

ANNA GOLDSCHMIDT

*Her anecdotes and poems
with remembrances of her*



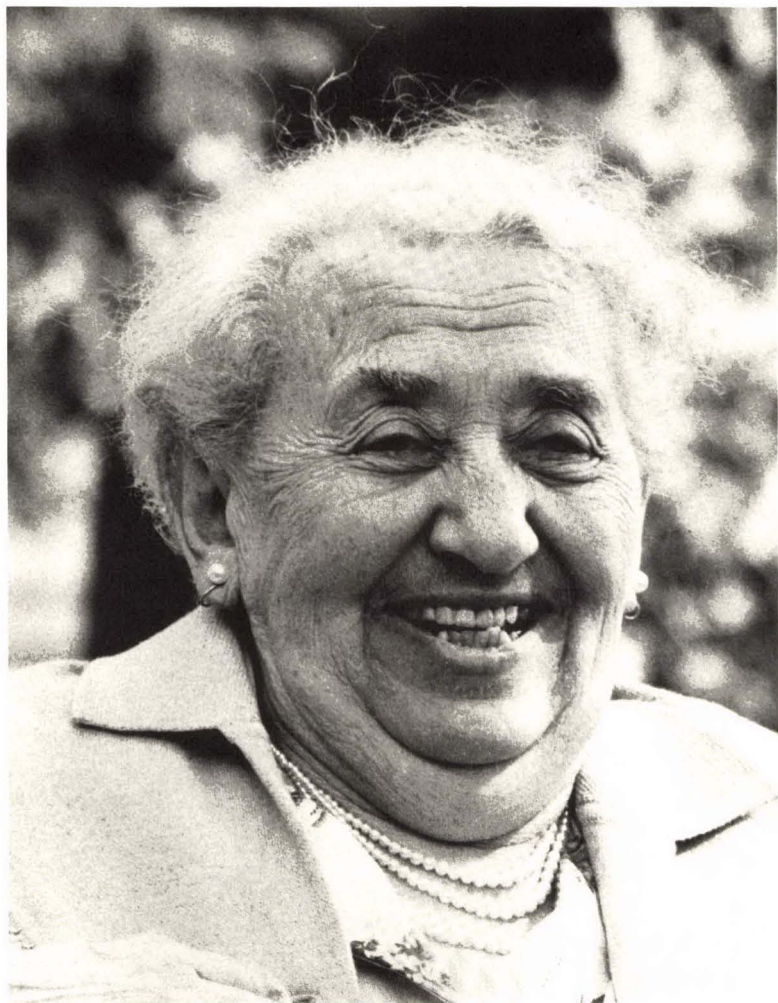
edited by Gertrude Guckenheimer
and Sam Guckenheimer

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Anna Goldschmidt, circa 1975

A Word About This Book

You are about to read Anna Goldschmidt's, my mother's, book. It is a book about her life, her thoughts, and her feelings. There are four parts to this book:

- Anecdotes From My Life
- Poems
- About Anna Goldschmidt
- Anna Goldschmidt's Family

The first two parts were written by her, starting in 1975, in her eighty-fifth year. We found a school note-book with a green cover after her death on January 9, 1985. It is the first part of this volume. We had asked her earlier to write about her life; she did, as she had lived; she wrote succinctly, clearly, without any ado and without making any fuss about it, calling it: **Anecdotes From My Life**. Her memory was superb, but where her recollections and those of her children do not agree, I have indicated with a footnote.

I have transcribed her words, adding a comma here, a period there, and a paragraph break where it seemed helpful. I also added a few explanatory words regarding facts to help the reader. I tried to simplify her explanations about the relatives – you will have to decide if I succeeded. There is little other editing: and if the language reminds you that German, not English, was her native tongue (and mine), so be it.

In December 1976, after suffering two episodes of heart failure, Mother entered a nursing home. There Carol Faulkner Peck offered classes in poetry writing. Mother joined the class with hesitation, liked it, and returned to each subsequent session

with delight. Each week Ms. Peck transcribed and distributed to the participants all the poems which they had written previously. I collected these sheets. You will find in the second part of this book a selection of Mother's poems, transcribed verbatim from Ms. Peck's typed hand-outs, although I have taken the liberty of adding punctuation signs and verse breaks.

The third section of this book, **About Anna Goldschmidt**, was not written by Mother, but by others to her and about her. They are all signed by the writers. May they help to portray Mother to you.

The final section, **Anna Goldschmidt's Family**, consists of photographs that may interest Mother's friends and family. I did not repeat photographs that appear with her **Anecdotes**, but I included others that did not fit appropriately with her story.

In closing, I wish to say "Thank you" to all who were involved with this volume. I have no words adequate to express my gratitude to Mother, for the person she was, the life she lived, the example she left us, and the grace with which she shared her life and her innermost thoughts and feelings in her writings.

Thank you so very much, Carol, for the great joy which your classes brought to Mother and to us by means of Mother's poems.

Thank you to my husband, for his patience and participation, and to my sister, my children, my nephews and nieces who read this material and who gave me their suggestions.

A special thank you to Sam, my son, for the ideas, expertise, diligence, and preparation that made publishing this book possible.

Gertrude Guckenheimer

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Anecdotes
From My
Life



Motto = W. Busch, Schein & Sein

Was mal war ist hier ist Wahrheit,
Schande dass nie leicht & leer ist,
Denn ich hatte lieber blankheit
Über das was voll & zahres ist.

Kein zig sucht ich auf zu finden
Was im tiefsten Grunde herrscht
Hilf mir her mich allen Winden
Und bin oft dahingeweht

Endlich baut' ich meine Kiste
Still um mich herum diese Wände
Steh ich in der Weltten Mitte
Umgeben mit um die Erde
Translation:

Twice two equals four is truth
Pity that its light and empty
As I rather prefer clearness
Over what is full and heavy.
I only tried to make clear
What has its roots deep deep down
Ran around in all directions
And I frequently kissed the ground.
Finally I built my cottage
And sit now within its four walls
I am sitting now in the midst
Of the midcore, no care at all.

From the back of the first page of "Anecdotes."

Motto*

W. Busch, Schein and Sein

*Zweimal zwei ist vier ist Wahrheit,
Schade, dass sie leicht und leer ist,
Denn ich hätte lieber Klarheit
Über das was voll and schwer ist.
Einzig sucht ich aufzufinden
Was im tiefsten Grunde wurzelt
Lief umher nach allen Winden
Und bin oft dahingepurzelt.
Endlich baut ich meine Hütte
Still nun zwischen ihren Wänden
Steh ich in der Welten Mitte
Unbekümmert um die Enden.*

Twice two equals four is truth
Pity that it's light and empty
As I rather prefer clearance
Over what is full and heavy.
I only tried to make clear
What has its roots deep, deep down
Ran around in all directions
And frequently kissed the ground.
Finally I built my cottage
Quiet now within its four walls
I am sitting now in the midst
Of the misery, no care at all.

I was born on September 19, 1889, first child of Adolf (Abraham) Baer and Johanna, *nee* Wolff. My parents lived in Mannheim, Baden, at P7 until I was six years old, I believe, and then moved to Q7-16 after my father bought two houses, namely Q7-16 and Q7-13.* The two houses were in two different streets, 16 near the corner at the Ringstrasse, 13 around the corner in a side street. They both had a courtyard with a door which led from one house to the other. The courtyard of 16 had only the laundry room and was the playground for us children. The courtyard of 13 had a large room for wine and grape storing with a hydraulic press.



Adolf and Johanna Baer, Anna's parents, photographed circa 1936.

*In Mannheim many addresses were given not by street names, but rather by block letters and numbers.

My father's business was import of foreign wines, mostly dessert wines from Italy, Spain, Portugal and Greece. In fall he got grape mash, too, which was pressed to give wine for hosedrink, much needed for the coopers. The cellars under the two houses connected too and were under supervision and jurisdiction of the customs officers.

My parents sent me to a Kindergarten together with my brother Karl at the other end of town, and my mother, believing in making her children self-sufficient, insisted that we two children went the half-hour way all by ourselves. When I was five and one-half years old, I was sent to a private school which I hated and which was just as far away. This school was allowed to have only three Jewish children each year, because it did not provide Jewish religious instruction. The children of rich Mannheim families went there, and I felt very much out of place.

After a few years of school I heard that some girls were admitted to the boys' gymnasium in order to graduate for University and to get a profession. My secret dream was to become a pediatrician and doctor for women and to work in a hospital in London where my uncle Sam Baer was a director for the German Hospital or another one – I do not know exactly which. I pestered my parents to take me out of school and have me prepared for the gymnasium. They finally agreed. I had to get private lessons in Latin, Math and other subjects and was, after a few months preparation, admitted to the U III A,* almost failing the examination for geography.

*Unterterzia, the equivalent in the Gymnasium of seventh grade.



Anna Baer as a teenage girl.

My grandmother, Jacobine Wolff, *nee* Hertz, lived about three blocks away in the Heidelbergstrasse. She was widowed soon after my mother had married in 1888 and she had moved to Mannheim from Ludwigshafen, where my grandfather and his brother had a wholesale business and roasting place of coffee. It was a rule in the family that somebody had to visit grandmother every day, and when her son Arnold, my



Jacobine Wolff

uncle Arnold Wolff, who was about ten years younger than my mother, was travelling to sell coffee, I was sent to stay and sleep there. Grandma spoiled me hand and foot, while my mother was very strict.

My mother was physically not very strong. She had asthma, and it scared us children very much when she fought for breath during an attack. We were five children then, namely: my brother Karl, only eleven months younger than I; the other Karl, my cousin, who came to live with us after the death of his parents and who was a complete darling; my sister Else, three and one-half years younger than I (and having very frequent disputes and fights with me); and the youngest, Lotte, a darling and very quiet child, the mother of Ilse* and her brother Hans Berliner.

I remember three visits with relatives as a child. The first one, I believe, was the one to my grandmother Caroline Baer, *nee*

*Now Jane Beckerman.

Straus. She lived in Bamberg, Schuetzenstrasse 7, across the street from her daughter Mathilde Sussmann. I ran always over to uncle and aunt Sussmann when I wanted more entertainment.

Grandmother, who was very quiet and very bright, made a poem where the first letter of each line spelled a letter of my name. I give it here:

Anmut und Lieblichkeit
Nebeneinander seid
Nur etwas Ruhe mehr
Alsdann lieb ich Dich sehr.

Behüt' Dich Gott, ich ruf Dir's zu
Als Kind aus fernem Lande
Ein braves Kind, ganz so wie Du
Recht lieb hab ichs, mein Wort geb ich zum
Pfande.*



Caroline Baer

Another visit was to Gerabronn. My father's oldest sister, Therese, was married to Israel Landauer. She had, I believe, eleven children, and the two youngest, Liesel and Karli, were about my age. Uncle Israel liked to play and talk with me. Aunt Therese and Liesel got jealous, and aunt blamed me for showing off, so that I really got very homesick.

A sister of my grandmother Jacobine Wolff had been married to a Mr. Hachenburger in Darmstadt. Her daughter was Pauline Gutenberg, "Tante Pauline." She came occasionally with her sons Beno and Arthur visiting my grandmother in Mannheim – Tante

*Mother must have loved this poem, she had told me repeatedly of it.

Dinchen for her; she suggested that my Uncle Joseph Wolff, brother of my mother and of Arnold Wolff, may get engaged and married to Toni Goldschmidt from Darmstadt. So Toni became my aunt. Clemens, her brother, came frequently on Sundays to Mannheim visiting her and playing with us children.

We had a maid, Anna Luttenberger, a very pious and obedient person, who went to Mass every Sunday at 6 a.m. During summer vacations she was sent with us children to Lindenfels,* while my parents went to Switzerland seeking relief for my mother's asthma in a place of high altitude.

One year, I believe it was after my graduation from the gymnasium, I was allowed to go to Switzerland with my parents, but unfortunately the vacation got ended prematurely. A telegram from Lindenfels called us back: my brother had fallen sick with appendicitis. Everybody was rushed back to Mannheim. I was to stay at my Uncle's and Aunt Toni's, my future sister-in-law, who complained that a girl of my age did not handle airing and making her bed the correct way.

— Today it is Mardi Gras and I remember that we used to rush to Grandma each year to see the parade, looking out of her window where it passed. It was mostly nothing much to brag about but made fun of local people and events. —

In school — the Gymnasium — we were four girls with about thirty boys in our grade and I became good friends with one, Ulrich Katz — nicknamed Uz — who was sitting next to me in the first row, both of us being myopic. The only connection I had later with Uz was a telephone call from him, blaming me for attending the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation in 1934 and asking me what my husband would have done. (The Nazis came to power in 1933.) I answered him that most likely he would not have gone, but that women and men were different in

*Small resort in the Odenwald mountains, near Mannheim.

thinking about things like that. He was only too right and I was wrong. I felt very much out of place at the event, and it should have been a sign to leave Germany as quickly as possible. He had left somewhat later for Italy from where he got to this country (USA). He died long ago.

Another friend from school days, Else Traub, was married immediately after graduation. Her husband was a Zionist, bought land in Palestine when he was very young. He became director of a mill in Berlin, left Germany leaving some debts, and poor Else got killed one day by a sniper's bullet when she was riding a bus in Jerusalem. She was Mrs. David and had four children.

My mother had a cousin Moritz Wolff in Ludwigshafen, wife Julia *nee* Hüttenbach. Moritz and Julia Wolff were related both to the Wolffs in Mannheim and the Goldschmidts in Darmstadt, since Clemens' and Toni's grandmother was Johanna Goldschmidt, *nee* Hüttenbach. I was very fond of Tante Julia and was frequently invited to spend a Sunday with them. They had four children, three boys and a daughter, Therese, who was of my age. Alfred, the oldest son, became a gynecologist and obstetrician and my doctor, after the death of Dr. Max Rosenthal in Darmstadt. He did me a great favor – but that comes much later.

The Wolffs gave a dancing party for young people not long before I graduated from High School and I was invited and so was Clemens. This, in fact, was the start of my romance. Clemens offered to take me home from the party. It was a long way from Ludwigshafen to Mannheim, crossing the Rhine, at both shores a few miles from the river bank to the house. At parting he pressed my hand and kissed it, which made me well guess what it meant.

THEN CAME GRADUATION and an invitation from my cousin Anni Stern in London. – Maybe my timing is wrong and both, houseball and invitation, were after I had started studying medicine in Heidelberg. In any case, I had three semesters in



Anna Baer and Clemens Goldschmidt during their engagement, 1910.

Heidelberg and enjoyed it very much. I had physics by the very intelligent but somewhat crazy Professor Leonard, anatomy by Furbringer, and I made friends. Afterwards I heard very little of my friends. When we were married we never visited Heidelberg, though it was not far from Darmstadt. Whatever visits were made went to Mannheim and my parents.

In London I had to struggle with the language. Anni was forever in search of maids and of a nanny for her three children, and I went out exploring the town by myself. The ever helpful bobbies were my rescue when needed.

Though I had been outfitted for the trip with some new dresses by the best seamstress in town, Mrs. Geck, wife of the Reichstag member Adolf Geck, my aunt Alice, Sam Baer's wife, was not satisfied with my appearance. She took me to Selfridges, the big store that had just opened, and bought a very nice costume, sending the bill to my father; and furthermore she took me to the hairdresser and decided I had to be made with curls all over, not my style at all. — I want to add here, that I was not good at sports nor good at dancing, because my muscle coordination was poor, and the worst punishment was when my mother insisted I should go skating.

— I remember as worth mentioning that I saw the maids cleaning petroleum lamps and lighting gas lights some years later with mantles that had to be handled so carefully, all before electric light was installed and that I saw the trolley bus drawn by horses before it was running on electricity.

— After I came back from London where I did not like the style of life the family there lived and enjoyed — it was much more expensive than the simple style in Mannheim and Darmstadt. Clemens came to my father on April 23, 1910 — Passover evening and his late mother's birthday — and asked him for my hand.

My father told me that he was not too enthusiastic and advised me to say no. He said he did not like the whole family in Darmstadt. I was of quite a different opinion. Clemens and I had a good talk together, he warned me of his health problems, but I was too fond of him. We got engaged and were married on July 7 by the judge in Mannheim. On the tenth was the wedding.

Maybe my father had been reluctant because he knew that there would be an uproar by Toni and whomever she could influence, and that my life would be troubled, at the start anyway.

And so it was. But not everybody in the family gave in to her; Uncle Theodor Strauss did not, nor did the Gutenbergs. Beno Gutenberg's grandmother, Roese, the stepsister of Clemens' grandfather Moses Herz Hachenburger, the grandfather who had started the business and who had bought the house, said to me not to be too sorry about it. "The main thing is you have your Clemens and are happy together," were her words.

This grandmother of Beno's was a very remarkable person, very intelligent and active, but dreaded by her daughters-in-law and nicknamed in town "die böse Roes," the mean Rosy. She had been married at some place in the Rheinland. But the soap business there did not go well, so she persuaded her husband to pack up, move back to Darmstadt and to open there the Gutenberg Seifen & Sodafabrik.* She came every evening to her brother Moses, Clemens' grandpa, drinking a bottle of beer and paying for it while she visited.

Clemens' mother, Johanna Goldschmidt, *nee* Hachenburger, had three sisters: Josephine, who became the wife of Theodor Strauss; Ottilie, wife of Karl Beer in Darmstadt; and Bertha, who

*Gutenberg Soap And Soda Factory.

became the wife of Abraham Herzfelder in Wuerzburg. Only Ottilie was still alive when I got married.

Uncle Theodor Strauss, received me with open arms and a warm heart. His children were Hugo and Henrietta, married Heichelheim. Hugo was Clemens' associate, an unhappily married man and just as unhappy to have to be the co-owner of H.H.S. – Herz Hachenburger Sohn, as the business was named. Henriette came frequently to visit her father and her aunt Ottilie. Ottilie's husband Karl Beer and uncle Theodor had been the two guardians of Clemens and Toni after the early death of their parents.

Toni and Henriette came visiting Tante Ottilie frequently, Toni crying her heart out and complaining that the family in Mannheim was not nice to her. So you can imagine that Tante Ottilie got prejudiced towards me and all that made my life at the beginning anything but easy; in addition, Henriette came to meet cousin Toni the same day, with the same result for me.

Clemens would have liked to have my help in the business, but Hugo, who quarreled with Clemens more often than not, threw me out, declaring he did not want any woman to have anything to say there. That made me quite meek and unsure what to do, but the one that gave me good spirits and support was Tante Rose Gutenberg. She told me not to take it so seriously, and she was right. She stressed that for me the only thing that mattered was to be happy with Clemens and to have a good marriage. Today I feel that I should have followed Götz von Berlichingens' advice – L.M.A. quadrat,* as the German saying goes.

Uncle and Aunt Herman and Pauline Gutenberg, Rose's son and daughter-in-law, were as nice and as sweet as can be, almost like parents and later like grandparents to our children. The fact

*Leck mich am Arsch – lick my ass.



Herz Hachenburger Sohn, the business which Anna and Clemens managed and the house in which they lived.

that they were related to Clemens and that Pauline was a first cousin of my mother's, as well as that Toni and Joseph got engaged by their suggestion and help, gave them a unique position in the case. Toni and Joseph blamed them for having invited me to visit them in Darmstadt as a young girl and by that to have helped Clemens and me to get acquainted better and to become engaged and married later. Herman, who was a wonderful man, suffered by the reproach and felt he was treated very unjustly.

Herman had a sister Jenny who was married in Frankfurt – Jenny Emanuel – and a brother Berthold, the family doctor.

This was the family of the old Gutenbergs, Wilhelm and Röschen: Herman and Pauline with two sons, Beno and Arthur; Berthold and Charlotte with one daughter Emma; and Mrs. Emanuel, a widow already, with three children, two girls, Jenny and Olga, and a son, Otto. The Emanuels came to visit their grandparents frequently, too, and we all got to be very good friends together.

Uncle Berthold, Herman Gutenberg's brother and our family doctor, was a short, stout man, extremely intelligent. You could ask him whatever you wanted to know and be sure he knew the answer. But unfortunately he was a failure as a doctor and as a husband. While he was studying in Würzburg he got engaged to a girl with the name of Emma, but his mother, Rose, spoiled the romance, and poor Emma died of a broken heart. His wife, Charlotte, an orphan and not very attractive, but a faithful good woman, suffered all the bad treatment by Rose and years of marriage with indifference as best she could.

Their only child, Emma, was very bright, like a sister to Beno, and unfortunately was destined to a very bad end. Here, too, money was too important an item. Herman and Berthold would have liked Beno and Emma, who were as close as sister and brother, to become a pair. Beno had better ideas and just wanted to keep the love as it was but not marry her. She,

unfortunately, played around a lot, but never could make up her mind to get engaged. She became a nurse.

She stayed with her mother, Charlotte, after her father's death, and refused to leave Germany without her. She was transported and killed by the Nazis in the end. Charlotte was taken to Theresienstadt. When Emma refused to leave her mother, she did not expect that the Nazis would separate them, transport her to a death camp, and transport Charlotte to Theresienstadt where she died later.

There were other relatives with the name of Hachenburger, but they belonged to the family of Sara, *nee* Hachenburger, wife of Clemens' grandfather Moses Hachenburger. We were good friends with them, but not as close as with the Gutenbergs and the uncles. They were Alex and Leo and their sister Johanna Loeb. Alex, with whom my mother had played around when visiting uncle and aunt in Darmstadt – Pauline's parents – did not live any more when I got married.

Tante Ottilie had two daughters, Toni and Paula. She was a typical, good German mother and housewife, and used to tell me: "What does the wife have an apron for?" – answer "to cover up," and she had good reason to cover up. Her husband, Karl Beer, was a very efficient businessman and very fond of good-looking women. The daughters, Toni and Paula, were very gifted. Toni was a darling and got married to Karl Dreyfuss in Aachen. Paula got married in Antwerp, Belgium, to Gustave Lehmann and was a woman of the world. She had to flee to South Africa during World War I, never betrayed to anyone that she was German born.

The relatives from Clemens' father's side were quite a few, as Max Goldschmidt, Clemens' father, was one of six children of Clemens Markus Goldschmidt in Worms and his wife Johanna, *nee* Hüttenbach. Max Goldschmidt's brothers were: first Julius, wife Sophie, who was a very proud and domineering woman, not much liked by nephews and nieces. She considered herself

the head of the family after her husband's parents had died. She and Julius had two children, Markus and a daughter, (also) Johanna; both not intelligent. Second Albert, wife Emma, *nee* Wolff, distantly related to my mother's family Wolff. They had two sons, Clemens, a lawyer, and Julius, the head of the business C.M.G., which was founded by Clemens' grandfather in Worms. Both very intelligent. Third son was Max and fourth son was Ludwig, wife Arline, daughter Johanna. Besides three brothers, Max Goldschmidt had two sisters, Rosa and Amalie. They got married to two young men who founded the leather factory of Adler and Oppenheimer in Strassburg and became very wealthy.

Clemens and I went frequently visiting to Worms, mostly staying with Tante Sophie, who demanded this as an honor, but visiting the good-hearted Emma too, of course. Of Uncle Ludwig's family only the daughter Johanna Strauss was living there any more. Her daughter is Gertrude Grunebaum in Cambridge, Mass.; her son, Ludwig, is in the U.S.A. too.

I believe I was once in Strassburg visiting, but do not remember well. The two sisters were widows, just like Sophie and Emma. It seems to me in retrospect that not only Clemens' father died early but that his brothers and his sister Amalie did so too. The only one of the children of Clemens Markus Goldschmidt and his wife Johanna, *nee* Hüttenbach, whom I knew was the daughter Rosa Adler. I liked her very much; she was considered to be as wise as well as a very kind woman. One could not give these attributes to all her children.

Otto Adler, Rosa's second son, had a wife from Darmstadt, Luise, *nee* Trier, daughter Johanna, a very majestic and pretty woman. Johanna Heidenheimer said very naively to me in New York, after I had come to the U.S.A. and worked hard: "It seems to me now that after all Clemens did not do badly when he married you." Wasn't that nice or more naive?

Son Otto had two sons. The older, Hans, attended the Darmstadt Technicum to study leather chemistry and was a frequent guest at our house. But neither he nor his parents showed any willingness to help us when we struggled so hard to be allowed to leave Hitler Germany. The mother, Luise Adler, *nee* Trier, I met later in New York, visiting her on and off.

It just dawned on me that by mentioning the relatives in Darmstadt, I forgot Bertha Landau and her four children, three daughters and a son. Bertha was Tante Pauline's sister, very different from her and as great a spender as Pauline was a saver.

Bertha had been left by her husband as a poor woman. The oldest daughter, Toni, had married a cousin Landau with a grocery. The second, Anna, married a man from Denmark and so became the only one of the Landaus to escape Hitler's death camps. Paula, the youngest, was an extremely nice and intelligent person. She was a lawyer's secretary and a frequent guest at Rheinstrasse 1 where Clemens and I had made our home in his parents' former apartment, using their dining room furniture as our living room and their bedroom furniture as our guestroom.

ON JUNE 18TH, 1911, Hanna our daughter was born. She was a small child, about six pounds at most, and I nursed her for nine months. She gained weight quickly and there was no problem. The next three years were happy ones, until in late summer THE WAR – World War One – started after a few hectic waiting days. Life was never the same any more. My darling brother and my darling cousin Karl had to go immediately.

We in Darmstadt, living so near the castle, at the street leading out of the city, witnessed the troops leaving and the Grandduke Ernst Ludwig saying good-bye to them; he was very unhappy and crying. His sister Alexandra, being the wife of Nicholas of Russia, was with the enemies of Germany.



Anna with her daughter Johanna at age 4, 1915.

My brother Karl – der Blonde Karl – as well as my cousin Karl – der Schwarze Karl – were in the first battle of the War at Mulhouse. My cousin had a shot damaging one finger of his right hand that made him unable to hold a rifle and kept him out of military service from then on. My brother had a shrapnel shot in one foot that kept on wandering around, which was never found by the doctors and which should have kept him home, too.

The doctor who treated my brother Karl found out that he was good with photography and designated him for help in the X-ray lab. But my darling Karl was not satisfied: first he started to help wounded soldiers get home by train and then declared he wanted to join the front. This got him to the Northfront near Ypres where, unfortunately, he got killed when the U.S.A. joined our enemies. The bunker where he was got a full hit in summer of 1917, killing everybody there. The photo which I have is the enlargement of a snapshot taken by a friend from Mannheim who was in a nearby bunker.

Things became worse and worse for Germany. Food as well as manpower got shorter and shorter, and the government tried to replace both in every possible way. So it happened that Clemens, who according to his health and age should never have been called up, was told to join and was chosen to be trained for a commission.

The training was done in Griesheim – called Darmstaedter Schiessplatz – and should have taken a few months. Being so short of officers, the military authorities made it a rule to train people with a good education to become leaders. Clemens, who was considered to belong in that category, got trained for machine-gun. It happened that his heart was not fit for anything like that. He broke down at a night exercise. The commanding officer did not allow him to ride on one of the trucks, and a comrade stayed with him through the night.

The next morning he was able to walk back to the barracks and see the doctor. This was a very good and careful man. He declared Clemens unfit for any more active service, claimed him as an office clerk for himself and advised me to watch him carefully and keep any unnecessary exertion and excitement away. I feel today, the heart attack really saved his life, because it kept him away from the front. His friend from the training was sent to the Serbian front and killed after a very short time. The widow and her only son suffered immensely ever afterwards.



Anna's brother Karl, as photographed by a friend during the war, 1917.

End of 1916 I gave birth to our second child, Gertrude. She seemed frail, so frail that Tante Ottilie, when she saw her, mentioned I would never be able to bring her up. And the Jewish nurse I had was very doubtful, too, urging me to keep her always very warm. We had quite a problem on and off, she did seem unhappy and did not gain.



Anna's daughter Gertrude, age 5, 1922.

Dr. Berthold, who understood nothing whatsoever of baby care – a pediatric doctor at that time was a rarity – got cross when I weighed my baby and said he would throw the scales out. So I went with her to Mannheim to ask Dr. Hübner, the lifelong physician of my parents. He understood just as much as Berthold, declared the baby was very sick. She was not sick at all but, as it turned out, the poor thing was starved. Dr. Hübner urged me to consult Professor Moro in Heidelberg – a Viennese born professor of pediatrics considered outstanding. Moro kept

me and the baby in the clinic for a few days, discovered that the real problem was the nursing. Due to the poor food I had, I was a very poor nurse. He gave her a milk formula. At first this was not working either – her shrunken stomach refused to take it – but, corresponding back to Heidelberg, we got advice and in the end all turned out well. The best and very reassuring result of the visit to Professor Moro was that the baby was a very healthy one, not very sick as Dr. Hübner had insisted she was.

Shortly after that happened, Clemens got permission to go home every evening to sleep in his own bed and we saw him daily, not only on weekends as before. One result was that he could bring home some bread of the soldiers' ration to increase our meagre food supply; some comrades from the country got supplies from home and did gladly sell the very heavy dark military bread. Another less pleasant result was that we got bedbugs that had settled in Clemens' clothing and we needed the exterminator.

In spring or summer of 1917, I went with my two children to a small inn, a resort place near Jugenheim. The hostess was so short of food that she asked the guests to go and collect mushrooms in the woods, Eierschwämme, which we all liked but which were of little nourishing value. But Gertrude as well as Hanna grew and we all had lots of enjoyment from the children.

When the end of the war came, Clemens got released by the military and had to start in a business with empty shelves and customers whom they had to send home without the merchandise they wanted. On top of that, cousin Hugo Strauss, who never liked being Clemens' partner, declared that he wanted to get out. He, furthermore, wanted to have the house sold, a move we opposed; in turn we offered to pay him for his half of the property. It was an excited and worrisome time for us. We were keen to build up the business again; Clemens urged me to help him to do this, and while I would have liked better to look after my two children, I finally agreed, mindful of the doctor's urge to take good care of Clemens and watch him well.

From then on, I went down to the business every day in the morning and stayed all day long with short interruptions such as for going to the market. Clemens taught me, and by and by I learned, took over responsibility as a buyer with the help of some of our employees. Clemens of course always had the ultimate decision, with advice from employees. The financial and bookkeeping side were his without anybody else's interference. We bought Hugo's half of the house – this against the advice of my uncle and brother-in-law Joseph Wolff – the wisest man I ever knew. He – uncle – saw the future of Germany in a very dim light after the lost war and advised us to put money earned and not immediately needed into a Swiss bank account. Unfortunately we did not heed his advice. We put money into improving the house instead.

When I came to Darmstadt, our store was narrow, steps were in front on the sidewalk, a big stove was inside the store for winter warmth, and half of the front was occupied by a dry goods store, belonging to Mr. Warnecke. When Mr. Warnecke wanted to retire after the war, we took his half of the space. We installed central heating in the house – a big job – and later on changed the whole front and the store by putting the floor deeper to do away with the steps, which was required by the city, and to get much bigger window displays. This, in fact, was a time of stress and excitement. All in vain, alas, as later events proved.

WITH THE BEGINNING OF THE THIRTIES, prices dropped, the depression in the U.S. put its shadow over the whole world, leaving many people unemployed, which was working into the hands of Adolf Hitler. I must admit I never read *Mein Kampf*, never thought the threats could be realized.

On my way back home in the spring of 1932, – I had been in Gerabronn to console my sister Else after her husband's death – a group of people joined me in the train and asked me questions concerning my knowledge of the Bible. They claimed that God would punish the Jews because they had not obeyed His laws

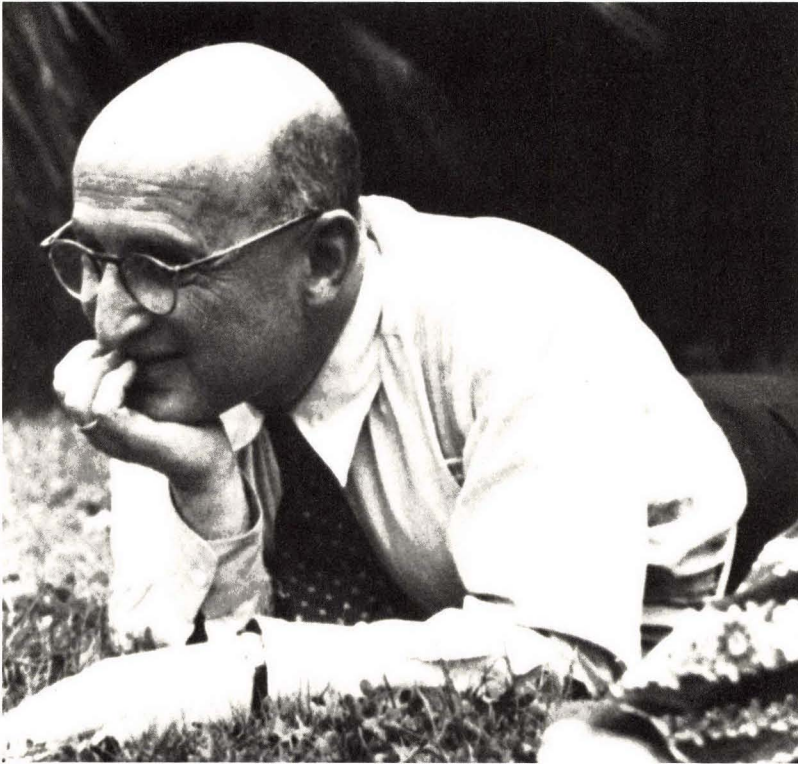
and had not been loyal enough to Him. Obviously they were Nazis and knew what was coming.

Prior to that were the inflation years after the War and Beno's leaving Darmstadt for Pasadena. Beno had lost his job at the University of Strassburg and, after marrying Hertha, had decided to become his father's successor in the soap and soda business, at the same time giving some lectures at Frankfurt University. Then he got a call from the Rockefeller Foundation to give a speech at Cal Tech, California Institute of Technology, and he realized that this might be the test to get a professorship in this country. He gave his speech. He came back raving how good a drink Coca Cola was. He was offered a professorship at Cal Tech in Pasadena. (He accepted and moved to California.) The next year he came back to Darmstadt to take his mother with him. Beno had been hesitant to accept the offer, because Hertha's parents, Jacob and Franziska Dernburg, did not want their daughter to be so far away.

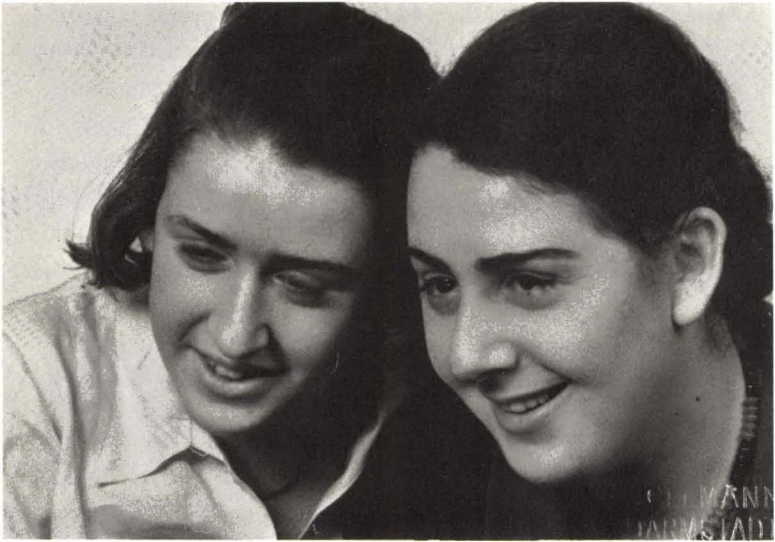
He came to us and asked what to do. We walked on and off in front of our house and urged him to accept the offer, because they did not give him a professorship in Germany; it was a shame to make his and his family's living in the soap business when he was so outstanding as a geophysicist. The business was sold, and Beno and Hertha with the two children left for Pasadena, California. This step proved to be the saving anchor at Hitler time not only for Tante Pauline, Beno's mother, the Dernburgs, Hertha's family, father and two sons, but also for three young girls, namely Anne, a cousin of Hertha's, another one from Frankfurt, the third one Gertrude, and Beno's cousins Henny and Olga with their brother, too.

With the store, we made for years the silly mistake of not recognizing early enough to start sending salesmen out by car, instead of their losing so much time and opportunity by sitting and taking "ein Schöppchen," a pint, while waiting for the next train.

I realize now that I made a big jump from the end of World War I to the coming of Hitler. These years in the twenties were very busy years, uneventful besides. I worked in the business. Besides my bridge club once a week and meeting with friends in the evening, there was no time for social life. Clemens trained me for the business, and I had to go and see to get merchandise, sometimes during the season. Hanna (Joan) started law at Heidelberg University and Gertrude went to school, having sometimes more colds than we liked.



Beno Gutenberg in Pasadena, 1938.



Gertrude (left) and Hanna, circa 1932.

When Hitler came the store was boycotted, and we had to sit upstairs and watch what was happening on the street. In 1934 Joan got married to Charles Strauss from Aachen, who came visiting in Darmstadt. They were married in early November 1934, and next spring the *Judengesetze*, laws concerning Jews, were declared.

I cried and cried, because I felt myself torn between my Jewishness and Germany as the fatherland. In fact, I always believed that there was some mixed blood in the family. Clemens had told me quite a few stories of many a Jewish woman in Darmstadt who had a gentile lover and maybe a child by him. I suspected that something like it had happened to one of our ancestors, being confirmed in my belief by the measurements of



Joan and Charles at their engagement, 1934.

skull size in Gertrude's school that found that her measurements fitted perfectly the nordic skulls' width.*

During Hitler time the poor girl had a very hard time in school, being seated by herself, apart from the other girls.** We decided to prepare her for a Nursery career rather than the University, and she stayed in the so-called Frauenschule. Joan (Hanna), when she had to leave the University because of Hitler's laws, was given a job in the business. She disliked that as much as Gertrude disliked the Frauenschule.



Gertrude, 1936.

On March 26, 1936, Joan was delivered of a baby boy, Herbert, at her house in Aachen. A nice woman took care of her and the baby who was blond and very sweet. He was circumcised by Rabbi Schönberger, whose wife gave birth at the same time to a girl. A year and a few months later, her second child, Walter, followed. He had black hair and seemed to be more energetic than the sweet and easy-going Herbert. The two boys came frequently visiting in Darmstadt until Joan and Charles left Germany early 1939.

*This is in error. This incident did not happen to me; it is supposed to have happened to a distant cousin of the Hachenburger line.

**Not quite correct. I seated myself in the back of the classroom when the teachers taught *Rassenkunde*, "Science of Race" and proclaimed that Jews were inevitably criminals, that "it was in their blood."

But before that happened, Beno had given Trudel an affidavit, paper required at that time for immigration to the U.S.A., and she left end of October 1937. We went to Hamburg to see her to the boat. Before, for some time, I foolishly enough had thought that when the young people left Germany, we old ones would not be molested and could outlive Hitler. But when Trudel left we stood there on the pier, quite desperate not to see any opportunity to leave, too, and join her in the New World.

Joan and Charles carried on in Aachen until the famous – infamous – November 11, 1938 made it clear that they could not stay any longer. They got an interim stay in England for one year with the help of the Adler and Oppenheimer relatives. Clemens was then already sixty years old, and he never was molested personally by the Nazis.



From left: Clemens, grandson Walter Strauss, son-in-law Charles Strauss, Anna, grandson Herbert Strauss, 1938.

We had sold the business, first the retail section and finally the whole thing, both wholesale and retail, to Mr. Schrumpf. When Trudel left, only the retail had been sold. Packing first for my sister, * then for Trudel in 1937 and later in Aachen, gave me some experience, but let me feel how sad our situation was.



Deutsches Reich Kennkarte. This was an internal identity pass specifically for Jews. Note under the photograph the middle name "Sara," which all Jewish women were forced to adopt.

After November 11, 1938, my uncle Sam Baer gave the English Government the assurance to take care of his relatives who were still in Germany, and we got the visas for my parents, for Clemens and me, as my uncle Heinrich got them for his family. These had to be presented to the English consul in Frankfurt, as well as to the Jewish authorities. I took all four applications and had to wait in line a very tiring hour or two with each of the required stamps – Clemens and my parents would never have been able to do that.

*Else, who had close relatives in England and who went there.

Then the haggling with the Nazis and customs started. Each week I went to Mannheim for three or four days, leaving poor Clemens a lonely man to run in Darmstadt – tax, bank, etc. in order to get our passports back. It was easier in Mannheim. My parents got their passports early in March 1939 and left immediately for London with two small suitcases, leaving to me the burden to get some more clothes out as well as the necessary furniture. The day we packed, a very nasty customs officer came watching, and at the end of the first day, he asked for a big painting in my parents' living room. This was useless to me, and I agreed to let him have it.

The next day the foreman of the moving firm told me in the morning I now could pack all I wanted without having trouble, even go out and buy a new typewriter, instead of the old one that he did not let me take along. I said no to his proposal, being much too nervous to do such a thing, but managed to have some bottles of wine as well as Mother's golden antique watch taken along. The evening still had a surprise for me, a cablegram from London to tell me of some antique piece of furniture which I should *not* take along. This message could have caused me a lot of trouble from the ever suspicious Nazis. Luckily it did not.

My father had told me what papers to take along to London and what else to send to Dr. Deutsch, his lawyer friend. To do the latter was impossible for me, but I took enough along to London to base my mother's (German restitution) claims on it with credibility.

Besides the packing and supervising in Mannheim, I had to make many trips to the lawyer, who was supposed to look after the business of emigrating people, and I had to go to official offices. Once I was asked why we wanted to leave Germany as this meant losing so much money and that the Germans would be in London next year with guns. I answered: "Then we will go to America," and when told they would come there, too, I said: "Then we jump into the ocean."

WE FINALLY COULD LEAVE GERMANY on June 2nd, 1939 for London. Our friends, Karl and Claire Benjamin went with us to Frankfurt airport, where we had to take a plane stopping in Cologne and in Amsterdam. (The Benjamins, after giving much aid and comfort to Jews left in Darmstadt, perished in the Nazi camps.) When we arrived in Cologne, Clemens and I were separated; a man took him away and a woman me. I had to undress completely – even shoes and stockings were taken off before we were allowed to meet each other again and board the plane leaving Germany. I remember having asked him: “Is that enough for you now – Genügt Dir das jetzt” – and he answered: “Oh, it was not so bad.”

When we came to London, we were given first a room in a boarding home where the bed came down from the wall in the evening. My English was very poor, and that proved to create some problems at the start. One was a misunderstanding in dealing with a customs officer, who could not understand why the German immigrants had so many new things brought over for which customs’ duty was due. The fact that this was the only way to have some benefit for their money just did not dawn on the man.

The customs officer took my parents’ radio away when he asked me whether this was new and I said “No.” I could not explain to him that the old radio was destroyed by the Nazis in the *Kristallnacht* and my father had asked the dealer for another, second-hand one instead. This gave a lot of excitement and worry when the two liftvans, containing furniture, etc., got unloaded at Willesden Lane, where we had found a sublet apartment on the top floor, after Aunt Alice, Sam Baer’s wife, and I just went over Mother’s head in taking the lease.

The apartment had a large living room and two other rooms, my parents’ bed-living room and our bed-living room, and a foyer, where we put some of our furniture and used to have our meals. The choice of the apartment proved a good one, insofar as

another flat with one room more, liked by us, was refused by Aunt Alice as too expensive and was bombed out completely during the war. We never had a hit while bombs fell around us, back, right, and left.

In the flat the kitchen, as well as the dining room windows, faced an orchard with an apple tree right across; the bedrooms faced the orchard, too, but in another direction. The road parallel to Willesden Lane had only small, private houses with backgardens. The owners all had left during the war. Many of the houses had bomb damage, and it was my pleasure to slip through the fence, picking roses for our living room, a pleasure that could have been very expensive if a policeman ever noticed it.

Before the war started, I got a letter from my brother-in-law, Ludwig Berliner, to get the family moving for the rescue of his child Ilse.* In case they did not, he would see that Ilse got taken out of Germany by the Jewish Relief Service. When I gave this letter to Auntie Alice, she immediately answered they would not like any child of the family taken out by the Relief Service, but they would only take care of Ilse till she was 18 years old.

Ilse came under these conditions – as it happened with the last children's transport out of Germany. Our neighbor, Mrs. Herzfelder, was so nice to put her up for the nights, as my father was up in arms when I said she could sleep in the living room on his chaise longue. Soon afterwards the war started and Ilse like all children, had to be out of London by order of the government. The house got empty. Whoever could afford to move away, did so.

Aunt Alice sent Ilse to a boarding school in the country, whose manager was a friend of hers. As boarding schools have lots of vacations each year, Ilse came back to London during

*Now Jane Beckerman.

these vacations, staying part of the time with Vivien and Herbert Simon, daughter and son-in-law of Sam Baer, and part with us. My parents finally agreed that she could sleep on the chaise longue in the living room, as Ilse understandably was embarrassed to have to be so thankful to Herzfelders.

As the war dragged on and things looked not good for the Allies, all the younger men from Germany were taken by the police to the Isle of Man. Poor Clemens had a terrible time (he was interned, too, in spite of his age). He wrote me begging not to send money nor anything else – but when he came back, he blamed me for not having sent any money! He came back late one evening during heavy bombing – so exhausted that he almost fainted. But anyway I was so happy to have him back. He had been released because his blood pressure was high and because a very brave woman MP, Miss Rathbone, had pleaded with the government in one speech after another to let the innocent people go home; they were not likely to help Hitler anyway.

The war dragged on, food was short and rationed, but even so it was far from the shortage we had experienced in Germany during World War I. The shortest item were eggs, one a month per person. Meat was about one pound a week for everybody, but some things like liver or oxtail or calves' feet were sometimes available, as was some smoked ham or corned beef on other ration coupons. The vegetable was carrots without being cleaned, cooked beets or cabbage, which was forbidden to my father. Our pharmacist had black currant puree that he gave us sometimes as my mother was entitled to it due to her old age and it made very good puddings or sauces to an English pudding. There were no lemons nor orange juice, the latter given only to children.

Each evening we went down to the so-called shelter, an apartment provided with blackout windows where many people had bunks to sleep on. We could only use our deck chairs because we had no money for bunks. As my father refused to go

in there, the landlord provided an apartment with beds for my parents next to it, for the owners of it had left London for quieter places. We took the big leather briefcase with our important papers along every day, because we wanted to get U.S. visas one day. Uncle Joseph would have liked to give the papers required for the visas to us, but unfortunately he died of a heart attack the night of the day on which he got his United States citizenship. He was concerned what Toni would do once he could not be with her any longer. Toni was a woman for appearance and correctness, her endless reminder to her daughter "Hanna, halt' Dich grad! – Hanna, stand up straight."

The bombing went on when we left the shelter at dawn to go to bed for a while. We could see the sky all red from the burning of the city and shivered what all might have happened during the night. People from poor districts went with children and bedding into the subway stations to sleep on benches put up there. It was a pitiful sight to see these people dragging bedding and children along.

In the fall of 1941 Clemens started to have a problem with voiding. I catheterized him a few times, but have no remembrance any more how come I had a catheter, and Dr. Beselau did so once or twice. In vain I and our friends – we always had some friends come to us on Saturday afternoons or went out to meet them in a Lyons tea shop – urged him to see another doctor. He plainly refused until one Saturday when Karl Lauber, a physician, a relative from the Landauer family, came to visit us, recognized the urgency of Clemens' problem and succeeded to make him go and see the surgeon at the German Hospital where he – Lauber – was head of internal medicine. The result was a prostate operation from which Clemens recovered speedily, and for another four years he carried on more or less well. It was for me as if God had given him back to me for four years as a gift. He luckily could know the defeat of Hitler, but not any more the end of the war in the Pacific.*

*This is her memory, although it is inconsistent with the dates.

During that time my father died on Good Friday 1945; John, our grandson, son of Gertrude, was born end of September the same year, and I remember that when Clemens and I went to visit foster brother Karl and Marie in Hendon, I noticed how they watched us leaving there with eyes full of concern. It was Clemens' last going out for a longer walk. He did not feel well, and we consulted Dr. Beselau, who urged him to take a bedrest every day after lunch. Clemens, of course, did not obey but just retired somewhat by sitting in the big armchair in the hall, from which he jumped up every time the doorbell rang. At the beginning of December he grew weaker, had to stay in bed and finally revisit the German Hospital where the doctor told me immediately that "this time we cannot patch him up any more." He died the afternoon of Christmas Eve 1945, after he had urged me before we went to the hospital to be brave and not to carry on the way my mother did when my father had died the same year, at the end of March.

Dr. Italiener, our former rabbi from Darmstadt, and Dr. Lauber came by to see me and him in the morning, and cousin Karl Sussman came in the afternoon to take me back home, where Dr. Italiener visited me the next day. My father had been cremated and his ashes strewn on the ground of the cemetery, and Clemens had expressed the wish for the same when he knew that he was very ill. On the day of his cremation it rained very heavily. Some friends came and Dr. Italiener among them, of course the male members of the family.

I MADE UP MY MIND that I wanted to be reunited with my children and get on my own feet again, getting rid of the status of being a stateless person, and leave my mother to the care of my sister Else and another person as a companion. We found Mrs. Kaufmann, *nee* Bodenheimer, from Mannheim and sister of Mrs. Holzmayer in Darmstadt. I succeeded to get ready for leaving by October 1946, and after I had left I came back visiting four times as soon as I had gotten my U.S.A. citizenship. When I arrived in New York, Charles and Joan were at the airport to take

L.B. 113

No. G.12996/2.

Date 25th May, 1946.

Authority issuing certificate :—HOME OFFICE.

Indication de l'autorité qui délivre le certificat

Place of issue of certificate :—LONDON.

Lieu où l'on délivre le certificat

CERTIFICATE OF IDENTITY. CERTIFICAT D'IDENTITE.

Valid until 24th May, 1947.
Valable jusqu'

The present certificate is issued for the sole purpose of providing the holder with identity papers in lieu of a national passport. It is without prejudice to and in no way affects the national status of the holder. If the holder obtains a national passport this certificate ceases to be valid and must be surrendered to the issuing authority.

Le présent certificat est délivré à seule fin de fournir au titulaire une pièce d'identité pouvant tenir lieu de passeport national. Il ne préjuge pas la nationalité du titulaire et est sans effet sur celle-ci. Au cas où le titulaire obtiendrait un passeport national, ce certificat cessera d'être valable et devra être renvoyé à l'autorité qui l'a délivré.

Surname GOLDSCHMIDT
Nom de famille.
Forenames Anna.
Prénoms.
Date of birth 19th September, 1889
Date de naissance.
Place of birth Mannheim.
Lieu de naissance.
Nationality of origin German.
Nationalité d'origine.
Surname and forenames of Father BAR Adolf
Nom de famille et prénoms du père.
Surname and forenames of Mother WOLF Johanna.
Nom de famille et prénoms de la mère.
Name of wife (husband) Widow.
Nom de la femme (mari).
Names of children -
Noms des enfants.
Occupation -
Profession.
Former residence abroad Darmstadt.
Ancien domicile à l'étranger.
Present residence in the United Kingdom 36, Marlow Court,
Résidence actuelle dans le Royaume Uni.
Willesden Lane, N.W.6.
Police Registration Certificate 73 5585
Certificat d'enregistrement délivré par la Police.

The undersigned certifies that the photograph and signature hereon are those of the bearer of the present document.

Le soussigné certifie que la photographie et la signature apposées ci-contre sont bien celles du porteur du présent document.

Signature of the issuing authority.
Signature de l'autorité,

J.B. Hughes
H.M. CHIEF INSPECTOR,
IMMIGRATION BRANCH,
HOME OFFICE,
10, OLD BAILEY,
LONDON, E.C.4.

THIS CERTIFICATE MUST BE VISED BY A BRITISH
AUTHORITY FOR RETURN TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.



(S.O.A. 8094) W11812/538 3,000 745 C.T. Op. 656
(S.O.A. 7188) W14130/838 5,000 1/46

United Kingdom, Certificate of Identity, 1946, issued to stateless persons in lieu of a passport.

me home. The customs officer was very nice. I was worried, because my papers had a wrong date. When I wanted to leave London, everybody had to stay, for the airplane which was to take us turned out to need repair, and I came back to Mother's flat at midnight. Four days later I left, and the checking customs officer at the departure in London did not find it worthwhile to change the date of my departure on the paper, as I was a stateless person. This made me nervous when I came to New York, but there the greeting was very different. I was welcome as an immigrant.

I took out first papers immediately, chasing around in New York, did baby sitting and tried to get on my own feet. First I slept on the couch in the Straussens' living room, but soon I rented a room at Mrs. Blumer's apartment in Dale Gardens, opposite where Frieda Hirsch lived, an aunt by marriage of Ludwig Guckenheimer. We got (became) very good friends soon.

Trying to get independent, I took different courses – one with Dr. Hertha Naturf and one with the Red Cross – and started to take newborn baby jobs – the so-called “twenty hour duty.” I got all over New York that way, even sometimes to New Jersey. After two years, Mrs. Blumer moved to one of her daughters in New Jersey and gave me two weeks' notice. An ad in New York's *Aufbau* newspaper by Mrs. Sophie Schnurmann in Forest Hills seemed good to me, though Charles thought the room was rather small. I took the room immediately.

Mrs. Schnurmann and I became good friends. She was very nice, let me use the kitchen. As she was from Ludwigshafen, my mother's birthplace, we understood each other well. She was not fussy about anything, was very hard of hearing and wanted somebody reliable in the room with the fire escape. It was very near to Charles' office and in walking distance of Joan and Charles' home. That home was at the edge of a park, and when I saw the couples from Germany together in the park, I felt very sorry indeed that I was without Clemens and never able to enjoy a nice day or evening there with him in quietness and love.

Poems



Looking Into Our Hearts

I looked into my heart and saw
the past years with my love and joy,
Some worries, too, but love and joy
were in much more than sorrow;

I liked what I saw and decided to keep it
All for myself, my family that I like so much –
My children and grandchildren;

An image of God was there too, saying, "Be good
And I will love you;"

The picture of my late husband was in there –
He smiled and said, "You know how much
I love you – I will never stop to do that."

March 30, 1982

A Nice Thanksgiving Day

Ingredients

A sunny morning
A happy family
A large dinner
Nice talk between the family members.

Method

The family arrives in one house.
They start dinner. They tell each other what they have done
recently. They thank the host and his wife.

November 1983

Gloomy February, Magic Me

In gloomy February
I would call the sun to come out every day;
I would make flowers bloom, roses to open, apples to bloom,
cherries to start blooming; children to play outside,
mothers watching them; start the Cherry Festival in
Washington.

Bring the elections to February,
Elect a new president, go to the opera in New York; every week
on Sunday I would go to church, sing in the choir, offer praise
to God, and call my children to do the same.

February 29, 1984

Third Eye Visions

My third eye sees God in Heaven,
My third eye can see the kindness in people's brains,
My third eye can see the next year's summer,
My third eye can see my daughter's brain working,
My third eye can see what happened in ancient Greece,
My third eye can see what the Romans did in Britain,
My third eye can see what I'm going to be like next year,
My third eye can see what my roommate thinks,
My third eye can see what my grandchildren will become,
My third eye can see the end of the universe.

January 24, 1984

Daydreams

Daydreams are a pleasure to have –
They help shorten the time:
They give us a sense of being king:
I have them so many times.

But each time I like to go to sleep.
Sleep for a few hours, shorten the day.
Wake up refreshed and go to daydream again;
Unfortunately we cannot always remember them!

September 11, 1984

For Just One Day

For just one day I would like to fly to the North Pole
For just one day I would like to be the President of the U.S.A.
For just one day I would like to eat only potato soup;
For just one day I would like to visit Israel;
For just one day I would like to be the Queen of England;
For just one day I would like to see the world from outer space;
For just one day I would like to leave Washington, D.C.
For just one day I would like to go to Switzerland,
 to try to climb the Jungfrau and look down from up there;
For just one day I would like to eat only ice cream.

October 1984

This Is What a Tulip
Would Say If It Could
Write a Poem

Will my bulb bring forth
Another one like me
Next year?

Why is my inside different
From my outside?

I wish I could stay closed
And not open up.

Am I dying when I open up?

Let me stay in the garden,
Instead of picking me,
But if you pick me
Give me to a nice person.

Never let me get thirsty
For water;
Put me in a high vase,
If you pick me,
Not in a short glass.

April 21, 1981

Wish Poem

I wish I could have a Boston pie with my dinner;
I wish my grandson Sam would find a nice wife;
I wish I could dance at the Happy Hour;
I wish I would not get much older;
I wish my roommate would be quiet at night;
I wish I had made friends in the Home;
I wish I could walk around a bit;
I wish the Atomic Bomb was never invented;
I wish the Dollar would be worth four Marks again as it once
was;
I wish the PLO would stop bothering Israel;
I wish the United Nations were more powerful;
I wish England had more money and more sun;
I wish I could get some Linsensuppe with sausage in it;
I wish I could find a valentine this week!

February 10, 1981

Things That Happen Where There Aren't Any People

The schools will be closed,
The theater performances will be canceled,
There will not be big cities,
The landscape will be left to flowers and trees,
Government cannot function.
The earth will be like the Planet Mars,
The sea will roll and wait for ships to be tossed around.

There will be stillness — only animal noises can be heard,
The blowing of the wind in the trees,
The thunder of a storm,
The singing nightingale,
The chirping grasshopper,
The stillness of a cemetery,
Peace and happiness of nature will be felt;
It is Paradise before God created man —
Happiness all over there.

There will be no AT&T,
No inventions will be made,
No Wall Street will exist,
No church services will take place,
Nature will be happy with peace and quietness.

March 3, 1981

Reasons We Like Things

The reason I like books
Is that they help me never to get bored.

The reason I like good food
Is that it gives me a feeling
Of satisfaction.

The reason I like my grandmother
Is because she is such a sweet person.

The reason I like the Home is
Because I get such good care here.

The reason I like night time
Is because a good sleep makes me
Happy the next day.

The reason I like watching television
Is that I am informed by it
What is happening.

The reason I like the United States of America
Is that my family has been given a new start
For life here.

February 17, 1981

I Listen To The Ocean

I listen to the ocean –
It tells me of times past, when the earth started,
Of depths unknown to me,
Of fishes I never met,
Of coral reefs and of waves going very high sometimes,
Of lands far-off I will never see myself,
Of the way a ship finds where it is going by watching the stars
and the compass;

I never get bored listening to the ocean –
It has so much to tell us;
It is impossible to learn all it knows and experiences;

I like to talk to it, too, telling it how much
I like to listen to it and see all it brings up:
mussels, sand dollars, sea anemones, sea corals, fishes
good to eat, and oysters and crabs;

I will thank it for all its gifts – pearls are one of them –
so are good fishes and sponges.

June 1, 1982

Being Balloons

If I were a balloon I would be blue;
I would go towards the moon;
I would see the earth from outer space;
I would hear the stars singing;
Rose bushes and trees would be my enemies;
Children would be my friends;

I would dream about meeting God somewhere;

I would feel afraid of losing the air inside me
And ending up being nothing but a skin.

May 26, 1981

March Wind Poems

Oh wind, oh wind, where are you going?
Don't you like us here, because you try to pass away?

Bring us the storm in July,
The snow in December,
Play with the trees, taking down their leaves and ripe apples;
Tell the winter when it should go away.

Bring us spring – everybody yearns for that.
Be mild at the beginning of spring,
But do not blow the blooms off my apple tree too soon.

Wind, oh wind, I love you when you blow my hair,
I love you when you kiss my face,
I love you when you tell me that spring is here;
But I hate you when you blow my airplane around,
When you bring summer storms with dangerous lightning,
And maybe that causes a big fire in California.

March 9, 1982

Simple Beauty

The simple beauty of a violet, a rose,
 a dandelion or any other flower –
We never can estimate the beauty done by nature;
A bird's feather, his wings and his head,
The breast of a robin, the wing of a sparrow or a dove,
The cover up of a swimming fish,
His scales shining in the sun;
The bees building their home, one room like the other;
The ants making a hill in the garden, so hateful to us;
The snow painting a new landscape for us,
But it will not last, unfortunately.

The forsythia showing a little yellow –
Wait another week or two and they all will look
 very beautiful, yellow blooms all over them;
And then the first pale green of leaves will show up –
 a delight to go walking when that starts.

Every year the same thing – it is as if
God was creating the world again.

February 22, 1982

Magical Creatures

I am a magical bird;
I look like a dog, I eat grass, I fly to the moon –
I say hello to the man in the moon.

“Be my friend, please; I want to give you a kiss on your cheek, I
want to embrace you and play hide and seek with you –
You hide in the day – I seek you but never
find you anywhere while it is still daytime.”

I will walk back to the earth,
Walk in its woods seeking wild berries to eat and pick for
myself.

I tell the winter: “Do not stay too long,
Do not freeze all the berries I want to eat,
Let the spring come soon and make flowers for us to enjoy.”

February 9, 1982

Colors and Feelings

Fear is a tiger coming toward me,
Seeming to jump and catch me,
Scratching me down all at once
Like the Wolf who swallowed Red Riding Hood.

I try to chase it away, but that is very hard
to do – it is much stronger than I am;
It threatens to stay, and unless the hunter comes
and kills it off,
It will keep eating me up.

It comes at night, my sleep is off, I cannot be
strong enough to chase it off.
I try to go to sleep – it sounds like a lion
roaring – it is red.

Another day I will be more courageous
And shoot it down.

February 16, 1982

When I Sleep

When I sleep

The children in Brazil play in the street,
The moon walks over the town,
The newlyweds dance and enjoy themselves,
The dogs are running in the forest,
The cats meow to wake me up.

The night nurses go from one room to the other.
The police try to catch a thief.
The band plays in the park.
The nightingale sings her best song.

A new baby is born every night somewhere,
A mother feeds that newborn.

My father drinks beer in the restaurant,
A cook tries to make our midday meal,
The theater will just finish playing the last show.

March 2, 1982

Being in Charge of the World

If I were in charge of the world there would be no oatmeal
There would be more trains in every direction;
There would be kites flying high for the pleasure of children.

There would be more country and only a few big towns;
There would be a theater in every town;
There would be more libraries.

There would be no ten school years – eight should do.
There would be airplanes going to the moon;
There would be no military, no air force,
 but plenty of ships for a navy.

There would be a cooking stove in every home.
There would be lots of parks where animals could run around.
Everybody would have to marry and have two children,
 to keep the amount of people up.

January 5, 1982

January Visions

Looking back I see Poland in a big turmoil;
Looking ahead I find the U.S.A. and Russia
trying to stop the arms race.

Looking back I see my grandchildren as babies;
Looking ahead I see them achieving their goals
in life.

Looking back I see the Civil War;
Looking ahead I see the races understanding
each other.

Looking back I see Nazism in Germany;
Looking ahead I see a strong State of Israel.

December 29, 1981

The Best Gifts

The best gift to give anyone is my love;
The best gift to receive is people's trust in you.
We will give that best gift to our wives or husbands –
It will last for years and never change.

The best gift to receive, the trust, makes me very proud
Sure of being a nice person and trying very hard
to be worthy of it.

Neither of these gifts can be wrapped up
with paper and laid under the Christmas tree.

We expect to get the trust of nice friends;
Not everyone will get it, though.

December 15, 1981

Skara Brae

This is a Stone Age village
In the Orkney Islands.
We saw what a house looked like,
How a bed was made,
All made of stones.

Did people living in them
Feel happy ever?

And how did they spend
Their time, we wonder?
Some of it had to be spent
Hunting for food –
How did they prepare the food?
Did they eat everything raw?

How did they clean themselves
And how did they wash their clothes?
What were the clothes made of?
Was any trace of them ever found?

Could they communicate with the people
In the Britain as we know it today?

Did they have boats to go to sea with?
I understand that no weapons of any kind were found there.

How near was one home to the next?

Are many of the houses still standing there?

What kind of dishes did they have and use?

Did they go barefoot?

They certainly had no soap nor paper.

September 15, 1981

On Shaking Hands

I shook the hand of a seeing-eye dog –
It gave me a good idea of truth and hope.

I shook the hands of the past years –
They gave me the assurance of a better future.

I shook the hands of the man in the moon –
They told me of God's care for the world.

I shook the hands of a very pretty kitten –
They told me, "I love you. I will not scratch you ever."

I shook the hand of a running horse –
It told me "I want to win today – do you ever feel so?"

October 27, 1981

Canterbury Cathedral

How can I make a poem about you?
You are much too big and beautiful!
Your size, the shape of the building is
 awe inspiring – the windows are beautiful.
What I missed was seeing an altar inside,
A shape of a cross in the building,
Pews for people to sit in.

We know when the building was started, but
 Do we know when it was finished?
It looks very different from every church in
 Europe I ever saw or had a picture of.
The towers are square – there are two of them –
The windows just so beautiful, made of glass
 in different colors.
Legend has it that people were visiting the
 Canterbury Tales inside the cathedral.

Like everything in England is different from
Everything else in Europe, so the Canterbury
 Cathedral does not seem to look like any other
 Church in Europe; it seems neither Gothic
 nor Roman in style.

People going there to attend a service may
Feel small and out of shape in the church.
I feel awe at the shape and size of this cathedral.

September 29, 1981

For Just One Day

For just one day I would like to be an opera singer;
I would like to be able to fly to the stars;
I would like to know what the future will be;
I would like to know that Hitler was killed;
I would like to meet Mr. Brezhnev;
I would like to see George Washington
 when he won the war against England;
I would like to say hello to Mr. Jefferson:
I would like to be President of the U.S.A.;
I would like to visit London again,
 hoping that all the bombing damage has been repaired;
I would like to shake hands with peace,
 expecting no more wars to happen.

November 3, 1981

Gloomy February, Magic Me

In gloomy February I would make the sun come
And wake up sleeping flowers.

In gloomy February I would invite a lot of friends
To dance and be happy with me.

In gloomy February I would put two more days on
To be able to go skating.

In gloomy February I would pretend it was
July and make the air nice and warm.

In gloomy February I would go to New York
And see a nice ballet or play.

In gloomy February I would make the sun
Be warm and make cherry trees bloom.

In gloomy February I would call my family
To visit me as if it were my birthday.

February 5, 1980

About Circles

A circle has no beginning and no end;
It is the sun, the moon,
Any cake, a penny, a dime,
But not a dollar;
A bunch of children dancing,
A nice big apple,
A couple marrying and clinging to each other, a year,
The equator, a snake eating its tail,
Traveling around the earth,
A man ready to kiss the ring on my finger,
A necklace I put on.

Columbus believed he could
Make a circle traveling on and on
And found out that he was mistaken.

It is the infinite fact,
The endless thing everybody wants to find somewhere.

A slice of onion.

October 1981

Summer

Summer smells, the haystacks on the meadow,
The sight of bathing children in the lake,
The sound of peasants cutting the ripe wheat,
The taste of homemade ice cream,
The feeling of very soft winds kissing my face.

The sweat pouring down my face when I fed a baby,
The clicking of the refrigerator when the door was opened,
The sight of ripening apples on the tree,
The smell of blooming flowers and fresh-cut grass,
The taste of ripe grapes at the end of the summer.

August 1982

Grandchildren

Grandchildren
Are to be spoiled by us;
They hug us and play with us.
Some are very gifted –

One of my grandchildren is a good musician,
One a very outstanding student
To pass Harvard with highest honors.
I love them all very much,
The youngest one most of all –

We had such a good time when
He was three years old
And we played hide and seek together.

Three of my grandchildren live in England –
I do not see them frequently.

None of my grandchildren went into business;
They all are connected with science.

Grandchildren are to be spoiled
By Grandparents –
Having a good time together
Is the aim for both.

September 1982

Writing to the Pachelbel "Canon in D"

The music I hear now
Unlocks in me a nice first ball,
Dancing and flirting with a loved one.
It takes me to my old home town
Where I grew up and went to
School and found my husband.

It unlocks in me a dream of
Happiness and enjoyment;
It further takes me to the
Theater, where I watched
Nice operas being performed.

It makes me feel that I want
To dance and dance —
I could have danced all night!

The music unlocks in me
The secret wish of being able to sing,
 marveling at people like Beverly Sills who
 can remember a whole opera.

October 21, 1980

New Eyes On Milkweed

Looking at these two green things stuck together
Like two beans on a stalk, one never would guess
What miracles they have inside.

Inside they have witches' brooms,
Thin white hair on a brown handle,
Dandelion seeds on a stick,
White cotton growing out of a brown body,
A fairy strewing goods around,
A doll with silvery hair very beautiful,
Snow-white sitting on a brown chair,
A parachute dropping out of an airplane.

October 1980

Travel Poem

Oh, to be in England
Where the sights in spring are
That everything blooms,
The color of daffodils
Are all over the hills.

The smells of blooming meadows
Come even into the towns.
In fall, everybody enjoys
The tastes of ripening apples.
People cook crabapple jelly.

I was living in England
For seven years;
I admired the people's attitudes
During the war,
Never losing their nerves.
The Germans would have gone quite crazy
In a situation like it was in England then.

Another country where I would like to go
Is Italy
To see the art there,
Visit Rome and see Michelangelo's painting and Donatello's
sculptures.
This would be an experience
One could not get anywhere else –
Rome, Florence, Naples it would be.

November 11, 1980

Precious Gold And Silver

A meadow full of dandelions,
Scrambled eggs are gold;
A frozen pond looks very silvery
So do ice blooms on my window.

But are these things precious?
I don't think so.

The sunshine in the morning is all gold,
The full moon at night all silver;
The love of a nice family is gold, indeed;
The newborn baby looks like silver.

My grandma's white hair — silver of the most precious kind.
My grandson's growing vegetables are gold indeed;
So is the flowerbed of sunflowers.
The white flower of wild anemone in spring is all silver,
So is the blooming white lilac.

We'd rather extinguish goldenrod
Than have it grow and give us trouble.

Friendship is one of the most precious things in life —
It is gold all over and over.

Golden apples and pears are ripening in fall,
So are golden grapes to give us wine.

The newly-weds like to enjoy the silvery moon at night
To make love to each other,
Pure gold the love.

November 18, 1980

Weather Creatures I

The fog comes in like a tiger in the night;
It jumps on us before we are aware of the danger;
Danger is there, all right – it blinds us,
It makes us go wrong ways;
It wets our skin, not like the rain
But very softly.
It jumps from high up, as the tiger does;
We cannot find the shelter of home –
We are exposed to its threat,
Cannot turn around to avoid it;
It is of no use to try.

Only sunshine will help to
Get away from it;
The night tiger fears the sunshine –
It exposes him to us.

Weather Creatures II

The rain is like a lot of small flies
Wanting to sit down on us;
We hate them and try to make them fly off;
In vain – they are determined to bother us.

January 6, 1981

Special Gifts

I would like to give my mother
Better health;
I would like to give my daughter Joan
A few years back;
I would like to give myself the
Possibility to walk;
I would like to give my friend
Air conditioning;
I would like to give my nurse
A good patient;
I would like to give my doctor
A new car;
I would like to give my son-in-law
A piano;
I would like to give my grandson Sam
A good wife;
I would like to give my granddaughter
Rebecca a better viola.

I would like to give my father
More kindness.
I would like to give my teacher
Some books to read,
A few attentive pupils, too.
I would like to give my youngest
Great-grandson the gift of reading and writing.

I would like to give my roommate
The possibility of staying quiet.

I would like to give Israel Peace,
Kind neighbors.

December 9, 1980

Third Eye Visions

My third eye can see men going to stay on Mars;
My third eye can see Cicero speaking in the senate;
My third eye can see another Einstein forming a
 new formula of relativity;
My third eye can see what lives in a drop of water;
My third eye can see the fishes on the floor of the ocean;
My third eye can see God in Heaven look down on mankind.

December 2, 1980

Special Holidays

A special Christmas for me
Was a very sad one
Because my husband had died
The day before.
I shall never forget it,
It was in London;
I was staying with him
In the hospital ward where
All the other people made chains
Of colored paper
And asked me to help them,
Which I did.

A special Chanukah was when I walked
Through the street in Brooklyn
At Chanukah
And saw a Menorah with candles burning
At every window sill.
At the celebration of Chanukah
We always liked to sing
The holiday song.
It is such a happy holiday –
At home the children play
The little dreidl,
Which has a wish on every turn.

Another special Christmas
Was when my Grandson Herbert
Met Carolyn at the Midnight Service
For a blind date.
The result –
A very happy marriage
With three children.

December 18, 1979

Old and New Beauty

Old things are beautiful –
Old people, as their hair sparkles,
Old paintings, as their colors glow,
Old books, as their stories please us,
Old bells, they sound so full and clear,
Old wine – it is clear and very good tasting;
it can heal sick stomachs.

New things are beautiful –
New jewelry – it sparkles;
New dresses – they are smooth,
New babies – they bring hope for a lot of pleasure;
New flowers – they smell so sweet,
New leaves in the spring – their green is so bright
the New Year – it gives hope for peace.

January 15, 1980

Everything Dances, Everything Moves

Everything dances, everything moves
Even as we sit still, we move
Because the earth moves and everything on it does.

Our breath moves constantly
So do our eyes.

When the wind blows, everything moves, everything dances –
The clouds follow the wind,
The petals of the roses
Dance with it as he pulls them off.

The waves of the ocean never stand still –
They move and dance all the time,
Making ships wiggle from one side to the other
And men feel sick.

A newlywed couple dances together,
Moving and pressing one to the other
As they do.

December 11, 1979

Happiness

Happiness: The color is red,
Its shape is indefinite,
Its size is enormous, the bigger the better;
The sound of children's laughter.

Its texture, like its shape, is indefinite.
Its smell resembles a good soup's smell;
Its taste a piece of fruitcake.

Happiness is like the feeling of a
United family on Christmas morning.

December 4, 1979

Poem to Summer

I like you, summer, because
You give me a long day without needing
A light in the room,
Because I can throw off so many clothes,
Because I can go swimming at the beach – .

How nice it is in New York when
One can go to Jones Beach or Rockaway.

Furthermore I like you because
We can have barbecue dinner in the garden –
How good the meat done this way tastes.

Barbecue does not happen to be done outside
In other seasons;
Roses do not start to bloom
In other seasons;
I cannot throw off clothes
In other seasons, at least not as many as in summer;
Shakespeare's plays to be given in Central Park
Is not possible in other seasons – .

How nice it is to enjoy a play
Performed in the open air
In the nice old summertime
Sounds fine to me.

May 27, 1980

Night

Night comes from God, to refresh everyone;
The sinking sun brings it; it looks like
Peace all over.

It sounds quiet, it smells like fog coming down.
It feels like soft sheets, closing over me;
My soul says welcome to a restful night.

Without nights giving us rest,
Life would be unbearable.

Thank you, night, God's gift.

March 11, 1980

Outside – Inside

When the outside me is silent,
The inside me is thinking of times past;
It travels back to Germany
To my wedding day,
To the following hard times some relatives gave me
To the following years when
All this straightened out.

When the outside me is silent,
The inside me hears the church bells of my home town,
The clock over the castle announcing full and half hours;
The children still small playing in the house,
Asking for a nice walk to the woods or the park.

When the outside me is silent
And I sit in the yard,
The inside me laughs at how nice
The sun is, and the flowers,
And how much I would enjoy
My daughter's very good cooking!

May 15, 1979

About Me I

When I am mad I am like thunder during the storm.
When I am happy I am like a thrush in the morning.
When I am sorry I am like a rose dying off.
When I am lonely I am like the first crocus in spring.
When I am hungry I am like a dry lawn in the summer heat.
When I am angry I am like a lion who just lost its prey.
When I am tired I am like a horse after racing.

June 17, 1980

About Me II

When I am happy I am like a dog getting a bone,
When I am angry I am like a cat meeting a dog.
When I am sad I am like the moon that's vanishing.
When I am excited I am like very loud music playing.
When I am tired I am like a wrung out piece of dishcloth.
When I am bored I am like a sleeping child.
When I am embarrassed I am like meeting an old foe.
When I am grumpy I am like the old cold winter.
When I am surprised I am like being asked to marry my beloved.
When I am lonely I am like a house whose inhabitants moved.
When I am loving I am like a bird in spring.
When I am busy I am like a writer ending a book.
When I am lazy I am like a child that is tired.
When I am moody I am like an angry cat or the weather before
a storm.

February 6, 1979

Lilac

One of the most beautiful spring flowers,
Remembering me of the Dreimaederlhaus
Of many other poems about this beautiful gift of spring
Of the parks in Germany where children went to have pleasure.

Unter einem Fliederbaum, ja da traemt sichs schoen,
Wenn im holden Bluetenraum linde Duefte wehen.
Schubert seems to have been very fond of it,
Bringing it up in one opera.

My daughter's neighbor has a lilac in his garden,
She mentions how he treats her with so much pleasure,
That she and her family could enjoy the beauty and
the fragrance.

April 29, 1980

What Flower Are You?

The geranium –
It can adapt itself to
All kinds of temperatures;
Sunshine it likes and
It thrives if it gets enough.
It can stand winds and
All kinds of adversaries,
As I had to learn to do.

March 20, 1979

If I Were a Bird

If I were a bird
I would fly over the roofs of the city
To see what all is going on there.
Then I would tease people, sitting in front of them
And quickly flying away when they move.

I would be a swallow, catching insects while I fly,
Indicating the weather, as I would have to fly
Either higher or lower to catch my insects.

When winter comes I would meet with many friends
To escape the cold, flying to warmer lands.

In spring I would return, find a mate, build a nest,
And have children who keep me busy feeding them.

When they learn to fly I would show them how to do it.
I would warn them when I see a cat, to be careful
And quickly fly off where they sit.
Then I would rest up from my work with them.

I would sing: Freedom, Freedom!

June 10, 1980

Writing to Music

It makes me think of good days of
Love and enjoyment;
It takes me to the theater
To an opera that has no violence
But love;
It makes me think of spring,
Young animals hopping around in joy
Of nature's awakening.

The love dance of birds taking place, now;
The goodness of life and love was my
Special feeling with this music.

Unfortunately I cannot remember
Which opera fits in there,
Maybe *Fidelio*?

January 30, 1979

On Friends and Friendship

Friendship is as warm as the sun in spring.
This sun lets the bleak trees erupt
With green leaves,
Like friendship leads people to a happy life;
But of sorrow and cold winter days,
Without friendship life would be lonely,
Maybe boring, we shall never miss it.

June 12, 1979

On Friends and Friendship II

A special friend of mine passed away recently.
I shall always miss her, she used to give me a call
By phone every week.
She was as reliable as the day coming back
After the night.
I shall never forget all the goodness
I got from her.
When she died her daughter said:
"Only angels die that way."
I replied, "Don't you know that she was an angel?"

June 12, 1979

On Friends and Friendship III

Friendship makes life sweet.
Good friends are available when needed;
They may be humans or even a dog.

Think what the friendship of a seeing eye dog
Means to a blind person –
Safety, being able to move around,
To lead a more normal life,
To visit relatives, even to board a plane.
Independence is worth a million.

June 12, 1979

Triad

These be three wet things:
The washed dress,
The empty coffee cups,
The garden after the rain.

November 14, 1978

Just Imagine . . .

If I were a color I would be red, because
it will make people look nice.

If I were a bird I would be a swallow,
flying high and catching flies.

If I were an animal I would be a cow,
to nourish babies.

If I were a book I would be fiction,
that gives everyone pleasure.

If I were a musical instrument I would be a bell,
ringing in the hour.

If I were a tool I would be a . . . no,
I do not want to be one.

If I were a tree I would be a blossoming cherry tree in spring.

If I were an object I would be a cooking pot,
making good soup.

If I were a fruit I would be an orange,
to give the first enjoyment mornings.

If I were a vegetable I would be a potato,
that keeps so many people fed.

If I were a dessert I would be an apple pie,
enjoyed by many.

If I were a flower I would be a geranium,
that keeps blooming everywhere.

I have chosen the potato

Because it prevents famine.

I would look around,

Grow well,

Sound not hollow,

Stay alive during the winter.

July 10, 1979

Triads

These are three holy things:
Thanksgiving celebration,
Remembering services,
A wedding ceremony.

These are three happy events:
The birth of a baby,
The end of a war,
The reunion with friends
missed for a long time.

November 14, 1978

Talking to the Moon, Stars and Sun

Oh Moon

I would like to ask the man in you
How he likes to be bright one day
And dull another,
And I would like to ask him
How he feels when he shines
On a pair making love.

Oh stars,

How good I feel
When I see you in the sky,
And I would like to talk
To the evening star:
What do you feel when a storm
Keeps you from shining?
When I was a child
I could not wait
Till you came up in the evening.
You made my room look much nicer –
Do you know you did that?

Oh sun,

Give us warmth and light
But not fire.
Let the fruits ripen and the children enjoy your light.
Keep us from freezing weather in the winter.
Do not send us sun-storms ever!

January 16, 1979

Fathers and Grandfathers

My father: as a child I adored him.
He was always looking so well dressed and cared for;
He was making a good living for the family –
But when I had to live with him
I experienced how domineering he could be
And I realized why my uncle, whom I loved so much,
Hated my father.

And it was my uncle then
Whom I admired much more.
He had taken care of his mother and his younger brother
When his father had died suddenly.
He gave his son the name his mother wanted,
What my father refused to do.
So I saw how kind Uncle Joseph was,
How intelligent and how nice.

January 23, 1979

Special Ladies

My grandmother Jacobine Wolff
Looked like Queen Victoria.
She smelled like the canary cage
She cleaned out.
She always wanted to spoil
Whom she loved.
She took me to have coffee and cake
At her pastry shop.
She wanted to have a good time
With important people
So she went to the watering place
Of Homburg every year.

Unfortunately she did not notice
When she had cancer of her breast
And she suffered terribly
For a long time.

She wanted me to go to the
Synagogue every week.

She had her meals served
The French way —
Vegetables first, meat later,
Never with the vegetables.

I loved her very much,
Much more than my
Very strict mother.

February 20, 1979

Amaryllis

Christmas red, bell-like,
Feeling velvety,
Reminding me of peonies.

Mother with children
Inside her belly,
Shielding them well.

Saying, "Take good care of me;
I am very delicate
And I love to stay alive a while."

February 17, 1979

If I Were a Cloud

If I were a cloud
I would darken the day covering the sun,
I would frighten people, turning loose a tornado,
I would look very frightening,
I would be red in the evening when the sun goes down,
I would feel quite cold sometimes, hot other times,
I would send snow down on Christmas,
I would move slowly along the sky,
I would feel wet being full of rain,
I would bring forth May flowers.

December 26, 1978

Poem for a Forty Year Wedding Anniversary

Forty years of joy and sorrow,
Many more to come tomorrow;
Four generations assembled here
Enjoying freedom, without fear;
A big hurrah to the big event,
I think we have our day well spent.
Amen.

December 1979

Dear Moon . . .

Dear moon
Give us light
In the night
When my lover comes in sight.

Don't disappear
But stay here
This I ask you all the year.

Oh Venus, oh Venus
How nice you are
You are the beautiful evening star.
You make me wish that I could fly
And meet you somewhere in the sky.

January 9, 1979

Candle Cinquains

Light
Tall, shining
Lets us read
Helps when electricity stops
Old-fashioned

Holiday
Starts service
Makes us pray
But frightens of fire
Church emblem

January 9, 1979

Magnetic Fields

Repel

Impatience
Cleaning up
Too cold air
Too hot air
Too cold ice cream
Going to school
Learning to play piano
Ice skating
Playing tennis

Gymnastics
Having a dog
Staying up late
No room companion

Attract

Good food
Soft music
Books of animals
A patient friend
A red dress
Letters from grand-children
Goethe's *Faust*
Shakespeare's *Hamlet*
A walk when the wind is
 not too strong
Fresh mountain air
Shoes fitting well
Watching TV
The Metropolitan Opera

December 12, 1978

Looks of Spring

Daffodils blooming,
Violets opening up in the garden,
Tiny leaves appearing in trees,
The soft noise of the wind,
Insects waking up again in the morning,
The humming wings of bees outside,
Tiny buds on the trees opening up.

March 20, 1984

Evening in Baton Rouge

It is evening –
The sky is all aflame with the red
Of the sun going down;
The birds are getting quiet;
The flowers in the flowerbed
Close up their faces;
Stillness is all around,
Except the call of the frogs
In the distant lake.

I feel happy and relaxed;
It has been a nice day.
Traffic on the near road has almost
All stopped –
The heat of the day has subsided,
And one feels God blessing us
For the night to come.

Nowhere have the evenings been
As nice and enjoyable
As in the South
After the heat of the day.

I remember how sorry I was
When I had to move away
From this nice place –

How I liked the smell of the
Honeysuckle next door
And the look of the sky
In the evening.

October 17, 1978

A Pineapple

It looks like a flower pot
With fancy paper around
And a plant on top.
It feels like a grating iron
Bothering my hand.
It would say "Taste me."

And it reminds me of the
Cheap canned pineapple
We got in London
At the start of the war.

P.S. It looks like a
Porcupine
With a dozen heads.

December 5, 1978

While I Sleep

While I sleep
The children sleep too;
The plants in my room sleep too;
The dog chases the cat;
The White House decides to get friendly with Russia,
The Russians shoot a plane down in Japan;
In China children learn to read and write;
The doctor heals a sick person.

The moon kisses a loving pair and the night owl cries and
wakes people up.
The flowers sleep too – they have their eyes closed.

The night nurse brings up a new baby
A mother has just delivered.

The population of the U.S. grows bigger by dozens;
In the city the police go on their beat;
They have just arrested a criminal – he will get jail for life;
In Louisiana he will be put in the electric chair.

April 24, 1984

Feeling Rich

I feel rich

When I think of my good health,

When I realize how good my children and grandchildren are to
me.

I feel rich when I remember my darling grandmother.

I feel rich when I have a nice book to read.

I feel rich when I think how good an education I got,

In fact, I got three of them —

One in Germany, the second in England,

And the third in U.S.A.

How many people are so rich?

Very few, I believe.

It makes me most happy when

I think of my family,

And then I feel very rich indeed.

January 29, 1980

Windy Poem

If I were the wind I would rush from America
Over the ocean, visiting Europe.
I would blow the flowers in England,
From the daffodils in March;
I would blow the flu away.

Talking to the wind I would say,
"Please do not blow so that you
Wake everybody up at night;"
I would say to him,
"Blow the clouds and prevent
A thunderstorm from coming to us.
Fly to another place,
Leave us alone,
And knock the apple blossoms down
Somewhere else."

The wind is a blessing to mankind.
It carries the seeds from one place to another;
It drives clouds away where they are not needed;
It pushes up my brain in March when I go for a walk,
Makes me feel Spring is around the corner;
It makes us see women's legs when
It swishes their skirts up.

If I were the wind
I would blow winter away soon
and then blow soft
To announce this is Spring,
April showers come soon.

February 26, 1980

Things I Have Loved

Sitting at the edge of the ocean
Seeing and hearing the waves coming near,
Feeling the wind kissing my face;
Seeing the lovely brown eyes of my husband,
Squeezing our hands one another,
Being sure of all the love it meant;

The laughter of children showing how happy they were,
The smell of falling leaves in fall,
The song of the mocking birds early in the morning,
All giving a picture of life's goodness.

September 19, 1978

Quick and Slow

Quick things I love, the opening of a flower,
The boiling of my water,
The wind kissing my face when I walk.

Slow things I love, too –
The flower opening in spring,
The mother wheeling a baby's pram.
Turtle laying her eggs,
The opening of fruit blossoms,
The snail in the garden,
The cat walking away from a dog,
The snow flying down in winter,
The ship coming into the harbor,
The nurse taking our temperature,
The nurse taking us to the dining room,
The man reading a book on a bench.

Quick things are beautiful –
The bees and the birds flying around,
The snake in the grass outside,
The dog seeking his master.

May 8, 1984

Simultaneous Events

While we are sitting here,
Breaking our heads to find a poem,
The President of the United States thinks of
How to debate with Senator Kennedy
And how to make the Iranians release the hostages.
In the City of New York people ride the subway;
On the Atlantic Ocean a ship fights the high winds;
In Key West, Florida, Cuban refugees try to locate relatives;
The Immigration Service worries how to take care of the influx.
My daughter teaches Mathematics,
My grandson Chemistry,
My granddaughter tries to figure out
How much insurance people ought to pay.
There is a horse race at Belmont,
Two dogs try to fight a cat,
The cat tries to catch mice.

In Israel the President starts resettlements,
In Washington our President insists they are illegal and
Loses votes for his election.

May 20, 1980

To the Earth . . . on Earth Day

Earth teach me stillness
As nature waits in winter,
 being still and patient.
Earth teach me hope
To wait for sunshine in spring;
Earth teach me freedom
As the eagle soars up to the sky;
Earth teach me resignation
As the flowers that die in fall
 And the tree loses its leaves.
Earth teach me courage
Like the tiger jumping to its prey.
Earth teach me gentleness
As the mother animal is gentle to its young,
Earth teach me gentleness
Like the rabbit hopping over the grass. —

April 22, 1980

A Special Place

It looks like a house in a garden;
It sounds of crickets chirping;
It smells of blooming flowers – honeysuckle;
It makes me feel sorry that I am not
There anymore –

I had such a happy time there
Watching birds and going to
Pick blackberries,
Feeling I was at the end of
The best thing I could have.

Another special place is
The Botanical Garden
With the brook flowing through,
Telling of history
Smelling of remembrance,
Letting one feel like
Being transported to the last century
And its happenings.

March 25, 1980

If I Ruled the World . . .

If I ruled the world
I would abolish arms
That no wars could be started.
I would call all my subjects to a conference
Asking them to help me be a good king or queen.
I would finish competition for games like football,
Give no more big salaries to the players,
Send my friends to the Olympics,
Urge them to train well for it;
Go to the opera frequently;
Ask my friends to fly me to the moon
Where I would see what the earth looks like
From up there.
I would try to abolish crime and poverty
And train a lot of doctors to get people well again
When they are sick.
I would ask the children to learn well
To be good guides for others later.

About Anna Goldschmidt



Dear Oma,

I know that we are bad letter writers, but I hope you realize that I think of you, and have private conversations with you all the time. Some of them must come through to you, I am sure of it. But today I will actually sit down and write to you some of the things I have been wanting to say to you for a long time – some of the things that will be said in my book, whenever it finally gets finished.

It has to do with somehow thanking you for who you are and the remarkable life you have lived, and the fine qualities you have passed on through yourself to Herbert and then again to our children. You have bridged two worlds, two centuries, and have created a family full of extraordinary people. Just the fact of such an accomplishment amazes me. And more than almost anyone else I know, you have been able to both accept and understand each part of your life: from the horrors of the First World War to a generation of teenage grandchildren in America, and then great-grandchildren whose world is so different from the one in which you yourself grew up. It seems to me that understanding each new thing, so different from what came before, requires a basic, deep-down grace. And the quality about you that I have always most loved and admired is that deep-down grace. Rebecca has some of it, and for her, I thank you for it.

Many people grow older and somehow lose their interest in life: forget that their minds are miraculous instruments and that their hearts must be open in order to live. Unfortunately, this often creates a gap between their generation and the younger people. But with you, there has never been a gap because you have never ceased to grow and to think and to see things and to feel. And therefore your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren have all been able to know you and to love you. This may sound silly, but you are one of the few older people I know who is interesting – never boring. I remember reading

Rilke together, and listening to stories of your childhood, and they are memories that are precious. I regret that we have not been able to continue talking together these last years except on the telephone. I feel I could learn a great deal from you. And of course, you will always be my best critic. If there is any way at all that you can read my manuscript when it is finished – or have it read to you – I will ask you to do so.

So, how does one say thank you to somebody for being who they are? Is there anything I can give you in return? You have my love. A part of you lives in Michael, Rebecca and Ethan, and therefore you are with us in some way all the time. And always will be. What else is there to say? In the words of Shakespeare: The rest is silence.

With all my love,

Carolyn*

*This letter, dated December 23, 1976, was written by Carolyn North Strauss. Carolyn's husband, Herbert Strauss, is a son of Joan Strauss and a grandson of Anna Goldschmidt.

How She Wrote

"I just want to sit and watch – I am not here to write," said Anna Goldschmidt when she arrived at the first session of my poetry workshop at the Bethesda Nursing Center. She saw herself as observer; I saw the workshop as valuable more to participants than to observers, however.

"Well, nobody *has* to write, of course, but why don't we just push your wheelchair up to the table just in case you get an idea you want to write down?" I suggested.

Before I had even finished presenting the idea, she had started to write her first poem – a color poem about brown, mentioning, among many other things, the color of her "dear husband's eyes."

As the weeks went by, in this venture totally new to me, I looked to Mrs. Goldschmidt as my lodestar – she was always there, on time; always had a pen with which to write; always understood the project immediately and brought both wit and wide experience to it. In the early days I sometimes wondered if this workshop was really reaching the residents; some would fall asleep before I had even finished the presentation – but I would look at Mrs. Goldschmidt's lively eyes and pen and feel reassured.

Her intelligence and whimsy delighted the group, and I'll never forget her reaction to one resident who persisted in his notion that the sun revolves around the earth – "Mr. R. lives in the Middle Ages!" she remarked to me.

In the more than six years that she was in my class, she missed only one or two sessions . . . and she never fell asleep in class.

Carol F. Peck

Anna Goldschmidt

She was smart and she was headstrong –
She was resilient and she was tough –
She was tempered steel –

She was one of a generation that had been marked by destiny
to be dispersed to the far corners of the earth or else perish in
the inferno of the holocaust.

What a generation this turned out to be . . .

Who could have foretold and foreseen that this group of
Western European Jews would rise to the heights of flexibility
and adaptability, undreamed of when their world collapsed
around them? They went to work, any work, to keep afloat and
they kept their dignity in spite of it all. She was one of that
generation.

She was born during the years of the Imperial German Reich
into a typical bourgeois family. That is where she grew up and
that is where she spent her formative years.

This was followed by the years during the Weimar Republic
with her, and her family's, and her contemporaries' illusions of
normalcy, of laying a foundation for the future. In addition to all
her duties and activities she was named head of a newly formed
parents' group at the local girls' school – roughly the equivalent
of our PTA – a very novel idea in those days and quite an
accomplishment for a Jewish woman!

And then came the time when the illusion vanished,
evaporated – it was shattered. The world around her family
simply collapsed. There were no fragments to salvage. *Nothing!*
They left and carried with them memories, courage, personality,
culture, education, and the knowledge of a world forever lost.

And after the nightmare of the Brownshirts' trampling boots
came the fiery haven of wartime England – and again great

personal heartache. To be followed by the need, and the will, and the willingness, to live a new life in a new country – at an age when most people expect to ease up on the pursuits of career, or reorienting their lives, of making new starts.

She did her thing her way, as she had done all her life. As a youngster, she talked her way into the *Gymnasium*, which was for “boys only.” As a teenager, she managed to get her start at a medical career. And now, close to 60, she made up her mind to work toward the degree of L.P.N. – and she got it, and started out on a new career, as night nurse in a new hospital.

And when – so many years later – she was confined to a nursing home, she surprised everyone, probably even herself, by creating some unusual and highly individualistic poetry.

And when her travails were over, she left this earth as she had lived. As her grandson Walter said: “No fuss, no commotion, matter-of-fact.”

Like the majority of the German Jewish community who found themselves caught in the unrelenting maelstrom of history, she persevered, she kept her dignity, and in the end she triumphed.

What an example she set for all of us, for all those after her . . .

Joan Strauss

Mother

If I were a flower, what would I be? I'd be a geranium. A geranium thrives under all conditions, and I had to do that, too, in my life.

For just one day I would like to fly to the North Pole;

For just one day I would like to be President of the U.S.A.

For just one day I would like to eat only potato soup;

For just one day I would like to visit Israel;

For just one day I would like to be the Queen of England;

*For just one day I would like to see the world from Outer
Space;*

For just one day I would like to leave Washington, D.C.;

*For just one day I would like to go to Switzerland, to try to climb the
Jungfrau and look down from there;*

For just one day I would like to eat only ice cream.

Anna Goldschmidt

How can I write about my mother in a few pages? Mother has been such a "take hold" person, practical, rising to every challenge, no matter how interesting or how dreary it may have been, with a touch of a dreamer, buying her children clothes which were one size too large so that they "could grow into them," while buying a grand piano for a family with little musical skill. In the next few pages you will hear of the mother of my childhood days.

Mother was a very busy person. She taught me how to read; she took care of our health; she ran the household; she spent her days in our store, buying all the merchandise we had for sale and supervising the salesladies. She went on business trips for buying in trade fairs. She read books, preferably demanding books, read the weekly installment of the novel in the *Berliner Illustrierte* magazine and read the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a demanding newspaper. For a while, she collected stamps. She

played Bridge and arranged for an occasional party. She went on Sunday afternoon walks with the whole family, and on occasional day-hikes with her daughters. She raised cacti and kept abreast of politics and advances in medicine. She collected an occasional mushroom, went to the theater, cared about her immediate and about her wider family. Are you, dear reader, out of breath? I am, but she was not.

I was in the first or second grade when Mother decided that I should learn to read, not just stumble over letters on a page. Onkel Karl had given me a little book, to which I had paid no attention. "Here," said Mother, and handed me the tiny volume. "Read this. Read for at least one half hour each day. But if you finish reading one page sooner than that, you may stop. And be sure you read all of the book." With that she went about her business, while I took my book, fled for comfort and company to the maids in the kitchen, and started reading. That is, I started stumbling about the first page. The end of the first half hour mercifully relieved me of the chore. I had read half a page. The second session went better. By the end of the third page I was hooked. I just kept on reading for enjoyment, and have done so ever since.

There were many aspects to Mother's care of the family's health. She was very nutrition conscious, bought a book by Dr. Bircher Benner, the originator of the famous Muesli, and tried some of his recipes on a not too enthusiastic family. We were faithful customers at the Reformkosthaus Braunwarth, a health food oriented store with wonderful wholegrain breads.

Occasionally my sister Hanna and I were shipped off to Heidelberg or Frankfurt to see a university-professor-physician in order to get help with our recalcitrant noses or my flat feet. My feet received all sorts of attention, including expensive, ugly, handmade hightopped shoes from an orthopedic shoemaker. When I outgrew these shoes, they were made longer by adding a new front part to the shoe for the sake of economy.

Mother took care of me when I had one of my frequent and severe chest colds or bouts of bronchitis. A *Priessnitzumschlag*, a special kind of wet compress, was the standard family recipe. For psychological comfort Mother installed me in her bed in my parents' sunny bedroom, for the children's bedroom was depressingly without sunlight.

She brought a washbowl with water, a cloth to wet in the washbowl, a sheet of Guttapercha for watertightness, a large towel and some safety pins. She wrapped my chest in wet cloths, then Guttapercha, then the towel and made me creep under the covers, with only my head sticking out and departed, with "Stay under the covers; I'll be back in two hours when you can come out." I stayed under the covers. My chest became warmer and warmer. I amused myself as best as I could, watching the pattern of sunlight on the ceiling. Occasionally the beveled edges of the large crystal mirrors cast rainbow reflections on the furniture and walls of the room. Thank heaven, Mother was always back in time to get me out of my soft prison.

Mother ran the household. The maids did the cooking, the dishes, the cleaning, the laundry with the help of a washerwoman, the routine shopping, such as for rolls which were fetched fresh for the afternoon coffee break. Mother made the household calendar, deciding about washday, housecleaning schedule, jellycooking, etc. She went to the butcher, the fish store, and on market days went to the big open-air market right around the corner from our house.

When I was a bit older, I was entrusted with some shopping, but the menu was always determined by Mother's shopping. I loved to go with her. She had her favorite stores and her favorite farm women on the market. The women in heavy old-fashioned clothes with gathered floor-length skirts were sitting on stools, surrounded by beans, lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, bunches of herbs for salad and bunches of herbs for cooking with green beans, all spread on sacks on the cobbled ground. The women

called "*Madammche*," trying to attract customers. I loved hearing their dialect. Mother was a good shopper, but once a shopping trip went awry.

It happened in a specialty store, selling poultry and other meats not found at the butcher's. Two relatives of the Hachenburger tribe had been sick. Mother came to buy something for them. That was a bit difficult. A *Rollschinken* – in literal translation a 'rolled ham', in fact a piece of Canadian bacon – for Lina was just right. But the chicken, intended for Paula, was much too big (at that time chicken was a luxury food). The saleslady suggested sending half a chicken and Mother agreed. Both items were delivered by the store.

The result was unexpected. In a few days the town was buzzing. It was said that Bertha, Paula's mother, had exploded: "Such an insult. Anna sends *einen ganzen Schinken*, a whole ham, to Lina and to us she sends *half a chicken*." Now you must know, dear reader, that *ein Rollschinken* weighed about two pounds, whereas *ein Schinken* – omitting the syllable *Roll* meant a ham in all its heavy glory of many pounds. Mother was devastated. Father was angry, but shrugged his shoulders and Mother protested: "I meant well."

Sometimes Mother misplaced her keys. That was no small matter. As was customary, everything in the house had a lock and key. There was a key for the big, iron gate at the street, a key to enter the ground floor of the house, another key for the door to the apartment. Every drawer was for locking, every wardrobe, every cabinet had a locked door. The books in the bookcase were under glass, locked in. Most things we used were stored under lock and key. Whenever Mother looked for her keys, the whole household stopped and helped in the search. The keys were always found, sometimes in the pocket of the apron which Mother was wearing.

None of this mattered. We loved Mother dearly and admired her. I believe that I treasure Mother's sense of values most, her self-respect, the dignity which she accorded to every human being, herself as well as others. Externals did not impress her, and she never tried to impress.

Mother took pride in her schooling. Grandfather had sent her to a private girls' school. Her fellow students were daughters of the wealthy non-Jewish bourgeoisie. They were nice to her, but informed her 'regretfully' that they could not greet her if they were walking with their parents and saw her on the street. This was not right for her, she decided. With the help of a tutor, she undertook a year's hard additional study, and, after passing an exam, happily attended the gymnasium as one of four girls among two classes of boys.

She never dressed to shine, and never ran the house to show off. When a newly hired maid addressed her as "*Gnädige Frau*" (ma'am – literally: gracious lady), Mother protested: "I am no *Gnädige Frau*. Call me 'Frau Goldschmidt.' " Someone suggested that we put a silverbacked brush on the coat rack in the hall to impress visitors. She replied with a firm, indignant "No." We needed no trappings to proclaim our personal worth.

My dearest mother
Today I read your poems
And we were together.

We visited together
The near, the far,
The depth, the height,
The now, the then, the yet-to-be.

I shared your life
Joy, hardship, perseverance.
I never felt so close to you before.

I felt the crushing summer heat
When baby-nursing in New York, age sixty
You worked the "twenty-hour day" and sweat poured from
your face
As you sat, feeding the infant in your arm.

You opened doors to me
And I saw treasures
I had never seen before.

I shared your thoughts
Of which you may have spoken earlier
And your feelings
Of which you did not used to speak.
I shared your love, your joy, your longings, your despair,
delight.

I shared how you had turned
Your hardship into treasure –
A refugee rejoicing
At her fate – three educations
In Germany, in England, in the U.S.A.!

Thank you my dearest
For the visit.
Thank you so very very much.
May I come soon again?

Gertrude Guckenheimer

The Last Mitzvah

It is Monday, January 14, 1985, 7 a.m. I am sitting at the computer and try to tell you of the events of the last few days. My heart is overflowing. I must not take too long, because I will have to get ready to see the lawyer at 11 a.m. today, and he lives out in Olney, a long drive from here.

A week ago, Saturday, we visited Mother, as we always do on Saturday. She was fine. We played a game of Scrabble; she found many words for herself; we found some words for her and asked her if she wanted to use them; she carefully watched our scoring and checked the arithmetic. All was fine, nothing was unusual. On Wednesday morning, January 9, at 6:45 the phone rings: "I am the night supervisor from your mother's nursing home. I want to tell you, that your mother just died. I am so sorry."

We went there immediately. Mother's part of the room was dark. The curtain between the two beds was fully drawn. The lady in the other bed was eating breakfast. Mrs. M, the night supervisor came with us, turned on the light and spoke with us. I sat down at Mother's bedside, kissed her forehead and held her hand. Mother looked so peaceful. Her hand was warm. Her mouth did not look just right. She was covered by her beautiful afghan, the afghan which she had knit in long strips of blocks of different colors out of wool scraps when she could not buy new wool, and which she joined by crocheting the strips together. The afghan is lovely, in lively colors, wonderfully warm and comfortable, just like she was. We heard that she had been awake at 6 a.m., that she had spoken with the nurse who came in and had smiled at her. At 6:40 the night supervisor made rounds and found Mother peaceful in her bed, passed on.

I sat and kept holding her hand. I did not want to leave. Her hand was getting colder. Ludwig and I knew we had to go. I took her watch. It was still running, the correct time. How she

had been able to see well enough to have it set to the right time and how she was able to read the time on this small watch, I shall never know. I also took some things from her night table, particularly her address book. Then I kissed her again and we left.

The events of the next few days are a bit blurry, and details don't matter that much. Joan and John came Wednesday, Sam and Anna and Peter and Jennifer came Thursday, Walter and Phyllis came Friday morning. Sarah had tried to come, but her flight was canceled because of snowstorms. The snow was not bad here. It added some uncertainty to the plans for the funeral. It also clothed the cemetery in beautiful, restful white. The funeral was on Friday, at 10 a.m. at Temple Sinai. I have to make a break here. It will be time soon to get ready to go, but, most of all, I notice that I make many typing errors and have to correct them. Typing is hard for me when I feel so moved. I will continue later.

This is Tuesday morning, January 15. There is much to be done and Harriet Finkel will come for her German tutoring at 1:30. I did not wish to cancel it; to me keeping such an appointment is an act in honor of Mother. But I will have to be brief now and perhaps write more details later. Ludwig is at the German embassy for his Lebensbescheinigung and with a letter instructing them of Mother's death. I want to write right now what I have a very strong need to say and preserve.

It was very, very good to be together. Joan and John came on Wednesday, the day of death, Anna and Peter stayed till Sunday afternoon and called every day thereafter. We talked together; we looked at mementoes together, including some old pictures – new ones, too – and possessions which Mother had still kept in the nursing home. Thursday afternoon Eugene Lipman, our rabbi came. We, that is the rabbi, Joan, myself, Ludwig, John, talked about Mother. The rabbi had not known her during her lifetime. But he was keenly interested to hear about her: her life emerged

as something precious, strong, positive, and he kept asking questions. I asked him if he wanted to read the chapter from My Story (Gertrude's) about Mother and Father. He did, took them along and returned them the next day.

The funeral was beautiful. There were many friends. Anna, Sam, and Walter* spoke, Anna and Sam very briefly, very personally and very touched by emotion. The rabbi gave a shining eulogy. He obviously was touched by her life and character, by her positive qualities, her "standing up to fate" with strength, dignity, satisfying practical requirements of the situation while ever mindful of spiritual values which she treasured and people which she loved.

Ludwig and I went to services on Saturday morning. There was Torah study in the rabbi's study in the Temple building and a brief service following. We talked to the rabbi, and he told us how touched he had been by her life; he told us that this was a funeral which was a "celebration of her life" and how positive he felt after it. Other people have told us the same thing since then. I am so glad about this. I feel so strongly that this is a wonderful thing. By the quality of her life, she has made people feel good even at the time of her death. Can there be a greater Mitzvah than that?

Gertrude Guckenheimer

*These are grandchildren of Anna Goldschmidt. Anna and Sam are Gertrude's children; Walter is Joan's son.

Anna Goldschmidt's Family

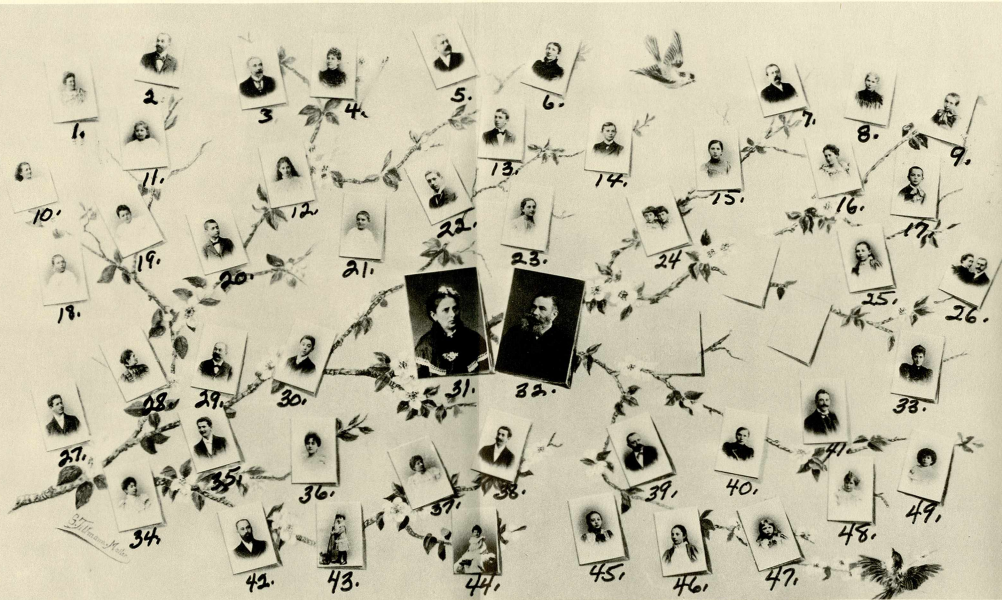


Children and Grandchildren of Max and Karoline Baer

A family tree folds out from the following page. It depicts the children and grandchildren of Max and Karoline Baer, who were Anna Goldschmidt's paternal grandparents. The original picture hung in the house of Adolf and Johanna Baer, but its current status and location are unknown.

The legend that follows is based on identifications made by Anna in 1977. They are listed by number, corresponding to the numbers on the picture. Max and Karoline Baer and their children are in boldface.

1. **JOHANNA nee WOLFF**
b. 5/24/1868 Ludwigshafen
d. 7/27/1958 London
wife of Adolf Baer;
mother of Anna Goldschmidt
2. **ADOLF BAER**
b. 6/6/1860 Doerzbach
d. 3/30/1945 London
husband of Johanna nee Wolff [1];
father of Anni [10], Karl [18],
Else [11], Lotte [19]
3. **OTTO BAER**
b. 9/8/1849 Doerzbach
husband of Augusta, nee Kassel [4];
father of Anni [12], Franz [20], Karl [21]
4. **AUGUSTA nee KASSEL**
wife of Otto Baer
5. **LAZARUS SUSSMANN**
b. 10/2/1849 Massbach
d. 8/31/1930 Bamberg
husband of Mathilde nee Baer
6. **MATHILDE BAER**
b. 6/21/1854 Doerzbach
wife of Lazarus Sussmann [5];
mother of Sigmund [13], Otto [22],
Ida [23], Karl [14]
7. **ISRAEL LANDAUER**
b. Gerabronn
husband of Therese nee Baer [8]
8. **THERESE BAER**
b. 12/25/1850 Doerzbach
d. 6/29/1920 Gerabronn
wife of Israel Landauer [7];
mother of Adelheid [16?], Anna, Otto,
Julie, Lina, Emil, Emilie [25], Karl, Lisel,
Karoline [15], Eduard [17],
unidentified [24]
9. UNKNOWN
10. **ANNA GOLDSCHMIDT, nee BAER**
b. 9/19/1889 Mannheim
d. 1/9/1985 Washington
daughter of Adolf Baer and Johanna nee Wolff
11. **ELSE LANDAUER, nee BAER**
b. 1/31/1893 Mannheim
daughter of Adolf Baer and Johanna nee Wolff;
wife of Eduard Landauer [17];
sister of Anna Goldschmidt
12. **ANNI BAER**
daughter of Otto Baer and Augusta nee Kassel
13. **SIGMUND SUSSMAN**
b. 12/1/1877
son of Lazarus Sussmann and Mathilde nee Baer
14. **KARL SUSSMAN**
b. 5/8/1884
son of Lazarus Sussmann and Mathilde nee Baer
15. **KAROLINE LANDAUER**
daughter of Israel Landauer and Therese nee Baer



16. **ADELHEID LANDAUER** [?]
daughter of Israel Landauer and Therese *nee* Baer
17. **EDUARD LANDAUER**
son of Israel Landauer and Therese *nee* Baer
18. **KARL BAER**
b. 8/20/1890 Mannheim
d. 4/15/1915
son of Adolf Baer and Johanna *nee* Wolff;
brother of Anna Goldschmidt

19. **LOTTE BAER**
b. 7/7/1894 Mannheim
d. 7/25/1928
daughter of Adolf Baer and Johanna *nee* Wolff;
sister of Anna Goldschmidt
20. **FRANZ BAER**
son of Otto Baer and Augusta *nee* Kassel

21. **KARL BAER**
son of Otto Baer and Augusta *nee* Kassel
22. **OTTO SUSSMAN**
b. 1/31/1879
son of Lazarus Sussmann and Mathilde *nee* Baer
23. **IDA SUSSMAN**
b. 11/28/1880
daughter of Lazarus Sussmann and Mathilde *nee* Baer

24. **UNIDENTIFIED**
two children of Israel Landauer and Therese *nee* Baer
25. **EMILIE LANDAUER**
daughter of Israel Landauer and Therese *nee* Baer
26. **JULIE LANDAUER** [?]
27. **THEODORE DREYFUSS**
b. 10/31/1877
son of Isidor Dreyfuss and Recha *nee* Baer

28. **RECHA BAER**
b. 1/12/1852 Doerzbach
wife of Isidor Dreyfuss [29];
mother of Nathan [35], Adelheid [34 or 36],
Theodore, Oscar [27 or 30]
29. **ISIDOR DREYFUSS**
b. 9/19/1845
d. 12/24/1916
husband of Recha *nee* Baer
30. **OSCAR DREYFUSS**
son of Isidor Dreyfuss and Recha *nee* Baer
31. **KAROLINE BAER**
b. *nee* Strauss 1/23/1828 Dittigheim
d. 11/11/1899 Bamberg
wife of Max Baer [32]
cf. [32]
32. **MAX BAER**
b. 9/8/1825 Mulfingen
d. 1/26/1891 Bamberg
husband of Karoline *nee* Strauss [31];
father of Otto [3], Therese [8], Recha [28],
Mathilde [6], Jeanette [40],
Nathan [42], Adolf [2], Heinrich [38],
Samuel [41]
33. **ALICE *nee* WOLFF**
b. 1/19/7
wife of Samuel Baer
34. **ADELHEID DREYFUSS**
b. 4/14/1876
or
36. d. 7/12/1934
daughter of Isidor Dreyfuss
and Recha *nee* Baer
35. **NATHAN DREYFUSS**
b. 2/12/1878
son of Isidor Dreyfuss and Recha *nee* Baer
37. **MINA *nee* SCHLUECHTERER**
b. 7/25/1871 Heilbronn
wife of Heinrich Baer
38. **HEINRICH BAER**
b. 4/19/1863 Bad Mergentheim
husband of Julie *nee* Wolff;
and of Mina *nee* Schluechterer [37];
father of Max [44], Hedy
39. **..... SICHEL**
b. 5/20/1855 Neustadt an der Saale
husband of Jeanette *nee* Baer
40. **JEANETTE BAER**
b. 11/11/1856 Doerzbach
wife of Sichel [39];
mother of Lisa [46], Berta [45], Paula [47],
Adelheid
41. **SAMUEL BAER**
b. 5/12/1865 Bad Mergentheim
husband of Wolff;
father of Alfred [48] and Elsie [49];
husband of Alice *nee* Wolff [33];
father of Gerald, Leonard, Vivienne
42. **NATHAN BAER**
b. 7/21/1858 Doerzbach
d. 9/13/1937 Paris
husband of Florence *nee* Bruehl;
father of Antoinette, Edgar [43]
43. **EDGAR BAER**
b. 12/17/1899
son of Nathan Baer and Florence *nee* Bruehl
44. **MAX BAER**
b. 1/10/1897
son of Heinrich Baer and Mina *nee* Schluechterer
45. **BERTA SICHEL**
b. 12/29/1884
daughter of Jeanette Sichel, *nee* Baer
46. **LISA SICHEL**
b. 10/30/1883
daughter of Jeanette Sichel, *nee* Baer
47. **PAULA SICHEL**
b. 10/12/1893
daughter of Jeanette Sichel, *nee* Baer
48. **ALFRED BAER**
son of Samuel Baer
49. **ELSIE BAER**
daughter of Samuel Baer

