

# הירשלנד זאב

זכרונות חיים -

בשנים 1919 - 1986

מספרי קלטות : 51

הוקלט בשנת

1986

ראיון ע"י:

שולמית קוגלמן

עריכה ע"י:

אוה אדוריאן

## זאב הירשלנד

שמי זאב הירשלנד - היום הוא ה-5.12.1986. היום אני 36 שנה במעין צבי. אני בעצם יוצא עלית הנוער בגבע שהיתה עלית הנוער הראשונה, במעין צבי נשארנו רק שני חברים - מוטקה שוהם ואני.

אחרי תקופת עלית הנוער עבדתי תקופה מה בתור פועל בודד, בין הזמנים האלה התנדבתי תקופה מה ל"כופר הישוב" ומכורח מצב הביטחון הגענו למשך חודשיים למשמר הירדן, אשר נשארה באותה תקופה בלי נשק. הבריטים לקחו את הנשק ממשמר הירדן אחרי רצח של אב ובן איכרים של משמר הירדן, עכ"פ החליט הישוב לגייס אנשים כדי למלא את מקומם של הביתריסטים שם. ובכן אנחנו הגענו לשמירות כדי להדיף את ההתקפות של הערבים באותה תקופה.

זה היה בשנת 1938 וזכורה לי התקפה אחת מאוד קשה כשהערבים הקיפו את משמר הירדן מכל הצדדים ובסופו של דבר הצלחנו להדוף אותם ולשמור על המקום. ממשמר הירדן חזרתי שוב לאותה עבודה, בה עבדתי קודם אבל החלטתי ללכת אז להתישבות בגליל התחתון. באותה תקופה היתה שרונה ממש הדגם הראשון של חומה ומגדל, היא היתה מוקפת בכפרים ערביים די גדולים ואנחנו היינו באותו בסך הכל כ-20 בחורים וכמה בנות. המאמץ שלנו לשמור על הדרכים ועל המשק מההתקפות מפה ומשם היה גדול מאוד.

נשארתי בשרונה עד 1943 ואז התגייסתי לצבא הבריטי. התקבלתי לחיל ההנדסה, כי לבריטים באותה תקופה היתה מגמה לא לגייס ישראלים לחילות אחרים, אני רציתי למעשה להתגייס לחיל היס, אבל זה לא התאפשר. רת תקופת האמונים עברתי בסרפנד, ומסרפנד עברתי למואסקה שזה היה בקרבת איסמאיליה במצרים. שם נשארתי מספר חודשים, וממואסקה עברנו לג'בל מרים שנמצא ממש על יד תעלת סואץ. שם עברנו את האימונים לחיל הנדסה, למדנו שם הרכבת גשרים, פינוי מוקשים אישיים, בקיצור כל דבר שהיה דרוש ללמד את חיל ההנדסה.

אחרי האימונים האלה יצאנו דרך היס לטריפולי בצפון אפריקה, טריפולי באותה תקופה היתה אחרי הכיבוש ותפקידנו היה שם להכין מבנים ומפקדות ולהכין את שדה התעופה של קסטל וניטו, זה הי אז שדה בתעופה העיקרי במזרח התיכון.

מכיוון שהייתי קרוב לציווד המכני באותה תקופה, צורפתי לפלוגה אנגלית שאתה עבדתי בקסטל וניטו. זה היה השלב הראשון באותה תקופה לבנית

מסלולים לציוד מכני שלא היה מקובל עד אז. מטריפולי חזרנו לזמן מה למצרים ואני החלפתי פלוגה ושוב חזרנו לטריפולי, שוב בדרך היס. זה היה בדיוק התאריך ששיירת הקונבוויי (הליווי) של האוניות יצאה לפלישה בסיציליה. זה היה קונבוויי מאוד גדול שחלק ממנו חזר לטריפולי וחלק ממנו הלך לסיציליה. על יד בנגוי הגרמנים התקיפו אותנו באווירונים ואוניה אחת טובעה, זאת היתה דווקא אוניה של פלוגה ישראלית עליה היו נהגים ומאותה פלוגה כידוע נשאר מעט מאוד חיילים בחיים. אנחנו היינו באותו הזמן בתחתית האוניה, בחלק העליון היו האנגלים, אנחנו באמצע ולמטה היו הכושים. למזלנו האוניה שלנו נפגעה מעט, ולמעשה ראינו את הפגיעה הזאת רק כשהגענו לטריפולי. יש לציין שאפילו בזמן ההתקפה הזאת שבעצם יכלה להיות פטאלית, עבור כל אחד שהיה בתחתית האוניה, מצב הרוח היה מרומם, כי בין הבחורים שלנו היה בחור אחד שבכל שלב קריטי בו נמצאה הפלוגה שלנו היה מוציא את מפוחית הפה שלו ומנגן, וזה תמיד הרים את המורל של כולנו. כך עברנו את הסכנות.

שוב בחזרה לטריפולי המשכנו באותן העבודות כמו לפני כן – בנית המסלולים בקסטל וניטו ושיפוצים אחרים. חלק מהפלוגה עסק בפינוי מוקשים במדבר ובשיפוצים של מפקדות במקומות שונים.

בצפון אפריקה הצלחנו לבקר אצל יהודים שגרו במערות באזור טגריינה, זה היה שבת יהודי שממש גר במערות. בעומק של 10 מטר בתוך האדמה ירדו במין מיהרה לחצר פתוחה בה היו חדרים חדרים בתוך האדמה. ראינו בתוך החצרות תחנת קמח, בית כנסת, בית בד וכל דבר ששייך לחיים המשותפים בתוך הכפר. האנשים האלה מאוד שמחו לראות יהודים ובינתיים רבים מהם או רובם, הגיעו לארץ. הספקנו גם באזור טריפולי לבקר את הערים ההיסטוריות שהרומאים בנו – סוברטה ולפיס מגדה שהאיטלקים בנו אותן מחדש. הקונסטרוקציה היתה מאוד יפה ומאוד מרשימה.

אחרי שחזרנו שוב לטריפולי העבירו אותנו לאיטליה. ירדנו בטורנטו, איפוא נשארנו זמן מה ומשם עברנו לצפון איטליה לפיזרו, - פלורנצה, כי באותה תקופה היו שם עדיין התקפות של גרמנים. בקרבנו באותו קו לחמה אז הבריגדה. אותנו העבירו אז מה"אמצע" לונציה ואז כבר הגרמנים נכנעו באיטליה ואנחנו שוב עבדנו בעיקר בשיפוץ מפקדות והכנת שדה תעופה. בונציה היתה לי הזדמנות להצטרף לבריגדה שעברה לבלגיה.



BEWEGTE GESICHTER: OB Peter Reuschenbach, Edward C. Hirschland, Paul Michael Hirschland, Frau Hirschland, Renate Reuschenbach (von links).  
waz-Bilder: Marga Kingler

# Hirschland: Ich bin ein Essener

## Wiener Platz heißt jetzt Hirschlandplatz – Erinnerung an Essener Juden

Seit gestern um 11.25 Uhr gehört der Name Wiener Platz zur Stadtgeschichte. In einer Feierstunde, an der mehrere Mitglieder der ehemaligen Essener Familie Hirschland teilnahmen, wurde der Wiener in „Hirschlandplatz“ umbenannt. Die Stadt Essen ehrte damit – wie die WAZ bereits ausführlich berichtete – eine herausragende jüdische Familie im besonderen und die Essener Juden, die unter den Schrecken der Nazi-Zeit litten, generell. Mit bewegten Worten kommentierte Paul Michael Hirschland (71), Sohn des Essener Bankiers Kurt Martin Hirschland, die Umbenennung. Der Bankier, der in New York lebt und amerikanischer Staatsbürger ist, meinte in Erinnerung an das bekannte Kennedy-Wort: „Ich bin und bleibe ein Essener, und ich bin stolz darauf. Es ist für mich und meine Familie eine große Ehre, daß dieser Platz den Namen Hirschland bekommt. So ist der heutige Tag einer der größten Momente in meinem Leben.“

Hirschland, der von seiner Frau und seinem Sohn begleitet wurde, betonte weiter, daß trotz der Vergangenheit „wir alle zusammen an die Zukunft denken müssen.“ Es sei angebracht, von der Vergangenheit zu lassen und nicht weiter unter ihr zu leiden. Hirschland: „Deutschland ist mein Vaterland und wird es immer bleiben. Genau so wie Essen immer die Stadt meiner Vater bleibt.“ Gegenüber der WAZ erklärte er: „Wir sollten uns bemühen, auch an die vielen nichtjüdischen Opfer in der Zeit von 1933 bis 1945 zu denken.“

Oberbürgermeister Peter Reuschenbach meinte: „Dies ist ein Tag des späten Dankes und der Erinnerung an all das, was so viele Essener Juden über ein ganzes Jahrhundert hinweg zur sozialen, künstlerischen und wirtschaftlichen Entwicklung unserer Stadt beigetragen haben. Ohne ihre jüdischen Bürger und deren Bürgersinn wäre unsere Stadt sehr viel ärmer. Ich hoffe sehr, daß die Nachwachsenden zunehmend erfahren und begreifen, wie stark und vielfältig der Beitrag der jüdischen Bürger zur Entwicklung Essens war.“

Der OB zitierte in seiner Rede einen Brief von Charles Hanmann, der früher Karl Hirschland hieß und heute in England lebt: „Die Umbenennung des Platzes ist natürlich eine Ehre. Aber für



FEIERLICHE NAMENSÄNDERUNG: Der Wiener Platz heißt seit gestern Hirschlandplatz.

mich sind die Erinnerungen so schwer, daß ich nicht weiß, wie ich mich verhalten würde. Eines Tages werde ich anonym nach Essen kommen und mir den Hirschlandplatz ansehen.“

Frits Hirschland aus Holland wies auf die grausamen Ereignisse im „Dritten Reich“ hin und sprach vom Antisemitismus als einer „christlichen Erscheinung“ seit Jahrhunderten.

Das Geschehene dürfe nicht vergessen werden, damit es sich nicht wiederhole. Er selbst aber sei stolz, daß er und seine Familie nun auf dem Hirschlandplatz stünden.

Ma

# QUINTESSENZ

## Der Platz

Samstag, 2. März 1985

WAZ

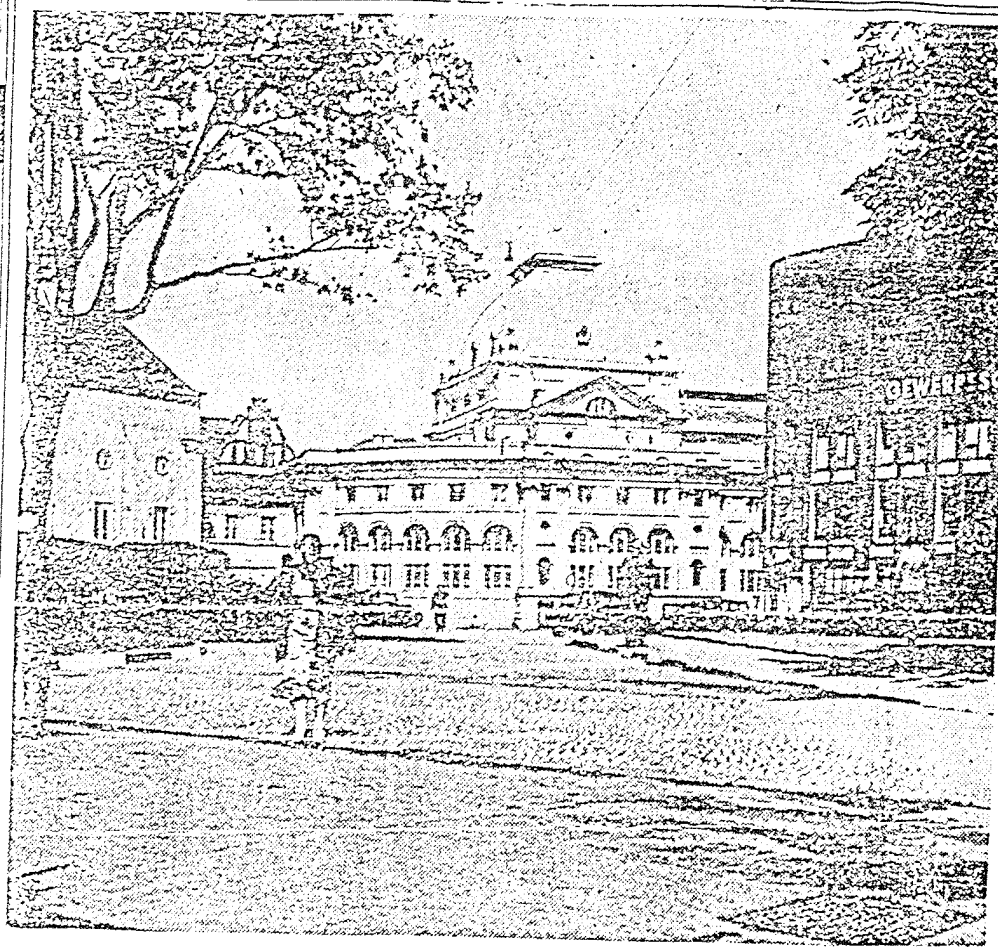
ESSEN

Die Umbenennung des Wiener Platzes in Hirschland-Platz ist mehr als nur ein Namenswechsel. Die Stadt Essen will damit fast 40 Jahre nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg eine jüdische Familie ehren, die unter unvorstellbaren Schrecken des Hitler-Regimes leiden mußte. Wie alle Essener Juden in dieser brutalen Zeit, mußten auch die Hirschlands, die zu den angesehensten Essener Familien zählten, plötzlich das aufgeben, was in mehreren Generationen aufgebaut worden war. Die lange Kette des Grauens umschloß auch sie erbarmungslos: Verfolgung, Konzentrationslager, Tod.

Gerade der Wiener Platz, den die Nazis nach dem „Anschluß“ Österreichs als Geste gegenüber Wien so benannten, bietet sich für eine Namenskorrektur an. Daß SPD und CDU (im Gegensatz zur GAL) nun zur Tat schreiten, ist eine Verbeugung vor dem Leid der Essener Juden im „Dritten Reich“ generell. Die GAL-Fraktion lehnte die Umbenennung mit der Begründung ab, die Hirschlands seien Kapitalisten gewesen. Sie wollte stattdessen einen weniger bekannten jüdischen Namen für den Platz ausgesucht wissen. Bei verfolgten und ermordeten Juden jedoch zwischen Arm und Reich unterscheiden zu wollen, ist sicher nicht Aufgabe des heutigen Rates, weil das ein solches Ansinnen wäre. Das Leid macht nämlich keine Unterschiede.

Es bleibt zu hoffen, daß mit der Umbenennung auch neue Aktivitäten den zukünftigen Hirschland-Platz beleben. Denn bislang fristete der Wiener Platz in eher tristem City-Dasein. Der 7. März könnte also ein Neubeginn in zweifacher Hinsicht sein.

WOLFF KÄMPFEL



## Wiener Platz war früher namenloser Droschkenort

### Donnerstag erhält er einen neuen Namen: Hirschland

Wie hieß der Wiener Platz eigentlich früher? Die Frage haben in diesen Tagen viele gestellt. Er war ein namenloser Platz. Auf seinem Gelände stand das Kloster BMV. Als das Kloster nach Holsterhausen in die Bardelebenstraße umgesiedelt worden war, wurde das Gebäude abgebrochen. Es war die Zeit, in denen nationalsozialistische Städteplanung „Luft in die Städte“ bringen wollte; das hieß: mehr Plätze als Kundgebungsorte, aber auch als Parkplätze der aufkommenden Motorisierungszeit.

Auf diesem Platz, der kurz nach 1933 entstand, parkten Autodroschken. Bis 1938 hatte er keinen Namen. Als Österreich als sogenannte „Ostmark heim ins Reich geholt“ worden war, meinten die Nazis, diesen Ort zur Ehre Österreich „Wiener Platz“ nennen zu müssen. Diese braune Vergangenheit des Platzes in der Innenstadt war in Vergessenheit geraten. Das Bild entstand im August 1934. Im Bildmittelpunkt eine überraschende Ansicht des Stadttheaters.

Am 7. März um 11 Uhr wird dieser Platz den Namen Hirschland erhalten. Zum erstenmal wird damit eine Ortsbezeichnung in Essen nach Essener Juden benannt. Der Name Hirschland soll für das Schicksal aller Essener Juden in Essen stehen. Über die Essener Familie Bericht auf der 6. Seite über der Überschrift „Stumpfweger, Metzger, Bankier“.  
(siehe Quintessenz „Der Platz“)

Lotte Carter, nee Hirschland  
1286 Pennington Road  
Teaneck, N.J. 07666

September 20.th 1983

The following is a short family history:

We are the children of :

Hugo Hirschland, born 8. June 1880 in Steinheim  
died 6. February 1923 in Duesseldorf

and his wife Erna Pintus, born 14. July 1892 in Aachen  
died 23.rd of November 1962 in New York

Our parents were married on the 10.th Of May 1914

There were three children, all born at Fisher Strasse 55 , Duesseldorf:

Franz Josef Hirschland ~~geb~~ born 28. of June 1915

Lotte Hirschland, geboren 5. of March 1917

Werner Hirschland, born 22. of April 1919

Our father was, like his father Josef , trading in grain and feed. He apprenticed for several years, and then opened his own firm of ~~in~~ wholesale trade of grain and feed at the Graben Strasse in Duesseldorf. He was associated with Kleestadt and Stern , after the First World War his brother Siegfried, who was two years older and had trained in the same field, joined him . Together they founded the firm "Hirschland, Kleestadt & Stern, Getreide und Futtermittel en gros". This firm, together with their brother Gustav and Salli, who had established a Metal Firm, built the office building at Harold Strasse 3, which was completed after our father's death. *Duesseldorf*

The surviving partner, our uncle Siegfried shared the firm with our mother, who was regarded as a "silent partner", i.e. entitled to all benefits, according to the agreement made by our father. Also, Siegfried Hirschland had been appointed as our official guardian.

After seven years of widowhood, our mother decided to remarry, after having met Arnold Alexander.

Arnold Alexander, born 28. of February 1879 in Werther, died 8. May 1945. Our mother and Arnold Alexander were married on 15.<sup>th</sup> of December 1929 This was the first marriage for Mr. Alexander, who had contracted damage of his lungs when on active military service during the first World War and had to spend several years in Davos-Switzerland, the only known cure at that time. He therefore contemplated marriage <sup>at a later age</sup> at a time he felt sufficiently recovered. Arnold Alexander was the co-Owner of Gebrueder Alexander Herrenkleidung, in Essen, a retail department store for men's wear. He also was a partner in other undertakings, one of them ERWGE, a 5 and Dime sort of store, in Gelsenkirchen.

Being the head of a new family, our stepfather showed great enthusiasm for his new responsibilities. I distinctly remember his wish to be included in the Alexander family, regarding all aunts and uncles and cousins as our own. There was a legal step taken, and our mother was relieved of her partnership in our father's business, all her shares paid out to her, subsequently invested in the Gebrueder Alexander Co. in Essen. Also, the court was petitioned to transfer guardianship for us three Hirschlands to our mother and stepfather.

As is obvious in our Grandfather's Will, Mr. Moritz Pintas, deep concern troubled him about future rights, and he thus obtained the assurance from Arnold Alexander, that he will always regard the children as his own, this was dated about the year 1930.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, it became obvious, that lives and business of jews were doomed. Franz Josef was sent to France, first to undergo agricultural training, later on to run a soft-cheese factory. In 1935 Manfred Herpe convinced our stepfather, that he possessed patent and training to run a cheese factory and that he was well able to establish a factory together with Franz Josef and another associate Heinz Seligmann. A sizable amount of cash, about one third of all assets was taken out of the business to transfer to France. This of course had to be done secretly, since the Nazis did not allow jews to transfer money to other countries. this also made it impossible for years to come to present books or ledgers for auditing, which would have been necessary for legal transfers, escape or emigration taxes later on. Thus, none of us could take out more than RM 10.- when leaving Germany. Excepting for RM 5.000.- which was kept merely in trust, a legacy from Our late father This could not be included into the Alexander funds, thus Werner and Lotte received this when residing in Israel, *but no more!*

The Paris venture ended in total bankruptcy due to agronomic laws, which made marketing of cheeses, devoid of butterfat, illegal. The failure was devastating in many ways. It also came to serious discourse between Arnold Alexander and his 20 year old stepson, who was no doubt unprepared for responsibilities of this sort. Franz Josef emigrated to Brazil in 1936, facing a life of great hardship for many years.

Werner emigrated with the Youth Aliyah to Israel, lived at kwutzat Geva then at Ramat Sarona. He had prepared in Germany in agricultural training, and had to leave home when ~~ix~~ only 16 years old.

Lotte left Germany at age 19, and emigrated to palestine-Israel in april 1936. Having prepared the immigration as a "skilled agricultural worker" as stipulated by the British authorities, through Hachsharah in the horticultural and gardening field, she entered Kwuzath Maayan near Rechovoth when it was at the beginning stages. Due to an attack of rheumatoid arthritis a change was necessary and with the parents assistance, as far as possible, she started training in Physiotherapy in Jerusalem.

During those years, our parents tried to emigrate to Israel, but due to the impossibility to obtain LP 1,000.- which would have qualified them for an immigration visa, Lotte enlisted the help of a Jerusalem attorney, all was in vain. Our parents sent all household goods, as allowed by the Nazis, out of Germany. This presented a new problem, since no storage was available in Lotte's furnished room, and storage was then arranged at a friends home.

Matters got worse in Germany, and at the time of the Kristallnacht, November '39 all male jews were arrested and jailed, so was our stepfather. After his release, our parents fled over the border into Belgium, <sup>where most</sup> ~~all~~ of the Hirschlands had escaped to. Our parents took with them the few items left and managed to have some trunks shipped. The years in Belgium were hard, our parents tried to earn a living as best they could and waited for a visa to the USA or to Israel. Neither one got there in time. In May 1940 the Germans marched into Belgium, and all contact with them was curtailed for the duration of the war, excepting an occasional Red Cross card.

All Nazi methods were promptly started in Belgium and jews deported. Our mother told me, that once when at a grocery store, the good grocer addressed her, saying, that they were to report to a certain Bank in Brussels and ask for Mr. de Mulder Vermeulen. Following his



orders, they met Mr. de Mulder, who told them, that they were to report without delay to his wife at home. They were hidden there and had to stay in the attic. Occasionally our stepfather chanced getting out. So it was on a day in 1942, when our mother pleaded with him not to do so. Unfortunately, the Nazis had cordoned off some areas, were rounding up all Jews they could find, and so captured our stepfather, who was never seen again. Mother received one Red Cross card from him stating that he was on a "transport". No doubt his untimely death was caused by this action.

During my years in Jerusalem, innumerable letters were received from our stepfather, who was deeply concerned about the future, also the possibility, that he might not survive. He repeatedly sent statements of financial nature to me, saying he wanted me to know where his funds and assets were and who could assist us to recover them, should the need arise.

During the war years I married, left Jerusalem in 1942 to move to Egypt, where our daughter Edna was born in 1945. The following year, after war had ended, Paul Kantorowitz, later Carter, was discharged from the British Royal Air Force, we prepared to emigrate to the United States. Contact with mother had been reestablished, who was in poor condition after the years of hiding, in Brussels. Mother planned to emigrate to the USA too. Since mother was without funds, ours were minimal, Paul left for Jerusalem on his furlough, discarded all letters, including those mentioned above, all books, sold most belongings, since there were no funds for transport of them, and managed to obtain some cash, which we handed mother on her arrival to the States, enabling her to obtain a few modest necessities.

Many years later, when there was a way to claim one's property in Germany, mother applied for her widows share from her husband's estate. This was contested by the Alexander brothers and sister, who claimed that a) no last Will had been drafted, <sup>or found</sup> B) that Arnold Alexander had been stateless (all Jews were declared stateless by Hitler in later years), c) that he was a resident of Belgium (ignoring the fact he lived 60 years in Germany) d.) that the Belgian law of inheritance was to prevail, which entitles widows and brothers to equal shares. On mother's behalf this was fought in Court, but lost in favor of the Alexanders. Needless to add, that all Alexanders had managed to leave before the war, that Fritz Alexander had been released from Concentration Camp at one point by a sizable cash bribe submitted by our parents. - *Mother's share of inheritance was a mere 1/6 !!*

Also, no adoption procedures have ever been pursued, so that we too are not in line for inheritance!

In conclusion let me add, no higher price is there than to lose a life. I am convinced, that the intentions were beyond reproach, that hindsight easy, foresight often a thing of good fortune. Mistakes we all will make God has his plans for all of us, we have been fortunate in spite of many hurdles. May goodness prevail in all our hearts, and those of our children.

Colke —

The way I remember my grandparents home and the tales of years long past.

When we visited our grandparents Mr. and Mrs Moritz Pintus of 23 Lagerhausstrasse in Aachen, we had arrived at the Central Railroad Station ( Hauptbahnhof) Aachen after a two hour railroad trip from our hometown Duesseldorf. Invariably one of our uncles or Grandfather himself were awaiting us and standing on the platform awaiting the trains arrival. It was always a joyous occasion for us and we were greeted and humored as if the hazards of an oceans crossing had been overcome.

with all the formalities passed, we crossed the cobblestoned Plaza and turning slightly to the left we came to Lagerhausstrasse 23, our grandparents home. The Street was parallel to the Railroad, the first street in sight. The house was a large tall four storied house attached to the neighboring houses. It had a large arched entrance , wide enough to allow room for horses and wagons or carriages to pass through. There was a large door to close the entrance if so desired.

In the back of the entrance hall was the dog house, just in front of the next door, which led to the courtyard. The dog was there to watch and barked exuberantly greeting the out of towners. I believe her name was Senta, and children were not permitted to get close to her. She followed Grandfather like a pet when he was riding on horseback, or followed Grandmother on her shopping trip into town. At one time , I was told, she accompanied Grandmother to the butchers, and somehow liked his wares exceedingly well, helping herself to a long row of small sausages , suspended for display for the customers, Grandmother in utter embarrassment proceeded to reimburse the horrified merchant for the unexpected midmorning repast. This of course, was this dogs last occasion to accompany anyone to the butcher shop!- At other times, Senta was a very welltrained dog and happily trailed off to run errands for Grandmother, carrying the shopping basket in his mouth, which contained a note and cash for the baker , perhaps for a fresh loaf of bread. There never was a single complaint about that.-

Getting back to our visit, after crossing the entrance gate we turned left , entered a door, and climbed a steep flight of stairs leading to our grandparents living quarters.

Arriving on the landing on the left was the door to the kitchen. Immaculately scrubbed and smelling of all the good things being prepared. Entrance was permitted to children on rare occasions only

2

for fear we might disturb the cook.

Facing us on the same landing was another door, leading to the "gute Stube" or prior and formal dining room, to be entered only for formal occasions, like High Holy Days, weddings or receptions. Then, on the right was the lovely family living room. It contained a Delft-tiled stove, a comfortable table with chairs, Grandmothers Wand-schrank, - a built into the wall cabinet, which always had a handy supply of Haag'sche Hoppjes and petit beurre cookies. Opposite this cabinet was a sitting corner by the tall windows and the French door leading outdoors. There was a comfortable easy chair for Grandfather and next to it another highbacked upholstered chair for Grandmother. Both Chairs had fine lace covers at the chairs backs and arms. Between the chairs was a small table for the telephone. In later years I had often to think of this phone, when people in the USA told me of their latest inventions, having a telephone with house extensions. I watched in my youngest years, i.e. the early twenties of this century, in fascination when Grandmother used the handy little crank, turned it and was able to speak to Grandfather downstairs in his office and tell him that it was time to have his lunch.

There also was a piano in this room, but not used often, since the children had grown and left.-

the appearance of our Grandmother was invariably of perfect grooming. She was a slender tall lady with kind and soft features, The color of her hair was light brown, the skin of her face was smooth and without wrinkles. Admiring her, she advised me never to use soap and water on the face, but always a special almond-paste. For the hair the special tar-soap imported from England. - Her mostly light brownish silk dresses featured the high collars, the then fashionable stand-up collars with lace edging.- Grandmother was softspoken, but ruled home, children and kitchen with irrevocable expertise.- Business and personnel in and out-of doors was Grandfather's preserve.

Going upstairs to the bedroom level, there was the master-bedroom to the right, a large bathroom adjoining with two large wash-basins with hot and cold running water topped with lovely marbletops. the bedrooms facing the landing had belonged to the former residents, i.e. the seven Pintus children, all grown, and on their own. These rooms served as guestrooms now, and when I visited, I usually was assigned the room facing front to the street, and the railroad. To this day the sound of a passing train, <sup>in the distance</sup> which I also hear at my present home here in Teaneck, gives me a very ~~home~~ homey and secure feeling, bringing back memories of a very sheltered time.

Other sounds in this bedroom were the clacking hoofs of the horses, going cling-clang, when coming from the courtyard through the gate into the street. There were the wagons transporting merchandise like bales of woolens for menswear yardgoods that had to be shipped by rail all over the country, or later on ready made trousers or jackets to be sent to the merchants who had ordered them. There also was the sound of Grandfathers riding horses, which he took out early in the morning, when riding horse back through the forest, at times into the neighboring Belgium in the west

Above the bedroom level was the fourth floor containing rooms for the cook and other household help, and also a sizable attic area for storage of odds and ends.

Going back to the living room we faced the lovely french door at its far end. Stepping out there, you found yourself on the first level of a charming roof garden. The total area was approximately 30'x40'. The ground was covered with white ~~pepp~~ pebblestones, the walls to the right and left and the top consisted of wooden lattice work and trellises which were covered with seasonal climbers. To the left was the "Laube", i.e. an open veranda with a solid covered roof, to be used for family meals outdoors. It contained a large table with chairs, meant to serve the original household consisting of nine or more people. I had many a meal with my Grandparents there.-

Along the wall opposite the living room were planted several small espalier fruit trees. I recall, that it was uncle Erich, the youngest sibling, who introduced me to the expert art of grafting one specie upon another. He displayed a fine grafting knife grafted one cutting of apples upon the branch of another, Then did the same for a rose bush, grafting a yellow tearose upon a white bush. With utter fascination progress was watched from visit to visit, my last one, when I was 13 Or 14 years old.-

From the lower roofgarden a white painted staircase led to the upper roof garden which extended from about 40' to a length of 70' or more, covering the area of Grandfathers warehouse underneath. There were about 4 gabled skylights, appearing like hothouse windows. Along these very long windows concord grapes were grown. On rare occasions, when our visit occurred with harvesting time, we were allowed to sample the grapes. To this day their strong and particular flavor will always stay with me, a flavor I sometimes can compare with Concord grapes I have occasion to come across. At the far end of the upper roofgarden are

Grandfathers beehives. Only on one occasion was I allowed to accompany Grandfather there, Having to promise to stay well back out of harms way. Expressing concern about his safety, I was assured that Grandfathers trusty pipesmoke would afford full protection. It was a valuable lesson in beekeeping.-

Being in Aachen during Easter vacation Grandmother proudly showed me her early radishes, parsley and carrots in the planters on the upper roofgarden. As a special treat I was allowed to pull the largest carrot found, wash it under the garden faucet and sample it right there and then. It tasted better indeed than any carrot ever tasted!

On the roof one clearly heard the bells of the Aachener Dom, i.e. the cathedral where Karl-der-Grosse, Carolus Magnus or Charlemagne was crowned in the year ~~800AD~~ 800 AD. Advancing in my knowledge of History as I advanced in School, this sound of the bells left marked impressions of old and older things, of greatness long past and gone...

After a busy morning and an obligatory afternoon rest, so as not to disturb Grandmothers nap time, it was time to dress and accompany Grandmother on a carriage ride to the forest. Jakob, (also known as "der alte Jakob" who served Grandfather for innumerable years)- wearing his high hat, was the coachman, sitting on the drivers bench high up in front Grandmother with hat and veil and gloves and I were seated in the coach seats, a warm plaid carriage blanket covering our legs. Grandfather more often than not bade us farewell at the gate and as always a goodnatured smile covered his face,-

We travelled through a few streets of the town but then straight out to the beautiful quiet spring, summer or autumn woods, to a little Inn deep in the forest, for refreshment for all. Their horses had to be watered, the coachman needed some repast as well, and Grandmother had her cup of coffee, whilst I was treated to a cup of hot chocolate. -It was on these occasions, that there was time for reminiscing. One story I was told related to Grandmothers very early years. She recalled an early summer morning when she and her girlfriend walked to school and spotted some luscious ripe cherries right within their reach. Both she and her friend reached for them and picked a few, only to hear the farm holler at them, setting them on the fastest run they could muster, but reaching School just in time and safety.- It was supposed to inspire some wisdom from lessons learned a hard way.-

At another time, Grandmother told me of early years of motherhood in Aachen, a time, when Grandfather was building up his business

of fine woollens wholesale. His orders came in so rapidly, that he had his troubles getting all shipments to the railroad station in time. In order to be a helpmate, Grandmother offered to use her baby carriage, filled it with as many packages as it would hold, and pushed it over to the station. These humble beginnings soon found their reward, so that by now there were wagons and horses with Hubert presiding, and riding and carriage horses with Jakob in charge.-

Shortly after the turn of the Century, Grandfather one day asked Grandmother;" have you ever seen a millionaire?" When she answered "no, never" He promptly replied "here stands one in front of you#-

With all going well, Our grandparents never forgot those less fortunate. When winter and the Holdays came, it was Grandfathers consistent habit to remember all employees with generous gifts and bonuses. Out of town people travelling from the East and fleeing progroms found shelter food and help in his house on their journey west.-

At one time, Grandmother was talking to the shoemaker when picking up shoes for repair. She told him, that her youngest son Erich was going to travel with her to Vienna to consult a famous Orhopedic Surgeon who was able to correct childrens feet affected with clubfeet. The shoemaker told her how fortunate she was, because he and his wife ~~ere~~ were not able to afford a costly journey and procedure of this sort, but wished their young boy could be helped also. Grandmother replied,that she was going to speak to her husband abut it. Shortly thereafter both little boys travelled with Grandmother to Vienna and both little fellows returned with perfectly correcte feet, able to lead normal lives. As for uncle Erich ,he attained a life to his seventies never to give any appearance of troublesome feet. Doubtless a trip well taken,doubtless a father and mother deeply caring.-

In my preteens we often spoke about books. Grandmother introduced me to the story of "heidi, by Johanna Spiry". We also spoke about every little girls favorite books "nesthaekchen by Else Ury" Grandmother told me that Else Ury was a cousin of hers. Repeating this to my mother, I was unable to obtain any information. For one Reason or another, there was no contact with this author.No reasons given.-

Granmother was an ardent reader. She particularly liked Ibsen, and liked to read his books in his own language, i.e. danish. I later learned that at the time of her death an Ibsen work and a Danish Dictionnary were found on her nighttable.

Adjacent to the warehouse were Grandfather's grounds. Facing the Street was the office, typewriters and bookkeeping department. Stepping towards the rear, there was the warehouse containing balas and bales of the fine woollens stored for mens suits, coats and trousers.

It was during the time of the first World war that Grandfather had made one of his numerous wise decisions. As aunt Hertha told me more than fifty years later, there was a meeting of colleagues of Grandfathers in Aachen , a city famous for its fine woollens. The consensus arrived at was to minimize volume of stock of merchandize as rapidly as possible. It was Grandfather who spoke up saying, that in his opinion the opposite was the better way. It was much debated, and each of the whole sale dealers handled it his own way subsequently. Years later many of the colleagues admitted how mistaken their judgement had been , that in times of war a plentiful resource of merchandise is invaluable.

The after-war period with the dreadful inflation and devaluation proved most treacherous for any one in business. Grandfather had acquired large factories for spinning and weaving of woollen material. I accompanied him once to the factories and learned about the loom , the shuttle and the spool.- At the same time manufacturing ready made trousers and other mens wear items was furthered at the Lagerhausstrasse. Uncle Walter, based in Berlin, was the travelling salesman for the merchandise. Uncle Richard and uncle Felix handled the Production in Aachen which in general was directed by Grandfather .

All grandchildren were provided with generous amounts of yardgoods for skirts for the girls and trousers for the boys. Also material for coats for School or Sunday's best was seen to.-

At one time uncle Dago the eldest handled the factory, but then left with his family for Montreal-Canada, only to return several years later to Europe and eventually to a most tragic fate.-

During the twenties, when Franz Josef was in his preteens, visits with his Grandfather were of special importance. Having lost his father at age seven, he was specially grateful for his Grandfathers guidance. Franz Josef was most adept at horseback riding and Grandfather took great pleasure at instructing him. Having an inborn love for nature and animals, Franz Josef was exceptionally good at handling and grooming horses. It did not take long, when he was able to accompany his Grandfather on his early morning rides on horseback through the woods and over the border. Ever so often they returned with Belgian chocolate, bars of cote d'or, cocoa and English or Belgian soap.- Franz Josef made friends with the



7

caretakers of the yard and stables and learned all he could about the saddles and horses, their feeding and exercising. It came to good stead to him, when having emigrated to Brazil he had to live for many years on horseback with the gauchos in the southern tundra.- Franz Josef retained a lifelong deep devotion to his Grandfather.

There was a minimal observance of religious customs, but High Holy Days, Passover and Chanukkah were always observed. When Franz Josef was eight years old he attended the Seder with his Grandparents. He was introduced to Grandfather's fine wine cellar and proved an apt apprentice in the selection of good wines. Grandfather selected the best for festive occasions.

Grandfather spoke often of his country estate in Cmielno, which was rented out to his late brother's relatives. Ever so often fresh carp or crabs arrived in Aachen for their use. These foods were always enjoyed with special appreciation. The daily tableware was the Meissen white and blue onion pattern, the silver of a shell pattern. Of the latter eight fish forks and knives have come to me via Uncle Walters' estate. There was always a great sense of propriety, beauty of life's social graces were imbued in all siblings, by Grandmother. This was matched by industriousness, an iron will to succeed in life, to maintain a good character, straightness of action, to better his economic status from middle to upper middle class by Grandfather.-

Grandfather had an uncanny sense of character in others. As an example I would like to cite his dedication to my mother in her prayer book. Amongst other things he encourages her to maintain her cheerfulness always. This foresight was particularly candid, when the many tragic events of her life made a cheery outlook so difficult.

Also scanning his last will, it is obvious that he saw through the halfheartedness of the provisions made for the three Hirschland children at the time of my mother's remarriage. How very true it all proved in not very long after Grandfather had made out his Will.

In the following I shall relate tales I was told which report incidents before my time. Since this writer was born anno 1917 all things prior to this date are "hear-say". or told to me by others.

The tales of the Twenties or thirties are, of course, first hand reports. I shall proceed chronologically and put the approximate date to the occurrences.

1899: our mother, i.e. your Tante Erna returned from School as a small child bitterly crying. Her second grade teacher Stern Fraeulein Hundertmark had reprimanded her for talking in class. As punishment she was to write "I am not to talk in class without permission".. a hundred times!- This was more than Grandmother would ever stand for as a punishment. She therefore went to see Frl. Hundertmark and had the repetitions drastically reduced. - ( my early impression of this remained with me throughout life: 1) teachers are not infallible, -2) a mother is her child's guardian - 3) more power to our courageous Grandmother)---

1900-1901 Carnival in Aachen: there was a custom, that girls were wearing capes with hoods and masks, have the privilege of "ladies choice", whilst the boys were wearing regular outfits, no masks. On this particular day all Pintus children were out to town, to return at a set hour. Mother, i.e. Tante Erna walked along too, when suddenly she spotted her brother Walter, all by himself. She gently approached him and encountered him with her best imitation of the most common low German, "Aachener Platt."

Yes, he was pretty much bored, yes he was only too glad to spend the afternoon with her. They happily meandered along the Street, when they stopped in front of the town's very best "patisserie" or Bake-Shop". No, the lady did not object to enter, and in no time they faced the most delicious wares. Upon his question what she would like, the hooded lady raised her forefinger pierced and speared her choice, a small cake which can be compared with our Boston Cream Pie confection, held it up and asked in her most low-class demeanor; "and how much is this?"- Uncle Walter did not lose a beat and promptly joined with the same and covered all expenses. They happily sat down at the pretty marble tables of the Konditorey and had the best chats ever. But curiosity got the best of Uncle Walter, he asked and asked to have his lady reveal her face. He was put off at length, but when time came for the Pintus clan to return home he finally was rewarded, and to his eternal dismay... here was no one but his very own sister.... ( told to me repeatedly over the years amidst the happiest giggles....)

1901-1902 The Pintus house was getting large and larger , with seven children to raise, the older boys in their adolescent growing stages, Hertha and Erich trailing behind, Grandmother had help with a well selected Governess. Not only did the youngsters play charade games, in which one question arose: "hinkt 'se, Stinkt se??" supposed to characterize said Governess- ( This evoked twenty years or more later hysterics in all who told me,- mother or Tante Hanna).. but to top this off shortly thereafter a more serious incident occurred. Leading the way upstairs toward the bedrooms, when it was bedtime,- one of the older boys carried the light on the staircase, a kerosene lamp. Following single file were the other children, with nanny in the rear. An argument arose, and in reply a burning kerosene lamp flew toward the Governess.- All sense of humor failed our grandparents in this event. And very shortly after, the three oldest boys, Dago- Richard\* Walter were reporting with their packed suitcases for a trip to Seesen in Thuringia, to ~~reportx~~ enlist at a boys Boarding School so that their academic and behavioral problems could be effectively channelled.( judging by their very successful careers in later years, the grandparents judgement had been a sound one)

1907-1908 Years filled with piano and voice lessons occupied the Pintus girls. Our mother was particularly known to be able to carry a tune and soon found herself elected to Aachen's a-capella choir, an occupation she truly cherished. When at one time ~~xxx~~ a Charity Ball requested a solo performer our mother was asked. Granmother saw to it, that a lovely long silk gown, mother selected a dusty rose color with a dainty white floral pattern, was made for her. It was twenty or twenty five years later when I spotted this dress in mothers wardrobe, a dress she was to cherish for a lifetime. When getting ready to perform, stagefright overcame her, facing the filled Ballroom of the Aachener Kurhaus. Her sponsor came up to her saying "never fear, just think of them as a whole lot of "Kappes Koepp", i.e. heads of cabbage." The performance proceeded to perf&action. \* (It was about 50 years later, when mother visited me in Teaneck, that a gentleman friend from Aachen who had settled in this town phoned to ~~essence~~ compliment her once more on her performance and lovely appearance )

1909-1910 Like annt Hanna before her, mother was enrolled with Pensionnat Levy in lausanne Switzerland. This was to perfect her knowledge of the french language, her social graces, her handling of personnel and the perfection of culinary skills.- Lausanne was a happy year , I understand , for all who attended there. Many lifelong friendships were formed, parti-

cularly by aunt Hertha, who eventually married the brother of one of her classmates in her second marriage.-

1913--or--1914 mother was visiting one of Grandmothers very fussy cousins, who lived in a very elegant home on Duesseldorf's Inselstrasse. The reason being, that there was a more than casual interest in a certain most eligible bachelor, namely our <sup>future</sup> father. After having escorted mother to a concert one evening our father dutifully brought her back to her hostess' house. - All was quiet and peaceful, when at about ~~5~~ 3 o'clock at night the doorbell rang, There was a telegram for mother, ( at that time telegrams were delivered day or night, 24 hours around the clock) Everyone , of course awoke, anxious to hear the news. The message read:" unable to sleep-- please wire whether you can sleep..." ( no, I never met said aunt, or then, I do not recall..."although for 12 years of my life we lived in walking distance ...." )

Things that happened during my time.....

1923--24 It was post World War 1 time, the Rheinland was occupied by French and Belgian troops. It was summer and aunt Hertha and Hans and my mother with the three of us were to spend a vacation at Bad Timmendorf at the Baltic Sea. All went as scheduled, only that one after the other came down with the chickenpox grounding mother or our governess in turn. When time came to return home, we stopped shortly in Hamburg then to proceed to Soest or Duesseldorf respectively. After many long train hours our train was stopped in Vohwinkel, near Elberfeld-Parmen. Nightfall was near. the three of us restless. Then we faced reality, the platform was filled with french troops, with bayonets drawn, no one was to leave the train, passengers were to stay for the night. Mother would not take "no" for an answer, carried her youngest Werner on her arms, descended from the train. Presenting herself in her most elegant travel outfit and her perfect ~~fra~~ french to the next available officer, she explained her dilemma, and impressed on the young man , that she just had to reach Duesseldorf that very night. - Permission granted-- we were ushered to a special french officers train , and reached Duesseldorf in no time at all! ( so much for the power of a woman...)

1929 We had lost our father due to illness in 1923. Grandfather was consulted by mother in all questions of importance, and so it was in this instance.--- Our brother Werner at age 10 had to pass an entrance exam to High School, a custom still persisting in Germany to this day. Werner's choice was the Hindenburg Gymnasium, the one with the highest academic

standard in town. Lo and behold, Werner passed, mother's joy knew no end. In order to demonstrate her appreciation, she gave him 50 Pfennig, i.e. about 50 cents purchasing value. But to make it special, he was allowed to spend it any way he liked. Assured of that, Werner proceeded to the towns open Market and bought a tiny little chicken. The seller impressed upon him the responsibility he was taking on, that the chick had be kept warm, fed with care, and in general to be shown TLC, ... tender loving care. Well, Werner and chicken arrived home, to mother's great puzzlement. His older brother an ardent and skilled animal lover, reptiles, birds, dogs, cats, ( he ever so often saved cats at the Rhein when people tried to drown them).. Zoo animals, ( once we had a young lion in the house entrusted to Franz Josef by his friends father the Director of the local Zoo. This one had to be bottle fed, several times a day, was returned after mothers skilled intervention with the father of his friend).. and other creatures, - Franz Josef was an enthusiastic teammate, in order to raise the said chicken. All was good and well, hard boiled egg yolks were carefully fed, fresh heads of the best lettuce gradually introduced into the diet. The little chicken shared his bed for warmth. But then School started, Werner fearing for undue changes of temperature, carried the little guy under his fine woollen school sweater to the Hindenburg Gymnasium. It did not take too long, that his teacher noticed something creeping or crawling under this students sweater. Calling Werner to the blackboard, the undue under sweater mobility, could no longer be hidden, asked to present the object of said activity, his teacher declared, that chickens were not admtted in his classroom, and ordered him to transport it home without delay. Also, should a repetition occur, his mother had to come for a conference. Well, a repetition did occur not very long after, and mother had to meet <sup>with</sup> the enraged teacher. Mother was terribly upset, proceeded to have a nosebleed, upsetting the teacher who did all he could to be a gentleman, but not without telling her, that a third time of disobedience by her offspring would mean his eviction from school. --To make a long story short, a third time occurred not very long thereafter. So it was, that Werner and chicken had to part with the Hindenburg Gymnasium.----

Werner was enrolled in another School, chicken had survived a precarious infancy, gained in stature, weight and size. No longer fit for peoples surroundings, it was delegated to our fenced in backyard. The boys continued to visit and talk to it daily. It was not long thereafter, that another "either-or" was presented to

mother. This time it was the gardener. Hewas totally fed up with seeing the lawn and all his carefully tended plans go down a chickens hatch, it was either the chicken or him....Well mother could not afford to lose her trusty gardener. Sooo a conference was had with mother and her two sons. No solution could be arrived at, until a long distance phone call was made to Aachen. Grandfather, who had both chickens and ducks in his courtyard camd through with the prompt answer: ship the chicken to Aachen. It was obvious to mother, that this was the only viable solution, but not without concern to both my brothers. Knowing the facts of a chickens life, they drafted a contract to be signed prior to shipment by our Grandfather. One of the clauses read, that this chicken was to die a natural death, when the time came, Also allx eggs, if any, were to be sent to our home, Said contract signed, seaked and delivered returned to the boys in no time at all. A crate was built, xix allowing sufficient penetration of air and light, chicken was banded for identification, carried to the freight station and off to Aachen it went Safe arrival was confirmed over Bell's wires a few hours later.-

At our next visit to Aachen both boys entered the curtyard to visit chicken little even before a courteous family reunion. <sup>was leaded to</sup> Yes, I recall a dozen fresh eggs did arrive from Aachen not very long after this visit 1931 Mother had remarried, necessitating our moving to Essen.

This story to which I can attest, concerns uncle Walter. Uncle Walter visited us frequently, particularly, because he cherished mothers excellent cooking. On this occasion uncle Walter came down with a rather severe case of the flu and wa s very ill. Mother ran her feet off caring for him I was to vacate my room and boarded out with my Stepfathers mother, who lived near by, so that uncle Walter could stay in my bedroom. All went well, and uncle Walter enjoyed the offerings and gifts from his various concerned ~~fire~~ friends. Being a travelling salesman for the Pintus Co. he enjoyed the good with the bad, and \* - as the sailors say- had a girl in evry port. This was of course not anyones concern, except when the various ladies inundated our address with gifts and bouquets of floral offerings to said patient. The climax came, when one of his followers phoned asking about his health. Mother politely gave her the information desired and added, that her bouquet of lilacs was just lovely. A pause of silence followed, then the lady replied: " I did not ssnd lilacs, but a bouquet of yellow roses...Well, uncle Walter nearly fell out of bed. I recall, that he commenced to tecuperate rapidly thereafter.---

1932 The next one taking ill with the flu when visiting was aunt Hanna, also known irreverently as "Princess on the Pea". Her illness made her sensitive to the firmness of the bed's mattress, so that additional padding was needed to comply with her needs. My mother a most loyal sister, who never, but never, spoke ill of anyone, was overheard in exasperation, after this patient's recovery and departure, saying .." even the bedpan I had to warmup for her.."..

1931 on one of my visits with the grandparents, I met with aunt Gertrud Confidentially she confided , that 1½ year old little Doris invariably cried when her mother wanted to present her at her best to our good Grandmother. Looking back it seems no wonder that the very exuberant barking of Senta's, (see page #1), might have been enough to startle a tiny toddler that size. So, you see ,it all depends how you look at things.....

1931 after Grandmothers passing, an envelope addressed to Grandfather was found in the "wandschrahk". It contained the exact cash balance Grandfather had been given by his father-in-law at the time of their marriage. This money had never been touched, not a penny taken.-

I believe these and other samples of our grandparents way of life illustrate and reflect their way of thinking, their beliefs and ethics of evreydays life. May our children and childrens children encounter the same love and kindness, which has been so ample with our grandparents and parents.-

Holte H. Carter

January 30<sup>th</sup> 1987

Teaneck, N.J. 07666