

A LIFE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A MEMOIR

BY

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Foreword

For a long time our daughter and our son-in-law have suggested that we should write the story of our lives as witnesses of a remarkable and troubled time. It is no easy task, but I will try though I may not come very far and may abandon this story. I do it in English although it would have been easier in German, but I want my grandsons to be able to read it. I will probably have to use some German phrases or expressions, but only if I cannot avoid it. I will use my own memory of the facts and only for my early childhood relate to what my mother told me. I will also try to comment on some facts from the viewpoint of a witness.

March 15, 1989 was a good day to start this story. Fifty years earlier to this day I was incapacitated for a few days with a strained tendon from skiing, lying in bed in the village Cobadin in the neighborhood of the city Constanza on the Black Sea in Constanza in Romania, where I was heading an Engineering group for the design of a highway from Bucharest to Constanza. I was reading the memoirs of general Erich Ludendorff, chief of staff of the German army in the first World War. A neighbor of mine, also employed by the Highway Authority, came in to tell me that Hitler had occupied the rest of Czechoslovakia (the Sudeten country had been given to him 6 months earlier after the agreement signed in Munich). We felt that this meant war in a short time with unforeseeable consequences for our private lives. I asked myself, while continuing to read, if I will survive to read 20 years later the memoirs of Hitler's generals Keitel and Beauchitsch; nobody could have thought at that time beyond one year or two. After having survived 50 more years I said to myself that it may be worthwhile to tell the story of an ordinary man who lived through the most turbulent century of all times. I don't know if anyone will benefit from this writing but if my grandsons will ever try to understand better their roots, this story will be of help and so it will for their Children.

The American historian of Hungarian descent John Lukacz said recently that the 19th century lasted from the time of the Congress in Vienna in 1815 to the shots in Sarajevo on June 28th 1914, and the 20th

century from 1914 to 1991, the end of the Soviet Empire. There were no major wars throughout the 19th century, while the 20th century had two World Wars and in continuation the Cold War lasting for almost 50 years, we could say that the war started in 1914 and ended in 1991

I was born in 1912 in what the author Stefan Zweig called "The World of Yesterday", but my life was shaped almost from the beginning by the world starting with the murder of the Crown Prince in Sarajevo. I witnessed the major events of the 20th century not as a main actor but as an interested bystander and sometimes victim. When in 1792 the French Revolutionary army beat the combined armies of all Europeans emperors and kings, the German poet Goethe said: "From here a new epoch in the history of mankind is starting and you will be able to say that you were there". This is how I feel about the 20th century, I was there, in 1914 my mother had to flee the invading Russian army over mountains and valleys with two small children, 2 and 3 years of age, and in 1991 I witnessed with amazement the fall of the 500 year old Russian Empire, the last vestige of autocracy in the world.

It was not easy. In our hometown Czernowitz there was a German phrase about people getting out of a difficult situation: "Er hatte mehr Glueck als Verstand", which means that he had more luck than brain. I would say that I had lots of luck, but also a bit of brain. With not false modesty I would like to apply to myself a quote from the prologue of Goethe's major work "Faust": "Der gute Mensch in seinem dunklen Drange ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst", which translates freely, "the good man in his dim instinct feels how to find the right way." We went through difficult times without fear and without complaining and always looking forward to find the right way. I had next to me a loving companion Lotte and we always shared both joy and hardship. I feel fortunate that at the end of an eventful life I can look back with satisfaction to some accomplishments and that we are both in good health and surrounded by a loving family.

I. My Origin and Early Childhood

I was born on April 1, 1912 in the village of Neu-Zuczka near the city of Czernowitz, the capital of the then "Kronland" (crown land or rather province) Bukovina of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. April 1 was then and is still now April fools day. My mother told me that I really was born on March 31, a Sunday and that the registrar of births in the Jewish community of the town of Sadagura, to which this village belonged, registered it as of Monday, April 1, the date my father came to register the birth. My parents really lived in Czernowitz, but they went for Passover to my grandparents and there the great event happened. According to the Austrian law births, deaths and marriages were registered by the religious authorities, who for this purpose were officials of the Government. About the town of Czernowitz and the province Bukovina in the context of its multiethnic composition and our German and Jewish heritage read the article of Shlomo Bickel: "My friend and fellow country-man Michael Wurmbrand", in the book dedicated to the memory of my uncle Michael by his friends. A few days after my birth my parents returned with us to their place in Czernowitz, Nikolausgasse 12.

A few words about my family. My father Markus Hirsch was a house painter, a handsome man, a native of Czernowitz. His parents were dead at my birth, but I came to know his 4 sisters and two brothers, about this later. My mother was Emma, nee Wurmbrand from a quite religious family. They come from the town of Sadagura, mentioned above. Her father was a learned man in the Jewish tradition. His only preoccupation was learning, which meant the constant commentary of the Holy Scriptures, the bible and the other holy books. He was not supposed to earn any money or make any other contribution to the well being of his family, this was the domain of his wife Chaja, my grandmother. She seemed to have performed well, I have known six aunts and one uncle from this marriage, but there were more children. At that time infant and child mortality was a multiple of today's numbers.

I don't have any early childhood recollections from our sojourn in Nikolausgasse 12 though I came to know it later when in the years 1929 thru 1936 we occupied it again. 2 years after my birth WW1 broke out, my father was called to arms to serve his country and emperor, the Russians occupied

Czernowitz and my mother fled with many other family members and friends to Vienna, capital of the empire, where we stayed from 1915 through 1918. From my mother's story I know that I was a healthy child, satisfied with the environment we lived in. She told that I said: "Ich habe eine gute Mama, sie gibt mir viel und voll und ganz", which means that my good mummy gives me a lot of milk, a full cup of cocoa and an entire roll. At this age these are the main interests of a child. The only other thing I know from my mother was that I fainted when 2 boys pulled me in a carriage, which overturned. I mention this because this easy fainting comes back in later years. I have a few very vague recollections from the winter of 1914/15, the time my mother brought us from Czernowitz to Vienna, like passing a field with soldiers one early evening and an unfriendly encounter with a neighbor boy on a staircase, which may have been in one of the places we passed on our way between Czernowitz and Vienna. Anyway from my mother I know that the flight went over the Carpathian mountains, she mentioned the towns of Dornawatra, Bistritz and Klausenburg (Cluj in Rumanian, the capital of the province of Transylvania). I remember the day we occupied our temporary quarters in Vienna, a furnished room on Heumuehlgasse in the Wieden district of Vienna (4-th district or Bezirk). I remember that when we entered the place a lady picked me up and kissed me, so probably I was an attractive child. We stayed in this room from February 1915 thru July 1918. I still have to mention my older sister Lilly, born on December 1910, who preceded me and did all this traveling with us. She was handicapped from birth with a missing hip articulation and mother had a difficult time trying to treat it in Vienna at a time when hospitals and surgeons were preoccupied with war victims.

I don't remember having had any friends in this period, there was a girl next door, Mitzi Weber who though a few years older became friendly with Lilly. We went with her to the movies, she took us to church once in a while and other places in the neighborhood. It is not easy to relate events from that long time and in chronological order so I will relate my recollections of that time in general. We had quite a number of relatives living in Vienna at that time and we were in touch with all of them. One was my aunt Pepi, sister of my mother. Her husband Jakob was quite ill and died at that time in Vienna. She had two sons Paul and Heini and two daughters, one of them Sidi, much older than us, already engaged. On my father's side there were two brothers: Leon and Joseph and one sister Rachel, I don't remember if the other sister Sali was at that time in Vienna

or Czernowitz. Aunt Rachel took us a few times to the Prater, a big amusement park. Our landlords in apt.12 on Heumuehlgasse 12 was a family Schiffner composed of an older lady, a son Oskar and a daughter Emma, both not married. They were very friendly to us. I cannot place in time different events I remember except for some of them, like the birth of my brother Kubi in September 1916 or the death of the old emperor Franz Joseph at the age of 86 in November 1916. Mother left us home to go to the funeral. I remember that the Kronenzeitung, which I picked up every day at the "Traffik" (a neighborhood store with stamps, postcards newspapers, etc) bore for 7 days the picture of the old emperor in different uniforms and on the 8-th day the picture of the new emperor Karl I. I remember a lot about the neighborhood, the "Naschmarkt" where produce was sold, the Heumuehlgasse and the Muehlgasse (our house was on the corner between the two) and then the Pressgasse, where Lilly and Mitzi went to primary school. Our apartment was on the fourth floor. Father came a few times to visit, he showed us his wounds on his feet and I think one on the stomach. We were aware there was a war on, but the population was quiet, they stood in long lines to get milk and other items, I don't remember any complaints. I remember a comment I made to Lilly on a verse in the Austrian anthem: "Oesterreich wird ewig stehn" (Austria will be forever). I said that is because we have good soldiers. I remember many different uniforms, some soldiers with Turkish uniforms, maybe they were Bosniaks. We spoke German with mother and the Schiffners, but around us there was a lot of dialect "Wienerisch". When we left Vienna in 1918 I promised the Schiffners to teach my brother Kubi "Wienerisch", because he was a native Viennese. I was aware that we were not Catholics like the Schiffners, but I did not know anything about Jews, except that they cannot marry Catholics. When Lilly started primary school I was 5 years old and started to make proposals of marriage to her schoolmates. I was told by Emma Schiffner that I can marry this girl who was a Protestant but cannot marry the Catholic girls. I remember a few minor episodes, like my pride in a new coat with golden knobs or being sent on April 1 to the pharmacy to buy "Ochsdradium", which in Viennese meant Ox turn around, they sent me around from one store to the other until in one a girl started to laugh loudly. Two other stories I remember: A few nights in sequence I had a headache and started crying. The landlady came to console me and I fell asleep again. After the third night she came with her daughter and told me that I do this only to attract their attention and they won't tolerate this anymore. After that the

headache vanished. On another occasion I started to throw out of the window sheets of paper I found in the flat. Soon a policeman came up and warned me in a friendly way that this was forbidden and next time I will be punished. As I said earlier I don't remember any friends from this time, I also don't remember any toys, except the toys of my sister Lilly and her friend Mitzi. Christmas 1917 Lilly got as a gift from school a fully furnished 2-story house with puppets. About my brother Kubi I remember only the time, when he was in the baby carriage, only later from Czernowitz I witnessed him growing up.

June 1918, return to Czernowitz. The war still goes on, but the Russians had been thrown far back after their 1917 Revolution. We traveled by rail in a cattle car for four families, each in one corner. Because of the war condition it took 8 days rather than like 14 hours nor mal. I remember staying in one railway station for 24 hours and in another 48 hours (Krakow and Lemberg). In Czernowitz our grandmother was in the station and brought to our apartment on Nikolausgasse 8a. On the way I saw for the first time war damage with buildings destroyed, roofs and floors missing, etc. Vienna didn't experience anything like that. Nikolausgasse 8a had three stories with 2 apartments on each and one basement apartment. We had three bedrooms, in one stayed the grandparents and one unmarried daughter Fritzi. Grandfather Yochanan was a very orthodox Jew with a big library of religious books in Hebrew and also a number of German books of which I remember a multi volume history of the Jews by Graetz. The street was always full of children with whom I got friendly soon.

Something new to me was how noisy and undisciplined some of these children were. For instance on the 3d floor was a family Ruhalter with 3 boys with an insane mother, an aunt and uncle. I was astonished how bad Martin (my age) behaved to his aunt. I just didn't know that a child could not obey the commands of older persons. The main game was soccer played with any kind of ball on the street.

II. Grade School

September 1918 I started first grade in the primary school in the Landhausgasse, less than 5 minutes walk. Besides Reading and Math there was also a subject Religion with the students of different persuasions going to different rooms to learn their own religion. I went to the Jewish class and when the teacher came the students objected to my being there because the Saturday before I had my pencils with me and they didn't write on Saturday. The teacher asked me: "Bist a Yid?," what I confirmed with tears in my eyes because of the opposition of the other children. My grandfather had in the meantime hired a private teacher to teach me to read Hebrew to be able to pray. He also took me to the synagogue on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings. My father was less interested in this matter. Sometimes my grandfather took me to the Synagogue on Saturday afternoons, which was not for praying but for a friendly get together of the Chasidim, of which he was one. They sang very strange songs and also danced. I have not mentioned that father came to Czernowitz shortly before us and prepared the apartment for us, he started again his business of house painting in association with a friend Liebmman, who lived not far from us. Father took me along a few times when he went to inspect his jobs. I didn't see him working by himself, just tracing lines and selecting models. I don't remember very much about first grade in school. Writing was with Gothic letters; in second grade we learned Latin letters, same as the ones used for writing English. At that time most of the books in German were with Gothic letters, nowadays all are with Latin letters. Though in higher grades and later in correspondence we used only Latin letters I still can write with Gothic letters, 70 years later. We didn't learn more than reading, writing and arithmetic up to what in German was called "das kleine Einmaleins", the four operations up to 100.

In November different armed groups were seen in the city and one day our cousin Rosa Roth said that we now belong to Rumania. These armed groups were one Rumanian and one Ukrainian, who rivaled who should take over the province after the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Rumania prevailed. Nothing changed for us in school, German continued to be the main language in school for a few more years. Later in the year a lady teacher came to

teach us Rumanian, but she did nothing but sitting at her desk and we had to keep quiet. While in first grade my mother had one more child, my sister Rosa born in January 1919. I remember running around and telling our neighbors about it and that she cries like a hen.

It is hard to relate chronologically after that long a time. I remember how proud I was when I entered 2nd grade, not any more in the youngest group. We got rolls and cocoa or milk in school; we knew it was from the U.S.A. who sent food into then starving Europe, though in my memory the Bukovina with its good functioning agriculture was not starving. My brother Kubi 2 years old came along to get his roll and cocoa when asked if he already goes to school replied: "no, only to the cocoa school". While I was in second grade, father fell ill and stayed in bed for a long time. In March 1920 he died of tuberculosis of the larynx, which he contracted while fighting for his emperor in the trenches in Russia and Italy. He was 37 years old. We, the children didn't know how serious it was. On the morning of the death mother told me not to go to school that day. I went anyway and when I came home he was dead. Death was familiar to us from the war years and probably it was much more frequent at that time. Two more deaths occurred in the family at approx. that time, one my cousin Gina, daughter of Tante Pepi at the age of around 18 years and my aunt Rosa, sister of my father's probably between 25 and 30 years old. In the local newspaper in the eulogy they called her one of the most beautiful young ladies in town. I remember the funeral of my father with probably many thousand attend ants. I, the 8 years old boy said the Kadish by repeating the words after a rabbi. According to the Jewish custom I went for 11 months to a synagogue every day to say Kadish during the morning and evening prayer. During this time I came to know the life and mentality of the shtetl. I met the very religious Yiddish speaking Jews mainly lower class. For them this was their life, they didn't question anything of the tradition they had inherited from their forefathers. I didn't question it either at that time. A few things were strange to me, for instance I remember a young boy mentioning the "Shabbes goy", who came to turn on the light and stove on Saturday (forbidden to religious Jews) saying "a goy is not a mensch", meaning human being. I mention this because all my life I have observed that intolerance is not one-sided. I was in third grade at that time.

Besides public school I went in the afternoon to a Hebrew school where we learned modern Hebrew, reading, writing and conversation. Hebrew had at that time great attraction among Jews who took the recent Balfour declaration

and the establishment of the British mandate over Palestine as steps toward a Jewish homeland. Another aspect of Jewish life I learned that summer at a camp of a Yiddish speaking group of intellectuals whose aim was the cultivation of the Yiddish language. This colony took place in a village Wizenka not far from the Polish border. One of the leaders was Chaim Kraft, father of my later school mate and friend Gideon Kraft. My aunt Fritz (Shulamit) Wurmbrand was also a member of this group, she was probably helpful to place us (me and Lilly) in this camp without paying any fee. We were taught to read Yiddish stories and poems, though I did not know the language except from hearing my grandparents speaking it I was able to read in a short time because of my familiarity with the Hebrew Alphabet and the similarity with German. A world wide known Yiddish writer Elieser Steinberg was also present and we read many of his poems, mainly fables from everyday life.

In the summer of 1921 I went to a vacation camp of the Hebrew school "Safa Ivria" in a village of the Carpathian mountains called Berhomet. I enjoyed a lot these summer camps and the beautiful surroundings. We were fortunate that we were helped by the local philanthropy to attend these camps without pay.

After this vacation I had to enter 4-th grade. During the summer my mother read in the newspaper that the State Lyceum #3 is offering a preparatory grade equivalent to 4-th grade and that the graduates of this class will not have to go through the entrance exam nation into the Lyceum. I have to mention that the schooling consisted of a 4 year elementary school and a 8 year lyceum (in German gymnasium), divided into a lower 4 year and a upper 4 year cycle. A small percentage of school age students reached the upper cycle, approx. 10 to 15%, the balance went to trade schools and/or started working at the age of 14. I was accepted for this course and followed it thru June 1922. This was our first year with Rumanian as the main language. There was no German at all in this school year.

Before I close this chapter about primary school I would like to compare my childhood to that of today's children in the USA. I don't remember having had any toys, this may also have been because of the war with the modest means my mother had for the support of the family. The main toys the boys in my neighborhood in Czernowitz had were related to soccer and other ball games. School was a much more serious affair, we had homework from first grade. Grades obtained in school were watched very seriously by parents. In the

beginning I had a poor handwriting and got a few D and E (4 and 5). When I got my first 3, i.e. C I showed it to my mother who then looked to the previous grades and when she discovered the D's and E's beat me on my hands with a stick. Since then my handwriting improved visibly and stayed like that. This old method used extensively by most teachers cannot be totally disregarded though it is not any more in use. There was also much more reverence for the will of the elders, we never questioned anything asked by our parents or teachers, their will was supreme. About reading. In 3-d grade a teacher gave us some books home to read, mainly fairy tales, after the first book I became an avid reader, first I read the fairy tales of the brothers Grimm, Andersen a.o., later different books for youngsters like the books of Karl May, Sherlock Holmes, etc. After the death of our father our financial situation got slowly worse. Her small pension as a war widow could not feed us. In the beginning mother continued father's business of painting with associates, this lasted for a year or two, then she took boarders, students from the provinces. We always had enough to eat, food was cheap in an agricultural country like Rumania, but we knew that we cannot have other amenities like well to do colleagues. I remember that in 3-d grade a magician came to school and the students were sent home to get 5 lei for the performance, I didn't go and after all were back I went home weeping, mother said I should have come for the money but I obviously felt that we couldn't afford it. A few years later mother gave up the big apartment and got a sizable amount of severance money from the landlord (because of the rent control). She used part of it to get us into a smaller apartment and the balance she lent to other people for interest and we lived for a few years from this interest and her small pension. Interest rates at that time were very high, approx. 36 %. Later, when my sister Lilly was 15 years old she started to work as a secretary-accountant and I started to tutor at the age of 14, this improved our income. At this time part of the debtors of mother started to forfeit on their payments.

A few words about relatives. I already mentioned that the grand parents and our aunt Fritzzi stayed with us in the apartment, besides that we had a number of relatives in town. From mother's side there were two sisters, tante Pepi and tante Lotti. Tante Pepi Silberbusch was widowed, she had two boys, Paul and Heini, with whom I was quite close though they were a few years older and a daughter Sidi, who was much older, she was already married. Tante Lotti Roth had four children, 3 boys: Paul, Muniu and Arthur and a girl: Rosa. They lived outside the city center, more in the rural periphery and we went there to

stay for the holidays, myself often staying overnight. They had a garden with fruit trees and maybe from these stays I kept a love for fresh fruit. From fathers side there was tante Sali Weidenfeld with one daughter Lilly and a son Fredi. Tante Fritzi married while she stayed with us in the apartment and had later a son Yochanan named after our grand father. It was a close knitted family with often visits and no conflicts except between my mother and uncle Isak Weidenfeld, husband of tante Sali and mother's second cousin, because of his late payment of a debt.

III. High School

Gymnasium (Junior High)

In September 1922 I started my first class in the Gymnasium, corresponding to the US high school. There were 4 grades in the lower cycle and 4 in the upper. Subjects in 5-st grade were Latin, Rumanian, Mathematics, Geography, History, Natural Science, Drawing, Music and Gymnastics. The same subjects continued in higher grades with the addition of German in the 6-th grade, French in the 7-th grade and ancient Greek in the 9-th grade. In every grade there was a new facet in the same subject, like Geography of Asia and Africa in the fifth grade, of the Americas in the sixth, of Europe in the seventh and of Rumania in the eighth. Ancient History in the fifth, Middle Ages in the sixth, Modern History in the seventh and Rumanian History in the 8-th. Natural Science: Botany one year, Zoology next, then Geology and Mineralogy and in next year Biology. In Mathematics Arithmetics, then Plane Geometry, Elementary Algebra and Space Geometry. In the 7-th grade another science cycle started, Physics and Chemistry alternately. In the upper grades the same scheme was followed with more depth in every subject, like a year of trigonometry in Math, Physical and Economic Geography, literature in every language, etc. In the last two grades we had two years of philosophy and one year of law. A vast amount of knowledge was requested, a lot of it consisting mainly of learning by heart dates of important and unimportant events in history, names of rivers and mountains in different countries, rules of grammar in all languages, etc. It was a very demanding, well rounded curriculum intended to give the students a general knowledge in all fields of liberal arts and science on a pretty advanced level. As an example French literature consisted of 17-th century in 9-th grade, 18-th century in 10-th grade, 19-th century in 11-th grade and 20-th century in 12-th grade. Similarly German and Rumanian literature. In Latin we read Cesar in 8-th grade, Ovidius and Cicero in 9-th grade, a.s.o. Even in Greek we read authors, like the tale of Odysseus by Homer. Memorizing was definitely more important than judgment, though this was required as well, i.e. in literary analysis. How much remained from that much learning? Today, 60 years after finishing high school I still can recite Latin poems, mountain ranges in Asia, coal presence locations in Rumania, etc. It definitely was not necessary, but this kind of school was established in the 19-th

century for a small number of students preparatory for the University, which then was more of a professional school. As compared to today's American high school only a very small number of students finished 12 grades, probably less than 10%, less than 50% finished 8-th grade. Most youngsters started to work at the age of 14, some earlier, mostly in trade and industrial plants. In the countryside the children of the peasants did in general not go beyond 4-th grade. The main language was Rumanian but most of the professors knew very little of it because of them coming from the Austrian system. Here I can give an argument for the bilingual education. I remember in 6-th grade in botany I answered perfectly the description of the larch and pine at the exam but when the teacher asked me to show them on the pictures exhibited I couldn't tell one from the other, I have learned the description from the book without understanding its meaning. In German I would definitely have been able to distinguish between the two kinds. There was a lot of homework, like problems in Math, translations in languages, grammar problems and last but not least to learn the current lesson in each subject. Exams were oral and in writing, never multiple choice. There was not much time for extracurricular activities though we definitely had some, like soccer games watching and playing, playing chess, reading and others I will mention further. I have already mentioned Hebrew language School, which we continued every afternoon for many years (regular school was from 8 a.m. thru 1 p.m. Monday thru Saturday), besides that I went twice a week to a Gymnastics class.

I have said above a lot about curriculum just to show how different the learning was from what it is today in the American school. In addition the whole approach was different, the relations between teachers and students were like in the military of command and obey. There was still corporal punishment once in a while though some teachers felt it below their dignity. The teachers were feared and as a consequence (or say reaction) they were ridiculed by the students behind their backs. They were given surnames related to their behavior or even for some corporal deficiencies. There was also punishment of other kinds like staying in school for longer hours or extra homework, mostly total useless like to write a missed homework assignments 5 times, etc.

I would like to mention a bit about friends at this early stage. There was a lot of friendship in our neighborhood, I mention the brothers Ruhalter, two of them still alive in Duesseldorf, the son of our landlord Elsaesser, a.o. After starting the Gymnasium my best friend was Jascha Flexor (to his early death in

1941). We went to school together most every day for 7 years and back home. He was like a child to my mother and I to his parents. More friends I got at the age of 14 when I joined the Haschomer Hatzair, a Zionist-Socialist youth movement. Before I relate about this I like to clarify my relation to Jewishness. All my friends in Czernowitz were educated to be believing Jews, in this I was a late comer, I didn't know anything about it before coming from Vienna. I didn't question anything, went to the synagogue to say Kadish after the death of my father and later of my grandfather, but at the age of 12 or 13 I started to have my doubts and skipping the prayers for the dead on the high holidays. Another factor was the writing on Saturday, on which day we went to school without taking notes or writing anything. One Saturday our Science teacher, a Jew, said that if we won't take notes we won't be able to absorb the material. I started to write and was considered a traitor by all colleagues including Jascha Flexor. After a few years most of the colleagues were writing on Saturday and became agnostics like me. I can explain my early atheism not only with my lack of religious education but also with an overall skepticism in religious and political matters.

Now about the Haschomer Hatzair. I joined this organization when I was in 8-th grade approx. between my 13-th and 14-th birthday. Probably Jascha Flexor made me join. This was a Zionist-Socialist youth movement, dedicated to the idea of going to Palestine to live in a Kibbutz. It thus belonged to the Zionist Left and as far as the Socialist side is concerned it was to the left of the mainstream Social-Democratic Zionists. It still is today. For us youngsters it was mainly the Boy-Scout side that was of interest in the day to day operation though we believed in the cause of the Palestinian Kibbutz and had the intention going there at a later age. We were definitely idealists believing in a better world and intent of resolving also the problem of resettling the Jewish masses in Palestine. The idea of a Jewish state was something in the future but with the contact we had with the chalutzim in Palestine we were aware of the difficulties of the task. When I think back I realize that it was mainly the friendship of young people held together by the idea of a better world that made us enjoy our togetherness. We were groups of approx. 10 boys or girls of the same age meeting mainly evenings or Sunday afternoons discussing different topics related to the Zionist-Socialist ideology, learning through the guidance of a leader a few years older different subjects not taught in school, like sociology, psychology, modern literature, politics a.o. A great deal of outdoor activities,

like excursions to the nearby woods and hills was part of our regular activities. We also went to Gym classes and did some athletics together. It was a combination of Boy-Scout and young Zionist-Socialist club. Because of the prevailing interest in German culture a lot was borrowed from the German Wander vogel movement which started in the early years of the century. The bylaws were mainly a reproduction of the Boy-Scout bylaws, like no drinking, no smoking and sexual abstinence. The word of youth movement was often on our lips. Our group or Kvutzah (in Hebrew) consisted mainly of class colleagues, but because of the main idea of creating groups combining both high school students and working youngsters a few others were added from the working-class youth. Our first leader (or Rosh-Kwutzah) was Jano Meltzer, 4 or 5 years older than us, very intelligent and well read for his age. We profited a lot from his knowledge and guidance, i.e. to read the right books for our age, to combine intellectual and sport activities and much more. There is a photo of our Kwutzah I will attach to this autobiography, it also appeared in a book about the history of the Jews in the Bukovina. I will also attach an article about the Hashomer Hatzair in a German magazine written by my friend Lulziu Chalfen. After finishing 8-th grade in 1926 I went to a summer camp of the Hashomer Hatzair in the Carpathian hills West of Czernowitz in the village of Mega next to the town of Berhometh. It was a lot of fun being all day together with other young people. We slept in long barracks on hay covered with linen and cushions filled with hay. The food was simple, mainly mamaliga (polenta) made of corn flower with cheese. Both boys and girls helped the work in the kitchen. The days were filled with athletics in the morning and again afternoon, ball games, excursions, swimming in the river, a lot of singing and dancing (mainly the Romanian dance of hora) discussions in groups and evening bonfires with more singing and dancing. The washing in the morning took place in the ice cold river Sereth. During the night a night vigil was held in shifts of 3 hours. We also made one or two longer excursions into the nearby mountains for a few days sleeping in tents. During this sojourn I fell in love for the first time with a blond girl from Kishinev, her name was Bussia. In my photo collection there is a picture of both of us and it shows that her type is the one with which I will fall in love a few more times. I didn't relate earlier that this was a Hashomer Hatzair camp from all over Rumania with youngsters coming from other provinces as well, German speaking from the Bukovina, Russian and Yiddish speaking from Bessarabia and Rumanian speaking from the old Regat (kingdom) or the provinces

of Muntenia and Moldova. There were no representatives in this camp from Transylvania. The official language was Hebrew but all languages were heard.

The few years with the Hashomer Hatzair were very important for the shaping of my "Weltanschauung". Though I abandoned my allegiance to the Zionist idea after a few years and with it the membership in the H.H. I and most of the former members kept up the ideas and moral values we learned in the H.H. and also our belief in Socialism. In Israel the H.H. or its party "Mapam" are in the forefront for creating an understanding with the Palestinians, in 1948 they opted for a binational state. When I meet some of my old friends in Israel now after 60 years we still feel close. I may not have explained it enough but I feel myself shaped from this short experience of scouting, idealism and friendship. I have read about similar experiences from former members of the German youth movement. Part of it was also the critique of the bourgeois world, into which our other classmates aspired. Interestingly part of our philosophy included the opposition to the world of our fathers.

The year is 1926, before we went to this camp I finished 8-th grade, i.e. Junior High School and passed a quite severe entrance examination into Senior High School. From the original over 200 students in 5-th grade some 40 to 50 are left to continue Senior High or the Obergymnasium, leading either to college or to a job in administration. There is a picture of me available at this age(14), in the student uniform, which was introduced at that time. This is the earliest picture available from my humble person. He seems to be quite a serious person, this youngster 14 years old. We now live in a one bedroom apartment in Winkelgasse 1, a much more modest apartment without running water. Additional income now comes from my sister's Lilly employment starting this year. She had finished in 1925 the 8-th grade of the Gymnasium, called Lyzeum for girls and after one year of a commercial school was ready to work as a commercial secretary and/or accountant helper in industry or commerce. I also am starting to earn money tutoring students in different subjects like Math, Latin, a.o. and also Hebrew which I continued to learn and practice in the Hashomer Hatzair. Most of our reading remained in German, youth books like Karl May to the age of 12 or 13 and then more serious books like Waldemar Bonsels and Carl Ewald ("Mutter Natur erzahlt"),a.o. At this age I remember reading indiscriminately German classics like Goethe, Lessing and Schiller, but also translations of Shakespeare's dramas and similar more.

The Obergymnasium (Senior High)

There were two classes of approx. 20 students in the 9-th grade of the "Liceul de Stat No.3" in Czernowitz (Cernauti in Rumanian). Compared to today's American High school this was serious business and lots of work. 5 languages: Rumanian, French, German, Latin and ancient Greek. Except for Greek, which we just started we had a lot of reading in each language, mainly classical literature in German and French, ancient authors in Latin and Greek and contemporary authors in Rumanian. We had to do quite a lot of literary analysis and essays. I remember one written essay in German, titled: "Arbeit und Fleiss, das sind die Fluegel, die uns da brachten ueber Berg und Huegel"(I don't remember the author of this phrase which means that work and diligence are the wings which carried us forward over mountains and hills, a very German theme as an enthusiasm for the work ethics. One student gave it a socialist interpretation and was given a few days later another subject to write about. I have outlined earlier the content of the different science and social sciences subjects. We had to learn every day at home the current lesson in each subject and do the home work in Math, translations, etc. Exams were oral and written. Oral exam could be every day at random, a written exam in each subject was given one in each term (trimester) and once in a while without being announced as a so called extemporal to check on our every day progress. I was one of the better students, rather one of the best in Latin and Math, good in languages, history, physics and chemistry, satisfactory in the natural sciences. Though I was considered a very good student but didn't need lots of time preparing the home work. On the other hand I knew on what to give emphasis, like reading literary analysis books in order to be able to please the professors in the interpretation of the work of some authors or the mastery of French grammar for the matriculation exam (a comprehensive exam after finishing high school) where the written French exam was a translation of a quite difficult text from Rumanian into French. I did not explain why as a future engineer I had that much Latin in high school. There were three branches of high school at that time: a Gymnasium oriented to the study of classics (a remnant of the humanistic tradition of the 19th century), a college preparatory high school, trying to give besides the study of classics a rounded general knowledge, a "Realgymnasium" with more emphasis on modern languages and a "Realschule" with emphasis on Mathematics and Physics. The choice had to be made at the age of 10, when entering 5th grade. As all my colleagues from primary school

went to the Gymnasium I went too, I only much later got to know students of my age who went to the other branches. Interestingly the story was that in Austria the good students were sent to the Gymnasium the mediocre to the Realschule and the ignorants to the military school. The Realgymnasium I was talking about was kind of rare, in our town there were 5 Gymnasiums, 2 Realschule as public schools and one Real gymnasium, a private school, this for boys. For girls there were 2 public Lyzeums and one private with a similar curriculum as the Gymnasium. From this we can see that girls were not expected to learn as much as boys. In addition there was a vocational technical school, a commercial school and a grade school teacher preparatory school, all three from 9th to 12th grade.

I have covered above in general the schooling and would like to show a little of the ambiance in this city of Czernowitz. The population was approx. 120,000 composed of 5 ethnic groups: Jews(50,000+-), Germans, Rumanians, Poles and Ruthenians(the term was used in Austria for Ukrainians). So far I have written about us as Jews and also shown that there were some ethnic prejudices, but they were definitely not of an unfriendly nature as we will have to see a few years later. We grew up on the same street, played together, the main language of communication was German spoken often even by Poles and Rumanians between themselves. In the above I have mentioned that all my colleagues in high school were Jews, this was because the School Department at that time decided to have each ethnic group have one high school in order to avoid conflicts, this did not prevent students after a year or two to register in any school. About fierce nationalism and its accompanying antisemitism we will have to learn a few years later from the Rumanians. About 1923 or 1924 the Rumanian Student Organization had a convention in Czernowitz and on this occasion they took off from the municipal theatre its plaque designing it as such and changed it to "National Theatre" meaning Rumanian ethnic theatre. Performances in this theatre from this time on could be held only in Rumanian. In 1925 a Jewish student by the name of Fallik was shot to death by a Rumanian one because the former had behaved irreverently to a Rumanian professor. The murderer was later acquitted in court. This way we slowly learned about chauvinism and antisemitism imported mainly from the old Rumanian provinces, called generically "Regat" (meaning in Rumanian kingdom), to distinguish it from the provinces annexed to it after the 1-st World War. Our Rumanian teachers tried to instill in us patriotism for the Rumanian language,

school and church with not much effect. In later years they criticized us for speaking German considering this as an offense by us as Rumanian citizens. But for the time being the situation stayed bearable till the advent of Adolf Hitler. I think that neither of the non-Rumanian ethnic groups came to love Rumania as their fatherland, we were called minorities and were treated as 2nd class citizens. The problem was graver in Transylvania where in many counties the ethnic Hungarians constituted a majority, but were treated as minority all the same. I don't suggest here that there was no antisemitism in our midst, but despite it we were all the same friendly with our gentile friends, and as I mentioned earlier there was enough anti gentile prejudice from the side of the Jews. As an example I can tell the story of a summer camp on the Black Sea coast in the town of Agigea, to which I was sent in the summer of 1927 because of a chronic bronchitis I suffered from. There was a mixed constituency of students aged 15 to 18 from all ethnic groups looking forward to a pleasant summer month on the seacoast for most the first in their lives. Already in the railway station before departure I heard the Rumanians talk between themselves that all would be well, if we wouldn't have Jews in our midst and similar discussions between the Jewish students. At that point I felt as the only ecumenical person in an ocean of prejudice. During our stay at this place all Jewish students had their parents send themselves telegrams to come home soon under some pretext except myself. It was not only being among gentiles that made them desire to go home but also the unfamiliar surroundings like the "Regat" food, the singing of the Lords Prayer before each meal and the pronounced nationalistic atmosphere practiced in this camp with mostly Rumanian ethnic students. One supervisor told me that all the other Jewish students in the camp were "Jidans" (Rumanian for Yids) except for myself who was a Jew. I don't think that this was any honor but I got along very well with all the other students, one even asked me to teach him Hebrew in preparation for his future career as a priest. I enjoyed the camp tremendously and came to love the sea very much and it helped a lot the acute bronchitis I had had before departure.

The Jews in Czernowitz did not constitute a homogenous group at all, there were many Orthodox Jews like my grandfather and many freethinkers especially among the Socialists and the majority in between, they went to the synagogue on the high holidays and fasted on Yom Kippur. As language the older people used mainly Yiddish except for the more learned and affluent who spoke German. The younger generation spoke mainly German. My family may

be an example, my grandparents spoke only Yiddish, my parents spoke Yiddish between themselves and German to us and we spoke only German. When we came back from Vienna I heard Yiddish for the first time and learned to speak it but it always sounded like a translation from German. It was also a matter of social class, the higher up tried sometimes to distance themselves from the "Judengasse" where the poorer Yiddish speaking Jews lived. On the other hand there was a fairly strong Yiddish literary movement with input from left leaning intellectuals. There was also a strong Zionist movement with a try to revive the Hebrew language, my affiliation with the Hashomer Hatzair I have mentioned above. This did not prevent me from seeing the difficulties to create a Jewish state. I remember that after entering senior high school my friend from the Hashomer Hatzair Jean Blum came back after vacation and said that he entered the Technikum, a technical high school in order to become an engineer and go to Palestine to help build a Jewish state. I asked what is he going to do about the Arabs and he answered "chase them away". When I say that in the year 1926 I have anticipated the problem which 50 or 60 years later won't go away I don't mean to give myself any credit, only to mention that the problem was here all the time.

About myself I would only say that in similar situations later in life I was less prejudiced than other people who closed their eyes when a reality didn't fit their dreams. Interestingly enough though Czernowitz had a sizable German population some Jews represented better the contemporary German culture. There was a German House with some German theater where we went as children to see children plays but generally the Czernowitz Germans were far from the trends of the cultural scene of the Weimar Germany which was mainly liberal with a great number of Jewish representatives.

Around the age of 15 I started to read books by Herman Hesse, Stefan Zweig, Arnold Zweig, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Jakob Wassermann, Knut Hamsun, Tolstoi, Dostojewski, Turgenew, a.o.(these latter in very good German translation). There were very good lending libraries which brought the most recent books shortly after their appearance. Two daily newspapers in German were in Jewish hands, also the Socialist newspaper "Vorwaerts" published in German had Jews as editors and the Jewish weekly "Ostjuedische Zeitung" was also published in German. There may have been a newspaper of the German community and some in Rumanian or in Yiddish but they had minor significance if compared with the "Morgenzeitung" or "Allgemeine Zeitung"

mentioned above. The books I have read have definitely shaped my views of the world. The Zionism I came to embrace in the Hashomer Hatzair at the age of 14 I abandoned after a few years as I will show shortly, the Socialist trend was mainly related to the life in the Kibutz but I got interested in Socialism through my readings. It may sound trivial if I mention that for the first time it caught me when I read a short story by Leo Tolstoi: "How much earth does a man need". It was not related to Socialism directly, it just showed the uselessness of trying to grab as much land as possible without regard for your needs or your health. I could say that I have been a Socialist all my life though I came to understand the fallacy of Communism early. Something I got at this time and had stayed with me all my life was the strong bond to German culture. Interestingly enough, the "Hashomer Hatzair" contributed to this. We felt related to the German youth movement of the early 20th century, the "Wandervogel" and we imbued ourselves with the current German literature by reading the newest books shortly after their appearance in Germany. The 1920's when we grew up were a very fruitful time for modern liberal German culture and we all looked to Berlin and Vienna for our cultural interests.

Now a few words about the other components of the Czernowitz scene. I have already mentioned the Germans. I estimate their overall percentage of the population as over 10%, about half of them middle class in the inner city, the other peasants on the periphery in a suburb called Rosch. Suburb in those places had a total different meaning than the suburb in the USA. The Rumanians and Ruthenians were also mainly peasants in two other suburbs. The level of the German suburbs was significantly higher than that of the Rumanian and Ruthenian ones. Most of the janitors and housemaids were Ruthenian as were the workers in the factories. Since the start of Rumanian rule a Rumanian middle class came into being some imported from the "Regat" as teachers, civil service and Army personnel. A smaller number of Poles were mainly lower middle class. Most people were familiar with the other languages and there was also some intermarriage mainly between Rumanians and Ruthenians who had the same religion, this gave the Ruthenians the possibility to change easily into Rumanians thus becoming part of the ruling majority. Socially the ethnic groups kept apart, culturally as well. There was a Jewish House, seat of the Jewish Community, which originally according to Austrian law kept records of births, marriages and deaths of its constituents but had many other social functions,

like welfare, etc. There was also a German House, a Dom Polski, I don't remember if the Ukrainians had theirs.

A few words about the city and its surroundings. The city itself is situated on the southern shore of the river Pruth on a hill rising quite steeply to an elevation of 225m. above sea level. There was not much of a city there, when the Austrians took the Bukovina over from the Turks in 1775. The city center created in the 19th century looks like other Austrian cities of the time still to be found in Galitia, Croatia or Slovakia. The central square called "Ringplatz" had on its South side a beautiful City Hall ("Rathhaus" or "Magistrat" in German) built in kind of a Baroque style and 4story buildings on the other three sides with stores on lower floor and apartments on the upper floors. On one corner was a famous hotel "Schwarzer Adler" with a restaurant where the upper class went dining and dancing in the evening. Most of the adjoining streets had elegant stores and cafes where people met to socialize. The "Herrengasse" was the most famous meeting place with wide sidewalks where people were strolling evenings and Sunday mornings. The surroundings in this sub-Carpathian area are lovely and we used our free time for walks to the Horecza woods, to the Cecina mountain and to the beaches on the river Pruth. Both the walks to Horecza and Cecina could be associated with swimming in the Pruth. The city itself had three beautiful parks, one the "Volksgarten" mainly for strolling with music in late afternoon and Sunday, the other two "Schillerpark" and "Habsburgshoeh" were laid out on hills with a view into the near sub-Carpathians. We often met in these two latter parks whose names are associated in our memory with fond recollections.

Now back to a bit of chronology. I mentioned the year 1926 when I entered senior high school which was supposed to go on for four years through 1930. Sometime in 1928 the Ministry of Education in Bucharest decided (probably to save money) to reduce schooling by one year without reducing the curriculum. The 11-graders of 1928 had to learn the 12-th subjects over the summer and go through two examinations in September, 12-th grade and the matriculation exam (called "Matura" in German and "Bacalaureat" in Rumanian after the French term, which was a comprehensive exam over all the high school subjects). For us who in 1928 had to enter 11-th grade it meant that we were supposed to finish in one year all subjects of both 11-th and 12-th grades. I have already mentioned in general terms the high school curriculum earlier. It was meant to round up the general education of the student. University was

supposed to prepare for a profession, from high school you entered Law or Medical School directly, even liberal arts departments were designed to prepare one for a carrier in teaching or administration. We had approx. 10 subjects in every term, 5 languages with literature classes in Rumanian, French, German, in Latin and Greek we read the old authors and translated them into Rumanian, Math every year, A natural science every year, Physics and Chemistry alternately, History every year, 2 years of Philosophy and 2 years of Political Economy and Law. Every term we had oral and written examinations and at the end of the year a final exam in each subject over all that was treated in that year. I cannot say now what subjects I liked more than others, I was a good mathematician, but I was also good in Latin, History, German and French. I remember that every summer I was looking forward towards the new subjects for the next year. For a long time German and Rumanian poetry stayed with us, we recited some beautiful verses which impressed us. In German (probably in 10-th grade) we read the prologue to Goethe's Faust and I remember how we analyzed some paragraphs of it, like "Was Ihr ererbt von Euren Vaetern habt erwirbt es um es zu besitzen", which means "what you have inherited from your forebears, earn it in order to own it". We wrote essays with the analysis of this and similar sayings.

As extracurricular activities in this time I have to mention foremost my continued membership in the "Hashomer Hatzair". In the summer of 1927 I participated in a summer camp in the southern Bukovina in the village Coshna situated in the Carpathian mountains on a river Coshna tributary to the river Dorna, itself a tributary of a bigger river Bistritza which after a long run discharged itself into the lower Danube. We made several excursions climbing to mountain tops at around 2000m. elevation. From this time on I started to love mountain climbing practicing it as long as we stayed in Rumania quite often. In this camp we started our day with washing in the river at 6 a.m. in a water of around 10 degrees Celsius (approx. 50 degrees F.). In the same summer I went, as mentioned earlier to a camp at the Black Sea and at my return my friend Jascha Flexor picked me up from the railway station with the surprise that I was made a leader of a group of 12 to 13 year olds, which was at my age of 15 a great honor. In reality I was too young for such a task, I didn't know what subjects to bring up in discussions with them, the main things we did was excursions and sport and after a year I was replaced. The summer after-1928- we went to camp in the same place and then I went with Jascha to another camp situated a few

100 km. to the south on the river Bistritza via a trip on a float on this river. The float was made up of many tree trunks shipped down the river into saw mills. The place we went to was located not in the Bukovina, but in the province Moldova of Rumania proper. Whoever reads this story should not compare these camps with contemporary American camps. They were organized by a scoutlike youth organization with very little money for mainly poor boys and girls with nominal contributions from the parents and fund raising among the Jews of the respective towns. Lodging was in hay barns rented from peasants with sleeping on sheets (brought from home by participants) spread over hay, boys and girls in separate rooms or in the same room across from each other. Food was cooked by a mother hired for this occasion, consisting mainly of "mamaliga" (a mash made of corn flour) and cheese, hardly any meat was served. The cheese came from the nearby mountain sheep herds. We hardly complained about the food, we enjoyed the camp tremendously. In the morning we had sport activities, in the afternoon lectures and discussions and in the evening singing and dancing around a camp fire. On our hiking excursions we carried the corn flour and pots and pans and cattle with us and bought the cheese from the shepherds. Our backpacks were leftovers from the Austrian Army and we were able to carry in them a load of 30kg, this was all our luggage, nobody ever used a suitcase. We swam a lot in the cold rivers without regard to temperature. Some of our friends from Bessarabia, who were not used to the cold temperature or swimming were sometimes thrown into the water. Main subjects in the lectures and discussions were Zionism, Jewish history, Marxism, recent books, etc.

To continue extracurricular activities. As I said before I was an avid reader, it is hard to remember what books I read at different periods, but we had available all the books published anywhere. Besides authors mentioned we read most books by Jack London, Traven, Romain Roland, a.o. I vividly remember "Jean Christophe" by Romain Rolland in 3 volumes, a very popular book at that time, a story of a youngster we considered like us. We also started to go to the theatre, the Rumanian theatre was very good and brought besides Rumanian dramas and comedies which were familiar to us from school plays translated from other languages, I remember having seen pieces by Moliere, Karl Capek, Molnar (Liliom), Pirandello and many others. Movie theatres were also familiar to us at that time, I remember to have seen movies from early childhood in Vienna. From my adolescence I remember movies by Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Stan and Bran, Fritz Lang (Metropolis), new Soviet

movies like "Cruiser Potemkin", "Storm over Asia" and many others. It seems that movies and theatre were quite inexpensive so most of us could afford them. About sport at this time. In school we had only a Gymnastics class twice weekly, in the Hashomer Hatzair we also had Gymnastics and Athletics in the camps. The main sport at that time was soccer, which we played on a nearby hill "Weinberg", which had a meadow proper for soccer. We were also avid spectators to the weekly games practiced by a number of clubs in town. I didn't go very often for lack of time and money but I was interested like everybody else as to which club won or lost and their position in the Soccer League. Not to forget that our main exercise was walking, nobody had a car at that time, there was only one tramcar from one end of town to the other, most of the transportation was on foot. It took approx. 15 minutes to reach school. Wealthier people used horse drawn carriages for longer distances. In September of 1928 we started our last school year covering both 11-th and 12-th grades. This is easier said than done, some requirements had to be cut in order to enable us to go through so many courses. Of main importance was at this stage the preparation for the matriculation exam, the final exam to crown the exit from high school and a prerequisite to enter college. I started in the summer of 1928 in two areas which I felt to be important. One was translations into French, one of the fields in which I knew that many older friends have failed. I went over the French Grammar thoroughly and even today I can probably do such translations. The other area was Rumanian literature for which I probably have not had a primary interest but whose mastery was important at this exam. Our professor of Rumanian literature gave me during this year one of the few laudatory remarks he ever gave to a student. The exam was given not in school by our teachers, but in front of a commission named by the Ministry of Education in Bucharest and chaired by a university professor. The subjects were Rumanian literature, French, History, Geography and as electives either Latin and Natural Science or Mathematics and Physical Sciences (incl. Chemistry). I choose the latter combination probably because I already felt that in choosing a future trade it will eventually be in the scientific or technical field. I was good in Latin and our Latin teacher tried to talk me into taking Latin for the exam but I kept my choice. I was not very good in Physics but neither was I good in Natural Science. The exam was held in June of 1929 chaired by a professor of Mathematics of the University of Czernowitz. There were first written exams in Rumanian literature, French and Mathematics as prerequisite for admission to the oral

exam. The oral exam was in all the mentioned subjects. Less than half the candidates passed the exam, I passed as the sixth out of approx. 50 students, there were quite a few good students who failed who had to take the exam in the fall or the year after.

Before I pass to the next chapter of college years I would like to add a few details I have passed over in the above. I didn't mention the subject Religion, which we had from first to last grade. It consisted of bible study in primary and early secondary school. In the higher grades the teacher used it to familiarize us with Yiddish literature, just reading in class from contemporary Yiddish authors. It was supposed to be taught separately for each confession and in the primary school we separated accordingly. In high school the authorities decided to separate the schools for different ethnic groups, one for Rumanians, one for Germans, one for Jews, one for Poles and one for Ukrainians. There was probably no malice in this at that time, there was some consideration for the status of the minorities in this decision. The curriculum was the same for all schools and there was no compulsion to go to the appropriate school, some parents choose to send Jewish children to the Rumanian lycee and viceversa. In the science oriented high schools there were only two with one for Rumanians and one for the other groups. Similar for the girl schools. A few words about our teachers. There was a mix between older teachers who started to teach under Austrian rule and adjusted uneasily to the new language and methods, these were mainly in languages, Math and some in science and mostly young teachers for Rumanian language, history and geography, who came from Rumania proper. Some were Rumanians from the Bukovina like one Spataru who gave me the surname Karolziu which stayed with me indefinitely. About my colleagues, most were middle or lower middle class. The times were not friendly to this generation, quite a number fell victim to the Hitler and Stalin persecution. One by the name of Wagner, a communist was thrown out of a window by the Czernowitz police, my best friend Jascha Flexor fell into the hands of the German army while conscripted as a doctor in the Soviet army and was never heard of again. I will mention some cases when they will come up chronologically. Most didn't have money to go abroad for college and studied law or liberal arts available at the University in Czernowitz. There were no good prospects for teachers because teaching in public schools was civil service and Jews were rarely accepted, law was also not a good profession at that time. The

ones with more money went to France, Czechoslovakia and Vienna to study medicine. Only one besides me went into Engineering.

Summer of 1929. Right after the matriculation exam I took off for a summer camp of the H.H. in a village Hardecktal in the Subcarpathian Bukovina near the town of Radautz. I was probably most of the time in the water, my surname was the "Bademeister von Hardecktal", the master bather. We visited a few monasteries in the region and did some hiking. Later in this summer I made my first trip to Bucharest with two friends. The city did not impress me very much, it was much dirtier than Czernowitz or Vienna as I had it in my memory. From Bucharest we made two side trips. The first was to the South Carpathian mountains with the ascent starting from the famous town of Sinaia, summer seat of the royal family. The Carpathians are much higher in this area than in the Bukowina, around 2500m. above sea level as compared to the 1800m. of the Giumalau in the Bukovina mountains. We reached the summit Calimanul (2480m.) and visited also a cave with stalactites and stalagmites. It was quite impressive. Our other trip was to the Black Sea, my friends were there for the first time.

IV. College Years

University of Czernowitz: 1929-31

This title is not very appropriate for what follows next if compared to American college years. At this time-summer of 1929-my planning for any university study was still very vague. From the standpoint of my belonging to the Hashomer Hatzair I was supposed to go within a few years to Israel as a chalutz in a kibutz. My friend Grischa Leiwant did just that a couple of years later. I had some doubts but peer pressure did not let me express these doubts even to myself, though I felt I was not the right type for that, first from standpoint of living in a collective and also from point of view of manual labor. Anyway in September 1929 I registered at the University of Czernowitz as a Math major. Attendance at classes was not compulsory and I did not attend any but prepared for the exams in the summer of 1930. Most of the time I spent as a tutor for high school, not only for Math but also for Latin and most other high school subjects. I continued to be active in the Hashomer Hatzair and did a lot of reading. In the next school year I attended classes and took all the required exams. Retrospectively I could say that the curriculum in Math and for that matter in other liberal art and science courses at that school did not require a full day's work, I had a lot of time for tutoring and other matters, my later study at the Polytechnic Institute was the other way round, we never had time for anything else. In this second school year I started thinking about a career, Mathematics could not be one because high school teaching was more or less closed to minorities and mainly to Jews. Rumania was the last country in Europe which had reluctantly given citizenship to its Jews obliged by the peace treaties after the first world war not to reduce the rights of the sizable number of Jewish former citizens of Austria-Hungary. After a few years Rumania slowly reduced the rights of these new citizens by not accepting them into the civil service or as army officers. My friend Jascha Flexor stayed the first year in the same school as a major in natural science and in September 1930 went to Prague to study medicine. He was the first of us to abandon the idea of going to Palestine as a chalutz. In the meantime the Zionist movement, though still strong, has suffered a certain setback on the one hand through a reduced number of immigration certificates given by the British authorities and on the

other through Arab riots in Jerusalem and Hebron ending with a few hundred Jewish dead and the expulsion of the Jews from Hebron. This was in itself a cause for further reduction in Jewish immigration. I cannot reconstitute the sequence of events which led to my alienation from Zionism of which Hebron was a main factor (I just found out that the land of Palestine was not an empty land ready to receive the Jews from Europe and else where and I did not have the sentimental ties which made my friends hope to overcome the difficulties or not thinking at all about them). Anyway I see myself sometime in the summer of 1931 explaining to a meeting of the Hashomer Hatzair why I am abandoning the Zionist ideal while keep ing the hope that the coming proletarian revolution will solve not only the plight of the proletariat but also the Jewish problem, which we considered caused mainly by economic factors in the early stages of capitalism - quite naive I could say retrospectively. It was a break with my teenage years but not with the ideas which were very important to us and as I have shown earlier, were derived from a combination of youth movement, belief in socialism and Zionism. In abandoning the latter I did not abandon the overall ideas which have shaped the lives of most of us. Even presently in my advanced age, when I come to visit in Israel I find a common language with the friends from my youth who have hoped to build a peaceful Israel without expecting the deep animosity between Israelis and Palestinians.

In the meantime I started to take my Math courses seriously, attended in the 1930-31 school year all lectures and labs (for Physics courses, part of the Mathematics curriculum) and by June finished all requirements for the first two years.

Brno: 1931-32

In September of 1931 I am on my way to Brno, Czechoslovakia to start my engineering study at the German Polytechnic Institute. Why Brno? It so happened that quite a few friends from Czernowitz went to Brno for engineering, I didn't know anybody who went to Prague which would have been my first choice to join my friend Jascha, a student in medicine in Prague. Most of my friends chose either mechanical or electrical engineering, my choice civil engineering, this after I had the opportunity to read the school catalogue. Somehow roads and bridges were more appealing to me than boilers and engines of which I knew very little. At first I was supposed to share a room with a colleague, the son of our nat.science professor Schleyer, but after a few days I moved into the student dormitory of the Jewish community in order to save money. First I had to go through an entrance examination for students coming from the Gymnasium in two subjects: Descriptive Geometry and Free Hand Drawing, which were taught in the Realschule but not in the Gymnasium. Next I made an application to get recognition for the courses in Math and Physics I took at the Czernowitz University. Originally I got a very favorable rating for these courses but in the final approval the grading for these courses were considerably reduced which had a negative effect on my overall average. Be that as it may I got approx. one year of Engineering for my two years of Math and was able immediately to take most of the courses of the second year of civil engineering though I still had to pass some missing from the first year. The main courses missing were Technical Drawing and Descriptive Geometry, which made me do a lot of drawing mainly in ink, with which I was quite unfamiliar. It took some time and a lot of energy to overcome this handicap. Drafting was part of most every course I will have to go through in my engineering education. Another important course I had to take immediately was Mechanics with a lot of graphical solutions, more drawings to execute.

About life in Brno. This second city of Czechoslovakia was at that time a lovely town of over 300,000 inhabitants with a sizable German minority. The main language was Czech. It had beautiful surroundings and we made a number of excursions in our free time of which I didn't have a lot. What I remember in comparison to Rumania was the cleanliness of the countryside. The city itself was also kept much cleaner than cities I have known in Rumania. It was also an industrial city burning coal in its plants which made our feet dirty

above the socks within a few days. We did not have at that time facilities to shower or bath as often as there are today. A warm bath once a week was the rule. The students came mainly from the Sudetenland and other German towns in Czechoslovakia, but also from Hungary, Poland and Rumania. The professors were either still schooled in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy or in Germany, there was quite an exchange between universities in Austria, Germany and Czechoslovakia. My friends were mainly left leaning colleagues from the Bukovina, we were looking with sympathy and some enthusiasm to the Soviet experiment of creating a more just society, some of them got involved politically in the Communist party. I did not directly, but I did read the literature and considered myself as belonging to the movement, I also went to hear different speakers, one of them from the communist controlled part of China. The reality was that I did not have a lot of time, I had to devote most of my time to study and drafting in most every subject, as graphical solutions were required in most of them. After a few weeks in the Jewish dormitory I was able to get a grant which enabled me to move out into a room with 2 more students thus having a better possibility to do the homework and prepare the exams. And there was a lot of homework to do, mainly drafting and problems to resolve in higher Math (Calculus and Analytical Geometry), Mechanics, Physics and Chemistry. In drafting we had a course in Technical Drafting, Descriptive Geometry, Architectural Drafting and graphical solutions in Mechanics, these are not taught anymore nowadays but they gave us a good understanding of the course matter. With the help of my mathematical background I was able to pass within the 1931-32 school year most of the exams required for the first state examination, scheduled after two years of study. The second state examination was scheduled after 5 more semesters at the earliest. The advantage of the rules on this school like on other universities in central Europe was that exams were held throughout the school year and you could take the exam most any time dependant upon the schedule of the particular department. This gave me the opportunity to take between March and June 1932 10 exams completing almost all the requirements for the 1-st state examination except for two exams left to be taken in the fall of 1932.

Now about some extracurricular activities. Not much time was left. Anyway, I stayed with five colleagues in the same apartment, they played a game with throwing knives which I did also once in a while as a distraction from studying, but after a few minutes I returned to my books while they continued

to play. We also played poker once in a while. I have mentioned the walks in the countryside and leftist political lectures. I have not mentioned above that one speaker was the then famous Scandinavian writer Martin Andersen Nexoe, who spoke with admiration of the achievements of the Soviet Union. In the winter recess I went home to Czernowitz, my mother said that I grew too fat, but this was not due to any fat, but rather to heavy diet served in the Jewish student cafeteria consisting mainly of starch. This was another material advantage I got from the Brno Jewish Community, a free main meal every day. My weight was 82 kg., the most I ever weighed, most of my adult life I did not weigh more than 75 kg, presently I weigh 69 kg.

In the spring recess we went with a few other colleagues to Vienna, which was only two hours away by train from Brno. We stayed there for over two weeks. The other guys went to stay in a dormitory for men belonging to the municipality of Vienna, I tried my luck with my aunt Sali Weidenfeld, sister of my father's, who was not very pleased with my arrival but then behaved admirably by lodging me in a nearby hotel (their flat was too small to house me) and feeding me most of the time. I met with my friends every day and we went together through most of the museums, parks, castles, downtown Vienna and the other sites. We even went once to the Opera and stayed on the upper balcony through a performance of "The Jewess" by Halevy. I went to visit our former flat on Heumuehl-gasse, where we lived with my family during the war years. The place looked much smaller to me. I met with our landlady and our former neighbors who remembered me as a child. One day on a walk with my cousin Fredi through the Volksgarten we met my friend and former leader in the Hashomer Hatzair Jakob Melzer and his girlfriend Gusta. They were waiting in Vienna for some formalities on their way to Palestine. A few days later I went to the railway station to see them off on their trip to Trieste to board the boat to Haifa. When we parted he said to me in Hebrew: "I still hope that we will see one another in Eretz Israel". Unfortunately when the time came for us to visit Israel in 1968 (36 years later) he was no more, after 30 years in the Kibutz Mahabharot he committed suicide by hanging himself on a tree. In our conversations he mentioned something which maybe of interest here. He said he was missing the high culture Vienna was known for. This was characteristic for a cultured man from Czernowitz, a smaller town, where culture was much more visible as I have shown earlier. Tante Sali sent me to a brother of her husband, Joseph Weidenfeld (a cousin of my mother like uncle Isak), a banker,

who promised to send me a monthly stipend of 25 Austrian shillings (approx. 5 dollars at that time), as a help during my studies, but financial regulations prohibited to send money abroad, so I could get only a few times this money through friends visiting Vienna. \$5.00 seems very little, but all a relatively wealthy student spent in a month was the equivalent of \$20.00, these were state universities with little or no tuition. In summary it was a very interesting trip, we all felt close to Vienna and here I saw it for the first time as an adult not yet recovered from the wounds it has suffered in the aftermath of the first world war. From the capital of an empire of 50 million inhabitants it was now the capital of a small country of 6 million people, 25% concentrated in the capital. Though the administration of the city was in the hands of the Socialists the central Government was in the hands of a conservative clerical party who hated the Socialists. I also met for the first time small numbers of National Socialist youth walking through the city with placards, this was before Hitler took power in Germany. We also visited the public housing buildings erected by the Vienna municipality, foremost the Karl Marx Hof, where 2 years later the clerical government of Austria will crush the Socialist uprising against a dictatorship of the clerical party.

End of March 1932, back to Brno. Between March and June I worked hard to fulfill the requirements of the first State examination as mentioned earlier.

End of June I took the train back to Czernowitz for a well deserved vacation, except that I still had to pass two exams in the fall for which I had to do a lot of work. I don't remember many particulars about this summer of 1932, which I spent at my mother's in Czernowitz. I prepared my two exams, Dynamics and Hydromechanics, met with friends in the evenings, etc. An idea to move for next year to the Polytechnic Institute in Bucharest came up for two reasons, one was that the Czech Government which so far has not required but a nominal tuition from Rumanian students had increased substantially the tuition for all foreign students, the other was more personal: a girl I started to court, which intended to move next year to Bucharest. Her name was Steffi Seidner, a law student-recent graduate-made me try to change my Alma Mater. I went to Bucharest to inquire about the possibility of continuing my engineering schooling there. The School offered me a favorable transition, I also visited the dormitories of the association of Jewish students to inquire about the possibility of housing, which were not ideal but for a boy without means acceptable. Bucharest looked better than when I visited it for the first time in 1929. A lot of

modern construction in the center of the city made it look like a modern European city, though beyond the center it continued to show the Balcan-Turkish heritage. I didn't make a final decision, but from financial point of view it looked acceptable. Now about Steffi Seidner: she was just a casual acquaintance, we were of the same age, Law school took only three years so she graduated in 1932 and for lack of job opportunities in Czernowitz decided to try her luck in Bucharest in the fall. Upon my return to Czernowitz I continued to prepare for my exams and returned to Brno in September.

In Brno I stayed at the dormitory for Jewish students and ate what was called the "Freitisch," a free meal offered for Jewish students by the Jewish Community, it wasn't very good, mainly potatoes with some vegetables, but it was a meal. By the end of November (1932) I was through with the exams and took the train to Bucharest. It was a long voyage, probably like 24 hours. On the train a card player entered our compartment and started showing some tricks and shortly I lost the little money I had with me.

Polytechnic Institute, Bucharest:1932-1937

In Bucharest two people received me at the train station, one was a fellow student from Brno by the name of Susiu Schaerf, who had moved to Bucharest in September and the other a former schoolmate from high school, now a law student in Bucharest by the name of Gideon Kraft. Susiu told me that he had rented a furnished room for both of us and brought me to this room. In a few days I realized that he was mainly busy with activities of the Communist party and he tried to make me join in his activities, like using my right to a reduced fare on the railways (as a war orphan) and travel to different cities with suit cases filled with Communist propaganda. I refused not because of fear but because I knew I will be very busy with studying. I joined the third year of study but still had a few courses of the second year to follow. The Polytechnic Institute in Bucharest was following the French model of the Grandes Ecoles, with a very severe curriculum. It was founded in the second half of the 19-th century as a School for Roads and Bridges (Ecole des Ponts et Chaussees) by French professors and has been keeping up the tradition. Though the overall curriculum was not very much different from the school in Brno the reason that I had courses left from previous years was that in Brno in the first two years we had mainly science courses while in Bucharest they had some professional courses earlier. A comparison with the American Engineering

school curriculum can be found in my files in a talk I gave at the University of Rhode Island shortly after our arrival in the USA. There was a lot of work to be done with a much more demanding time table than in Brno. You easily could lose a year of study by just missing one course at the end of the school year. Brno prided itself with the so called "Lern und Lehrfreiheit" of the German Universities, which meant freedom to choose your curriculum, your time table of fulfilling it and for the professors the freedom to choose their own course content. There was no such thing in this school or for that matter in their French model. There was a rigid curriculum to be done in a year or the year to be repeated if you failed just one course. In the second cycle there was some leniency from this rule, but it was tough. I stayed with Schaerf only for a month or so and then I moved to the dormitory of the Association of Jewish students. Here I met new types of students coming from all parts of Rumania, very many from the old kingdom (the "Regat" founded in 1881) speaking Rumanian, many from Bessarabia speaking Russian and some Yiddish, others from Transylvania speaking Hungarian and a smaller number German speaking from the Bukovina. Anyway the common language was Rumanian and the ideology was mostly leftist. Comfort was minimal, there were some rooms with 20 beds, some with fewer, common washrooms with cold water only, hot showers once a week, but there was a lot of friendship, much less formality than in the similar establishment in Brno, due in part to the self government of the students and mostly to the similar lower middle class background of the students, probably also to the more Eastern longitude with warmer relationship between human beings. In Brno the German language with the formal "Sie" was not conducive to informal friendship. I remember that as fifth graders we were still addressed by some teachers (they were called professors in German and Rumanian) with "Sie" in German while the same teachers later when speaking Rumanian addressed us with the informal "tu" (thee). A girl's dormitory was not far with the girls using the eating facilities at the boys' place. This led to easy courtships and group friendships. I can say that the few years of school in Bucharest have generated many friendships for life I will mention while writing about this period. I have mentioned the number of beds in a room, the number of occupants was generally higher and quite often you wound up in bed with a friend who missed the last tramcar to go home or just didn't have a place to sleep.

Ideology as I mentioned was mostly leftist corresponding with the general reaction of Jewish intellectuals to the advancing fascism in Europe. There was at that time also a beginning revolutionary movement in Rumania culminating with a strike in the railroad yards ending with hundred of workers shot by the army and many others imprisoned, some of these later stepping directly from prison into the leadership of the Communist party and the Rumanian government, like Gheorghiu-Dej and Ceausescu (in 1944 after the War). Prison wasn't the best school for that purpose, as later events would show. Some of my friends from the "Caminul Schuller", as our student hostel was called, ended up as government and party leaders in Communist Rumania, I just mention one Ernst Neulaender who also came from Brno to Bucharest as an engineering student and later under the name of Walter Roman fought in Spain in the civil war against Franco and in the French Resistance. After his return he became a member of the Government. I mentioned his name because his son is the present prime minister of Rumania (at the time of this writing in 1990) after the overthrow of Ceausescu. Another was Lonia Oigenstein who under the name of Leonte Rautu became a member of the Central Committee of the Communist party and in some way its ideologue. But this was much later after the second World War.

My personal involvement in the leftist movement was of a sympathizer. My main interest was to finish school in time and not to risk prison. The Communist party was illegal and any leftist activity strictly forbidden punishable by long prison terms, beatings etc. In the beginning I took part in some discussion groups, then I was sent to some cells in the working district and once they asked me to take part in an August 1 (1933) anti-war demonstration in commemoration of the beginning of WW1 on August 1, 1914. The demonstration did not materialize (police was all around) but nonetheless I was arrested with a few others by the police and spent a day in prison. I was made to witness some heavy beatings probably as education for the future. Next day I was released with the help of my friend Gidi Kraft who sent a lawyer to the Police HQ. They probably understood that I was a sympathizer but inoffensive. In this they were right and I will reluctantly give the police some credit, I was healed from any further involvement in illegal activities. The communists gave me credit for the fact that I did not divulge any names or any details of my connections and kept me for the time being away from illegal activities, my official break came a few months later when in a student meeting about the recent coming of Hitler to

power in Germany I contradicted the official party line that the social democrats, named by the communists social fascists contributed to this event. My point was that the communists rather than fighting together with the social democrats against Hitler considered Social Democracy to be their main enemy and continued the fight against them as their main activity in this way paving the way for Hitler's success. In the next meeting of the leftist student circle I was removed by the above named Ernst Neulaender from any membership, but I continued to be friendly with them.

I deviated somehow from chronology but will try to retake the thread of events. My time in Bucharest goes from December 1932 to May 1937 as a student, then through September 1938 in engineering practice, but in my practice through June 1940 away from Bucharest I considered Bucharest as my main residence. I will try to cover these important years both chronologically and by different major events taking place at this time.

First schooling. In the 1932-33 school year I had to take in addition to the 3rd year courses a few 2nd year courses in order to later fit in exactly into the Bucharest curriculum. Engineering courses like Surveying, Building Construction and Engineering Mechanics were the main ones. We had to design an architectural project of a City Hall project with all its details. I completed everything in time and was ready to take in the fall the first state examination. During the summer we had to go for a month to a village Valeni de Munte for Surveying practice. In this village was the residence of a famous Romanian poet Nicolae Iorga, who was also involved in politics, for a short while as prime minister. It is interesting to note the different sense of morality of the times. We went often in the afternoon for a swim in the nearby river. One student went home from the beach with the upper part of the bathing suit (like a undershirt of today, but in black, we used either bathing shorts or bathing suits like the ladies with a upper and lower part) and long pants. This came to the attention of our professor through Nicolae Iorga and when he came next time he told us that this was not fit for the traditional attitude of the Romanian countryside. "Life goes on patriarchally here, Gentlemen, please don't disturb it".

Now to the extracurricular side of this time. As I already said above, I stayed at the Jewish student hostel where I made many friendships which will last for my lifetime. One was Carol Neuman, at that time the president of the Association of Jewish Students. Some class colleagues from school stayed there and we either walked or took public transportation together to school. Meals we

took at the student can teen, which was better then the "Freitisch" in Brno. I did some tutoring which helped me to pay for these expenses. Of great help in this respect was Nunia Silberbusch, a half sister of my cousin Paul, who lived with her family in Bucharest. I tutored her two children for school subjects and she also recommended me to other families. Her husband Julian was an official of the Zionist organization and through them I was recommended to prepare the son of another Zionist official Mibashan for the quite severe entrance examination to the Polytechnic Institute. As they rented a summer place in the mountain resort of Busteni in the Carpathians they took me along to continue the tutoring. A few words about girls. When I came to Bucharest the above mentioned Steffi was there but our friendship didn't last long. There were many girls coming to the "Caminul Schuller", mostly from Bessarabia and we went out in groups together but the first one I got involved at that time was a Bulgarian girl from Silistra-Zvetana Georgieva Jelaskova. She was a student in a school for nurses. She didn't stay long because as I found out later she was very much involved in illegal activities of the Communist party. She came back one day after a few months and asked me to give her back the photo of hers she had exchanged with me. This brings me to the end of the summer of 1933 and the beginning of my fourth year of study. Before I continue I am going to say a few words about the city of Bucharest. When we visited earlier in 1929 we were quite disappointed, it had for me with the remembrance of Vienna and the familiarity of the clean and well laid out city of Czernowitz the aspect of a big dirty overgrown Balcanic metropolis. Coming back after more than three years the aspect was quite different. Beginning in 1930 a grand recontruction of the downtown area and later of the periphery was started and within a few years it got the looks of a modern city with the name of "little Paris". They also started a clean up work on the lakes around the periphery creating a beautiful recreation area for weekends. This is not to say that the city lost its Balcan character. Besides the modern downtown and the beautiful residential areas for the rich most of the city kept the aspect of an East-European city with lots of commerce done in the streets, dirty residential quarters, etc. There was also a substantial Gipsy population housed in huts. Anyway some new won prosperity of a more affluent country with substantial mineral and agricultural resources could now be seen in this capital at a time when the USA, Germany and other countries suffered from economic depression. There was a singer-poet in the hostel, who had one poem about a young student arriving from the provinces and his

impression of the capital. In one verse he sees how men urinate at the fences and next to it a dead dog. In my first years after coming from Czechoslovakia I always felt the difference between the cleanliness and order in Brno and surroundings as compared to Bucharest and especially the dirty villages around it.

I was more detailed about my first year in Bucharest and will now try to relate the essential about the following years. From September 1933 through June 1935 I had to take all professional engineering courses like bridges, reinforced concrete, steel structures, hydraulic structures, water supply, canalization, city planning, some legal courses, electrotechnics and machinery related to civil engineering. Courses were held in the morning, in the afternoon design projects for the same subjects. The school day started at 8:15 in the morning and ended at 6:00 in the afternoon with some home work left for the evening. During exam time we had only a few hours left for sleep. In this so called second cycle there was no more a full year lost for missing just one exam at the end of the school year (like in the first cycle) but very few were able to make it in time and with the diploma design project (equivalent to a dissertation), about which I will say more later it often took many years to complete the required work to graduate. At that time the Soviet 5-year plans (Piatiletka) were often talked about and some students said that they are just starting their third Piatiletka, it took an average of 7 years and for some 10 years to complete this school. Anyway I was a hard worker and finished the exams in time. i.e. the last exams in September of 1935. For each professional course we also had to submit a design project with detailed drawings. In the fall of 1935 I had to finish the design project of an arched reinforced concrete bridge and then start the diploma project of a steel bridge. Besides the courses we had to do practice in the summer months. There was no vacation at all, school went on from early September to late June and July-August were left for practice. In these two months we did effective work as engineering assistants. In 1934 I worked on a big railway construction job from Ilva Mica in Transylvania to Vatra Dornei in the Bukovina, connecting the railway systems between the Bukovina and Transylvania provinces through the Carpathian mountains in a very difficult terrain with a number of viaducts and tunnels. We, two students did mostly surveying, drafting and estimating. We were paid for this work by the Railway Construction Service at a relative good rate. The Ilva Mica area was familiar to me as being on the Transylvania slope of the Northern Carpathians across from

the Bukovina side of these mountains. As a youth we went with friends on foot through the Calimani mountains and reached the village Ilva Mica, where we now had the headquarters for this job. In 1935 I did the practice at the Railway Maintenance Section in Czernowitz, so I was able to stay with my family and meet my friends. This section had to maintain the track, bridges and buildings over a certain length of the railroad net work. There were five such sections in the Bukovina. There were only two engineers in a section, the rest of the personnel being technicians, accountants and maintenance personnel.

After finishing my last exams in September I worked through through late November on the reinforced concrete bridge design and the only remaining work to do was the diploma project of a steel bridge. The design and complete drawings for this bridge took an average of a year, some students spent 2 years on it. For the time being I had only three months available because on March 1, 1936 we had to start 8 months of military service. We were not allowed to do any work at home, so I spent between 10 and 12 hours a day in school to do as much work as possible before going to military school. Anyway by Feb. 29, 36 I was quite advanced with this project but had to abandon it for the duration of the military service. Every Rumanian citizen was required to serve two years in the Military except high school graduates who had to serve one year. They also had the option to go to officer schools. For the graduates of the Polytechnic Institute the system required only eight months in a course for reserve officers held at the Institute. The schedule for the 8 months was as follows: 4 months courses and military training, one month vacation, one month field exercises and 2 months practice in a regiment, at the end a final exam. During the four months of schooling we had military training in the morning and theoretical courses in the afternoon. I was assigned to the Artillery, so we were trained in both small guns and artillery cannons and in horseback riding, the main moving vehicle for both humans and material was at that time by horse. I enjoyed the riding though the training was quite wild. As courses we had Military Tactics and Strategy and Ballistics, the theoretical science of cannon shooting, based on theoretical mechanics. In July we had a month of vacation and in August we went to an Artillery camp for shooting practice. In September and October we were sent to different Artillery regiments for practice. We were supposed to have a choice in selecting the place and I selected the regiment in Czernowitz but was sent to the regiment located nearby in the town of my birth New Zuczka, so I failed in my purpose to stay with my family, but was able to go home for weekends.

I meant to describe here only the sequence leading to my finishing school leaving the overall atmosphere and extracurricular after that but I will anticipate to show the growing antisemitism in Rumania in these years, when Hitler was in power in Germany because this relates directly to my military service. In Rumania antisemitism was much stronger than in most European countries, as I have shown earlier. After the peace treaties of 1919, which required the Rumanian Government to give citizenship and equal rights to its Jewish residents they could thereafter not deny them the rights to serve in the army. In the Army antisemitism was very strong and we had quite a hard time. The officers expressed themselves openly for Hitler and used every opportunity to harass us in overt and covert ways. Some of the student colleagues behaved similarly. One of these harassments was also the denial to send me to the regiment of my choosing. And so it happened that at the end of the practice in the regiment a letter came from the school to the regiment with the message that the candidates enumerated on the other side failed the practical exercises and are therefore not admitted to the exam for reserve officer. On the back side there was one name: Carl Hirsch. Similar letters were sent to the regiments of all Jewish students from the new provinces. The Jewish students from Rumania proper were admitted to the exam but did not pass it. In addition we had to serve for 4 more months to complete the full year required for high school graduates. The matter had an unpleasant follow-up for me. During this exam I came to Bucharest for another purpose and meeting one of our officers I expressed my dissatisfaction with this matter and the commander of the school sent an indictment against me to the military court for insult to a superior. In due course I was convicted to 3 months imprisonment but fortunately while I appealed an amnesty given by a new government cancelled all convicted for up to 3 months. As for serving the additional 4 months the regiment did not need me and I got vacation for most of the time.

By mid-November 1936 I was back at the drawing board to finish my diploma project. By April 1937 I finished it and passed a quite severe examination. The assistant professor mentioned to the examining department head that I finished it in 115 days, quite a feat if compared to the year or two other students took to do a similar job.

In retrospect I have to emphasize how useless and repetitive much of the work was with tens of gusset plates drawn and detailed with thousands of rivets drawn into these details and at the end the professor checked the scale of the

drawing and yelled at me: "a mili- meter is missing, sir". What a waste of time and energy. The only thing we got was the ability to start similar projects on our own. The total amount of knowledge we had to accumulate during all these was similarly out of proportion with the future work we had to do as engineers. As an example one question I had to answer at an exam was: history of the bridges in the 18-th century and after I drew them on the chalkboard the professor came and said: "two bridges are missing, sir". This could be quite interesting to today's students who often have only multiple choice exams.

Before I now go into my professional life I have to relate some other aspects of my life in the last student years. I continued to stay through 1935 in the "Caminul Schuller" student hostel. One year I served as the head of the hostel administration after being elected to the student council. I moved into a smaller room with only four beds. In 1934 my younger brother took the entrance exam to the Polytechnic and was admitted to the Department of Mines and Metallurgy. I have also to mention that when I came to Bucharest in 1932 I simultaneously registered as a student in the Department of Mathematics of the University of Bucharest (with prior credit for two years from the University of Czernowitz) and in my free time (especially during my military service) took the exams and completed the requirements for the master degree in Mathematics in the fall of 1936. There is very little to be said about extracurricular activities. Once in a while on weekends we took the train to the Carpathians and hiked the trails to some peaks with elevations of up to 2500 m. By 1935 I started to live outside the "Caminul Schuller" renting private rooms with my brother as roommate. The expense was covered with income from tutoring. We also got the main meal free in a student cafeteria for war orphans. Unfortunately this cafeteria was located next to the seat of the association of medical students, a hotbed of antisemitism and one day during student riots I was cruelly beaten. A positive result was that through my intervention with the appropriate authorities all Jewish war orphans were paid the meal in the cafeteria of the "Caminul Schuller". Here I am now in the spring of 1937 ready to start my professional practice.

My mother and the two sisters continued to stay in Czernowitz, Lilly at the same job, Rosa finished 8-th grade and then entered an apprenticeship for sewing. We (myself and Kubi) visited as often as possible.

V.
Engineering Practice :
1937 -1940.

I am now in May 1937 ready to go into employment. Before I start I will describe briefly the general situation in Rumania and in Europe. Hitler came to power in 1933 and started to build up his army and power preparing for war. In 1936 he occupied the Rhineland (demilitarized by the peace treaty of Versailles) and early 1938 he will occupy Austria without any action taken by France or Great Britain. This had reverberations throughout Europe, smaller countries like Rumania knew that sometimes in the not too far future they will have to take sides. At about the same time Mussolini occupied Abyssinia and later Albania, while in Spanish civil war the Germans and Italians openly fought on the side of General Franco without any intervention from the side of France and Great Britain. The leading parties in Rumania were solidly on the side of their WW1 allies, France and Great Britain, but there was also a sizable minority sympathising with Hitler in the hope to get this way rid of the Jews. Hitler also represented to them a bulwark against communism, which they hated especially because of the closeness of the USSR. This is not to say that the main parties were not anti semitic and didn't hate communism. Anyway the overall atmosphere started to be unpleasant and dangerous though it was far from pleasant before. I have described above two examples, one with my army service (our class was the first in which the Jewish candidates were submitted to a lot of chicanery and not promoted to reserve officers) and the other of being beaten outside the cafeteria for war orphans. These things did not happen often in the past. The active officers in the Army were mostly rightwing, they spoke for instance of General Franco's uprising in Spain (which started in 1936) as "our side" or of Hitler as the genius of Germany. As I said earlier there was a lot of antisemitism in Rumania before, much more than in Germany before Hitler but the politicians also knew that the integrity of Rumania as created by the post WW1 treaties depended on preserving the present order in Europe which Hitler tried to alter. Though legally all citizens had equal rights the rights of the Jews were less equal especially concerning civil service jobs, the military a.o. Beginning in the thirties it was almost impossible for Jewish teachers to get employment in public

schools. One of the reasons I went into engineering was the fact that in this profession there was a better prospect to get started as a Jew than in any other.

Looking for employment I had to take this into account. Government jobs in engineering were usually closed for Jewish applicants, so were higher paying jobs in industry. We had to look for lower paying jobs with engineers or contractors. There were few ads for jobs, you had to write applications at random or visit firms at random. I visited a few engineering firms and was lucky enough to get a job within a short time with a combined engineering construction firm owned by a well known engineer (Nicolae Ganea), author of a number of books on reinforced concrete. I stayed with this firm approx. a year and my main job was the design and supervision of construction for the extension of a steel construction plant. Most of the new buildings were designed in reinforced concrete, of which I became shortly a specialist. The construction of these new buildings was a rather hectic affair. The firm was not specialized in construction, most everything was improvised by hiring both supervisory and labor personnel for each job. The manager of the building site was in a difficult position and was changed quite often. After a few months I was appointed to this position. I tried to bring some order into a hopeless situation. The workers were mostly Gypsies who brought their families along. They slept partly in barracks and partly in the trenches excavated for foundations or utilities. In the morning before we started to pour the concrete for the foundations we had to empty the trenches of Gypsy children. This could not continue and we had to fire the work supervisor and replace the working crew. We brought in a German crew (carpenters and masons from Czernowitz) who helped to bring some order and efficiency into this place. It was my duty to fire the supervisor and it was no easy task, I was afraid that I could get a beating for it when I had to tell him to leave and fire all the Gypsies within a day or so. The work went on much better but I couldn't last long on this job. Ganea hired an Italian stair subcontractor to build the stairs out of reinforced concrete and when I told him that the stairs need some design he said there is no need to do any design for stairs. After the sub took out the forms from under the stairs these started to bend. Anyway Ganea made me responsible and sent me back to the office. The way he did it was very repulsive, he yelled at me: "If you are oxes, you are going to remain oxes". I retreated into a corner, shed a few tears and went to the design office. There was no easy way to get another job and in reality it was not meant

seriously, he tried to show his personal innocence to his employer, the owner of the plant.

In the office my first job was the design of these stairs. I continued to do design work for this and other jobs. My first acquaintance with construction gave me an insight into the very poor condition of the Rumanian working class, mainly sons of peasants, poorly paid without any skills for the jobs they were doing, the skilled workers in construction were mainly Germans (like the ones we hired after we got rid of the Gypsies) and Hungarians. The unskilled helpers I am talking about came to work barefoot and ate bread with grapes for lunch.

In the summer of 1937 my friend Jascha Flexor came from Prague (where he still was a student of Medicine) with 3 Czech girls for a vacation at the Black Sea, one of the girls was his girlfriend. I visited them on a weekend and fell in love with one of them. She was the same blond type I fell in love with earlier (in a Hashomer Hatzair camp as shown above) and will fall in love with later (my future wife Lotte).

This was one of the reasons I accepted Jascha's invitation to visit him in Prague at Christmastime. In Prague this girl presented me her fiancée, also a doctoral student in military uniform, and that was that. Vacation was not as regulated at that time in Rumania as it is now in most countries, especially for small firms without Union affiliation. Except for a few days here and there I didn't have any vacation in the first 15 years of my working life, this was also because these years were prewar, war and postwar years. Anyway because there was little activity in Rumania between Christmas and New Year's Ganea gave me this time off and I went to Prague by train.

I stayed in Prague for almost 2 weeks and came to know this city quite well. I stayed with my friend Jascha and spent a lot of time with my uncle Michael Wurmbrand (a brother of my mother's) and his wife Fanny, who moved to Prague from Berlin after Hitler came to power in Germany in 1933. Michael was a journalist for the JTA (for Jewish Telegraph Agency), subsidiary of an American firm. Michael had headed this office in Berlin, had moved it to Prague and will have to move it in the fall of 1938 (after the accord of Munich) to Paris. After the fall of France in 1940 they were able to cross the ocean to New York. Through Michael I came to know a number of prestigious German refugees in the coffeehouses of Prague.

While I was in Prague the king of Rumania changed the government by naming the head of the antisemitic party prime minister. The sensitive refugee

community in Prague saw this as a bad sign and I was interviewed by two journalists about the situation in Rumania, who both wrote articles in their papers, based on these interviews. One of these journalists was Manfred Georg, later the editor of the German Jewish weekly "Aufbau" in New York. The other was Herman Budzislowski, at that time editor of the liberal leftist monthly "Weltbuehne", whose former publisher was Carl von Ossietzky who was arrested by Hitler in 1933 and a few years later died in prison. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in the midthirties, but was prohibited by the German authorities to go to Oslo to receive it. Anyway the refugee community was quite nervous about this change of government in Rumania and so were the Czechs. I mentioned to the Czech girls how beautiful and well organized I found their country and they said that Hitler wants to take it away. Besides the visits with my uncle I had a good time with Jascha and his friends, we had a fine New Year's 1938 celebration.

A few days later I returned to Bucharest and found in the mail a notice of termination from my employer. Next day in the office I found out that all the Jewish employees had received such notices and that Ganea considered them as a formality for the case that some day he might be prohibited to use Jewish engineers. The antisemitic government lasted only through February when the king named his own man as prime minister with the intention to rule in the future without the interference of the political parties. A similar autocratic government was established before in Austria in 1934 and its end came in March 1938 when Hitler invaded and annexed Austria. Ironically in December 1937 with the change of government in Rumania I was told in Prague that in all coffeehouses in Vienna Rumanian can be heard because so many journalists and politicians had fled, only three months later the Austrian politicians and journalists had to flee (with Hitler's invasion of Austria) some first to Prague with only 6 months of respite before it came the time of Czechoslovakia to be absorbed into Hitler's sphere.

It was quite a year, 1938, which we are just beginning. For me personally there were also changes. The termination notice I got on Jan.1 was repeated on Feb.1 and March 1 and would probably have been obsolete with the change of Government, but on the last day of March I had an unpleasant dispute with the administrative chief of the firm, who had the right of signature for Ganea and he just gave me notice that the termination was effective by April 1 based on the notice of March 1. Ganea couldn't back away from this notice I was without a job

on my 26th birthday, April 1, 38. I sued to the Labor Court based on the repetitive notices and got paid for April. Between April and August I had a few odd jobs, it was not easy to get one. One day I was hired by the Telephone Company and worked for one day. When I started to fill out the personnel forms and filled in Jewish for ethnicity or religion (there were always these questions in the personnel forms) the supervisor paid me for the day and said that this position is not going to be filled. I found out later that the Telephone Co., as a foreign firm (American) had directions from the Government not to hire Jews.

After further applications I unexpectedly got a Government job in August with the Department of Highways in the Ministry of Public Works. Though these civil service jobs offered Government benefits they were not sought after by young graduates because of lower pay. The ministry decided to hire minorities and also a few Jews for the many unfilled positions. My status as war orphan gave me some priority. I had additional luck to be kept in the Bucharest headquarters of the Ministry rather than being sent to one of the 70 or so county highway departments. I was assigned to the department of new autoroutes. Our assignment was to supervise the design and construction of a number of modern highways throughout the country, in reality the first of this kind in a country, where the main type of transportation were the railways and horsedrawn carts on primitive dirt roads. I stayed in the main office through the end of September, when I was sent into the field to head a section of 50 km. of new highway construction not far from the city of Constantza on the Black Sea. This was quite an honor, usually these assignments were reserved for more experienced engineers. This assignment just came during the Munich crisis when the British and French prime ministers ceded to Hitler the German speaking part of Czecho-slovakia and danger of war was imminent, if they would have opposed Hitler's request. The British prime minister Neville Chamberlain came home and said to his people that he brought them "Peace in our time", a peace which was to last for 11 more months. My departure was delayed because of the death of the queen mother which occurred in these days.

And so by early October 1938 I am on my new workplace in the village of Cobadin, 35 km. West of Constantza. I had a crew of technicians and draftsmen and our duty was to layout the alignment for the road for the contractor, design the bridges and other accessories of the road work and supervise the construction done by the contracting firm. This highway was part of an autoroute from Bucharest to Constantza. My superiors were satisfied with the

way I handled my job, I got in a short time good marks for the concrete arch bridges I designed. I also tried to improve the routing of the road line. I went quite a few times to Bucharest HQ to get approval of my design work, using the occasion to see my brother and friends. There was not much to do in this vil lage, the next town was Constantza where I didn't know anybody. In Constantza I met a number of refugees from Germany and Czechoslovakia who tried to find boats to go to Palestine. I remember the disappointment of some youngsters who stayed in the harbor looking after a just departed boat which they have missed because of lack of papers. I cannot say that I grasped at this moment fully the deep tragedy of the situation we have lived with for the last years, and I was definitely not aware of what was coming. Many people were thinking of emigration but there was no place to go to. While I was out of work early 1938 I wrote a number of job applications to different foreign countries (the respective departments of public works) and got a few replies, one from Ecuador and one from Turkey, but in the meantime I was here securely employed and didn't follow up on these offers.

My work in Cobadin continued through early April. In March an older engineer was named to take over to head this section, I was told that the job was his from the beginning but that he had to finish his previous assignment and that I am being transferred to another section of the highway BucharestConstantza with headquarters in the town of Silistra. While I still worked with him in Cobadin the episode I described at the beginning of this memoir with Hitler's invasion of the rump state of Czechoslovakia, bringing with it the threat of a European war occurred. Here we are now full circle in March 15, 1939 exactly one year after the takeover of Austria which didn't seem that dangerous because it was a German population that enthusiastically joined the German empire. But it was less than 6 months after Hitler's solemn declaration that he had no more territorial claims in Europe and that he didn't want any non-Germans in his empire. The Rumanian authorities gave an order to all reserve military men to present themselves to their military units. It was a long train ride from Constantza to Czernowitz with trains overfilled. Arriving at my regiment I was immediately sent home with most of the other reservists. I was glad to see my family and returned to my job in Cobadin.

After I turned over the work to my successor I moved to my new workplace in the Town of Silistra. This town is located on the Southern bank of the Danube river. It had belonged to Bulgaria through 1913, when after a Balcan

war it was annexed by Rumania with all the Southern part of Dobrudja province. The Northern part of this province with the port of Constantza had been given to Rumania after a previous Balcan war in 1878, it was all part of Turkey before. The population was mainly Bulgarian with Armenian and Turkish minorities and a Rumanian upper class. The Rumanians living in this town at that time were all born in other provinces. The construction of the highway was more advanced in this area, so I was not as busy as in Cobadin and I traveled on most weekends to Bucharest and in the summer months to the shore of the Black Sea around Constantza. There is not much to relate about the following months. In August I rented a room for my 2 sisters in the town of Mangalia on the shore of the Black Sea and visited them on weekends. On August 23 I went with my supervisor to inspect some work and we ended up in Bucharest to report to the Central Highway Department. As we arrived in Bucharest the newspapers announced in a special edition the conclusion of a non-aggression pact between Hitler and Stalin. War was in the air. I said in jest to my friends that the Soviet Union has joined the Anti-Comintern Pact (concluded earlier between Germany, Italy and Japan against Communism).

Like any American who remembers where he was when he found out about Pearl Harbor or the assassination of Kennedy I remember exactly the day the war started. September 1, 1939 we went with the representatives of the contractor into the field to check the work done in the last month to establish the amount of payment the contractor was to be paid for the work done in August. I went with a representative of the contractor to a certain area and in discussing the probability of war I was optimistic, probably out of hope that a war could be avoided. When we met the other members of the group the head of the Constantza Highway Administration told us that he had heard over the radio about the invasion of the German army into Poland. The war in Poland was over soon, but the news we received on September 17 that the Soviet army had taken over the Eastern part of Poland were not that bad (though they were proof of Stalin's deep cynicism) because there was a hope that in the end we might end up under Stalin rather than under Hitler and thus escape the fate of the German or Polish Jews. In Rumania there was no visible change for the time being except that we met everywhere Polish military and civilian refugees, who had crossed the common border in their flight. The military were interned in camps and later released to go to other countries.

For the time being the work continued normally, business flourished as if the war would have been not across the border but in a faraway land. But we all knew that it was the calm before the storm. Nobody knew what turn the events will take. There was not much to do on evenings in a town like Silistra. The main entertainment was to sit in a restaurant in the open air, eat the fine Rumanian grill or fish dishes and watch the promenade of the girls. I continued to go to Bucharest on weekends to meet my friends. We had to go across the Danube by ferry approximately for an hour to take the train to Bucharest. In December the Danube froze solid and we had to go by sled across and than continue by train.

We all knew that a confrontation will come sometimes after the 1939/40 winter and we hoped that the combined forces of France and Great Britain will be victorious. Nobody could have foreseen the Blitzkrieg that came in the spring of 1940. Late March the invasion of Yugoslavia and then of Greece and the landing from the air in Crete. In a few weeks the British Middle East forces had to retreat to North Africa. Mid-April the invasion of Denmark and Norway and on May 10 the invasion of France through Belgium and Holland. We never expected that the combined French-British armies will be beaten in a short time. There was a suspicion that the Soviet Union will take advantage of the situation and claim part of Rumania. A deep sense of tragedy overcame us when we heard the news of the rapid advancement of the German army through France and its entry in Paris around June 20. Before that I was called for 20 days (late April through mid-May) to my regiment for military service. This was in view of preparing reserve cadres for a possibility of Rumania being pulled eventually into the war. It was a bit unpleasant to be a sergeant with a few of my engineering colleagues serving as lieutenants, but I took facts as facts and went through it. After a couple of weeks back in Silistra under the influence of the bad news from France I decided to go back to Czernowitz to see my family again considering the possibility that the Soviets might occupy the North-Eastern part of Rumania and we might be cut off from one another for a long time. Early June I took my money out of the bank in Bucharest and brought it to my mother in Czernowitz. Interestingly enough was for me that at a time when the German armies were overrunning France the atmosphere in Czernowitz was totally normal. It was a calm before the storm ("Ruhe vor dem Sturm").

Back in Silistra work continued normal thru June 26. On the evening of this day during dinner in a restaurant in we heard a special announcement over

the radio that the Soviet Union has requested from Rumania the return of the province of Bessarabia (presently the Soviet Republic of Moldavia), which was thru 1918 part of Russia and then ceded to Rumania after WW1 and as interest for holding it since 1918 the Northern part of the province of Bukovina with a majority Ukrainian population. The request was given in the form of an ultimatum expiring June 28. Next day the ultimatum was accepted by the King (probably after consultations with Germany). On June 28 I went to Bucharest to discuss the situation with my friends and my brother Kubi. I found a lot of confusion but with many of my friends and acquaintances from the Bukovina and Bessarabia provinces packing to go by train to their hometowns while there still was an open border and trains were still in circulation. It was not mainly sympathy for communism but the fear for the coming of a proGerman regime. In the evening the king named a new Government with a proGerman and antisemitic tendency. I didn't know what to do myself, and later in the evening my friend Jascha Flexor, who was just satisfying his military service as a doctor, persuaded me to go to Czernowitz. He said that he has lived through a similar situation in Czechoslovakia during the initial stage of the occupation by the Germans., After a few days the border was closed forever. I was in a kind of confusion, I had left behind in Silistra all my things except my documents (which I had taken along in a briefcase), I had lost contact with my brother, but I went along to the Railway Station and took the train to Czernowitz. I didn't need a ticket because as an engineer in Government service I had 24 free train rides a year, first class on the Government owned railways. In all stations we met trains going the other way full of refugees from Bessarabia and North Bukovina, mostly ethnic Rumanians. We arrived around noon the following day in the station Adancata, 25 km. south of Czernowitz and were informed that there is no more continuation to Czernowitz. With a number of other similar adventurers we started on foot for the approx. 25 remaining km. After staying overnight in a small town continued our walk. We didn't meet any remnants of the Rumanian army, they had left on June 28 and only on this morning of the 30th we met the first Soviet troops just south of Czernowitz. They probably were elite troops, blond youngsters on fine horses, we greeted them enthusiastically. In our attitude and that of most Jews from Czernowitz there were two elements in the positive approach to the coming Soviet rule in the Bucovina, one was sympathy to the Soviet experiment shared at that time by most of the liberal community throughout the world and the other the fact that this way we were saved from

the coming German rule throughout Europe. Even wealthy Jews who at that time didn't know that Siberia may be their next place of habitation were carried along by the fear of German rule.

Around noon we arrived in Czernowitz, the streets were full of people enthusiastic about the new events. I soon joined my family, my mother and my two sisters. The fact that I had left my brother Kubi behind made me have a lot of remorse. I hoped that he will arrive soon and really, after a few days he came. he didn't have as easy a voyage like mine, the Rumanian police had arrested him, but then let him go.

Here I am now, June 30, 1940 in Czernowitz, soon to be a county capital in the Ukrainian Republic, one of the 15 republics of the Soviet Union, starting a new chapter in my life. Before I go into it I would like to think back beyond the events described to the person, who is the main character of this tale.

I have outlined above the sequence of events in my life through this date without going into any details of who was the person who went through these events. I went through 3 different phases in this short life, each centered around a particular town. First my early childhood in Vienna through age six, next childhood and adolescence in Czernowitz through age 19 and third professional school and engineering practice in Bucharest. The short time in Brno and practice in the provinces are actually part of this third phase. I have said a lot of some of my extracurricular activity during high school and very little for the time after. In the last chapters I have said a lot about anti semitism because it was so determinant in many aspects of the daily life, but I didn't draw any conclusions to adjust my ideology, like so many who sought a solution in Zionism. My early joining the "Hashomer Hatzair" was influenced by the environment in Czernowitz and the time in the midtwenties, when Zionism was en vogue throughout the Jewish world. It was not the main reason of joining it, the overall idea of youth being together in a boyscout like organisation was very attractive and we enjoyed it. The tradition of the German "Wandervogel" played a great role in our movement, so was the idea of the "Chalutz" movement, which made us embrace the Zionist Socialist ideals. We were antibourgeois despising other youth whose only aim was rapid arrangement in the existing bourgeois society, dancing, courting girls and the like. Most of our school colleagues joined old fashioned student fraternities with fencing practice. From all the components of the "Hashomer Hatzair" I abandoned Zionism first, I feel as a cosmopolitan first and supporter of a secular state. To this may have contributed the excessive

nationalism I have seen around me, first the Rumanian one, then the German one, the Polish, Ukrainian, etc. All have brought only harm and trouble, not only to the victims but in no smaller measure to the perpetrators. To love your kind was associated with hate for others. I never denied being Jewish, but I did not feel as the Zionists the necessity to revive the old Jewish culture which has been kept alive in the rabbinic scriptures. Being Jewish was like a destiny which you had to carry without recourse. There were many who converted to Christianity without losing the stigma of having been born a Jew and in the very end not being fully integrated in the Gentile society.

Though for many years I went to Hebrew school and was fully conversant in this language I did not feel any attraction to what my "Hashomer Hatzair" friends pursued as revival of Jewish culture. In my perception Jewish culture were mainly the religious books with their rigid interpretation of every event according to these books. There was a contemporary Jewish culture in the East European shtetls, but it was expressed in the Yiddish language and did not have a direct relation to the new Hebrew culture the Zionists tried to create out of a history which ended in the year 70 A.D., when Rome occupied ancient Israel and destroyed the temple in Jerusalem. Zionism was created in the late 19th century at a time when nationalism was the main expression of dissatisfaction by many ethnic groups in Europe oppressed by the main ethnic group in different countries. Antisemitism was the godfather of Zionism.

Another factor was my upbringing in the German language and as a my attachment to the German culture. I have mentioned my reading during high school years, I stayed an avid reader during college years though there was not much time for it. I read all German literature available, mainly progressive ones and foreign authors like Dostoyewsky, Tolstoi, Knut Hamsun, Theodor Dreiser and many more in very good German translation. It was like a repetition of the time of the enlightenment in the late 18th and early 19th centuries when Jews in Germany conceived culture as German culture and it was quite a tragedy that to us this happened at a time of growing antisemitism in Germany, but we never concluded that because of German antisemitism we should give up our language. We also had the example in front of us of the many German gentiles who preferred to go into exile rather than stay in Nazi Germany. Anyway it was a tragedy to see the country whose cultural tradition we appropriated becoming the haven of racial hatred. To the date of this writing (June 1991) I have read that much about anti semitism, nationalism and chauvinism and have to confess that

I do not understand fully how Hitler was able to get that many accomplices within the German people for his misdeeds. We have grown up in the Bukovina with five different ethnic groups with respect and relative friendship for one another. It was different in Rumania proper where antisemitism was wide spread and encouraged by the more conservative church. It is true that socially we met mostly with Jewish friends, but we were friendly with our gentile neighbors through the later antisemitic regime. Our language of communication was German.

Politically I felt myself being on the left, a sympathizer with the socialist idea even in its communist form. There was no alternative in the thirties. Most of the German emigres put their hopes of returning into a better Germany in the success of the Soviet experiment as a firm opposition to the growing fascism throughout the world. I kept my judgment when we read in the later thirties about the trials in Moscow when most of former Lenin collaborators were accused of improbable crimes and condemned to death. I knew there was something fundamentally wrong in it but as I said above there was no alternative. Great Britain and France did not intervene in Spain and gave Hitler a free hand to turn it over to their fascist friend Franco. In 1938 they betrayed Czechoslovakia, the last bastion which would have fought Hitler. The pact between Hitler and Stalin should have made us think, but we understood it that Stalin tried to buy time which was really close to the truth. Anyway for Jews, sympathizers or not, it seemed at that time that it saved us from a coming German domination of the European continent, which made many former critics and opponents of communism, leave Rumania and cross into the Sovietoccupied territories. Many of them will pay for it with their lives.

A few words about my friends. In Bucharest I kept contact with a number of my former friends from Czernowitz, most of them from the "Hashomer Hatzair", who were students or employed in Bucharest, like Mischa Flexor, brother of my best friend Jascha, Otto Blum, who followed me on my way from the Polytechnic of Brno to Bucharest, the brothers Maxi and Lulziu Chalfen, a.o. In the Caminul Schuller I acquired a new number of friends, mainly engineering students. One of them is Carol Neuman, who still comes once in a while to visit us in Hanover, when he comes to visit his children in the USA. In 1937 he left his wife and newborn baby in Bucharest to go to Spain as a volunteer in the Republican army. I have mentioned already that quite a number of Jewish students from those days got involved in politics and became officials in the

Communist Government in Rumania after 1945. Though we also had girls in our social groups I cannot pride myself with any girlfriends at this time, this maybe due to some shyness from my side.

One hobbie was reading, which I have mentioned above. I didn't participate in any sports, except watching soccer games. I liked very much hiking the Carpathian mountains in easy reach by train from Bucharest with peaks in the 2500 meter range. We also went to swim in the lakes around Bucharest. We played chess occasionally but quite often poker and backgammon.

About my attitude to working. I was a very serious worker, not a workhorse, rather efficient and fast. I asked a lot from my subordinates, some complained that I was too severe. I stayed this way through all my years in Rumania, later in the USA I mellowed a bit.

VI. Under Communism in Czernowitz: 1940-1941

There was a lot of celebration when I entered Czernowitz in the morning of June 30, 1940. The Rumanian officials had fled and with them most of the Rumanian middle class. In a short while Soviet officials took over the administration with the help of some local Ukrainian and Jewish communists. The primary officials were always Soviet, next in line were local helpers, like my friend Brachfeld for the Health Administration. The Red Army had brought along representatives of the performing arts, who entertained the population with a number of plays and concerts, mostly propaganda, but done with flair. Within the next few weeks most of our friends, who had had jobs in Bucharest or other towns of Rumania proper, came across to stay under Soviet rule. Some hesitated to find out more about what to expect and after they got dubious information about the Soviet regime came anyway because there was not much to expect from the antisemitic government in Rumania. My brother Kubi was very enthusiastic when he arrived, he asked me with disbelief: "Carl, we are in the Soviet Union?", this is to show how blind most of the people were about the reality in this so called workers' paradise. Our dilemma can best be exemplified by a joke circulating at that time: Two trains meet on June 28 in a station between Bucharest and Czernowitz, one going South with refugees from Czernowitz, the other going North with returnees to Czernowitz. At they pass one another two brothers (one going North and one going South recognize one another and each is yelling to the other: "Meshigener" (You Crackpot).

It took a few weeks before things got settled in the new way. We used the time to learn Russian. I tried to get in touch with the county Highway Department. A local Ukrainian technician was put in charge next to a manager from the Ukraine. I stayed for a few days, but they kept me in a minor position and being dissatisfied I quit and took a job with the local Housing authority. In the meantime most of the industrial plants, banks, stores were taken over by the Soviet authorities as state property, so were the residential multifamily apartment houses. A big apartment administration was founded and I was hired to be the engineer for one of the three boroughs to deal with any main repair or rehabilitation work. The title of chief engineer I got was misleading, there was

not too much to rehabilitate or reconstruct in this early stage of the new administration and I did not have too much technical work to do. A couple of months later my friend Mischa Flexor suggested I take a job in the Textile Trust as head of the capital construction office, which I did. This job was not that technical either because the 6 textile plants which constituted the Trust were in good shape and there was no immediate program for capital construction.

Before I go further I will describe the transition time to the new communist administration. As part of the Soviet Ukraine the Northern Bukovina was constituted as the Czernovtzi region of this republic. All the main administration officials and industrial and commercial managers were sent to Czernowitz from their Ukrainian headquarters, mostly from Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine. We found out shortly that there was a dual administration, the civil one and the regional Communist Party Committee, to which any other authority was subordinated. This was called democratic centralism, but was in reality a pure dictatorship of the Communist party, disguised as workers democracy. A certain kind of language was adopted which made everyone play the game the party directed. In open meetings, when one raised the hand to speak, a party bureaucrat came to ask him what he intended to say. On the other hand we didn't learn very much about life in the Soviet Union, the papers published only official views about the successes in the work in different parts of the Ukraine and the Soviet Union, mainly propaganda, and very few facts about life in general.

I use this occasion to include in this memoir a short fact which is characteristic of the fate which befell many members of our generation. I have mentioned before that the first month of the Soviet occupation very few people worked and we passed the time learning Russian and meeting with friends. One of my friends was a former schoolmate, Moschku Brachfeld, a doctor. He seems to have been a member of the illegal Communist party, the new administration put him in charge of organizing the medical profession. His younger brother Jonas while serving a few years earlier in the Rumanian army had crossed the border into the Soviet Union to escape the unpleasant service in the army and to enjoy the "wonderful life in the Soviet paradise". After a few letters there was no more sign of life in the next years. On one of my visits the mother told me: "I am lying in the bed at night and hope the door will open and Jonziu will come home". He was never heard of again, lost somewhere in Stalin's Gulag, a totally innocent victim of his belief in communism. I cannot end this story without

mentioning that 4 years later, in 1944, after Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union and the Germans' retreat and the reoccupation of the Bucovina by the Soviet army Moschku Brachfeld, who had fled with the Soviet army into the inner USSR, came back from his refuge and answered my question, if he has heard anything about his brother during his refuge in the USSR, in the negative. There are regions there, he said, which have no communication with the rest of the country. He knew very well that his brother was no more alive but he also knew that he had to keep quiet if he wanted to enjoy the status of a leading party member.

I would like also to show that a certain camaraderie developed within the population, there were no more owners and subordinates, the new Soviet managers tried to deal with us gently. Most of our friends from childhood and youth returned from their later places of residence in Rumania and others we had met in Bucharest crossed the border to escape antisemitism and thus we were surrounded by close friends. We didn't feel the invisible hand of the KGB. Sure there were a lot of victims, like the owners of the expropriated factories and shops and also apartment houses, but this didn't touch us directly, we saw it as social justice that these shops and industrial plants now belonged to the people, as we were told. The main point for us was that Hitler's war was no more a danger for us and that we had also escaped Rumania's antisemitism (little did we know about another kind of persecution to come), What I have said above was mainly said from a Jewish standpoint, I was not aware of any outright opposition against Soviet power from other groups. The local Ukrainians aligned themselves with the new administration and some got local leadership positions. The Germans were transferred to Germany based on a SovietGerman treaty. Some Ukrainians and Rumanians declared themselves as Germans and went to Germany. In their stead a lot of Soviet citizens came to fill the leadership positions in the administrative, industrial and commercial fields. The locals got only second rate positions.

Now to my work in the Textile Trust. As I have already said my job was to lead the capital investment program for the 6 textile plants in the Bukovina and any others to be built. I was subordinated to a chief mechanical engineer from Leningrad, his name was Senetzki, a very interesting and sympathetic human being. He sometimes spoke openly about the Soviet Union, for instance that if there wouldn't have been a revolution everything would have been alright, but another time speaking about his hometown Leningrad he said that only in

such great a city the revolution could have started, which looks like a contradiction, but may not be if you look at the events philosophically. He may have meant that the revolution was a great event which in its consequences turned out to have brought misfortune for the population. He was not a party member unlike most of the other Soviet managers and he said that he could not enjoy their privileges with the words: "I don't have a bread card", meaning a Communist party membership card.

In my visits to one of the textile plants, No.6, I met a girl to whom I was introduced a few months earlier. Her name was Lotte Gottfried and I remembered having been being introduced to her by a former student of mine, Ezia Weissman, who I was tutoring a few years earlier. I just noted in my mind that she was a pretty girl without any foreboding that she will become my life companion. Anyway I started coming more often to this plant and soon discovered that she was also my neighbor. In the beginning (in the fall of 1940) it was just a light flirt, a few words exchanged during my visits to this plant where she worked as a secretary and a nod of sympathy when we met on the street and nothing more. It was only several months later that I felt I was in love with her. I will get back to this soon.

There is not much to be said about extracurricular activities during this year. We met with our old friends from school, like Jascha Flexor and Lulziu Chalfen. I remember a lot of card playing, mainly poker, movies and Russian ballet and theater. We went as ordered to celebrate the 23rd anniversary of the Russian revolution and the May 1 international day, similar to what was to be seen later on television every year. In retrospect it was kind of a quiet time till the spring of 1941 when the invasion of Yugoslavia started a new period of war activity abroad. We felt secure with the shield of the strong Soviet army. We were not very happy with the way Communism was carried out in the Soviet Union, but still believed that it could be done better with more civilized people. To show our mentality an example could be that at our 1941 New Year celebration we raised our glasses for a next year meeting in Communist Bucharest, how little did we know

Now I have to deal with two matters which occurred almost simultaneously and though not related to one another at all became rather interrelated in their development. One is my further involvement with Lotte and the other the approaching German-Soviet war. As I said we were neighbors and once in a while when going to the office in the morning I met her rushing to her

place of work and I accompanied her for a few blocks. Sometimes she had to come to the the main office of the Textile Trust for some work and I tried to help. Once after work she came to type and I sat next to her and was tempted to kiss her, a moment of tension we both remember to this day. Late March 1941 I started visit ing her in her house and invited her once to a concert by the famous Russian violonist David Oistrach. I realized there was some resistance on her part and found out that she had another suitor, a steady boy friend as it would be called in our days. They had a group of young people who went dancing often and similar sort of entertaining which was quite unfamiliar to me. Interestingly I met in her house a third suitor Jascha Stein, a good friend and former schoolmate of my broth er's. I still went a few times to her house but was about to give up though I realized that I was deeply in love with her. I kept meeting her occasionally with some hope because a colleague from the office who was a friend of a cousin of her's gave me a message from this cousin (Hilde Teitler) not to give up.

The second element in these months between March and June 1941 was the approaching GermanSoviet war, which when it came was a complete surprise though in retrospect there were quite a few signs that it was coming. By the end of March my brother heard on the radio a speech of Churchill's in which he said that even if the Germans would capture many Soviet provinces the end victory will be ours, for us there was no sign of such an approaching war. Early April Germany attacked Yugos lavia and continued into Greece without any tough resistance, this again was a far away war.

In early June the authorities deported a few thousand citizens like former landlords, owner of stores and factories, landowners and rich peasants and former members of political parties including Zionists with their families to Siberia. I remember that I was in a school the next morning and was witnessing that the militia picked up a teenage girl (her parents had been picked up earlier from their apartment) in the courtyard, she said to her friend: "please remember me to our teacher and colleagues". I was also deeply outraged when I passed the railway station on my way to a plant to see all these people in cattle cars waiting to be shipped to Siberia. I said to myself that I will never forget and forgive this lack of humanity.

In midJune my brother attended a political meeting to which sometimes nonparty members were called and one political commissar said that this war will be tough but the final victory will be ours, it seemed strange to us but a few

days later we understood it. Saturday June 21 in the evening we had a quiet poker game and then I went home to sleep. Next morning Sunday we were all home and my sister Lilly was preparing for an excursion to the nearby mount Cecina, when our mother came back from her shopping and said that the Germans had started war against the Soviet Union and that all the planes on the airport have been destroyed. We turned on the radio and heard the very well known voice of Hitler yelling: "150 Russian divisions are on our border and we have to defend ourselves". It was quite a blow when it came so all of a sudden. I went to visit my friend Richard Blum who lived not far from us and we checked in an encyclopedia Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. Napoleon started early June and reached Moscow in October, our prediction was that it will take Hitler less time to beat the Soviets. We were still under the impression of his latest victories against the British in Greece. I then went into town, people were quite frightened. At noon on the radio we heard the speech by Molotov and interestingly enough some Russians found out only at this time about a war which started early morning. They obviously didn't listen to foreign radio stations and no Soviet radio station had transmitted any news about the war before Molotov's speech.

I cannot give a comprehensive account about the approx. 12 more days before the Soviet army retreated from our shores and with it all the Soviet citizens and quite a number of local people (mainly Jews) joined them out of fear of antisemitic persecution and/or reprisals of the incoming Rumanian administration for cooperation with the Soviets. Anyway in my mind this time is completely interwoven with my future relationship with Lotte. In the afternoon of this Sunday Lotte's sister Fritzzi came across to ask me for help because she got a call from Lotte that the manager of the plant had decided to keep all of his staff overnight and that both parents and herself were very worried about this fact. I went to the plant but the manager told me like an idiot that the Trust (of which I was a representative) has no right to interfere, I was there in a private capacity. Next morning I saw her coming home while I went to the office. Though the front was quite close, like 25 miles to the Rumanian border there was relatively little fighting in this region, there were bombardments most every day from the air, but the main thrust of the German army was to the North in Poland and the Baltics

We considered with our friends the alternatives of staying or leaving with the Russians with many pros and cons. I met with Lotte every day and our

togetherness helped us overcome the sadness of the time. When the time came in the office for the Russians to pack each one of them got an evacuation order from the manager. We the locals asked for similar orders and were refused. They told us to come along anyway. I argued that we might not get entry at the original Soviet border. Each of us went home without a decision made whether to stay or go. At home I found my mother, brother and sisters packed and ready to leave for the railway station. I objected by showing how we were treated at the office. In reality it was my love for Lotte that kept me and with that my family from going. As it turned out it was the better choice as we were fortunate to survive the following war years at our home without the hardships suffered by some of our friends who chose to flee into Soviet Russia, like my friend Mischa Flexor who left the office like me with the decision to stay and then persuaded by other friends decided to leave the same night. Mischa succeeded to reach Soviet territory but many others were stopped between the fighting fronts and ended up in Germancontrolled territory in Poland or the Ukraine and certain death. There followed 3 days of in between with no authority. As Czer nowitz is located on a hill we saw fires burning in the lower parts of the city as part of the Soviet tactics in their retreat. Overall there was no major damage except for the power station and the water works. I spent these three days mostly with Lotte reading together the novel "Der Zauberberg" (The Magic Mountain) by Thomas Mann, which I still consider the best book I have ever read. We knew that we could not expect much good from the coming GermanRumanian regime but no gloomy thoughts came to us while reading this masterpiece of German literature. Around the 3rd of July in the morning we saw a Rumanian officer walking on the street, a sign that the Soviet army had fully retreated. We were aware that a new chapter in our lives was about to begin.

VII.

Czernowitz Under Rumanian Rule: 1941 - 1944

After 3 days of in between the Rumanian army with German advisers arrived in Czernowitz one day in early July. The few days before there was no authority at all in the city, I have mentioned the fires we saw burning in the suburbs. The transition seems to have been smooth with little fighting. One morning looking out of the window from Lotte's flat where I passed most of the daytime we saw a Rumanian officer walking along a civilian. Besides the Rumanian army a contingent of their German comrade in arms also arrived. The first result of the transition was lack of water and electricity, the fires we have seen burning were the power and water plants among others. In the beginning we didn't realize the dangers inherent in this transition, we continued walking on the streets especially as we had to bring water from wells and kerosene for lighting and cooking. We were very badly equipped for both of these tasks, hardly anybody had buckets to carry water and lamps for kerosene were also scarce not to speak of the kerosene itself, which was very difficult to get especially in the beginning.

A day or so after the changeover walking towards the center of town a man warned us that hostages were being taken not far from where we were. We (meaning by that me and Lotte) started being more cautious and found out later that quite a number of ordinary citizens were just picked up, brought to some assembly places and a number of them were shot, mostly Jews. There are no statistics available, an approximate guess is that approx. 2,000 Jews were killed in the first month of the new regime.

Food was available from peasants only for Rumanian money of which we had little or mainly for barter meaning cloth, linen and the like. There was not very much to eat but we didn't feel the lack of food as there were other more important matters to worry about. First of all there was a constant pickup from the streets for cleanup work on streets and buildings. Second there was the danger to be taken as hostage and sent to some camp. Next we had to worry to get kerosene for lighting and water. As we didn't have lamps for use with kerosene we improvised using any kind of glass container with a wick (for example inkstands). The walls and the ceiling got quite dark from the exhaust.

We felt it also in our noses which got some exhaust inside. In retrospect I think that we were quite fearless and lucky. A few days after the change as I passed on the main street (Herrengasse) I saw a group of soldiers on the corner of the Maria Theresiengasse and that this street was patrolled by soldiers and people taken out of the buildings. One of them was our friend Bubi Brenner, whose testimony about what happened has been taken by our son law Leo on videotape. Shortly after the change the Governor gave an order requiring the Jews to put on a yellow star. The star had to be made of yellow fabric and be carried on the left side of the coats. It was made at home by our mothers or sisters. It didn't have to be sewn on every garment like in the German occupied lands, we used a needle and a pin to attach it on the garment we just used. It was quite an experience when we started walking on the streets with the yellow star and feeling like a pariah. Interestingly enough when we first got out on the street with a yellow star a Rumanian priest lifted his hat as homage to human suffering. We experienced quite a lot of sympathy from most of the Rumanian intellectuals, even the antisemites among them were satisfied to see the Jews as second class citizens without the Nazi aim to humiliate and destroy the Jews. Being removable so we could take the star off when we stayed in line to get bread or kerosene which we did a few times successfully. There was also a danger in this. One day a young military student recognized me as one who had taken kerosene without a star and took me to agricultural work outside the city and there I got from him a severe beating in front of the crowd of the Jews assembled for work. In these first two months every one tried to get a steady work place, even if it was heavy manual work, in order not to be taken off the streets to various unknown places of work.

Toward the end of August I went to the Rumanian Railway Engineering Service where I had done practice work in 1935 as a student and was accepted to work as an engineer under a program for Jews satisfying the work service for Jews as substitute for military service, from which Jews were now excluded. Pay was minimal, it was equivalent to the pay of an ordinary soldier but it represented a shield from further grabbing for heavy work from the streets or homes and a hope for the future. My work was that of an engineer consisting of design work for bridges, extension of existing railroad stations and rehabilitation of buildings. I was not supposed to go into the field as this could have been suspected as possible espionage but it may also have been a shield of our superiors from possible trouble. I can say that I was treated kindly at the office.

As the office was in the main Railway Station I had to take off the yellow star when entering the station in order not to be conspicuous. Jews could not travel at that time, so they were not supposed to be in the railway station.

After the initial street and building cleaning Rumanian entrepreneurs came from the old provinces and got licenses from the Government to reopen the plants and stores formerly belonging to Jews who had been expropriated by the Soviet administration (also those of the Germans who had left Germany) and also former gentile owners returned to their properties, and they all needed Jewish labor and technical help and within a few months a more normal situation came into being. Not many questions about pay were asked in the beginning, the Jews were satisfied to be shielded from hard manual labor and the owners to get cheap labor. I cannot remember where we got money at that time to buy food, probably by selling some items from the house to the peasants but after the transition food was plenty and cheap in the Bukovina and the peasants were eager to sell. This was a great help that we didn't have during the years of war under Rumanian rule any lack of food, even the Germans with most of the resources of the Continent at their disposal had to introduce rationing for the civilian population, not to speak of other countries under German rule, who were lacking most everything. This applied also to manufactured food, I remember ads in the local newspaper asking the population to consume more sugar, when sugar was rationed or not available in other countries. In Rumania sugar was made of sugar beets which were grown by many peasants.

My relationship with Lotte got closer, we were in love but didn't think of marriage for the time being because of the circumstances of persecution. Our love helped us overcome the sad situation in which we found ourselves but we hoped for the future and spent most of our free time together.

Change came on Oct.11, 1941. On my way to the office in the morning a lady neighbor of Lotte's asked me to read a new order of the Government pasted during the night on the walls. It warned citizens not to shelter Jews, not to help Jews to flee with the threat of immediate capital punishment for whoever will contravene this order. In my naivete I said that this does not concern us as we do not intend to flee and went to work. In the afternoon, when I went home for lunch I saw many Jews carrying backpacks on their shoulders and some other luggage or simple sacks with their belongings. I found out that the Government had requested all Jews to move to a part of the city as a kind of ghetto as a

transition to being shipped to camps located in the Ukraine bordering the Rumanian province of Bessarabia on the East. This territory was given by Hitler to Rumania as a compensation for part of Transylvania which they had to return to Hungary in 1940. They called it Transnistria as beyond the river Dniestr called Nistru in Rumanian in order to remind themselves that they were compensated for Transylvania. When I arrived home everybody was packed to leave but they still didn't have a flat to go to. I went across to Lotte and found out that she had an aunt and a cousin living in the area designated and we all left our homes and carried a few belongings to Lotte's cousin Blanka. The area designated for the ghetto was much too small to house that many people and we just got room to sleep on the floor, we were 11 people between Lotte's family and mine and Lotte's sister's fiance Eduard Bong and his mother. At 6 p.m. gates were put at the entrances to the ghetto and we saw German officers taking pictures from the outside. It was quite a full house at Blanka Engler, Lotte's cousin with her daughter and husband and 11 intruders.

Next morning we met friends and acquaintances outside, nobody knew in detail how the deportations will proceed, we compared our fate to that described by the writer Franz Werfel in his book "The 40 days of the Musa Dagh", in which he was telling the story of the Armenians chased by the Turks from their homes in Anatolia during World War I, most of whom perished in the desert into which they were left exposed by the Turkish army. After 3 days we were told that a number of streets including ours will be evacuated. Peasants with their carts were ready to bring us with our luggage to the railway station. We were supposed to bring only as much luggage as we could carry ourselves. We packed this meager luggage on a peasant's cart and waited to proceed to the railway station. While we waited in line a lady acquaintance told us that a number of professionals and technicians will be able to stay in Czernowitz. I asked a passing army captain if as a railway engineer I should leave or stay and got the answer not to move. I and Lotte took the cart with the belongings of the 11 of us out of the line leading to the station and we brought it to the house of another relative in an area supposed to leave in later days. We had to bribe a soldier who guarded the exit from the streets scheduled to leave in order not to allow people supposed to leave this day to stray away from their departure. This night we had only a barn to sleep in but we slept better because we started to have hope not to be evacuated. In the evening there were more good news. The mayor of the city Traian Popovici visited the Jewish hospital with the news

that the Jews will continue to stay in Czernowitz. Next day this changed that only part of the Jewish population will be able to remain. On this day a shift in the outline of the ghetto was announced. The streets which were evacuated the first day were opened for the rest of the population and a few more streets opened for the ghetto. In one of these streets was the house of Lotte's uncle Dr. Jacob Rubel. We all moved to this house which in a short time got a population of 30, rather than the original 4, the parents and 2 daughters and presently only two, the daughters having been married in the meantime. We slept on the floor of the living room, approx. 20 people.

On Friday Oct. 17 in discussing the situation with Lotte we decided to get married whatever the alternative, leave together or stay back together. We inquired with a rabbi we saw across the street but he said that Friday after 2 p.m. it was too late according to Jewish law. Next morning Oct. 18 we went to the commandant of the ghetto, a major of the Rumanian army, to allow us to leave the ghetto in order to get married in City Hall. He gave us a soldier as escort who accompanied us to the court in order to get a dispensation from the required publication of the banns (2 weeks). In the afternoon we went with the same escort and two witnesses to City Hall, the witnesses were Lotte's sister Fritzi and her fiance Eduard Bong, also a high school teacher. We left a bit earlier and visited first the Railway Administration, where I found out that they had obtained from the Government authorization to remain for all their Jewish employees, then we went to my brother's place of work, a school in course of rehabilitation (he was supervising the reconstruction) and the headmaster promised to intervene for him in the same intent. In the Marriage Registry Office the employees were very nice to us and the registrar, a university professor, told me before officiating the marriage that he hopes to celebrate many more happy occasions for the Jews, "here in Rumania". All these signs of sympathy confirm that the majority of the population were not in agreement with the measures taken against the Jews, The friendly atmosphere in City Hall was also created by the mayor who as a former Austrian grew up with the fellow Jews and was later to be instrumental in helping a substantial number of Jews without authorizations to remain in town. His name was Traian Popovici and for his deeds he was awarded a plaque in Yad Vashem in Jerusalem as a righteous gentile. He is also listed as a rescuer in the U.S. Holocaust Museum in Washington. When we came home to the ghetto our cohabitants celebrated the occasion, each took out of his food provisions prepared for the trip some cakes

and other goodies and everybody wished us a happy marriage, only Lotte's mother was surprised, she said: "nobody has told me anything".

In the next few days the leaders of the Jewish Community prepared lists of the Jewish population arranged by professions and the Government issued to part of the population authorizations to remain in the city. I got two, one as a civil engineer from the lists of the Jewish Community and one as a railway employee, my brother got one as a mining engineer and one from his employment, which having been issued without a Christian name on it was used by another Hirsch family. Many got authorizations with bribes given the department heads of the provincial government. Many were not that fortunate and were put into trains to Transnistria, two aunts of ours with their families, my friend Lulziu Chalfen who though a doctor didn't have the right connections and many others. A few thousands continued to hide while the others went to the trains and after the shipments stopped got temporary authorizations from the mayor, they were called "Popovici authorizations". From the approx. 50,000 Jews in the city in October there were approx. 20,000 left a few weeks later. The deportees were brought in trains to the river Dniestr in Bessarabia and then brutally chased across a bridge into Transnistria. Some staid in the first town Moghilev and others had to go farther into other towns. They were left in the open without shelter and food. There were no camps but most didn't find adequate shelter and because of the approaching winter many died of cold and hunger. My estimation is that less than half survived the two and a half years they staid in this province. My aunt Fritz Wurmbrand and her son Yochanan stayed in Moghilev and survived but my other aunt Lotti Roth and her husband Leon perished in the first month together with their son in law and grandson from cold and hunger, only her daughter Rosa (now Zuckerman) survived and returned to Czernowitz in 1944. From the other towns of the Bukovina all Jews were sent to Transnistria without exception, it seems that because they came earlier in the fall they got better conditions and a greater percentage survived. Some job opportunities were created (mainly through the inventiveness of some professionals like the engineer Jagendorf, who describes his experience in his book about the foundry in Moghilev) and some help sent through the Jewish communities of Rumania and relatives made a great part survive the ordeal. Anyway these were not extermination camps and except for some cases at the eastern border of Transnistria adjoining the German occupied areas (where some were transferred to the Germans and murdered) bread, shelter and

sanitation were main problems in their survival. It seems that originally the authorities intended to deport all the Jews from Czernowitz but the big number of the Jewish population in Czernowitz caused some delays and within this time there were interventions from the side of the Queen mother, the papal nuntio and the industrialists who would not have been able to manage their plants without Jews. The Jews from the other towns were shipped off within a few days.

I have mentioned above the Jewish Community as an agent of the Government in establishing lists of Jews by professions. Officially there was no Jewish Community as before with different activities (religious, social, welfare, education, etc.) related to the Jewish residents. This was rather a council of a few Jewish leaders (doctors, lawyers, a.o.) selected by the Government as a contact with the Jewish population. They had to transmit to the Jews the orders of the Government like to assemble on October 11 in the ghetto or which streets to prepare for evacuation a few days later. They did not have any police like in Germanoccupied territory, they probably had to select from the professional lists the people to stay according to a percentage figure given them by the Governor. They definitely helped their friends, but there is no comparison to the Jewish councils in the areas under German occupation. They did not profit personally and there are no cases, for which they could be accused of treasonable behavior.

Approx. 12 days after we left our homes we returned. Lotte came at first to our apartment (with my mother and the four of us) because she was on my authorization and so were my mother and sisters. A few weeks later we moved to her parents place, where there was more room. Next day I returned to work and was received with friendship. I cannot forget good deeds, the assistant manager kissed me when I came back, his name was Boris Gretzov. A few years later when we moved to Timisoara we met again in the Railway Administration where both of us worked and became friends, I was able to be helpful to him when he needed it. We were not in the best mood in the following months because of the fact that so many Jews had to leave their homes for a hard winter without resources, we did not know details in the beginning. As my workplace was in the main railway station I could see from the window the operation of filling and moving the trains with deportees. Though Czernowitz was on the main railway line between Poland and the Balkans we never saw any other trains with deportees passing through, because Rumania joined the alliance with Germany voluntarily and kept some independence in its administration. The

trains with the Jewish deportees from Greece were sent first NorthWest through Hungary and the NorthEast to Poland on railways under German administration. Eichmann never set foot on Rumanian territory like in Hungary, Poland, Slovakia or Croatia.

The first good news came in December when we heard over the radio about the defeat of the German army on the gates of Moscow, the legend of the invincibility of the German army was broken. The next good news were about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the entry of the United States into the war. We could not yet grasp its full significance but the fact that the war has become a world war gave us hope of a positive ending. I said "heard over the radio", I have to qualify this statement. Jews were strictly forbidden to possess or listen to radios. I probably mentioned above that the Russians confiscated all radios at the outbreak of the war. What we knew about radio news came indirectly from gentile friends who were also forbidden to listen to enemy radio like radio London, but listened to it anyway. The news about Pearl Harbor were printed in the newspaper without commentary. Other good news in December came from the Railway Headquarters in Bucharest with the order to pay us full engineer's wages, retroactively from August. Later we had to compensate for military service from which Jews were excluded by working initially three months and later one month per year without pay. We started to have more normal lives again with regular working hours, regular meals and company. At that time we started to play bridge, meeting every Sunday afternoon at another friend's house. There was a curfew for Jews after 8 p.m. which made us stay overnight at some friends to avoid any encounter with police. Because our movements were quite restricted these visits with friends meant a lot to us and we stayed with most of them friends for life. My relationship with Lotte and her family and hers with mine was very tight, a fact which also helped us overcome the difficulties of the time.

There is not much to report consecutively over the next years, except for important events and how we reacted to them. In June 1942 the deportations to Transnistria resumed, mainly for the few thousands with "Popovici authorizations", who had remained illegally after the evacuation stopped in November 1941 and for a number of politically suspect people. Lotte's cousin Dr. Arthur Kessler was picked up because he was a director in a hospital under the Russians, Lotte's girlfriend Annie Rosengarten and her husband because he had left his railway engineer's job in the southern Bukovina to go home to

Czernowitz a.o. The procedure was to pick up the people on Sunday early morning (3 consecutive June Sundays), to bring them to an open sports stadium where they were checked in the presence of members of the Jewish Community, release some who were either needed or taken by mistake and ship them Sunday night to Transnistria. The politically unreliable like Kessler were sent to a concentration camp and treated there harshly. We could see from our window how they were assembled to be brought to the stadium. The leaders of the Community used their influence to get the release of some people, who had to support a family and probably some of their friends had asked to be protected. On the last day too many people were released and in order to fill the quota the military in charge took a number of people indiscriminately from two streets out of the apartments. The deportees of these series had a much higher rate of deaths than those deported in the fall of 1941 because they were sent to farther regions of Transnistria, like the Rosengarten family who ended up at the river Bug on the eastern border of Transnistria next to the Germanoccupied territory and were transferred after some time to the Germans.

Interestingly some people, who knew that they were in danger of being deported went into hiding during these days and after the deportations were over came back into the open without anyone bothering them.

We did not have direct contact with the deportees in Transnistria, there was no mail or telephon service, but some Rumanians with business in Transnistria acted as curriers in transmitting money, mail, clothing, etc. I have contributed a few times, my sister Lilly was instrumental in collecting money for the deportees.

This way somehow between 12 and 13 thousand Jews remained in Czernowitz and except for the fear of further deportations, prohibition of travel, evening curfews life was kind of normal. Social life was intensive, people met often at their homes, also as a substitute for not being able to go to restaurants and shows. Later we started going to movies and sometimes to coffeehouses and restaurants. The Government seems to have understood that Hitler might not win the war and treated the Jews in Rumania proper quite humanly. Some kept their businesses and others had to take Rumanian partners for that purpose. There was a work service to compensate for the military service, but this was mainly for Jews without economically important professions. Otherwise their life was normal and slowly their rules got applied with us also. One main difference with Rumania proper was that over there the Jews were allowed to

organize their own schooling through college (after they were prohibited to attend public schools) while in Czernowitz or Transnistria there was no schooling at all for Jewish children, quite a brutal measure for three full years.

In July 1943 the Office of the Governor communicated to the Community that the Jews would not have to wear the yellow star any more. This coincided approx. with the removal of Mussolini from the Italian government, another sign that the Rumanians understood that the tide of the war was changing. It got often quite unpleasant to hide it when I had to walk through the Railway station. One day a German officer attached to the military control on the station saw my star hidden under the coat and yelled at me: "Wear your star openly, otherwise you will end up in Moghilev" (Moghilev was the capital of Transnistria).

All through March 1944, when the Russians came back, we didn't know about the Holocaust which went on 26 km. from our border, we knew that horrible things are going on in the German occupied territories but no details about organized murder. A Rumanian professor, our neighbor who for a while had a government function, had to go to Lemberg in Poland (the main city of the formerly Polish Galitia, presently in the Ukraine) on business and came back with the story of Jews killed and hung on balconies as a warning, but these were individual murders, the name Auschwitz or of other murder camps was unknown to us at that time. I will get back to that. Right after the return of the Rumanians in 1941 there was a rumor about the murder of 15,000 Jews in the Ukrainian city Kamenetz Podolsk by the invading German army but these were rumors without any concrete knowledge about the real facts.

In the fall of 1942 when we didn't get paid because of the work service I was asked to do a side job for count Wassilko who owned lots of woods in western Bukovina. He needed up to date drawings for the narrow rail lines shipping timber to his timber mills. The job involved a trip to the site, approx. 2 hours away. As we didn't have the right to travel I asked his manager to get authorization from the Government but he couldn't get it. The technician from the office, my wouldbe partner on this job borrowed the I.D. from another employee for me and we left Saturday after work, inspected all the rail lines all day Sunday and returned Sunday night home. I didn't feel that well in the main station where we had to change trains and we lost a connection while my companion was drinking schnapps with the station master. We arrived in Czernowitz at 3 a.m. and again it was an uneasy feeling to go through the empty

streets home that late at night as a Jew after the curfew hour. We revised the drawings in a few evenings in the office and made each the equivalent of approx. 3 monthly salaries in a few days. In addition I got a waggon of firewood each year, enough for the family for the winter, plus one for the household of my mother.

Late in 1942 we had the good news of the debacle of the German army near Stalingrad and the landing of the allied troupes in Northern Africa, which news gave us hope for an allied victory in a not too far future.

News from the front continued to give us courage, the Germans reported of their hedgehog positions around Stalingrad which we understood as being surrounded, then came the surrender of General Paulus. Later in the summer the advancement of the Soviet armies proved to be unstoppable. In July Mussolini was removed from power and in September Italy surrendered. We didn't have to wear the star of David any more and the curfew was not enforced as strict as before. Sometime in the fall I was called for work service (I would have served as an engineering supervisor) but the manager of Railway Engineering intervened with the authorities to leave me with them. By the end of the year the Soviet army was close to the former SovietPolish border.

In early March a Soviet offensive started and in a short while brought them in reach of Czernowitz. The Rumanian authorities began to pack and leave. We were in a dilemma: to stay with the prospect of staying for life with the Soviets or leave with the Rumanians into Rumania proper with the danger still in force that the Germans might enforce their rule in Rumania as they did this same month in Hungary. Quite a number of Jews left, we were undecided, it means that Lotte would have preferred to leave and I was rather undecided. The gentile employees stayed with their luggage at the station and one night got the order to leave. Next morning when I came to work nobody was there any more. An interregnum of three days followed again with cutting off water and electricity. The last day was the most unpleasant with rumors that the Germans were taking Jewish men as hostages. I left with Lotte to hide with friends living away from the main streets. Then it occurred to us that we shouldn't have left our family without protection. When we came back neighbors told us that Lotte's sister Fritzi was taken hostage by the Germans. We went up to our apartment to find out details and in a short while German soldiers came in with her, threatened us with shotguns, but finally took only our watches and left. It was an unpleasant experience to have a German gun pointing to your face. Next day (March 25)

Soviet soldiers were back on the streets of Czernowitz. They were not the proud soldiers we have seen in 1940, rather shabby, mainly Asiatics, we understood they came from the battle lines and we were happy, we felt we had survived the worst.

Before I finish this chapter I would like once more to come back to our lucky fate to have survived this time with a minimum of suffering if compared to what went out around us in both Eastern and Western Europe. The Holocaust was as close as the border to Poland, 16 miles to the North. Not only did we survive in relatively comfortable conditions with only a few days sleeping on the floor in the tenements of relatives but we also except for a few days of transition between fronts never lacked any food supplies, probably had a better diet than most European countries except maybe Sweden and Switzerland. There is no point to glorify the Rumanian Government, the Rumanian army murdered a lot of Jews in Bessarabia and the Ukraine during the war operations but in their area tried to keep a certain order. The Rumanians were originally more antisemitic than the Germans, they denied citizenship to their Jewish residents until 1919, when the peace treaty of Versailles obliged them give equal rights to their minorities. Within a few years after this date the minorities were still Rumanian citizens but second (German or Poles) or third (Jews or Hungarians) class. There were also two pogroms in June 1940 (the trains from Iassy as a reaction to the loss of Bukovina and Bessarabia and the accusation that the Jews received the Soviets with enthusiasm) and in January 1941 in Bucharest with 2000 Jews murdered during an uprising of the Nazi type party "Iron Guard" against their ally, the military dictator General Antonescu. In this struggle for power Hitler seems to have sided with General Antonescu preferring the order offered by the military government (with sure oil and food supplies) to the disorder of a Nazi type government. I have also shown above the strong bonds of the Rumanian ruling class with the Western European powers. The participation of the small Rumanian kingdom in the 1st world war on the side of the Western allies more than doubled the size of Rumania while their new alliance with Germany in 1940 (forced upon them by geographical circumstances after the defeat of France) had at its first consequence the return of half of Transylvania to Hungary with Germany as the mediator. General Antonescu was happy to keep the Jews as third class citizens but was no adept of murdering them. To this I could also add the consideration and friendship the local Rumanian politicians (brought up under Austrian rule) had for their Jewish

compatriots to explain that they went out of their way to save as many as possible. We were lucky indeed.

As for the Holocaust itself we found out details only after the return of the Soviet army in March 1944 when survivors from the camps or from hiding came South from Poland to tell their grim story. A friend of ours Dr. Lutwak, who on his flight into the Soviet Union was caught between battle lines and stopped in German occupied Poland was witness to early German actions in the Polish ghettos (with babies thrown into walls and the like) was able after a few months to return to Czernowitz and stayed hidden by his family for more than two years. Polish Jews came out from hiding and told similar horror stories. Later came survivors of the camps (mainly Dutch Jews) who told the story of the gassing and the crematoria. Though we have not known these details we were at that moment really shocked because though we knew somehow that the Germans were out to harm the Jewish population on their way to conquer Eastern Europe we could not have imagined the cruel reality.

Within a few days after the takeover by the Soviet army the survivors from Transnistria started to come back, between them my aunt Fritzi (her son Yochanan was retained there for the time being as a worker in a war supplying plant by the new Soviet management). The Soviet authorities were not very helpful in this repatriation effort, for instance they sometimes closed the entrance into the city from the North (the bridge over the river Pruth) for people without passes. One day we were told that our cousin Rosa was barred from crossing the bridge. I went to bring her across the bridge into Czernowitz with my credentials as a railway engineer. Many more returned within the next weeks including the deportees from the Southern Bukovina who could not return to their homes because their towns were for the time being still in German-Rumanian hands. My rough estimation is that approx. 50% of the deportees to Transnistria survived their ordeal and were able after some time to bring order into their lives.

VIII.
Czernowitz Under Soviet Rule:
1944 -1945

For the second time war had passed over Czernowitz with not too much destruction. Water, electricity and public transportation were not available for a few months but otherwise there was not very much damage to be seen. It seems that the area had been evacuated with little fighting. A few buildings were damaged, one of them the Jewish temple, a magnificent building in Moorish style, probably destroyed by the fleeing German army. The situation with water and electricity was much worse than the one we had experienced in 1941 because the Soviets devoted all of their energies to the conduct of the war and cared very little for the civilian population. Kerosene was very scarce and soon the exhaust from the improvised lamps and candles showed up on our walls and in our noses. With the influx of a starving Soviet population food got scarce too, the product of the peasants was available but only against barter and many people didn't have much to barter with. The bread we were offered was almost uneatable and the one available on the free market very expensive. Lotte's parents who couldn't eat the bread offered by the Government (everything was run by the Government except for the produce of small farmers) paid the equivalent of the monthly pension of my father in law for one bread.

In order to avoid military service I thought the best would be to stay with the railway service where my knowledge of the particular section I worked for under Rumanian rule will make the Soviet administration require my exemption from military service. I stayed with a few friends who had the same aim at my former office and waited for the new administration. They arrived in a few days and hired us to continue work in the same section except that the office was moved to the secondary railway station which made us walk every day approx. for an hour each way for much of the year because of lack of public transportation. The work was totally uninteresting as it involved only the maintenance of the track system and its utilities plus the bridges, the Soviet personnel were mainly interested in their personal well being after having endured a lot of hardship while evacuated in the Eastern regions of the USSR. The managers took bribes from the peasants in the form of food products, pigs, etc., the peasants were interested to get jobs with the Railways in order to be protected from military service. A lot of barter went on because of lack of almost

everything except that we didn't have anything to barter with. Barter was not only for personal needs but also between companies, if one needed oil for its power plant it had to give textiles, sugar or whatever its line was. This seems to have been part of the Soviet economy even in peace time. We had a joke between us that nobody needed rails, so we even in the office didn't have anything to barter with.

In addition we lost hope to get out of the Soviet empire after the ending of hostilities because the borders were closed immediately. Some went into the territories belonging to Rumania proper temporarily occupied by the Soviet army. They were right because when the Soviet army started the next offensive in August and reached Bucharest and beyond they were able to go to Bucharest while we didn't see any prospect to leave the Soviet Union when the war will be over. There were also a few personal unpleasant situations. One night Lotte's sister Fritzzi was picked up and taken to an assembly camp to be sent into the coal mine region. She didn't work at that time because of a heart condition and like other people who didn't work didn't have any protection against being grabbed by the authorities and sent away to work camps. Lotte went immediately in the morning to this assembly point but in asking a question in a way which seemed to have offended the manager in charge in his Soviet patriotism was kept by the authorities to be sent to the same work camp. I was informed by friends about that and went on foot all the way from my working place to her personnel manager who succeeded to have her released. Fritzzi was not released without paying a heavy bribe though she had impeccable medical records about her condition. I ended up with a heavy pneumonia because when Edi, Fritzzi's husband called from the street to inform us about Fritzzi's taking into detention I ran down the stairs barefoot to open the door and probably got a cold.

A few words about the people who have left in early July 1941 with the Soviets seeking refuge in the Soviet Union. They were mainly those who were either active communists or had leading positions in the administration under the Soviets and their family members afraid to be punished by the German or Rumanian authorities plus quite a number of simple people afraid of the Germans. After a month or two they started coming back with quite a number of unpleasant stories. Many were not able to get through and perished in Poland in the German holocaust. The refugees in the Soviet Union ended up mainly in central Asia or Siberia and lived there under very harsh conditions. My friend

Mischa Flexor went as far as Novosibirsk in Siberia where he found an uncle who could not offer more than a corner in a living room. His wife Sidi came back in the spring of 1944 with a baby boy (Peter) but he was kept in his job in Siberia (considered important for the defense of the S.U.) for more than a year. Dr. Brachfeld (who was in charge of organizing the medical profession when the Soviets took over) came back after two months but his parents and sister didn't get beyond Poland while trying to get into the Soviet Union and were never heard of again. My friend Jascha Flexor was working as a doctor in the City Health Department in Czernowitz under the Soviets and was sent to a course for municipal doctors in Lemberg shortly before the German invasion. He was mobilized into the Soviet army as a doctor and fell into the hands of the German army in the Ukraine and was never heard of again.

In August the Soviet army took Bucharest and continued their advance into Central Europe and our desperation to remain Soviet citizens forever grew. It was not the miserable life we went through during this war year with most essentials missing but the mainly the fact that the Soviet Union was a closed country without any possibility of travel to other countries and with an ideology stronger than any fundamentalist church, any deviation from this ideology punishable by prison or death.

A good number of men of military age from Czernowitz who didn't have good jobs to protect them from military service were taken into the army and sent to the front, to my knowledge none returned. They were put without much preparation into the first line and perished.

There is not much to report about the following months, the mood was subdued though the news from the war fronts were good, the end of the war was in sight. Sometime in March 1945 a rumor came out that the Jews from the Southern Bukowina who were caught in Czernowitz on their return from Transnistria will be allowed to return to their homes situated in Rumania. They were not able to get to their towns after the return of the Soviet army because at that time the Southern Bukowina was beyond the front line and when the Soviets occupied this part of Rumania the border stayed closed tightly. Many people tried to pose as originating from there and made appropriate applications. We made two, one in our own name and one in an assumed name but none was approved. People started to leave, i.e. my sister Rosa whose father in law was from Kimpolung, a town in the South Bukowina Carpathians. We were quite disappointed when we witnessed many of our friends leaving, but

couldn't do a thing about it. One day when most of the approved had already left, when I came home from work, Lotte told me that a friend of ours had told her that they got two approvals, one in their name and one in an assumed name and were ready to give us the second one. We went immediately to their place but they told us that they had promised the second to another couple. They said that they would mediate the next morning between us and the other couple who would get the "propusk" (authorization to leave). Anyway they gave us an ID in the name of the second authorization from a couple perished in Transnistria. Next morning I went to their flat in the hope they would talk their other friends out of using this propusk but they were gone. Anyway I went to the Militia (police) post where the authorizations to leave were distributed and when the name Shachter (of the people perished in Transnistria) was called I answered: "here" with a bit of fear that another person would also claim this authorization, but there was no such person. I was able to give date of birth, father and grandfather's name and was the happy owner of an authorization to leave the Soviet Union. We left two days later with mixed feelings because both of our families remained behind. We went by truck to the border with very little luggage (the border guards who took bribes for looking aside when people had some valuables asked us why we are so poor) and ended up the same afternoon in the Northern Rumanian town of Dorohoi. After a few days we left Dorohoi by train to Bucharest, it was April 30, 1945. The war was still on, we got only cattle carriages and it took two days rather than the normal 10 hours but it was fine we were full of hope. In different stations we stood around and discussed different matters, i.e. why they had let us go (probably because they needed housing in a war ravaged country). I remember making a statement, which was quite significant in light of later developments, I said that I hope that none of us will be that devoid of character to join the Communist Party in Rumania meaning by that that after leaving the Soviet Union we will not try to get benefits in Rumania from joining the Communist Party. Already in that early stage of Soviet occupation there were signs that in many lines the Rumanians were under heavy Soviet influence. For instance the inscriptions in the railway stations were just translated from the Russian inscriptions in the Soviet Union. At that time the Rumanians had a coalition government with the minister for Communications who had under him the direction of the railway system being a communist.

We arrived in Bucharest in the late evening of May first and realized immediately that the Communist Party had grabbed a lot of power, the walls

were full of slogans commemorating the celebration of May day, this being the European equivalent of Labor Day, which at that time was considered a day of battle for the rights of the working class both by Communists and Social Democrats. Anyway we were happy because we knew that here the world was still open but for the time being we did not have any further plans.

In later years I would comment about our happiness to have been able to leave the Soviet Union with the fact that around the age of 30 I had two memorable days to remember, one was June 30, 1940 when I entered Czernowitz occupied two days earlier by the Soviets full of hope that communism will bring better days for mankind and thankful to have escaped the antisemitic regime getting hold in Rumania and the other was April 24, 1945 when we were able to leave the Soviet Union escaping its drab unfree life with the hope that after the end of the European war we will be able to get better opportunities outside. We thought that even when the Communist party will dominate the government in Rumania it will be different from what we had experienced in the Soviet Union.

Little did we know. A detail will illustrate the mentality of Soviet citizens in those days. When we took our luggage off the truck who brought us to the Soviet border the driver said: "You are leaving because things are that bad here". I answered that in my opinion after the war things will get better in the Soviet Union. He said: "This will not happen with us". This was a man of around 25 without hope for the future and later years have shown how right he was.

IX.
Wanderings in Rumania Under Early Communism:
1945 - 1947

It is May 1, 1945. We arrived in the Bucharest main railway station late evening with many banners and other signs of May Day celebration around the station. The railway workers unions have been in the hands of the Communists before the war, so it is no wonder that they were now solidly led by the now legal Communist Party. It is quite late in the evening and we have no place to go. Most of our friends make themselves comfortable on some benches or on their own luggage. I made a try to reach Lotte's uncles who lived not far from the station. I reached their house, but because of the darkness required by law because of potential air attacks (the war was not over) I couldn't read the names at the front door and rang the bell at random, the owner of the building opened a window and on my question about the Rubels' families told me that all are asleep. I went back to the station and we stayed there through the night. Next morning we went to the house of the uncles and were welcomed by both uncles: Gustav, who has stayed in Bucharest throughout the war years and Jakob, who had left Czernowitz the year before shortly before the arrival of the Soviet army.

I don't remember if I have mentioned that the day before on our arrival in Bucharest we got the news of Hitler's suicide, which meant that the war will be over in a few days. Bucharest looked to us like a city that had not suffered from the war at all. The shops were full of merchandise, people were well clothed, there was no shortage of any thing and what was interesting to us, the Jews had lived through the war with relatively little discrimination (the accent is on "relatively", they had to pay for exemption from military service and a number were taken to labor camps where they did some excavations and the like, but could buy themselves an easier time with bribing the supervisors) except for a few days early 1941 when the Iron Guard (a Nazi like antisemitic organisation) organised a pogrom with maybe a couple of thousand victims while trying to take power in Bucharest. The power struggle between the Iron Guard and the military dictatorship of Marshal Antonescu ended with the victory of the latter. The Germans seemed to have backed the military dictatorship in order to be sure of quiet in the country from which they got important supplies like the oil from Ploesti, different minerals and food.

The two uncles were the brothers of Lotte's mother and received us well. We stayed with uncle Gustav, a successful businessman. He was the grandfather of Brigitte Brande, who stayed in the same house with her parents, she was just one year old. There were more relatives of Lotte's from her father's side in Bucharest, an aunt Hinde Granierer and her grown children, two boys and four girls, all with their families. We were well received by all. In the afternoon of the second day we visited a cousin, Kubi Granierer, a high school teacher and on the way up to his apartment on the third floor I read on one door the name of the inhabitant as Carol Neuman, a friend of mine from college days. Carol was at the time of my studies at the Bucharest Polytechnic the president of the Association of Jewish students and an active communist. He went in 1936 as a volunteer to Spain to fight for the Spanish republic against the aggression of the German and Italian fascists who backed General Franco in his civil war against the democratically elected government. During the war Carol was interned in a concentration camp. The new government in Rumania was constituted under the supervision of the Soviet occupiers and included at that time a substantial number of communists. Carol Neuman was given the assignment to organize the engineers. I knocked at the door and found only his wife present, they had married during his student days and we were well acquainted. When I met Carol he told that he will take care of my employment.

We walked around Bucharest in amazement to see a city full of life with no shortages of anything as if there hadn't been any war. After what we had gone through it was unbelievable. The Government was constituted of communists, socialists and fractions of the previous democratic parties, who accepted to work in a communist dominated government. Little did they know. On May 8 the news came of the signing of the surrender of the German Army and the signing of the Armistice agreement. we were all happy to have survived these close to 6 years of war and to have escaped the prospect to continue life in the Soviet Union. The job market in Bucharest was not great, pay was low in government jobs, so I accepted a job in a construction firm (recommended to by Carol Neuman) as the supervisor of temporary reconstruction of the railway bridges in the southern Bukovina, destroyed by the German Army during their retreat from the advancing Soviet Army. This meant to go back most of the way from where we have come, only like 100 km. from the new Soviet border. The area was well known to us, I have related previously about our summer camps in the mountain region in the area and Lotte had been there vacationing. There

was one more reason of accepting a job that soon, though we were well treated in the house of Lotte's uncle we did not want to abuse the hospitality and better be on our own. Anyway, on May 10 we were on our way back North to the southern Bukovina. There was no easy transportation because of the many bridges destroyed during the the war operations. We went by truck with a member of the company management. He was very curious why we had left the Soviet Union, at that time it was still considered by many intellectuals as promising a brighter future. Even my uncle Michael Wurmbrand (a journalist living in New York after fleeing Berlin with intermediary stops in Prague and Paris), to whom I wrote shortly after our arrival in Bucharest, questioned the wisdom of the Bukovina Jews of leaving the Soviet Union.

Our job consisted of building temporary bridges in order to reopen the traffic on the railway between two major towns. Permanent bridges were supposed to be built later. It takes at least a year to design and build permanent bridges. We were stationed in a village Vama situated between the towns Gurahumora and Kimpolung. We found lodging in the house of a wealthy farmer. My sister Rosa had taken residence in Kimpolung a few weeeeks before after having left Czernowitz. She still didn't know that we had succeeded to flee the Soviet Union. We visited her a few days after our arrival. As the location of the job was in a mountain region the piling and beams for the bridges was handy, we used round timber for the piling and the beams. It was quite a change from being a second rate engineer in a maintenance section in the Soviet rail system to being in charge of a major construction job with approx. 100 labourers. The work methods were rather primitive compared to American practice. The pile driving was done manually, the timber connections were simple, but the job was supposed to be temporary for a year or two in order to start the trains rolling. The pay was good with some guarantee against the strong inflation following the end of the war. The Soviets started to dominate the Rumanian economy for their own purposes confiscating various equipment as war reparations and forcing the Government to pass the most important enterprises into combined SovietRumanian management as a step to get half the profits. The result was an ever increasing inflation. We were able to save approx. half of my pay and bought gold coins and dollars as a hedge against this inflation. It was not very much but anyway better than a year or two later when inflation ate away our money before we could spend it. In July or August Lotte traveled to Bucharest to resolve our legal situation. We didn't have any residency papers at

that time and like in most European countries (even presently 50 years later) you had to be registered in the population registry of your town and always carry a proof of this registration with you like in the U.S. the driver's license. We were interested in being registered in Bucharest in order to be able to keep residence there. After a few weeks Lotte came back with this matter resolved and with a feeling that she was pregnant. A few days later this became a fact. We didn't have anybody around us with any experience, the next doctor was in the town of Gurahumora. Anyway, after a few weeks Lotte had some bleeding and when we consulted with the gynecologist in Gurahumora he didn't give us a sincere opinion but just asked if we would like to abort and in our naivete we said yes without asking about the prospects of saving the baby. It was approx. in the third month of pregnancy. Only later did we realize that the abortions brought better fees for the doctors, treatment during pregnancy was not a regular income producing money for the gynecologist like it is now in the USA. Abortions were regularly performed for the asking and doctors like the one in Gurahumora had made a lot of money in Transnistria, where there was no point to have children when the danger of everyday life was with the deportees all the time. It took a while for Lotte to recover psychologically as she had seen the little embryo boy with her eyes. This was the disadvantage of staying in this kind of work in the primitive countryside.

By midSeptember the job was done and we went back to Bucharest. We stayed a few weeks with a cousin of Lotte's Martha Goldberg while looking for housing. Housing was scarce and expensive. We rented a furnished small room with one narrow bed and use of a kitchen across the courtyard, but we were happy to have our own flat in Bucharest. There was not much work to do except for accounting for the work performed on the bridges including one more visit to the site.

In November came the next job, a highway bridge in the town of Dornesti, again in the Southern Bukovina not far from the new border to the Soviet Union. In the beginning I went by myself and Lotte stayed in Bucharest. The next city was Radautz where I took a room in a hotel. I went back to Bucharest for the Christmas holidays and then in January Lotte joined me in Radautz. We had a good time the few months we stayed there in a hotel room eating in restaurants. There were quite a few acquaintances from Czernowitz so we spent our free time playing cards and socializing. The work was similar to the one done on the railway bridges in the previous summer.

One day early April someone told us that the Soviets had opened the border to let the remaining Jews from Czernowitz go. I have mentioned earlier that both Lotte's and my family had stayed behind, they didn't get the authorization to leave the Soviet Union. We didn't have any contact with them except for one or two letters which passed through the censorship. Lotte went immediately to the border town of Sereth where she found a few cousins and got the news that her parents and sister with family had applied and will arrive in Sereth within a few days. True, within the next few days both her and my family arrived and we were able to give them some initial help. My mother went to our sister Rosa to live with her in Kimpolung and my brother Kubi and sister Lilly came to Bucharest. Kubi still had to touch up his diploma dissertation to get his engineering degree and Lilly found employment within a few weeks. We brought Lotte's parents for a few weeks to Radautz where we had rented an apartment, they then left for another town called Ramnic Sarat approx. 200 km. North of Bucharest, which originally was the place designated to them and the Bong family by the authorities as place of residence.

The bridge in Dornesti was finished in early May and we went to Bucharest. In the meantime the economic situation continued to deteriorate, inflation rose in fast progression and work was scarce. I stayed around the office for a while and for lack of anything better accepted an offer to go again to the South Bukovina to reconstruct a timber plant in the town of Bucsoaia destroyed during the war operations. I stayed there between July and October, Lotte left earlier. Inflation grew rapidly and the pay I contracted in July was worth only half in October.

Back in Bucharest in late October I was again looking for work, the main problem was the rapidly advancing inflation which made employees unable to live on their salaries. From our arrival in Bucharest I preferred the private sector which pay much better than in Government service. Now inflation reduced the advantage of the private sector. Any way I found work in a structural steel plant "Vulcan", part of which I had designed and built in my first job in 1937. They had contracted with the Government to build cranes for the Soviet Union as part of the restitution payments required in the Peace Agreement. My job was to design the steel structure of the cranes. Because salaries were low I did not accept the status as an employee and they agreed to pay me a commission for this job somehow double the pay for my pay grade. After a few months this didn't amount to very much and we tried to find a more permanent solution.

Lotte's sister Fritz and her husband Eduard Bong had in the meantime moved to Timisoara where they had found employment in the German High School. They asked us to consider moving to Timisoara in which case we could bring also Lotte's parents who had remained back in the town of Ramnic Sarat without any relatives close by. My way of doing this was to go to my friend Carol Neuman, still in charge of organizing the engineering profession and in a few days I was approved to head the Railway Building Section in Timisoara. The director of the Construction Department in the Railway Administration was a colleague of mine from the Polytechnic Institute who got his position as a prominent member of the Communist Party and easily gave me this job. This job would not provide me with a better pay as in the private sector but with permanence of residence and some benefits designed to overcome the still accelerating inflation.

Before I continue into the next chapter I would like to show the overall political situation of the time. The government was dominated by the Communists with other parties subservient to the Communists participating. The Communists had forced the Socialists to combine into a unified workers party but only the socialists who agreed to submit to the communist program got leading positions in government and those who had opposed the party unification ended up in prison. Without the unification the communists wouldn't have gotten more than 5% of the electorate. This was the way to a full takeover a few months later. In Hungary and Poland the situation was similar though in Hungary it took a while longer. To put this in a general European perspective I would like to relate that in relation to the Communist guerilla fights at that time in Greece I was astonished to read in the paper the statement of President Truman that a takeover of the government by the communists anywhere in the world would be a danger to the United States. The cold war was on its way. We were not aware that the overall political situation had deteriorated to such a level.

X.
Timisoara:
1947 - 1952

By midApril I left Bucharest for Timisoara. Lotte had to stay behind for a while because a few months earlier she had registered at the university to finish her studies of modern languages started in 1936 at the University of Czernowitz and interrupted because in 1940 she had to take employment to support her family during Soviet rule and between 1941 and 1944 Jews were prohibited to attend any school. Add to it the wanderings described above brings us to the fall of 1946. As she had taken all exams in Czernowitz she only had to write a thesis and take some education courses at a teachers institute to fulfill requirements for teaching practice. In Timisoara I went to the apartment of Lotte's sister Fritz. They were very happy in Timisoara, they had good positions in the German High School and were very fond of the beautiful city. It was city the size of Czernowitz with a population of around 120.000, capital of the province Banat with the aspect of a middle European city with a lot of green parks and a baroque downtown. As compared to Czernowitz it seemed wealthier with cleaner outskirts, not as drab like in the Eastern parts of the former AustriaHungary, called "HalbAsien" (halfAsia) by some writers. It also had not suffered from both wars like Czernowitz. The population was equally mixt, composed of Germans, Rumanians, Hungarians, Hungarian speaking Jews and Serbs. Except for the Rumanians stemming from the old provinces most everybody knew German as a second or third language.

My job was to supervise the construction of a number of new shops for the construction and repair of railway wagons and any other buildings to be constructed for the railways in the region of Timisoara. I had a number of approx. 25 employees in this section but the main work was being done by contractors.

After I took over my job I went to look for housing for both me and Lotte and for her parents who also intended to move to Timisoara to be close to their daughters. Housing was scarce but easier to find than in Bucharest because the authorities now had limited the living space allowed to each person, so big apartment holders were interested to sublet on their own rather than get strangers sent by the Housing Authority taking over part of their apartment. I

found a big furnished room for me and Lotte in a five bed room apartment with common kitchen and dining room for three families. Our room was probably the living room before, but it had no communication with other rooms except through a common corridor. The land lord and main tenant was a man in his high eighties by the name of Carl Spitzer who occupied one bedroom for himself and one for a house keeping lady. He was widowed. For Lotte's parents I found another furnished room with common kitchen with the land lord. After renting these rooms I went to Bucharest to bring our luggage and Lotte's parents to Timisoara. We didn't have that much luggage, mostly the few things we had brought from Czernowitz. Anyway we had no furniture to move. Lotte still had to stay for her studies. She came a few weeks later but still had to go a few times to fulfill her degree requirements. With my working for the railways we had the advantage of free travel on railways so that Lotte was able to go as often as needed to Bucharest.

The job was interesting, there were two big halls under construction with thin shell roofs, the newest and most sophisticated roof construction experimented in Germany 10 years earlier. Though the Government was not yet entirely Communist the Department of Public Works and in it the Railway Administration was headed by Communists. The Communists were in the early stage of directing the economy and eager to show how advanced they were and they tried to impress the people with grandiose construction jobs. My position was fine except that compared to most engineers in similar jobs I had not joined the Communist party. This was to be a weakness which could have brought me into trouble. As an employee in private firms I was not aware how deep the Party had penetrated the Government especially in the departments headed by communists. A few weeks after my arrival was May first with a big demonstration of all employees. As we passed the tribune with the leaders of the Party and the trade unions all raised their hands in a communist salute. I didn't and found out a few days later that one of the directors had asked about my identity. I just said that I didn't feel entitled to this kind of salute as a non party member. Later it turned out that it was quite a disadvantage not to be a party member in an organization under the control of the party and with most of my subordinates and colleagues members of the Communist party. Any way I was respected for the competence with which I did my work and was not immediately affected by this fact. As I said earlier the main work was carried out

by private entrepreneurs with the Railway Administration providing direction, materials and supervision.

In the meantime with the continuous advancing inflation and a poor harvest the salaries were far below decent living costs. The solution adopted by engineers in my position was to get some kickbacks from the contractors providing the construction work. One of the engineers of the main contractor, a colleague of mine from school explained this situation to me underlining that nothing would be asked from me in return. Though 45 years have passed since I say it with a bit of shame that I accepted the envelopes passed on to me periodically by an employee of the main contractor, I didn't provide any dubious advantages for it except that through my professional cooperation the contractor benefited in obtaining data for a quicker layout of the work and thus better productivity. Kickbacks called in Rumanian "baksheesh" was a way of life in Rumania inherited from centuries of Turkish rule and I was derided by colleagues in my previous jobs that I didn't try to make any money on the side for which there was ample opportunity. The money I got was not very much and it just helped us survive. On one occasion it was badly needed. Sometimes in the fall of 1947, I got a call in the office from a neighbor that Lotte collapsed in the apartment and was brought to a clinic where the doctor found out that it was a extrauterine pregnancy. It was a last minute situation and if the neighbor hadn't heard her screams there may not have been a way to save her. I found her in the clinic, the operation was successful and as I didn't have the money to pay for it I called the manager of the main contractor for help and he sent me the amount immediately.

I have somehow anticipated here before I started to describe our life in Timisoara. Lotte arrived in June with part of her work towards the degree completed. She appreciated the beautiful city and having her family in one place again. We made a few friends, my former supervisor from Czernowitz (I had described earlier his joy when we returned from the ghetto) was head of a maintenance section in Timisoara and we visited one another often. All our neighbors were friendly, I made friends with an architect Bleyer and other local professionals. Lotte was helpful to her parents who were also happy to have both daughters with their families in the same town. Ethnically Timisoara was similar to Czernowitz as a town with a similar population number, five ethnic groups (Rumanians, Hungarians, Germans, Serbs and Jews) living next to one another in peace. There was also a similar AustroHungarian heritage. There are

not many places in Europe where Latin, German and Slavic culture meet like in Timisoara and Czernowitz. During the war the German population definitely wished Hitler's victory in the war but so did most of the Rumanian and Hungarian population as allies of Hitler. They may have been also antisemitic but they respected the law of the land as established by General Antonescu to keep order and not bring up any suggestions of a Jewish question.

The food market was dominated by the Swabian peasants from Fratelia (a suburb of Timisoara) very much like the Swabian peasants in Rosch near Czernowitz. Our carpenters on the construction job were Swabians like the carpenters in Czernowitz. On both sides these Swabians (in German "Schwabens") were brought in the 18th century by the empress Maria Theresia from inner Germany to the periphery of her empire as a defense against the Turks.

By the end of 1947 a political change took place in Rumania. the King was forced to abdicate and the Communists took over the government by themselves without any other parties. From 1944 thru December 1947 there was a coalition government of several parties with the Communists becoming more and more dominant. There were some elections held in 1946 manipulated by the Communists, they forced the Socialists into a United Workers Party, in which they dominated the more popular Socialists and put in jail any opposition politicians. From now on they started to put in practice a program similar to the Soviet Union with collectivization of the agriculture and Government ownership of banks, industry and commerce. Housing was also nationalized with only individual homes remaining private property. Similar events had taken place almost at the same time in Poland and Bulgaria and a bit later in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the cold war was a direct consequence of these events.

There was no immediate consequence of the above events for my work in the Railway Administration as this was already earlier in Communist hands. Sometime in the spring my supervisor handed me an application to join the Communist party with the observation that there hardly was any engineer in my position not a member in the Party. I could not voice any objection and signed the application. A few weeks later I was called to Party HQ and told that my application was rejected on the grounds that they were unable to check my activities between 1940 and 1945 which included the years I was under Soviet rule. It meant that they suspected me of knowing too much about the Soviets. I was fortunate this way not to get involved in the Party's activities. In a

subsequent purge Party members who had spent some time under Soviet rule were excluded from membership. They were considered unreliable because they had left the Soviet Union. This happened at the time of the ideological conflict with Tito, the head of the neighboring Yugoslavia's Party and Government. This had as a consequence a tightening of the Party's rule in all the Communist satellite states and especially in the provinces bordering on Yugoslavia. In the meantime Lotte finished her degree and the Teachers Institute and got a job to teach Russian in an elementary school in Timisoara. Because of the subservience to the Soviet Union and the hate of the Western countries inspired by the Soviet rulers Russian became the first foreign language compulsory starting in 4th grade. Lotte was really not prepared to teach Russian except of her knowledge acquired during the two years we spent under Soviet rule, but there was a shortage of teachers of Russian and her knowledge was considered satisfactory for teaching beginners.

Sometime in the summer of 1948 I got into trouble. A technician under my supervision made too many advantages to the contractors and I tried to prohibit him from doing it. He was a member of the Party and denounced me to have received kickbacks from a contractor. There was no proof of it and after some investigation nothing was found to incriminate me or maybe rather the upper echelons didn't want to punish me for something many were involved in. Anyway a director from the Department of Construction from Bucharest under whom I had done my summer practice as a student came for an inspection and informed me that I have made some mistakes and was being transferred as head of the bridge construction section located in the town of Caransebes, a two hour train ride from Timisoara. There was nothing I could have done, so sometime in the fall of 1948 I took over this job. I traveled to Caransebes Monday morning, stayed a few nights, came back to Timisoara for reporting and went back for two more days to Caransebes. It was not difficult but annoying and rather unpleasant. It didn't last long, in early December I was named associate professor at the Polytechnic Institute in Timisoara. This was due to my friend Carol Neuman who still was the Party man for organizing the engineering profession. He met Lotte one day in Bucharest where she was to pick up her degree and told her that I will be professor of engineering in Timisoara. This came in the wake of the reorganization of the college education in Rumania by the new communist regime making it similar to the one in the Soviet Union. In the engineering field it meant preparing the students for the construction of the

many new industrial facilities, public works, etc., which the new Government was planning for the "improvement of the standard of living" of the working classes or so they thought, as it turned out quite differently. It was not meant to be a full time job, a number of other practicing engineers were similarly brought in to teach part time in their specialties. Anyway after I started to teach in late December 1948 I made an application in midJanuary 1949 to my superiors in the Railway Administration to get a leave of absence in order to study for a doctors degree in engineering. I didn't mean it, it was just a way of escaping the unpleasant job in Caransebes and the Railway job in itself. Through the new central planning much new interesting work in the engineering field was available. End of January I went with Lotte to Caransebes for a goodbye party given in my honor, we stayed overnight and on our way back Lotte complained about nausea, a symptom which in a few days was found out to be caused by pregnancy.

About my teaching. The course I was supposed to teach was "Industrial Buildings". Such courses were never before taught in European Polytechnic schools. The Soviet Polytechnic schools went into much more specializing than their European counterparts and this course was probably taken out of a Soviet curriculum. Anyway my knowledge of languages helped me put together a course out of German, Russian and French technical literature, the students didn't like it very much probably because there was no manual available but I was explicit enough for them to comprehend the course and the School accepted me as a valuable member.

I had plenty of time left and was involved shortly in other engineering jobs. First as a structural designer in an engineering office for heavy industry plants. Shortly thereafter I was involved with my friend, the architect Bleyer in designing stables for cattle. Most of this work was directed from central offices in Bucharest where quite a number of ministries for different kind of industries were formed by the Communist government. One day in April I had to go to Bucharest in the matter of these cattle stables. Next day I got a call from Lotte informing me that she had trouble in her pregnancy, I took the next plane (my first plane ride) home and found out that not all hope was lost.

Lotte started her teaching in September 1948 and was pregnant by January, a fact that was not helpful. The pregnancy was not easy, the nausea stayed on for a long while. In April she started to bleed and we thought that she might loose the child. The doctor we consulted required her to stay in bed for a

few weeks. Later she got the measles, but the doctor helped to cross this hurdle as well. In the summer both of us had to take part in courses set up for teachers to learn Marxism Leninism (called "guidance course for the teaching corps"). Lotte was in her 8th month of pregnancy with her feet swollen but still had to come for 6 hours a day to be guided into the MarxismLeninism science, "pure and dure science", as it was called by one of our teachers.

On the evening of Sept.22 she started to feel labor pains but the night passed quietly. Next morning we called the doctor and he made an appointment for the afternoon. Birth was by Cesarean section because of the breach position of the fetus. A few hours later the newborn girl was brought to Lotte, she was enthusiastic about the beauty of her daughter. This was also due in part to the birth by Cesarean, but Marianne was a lovely child anyway. I have described in a letter to Marianne her early childhood and will not repeat these details. Though this letter is in German I will make it part of this autobiography through translation into English. Conditions were not the best in Rumanian hospitals, like 6 to 8 beds in a room, lack of sterile need les, lack of right drugs. After a few days we brought Lotte and the child home, but Lotte got headaches because of the wrong anesthetic she took for. They lasted over a month, she was completely incapacitated over this period. Fortunately her mother was around and we also had help from a baby nurse who came in a few hours a day. I have not mentioned that from the five bedrooms in our apartment two parties moved away and we were able to bring Lotte's parents into one and get a second room for ourselves. This also enabled us to have the kitchen and dining room for ourselves without interference from the two remaining parties.

Two days after Marianne's birth we got a letter from the Department of Education informing Lotte that she was being transferred to a school 600 km. away in the province of Moldova. Similarly Fritz was being transferred to another town. Shortly we found out that all teachers born in the territories ceded to the Soviet Union (Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina) have been transferred into the interior of the country away from the Yugoslavian border. Edi, Fritz's husband had the good luck to have been born in the town of Sereth, on the Rumanian side of the Bukovina and kept his job in Timisoara. I went to the Education Department and pleaded for Lotte, they said that as soon as the child was ready to go she should go and start her new job and that it made no difference that I had my work in Timisoara. I tendered a resignation for Lotte and they said that it wouldn't be accepted, but I said that it was final. Fritz went

to Bucharest to intervene in the Ministry of Education without any success. She got sick from her frustration and this may have contributed to her illness two years later. University teachers were not affected in the beginning but I said that this was the third discrimination I went through in my life, the first was that of class as a poor child, the second was ethnic as a Jew and now the third was geographical because of our place of birth. Later they started to fire assistant professors in this category but did not touch associate professors. It was usually known when such actions were to take place and I went to my classes with fear that they would prohibit my entrance to the school building and after my classes I went to see the dean who complained to me with the words: "Mister colleague, did you hear what happened?" and gave me the names of the fired assistant professors. Little did he know about my anxiety, he didn't know exactly the reason why these professors were fired and didn't think that I was in the same category. As shown also on previous occasions I had a lot of luck in this inhumane Communist regime.

With Lotte getting better we started to enjoy our little Marianne, she was a very friendly child surrounded by lots of love. I remember that when I came home from work in the afternoon she was already up from her nap and received me with a friendly smile from her third month up. She also wanted to get attention, when we had company and left her in another room she started to cry but got quiet immediately when we brought her to our company.

Timisoara was a good town to raise a child with its beautiful parks and its size. In our house there were not many children but in Fritzi's neighborhood there were many German speaking children and Marianne got along with them well, also with the two boys of Lotte's friend Gisi Boehm. In our own neighborhood we had a park and Marianne communicated with the children first from the balcony and then when she started to walk in person. Marianne started to speak quite early, if I remember correctly her first word was Tati and then Mummy. We definitely had problems with feeding her, because of Lotte's illness after birth she got milk from the bottle quite early and then refused the breast. With the many paps she got she started to dislike them and in her second half year ate very little until we consulted another doctor who changed her diet radically into solid food like schnitzel, vegetables, bread, etc. With this change she started to enjoy the food.

Professionally there is not much to report, I had besides the teaching always some consulting to do, so we could live relatively comfortably. With the

new school year 1949/1950 the course of Industrial Buildings was taken out of the curriculum and I started to teach Descriptive Geometry, of which I had good knowledge from my schooling in Brno in its application part but not in the theoretical side, which is not easy to learn. Anyway I learned it for my classes and maybe this way it was easier to teach. At the end of 1949 my friend Waldi Wachsmann visited from Bucharest and told me that a new engineering group was formed for new projects in the field of light industry and they would be interested to form a few subsidiaries in towns with textile and other such plants, like Timisoara.. At my next visit to Bucharest I went to their main office and was hired to form a small local office as a subsidiary of the main office. I hired a few engineers and draftsmen and because of lack of a suitable space located the office in our dining room. Marianne got quite friendly with these engineers. I went to Bucharest approx. once every month to get some work and deliver the product.

Through June everything was routine. Around the middle of June the villages and small towns between Timisoara and the Yugoslav border were sealed off by military and security forces and a number of inhabitants evacuated East into the flatlands of the Baragan. The categories evacuated were wealthy peasants, former politicians and citizens originating from Bessarabia and North Bukovina. There was quite a panic in Timisoara as well but no action was taken. As I had an invitation from my Headquarters in Bucharest (Engineering for Light Industry) to come to work in the main office in Bucharest for the summer or permanently, I took Marianne and Lotte and left for Bucharest. After two days I took them to a resort in the Carpathian mountains Poiana Tsapuluia 2 hour train ride from Bucharest and rented a room for them. They stayed there through early September and I came every Saturday afternoon for the weekend. The stay in the fresh mountain air was very good for Marianne and also for Lotte. Many of our friends from Czernowitz now living in Bucharest came there with the children for the summer, so both Lotte and Marianne had a lot of company. I worked in the meantime as the main structural engineer in the above mentioned office and was offered to become head of the department of building design. I did not accept forthwith because I did not want to abandon teaching. Anyway before going back to Timisoara in early September to start the new school year I asked my friend Carol Neuman if he could do anything for me and he promised to look into it. After a few weeks I was informed that the Ministry of Education has appointed me to teach at a newly formed Institute for

City Engineering, whose purpose it was to educate students to become city engineers. In the beginning there were only freshmen so the subject I was teaching in Timisoara Descriptive Geometry fitted in well. I resigned from the Polytechnic in Timisoara and left for Bucharest to start both my teaching and design jobs with the idea that after getting an apartment Lotte and Marianne will follow. This was easier said than done because housing was scarce in Bucharest. I stayed for the first couple of months with my brother Kubi and sister Lilly.

My new job at the Institute for Projects in the Light Industry (the best I can translate the Rumanian name) was to lead the building construction department composed of approx. 100 architects, engineers and draftsmen. To the Ministry for Light Industry belonged textile plants, glass and ceramic factories, leather and rubber processing plants and the like. There were very many such plants in the country and there were huge plans to modernize and extend this industry, our part being the engineering of the new plants and the modernizing of the existing ones. It was interesting work and I enjoyed it.

In early January a friend of ours, Artur Laub told me during a visit that on their street a family got the exit visa for Israel and I should try to get their apartment. I took a letter from the president of the City Engineering Institute to the Bucharest Department for Housing and they approved me to get the apartment. For younger readers of this story this should seem quite odd, but at that time most (95%) of the apartments belonged to government, in this case administered by City Hall. Being involved in City Engineering education was helpful because the Institute was part of the City Government Ministry, to which the cities were subordinate. This was a centralized government with orders given from the center which had to be obeyed. Most recently the main orders were given by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Anyway to get the approval for the apartment was only half the job, because when Turi Laub informed me of the date of the departure of the tenants I found in the courtyard three families with furniture ready to move in. I entered the apartment of the next door neighbor and thru the back door I was able to enter our apartment before the departure of the tenants. After their departure I locked myself in and stayed there from Saturday evening thru Monday morning with threats and shouting from the people outside. Fortunately Lotte, whom I informed over the phone came Sunday morning by train from Timisoara and brought me food and some bedding (from Lilly) and stayed with me Sunday night. Monday morning

some officials from the Housing Department came and explained to the people outside that they were illegal and that the apartment was given to me rightfully. This is a good story which exemplifies the circumstances under which we lived in communist Rumania. We took it as a way of life pragmatically and tried to make the best of it but we also recorded in our minds that people were thrown out of their apartments in downtown Bucharest to make room for the many new established authorities and offices like our Engineering office, located in a former high rise condominium building. We were just happy that we got an apartment.

The apartment was located not far from downtown in a residential district of affordable housing (the translation from Rumanian would be of "cheap housing"). Most houses in the street had 4 apartments each, two on each floor. Each apartment consisted of two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom. Heating was by wood, cooking by bottled gas. Exterior walls were brick without insulation, in the winter it got cold. The exterior wall in the kitchen got quite wet in the winter as there was no heating in the kitchen. Anyway we were looking forward, it was our first apartment for ourselves after 11 years of marriage. In Timisoara the apartment has been much better, but we were sharing it with other tenants. Interestingly this four apartment house had belonged to our first landlady we rented a furnished room from in 1945, when we tried to settle in Bucharest after my first job in the South Bukovina. This shows how far private property had been expropriated, even small houses were not left to private owners, except for their own residence. Our former landlady invested her meager savings in a cheap housing area but the government felt that she belonged to the exploiting class.

Our next step now was to move our belongings from Timisoara to Bucharest and install ourselves in these new surroundings.

XI.

Bucharest: 1952 to 1961

By the end of January we were ready to move to Bucharest. We took a night train in a sleeper. I remember Marianne mentioning: "Fenster im Bett", which means that the window was in the bed, a good observation about the twobed sleeping cars customary at that time in Europe. She was always making similar observations about her surroundings. It was winter and she didn't immediately meet the other children from the neighboring houses playing on the street. She met the son of our friend Artur Laub, Felix and the daughter of Lotte's cousin Fina Mandelbaum, Brigitte, both a few years older. A month after our arrival we got a call from Timisoara that Lotte's sister Fritzti had an embolism and was paralyzed. Lotte left immediately for Timisoara and we placed Marianne with a lady, the former nurse of Brigitte's and her deceased sister, who had stayed friendly with the Mandelbaum's. I visited Marianne every day after work and was satisfied that she was well taken care off. From Lotte we found out that Fritzti's condition though not satisfactory had slightly improved. She got her speech back but had her right side paralyzed, which meant that for the rest of her life she had to write with her left hand and was also handicapped when walking. Lotte came back after a month or so. In the meantime spring came along and Marianne started to play outside with the neighborhood children, all Rumanian gentiles. The lack of knowledge of the language was not a big handicap as children have a universal language. After a few months Marianne had learned enough to converse without much care for grammar.

My work was quite interesting, we had different specialties in the Institute and had to take into account the interplay of technological, mechanical and architectural aspects in our design. Work schedule was from 7a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday through Saturday, but in most days we had to come back at 6 p.m. for coordination meetings between specialties. I also continued my teaching of Descriptive Geometry. How I could have done all this is for me difficult to figure out, now 40 years later. I prepared for classes mostly on Sundays and tried to be a few lessons ahead. The management of my engineering office tolerated my absence for classes as it was an honor to have college professors in engineering or industry.

Socially we took up our relations with our old friends from Czernowitz. All members of our Czernowitz bridge party were in Bucharest and we started to

play regularly Saturday evenings, sometimes also Sunday afternoons, by rotation in alternate locations. These were also social visits with wives and later children present. Some wives also were playing. Another friend I met again in Bucharest was Mischa Flexor, brother of my schoolmate and best friend from our common youth Jascha. When Jascha was studying medicine in Prague I got close to Mischa. He was studying in Brno while I was there and we also met often in Bucharest in the thirties. I showed earlier that in 1940-41 we worked both under the Soviets in Czernowitz in the Textile Trust. In the critical last day in the office early July 1941, when we were pondering whether to stay in Czernowitz and await our fate with the coming German-Rumanian armies or flee with the Soviets we parted with the decision to stay, but the next day I found out that he had left with the Soviets. He spent the war years in the town of Novosibirsk in Siberia. When we left Czernowitz in 1945 only his wife Sidi had come back with a baby Peter born in Novosibirsk, Mischa had to stay on his job somewhere in Russia. He came to Czernowitz after our departure and in 1946 they came to Bucharest where a second son Alex was born. We now met quite often in Bucharest and Marianne got friendly with both Flexor boys, a friendship which has remained for life. Another friend we met quite often was Carol Neuman and his family. He was now director of a publishing company for technical literature. I didn't mention earlier that he had given me while still in Timisoara work on a manual for civil engineers consisting both of translations from German on some chapters and compilations from different sources on others. By the way Mischa worked under Neuman in this technical publishing house as another protegee of his old friend. We also met often with my brother Kubi and sister Lilly, who both worked in Bucharest and my cousin Paul Silberbusch and his family.

In June Lotte felt a new pregnancy under way. She went with Marianne to visit her parents in Timisoara and while there both got mumps, it was unpleasant but passed after a while. Interestingly Lotte for the second time got a children's ailment during her pregnancy (in Timisoara it was the measles). After their return we were preparing for a vacation in the Bukovina mountains. Before leaving, I found in the door an invitation to come to the Ministry of Defense, office of Personnel. When I presented myself I had to fill out long questionnaires about my life and my family origin starting with the greatgrandparents on both sides. I said "office of personnel", it was called "office of cadres". The main objective of this office was to check the social and political

background of each employee in order to determine his or her trustworthiness for the Communist regime. Every company, office or government service had such an office of the cadres and all of these were probably regulated by both the Communist party and the Security services, in the Soviet Union, the KGB. The reason for my visit to the Ministry of Defense was their goal to call me for a reserve duty as an army engineer. Before I got the result we left for Kimpolung in the Bukovina mountains to visit my mother and sister Rosa. After a few days I got a telegram to present myself at the department of the Air Force to work there as a military engineer with the rank of a major, they called it engineer major. I never got any reason why I was selected, my understanding was that they needed engineers and selected me because I, as compared to my gentile colleagues had not been promoted to an officer rank in the Royal army, I reached only the grade of a sergeant because as a Jew they did not admit me to the exam for officers in reserve. There was a prejudice in the Communist regime army against officers of the former army sworn in to the former king.

Before I continue my narrative I would like to pause for a short paragraph about the new situation in Rumania at the time of these happenings. I have mentioned a few times the events around us. The Communists were part of the government right after the entry of the Soviet army in 1944, beginning in March 1945 they were predominant in the government sharing power with other parties and in December 1947 took over the government by themselves. They started on a wide industrialization program. After the bad harvest of 1947 followed a few better ones, so they were able to feed the population. Industry and commerce were taken over by the state and similarly they started to socialize agriculture. I have shown that I worked on two jobs with relatively high salaries. From the teaching job I got only half pay (sometimes $3/4$) because adjunct professors did only teaching without any research, but even this double salary didn't go very far. Most of the income went for food, approx. half a regular pay. Housing and transportation were inexpensive. Whatever was not available in government stores was expensive, for example fire wood, a.o. The food we got from government stores was third quality, better brands of vegetables and fruit we had to buy on the open market with a multiple of the cost. Anyway as compared to the situation I have described for 1947 when we moved to Timisoara the official market provided adequate if low quality food at affordable prices. Besides housing and public transportation all other government services were inexpensive or free of charge, like schooling up to college without any tuition,

free daycare centers for working mothers, etc. It must be said that the quality of these inexpensive items was low, busses always filled to capacity, maintenance of public housing was almost nil, decay was shortly seen everywhere.

As for the reaction of the people, there was no open opposition against the new regime, the former politicians had been arrested without much fuss, everybody knew that it is best to keep quiet and speak the language expected of him, i.e. that this was the best regime ever offering a bright future for the people and mankind. We did the same thing. A fact disturbing to me was the arrest at that time of my friend Carol Neuman, an active and devoted communist. I went with Marianne to visit his wife Lola and realized at the entrance to their house that it was watched by security people in civilian clothes. Lola was in tears. A few days later I met in a bookstore our common friend from student days Mihail Florescu (like Carol a former volunteer in the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War), presently minister for the Chemical Industry and asked if he knew about Carol's arrest. He said that I should not worry about it because there was certainly a reason behind. This meant that we should have perfect belief in the action of the security apparatus. Carol was released approx. one year after his arrest without any apparent damage to his career. I never asked Carol in later years about the motive of his arrest. Presently (July 1992) I know from literature they tried to involve him in a plot of an opposition group headed supposedly by Ana Pauker, one of the foremost Rumanian Communists in the first half of the century both during illegality and early communist rule. The then leader of the Communist party Gheorghiu Dej tried to get rid of any potential opposition by Stalinist methods and after Stalin's death most of the arrested were released. Only the group headed by an old time communist Patrascanu were convicted to long prison terms and Patrascanu was shot. Still tens of thousands former politicians and other suspects were held in labor camps on totally useless public works like a Danube-Black Sea canal, which was abandoned unfinished after big expenses of public money. We knew about these camps and kept quiet.

So by August 1952 I was a major in the Air Force, not to command any Air Force unit or fly planes, but to build airfields for the Soviet Air Force, as I found out shortly. The Soviet army with all its services was still full force in Rumania. The main task of the engineering unit of the Rumanian Air Force I was assigned to was to build a completely new Airport for the Soviet Air Force in Otopeni, approx. 35 km. North of Bucharest. Originally I was supposed to be

sent to another airport away from Bucharest, but I brought forth a few arguments for remaining in Bucharest like my teaching job and Lotte's pregnancy. My superior was not impressed but still kept me in Bucharest. In the beginning I stayed in the main office and after a few months was sent to supervise the work in the field. As I came to realize later these airfields laid out mostly in Southern Rumania were part of a preparation of the Soviet Army for the final battle against the Anglo-American capitalists. I don't know how serious these plans were but they were in Stalin's head for sure. One of our superiors mentioned once in a discussion that we still have to wage one more war.

Come September, a new school year and in the Institute for Communal Engineers I was offered to teach Strength of Materials, a course which was very much to my liking. I had to sneak away from my military job, it was not easy but I made it. I came to teach in military uniform and the students liked it. If I remember correctly I missed in all of the school year only one class.

Later in the fall I was transferred from the engineering office of the Air Force to the airport Otopeni under construction. It was not easy to get there, I had to get up at 5 a.m. to catch a bus at 6 a.m. Here I got into contact with Soviet military through an interpreter. They were very secretive, once we got to see their troops doing exercises and their superiors officers reproached their contact man that he let us get too close. It seemed to me that their discipline was very severe, much beyond what I have known in both the Royal and Communist Rumanian army. Personally I hated to be an army man, as a major as much as a seargent during my military service before the war.

Sometime early in 1953 Lotte got hit accidentally in a crowded public bus and felt her labor coming in her eighth month of pregnancy. I brought her to the hospital where she delivered a dead baby girl with a hydrocephalus or so the doctors said. It was a heavy blow to us. The 3 year old Marianne was full of compassion for her mother when I brought her to the hospital. The conditions in the hospital and in the operating rooms were so bad that there is a good possibility that the cause was sloppy work during delivery.

Probably early this year or maybe late in 1952 we read about the arrest in the Soviet Union of a number of doctors with mostly Jewish names under the accusation of trying to kill or harm the leadership. We knew that this accusation was a forrunner of bad news for the Jewish population of the Soviet Union and maybe the satellite countries. But miracle of miracles, early March the planner and perpetrator of such measures, the great leader himself Stalin was dead.

Present history books show that he had planned to transfer most of the Jewish population to the Eastern Asian regions because of their unreliability. First we read in the papers about his illness and then while in class a student came in with the news of his death. Because I worked in two places I was able to miss the funeral procession by making each side assume that I went with the other, attendance was considered obligatory. His name still had such an attraction to many of present and former activists that many regretted deeply his death, like a lady from Czernowitz, sister of one former colleague asking me if I feel sorrow about his death. I answered evasively. Shortly after Stalin's death the Jewish doctors I mentioned earlier were released from prison, this was a sign that the absolutist regime of Stalin will not be followed with the same severity by his heirs.

Sometime in late March or early April I got news from the Ministry of Defense that my status of reserve officer has been changed into an active officer. This permanence lasted much less than the temporary status of reserve officer. The director of the Light Industry Design group I was part of before I was called for army reserve service was able to convince the Army Personnel Department that they had missed me for too long and had no replacement for me. I was then released to go back into civilian work. By the middle of June I was a civilian again and very happy. Through my brother Kubi we got a place in the villa of his workplace in Vasile Roaita at the Black Sea for a few weeks and had a good time. Marianne loved the beach and learned to swim, she was able to swim with her head in the water, it took a few more years before she could swim with her head above the water. The place was quite hot, we could go to the beach only early morning and late afternoon.

While we were in this place we heard about a worker's uprising in East Germany caused by the requirement to produce more work for the same pay. The Communist leadership called it patriotic voluntary raising of the work norm. The rebellion was put down with the help of the Soviet Army stationed in East Germany. It was the first sign of the vulnerability of the Communist rule with many other revolts to follow. After the sea we also went for a while to Kimpolung to my sister for a stay in the mountains. I carried Marianne on my shoulders for long hikes up the Carpathians. After a short while I had to go to Bucharest back to my job in the Light Industry design group. Lotte and Marianne stayed longer.

When I was back to work I found the Institute reorganized into technological sections like Textiles, Leather and Rubber, Glass and Ceramics a.o., each of them with all specialties attached (architects, civil engineers, mechanical and electrical engineers and technologists). A group of three people, one architect, one civil engineer (myself) and one electromechanical engineer were the coordinators for each main specialty and a consulting group for the technologists. I liked this setup better than managing as before a rather big group of architects and civil engineers. I had only the professional responsibility, not as before the management of a group of 100 people. Over all I enjoyed this position and have fond memories of the friendly atmosphere and the work with good professionals. There was a lot of work with new plants and expansion of existing ones. It involved also some travel which enabled me to visit Lotte's parents and sometimes other friends. The work was not easy, we were quite harassed with a lot of meetings, many unnecessary, by the end of the workday I often had a headache. Workday was from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. and again we were often called back for 6 p.m. meetings for coordination. It was beyond my judgment if all this work was productive and necessary, but with time I realized that it was not. With great effort factories were built with obsolete technology producing shabby merchandise which was good only for the internal market for people who didn't know anything better. Anyway it was a happy summer 1953 for me to be free from the unpleasant job in the Rumanian Air Force.

With Stalin's death the authorities relaxed somehow the the political aspect of the police state. No show trials were held (like in Hungary Or Czechoslovakia), a number of political captives were released (like Carol Neuman, see above) but the suspicion towards the population continued. As an exemple I relate a personal story. The president of the Light Industry Design Group intended to send me to Budapest, capital of a friendly Communist country for a change of experience with the similar organisation in Hungary seemingly more advanced. I had to give information about all my relatives and they were checked by their respective personnel offices (all controlled by the Securitate). My brother in law Eduard Bong, a high school teacher in Timisoara noticed one morning in school all teachers writing information about him. The result was that they didn't let me go to Budapest, probably there was some negative information In my files. In later years these rules were relaxed. Another example of the spying we were exposed to I experienced when one day I was called to the Securitate and was asked why I visited the Israeli embassy. I answered that I

didn't know the location of this embassy. The officer took a photo out of his drawer and then said that it was another person who they had shadowed going from the Israeli embassy to our house. I figure that it was the cousin of one of our neighbors who was one of the few who had received an exit visa to Israel. In the years 1949 thru 1952 quite a number of Jews were permitted to emigrate to Israel. After 1952 very few got this permission and only in 1958 a more substantial emigration to Israel was permitted. Maybe I have expanded too much this subject of the political world in which we lived but it was all enveloping our daily lives and I probably was not able to make it understood for whoever had not experienced it himself. As a professor I had to show how advanced the Soviet Union was in most lines of technology, much more advanced than all Western countries, the students knew that I had to do it and smiled even when I once said that welding was a Russian invention, which happened to be the truth.

In the fall of 1953 Marianne started nursery school, it was associated with the primary school and started at age 4, kind of an extended Kindergarten. This made her learn the Rumanian language better and she was now able to communicate with the children in the neighborhood. One day she came home from her outside play unhappy that the children didn't want to play with her because she had somehow doubted the existence of God. Most of the Rumanian families in the neighborhood were very religious. She then went back outside and told the children that God might exist but nobody had seen him yet. At home we read to her stories in German which after a while she was able to repeat by following the text with her fingers in the book without any knowledge of reading. Marianne was a very intelligent child with an easy grasp of new things. She loved to play outside with the children and always begged to be left outside a bit longer.

There is not much to report for these years, we continued our routine with work, vacations both on the shore of the Black Sea and the Carpathians usually associated with a visit to my mother and sister Rosa's family in Kimpolung in the Southern Bukovina. Marianne got friendly with Rosa's three daughters. I continued my work in both places, except that the Institute for Communal Engineering Education was dissolved as such and integrated as a department in the Institute for Civil Engineering Education and I was transferred to teach Building Construction for the students of this department.

This way the first graduates of this department mentioned at their graduation that I was their teacher from their freshman through their senior year.

In the spring of 1955, Lotte got a call from Timisoara that her father got a heart attack. She immediately flew to Timisoara and found her father in critical but stable condition. Marianne was left with Lotte's cousin, Fina Mandelbaum. Throughout this year Lotte alternated between Bucharest and Timisoara, she took Marianne with her a few times. Sometime in October he died at the age of 84. I went to the funeral and said the Kadish. A few days later I put Marianne on the plane for Timisoara, it was her first flight and out of excitement she vomited on the plane. These were small planes and I myself felt quite uneasy at their often harsh movements. Marianne was quite a consolation for her grandmother and aunt Fritzi.

This was quite a political year. In February Chrushtchov's secret speech, of which the papers published the most important details. We understood from it that the new Soviet leadership didn't want to continue Stalin's murderous dictatorship and we started to breathe easier. The followup were the Hungarian uprising and the Polish strikes, about some of our reactions to these I will relate later.

Sometime in late spring our mother died in Kimpolung. We didn't know that it will come that soon. She seems to have evaded the doctor and when he was consulted it was too late, the diagnosis was cardiac insufficiency. I went with Lilly and Kubi to the funeral and on our stroll that day up the hills around Kimpolung Kubi said to me: "Mother died like a peasant woman", meaning that she didn't take advantage of available health facilities. I am sorry to say that 35+ years later he died similarly without the right contact with the doctor. When I came back to Bucharest I was received with that much warmth from Lotte, Marianne and Lotte's mother visiting from Timisoara that I finally found my tears for that exemplary mother and human being that she had been all her life. From the death of her husband she never devoted a thought to her person, all her life was devoted to her children. I can say now that she was also ambitious with us, her sister Fritzi suggested after I finished junior high school that she send me to a carpenter as apprentice in order to make money needed for the house hold, she disagreed so I can finish high school and later go into higher education. The truth of the matter was that as a high school student I made more money through tutoring that a carpenter apprentice could ever make. The closest to her was Kubi, he was really pampered as much as the son of a poor

widow can be. When I visited in Kimpolung I always brought money with me, I didn't want Rosa alone to support her, but she said: "Give it to your inlaws, they need it more than us".

For vacation this summer we went to a place on the Western slope of the Carpathians, in the town of Tusnad with a beautiful lake. There were quite a number of friends in this place, like Lotte's cousin Fina Mandelbaum with Brigitte, the Candrea family, my cousin Paul Silberbusch a.o. We had a good time here except that I got the mumps and was incapacitated part of the time. While here we learned about Gamal Nasser's decision to take over the Suez Canal and we were aware that this was to cause some trouble.

I don't remember the date, but sometime in the summer Lotte started to work for the embassy of the German Democratic Republic. Her duties included teaching a foreign language to the employees of this embassy and she was able to teach them English, French, Russian and Rumanian and to translate for them in their contact with the Rumanian authorities and other friendly embassies, friendly meaning here those in the so called Soviet bloc. At that time the German Democratic Republic hardly had any contact with Western countries because of the policy of the Federal German Republic under Adenauer that the Federal Republic was the sole legal German country, which he enforced by breaking relations with any country recognizing the GDR. In his view, which was adopted by the USA and all members of the European Community the GDR was the Soviet occupied part of Germany. The only place with two German embassies was at that time Moscow. Lotte's place of work was the commercial section of the embassy which had relations with the Rumanian commercial and industrial ministries and the commercial sections of the "friendly" embassies.

In September, Marianne started school. We decided that though there were neighborhood schools available we will enroll her in the German school which was quite far away and thus required for us to bring her to and pick her up from this school. The main reason was that we felt that she should learn in her own language and that there still may be some day a way out of Rumania for which situation the graduation from a German school was much better than from a Rumanian school. Though I have hardly mentioned before about any desire to leave Rumania, we just knew that this was unrealistic, there was no way out, but with the continuing oppressive regime the desire had been on the back of our minds for quite a long time. To this definitely contributed the fact that friends who had left in time had adjusted successfully in other countries and information

we got about the widening difference in the standard of living between East and West. Because almost at the same time Lotte started her work at the GDR embassy we hired a servant who would take care of the house, do some cooking and bring Marianne to school. We had a small room in the attic as a servant room where she could sleep and keep her belongings, in our small apartment this would have been impossible. The name of this servant was Viorica and we had quite friendly relations. Interesting to note that even such small apartments built in the precommunist time had a room for servants which shows how widespread the use of servants was at that time even in lower middle class families for which the apartments in our area were built.

In mid October news from the uprising in Hungary reached us. We were enthusiastic with the hope that some attenuation of the authoritarian rule may come also for us. When the new Hungarian Government decided to leave the Warsaw Pact in our naivete we thought that we will be able to reach Vienna through our open border to Hungary and their future open border to Austria. Vain hope. The uprising was crushed in a very mean way. At almost the same time the British and French governments sent the Israeli Government to war against Egypt to regain the Suez Canal. The Israelis succeeded and occupied the Sinai up to the Canal zone which a few days later was occupied by British and French parachutists. Two strange bedfellows, the USA and the USSR, allied themselves to end this imperialist adventure and both the French and British forces left shortly and the Israeli Army left the Sinai a few months later. On the other hand the Soviet Army which occupied Hungary in order to restore the one party rule of the Communists stayed for 30 more years. 200,000 Hungarians crossed the border into Austria and emigrated to different countries. For us it meant two disappointments at the same time. Ideologically we probably should have backed the nationalization of the Suez Canal but we could not because Nasser the then leader of Egypt was a sworn enemy of Israel. The crushing of the Hungarian revolution meant that there was no hope for the attenuation of Communist rule. The only positive outcome was a liberalization of the economy in Hungary under their new leader Ianos Kadar. My friend Carol Neuman, still a prominent member of the Rumanian Communist Party mentioned to me that the events in Hungary signify a moral defeat for the idea of Communism meaning that these events have demonstrated that the rule of Communism can be maintained only by brute force. I did not mention above that

Chrushtchov threatened to use the atom bomb against the British and French if they would not evacuate the Canal zone.

I combine these two years because there is nothing specific to report for the year 1957. Marianne was a very good student, Lotte enjoyed her job with the GDR embassy. We were invited a few times to their parties and for weekend outings in a villa they had in the Carpathians. We came to know better the representatives of the Communist regime in the GDR. They were simple people without much fuss, there was never any particular political discussion, they knew to keep their thoughts to themselves. A new bridge party came into being after most of our former players had left the country. We were four couples with the wives socializing while the men played. We continued our excursions into the Carpathians with Marianne a fullfledged partner hiking up to the elevation of 2510m. of the summit of the Caraiman mountain. On one such occasion we met a writer meditating in a shelter and in our discussions we came to the conclusion of the possibility to exchange apartments, he being interested in our location on the first floor and we in his apartment located in a highrise in the center of town. Coming back to Bucharest we proceeded with the exchange and moved to a six story apartment house on a beautiful boulevard near the town center. It was much easier to reach our places of work and Marianne could now walk to school. The apartment was small with two small bedrooms and a small kitchen but its location was exceptional and we had for the first time in our lives central heating and warm running water, not all of the time, there were only a few hours of the week we could have a warm bath, but it was much better than before when we had to make fire in the bathroom stove in order to be able to bathe.

Restrictions to leave the country were slightly eased, two members of our bridge party, Otto Blum and Jusu Weber left for Israel and Lotte's cousin Fina Mandelbaum with her family went to Austria to Victor's brother who was an established lawyer in Vienna.

I relate one episode from our summer vacation on the Black Sea in the town of Carmen Sylva (pen name of the first queen of Rumania, the Communists had changed the name to Vasile Roaita). One morning we came to the shore with Marianne and Lotte and there were pretty high waves. We thought we still could enjoy a swim. After we entered the water the strong undertow took us away from the shore and it was quite an effort to get back especially with Marianne,

who though a swimmer might not have had the power to overcome the strength of the waves. I have to acknowledge that none of us showed any panic.

In early September 1958 my department head at the Engineering Construction School informed me that they had to cut personnel and there would not be any place for me for the next school year as he had to take care of the professors whose main job was teaching. I was quite unhappy because I had enjoyed the teaching and the additional income. The truth of the matter was that he had brought in a few years before his brother in law as an adjunct professor who right then chose teaching as his main job. I tried my relations including my former colleague Stefan Balan, at that time the minister of Education. He tried to place me in another position, but again this one was filled with another protegee, situations difficult to understand for people not knowledgeable about Balkan ways. Anyway while this was going on a rumor that the emigration to Israel will start again became a fact, long lines of applicants started forming in front of the Ministry of the Interior (again a notice for Americans, this was the ministry supervising Police and Security and thus in charge of issuing any kind of identification papers, passports, approvals for travel abroad and the like). We started to debate between ourselves and with our friends whether to apply for emigration which meant taking the risk of losing one's job with no assurance that such application will be approved. Lotte was in a special unpleasant situation, she not only risked to lose her job, but there was also the possibility that because of her employment with the embassy of the GDR she might never get an approval to emigrate. It was not easy to make a decision in such a situation and it took us the better part of the fall to make a decision. We debated just between the two of us and we finally decided that Lotte will have to quit her job first to be able to answer the question of employment on the questionnaires in the negative and thereafter we will go and apply. And so we did, one cool cloudy morning in December 1958 we woke up early and went to the headquarters of the Militia to apply for an exit visa for Israel. We took our place in a long line around 6 a.m. and after a few hours we filled out the required forms and were registered as potential emigrants with no assurance whatsoever that such application will get approved in the near or even far future. There were no defined criteria of who will get approved and who rejected, the assumption was that potential knowledge of state secrets was definitely a minus but anyway neither of us could be considered as having any such knowledge. Lotte filled out the rubric of employment with housewife. Anyway, the immediate consequence which I had

to face was to lose the job or be degraded to a lower function and pay grade. Late December the secretary of the personnel section of our Institute told me that they were advised of my registration to emigrate. The director of the Institute, who was fond of my professional competence, told me that he will have to remove me from my leading position.

About this time Lotte got a phone call from Timisoara about the illness of her mother. She left the same day and got from the doctor the diagnosis of incurable cancer with the prospect of 6 more months to live. She brought her along in order to be able to take care of her for her last few months of life. We installed her with Marianne in our second room (our apartment consisted of two small rooms and a kitchenette, one of the rooms was a living bedroom combined and the other Marianne's room and our study). She had a very good time with us and Marianne for these last months of her life without suffering the pain inherent her illness. It was not easy for Lotte to expect our emigration without her mother and sister registering for emigration. Fritzti couldn't do it because of her husband's teaching job (teachers were fired immediately after applying for emigration as unworthy to teach the youth of a socialist country) and her illness. As for the mother I went to Timisoara to register her, we couldn't know exactly how long she will live and how long it will take for our application to be approved.

As for the consequences of the application to emigrate in my place of work nothing happened for a few weeks, most of the colleagues in my situation were downgraded to lower positions in the Institute's structure, like from department head to designer with the appropriate reduction in salary. I was expecting a similar situation and after a few weeks the director told me to pass over the job to an engineer Petrescu. Before I could do this Petrescu informed the director that he was resigning in order to take a teaching job in a newly created Polytechnic. I didn't hear any more about changing the position, except that once in a while the director said that he might get punished because of me and once after some time asked me to reconsider and take back the application. I didn't and stayed in the same position for the rest of our stay in Rumania and the only consequence was that I didn't get some of the pay raises and bonuses the others got.

Sometime by the end of January or early February emigration to Israel stopped after an intervention of Gamel Abdul Nasser of Egypt to the leadership of Rumania. His point was that immigration of Jews to Israel would strengthen

Israel and weaken the Arab cause, which was in principle supported by the Soviet Union and its satellites. After a few months and many applicants going to the Militia inquiring about their applications they were asked if they wouldn't have other countries to apply to. Some understood the hint and applied to go to France to their relatives, one of them my friend Mischa Flexor and our neighbors Robinson. Slowly some such applications were approved and more people applied. In retrospect I can understand the eagerness of the authorities to cooperate with Israel because of the money they got per head from Israel in dollars, which they needed for imports of Western technology. Emigration of Jews to France or other countries was considered as a subterfuge to divert Nasser's intervention against Jewish immigration to Israel, the emigrants were still supposed to go to Israel and Israel paid for these people too. As we now know most of the money ended up in Swiss banks in hidden accounts of the Rumanian Communists.

I have shown earlier how Lotte's mother enjoyed the last months of her life in our house with no heavy pains from her cancer illness. In February we celebrated her 82nd birthday and she sang songs from her youth. Late April some pain set in and the doctor gave her morphine injections to ease these pains. Sometime in early May I had to go on business to the nearby town of Ploesti. Before leaving Lotte told me that her mother seems to be too quiet. After arriving in Ploesti I called and found out that she was dead. My third Kadish within four years for our parents.

The fact that we had registered for emigration but had little hope for approval did not change our daily lives. Marianne continued her schooling. She became an avid reader at approx. midway her first grade. She overcame easily the change from Latin letters they learned in school to Gothic script, with which most of the available books in German had been published. I read with her a couple of pages in one book and she continued to read on her own. We continued our social gatherings with bridge and we continued our outings to the Carpathians, the lake region around Bucharest and to the Black Sea. In the summer of 1959 we first went to my sister Rosa in Kimpolung and from there to the Black Sea to the town of Mangalia taking along our niece Lotte. She was quite provincial but adjusted gracefully to her first vacation on the seashore. Then we took her to Bucharest and had her tonsils operated. Lotte has had a fine relationship with all three daughters of Rosa's, they love her for her gracefulness and character.

As now there were few prospects to get an exit visa for Israel and many more were approved for other countries, we started looking around for what country we could apply. We contacted Lotte's cousin Fina Mandelbaum in Vienna and were promised support. So in one March 1960 day again early in the morning we took our place in the line in front of the Militia building and registered for emigration to Austria for "family integration" as such motives for emigration were called. That was all we could do and continue to wait patiently. In the meantime our neighbor Robinson got approval for France to go to his brother, then my friend Mischa Flexor also to France to a sister of his wife Sidi. Sometime in the summer my sister Rosa got approval to go to Israel. Lotte went to see them off at the airport and then told us that after they went through the gate: "It is like a door closes behind them and they are in another world". It is hard for people who didn't experience it to understand, what this "iron curtain" really meant. All your thinking, all your activity was directed by a center, no initiative was valued, any contact with the outside world was met with deep suspicion and could have led to years in prison without any guilt whatsoever. It was life like on another planet, I could say in retrospect. Joseph Wechsberg, an American writer and journalist, formerly of Moravska Ostrava in Czechoslovakia, said after visiting his hometown in the early 60s that it was like a travel to the moon. In the mean time we got word from Victor Mandelbaum from Vienna that an entrance visa for Austria was being sent to the Austrian embassy in Bucharest. Such an entrance visa was definitely worthless without the exit approval of the Rumanian authorities, but I tried to enter the Austrian embassy in the hope that the entrance visa might facilitate the approval of our emigration application. I didn't succeed. The Austrian embassy was guarded by Rumanian "Securitate" personnel in order to prohibit any contact with Rumanian citizens.

We continued our usual life in the meantime with my work in the engineering of industrial plants. We played bridge every weekend with the girls chatting in the meantime. We just joked that we play France (Max Candrea) against Austria (myself) or Israel (Max's brother Louis) etc. We went to the seashore and the Carpathians, if I remember correctly this summer to the highest Carpathian range, called Fagarash. We admired the Soviets for their Space explorations, the USA were quite behind in that early stage. There was no sign of any relief in the tension between the superpowers though Chrushtchov and Eisenhower had a meeting in Geneva with some hope. One thing we knew that

with all Chrushtchov's promises of "gulash communism" the gulash was still a long way off. It was still almost impossible to get decent meat at the supermarket. At our visits to the supermarket we had to stay in three different lines, one to make the order, one to pay and one to pickup. Fruits and vegetables sold in supermarkets were 3d class. I did not mention above that we had received in this interval visits from Czernowitz of our cousins Paul and Rosa Roth (she was now married for the second time and had a boy Marriane's age). Paul told us a joke which best illustrates the care of the Soviet leaders for their people. In a discussion about their slogan to reach and overtake the most advanced capitalist states one participant from the audience said: "To reach I agree, but not to overtake" and when others explained that this is what the Party is striving for he answered: "I don't want them to see our torn pants". Evidently this is only fantasy because even under Chrushtchov this man could have ended up in Siberia for telling such a joke, Stalin would have hanged him as an enemy of the people.

Nothing particular to report for the first few months of the year. Late April we participated on an excursion organized by our Institute to another range of the Transylvanian Carpathians named Ezerul si Papusa over the May 1 holiday. On the first working day after the outing I came home without an umbrella while it was raining. I didn't have patience to wait too long and my suit got wet while I crossed the street. I apologized to Lotte because she had just recently pressed this suit. She said: "Doesn't make any difference, you are not going to take it along anyway". Two members of the Emigration Office were there to see the apartment, a sign that the approval will come soon. We had to wait for a couple of weeks and got the approval in the mail. The mail lady said to Lotte that she didn't know even that we were Jews and that we had applied for emigration, all others were asking her often if she was bringing good news (the envelope for this message was a particular one). We really were waiting patiently and continued to carry on with a normal life. I had to resign from my employment and there were a lot of formalities to fulfill with different authorities, like Internal Revenue, Housing Bureau, etc.

Early June we got our exit papers, it was called certificate of travel, it was not a passport because we had given up the Rumanian citizenship and it authorized us only to leave the country. We packed and by mid-June were able to post our luggage. We had to go through a thorough examination, there were only particular personal items you could take along, no silver, no gold or other

kind of jewelry, no imported articles, etc. We even couldn't take along our personal documents nor any money. We notarized our documents and took along these notarized copies in our pockets illegally. The original documents were deposited by a friend of ours in the Israeli embassy and he promised that after his arrival in Israel he will send them to us in Vienna. I was that disgusted by the inhuman search of our belongings that I swore to tell the story to the Austrian press after our arrival but at that time we had other problems. June 15th in the evening we left first to Timisoara to take leave of Fritz and Edi. The goodbye was pathetic, leaving a paralyzed sister without hope of seeing her again. Next afternoon we went to Arad to join the train coming from Bucharest and going to Vienna. Early evening on June 16th we passed the Hungarian border, but at the last Rumanian border control the officers confiscated Lotte's and Marianne's necklaces as prohibited to export. They returned them to my sister in Bucharest.

What did we expect, how did it feel to leave everything behind at an age (I was 49 and Lotte 43 years old) closer to retirement than to the start of a career. We were very confident and hopeful, quite a few people we met while visiting different offices on our way to the exit were pessimistic about starting a new life. I think that our adequate professions were a factor in our optimism. The most important thing we were after was to leave this police state, where you were punished for telling the truth and rewarded for telling the official lie. We also knew from friends that the Hungarian refugees from 1956 got help on their way to a new life.

We have asked ourselves quite often how come we were that fortunate that we got the approval that easy without any intervention or payments from abroad, there were quite a few agents in Great Britain and other places who had contact with the Rumanian Government and arranged exits for around \$3,000 a head. Many years later while visiting Bucharest a friend of ours still didn't believe that we got it without money from abroad. We think that there were two factors which helped, one was the fine centrally located apartment to be given to one of the Party's preferred members and the other the help of my company's director who told me when I resigned that he had known about the approval many months before. It is possible that the Militia may have asked the different employment leaders who they would relinquish before they approved the emigration. Be that as it may we were on our way to Vienna looking forward to a new life.

Early morning on June 17th we arrived in Vienna. We had called the Mandelbaums from Bucharest and given them the time of our arrival but because of the different time (Central and Eastern European) there was a mixup and they were late and this caused us some trouble. There was an understanding between the Austrian and the Israeli Governments that our entry visa to Austria was only "de complaisance" and did not entitle us to remain in Austria. The representatives of the Israeli government were waiting to take all in this situation to a temporary housing as a step for the continuation of our trip to Israel. We did not have the intention to go to Israel and I told them that we will go first to our relatives and then join them. It sounds complicated and it is. Anyway they agreed because the Austrian border police had transferred to them our travel documents and this way we were passed into the supervision of the Israeli immigration authority.

Before I go into the next chapter I would like to explain that we did not have the intention to go to Israel, our intention was to stay in Vienna. Neither of us was a Zionist, Lotte did not know the language and would have had to go through a long period of accommodation and Europe offered us much more of the way of life we expected to live. For us Austria was the best place we thought to settle according to our upbringing.

XII.

Vienna: June 1961 to July 1962

Back to the mixup at the main railway station in Vienna on the morning of June 17. I tried to avoid the "Sochnut", the Israeli immigration authority, who got from the Austrian border officers our travel documents and was looking desperately at the same time for Fina Mandelbaum, Lotte's cousin who was supposed to pick us up. Finally I hired a porter to carry our luggage out of the station offering him some cigarettes, we didn't have any Austrian money or for that matter any valid money, as the Rumanian "Lei" were not convertible into any West European currency. The porter accepted the for Austrian standards 3d class cigarettes I gave him but when I tried to walk out with him the "Sochnut" people asked me why I didn't come with them. I answered that we are going to stay with relatives over the weekend (it was Saturday) and will join them Monday. While talking to them I made a sign to Lotte and Marianne to proceed to the exit. My discussion with the "Sochnut" took a few minutes, we exchanged addresses and then I went to the exit and didn't find Lotte and Marianne. I still looked around and didn't find them, so I thought that they had taken a cab to go to the Mandelbaums. I then asked a man on the street to lend me a few shillings for a tram ride and got them. Arriving at Mandelbaum's address I didn't find anybody home and decided to wait in front of the house. After an hour or so I entered a shop and borrowed 10 shillings leaving my coat as collateral and went back to the station. No trace of Lotte and Marianne. I took one more tram ride to the Mandelbaums and I found them all with Fina displeased that I had not looked for the other station exit where she had met Lotte and Marianne. They had waited for me more than an hour until Fina had called a neighbor who told her that an unknown man was walking up and down the street. This mixup was not dissimilar in its unpleasantness to our arrival 16 years earlier in Bucharest (from Czernowitz) when we had to spend the night at the railway station because we hesitated to wake up our then contact, Lotte's uncle Gustav Rubel, Fina's father.

My first impression while walking on the streets during this misunderstanding was of a prosperity I have not known in the Vienna I had seen in my early childhood and my visit in the early 30s. In the side street where the Mandelbaums lived (I have forgotten the name) both sides of the street were

packed with cars. We were not used to this many cars in Bucharest. I came to understand the reason for that many cars in a residential district only later. It was Saturday morning and people didn't have to go to work. Again something new for us. In Rumania the work week was 48 hours Monday through Saturday afternoon, while in Austria they had reduced it at that time to 45 hours, Monday through Friday, 9 hours a day. In Germany at that time they had adopted already the American workweek of 40 hours. Shops were open on Saturday mornings with merchandise plentiful of quality we have not dreamed of. Our scale of comparison was not only the Soviet controlled Rumania we had just left but also the capitalist world we remembered from before the war. Austria as I remembered it from the 30s was a poor country struggling to overcome the change from the big empire to a small and poor republic plus the effect of the recession of the 30s. It definitely had benefited from the prosperity brought to Europe through the Marshall plan and the closeness to the prosperous Germany. Victor Mandelbaum who came in for lunch explained it to us in the form of a joke. In Germany at that time they had an economic miracle ("Wirtschaftswunder" in German), but in Austria the economic upswing was really a miracle. This referred to the fact that the Germans were known as hard workers while the Austrians preferred to take it easy. In the early afternoon I went to an address where I had to pick up a few hundred shillings from a relative of a family from Bucharest to whom I had left the equivalent in Lei. This way I already had my own Western money for spending for tram rides or similar. Again something inconceivable for American readers. I have shown above that the Rumanian currency like any other from Soviet controlled territory was not exchangeable for Western currency and in addition to own Western currency was strictly forbidden. There was a joke going around with one man asking his friend what one can get for 100 dollars and the answer was 5 years in prison.

This was a long day, our first day in Vienna. All afternoon the Mandelbaums tried to convince us that there was no way for us to stay in Vienna, they brought in some guests who by telling us their story tried to substantiate this. It was almost impossible to get the approval of the Austrian authorities and in addition Israel was a better place from any point of view.. The first hope we got from a rather unexpected side. Later in the afternoon I called a certain Max Wachsmann, a cousin of our friend Waldi Wachsmann from Czernowitz, a member with his wife Yvonne of our bridge get togethers in

Bucharest. Max was sending gift packets to his cousin in Bucharest and Waldi asked me to give him a call after arriving in Vienna as someone who is ready to give a helping hand anytime. Max arrived at the Mandelbaum's residence within a half hour and took us on a car ride through Vienna. After hearing of our desire to remain in Vienna he promised any possible help, he would hide us if necessary in his home till we would get the necessary papers. He was a survivor of the Holocaust, but had lost his wife and child. He had stayed part of the time with Tito's guerillas after having jumped out of a riding train. He said: "With me you can cross the Sambation". The Sambation is in Jewish legend the river in the underworld like the Styx in Greek mythology. We came home with some hope. When we went to bed that night I said to Lotte that if we go to Israel at least we should take a refrigerator along, but she put her hand across my mouth, she did not consider such an assumption to be for us. I did not mention earlier that in our lives in Rumania we never had any kind of appliances similar to the ones in the USA, even not a vacuum cleaner. The closest that came to a refrigerator was an ice box, in which you used big ice cubes produced in ice plants or simply collected by merchants from frozen rivers and kept in deep cellars refrigerated and sold during the summer.

Next day, Sunday we met with more people, formerly from Czernowitz, we found out that though in general the Government was very reluctant to approve new immigrants quite a few people had been able to get such approval with patience, one way of getting it was through the help of a city counselor originally from Czernowitz by the name of Tuchmann, but he was reluctant to use his influence but for exceptional cases. Most of the people from Czernowitz now residents of Vienna had come here shortly after the war and were thus old established Austrian citizens. Some had lived here already between the wars as Rumanian citizens and were able as such to avoid being sent into the Holocaust with the help of the Rumanian embassy who helped them to get into Rumania. After the war they were the first to go back to Vienna knowing well that the Western allies will not let Austria become a Soviet satellite though for almost 10 years part of Austria was occupied by Soviet troops. One friend I met the next morning in a cafe close to the Stephansdom was a colleague from the Polytechnic of Brno, Sternberg, whose parents had opted for the Austrian citizenship after the transfer of the Bukovina to Rumania though they had remained in Czernowitz. None of the many people we asked for advice were able to give us a firm route to get the approval to remain in Vienna but all counseled us not to

rush to the Sochnut the next day (as I have promised them to do) but to stay put and wait patiently for a solution. In the afternoon Wachsmann picked us up to show us around Vienna in his car and to bring us to his house in a fashionable villa suburb of Vienna. He was in the old iron business and had invested his proceeds in real estate at a time when because of the Soviet occupation of part of Austria real estate values were low. (There were four occupation zones in Austria after the war like in Germany, but in 1954 the Soviets agreed to terminate the occupation and conclude a peace treaty with Austria making it a neutral country with no right to join any military or economic alliance with either the Western or Eastern blocs). From here on Austria was on its way to an undreamed of prosperity as a go between between East and West. Wachsmann had a young wife (gentile) and a 5 year old son. They received us with warmth assuring us of their help if necessary. We were overwhelmed with our impressions of these two days of Vienna. It was the second time we had moved from drabness to wealth, the first time it was from Soviet Czernowitz to Bucharest in 1945, but in the meantime Bucharest had taken on the aspect of Eastern drabness and now in one night there was another change like from night to day. The Mandelbaums had come to Vienna only 3 years prior, but their apartment was full of appliances we had known only from hearsay, the streets were exceptionally clean, the stores were full of beautiful and undreamed of merchandise, etc. It seemed to me who had known Vienna before that in a few years prosperity had spread to a wide sector of the population.

Our problem was resolved the next morning. We had an address of a recent emigrant from Bucharest and when we visited her to ask how she had managed to stay in Vienna she told us that we had to register with the HIAS (Hebrew Immigration Aid Society) as desiring to go to the United States and obtain through them a temporary stay in Austria so they can obtain for us the entry papers for the USA in the meantime. This will take a few months and in the meantime we had the time to obtain either the right of permanent stay in Austria or go to the USA. We went immediately to the offices of HIAS and found out that the Sochnut had already asked them if we had registered there. We made our application with the HIAS and felt relieved. I said to myself that day that opposite to the Soviet bloc where the individual is the slave of the state and cannot have his way, in the West "Des Menschen Wille ist sein Himmelreich", which in free translation means that man has his will to choose. The lady from HIAS asked me to go the next day to the Sochnut to advise them

that we did not want to go to Israel. Coming back that afternoon to the Mandelbaums and relating our story Fina said that she could have given this advice herself, the fact is that she had not. We also found at the Mandelbaums a note from Wachsmann advising me to go next morning to the engineering office of Dr. Ing. Krapfenbauer for an interview for work.

Next morning I was interviewed by Dr. Robert Krapfenbauer who had a civil engineering office of approx. 12 engineers and draftsmen and I was hired as a structural engineer. Interestingly Krapfenbauer knew from international engineering conferences a professor Mateescu from the Polytechnic in Timisoara and was pleased that we had this way common acquaintances in the engineering world. He asked me to come to work the next day, but I asked him to let me start next Monday in order to have time to find housing and move in. After that I went to the Sochnut and declared that it was my wish to go to the USA rather than to Israel. Asked for the reason I said that we cannot stand the summer heat but the interviewer told me that the summer heat in New York was much worse than in Israel. Anyway he let me go and here I was on June 20, only three days after our arrival with a job and a good prospect to get the right to remain in Vienna. The Mandelbaums couldn't believe it, Fina said how good it was to be an engineer. The next day we started to look for lodging which for the time being meant a furnished room with access to kitchen. This was not that easy as housing on the open market was quite expensive, most Viennese who had stayed for a long time in their apartment enjoyed rent control paying a nominal rent at the before the war rate. Anyway we found a place with two rooms and a bath room where we also had a gas stove for cooking. The location was on Stumpergasse 51 not far from the Westbahnhof, the main train station of Vienna located in the 6th city district called Mariahilf. We later found out that it was not a prime location as it was kind of a red light district in this street with prostitutes walking up and down the street. Anyway it didn't hurt Marianne's morals. Sometimes during the week our luggage arrived from Bucharest and we moved into our new quarters. By the weekend we were all set and I had time to go with Marianne to the Prater, a prime amusement park, I remembered from my childhood. On Monday, June 27 I started to work for the office of Dr. Krapfenbauer. It was located in the 19th district in a house built by Krapfenbauer which included both the office and his residence. The 19th district was a quite fashionable residence district. The way engineering was handled here was totally different from what I had known in prewar capitalist and later

socialist Rumania. It was similar to the German system. The engineer was hired by the contractor to do first a preliminary study or design to enable him to bid on the job and after the contractor was awarded the job the engineer would do the final design which then had to be approved by the awarding authority after being checked by another engineer hired by this authority. We did both design and checking as the jobs came. The right to practice engineering was awarded to graduate engineers, called Diplom Engineer, after a Civil engineer examination consisting mainly of legislation regulating engineering work. Definitely it was not enough to have passed this exam to get work. Getting work was something quite political depending on relations with the right people and the reputation, the engineer had created for his office based on previous work.

About Vienna in June 1961. I had known the city as a child and during my visit in the spring of 1932 as a 20 year old. Vienna was for us "Czernowitzer" of half Asia the "City", the door to Europe. Even younger children learned from their parents what this city had meant to them as the capital of the empire, of which they were proud. The changeover to Rumania had rather increased this feeling of longing for the old time under the benevolent rule of the Habsburgs. Lotte's parents always remembered with melancholy their time in Vienna with the Opera, the theaters, the museums and last but not least the old emperor, the symbol of belonging to the old world. The recent rule of the Communists in Rumania with the borders to Western Europe sealed off tightly has made us feel like outcasts in our small world. When we saw this other world it was like a dream come true. After we moved into our new place and got settled I started to show the town to Lotte and Marianne. Our first outing was to the Schoenbrunn palace, the former residence of the Kaiser. It was kept in its former shape and interiors like Versailles for visitors. When we walked through the beautifully kept park Lotte had tears in her eyes. She had never seen anything as beautiful and orderly, the stories of her parents and her sister came back into her memory. After the Communist drabness it was quite a revelation. Then we went through the beautiful boulevards, the Ring with the old "Burg", the theaters, museums, the Opera, City Hall, etc. We felt the happiness to have escaped the inhospitable environment of the last 20 years. We had our problems with the right to stay in Austria, the temporary housing, employment for Lotte, but we were optimistic.

The main project was to obtain the right to remain in Austria and though I had started to work I was not for the time being any closer to resolve this matter. Krapfenbauer sent me to the Labor Department of the city and they gave

me the right to work for 6 months, based on the visa I had gotten to enter Austria. They didn't know at that time the significance of this visa (a temporary stay on our way to Israel) but when the matter of renewal came up they did not renew the right to work. In order to gain time we continued our ties to the HIAS. They asked us if we had any sponsors in the States and we gave them the name of Lotte's cousin Julius Kessler, an eye surgeon in New York. Kessler refused because he had to sponsor other relatives and we gave some other names.

In the meantime it was summer and we started to enjoy the beautiful surroundings of Vienna. We went to the beaches on the Danube and to day excursions into the Vienna Woods. Wachsmann took us along in his car to places farther away like the Burgenland. In August we sent Marianne to a camp of girl students in the province of Steiermark. Besides Austrian girls a number of French girls came to this camp and Marianne was able to use her knowledge of French to converse with the French girls and translate between the French and Austrian girls. I might not have mentioned earlier that Marianne started to learn French at an early age, from around the age of four a French lady came to our place in Bucharest to teach her French conversation.

About my work at the office of Dr. Krapfenbauer. Krapfenbauer was a son of a farmer in Lower Austria, North of Vienna. He was approx. 10 years younger than I. After graduating from the Vienna Polytechnic he stayed on for his doctor's degree, the key to success in engineering in Austria like in Germany. After 6 years as an assistant professor he opened his engineering office and through his good work and connections developed a quite successful practice, mainly in Government work. He didn't have any intellectual interest. Similarly few of his engineering employees had any, except a few in the musical field. Vienna had changed from the way our parents remembered it. A writer, Hugo Bettauer had described the Vienna we found now in a book "Die Stadt ohne Juden", the city without Jews, what could happen to Vienna should the Jews leave. It was at that time just imaginary. Throughout the 19-th century and through 1938, when Hitler occupied Austria the intellectual life of Vienna was dominated by Jews, they made up at least 25% of the professionals, over that for writers and journalists. The new professionals and intellectuals were sons of peasants or the like. When Krapfenbauer solicited work on the phone he spoke in Viennese dialect to get more familiar with the Government supervisors or whoever had a say in awarding the work. Most of the engineers in the office had a similar background with little intellectual interest except that some went to

concerts. Their main interest was to enjoy the good life coming in with the new prosperity. They invited me to their summer cottages in the country and were very proud of those. I was well prepared professionally for the work to be done and Krapfenbauer appreciated it. The pay was not bad for the circumstances except that because of the rent control law we had to pay a disproportionate share for rent. Rents in apartments under rent control were frozen to the before the war level (very low, like \$10.00 a month) while rents on the open market were 10 or 20 times higher. Some younger engineers have bought themselves into rent control, this required a one time payment of approx. two yearly salaries. Anyway for the time being we didn't have the money and had the patience to wait.

About money. Most of our acquaintances in Vienna who came from Czernowitz (most via Bucharest) had money coming from the restitution paid by the German government for victims of German persecution. A few days after our arrival Victor Mandelbaum sent us to a law office where we signed an application, then we went to the German embassy where our German background was established and then we started to wait. We found out later that most of the money awarded was for ailments got during the time of persecution. These ailments were mostly fabricated by some with false medical and other witness statements, a situation we disliked considerably and would not have participated in. Anyway this was something in the future.

In September school started for Marianne. She had finished 5-th grade in Bucharest, but as opposed to the Austrian system with first graders starting at the age of six with 12 grades in Rumania school started at the age of seven with 11 grades. I disliked the idea for her to go into 6-th grade with children one year younger and talked this over with the school principal showing him her last school report card from a German school in Rumania. He agreed to accept her into 7-th grade with a few exams to be given in December over some subjects of 6-th grade she had not taken in Bucharest. In the meantime Lotte had accepted a job at the publishing house of Bertelmanns. She kept this job only for a few months and later got a job to teach English in a trade school for girls.

There is here one matter I have to confess about with shame. In the personnel evidence in offices and schools there was a question about religion. In our desire to hide our Jewishness we decided to declare ourselves as Protestants except for Marianne who we declared to be without religion. In Communist Rumania it made no difference and there our background was obvious.

Interestingly we were respected as German speaking to be more Western. In Austria where antisemitism was wide spread we thought it to be better not to be considered as Jews, to be closer to the mainstream. Anyway we were not mainstream because our pronunciation of German was different from the Austrian German, which always had a bit of popular dialect in it even if spoken by intellectuals.

In January events started to precipitate. My work permit was not renewed and Krapfenbauer kept me as an outside consultant compensating me for health insurance and other benefits I lost. Then he sent me to the Ministry of the Interior where he had a relative with influence to try to get the right to stay in Austria. I was questioned by some police officials who treated me like an impostor because a certain Heller from Czernowitz, who was in the same situation had declared on the question of employment that he was working for the engineer Hirsch. They asked me threateningly how I without a work permit could give employment to other people and did not believe when I declared that in truth Heller was an impostor. In February we were called to the HIAS and offered the sponsorship of the Jewish Family Service of the town of Providence, RI. I took some books from the American library about Rhode Island and concluded that it was a fine place to go. At that time entrance into the USA depended on two factors, to be sponsored by a person or an organization and to satisfy a quota system based on previous emigration statistics. We belonged to the Soviet quota because of the present location of our birthplaces and satisfied it easily because of lack of solicitants. In addition we were preferred as political refugees from behind the Iron Curtain. After some formalities we were told that we might get our entrance visas to the USA sometime in the spring. At that point we started to consider going to the USA as a viable alternative. I said to Lotte that I will accept as solution whatever comes first, the permit to remain in Austria or the visa for the USA. I have not mentioned that after coming to Vienna we had written to relatives throughout the world and got a lot of advice and offers of help. Lotte's cousin from Montreal, a refugee from Vienna offered us the entrance to Canada, Lotte's uncle from Australia offered us the entrance to Australia. Lotte's cousin Julius Kessler from New York wrote that there was only one country for emigrants like us and this was the USA and his brother Arthur from Israel advised us to come to Israel. Julius Kessler also wrote that though he couldn't give us an affidavit he found a common friend Jacob Hacken, a former neighbor of mine who would sponsor us. Interesting is that Marianne and Lotte

tried to talk me into accepting Canada while I would have preferred the USA. While we waited we continued to gather information and advice and found in both contradictory opinions and facts. The conclusion of all this was that in making the decision we were on our own.

More about our life in Vienna. My workday was from 7:30 a.m. through 5 p.m. with a half hour for lunch, Monday through Friday. A lot of overtime was offered evenings and Saturdays and I worked probably an average of 10 hours a week overtime. As Lotte also worked we ate most of the time dinner in inexpensive restaurants in our neighborhood. Marianne liked her school and was one of the better students though she had missed one year of the Austrian curriculum. Lotte also enjoyed her teaching, so we just waited for a resolution of our temporary status. The housing was not the best but we thought we will overcome that in a not very distant future. We had a lot of friends and acquaintances in town whom we visited periodically. One friend from my youth, Dr. Israel (Lulziu) Chalfen (the later biographer of Paul Celan) was on a visit from Israel and we had occasion to talk a lot about the time we have not seen one another and about our respective lives. He told me a lot about Israel, both the positive and negative. On a stroll through the Vienna woods he told me that after many years in Israel he realized how much he missed the Bukovina woods and rivers. On top of the Kobenzl Hill was a restaurant, he said that in this restaurant there were may be 200 people and almost total silence while in Israel with 10 people present you don't hear the words of your neighbor. We met a friend of Lotte's sister, Lilly Zappler who had come to Vienna right after the war with her husband, a professor of art and her mother. They were more integrated than most others from Czernowitz. We met friends often in the coffee houses, where we also played bridge once or twice a week.

April 1, my 50-th birthday was a Sunday and we went to an outing in the Vienna woods with Lilly Zappler. A few days later we were invited to the American embassy to receive our visa to enter the United States. Then we went to the HIAS to schedule our departure to the USA for early July so that Marianne could finish her 7th grade. After that we took our first trip out of Vienna, it was Easter and the office was closed for a few days. We went first to Salzburg and enjoyed the beautiful sights of the old town and its surroundings. We went up on the Stefan Zweig trail to his house where he wrote his fine novels and stories of a past time, which will never come back. We then went to the Steiermark province and its capital Graz, another beautiful town. On our way we stopped

in ski areas and on the Leopoldtaedter lake, on which Marianne in 1961 had spent a month in a girl camp. We really enjoyed the Austrian countryside so praised in song by poets. One of these songs was about the Wolfgangsee lake which we remembered when we sunned on its shore and rowed on it in a rented boat.

Back in Vienna we continued our work resigned to the fact that in July we will leave for the USA. Sometime in May we found in our mail an invitation from Dr. Krapfenbauer to accompany him to the Ministry of the Interior in the matter of our stay in Austria. I found that it was too late to change our decision, but agreed that Lotte should go with him. They were received by the minister Afritsch himself and Krapfenbauer produced a letter of the Austrian Engineering Society with a recommendation that he give us permanent stay in Austria based on our Austrian background and my excellence in the engineering profession. He granted it immediately and promised citizenship within a few months. Now we had the choice to go or stay and we quarreled through the month of June with me for leaving and Marianne and Lotte for staying in Austria. My main point was that the pay was not satisfactory. We had given notice to our landlady and she decided to move out and in the meantime the owner had rented the apartment to another party. I started to look for a better place and found that on the open market a decent apartment with two bedrooms would cost the equivalent of 40% of my salary. I was looking for better pay with other firms and found out that I was well paid for Austrian circumstances. I tried Switzerland again but the time was too short to get a satisfactory result. Anyway the date of our departure was close and in this standoff between Lotte (and Marianne) and me I finally won by default, we had to move out by early July.

The departure of the plane was scheduled for July 16 with a stopover in Brussels. We delivered to the HIAS our heavy luggage and decided to join the plane in Brussels in order to make a trip in between. On July 2 we left Vienna for Zurich. Here we met with Lotte's cousin Lola Donnermann and her husband Rudolf and also with Fritz Lenz and his family, he was a son of Lotte's cousin Beka, now residing in Israel. Fritz was studying for his Ph.D. at the Federal Polytechnic Institute in Zurich. From Zurich we went to Geneva and then by bus to Nice in Southern France. We enjoyed this trip a lot. We stayed in a fancy hotel in Nice and also made a side trip to Cannes. From Nice we took a night train to Paris where Peter, the son of my friend Mischa Flexor was waiting for us to bring us to a hotel. We spent a week in Paris meeting many friends, visiting

museums, different parts of the city, the castle of Versailles and other sights. Whoever is reading this should understand that for the most part of our lives we were cut off from the outside world, first by the war-WWII-and then by the obstruction of the Communist regime in Rumania. For Lotte our journey to Vienna the year before was her first trip abroad, at the age of 42. Though her major at the University was English, France and its language was of particular interest as being the main language taught by her sister and brother in law. Lotte also knew that if she would be teaching in the USA it wouldn't be English but French. In addition to the new sites it was also a new world for us, we were not aware while in Rumania of the enormous difference in the standard of living between the East and the West, Austria at that time was slightly behind, mainly Switzerland showed more of it. In addition the splendor of Paris as a cultural capital made a great impression on us.

On July 14 we had the opportunity to watch the celebration of Bastille day in Paris in all its magnificence. On July 15 we took the train to Brussels and next day we took the plane to New York. This was before the jet plane, it took 17 hours to reach New York. In New York we were transferred to the plane for Providence and another chapter in our Odyssey was about to begin.

XIII. First Years in the USA: 1962-67

Providence, RI: 1962-66

We arrived after a flight of 17 hours at the Idlewild Airport (now Kennedy) in New York on July 18. After customs we were received by representatives of the HIAS and transferred to the terminal for Providence. After a short flight we arrived in Providence, where two ladies from the Jewish Family Service were waiting for us. They told us that the apartment they rented for us was not yet ready for occupancy but that a new immigrant and personal acquaintance of ours by the name of Herman Geissler will house us for a few days in his place. We were driven to this place and left in the charge of Herman. We had known him in Czernowitz as Herman Wurmbrand as the husband of Lotte's cousin Hilde. They had divorced shortly after leaving for Rumania in 1946. The name of Geissler comes from his mother and he had to adopt it because the parents were married only by a rabbi without a civil marriage. There were many such marriages in the Bukovinian and Galician shtetls and consequently a confusion of names. My mother's maiden name was Wurmbrand and I remember that she once established with Herman's father how they were related. A few days before leaving Paris we were approached by Herman's sister who had been living in Paris for many years to take along some of Herman's stuff he left with her before leaving for Providence. Anyway now we were in his apartment in South Providence, which we shortly found out to be the slum quarter of Providence. It was inhabited mostly by blacks and poor Jews. The Jewish Family Service tried to save money in placing the new immigrants in this area.

The apartment Herman took us in was not bad at the inside, it had a bathroom with warm water anytime, something new for us and a big refrigerator, better than we have seen in Vienna. The modern apartments in Vienna had small refrigerators and for warm water electric continuous flow water heaters. Herman offered us the second bedroom for the few days we had to stay in his place. We were quite tired after the long flight and retired early for the night. The next day we got acquainted with the new surroundings and didn't like what we saw. The neighborhood was in a delapidated state. We didn't

know from Europe the aspect of row houses made of timber, we were used to brick houses mostly plastered on the outside. We later got used to the American timber house and got to appreciate its advantages but in South Providence the negligent exterior of the buildings and streets was an unpleasant aspect. Later we walked around downtown with a mixture of highrise and older buildings. It was different from what we had known from Europe. The European cities had grown slowly and had more character than the American ones, but this is not a final judgment, we found later US cities with character, like Boston or San Francisco. The latter was not much older than 100 years at the time of our first visit. Later that day we were visited by a representative of the Jewish Family Service who explained to us that our apartment will be ready in a few days and gave us 25 dollars for food for a week. He also said that in a day or two they will start visiting a few prospective places of employment with me.

A couple of days later I was brought to a steel fabricating plant and introduced to the chief engineer who after an interview suggested that they bring me to engineering firms naming the one of Charles A. Maguire & Associates. Next day I was interviewed by the head of the Bridge Department of this firm who said that I should return after a couple of days. At that time the interview was continued by a German speaking member of the firm (a civil engineer of Polish origin). My poor English at that time was probably the reason they wanted to make sure I would fit into their system. Anyway after this interview I was hired and started work at the end of July, not much longer than a week after arrival in the USA. Even before being hired I was told by the representative of the Jewish Family Service to look for an apartment on the East Side of Providence, a much better area than the one originally contemplated for our start in this country. I went around looking into a few places and then together with Lotte we selected a 2-bedroom duplex on Summit Avenue, which for the next four years would be our first home in Providence. As disappointing South Providence and in part downtown Providence was to us so we liked the East Side of Providence, again a kind of living area new to us. In the cities we have known before most people lived in apartment houses. Individual owned houses in parts of the towns we have known existed but were considered a privilege of the rich who could afford such luxury, these houses were called villas and the districts "Villenviertel" i.e. villa quarters. Here we found ordinary people enjoying this kind of dwelling. The owner of the duplex was a Polish Jew, survivor of the Holocaust, a factory worker who explained to us that he bought

the place with a bank loan and that our monthly rent of \$75.00 will help him pay off his mortgage. This was totally new to us, home ownership was in our eyes again a privilege of the few, except that in the villages the peasants and Jewish merchants owned their quite modest houses. In retrospect it was a modest place we inhabited in these four years but for us it seemed good enough for the beginning, better than what we had expected. We also found in the apartment used appliances like a refrigerator and a gas stove, again something new to us. The best we have had before was kind of a kerosene heater with open flame.

On the second Monday after our arrival I started work at C.A. Maguire & Associates, Inc., an engineering firm in downtown Providence with subsidiaries in Boston and Connecticut. It was named after his founder, a former city engineer in Providence. In the beginning I was used at the Architectural Department for the preliminary design of some Navy buildings in Newport, R.I. Though codes and weights and measures were new to me (up to this point I have used only metres and kilograms) and the units I had to deal with were much more complicated than just pounds and feet like pounds per square inch for tensions or pounds per cubic feet for unit weights, etc., I managed to acquaint myself easily with the new design codes and new system of weights and measures and got a laudatory review of this my first job by a professor of the University of Rhode Island, a part time consultant to the company.

In the meantime Lotte also was looking for work and found a part time teaching job at the prestigious Mary C. Wheeler girl school to teach French in the middle grades. As for Marianne, there was still a month before the start of the school year and we had time to find out that the curriculum in the US schools was slower than what she went through in Vienna and registered her for 9th rather than 8th grade, in which she would have been in Vienna. The only subject she was behind was English, which made no difference in the grade selected.

A few weeks later I was transferred to the Bridge Department to design a prestressed concrete bridge on the new interstate highway I95 in its passing through downtown Providence. Prestressed concrete was quite a new process at that time and few of the engineers in the office knew anything about it. This way my capacity in handling difficult jobs was established and opened the way for my future reputation as one of the best structural engineers in Rhode Island. Financially I was not satisfied. My initial pay in the Building Department was \$120 per week, which I considered to be only for the original time of adjustment,

but it was very difficult to change. Anyway after my first job got good marks it was still very difficult to get a raise to \$130 per week. I was told that this was the going rate in the region and I would have to go to the Midwest or the West Coast to get a better pay. On the other hand I liked the friendly atmosphere in the office both between colleagues and with the management. I liked the fact that everyone called the other by his first name including the supervisors and owners. I was used to be called Mr. engineer or Mr. professor but I preferred to be called simply Carl by the young 18 or 20 year old draftsmen. In the coffee breaks I learned more about my new colleagues and also learned that in the United States the status of the engineers was by far below that of their counterparts in Rumania or Austria, except for those working for themselves with a number of employees and guaranteed work. I also found out shortly that the schooling for engineers was much less demanding, most engineers in the office had only a bachelor of science degree in engineering with only a few engineering courses, very few had master degrees. In early September we had an outing for a full day for a clambake at a farm in nearby Massachussets. In the morning there were different games, then a lunch with clam chowder, games and drinks in the afternoon and a full clambake dinner late afternoon. Everything was new to me and I enjoyed the friendliness of my colleagues and the management.

In the beginning I took the bus to go to the office which was in downtown Providence. Sometime in September we bought our first car, a 1956 Hudson for 500 dollars. The dealer told us that Hudson had been discontinued, but that he has the parts for eventual repairs. The knowledge in driving I had acquired in Vienna was sufficient for passing the exam and obtaining a drivers license (in Vienna I failed this exam twice). We were very proud and started to visit the nearby countryside, like Lincoln Woods and beyond. In the meantime Lotte took driving lessons and easily obtained her drivers license. The arrangement now was that Lotte brought me to the office and kept the car for the day. It was not easy to park downtown. On our first evening with the car we went to buy our first television set and thus started to become Americanized. As far as company is concerned, we first met a young doctor, Hugo Taussig, born in Czernowitz, who immigrated to the USA in the early fifties and his wife Margaret, a writer. They gave us practical advice in different matters. They were acquainted from their time in New York with Lotte's cousin Julius Kessler. While we were pondering in Vienna whether to leave or stay Kessler, who knew that we were

heading to Providence sent us Hugo's address and we contacted Hugo from Vienna to find out more about Providence. Other people we met with were a few young doctors from Rumania, recent arrivals like us, who worked in the nearby hospitals in preparation for fulfilling the requirements to practice medicine in the USA. There were also the Geisslers and another family from Rumania, named Mungiu, earlier immigrants.

The Mungius took us along sometimes on a weekend in September on our first visit to New York. We met there with four families from Czernowitz, all enthusiastic Americans. There was first Lotte's cousin Julius Kessler and his wife Toni, he was an eye surgeon with a practice in Manhattan, then a second grade cousin of Lotte's, Nathan Melzer, a general practitioner also practicing in Manhattan, Jakob Hacken, an electrical engineer and former neighbor of mine in the Nikolausgasse in Czernowitz (he was one year my junior in high school) and the fourth was Fritz Lutwak (now Fred Barnard), another general practitioner. We met a few times and they spoke to us that enthusiastically about the USA, that Lotte asked them how come that you former communists or sympathizers (Melzer spent a few months in prison in Rumania for communist activities) can be that enthusiastic about the metropolis of capitalism. The answer was that in their sympathy for communism they were actually seeking social justice, of which there was more in the USA than in the USSR. Anyway, we saw a lot of New York and liked it, it was a quiet weekend with little commotion. We also went to Queens, where we slept at the Hackens and saw quiet suburbs. The overall impression was positive, totally different from what we would have imagined. We went back to Providence with the regret that we didn't live in New York where we had that many good friends. We started thinking of eventually moving to N.Y. in order to have more friends to meet with.

We learned more about New York in following trips and got a good picture of this remarkable place. A few weeks later we went to N.Y. in our own car mainly to visit my aunt Minzia in New Jersey. This was a sister of my father's who had come to the USA as a young girl in 1912 and had kept contact mainly with my aunt Sali (another sister of my father's) presently living in Israel where she had gone from Vienna in the late thirties. The trip was not difficult except for driving thru the Lincoln Tunnel where I didn't maintain the minimum speed of 40 m/h on the narrow lane and was hurried by the tunnel personnel to drive faster. Aunt Minzia was living in an old age home with her husband and received us nicely. Her son, a cousin I have never met, came also to her house

and then a journalist from the local newspaper. He asked some questions and after a few days aunt Minzia sent us the article he published about "Family reunion after 50 years". This seemed quite strange to us because I was only born in the year of her departure, Marianne was born just 12 years before this reunion after 50 years. From her place in West New York, N.J. we went back thru the tunnel and midtown Manhattan to Queens, where we stayed overnight at the Hackens. Next day we visited the Guggenheim Museum which we found quite impressive as layout and architecture. I was quite proud that after that short a driving experience I was driving thru New York.

Later in the fall I was invited by the Engineering Department of the University of Rhode Island to hold a talk on Engineering Education in Europe. The audience were the faculty and seniors of the department. I explained to them the difference of approach, as college education in most European states was done in professional schools starting right after high school assuming that high school had given the students the general education they were receiving in the USA in the first two or three years of undergraduate school. This gives the European, I referred mainly to the German, Austrian and French schools (the Rumanian Polytechnic was modeled after the French model) more time to deepen the requirements of the professional subjects making the graduate ready to enter work as a full professional. The consequence was a much higher status of the engineer in society than in the USA. Later I came to realize that there was some advantage in the American system as well. When I remember my college years there was only hard work, a lot of it unnecessary, while students in the USA practice sports and have a lot of fun in these years. Somehow the lower level of preparation in engineering school is offset by the requirement for engineers in private practice to pass a state examination to qualify as a professional engineer.

This examination consists of both science and professional subjects and is given in two stages. I registered for the exam early 1963 and was required to take only the second stage of professional subjects because of my more than 20 years of practice. I passed the exam easily and so became a registered professional engineer.

As I have shown I have adjusted easily to my new work with C.A. Maguire. I think it was similar with Lotte at her school, she prepared her lessons well and was rewarded by the attention and progress of her students. As for Marianne her adjustment was slower, it was hard for her to find friends in

her age group, the American teenagers were totally different from youngsters she had known before, there also seems to have been some mutual shyness between her and her colleagues in school in addition to the language barrier. In one meeting of the "Selfhelp", a group of German and Austrian Jewish refugees from the thirties we met a newcomer family from Egypt called Chamuel with two sons and a daughter, Mona, approx. Marianne's age. Their language was French, the language spoken by most Egyptian Jews. When we related this to Marianne later that evening she said: "maybe she will be my friend" and so it was. Mona joined Marianne in the 9th grade in High School and soon they were good friends. Marianne has described this stage and her friendship with Mona and later Martha in a review of Eva Hofmann's book "Lost in Translation". Marianne also had difficulties in the beginning with English as such, as a subject and as the language the other subjects were taught in. Her first grade in Natural Science was an E. Her teacher told Lotte that this was the result of her lack of communication in English. After a few months she overcame this handicap and became a very good student, one of the best in her class. Her colleagues shortly started to admire her spelling skills, a result of her knowledge of other languages.

I cannot report chronologically events in all of these years, as there are not as many events to report in every year, we got adjusted to our new life, each in his job or school. Every new item like buying furniture or appliances was an event for us. I have given this chapter the title "Providence 1962-1966" because we stayed in these four years on Summit Avenue and these were Marianne's four years of high school, also in mine and Lotte's jobs these four years were our apprentice years, in 1966 our professional status got a qualitative uplift. I will get to this later. The apartment on Summit Avenue was relatively modest, but for us it was a lot. We have never had more than 2 bedrooms used also as living and dining room. Now we had a living room, a dining room and two bedrooms, all day hot water, an electric refrigerator and a gas stove. The rent for this apartment was approx. 15% of my monthly pay while in Vienna it would have been 40%. All other items, like food or clothes, though they seemed to us expensive if compared to Vienna, were cheap compared to our incomes, which were in themselves quite modest as we were beginners in the U.S.A. and we found out later that our employers were taking advantage of this situation.

In the summer of 1963 we took our first longer trip by car. We went first to Montreal to visit Lotte's two cousins. One was Karl Schaerf, a lawyer refugee

from Vienna and the other was Sophie Granierer, who had gone from Bucharest first to Israel and then to Canada. Karl was a salesman, no lawyer from Europe was ever admitted to practice in the USA or Canada without starting Law School from the beginning. Sophie and her husband worked in industrial plants in Montreal but with two salaries they did quite well. We also met with my friend Otto Blum and his wife Rika, former members in our bridge get togethers in Czernowitz and Bucharest. We also went with the Fischers (Sophie's married name) to the Laurentian Mountains North of Montreal. From Montreal we went to Toronto to visit a former schoolmate of mine, Edgar Citry, a psychiatrist in private practice. On our way we stopped for a couple of days in Kingston, Ontario, where my friend Richard Blum was teaching summer courses at the University of Kingston. There was immediate friendship between Marianne and their daughter Irene. Toronto didn't impress us very much, we saw only a downtown area with high rises. We reentered the USA at Niagara Falls and spent a day visiting the falls on both sides of the border. On our way home we stopped for a few hours at the Finger Lakes in upstate New York. Overall we were very satisfied with this trip, our first longer trip in the USA and Canada, it gave us a first glimpse of the beauty of this continent.

In September, 1963, a new school year started for both Marianne and Lotte. Marianne shifted from Nathan Bishop Junior to Classical High School, a prestigious high school in downtown Providence. Here she met more gifted students and got friendly with many of them. Lotte, though still part time got more responsible work and satisfactory results. I got a surprise as well. I mentioned earlier that I was not happy with my pay and over the last few months I answered a few ads from the Engineerings News Record and the Civil Engineering magazines. The recipients probably inquired the company about my abilities. Anyway, late summer Howard Holmes, the president, called me and said that he wanted me to be satisfied and offered me a raise of over 30% which I was very satisfied with. First thing we had to do was to buy a new car. The Hudson started to lose oil, first sign of trouble we were told. We bought a Corvair, a GM car with the engine in the back like the VW. Lotte preferred this car for its attractive exterior. We did not know at that time about a book on the Corvair "Unsafe At Any Speed", by Ralph Nader that appeared about that time. But about this later. For the four years we owned this car we definitely enjoyed it.

Sometime in early November late one night I woke up with a cramp in one leg. As I often did in such a situation I jumped out of bed to walk in order to overcome the pain caused by the cramp. I fainted and the doctor called by Lotte (a relative of Mona Chamuel's) brought me to the Miriam Hospital. A doctor, Joseph Marx, who happened to be there at night diagnosed after different tests and the chest pains I complained about that I had a lung infarction, a pretty dangerous disease. A few young doctors from Rumania who were interns in this hospital doubted this diagnosis and so did the hospital's radiologist who diagnosed just broken ribs from the fall. I don't know if I have related above that sometimes in 1943 I fell through the opening of a cellar and broke some ribs and had my chest bandaged for a few weeks. I felt this time that such a bandage was all I needed. Anyway, I stayed in the hospital for approx. 4 weeks and went home and back to work without the operation Dr. Marx originally suggested to prevent further lung infarctions. A visit later to a doctor specialist in New York confirmed that Dr. Marx's original diagnosis was highly exaggerated. I returned to work and after two more weeks the chest pains were gone.

I have not related above that Lotte had spent earlier this year a few days in the same hospital. She had heavy pains from a gallstone. The doctor interned her in the hospital to operate, but after a few days he managed to remove the stone without operating. It was quite frustrating that we were both sick in the hospital that close to our new beginning in the USA. While in the hospital I witnessed on TV the assassination of President Kennedy and was moved by the loss felt by the population throughout the USA. Interesting for me was how the black employees in the hospital watched it with an attention as if it was directed mainly against them. Before coming to the USA I had not realized the deep split in race relations still existing at that time. In the meantime I learned a lot about the strong prejudices of the fifties and sixties with school segregation still strong in Southern universities and schools though officially the Supreme Court had already given its decision of desegregation with "all deliberate speed". I watched with interest the fight between Southern governors and Federal authorities in Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia on desegregating schools and public places and was glad with every progress made.

The work I was involved in most of 1963 was a very interesting project, the object was the "Flood Control of Downtown Providence". Twice in this century, in 1938 and 1954, downtown Providence was inundated by the Providence River, an arm of Narragansett Bay reaching into downtown

Providence. The water level both times was approx. 6 feet above street level. The job was done under the supervision of Frank Pierce, at that time an associate and later a vicepresident of the firm. We worked for the Corps of Engineers who had the overall responsibility for the project. The job consisted mainly of a dam across the Providence River, different pumping stations and adjacent work. This was the first time I was involved in this kind of project and I did well, it contributed to my reputation as a good structural engineer and brought about a long and fruitful cooperation and friendship with Frank Pierce. During this job Frank was named head of the Buildings and Special Projects Division of Maguire's and he promoted me to head of the Structural Engineering Section, both for Architectural and Special Projects. This was not a big unit, approx. between 6 and 10 people, but it was responsible work within a bigger unit with architects, mechanical and electrical engineers, soils and foundation engineers and site specialists. Besides special projects like the the above mentioned Flood Control job we dealt with a number of architectural jobs like schools, college buildings, military projects, pumping stations, a.o.

Sometime in 1963 I joined the Bridge Club of Rhode Island and the American Contract Bridge League and started to play regularly a few evenings per week in the B.C. of R.I. Once in a while we also had games at home with new acquired friends, like the Hoffmanns (refugees from Vienna) or the Baruchs (he was from Budapest and she from Vienna). I may not have mentioned our regular outings on weekends during the summer to the ocean beaches in southern Rhode Island and nearby Massachusetts, also to a number of lakes within short driving distance. Once in a while we also visited Newport, R.I., Boston for shopping and theater and New York to visit friends, museums and sometimes for theater, like once when the Burgtheater from Vienna came with a few shows. In New York we also visited my aunt Fanny, widow of my uncle Michael, a brother of my mother. I have related above my visit to them at the end of 1937 in Prague. In the meantime a lot of history has brought them first to Paris, then after a flight to southern France in 1940 when Germany invaded France they came to the U.S.A. and settled in N.Y. The uncle died in the early fifties in New York.

As for Marianne's attending the Classical High School she adjusted easily to the new surroundings and acquired a number of friends. The first was Marta Peixoto from Rio de Janeiro, her father was a visiting professor at Brown University for Mathematics. They lived not far from us and the girls commuted

together to school and did their school assignments together. They became close friends and soon more friends came to visit sitting around in our living room. I must say that both Lotte and myself liked this young generation of students.

In the summer of 1964 in our second summer vacation in the USA we went to Lake Placid, N.Y. to a place recommended to us by Lotte's cousin Karl Schaerf from Montreal. We got a room and 3 meals a day for \$6.00 per person. We met there quite a few people originating from the Bukovina. Interestingly many summer visitors to Lake Placid were European refugees, mainly from Germany and Austria, probably due to the, fine mountain surroundings reminiscent of the Alp mountains. We drove via the Mohawk Trail to Lake George where we stayed overnight, took a boat trip on the lake and then drove to Lake Placid. We liked our stay in this area a lot and took a number of side trips and mountain hikes. On our way back we drove through the White Mountains region of New Hampshire.

In the summer of 1965 we made our first trip overseas. Marianne and Lotte went to Paris for courses at the Sorbonne University, Lotte mainly to qualify as a teacher of French as a second language and to brush up her knowledge of French culture. I joined them in Paris after they finished their courses. We spent a few days in Paris visiting museums and other City sights, seeing old friends like the Flexors, Candreas, Gustl Brumberg and Maxi Chalfen. We then left for Italy. On our way we spent one day in Montreux on the Geneva lake in Switzerland. In Italy we stopped first in Stresa on Lago Maggiore for a few days, then we went to Florence for three days and from here to Venice. We felt like kings with the strong dollar. We had with us Frommers book "Europe on 5 Dollars a day" and that was what it approx. cost us. In a pension in Florence the manager asked us for more and when we showed him the book he said then he will conform to whatever price is quoted in Frommer. Anyway you cannot today get for \$50. or maybe \$75. what you got at that time for \$5.00 though in the USA prices have gone up in this time only five or sixfold. We enjoyed all the sights in these places we visited mainly in Florence and Venice.

From Venice we went to Cologne to my cousin Paul Silberbusch, a recent arrival from Rumania. He had spent a few years in prison in Rumania for possession of foreign currency and was happy to be in the free world. His son Peter was a mechanical engineer working for the Ford Co. With Paul and family we visited the Mosel valley and other sites.

From Cologne we went to London, our first visit to Great Britain. We spent three days in London visiting the main sites, the British Museum the tower of London. a.o. We also saw a couple of plays. We also visited my cousin Erna, daughter of uncle Michael Wurmbrand and Tante Fanny. Erna was the widow of a British physicist Skinner, who was involved in the Manhattan project during WWII. We also met with Tommy Barta and his mother, our former neighbors from Timisoara, who had emigrated to London in the meantime. Tommy was a civil engineer, graduate of the Polytechnic of Timisoara who had also worked with me while I led a small design group there. In London he was a professor of engineering in London College. From London I went back to work in Providence while Lotte and Marianne went for a few more days to Paris as their charter flight was still few days off and had to leave from Paris.

We enjoyed this first European trip from the USA tremendously as the strong US dollar gave us the means to spend money more freely and we were eager to visit places which for so long were either not accessible, as long we lived in Rumania because of the Iron Courtain or too costly as long as we didn't have the income to afford the trip. From this point of view we selected a fine itinerary visiting Paris, London, Lausanne, Venice, Florence and the Lago Maggiore.

After our return each went back to his work, for Marianne it was her senior year in high school. For French her school couldn't offer her any course within her profficiency so she took in both terms courses at Brown University in French literature. Marianne also underwent the different steps for applications to colleges and prior tests as required. In April 1966 she was accepted at Brown University, Bryn Mawr College and Tufts University. If I remember right her first choice would have been Bryn Mawr but we preferred Brown in order to have her at home and she followed our wishes. We sweetened it with giving her as a high school graduation gift a trip to France to take a summer cours at the University of Tours.

In the meantime as Marianne now had finished high school I started to look for a better job. I found out from engineering magazines that the pay in other areas like the West Coast or the Midwest was sub stantially higher than in Rhode Island and made a few applications. A firm in Cleveland invited me to visit them and I flew over for a day. After a few days I got a very attractive offer. I then drove over with Lotte and she visited a highly prestigious high school ready to give her a permanent job in their French Department. Before we made

our decision we took a short vacation and drove to Halifax in Nova Scotia to visit the Blum family. Emil the oldest of the four brothers was teaching Math in the University of Nova Scotia, his wife Stella was teaching High School science and their son Ilya, Marianne's friend from Bucharest, was just entering college. On our way we stopped for a couple of days in Bar Harbor, Maine. We liked it a lot. Back in Providence we found an express letter from Marianne to approve a trip to Spain after finishing her courses in Tours. It was too late either to approve or oppose this trip. We got worried after a few days because the mail from Spain took much longer to reach us than the mail we got from her from France.

In the second half of August we made our decision to accept the offer to move to Cleveland. We gave notice to our employers and to the landlord. We prepared ourselves to leave sometimes in early September. Marianne was quite unhappy to learn about this decision when we picked her up from the airport. We had hoped that she will come with us to Cleveland to study at the Case Western University. We did not know at that time that it made a lot of difference through what schools one went and that Brown University would open many more doors than Case Western in Cleveland.

On my last day of work when I went to say goodbye and thanks to Howard Holmes, president of the company, he told me that he cannot let me go and after seeing the offer I got from Cleveland agreed to match the amount they offered me for 9 hours a day of work with the words: "You can do it in 8 hours". I came home quite disturbed as we were supposed to leave the next day for Cleveland to look for housing and for me to start work. Lotte and Marianne were very happy about this change. I found out later the reason I got that much consideration, it was not that much my professional knowledge as the efficiency of my work. Our final product were the drawings we submitted to our clients and the company always tried to determine their costs. At that time an architectural drawing cost approx. \$1,000, a mechanical one \$900, the electrical \$750 and the structural drawing I produced \$400. Anyway after this success we were in a bit in trouble. Lotte's school had hired a replacement and our landlord had rented our apartment to other tenants. Everything got resolved well. We rented a much better apartment in Pawtucket, next town to the North, only a short drive from our previous place, and Lotte found a job in Bristol High School, 15 miles to the South of Providence with a substantially higher pay and better benefits as offered by public schools.

Pawtucket,RI: 1966 to 67

The apartment we rented on East Avenue in Pawtucket was much better than the one we had in Providence. We had three good sized bedrooms, a big kitchen and separate living and dining rooms. It was located in a duplex with the other apartment inhabited by the owner, Harold Winsten and his family, wife and three children, two boys and a girl. Harold was a lawyer with the office in downtown Providence. For transportation I and Marianne had the bus on the ProvidencePawtucket line, a few minutes walk from home and Lotte used the car to commute to her school in Bristol. It took approx. half an hour but once in a while her headmaster who lived not far from our place picked her up. Shortly after we moved in Marianne started her first college year at Brown University. After a few days she introduced to us a young student colleague from Yonkers,NY by the name of Roy Gottfried, who would be her boyfriend for the next four years and her husband for the following seven years. It was quite a coincidence that he had Lotte's maiden name. Marta Peixoto also chose to attend Brown and took some courses the same with Marianne's so we had her, Roy and other friends often around us. Lotte liked her job at Bristol High School, she got the appreciation she deserved, they mostly excused her from homeroom duties which were regarded as unpleasant. Her students, mainly lower class children of Portuguese immigrants, took their studies seriously giving her the deserved attention. There is not much to report about my work, we were very busy and my work got the appreciation it deserved. One of the more important jobs we did at that time was a Flood Control Project for the City of Woonsocket North of Providence, quite different in scope than the one mentioned earlier for Providence as it was not caused like in Providence by an Ocean bay but by a river system.

In October 1966 we had our 25th wedding anniversary but because of the events described above in the 1966 summer we couldn't take the trip we deserved after these 25 turbulent years (if I might call them so), so we decided to take our anniversary trip in February 1967, when Lotte had a school vacation. We went for 8 days to Florida, to a motel in North Miami Beach with a number of side trips with a rental car. We enjoyed this trip tremendously. For the first time we experienced the change of season during the winter. The change was really sudden but we adjusted that easily with our love for the sea, which we brought along from the Black Sea in Rumania. On the first evening Lotte asked a

vendor in a store, what they are doing in the winter when no customers were coming without realizing that we were in February.

There is nothing particular to report about the rest of this year. Lotte started to look for a school closer to home and found one in the Lincoln High School North of Pawtucket for the following school year. We started finally to look for a house to buy and after seeing a few decided to buy the house on 47 Fosdyke Street rented for the last few years by Marta's family from the owner who before renting it had moved to California. We agreed with the owner on a sales price of \$20,500. We made a down payment of \$5,500 and took a 15 year mortgage from the Old Colony Cooperative Bank in Providence. The house had a living room, dining room, den and kitchen on the first floor and three small bedrooms on the second floor. There was a finished basement and a utility room in the cellar. It was a rather modest house but for us it was satisfactory, the mortgage plus insurance was in the range of our rent payments at the Winstons and we knew that shortly after retirement we will own it with no more payments at retirement age.

During the summer Marianne took a summer job as a counselor at a girl camp in Pembroke, a town to the South of Boston. We hired a contractor to refurbish our house after the Peixotos moved out. One Friday afternoon while driving towards Pembroke to pick up Marianne for a weekend on Cape Cod our car overturned on I95 and we ended up in the grass. Fortunately we had both our seatbelts on and didn't suffer anything except for minor bruises. The cause of the accident was a flat tire and the unreliable equilibrium of the Corvair. The result was its total loss. I have mentioned earlier that Ralph Nader had published a few years earlier a study about the Corvair considering it "unsafe at any speed". Marianne was very disappointed, she was looking forward toward a short vacation from this camp which she disliked. We picked her up the next day and went to the Cape for the day. We bought a used Oldsmobile Jetstar 88 in good condition which was offered us by Chase Autobody, who took care of disposing of the Corvair. In mid-August we moved into our house on Fosdyke Street and after all these troubles took a short vacation in Lake Placid. On our way up we went first to Mount Washington and then to N.Y. State by crossing Lake Champlain. We stayed in a very fine lodge with 3 meals a day and snacks in between. The Blum family including 3 brothers (Otto from Montreal, Emil from Halifax and Richard from Saskatoon) came to visit for an afternoon. They had gathered in Montreal for a family reunion. We went back through the

Adirondacks, a beautiful region with a quite a number of lakes, each on more
beautiful than the other.

XIV.
Fosdyke Street in Providence, RI.:
1967 - 1977

In August 1967 we moved into our own house on 47 Fosdyke Street on the East Side of Providence. The house was not far from our first place on Summit Avenue, in fact we had known it as we have visited the Peixoto family who had stayed in it for a few years. It was situated on the East of Hope Street, the better part of the East Side with mainly two floor family homes. It was not the best of these homes, built rather cheaply sometime in the 20's. We had a narrow long living room, a dining room, a den and kitchen on the first floor, 3 bedrooms on the second and part of the basement finished. The driveway was narrow and the garage too narrow for a car, we used it as a storage room. The street was on a slope, it was not easy to mow the front lawn. For the time being we used our previous furniture, later we bought new living room furniture. Marianne had her own room, the 3rd bedroom served originally as Lotte's study. I used the first floor den as study. For transportation Marianne and myself continued to use the Hope Street bus and Lotte used the car to commute to her school in Lincoln.

No basic change in our daily routine was caused by this move, except that Lotte had a new working place in the Lincoln High School. She started to do her best like in her former schools but was soon disappointed by the lack of response from her students. The difference to her former schools was that in the Mary Wheeler School the students were motivated by their upper class parents to learn a foreign language, in the Bristol High School the students were children of recent Portuguese immigrants eager to excel in the new country while for the mainly lower middle class students in Lincoln French was only a requirement of a foreign language to fulfill without any interest in really learning the language. The result was her deep disappointment with the way the students responded to her efforts, which I fully understood from my teaching experience. You need to have communication with the students to get a minimum satisfaction for your efforts. Anyway after a few months she resigned with regrets.

In the fall of 1967 we were sworn in as new US citizens. We were proud of it, it was a long way from June 1961 when we left Rumania with the future a big question mark to this day, which found us as fully settled American citizens

with good jobs, our own home and good prospects for the future. Both Lotte and Marianne agreed that we have made the right choice to have come to the United States. Before coming to the US we have never been citizens, just subjects of the one or other ruler or system of repression. It takes a while to fully comprehend the essential freedom of the US citizen. I remember that under the Nixon presidency (a few years later) I considered writing a letter to the local newspaper about some misgivings I had with Nixon and finally didn't mail it being afraid that Nixon might ask the Internal Revenue Service to investigate my income tax return more thoroughly in retaliation. How naive I still was at that time. My grandsons born and raised in this country will laugh about such kind of fear.

There is not much to report about my work. We had new clients with lots of interesting work. The Coast Guard Academy of New London, Conn. with an expansion of their facilities, many new sewage treatment plants throughout Connecticut, new school buildings in Connecticut and different others. It was very interesting professionally with personal satisfaction, I was considered the best structural engineer in Rhode Island.

The events in this country during this period didn't leave us without some anxiety. From the beginning of the Vietnam war I was all for it. I understood the Vietnam communists as satellites of the Soviets and the US involvement as a try to stop the expansion of Communism in East Asia similar to the war in Korea. Not to do that would have been another Munich (appeasement of the aggressor) opening the way for a continuation of expanding Communism throughout the world. The repercussions in the United States with opposition from the side of the young generation leading to open protest and riots saddened me deeply. In the spring of 1968 we witnessed on TV the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy with lots of apprehension. It seemed that the country entered a state of turmoil which affected us personally as we had hoped to have come to a haven of peace from a continent with long tradition of turmoil.

In the summer of 1968 we undertook a longer trip to Europe and Israel. We landed first in Duesseldorf, Germany where we met my cousin Sidi, sister of Paul Silberbusch. She had come from Rumania a few years earlier. From Duesseldorf we went by train to Anvers and Brussels in Belgium from where we took the plane to Israel. We spent two weeks in Israel, the country was still euphoric after the six day war of 1967. We visited the main sights in Tel Aviv,

Jerusalem, BeerSheva, Haifa and the Galilee, the Golan Heights and some of the occupied West Bank. We met with many friends and relatives. My aunt Fritzi invited all available relatives for a family get together. We liked what we saw though I can say personally that I kept my reasonable judgement. In Hebron the lady guide said that here in Hebron we can say that we really have come back (in a bloody revolt the Jews were chased out by the Arabs in the early 1930's). I told her that she shouldn't say that because if some day the Arabs would come back they could say the in Jaffa they really had come back (Jaffa was a pure Arab town before the creation of Israel). Marianne was with us in Israel, she had come from Paris where she had gone with Roy and other friends a few days before our departure from the US.

From Israel we took off for Rumania stopping on our way in Athens for the day. In Bucharest we met with Lilly and Kubi, my sister and brother and many friends who hadn't have the courage to apply for emigration. It was a bit of a shock to see them living in this system devoid of freedom. At the airport we were brought under escort from the plane to the terminal, my brother and sister who spotted us and tried to speak to us were not allowed to. I called a friend on the phone from the hotel and found out later that he was called to the Securitate and asked to report everything he will be talking with me about. We have a picture from a beach we went to with some friends and a spy from the secret police on it. I also met with my former colleagues from the engineering office I used to work for, we had worked next to one another for more than 10 years. Our next stop was Amsterdam for a couple of days. My cousin Paul with his wife Julia from Cologne came to see us, they had been on vacation while we were in Duesseldorf at the beginning of our trip. We visited this lovely town and the main museums and then with regret had to take the plane home to restart work. Marianne went from Bucharest to Vienna where she met with Roy who in the meantime had attended a course of conversational German in Salzburg. He came back speaking German and continued to use this language with both Lotte and myself.

In November '68 we attended in New York the 80th birthday of my aunt Fanny Wurmbrand with the attendance of a number of family members from Sadagura (from her side), the hometown of my mother and my actual birthplace. Interestingly one of her cousins was married to a lady originating from Auschwitz, at the time of their birth a small quiet town in German Silesia (1919 back to Poland) without any foreboding of its future ill-famed role in the

history of mankind. The only change in the months ahead was Lotte's employment in the West Warwick, R.I. High School as a teacher for French starting in January 1969. She was happy with this job with an easier commute than to Bristol and better response of the students than in Lincoln.

In the summer of 1969 we vacationed for two weeks on Cape Cod in Wellfleet. We rented a three bedroom cottage with two more families, my cousin Paul Silberbusch (with Julia) from Cologne in Germany and his son Peter with his wife Ruth he had married in the meantime in Germany. He had moved from his job for the IBM in Germany to IBM headquarters in Poughkeepsie, NY. We all had a very good time in these fine surroundings, we loved Wellfleet a lot with its fine beaches. Marianne in the meantime had a summer job as a teaching assistant in the summer school of the Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. alongside with Roy. We met with them and the six of us from Wellfleet in Plymouth, Mass on a Sunday afternoon. Another change in Lotte's employment came in the fall of 1969 when she was offered a fulltime job in the Mary C. Wheeler School in Providence, where she had taught part time in the early years of our residence in the USA. She took a cut in her pay for the advantage of being close to home without the long drive to West Warwick and the better student body in the private school.

I might not have mentioned my participation in the engineering societies in Providence and nationally. Shortly after settling in Providence I joined the American Society of Civil Engineers and also attended a national conference in New York City. Later I joined the American Concrete Institute and cooperated on their monthly journal by making reviews of articles in foreign magazines, mainly German and French, on concrete and reinforced concrete. I also attended the annual national conference of this institute when it was held in New York. I also took part in the monthly meetings of the local chapters of the Am. Society of Civil Engineers and the Am. Society of Professional Engineers and the Providence Engineering Society. In 1969 I attended the International Congress for Prestressed Concrete held in Montreal, this was shortly after a world exhibition was held in this town, of which we could see the different pavillions built for this occasion by different countries.

Late December '69 Marianne had an eye operation for a weak muscle, she had complained for a long time that she was not able to read for a longer while without getting pains in her eyes. The operation was performed with great skill and full success. A few days later after dinner when I was ready to go

upstairs she asked us to stay for a while and listen to Roy. In a long speech about the history of their relationship Roy asked for her hand. Both were supposed to finish college next June (1970). After a few words of Marianne's I extended my hands and congratulated Roy. I had seen it coming when Marianne told us with joy that in the lottery for the draft Roy's number came up in a very late batch. In early February Roy's parents came to visit and late March we returned the visit to Yonkers, N.Y., where Roy's father was a dentist. We met there with both the families of Roy's father and mother, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc. Both families were second or third generation immigrants from Eastern Europe except that on the father's side the grandfather came from Hungary. The wedding date was set for early June right after graduation from Brown University. In the meantime Marianne had worked out with her department that based on her advanced standing in both French and German she will receive a combined bachelor and master degree after submitting an additional dissertation. In order not to be behind both Roy and Marta applied with their departments for the same privilege and so early June the three of them graduated from Brown University with a combined bachelor/master degree, they walked in the parade not with black but brown gowns. I have not mentioned above that their student days fell in the worst period of protests against the war in Vietnam and the subsequent student movement, a few months earlier a few students were shot to death at a Kent State University in Ohio. In the parade at Brown the graduates carried a lot of protest banners against the war and the actions of the Nixon government.

Next weekend the wedding. We rented a room from Brown University used for such occasions and had the meal catered. The service was performed by a reform rabbi with a program designed by Marianne and Roy with the participation of their friends Marta and her boyfriend Bill. In the attendance were some 50 people, Roy's family, a few professors, a number of colleagues from Brown and friends of ours. After the wedding Roy and Marianne took off for a short honeymoon to Maine and after a few days to Europe. In the meantime Roy got a job to teach English in Barrington, R.I. High School and Marianne would enter a doctoral program at Brown University in the fall. Before the decision to marry she had applied for some grants and obtained one for a year of study in Germany. As this was not suitable for Roy she chose to start her advanced studies at Brown with a grant she got from the Comparative Literature Department.

As for us we were also headed for a vacation in Europe. Early August we left from Kennedy Airport on a charter flight to Vienna. With us were our neighbors and friends, Dr. Charles Potter, a gynecologist and his wife Lilian, a biology high school teacher. They had a house down the street from us on Fosdyke Street. We got friendly the year before and visited each other or went out to dinner a few times a year. They were our first American-born friends with whom we could communicate as well or sometimes better than with our European born friends. After a visit to Vienna, their intention was to rent a car and travel through Hungary, Rumania and Poland. We gave them the address of Kubi and Lilly in Bucharest and they got together with them a couple of times during their stay in Bucharest. Our intention was to go from Vienna to the Salzburg Summer Festival (earlier in the year we had booked tickets to some performances), from here to Paris to meet our Flexor friends and then to Budapest where we would meet Kubi to come from Bucharest. I had also some business to do for my company which gave me a few days beyond the vacation I deserved. We had booked a hotel in Vienna same with the Potters and spent with them a few days together showing them around town, between others the house we stayed in during WWI some 55 years earlier. I always, while in Vienna, go back to this place where my memory starts. From here we went to Salzburg where we attended the famous play "Jedermann" by Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, a very impressive performance and some other plays. On our way to Paris we stopped for the day in Munich (our first visit to this beautiful town) and took the night train to Paris. When we called the Flexors from our hotel Marianne answered us, they were staying at the Flexors while the Flexors were gone to their weekend place. Marianne and Roy stayed in Paris for two more days and then left for the US. They told us about their trip through Austria and Rumania where they had stayed with Lilly and Kubi and met with Edi Bong and most of our friends who had stayed behind in Rumania. They had also visited the Black Sea coast and Timisoara, Marianne's birth place.

After a few days we left Paris with the Flexors on our way to Western Austria in their car. We stopped in Reims and Strassbourg and then passed into Germany to visit Peter Flexor in Freiburg where he satisfied his military duty in a French occupation unit. From here we went to Bregenz, capital of the Austrian province of Vorarlberg. Bregenz is situated on Lake Konstanz bordering on both Germany and Switzerland with Lichtenstein close by. We spent a few pleasant days in these beautiful surroundings passing easily from one country to the

other. Then we went by night train to Vienna and took the plane to Budapest. The reason we had to go by plane was that for passing by train into Hungary you had to apply for a visa weeks before while on entering by plane or road you could get the visa at the airport or from the border police. Marianne and Roy had an unpleasant experience when passing from Rumania into Hungary by train. They had to leave the train and hitchhike across the border into Hungary.

Budapest was new to us, it was also the first place where we could not converse at all with the population except for some elderly people who still knew some German from their Austro-Hungarian days. Kubi came the next day from Bucharest and we wandered around this beautiful city on the Danube. In my view it is more beautiful than Vienna except that the Communist regime made the buildings look shabby because of lack of maintenance. We tried to bring Kubi to the Austrian consulate to find out if he could cross over into Austria with us (we had an information that Austria and Rumania had a reciprocity agreement of no visa requirement for crossing into the other country), I even offered to give him my passport and to go the next day to the US consulate to declare that I lost mine, it was in vain, he was not ready for any try to make him leave Rumania. From Budapest we went back to Vienna and after a couple of days flew back home.

It was early September, for Lotte it was school again, we found Marianne and Roy installed in a furnished apartment not far from our place. Marianne started graduate school shortly. It was pleasant to have the children nearby, we could invite them for dinner often, they had a second home in our place. I would also like to mention our growing friendship with Roy's parents, between 1970 and 1976 we attended every Thanksgiving in their home in Yonkers as members of the family. On our way to Yonkers we sometime visited our cousins Silberbusch in Poughkeepsie and they visited us in Providence. They were our only family members to attend Marianne's wedding. They moved back to Germany sometimes in 1971 to be close to their aging parents.

I don't remember the exact date but sometime in late 1969 the president of Maguire's, Howard Holmes, died one night and was succeeded by Harold Bateson as president and Charles Bronson as vice president. After a year or so they sold the Company to Combustion Engineering, Inc., an engineering company involved mainly in power plant engineering with headquarters in Windsor, Connecticut. Comb. Eng. did not change Maguire's organization, Bateson and Bronson continued in their functions, the company's name was

changed to C.E. Maguire and we started to do some power plant work for them in our particular fields. We were also included in their benefit plans, like pension and stock options.

A new car sometime in the spring, a Volvo. Our used Oldsmobile Jet star we bought after we lost the Corvair in an accident had transmission trouble when we got back from our vacation in September, we had the trasmission fixed with a half-year guarantee and it held that long. We decided for a Volvo because their ads showed the longevity of their car, it really had a long life (we sold it in 1982 with 115,000 miles), but we had to spend a lot of time in garages for repairs in the first few years. For the summer of this year we decided for a two week vacation in London. We rented a bed and breakfast place from a very interesting London lady, she knew a lot about museums and theater and we had lively discussions during our stay. We saw a number of good plays, visited most of the museums, met a few times with our friend Tommy Barta, our former neighbor from Timisoara, now a research professor in engineering at London College asf. We enjoyed this stay in London a lot. We also went for a day trip to Cambridge. One weekend we went by ferry across to Boulogne sur Mer in France to meet our friends from Paris, the Flexors and Brumbergs and had a good time in these two days. We had there the best seafood ever and this means a lot for people from Rhode Island and presently Florida with a good choice of seafood in both places.

In the meantime a change in Marianne & Roy's situation. After a year as a high school teacher Roy applied for graduate school and was accepted at Yale University. As Marianne was more advanced in her studies at Brown U. there was no need for her to reside in Providence, so they rented an apartment in New Haven. We visited them there a few times and they came to visit us in Providence when Marianne had to come to Brown.

A visit of my sister Lilly in June. She was still residing in Bucharest with Kubi, but being retired it was easier for her to get a passport for a visit to the USA from the Rumanian authorities. I paid for her round trip plane ticket Frankfurt to New York. She stayed for 45 days and enjoyed this stay tremendously. I brought her also to New York to visit her friends and our aunt Fanny. After her departure to Germany we were off for our vacation to France with plans for her to join us. We flew to Paris, rented a car and drove to the Flexor's weekend place in Montchavert. From here we also visited the Candrea family who had a summer place not far. The car we had rented failed and we

returned to Paris by train and from here took the train to Caen in Normandy. In Caen we rented another car and visited the beautiful province of Normandy, the towns of Bayeux, Deauville and Trouville and the landing beaches of WWII. From here we went to the most impressive Mont St. Michel and crossed into the Bretagne province in St. Malo, where we had arranged a meeting with the Flexors. We drove South to the town of Quiberon, a beautiful place on what the French call the "Cote Sauvage", the wild coast. After a couple of days together the Flexors returned to Paris and we continued our trip to Tours to visit the "Chateau" country between Tours and Bourges. In Tours we picked up Lilly at the train station and she stayed with us on this trip through Paris. We visited the main castles around Tours and then continued on to Clermont Ferrand in the "Massif Central". Here we drove up the Massif Central and visited sights in and around Clermont Ferrand. Next came Vichy, a resort town which during WWII served as capital of the unoccupied part of France with its president Marechal Petain. There was no sign of Vichy having played any role in France's older or newer history which shows that they would rather skip this unpleasant chapter in their recent history. From here we went back to Paris and after a few days home to Providence and Lilly back to Rumania a few days after. It was a wonderful trip, we met mainly French tourists during our driving through the countryside, the French like to vacation in their own beautiful country.

Back in Providence in early September we got back to our work, a new school year was starting for Lotte. We had a new engineer in the department, Michael Bilinski, a Russian emigré born in 1917 in Russia from where his parents fled from the Bolsheviks to Yugoslavia. Not long after finishing his civil engineering studies in Belgrade, Tito came to power and he had to leave again, this time to Morocco, at that time a French Protectorate. After he lived in Morocco for 20 years Morocco got its independence and they had to leave again like other French citizens. First they went to Canada and then to the USA. In Casablanca he married the daughter of other Russian emigres and they had a son, Alex, 12 years old when we met. A fate not dissimilar from ours though with another direction sign, if I can use this expression. While we were persecuted by the Germans during WWII Mike was working for them in Vienna and his only brother fought as a volunteer in the White Russian Army on Hitler's side and was killed. Anyway this was now ancient history, they were refugees like us and we became friends, all the more as their second language was French, which made this a very attractive friendship for Lotte. We

reciprocally invited one another for dinner at our respective places and went to some concerts and plays together. Mike was an enthusiastic skier and talked me into taking this up again. We also started to go for exercise to the YMCA in Pawtucket. I was all for it, I said to myself that in my younger years I was quite active physically with swimming, hiking, mountain climbing, etc. I have done little of it since coming to the USA, so I was glad to have this opportunity. In the Pawtucket YMCA we had a calisthenics class twice a week, did some running and at the end we swam in the pool.

Here I have to relate kind of a strange occurrence, which made me lower my already quite low opinion about the medical profession. Shortly after we started exercising in the Y I got strong chest pains, which made me consult a doctor, it was Dr. Sprung whom I have mentioned earlier, he was the one to explain my fainting from my cramps in the legs as a result of low blood sugar. Dr. Sprung diagnosed my chest pains as caused by angina pectoris, a heart condition resulting from the thickening of the arteries. He said that he knows people who have lived with this disease to old age if they follow a certain way of behavior avoiding any kind of physical exertion. I had to believe the doctor all the more that after a few days, in the first days of January 1973 I fainted while in the bathroom. I continued to go to work but followed his advice to take it easy. He also advised me to try to lose weight and I cut on my diet mainly avoiding deserts. Lotte and Marianne suggested to consult another doctor, but I said that you have to believe your doctor. As my chest pains did not diminish over the next two months I accepted to consult another doctor recommended by Charlie Potter, his name was Dr. Mead. He examined me thoroughly including a cardiogram while moving and concluded that I was in perfect health, the chest pains probably being caused by my sudden start of exercising. A few days later I went back to the Y and the next weekend to the ski slopes. The only benefit of this "illness" was my loss of 15 pounds which I have tried to stay with to this day. As a consequence I have kept myself for the following 20 years with the lowest weight I have had since my high school days (152) rather than the 165 I have had all my adult life. We went to ski to the slopes of Pats Peak in N.H., Waterville Valley, N.H. and Killington, VT. I remember that Mike woke me up early on April 15 to tell me about the best skiing of the season that late, we left very early and enjoyed the Killington slopes tremendously with the bright sun of early spring.

In the office Mike did mostly the new jobs on power plant expansion within the Combustion Engineering program. We made a few trips to power plants in Mississippi, Arkansas, Illinois, a.o.

A tragic event to report at this time was the murder of our friend Charlie Potter in January or February. He was attacked by a gunman in the parking lot of the Memorial Hospital near Providence. The gunman seemed to have asked for the keys to his car and when he hesitated shot him in cold blood. These are the facts as seen by nearby witnesses but to this day the reasons for the murder are not obvious. The murderer made a plea bargain and there was no trial. Lilian is complaining about this fact. There is a suspicion that the fact that both Potters were involved in "Planned Parenthood" may have been a cause. Anyway it was a hard blow for Lilian, her family and friends as for us as well.

Come summer and our European vacation. Our program had to include a visit to Germany to see Eduard Bong, Lotte's brother in law, who with the help of some friends got bought out of Rumania and had in the meantime settled in Duesseldorf to await the resolution of his pension rights in Germany. Marianne and Roy in the meantime had decided to spend a year in Europe while working on their doctoral dissertations. They got a summer house of Marianne's professor Weinstein in southern France near the Spanish border to stay in and had their car shipped over. Our first stop was in Brussels. From here we went by train to den Haag which we liked a lot. We then rented a car to go through Holland. We first stopped in Delft and visited the famous porcelan manufacture, but then on our continuation to Harlem had a near accident. Because of cost I took a very small car and when it overtook a long truck it started to wobble. I was able to stop it after a few unpleasant moments but behind us was a long row of cars who while trying to avoid us had produced a few crashes. We went back to den Haag to return the car and continued by train with stops in Harlem, Leyden and Rotterdam. From here we went to Cologne to our Silberbusch cousins. Marianne and Roy arrived the next day and after a few days left for France. We met with Edi who at that time was still not in the best spirit mainly because he didn't know how his pension rights will be handled. We rented a car driven by Roy and took Edi along to Aachen and nearby Liege in Belgium. Next we went to Berlin by plane, Edi came next day by train. The Flexors came from Paris and we wandered through Berlin attracted a lot by the monstrous symbol of human relations, the wall dividing friends and relatives. We stood there as experts on this matter (before we got out of Czernowitz we

would despair at the thought that we would have to spend the rest of our lives under Soviet rule). We wandered around town and always came back to stand in front of the wall and reflect on our fate and that of our friends who had stayed behind. We also took a bus tour into East Berlin, a main stop was the monument of the Soviet soldiers who gave their lives for the liberation of Berlin. From Berlin Lotte returned with Edi to Cologne and I went by plane to Bucharest. Lilly had asked me the year before to try to buy them out and I had contacted a source in London. The letter required my relatives to apply to the authorities for an exit visa and I had to see Kubi to talk it over with him. I arrived in Bucharest and was brought to the Athenée Palace Hotel across from the former palace of the king. I tried to reach Kubi and Lilly by phone without success. Later I reached my cousin Rosa from Czernowitz who was visiting her brother Muniu. She told me that Lilly probably was in the Athenée Palace with our cousin Erna Skinner, who was visiting from London and staying in the same hotel. I met with all of them and Rosa who was on the last day of her visit came also to the hotel. Later I took Kubi aside and showed him the letter from London. He asked me to destroy it immediately. It was premature to think of it, he wanted first to finish his doctorate in engineering, the dissertation was quite advanced. We spent two days together and I then left for Cologne. After a few more days I had to go home as my vacation was over, Lotte went to Paris with Edi Bong for a week and then flew back to the USA.

In October we took a short trip on the Columbus Day weekend into Southern New Hampshire and continued into the Mohawk Trail. We also continued our bridge games at the Bridge Club of R.I. I went twice weekly with Mike to the Y for calisthenics. One Monday afternoon in December I had my annual medical checkup with Dr. Mead and could not go to the Y. In the evening Lydia Bilinski called me to tell me that Mike had died while doing some running at the Y. It was a hard blow to her family and also to us. In reality he knew that he had high blood pressure but the doctor he had consulted told him to continue exercising. On top of his high blood pressure he had tried to lose weight and after he had reached his goal he continued to work on his diet giving himself another more ambitious goal, he may have overdone it. It happened on the 13th birthday of their son Alex. In the meantime the wedding date of Roy's sister had been set for the end of December and evidently Roy and Marianne had to come back to attend. We were also invited to the wedding. While in the country Marianne went to a couple of job interviews, one of them at Dartmouth College. I

had disliked the idea of them going to Europe because, even if they could work there on their dissertations, they would miss the opportunity to look for work and lose a year in consequence. Anyway it was late and two interviews were too few in the crowded teaching job market. Marianne was told at Dartmouth that they will call her again. Early January they went back to France with the intention to go in the spring to Vienna for a few months.

During the winter I continued to go to ski with Lotte, mainly to Pats Peak and Waterville Valley, not as far as Killington. Lotte who was slower in learning started to enjoy the sport a lot, she learned the Christiania turns quite well, none of us advanced into the parallel skiing method.

Sometime in May of 1974 I attended an international conference on Prestressed Concrete held in New York. It was held in 5 languages with simultaneous translations between English, Spanish, Russian, French and German. The afternoon seminars were held in five language groups, I attended the German one. One of the speakers said that he liked the way the American speakers always start their talk with a joke while "We Germans are always that deadly serious".

Early June I got a telephone call from Prof. Nichols, head of the Dartmouth Comparative Literature Department that they want to hire Marianne. At that time they had left Vienna and were in London on their way home. It was not easy to locate her, but finally Roy's family were able to locate them. A few days later they came back and Marianne had in the meantime been confirmed for a one-year contract at Dartmouth College. She could not finish her dissertation over the summer because both Marianne and Roy had been hired months in advance to teach in the summer school of the Phillips Academy. We all were very glad that she got the job at Dartmouth, both Lotte and I had still from Rumania doubts about the liberal arts career, we had wanted her to study medicine. Early in her studies she went along with our wishes then she changed it while telling us that she will go into lay psychiatry and finally ended up in Comparative Literature.

In the meantime thinking of retirement and the at that time quite low Social Security retirement pay we decided to invest our savings in rental houses, to pay a mortgage off in not many years in order to have an additional income come retirement. We bought a pretty good house with two units on Forest Street with a down payment of 20% and paid all of the rental income to the bank in order to pay off the mortgage as soon as possible. A second house we bought for

cash didn't have to good a location, it was close to the black quarters but still we had tenants and used the income to pay off the mortgage for the house on Forest Street. We were not made to be landlords, I was very lenient with the tenants, but we had hope to substantially increase our income at the time of retirement.

In July it was vacation time again. We flew first to Vienna. We had made reservation in the Pension Otto, where Marianne & Roy had stayed. We saw quite a few plays in the off season theaters and also met with Brigitte and Robert Brande, at their house we saw for the first time little Nicole who seemed to have a crush on Roy. We then went to Salzburg to the summer theater "Festival". One play we remember to this date is: "Und Morgen in Augsburg" by the Austrian playwright Thomas Bernhard, a splendid performance. We spent a couple of days in the beautiful countryside in Zell am See and went up by bus the alpine road to the Grossglockner. From here we went to Innsbruck going both up the Nord and South mountain slopes on gondolas. Next into Italy to the Garda lake, beautiful is not enough to describe it. After a couple of days on the lake we went by boat the length of the lake and then took a bus into Verona. We wandered through this beautiful town, saw the house of Romeo and Juliet and in the evening attended the performance of Verdi's opera Aida. Back to Vienna and then home, like always enriched by what we have seen. In August Lotte went with Marianne to rent an apartment in Hanover and shortly thereafter Marianne and Roy moved to Hanover. In September Marianne started her new job. We went to visit a few weeks later, it was the Columbus Day weekend. Marianne invited a few professors for dinner, we came to know them well after we became more familiar with Dartmouth. It was professor Nichols with his wife and professor Colette Gaudin, of French origin. We walked around the college and liked it, it was different from our prototype of college, Brown University, the one we were familiar with. To this day, 20 years later, we love the place. It is like an oasis in a difficult and turbulent world. Because of the longer weekend we used the occasion to go to Montreal to visit our friends Otto and Rika Blum. Otto was in an advanced stage of Parkinson.

Lotte had had difficulties with her Department head, Ms. Erlenmayer for a long time. Ms. Erlenmayer, a spinster, tried to dominate her through unreasonable demands like caring for an unexisting language lab, reproaching her that her students are getting too good results at the college achievement tests (Lotte had had a few students with the very rare maximum rate of 800), though

they were not in a college preparatory class. This reproach originated from Ms. Erlenmayer's jealousy and was in itself ridiculous because at Mary C. Wheeler all students were supposed to be prepared for college. Lotte in her straightforwardness couldn't help herself and stopped talking to Ms. Erlenmayer. Two other teachers had resigned previously and changed jobs because of this behavior of Ms. Erlenmayer in order to avoid being constantly harassed. In early March Lotte got a letter from her school headmaster that because of decreasing enrollment her contract will not be renewed for the following school year. This may have been independent of her relationship with Ms. Erlenmayer, but because of the way this matter was handled and Lotte's frustration with her Department head we decided after thinking it over over the weekend to hand the headmaster over a letter of resignation effective on the coming spring vacation, which was supposed to start the following weekend. On Monday the headmaster called her to his office and she refused to go and then he came to her class to speak to her and told her that he might be able to keep her for the following year at least part time. Lotte refused to speak to him in front of the students and was out of her work by the end of the week. We have discussed this matter quite often since, Lotte had loved her work, it was unfortunate that she had to deal with this kind of person, we were both angry and had to write the letter, the situation could have been saved if Lotte had gone to the office of the headmaster or had spoken to him when he came to her class. I found Lotte desperate at home that Friday. Next day we went to Pats Peak to ski and Lotte got more quiet and resigned though to this day she is full of regret that she had left teaching too early, a profession she had loved and had had success in it.

Late spring Marianne got her dissertation approved and promoted to doctor of philosophy. We had a party in our house with the attendance of all professors who were involved with her doctorate. Somehow at the same time Roy's dissertation was not approved, he still would have to work on it.

We didn't go on vacation the summer of 1975 but a nice situation to break the routine was a course I took with the Prestressed Concrete Institute on "Practical Applications of Large Precast Prestressed Concrete Units" mainly for heavy port construction and oil exploration platforms. The subject had become interesting after the big hike in oil prices in 1973. The course was held on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. We rented a room in a hotel in San Francisco, we arrived on a Friday and had the weekend to explore the city,

the course was held from Monday through Friday the next week. I commuted by subway and Lotte had time to visit museums and stores. In the evenings we went around town, saw a performance at the Opera (the Flying Dutchman) and met with friends, one of them Jack Abrams, who had worked with me at the Industrial Construction Institute in Bucharest. Jack gave me a car and after finishing the course we took a trip through Central California visiting first the towns North of S.F. like Sausalito and Tiburon, then we went South to Palo Alto and attended a speech by then President Ford at Stanford University. In Palo Alto we took a couple of youngsters (black) into our car to give them a ride to Stanford and after arrival our camera was missing. From here we went South to Monterey and Carmel. We liked Carmel and Sausalito a lot, we had not seen in the East anything similar. Then we turned east and went up to Yosemite Park, where we spent a few days. By the next weekend we returned to San Francisco and then home. It was our first trip to California and we enjoyed every minute of it.

In the meantime a change had occurred with Marianne. Her contract was extended to a tenure track assistant professor situation and Roy got hired at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. They somehow managed to arrange their schedule to stay together for one or two terms, either in Nashville or Hanover.

Lotte had been looking for work during the summer of 1975 but it seemed that Mary C. Wheeler's headmaster gave negative recommendations about her and on the other hand there were not many jobs around. In the spring of 1976 Marianne had to go with the Dartmouth students to Toulouse in France for one term and asked Lotte to come along and stay till Roy's arrival early May. Lotte stayed with her all April and the first days of May. I came approx. the same time with Roy and after visiting together the area around Toulouse we took off with Lotte East to visit the Southern French shore. We first visited Nimes and Arles, the Roman bridge Pont du Gard, Toulon and Marseille, Avignon, Aix en Provence and then continued into the French Riviera, Cannes and Nice. From Nice we went up to the town of Grasse to visit Lotte's former colleague from Mary C. Wheeler MarieTherese, now married to a French dentist in Grasse. We stayed with them a couple of days and they took us on day trips up the Southern Alps and along the Riviera Coast. After a few days in Nice we returned home. This trip had confirmed our conviction that France was the best country to tour along with Italy, which we would start to appreciate more and more not that

much for its natural beauty which it definitely has, but also for its rich cultural heritage and the friendliness of the people.

Sometime in June my sister Lilly came to visit again. She stayed with us for 6 weeks and we went with her to Cape Cod, Boston and other sites. Lotte had picked her up from New York and stayed with her a few days in Tante Fanny's place. In August Lotte went with me to Madison, Wis. to a conference of the American Society of Civil Engineers, on which I was scheduled to talk about "The Bicentennial of Structural Engineering". I had held this lecture earlier in the Rhode Island chapter of this society. My point was that since early times structures were not designed scientifically, but rather built according to empirical rules inherited from generation to generation. Some structures from the old ages still in existence like stone bridges supporting presently 20 times the loads they were carrying at the time of their construction. Only the industrial revolution of the 18th century, the advancement of a new mathematical branch-theoretical mechanics and steel as a new structural material have brought about the combination of mechanical science and better knowledge of structural materials into the modern branch of structural engineering. I put the year 1776 as the birth year of structural engineering as being the year when the first steel bridge was built in England and so it is as old as the USA. The talk was published in the proceedings of the conference.

In the fall of 1976 CE Maguire opened an office in Honolulu, mainly for the design of an ammunition port in Guam. Early December I was called for the preliminary design of the port structure. Lotte went with me and we spent a month in Hawaii. We got an apartment in downtown Honolulu overlooking the ocean. The work was very interesting. The subsoil was coral and we designed the walls for the harbor out of big precast hollow concrete units to be filled later with stone. I consulted with marine contractors about the feasibility of the project and brought the initial design stage to a successful conclusion. We visited all of Oahu Island by car and before returning home visited also the islands of Hawaii and Maui. The day we arrived Frank Pierce, vicepresident of C.E. Maguire in charge of the Honolulu office told me that there is a lot of work and "Mrs. Hirsch will do the sightseeing", anyway I did the work and also a lot of sightseeing, there were weekends and also the Christmas holidays. We loved our trips through these beautiful islands.

Back to our routine in Providence, in the winter of 1977, we got a message from Marianne that she was pregnant, so we were looking forwards to

becoming grand parents. And now April 1 was approaching, my 65th birthday and a decision to be made if to retire or continue working for CE Maguire. I have been thinking about this matter for the last few months and concluded that the best would be to try to work part time on my own. So when the day came and I was called to the office of personnel and asked if I would continue to stay at Maguire as an employee with the same pay and rights except that the number of paid sickness days would be reduced I said that I would rather retire and work for myself. They then asked me if in this case I would also work for Maguire's and I answered in the positive. This way I already had a prospective client. A successor was named for my job, I had to stay to the end of April in the office (at Maguire's retirement started at the last day of the month of the 65th birthday) and could start self employment in May. I had a nice birthday celebration in Hanover at Marianne's. Lotte gave me a fine Yashica camera as present. In the meantime I had arranged my rights for Social Security retirement payments and Medicare. Maguire offered me a fine retirement party, I am attaching here the talk I held on this occasion. Another chapter in my life is about to start.

*Speech at CE Maguire retirement party for Carl Hirsch
in May 1977*

When I announced my retirement last month many people were surprised that I am already 65 years old. I wouldn't believe it myself but I know it as a fact and I am glad that I reached this age with mind and body still young.

At this age you are entitled to look back. Life proceeds in this century with such a speed that you don't have the time and then all of a sudden you realize how much has changed within the last ten, twenty or thirty years. I deal mainly with Statics but this century was full of Dynamics. Just subtract 65 from 1977, so the year of my birth was 1912, a time of calm and quiet in retrospect, no planes, few cars, radio and photography in their infancy. The potential for trouble was there and it required only a spark to ignite the world two years later with World War I. My first child recollection I can place in time was the death of emperor Franz Joseph in November 1916 after a reign of 68 years. So I was a contemporary of an emperor who acceded to the throne in 1848 and I may also be a contemporary of the future American President of 2048. In 1917 when I entered kindergarten we sang "God save our emperor, God save our land, Austria will live forever". This Forever lasted for one more year and in 1918 the Austrian Empire of 800 years fell into pieces. From then I lived in a constitutional monarchy, absolute monarchy, through fascism, nazism, another world war, communism, a shaky democracy, a few inflations wiping out the savings of almost everybody until I reached the shores of this great Republic. A renowned Austrian writer Stefan Zweig wrote in an article in 1942 that no man in middle age in the history of mankind had to go through that many wars,

revolutions and inflations like in our time. He couldn't take it any more and committed suicide one year later.

I was not that sensitive and I am glad to have lived through this fascinating though cruel century of which I consider myself a witness. I witnessed the many political, social, scientific and technological changes with great interest. I was fortunate to have in my wife Lotte a companion who carried with me everything for better or worse for the last 36 years. I mentioned all these political systems and I can tell you that if you dislike sometimes what your politicians are doing think of the words of Winston Churchill that democracy may not be a good political system but it is still better than any other.

Another companion I had for the last 15 years was the firm of Charles A. Maguire & Associates. I have enjoyed working in this free environment creating structures some of which will survive us. I have made too many friends here to name them all. I have not known C. A. Maguire but I had the privilege to work for Howard Holmes who has left us much too early. I would like to pay tribute to our president Harold Bateson, who continues the tradition of C. A. Maguire and Howard Holmes in spite of us being now part of a bigger corporation. I had a fine relationship with Frank Pierce with whom besides our professional work we had often discussions about "Being and Nothingness " (in the words of the French philosopher Jean Paul Sartre). I had a very pleasant friendship with Gene Galli and his architects and was fortunate to have had a very fine structural team as my close coworkers, a pleasure to work with.

About the profession of Engineering. It is not the best and not the worst. We do much more valuable work than doctors or lawyers with a remuneration of a fraction of theirs. When I asked Frank Pierce shortly after coming to Maguire how come that carpenters are being paid better than engineers he said: "Carl, science is the cheapest thing you can buy in this country". Anyway, if I had to choose again I would go into Engineering , I loved my work and had a lot of satisfaction, more than you can get from any other profession.

In the last few months I pondered whether to retire or stay on as an employee. I had the self-confidence to try to work as a freelance consultant and hope you will wish me good luck in this endeavor.

XV.
Consulting Engineer in Providence:
1977 - 1983

May 1, 1977 my first day of retirement and of the beginning of my private practice as a consulting engineer. We first took a short vacation for a few days. We went first to New York where we visited a few museums. From here we went to see the Pennsylvania Dutch country around Lancaster. This was a quite interesting experience to see people of the 18th century transposed into the American 20th century scene. What is most interesting is that while refusing any mechanized means of work they continue to keep a high productivity in their mainly agricultural work. Next we went to Washington, D.C. Again visits to museums (mainly the recently opened Hirshorn, the Smithsonian and the National Gallery of Arts) and a play in the Kennedy Center.

After our return, I started to work for a few hours a day at CE Maguire being paid at a rate of 1.75 above my previous rate as an employee. Besides I got some smaller jobs for other clients. Overall I didn't work more than 4 hours a day. Later in the summer I got a major job to design the structure for a new building in downtown Providence to house the WJAR Broadcast Company with stores on the first floor. The main engineer was a mechanical engineering company, who sublet the structural work to me. My original contribution to this job was the foundation of this building. Because of the proximity to the Providence River a solution on piles was contemplated originally with length of piles in the range of 80 feet approx. I came up with a reinforced foundation slab instead, a better and less expensive solution. Besides working at my home office I used CE Maguire's computer and had the drawings done by Maguire's draftsmen at their homes, paying them approx. 1.5 times their rates at Maguire's.

Because of Marianne's pregnancy we didn't contemplate any trips abroad, Lotte wanted to be close by to be able to help Marianne if needed. In the meantime Roy found out about an opening in the Humanities & French Department of Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Marianne applied and after an interview got the job starting in the 1977-78 school year. On this occasion they looked for housing and bought a house in a residential area in Nashville. While still teaching at Dartmouth in both the spring and summer terms Marianne

resigned from Dartmouth effective September 1, 1977. We visited her in the summer before her move to Nashville. From Hanover we took a trip North to Quebec City and returned via Maine.

On September 12 we got a call from Roy that the labor was starting with Marianne and he was bringing her to the hospital. We reserved a flight for Lotte for the next morning and went to bed waiting for another call. Early morning the next day the call came from Roy that everything went well and that it was a boy. Then a congratulation from Mimi, Roy's mother. I brought Lotte to the airport for the flight to Nashville. After arrival she called me that everything was alright and that Marianne will be back home in a few days with a fine baby boy. I was pretty busy at that time but after a few weeks when I had to go to Washington on business I took a side trip to Nashville to see the little boy, called Steven Isaac. Marianne and Roy had a fine house and were in the process of furnishing it. I then flew home and by the end of October Lotte came back. A few days later Marianne called and related that Roy had told her that he was in love with another woman and they will have to separate. She asked if she could come to our place with the baby. This was a hard blow to us, we did not expect such an end to this marriage at the most inopportune moment. Marianne had resigned from Dartmouth College where she was in easy reach from Providence. What would she do in Nashville alone with a newborn baby?

She arrived after two days and stayed with us for a few weeks; fortunately she had taken maternity leave from her job in Nashville for the fall term.

Marianne came in early November with little Oliver, a name he will carry from now on, I don't remember how and when Marianne made the change. Steven Isaac was his father's idea, we liked the name of Oliver better. We were furious at both Roy and his parents; they did not express any disapproval of Roy's action. Mimi said that she had to stay behind Roy, good or bad. None of Roy's relatives some of whom we were close with contacted us in our grief. The main problem for Marianne now was to try to get back to Dartmouth in order to be close to us so Lotte would be able to be near her whenever necessary. She went for a few days to Hanover to check with her Department about the possibility of getting her job back. After approx. one month Marianne went back to Nashville to prepare for her work in the second semester. By mid-December we started a vacation in Naples, Florida with the understanding that Marianne will come for approx. 2 weeks with Oliver.

We chose Naples because from the literature we read we found out it to be much less crowded than Miami, the only area of Florida we had visited, some 10 years earlier. And so it was. We had rented a motel room in the Vanderbilt Beach area through an agency and liked both the beach area and Naples itself a lot. A few days later Marianne came with Oliver and we moved into a small apartment in the same area. Oliver at that time was quite a serious fellow, I have related earlier that I had a personal contact with Marianne when she was in her 3d month. When I spoke to her then she laughed at me, it was not so with Oliver though later after reaching the age of one he became quite a merry and lively child. In early January Marianne left for Nashville and a few days later we flew back to Providence. While in Naples we started looking for a condo to buy for our retirement but the time was too short to make a decision.

There were some storms during our flight back and we had to sit around a long time while waiting for our flight connections. Anyway after arriving 10 hours late a lower back pain I had already felt in Naples was strongly aggravated, I couldn't move the next morning and had to stay in bed for approx. 3 weeks. First we thought that it was something very serious but found out from a doctor Lotte consulted over the phone that it was related to our origin as quadripeds and that with some exercise and care this situation can be overcome. And so it was, by the end of January I was back to work. There was work at Maguire's and also at Zaino's, the engineer who had sublet to me the work for the WJAR building in Providence.

In early February, 1978, Lotte flew to Nashville to be with Marianne. A few days later I had to go to New Britain, Connecticut (seat of Maguire's Connecticut office) for the analysis of the design for a sewage treatment plant to be done over a week's time. After arriving in New Britain we found out that the snowstorm we saw coming had paralyzed the communications throughout New England. All schools and offices were closed for a few days. We worked for 5 days in an almost empty office (after a few days people started to come back to work) and then by the end of the week I returned to Providence by train, roads were still not usable. From the train station a police officer brought me home, there still were no cabs available and circulation was restricted to a minimum. A few days later Lotte came back from Nashville and related how Marianne was able to manage with help in the house. In the meantime news came from Dartmouth College that Marianne got rehired starting in September.

Sometime in early May we went to Hanover to look for housing for Marianne and Oliver, this was not easy to do by us and was resolved with the help of her Department head, prof. Nichols. She got a 3 bedroom house belonging to the College for a modest rent. Now the worst was over, we had her with Oliver in easy reach. Lotte went to pick up Oliver because Marianne had to come by car with their belongings. After spending a few days with us in Providence we brought him to his new home on Austin Avenue in Hanover. It was interesting to observe how he started crawling around with satisfaction through the familiar objects of his household he remembered from Nashville. A nice babysitter who took care of a few children (Mari) was available, it was his day care at an early age for his first three years. Lotte came quite often for a few days and I joined her for weekends.

During this summer my main work was for Combustion Engineering, located in Windsor, Connecticut. I usually went there once a week on Mondays, stayed overnight, returned Tuesday afternoon to Providence to take care of my work there and Friday morning I came to Hanover.

We had not taken any vacation during 1977 and started to think about one in the fall of 1978. We decided for the Iberian peninsula we had never visited before. We flew to Lisbon and visited also the seaside resort of Cascais, the old palace in Sintra and the town of Evora. After a few days at the resort town Albufeira we crossed the Spanish border near Huelva and went to Sevilla. From here we went to Cordoba and Granada. There was a lot to see in these places and we did. Our last stop was Madrid for a week with side trips to Toledo and Segovia. We saw a lot of history on this trip, The Alhambra palace in Granada (seat of the Moorish emperors for centuries), the cathedral in Cordoba, a former mosque, the former Jewish temple in Toledo, presently a church, the Alcazar in Toledo I remembered as a stronghold of Franco forces in the early months of the Civil war in 1936 and many others. In Madrid we visited the el Prado museum with famous collections of Spanish painters. In each of these cities there was a Juderia, the former Jewish quarter before the expulsion of the Jews. To Segovia I went to see a famous viaduct from Roman times we have learned about in our course on bridge history. It was a very enjoyable trip. Later in the fall I had a conflict with Zaino Engineers. Zaino had signed a contract with me for the structural design of a building and he reneged after he got another offer which seemed him to be more advantageous. After I insisted on keeping the contract he stopped paying his bills. I had to hire a lawyer to pursue the matter in court.

Around mid-December I had lower back trouble for the second time. I had to stay in bed for approx. 3 weeks and because of my work schedule I had to work in bed.

After my recovery early in 1979, and a visit to Windsor we took a short winter vacation to Jamaica, a first to a Carribean island. In February Marianne had to go to a conference and we stayed with Oliver in Hanover. It was a cold week, for a full week the temperature didn't get up to zero degrees Fahrenheit. We couldn't go to ski or any other outdoor activity. My working schedule was slow at this time and we decided to go to take a vacation in the spring. Our plan included Israel, Rumania to visit Lilly and Kubi and Germany to visit Edi Bong.

This was our second visit to Israel, after we had seen the main sites in 1968. We spent a few days in Jerusalem but because of the Passover holidays could not see as much as we desired. From Beer Schewa we visited mount Massada, site of the last resistance of the ancient Jews against the Romans and the Dead Sea. We also had a 50th reunion of high school colleagues. From a class of approx. 40 we had an attendance of seven. As far as we were aware there still were alive two in France, two in Germany and one in Rumania. While still in Israel, we found out that Edi Bong had had a heart attack in Duesseldorf and was in the hospital. This changed our plans in the sense that I would go to Bucharest by myself and Lotte would go directly to Duesseldorf and I would join her there later.

We flew to Frankfurt together and had a few hours for sightseeing. Then Lotte left for Duesseldorf and I flew to Bucharest. Here I found Kubi and Lilly as before, Kubi still teaching and unhappy, that although in the meantime he had gotten his Ph.D in engineering he hadn't been promoted to full professor because he had not joined the Communist Party. We still had a few friends to see, the Brenners, the Singers and the Neumans. Bucharest made a desolate impression on me, the earthquake of two years earlier had added to the misery of the regime and had left dust on the streets and in the faces of the people.

On my way to Duesseldorf by train I stopped in Vienna for a few days. I saw Lotte's cousin Brigitte and her family and visited the office of Dr. Krapfenbauer, where I had worked in 1961 - 62 before we went to the U.S.A. In Duesseldorf we stayed in Edi's flat, Lotte spent most of the day in the hospital. She took a few days off and we went with Paul and Julia Silberbusch to visit Peter and his wife Ruth in Heidelberg and then we accompanied them part of the way on their trip to Montegrotto in Italy. We crossed the Swiss Alps over the

Gotthard Pass and went with them as far as Lugano. From here we returned to Duesseldorf by train. After a few more days in Duesseldorf we flew back to Providence by mid-May.

Back in Providence I again had some work for CE Maguire and other firms. On our first weekend we went to Hanover to see Marianne and Oliver. We didn't find anybody home, so we tried to find Oliver at his babysitter, Mari. We met them on the street with Mari pushing the baby-carriage. When Oliver caught sight of us his face brightened and he exclaimed with joy in his face: "Opi!", a common name for both of us. From this age (1 1/2 plus) he got very lively taking part in conversations in quite an original way. In the meantime he had gotten familiar with Marianne's friend Jane Copock and his face brightened when he pronounced her name. At the end of June Marianne went to Wellfleet for 2 weeks and we visited a couple of times. Oliver enjoyed the beach a lot, we recorded on a movie camera his running around on the beach. He could still not express himself fully at this age but tried with his modest vocabulary anyway. One day it was cool and windy and wanting to leave the beach he said whiningly with his meager vocabulary; "a car, a car" meaning, "let us leave, please".

Sometime in July we got a call from Edi Bong in Germany that he had a second heart attack and was taken to the hospital. He asked Lotte to come again to Germany to be close to him as his only family member alive. Lotte felt obliged in return for him having cared for her paralyzed sister for many years. She left the next day and stayed in Duesseldorf for the next six weeks until he was out of danger back in his apartment. I was busy for a few hours a day in my practice. In September I was offered to teach an evening course on Steel Structures at the Roger Williams College in Providence and accepted. I liked teaching and enjoyed being in touch with students. Interestingly we had quite a number of Iranian students at that time when in Iran the members of the American embassy were taken hostage by Iranian students, somehow we could not talk to our students about this event.

In early January, 1980, Marianne left for a term to go to Israel for some research project. We brought them to the airport in Boston. At two years old Oliver showed a lot of emotion before his first plane flight.

A few days later we left for Florida by car. Over the phone we had rented a two bedroom condominium in Royal Bay Villas in Naples we had selected from the ads in the Naples newspaper. We liked the location in the Royal Harbor area, close to downtown and the beaches and the fact that tennis

courts and a swimming pool were available. On our way down by car we stopped for sightseeing in Savannah, GA and in Sarasota, FL.

We found Royal Bay Villas to our liking. We played tennis every day, Lotte took lessons to improve her game. We went to the beach most every day and found a very good beach place on 8th Avenue South, close to the Naples Pier. We also started to look for a condo to buy with the idea to have a place so that we could come down for a few months during the winter. We looked at a few places and in the very end bought a condo in Royal Bay Villas, #37. Other condos did not equal our liking for the RBV condominium.

We moved in on March 15, two months after we had occupied RBV, #6 as rental. The place we bought had the advantage of an enclosed porch and a very good upkeep. It had been occupied only for a few months by the previous owner. We furnished the place within a few days and by the end of March went back to Providence.

During the spring we made a few visits to Hanover: Marianne was back for the spring term. We started to enjoy Hanover with its beauty and the many cultural offerings. In July we had the visit of my brother Kubi from Bucharest. We had to pick him up from Kennedy Airport, the only airport the Rumanian airline Tarom was landing at. He stayed for approx. 6 weeks and enjoyed every minute of it. Besides visiting some friends from his college years in Pennsylvania and California I traveled with him around New England, to Boston, Cape Cod, most of Rhode Island, the White Mountains and the like. I hardly could bring him to leave the scenery on the top of Mount Washington so close to our heart as reminding us our youth in the Carpathians. On his way home he stopped in London for a few days. The day after he left we had the visit of our friends Waldi and Yvonne Wachsmann from Israel. By midSeptember after these visits were over we made plans for a short trip to Europe to visit my friend Mischa Flexor in Paris and Edi Bong in Duesseldorf. Mischa had been ailing the last few years from a fibrosis of the lungs. The day before departure we called his son Alex to ask him to reserve a hotel room for our stay in Paris. Alex told us that if we come to see Mischa it was too late, he is presently dying and may not survive the next few days. We talked this over with Lotte that it would not be adequate for us to go sightseeing while Mischa was dying and decided to cancel the trip. Next day I had to do some work and when I came home Lotte said that we made a big mistake and we should try to catch the plane. It was too late and we could not use the tickets any more because they were for a charter flight only.

A few days later we got the notice about his death. I have regretted this decision since. It would have been just right to come just to the funeral of such a good friend from early youth. It was too late and I have to live with this regret. It was a pity for Mischa and his wife Sidi that just after retirement and after having saved for many years for a comfortable retirement he had to die. He was an exceptional human being and devoted friend.

There was not much work in October and November and by early December we packed our belongings and drove to Naples. After New Year's, 1981, we got a visit by Marianne and two of her colleagues in order to finish editing a book. There was no point for us to stay with them so we used the occasion to take a trip to Mexico for a week. We stayed for a few days in Mexico City and visited most of the remains from the Aztec time and also took a side trip to Taxco and Cuernavaca.

Shortly after our return to Naples I got a call from Providence if I could join a group from CE Maguire in Key West for an interview for a new job. I went with Lotte to Key West after visiting the Everglades and the upper keys on our way. We liked the Everglades phenomenon a lot and also the upper keys. In Key West we learned more about the new job.

It was part of an electrical transmission line supposed to supply electrical power to the keys from the Florida Power and Light Company substituting for the inefficient small Key West power plant. It represented a very interesting and ambitious job building more than 130 miles of power transmission over the keys and water, many along bridges between the keys with difficult foundation problems. Quite a number of firms were interviewed but at the end of the day the job was ours due to the help of a cooperating Florida minority firm headed by a Cuban immigrant engineer.

In early April we returned to Providence and I started to work on the preliminary study for the transmission line project. In the meantime I got the offer to work on a Combustion Engineering project to extract liquid fuel from rock in Venezuela. Quite a few studies were made at that time on this line due to the oil crises occurring in the 1970's with the oil price rising substantially after each such crisis. A team was already assembled in Venezuela and I was supposed to go in July. Lotte was not ready to go along because of her wish not to be away from Marianne and Oliver for too long and we decided that I will go by myself for the initial phase.

There was approx. a month free before my prospective date to leave for Venezuela and we decided to use it for a trip to Scandinavia. We flew into Hamburg, stayed for a few days in this beautiful city and bought a Scandinavian Rail pass. Our first stop was in Copenhagen, a place we enjoyed a lot. After a few side trips into the countryside and neighboring towns we took the train to Stockholm, a beautiful city with its superb architecture and beautiful layout with the islands around. Very impressive are the City Hall and the Royal Palace. On a side trip we visited the town of Uppsala I remembered from high school as the location of the Northern most university in Europe. From here we went by train to Oslo, one more beautiful place. We visited also the city of Bergen and on our way back to Copenhagen the port city of Gothenburg. Back in Copenhagen we took time to a day trip to the Southern part on Sweden with the cities of Malmoe, Lund and Helsingborg. It is hard to find words to describe how much we enjoyed this trip into Scandinavia, a totally different world from what we have known so far. We took the train back to Hamburg and from here I flew back to Providence while Lotte took the train to Duesseldorf to visit Edi Bong who was not fully recovered from the heart attack he had a couple of years earlier.

Back in Providence as I was preparing for my trip to Venezuela I realized that I would have to lose all or most of my Social Security payments because of a change in the Social Security law limiting S.S. payments after a certain income. With my other clients I was able to get around this by being paid a commission which I was able to cash according to my schedule. Most of my commissions from CE Maguire I left with them until I was 70 years old for which age the S.S. limit on income was lifted. Under these circumstances I decided to give up on the Venezuela job and continue on the Key West study.

Lotte was back in early August and we still had time to enjoy the New England summer. In the meantime a change was occurring in Marianne's life. A Dartmouth professor of history, Leo Spitzer, had become her boyfriend (to use the conventional term of the time (in our time this was called fiancée)). Leo was born in Bolivia of refugee parents from Vienna and had come to the USA at the age of 10. We had met him before in Hanover, one of his themes of study was the writer Stefan Zweig, one of our favorites in the 30's.

In August, they rented a house of colleagues in Wellfleet on the Cape taking along Oliver and Alex, Leo's son from his previous marriage. We visited them for a weekend in this place. Later in October they celebrated with us our 40th marriage anniversary.

In November we went back to Naples. There is nothing particular to report about this winter of 1982 except for the visit of my sister Lilly who came from a cold winter in Rumania right into this Florida paradise. She enjoyed this stay tremendously. Marianne had to go to Toulouse, France with the students for the winter term. Oliver went along and came back with some knowledge of French from his attendance of the French nursery school. Leo had time only for a short visit. By mid-April we got the visit of Leo's 12 year old son Alex and Oliver for one week. Oliver could show us his knowledge of French, when suddenly he said, "I forgot how you say 33 in French", this is how he was, a very original child. He could say "Everybody needs a mummy" or "This picture has "no boo" which we think as meaning no appeal and other pronouncements like these. To the age of 6 he always carried with him a handkerchief, calling it "my titi", it was indispensable, day and night. After their departure we got a phone call to be back by early May for the wedding.

We drove back to Providence by late April and attended a very nice wedding ceremony on May 9 attended also by Leo's mother Rose, his sister and two brothers.

Back in Providence I got involved in a very interesting new job, the replacement of the Jamestown Bridge linking the Rhode Island mainland with the Newport island over the Rhode Island Sound. There were quite a few engineering companies hired for this project, the only local company was Gordon Archibald & Associates, Inc. Gordon had been with Maguire before and had established his own company in the late Sixties specializing in highway projects. Our part of the job was the design of the two approaches, the main span was given to other engineers. It was a very interesting job, in 1982, we had to do a comparative study for the best structural solution with final design in 1983. I liked this kind of work, it took most of the summer to do it. In the meantime a former engineer of Maguire's Connecticut office, Frank Chuang asked me to do a study for four bridges on the Interstate I-91 in Northern Connecticut to be widened to three lanes for him. Frank came to the U.S.A. from Taiwan in the late Sixties and after taking a Ph.D. had been working for Maguire's for approx. 10 years. In 1982 he was establishing his own practice hoping to get work based on his being a minority firm. He presented me to his prospective employers as his consultant hoping to gain in stature this way. I therefore had a busy summer mostly with bridge design. By mid-September the study for the Jamestown

bridge being finished we decided to take a few weeks of vacation for a trip to Europe.

In the meantime my brother Kubi (still living in Rumania) got permission for a trip abroad and from our phone conversations I understood that he was ready to defect. We decided to meet in Germany. He had to present himself to the German authorities as an ethnic German from Rumania (which according to present law he was, no more National-Socialist race laws) to get first a refugee status and after further examination German citizenship and a pension for his work years in Rumania. We arrived in Frankfurt while he was already in the refugee camp in Nuremberg. I went to Nuremberg and met him just when he got his status as refugee. From here he had to go to another camp for a few weeks. He asked me to go to Bucharest to bring his documents he would need for his applications for citizenship and pension rights. In the meantime Lotte had arrived from Duesseldorf, where she had gone to visit Edi Bong and we went together to Munich, our original destination, which we had changed to Frankfurt to meet with Kubi. We took the so called "Romantic Road" (Wuerzburg-Rothenburg ob der Tauber-Augsburg), through medieval looking old German towns to Munich. Here Lotte talked me into going to Bucharest to bring the documents for Kubi, I had thought that there are some other ways to get these papers out of Rumania. I took the next flight and found Lilly preparing to apply for an exit visa, which as a pensioner was easier to get than it would have been for Kubi. This mission accomplished we started with Lotte on our trip to Italy. In the meantime it was early October and raining, there was no point even to stop in Northern Italy where we had planned to visit the Dolomite mountains. We stopped at the first place without rain, in the city of Bologna. After a few days and side trips to Ravenna and Ferrara we went to Rome. We stayed in Rome for a full full week visiting the major sites and also attending the Sunday morning speech of the Pope. We also took side trips to Pompei and Capri. It was a most enjoyable trip, we had a lot of prior knowledge about Roman and recent Italian history from high school and it was a really fine experience to see the remains of ancient and medieval Rome with our eyes. We returned to Providence after mid-October.

Shortly after our return to Providence I got an offer from CE Maguire to work for a couple of months in their Honolulu office, an offer I could not refuse. The time suited me well, I still had to finish the study for the 4 Connecticut bridges during the months of November. By the end of November the trial

against the engineering office of Zaino came to Court, we won it easily and then we flew to Honolulu.

The Maguire Honolulu office was reestablished in 1982 to cover the new major construction program of the Department of Defense in the Pacific under the Reagan Administration. The major job was the final design for the Ammunition Port in Guam which I have mentioned earlier as started in 1976. When I arrived this job was quite advanced and I just had to do some checking on it. I had to work on some projects for Air and Naval bases in Hawaii and in the Philippines.

On December 11 we got the news of the birth of our grandson Gabriel, we were happy that all went well, Marianne was back home after a couple of days. We enjoyed our stay in beautiful Honolulu and during the Christmas break we visited the island of Kuai we didn't have the opportunity to see on our previous stay in Hawaii.

By the end of January 1983 we flew directly to Naples where we found Marianne and Leo with Oliver and little Gabriel. They had come a few days earlier for a couple of weeks of vacation. Little Gabriel was a normal good looking baby reminiscent of his father as a child, as his grandmother Rose told us later. Oliver was very happy with his baby brother and enjoyed his company.

Sometime in March we had an unpleasant accident in a furniture store in Fort Myers. While looking at some furniture to complement our living room a piece fell from a cupboard on Lotte's thumb and almost cut through it. I brought her immediately to the hospital and we had the good fortune that a hand surgeon specialist was at hand to operate on her. After the operation he could not give us a guarantee of full recovery. After a few weeks and visits to his office it got substantially better and he assured us of a full recovery. In the second half of April we were ready to go back to Providence where I was expected to start final design on the Jamestown Bridge Project.

After our return to Providence I found out that there was a short delay in the start of this job and we decided to use this time for a trip to Europe. We first went to Duesseldorf to meet Kubi who was still living in a waiting camp while his pension application was being resolved. He was not ready to look for an apartment before Lilly's arrival expected within a few months. I met with his lawyer and discussed how to speed up Lilly's legal matters after her arrival so she wouldn't have to wait as long as Kubi. From Duesseldorf we went to Vienna where they always have a Spring Theater Festival at this time.

We love German Theater and enjoyed a few fine plays. From Vienna we went to Zuerich, Interlaken, Bern and Geneva in Switzerland. More German theater in Zuerich and Bern. In Geneva we met with an old friend from Czernowitz, Klara Arm. Her son was living in Geneva with his family. She had admired one-year old Marianne when we had met in the Carpathians in 1951. From Geneva we took day trips into the French high Alps region. Our trip ended in Paris with Kubi coming from Duesseldorf to spend a few days with us.

During the summer I was busy with the Jamestown Bridge project and some work for Frank Chuang's firm in Connecticut. A few times we visited Marianne and her family living now in Leo's house in Norwich, Vermont. Sometime in the fall we got a call from Marianne that a three bedroom condominium was available in Hanover for a good price. We came to Hanover and liked it. As I was already assured of substantial work from Connecticut for the next years it made no difference if I had to travel for visits from Providence or Hanover with the I91 linking directly to Hartford. The main matter was to sell our house in Providence in time. We put the house on the market and were able to sell in a short time but had some trouble because remnants of a termite attack were visible in minor timber pieces in the basement. We had been aware of this situation when we bought the house but had taken care of it during our stay in the house by eliminating any presence of termites in the house and in the yard. We had to hire a carpenter to replace any timber visibly attacked by termites and then the buyer was ready to move in. Late in December the deal was concluded and we moved to Unit 125 in the Brook Hollow Condominium in Hanover.

XVI.
My Last Professional Years:
1984 - 1989.

Originally I thought of ending this story with the time of my retirement from active work, in April 1977. In the meantime six years have passed from the day that inspired me to start this story, March 15, 1989 as the 50 year anniversary of the occupation of Czechoslovakia by Hitler's army pinpointing the beginning of WW2 to this month's (May 1995) anniversary of its end. 1989 is also the year of the end of the cold war and the beginning of a new era about whose future development we don't know anything and cannot predict anything. Now I decided to continue my story through 1989 not because of its above shown significance but just because it is the end of my professional activity started in 1937, 52 years in all, not bad. Interestingly enough the fall of the Berlin wall occurred within days of my last work assignment.

In this for the time being last chapter I will deviate from the method used in the previous chapters of describing all events consecutively and rather treat it as a whole devoting different paragraphs to cover different themes, like work, travel, family, etc.

Life changes with retirement, there is not a set schedule for every day repetitive over the year. I have not done this in the previous chapter which covered my first 6 years of retirement because we stayed in the same place working mostly with the same people, it seemed that I might have exchanged only the number of working hours per day, I worked a lot for the same company, CE Maguire. With our move to Hanover this had changed drastically.

About work: My main client throughout this time was the engineering firm of LC Associates, Inc headquartered in Rocky Hill, Connecticut, the owner being Frank Chuang. As a minority firm Frank went mainly after highway jobs as a subcontractor for bigger firms who had to pass out between 5 and 10 percent of their work to minority firms. I have to say that Frank was really successful in obtaining work, from a one man office he grew within a few years to 35 employees. Over these years we had first to design and produce working drawings for the four bridges I have mentioned earlier and then we were integrated in a program throughout the state of Connecticut to inspect and check all the bridges designed 30, 40 or 50 years ago to determine what loads they are

able to carry. This program was started after the collapse of a main bridge in order to minimize the probability of such occurrences. My schedule in the years between 1984 and 1987 was that every other week I drove Monday morning to Rocky Hill, stayed over night and returned Tuesday afternoon to Hanover, where I worked on the design in my home office. The work schedule happened to be favorable to my staying over winter in Naples, I had to come just once (in January 1985) by plane from Naples to discuss the start of the drawings on a bridge with a draftsman. During the winter I had some work in Naples once in a while through my friend Kris Jain. Through CE Maguire I got a study for the structure of a big housing project North of Tampa, FL.

In 1989 I attended two workshops in New York City evaluating the preliminary design for the N.Y. Transportation Department, one in March about building garages for the city busses and the second in early November about building extensions of subway lines in Queens. The reason for calling in outside consultants was to try to produce savings over the design made by the engineering departments of N.Y. City. We were quite successful in this endeavour.

Life in Hanover: We stay in Hanover mainly for the months of May through October. The Brook Hollow Condominium is a very fine place for the summer months. We are very friendly with the neighbors. The apartment gives each of us full privacy with a study for each of us. Immediately after returning in 1984 I installed my office on the first floor with a new bookcase, drawing board and desk. The swimming pool is very adequate for afternoon reading and swimming. We start our morning schedule with an hour of tennis, then I did work a few hours during my working years and in the afternoon we went to Storrs Pond for swimming and reading while sunbathing. We enjoyed a lot the company of Marianne's family at our place or at theirs, little Gabriel easily learned swimming at our pool at an early age. He started jumping into the pool before he was three years old. We also enjoyed the company of the many friends of Marianne's at Marianne's place and later at ours and got quite a few invitations to these friends. We had and still have a lot of satisfaction from the intensive cultural activities of the college and the community during the summer months, like lectures of the School of Criticism, of the Department of German, of the Department of Government, movies, theater and concert performances. Once in a while we also have national speakers, like former senator Muskie, Brzezinski, Doctorow, Harrison Salisbury, John Kenneth Galbraith, Nobel prize

Laureate Brodsky and others. Bridge we have only once a week in Norwich, sometimes we also go to Woodstock and to tournaments in the Cortina Inn in Killington and to the national tournaments in Manchester.

Life in Naples: In Naples I have a more regular schedule with tennis early morning, two hours on the beach and bridge after lunch. I am back home around 5 p.m. Lotte comes with me to the beach a few times during the week and is playing bridge only 3 to 4 times during the week. 3 times during the week she goes to a Tai Chi class after the tennis. Between November and March we have every other Monday lectures on foreign political problems in the Naples Council on Foreign Affairs and between January and March every week we take part on 2hour morning seminars organized by the Council on similar matters. We are meeting quite knowledgeable people in these groups with really interesting discussions. Our son in law Leo was invited in January 1985 as a speaker on South Africa. Quite a number of conservatives opposed and some even ridiculed his idea of the one man, one vote solution of the crisis in South Africa. Now only a few years later this was the solution brought about by an agreement of both parties.

Other activities in Naples include a few theater visits during the season, movies and a lot of reading from the fine library. My main reading is on the beach, I enjoy it a lot. We don't have many friends in Naples, once in a while we get together with the Jains and some couples we have met in the bridge club. We also enjoy the visits of Marianne and her family once a year, they enjoy them as well as a getaway from the winter cold.

A few words about our grandsons: I have related above about Oliver's early childhood. He was a bit childish keeping always his titi next to him as a kind of a shield. One night while he was with Alex at our place in Providence he started crying at night and Lotte was very disturbed that he awakened her from her first sleep. I asked him what happened and he said while crying: "I cannot find my titi". He got a beating for awakening Lotte. When he entered first grade at the age of six he changed completely, he gave up the titi and became a serious young fellow, very responsible for whatever he was doing. He suffered from not having a home with mom and dad, every time he came back to Naples after visiting his other grandparents and father in West Palm Beach he was sad. Little Gabriel asked him on such occasions, why he was so sad. Gabriel on the other hand was more mature early on. I remember him at the age of two during their stay in Cambridge how he knew to handle the television set and other

features. He liked to play, I often picked him up from his Daycare in Norwich, he had his corner in the yard and his playmates next to him. Both are attached to us though we don't have "a sense of humor" in Gabriel's opinion (he may have been eight years old when mentioning it to Oliver). I think that as times advanced they got more attached to one another, when Gabriel was younger he called once in a while Alex for help when Oliver tried to dominate him.

Travel: In the fall of 1983 Lilly got her exit visa for Germany and our first trip in 1984 was to visit them in their apartment in Duesseldorf. For the first time in their lives they had warm water throughout the day and central heating. I was glad that I had contributed to this accomplishment. From Duesseldorf we visited Berlin and also crossed into East Berlin for a day. From Germany we flew to Israel for two weeks. In 1985 we bought a one year card from TWA and took a few trips in the USA. The first to California, the second to Arizona and New Mexico, the third to Colorado and Utah with a car trip to Yellowstone Park and one to Seattle and British Columbia where we visited Lotte's cousin Kubi Granierer and family. The TWA card gave one inexpensive trip to Europe. We went to Greece, took a cruise in the Eastern Mediteranean including Istambul and Ephesus. From Athens we went to Israel for 10 days and on our way back we stopped in Paris where we met with Lilly and Kubi. In 1986 we took an organized bus trip through England, Wales and Scotland. In London we met again with Lilly and Kubi. In 1987 Lotte went for two weeks for warm baths to Montegrotto in Italy while I went through the Dolomite Mountains with Kubi. We then met in Padua with Lotte and from here we went to Vienna, Duesseldorf and Paris. In 1988 we traveled to Alaska starting from Seattle through the so called Alaska Marine Highway to Skagway, then to Juneau, the Glacier Bay, to Fairbanks and then to Denali Park and Anchorage. Beautiful. We have learned to enjoy traveling through the beautiful sites of the United States where you don't feel the mass of tourists traveling through Europe and can do it at your leasure without any haste. In the spring of 1989 we took an organized trip to China visiting Shanghai, Hangshou, Sushou, Queilin, Xian and Beijing. In Beijing we witnessed the start of the movement for democratic reform in early May which ended tragically a few weeks later. In the fall we visited Lilly in a resort in Bavaria near Passau and traveled with Kubi to Italy visiting Florence, Siena, San Giminiano, Volterra, Pisa, Lucca and Milano, we enjoyed it a lot.

While on this trip we read every day in the newspapers about the many refugees from East Germany to the West through Poland, Hungary and Prague

and commented on it. Kubi had a quotation from Heine's poem "the Slave Boat". The Dutch owner commiserates the death of the many slaves on their voyage to America with the words: "If I don't keep 300 all my profit is gone". This was a hint at the desperation of the leaders of East Germany of losing their citizens without being able to stop their flight to West Germany.

And here we are at politics. We lived through the eighties under president Reagan without agreeing with his trickle down economics, his high budget deficits, his requirement to teach creationism and the like. On the other hand the increased military budgets may have precipitated the fall of communism. He also knew how to speak with the new Soviet leader Gorbachev. Though he coined the phrase of "the evil empire" he was open to discuss with Gorbachev nuclear disarmament and help in his quest for democratization. Evidently nobody could have predicted the sudden fall of communism. For the last 10 or 15 years I was wondering how a regime which has totally lost it's appeal could have survived that long based just on its police and military apparatus, but I never could have suspected that it would fall that suddenly. In one of the seminars I moderated at the Naples Council on World Affairs I had mentioned that from the many empires extant at the beginning of the Century the only surviving to it's end was the Russian one. Its fall opens a new chapter in the history of mankind and ,we are its witnesses. We don't know anything about the direction it will take, hopefully for the better.

The events in the months of November and December of 1989 with the fall of the wall in Berlin, the velvet revolution in Czechoslovakia and the fall of Ceausescu in Rumania have been of such an extraordinary kind that I can call them what in German would be a "Sternstunde der Menschheit", literally translated "a star hour of mankind". I will never forget the elation we all experienced. I will end this chapter with a commentary I gave in a letter I sent to my brother and sisters and our friends Brenner and Singer in Israel on Dec.29, 1989.

"Now Ceausescu is gone too, not as elegantly as Kadar, Honecker, Husak, Jivkov and Jaruselski had to quit their small empires. A bloody revolution similar to the theoretical revolution bringing communism to power has swept it away with an elementary force. Who could have foreseen the speed of the events which we watched with fascination on our television screens. In the communist view of history capitalism was to end on "the ashpit of history", now communism has ended this way and capitalism seems to be the way of the

future. Once a beautiful dream communism has not only not achieved any of its promises but was turned by its leaders into an instrument of torture and totalitarian rule."

On November 20, after the fall of the wall, but before the events in Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Rumania an article in the weekly "Newsweek" under the title "Europe's Second Reformation" concluded that 1989 was the most surprising, interesting and promising year in the history of mankind. I don't want to analyze these events here, just utter a few thoughts. First, why did Michail Gorbachev not only tolerate but even further these events? 20 years ago my my friend Mischa Flexor asked me all of a sudden: "Carl, why did he do it?" He meant why did Stalin murder that many of his former friends, a fact we to this day cannot understand, what kind of a human being was this Stalin. This was 35 years after the Moscow trials and 15 years after Chrushtchow's speech revealing Stalin's terrible reign. In the 70's I read a book about Pope John XXIII, "A Mensch on the Throne of St. Peter". After his election his housekeeper said: "How could they have elected him to be pope, he is a mensch, the members of the papal council have known this?" It seems that Gorbachov is one like Chruschchov before him was one and it seems like a miracle that the members of the Politbureau have elected a mensch to be secretary general of the Communist Party. Anyway we must wish him luck to be able to avoid anarchy in the difficult transition which the former Soviet Block countries will have to go through. It will not be easy, the best chances are in East Germany, fair ones in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, it will be difficult in Poland and even more in Rumania.

In Russia the situation is hopeless. The Baltic countries ask for independence, in the Ukraine there is a strong movement for independence, where will this all end? Let us hope that reason will prevail and people will have enough patience for a slow transition to a better life. Whatever the outcome it was an exciting time we have witnessed changing the outlook of the world's future for the better."

I will stop here for the time being, if I will live for a few more years and will have enough energy left I might continue this memoir if there will be any more stories to tell.