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JOHANNA'S AND MARTIN'S WEDDING.

I had left out something important, the graduation of Johanna from Erasmus High School in 1954 and her start at Hofstra College in September of that year. We had decided that it would be best for her to commute to that college by car, instead of living there in a dormitory or in any college out of town, and I gave her my Dodge car, which was still in good shape, and bought for myself a Pontiac. She was happy with that car and it worked quite well, except for the trip, which took an hour each way, five days a week. She had a drivers license, of course, and I was for a long time her teacher, till she learnt it very well, without any driving school.

We come now to the year 1957, in which two big events took place. First, there was a visit by Erich, a trip which Lisl had arranged for him. It was early in spring, when he came. He had made stops in Los Angeles, where he had visited with



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Hella Leinkauf, Maurice, Ella, and Leo Ziegler, went also to Chicago, where there was still much snow. I had made arrangements for Erich and me for two courses in Internal Medicine, one in the Mount Sinai Hospital and the other one in the Metropolitan Hospital, which kept us busy twice a week, and were very interesting and instructive. They gave Erich an advantage in tax matters in Australia, as he could deduct the expenses from his tax. We spent a wonderful time together, taking him out on trips, to shows and to family gatherings. We were also visiting with him some old schoolmates, and former hospital colleagues of his in Vienna, who were practicing as doctors here.

At that time, when he was here with us, another important bigger event took place, the wedding of Johanna with Martin Waine. Erich had to leave for home, shortly before the wedding took place, but was here during the preliminaries and preparations for the wedding.

Erich made many stops on his way home. First in Vienna, where he stayed for a few days at the home of the Zimmermanns, Leo and Fritz, Lisl's sister, and their two daughters, and also saw the cousins, which we had there, Clementine Dietrich, Liese Mueller, and Antoinette Ziegler. He then made also a stop in Israel, staying at the kibbuz with Else Brecher and her daughter Margit and husband Heschu, and their numerous children and grandchildren.

Coming back to Johanna and Martin, it should be mentioned that she met Martin through Francis, when Martin did some experimental work at Columbia University. He was a handsome young fellow, big and strong, and they soon fell in love with each other. Johanna had become acquainted with him by meeting him

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almost daily, and we met him also once or twice. When she then spoke to me about the possibility of marrying him, I was not completely unprepared, and discussed the situation with her in detail. There were some difficulties, like for instance the fact that he was still a student with many years of studying before him, and then the fact that he was not Jewish. I told Johanna that these were obstacles, but not serious ones, and that I was willing to help them by contributing to their subsistence. I learned that his parents lived in Boston, that his father was a physician, a specialist for arthritis, and that there were two brothers and one sister, but all three adopted children, now teen-agers, and that the family was very rich. Many other details were not known to us, but Johanna was happy and we with her. Martin and Johanna had visited his parents in Boston, and they were not nice at all towards her. That we had found out later. Martin left her once alone with them in their house for half a day or so, and she felt extremely uncomfortable.

About the background of Martin we found out later the following: There was a grandmother, Mrs. Loewenstein, whose maiden-name was Sutro, and she belonged to a very rich American family, well known in financial circles. The Sutros were originally Syrian and Portuguese Jews, but most of them had converted to Christianity. The grandfather, Mr. Loewenstein, not alive anymore, was probably Jewish. Their only child was Martin's mother. We had seen her only on four occasions, and spoke very little to her. She had a face full of scars from acne, and was not pretty at all. The father, Dr. Waine, was from Germany, where he was a journalist. His name then was Wurm, which he later changed to Waine. He was a very attractive man. After

he had married Miss Loewenstein, they settled in the U.S. and he studied medicine, became a doctor, and practiced in Boston, specializing for arthritis.

The wedding was planned for July, 1957. Announcements were sent out and very soon wedding gifts started to come in, fine ones, and each causing surprise and happiness, many of them from relatives and friends of the family Waine from Boston. The grandmother gave them an upright piano. Johanna and Martin had found a little apartment in Manhattan on West 114th Street at the corner of Broadway, not far from Francis, who lived on 116th Street.

There came the time of meeting Martin's parents before the wedding, and they were invited to our home. Before the dinner, we sat together and they as well as we were very friendly, and I had a nice talk with Dr. Waine. We spoke about arthritis, and the way he spoke, one could have thought that he was the one who had discovered Cortisone. We noticed that Mrs. Waine was all the time leaning over to her husband and whispering something into his ear. Hedy had prepared a very fine meal and we sat together at a very big table. Erich was also there, also Lisa and Francis. There were toasts and other pleasantries.

For the next day we were invited by them to a lunch in a very fine restaurant, Sears, on Church Avenue in Brooklyn, where Mrs. Loewenstein, the grandmother, and an aunt, Hattie, also participated. One or two days later, we were Mrs. Loewenstein's guests in the Hotel Delmonico in Manhattan, where she lived.

The preparations for the wedding were quite elaborate. We knew that etiquette will play an important role. I had to get a pair of flannel pants, a black jacket and a gray tie, which all the males in the family had to wear. The wedding was pre-

pared for a Sunday in mid-July, to take place at the Ethical Society in Brooklyn, with the leader, Dr. Henry Neumann, officiating. We had made arrangements for a fine pianist and violinist, to play only music by Fritz Kreisler, and there was plenty of time for it, as it took Dr. Neumann much time to come down from his office. The ceremony was indoors, and Dr. Neumann gave a fine speech, which I, by the way, recorded on my tape recorder. All of us went then out into the garden, along a reception line. There was a very long table for about 20 people in the garden, for the family and Dr. Neumann, and great many tables for other groups, beautifully decorated with flowers. We only worried about a possible rain, otherwise everything was fine. Very fine food was served, prepared by a good caterer, and there were toasts by Dr. Waine and myself, also by Hella Leinkauf, who had come for this occasion from Los Angeles and said that she represented the family Ziegler. Mrs. Grete Mannheim was the Photographer. Martin's sister was the bride's maid.

We had worried about a possible rain, and it really came, quite suddenly and hard. But it was already 6 o'clock, long after the meal, and we all had to move quickly into the house. There were no preparations made for a continuation of the affair indoors, and after the rain had stopped, everybody left for home. It was perhaps better this way.

Hedy and I were surprised that the Waines had not said once to us that we should visit them, in case we come to Boston. That was ominous. We did not need more proof that there was enmity from their side. Mrs. Waine, by whispering repeatedly into her husbands ear, when visiting us for the first time, showed that she was very naughty.

After the young pair had returned from their honeymoon, they lived in a little apartment on West 114th Street & Broadway. They had received a nice sum of money as wedding gifts, and they also got from me a monthly allowance. They both decided right from the beginning to live very economically, had even a list on the wall, which showed the amounts of money they intended to spend every day. It was, in our opinion, much too little, almost ridiculous, but we did not dare to interfere and left them alone as much as possible. They were happy and that was all we wanted to see. Martin was sitting all the time at his books and studied. He prepared himself for examination, and took it about half a year later. He must have passed it, because after that he was accepted at Yale University.

Before Martin had met Johanna, he was not on good speaking terms with his parents. About 3 or 4 years before, he had started to drink heavily, was then thrown out of school for something he had done, and, to spite his parents, had entered the army, and was sent to France. As far as I remember, he told us that he was driving trucks there. As I said before, there were 2 brothers and 1 sister, all three adopted by Martin's parents, as Mrs. Waine had had an operation and could not have children anymore. But one thing is certain: The parents did not know how to bring up children. Like all rich people, they left the education to other people. So, there was lack of affection, lack of kindness, and instead of that the opposite, rudeness, mischief, and what have you. Kenneth, next in age to Martin, was also a school drop-out. He wanted to become a second Elvis Presley, since he played the guitar and sang. How well, I don't know. Later on, he married a girl, without his parents know-

ledge, mainly because she was pregnant, and his mother said immediately that he will have to divorce her. The younger brother, Peter, was not good either. He had a police record as an auto-thief. The sister was very pretty, and she was the bride's maid for Johanna at the wedding. Once we heard that she had been sent all of a sudden to Switzerland. The reason we didn't know.