

CONNECTIONS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE DESCENDANTS OF
THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF AUGSBURG



June 2022

Volume 5, Number 1



Making a Difference in our New Homelands: How former German citizens contributed to the war effort after leaving Augsburg

This issue's theme focused on the efforts of former citizens of Augsburg to contribute to the war effort during WWII after fleeing to freedom. Some people, who had been German citizens but lost their German citizenship under the Nazi regime, either enlisted or were drafted into the United States or other Armed Forces after they arrived in their new homeland. For example, in America, some became what was known as "Ritchie Boys," others were in the Army Signal Corps, still others were in the OSS (precursor to the CIA). They were invaluable to the war effort because they had first-hand knowledge of the land, the language, the customs, and traditions of Germany. We are grateful to those who sent in their stories about these mostly unsung heroes.

From Kindertransport Refugee to Wartime Nurse

By Diane Castiglione

Diane lives in Gaithersburg, MD and is the daughter of Liese Fischer, a member of the Einstein family of Kriegshaber.

In July 1939, at age 14, my mother, Liese Fischer (née Einstein), along with her older brother Siegbert, left Augsburg on a Kindertransport to the United Kingdom. At age 18, people in the U.K. were expected to do something to support the war effort. Because she had always been interested in medicine (as a child, she performed "surgery" on her dolls!), she decided to apply to nursing school. She faced several challenges in doing so. Despite being a refugee, she was considered an enemy alien, albeit a "friendly" one. In addition, she had not completed her education and was not yet fluent in English. As a result, she had to pass a qualification test in order to be accepted for training.

Shortly before her training was to begin in March 1943, she received a Red Cross letter from her parents in Augsburg informing her that they were being deported; they ultimately perished in Auschwitz. Her brother had died on her birthday in February 1940, only seven months after they had arrived in England. As a result, when she started her training to become a Sick Children's Nurse at Booth Hall Hospital in Manchester, she was truly on her own. She overcame all of these obstacles, receiving her full license in November 1946.

Despite her alien status, she always felt well treated by her instructors, supervisors, and fellow nurses. One of the stories that she frequently told was the concern expressed by a supervisor who noticed that my mother didn't eat pork. With food being rationed, they were concerned that my mother wasn't getting the proper nutrition she needed to maintain her strength on the job. My mother explained that she had been raised in a kosher home and would not eat pork. She also reiterated her strong desire to become a nurse. The result was that she received an extra ration of butter.

My mother also talked about how the nurses actually preferred



Above: Liese Fischer (née Einstein) as a nursing student in July 1946 at Booth Hall Hospital, Manchester, England;
Right: Pages from Liese



Einstein's British Certificate of Registration indicating that her work was part of the Auxiliary War Service, precluding permission to leave the United Kingdom

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June 2022

DJCA NEWSLETTER - Connections

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THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF AUGSBURG



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

SUBMISSIONS:

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

Information about the Jewish Museum of Augsburg/Swabia can be found at www.jmaugsburg.de and on Facebook at (<https://www.facebook.com/juedischesmuseumaugsburg/>).

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A Message from our Co-Chairpersons

Written by Diane Castiglione

It may be a different time, a different place, and a different situation, but the images of people fleeing Ukraine trigger a visceral reaction for many of us. As a friend recently commented, if the photos and film footage were in black and white, we could easily place them in the 1930s and 1940s. We feel

anguish as these images all too vividly make real what our families experienced. We feel empathy, knowing how difficult the decision was to leave behind family members, homes, and communities. We feel despair, knowing that none of this will end quickly or easily.

L-R: Diane Castiglione and Bettina Kaplan

Most of us probably never thought we would witness anything like this in our lifetimes. It resonates strongly with us because we know that so many people will lose so much. Along with the terrible loss of life, there will also be the loss of homes and heirlooms, of cherished traditions and rituals, of the connections that create a community. We also know how difficult it will be to re-create all of this, whether people ultimately return to Ukraine or remain in another country of refuge.

Our families have all been through this. So often, we hear the words, "Never forget" or "Never again". Yet, as time passes, memories dim, people do forget, and, ultimately, history repeats itself. What's happening in Ukraine underscores how imperative it is for us to continue to tell our own stories in the hope that memories will be preserved and will not dim and that others will take notice before history repeats itself yet again. ☺

From the Editor

Deborah Sturm Rausch

What a crazy world we live in now! So full of hate, prejudice, discontent, and fear. These are trying times!

There's the tragedy in Ukraine. There's the murder of innocents, including children, by people in the United States who have access to assault weapons; there's a reversion back more than fifty years on a woman's right to say what happens with her own body; and we are watching the stripping away of democracy here and elsewhere due to elected leaders who are putting their own needs and biases before the good of the people and before protecting all of our Constitutional rights. Antisemitism and anti-immigration sentiments are up the world over. There's the fear of COVID, replays of the January 6 insurrection, and coping issues causing an increase in mental illness. Overwhelming!

For the first time in my life I actually understand how people could have stood idly by during WWII, with the majority of people staying silent about the atrocities that were happening. Perhaps, like many of us today, they felt helpless.

My view is that these are the very reasons why we must do more to educate people about what happened to our ancestors in WWII. People are forgetting the lessons learned. They're forgetting the stories -- each one personal -- each one gut-wrenching. **Connections** provides a forum for telling those stories, and I encourage all of you to tell your family stories here. **With hundreds of readers located all over the world, these articles, when shared, can have an impact.**

Thanks to everyone who contributed to the June issue!

We invite you to contribute to our December 2022 issue

with the theme of *After Augsburg: What happened*

next? See Page 13 for more information. Also, please enjoy the *Spitzbuben* recipe (one of my father's favorites). Please send us your hand-me-down recipes! We and our readers love them! It would be especially great to hear from some members of the next generation for this newsletter!

To end on a more upbeat note, our "**connections**" are wonderful! My husband and I thoroughly enjoyed a meet-up with fellow descendants Louise and Arthur Lipschitz from Israel who were visiting their daughter Talia Keren in Newton, MA. Have you "met up" with a member of our Augsburg extended "family"? Please tell us! ☺



Deborah Sturm Rausch



L-R Seated: Lee Rausch, Louise Einstein Lipschitz; Standing L-R: Debbie Rausch, Talia Keren, Arthur Lipschitz

Letter from JMAS Director Carmen Reichert

Dear DJCA friends,

As of May, I am the new director of the Jewish Museum Augsburg/Swabia. In the same year as our museum, I was born in the center of the city, just two streets away from Halderstraße and just two months earlier. I first visited the Jewish Museum as a young high school student, and I celebrated my first Shabbat in the synagogue more than 20 years ago. In Augsburg, as a high school student, I conducted my first eyewitness interviews with the survivor Mietek Pemper and with the Augsburg resistance fighter Anni Pröll. I remember both meetings as if they were yesterday.

After the first meeting with Mietek Pemper, I dealt intensively with the Shoah and particularly with the question of how loving family fathers could become murderers. It became clear to me relatively quickly that this question will probably never be answered. From that moment on, the question for me was, and is, no longer how it could have come to be, but - in the sense of Primo Levi - how we can continue to live with the knowledge that it was and therefore could happen again.

When the museum was founded in Augsburg in 1985, schools still imparted little knowledge about Jewish history and religion. If at all, the Holocaust came up briefly in history classes. For a broad non-Jewish public, Jewish museums were the only place to discover Jewish culture. The museums mostly saw themselves as mediators of an irretrievable past. Neither the communities themselves nor the German public assumed a great future for Jewish communities in Germany.

This changed with the Jewish immigration after 1990. Since then, Jewish museums have been in a constant state of change. Today, it is no longer about showing our visitors silver or gold hanukkiot or besamim cups and explaining what culture they once stood for. Today, I see our task more as being a place of encounter, exchange, and joint reflection on our past, present, and future.

In this spring 2022, with the outbreak of the war in Ukraine, we are suddenly confronted with a situation that we did not imagine in our worst nightmares. We see friends losing their loved ones in Ukraine or knowing their lives are in danger without being able to do anything about it. We see refugees arriving here with nothing but what they could carry on their backs, leaving friends and relatives behind.

At the end of March, we welcomed our first Ukrainian fellow at our museum, Daria Rezynk. Together with her and a second fellow that we are expecting soon, we are going to prepare an exhibition about Jewish life in Ukraine. The history of Ukrainian Jews is in many ways interwoven with ours, with the Ukrainian-Jewish immigration after the Cold War, with the new refugees in our community happening now because of the new war, and also through the ancient language that was born in our lands, traveled with the (forced) migration eastwards and then returning to Germany with many of the so-called DPs (displaced persons): Yiddish.



Carmen Reichert, Director

MEET THE STAFF

We are pleased to profile a different staff member of the Jewish Museum in each issue. The local interviews are conducted by Michael Bernheim, a descendant of the Bernheim family who lives in Augsburg.

Meet Sara Sepehri Shakib

Introduction: My name is Sara Sepehri Shakib. I have been with the museum since the summer 2021. I have degrees in Musicology, Theater Studies, and Psychology. Before joining the JMAS, I worked for opera houses and theaters, the music publisher Ricordi, the Musica Viva program of the Bavarian Broadcasting Service, and I have managed a cultural center. Now I am responsible for the programs and the publications of the museum.



Sara Sepehri Shakib

What is your role at the museum? I curate the programs of the museum and its publications. This involves the coordination of projects and the design of the framework of our programs, for example, the visualization of history with the help of arts.

What do you like best about your work? I like the creativity involved and the possibility to dive deeply into a task for a longer period of time. I really appreciate being able to use the experiences from my previous positions.

What attracted you to work for the JMAS? In the past years, the Jewish Museum of Augsburg has broadened its horizons by linking Augsburg's Jewish history with modern Jewish life and its relevance to our society in general.

What do you feel is the most important aspect of the work being done by the museum and the DJCA?
Showing the relevance of what happened in the past for today's society.

What do you like to do when you are not at work?
Meeting with friends, attending concerts, going to the theater, but also enjoying nature.

What is your favorite food? Everything my Persian grandmother cooks (Shirin Polo, Ghorme Zabzi, Khoresh Bademjoon).

What is your favorite travel destination? I love to immerse myself into a completely foreign culture, like traveling through Japan for three weeks. But staying at a wellness hotel is not too bad, either.

What superpower would you like to have? To bring love and peace wherever I go. ☺

Continued on Page 13

night duty – their sleep wouldn't be disturbed if there was an air raid as they were already dressed and at work! She recalled that she was on night duty on D-Day. They could hear the planes flying overhead and knew by the sound that the aircraft weren't German. However, they weren't sure what was happening. The next day, the supervisors asked the nurses if they would be willing to care for wounded German prisoners should any be brought to the hospital. They particularly looked to my mother because she spoke German. Her remarkable response? She said that, as the soldiers were people, she therefore had a responsibility to care for them. Fortunately for her, she never had to face such a situation as no wounded Germans were brought to them.

Almost from the time she arrived in England, my mother's maternal uncles and aunt in the United States were trying to bring her over. By the time she received a United States visa, however, a new problem arose due to the fact that her work as a nurse was considered part of the Auxiliary War Service. Case records that we obtained from World Jewish Relief/Bloomsbury House in London indicate that she needed to receive an exit visa - before she was able to leave the United Kingdom. Notes from September 1943 show that her application was denied because she was a nurse. She reapplied in November 1944 and was once again turned down. In June 1947, after the war had ended, she was finally allowed to immigrate to the United States to be reunited with her uncles and aunt.

On her own in wartime Britain, not knowing whether her parents were alive, my mother's life was not easy. Yet, she retained fond memories of Great Britain. She loved nursing and taking care of the children. She had good friends and was able to spend time with two cousins who had also fled Augsburg and were living in England. While she never said so explicitly, I also think she felt that, in her own way, she was contributing to the effort to defeat the regime that had been so cruel to her and her family.

My Father - A Ritchie Boy who was part of the Massive Contributions of German Refugees to the War Effort

By Jeffrey P. Englander. Jeffrey is the son of John Englander, grandson of Paul and Hedwig Englaender, great-son of Hugo and Lina Steinfeld, and a descendant of the Heilbronner/Steinfeld families of Augsburg. He lives in Great Neck, NY.

The Ritchie Boys have often been referred to as an elite group of intellectuals who benefitted from their superior language skills and their ability to use not only their knowledge of the German language as native speakers but captured German soldiers' psyche and manner of communicating, formally and informally, when under pressure and seemingly when having "friendly" interactions with those tasked with interrogating them.

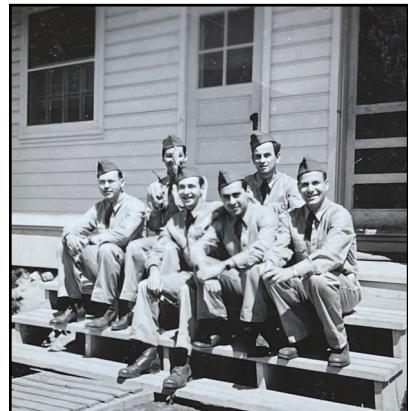
Although little was known prior to the beginning of the 21st century about the Ritchie Boys, this incredibly important chapter in the success of the U.S. Armed Forces' efforts has now happily begun to get its due. Through detailed and historically accurate documentaries such as Christian Bauer's 2004 film, *The Ritchie Boys*, CBS's extended *60 Minutes* (a U.S. television news

program), and a variety of new and informative volumes on the subject, including *Sons and Soldiers*, by Bruce Henderson, focusing on the biographies of those few surviving members of this elite and, in the author's view, under-recognized group which was comprised almost exclusively of displaced young Jewish men who escaped Germany and Austria with their lives and little else [some with their parents and some, like my father, John Louis Englander (formerly Hans Ludwig Englaender)], without their parents, never to see them again.

My Dad did not speak about his Ritchie Boy experience [so named for Camp Ritchie, situated in rural Maryland, at which all those summoned to attend were put through rigorous training courses to learn how to read enemy (German Order of Battle) documents, interrogate German prisoners of war, and a myriad of other tasks deemed by the Armed Forces to be useful in gathering intelligence to assist in the Allied War Efforts in Europe], both because he was exceedingly modest and because much of the material surrounding this military intelligence program remained classified almost 60 years after the close of hostilities. David Frey, Founding Director of the Center for Holocaust and Genocide Studies at the United States Military Academy at West Point, speaking as an expert on the subject, has repeatedly noted that the Ritchie Boys were incredibly effective, gathering, as a unit, more than 60% of all actionable intelligence collected on the battlefield. Most members of this select group had their U.S. citizenship accelerated so that they could become part of this highly classified and amazingly effective Military Intelligence Service (MIS) rather than having their status remain as what the Army referred to as "enemy aliens."

Our family is most fortunate that Dad wrote informal autobiographical notes of his days serving in the U.S.

Military over a 4.5 year period, so I am able to set out in summary form below what he did once returning to the European theatre and how his work was recognized. His work, consistent with his temperament, was to collect and analyze enemy documents. Noting the general consensus that the superior language skills of the Ritchie Boys was perhaps their most important and useful attribute, I have often said — as has my wife, Alise, who met Dad only when my father was in his 60s — that he spoke English with greater command of its nuances and vocabulary than 98% of native English speakers. Thus, his ability to communicate equally well in both English and German (and his facility as well in French, Swedish, and Spanish), were extremely valuable



Lt. John L. Englander seated (front row, right) with colleagues at Camp Ritchie barracks



Lt. John L. Englander

tools for him in his work. He was, until his dying day, the fastest typist I'd ever come across, and I still proudly own his Erika manual typewriter on which he pounded out thousands of communications over the years.

Dad was summoned to Camp Ritchie in April 1943 (before his 24th birthday) and, having successfully completed the course work just before D-Day, was sent back to Europe with his unit, in July 1944, landing first in Greenock, Scotland, thence on to Broadway in the Cotswolds (and to London for further training at the Army's Enemy Documents School), and then on to MIS headquarters in Paris via Omaha Beach. Ultimately, he was tasked with responsibility for leading a Documents Team and the corresponding Interrogation of Prisoners of War ("IPW") Team associated with the Ministerial Collecting Center, screening and categorizing German Ministerial Personnel during Operation TALLYHO.

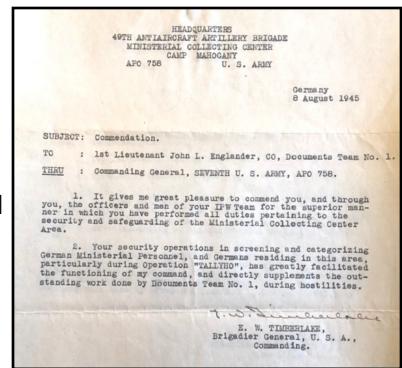
In his own words:

"Sometime in early fall, I was given the assignment to take charge of the Enemy Documents Section at Ninth Army headquarters at Maastricht, Holland. After some time, our team was assigned to a "Ministerial Collection Center" ... near the city of Kassel. Our job was to go through and sort documents that had been collected from German Ministries and to pass on items of interest to various branches of the Army. The team had 4 men beside (myself). During the following months I took many jeep trips "to the front," by this time in Germany, in order to liaise with other officers and collect and deliver intelligence of interest. Shortly before the Battle of the Bulge, all the ETO Documents officers were called for a conference in Luxembourg. The route there led through a snow-covered Ardennes Forest and we stopped for lunch at Bastogne – then totally peaceful and unknown, but shortly thereafter in the center of world events. Thence onto Maastricht . . . with the next stop (crossing the Rhine over the Remagen bridge) was Moench Gladbach, Germany, followed by Guetersloh/ Westfalia and finally Braunschweig (Brunswick) where our offices were located in a former German Luftwaffe Headquarters Building. It was there that we celebrated VE Day on May 8th 1945."

Missing, of course, from this account of his and his colleagues' work was the success of his group so significant that he and his Team received special recognition from the Commanding Brigadier General in charge of the 49th Antiaircraft Artillery Brigade, Ministerial Collecting Center. A copy of the original of this Letter of Commendation, dated August 8, 1945, from Brigadier General Edward Wrenne Timberlake, himself a decorated elite officer from a storied family of high-ranking military officers, is at the end of this article.

My Dad and virtually all his Ritchie Boys colleagues (some of whom were his closest lifelong friends) thought nothing of the mortal danger associated with returning to the front of an active European war theatre because it allowed them to give back to the country which permitted them to live a life free from religious persecution and thrive.

As offspring of these brave men, we are deeply indebted to them and incredibly proud of the significant impact they had on the outcome of the war and the defeat of Nazi Germany.



Where do I belong? – A Jewish Fate

By Michael Bernheim, son of Erhard Bernheim. Michael lives in Augsburg.

On July 31, 1944, at 6:42 pm, my grandfather Willy Bernheim drove his ambulance vehicle on a landing craft in the port of Southampton, UK. He recorded this in his two-hundred-page memoirs. Until a few weeks earlier, he had served in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria. Before he might be literally forgotten in Africa, something he feared, he had luckily managed to enlist in the French 2nd Armored Division or Division Leclerc. They had been transferred to England and now got ready to cross the English Channel as reinforcements for the Allied Expeditionary Forces. After years in Africa, he was impressed with the discipline and orderliness of the British civilian population and with the sheer amount and quality of the American equipment that the French were also using; from tanks to food rations. He mentioned the fair leadership style within the United States Armed Forces, treating officers and enlisted men, white and black personnel equally, while in the French Army, obviously, there were significant differences in both respects.

They landed on "Utah Beach", the western-most section of the Normandy invasion territory. The Division Leclerc was assigned to General Patton's 3rd Army for most of the campaign. Although they had landed almost two months after D-Day, they soon caught up with the front-line. Several times, my grandfather's life was in immediate danger.

The direction of the French Division was south to Le Mans and then east towards Paris and further on through Lorraine and Alsace to the German border and to the south of Bavaria. For the liberation of Paris, the Division Leclerc was allowed to operate independently, for obvious reasons. The excitement and enthusiasm in the French capital must have been unforgettable.

Willy Bernheim, March 1940 in Algeria



Apart from his duty as an ambulance driver, Willy was a sought-after interpreter, since he spoke French, English, and German. His German accent, however, made others suspicious of him. Several times, both in England and in France, he had to undergo unpleasant interrogations by intelligence personnel who accused him of being a spy. And he remembered one incident when a French fellow soldier called him a "sale Boche" ("dirty Kraut"). On the other hand, he knew that if the "Krauts" caught him, he would not even have the rights of a prisoner of war. Nevertheless, he was grateful for being able to contribute to the joint effort and, at least from time to time, he obviously enjoyed the adventure.

When the Division Leclerc crossed the German border, Willy, as he wrote, felt neither joy nor pity nor hate, just indifference. Still, it must have been hard for him, especially when he saw his destroyed hometown. His language skills were in demand. He drove officers of his division to Munich and showed them around the town. He drove them to the Bavarian Alps, to Tyrol, and, for an official visit, to the Obersalzberg, Hitler's mountain estate.

When, one week later, in June 1945, he had to take one of the officers back to Paris, he felt as if it was a homecoming.

Willy Bernheim's memoirs end with a short and rather factual description of the victory parade of the French troops on June 18, 1945, in which he drove an ambulance truck down the Avenue des Champs Élysées, above him fighter aircraft spraying the French colors in the sky.

I got to know him as "Opa Paris." He stayed in Paris for the rest of his life, but his grave is in Augsburg.

A True Hero

By Deborah Sturm Rausch. Deborah is the daughter of Walter Sturm, granddaughter of Anna and Max Sturm, great-granddaughter of Hugo and Lina Steinfeld, and a descendant of the Heilbronner/Steinfeld families of Augsburg. She lives in Upstate New York.

**"A quiet man of music
Denied a simpler fate
He tried to be a soldier once
But his music couldn't wait. ..."**

Dan Fogelberg's *Leader of the Band* lyrics always remind me of my Dad.

Walter Sturm grew up in Augsburg, enjoying a life filled with a loving family, sports, joy, a solid and well-rounded education, and music. In his words, he had a privileged childhood that was ripped from him by Hitler and the Nazi regime. As it turned out, his music carried him through the best and the worst of times.

He was 18 when he was arrested by the Gestapo and sent to Dachau. While there, it was music that carried him through. He used to say that the Nazis took away his school, his sports, and life as he knew it, but they could not get into his head, and that is where his music, which he loved, played on, nourished his soul, and sustained him through the darkest of days.

Long story, very short -- after being released from Dachau, Walter made his way with his sister Ilse to London, and eventually arrived in the United States where he joined the rest of his immediate family who were already in New York City.

According to U.S. Army records and my father's biographical statement, he enlisted in the army on February

15, 1942, and began active service on September 14 that same year, about two years after arriving in the United States. He never really talked about his war experiences much, but we are fortunate to have the records from that time, including about 500 letters he wrote home from his entire time in the U.S. Army.

We honor the many people who fought for the Allied Forces during WWII, as they are all heroes. German Jewish refugees who were part of the U.S. and other Allied Forces became critical to winning the war, including my father, and members of the Ritchie Boys (see the earlier article by my cousin Jeffrey Englander on page 4).

Imagine though, how it must have been for the handful of German immigrants who fought so valiantly as members of the U.S. Army after surviving the trauma of arrest and internment in a Nazi concentration camp in their own homeland! Among those whom I knew personally and hailing from Augsburg were my father; Ernst Cramer, who was a Ritchie Boy; and, Hans (Henry) Landman.

What amazing people they were! They were people without a country who came to the United States and were considered "Resident Aliens" when they arrived. These valiant few chose to fight back, to help vanquish the enemy that had rendered them *untermenschen* (sub-human) and had stripped them of all their rights and citizenship in Germany, by joining the forces that would ultimately prevail.

As for my Dad's personal experience, he was sent to Spartanburg, South Carolina, for basic training. He was also trained in intelligence and, since he was fluent in English as well as German, he was also trained in Morse code at Camp Croft. He excelled in it and quickly moved up the ranks from Private to Sergeant, and became an integral part of the Signal Corps.

After six weeks, he was shipped out to the European front, proudly serving in the 106 Signal Intelligence Corps of the 3rd Infantry Division. His citizenship application was accelerated and on January 23, 1943, while in the Army, he wrote to let his family know of a major milestone in his life:



Walter Sturm, 1942, in training at Spartanburg, VA

"Well, I'm now a citizen of the United States. Yesterday about 130 boys proceeded to Spartanburg by Army truck, all dressed up in uniform, and were taken to the Court House there where a regular session with Judge and all took place. We heard some mighty fine speeches by a Major who talked as representative of our Camp Commander, General Wilson, and also by an eminent College professor whose talk was most inspiring. After a short comment by the Judge we were sworn in by pledging allegiance to the flag. Then we went back to camp and had chow, and after that I joined my Company to go on a big parade. For the first time I was up in the front rank with the officers.... I felt as though I really meant something in this outfit of ours."

Dad shipped out shortly thereafter. His letters show he fought in Africa and then moved up into the European theater with his unit. On January 22, 1944, Allied forces landed at Anzio, a small coastal town just 30 miles south of Rome. This attack behind enemy lines, was intended to unhinge the German fortified Gustav Line. The Germans responded quickly, containing the beachhead. The fighting was bitter, with both sides suffering high casualties. It is considered one of the bloodiest battles of the war... and my father fought and lived through it.

It ended with the capture of Rome, and that's where Walter and his childhood friend Henry Landman met up, quite by coincidence. There they were - - two guys from Augsburg, both of whom were 18 when they were arrested by the Gestapo and taken to Dachau, both of whom came to the United States, and both of them there, in Rome, together - - as American soldiers.

Again, music played a part. While in the foxholes, it played in his head. While in Europe, he played the piano, the saxophone, and the accordion in the orchestra, which lifted his spirits, fortified his inner strength, and gave him hope.

My father's unit fought their way to Germany, and my Dad went behind enemy lines during which he cracked codes, gathered intelligence, helped situate the American troops showing the Commanding Officer where to bivouac along the shores of the Lech River in Augsburg, and was ultimately part of the liberation of his own home town of Augsburg. While in Germany, he actually was called upon to help interrogate and identify some German prisoners. As fate would have it, one particular prisoner who claimed not to be a Nazi, had been my father's third grade teacher, and Dad remembered him. Based on first-hand experience, my father identified him as definitely being a Nazi, and confirmed the man's identity. It's actually one of the few incidents my Dad talked about - - and he did so with great pride.

My father was decorated with the Bronze Star for service above and beyond the call of duty at Anzio and for his intelligence and service behind enemy lines in Germany. He also received the Good Conduct Medal.

German Jewish immigrants made a huge difference in the outcome of WWII. We owe our lives and our freedom to all who fought, but especially to these men of honor who never gave up despite the most despicable of circumstances. My father passed away 33 years ago. I will forever be proud to be the daughter of a true hero, and a most honorable man.

***“...The leader of the band is tired
And his eyes are growing old
But his blood runs through
My instrument
And his song is in my soul.”***



Walter Sturm (Right) with Henry Landman, in Rome, Italy.

My Military Service in the U.S. Army after World War II

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

At the beginning of the Korean War, I joined the local New York National Guard along with many of my German Jewish friends from Washington Heights, in New York City, hailing from an area nicknamed the “Fourth Reich”. The National Guard was quite uncomfortable with so many German Jewish refugees from our area joining the military. Although I was not yet a citizen of the United States and registered as a “friendly enemy alien,” I was inducted into the New York National Guard, and soon after became a U.S. naturalized citizen in a “special speedy process” due to my enlistment.

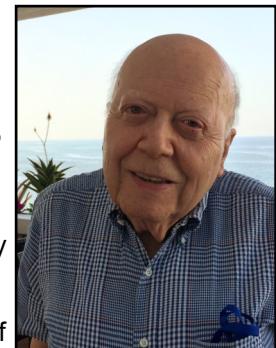
I only attended meetings once a week at the local Armory in Washington Heights at 168th Street. Of course, you were also required to participate in some weekend training programs and two weeks of summer camp in the upstate town of Watertown, New York.

My unit was a Combat Engineering Battalion, part of the 42nd Infantry Division consisting of mostly Irish recruits and officers from upper Manhattan. We slept together as a group while we were away at Army camp for target practice and maneuvers. The Irish recruits were very amused by the Jewish guys because we wore pajamas. In their culture, they slept in their underwear.

We were supposed to be activated but the military authorities decided that this special unit was vital to the control and protection of the George Washington Bridge which was nearby. We learned how to build bridges and control the approaches to and from New Jersey and were to operate from a night club called “Bill Miller’s Riviera” in Fort Lee, New Jersey.

I was promoted to Master Sergeant, Intelligence. Many of my other Jewish refugee friends joined me and were proud and delighted that this unit, was THE unit that liberated the Concentration Camp at Dachau in 1945. My father had been incarcerated there, starting on Kristallnacht, for more than a month before his release in December 1938.

We were not the “Richie Boys”, but we were proud to serve in the U.S. Military forces. After serving for a period of more than eight years, I retired from the unit that contributed so much to the downfall of the Nazis and de-Nazified areas in Germany where I spent my early boyhood. I was more than happy to be part of that historical contribution and effort.



Henry Stern

Full Circle – Leaving Augsburg as a Refugee and Returning as an American Soldier

By Rick Landman, son of Henry Landman. Rick resides in New York City, NY.

My father, Henry (Heinz) Landman, at 18 years old, was too old for the Kindertransport, so after he was released from Dachau, where he was taken after being arrested by the Gestapo during Kristallnacht, his father got him a Temporary Transit Visa to London as an unaccompanied teenager. After living in London for seven months he made it to New York City and was reunited with his family. He was too old for school, so he worked with his father as a furrier until the United States joined the war. He then enlisted, hoping to get into the United States Ski Patrol.

He reported to Camp Wheeler in Georgia for Basic Training and then they sent him to North Africa with the 3rd Infantry, where he eventually received his United States citizenship. Then he went on to Sicily; was at the Anzio beachhead, and then went up to France before he headed back to Germany. He was at Dachau when it was liberated. Indeed, one of the officers of the camp surrendered to my dad.

But things changed for Henry once they reached Germany. Without any training, he became Colonel Porter's interpreter and interrogator. When my father came across documents and photos that dealt with the Jewish genocide, he sent them home to his mother in Washington Heights, New York City. Today there is a Henry Landman Collection at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. that contains many of these artifacts.

In one instance, after my dad's group had taken over a Bavarian hotel, the phone rang and a high-ranking Nazi was on the line. In perfect German, my father told him the Americans were not there and that he should come over for wine and cards. When he showed up, he was easily captured. This event was written about in *Stars and Stripes*, the daily American military newspaper.

Then Colonel Porter gave Henry a jeep a few days before the American liberation of Augsburg. He headed straight to Augsburg and, thus, Henry and the driver were the first Americans to enter his hometown. Henry took a photo in front of one of the apartments where he lived on Maximilianstrasse, went to his house on Hermannstrasse, and then to the landlord of his father's fur business. It was then that he learned about the deportations and figured that his Tante Minna was dead. (He would later learn that his grandparents died in Theresienstadt, an uncle and cousin died in the Riga Labor Camp, and the rest died in Auschwitz.)

He spent the end of the war finding resources for the Americans, interrogating captured Nazis, and engaging in



Henry Landman, then and now, in his U.S. Army uniform.



Henry Landman with the U.S. Army jeep, WWII.

the de-Nazification program of Augsburg. He reported that he was the one who recommended Robert Bachner, a Christian whose wife Gerda was part Jewish, to be the head of the Jewish community in Augsburg.

Our family was involved in the war effort in other ways as well. For example, Irma, Henry's sister, was also a soldier in the U.S. Army. ☺

Ten Years of Erinnerungswerkstatt

By Angela Bachmair, Speaker of Augsburg's Remembrance Workshop. Angela lives in Augsburg.

It was ten years ago that four Augsburg citizens founded the Erinnerungswerkstatt (Remembrance Workshop): Benigna Schönhagen, then the director of the Jewish Museum, Green Party City Council member Verena von Mutius, Protestant pastor Nikolaus Hueck, and journalist Angela Bachmair.

Over time, many people joined them, people who believe in the importance of remembering the victims of the Nazi terror, people who want to make these memories visible in their town.

Since 2012, about a dozen active participants with some fifty supporters and the *Stolpersteine* (stumbling stones) initiative have installed and cared for *Erinnerungsbänder* (remembrance posts), laid *Stolpersteine*, and collected almost 300 biographies of victims which have been uploaded to an online memorial book (www.gedenkbuch-augsburg.de).

In addition to these visible and tangible memorials, they organize workshops, lectures, discussions, guided city tours, and an annual commemoration event on International Holocaust Memorial Day (January 27).

Through these efforts, the Erinnerungswerkstatt is keeping the memory of the victims alive. ☺



Angela Bachmair cleaning an Erinnerungsbänder



In Memoriam

Please let us know if a former member of the Jewish community of Augsburg passes away. Please send an article and a photo to djcaugsburg@gmail.com. Thank you.

Eva H. Eckert Remembered (1927-2022)

By Lawrence S. Kahn. Lawrence lives in New York City, NY and is Eva Eckert's first cousin, once removed.

Eva Eckert died on March 13, 2022, at her home on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, surrounded by loving family members and her devoted home health aide. Eva, who was 95, seemed very comfortable and peaceful throughout her last days.

Eva's passing truly marked the end of an era. She was the last Kahn descendant born and raised in Augsburg and the last surviving grandchild of Flora, née Farnbacher, born in 1852 and Aron

Kahn, born in 1841. Flora and Aron, co-founder with Albert Arnold of the textile company Kahn & Arnold, had nine children. Their youngest child, Elisabeth (Else), was Eva's mother, a social worker. Eva's father, Dr. Heinz Eckert, the first radiologist in Augsburg, passed away four months before Eva was born.

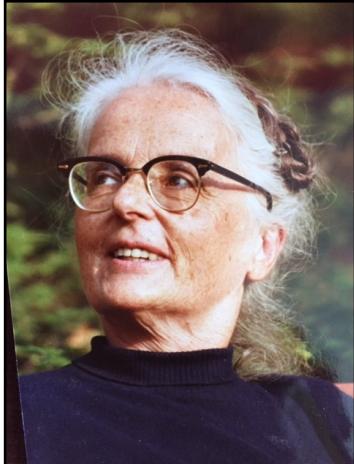
Living in Augsburg through the war, she was an eyewitness to the Nazi regime. Eva grew up on Fröhlichstrasse with her mother and her older brother Wolf. She spent much time in Holzhausen am Ammersee at her Uncle Benno and Aunt Anna's retreat near Augsburg with the close-knit extended family and their friends.

After going to primary school from 1933 to 1937, Eva attended Maria Theresia High School. She enjoyed a nearly carefree childhood until age 12 when the war broke out. From then on, Eva lived under increasingly restrictive conditions. Due to worldwide immigration policies, her family was not able to leave Germany before the war.

In December 1943, Eva was expelled from school as a so-called half Jew at the order of the Reich Ministry. From September 1944 until shortly before the end of the war, she was forced to work in businesses that had been converted into war factories.

Because her mother Else had married a Protestant, she was considered "privileged" during the early war years. Starting in July 1942, Else worked for the Ballonfabrik Augsburg, formerly Riedinger, a defense factory for the German war machine where Jewish women in Augsburg had to work. She worked as a forced laborer until she was deported.

In January 1944, shortly before Eva turned 17, Else was deported to Theresienstadt. The following month, on February 25 and 26, Eva and Wolf survived the bombing



Eva H. Eckert

of Augsburg, which badly damaged their apartment building. Wolf was sent to a work camp in Jena in September 1944 after which Eva lived alone.

Else survived Theresienstadt for nearly a year and a half and was liberated by the Russian Army in May 1945. She was a shadow of herself when she returned to Augsburg on July 3, 1945 and Eva helped nurse her mother back to health. Wolf was able to flee Jena with the help of friends shortly before the Russian Army arrived in July 1945. He passed away from cancer in January 1947.

Eva was readmitted to Maria Theresia Oberschule für Mädchen after the war and passed her Abitur in June 1946. She worked for nearly three years for the United States Military Government, including in its Intelligence Division and Denazification Program.

Eva emigrated with her mother to the United States in 1948. They settled in Kew Gardens, New York, reuniting with several extended family members who had earlier emigrated to the United States. They became citizens on July 5, 1954.

Also in 1954, Eva earned her bachelor's degree at Hunter College and, in 1955, her master's degree in Library Science at Columbia University. During the entire period of her undergraduate and graduate studies, she worked full-time in various jobs. Eva was employed in secretarial positions, including as a secretary-translator and later as manager of an import department.

After receiving her master's degree, Eva became a reference librarian at the main Public Library in New York City and later a Medical Librarian at Columbia University.

Eva embraced the United States. She and her mother traveled extensively to the National Parks out west, Alaska, and the Adirondacks. Eva enthusiastically partook in so much that New York City offers — museums, zoos, parks, and more. She loved plants, volunteering at the Botanical Gardens, and enjoyed birdwatching at nearby Forest Park and elsewhere. Eva especially loved giving holiday and birthday dinners for the family and making countless different kinds of cookies at holiday season for all her relatives.

When her mother contracted Parkinson's disease, Eva stepped down from her position at Columbia. Devoted daughter that she was, Eva cared for her mother for many years until Else passed away in 1978.

Despite all the adversity in her life, Eva came through it without seeming bitter, apparently enjoying her life in Kew Gardens and later on 110th Street on the Upper West Side.

"Augsburg was for me the town where I grew up. New York was my home." Eva explained.

She did return several times to Germany, visiting old friends and acquaintances, and certain members of her Eckert family. In 1985, she attended the rededication of the Augsburg Synagogue to meet other former Augsburgers. Her last visit to Augsburg and Bavaria was in 2006 when she also went to Salzburg and the Italian Alps.

Continued on Page 10

Eva's recall was amazing. She possessed and shared with her relatives an extraordinary amount of detailed information about the family and about so many other people, time periods, and places.

Eva had a wonderful sense of humor and would jot something down if it struck her funny bone. For example, Eva recorded a question she was asked upon calling a business on the phone: "Do you want to speak to the man in charge or to the woman who knows what's going on?"

And Eva was always so kind to people, whether family members or new acquaintances. She would often send gifts to people she had just met. And she would always pick out just the right birthday present for family members.

Eva was the glue that held the Kahn family together. She did so much to keep her relatives in touch with one another and informed about the family's history.

Eva was greatly loved and respected, and she is deeply missed. She will be interred at the Westfriedhof in Augsburg, next to her parents and brother.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We at DJCA will miss Eva Eckert's articles, recipes, and other contributions to *Connections*. She was an avid reader, and looked forward to reading each volume. May her memory be for a blessing, and may she rest in peace.

In Remembrance of Rabbi Dr. Henry Brandt

Submitted by Miriam Friedmann

On February 7, 2022, Rabbi Dr. Henry Brandt, Augsburg's rabbi from 2004-2019, died at age 94. Brandt, an Honorary Citizen of Augsburg was eulogized in a memorial ceremony in the Rathaus (City Hall) as a driving force of Jewish-Christian dialogue and a formative figure in liberal Judaism. Representatives of Jewish communities in Germany, as well as the Catholic and Protestant churches, reacted to his death with great sadness.



Dr. Henry Brandt

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Descendants of the Jewish Community of Augsburg, honor the life of Rabbi Henry G. Brandt. He stood as a symbol of hope and reconnection for all who had the honor of knowing him. We appreciate his dedication to both Augsburg's former and current Jewish communities.

Please find below links to the city of Augsburg's and the Jewish Museum of Augsburg/Swabia's reflections on Rabbi Brandt:

- <https://www.augsburg.de/aktuelles-aus-der-stadt/detail/augsburg-trauert-um-rabbiner-henry-g-brandt>
- <https://jmaugsburg.de/blog/erinnerungen-an-rabbiner-henry-g-brandt/>

May his memory be for a blessing, and may he rest in peace. ☰

NEWS BRIEFS

As per the standard definition, **News Briefs** are a condensed version of a story with the specific purpose of sharing newsworthy information in a quick and efficient manner. Please email us at djcaugsburg@gmail.com if you have a News Brief you'd like to share. Thank you!

Fellow Descendant Receives Prestigious Order of Merit

On March 17, 2022, Miriam Friedmann of Augsburg was awarded the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany - - the "Bundesverdienstkreuz am Bande" - - for her outstanding work, intensive study, and commitment to ensuring that people remember the horrors of the Nazi era. This honor is Germany's only federal

government award presented for special achievements in political, economic, cultural, intellectual, or honorary fields to visibly express recognition and gratitude to a select group of deserving people.

Miriam's tireless work includes placing a commemorative plaque and Stolpersteine (stumbling stones which are little metal plaques placed into the sidewalk where Jewish people had lived prior to the Nazi era) in front of a building on Martin-Luther-Platz in Augsburg to remind passersby that today's building was formerly owned by her family. Her grandparents were forced to sell the building due to the "aryanization" of Jewish property. Together with the students and teachers at the Maria Theresia High School in Augsburg, she also worked on numerous projects including the online database called "Searching for Traces" (<https://www.hdbg.de/spuren/>) which researched the Jewish students at the school during the early 1930s.

Last but not least, after years of dedication, in 2019, she co-produced the documentary film *Die Stille schreit* together with Josef Pröll, film producer. The film not only tells the story of the Friedmann and Oberdorfer families in Augsburg during the Nazi era, but tells what we can learn from the past, particularly with a view to the current situation today. The famous writer Jean Amry wrote: "...we shouldn't forget the past or it will become a new present."

In Miriam's acceptance speech she thankfully accepted this award in memory of her family, who was destroyed in the Nazi era, and for all those who had shared a similar fate.

As previously reported in the June 2021 issue of *Connections*, Miriam's work has also been recognized by the Augsburg City Council which, in December 2020, awarded the Order of Merit of Augsburg to her and Josef Pröll in recognition of the contributions made by their film to the discussion of the National Socialist (Nazi) era.

The pandemic delayed the presentation of the medal to May 4, 2022. ☰



L-R: Klaus Holetschek, Minister of Health and Welfare, State of Bavaria, presents the award to Miriam Friedmann



Ask the Historian

will appear periodically as a way to provide greater context to the history of Augsburg's Jewish community.

It will primarily focus on the 1800s and pre-World War II years. We will be

working with the professional staff of the Jewish Museum Augsburg Swabia to respond to your questions about Augsburg's history, so please feel free to submit them to us at any time at djcaugsburg@gmail.com

Q - Could you please discuss the history and importance of Augsburg's Jewish cemetery on Haunstetter Strasse in Augsburg?

The following was provided by Frank Schillinger, Education Officer, Jewish Museum of Augsburg/Swabia. All photos in this article are printed with permission from Frank Schillinger.

A - Augsburg's Jewish cemetery

South of Augsburg's old town, about 1.5 km from the Rotes Tor (Red Gate), Augsburg's growing Jewish community was able to establish a new cemetery in 1867. They had bought the plot of land from the Augsburg municipality only six years after the Jews of Augsburg had been allowed to form an official community again. This was more than 420 years after the expulsion (1438/1440) of the medieval Jewish community from the city, which also meant the destruction of its cemetery.

Until the establishment of this new cemetery, the Jews, who had been allowed to resettle in Augsburg since 1803, despite legal restrictions and in the face of considerable opposition, buried their dead in the Jewish cemetery in Kriegshaber (see **Connections** December 2021 Volume 4, Number 2 <https://jmaugsburg.de/files/2022/01/2021-december-connections-vol-4-num-2-final-updated.pdf>).



The historic part of the cemetery/© JMAS/Franz Kimmel

The new cemetery included a Tahara house and a surrounding wall. Additionally, the Jewish community hired a cemetery caretaker and undertaker. At the beginning of the 20th century the area had already spread to its current size. Today there are about 1,800 graves between Haunstetter Strasse and Alter Postweg.



The current part of the cemetery/© JMAS/Franz Kimmel

In its more than 150-year-old history, one can distinguish between graves from the pre-war liberal community, from the post World War II community, and from the present community. These different phases are evident in the shape and design of the gravestones (see photos). In addition to these gravestones, one can also find monuments in the cemetery, such as the one honoring the 24 soldiers of the Jewish community who died in World War I. Above their names, the following inscription can be read: "The community to their fallen sons."



War Memorial/© JMAS



Mourning Hall by Hermann Zvi Guttmann/© JMAS/Franz Kimmel

Sadly, the cemetery has been vandalized repeatedly. Gravestones were demolished in the 1920s and during the Nazi era. After 1945, several desecrations were committed again, including in 1991 when teenagers destroyed 26 graves.

In 1944, the United States Air Force accidentally destroyed the Tahara house and various gravestones during an attack on the Messerschmitt factories, which were located to the south of the site. In 1961 the well-known architect Hermann Zvi Guttmann designed and built a new mourning hall.

A memorial to the Jews of Europe who were murdered by the Nazis was unveiled on September 9, 1950. The memorial plaque was fashioned from a gravestone that had been hurled from its original location during the 1944 air raid. A plaque explaining the headstone's new purpose was installed on the spot where it formerly had stood.



Memorial to the Victims of the Shoah/© JMAS/Franz Kimmel

As almost all the gravesites in the Jewish cemetery on Haunstetter Strasse are occupied, a new Jewish cemetery was inaugurated in 2019 on the grounds of Augsburg's New East Cemetery. ☺



Why is it important to have a descendants group?
 (Food for Thought, *Connections*, December 2021)

Before the reunion of the Augsburg descendants in 2017, I did not have any contact with other families. I did not even know their names. Of course, since early childhood, I knew what had happened to my father's family. But without the possibility to compare or to reflect - that's the way it was.

From reading *Connections* I learned that other families had a similar fate and that what happened to the Bernheims is meaningful and worth sharing with this group and with the Augsburg public. This triggered my interest and my commitment. I started researching and got to know other people. Two remembrance posts were put up for members of my family. I became a member of the Erinnerungswerkstatt. And I learned that German heritage is precious, more than, I am afraid to say, I was aware of: expressions like "Oma" and "Opa", the old songs and books I grew up with, foods like "Zwetschgendatschi", and even German citizenship.

Thank you, fellow descendants!

Michael Bernheim, Augsburg, Germany



We welcome your feedback! Please send your comments, suggestions or corrections to the editor at djcaugsburg@gmail.com. We are grateful to have received feedback from our readers on our December 2021 issue. We appreciate hearing from you! It is with thanks that we post a few of your responses below.

I read the results of the survey "Reclaiming German Citizenship" with great interest! They are invaluable! To be honest, I always thought that applying for German citizenship would be about the very last thing Holocaust survivors or their descendants would want to do. When I moved to Switzerland in 1981, I wholeheartedly dove into the Swiss way of life and learned the local dialect up to a point that I passed for a Swiss. While keeping in mind that this can be an attractive challenge in every foreign country, my effort probably also had an element of me grabbing the opportunity to get rid of the flaw of being German.

When my cousin Judy Regensteiner and her husband Ken came to Bavaria for a two week visit in 2019, we went to the Synagogue and to the Jewish cemetery where we said Kaddish for our joint ancestors. It was there that it first really dawned on me that we actually belong together and that they, too, are "from here."

And in *Connections*, of course, I had found examples that many descendants now living far away from Germany, still cherish their heritage.

Anyway, the survey results are an eye opener.

You ladies are doing a great job!

Michael Bernheim, Augsburg, Germany



Banning Books

in the next issue Banning books has been a common practice by governments throughout history.

That said, book banning has been making news in the United States, and is also an issue elsewhere in the world, including in China, Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines, Myanmar, and in many Middle East countries. It's also an issue in some parts of Europe, including in Hungary and Russia. Even Canada has experienced efforts to ban books. Source: <https://bookriot.com/book-censorship-around-the-world/>

In the United States, the *U.S. News and World Report* reported on May 17, 2022 that book bans in K-12 schools have escalated recently. From July 1, 2021 to March 31, 2022, book bans occurred in 26 states and 86 districts, according to a PEN America report. The American Library Association has tracked 729 attempts to remove library, school and university materials in 2021, which involved 1,597 books.

We here at the DJCA want to know: **How do you view current efforts in some areas of the United States and the rest of the world to ban books, especially in light of German history? What recommendations do you have to address this? Do we, as survivors and descendants of the Nazi era in Germany, have an obligation to respond? What role do we play in this, if any?**

Please write to us at djcaugsburg@gmail.com with your input on this. Thank you. ☺

I always read your newsletter with great interest. Congratulations on this informative and always inspiring compendium. Looking forward to the coming editions. I wish you a healthy and happy New Year!
Barbara Wolf, Augsburg, Germany

Thanks for the well-produced and informative newsletter.

Adam Yamey, London, England

I just finished reading the newsletter. It is so well-done - great work you are doing with it. I like how you center each issue around a theme, a question that invites the membership to submit their experiences and share their family's story. Every contributor wrote very relevant, moving stories on the connections they made as a result of the Augsburg connection.

Wonderful presentation and great writing. Also, I enjoyed reading the replies to the question of pursuing German citizenship. Fascinating responses.

I loved reading this- every page! Thank you for sharing a first-class newsletter with so much for readers to absorb and enjoy. You should be proud of this publication!

Susan Penney, Clifton Park, New York, U.S.A. ☺

Recipe Corner

SPITZBUBEN

Submitted by Claire Cramer Jebsen of Norway. Claire is the daughter of Ernst and Marianne Cramer, née Untermayer.

Note: Spitzbuben are some of the most popular cookies in Germany and also in Switzerland. The cookie is also known as Linzer Auge – Linzer Eye, Johannes biscuits, and Hildabrotchen. The name Spitzbuben is mostly used in Switzerland and the South of Germany and means “mischievous boy.” Traditional German bakers say the name may reflect back to the original cookie that had several little holes in it, thus they would sometimes look like a small face. Many people still cut three small holes instead of a single larger one. And those holes look indeed like a little face. The traditional filling is red currant jelly, but apricot, strawberry, and raspberry jelly is also sometimes used.

Ingredients:

190 grams sugar
250 grams butter
375 grams flour
1 pkg. vanilla sugar or 1 teaspoon vanilla extract



Directions:

Preheat oven to 350 F or 180 C. Knead all ingredients together well. Roll out thin (thickness of the back of a knife). Cut out the cookie shapes using two or three cookie cutters (same shape). Put small holes in some for the cookie tops. Bake for about 6 to 10 minutes until very light brown. When done, put some currant jelly on the cookie bottoms and stack them. (not on tops) When still warm, sprinkle with vanilla sugar or regular sugar.

NOTE: The original recipe is provided on the recipe cards in German. Claire reports that the comment about “Pepsi” refers to the family dog. Apparently he ate all the cookies one year when her mom had left them on the counter to cool! ☺

From the Director, Continued from Page 3

Rediscovering the Yiddish heritage of Augsburg and Swabia is another project that we are planning for in the coming years. Two major books of Yiddish literary history from the 16th century, the **Shmuelbukh** and the **Melokhimbuch**, were printed in Augsburg. We can find traces of spoken Yiddish until the 20th century in Bavaria, and with the so-called DPs who arrived here after World War II, Yiddish once again became a language spoken in our region.

The third long-term project we are planning is to renew and modernize our permanent exhibition. I do not know yet how our museum will look in two or three years, but I am sure that Mietek Pemper's testimony will be a part of it.

I am looking forward to meeting you in one of our exhibitions, on Zoom, or elsewhere on this small planet.

Best wishes,
Carmen Reichert ☺

**NEXT
issue**

**Coming in December 2022... The theme for the next issue of
Connections is: After Augsburg: What happened next?**

Some members of the pre-war Jewish community of Augsburg survived by leaving Augsburg and other family members behind. Many never saw those family members again and, luckily, some did. The stories of those who left before the war are important to the effort of preserving the memories of life before Hitler. If you or a member of your family were among these people, please submit your story.

When did your family leave and where did they go? Why did they go to where they went? What were those first few years like for them? How did they adjust to their new surroundings? What difficulties did they encounter? What were the success stories? What, if any, support (i.e., financial, emotional, employment, etc.) did they receive from other family members, community organizations, religious institutions, etc.? How did your family embrace their new life?

We look forward to hearing about your family's experiences. Please submit your article(s) to us at djcaugsburg@gmail.com no later than October 15, 2022. **Thank you.**

