

CHAPTER 60
JOHANNA AND MARVIN MARRIED

In the year 1967 something great happened: Johanna got married. She had met a very nice fellow, a doctor, while doing voluntary work in Mount Sinai Hospital. We knew only the endphase. Before that, it was on, then off, then on again, and off again, quite a few times. The story, dictated by her in an interview, is attached to this biography, very interesting to read.

What is important is that they both came one day, on May 23rd, 1967, and Johanna told me: "Father, I have to tell you something", and I told her "Wait, I want to sit down" and when I had done that, she said: "We have decided to get married". It was, of course, a pleasant surprise for me, although I had expected something like that for a while already. Hedy was at the Brooklyb Society for Ethical Culture for a Garden Club meeting, and we went there to tell her the news, and she was, of course, also extremely happy and so were all her friends, who were gathered there. But there was little time for arrangements for the wedding, since Marvin had to go to Salt Lake City in a week or so, to work at a hospital there. We had to rush everything for preparation of the wedding and it took place exactly one week later on May 30th, 1967, in the Garden City Hotel in Long Island.

It was a beautiful wedding, with fine food and beautiful flower decorations. There were over 100 guests, including all of our relatives, Marvin's relatives, many of our friends, the doctors from our Physician Club with their wives, Hedy's

friends from the Ethical Society and the Garden Club. Nancy was the flower girl. There was, of course, music and much dancing. A few days later, they were on their way to Salt Lake City by car, a nice honey-moon trip. The rest of the story is described by Johanna in her interview.

Johanna had, of course, given up her apartment before she left, had left it to a friend of hers, who bought some of the furniture from her, and some pieces I had to pick up and bring them to Brooklyn.

I want to mention here that Nancy was a very happy child. She missed her father in the beginning and when she asked about him was always told that he was working. But that could not go on forever. One day, when in the car with me, she asked a few more questions about him, and I had to tell her the truth. She was then already six years old, more or less, and she could not be fooled anymore. She cried bitterly and I could not stop the car to console her, as we were on the Eastside highway. It was a shock for her, but she finally stopped crying. She never spoke about him or asked questions anymore.

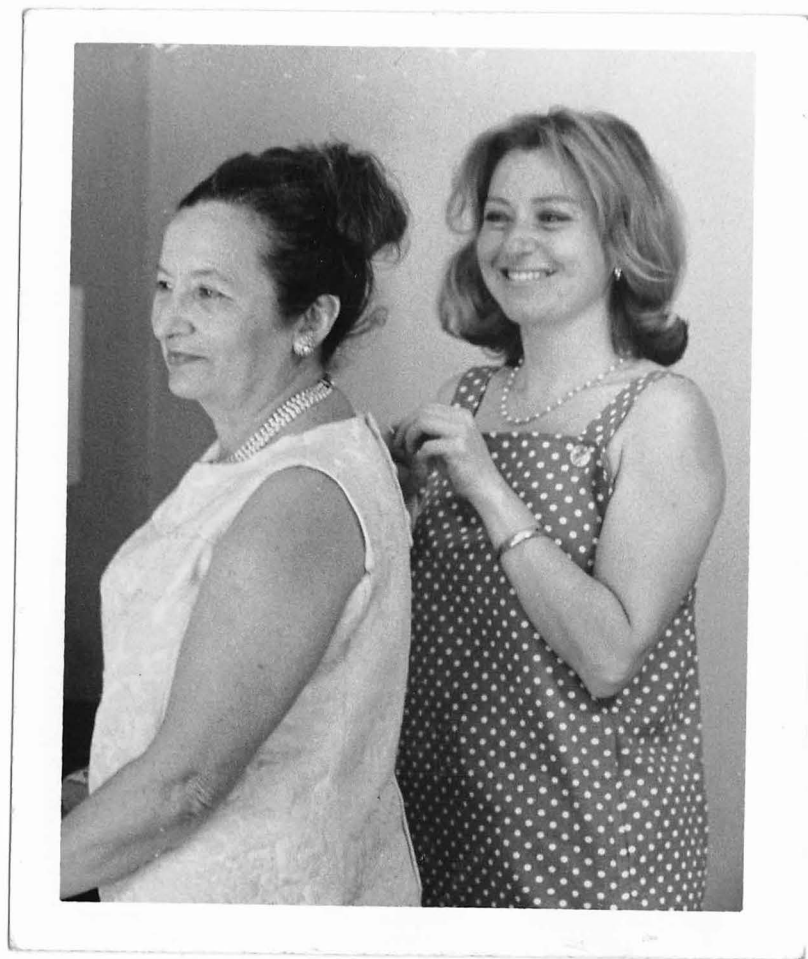
A few weeks before Johanna got married again, Martin, her former husband, called up, the first time after so many years, to tell her that he would like to see Nancy. Johanna answered that she would think about it and he should call her again. When he did that she told him that it would not be good for Nancy, too much of excitement for her, and that was it.

Shortly before that happened, Johanna received a letter which contained a picture of Martin and two of his daughters, showing Martin with a very long black beard. The letter was written by Martin's wife, meant for Martin's sister Susan, but



May 30, 1967

Marvin, Johanna, and Nancy





Sitting: Estelle, Johanna, Marvin, Nancy, standing: Bill Cooper, Adolph, Hedy



L.-r.: Francis, Oscar, Mary, Henri, Gaby, Hedy, Lisa, Ginnie, Paul, Vicki, Jordan

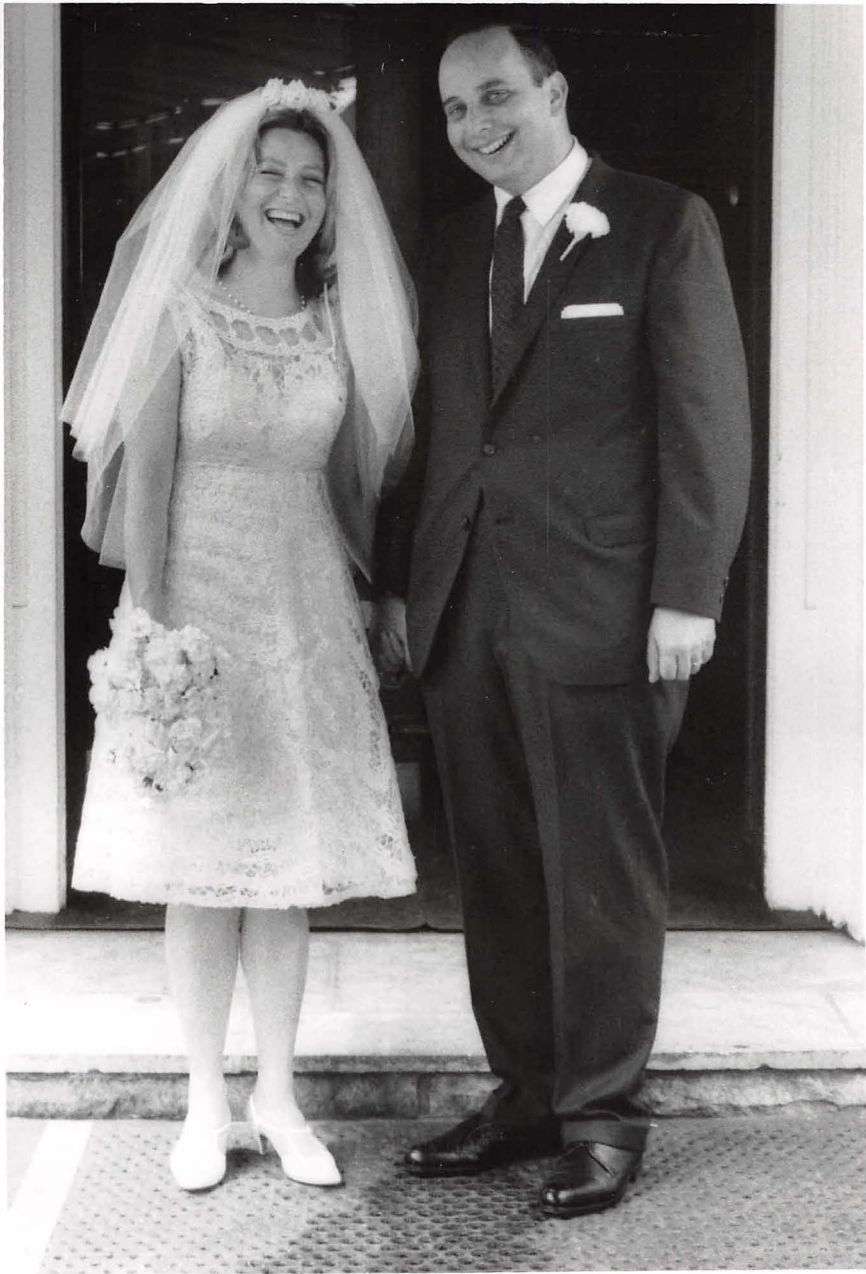


Hugo, Mr. Glueck, Fanny, Charles Gardner, Edith, John,
Dan Samuels, Walter.

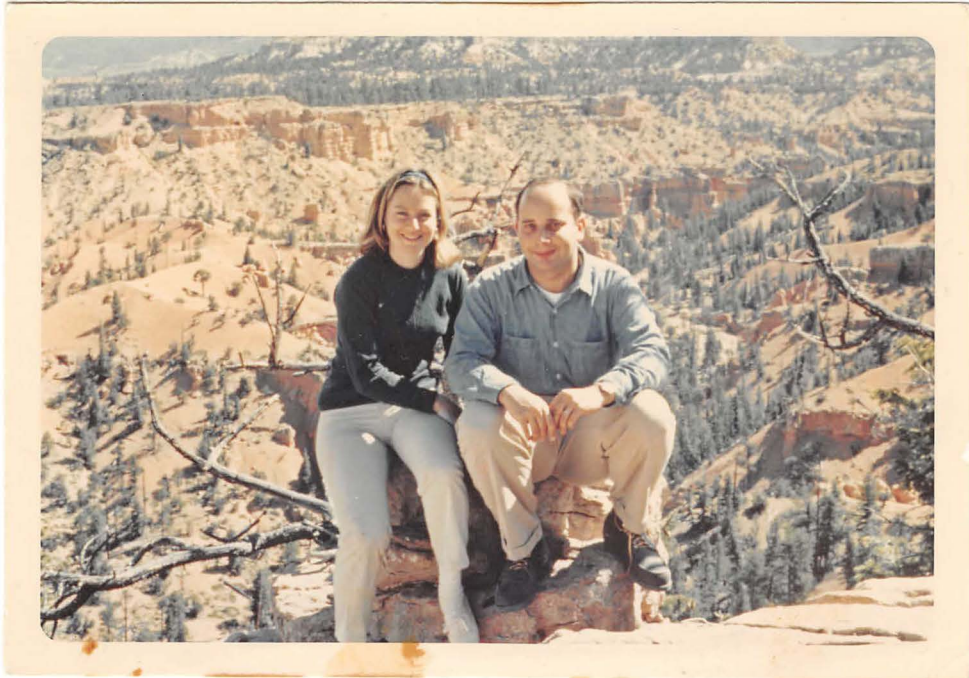


Hedy, Johanna, and Estelle





The two.



Honeymooning





Still honeymooning.



Francis and Vicki. Dec. 31, 1961



Garden Club party in L.I.



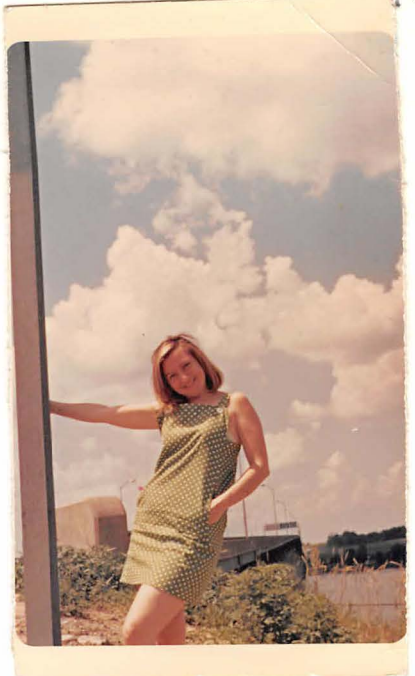
Still honeymooning





And still honeymooning.





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in error addressed to Johanna. ² She returned it to the sender. That is how we found out that Martin had remarried and had one daughter (Lauren - 1964) and one son (Andrew - 1966).

Once Martin had to be contacted again, when Marvin adopted Nancy and had to get the approval by Martin. He signed it and added a letter containing good wishes.

I became a U.S. citizen on May 24th, 1949, Hedy on April 11th, 1950. One had to be prepared to answer a few questions of a judge. I had a little booklet, which I read before with data about the history of the U.S. and about the constitution. I had as a witness David Freudenthal and we had to wait for quite a while, before I was called in. David told me, while we were waiting: "When the judge will ask you who the first president of the U.S. was, tell him that it was Christopher Columbus". And I said: "O.K. I will tell him that." It so happened that the judge really asked me that question and I answered very fast: "George Washington" and I was laughing inside and afterwards both I and David had a good laugh.

Once I used David's joke on my grandson Jordan, when he was 8 or 9 years old. I told him: "Jordan, you know who the first president of the U.S. was; Christopher Columbus." Jordan did not laugh but said: "No, the first president was a trilobite." A trilobite is a sea animal, ^{an} arthropode, which lived billions of years ago and is long extinct. This was a good answer of a knowledgeable youngster, which opened again my eyes about him in admiration.





March 1967





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Jan. 15, 1967



Jan. 20, 1967



Jan. 29, 1967



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