



The emigration ... that never was

by Herbert Kolb

edited by Arlene Beckman and Gerhard Jochem

On August 2, 1938 Mr. Willi Weinschenk from Nuremberg, Nibelungenplatz 2, got the waiting number (quota number) 8180 from the American Consulate General in Stuttgart.



Erna, my father, my mother and I

On August 10, 1938 the Nazis started to demolish the synagogue in Nuremberg after they had expropriated it, because the Jewish congregation was not willing to sell it, unlike the Munich congregation, which did. On August 28, 1938 I went to Berlin, as my father had signed me up for a course in window dressing in the private Jewish art school there. I went to the apartment of Mr. & Mrs. Davidsohn in the Nürnberger Straße. My cousin Hella lived there with two other girls. They had all food and board

there and I was also supposed to live in the same apartment. But there was no more room. Therefore the Davidsohns rented a room for me from a Jewish lady on the fifth floor in the next house. I always ate all my meals together with the girls and the Davidsohns.

The following part was written by my father in German and I translated it:

In the beginning of November 1938, we were given notice that our apartment in Knauerstraße 15, where we had lived since 1929, had to be vacated at once. My father went to the *Mieterschutzgericht* (tenant-protection court) and raised objection about the illegal termination of his tenant rights. The hearing was scheduled for November 11, 1938.

November 9th, 1938 the German government went ahead with its well prepared plan for a nation-wide pogrom against the Jews. In every city, town and village the hordes of Nazis proceeded to burn down the synagogues and destroyed Jewish stores and apartments. The Nazi

government announced to the world, that the German people rose up against the Jews when they heard about the murder of the ambassadorial secretary vom Rath, killed by a young Jewish man, Herschel Grünspan, in Paris. Even though the propaganda minister announced that the German population spontaneously reacted because of the murder in Paris, Nuremberg unmasked the lies of the criminal regime, when the so called German civilian population appeared in Nazi uniforms to prove Goebbels' lie.

At 12:00 o'clock midnight all the members of the Nuremberg SA were ordered for roll call to the Hauptmarkt (the big market place) in Nuremberg. Even troops of nearby villages were ordered to appear. There they got specific orders from their own officers on how to proceed with the pogrom. Several groups, who had been trained for years to terrorize the citizens, succeeded in disappearing and did not show up. They did not want to join in the action of that night.

First, they were told to go to the marked Jewish stores which were made easy to identify. Shortly before that night the owners were forced to put their name, including their new middle name Israel, in proscribed condensed typeface with the letters of a specified size in white, on the store window. The uniformed mob went to work to break the windows with iron crowbars and axes they were ordered to bring from home. The rabble, which was notified the evening before, was then permitted to loot these stores. As one could expect, in many cases it came to fights between the robbers. The police did not interfere with the mob.

The brown shirt hordes went to the homes of the Jews after the addresses were given to them by their officers. When the Jewish inhabitants did not open the doors fast enough, they were broken down. Every one of these uniformed Huns was armed with a pistol and usually with a dagger on which the party slogan *Blut und Ehre* (blood and honor), was engraved. They all had with them an assortment of burglary tools, like axes and steel bars for the purpose of breaking into boxes and helping themselves to cash, jewelry, cameras or anything else that they could find, which they then put into their haversacks.

Anyone who got into their way, no matter whether they were men, women or even children, these homicidal gangs beat and tortured them. The pretext of this intrusion was that they were looking for weapons; a prohibition for Jews to own weapons was published the day before.

The vandals went from room to room destroying everything they saw. Every cabinet was broken open, the glass doors or mirrors broken, and the contents thrown on the floor. Where that took too long they just threw the furniture over. Oil paintings or upholstered chairs or couches were cut up with their daggers. Beds and clothing was also ripped and cut to shreds. For special effect they threw marmalade or eggs into the destroyed beds. They destroyed cups and

china dishes so thoroughly that many people did not have one dish left to use the next morning. Also, there was no undamaged dress to wear. If they found a camera and did not steal it, they held it by the leather strap and smashed it against the wall.

An original oil painting by Boecklin in the Lindenaststraße No. 21 was cut to pieces. They completely destroyed 10 originals of a value of 80,000 Reichsmarks in house No. 10 in the Campestraße. Money and stock certificates were taken. Even savings bank books were stolen. Some of these were later on returned by mail, without a return address. The apartments of Thea and Willi Weinschenk, of Siegfried and Hertha Fleischmann, of the Hugo Kolbs and of almost all the Jewish families in Nuremberg were completely destroyed. All the rooms were covered with broken glass and china. It was almost impossible to walk in these apartments. The furniture was hacked to pieces, overturned and broken. It looked like a bomb had hit these places.

This is the way the barbarians proved the heroism of the master race in the apartments of all the Jews of Nuremberg. I hope some of these bastards remembered when they came up from the air raid shelters into their destroyed apartment after one of the raids, how the Jewish apartments looked.

The orthodox synagogue in the Essenweinstraße was set on fire by order of the head of the fire department. The hoses were used to prevent the adjoining apartment houses from catching fire. Jewish families, including the children, who lived in the neighborhood of the synagogue, in many cases barefoot and in nightgowns, were forced to the street and had to watch the destruction of the synagogue.

For my family in Nuremberg, the night of November 9th, started like this:

After having another very exhausting session at the Gestapo on that day, my father could not fall asleep. Even though he usually was against taking any medicine, this time he took some sleeping pills. This really helped and he was in a deep sleep when the brown shirted thugs rang the bells downstairs at the front door of the house. My mother did not want to wake him as she thought it was just some Nazis trying to annoy Jews. But they rang again and again and so she decided to wake my father anyway. In the meantime, a Mrs. Foss, who lived in the same house, went downstairs and opened the front door. We knew she was an old Nazi, but was in general not unfriendly to us.

The SA troopers came up to the second floor and rang the door bell there. My father, who was by that time fully awake, went into the hall. Through the closed door he asked who they were. "Open the door, Jew", they screamed. "Who are you?" "We are the SA!", answered the mob. "I only open the door to the police!" my father called back at them. "We are the same as the

police!” came the screaming answer from the outside. My father went into his living room, took the telephone off the hook, dialed the emergency number of the police and just said: “This is Knauerstraße 15. I am under attack from a mob!” With that he hung up.

In the meantime these supermen, who always showed their heroism when they outnumbered an un-armed minority, broke the heavy glass on the top of the door, reached in and opened it. My father tried to defend his apartment, but it did not take these brigands very long to subdue him by beating him on the head and in the face.

The police now came too, after all, they did not know that it was the organized pogrom; it could have been just a regular robbery. My father was taken into so called “protective custody” by the police.

A few days earlier my family had gotten notice to vacate their apartment at once, as a Nazi official wanted to obtain the apartment. They could not manage to get my family out, because my father had made an appeal to the tenant court. Therefore my parents thought that this was just an action directed personally at them, to throw them physically out of the apartment. They had no idea of the general pogrom.

One of the hoodlums saw the trammel for the Shabbat lamp hanging in the living room and said to his cohorts: “Do you know what that is?” None of them knew. “I know”, said he, “the Jews use this instrument to kill cattle their kosher way!” With that he took the trammel off its hook and took it along as evidence. They searched the desk where the envelopes with stamps of foreign countries of my father’s stamp collection were. They also confiscated them and accused him of having central spy headquarters with foreign countries. Some were valuable ones. Nothing was returned.

Another one of the bandits found the composition Erna had to write for school. She still was one of the only Jewish students in a girl’s high school. The title was: “Our Fuehrer.” This also was requisitioned, as the villain thought she might have written something derogatory about their beloved Fuehrer.

My father was arrested by the Gestapo agent Eitel, and driven in the police van, first to his office, and then to the jail. He asked the officer if he could call his wife and tell her that he is arrested. He was told that his wife knows where he is.

On the way, he noticed that windows in Jewish stores were smashed, the doors broken, and the stores looted. As he arrived in jail, he found out that a large number of Jewish men and women were already imprisoned there. Now he realized that this was not just an action against him. All the arrested people were brought down to the cells. More and more Jews were brought in, and many showed signs of brutal mistreatment.

There was Sigmund Oppenheimer, a man of 80 years, covered with blood. The skin on top of his head was split. Mr. Dingfelder, 77 years old, was barefooted and dressed only in slacks. Mr. Heimann and Josef Saemann were both tormented; Heimann's face was blackened from beatings on the head. The Nazi thugs did not hesitate to beat women as well. Many of them were brought to jail marked by torture.

Fritz Lorch, who had just been operated on the day before, was pulled out of his bed and beaten to such an extent that he died very soon afterwards. Paul A struck also was dragged out of bed, and abducted into the woods near Nuremberg. He was found later on, murdered. Paul Lebrecht was slain. The murderers threw him out of the window, but his clothes got stuck on the iron fence of the balcony, where he was found hanging, dead. Nathan Langstadt was found with his throat cut, in the bathroom of his apartment. Simon Loeb also was found dead in his apartment. Jakob Späth was thrown down the stairs, where he was found dead.

Besides these, the following were murdered during the same night: Willi Behrends, Friedrich Katz, Emma Ullmann, Siegfried Selling and Karl Bamberger.

On that day the following were reported to have committed suicide: Erich Gans, Nathan Langstadt, Berta Schülein and Hedwig Süßheim.

Back in jail, my father remembered the scheduled court hearing about the apartment. He asked the director of the jail, Dr. Paulus to arrange a rescheduling of the hearing. This was denied and the apartment had to be vacated at once. The reason the judge gave was that since the Jew did not show up for the hearing, he therefore lost his appeal by default.

The 160 Jewish men were marched under a steady barrage of blows, to the police jail, while the mob, which was informed before hand, cheered and applauded. Women also were abducted and marched to jail, but released after a couple of hours. The men, with them were boys as young as 14 years, were forced so tight into the cells that they almost could not breathe. After a hundred were assembled, they were driven with a police truck to the jail in the courthouse and locked up in the gymnasium. There was just about enough living space for the 160 men, but the hygienic situation was catastrophic. Only two pails were given to them, which naturally had to be emptied in a very short time. The food was so bad, that besides the bread, nobody could eat it. Towards the evening, a number of Jews from Fürth arrived.

At 4:00 a.m., on November 11th, all the men up to 60 years old were shipped by train to the concentration camp Dachau. On arrival at the railroad station in Dachau the welcoming ceremonies began. The guards used their fists to hit into the faces and on the heads of the prisoners. They were then ordered into another train. Anybody who did not get into one of the cattle cars fast enough got beaten bloody with their rifle butts. At the same time a transport of Jews

from Württemberg-Baden arrived. A university professor who said: "This is murder!" was killed on the spot. Each cattle car was filled up with 150 men. The little ventilation windows were nailed closed. Then the three wagons were towed to the concentration camp 4 km away. The railroad stops a short distance before the actual concentration camp.

There they saw the electric barbed wire and the watchtowers armed with machine-guns. They had to run through the large iron door as quickly as possible, tormented the same way as at the railroad station. Many rows of companions of the same fate were already standing there. The time was 1:30 p.m. It was not allowed to have anything on the head and any spoken word was forbidden. Along these rows the SS-men now came. Their faces already were marked as hangmen. Anybody who either had a beard or otherwise caught the attention of these uniformed murderers, was first mocked, and in case he did not acknowledge as true the degrading remarks of these hoodlums, was hit with their leather gloves or sticks.

Only after a couple of hours were the prisoners allowed to go to the toilet, and then only with special permission. The Jews from Munich who already had prisoner clothes were not permitted to come close to the new arrivals. The roll call lasted until 10:00 p.m. and the prisoners were standing on one spot all that time. During that day more than 10,000 Jews had arrived. In the barracks everybody had to sit with spread legs, and so close to the next one, that no movement was possible. This was the way they had to stay, and of course nobody could sleep in this position. It was already a relief to be chased outside at 5:00 a.m. for another roll call.

On the 12th, of November, lots of new transports arrived. They could be seen through the barbed wire. The same cruelties were repeated. The Nurembergers were still not absorbed as part of the camp inmates and therefore they did not get any food. At 9:00 p.m. they got as far as the *Jourhaus*, the administration building. In that same building was the clothing section and the showers. Through the windows they saw men constantly going by with bags on their shoulders. The tension and the cruelties by the guards during the past couple of days brought the nerves to the breaking point. A neighbor of my father believed that in the bags these men were carrying murdered Jews.

During the day everything about their life was already registered. Money, rings, watches, wallets, pocket knives, and other little items had to be kept in their hats when entering the barracks. The money was counted and they were permitted to keep 12 - 15 Marks. The rest was taken after signing. Each one got a big bag with a number and from then on they had lost their identity. Instead of Kolb, my father became *Schutzhaftjude* (Jewish prisoner) No. 25817.

Next they had to get undressed very quickly and run into the bath house. Entering, each one got a polo shirt, a jacket, slacks, socks and military boots. One had to take his own wallet with

the rest of the money, handkerchiefs and suspenders. The clothes were not the gray-green striped concentration camp outfits, which only the old non-Jewish prisoners wore, but blue and white striped. The camp commander must have known about the planned internment of the Jews months in advance to have had so many of these uniforms ready. Twenty thousand of these with the yellow and red Star of David were ready before the arrival of the men. The announced reason for the internment of the Jews, was supposed to be a punishment for the murder in Paris just days before. Like any other German announcement, it was just another one of their calculated lies.

The showers naturally had only cold water. Anybody who hesitated a moment, got, a pail of cold water poured over his head, and was worked over with a scrub brush by one of the non-Jewish captives. They could not dry themselves. Next everybody was measured and weighed and asked about all kinds of sicknesses. Then one was called up and had to go to the SS-doctor and his three SS-helpers who whispered to each man, it would be best to say no to each question about sicknesses. It did not take this medical genius, who was about 22 years old, more than ten seconds to announce everybody perfectly healthy.

Whoever did not turn around at once after this thorough examination was hit hard with a stick on his back, by one of the SS-scoundrels. As often as he managed to hit one of the Jews, he was rewarded with loud laughter from the two others.

Then they had to get dressed very fast and get out into the fresh air from the nice heated hall. It was 3:30 a.m. and the temperature was about 5 degrees Centigrade (40 degrees Fahrenheit). They had to stand there for another roll call until 200 men were assembled. Heavy set men could not close their jackets or slacks. When the right amount was assembled, they were marched off to a barrack. Now they were officially inmates of the concentration camp. After having been given nothing to eat for the last 48 hours, every two men were given ½ liter of tea. My father said that nobody could remember ever having drunk a better tea.

The barracks were pretty new, with good sanitary equipment, washroom and toilets. Each barrack had four living rooms and four sleeping rooms meant for 50 men. Each double room had one washroom and 6 toilets and now had to sleep 200 men, which means the capacity of each barrack was 800 men. Along the walls of the sleeping room were two story beds with open straw and for the other room straw sacks were on the floor. The 200 men had as much room as sardines in a can, but in 5 minutes everybody was asleep.

Because it was Sunday they were awakened only at 6:00 a.m. In every room four men were chosen as food carriers. These men were ordered to run on the double to the kitchen and fetch a 50 liter thermos pot filled with coffee. In the meantime the 392 other men had to go to the

washroom, which was completely impossible and only a few of them got there. The carriers came back, again running, with the coffee. They had to drink the coffee outdoors. Each man had received ¼ pound of bread.

The men assigned to clean the barracks had to do their work very fast. The rooms were washed every day, and in the barracks everything was perfectly clean. Now to the roll call, the most feared activity of all inmates. The camp of Dachau is situated on a high plateau just north of the Alps. One can see the snow covered mountains from east to west. Every block of 800 men was standing there, in rows of ten. For the first half hour they were just straightened out. The guards in charge of the prisoners ran along the lines like sheep dogs and beat and pushed the men once to the right and then again to the left. Everybody had to be at the roll call, one could only be sick after that. Some of the men arrived supported on the shoulders of their comrades. Just like the ones who died during the night, these men were laid down on the frozen ground. Everything had to be done with German precision. The deceased had to be counted with the living and only after the roll call could they be written off.

After a while the SS-sergeant, the block commander, came. He walked along the rows and as he went, for no reason, hit anybody he felt like, in the face with his leather gloves. Then the game of straightening the lines started again and continued until the camp commander was finished with his breakfast. It also happened that if he had a rough night and was exhausted, that he forgot his 25,000 prisoners until noon. The men stood and stood and slowly the bitter cold from the frozen ground got from their ice-cold feet into their legs and up into their stomachs. It was forbidden to move the feet or wiggle the fingers. Most of the men had nothing on their heads. Their ears were getting blue-red. Some of the sick could be written off by the time they finally finished the count.

As soon as the commander came: “*Schutzhäftlinge* (prisoners), caps off, eyes right!” Dead silence. One did not see anything, one did not hear anything, and one only stood there and froze. Woe if one would have been seen, who took his hands off the seams of his trousers or whispered to his neighbor. Everyone hoped that the number of prisoners was right, otherwise the same torture started all over again. The minimum time of such a roll call was 1 ½ to 2 hours. On Sunday, everyone had to go back to the barracks for a special cleaning. Shoes always had to be taken off before entry. At 11:30 a.m., the food carriers had to go to the kitchen again to pick up the lunch, which was mostly cabbage, carrots, turnips and potatoes mixed together, or soup with potatoes with skin. Sometimes someone would find a piece of meat, the size of a pea in it. Each man got about ½ liter of food. Sunday afternoon was free. It was forbidden to enter another barrack.

The men met relatives, friends, and acquaintances from all over southern Germany and Austria at the canteen. They could buy little articles and coffee and cake with the couple of marks they were allowed to keep. But because everybody wanted to buy something, there was quite a crowded situation. One had to stand in line there patiently, for two hours. Suddenly a board was put up, that the canteen would be closed for two hours. Afterwards they tried it once more.

My father and some others managed to buy newspapers and used them under their shirts to keep the cold off their bodies. In the evening, the food consisted of a little piece of salami, cheese or a herring. The day's ration of bread was 250 grams ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound).

For this large number of Jews there was no work, therefore, from early in the morning until late at night they were drilled in a military manner. The SS-man gave the job to a non-Jewish prisoner-warden. But this one also did not feel like being outdoors in the cold all day. He ordered a Jew to take over. My father was put in charge of commanding the men of his barrack to do constant knee bends, jumping, and jogging rapidly around the whole camp. Woe to that commanding Jew if one of the SS-thugs saw that he did not keep his charges continuously out of breath. That man would be hit in the face and for the next half hour he took care that nobody would feel the biting cold any more. This game was played out during the whole time of their imprisonment.

After a couple of weeks a few men were released whose papers for emigration were more or less complete. The rest of the prisoners were sent home just before and after Christmas 1938, but not before they were warned not to say one word about the life in the concentration camp to anyone. Should they not follow this advice, they would be taken back there, and the second time they would not leave alive. Everybody thought that this warning became only too true for later prisoners. Even with the fatigue, the constant harassment, the clothing which was ridiculously inadequate for the season, and the starvation diet, only one man died of all the imprisoned Nuremberg Jews. But quite a number of these men suffered from sicknesses that caused their early death.

In Berlin since November 9th 1938



My room upstairs

My story is quite different, as I was not in Nuremberg on November 9th 1938 but in Berlin where I went to the Jewish Art school of Georg Hausdorf.

As usual I had supper with the Davidsohns and the girls. Now there were four girls. Else Ansbacher, a second cousin of Hella and me, also came to Berlin to take a course. She had just arrived the week before and stayed in the same room with Hella, Ellen Rosenberg and Hanna Roeder. After supper I went home to my room up on the fifth floor of the next building. I went to bed and, as usual, slept like a rock.

The next morning I went downstairs and on the few steps over to the other house for breakfast, I noticed a lot of glass on the sidewalk and many broken store windows.

Coming into the apartment, I said that I saw all these broken windows on the street, and asked if anybody knew whether there was an earthquake during the night. Everybody was quite surprised that I did not hear any noise and started to explain to me the little they knew at that time. They had all been awakened by the noise of breaking glass and the screaming of the mob.

The Davidsohns apartment was only one flight up and everybody there was very nervous. They thought it was just a local riot in Nürnberger Straße.



The Hausdorf School

After breakfast, I left for school, even though the Davidsohns asked me not to go. They did not know if the Nazis were still around in that street. As usual, I walked down Nürnberger Straße and turned into Tauentzienstraße. There were more broken store windows. Then walk-

ing around the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtnis-Kirche to the Kurfürstendamm, there were a great many broken windows, and it slowly dawned on me that this destruction was not just local in our street, but all over Berlin. On one spot I had to step over a lot of fire hoses which were going into a cinema, but this, too, did not cause me to stop and look. Coming to the school in Bleibtreustraße, I heard that there was no school. From a couple of other students who also made it, I heard that not only the store windows were broken, but synagogues were burned, too. With great anxiety everybody started going back home again.

On my way home I remembered that the synagogue on Fasanenstraße was just around the corner and that was in the area where I saw the fire hoses in the morning. So I turned the corner. There were a lot of people standing around and looking at the still smoldering building. The fire department had the hoses just laying there to hose down the adjoining buildings in case the fire might spread. One of the men standing there saw me, probably noticing that I did not have that smile of the German mob on my face that enjoyed the sight, figured I was a Jew, came over to me and said: "If you don't get out of here in a hurry, we'll take you too!"

I did not wait any longer but walked home to the apartment. The four girls did not go to their schools and everybody was in a very morbid mood. By then people had heard a little more about what happened during the night, and that the pogrom was all over Germany. When I heard that I said to Hella: "I am going to go with the *S-Bahn* (the Berlin subway which is above ground) to aunt Babette and see if she is all right". We knew that our aunt was diabetic and not very well. Hella said: "You must be crazy to go out again, they are arresting people all over town!" I said: "I am not going to stay here and look at all your worried faces. I might be able to help her!" Everybody in the apartment told me not to go. The area around Alexanderplatz, where aunt Babette lived, was probably one of the worst, because a lot of the poorer Jews lived there.

"All right", I said, "than I'll go to one of the synagogues and see whether they need help to secure the cultural objects!" I knew that people had to rush to get things out in Nuremberg before they tore down the synagogue. The girls and the adults could not convince me and I left. I walked to the synagogue in the Prinzregentenstraße. This was a fairly new, completely round building, not very far from the apartment. Coming close I saw that the building was on fire too. Nobody could get close. There was nothing anybody could do, so I went home again. When I got back it was already dark. The mood in the apartment was very tense. They had heard that Jewish men were getting arrested throughout the city, and the Nazis were still coming to apartments picking up men. Mr. and Mrs. Davidsohn had made arrangements with a Christian friend, to stay overnight in his garage. They would take the four girls with them.

Mrs. Davidsohn's elderly mother also lived in the apartment, but they could not take her along because she could barely walk. I was 16 years old and luckily not subject to the panic of the rest of the people. Besides, I thought it was quite ridiculous to run away. How long could they hide in a garage? So I stayed in the apartment with the old lady.

After the rest of them had gone, it did get kind of spooky. It was very quiet. The old lady stayed in her room and probably went to bed. I turned all the lights off and sat in the living room. Then I got scared too, but what could I do? I had promised to stay in the apartment as a guardian for the old lady and not go back to my own room in the next house. I went into the kitchen and armed myself with a kitchen knife from the flatware. This was completely ridiculous, as the knife was a typical silver dinner knife, round in front. But holding it in my hand gave me a little feeling of confidence again.

So I sat there in a completely dark room at the table, I could not read and did not want to fall asleep either. Suddenly the bell rang. I got a shock and grabbed the knife a little tighter, but I neither made a sound, nor did I go to the door. It is possible it rang several times. The old lady probably was asleep anyway, and did not hear the bell. All night long I sat in that same chair, dozing off a couple of times, but never leaving my post as the protector of the old lady.

Around 7:00 a.m. the Davidsohns and the girls came back. What a relief! I thought the worst was over. They heard that the Nazis were not arresting anymore Jews. At least that's what they believed. A little later in the day, Else decided to take a train back home to her parents in Munich and left for the railroad station. Hella and I went to a telephone office as one could not make long distance calls from a home telephone at that time, and called one of our parents. It was then that we heard that the pogrom seemed to have been much worse in Nuremberg. My father was arrested and uncle Hugo, Hella's father, had a heart attack. We should try to get home to Nuremberg as soon as possible. No details of the destruction were given. One was careful about what was said since the conversations were easily overheard. We went back to the apartment, told the Davidsohns about it and left the next day by train to Nuremberg. All the schools were closed anyway.

The train ride took eight hours. When Hella came to her parents' apartment on the second floor of Fürther Straße 38 she was shocked and horrified by the sight. Her father lay weak in bed, the only bed still halfway usable after the Huns went through the apartment. My uncle had suffered a heart attack. All the furniture was smashed to pieces; the big buffet in the living room was thrown over, and all the crystal and china in there was destroyed. The piano was smashed with an axe. The radio and record player was demolished and all the records were broken. Chairs were broken, some with two, some with three legs gone. There was a large

table leg lying somewhere, but nobody could identify to which furniture it belonged. Later on they found out it was from the apartment of the Jewish family one flight up. One of the Nazis probably brought it down as a handy weapon or tool for destruction. There was a cubist oil painting hanging on the wall, cut diagonally with a knife. The upholstered chairs were cut to pieces. The bedroom and the kitchen did not look any better. The supermen had left their signature.

When I arrived home I found out that my father was not only arrested by the police, but also taken to the concentration camp Dachau. The night of the 11th, Nathan Gutmann and Eugen Fleischmann and, I believe, Siegfried Mezger slept in my parents' apartment. They thought that since my father, the only man living in the apartment, was already arrested, the German crooks would not come back there anymore. Like a miracle, nothing was destroyed in our apartment. In the house on Praterstraße 5, where Eugen Fleischmann, his sister Ida and his brother Siegfried with his family lived, all the furniture and everything else was completely destroyed. One heard the same story everywhere. Most of the men were arrested and shipped to Dachau and the apartments and stores were destroyed and looted.

Surprisingly the German people claimed that they never heard or saw anything and also did not know of anybody who was involved with the looting. Even so, a short time later little girls were walking around with dresses made out of *Tallisim* (ritual scarves). The black or blue stripes were just a decoration on the bottom of the dresses.

On November 14th, 1938, The *Reichgesetzblatt*, the official newspaper for the court of justice in Germany, wrote as follows:

Decree about the Atonement Payments of the Jewish Citizenry of Germany

On November 12, 1938

The hostile behavior of Judaism towards the German people and the German Reich, who do not flinch in the face of cowardly murder, ask for a strong defense and a severe atonement. Therefore I order, for the reason of fulfilling the execution of the Four-Year-Plan from October 18, 1936 (*Reichgesetzblatt* I., S. 887), as follows:

1. The Jews, citizens of Germany, in their entirety, will be punished by a payment of Reichsmarks 1,000,000,000 to the German Reich.
2. The *Reichsminister der Finanzen* (minister of finance) with all ministers of the Reich who are involved with it, have decreed to carry out these regulation.

Berlin, November 12th, 1938

The chairman of the Four-Year-Plan

Göring, General Field Marshal

Decree to repair the streets of the Jewish business people

I therefore order for the reason of fulfilling the execution of the Four-Years-Plan from October 18, 1936 (*Reichgesetzblatt I*, S. 887) as follows:

1. All the damage which occurred on Jewish apartments and Jewish businesses, because of the indignation of the people, because of the agitation of international Judaism against the *nationalsozialistische* (Nazi) Germany on November 8, 9, and 10, 1938, has to be repaired immediately by the Jewish owners.
- 2.1 The cost of all repairs has to be carried by the Jewish businessman or owner of the apartment.
- 2.2 The claims of compensation from insurance companies by Jews of German nationality will be confiscated by the German Reich.
3. The Reichs-Minister for Economic Affairs in collaboration with all the other Reichs-Ministers is empowered to decree further regulations as he so chooses.

Berlin, November 12th, 1938

The chairman of the Four-Year-Plan

Göring, General Field Marshal

Hella and I went back to Berlin shortly afterwards in November. Eugen Fleischmann came along too, as there was the news that either the Canadian or Australian consulate in Berlin gave out forms for emigration to that particular country. Hella and I went there too and I only remember that there were very many people waiting in front of the closed door. I believe someone came out of the embassy and announced that this was wrong information. Then everybody left dejected.

Probably just before New Year 1938-1939 after the schools closed, Hella and I went back to Nuremberg again.

My father was released from the concentration camp Dachau on December 5th, 1938. I was told that actually the Gestapo in Nuremberg requested his release as the people in his office, when asked by the Gestapo about certain information, always answered they don't know. Only Kolb would know. But most of the Jewish men were released around this same time.



New Years eve, Hella, Hanna, Ellen and some of her friends at the Davidsohns

Early in January 1939, Hella and I went back to Berlin. She went to the family where her father had rented a room on Flensburger Straße and I went with my two suitcases to the place my father had rented through an advertisement in a Jewish paper somewhere in Charlottenburg near or on Kantstraße.

My former room up on the fifth floor was no palace and I expected nothing better either. I schlepped my suitcases up to the second or third floor and rang the bell. I walked up to the apartment and a middle aged lady of the house invited me in after I told her who I am. She showed me my room, and left me there.

It was very long and narrow, not more than six feet wide. There was one 25 watt light bulb hanging from the ceiling in the middle of that room, no light fixture, it looked more than some kind of a storage room. The bed stood on the right side along the wall near the window and because of the narrowness of this room there was almost no furniture, I was in shock, but what could I do, my father rented the room with breakfast, lunch and supper for a whole month.

A couple of minutes later the lady called me for supper. I walked into the living room and sat down. There were home fried potatoes on the table. I always love this kind of potatoes. But these were completely green. I never saw such potatoes. I could not eat and excused myself as not being hungry. I also lied and said that I had to go to my cousin. Somewhere on the street, I called Hella. Luckily she had given me the number of the apartment where she was now living. I told her my troubles and said I have to see her right away.

It was usually me who helped her with her troubles, but now I needed her. We met and I told her about my room. I said: "I won't go back there!"

Hella said: "You've got to. You can't sleep on the street, it's January!"

"I will not go back there!"

We decided to go to a post office where I could make a long distance call to my parents and tell them about it.

They were pretty upset and told me to go back. I insisted I can't. Finally they agreed that I could look for another room. But this night I have to go back. By that time it was already pretty late and both of us had no idea where we could find a room. We agreed to meet again early the next morning.

We went home now, I believe I brought Hella first to her house.. Luckily the lady had given me a key. I opened the door and sneaked into my room and went to bed fully dressed with the light on. Everything had such a dirty appearance, even that 25 watt bulb was dusty. I slept sitting up leaning against the wall. The next morning as planned, I met Hella. She brought a

Jewish newspaper along from the family, to whom she had told my dilemma. There were a few ads in it of rooms for rent. I did not want to get one too far away from Hella or from the school. We saw one advertised in the Bellevue area that would be perfect.

The address was on Dortmunder Straße. We went there; this was only about five minutes away from where Hella lived. One flight up an elderly lady who lived there with her middle aged daughter opened the door. Yes, she was the one who is renting the room. So we both went in to look. This room was quite large and very nicely furnished, but it cost much more than we expected. We could not rent it by ourselves; we were not even seventeen yet and besides did not have enough money anyway. I told the lady I would like to take the room, but have to ask my parents first. She understood.

Again we went to a telephone and called my parents. They did not want me to take such an expensive room and besides my father had already paid for that other room. I said I do not want to eat there anyway; I rather buy my own food. It went back and forth. I did not give up. I said I am not going back to the room any more, even though my suitcases were still there. Finally my father gave in. I relaxed a little; we had succeeded.

Now we went back to the new apartment and rented it. The lady agreed to wait for the check from my father. Halleluia! From there both of us went to the horrible apartment in Charlottenburg and told the lady a big lie to get out of the commitment. I said I had found a place where Hella and I could stay together. The lady was quite nice and let us go. We took my two suitcases and left. I felt like I finally woke up from a bad dream.

In the new room in Dortmunder Straße everything seemed like a palace, after the horrible room the day before. But things did not work out so perfectly either. I went to school, taking the train for only couple of stations. But now, I also had to look for someplace where I could eat I did not want food from anybody any more. Luck was with me again. Right on Flensburger Straße was a small, very nice Jewish restaurant. It was one flight up and just on the way between the train station and my room. The food very good, Mrs. Hammel the innkeeper, treated me like I was her grandson. I went there every lunch time. In the evening I just ate bread and butter in my room, I had to be very economical, I had almost no money. My budget was very low after that expensive rent.

I first did not even notice it, but every day the nice furniture disappeared from the room and got replaced with garden furniture. This was kind of strange, but I did not say anything. After all, I did not want to entertain people there. But things got worse. The landlady told me that I would not be permitted to have the light on after 10:00 p.m. This was impossible, as I came home late from school. I not only had classes in window dressing in the daytime but I became

interested in calligraphy and commercial art and took classes in the evening. Besides I had to prepare lots of things for the next day for classes. Nothing doing, no lights after 10:00 o'clock! There was a window in the door the lady could see the light and kept on knocking on the door until I turned it off.

I had to go to bed at ten o'clock. I could not even read in bed, she kept on knocking. I got the idea to take one of the small table lamps under the cover to read there, but this also was a problem. It got too hot under the blanket and I was afraid the bed would catch fire.

To add insult to injury, Hella came one day to visit me, but the lady said she permits no visitors. No matter that we told her, Hella is was cousin. Nobody was allowed to visit me. She did not let Hella come into the apartment. This went too far, after all she knew that Hella was my cousin. I had come with her to rent the place.

On February 1st, this was my second month to live there, I gave notice that I would move out. I had looked before and had found a room nearby in Lessingstraße 23. Not only was it much cheaper, it was closer to the *S-Bahn* station and to the place where Hella lived on Flensburger Straße.

Mrs. Kuschinski, a small old lady, lived there in the ground floor with her daughter. She had rented another room to a middle aged man. Finally I found a place to stay. I stayed there from March 1939 until May 1941, until I left Berlin. My troubles with rooms was over.



Me in my room at Lessingstraße

Mrs. Kuschinski was another grandmother type and she too treated me like her grandson.

The emigration that did not happen

The attempt at emigration had started quite a while ago but the story of our emigration starts now with a postcard my father wrote without a date. It arrived in Uruguay on January 10, 1939. This was a short time after he was released from Dachau. I am sure there was some mail before, as my father numbered it number 2. Many cards or letters came to us in Germany, but all of these were lost while we were in a concentration camp. This postcard and also the others I have were given to me by my cousin Manfred Hessdörfer in Montevideo, Uruguay and my uncle Willi and aunt Thea Weinschenk in the U.S.A.

This card is addressed to my uncle, Mr. Justin Hessdörfer, *poste restante* in Montevideo. Since 1934 uncle Justin lived in Zagreb, Yugoslavia where he fled in 1933 after being beaten half dead by the Nuremberg Nazis. His family joined him in 1934. The family was expelled from Yugoslavia because of being Germans and immigrated on October 13, 1938 to Uruguay. They were in the country just two months and they did not have a permanent address yet.

From B. Kolb, Nuremberg, Knauerstraße 15

January 21, 1939

My Dears,

We were very happy with your letter and hope in the meantime you have found out more about it. We are ready at any time for emigration, should it be earlier that much better. We are worried about our move to another apartment in 10 days. The emigration does not go that fast as you dear Justin imagine. To receive an emigration passport a lot of conditions have to be fulfilled the same as on the other side to the immigration. A relative of mine got an affidavit right away from his boss in the U.S.A. for us all and your cousin Enslein and Klingenstein gave to it a relative-affidavit. But this all is no good since our waiting number perhaps will be called in 2 years, unless very drastic changes happen in the immigration quota. We are advised against trying to travel as tourists to you. According to your letter it may be possible that you would deposit there show-money. I can't find out how much this is. But I was told that at this time immigration into Uruguay is possible. We would submit a confirmation at the consulate that the money is deposited and the immigration is permitted. We would be happy if it would be that far already. To leave nothing undone, we have listed the children for a *Kindertransport*. A girlfriend of Erna has found sponsors for both of them. But that also goes very slowly. There is still no improvement in Hugo's condition. He is still very weak and he is permitted out of bed only for a very short time. We worry a lot about him. Herbert and Hella are in Berlin and try to continue their education, which costs a lot of money. But nothing is too much, if they learn a profession which later on might feed them. I number this card with number 3. Did you get the 3 letters? They must have been long ahead of you in Montevideo. We already have sold some furniture, as we have much less room in the new apartment. The move is going to be arranged by Eugen Fleischmann and the Leutershaeusers. The Baers mailed an affidavit for Hugo and his family; but they did not hear anything about it.

Willi and Thea have a small chance to go to Palestine. It is the worst for the family of Siegfried Fleischmann because of the unfortunate Ruth. Longing to hear from you, greeting you,

Yours Bernhard

I did not leave any room for Reta therefore only the signature

Best regards, Reta

For a healthy get together, Erna



The Fleischmann family

The back address of the card is Knauerstraße 27. My parents had moved to the new address. They were expelled from their apartment in Knauerstraße 15. My father writes:

My Dears,

February 2, 1939

with your letter which gave us a lot of hope, we all were very happy. I am giving you once more the dates: Bernhard 9, 22, 1882, Sugenheim, Reta 10, 18, 1892, Ottensoos, Herbert 2, 27, 1922, Nuremberg, Erna 7, 31, 1923, Nuremberg. If everything works out please write to us in exact detail about what we should take along. It has to be said, that buying new things is almost impossible, since too high taxes have to be paid for new items. We want to know what kind of furniture, what underwear, color of bed-linen, bedding. Besides we have a couch, two sofas which could be remade as couches. Shoes, if high ones like boots are used there. Suits, shorts, what kind of work clothes? What kind of work clothes for the women. What kind of other furniture and outfits. I believe you would by now have more of an idea. Since Erich has learned about photography, I am going to take my large 12 x 24 camera along. Should one take a lift, even if it costs a lot of money, which one could use over there as a garage, chicken coop or bed room? Or is it impossible to transport such a monstrosity to the house? Shall one pack the things into trunks or crates? The difference in price to buy it would not matter. Books are on the way, please watch what the postage is. (That just meant, save the stamps for me). I wrote to the Consul in Zagreb and put into the letter an international coupon for stamps. But I did not get an answer. Find out if one could use the answering card with additional airmail stamps and how much it would cost. Here an additional stamp for a 5 gram airmail letter as well as for a postcard cost 1.50 Marks. Which kind of electrical current is there? 110 or 220 volt? Can one use a gas range? Yesterday I sold our piano. We moved last week without a moving truck and other help. In spite of that we were done in 4 hours. Reta naturally has a lot

of work to manage to put everything in a smaller 3 room apartment. Now we are almost finished.

Many greetings, Bernhard

Answer all the questions exactly and anything else you think of. I still can't believe that it would work out, it would be too nice.

Kiss, Reta

PS.: Must Erich still go to school?

My Dears,

February 8, 1939

On Friday we received your airmail letter with attachment. I immediately called the consul-general in Hamburg and was summoned for Monday. Arriving here on Monday I found out the consulate was closed because of change-over. I still managed to show my paper. I was then told to come today, Wednesday morning. Today I was put off from 10 to 12 o'clock. But even then I was not permitted in. I was told to speak to the chancellor by telephone. As I phoned I was told that my paper was seized by the consul-general. I would hear further on. I am going to travel home now, not having been able to arrive at anything and will see what is going to happen. At first on Monday I was very confident, but now things seemed to be very difficult. I already got all the information at a shipping company about everything. I will keep you posted how this continues. Maybe I also hear from you. I believe Reta wrote you too.

Regards,

Bernhard



Me painting in Grunewald woods in Berlin

Since spring 1939, after emigration to the United State became completely hopeless, the two Kolb families as well as the Fleischmanns tried to immigrate to Uruguay, where uncle Justin Hessdörfer had gone with his family. He had now bought a small cattle farm and hoped the rest of the family would join him. When he heard that I was in a school for window dressing

and graphics, he wrote to my parents, that this was a waste of time and money, as nobody in Uruguay would need a window decorator. My father should let me learn a manual trade, as one always could find a job in that.

My father spoke to somebody who was involved in the Jewish community in Berlin and found that there was a retraining workshop for cabinet makers. I was told to stop the art school and start in the workshop in Jungfernheide for cabinet makers. I started as an apprentice wood worker. But I still did not give up the art school and went there in the evening. Therefore I had very little money, no social life and did not see Hella very much anymore. She was a very popular girl and had a lot of friends.

It must have been in March 1939, shortly after I had started cabinet making when Hella came in the evening to the Hausdorf School. I was very surprised to see her, as she never came there before. She told me she was in trouble and I must help her. Now it was my turn to help her. Hella and I were always very close, so I was not surprised that she wanted to talk to me. A little while later when the class had finished we left together.

After we were finally alone, Hella, who was like me just 17 years old said:



Hella Kolb 1938

“You have to come with me to a friend’s house, where there is a little party, because I am scared!”

“What are you scared about; what happened?”, I asked, “you are all upset!”

“I’ll tell you everything, but you have to come with me to the house of a friend of mine.” I had no other choice, as she really seemed very worried. We went to the subway, and while we waited for the train she started:

“In the laboratory there is a fellow who wants to date me. I am not interested in him and I do not feel like going out with him. He kept

on bothering me all the time for a date, and I kept on refusing him, I really do not care for the guy!”

“So what is wrong with that?”, I asked, “If you don’t like the guy forget about him!”

“It’s not quite that easy. We have little cabinets in which we keep all kinds of chemicals which we need for experiments. He showed me this morning in his cabinet, besides the usual items, he also has a jar with ‘strychnine’ written on it. He told me he is going to kill himself, if I don’t go out with him!”

“Don’t believe it. He is just putting on an act.”, I said.

“No, no he really is going to do it, I am sure of it.”

“Don’t be silly, he is not going to do anything. What are you going to do about it anyway. You said you can’t stand the guy, are you going to give in, just because of his blackmail?”

“I don’t know, I am just very worried that it is going to be my fault if he kills himself. After he left the laboratory, I took this jar out of his cabinet and hid it.”

In the meantime the train came and we went to the friend’s apartment. Several young people were there already. One friend, his name was Peter Hertz, was a musician and when the two of us entered, he was just playing the piano. He was quite a comedian too, and never stopped playing the piano, while he leaned back, further and further, until his head was on the floor. That particular colleague of Hella was a friend of Peter and he was there too. Hella stayed close to me, as she did not want to give that fellow a chance to talk to her. During the evening, when that boy believed only Hella was looking at him, he showed her a pistol, which he just took out of his pocket a little. He did not know that I knew what was going on between both of them. Obviously he did not know that I had been watching him all evening already. I saw the pistol too.

After we left Hella, who was even more worried now than before, asked me:

“Did you see, he has a revolver and motioned to me that he would use it?”

“Yes”, I said, “I saw it, and now I am sure the guy is a fake!”

“What do you mean, he has a pistol and he motioned to me that he will kill himself!”

“Yes I saw that, but he can’t shoot himself with a cigarette lighter!”

“What are you saying, I saw the revolver!”



Herbert Kolb in Berlin

“You are right, it looked like a very small revolver, but it just was one of those cigarette lighters you see everywhere advertised in the tobacco stores!”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive!”

“What should I do now?”

“You said you have the jar with the so called ‘strychnine’?”

“Yes.”

“Can you test it?”

“Yes.”

“Then do it and you will see it is no poison at all, something probably very harmless!”

Hella was now a little bit more relaxed, but still worried. The next morning she went early and tested the white powder. It was just that, a white harmless powder. During the day he still threatened Hella with his suicide. She said to him:

“I will not go on a date with you, you might as well go ahead and take the strychnine. But I believe you don’t have the guts to do it!”

“You saw the revolver too, I can shoot myself!”

“Let me see how you do this with a cigarette lighter?” - This ended the whole affair.

On March 22, 1939, my father brought to the *Leihamt* (the city pawnshop) 16 items of gold and 110 items of silver, obeying the decree of February 21, 1939, which said, that it is forbidden for Jews to have items of gold, silver or jewels.

On March 27, 1939 uncle Hugo Kolb brought to the same place 10 items of gold and 38 items of silver.

On March 30, 1939 my future brother-in-law Julius Neuberger brought 7 items of gold and 6 items of silver.

From April 13th 1937 until June 1st 1938 Hella was in England in the New Herrlingen school in Bunce Court near Faversham in Kent. At the beginning of 1938 my uncle could not pay for the tuition of the school anymore, because there were restrictions against transferring money to another country and Hella, who was homesick, came home. Shortly after that she started at a Jewish school for chemical laboratory technician in Berlin. She was there when I came to Berlin in August 1938. I don’t remember why Hella left Berlin sometime in the spring of 1939. Probably the school had stopped and she went back home to Nuremberg.

On April 1, 1939, Hugo Kolb and probably his entire family as well as my parents and sister went to the police headquarters in Nuremberg for the Jewish identification card. I probably had to go at the same time to a police station on Flensburger Straße in Berlin.



Hugo Kolb's Kennkarte

On April 6, 1941, Germany invaded Yugoslavia and on April 9, 1941 Greece.



Lisl Sauer

Lisl Sauer was a close friend of Hella. They had been in school together since first grade. Lisl was born on June 5, 1922 and as she was not yet 17 years old her parents managed to get her on the *Kindertransport* to England. It was just before her 17th birthday. She was in charge of smaller children and left for the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards the transport went to England, where she arrived probably just around her birthday on June 5th. Hella was at that time not in Berlin anymore. Probably the laboratory school was finished.

She wrote to Lisl:

Dear Lisl,

Nuremberg, June 8, 1939

Today I will start with a letter to you. I presume you arrived very well. Where were you in the meantime? Did you have a stop in Harwich as you thought? Or maybe in London? Did you see a lot already? I have many questions about your trip. You can tell me about it without me specially asking. How many children were you? I met your father in the meantime and he told me, that you were permitted to take money along anyway. That naturally they did not know. Today the whole family is in our house and not at the Gutmanns as they usually are, as it is raining now. (The Gutmanns lived in the Lindenaststraße, as Benno Gutmann was the custodian of the building where the Jewish congregation's offices now are. There was a nice backyard and on weekends we and other people often went there. This was one of the only places where we still could sit outside.) I am sewing to finish the dress which I had started to make. This morning I cut a couple of little dresses for Ruth (our 8 year old little blind cousin). I just notice that I type wonderfully!!! But that you have to excuse, you know my experience in typing. I hope you still understand me? Are the people you are with very nice? And the children, too? At this time Max Ansbacher (a second cousin) is here; at least that is pretty nice.

June 9, 1939

Only today I am able to write again. We still went to the Gutmanns. It would have been a disaster if we would not have been there for one Sunday! But it was, as usual, very boring. I started a letter to Anni (Dingfelder). Afterwards the others went to Plaut (the only Jewish restaurant in Nuremberg) My aunt has gone to Munich to her husband. Today Max is leaving again. He invited me to emigrate with him as an au pair girl. (Max Ansbacher was deported in March 1942 to Piaski and murdered) Dear Lisl, I put an international coupon for stamps in the letter. Please, please do your best for me to come (to England). Put a lot of feeling into your letter, it has to work out. That is actually all that I can write you. But you probably know so much more. I am looking forward to your letter which I expect soon.

Hoping you are having a good time and please write in great detail..

Very many kisses,

Yours Hella

P.S. Our little puppy is very sweet. Our pictures, as expected, were not good, but I will send them anyway,

Yours Hella

Best regard from all of us,

Yours Hugo Kolb

Dear Lisl,

Hopefully you found it the way you expected. See if you can do what we told you to at our last get together that you might to be able to do something for Hella and Ernst.

Best regards,

Yours Paula Kolb



From front left going clockwise: Ruth Fleischmann, Erna, next to Ruth my mother, Hedwig Gutmann, behind Erna Nathan Gutmann, Hertha Fleischmann, Benno Gutmann, Stefan Fleischmann, standing, I, Ernst Kolb and Nathan Jochsberger, Mr. Braunschweiger, Hugo Kolb, Eugen Fleischmann, sitting Paula Kolb Frieda Ellinger, Siegfried Fleischmann and Mrs. Wormser in front of her husband, Mr. Wormser and Max Fleischmann.

A letter-telegram from Hugo Kolb:

Nuremberg, June 20, 1939

THE WHITE HOUSE ALBURY HEATH LISL SAUER BEV FRANKE ENGLAND
GUILDFORD SURREY

BEG FOR ANSWER AT ONCE. HUGO KOLB

On June 22, 1941, Germany attacked the Soviet Union.

Dear Lisl,

June 22, 1939

Were you already very mad at me because of me being lazy to write? But this is really not so. It just might look like that. Besides, you saw in our telegram, that we still are alive; and this is the most important point; don't you think so? Many thanks for your travel report. I was really very happy that you were so lucky about the people you are with. You are a very big girl already; you even saw London already. Did you like it?

Are your children still that nice, or did they turn out different in the meantime. Hopefully you do not like them too much, that you have to copy it right away. You know there are bad people in the world. Mrs. Davidsohn told me that once and I remembered it.

You have to excuse me, if I write with interruptions, because thinking about what to write takes me a little longer than you or other people. Besides I don't have the slightest idea, what I shall write you. This week Lotte Wilhermsdoerfer wrote to me very sweetly, that she would try to do everything she possibly can. She also sent me a couple of folders. Did you write to the lady already? It is very nice that your people are going with you to inquire. Don't they know anyone who would need a maid? Also if it would cost 100 pounds? You have to excuse the paper, but it is old stuff and can't been used any more, but we must use it. (she wrote on a letter sheet from the company of her father) I am sewing very industriously. The dresses I started are already all done. What else can I tell you which is very interesting? Last Saturday I was at Susi Hammelbacher. There we always talk about our time in Berlin. It was pretty nice, but she is leaving soon and then I am all alone. If only something would work out. Peter (a friend from Berlin) wrote today that he leaves the end of July. He wants to take me along. Shall I go along? Hanna sends you regards. She also wants to leave the beginning of August. You described your room to me so nicely, but I still can't figure it out. I just have to visit you once and look at it myself.

The general things you probably hear from your parents, so I don't have to write about it. On Sunday, if it does not rain, the Nuremberg Youth are going on a bicycle trip.

Dear Lisl, I will mail the letter right away, so that you are not worried. Try to find something for me, even if you have to put all the people on their heads. When I come they are going to get right side up again. Say hello to your foster-parents and they shall treat you very nice, the way I always did.

Please write soon again and don't be mad, that I don't know more to write. You know that is my weak point.

Many hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Hella

Dear Lisl,

Right now there is probably a lot of heat also where you are. We are all very happy that you hit it that good. If only once, something like that would happen to my children.

Best regards, Paula Kolb

Dear Lisl,

Did my letter-telegram arrive. I am still waiting for an answer. I am sorry I could not get a stamp coupon today.

Best regards,

Hugo Kolb

MOVEMENT FOR THE CARE OF CHILDREN FROM GERMANY, Ltd.
BRITISH INTER-AID COMMITTEE
BLOOMSBURY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Miss Elizabeth Sauer
c/o Mr. B. Frankel
The White House
Albury Heath
Nr. Guildford, Surrey

June 28, 1939

Re Hella Kolb

Dear Madam,

In reply to your letter of June 22nd, would you kindly let us know by return the age and also particulars of the above named person.

If she is over 16 years of age she cannot be dealt with by the Committee. When you have given us this information we will send off the guarantee form to Mrs. Kenworthy at the address enclosed in your letter.

Yours very truly,

Signed: R.S. O'Brien

Nuremberg, June 28, 1939



Reta Kolb, my mother

I am sorry to say, that our matter progresses very slowly. This week Mr. and Mrs. Schoenberg are going to Montevideo. You know them. Their brother-in-law Dr. Schmeidler is already there a couple of years. They also had troubles for many months until it worked out. Eugen Fleischmann probably will travel to U.S.A. next week. I expect that Hugo wrote to you in detail. We are very anxious. How is the voltage there. (110 or 220). Do the bicycles there have normal tires like it used to be here or like it is here now half-balloon, which means that before they were 1 ½ inches now 1 ¾ inches. How are the valves? Does one have to have taillights on the pedals? What kind of lights for the bicycles? Generators or batteries or non electrical at all. Hermann and his wife were here visiting us last week for an afternoon.

Hearty greetings,

Yours Bernhard

My Dears,

So that you don't worry, I send you greetings with this card. We are all healthy thanks to God and hope it is the same with you. Did you do anything already? Nothing happens here at all. Yesterday Hugo went to Hamburg. I am eager to know if he could do anything. I am sure he writes to you from there if he can hear anything there. Hugo also will visit Babette in Berlin. She was expelled because through her marriage she became Polish. Terrible! On the first, Herbert comes home for vacation.

Greeting and kisses, Reta



Bernhard Kolb, my father

On July 3rd, 1939, probably the schools and the woodworking place were closed for vacation; I went home to Nuremberg and stayed there until the 29th of July.

My dear Lisl,

Stuttgart, July 21, 1939

Actually it is your turn to write, I promised you last week a letter, therefore I want to write right now. The reason I write from Stuttgart is that I am in Stuttgart at Hanna for a week. She invited me to go there because in Nuremberg is it so boring, therefore I came here. I love it here. Hanna has her summons from the American consulate for August 9th, and therefore we constantly go shopping. Nathan (Gutmann) was summoned last Monday, but something was wrong with his passport. But now I got the visa for him. He leaves on Sunday.

About my things did you not hear anything; or maybe something good. I sent some papers to Mrs. Kenworthy. One says in Nuremberg, that they are very good. In the meantime I have not heard from her.

I have to make a copy of each letter, because I don't remember what I have written last time. Then I'll write it once more.

In Nuremberg it is very boring. But you know this yourselves as nobody is there any more. During the week I take a course in flower making and to be a kindergarten-teacher. Mr. Einstädter definitely wanted me to do it. In the afternoon I am still tailoring. Therefore I am fully occupied. But besides it is terrible, you still know it a little yourself. There it is different. You probably like it very much, that is naturally so. If you have a photo of you send it to me. With your English you probably get along fine. I have a request for you: Please always write to me what you eat and how one makes it. All the complete recipes.

Hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Hella

You can write to me in English.

Dear Lisl,

Nuremberg July 22, 1939

This morning during service I met your mother. She told me, that you are very mad at Hella's silence. As you probably have heard from our Hella, she is in Stuttgart at Hanna Roeder since last Sunday. She also is going to emigrate soon. She therefore invited Hella, so that they can be still together a couple of days.

We were very happy that you informed Hella's lady so well. She has therefore also written to Hella. I am looking forward to something positive happening.



Paula Kolb 1938

I would be very happy if Hella and Ernst would have some possibility, but everything takes very long. I don't know if our Hella wrote to you already that my brother did everything to bring us to Uruguay. How much he has managed, we don't know. But we have again a hope and this is good, too. But Lisle, my millinery experience we probably can't use there, we have to change to become farmers, can you imagine that?

Nathan Gutmann starts tomorrow evening, leaving here to board a ship on Tuesday. Eugen Fleischmann, probably has landed in New York already.

One after the other is leaving. That you have had it so good is wonderful. You and Muschi are both in a nice places. It is very lucky for your parents. Give Hella hell, if she does not answer your questions

I greet you heartily,

Yours Paula Kolb

Best regards,

Thea Weinschenk

Dear Lisl,

I was very happy about the content of your letters. If you are well, that is the most important part. For all the trouble you took for Hella, I thank you very dearly. I hope one day I can repay you for all this. Hoping to hear soon again good news from you,

Yours Hugo Kolb



Hugo Kolb 1938

In the following letter, Hella does not know the exact date but it was Tuesday, July 25, 1939. She must have been home in Nuremberg as she writes about Lisl's complaint and her parents' letter. I do not understand why she writes the date from Stuttgart.

Dear Lisl,

Stuttgart, July 1939

You really don't have any reason to complain about me .I just wrote you last week. That there is nothing new is not my fault. But you did not let me hear anything from you. Did you still not hear anything positive? I thank you anyway for all that you have done. Maybe once I can help you too. I would be very happy if I could leave very soon, because now I am all alone. Hanna has her subpoena for the 9th of August and is certainly leaving very soon. Besides, there is nothing happening. A couple of times we were in Café Bloch. But it isn't nice there either, and I was on the athletic field once too, to play ping-pong. On Sunday Lore Schwab and I wanted to travel to Haigerloch. I met Lore Schwab once in Haigerloch. Shall I send regards maybe to some people? Hanna naturally has a lot of work right now. She has to pack everything and I sometimes help her a little. Most of the time I read very interesting books. This afternoon I have to go again to the American consulate. I already know that I don't hear anything worthwhile there.

My parents also include such a nice letter. You can see, how we all think about you. Your Muschi probably writes just as good as before. Did you make many friends already?

Please write soon. I have to eat now, I fasted today. You probably don't know that today is Tisha b'Av.

Many greetings and kisses,

Yours Hella

My dear Lisl,

August 2, 1939

Many thanks for your card. Was it nice in London? I hope you are going to write a long letter to me and tell me everything about your adventure. How long were you in London?

In the meantime I am here again. It was pretty nice in Stuttgart. At least I saw different people and not as boring as the ones here. I am sorry to say, but from my Mrs. Kenworthy I have heard nothing. I don't know what I shall do. I sent her all the papers, Miss Abraham told me which are important. Erna might get a job too, which was arranged by Miss Steinhaus. (Miss Steinhaus was my father's secretary and tried to find something for my sister) Dear Lisl. If Mrs. Kenworthy can't do anything it does not have to be just at her place. I like to take another job just as well. I am waiting yearningly for good news, but unfortunately nothing came yet.

I wrote you from Stuttgart already that we were a couple of times in a café and once to play ping-pong on the athletic field. But not much is happening there either. Not many young people are in Stuttgart any more either. Hanna got her summons on the 9th of August for America. For that we were shopping. That I love to do. We did not hear anything from Uruguay. Eugen Fleischmann and Nathan have already arrived over there. There is absolutely nothing new here. Everybody just talks about emigration and anyway it goes very slowly.

I just had my Spanish lesson; my teacher is very nice; I told you already about him. He is about 60 years old, probably very smart, but very stupid. Ernst and I always laugh during his lesson. In a quarter of an hour I have to go to the synagogue, as I am there in the choir. We are practicing every Friday before the service. You should have been there. You must have received already 2 letters from me. I wrote to you twice from Stuttgart. Horst and Siegfried also complain that I don't write. I don't understand. Today my writing is very bad, but this is not my fault, I am tired.

Therefore dear Lisl write very soon. Maybe ask your lady about me and write once more to Mrs. Kenworthy. Tomorrow I will visit your parents.

Many hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Hella

Many thanks to your family for all the efforts on my behalf.

Dear Lisl,

Your letter from the 2nd of this month arrived and Hella was already on the way to the post office with this letter, she goes from there to the synagogue. Therefore I am finishing this letter as he would just sit around until tomorrow. Hella will answer your letter within the next days. I am always happy that you are having it that good in England and wish you from all my heart that it should be like that for a long time.

Let us hear from you soon again. With the heartiest greetings,

Yours Hugo Kolb

Hopefully the name of the street is right, I can't read it very well.

My dear Lisl,

August 22, 1939

Thanks a lot for your letter from London. I am sorry that you always know to write a lot of things to me and I don't know anything for you. But there is nothing interesting here, besides the bad things, and I think you will know them better and earlier than we do. My English matter with Mrs. Kenworthy does not go on a bit. I did not hear a word of her. Your mother advised me to write to her, that I would take my ticket already here in Germany and she should not worry about further immigration from England to America. I haven't got any answer yet. Perhaps you can write to her again. That I shall pay my ticket here already, and she therefore will not have any troubles with it.

Next week we shall go away. I want to go to Munich with my aunt, Helm is there too; do you remember the day when we were happy and gay with Siegfried and Helm (Wilhelm Ansbacher, the brother of Siegfried) in our room with the radio and "the girl your mouth is here to kiss, and kisses in the moonlight" and so on? You surely do remember. I would like to dance with you in the Hammersmith Palace or in a smaller place. Rabbi Dr. Metzger has got his visa for America, but he is leaving only after our holidays. Guess who is accompanying me sometimes now: my new boy. You won't guess it: Ernst Rafael, funny isn't it? What else shall we do? I can't always sit down and cry, even if I wished to. Hanna left Germany already last week, she wrote a card from Southampton, she would like me to accompany her, and how much would I like that. What I wanted to ask you: Who is Alex? I cannot remember that you ever mentioned him before. Tell me something about him, if he is interesting. We have got a rehearsal with our choir, I have to leave you for that reason. Goodbye my dear.

Many kisses from the whole Nuremberg, especially from me,

Yours unhappy Hella

On September 1, 1939, German troops attacked Poland and World War 2 started. The correspondence between Hella and Lisl stopped.

My parents were afraid that some kind of pogrom was planned by the Nazis against the Jews, therefore they wanted me home. I came home on September 4th, 1939.

As nothing happened at that time, I went back to Berlin on September 9th. This is very surprising, as on the 14th was Rosh Hashanah.

On October 2, 1939 Willy Weinschenk got his passport. On October 10 he got the visa and on October 18 he received the permission of 9.28 Marks as a free travel amount handed out from the Dresdner Bank. On October 20 he crossed the border in Kaldenkirchen to the Netherlands. Thea Weinschenk had to write the following:

Acknowledgement

I, Thea Sara Weinschenk herewith acknowledge that the travel of my husband Willy Israel Weinschenk to the United States of America is done with my complete approval His departure is going to be on October 22, 1939 on the steamship Statendam in Rotterdam.

Signed: Thea Sara Weinschenk

Nuremberg, October 20, 1939

2 707551
WEINSCHENK
SURNAME
Thea Sara Hessdoerfer
GIVEN NAME
Germany July 31, 1905
COUNTRY OF BIRTH DATE OF BIRTH
German brown
NATIONALITY COLOR OF EYES
New-York PENNLAND
PORT OF ARRIVAL STATES OF
18 NOV. 1939 STEAMSHIP
DATE ADMITTED STATUS OF ADMISSION
Thea S. Weinschenk
IMMIGRANT'S SIGNATURE
ORIGINAL IMMIGRANT INSPECTOR

Thea Weinschenk

On the same letter sheet is the following remark from the Administrator of Justice:

Urkundenrolle Nr. 995 (probably document # 995)

I herewith notarize the above signature of the merchant's wife Thea Sara Weinschenk nee Hessdörfer from Nuremberg, Fürther Straße 38.

About the person of Mrs. Weinschenk I have gotten positive knowledge through the showing of her perfect identification papers.

Nuremberg, October nineteen, nineteen hundred thirty nine. Signed Keppel

Willy Weinschenk arrived in the United States as an emigrant on the Statendam on October 31, 1939.

On October 2, 1939 my aunt Thea Weinschenk got her passport in Nuremberg. On October 10, 1939 she got the visa and on October 23 got the amount of 9 Marks as a free travel amount handed out from the Dresdner Bank in Nuremberg.

On October 24 Thea Weinschenk got the traveling permission to go on the shortest way from Nuremberg to Rotterdam and on October 31, 1939 boarded the SS Pennland of the Holland-America Line in Rotterdam. On November 15, 1939 she arrived in New York.

My father wrote following letter:

My Dears,

I already heard that you, Willi, had arrived there, even if the voyage was a little turbulent in your stomach. And I hope that Mrs. Schmalz (the nickname of my aunt Thea) will have landed. The first welcome turmoil you will also have survived and therefore I can go to the business part. While this letter is being written the official news came from Stuttgart that everyone to the number 16,000 should mail in the affidavits. That means we just slipped in yet. As you know we only have a small friendship affidavit and the one from Klingenstein which probably are not enough. It now means we must get affidavits which are washed with all waters. (meaning good and large enough.) Thea knows whatever is still necessary. I believe that anybody who has all his seven things (everything that is necessary) together, first come first served. Therefore please first contact the Baers. Also get in contact with Eugen. For getting the passage please contact Kurt Metzger c/o J. Metzger 659 W. 162 Street, Apt. 68 New York. He should look at once into the Nuremberg Machsor to see if he could not find something there (A coded message, my father gave him an antique book along). I certainly give you all the power of attorney to approach all the people I quite often did a favor. I am thinking of Dr. Wachtel, Dr Hechinger and Dr Deutsch. Mrs. Lisa Thurnauer at the committee. To Hugo Sternschein and Braunschweiger I will write myself and will give them your address, were all the strings should come together. Then I ask you Thea, to ask your cousin from whom I think ...

(The rest of this letter is missing)



Page from Willi Weinschenk's German passport

From their meager earnings, Willi Weinschenk was slowly paying back the loan from Mr. Grunebaum. His boss sent the \$ 5 check and this is the receipt he gave Willi, showing his cash payment:

MAJESTIC BAKERS EXCHANGE

November 6, 1939

RECEIVED from Willi Weinschenk 240 Audubon Avenue the sum of 5 DOLLARS.

Both of them lived until December 1939 in the apartment of Thea's cousin Julius Enslein. They both worked from December 1939 until October 31, 1940 in 277 Stanton Street at Steffen's Home Made Cakes, 402 East 6th Street in New York.

Afterwards they both worked for Mr. and Mrs. Brown in Croton on the Hudson from November 1, 1940 until June 30, 1943, Thea as a maid and Willi as a gardener. They bought a chicken farm in Vineland with the financial help of the Browns on July 1, 1943.

A postcard to Mr. Justin Hessdörfer, 25 Estacion, Agosto, Department Florida, Uruguay:

My Dears,

February 12, 1940

We received your letter from the Fleischmanns, but it is already very stale. Our U.S. affairs also keep to be difficult. The consulate asks for all kind of guaranties. We already wrote two weeks ago to N.Y. Naturally no answer. The summonses to Stuttgart go quite fast now, so that soon our whole family will be called. Thea and Eugen Fleischmann always write that they do not get any mail from you. A short time ago a couple of people went to Montevideo. Did you hear anything positive from your bank matters? Otherwise we are all right. The cold weather has already been here for 7 weeks and with a strong snow fall. Herbert is now



Siegfried Mezger

again in the school for window-dressing, because his opinion is he will more easily get a job there in the U.S.A. The sister of our cousin Baer is here visiting us right now. To learn English is no fun. At my age this is very hard. But it has to be done.

Regards from Bernhard

Many hearty greetings from Siegfried Mezger

GREATER NEW YORK COORDINATING COMMITTEE, *ARBEITSVERMITTLUNG*
(agency to provide jobs)

Your answers on the following questions must be clear and plain, because it has to be used to prepare your employment in our breach offices in the particular areas. In case you change your mind, or are temporarily or permanently unable to leave New York, please inform us at once. If you should neglect this it is possible that any other immigrant would be robbed of the possibility of a job, which will not come again. Please add to this application two little photos. If possible use a typewriter for filling out this questionnaire.

Today's date: December 18, 1939

1. Name: William Weinschenk
2. Your address (in the U.S.A.): 248 Audubon Avenue Apt. 34 / Your address (in Europe):
Nuremberg, Fürther Str. 28 / II
3. Arrival in America: October 31, 1939

4. In case you are married name and address of wife and children: Thea Weinschenk, 248 Audubon Ave. Apt. 34
5. Name and address of your sponsor: Julius Enslein (cousin), 248 Audubon Ave. Apt. 34
6. Which language are you speaking: English, German
7. Do you speak English: Some
8. Are you keeping the Shabbat?
9. Would you like to do physical labor? Yes, bakery
10. What kind of schooling did you have: Public school from 6 to 14 years
11. What did you do before? Give an exact description of what you did before:
 - A) Europe: Isidor Baruch from Aug. 1, 1920 until Jan. 1, 1924 Ready-made-clothes
Moritz Weinschenk Jan. 1, 1924 until Oct. 1, 1925 Farming
Manes Brothers Jan. 1, 1925 until Oct. 1, 1931
Ernüda Oct. 1, 1931 Ladies coats factory and sale
 - B) In America: I helped my wife with homework
12. Remarks: Please tell what could be important for getting a job: Jan. 1, 1939 until April 1, 1939 Bakery making pretzels
April 1, 1939 until Sept. 1, 1939 Bakery

NATIONAL REFUGEE SERVICE, INC

December 20, 1939

165 West 46 Street, New York City

Mr. William Weinschenk

248 Audubon Avenue

New York City

Dear Mr. Weinschenk:

A position as baker's helper similar to the job to which we referred you in Westerly, R.I., has opened in Bay City, Michigan. We are also referring you to the Michigan job so that you are now being considered for both jobs.

You will be informed as soon as a choice is made on either job.

If for any reason, you cannot accept the job on Michigan, if it is offered to you, you should contact me immediately.

Yours very truly,

Seymour Fishman

Employment Department

On December 16, 1939 I traveled to Nuremberg again as school was closed because they did not get any coal. Even the Jewish households were restricted and got only very little coal. In Berlin, both the other man who lived there and I gave our assessments of coal ration cards to our landlady, Mrs. Kutschinski. She now could at least heat one room a little. In the evenings we all sat in this room. My room was so cold that the water which I had used for stretching a sheet of paper on the drawing board was solid ice in the morning. I stayed with my parents until December 31, 1939 when I returned to Berlin.



An eye-catcher for one of my windows in the decorating class In January or February 1940, my father and uncle Hugo went to Hamburg again to the consulate of Uruguay. I do not remember, but I am sure they did not have any positive result. On the way back both of them came to Berlin to visit their sister Babette Singer. As I had a pretty large room at Mrs. Kutschinski's, they came to stay with me over night. Both of them slept in my bed and I must have slept on the floor. As I said before, my room was very cold. The stove in there was never used but both men wanted something to heat up the room a little bit. I had a few of my paintings on cardboard from my window decorating class in the room. They asked me if I still needed these hand painted eye-catchers and after I said not really, they tore them and all the other displays up and stuffed the pieces in the stove. One of them was a very large cardboard elephant, about 6 to 7 feet high. It must have taken me many hours to paint it.

Steffen's Home Made Cakes
402 East 6th Street, New York, NY

February 14, 1940

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Mr. & Mrs. William Weinschenk are both in the employ of Steffen's Bakery and are living with the family at 277-279 Stanton St., New York City.

Mr. William Weinschenk is employed in the Bakery at a salary of (\$ 50) fifty dollars a month and maintenance, and Mrs. William Weinschenk is employed in the home as housekeeper at a salary of forty dollars (\$ 40) a month and maintenance.

For further information call Orchard 4-1942 or write Mr. J. Telowitz 277-279 Stanton Street, New York City.

Very truly yours,

Signed: John Telowitz

N. B. We wish to add that their services have been very satisfactory and that their positions with us are as permanent as they wish to have them.

Signed by the notary public

On April 9, 1940 Nazi Germany attacked Denmark and Norway.

On April 23, 1940 I traveled again to my parents and stayed there until May 8, 1940 when I went back to Berlin.

Affidavit of Support

The affidavit was written by William and Thea Weinschenk who lived 277 Stanton Street in New York and was written for Herbert Kolb, male, student, nephew and Erna Kolb female household worker, niece.

The Weinschenks regular occupations were baker's helper and housekeeper. Their monthly earnings was \$ 90 plus board and lodging. They had no financial assets and had no dependents. It was notarized on May 31, 1940 and signed by William and Thea Weinschenk.

On May 10, 1940 the German army attacked Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxemburg and France.

Affidavit of Support

The affidavit was written by William and Thea Weinschenk who lived 277 Stanton Street in New York and was written for Bernhard Kolb, male, secretary and brother-in-law, and Reta Kolb, female, housewife, sister.

William and Thea Weinschenk's regular occupations were baker's helper and housekeeper. Their monthly earnings were \$ 90 plus board and lodging. They had no financial assets and no dependents.

This paper was not notarized and is probably a copy.

On May 27, 1940 my aunt Thea Weinschenk wrote to the Holland-America Line in New York:

The 9th of February I have paid the passage for Miss Hella Kolb, Nuremberg to New York.

I came to your office 2 months ago and told you that the voyage would not be made and asked you to confirm this to your company in Holland by airmail for repaying the money to me.

When paying for the ticket you promised me that the money would remain here and if the voyage could not be made for one reason or the other you would pay the money back to me at once. As I have not heard from you up till now I must ask you herewith to repay this now at once, as I need it very urgently.

Very truly yours,

William Weinschenk



Hella Kolb 1938

Holland-America Line

Mr. William Weinschenk
277 Stanton Street, New York, N.Y.

Re: Hella Kolb Ppd Order No. 22659

Accounting WFH/JS

May 31, 1940

Dear Sir:

We have for acknowledgment your letter of May 27th with reference to the refund of passage money deposited by you in behalf of Miss Hella Kolb.

Unfortunately since the outbreak of the war in Holland, our communications have been completely broken off and we have not been able to obtain authorization to refund the value of this order.

We regret exceedingly that we cannot give you a more satisfactory answer for the time being, but we trust you will understand that this is the result of the invasion which Holland had to suffer.

We hope to be able to make contact with our Home Office in Rotterdam at a later date, at which time we shall again take up the matter of refund on this order.

Yours very truly,

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

Holland-America Line

Ref.: Accounting WFH

Hella Kolb Ppd Order No. 22659

With reference to your letter of May 31, 1940 kindly inform me whether meanwhile you got a message from your home office in Rotterdam to refund the passage money in behalf of the above order.

Yours very truly,

William Weinschenk

American Consulate General
Stuttgart, Germany

277-9 Stanton Street, New York

May 31, 1940

Dear Sir,

Referring to our letters and affidavit of February 23, 1940 we have not received any answer and feel it was not received; therefore I am sending the papers of support and affidavit again for Herbert Kolb, quota number 15399, and Erna Kolb quota number 15400.

We hope this is received and thank you for your time.

Very truly yours,

William Weinschenk and Thea Weinschenk

American Consulate General
Stuttgart, Germany

277-9 Stanton Street, New York

May 31, 1940

Dear Sir,

In reference to the affidavit of support, William and Thea Weinschenk are willing to give ten dollars a week to the support of the above stated Aliens as soon as they arrive in the United States.

We trust you will give this matter your favorable consideration and thank you. We are

Very truly yours,

William Weinschenk, Thea Weinschenk

Signed by the notary public

American Consulate General
Stuttgart, Germany

Nathan Gutmann

June 6, 1940

Dear Sir,

In reference to the affidavit of support of Bernhard and Reta Kolb, quota number 15401, I, Nathan Gutmann, am willing to give ten dollars a week to the support of the above stated Aliens as soon as they arrive in the United States.

Very truly yours,

Nathan Gutmann

American Consulate General
Stuttgart, Germany

277-9 Stanton Street

New York, June 8, 1940

Dear Sir,

In reference to the affidavit of support of Bernhard Kolb and Reta Kolb register number 15401: We, William Weinschenk and Thea Weinschenk, are willing to give ten dollars a week to the support for the above stated Aliens as soon as they arrive in the United States.

We trust you will give this matter your favorable consideration and thank you. We are

Very truly yours,

William and Thea Weinschenk

United States of America
County of _____ ss
State of _____

Affidavit of Support

William and Thea Weinschenk residing at 277 Stanton Street,
(Name) (Street Address)
New-York New-York being duly sworn depose and say:
(City) (State)

1. That I am a native born citizen of the United States having been born in the
City of _____ State of _____
(City) (State)

That I became a naturalized citizen of the United States on:
Date _____ In _____
(Date) (City) (County) (State)

That I declared my intention of becoming a citizen of the United States on:
Date Febr. 7.40. In New-York Manhattan
(Date) (City) (County) (State)

number New-York number 2-704498
(State) (State)

of my certificate being _____ of my certificate being _____
issued by the Court of _____ issued by the Court of U.S. District

2. That it is my (our) intention and desire to have my (our) relatives whose names appear below, at present residing at:
27 Kanzer Street, Nuernberg, Germany
(Give complete address)

come to the United States for permanent residence.

| Name of Alien | Sex | Date of Birth | Country of Birth | Occupation | Relationship to Deponent |
|---------------------|---------------|----------------|------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| <u>Herbert Kolb</u> | <u>male</u> | <u>2-27-22</u> | <u>Germany</u> | <u>Student</u> | <u>nephew</u> |
| <u>Erna Kolb</u> | <u>female</u> | <u>7-31-23</u> | <u>Germany</u> | <u>household worker</u> | <u>niece</u> |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

3. That my regular occupation is Baker's helper and housekeeper
(Business Name and Address)
277 Stanton Street

and my average earnings amount to \$ 90, monthly plus board and lodgings

4. That I (We) possess the following financial assets of which corroborative evidence is herewith attached:
none

5. That my (our) dependents consist of no one

That I (We) am (are) willing and able to receive, maintain, support the alien (s) after their immigration to the United States, and hereby assume such obligations guaranteeing that none of them will at any time become public charges upon any community in the United States; and that any of school age will be sent to school.

That this affidavit is made by me (us) voluntarily and of my (our) free will in order that our American Consul will issue visas to the above mentioned relatives so that they may enter the United States for permanent residence.

SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS
31 DAY OF May 1940

William Weinschenk
Thea Weinschenk

Arthur J. Seligman
Notary Public
N.Y. Co. Clk.'s No. 412 Reg. No. 2724
Frank Co. Clk.'s No. 22 Reg. No. 83742
Commission Expires March 30, 1942

Form No. 53-3-40

Affidavit for Herbert and Erna Kolb by William and Thea Weinschenk

General Agency of the Holland-America Line
Theodorstraße 3
Nuremberg

June 21, 1940

RW. 2411 N

Holland-America Line, 29 Broadway, New York

Re: Prepaid ticket Hella Kolb, Nuremberg. Your cable to Rotterdam No. 0369

\$ 208

This passage not being used, the payers intend to claim the passage money in consideration of the present condition. For this purpose, I herewith confirm that a ticket had not yet been issued by the office and a similar confirmation to this had been sent by same mail to your head office in Rotterdam as per copy enclosed.

Very truly yours,

Philipp Gutmann

by William Weinschenk

Holland-America Line
REF.: SU:EPC

July 17, 1940

Mr. W. Weinschenk
277 Stanton St.
New York, N.Y.

PPD. 22659 Hella Kolb

Dear Sir,

We received your letter of July 12th and regret to inform you that we are still unable to form any contact with our Principal in Rotterdam.

However, in view of the continuing impossibility of such contact with our Rotterdam Office, we are willing at this time to refund 50 % of the passage amount involved which you prepaid in behalf of Hella Kolb and the balance, less any deductible charges, will be payable at such time that we are able to secure the necessary authorization from our Rotterdam office.

If such refund arrangement is agreeable to you, we suggest you return the receipt you hold for this passage so that we may properly endorse it and return it to you with our check.

Yours very truly,

Holland-America Line

Holland-America Line
29 Broadway, New York
PPD 22659 Hella Kolb

July 22, 1940

Dear Sirs,

I am in receipt of your favor of July 17th and regret not to be able to agree with your proposal to refund 50 % of the passage which I prepaid in behalf of Hella Kolb.

As per enclosed letter of the General Agency of the Holland-America Line, Nuremberg Theodorstr. 3, a copy of which was sent to Rotterdam , no ticket had yet been issued.

I therefore must insist that you are refunding the full amount less the deductible charges, as I need the money immediately and cannot wait for it for an unlimited time. When paying the money at your office you promised that the money would be repaid at once when the journey would not be made. Please settle this matter at once, so that I do not need to hand the matter over to a lawyer which would only make unnecessary cost.

Yours very truly,

William Weinschenk

On the 24th of July, 1940, I went to Nuremberg again and stayed there until to the 28th of August, probably school vacation.

William Weinschenk
277 Stanton Street, New York

August 5, 1940

Gentlemen,

I wish to acknowledge thankfully your check of \$ 104 and I would like to have the rest of the amount \$ 104 as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

William Weinschenk

| HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK | | | | No. 26481 | |
|--|--------|------------------------------|--------|--|-----------|
| DETACH BEFORE DEPOSITING | | | | IN CASE OF CLAIM PLEASE REFER TO THIS NUMBER | |
| THE ATTACHED CHECK FOR \$ 104.00 IS IN PAYMENT OF THE FOLLOWING: | | | | | |
| COMPANY'S AUTHORIZATION | | CHECK PAYMENT VOUCHER NUMBER | | DESCRIPTION | AMOUNT |
| L.C. | NUMBER | DATE | NUMBER | | |
| | | | 45794 | Refund 50% of Prepaid Order #22659-Hella Kolb \$101.50 and 50% of Cash Payment to be made at Rotterdam-\$2.50. | \$ 104.00 |
| | | | | <i>W</i> | |

William Weinschenk
277 Stanton Street, New York, N.Y.

August 16, 1940

Holland-America Line
29 Broadway, New York

Ref. Passage Hella Kolb # 22659

Referring to my correspondence with you in behalf of the ticket Hella Kolb which was not used, I urgently ask you to refund me the balance of \$ 104, according to my information, the communication with Holland is restored.

Very truly yours,

William Weinschenk

The following letter is from Fritz Phillip, an old friend of Thea, who helped with the correspondence:

Dear Friends,

enclosed the copy of the letter to the American President Lines, also the copy from the Holland-America Line. Let me hear from you again.

Heartily,

Yours Fritz (Phillip)

Hella Kolb wrote a letter to Lisl Sauer in New York. Lisl had gone from England to the USA and was staying with her sister Muschi who had emigrated previously to the U.S.A.

My dear Lisl,

September 16, 1940

I was very happy as your mother told me that you have landed at your Muschi. I am very sorry that you did not find me there right away, too. But it really is not my fault, I would have loved to welcome you there. For a long time we did not write to each other, but with me not much new has happened. About Nuremberg in general your mother probably wrote you. They come almost every day to us or we are there and talk about you. You can't imagine how happy I would be if I had one of you here to talk to. I very often am yearning for you and my other friends. There just is nobody here anymore of my age. With nobody I can really talk. We always hoped that we get out of here, but now they make such difficulties that there is no hope at all. I would love very much to be with you. It would be wonderful if we could again go for a walk together! What are you doing? Do you already have a job? And did you visit already all the acquaintances? Or do your relatives make such demands on your time that you

can't get off? I know from Muschi that you probably are having as good a time as she. You have to write me right away a very long letter, as you must know a lot to tell me. I can't write very much about me personally. For 3 months I am working at the dentist, Dr. Rosenbaum as receptionist. I like it pretty much. Friedl Tannenwald works together with me. Our practice is in the Jewish hospital in Fürth and I just came from there. Friedl was operated today for appendicitis. Because of this I am temporarily alone. Most of the time I get along with the doctor, until he screams. If you want a better description about my job, you have to read my last letter to Siegfried Ansbacher. He lives at 248 Audubon Avenue with Hichtbergers. Visit him once, I am sure he would be very happy. Our practice is from 9 in the morning until 1 in the afternoon. Then I always have something else to do. Today, Monday, from 5 until 7 I have a Spanish lesson in the school in Fürth. I did not even go home at noon. Tomorrow your mother and aunt come to us. My father is teaching us how to play bridge. We do this every Tuesday. On Wednesday I have a course in massage. On Thursday we go shopping for the whole week. On Friday there is not much time anyway, because I sing in the synagogue in the choir and now we practice for the holidays. I take singing lessons too; you'll be surprised, most of the time they are on Saturday in the morning. Then I don't want any more, I am free. During the summer we always were on hikes. We don't know yet what we are going to do now. Of all the girls I am just together with Fränzi, sometimes with Lotte Samson. All the others are younger. I am very close with Friedl. Maybe you know, her mother died a short time ago. Therefore she can't get away, as she has to take care of her father. She is a very competent fellow. - Of the boys, only Kurt and Albert are here. Sometimes we get together too.

Do you still remember when we insulted Erna on the *Hallerwiese* (park in Nuremberg)? Ever since, we have never been very close. I really don't know why. If I knew that I would still be here at this time, I would have married Otto. We talked at that time about it. I would be now with you. When we finally will come, you probably will be a young wife. I hope you would give me a job as a maid? But it would even be better if you could wait for me, then we could choose together. You just have to think about it. I now give you good advice: You know Lotte Simon. She had left a couple of weeks ago and went across Russia and is for sure already in New York. Go and visit her once, she can tell you all about me. We got along very well. She was the last, which means I am the last. The night before she left, she slept in my bed. That was a lot of fun. I had ice cold feet. Ask her. I still have my good humor. But now I finish. To your mother I said I don't know what to write and now the whole garbage took 3 pages. My longest letter since - ?? My aunt and my uncle are also in New York. Hopefully you visit them. W. Weinschenk c/o Tolowitz, 277 Stanton Street. This is a bakery. Please write right

away again. I am already now looking forward to it. Give my regards to Muschi and your relatives and all the acquaintances, whenever you meet them.

Many greetings and kisses (if you want any),

Yours Hella

You can get Lotte Simson's address from my aunt.

Dear Lisl,

We are all very happy that you are at your Muschi's. Your parents and we are together today.

It is a shame that our emigration takes so long.

Best regards to Muschi and you,

Yours Paula Kolb

Best regards, Hugo Kolb

From Ernst best regards, he is in school.

Holland-America Line

August 21, 1940

Mr. William Weinschenk
277 Stanton Street, New York

Re.: Ppd 22659 - Hella Kolb

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 16th instant is at hand, in which you make an urgent request for refund of balance of passage involved in the above ticket.

Since we are still unable to cancel this ticket with our Rotterdam office, we could only consider making refund of the balance if you would be willing to furnish us with an Indemnity Bond covering us against any future loss.

To make this refund, we will require a minimum bond, the premium of which will be \$ 5. If you are agreeable to furnishing this bond, we suggest that you get in touch with our bonding agency, Messrs Johnson & Higgins, 63 Wall Street, this city and see Mr. Joseph H. Praetz.

As soon as we are advised of the acceptance of the bond and upon return of the purchaser's receipt. We will see that refund of the balance is made.

Yours very truly,

Holland-America Line

Signed: S. Ulmer

Johnson & Higgins
Average Adjusters & Insurance Brokers

New York, August 23, 1940

Received from Mr. William Weinschenk, 277 Stanton Street, New York City, the sum of \$ 5 in payment of premium on bond required by Holland-America Line.

Johnson & Higgins

Signed: Joseph H. Praetz

On the 28th of September 1940, I went by train to Nuremberg and stayed there over Rosh Hashanah, which was on October 3rd, 1940. I don't know how long I stayed there, but probably was back in Berlin for Yom Kippur, which was on October 13th.

Johnson & Higgins
Average Adjusters & Insurance Brokers

New York, August 29, 1940

Mr. William Weinschenk
277 Stanton Street, New York City

Re: Fidelity and Casualty Company
Lost Instrument Bond # 1860469 to the Holland-America Line

Dear Sir,

We are pleased to enclose herewith the above bond on your behalf in connection with your application for a refund of the prepaid passage money from the Holland-America Line.

Before filling the bond with the steamship company, it will be necessary for you to sign it above the signature of the surety company as indicated, as a well as to have your signature acknowledged by a Notary Public.

If there are any further questions, do not hesitate to call us

Very truly yours,

Johnson & Higgins

Signed: Joseph H. Praetz

| COMPANY'S AUTHORIZATION | | | CHECK PAYM'T VOUCHER NUMBER | DESCRIPTION | AMOUNT |
|-------------------------|---|--------|-----------------------------|---|-----------|
| L | C | NUMBER | DATE | | |
| | | | | ref. of 50% balance of ppd. order 22659- Hells Kolb, net value \$ 208.- Refunded by check 26481 104.- \$ 104.- Less administration fee 2.50 | \$ 101.50 |

DETACH BEFORE DEPOSITING
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
No. 26586
IN CASE OF CLAIM PLEASE REFER TO THIS NUMBER
THE ATTACHED CHECK FOR \$ 101.50 IS IN PAYMENT OF THE FOLLOWING:

The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

The legal contract No. 1860469 was written on August 28, 1940 and sent to the Weinschenks.

William & Thea Weinschenk
277 Stanton Street, New York

September 19, 1940

The honorable Consul Mr. L'Heureux, Stuttgart

Honorable Sir,

We just heard from my sister Mrs. Reta Kolb nee Hessdörfer & our brother-in-law Bernhard Kolb, registration number 15400 that the American Consulate in Stuttgart had written them that paragraph 5 of your circular was underlined in which is mentioned that the Consulate in Stuttgart wishes to know the reason why we feel obliged to support them when they come to this country. There can hardly be a nearer relationship than of a sister & brother-in-law and you can be assured to do everything for them when they come over here.

Please be good enough to look over the affidavit once more and be assured that everything that can be done for our dear sister and brother-in-law will be very much appreciated by us.

Respectfully yours,

William and Thea Weinschenk

Nathan Gutmann
248 Audubon Avenue, New York

September 20, 1940

The honorable Consul Mr. L'Heureux, Stuttgart

Honorable Sir,

My second cousin Mrs. Kolb born Hessdörfer and her husband Mr. Kolb received a letter from the Consulate in Stuttgart in which is asked why the sponsors feel themselves obliged to support the above mentioned persons when coming over to this country. My grandmother was the sister of the mother of Mrs. Kolb born Hessdörfer, so that I am the second cousin of Mrs. Kolb. Not only the near relationship obliges me to help them to come over here and to support them in any way when they are here but also humanity and thank them for their great help they have given my parents in any way in the last few years.

Mr. and Mrs. Kolb were so helpful to my parents that all the money in the world could not enable me to repay all the good they have done to them.

You would therefore very much oblige me if you would go into the matter once more.

Be assured that anything that can be done for this dear family will be greatly appreciated by me.

Please accept my grateful thanks in advance.

Respectfully, Nathan Gutmann

Max Klingenstein
674 West 161 Street
New York, N.Y.

September 26, 1940

American Consulate
Stuttgart, Germany

Dear Sir,

I have just been informed by my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Kolb from Nuremberg; that in addition to my affidavit the consul wishes to know why I should feel obliged to help them.

There are many reasons for this. Firstly the Kolb family and my family have always been the most intimate friends. Even though we are only second cousins I feel actually much closer to them. Secondly my family and I are really obligated to Kolbs for so many things that they have done for us in better times. Thirdly I know from my own experience the situation in which the Kolb family is in and I can't help comparing this with my own life, a free man in a free country earning enough to be able to assist others. I would feel miserable indeed if I would not do my utmost to help my less fortunate brethren.

I sincerely hope that you may be able to issue visas to my cousins so that they may come here and continue to live human lives.

Most respectfully yours,

Max Klingenstein

A postcard from the family of Hugo Kolb to Justin Hessdörfer in Uruguay:

My Dears,

Nuremberg, September 1940

In the meantime you must have received the detailed letter from Hugo. I hope you are all well, what I also can say about us. Dear Ruth had an operation last week is now also back again. I am sorry to say that the operation was without any result which we hoped for and she still can't see anything. You probably always hear from Thea and Willi. Unfortunately we did not hear anything from Stuttgart about our emigration. You can imagine that because of it we are very depressed. We thought it would only take a couple of months. Now, my dear, I want to wish you for the coming holidays all the best, because this is the main reason for my letter today. A while ago Mrs. Bernheim from Haigerloch was here for a couple of minutes. Now she wants to leave in the next month. She will travel across Russia. Are you still seeing this family? If yes, give them all our regards. Today just hearty greetings,

Yours Paula

Hoping you will have a nice holiday, many hearty greetings, Hella

My Dears,

I am waiting for an answer to my last letter in which I made for you, dear Justin, a financial statement and an application. For the holidays all the best.

Hearty greetings,

Hugo

My dearest Lisl,

October 29, 1940

Very many thanks for your nice letter, I was very happy with it. I immediately read it once more, so that I can answer it. Only afterwards I will report about me. I wanted to write to you last week, because I had more time then because my boss was gone on a journey. But I did not get around to it. I believe you will accept it anyhow. The first sentence, how often I think about you; you can't imagine and I could have used the beginning of this letter like that. But it does not sound good when we both write the same thing. But it is true, I often think of our nice friendship and all the things we have shared together. There is not one girl here anymore with whom I could be as close. I believe one only could be like us, who grew up together. Do you remember how I cried when you were taken from the Lyceum (girls' high school)? I wanted to go, too.

If you write to me every week with your parents, I am satisfied. But I believe it does not take long until you have secrets, then you have to write to me separately. I believe it would be the best if we write to each other every week. Do you agree? Are you working already? You can write to me individually. I believe that I would not read your letter to Mrs. Kenworthy yet. I am sorry about this. About emigration there is nothing anymore. We have to wait patiently and you have to also. How I would love to be with you, you can imagine. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could meet someplace after work and talk about our day's experiences? But we must live in the same area. Are you going to stay at your cousin's or do you move to a boardinghouse like Muschi? Did you ever visit my aunt? One gets together with the Germans very seldom. I believe I wrote you already that Lotte Simon left from here only a short time ago. She could tell you best what we are doing here, as she knows it. I read your letter again and that about the sewing machine is wonderful. (we always said so before) You are very lucky with your relatives. If I come eventually once, I won't have it that nice. But until then you will be - who knows what. And then I will depend completely on you. Did you manage to finish your three dresses and did Muschi get hers, too? You know already that all my suitcases burned. All my dowry! I am not going to find a husband anymore. I am already very sad. Then you let me be your governess for your children; I am sure you are going to have six.

About my job I can't tell you much. I like it, but it is not the right thing. Our whole family is alright health wise. I am going to tell you about all of them. Herbert is still in Berlin as a window decorator, Erna helps her mother and for the free time she has a friend, the teacher Neuberger, maybe you know him. By the way, we are getting along better again. My Ernst is in the work school with my father. We fight only very seldom. Contrary, I am now sometimes pretty proud of my big brother. Besides, he has now already secrets, which means we could have them too. Maxi and Ruthie go to school, out of the Maxi grew a Max. He wears men's hats.



Julius Neuberger

The beginning of this month, little Ruth had an eye-operation, but it's a shame, without any result. Erich and Freddy and their parents are doing pretty good so far. We hear very little. At this moment my mother tinkles a letter to them on the typewriter.

For a long time I don't care anymore about my matter with Mrs. Kenworthy, we have other things to worry about. One has to say that everything was predestined. I can feel for you, how hard it was for you to be without a girlfriend. I know it myself that once in a while one needs a person to talk to. Besides, for us we are in a difficult time when one starts to realize about life. I don't have a friend either, dear Lisl, but I don't miss it. With my boys from Berlin I still correspond. But most of them are gone, too. Almost nobody is here anymore. Do you know who comes next week to me? The brother of Ernie Rindskopf. We take Spanish lessons together. I don't know whether I like him. I have to write you next time about it. Saturday and Sunday we had a gay afternoon. We were at Plaut's (Jewish restaurant) as a present for our singing during the holidays. Then on Sunday we were with Suse Müller. We made punch and then put sleeping pills in some of the glasses. I had tears from laughing (I still know how) and almost suffocated. Do you remember, just like Lotte Wilmersdoerfer did at that time here. That was my last great adventure. With that I finish my letter. Did you see Otto and Siegfried already? Call them once, I am sure they are happy. Do you have a new photo, then send it along.

I now did good with another good deed and wrote to you another long letter. Tell Muschi I thank her for her lines. Write to me very soon again.

As many kisses as you want to have,

Yours loving Hella

I totally forgot Lothar. You don't have to give me his address, you know how I liked Heiner.

On November 27, 1940 I was summoned to the police station VI in Berlin and had to sign Herbert Israel Kolb on my new *Kennkarte*, the Jewish ID with a large J on the outside.

I came back to Nuremberg on December 19, 1940, was registered there on December 21, 1940 and a short time later I was called to the *Wehrbezirkskommando* Nuremberg (the draft board) to be drafted for service in the *Wehrmacht* (German army). As a Jew I was told I am not worthy to serve in the German army and I got an exclusion certificate. At the same time I also was excluded from serving in the *Reichsarbeitsdienst*, the German labor force. On January 15, 1941 I was back in Berlin.

American Consulate General
Stuttgart, Germany

New York, December 21, 1940

Sir,

In connection with enclosed affidavits of support for my mother Mrs. Sarah Weinschenk, Fürth, Bavaria, Karolinenstr. 7/1 kindly ask the Honorable Consul General to grant the emigration visa to my mother, and thereby enable my mother to come to the United States and join me, her only son and child. As the Honorable American Consul General may see from enclosed affidavit, I am well able to take care of my mother as my mother will live with me and my wife in my home, provided to me by my employer.

By giving this request your kind consideration you will greatly oblige.

Sincerely yours,

William Weinschenk

A hand written letter from Mrs. John Brown:

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Thea and William Weinschenk are now in my home, working as housekeeper and gardener-butler at a salary of @ 120 \$ a month plus board and room. Their position is a permanent one, and we expect them to be with us indefinitely.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Brown
Observatory Drive
Croton on Hudson, New York

THE BANK FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK
280 Fourth Avenue

January 24, 1941

American Consul
Stuttgart, Germany

This is to certify that the balance to the credit to account No. 1,415,968, opened on July 15, 1936, in the name of MAX KLINGENSTEIN is Four hundred fourteen & 83/100 dollars at the present time, according to our ledger.

There have been no deposits to the credit of this account during the past three months.

The Bank for Savings in the city of New York
Signed by the Assistant Comptroller
Signed by a notary public

Nedick's Stores, Inc
1157 Broadway, New York City

January 27, 1941

American Consul
Stuttgart, Germany

Dear Sir,

Mr. Max Klingenstein has been employed by this company since July 1936 in our warehouse as a stock clerk, His salary is \$ 20.60 per week. He is very well thought of, has a permanent job and is entirely trustworthy and dependable.

He is very much interested in having his relatives Mr. Bernhard Kolb and family, admitted to this country. We trust that you will accept this statement concerning Mr. Klingenstein and do what is possible to have this Kolb family admitted to the United States,

Yours very truly,

Nedick's Stores Inc.
Signed: C.W. Desmong, Asst. Secretary
Signed by a notary public

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
165 West 46th Street Suite 501, New York

January 30, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
248 Audubon Avenue, New York City

RE: Weinschenk Willi & Thea

Dear Mr. Weinschenk:

I am writing to you on behalf of Mr. L.H. Grunebaum in connection with the loan he gave in October 1939 in order to enable you to come over to this country, since your relatives were not able to pay for the entire passage cost at that time.

Mr. Grunebaum spent \$ 333 for the tickets for you and your wife, while the contribution from Mr. Enslein and some other friends of yours amounted to \$ 200. Hence, the amount still due on your fare is \$ 133. The understanding was that in due time after your arrival you would start making repayments on the amount. Upon checking the accounts I find, however, that Mr. Grunebaum has not received any payments from you.

I would be interested in learning how you and your wife are getting along. I hope that by this time you have made a successful adjustment.

I would appreciate it if at an early date you would let me have your proposals as to when, and in what installments you can gradually repay Mr. Grunebaum's loan. Small monthly installments would be quite agreeable to Mr. Grunebaum.

Should you wish to discuss this matter personally, I shall be very glad to see you. Will you please, in that case, arrange for an appointment by phone (Extension 311).

Sincerely yours,

William Borchardt

for L.H. Grunebaum

There is a little slip of paper attached to the above letter:

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Ticket for Thea cost | \$ 192.10 |
| Isi (Enslein) paid | <u>\$ 163.40</u> |
| | \$ 355.50 |
| Willi | \$ 15.00 |
| Insurance | <u>\$ 7.00</u> |
| | \$ 377.50 |
| | <u>\$ 429.00</u> |
| | \$ 51.50 |
| To Fritz (Philipp) | <u>\$ 21.23</u> |
| | \$ 30.27 |

MANUFACTURERS TRUST COMPANY
111 Essex Street, New York, N.Y.

February 1, 1941

To whom it may concern:

Please be advised that Mr. William Weinschenk, Observatory Drive, Croton on Hudson, has maintained an account in our Special Interest Department since October 5, 1940. The balance standing to the credit of his account is \$ 401.70.

Very truly yours,

Signed: M. Mandelowitz, Manager

A slip from the post office for a registered article which cost 15 cent was with the affidavit and the letter from the post office, which was canceled on February 6, 1941.

William and Thea Weinschenk
To the Consulate in Stuttgart, Germany
Register number 15491

Croton on Hudson, February 4, 1941

Dear Sir,

In connection with the enclosed affidavit of support for my sister and brother-in-law Reta and Bernhard Kolb, Nuremberg, Knauerstr. 27, kindly ask the Honorable Consul General to grant the immigration visas to our relatives and thereby enable our relatives to come to the United States. As the Honorable American Consul may see from enclosed affidavit, we are well able to take care of our sister and brother-in-law. By giving this request your kind consideration you will greatly oblige.

Sincerely yours,

William and Thea Weinschenk

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
165 West 46th Street Suite 501, New York

February 14, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Observatory Drive
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Weinschenk,

The enclosed letter of January 14, 1941 which was sent to your former address, was returned to me since your new address was not known at the old place. I have only now succeeded in learning of your new address and I am now forwarding my former letter to you.

I would appreciate your early reply.

Sincerely yours,

William Borchardt
for L.H. Grunebaum

A letter to Mr. Grunebaum:

Dear Mr. Borchardt,

February 25, 1941

I have received your letters from January 13, and February 14, 1941. I am very sorry at this moment we are unable to pay back our debts for the tickets. I hope you understand our first duty is to our relatives. I have to supply the tickets for our family, that is, first of all for my

mother and besides 3 sisters of my wife with families. All together 13 people. As soon as our financial situation permits, I would be happy to settle my account with Mr. Grunebaum.

Sincerely yours,

William Weinschenk

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
165 West 46th Street Suite 501, New York

March 7, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
Observatory Drive

Dear Mr. Weinschenk,

I regret to see from your letter of February 23, 1941, that you are unable at the present to start repayment, even in small installments, of Mr. Grunebaum's loan of \$ 133 towards you and your wife's transportation cost.

I trust, however, that you will begin making payments as soon as you are in a position to do so and I wish to repeat in this connection that small monthly installments will be quite agreeable to Mr. Grunebaum.

Please let me hear from you from time to time about further progress and financial situation.

Sincerely yours,

William Borchardt
for L.H. Grunebaum

My dear, dear Lisl,

Nuremberg, March 8, 1941

Tonight you appeared in my dream and I take that as a hint that you want to remind me that I owe you a letter. Therefore I will write you a long letter right away. The letter to your parents on which you have added a couple of lines for me, I have read and was happy that you too think as often of me as I think of you. Hopefully we soon will be together again and can exchange all our secrets. I am delighted to think about it, if it only comes true.

Now, first of all comes good news about our emigration. Last Tuesday, a couple of days after your parents got it, we got our A.C. notification. You can imagine how happy we all were. Your parents too, were happy for us. Because we hope that very soon, even together with your parents, we get out of here. We telephoned my aunt right away, that she should pay for the tickets immediately. But I don't believe that she can pay for more than for one or two. We try to get the money for the others from the *Hilfsverein* (support association). To deposit money for it here and there in the U.S.A. they have to have dollars. I hope that does not take so long

that we miss it again. I hope it finally will happen to us. Don't you think it would be wonderful if we would travel together with your parents? Then you only would have to go once to the pier to pick us up. But all these are only castles in the air. Dear Lisl, you can do something for me: If you would go once to Anni and remind her of our big friendship, the one she always mentioned. But since I asked her for something she does not remember it anymore. I know that the Dingfelders are doing very well and that they don't have anybody here in Germany anymore to care for. (Remind her) that she has a rich uncle who probably could do some little bit if she would just ask him. He knows me too from the letters we wrote him together from England. I mean, if they only would give a couple of dollars for our passage, I would be very thankful to him. I don't think it would make a difference to him. If she would do something like that, she should contact my aunt. Her address is: Thea Weinschenk, c/o Brown, Observatory Drive, Croton on the Hudson. Maybe you could do this for me? That would be an emigration possibility.

Now I get to the more personal part. There is actually not much to write about. You know I am at the dentist Rosenbaum as a receptionist and I like it really very much. Right now we are very busy. Last week we had a lot of operations and I assisted all alone. See what a capable girlfriend you have. I also see from your letter what a competent girlfriend I have, that you work in an office now and your bosses fight for you. That is something I did not presume. But one thing I can't understand is that you almost never go dancing when Muschi does. Maybe you want to wait for me to do this. That would be very nice of you and we are going to catch up when I finally am with you. Do you remember that afternoon when you, Siegfried and Helm came here? That was wonderful. Helm is now in Landshut and works as a baker. But he comes often to us, visiting. He was here on Christmas and New Year and will come again on Easter. He still is a cheerful fellow and these are always nice days when he visits. Naturally we walked arm in arm and he picked me up at the hospital. You can imagine what the people talk about. I was right away engaged to Helm. We just ignored them and it amused us very much. You know yourself how quick one is engaged in Nuremberg before one knows about it oneself. That is actually my only pleasure. I will now tell you what I do on a Saturday afternoon: Most of the time I am together with Ruthie. Today I was with her, too. She is sick and bedridden. As I was there, I also lay down in bed and we both fell asleep. When we woke up, I read to her. Then my aunt Hertha, Reta and my mother came and just talked. Then came Heine Hellmann. I got dressed again and we walked home and talked about emigration. Tomorrow I am invited. We young people get together often. Sometimes this is quite nice. Dur-

ing the week I am almost always busy. A girlfriend, unfortunately, I don't have but I comfort myself in the hope to have you soon again.

That is all I can write you now. Give my regards to your Muschi and all the other acquaintances. Please write to me right away again. I am always so very happy. Be very happy. One should take advantage of everything.

Farwell, my darling, stay healthy. Many hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Hella

You have to excuse me for the many errors I wrote, but I better don't fix them.

Dear Lisl,

Hopefully we are coming soon, too. We are all very happy today already for a happy get-together. For today hearty greetings to you and Muschi,

Yours Paula Kolb

(added by Hella:) Greetings from my Papa and Ernst

Affidavit of Support

The affidavit was written by William and Thea Weinschenk who lived at Observatory Drive in Croton on Hudson with Mr. John Brown.

The affidavit was written for Bernhard Kolb, male, secretary, brother-in-law, and Reta Kolb, female, housewife and sister.

The regular occupations of the Weinschenks were butler, gardener and housekeeper. Their monthly earnings together were \$ 120.

They had assets of \$ 401.70 on the Manufacturers Trust Company and \$ 190 at the First National Bank. They had no dependents.

It was not notarized and is probably a copy.

On April 4th 1941, I left Berlin for the last time. My parents asked me to come back as soon as possible, as the forced recruiting of Jews in Germany had started and they did not want me to be drafted in Berlin. I was registered in Nuremberg on April 5, 1941. Soon afterwards I was hired by the bookbindery Popp as a unskilled laborer, like every Jew. We Jews worked in a separate room, doing the same work as the skilled bookbinders, but were only paid the salary of unskilled helpers.

There are of January 23, 1941 a check for \$ 5 and of May 5, 1941 a check of \$ 10 to Julius Enslein from Thea Weinschenk, probably for rent of the room.

Dr. jur. Leopold Landenberger
521 Fifth Avenue Room 715, New York City

May 8, 1941

Mr. & Mrs. Weinschenk
c/o Brown
Observatory Drive
Croton on Hudson

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Weinschenk,

Please find enclosed copy of the letter of Mr. Schenkolewski. I am glad to see from that letter that he is trying to get an affidavit for your brother(-in-law) and I hope he will succeed in obtaining it.

Sincerely yours,

L. Landenberger

Beth Jacob Schools of America
1239 Broadway, New York City

May 4, 1941

Dr. Leopold Landenberger
521 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Dear Dr. Landenberger:

I received your letter of May 2nd addressed to the above mentioned organization. My effort to get an affidavit for Mr. Bernhard Kolb has nothing to do with this organization. I try privately to get affidavits for our desperate brothers abroad. I do my utmost to get an affidavit for Mr. Kolb and as soon as I have success, I will get in touch with you again.

With kindest regard, I am

Sincerely yours,

M. Schenkolewski

There is a return receipt which indicates it was mailed in Croton on Hudson on February 6, 1941 and received at the American Consulate on March 9, 1941. It has a cancellation in Stuttgart on July 4, 1941, which indicates they just had it laying around for 4 months before sending it back.

A slip from the post office for a registered letter which cost 15 cents on February 14, 1941. It is stamped via airmail.

A slip from the post office for a registered letter which cost 15 cents on February 28, 1941. It is stamped via airmail.

A slip from the post office for a registered letter which cost 15 cents on March 27, 1941. It is stamped transatlantic.

This probably means that all these letters were sent to Stuttgart.

Affidavit of Support

It is written by Lore Irmgard Gunzenhauser who lived on 43 W 12th Street in New York, N.Y. She became a citizen of the U.S.A. on December 10, 1940.

This affidavit is written to Herbert Kolb, a 2nd cousin, and Erna Kolb, also a 2nd cousin.

Lore's regular occupation is listed as house worker and she earned \$ 45 a month.

The affidavit is notarized on March 8, 1941 and signed by Lore Irmgard Gunzenhauser.

Affidavit of Support

It is written by Traude Gunzenhauser who lived on 46 Fort Washington Avenue in New York, N.Y.

This affidavit is written to Herbert Kolb, male, born February 27, 1922, a 2nd cousin, and Erna Kolb, female, born July 31, 1923, also a 2nd cousin. Traude's regular occupation was a nurse in the Mother Cabrini Memorial Hospital, 611 Edgecombe Avenue in New York, N.Y. She earned \$ 70 a month.

The affidavit is notarized on March 13, 1941 and signed by Gertraud F. Gunzenhauser.

A telegram to Weinschenk / Brown, Croton on the Hudson, New York, after April 1941:

PASSAGE GET THROUGH ALLTREU POSSIBLE FOR ERNST STOP EMIGRATION
POSSIBLE FOR US ALL WHEN IMMIGRATION POSSIBILITY EXISTS
BERNHARD HUGO

American Consulate General
Stuttgart

June 16, 1941

Dear Sir,

I am enclosing a letter from Mrs. John Brown, my employer, showing that my mother, Mrs. Sarah Weinschenk, Fürth in Bavaria, Karolinenstr. 7, Quota # 18936, will have a home in this country. I also have the money for my mother's passage, and wonder if this fact, coupled with the enclosed letter, will be sufficient to make my mother's affidavit acceptable.

Please let me know your decision.

Sincerely,

William Weinschenk

To whom it may concern:

William and Thea Weinschenk have been working for us for many months and will be with us for many more months. They are interested in bringing their mother Mrs. Sarah Weinschenk to this country . If and when she arrives she will find a home with us. Since we own a large house, eight rooms and four baths, also a guest house. As you see, there will be ample room for her.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Brown

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
165 West 46th Street Suite 501, New York

June 19, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
Observatory Drive

Dear Mr. Weinschenk,

I refer to my discussion with you when you called at this office on April 3, 1941. At that time you promised to start making small monthly installments in repayment of Mr. L.H. Grunebaum's loan of \$ 133 which he gave towards the cost of transportation for you and your wife. However, up to date I did not receive any payments from you as yet. I would appreciate it if you would start making such payments at this time.

As I told you during our personal discussion, your proposal to make monthly payments of \$ 3 or \$ 5 is quite agreeable to Mr. Grunebaum.

May I hear from you soon.

Sincerely yours,

William Borchardt
For L.H. Grunebaum

On June 22, 1941, Germany attacked the Soviet Union.

On July 10, 1941 a check of \$ 3 was made out to Mr. Grunebaum signed by Mrs. June Brown.

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
165 West 46th Street Suite 501, New York

July 14, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
Observatory Drive

Dear Mr. Weinschenk,

This is to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your letter of July 11, 1941, with the check for \$ 3 enclosed. This payment represents your first installment towards repayment of Mr. L.H. Grunebaum's loan of \$ 133 toward you and your wife's steamship tickets.

We appreciate your making a start to meet your obligation. We trust that we may expect your further payments around the middle of each month.

Sincerely yours,

William Borchardt

For L.H. Grunebaum

On August 31, 1941 a check of \$ 3 to Mr. Grunebaum signed by Mrs. June Brown.

Another telegram, also to Croton:

ASK IN WASHINGTON FOR OUR IMMIGRATION BECAUSE OF NEW
ARRANGEMENTS STOP AC CERTIFICATE FAMILY HUGO FOURTH MARCH
HERBERT ERNA MARCH TWENTY SEVEN HUGO

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
165 West 46th Street Suite 501, New York

September 3, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
Observatory Drive

Dear Mr. Weinschenk,

This is to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your letter of August 31, 1941 with check for \$ 3 enclosed. This payment represents your second installment towards repayment of Mr. L.H. Grunebaum's loan of \$ 133 towards you and your wife's steamship tickets.

We trust that you will let us have further regular monthly payments.

With our best wishes
Sincerely yours,
Augusta Meyerson
For L.H. Grunebaum

Another telegram:

IMMEDIATELY IMMIGRATION ERNST DESPERATE REQUIRED TRY
EVENTUALLY GET IN CONTACT WITH CO BA (should say Columbia) HUGO

A postcard to Justin Hessdörfer in Uruguay:

My Dears,

November 2, 1941

I hope you have received our letters from Oct. 19, and am happy to tell you that health wise we are well. We hope that everything with you is well. I am sorry to say, all your efforts for our emigration were in vain. Hopefully you get the money back which you already have deposited. We would have loved to come to you and help you with your hard work. We will trust in God, that once it will come about. There was almost no immigration to Uruguay at all this year. I don't know anyone who managed to get there.

Best regards,
Bernhard

My Dears,

Just quickly before I go to bed, I want to write to you a couple of lines. There is absolutely nothing new here. Work is the same as always. On Sunday we sometimes go to the cemetery to play ping-pong. Besides this we have very little diversity. Today, after a long time I have painted a little.

Hearty regards, Herbert

I would love to be with you. I am sure your climate would not have cost more.

Greetings and kisses, Retl

Best regards, Erna



My sister Erna

My Dears,

Nuremberg, November 4, 1941

Everybody went to sleep. Actually it is only 9:00 o'clock, but that is our only pleasure. I don't want to give this letter away before I answered it. After a long pause, your letter of 27th arrived and also one without a date to your mother. I am sure that you were happy to see Ida. It is a shame that you could not be together for a longer time. You probably had a lot to talk about. You, dear Thea, ask if we all look as good as Ida. I have to answer with a no about us, the older ones. But the youth looks good, thanks to God. As you know, Ida has only one worry, the one about herself, but we, the others, all have family. I am sure you can figure out that our life has much more responsibilities. One can hardly believe it that it is already weeks since Ida left. How much has changed since. She would have a hard time to get used to things. We just spoke yesterday about her as well as about Trudel, We wished, when we were in Ida's place, we would be happy with Trudel's lot. Yes, yes my dear, one becomes humble. I was wrongly informed about emigration, probably the wish was the father of the thought. It seems that a route via Spain or Portugal is not possible and emigration has come to a stoppage now. We have a lot of bad luck: Whenever there is a possibility for us, then something else gets in the way. With my foolhardiness about emigration, I did not let it be taken from me to contact Babette Frank about Ernst's emigration. I had the opinion you could do nothing about Cuba. Now we got the following answer: "To get transit visas one needs papers for immigration to a different country; result questionable!" We were very happy that they at least were trying. Anyway, I or Hugo will give you Babette's address once more. Maybe in our lifetime we are lucky enough to be able to emigrate. Yesterday I was at the dentist in Fürth. At that time I saw your mother again after a long time. I thought she looked good. I don't know if she wrote to you already that she took a job as a private nurse at the sister of Mrs. Guldmann. As she always liked to be in hospitals, I am sure she feels pretty good there, too. I just remember you met Mr. Frank during the holidays. Why did they never let us hear from them? Didn't Julchen Neu ask about us? It would not have harmed them if they had helped you a little to do something for us. Today I don't want to talk about emigration, as I believe it does not make any sense. I kiss you very heartily for today, may the dear God send us once again a quiet time.

Yours Paula

My Dears,

Right now there is no possibility to emigrate. We don't know how the situation will evolve. Even in the matter of Ernst nothing more can be done. But if you see any possibility to find any other way for him, keep it in mind. Contact once my cousin Babette Frank in Bogotá,

apartado 311. I wrote to you about this already in my last letter for you to be notified that I begged her to let our Ernst come to Columbia as a transit country. As you can see in the telegram from Babette she first of all needs the papers from the country where he wants to emigrate to, the U.S.A. I do not completely understand what she means by that, probably a guaranty from America that there is no problem with an immigration to the U.S.A., and that when staying in Columbia someone will take care of him. Please ask Babette directly about it, as from here it takes too long and if certain papers should be needed there, you could get them fast. But you should not have big expenses as right now it is pointless. It just should not fizzle to be ready when once one will need it. Therefore don't deposit anything or do something similar, You just may risk a little postage for the mailing . Anything else does not make sense. Hearty greetings and kisses,

Hugo

My Dears, only a couple of words that you don't think I don't want to write anymore. I would love it very much to be admired by you, but for this is now no more possibility. Greet all the acquaintances and also many hearty greetings,

Yours Hella

My Dears,

Nuremberg, November 10, 1941

this morning we received your telegram. Even before Hugo read it, I went to the information office. Here I was told the same thing, as you probably already heard from the Gutmann boys, that all emigration is blocked. Nobody knows for how long it will be. I could not get an answer to the question if after this blockage there will be a chance of emigration for our Ernst. As much as I know emigration might be possible for your mother. If this proves right in case I don't know. At this point people over 60 years can go. But as I explained above, everything is blocked right now, as no travel possibilities exist. We constantly are fumbling in the dark and don't know what the next day will bring. About our emigration, we are really haunted by misfortune. As soon as a possibility opens, all the doors close. Anyway, I am thanking you a thousand times for all the trouble you have had because of us. You did everything that was in your power. If Justin would have done as much, I believe we would be there by now. Today I am not in a mood to continue writing.

Be heartily greeted and kissed,

Yours Paula

My Dears,

Only a couple of lines from me, because I have to go away to Fürth. I now have a job until the end of this month, as it did not make any difference. I don't know how this will go on, probably you know better. Please greet all the acquaintances from me. I wish you all the best. Lots of luck to you, too.

Many hearty greeting and kisses,

Hella

My Dears,

Now all the trouble and expenses you have on behalf of Ernst were in vain because there is no more emigration. But anyway I wrote yesterday to my cousin Babette Frank in Bogotá, Columbia, *apartado* 311. I asked her to get in contact with you on behalf of Ernst, that the matter should be worked on anyway, as long as it causes no more costs. Babette sent us a telegram in which we read that she is interested in Ernst's future. I believe you already have heard from her and know what is going on. Right now he does not have any chance, but maybe later on there might be a possibility. Because everything must be done in a hurry, I think it might be best if everything is ready by that time. Ida writes in her last letter that we should have managed to get our children out and you, Willi, talked to her about this then. I believe I can understand, as you already left here more than 2 years ago, but Ida should know very well how many difficulties we had without sufficient foreign financial help. Or could she have forgotten everything after such a short time? This is unbelievable. But that still could be the reason, because in her very first letter to the Fleischmanns from Lisbon she wrote a very long litany about how mad she was that I did not put an international stamp slip in the letter. In case she did not in the meantime quiet down about it yet, then tell her that I could not get one at the post office. And you could add to it that she might now more often get letters without the slip, if she gets anything from us at all. I believe I have written to you already that we might give up our apartment altogether and it might be quite some time before we can give you our new address. The same might happen as well to Bernhard and Siegfried. Whether your mother will have to change her living quarters too, is not sure. You still can write to our old address as I hope that letters which come will be sent to the new addresses. In any case put your back-address on the outside, so that eventually the letters would be sent back. Besides, health wise we are all right.

Hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Hugo

My Dears,

November 17, 1941

We just wrote to you a couple of days ago, but I again write to you so that you receive a sign of life from us. So far health wise we are well and we are still in our old apartment. I still can't give you a new address. As there is no chance to emigrate at this moment, I still figure that there in your country a solution will be found and then the preparations for emigration have to be made there. So that you will have all the important papers, I include in this letter photocopies of the birth certificates of Paula, Hella and Ernst and my own, also our wedding certificate. Be sure to put all of them in a safe place in case we will need them. We almost never see your mother, but Hella sees her almost daily. We write to her often and are informed that she is doing well considering the circumstances. There is still no change with the Ernüda (the ladies coats factory in which the Weinschenks were partners), therefore I can't help your mother financially yet. I have a feeling that there is no change in the foreseeable future. But you don't have to worry about her, she is well off and she is not going to have any need for food as long as I am here. What were you able to do in the meantime for Ernst? I think the best would to have everything reversed and taken back. But it is very regrettable, if you again had financial losses. This is all I want to write to you for today.

Hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Hugo

My Dears,

Even though today I have no news to tell you I don't want this letter to leave without having some greetings added. In my last letter last week, I already told you that at this point no more emigration is possible for Ernst. I also suggested to you to use the deposited money for your mother, which means only when emigration is possible again. For us I expect there probably will be no more possibility to emigrate as long as there is war. Only the 60 year old ones are exempt. We will write to you as often as possible. You have to excuse me for not writing more today, but I have a lot of work and besides I am very nervous.

Hearty greetings and kisses,

Yours Paula

My Dears,

Actually I don't know anything I could write to you, but I don't want the letter to leave, one does not know when one has an opportunity again. By the way, how are you? Are you work-

ing very hard? I am just curious, when once again we will be together with you. Until then I wish you all the best. I believe, I already have asked you to greet all the acquaintances.

With hearty greetings and kisses,

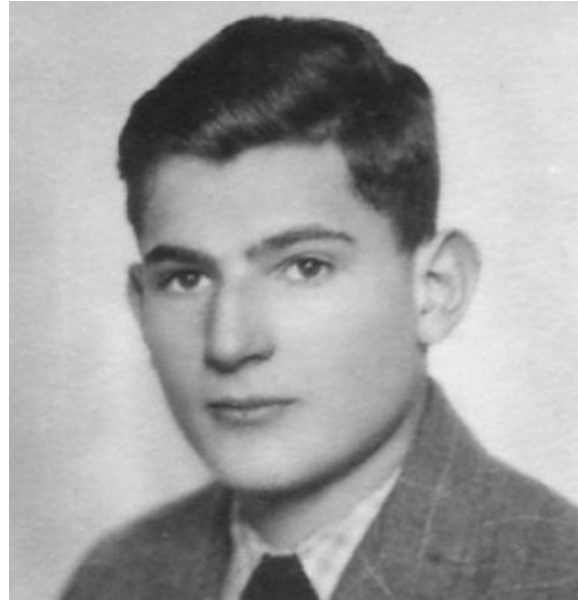
Yours Hella

My Dears,

I am sorry I could not come to you. But everything I touch turns to bad luck. I have to be satisfied and accept everything, come what may. I don't know if I can write to you in the near future.

Once again, with many greetings,

Yours Ernst



Ernst Kolb 1938

This was the end of their emigration, as well as ours.

On December 7, 1941 Japan attacked the American Fleet in Hawaii and on December 11, 1941 Germany declared war to the United States. Now there was no more correspondence between Germany and the U.S.A.

NATIONAL REFUGEE SERVICE, Inc
139 Center Street, New York

December 26, 1941

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
Observatory Drive

Dear Mr. Weinschenk,

We are somewhat surprised that we have not received additional payments from you since the \$ 3 remittance sent by you in September of this year. As you know, only \$ 6 has been received by us towards the reduction of this loan to you.

This reminder is sent in order that you may be given the opportunity of planning further remittance from month to month.

Thank you for your prompt and favorable action.

Yours sincerely,
 Augusta Mayerson
 Director, Migration Dept.

On January 5, 1942, a check of \$ 10 to Mr. Grunebaum was signed by Mrs. June Brown.

L.H. GRUNEBAUM
 New York

January 6, 1942

Mr. Willi Weinschenk
 c/o J. Brown
 Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
 Observatory Drive

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Weinschenk Willi & Thea - #5770 | |
| L.H. Grunebaum account | \$133 |
| <u>Less</u> | <u>\$ 16</u> |
| Due | \$117 |

My dear Mr. Weinschenk,

This is to acknowledge receipt of your check for \$ 10 in further reduction of the loan above referred to, and wish to thank you for promptness in this matter.

May we express the Season's Greetings, we are

Yours sincerely,

Augusta Mayerson, Director, Migration Dept.

For L.H. Grunebaum

On February 16, 1942 a check of \$ 15 was written by William Weinschenk to Meta Enslein. This could be for rent they owed when they first lived there after they came to the U.S.A. It is possible that Thea's cousin Julius had died shortly before and therefore the check was written to the wife's name.

On March 23, 1942, a check was mailed to L.H. Grunebaum in the amount of \$ 5.

NATIONAL REFUGEE SERVICE, Inc
139 Center Street
New York

April 27, 1942

Mrs. Thea Weinschenk
c/o J. Brown
Croton on Hudson, N.Y.
Observatory Drive

Dear Mrs. Weinschenk,

We are very pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your check for \$ 5 payable to L.H. Grunebaum, in further reduction of your obligation. This payment reduces the loan to \$ 112, you having repaid \$ 21 to date.

We wish to express our appreciation for this remittance, and trust you and Mr. Weinschenk will find it convenient to make additional payments periodically.

Yours sincerely,

Gisela Scheuer

For L.H. Grunebaum

That same day the Weinschenks wrote out the check to Mr. Grunebaum, on March 23, 1942, the Hugo Kolb family as well as the Fleischmanns and all our relatives and friends were picked up by the Gestapo and brought to the *Langwasser* transit camp near Nuremberg. From there 500 Jewish people were transported to Izbica in Poland on March 25, 1942.

A couple of postcards arrived from Izbica, but after August 1942 there were no more news. Everybody in this transport as part of the 50,000 shipped to Izbica from all over Germany was murdered. There was no survivor.

On March 24th, 1942 the Nuremberg Inhabitants Registration Office, where everybody had to be listed, remarked about the deported Jews: "Emigrated, unknown to where."

All photos were provided by the author.

[Index*](#)

[Home*](#)