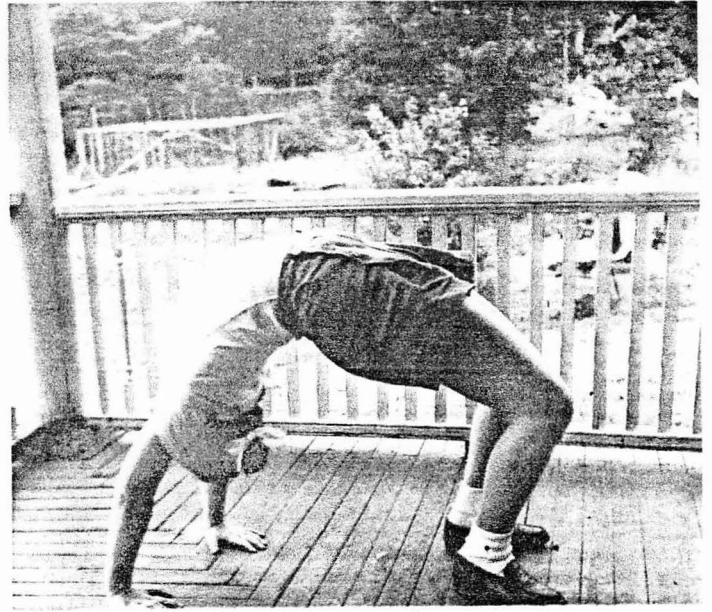


1948

CHAPTER 47

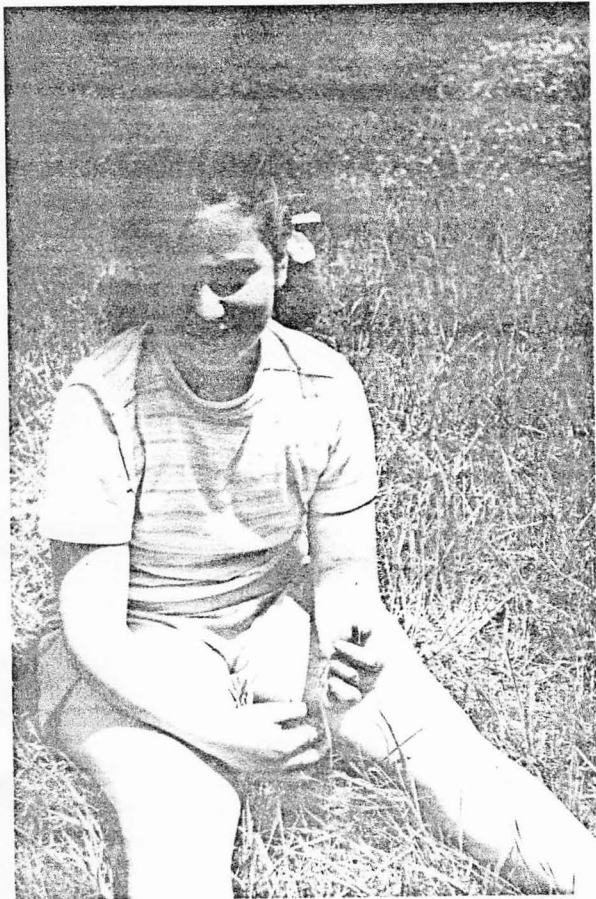
SOME DETAILS ABOUT OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

For the summer of 1948 we rented again an apartment in Fleischmanns, and the children especially had a good time. There were parties, in which they participated, the swimming pool, Francis playing piano before big audiences, also painting. I had then already the car and came out every weekend. The Roseggs were again with us in the same house. The photoalbums show so much more than can be described. We were a happy family. Everybody was smiling. One picture shows Johanna in the water, lying on her back. Ginnie also smiled in every picture. There is a group of pictures, showing Carl and his family in Rumania, his daughter Mausl with a very handsome young man at their wedding. Mausl was then 19 years old, since she was born on December 23rd, 1928. They had two children later on, a girl, Monica, born in 1954, and a son Adrian, called Adi, born in 1963. The marriage was an unhappy one, since Mausl's husband became a heavy drinker and it ended in 1976 in divorce. One picture shows Francis playing the piano for a group of people. There is a picture of a good friend of ours, Mr. Perron, with his dog. There are many pictures of Walter and Fanny in Argentina. And many pictures of Johanna and schoolmates, all in a very good mood. The next summer in 1949 we spent in Pinehill in the Catskills, and the many pictures show us again in a happy mood, and Johanna already looking like a young lady, although she was only 13 years old. One group shows all of us and the Roseggs, and, as special guests Mr. and Mrs. Glueck, Felix, Hedy, and Kurt Glueckselig, our



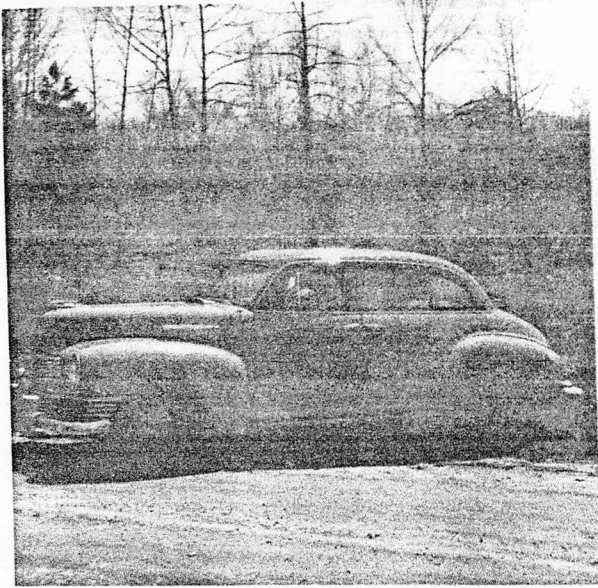
July 13, 1947

Johanna



Hedy

Aug. 20, 194



Our first car, a "Nash". July 1948

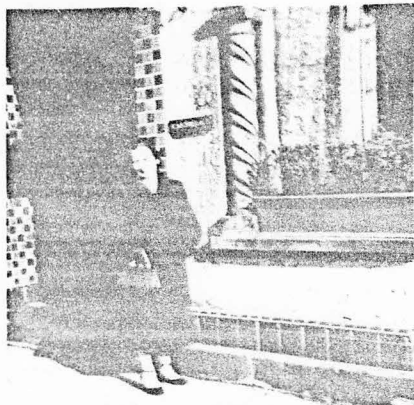


Francis

Nov. 1948



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt at the encampment
for citizenship



Hedy at the entrance to my office at 99 Ocean
Avenue.



At the encampment for citizenship. Francis
sitting in front on the right side.

best friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Ullmann. One picture shows John Ziegler as a little boy, about 4 years old, and one whole page with 6 pictures shows Erich and Lisl Ziegler and the house, taken in Warragamba. There is a page with 4 pictures, showing my mother, still relatively healthy looking, with Carl, then also Else, very good looking, although in 1938 she was already 45 years old, and Mausl, 19 years old. Looking at the picture of my mother, one can see the goodness, the purity, and the fine character of her. She was then 75 years old, very sick, and died 3 years later on February 9th, 1950. Carl was a wonderful son, visiting her daily and at the end twice a day. And Else a devoted nurse, taking care of her for many years, sacrificing years of her life for her. I helped by sending frequently packages and I was in constant contact with them. Carl wrote at the end, as a comment to a few lines, which he had her write to me, which I still have, of course, that that will be the last ones written by her. I was in 1971 in Romania and visited her grave.

For the summer of 1950 we went again to Pinehill, except Francis, who went for 6 weeks to the Encampment of Citizenship, a summer camp of the Ethical Society. It was under the leadership of Mr. Algernon Black, and one other leader was Mr. Hermann. Francis enjoyed it very much, painted there quite a lot and gave one of the paintings to Mr. Hermann. They had there often speakers from different institutions; once, when I visited Francis there, Mr. Benjamin Cohen, who was a secretary in the United Nations, spoke about general world problems. Once Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt spent a whole day there, and we have a picture of her, sitting with a big group of young people on



Combowee 1. Januar 1946.
Meine lieben Kinder! Heute muss ich zu Euch denken
und schreiben und Euch alles erstens Gutes
fürs Jahr 1946 wünschen. Gebe der liebe Gott
den ewlichen Frieden der ganzen Welt. Obw
einreihen was er sich erbittet für seine
Familie und eben das Glück und Gesundheit
die Hauptsache ist. Amen. Hoff immer
sieht man hier und werdet weil die
Reisen verschoben werden, man glaubt dass
es sich im strengen Winter besser reist als
im schönen Sommer. Nichts zu machen. Im
Sommer der verkauft im endlich fahren für
Kommen, das Geld für Bowell zum Leben verkauft
mit blank sieht man im Winter da. Zustand.
Seine Karte vom 20/1 erhalten die schreibe öfter, wir
Else & ich freuen uns wenn wir Post erhalten mit
von Eueren Befinden mit Kinder hören. Sind Bilder so
möglich zu schicken, Herzlichst liebe alle meine

This postcard was written by my good mother from Czernowitz. It was for her and Else an awkward situation, as they were left there when all the others had left for Bucharest. My mother and Else should have gone with them, were prepared for that trip, when my mother got very sick the night before, had a severe uterine hemorrhage and had to go to a hospital. The postcard written months later, shows in what kind of a misery they were. Czernowitz was now in Russian territory and the name of the city was changed to Tschernowtsy. Now the contents of the postcard in English:

"January 1, 1946. My dear children: Today I am thinking of you and writing to wish you all all the best for the year 1946. God may give finally peace to the whole world and each singly what he begs for for his own family, good fortune and health, what is the main thing. Amen. We are still sitting here and waiting, because the voyages have been postponed. They say that travelling is better in severe winter than in beautiful summer. Nothing can be done. In summer we had sold everything to go on the trip finally. The money spent for living expenses for months and now we are sitting here in winter without any money. Situations! Your card from 7/20 received. Please write more often. We, Else and I, are happy when mail arrives and we hear about your circumstances and your children. Is it impossible to send pictures? Hearty kisses to all
of you Mama."

21/11
1849) Donnerstag 1949.

Mein lieber Francis!
In deiner Geburtstag will
ich herzlich gratulieren
Mit viel Gnade hat dich der
Herrgott beschenkt. bleibe in
Liebe an ihm und an der
Therese und deiner Eltern
viel Freude. Ich kann
dir kein ^{sagen} in Worten sagen
welche Freude und Genuss
mit dir solche Musik
macht. Gewiss bin ich
erstarrt und befeuert
wie mit dir unsere kleinen
Trauer es in der Nacht
brachte, und Gott segnetes
Kind, so verdanke es ihnen
dass weiter fleischlich
kennt die alle Menschen

erfreust Auen.

Ich bitte dich nicht
dies, bezeuge dich
weiter, wahrlich wie
in der Nacht so in der
bedorft und in der Stürmen.
Gott gibt der Willen der
Allen was man seine
Gnade hat hatte, habe
in der, der haben die
Ehren viele finden und
Rück mit in einem Kind.

Lag mir die Liebe wie
ist die in der Welt
in so schöne, Musik
in Seiner Hande
künst die ist so richtig.
ohne Freude, in der
für kein Wort, der Liebe
Wolk zeigt mir die Freude

denn ihm seine Kinder
machen, mache mit
auch die feinde mit
schwarte mit jeder Kerle,
denn Deine Freude ist
- Doppelt für mich.
Künste den lieben
Eltern alles erdentlich
Gute und Thöne alles
Thöne in eltern bis ins
kalt alle. Ich habe
Auch Skatolisch werden.
Gründer hier in belonen,
die Chapiaplaten hat
bischen geleitet, das
Noch gut gehört, es
war winterlich,
wie gutte das
einmal in die nicht
mit vor dem, aber
Ergebelst setzen
mit Gefühl mit Glück.

gut und schön was
diese freute, schönes
Eingfall vom lieben
Gott gesandt. Versahet
mein Gehill, schwarte
in Bett, ist mit kolly
des Lince über Lince
Bin für dies mit die
Stunde gebrocht mit
haben Ich Klinge:
und inname auch in
Alle herlich in
Liebe stana:
grüße an hater
- Lisa mit familie

I have a little letter from my dear mother, one of the last ones she had written, dated April 21, 1949. She wrote it lying in bed and some words are not clearly written and therefore difficult to understand. I will try to do my best to translate the letter into English. First I write the German contents:

Mein lieber Francis! Zu Deinem Geburtstage will ich herzlichst gratulieren. Mit viel Gnade (Grace) hat Dich der liebe Gott beschenkt. Bleibe in Liebe zu Ihm und mache Ihm und Deinen Eltern viel Freude. Ich kann Dir kaum sagen welche Freude und Genuss mir Deine Musik machte. Gewiss bin ich erstaunt und beglueckt, wie weit Du, unser kleiner Franzi, es in der Musik brachtest; ein Gott-begnadetes Kind, so verdanke es ihnen; bleib weiter fleissig damit Du alle Menschen erfreust, Amen. Ich bitte auch fuer Dich, Er moege Dich weiter schuetzen, wie in der Musik so in der Malerei und im Studium. Gott gibt den Willen zu Allem, wenn man Seine Gnade hat..... den Willen die Eltern viele Freude und Glueck ist in einem Kinde.

Sag mir, liebe Hedy, wie ist Dir zu Mute, wenn Du so schoene Musik von Deinem Kinde hoerst. Du bist so ruhig, ohne Freude, mir schreibst Du kein Wort. Der liebe Adolf zeigt mir die Freude, die ihm seine Kinder machen. Mache mir auch die Freude und schreibe mir paar Zeilen, denn Deine Freude ist doppelt fuer mich. Wuensche den lieben Eltern alles erdenkliche Gute und Schoene, alles Schoene zu erleben bis ins hohe Alter. Ihr habt dort elektrische Nadeln, leider hier nicht zu bekommen; die Chopin-Platte hat bischen gelitten, aber doch gut gehoert, es war wunderschoen. Wir spielten bloss einmal um sie nicht zu verderben. Du spielst sehr schoen mit Gefuehl und Gelaefigkeit. Gut und schoen war diese Freude, schoener Einfall vom lieben Gott gesandt. Verzeihet meine Schrift, schreibe im Bett, es ist holprig, das Zimmer ohne Sonne. Bin froh dies zustande gebracht zu haben. Ich kuesse und umarme Euch alle herzlich. In Liebe Mama. Gruesse an liebe Lisa und Familie.

And now the translation into English of the letter on the preceding page: "My dear Francis!

On your birthday I will congratulate you heartily. God bestowed on you much grace. Stay in love to Him and give Him and your parents much pleasure. I can hardly tell you how much pleasure and enjoyment your music brought to me. Naturally I am astonished and happy to see how far you, our little Francis, have advanced in music; a God-inspired child.....so you should thank it to them, continue with diligence so that you may bring joy to all people, Amen. I pray for you, that He may continue to protect you, as in music, in painting, and in studies. God gives the mind to everything, when one has His grace..... the mind towards the parents..... much joy and happiness is in a child.

Tell me, dear Hedy, how do you feel, when you hear such beautiful music from your child. You are so quiet, without joy, to me you write not a single word. Dear Adolf shows me his joy, which his children give to him. Give me also joy and write to me a few lines, because your joy is double for me. I wish for the dear parents all imaginable Good and Beauty, to live to see till old age. You have there electric needles (for the phonograph), unfortunately not available here; the Chopin record has been scratched a little, but we have heard well, it was wonderful. We played it only once, not to cause more damage. You play beautifully with feeling and fluency. Good and beautiful was our joy, a beautiful idea sent from God. Forgive my writing, I am writing in bed, it is rugged, the room without sun. I am glad to have accomplished that. I kiss and embrace all of you heartily. In love Mama. Greetings for Lisa and family."

the grass. Francis is not in that picture, but in a group of many other young people, listening to her. Another picture shows him drawing on a drawing board. After the 6 weeks were over, Francis joined us in Pinehill for the rest of the summer. For the next school year, Johanna started in Erasmus High School. Another group of pictures shows Mr. and Mrs. Glueck on a ship, before leaving for England, where Mrs. Glueck had a sister in Cardiff in Wales. They had decided to spend the rest of their lives there, and had given up their apartment on Garfield Place in Brooklyn. For us especially it meant a great loss, because they were almost a part of our family, like grandparents. Naturally, all their relatives and friends, including us, came on the boat to bid them fare-well. It later turned out that this was a wrong step. Life in England was boring, and after about a year they were back in New York, and settled in a small apartment in Manhattan on West 104th Street, which Hedy Glueckselig had prepared for them. Later they moved across the street into a big new building, a so-called city project building, and for the last two or three years into the Jewish Home for the Aged where Mr. Glueck died, 93 years old and Mrs. Glueck a few years later, 90 years old.

