

DESCENDANTS OF THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF AUGSBURG NEWSLETTER



December 2018

Volume 1, Number 2

Family Spotlight is a regularly featured column in our newsletter. This is a place where you can help us get to know your family and its history by sharing stories that focus on an event, a family heirloom, your family's contributions to Augsburg, etc. Please include photos (.jpgs please) and contact information with your submission. Thank you!

In Memory of Maria and Wolfgang Bernheim

By Michael Bernheim

Michael is Maria Bernheim's great-grandson and lives (again) in Augsburg.

This year, on May 18th, a sunny day in Spring, two *Erinnerungsbänder* were unveiled in Augsburg in memory of Maria and Wolfgang Bernheim. Both had lost their lives as victims of Nazi terror, Maria in 1944 and Wolfgang in 1942. By that time, Maria was an elderly lady, and Wolfgang, her grandson, was a young man, not even an adult.



Four generations of descendants: Uschi Linse, Wolfgang Bernheim's sister, (L) and the author (R) watch 4-year-old Samuel Bernheim decorate Wolfgang's memorial band assisted by his mother Clara.

When the family was dispossessed in early 1933, Maria, née Nathan, and her husband Siegfried could not afford their comfortable apartment in Augsburg any longer. They had to start a long journey through a series of humble and even humbler dwellings, during which Siegfried died in 1937 and at whose end Maria was deported to Theresienstadt in 1942. She probably died from lack of clean water and from malnutrition.

Wolfgang, son of Maria's eldest son Kurt, was baptized in 1928 when his father married for the second time, a Catholic woman. Later, he attended the classical grammar school at St. Stephan, led by the Benedictines and a safe haven for quite a number of Jewish boys.

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Remembrance Bands Create Proud, Grateful, and Hopeful Memories

By Bettina Kaplan, Oakland, California

Bettina is the great granddaughter of Grete (née Landauer) and Arthur Arnold

About 40 people, aged 13 to 80+, from Augsburg, Dachau and Berlin, joined my husband and me to unveil a "Remembrance Band" or "*Erinnerungsbänd*" for my great grandparents, Grete and Arthur Arnold, in front of their Neo-Renaissance style former residence. They lived here for 32 years with their daughter, Ellen, my grandmother, and their 2 sons, Hans and Wilhelm.



Participants in the Remembrance Band Ceremony: (R-L) Felix Bellaire, Karl Murr, Frank Schillinger, Verena Von Muttius, Elisabeth Kahn, Bettina Kaplan, Gerhard Fürmetz, teacher and students from Gymnasium bei St. Anna.

In 1941, Grete committed suicide and, 2 months later, Arthur was a fatal victim of medical experimentation at Dachau. None of us knew them but we gathered to remember a time when so many were denied any reason for gratitude and hope.

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THE DESCENDANTS OF THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF AUGSBURG (DJCA)

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Our purpose is to:

- Build Community
- Preserve History
- Conduct Outreach
- Support the Jewish Museum
of Augsburg Jüdisches
Museum of Augsburg (JMAS)

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djcaugsburg@gmail.com.

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*Please note that posted deadlines
for submission of articles are firm.*

Information about the Jewish
Museum of Augsburg can be
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Facebook at
(<https://www.facebook.com/juedischesmuseumaugsbuerg/>)

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A Message from our Co-Chairpersons

It is our pleasure to present the second
edition of the Newsletter of the DJCA.

The theme of this issue is Remembering
the November Pogrom, also known as
Kristallnacht, a pivotal day in the lives of
Jews in Germany in 1938. We are
grateful to be able to share the stories of
the Jewish community in Augsburg for
today's and future generations. We thank everyone who has contributed by
writing articles.

We are sharing a poem written by Elie Wiesel that echoes one of our goals – a
platform to look back at our history, share it today and plant seeds for the future.



L-R: Diane Castiglione and Bettina Kaplan

Let us tell tales - all the rest can wait; all the rest must wait.

***Let us tell tales - that is our primary obligation. Commentaries will have
to come later, lest they replace or becloud what they mean to reveal.***

Tales of children so wise and so old. Tales of old men mute with fear.

***Tales of victims welcoming death as an old acquaintance. Tales that
bring man close to the abyss and beyond - and others that lift him up
to heaven and beyond. Tales of despair, tales of longing. Tales of
immense flames reaching out to the sky, tales of night consuming
life and hope and eternity.***

***Let us tell tales - so as to remember how vulnerable man is when faced
with overwhelming evil. Let us tell tales - so as not to allow the
executioner to have the last word. The last word belongs to the
victim. It is up to the witness to capture it, shape it, transmit it and
keep it as a secret, and then communicate that secret to others.***

Please feel free to continue to share your feedback and ideas to make our
newsletter and group meaningful to you. We also encourage you to share our
newsletter with your family so our story will never be forgotten.

Source: Elie Wiesel, "Art and Culture after the Holocaust", ed. Eva Fleischner, Auschwitz : Beginning of
a New Era? Reflections of the Holocaust (New York: KTAV Publishing House, 1977), 411.

From the Editor

This issue of the DJCA Newsletter focuses on the theme of
the 80th anniversary of the night of November 9 and the
following day in Germany, commonly known as "Kristallnacht"
in the United States and "Pogromnacht" in Europe and
elsewhere. We received important feedback on the distinction
between the two terms, and present this to you in our "Food
for Thought" column by Miriam Friedmann.

The issue also spotlights several families and introduces
our first Recipe Corner featuring recipes for making
Dampfnudel and Lebkuchen. The Recipe Corner was suggested by our readers.

We are grateful to everyone who contributed, including the new JMAS Director
Barbara Staudinger and the former Director Benigna Schönhagen, and look
forward to working with Dr. Staudinger on future issues!

We are still asking our readers for suggestions about naming our newsletter. If
you have an idea, please send it along.

We invite you to contribute to our June issue, the theme for which will be
***Highlighting ways Germans help and helped the Jewish community of
Augsburg - - then and now.*** If you have a story related to the theme, a Family
Spotlight, a recipe or a Food for Thought to share, we hope you'll send it to us.

We want to get to know you, and look forward to hearing from you. Thank you.



Deborah Sturm Rausch



Letter from Dr. Schönhagen

Dear Descendants,

I have been overwhelmed by the amount of messages I have received regarding my departure from the Jewish Museum in Augsburg. The warm and eloquent words about the memories of our meetings and exchanges have moved me deeply and have induced me to express my sincerest appreciation.

I had the privilege and pleasure of meeting some former Augsburgers and descendants on a private trip to New York this summer. The exchanges with Liese Einstein Fischer, Henry and Adele Stern as well as with George Sturm have been an astonishing revelation of how vivid the memory of Augsburg still is – both in a good and warm as well as onerous and burdensome ways.

In meeting with Diane Castiglione and Bettina Kaplan I have come to recognize the importance of getting to know their parents' past for the next generation. Therefore, I still feel that the DJCA project is of utmost importance, and I sincerely hope that it will become a forum to share and relive memories and testimonies. It is intended to establish an exchange of experiences throughout the different generations.

In Germany, descendants of Holocaust survivors have realized the impact of their parents' persecution on their own lives and are now organizing themselves. Some of them share their memories as secondary eyewitnesses ("Zweitzeugen") in schools; others collect their stories on specially developed websites.

I am curious how the DJCA is going to mature and hope that its newsletter is going to be filled by your valuable, cherishing and precious contributions.

With the warmest regards and lots of best wishes for all of you.

Sincerely,
Benigna Schönhagen



Letter from Dr. Staudinger

Dear Descendants of the
Jewish Community of
Augsburg - Dear Friends of
the Jewish Museum,

Since September I have been Director of the Jewish Museum. For me this is a great challenge, but above all a wonderful task! I was born and raised in Vienna where I studied history, theatre, and Jewish studies. I worked for 15 years as a research assistant at the Institute for Jewish History in St. Pölten, Austria. I have always been interested in working in museums. From 2005-2007 I was curator at the Jewish Museum Munich, and I was its 2013 freelance exhibition curator.

For my work in the Jewish Museum Augsburg-Schwaben I have set myself a lot of goals. As we live in a time when anti-Semitism is on the rise again and we are confronted with hatred against minorities and refugees, we have to face up to the fact that anti-Semitism is not just a matter of the past. Therefore, a Jewish museum must clearly position itself against any form of hatred and racism.

On November 7, on the occasion of the 80th anniversary of the November pogrom ("Kristallnacht"), we opened an art installation entitled "1933" in the foyer of the museum. The Austrian-Iranian artist Ramesch Daha focuses on the exclusion of the Jewish population by the National Socialists: The removal of the "Jewish" names from the spelling board (A for Anton, B for Berta, C for Caesar ...) and the burning of books written by Jewish authors.

In March 2019 we will spend three days with Max Czollek from Berlin, whose book "Desintegriert Euch!" is currently being discussed in Germany. Czollek calls on German Jews to free themselves from the role assigned to them by the German culture of remembrance. On World Refugee Day at the end of June we want to place the situation of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany in the context of fleeing and arriving in Germany today, and in November we show the exhibition "The City Without. Jews Migrants Refugees Muslims" which compares the exclusion of the Jewish population in the 1920s with the hatred against migrants, Muslims and refugees in our days.

The Descendants of the Jewish Community of Augsburg are the heart of the Jewish Museum and I am very much looking forward to a lively exchange with you. For me, the museum is a place of openness and discussion. My goal is to contribute our ideas to German society.

Finally, I would like to announce some good news: beginning in November 2018 there is a monthly newsletter of the museum in German and English.

Let's stay in touch!

Best regards,
Barbara Staudinger



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What's in a name?

In a word.... **Everything!**

First impressions mean a lot, so the name of our newsletter is important. **You can help!**

We are looking for suggestions for the name of our newsletter.

Please send your ideas to us at
djcaugsburg@gmail.com.

The deadline for submission is
April 15, 2019.

Family Spotlight **A Living Legacy**

By Deborah Sturm Rausch, Latham, NY

Debbie is the daughter of Walter Sturm of the Heilbronner/Steinfeld Family of Augsburg

NOTE: We are blessed to have much of the following information thanks to the important and much appreciated work of Benigna Schönhagen, Sousana Hazan, and the Jewish Museum of Augsburg all of whom contributed to the publication of "...say farewell to this beautiful world." The Sturm Family of Augsburg," the 3rd volume of the LIFELINES series.

The Heilbronner/Steinfeld family can be traced back to the 1700s. That's quite something, given that most of the family's heirlooms have vanished along with the details of its history. Our family legacy includes four centuries of civic and volunteer leadership, a legacy that has survived persecution, loss of country, and war, and still exists today.

My great, great, great, great-grandfather, Heinrich Wimpfheimer, served as City Commissioner of Ichenhausen for nearly 30 years, from 1847 until he died in 1876, and was president of the Jewish community there for many years. He is known for his efforts to renovate the synagogue in 1852. Today it is a museum building Jewish-Christian relationships and preserving Jewish culture.

His granddaughter, Henrietta, married Michael Heilbronner in 1857 and they moved to Augsburg. My great-grandmother Lina (officially, Karolina) Heilbronner, the 4th daughter of Michael & Henrietta, married my great-grandfather, Hugo Steinfeld in 1890. His family were involved members of the 300-year old Jewish community in Rinteln. A successful businessman, he gave substantial donations for the construction of a new synagogue in Augsburg, leading to its being built in June 1917.

Hugo Steinfeld was one of the first Jews in Augsburg to become active in municipal politics. He served as City Commissioner from 1909 – 1917. During WWI, Hugo was Deputy Chairman of the War Clothing Office. In 1917, Hugo and Lina Steinfeld were awarded the King Ludwig Cross, a medal for civilians who had rendered outstanding service to the war effort. During the Weimar Republic, Hugo was City Councilman for the liberal German Democratic Party from 1920 – 1924. In 1924, Hugo was named

Kommerzienrat, Commerce Councilor, an honor he received for his social commitment to the Republic. He was also a lay judge, Member of the Tax Commission, Member of the Admissions Office for Securities at the Augsburg Stock Exchange, Board Member of the Tourist Association, and Member of the Disciplinary Court for Non-Judicial Public Servants.

My grandfather, Max Sturm, married Hugo and Lina's daughter Anna in 1919. They had three children, my Dad - Walter, Ilse, and George. They were assimilated and proud Germans and shared their love of country and city with their children, until the Nazis came to power.

In 1937, my father was forced to drop out of school and began working in a machine factory. The night of November 9, 1938 and the following day changed my family's life forever. That Wednesday night my grandfather

was arrested along with about 200 other Jewish males. My father, who had turned 18 just nine days earlier, insisted on taking his 8-year-old brother to school in the synagogue to protect him. He was arrested by the Gestapo on the spot and taken by bus to Dachau.

Although my father rarely if ever spoke of his experience in Dachau, he broke his silence just before he passed away. His words echo in my memory.

One early morning in late December, he heard his name called by the guards. He recalled the very words that commanded him to the line-up. "IHR SAU-JUDEN! - - You pigs of Jews! We are letting you go today. We hope you have learned your lesson. Get out of here, and never come back."

But, he lamented, "there was no place for them to go." Immigration policies made it very difficult to come to the United States, with long waiting periods and numerous requirements that had to be met. My father's immediate family made it out. My father and Ilse left Germany on January 9, 1939 and made it to London. They got their visas to go to the U.S. about a year later and departed Liverpool on the historic MV Georgic on December 23, 1939, but the ship was turned around. They finally left on December 29 and arrived in New York City on January 3, 1940. The Georgic was the last boat out of Liverpool to leave and make it to America.



Ilse and Walter Sturm as teens

Tragically, freedom was not to be possible for my great-grandparents Lina and Hugo. They were called for Augsburg's first transport which was to leave on November 7, 1941. The night of November 6, they cheated the gas chamber, and took their own lives. My grandmother's twin sister Hedwig and her husband Paul Englander followed suit on March 5, 1943.

Once in America, the family set out to become Americans. My father's Enlisted Record shows he became a member of the U.S. Army in September 1942. Trained in part at Camp Ritchie, he proudly served in the 106 Signal Intelligence Corps of the 3rd Infantry Division. He was decorated with a Bronze Star for service above and beyond the call of duty and for intelligence and service behind enemy lines in Germany. He also received the Medal of Good Conduct.

After the war, my father returned to New York City. He met and married my mother, Lillian, and they had three children. He often spoke of the wonderful life he had as a youngster in Augsburg and he tried to pass along as much of our German roots to us as he could. We sang German folk songs and enjoyed German food.

When my children came along, they too were taught the culture of our German roots. But as my daughters, Becca and Rachel grew into adults, they couldn't quite understand how we could have such a deep connection to Augsburg given all that had happened. That's why it was so important for them to come with me to the 2017 Reunion. They get it now.

Despite everything, our family's legacy of service has survived. My siblings and I have all served in leadership

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Lina and Hugo Steinfeld

80 Years Later:

Personal and Family Remembrances of November 9-10, 1939

When I First Learned About “Kristallnacht”

By Rick Landman

Rick Landman, Esq. is the son of Henry (Heinz) Landman (and Lisa Oettinger Landman from Nuremberg) and lives in NYC. He has a website on Jewish, German, and LGBT topics at www.infotrue.com

This story is dedicated to Leopold Rieser, Augsburg’s attorney who protested the arrests of the Jews and was beaten to death as he left the bus upon entering Dachau a few days after Kristallnacht.

I was born in New York City in the early 1950’s. At that time, my parents were considered German Jewish refugees, since the term “Holocaust Survivor” was not yet coined. Back then I never heard of the word “Kristallnacht” or even knew that my father and grandfather were two of the Jews arrested and sent to Dachau on November 10, 1938.

My father, Henry Landman, who just turned 18, was one of the first to be rounded up in Augsburg. The Gestapo woke him up and took him away in his lederhosen at dawn. My Opa wasn’t supposed to be arrested, but was picked up on the street while walking with his attorney, Leopold Rieser, trying to find my father.



Heinz Landmann in 1937 and 1939

When I was in my teens, I accompanied my dad to his fur business on the weekends. I can still remember walking up 7th Avenue in Manhattan when he saw a tall man walking a few feet ahead of us. All of a sudden my dad ran and shouted, “Ricky, come”, as he ran up to the tall man. He tapped him on the shoulder and whispered in German, “Excuse me, but were you in Dachau on the day after Kristallnacht?” The man stared at him and then nodded. My father then asked, “Do you remember a little boy who was put up against the wall and slowly walked backwards and you grabbed him and put him behind you on line?” “Was that you?” This time my father nodded. He

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A Mixed Blessing

By Liese Fischer (née Einstein)

Liese Fischer is a former resident of Kriegshaber. She currently resides in Silver Spring, MD near her daughter, cofounder of DJCA Diane Castiglione, and her grandson. NOTE: Also see Recipe Corner, page 10.

On November 9, 1938, my father, Moriz Einstein, was in the Allgau region where he handled business for the livestock trading company he owned along with five of his six brothers (Gebrüder Einstein). He typically left our house in Kriegshaber on a Monday and spent the week conducting business in the region, returning on Friday in time for Shabbat. He stayed at an inn owned by the Geiger family in Denklingen and had developed a strong friendship with the family.



Liese Fischer and her family, taken in the garden of their home in summer 1939 prior to her and her brother’s departure on the Kindertransport. From (L-R) her brother Siegbert Einstein, Liese, her uncle Heinrich Einstein, and her parents Lydia and Moriz Einstein. Note: This is the photo on the cover of the Lebenslinien book about her family. The dress she’s wearing in the photo was the inspiration for the “paper” dress that was hanging in the art installation in the Kriegshaber synagogue during the Descendants Reunion.

That night, there was a knock on our front door. When my mother, Lydia Einstein, went to the door, she faced a man in an SS uniform. The man said very little but told her to go to the back door of the house. When she did, she found my father standing there. The man in the SS uniform was the son of the Geiger family. At great risk to himself, he had hidden my father in his car and driven him back to our house. Needless to say, we were enormously grateful to him. In addition, we were fortunate that only two of my uncles had been arrested. While they were sent to prison in Augsburg, they were not sent to concentration camps and were released after only a few days.

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Ernst Cramer's recollection of Pogromnacht

This was written in 1963 and was submitted by Claire Jebesen, Cramer's daughter, who lives in Norway. It was translated and edited by Erich Strohmaier, husband of Bettina Kaplan.

Ernst Cramer was born in Augsburg on January 28, 1913. He and his sister Helene immigrated to the U.S., but their parents, Martin and Clara, and brother Erwin were murdered in the Holocaust. Cramer returned to Buchenwald as a U.S. soldier just after liberation in April 1945. Cramer was publisher and Board Chairman of Axel-Springer-Foundation. He died in Berlin in 2010. According to his obituary, he did not wish to have a funeral service in his memory, as a final tribute to his brother and parents for whom there was no funeral or marked grave.

"All this had to be a dream: the vicious roar of the SS people, the moaning of the beaten people around, the beatings, which incessantly rained down on my back, and the feeling of panic fear that threatened to cut my breath. As a boy - more than a dozen years ago - I had a nightmare almost every night, but the symptoms were the same. So I had to wake myself up by force like back then: stretch myself by force and open my eyes; then the ghosts had always disappeared.

With a jolt I therefore raised myself from the stooped position - and immediately received a biting blow to the left ear. A rubber baton had hit me hard. I knew it was no dream, it was reality, unimaginable, infernal reality."

This is how Ernst Cramer starts his recollection about his arrest in Breslau the day after the *Pogromnacht*, his internment, and release from the concentration camp Buchenwald in 1938. He published this in the renowned German newspaper DIE WELT on the 25th anniversary of the *Pogromnacht*, November 9th, 1963.



Claire Jebesen with Ernst Cramer and Tom Cramer

He then goes on and recounts his goodbye to his mother at the Munich train station on the day before his arrest. To describe the mindset he, his mother, and probably

many of the Jewish citizens of Germany were in, he said, "Nevertheless, we were still optimistic when we said goodbye. True, terrible things happened: the newspapers had reported a few pogroms in Thuringia, Anhalt, and Hessen, But, so we thought, after all, we still lived in a constitutional state ('Rechtsstaat'); and we did not want to get intimidated by isolated illegal actions."

Ernst described in five and a half pages, his arrest in Breslau (now known as Wroclaw), transport to Weimar, four weeks of nightmarish existence in the SS concentration camp Buchenwald, and final release from it. He often manages to capture the greatly different attitudes of various people he meets along this journey: the Nazi followers, SS camp guards, or random German workers on the train.

In Breslau the newly arrested were marched from prison to a waiting train apparently by citizens and party

members. Cramer continues, "It was a ghostly train passing through the nocturnal, mist-shrouded Wroclaw: always a row of prisoners, followed by one row of guards, partly in street suits, partly in different party uniforms, but all with clubs, shotguns or bayonets. At some street corners stood malicious women and mocking men."

He described one particularly hellish night in Buchenwald when, after no water all day, the Nazis brought water that tasted bitter and had apparently contained a potent laxative. Many died that night, after which he had so eloquently said, "The morning then came as a gift from God, the sun that licked the frost from the trees was a symbol. We were still alive."

After his release from the camp he found himself on a train carrying local workers, who seemed to be too afraid to ask questions - presumably because at least some of them knew what was going on.

The atrocities of SS members at Buchenwald again flashed by his eyes and he ends his recollection with:

"Everything passed before my eyes again: the camp, the work crews who almost always brought home dead, ..., the lamenting-praying voice of the pastor in the single cell, the dead in the barbed wire, the dead in the latrine and the dead next to us when we woke up in the morning on our wooden boards. This reality was more terrifying than any one of the nightmares in my childhood years could have been. Who could have guessed that the future for many still had a more terrible reality in store? When we got out in Halle, I found in the right pocket of my coat a package with sandwiches, in the left I found one Mark. One of the workers must have given them to me during the train journey. So, there were still good people ("Menschen") in Germany."



Editor's Note: Ernst Cramer's younger brother Erwin was the best friend of Walter Sturm (see page 4). The two spent countless hours together in their childhood. This photo was taken of them on a mountaintop during happier times.

Mixed Blessing, Continued from Page 5

As it did for so many families, the events of November 9 made my family realize that the situation in Germany had deteriorated to the point where their lives were endangered. My father and uncles began to look for places to which they could emigrate together as a family. However, looking back on things, I think my father's rescue was a mixed blessing. As much as my family recognized the severity of their situation, I think they also had a false sense of security. I think that they felt that their strong ties to the Kriegshaber community, as evidenced by the fact that they were spared from the worst consequences of November 9, meant that their friends, neighbors, and colleagues would support - and even protect - them. Perhaps they didn't approach their emigration search with the urgency that was really needed. My parents did arrange for me and my brother to leave Germany via the Kindertransport. We left in July 1939 on what turned out to be one of the last of these transports before war broke out in September. Only one of my aunts, recently widowed, left Germany to be with her children in South Africa. My parents and all of my remaining aunts and uncles were ultimately deported and died in Piaski and Auschwitz. ☸

Memories that Remain Forever

by Henry Stern

Henry Stern, who was born and raised in Augsburg, now lives in Cold Spring, NY.

It was early in the morning. There was loud knocking on the door and insistent ringing of the doorbell. I opened the door and faced two men wearing Tyrolean hats and socks. They asked me where my father was and I pointed to the living room where my mother immediately recognized that they were from the Gestapo.



She screamed at my father "Justin! Justin! What did you do? What did you say?"

One gentler man said "NO it's not what you have done. It's what's occurred in Paris." A German Consulate official had been shot by a young Jewish man and died soon after the attack.

My father went to the liquor cabinet to pour a drink for himself, which I had never seen him do before. He was stopped by the younger Gestapo agent while the older man said, "it's all right but let me smell it first and then he told my father to go ahead and drink it. "You will need it!" he said with a stern look on his face.

My mother disappeared and I noticed she was making frantic phone calls to her parents, friends and relatives and a lawyer.

"Kristall Night" had begun!

After my father was picked up I went downstairs to the apartment of my best friend, Dieter Berberich whose father was a well-known Augsburger Pediatrician. His father was also picked up by the Gestapo.

My friend Dieter was confused, for according to the Nuremberg laws he was suddenly classified as a Jew. He was totally ignorant of any Jewish life, institutions and customs. He had always celebrated Christian holidays with his mother's Christian family in his apartment with a large Christmas tree with real candles and music and lots of toys under the tree.

His uncle appeared in his SS uniform and was told to use his influence to get the Doctor released. Mrs. Berberich screamed at him, "Do something... after all he IS your brother in law!" He felt very uncomfortable, and said he would try his best. He seemed to be helpless.

We heard loud weeping from our playmate next to our house whose father was also picked up that morning.

I was 10 years old and curious. There was so much excitement happening. I decided to walk through the neighborhood and visit my uncle Max and all my cousins who lived nearby. My uncle was a nervous wreck because his son Martin was also picked up and taken to the City Prison but my uncle Max, for some reason was never picked up nor imprisoned. My 16-year-old cousin Martin was later released from prison, but was first sent to the Synagogue with some other young men to move the Torah scrolls to another location.



Smoke was coming out of the Synagogue and there was a lot of commotion on the streets. There were many fire engines and there was a lot of shouting and commands. The firemen were trying to protect the surrounding buildings. There was some confusion and shouting among the Nazi leaders and the Fire Captain. The Fire Captain was afraid the fire would spread to the city's main gas station across the street. If that occurred, the station would explode endangering the whole neighborhood and the City itself. The Synagogue was damaged but never destroyed.

I avoided the scene and walked towards the Rathaus and saw a lot of people on the main city shopping streets. Somehow, it didn't occur to me to be afraid, to be recognized or identified as a "Jew" and I mixed in with the curious crowd.

There was the big department store "Landauer" with windows marked with white painted antisemitic slogans. Other large shop windows of former Jewish stores were smashed and looted. The painted windows were being cleaned up by the Nazis. Most of the stores were already Aryanized and no longer in Jewish hands. The gangs of Nazi ruffians and their leaders had been ignorant of this and totally misinformed.

Reichmarshall Hermann Goering, who controlled the Reich's economic planning, was on the radio asking the population not to continue this mass destruction of Jewish stores and establishments. German Insurance companies were being affected financially, he stated.

I headed home and saw Mr Liftgenz, my teacher from the "Sondershule" at the Synagogue on his bike. He shouted, "What are you doing? Go home, immediately!" He was riding on his bike to avoid being picked up at his home... and he succeeded!

My mother frantically asked me where I had been. There was a man from the Synagogue trembling, talking excitedly to my mother in the living room. I realized he was the caretaker at the Synagogue. His body was trembling all over and he told us the craziest story with a shaking voice.

"They put a pistol to my head and forced me into signing a document that I was directed by the Vorstand to burn down the Synagogue."

I never told this story to anybody for it made no sense. At the recent 100th Anniversary of the Augsburg Synagogue in 2017 I was surprised that the same story was repeated by the mayor of Augsburg before the descendants and eye witnesses. My father along with the other rounded up Jewish men, were confined to a small, bare room in the local prison with a bucket for a toilet. At first none of the men made use of the crude bucket but then the humiliation started when the leading Jewish community members and professionals apologized to each other while sitting shamefully on the bucket without any privacy.

Because so many Jewish men were rounded up, they were asked to line up and counted off with all the odd men ordered to step forward. The officer shouted "You Jews are going to Dachau! "My father had contracted rheumatic fever while in the trenches during

Continued on Page 8

World War I for 4 years, resulting in a faulty heart valve. As a young man and a proud German Jew, he volunteered into the Army and rose in the ranks as Unter Office (Sergeant). He was awarded the Iron Cross and the Pour le Mérite of Bavaria and had a letter from Adolph Hitler which I saw him tear into shreds. Now, he was ordered to step forward.

A Jewish lawyer, who was not selected, tried to recite a prayer for the men destined for the KZ but didn't know an appropriate prayer except for the Jewish prayer for the dead... the Kaddish. Other congregants joined in to the consternation of the prison officer who shouted at the lawyer, "and you are joining them too in Dachau!"

Ironically the Bus to Dachau was a KDF (Kraft Durch Freude - - Power thru Joy). This bus was used for Nazi excursions and vacations. The sign on the bus stated "Die Fahrt ins Blaue" (The Journey into the Blue).

When the Augsburgers arrived at night at the notorious KZ Camp, they were met with loud shouts and by stick-carrying SS. Searchlights from watchtowers scanned the camp. The guards shouted, "Sau Juden Raus." Get out, Jewish Pigs.

One Augsburgers on the bus didn't heed the command to get off for he had taken some pills on the journey. They dragged him from the bus and beat him and he later died.

The sign at the entrance at the Dachau camp read, "Arbeit Macht Frei," the slogan at all camps... (Work will make you free).

They found drugs on my father and questioned him. "This is digitalis, my heart medicine," my father answered. The SS officer threw it in the garbage pail and told my father "we have no sick prisoners here, only the living and the dead."

My mother grabbed me the next day, and with all my father's decorations and documentations in hand, had the guts to go to the local Gestapo Headquarters to demand that my father be released immediately based on his devoted German military service record. She pleaded, "He is a very sick man who cannot do any hard labor and needs constant medical supervision and daily medications."

The SS officer with a skull on his black uniform and cap was very polite and tried to calm my mother. He showed us pictures of the modern and extensive medical facilities at Dachau...operating rooms, wards and even a dental clinic. He confided to us that he would personally prefer to go to the latest medical facilities in the KZ than to the local Diagnosissen Haus Hospital in Augsburg.

That night, in bed, I could not believe that Germany would desecrate all the synagogues and religious institutions throughout Germany when every synagogue altar had prominently displayed in the front of the Torah ark the warning words. "Remember where thou stand." (*Ad livney mi ato omed*)

Four days after "Kristallnacht" German Jews had to pay a one billion Reichsmark fine (approximately 400 million U.S. dollars at 1938 rates) to the German government for the payment of insurance costs for properties destroyed in "Kristallnacht."

My brother was expelled from his school (Handels Schule) and came home crying. He was verbally attacked and humiliated by his favorite teachers. They loudly protested that German students should not be required to sit and associate with my brother in the classroom.



Henry Stern in 2017 at the 100th Anniversary of the Augsburg Synagogue

Our neighbors and friends were appalled but afraid by the violence and hate expressed that day. Nobody spoke out and no one came to our aid.

Life would never be normal for us again. There was so much hatred. Harsh decrees precluded us from any participation in economic, cultural or social functions.

It was the end of illusions! We realized that we must leave Germany immediately... but how and where do we go and who will accept us? ☸

When I First Learned..., Continued from Page 5

then added, "I always wanted to say "Thank you", but we couldn't talk."

I started to hold back tears and I asked him, "Why didn't you exchange names and phone numbers?" He answered, "He didn't want to remember that day and I don't either". It wasn't until decades later that my father was ready to talk about "Kristallnacht". He even gave a speech in Augsburg for the 50th and 60th Anniversary of Kristallnacht (To see speeches go to: <http://www.infotruer.com/k.html>). My mother and I went back to Augsburg each time to hear him talk.

By the time he died, I had heard his stories about how he and his father and the other Jewish males



Henry Landman wearing the lederhosen that he wore when he was arrested and sent to Dachau. He tried them on right before shipping them to the Jewish Museum in Augsburg. He wanted to see if they fit. They did.

over 18 (who didn't serve in World War I) were all arrested on that day numerous times. First my Opa was released and then my dad, who then went unaccompanied to London on April 15, 1939 and on to New York in November 1939. He would join the U.S. Army and in 1945 be the first American soldier to enter Augsburg a few days before the official liberation.

The lederhosen that he wore to Dachau, and the Army uniform that he wore in 1945, are now in the Jewish Museum of Augsburg. ☸

I did not know much about my family in Augsburg until a few years ago. Yet, 19th century prints of the city and of the family business, the Kahn & Arnold textile company, hung on our walls. Our family was proud to have deep roots in Augsburg.

This was my fourth visit to Augsburg in the last six years. I have met so many wonderful people who have helped me and my family learn about our Augsburg heritage. Arthur's older brother, Benno, was not only one of the partners of the company (one of the largest companies in Augsburg) but, was a city councilman and the last president of the Jewish community. A museum exhibit at the Textile Museum (closing December 2018) has given me so many details about our family's lives. So, I came to this day uncertain about what more I can feel about my connection to Augsburg.

What I found was the generous spirit of many individuals. The volunteers of Augsburg's Remembrance workshop (<http://erinnerungswerkstatt-augsburg.de/>) namely, Benigna Schoenhagen, Frank Schillinger from JMAS and Felix Bellaire, Augsburg Cultural Affairs, assisted in the logistics of the installation. The ceremony was orchestrated by Elisabeth Kahn (descendant of Arthur Arnold's business partner and company co-founder). Her and David Sutherland's dedication to remembrance culture is truly admirable and I am forever grateful. She organized a meaningful and beautiful ceremony. It began with remarks from Mrs. Verena Von Muttius, city council representative and also a workshop member. Then, five high school students read Grete and Arthur's biographies. Each student read with the grace and dignity that transcended my lack of fluency in German. One student played a magnificent and stirring melody on his clarinet. There were speeches by Karl Murr, Director of the Textile Museum, and Gerhard Fürmetz, Bavarian State Central State Archives. It was also announced that a nearby high school (Gymnasium bei St. Anna) history teacher and her class have volunteered to look after the memorial.

I spoke on behalf of my family and shared a message from my mother (Grete and Arthur's last surviving grandchild), to express gratitude and hope... gratitude to those in Augsburg willing to remember the past, and hope that by placing a physical marker to remember Arthur and Grete, the horrors of the past will not happen again.

Eleven days later, I returned to Augsburg to attend Kol Nidre services. I sat in the awe inspiring, 101-year-old, sanctuary between the new director of the JMAS, Dr. Barbara Staudinger and a young woman who shared her prayer book with me. As I sang *Avinu Malkeinu*, I felt proud, grateful and hopeful about the past, present and future. It was a very fitting way to end this visit in Augsburg. ❧



Bettina Kaplan next to the Remembrance Band

After the *Pogromnacht* in November 1938, at the age of 15, he managed to escape all by himself to a Dutch Benedictine monastery which he joined as a monk in 1941.

In 1942, the Dutch monasteries had to extradite their members of Jewish descent to the German authorities. Wolfgang was deported and died in the Sakrau labor camp not far from Auschwitz in late 1942. He shared the fate of Edith Stein.

The memorial bands were installed in front of both Maria's and Wolfgang's last voluntarily chosen residences: the stately townhouse where Maria had lived before 1933 and the Benedictine monastery with its boarding school, Wolfgang's last home before the emigration. The necessary evidence was provided by high-school teacher and archive expert Albert Eichmeier.

The two ceremonies were memorable events. Four generations of Bernheim descendants attended, from Wolfgang's half-sister Uschi to the author's grandchildren Samuel and Jonathan. More relatives came all the way from California: Anne Regenstien, her husband John Hefti and their children Jacob and Talia.

It was well appreciated that Benedictines from the Vals Monastery in the Netherlands, Wolfgang's very last home, came especially for this occasion. We thank the St. Stephan monastery in Augsburg for being our hosts for the last part of the ceremony. At the end, we all sang *Hevenu Shalom Aleichem*, Jews and Christians, including two Catholic Abbots. ❧

positions in our respective careers and communities.

Both my daughters are advocates for good. Following the words of their Opi who reminded us to take action against hate and prejudice, Rachel has successfully advocated for inclusion and diversity nationally, in her state and city, and at her place of employment. And, following in the footsteps of her great-great-grandfather Hugo Steinfeld, my daughter Becca Rausch was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate in November 2018. They stepped forward to make a difference in their state and our country during this time of turmoil, increasing antisemitism, hatred and unrest.

Our family is first-hand evidence that we as a people can be hated, persecuted and killed, but our spirit and all we believe to be right will remain - - and stay strong. ❧



L-R: Hilary Macht, Steven Felgran (son of Ilse), Rachel Wisch, Jo Wisch, Becca Rausch, Harry Felgran, Sam Felgran and above, Debbie (Sturm) Rausch at the family Remembrance Band ceremony

Recipe Corner

DAMPFNUDEL (DUMPLINGS)

This recipe was passed down from Sophie Einstein, wife of Ludwig Einstein of Kriegshaber, to her daughter Cecilia "Cilly" Einstein, also of Kriegshaber, who passed it to her daughter-in-law Zelma, wife of Sigmund "Siggy" Meinstein, who is the last member of the Einstein family to have been born in Germany. According to Siggy, who lives in South Africa, his mother always said that, "to make dampfnudel, it had to be a labor of love."

Ingredients:

3 1/2 cups Flour
2 tablespoons Oil
1 pkt 10gm Instant Dry Yeast
1 teaspoon Salt
1 cup Water to make a thin dough



Directions:

Dissolve yeast in 1/2 cup warm Water with 1 teaspoon Sugar and a pinch of Salt.
Mix all above and knead to make a smooth dough.
Let stand for 5 minutes then knock down. Then allow to rise for about an hour. The bowl can be covered with Saran wrap and should be placed in a warm place.

Take 1/4 lb. Butter and melt in a heavy pot
When dough is well risen scoop pieces with hand and place into the melted Butter. Allow to rise again in the pot until it smells "crusty"
Then pour into the pot:
1 cup Boiling Milk
1 teaspoon Sugar
Pinch of Salt

Cover with a dish towel and lid on top of that
Cook for about 10 minutes slowly.
It's ready when you listen to the cooking dough and it makes a hissing sound (that's what I was told)
Serve with custard

Guten Appetit!! This is a labor of love. ☘

GRANNY SOPHIE EINSTEIN'S LEBKUCHEN

Louise Lipschitz is the granddaughter of Ludwig and Sophie Einstein of Kriegshaber and the daughter of their son Sigmund, also of Kriegshaber, and his wife Phyllis. Sophie emigrated to South Africa in 1937 following Ludwig's death. Of the Einstein brothers and their wives who were still living in November 1938, she was the only one to survive.

Ingredients:

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup marmalade (dilute with 4 tablespoons water)
4 cups flour
1 tablespoon cocoa
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda



Directions:

Beat together eggs and sugar.
Add marmalade and rest of 5 dry ingredients.
Spread in a well greased biscuit tin.
Bake at 325 Fahrenheit (170 centigrade) for 20 minutes.
When cold cut into squares and ice with water icing. ☘



Ludwig and Sofie Einstein with their family in August 1933. Sitting, (L-R): Ludwig, Sophie, and their son Sigmund. Standing (L-R): Max, Cecilia with her son Sigmund, Erna, and Celicia's husband, Willy Meinstein.



PLEASE SEND YOUR FAMILY RECIPES TO
djcaugsburg@gmail.com
SO WE CAN SHARE THEM IN THIS SPACE.

Editor's Note: Miriam Friedmann shared the piece below, bringing to our team's attention the power of words. Words do matter, and we think this is perfect for our "Food For Thought" column. She said, "'Kristallnacht' or 'Reichskristallnacht' is the way the Nazis referred to this perfidious event. I know that Jews and non-Jews alike often use this term interchangeably, but it is out of lack of knowledge of the origin of the term, which stems from the Nazis." We have researched this usage and found that it is more prevalent in the United States, less so in Europe. We ask you to ponder Miriam's presentation and invite you to share your thoughts. Do you think using the term Kristallnacht is okay to use or not? Do you share her feeling that Pogromnacht should be used instead? Why? Or Why Not? What about the other terms she has described for us? How do you feel about their usage? We plan to publish some or all of your thoughts in our next issue, so please send them to us (djcaugsburg@gmail.com) on or before April 15, 2019. **Thank you.**



destruction of smashed shop window glass and synagogue windows.

"Volk" = common people - A simple everyday word referring to the general population, as opposed to the government. The Nazis gave it a new biological/ethnic racial meaning (see the 1935 Nurnberg racial laws) This ideology strove for a "pure Aryan race".

"Mischvolk" = mixed (ethnic) race

"Mischehe" = mixed marriage - religious, ethnic or nationality. An appropriate translation might be interreligious or multinational marriage

"Sonderbehandlung" = special treatment - It is a veiled belittlement and euphemism for murder.

"Endlösung" = a final solution - For example, after endless discussion one wishes for a final solution. The Nazis however, used this as a synonym for the annihilation of the Jews.

"Selektion" = selection - In the theory of evolution, we refer to selection as survival of the fittest. The Nazis misused this term in the concentration camps. They selected those who could work and those to be killed.

"Holocaust" is a Greek word originally meaning "totally burned." Though widely used, some Jews object to its use, because in Judaism we do not make a "burned offering". The Shoah means "great catastrophe", which is a term I prefer, but in this case, there is no one definition of this "occurrence" which in its horror is beyond description.

"Drittes Reich" = Third Reich - The Nazis used this term to legitimize their place in history. The 1st. Reich was the Roman Reich, the 2. Reich, the German Kaiser (Imperial) Reich from 1871 until the 1st WW in 1918. Then followed the Weimar Republic which the Nazis referred to as an interim period until they came to power 1933. This they called the 3rd Reich. It's best to refer to this period as the Nazi Era.

"Führer" = Leader - A word which Hitler took over and since then is primarily associated with him though it is a common title.

"Lügenpresse" (Lüge means "lie") = Fakenews - A typical Nazi term!



Please email your Food for Thought comments to djcaugsburg@gmail.com. Thank you!

The Power of Words

By Miriam Friedmann

Augsburg, Germany

Miriam moved back to Augsburg in 2001. Together with the documentary film producer Josef Pröll she has just completed "The silence screams®," a documentary which depicts the fates of her grandparents Selma & Ludwig Friedmann, who committed suicide on the eve before they were to be deported; and Eugen & Emma Carolina Oberdorfer, née Binswanger, who were murdered in Auschwitz. The history of her Augsburg family stands representative of so many former members of the Jewish Community, who shared a similar fate.

Still to this day unknowingly, and unwittingly, when we refer to the Nazi Era, we often use Nazi vocabulary. Language is an everchanging process, thus one might see it as a barometer of the times in which we live.

Step by step over the past few years we have, not only in Germany, a steady swing to the Right and nationalistic sentiments. Dehumanizing language is a first step aimed toward certain groups in the population, who do not conform to their right-wing ideology. Prime examples are the AfD and Pegida parties in Germany, who freely use Nazi terminology, as well as Donald Trump, who among others has brought back to life the term "fake news" ("Lügenpresse"), a Nazi term.

In the German language we find two categories of vocabulary:

Words expressly created by the Nazis for ideological purposes, and those which were already in the German language, but given a new meaning by the Nazis.

When writing for this Newsletter - - and at other times, particularly when referring to the Nazi Era, I feel we should be aware of vocabulary misused by the Nazis. If used, I think we should at least enclose words or phrases in quotation marks.

Here are but a few examples of common words and their new meanings attributed to them by the Nazis:

"Kristallnacht" = November Pogrom - If used, then please only in "quotation marks", but best not to use this term at all. "Kristallnacht" refers to the 1938 November Pogrom, the night when synagogues were burned and shops vandalized. The Nazis cynically referred to it as the "Night of Broken Glass" a belittlement of the vast



Coming in June 2019...

Our June Newsletter will focus on ways Germans help and helped the Jewish community of Augsburg - - then and now.

We are looking for stories from personal experience and also for stories that have been shared with our readers.

We also welcome articles for our Family Spotlight column as well as your responses to our "Food for Thought" article.

Please send your submission(s) to us at djcaugsburg@gmail.com to be received no later than April 15, 2018.

Thank you.