lebt, würde gerne Kontakt zu einstigen Mitschülern aufnehmen; seine Adresse: 717 West 177 St., POB 83, New York, N.Y. 10033.

Class of teacher Mr. Marx



Dieses Foto, das die Grundschul-Abschlußklasse 1932 der Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Schule zeigt, hat Simon D. Messing eingesandt. Der Lehrer der Klasse hieß Strauß. Simon D. Messing würde sich freuen, wenn ehemalige Klassenkameraden Kontakt mit ihm aufnehmen würden. Seine Adresse: 58 Shepard's Knoll Drive, Hamden, Conn. 06514, USA.

Class of teacher Mr. Strauss

OTHERS WHO WERE IN MR. MARX'S CLASS WHO ARE EITHER ON PICTURE BUT WHOM I CANNOT IDENTIFY ARE: BRAND, DIEFENBRONNER (STOCKHOLM), KLASSNER, ERNST ETTLINGER (USA N.J.), BENTOW FINKELSTEIN (HAIFA)
SON BLINDER (HAIFA), JAMES KIMCHE (JERUSALEM)



(BENTOW) FINKELSTEIN
KLEINGELD (ISRAEL)
GUSTAV KAUFMAN (ISRAEL DEC.)
RENEE AUMAN (N.Y.)
SIEGBERT ADLER (SAN FRANCISCO)
FREDA BAMBERGER (ENGLAND DEC.)
TED BERLIN (N.Y. DEC.)
YOSEF HACKENBROCH (ISRAEL)
HANS FEDER
ABBA ADLER (DEC.)
HEINI EMANUEL (ISRAEL)
KURT ADLER (LOS ANGELES CALIF.)
SAMI GRÜNSPAN (ISRAEL)
FRANZ BAER (DEC.)
GUSTAVE GOLDSCHMIDT (N.Y.)
ITZINGER
JOSSI BRANDSTÄTTER (ISRAEL)
GELDZÄHLER (ISRAEL)
HANS ETTLINGER (ISRAEL DEC.)
ERNST GRÜNEBAUM-GORIN (LOS ANGELES)
HEINI ISAAK (ISRAEL)
FRANZ HORNSCHUH (ISRAEL)

Dieses Foto zeigt die Klasse von Gustave Goldschmidt im zweiten Schuljahr. Aufgenommen wurde es 1930 im Hof der Samson-Raphael-Hirsch-Realschule; der Lehrer hieß Marx. Gustave Goldschmidt, der heute in den USA lebt, würde gerne Kontakt zu einstigen Mitschülern aufnehmen; seine Adresse: 717 West 177 St., POB 83, New York, N.Y. 10033.

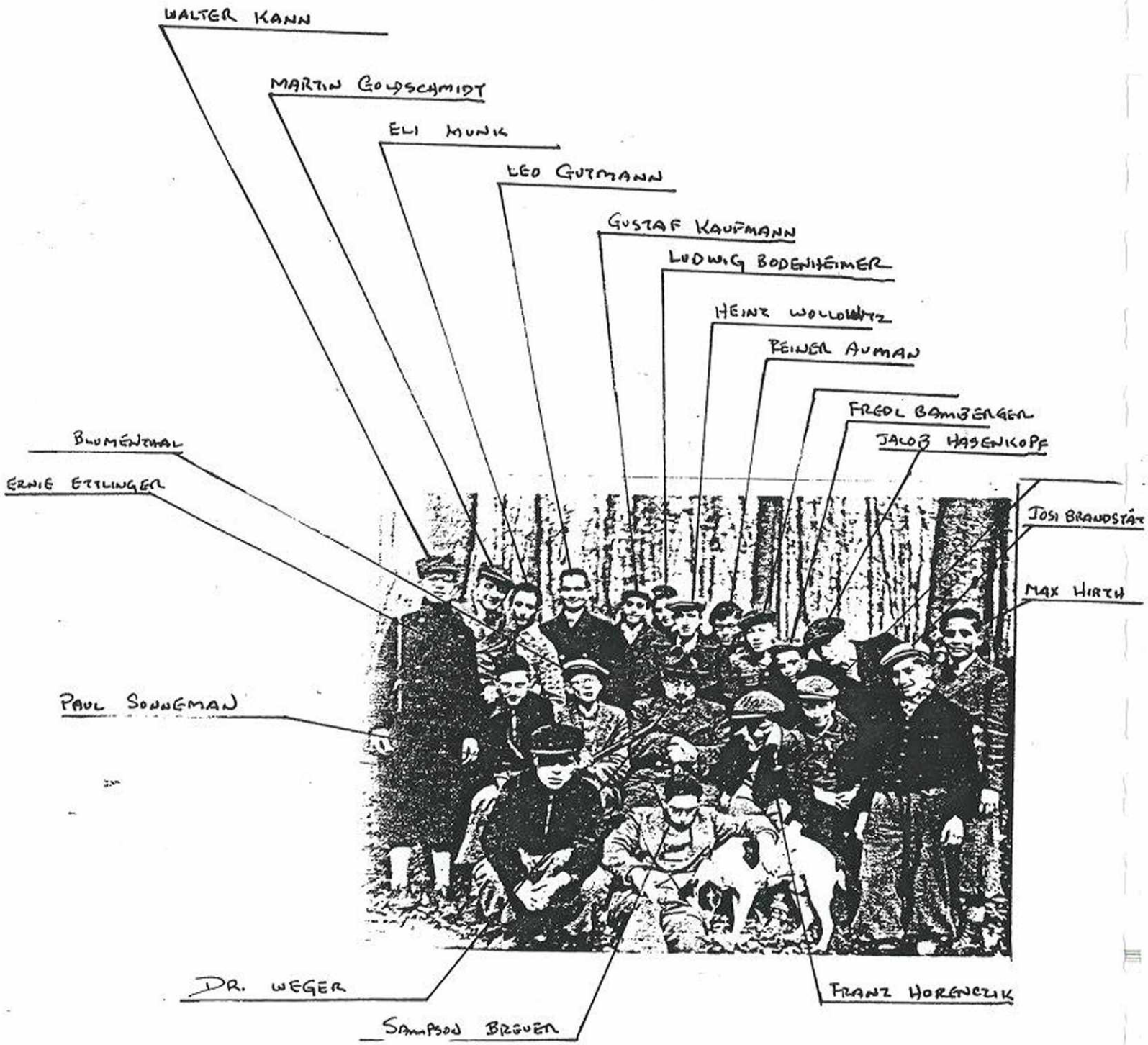
Individuals identified for the class of Mr. Marx

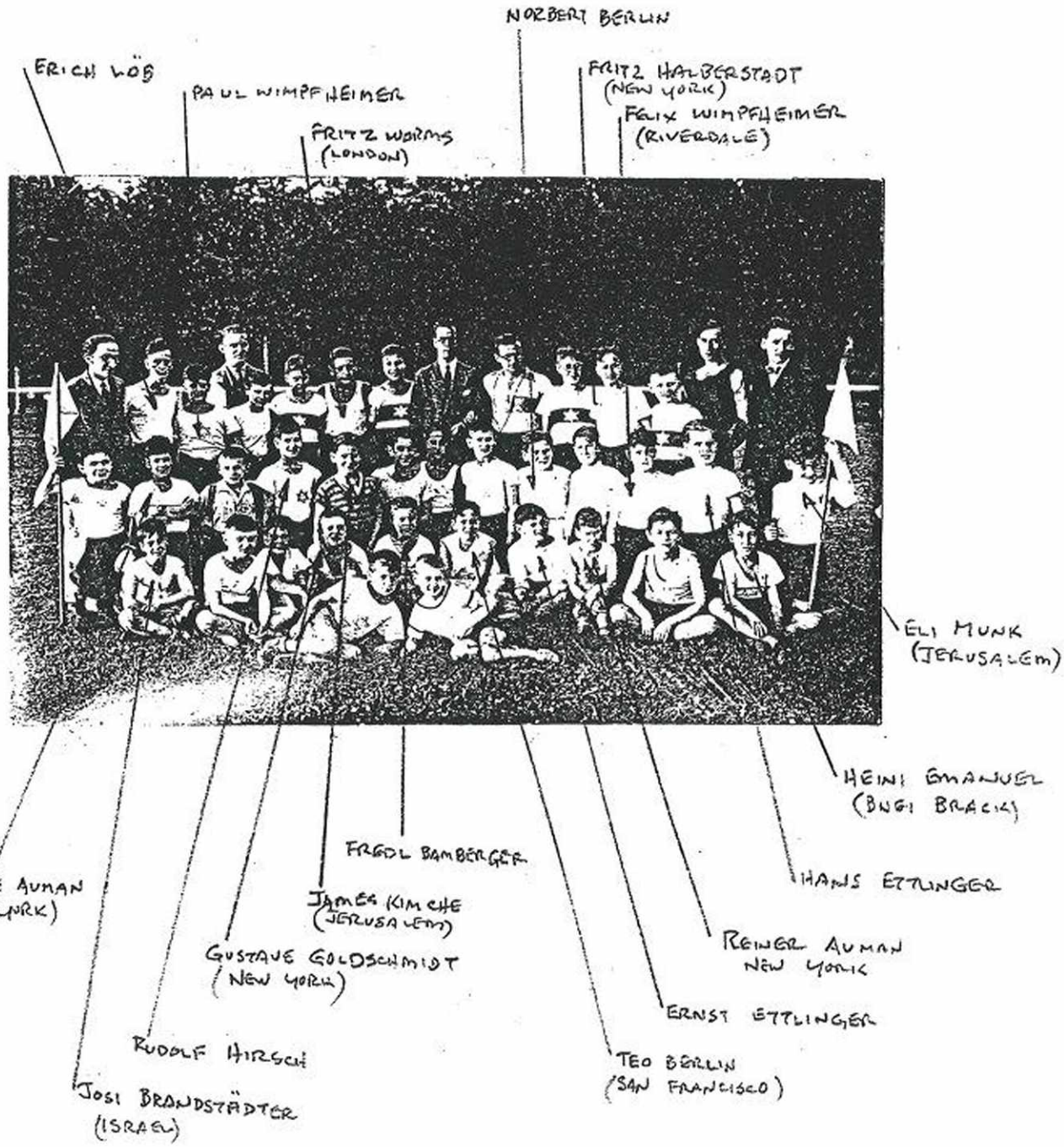


Trip into the Taunus of a high school outing of a boys and girls high school class 1936



School End retreat of SRH graduating class of 1938 in Hofheim im Taunus


WALTER KANN
MARTIN GOLDSCHMIDT
ELI MUNK
LEO GUTMANN
GUSTAF KAUFMANN
LUDWIG BODENHEIMER
HEINZ WOLLOWITZ
REINER AUMAN
FREDL BAMBERGER
JACOB HASENKOPF
BLUMENTHAL
ERNIE ETTLINGER
JOSI BRANDSTÄT
MAX HIRTH
PAUL SONNEMAN
DR. WEGER
SAMPSON BRAUER
FRANZ HORENCZIK



ITB Jewish Sports Club, foot ball(soccer) teams, 1932

Origin of the Auman Family

From as early as I can remember, the origin of the Aumanns was always a blurred picture in my mind. This was especially true, since the genealogy of mother's family Bondi was so well defined, documented and often quoted. Mother always used to say "the Aumann's from Koeppern must have been converts to Judaism", since there are no other Jewish Aumanns around. She was correct, that there were very few Jewish Aumanns in Germany who were not related. There existed however a few Jewish families by that name whose relationship to our family can not be traced, but curiously enough, they all seemed to live in the close proximity of the city of Frankfurt am Main and particular in the Taunus mountain region. They may have adopted the name of Aumann around the early 1800th at the time when it became mandatory to have a family name and perhaps at that time they may have known that they were related.

Mother however, was quite wrong about the Jewish origin of our particular family Auman, which is quite well documented, though not often talked about. My father had in his possession two "Schutzbriefe" (letters of protection), which had been handed down in the family for over 200 years and which were issued in the latter part of the 1700th respectively. They indicate family and name connections to Jews living in the Koeppern, Seulberg, Oberursel and Frankfurt areas, which can be well substantiated. It is documented in sourcebooks such as the "Chronik zu Koeppern" by Heinrich Blass, a running history of the town of Koeppern and vicinity dating back to as early as the 1200th AD. References can also be found in the "Stammbuch der Frankfurter Juden" by Dr. Alexander Dietz. This book lists a large number of Jewish families and their interrelationships in the old Frankfurt Jewish Ghetto.

Certain other additional facts need to be taken into consideration when attempting to trace direct family relationships, especially to time periods prior to the forced adoption of family names, by government decree. Jewish families of Ashkenazi background in particular, used as their second name that of their father. Thus for instance if the father's first name was Herz and the son's name was Salomon, the son called himself Salomon Herz. If there were two sons and the second son's first name was Emanuel, the second son would call himself Emanuel Herz, etc. This name pattern would often repeat itself down the generations, giving clear indications as to their lineage. In the Aumann lineage, certain additional presumptions can be accepted as factual. The repeated occurrence of such names as Schiom, Salomon, Hirtz, Herz, Isaak, Sekie, Emanuel, Manes, Aron etc. indicates, that the newly born Jewish children's names were commonly chosen for previously deceased close family members, in order to perpetuate their memory.

The Auman family from Koeppern and Seulberg are believed to be descendents of Isaak Ursel who lived in Oberursel and /or Frankfurt am Main. Oberursel, like Koeppern, Homburg v.d.Hoehe, Seulberg and Friedrichsdorf etc., were small localities all within a 10 mile radius, just a few miles outside and to the north of the town of Frankfurt. They were under the jurisdiction of minor local princes who often quarreled with one another and frequently changed allegiances to other governing dukedoms or sovereigns by virtue of warfare, marriage, religion or various other political reasons. These local princes all employed the services of Jewish moneylenders, tax collectors, merchants, traders and advisors, in return for which they often issued letters of protections "Schutzbriefe" to these "favored" Jews. This special protection allowed these Jews to travel, trade or take up residence within these specific localities, without having to fear being accosted by the local population, who were often hostile toward Jews for religious reasons, prejudices and plain jealousies.

To live in such small communities outside the ghettoes of the larger cities was not only a means to escape the restrictions which ghetto life imposed on them, but often was the only way to officially get married and raise a family. For Jews in the ghetto, the permission to get married was often limited to one or two members of the same family. One reason for this was that the ghetto was so overcrowded, that the local authorities were worried about the danger of fires and plagues, which in the middle ages when timber houses and lack of sanitary facilities were the order of the day, was ever present. A more important reason though was, that the gentile population did not want too many Jews around and used this as an opportunity to practice population control on the Jews. Thus, if as often was the case, there were a large number of children in one family, some of them were forced to remain single, have illegal families often at great risk, or try to move elsewhere. If therefore letters of protection could be obtained from other authorities in nearby localities, it could provide a means to escape from the ghetto for the purpose of starting a family as well as eking out a livelihood. In return for services rendered to a local price, some Jews were allowed to work some of the sovereign's fields, own some livestock, grow some of their own produce and possibly sell some of the surplus on the open market.

Already in the year 1327(p-14) Jews of Frankfurt loaned money to the sovereign prince of Koeppern. Isaak von Oberursel is mentioned in the book " Chronik von Koeppern"(p-139) in conjunction with a loan, which he advanced for the payment of a war debt. The above named Isaak may have been the son of Salomon mentioned in the same book (p-42,43) as "Judt Shlom" meaning the "Jew Salomon" who was a resident of Koeppern and who is mentioned there in conjunction with a tax which each inhabitant was obligated to pay to the local sovereign in the year 1575. The above Isaak is also mentioned in the "Stammbaum der Frankfurter Juden" (p-312) under the family name of Uschel, also Orschel and Ursel, apparently indicating their connections to the town of Oberursel. His son lived in the Frankfurt ghetto house # 124 called "Zur Roten Traube". This house was built in the year 1599 and located on the East Side of the ghetto street between the houses called "Traube" and "Goldene Fass".

Isaak's son Salomon is also mentioned in "Chronik von Koeppern" (p-142) as "the Jew Salomon in der Roten Traube" referring to the above mentioned house, which he occupied in the Frankfurt ghetto, as the one who lend 160 FL. to the town of Koeppern in the year 1697. The family Ursel was apparently related to the much older Frankfurt priestly family Mainz and the family Traub through marriage. All these families seemed to have had considerable wealth. Mentioned is one "Beer" who was appraised as having 12000 Gulden in the year 1620 and another one named "Alexander Traub" also called Amshel, who when he died in 1660, left 13500 Gulden to his son Loeb and 11000 Gulden to his son Aron. "Salomon zur roten Traube" who was the son of Isaak, used as his last name the name of Ursel. He was a grain merchand and with partners, delivered large contracts to various municipalities. When he died in 1719 he left two sons, one named Herz Salomon and another Mayer Salomon, who also went by the name of Ursel. They had various offspring, some of whom continued to live in the same house until 1763.

Emanuel Herz zu Koeppern, whose Schutzbrief (dated 1751) remains in the Aumann family possession, is believed to be the son of the above mentioned Herz Salomon Ursel who died in 1713. Emanuel's son, whose Schutzbrief (dated 1781) is also in our possession and whose name was Salomon zu Koeppern was himself again the father of Herz Solomon Auman who is mentioned in the Chronik von Koeppern (p-260,262,290). He bears the full name of his great-grandfather Herz Salomon Ursel, while his brother who is also mentioned (p-290) was named Josef Salomon Auman.

Descendents of Herz Salomon Auman continued to live in Seulberg and Koeppern. They were known as the local butchers, who supplied the Jews in all the surrounding communities. They

also owned fields, livestock, orchards, retail business stores and houses and were active members together with none Jewish neighbors in civic activities. My grandfather Moses Aumann, who was the grandson of Herz Salomon Aumann, was still born in Seulberg. He moved to Frankfurt/Main to serve his apprenticeship in the textile line with the firm "Veit Wohlfarth & Sons", to ultimately start his own business together with his wife's brother Isaak Rapp. They named the firm Auman & Rapp, which became a large wholesale textile firm until 1938. The business was forcefully " arianized" by the Nazis at that time and ceased to exist under the family name.

In the early 1800th, Herz Salomon Auman had bought a farmhouse with an adjoining barn, storage room and shop space, on a walled in property located at Koeppemer Strasse 116, in Koeppem. There he maintained a whole sale butcher shop and a retail store. This butcher business continued to be run by the family, in succession first by his son Solomon, grandson Adolf and greatgrandson Julius. Much later, Julius's sister Recha also maintained a textile business in the retail store facilities on the same premises. The whole complex, house, store, barn etc. was still standing and occupied when I visited in 1995. It was still in the same condition as I remember it from my childhood in the 1920th when my father took my brother George and me to visit a number of his cousins and his Uncle Adolf who was then an old man. Julius's own house on Koeppemer Strasse 75 was also still standing.

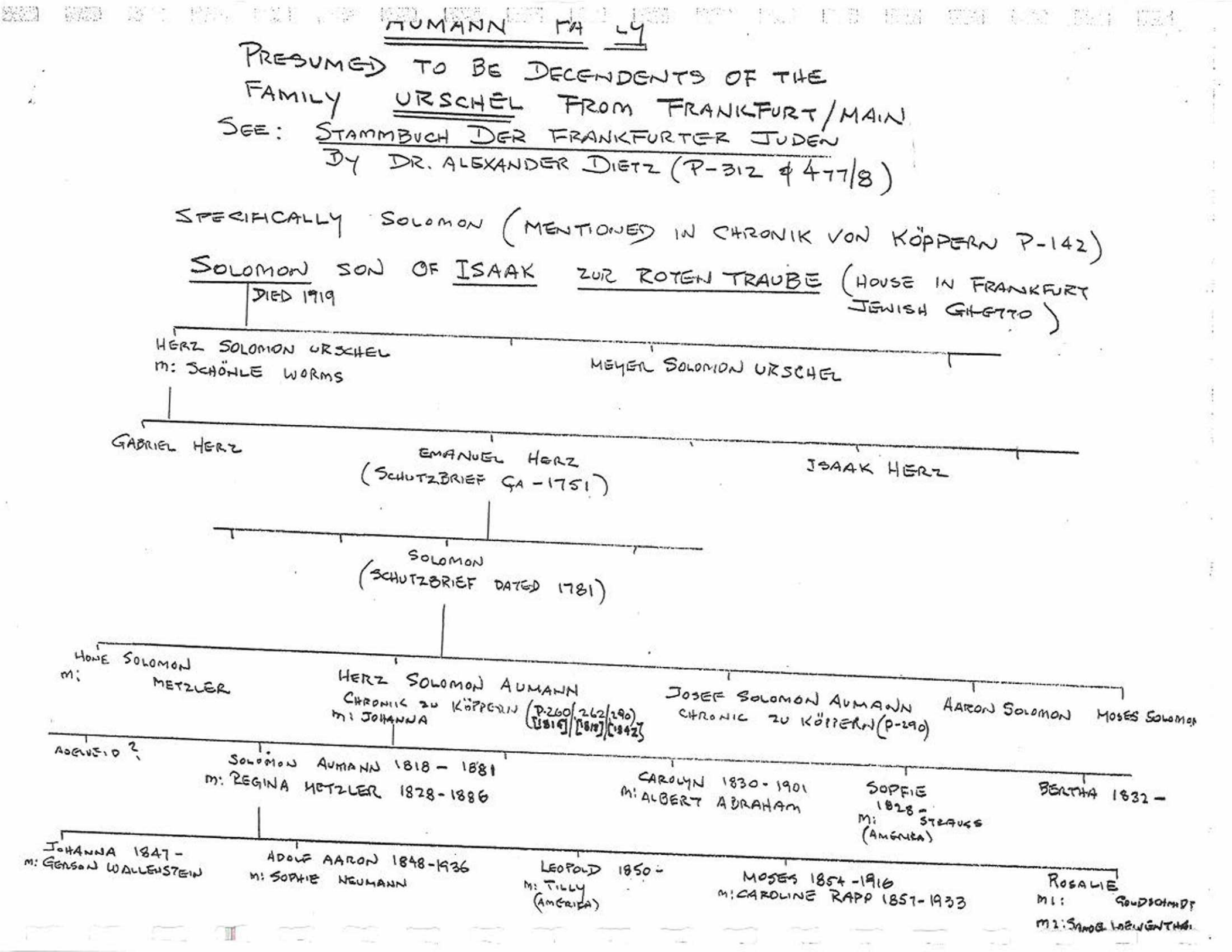
The last of the Aumanns who lived in Koeppem were my father's first cousins the above named Recha, Hugo and Julius together with his wife Paula and son Rudi. All five of them were forced by the Nazis to leave Koeppem after Kristallnacht and after Julius returned from the concentration camp in 1939. They were fortunate enough to be able to immigrate together to the Dominican Republic. When they left Germany, they were also joined by their brother Salomon Aumann, wife Hilda and son Kurt. Salomon and family had lived in Frankfurt/Main, where he was active in his uncles business of "Aumann & Rapp". When Hilda died in Santa Domingo, Salomon moved to California, USA , where he bought a farm and remarried an old acquaintance Flora, nee Goldberg, while his son Kurt went to live in South America. Julius's son Rudi was married in Santa Domingo in the 1950th to a girl named Jaqueline and they had three sons. The Aumanns pitched in together to start a small retail business, which survived until all the older family members died, after which time Rudi liquidated it and moved to Columbia, South America, where he was active in the tobacco business. He died in March of 2001. Jaqueline as well as all of Rudi's sons now live in the USA.

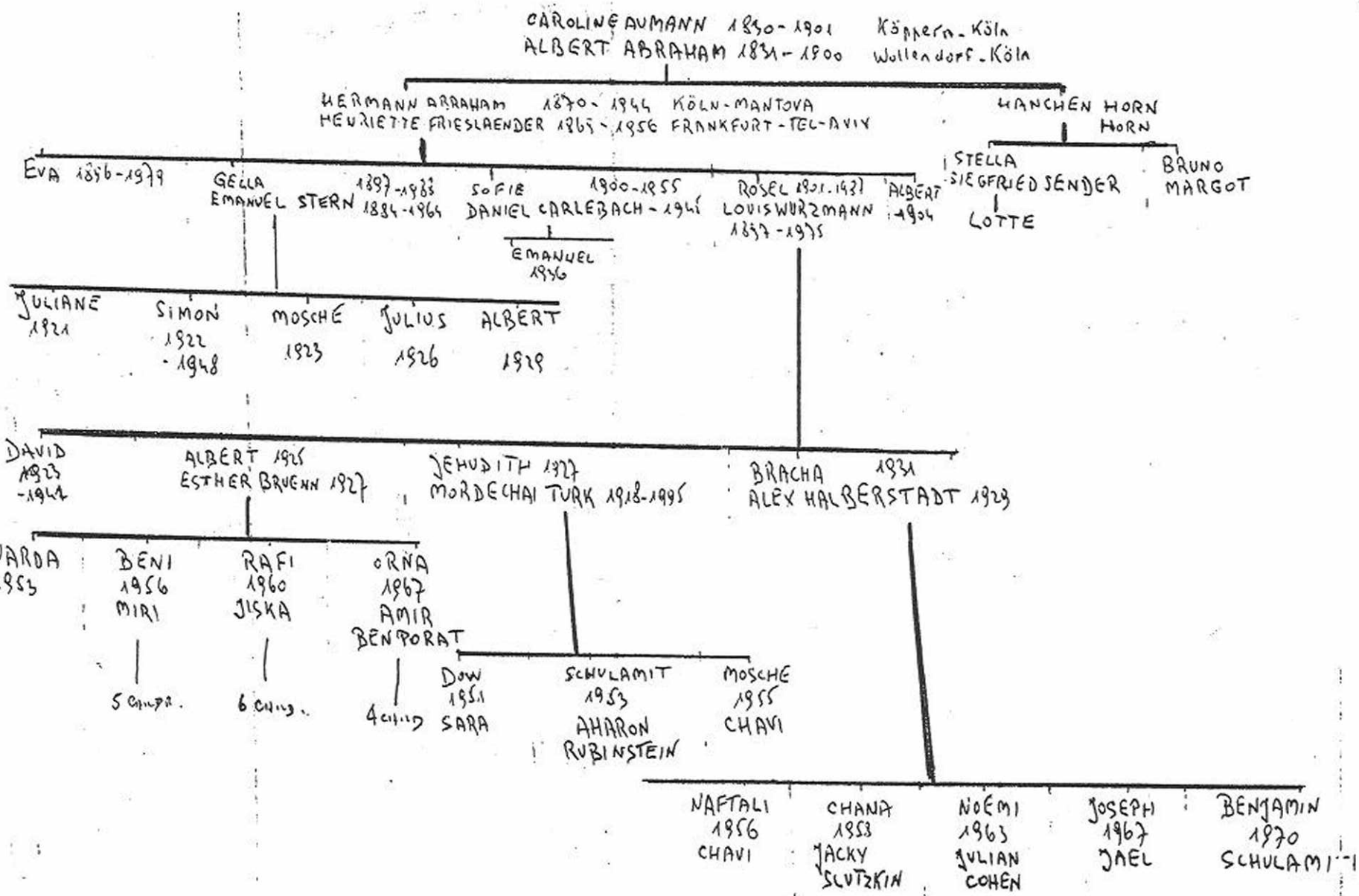
AUMANN FAMILY

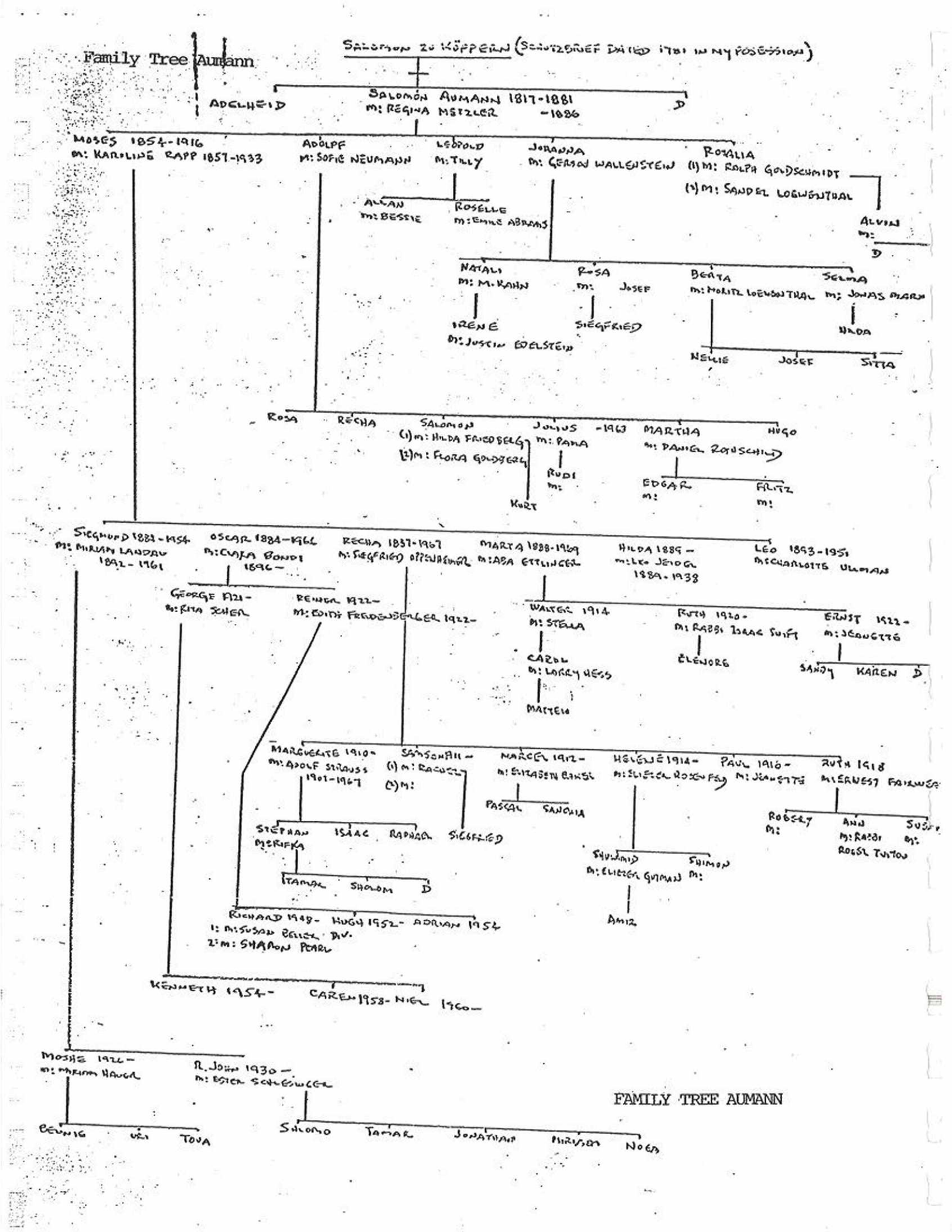
PRESUMED TO BE DECENDENTS OF THE FAMILY URSCHEL FROM FRANKFURT/MAIN

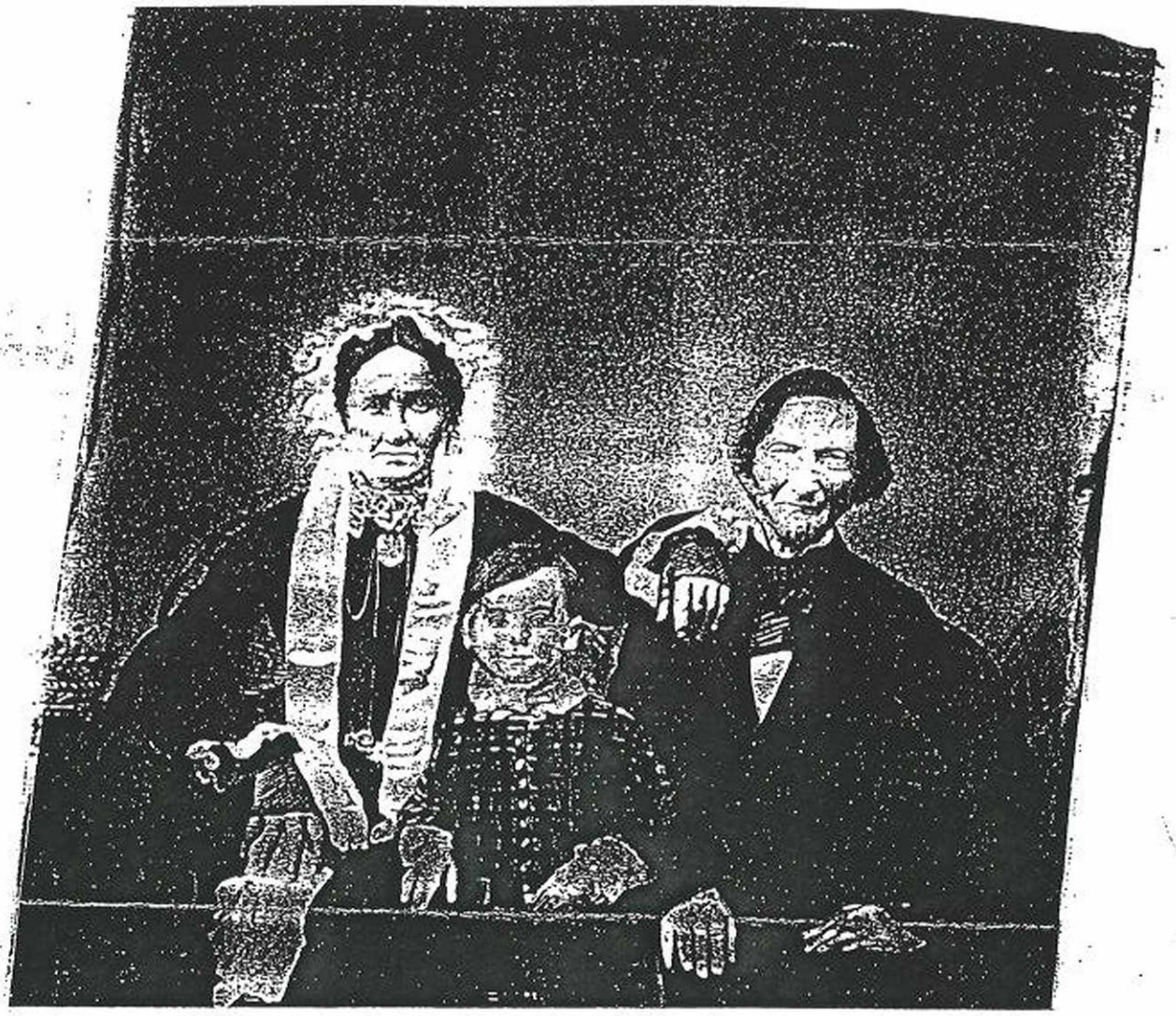
SEE: STAMMBUCH DER FRANKFURTER JUDEN BY DR. ALEXANDER DIETZ (P-312 & 477/8)

SPECIFICALLY SOLOMON (MENTIONED IN CHRONIK VON KÖPPERN P-142)




CAROLINE AUMANN 1830-1901 Köppern-Köln
ALBERT ABRAHAM 1831-1900 Wollendorf-Köln
HERMANN ABRAHAM 1870-1944 KÖLN-MANTOVA
HENRIETTE FRIESLAENDER 1865-1956 FRANKFURT-TEL-AVIV
HANCHEN HORN
HORN
EVA 1896-1979
GELLA
EMANUEL STERN 1884-1964
1897-1983
SOFIE
DANIEL CARLEBACH-1941
1900-1955
ROSEL 1901.1937
LOUIS WURZMANN
1897-1975
ALBERT
-1904
STELLA
SIEGFRIED SENDER
LOTTE
BRUNO
MARGOT
EMANUEL
1936
JULIANE
1921
SIMON
1922
-1948
MOSCHE
1923
JULIUS
1926
ALBERT
1929
DAVID
1923
-1942
ALBERT 1925
ESTHER BRUENN 1927
JEHUDITH 1927
MORDECHAI TURK 1918-1995
BRACHA 1931
ALEX HALBERSTADT 1929
WARDA
1953
BENI
1956
MIRI
RAFI
1960
JISKA
ORNA
1967
AMIR
BENPORAT
DOW
1951
SARA
SCHULAMIT
1953
AHARON
RUBINSTEIN
MOSCHE
1955
CHAVI
NAFTALI
1956
CHAVI
CHANA
1958
JACKY
SLUTZKIN
NOEMI
1963
JULIAN
COHEN
JOSEPH
1967
JAEL
BENJAMIN
1970


Family Tree Aumann
SALOMON ZU KÖPPERN (SCHUTZBRIEF DATED 1781 IN MY POSSESSION)
ADELHEID
SALOMON AUMANN 1817-1881
M: REGINA METZLER -1886
D
MOSES 1854-1916
M: KAROLINE RAPP 1857-1933
ADOLPF
M: SOFIE NEUMANN
LEOPOLD
M: TILLY
JOHANNA
M: GERSON WALLENSTEIN
ROSALIA
(1) M: RALPH GOLDSCHMIDT
(2) M: SANDEL LOEWENTHAL
ALVINA
M:
D
ALLAN
M: BESSIE
ROSELLE
M: EMILE ABRAMS
NATALI
M: M. KAHN
ROSA
M: JOSEF
BERTA
M: MORITZ LOEWENTHAL
SELMA
M: JONAS MARX
IRENE
M: JUSTIN EDELSTEIN
SIEGFRIED
NELLIE
JOSEF
SITTA
HALDA
ROSA
RECHA
SALOMON
(1) M: HILDA FRIEDBERG
(2) M: FLORA GOLDBERG
JULIUS -1963
M: PAULA
MARTHA
M: PAUL ROTHSCHILD
HUGO
KURT
RUDI
M:
EDGAR
M:
FRITZ
M:
SIEGFRIED 1882-1954
M: MIRIAM LANDAU
1892-1961
OSCAR 1884-1961
M: CHAJA BONDI
1896-
RECHA 1887-1967
M: SIEGFRIED OPPENHEIMER
MARTA 1888-1969
M: ABA ETTLINGER
HILDA 1889-
M: LEO JEIOCK
1889-1938
LEO 1893-1951
M: CHARLOTTE ULLMAN
GEORGE 1921-
M: RITA SCHEL
RENEE 1922-
M: EDITH FREUDENBERGER 1922-
WALTER 1914
M: STELLA
RUTH 1920-
M: RABBI ISAAC SWIFT
ERNST 1922-
M: JEANETTE
CAROL
M: LARRY HESS
ELEONORE
SANDY
KAREN
D
MATTEW
MARGUERITE 1910-
M: ADOLF STRAUSS
1901-1967
SAMSON 1911-
(1) M: RACHEL
(2) M:
MARCEL 1912-
M: ELISABETH BAKER
HELENE 1914-
M: ELIEZER ROSENFELD
PAUL 1916-
M: JEANETTE
RUTH 1918
M: ERNEST FAHRNER
PASCAL
SANCHIA
STEPHAN
M: MERIFKA
ISAAC
RAPHAEL
SIEGFRIED
SHMUEL
M: ELIEZER GUTMAN
SHIMON
M:
ROBERT
M:
ANN
M: RABBI ROBERT TUTON
SUSAN
M:
ITAMAR
SHALOM
D
AMIR
RICHARD 1948-
1: M: SUSAN BELLER DIV.
2: M: SHARON PEARL
HUGH 1952-
ADRIAN 1954
KENNETH 1954-
CAREN 1958-
NIEL 1960-
MOSHE 1926-
M: MIRIAM HAUSER
R. JOHN 1930-
M: ESTER SCHLESINGER
BENNIE
URI
TOVA
SHLOMO
TAMAR
JONATHAN
MIRIAM
NOAH
FAMILY TREE AUMANN



I enclose a photostat which I found among my mother's papers and which I somehow missed before. According to my mother it would be my great great grandfather, which according to Reiner's genealogy would make it to be: Hertz Salomon Aumann. Since the photograph looked partially painted, at least it has some color, I question whether they had that technology in the 18th century. If it is not Hertz it would be Salomon Auman, my mother's grandfather and grandmother, however the boy did not have any resemblance to my grandfather, Adolf. I want to send a few copies to Reiner, but I am not sure whether I have his proper address. If you could let me know I will forward the photostats to him, since I assume that he would like to provide his cousins with copies also.

Very best regards,

Sincerely,

10/12/01 from Fred Rothschild

First and only likness recorded of my Great-Great-Grandparents
Herz Solomon Aumann with wife and son Solomon

Die Gemeinderatsprotokolle sind dürftig und geben nur wenig Aufschluß darüber, wie das Leben in der Gemeinde von 1933 bis 1945 verlief und welche Entscheidungen getroffen wurden.
Im Februar 1938 beschlossen Bürgermeister und Gemeinderat, den Beitrag für den evangelischen Kindergarten von 300 Mark jährlich auf 150 Mark zu senken.
Sammelaktionen gegen den Kartoffelkäfer wurden gestartet.


Achtet auf den Kartoffelkäfer!

Er bedroht unsere Kartoffeläcker mit Kahlfraß und Mißernte!

Alle Kartoffelfelder und Tomatenkulturen müssen sorgfältig überwacht werden!

Funde und verdächtige Wahrnehmungen sofort der Ortspolizeibehörde melden!

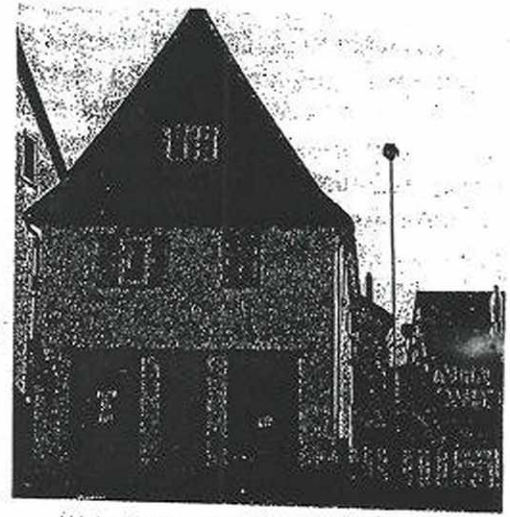
1937 bestimmte die örtliche NSDAP den Steinkopf als Bauplatz für eine Hütte oder kleines Haus für die Organisation „Kraft durch Freude", die Städter aufs Land zur Erholung schickte. Die Grundmauern sind noch erhalten, sowie der Grundstein, auf dem das Datum 4.10.1937 eingemeißelt ist. Das Gebäude wurde nie fertiggestellt, Akten darüber existieren nicht.

Das Schicksal der jüdischen Mitbürger

In Köppern lebte die jüdische Familie Aumann, deren Mitglieder seit 1781 in Köppern ansässig waren und ursprünglich aus Seulberg stammten, sie konnten rechtzeitig im Jahre 1938 in die USA auswandern.
Das Oberhaupt der Familie, der Metzger Adolf Aumann war bereits am 19.3.1936 verstorben und wurde noch auf dem Judenfriedhof in Burgholzhausen beigesetzt, ebenso seine Tochter Rosa, die im Alter von 39 Jahren am 16.1.1922 verstorben war.

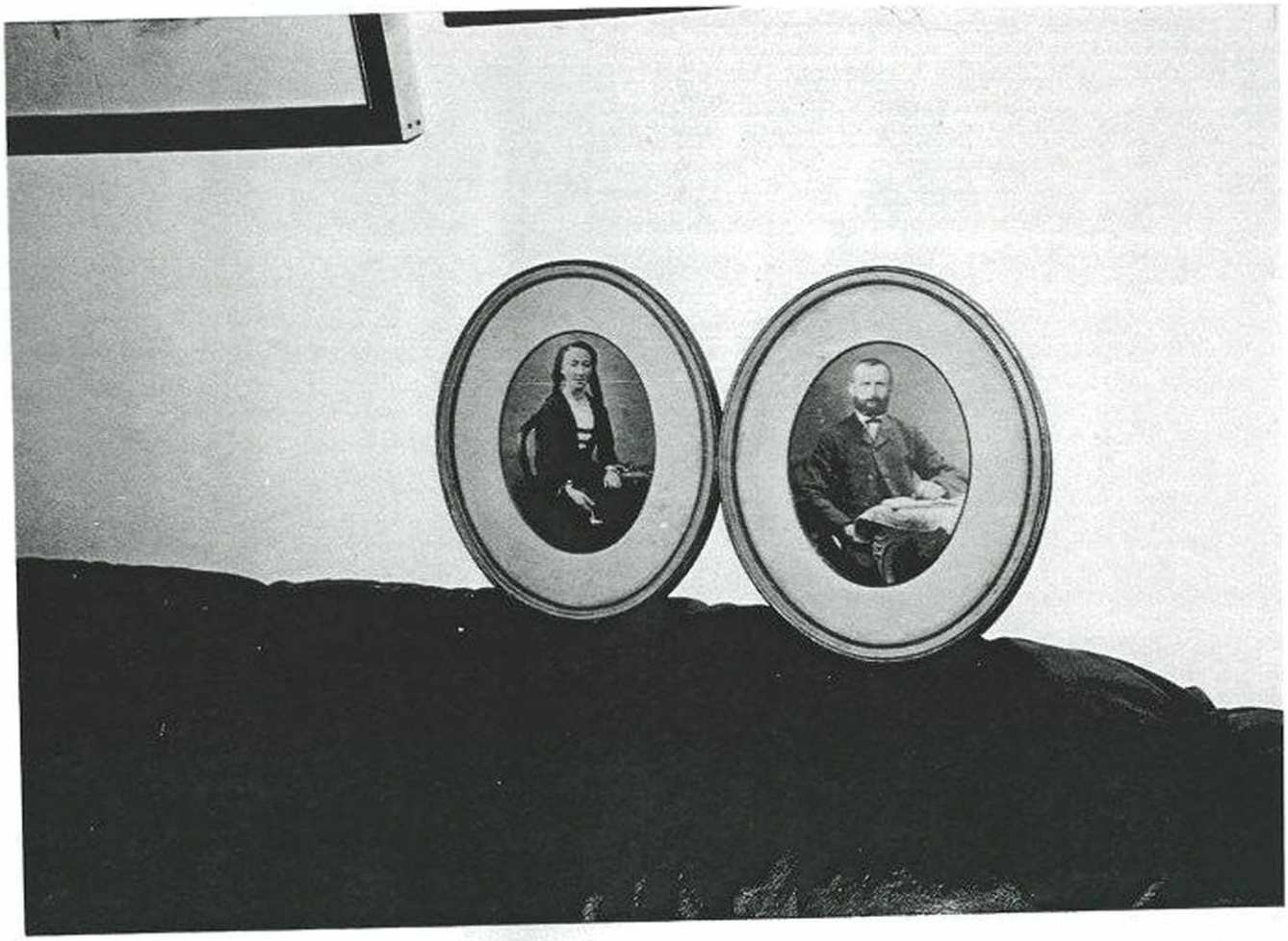
Ein Vorfahre, Leopold Aumann aus Köppern war bereits im Jahre 1872 in die USA ausgewandert, so dass die Familie dort schon eine Anlaufstelle hatte.
Der Metzger Julius Aumann hatte im ersten Weltkrieg mitgekämpft, er war Mitglied der Köpperner Feuerwehr und wanderte 1938 in die Dominikanische Republik aus.
Sein Bruder Hugo lebte in Frankfurt, die Schwester Martha war in Karlsruhe verheiratet.
Recha Aumann führte in Köppern ein kleines Textilgeschäft, im Hinterhaus war die Metzgerei ihres Bruders Julius untergebracht. Die heutige Villa Kunterbunt war damals die Scheune des Aumann'schen Anwesens.

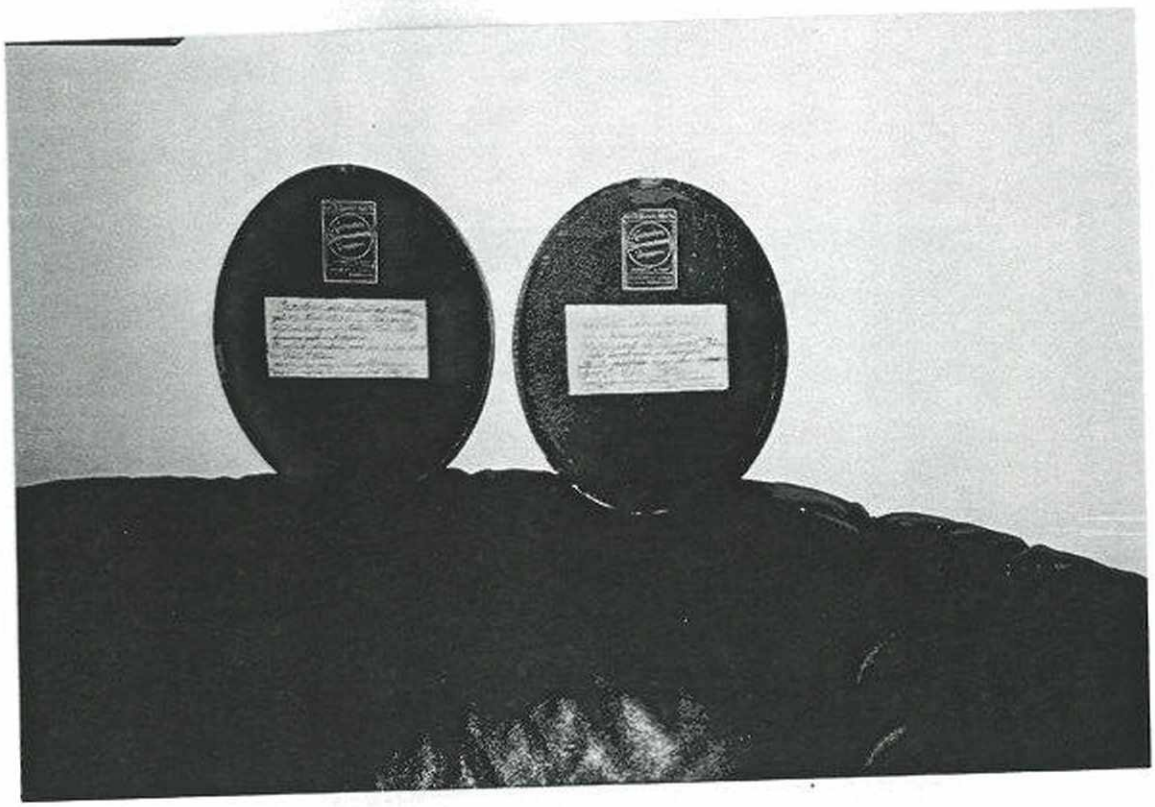

Martha Aumann (rechts)
Foto: Privatbesitz


Wohnhaus und Laden von
Recha Aumann

Nach Aussage des Bürgermeisters Emil See soll der Polizeimeister Emil Sengeisen Recha Aumann beschützt und ihr Geschäft vor Plünderungen bewahrt haben, so dass sie bis zu ihrer Auswanderung noch alle Waren verkaufen konnte.
Ein schweres Schicksal traf die Tochter des Burgholzhäuser Viehhändlers Jacob Oppenheimer. Sie hatte mit 22 Jahren Albert

From a booklet issued by the town of Koeppern of the old farm house of the Aumann family and of my father's cousin Martha Aumann at a hay harvest

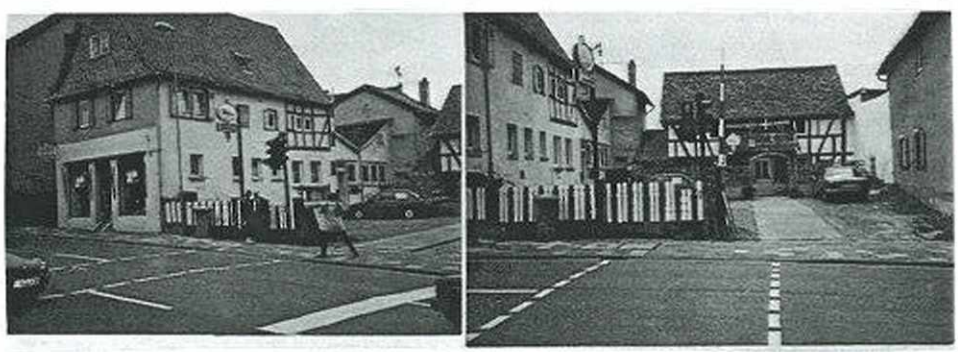




Pictures of Caroline Abraham (Aumann) 1830-1901 daughter of
Herz Solomon Aumann and her husband Albert Abraham 1831-1900,
showing original identification of the photographs written by their children



Wedding picture of Rudi and Jaqueline Aumann
with his parents Julius and Paula Aumann
Santa Domingo



The Aumann house, barn, slaughter house and property
as it appeared in 1995 when I visited Koeppern last