

(1)

OUR EMIGRATION

When Hitler annexed Austria, the situation in our family was as follows. My practise was partly "panel", partly private. My savings were between small and moderate. Mother had a full time teaching job on a girls' secondary school. Thomas was 6 years old, Elizabeth 6 months. During the nursing period mother got a very unpleasant infection on one breast, which after long trials to avoid it had to be drained. After the infection was healed she went

for about 10 days to the country to regain strength. In these days she wished that she would not have to go back to school, but could stay at home. A short while after she started school again her dream came true.

Immediately after the Anschluss ^{3/12/38} she was dismissed on a pension of 105 RM, about 40\$. I was not dismissed from the panel immediately, that took several months. However, practise fell off sharply, as many gentile patients did not dare to come.

When the news of Hitler's taking over were given to us by Gregorc, we were thunderstruck. We really had not imagined it would come to that. The first night was sleepless. All deliberations what to do seemed fruitless. First of all, we had as good as no connections abroad, my family being very Austrian, with hardly anybody venturing outside. Then, Elizabeth was so small yet, not toilet-trained, and somewhat sickly. I could not imagine to flee with her blindly. I hoped that it might be possible to ride out maybe another year, till things got a bit easier.

At that time nobody knew what was in store, as developments in Germany had been not too violent, as far as the Jewish Question was concerned. Only after his first big success dared Hitler proceed ruthlessly against the Jews in his power. One restriction and humiliation followed another in close succession and within two months it was clear that one ought to leave the Reich. But how? As there were no relatives abroad to write to we wrote to many namesakes in New York City, begging them for an affidavit- without success. Max and Leo were in Paris, but could not help in any way. For a while we were led to believe that a French consul could be bribed to grant us a visa and we put much hope on this card, only to learn some day that nothing could be done this way any more. We put our names on the waiting list in the U.S. consulate, rather late, as we did not know that this was essential for getting a quota number. From mother's uncle in New York nothing could be hoped. Thus we really had no idea what would happen. Meanwhile I was dismissed from the panel and confined to private practise, which was dwindling at a rapid rate, as the gentiles did not dare to come and the Jews either had no money or left the country.

When we tried to bribe the French consul I did not have enough money for that and the anticipated emigration expenses. Therefore I had to tap various friends and relatives, who responded very nicely. Most of all, I borrowed 1500RM from my aunt Alice, widow of my uncle Fritz, the physician. She was about to emigrate to Brazil and let me and mother promise to repay the money as soon as we were able to. I did that faithfully, also repaid the smaller loans from my friends, who stayed in Vienna, mostly by way of food packages after the war.

People were arrested and shipped to concentration camps in order to put pressure on them to emigrate. We were told that by Oct. 1st we would have to leave our apartment. One day mother found that the usual place of her walks with the children, the Tuerkenschanz-park, had a sign: "Jews enter at their own risk."

But where was one to go? All countries, suffering from massive unemployment as they were, had stopped giving visas to people who evidently wanted to emigrate. The real emigration countries overseas were making the most terrific difficulties. The pressure on Jewish people was mounting every week. We were warned that after Oct. 1st new persecutions were planned.

The only country to be considered was Yugoslavia. One could get a three months tourist visa, if a certificate of baptism was presented. Therefore we got a Family Passport, which was easier said than done. But we got it after great difficulties. It was necessary to prove that one owed the government no taxes, to get numberless stamps and approvals, which involved long, tense hours.

At the final stage mother persuaded the S.S. man who puts his signature on the passport to give us two years validity instead of one only, as was usual for the Jewish passports. This way we were less conspicuous.

Then we took the passport to the Yugoslavian consulate with my and the children's certificates of baptism. Next day we had our visa.

A very short time later that would not have been possible any more, because all people who according to the Nazi laws were Jews got a big J stamped in their passports and that would have prevented the Yugoslavs to give me a visa, baptism or not.

Grandmother, who could not present a certificate of baptism and could not be put on my family passport, was thereby prevented to come with us. We planned to let her follow the moment a way opened. Later on, in Paris, the time seemed right and mother prepared the way for her to come there. But the outbreak of the war made it impossible.

As we were allowed only 20RM to take out of the Reich it was of great importance to find some legal way to take out more money. The Yugoslavs had an agreement with the Reich that citizens of the latter could, when they came as tourists, pay a certain maximum amount of RM and, once in Yugoslavia, get the corresponding value in their currency. But it was necessary that a police doctor attested that the stay in Yugoslavia was important for reasons of health. Mother capitalized on her past breast infection and got the doctor to sign the paper willingly. Thus, the stage was set.

We tried to depart as secretly as possible and told hardly anybody. I don't think that was necessary, but we thought it better. We left the apartment, furniture and everything that was not taken along to the care of grandmother, asking her to sell whatever she could. - We had a shipping firm pack several crates with books, musik and china etc. and asked them to wait for our orders where to ship them.

We took along two big ship trunks, several big suit cases, a box for ladies' hats and a big shoe bag. For we had bought clothes and other things to wear for the coming lean years. Most of the silverware had to stay back, but I disassembled my microscope, put it on the bottom of a big trunk and brought it safely through the customs inspection.

In connection with the Yugoslav visa something has to be mentioned which I omitted in the original paper, which was meant for Liza in the first time.

Mother, of course, had no certificate of baptism to show. But I trusted 1) on the family passport, 2) on the 3 available certificates of baptism and thought mother would be allowed to slip through.

But mother was not so trusting and wanted to make sure, as far as possible.

Without any prompting or even a mere hint from me (who indeed never even thought of it) she decided to get a certificate of baptism. She went to a certain Anglican minister, took a prescribed course of instruction from him. [Every time she came home after the lessons she was in bad humor and took her anger out on my mother and on me. It went too much against the grain.] Finally she did the profession of faith and obtained her certificate.

When the passport with the Yugoslav visa had to be pushed up and the certificates presented, we decided that she should do it, having more presence of mind and also sheer luck than I. It was a very fiddish thing, because the minister had put the right date on the certificate and that was dangerous. Therefore mother wanted to use the certificate only in the most dire emergency. Thus, with innocent skin she presented the 3 good certificates to the girl at the Yugoslav embassy. He later asked: where is your own? Then mother faked a hint through her hand bag and finally declared she must have forgotten it at home. Should she go back and get it? (gambling everything on one card). But the girl said: No, it's all right, I believe you - and gave her the passport.

At the border I showed only my certificate and was not asked for the others.

Please do not mention this to Liza, at least for a while. Also not to mother.

Our plan was to go to Zagreb, where I had several friends, on whom I counted to help us with advice and with the language. The further idea was to work from Zagreb for a French visa, because we thought behind the Maginot line we would be safe. We had a gentile lady friend, Mrs. Borri, a native of Trieste, Italy. We knew her from Kauder's choir and had struck up a friendship with her. She had a brother in Trieste in a shipping line, who had good connections to the various consulates. One day Mrs. Borri visited us and we told her of the impending departure and how hard it would be to make all the necessary arrangements with the small children around. All of a sudden mother said impulsively: Mrs. Borri, come with us and help us the first few days. And maybe you could go from Zagreb to Trieste and get us a French visa. She was somewhat taken aback, as she had a husband and a child, but she agreed after a very short while. So, we got her a visa, which was infinitely easier, paid her expenses and she stayed with us the first 10 days.

Meanwhile Hitler was stepping up his propoganda against Cechoslovakia, men were called into the army every day, rumors were flying right and left that there would be war, that soon nobody would be able to leave etc. Thus, as the day of our departure approached the political situation became as tense as possible and everything became questionable. The last few days were nerve-racking indeed. Just on the day of our departure, Sept. 15, a practise blackout was ordered. After nightfall, the taxi came and we proceeded through the dark streets to the railway depot with Mrs. Borri and grandmother, the latter to see us off. At that time nobody was used to a blackout and it was quite depressing, also on the depot, where all lights were extremely low. The custom inspectors had to go through all the trunks, which took a long time. Finally they were through, we said good-bye to grandmother, to whom I had given all the money I had left, believing it would tide her over, till we could let her come.

I had heard stories about the thoroughness with which emigrants were searched at the border. Therefore I was careful not to have anything illegal. The jewelry I had inherited from my mother I put on Mrs. Borri. But when the border came and I faced the big ordeal, there was almost nothing. Nobody bothered us, just the official formalities with passports and stamps. Then we were out of the Reich and in Jugoslavia.

In Vienna, both mother and I had to sign that we and the children would never return to the Reich- we were very willing indeed to promise that. Now we were out. I cannot say that the passing of the border caused any emotion in me, positive or negative. It became gradually lighter and in the morning we arrived in Zagreb. It was a completely unfamiliar town to me, with a different language. We put the big trunks into the baggage room and started to look around for a place to stay preliminarily. There were porters of various hotels on the station and we, after investigation, we picked one and took a taxi to get there. The chauffeur talked German and I asked him whether by any chance he knew a Dr. Clara Zupic. He told me that she was his doctor and that lived quite close to where we were. He drove us there and I went to her door and rang. I knew that lady from Vienna, where she had been a classmate and friend of my sister in medical school. She opened

and exclaimed: George, how you look! I had the ashen complexion of all the refugees, who were worrying themselves sick about what to do etc. When I told her we were going to that hotel, she said: that is much too expensive, stay here. She did not listen to my objections (5 people, of whom two small children), but said we should absolutely come. Later on we could see what to do next. Thus we unloaded and she put us into their bedroom. After a few hurried telephone calls to our mutual friends it was arranged that I could sleep in the house of the widow of my former chief, which lady I had known for many years. The others had to stay in that bedroom, which was a very unpractical arrangement. Then we had to organize feeding the children and ourselves, taking care of the diapers etc. It was a cripplike existence. We caused our hosts great inconvenience and we could not leave the bedroom during office hours etc.

Meanwhile our friends had become alerted. One helped me to get my money from a bank and for the moment I was financially independent. Mrs. Borri helped us very nicely to mind the children. We ate in shifts in a restaurant; life was quite complicated. After the first few days we asked Mrs. Borri to go to Trieste and try her best for us. She left and we were waiting anxiously for the answer. Meanwhile the Sudeten crisis went into high gear and everybody expected war to break out at any moment. But for the time being we had quite enough with our private worries and tried not to listen too hard to the rumors.

What was our psychological condition? Thomas had been told that we were going on a trip around the world. In Zagreb however, in the gypsy camp, he had to be told that this was not so, which distressed him quite a bit. When I retired, after a turbulent day, to the room I had for myself in my lady friend's house I was in a peculiar condition. The thoughts kept milling around in my head in an uncontrollable fashion. What will happen to us? Shall we get to France? Where shall we settle eventually? Will there be war? In that case, what will happen to us? etc. etc. in endless return. This aimless turnover formed in my mind the image of a pot in which noodles are being boiled. They rise, disappear, mill around in endless repetition. That lasted several days, or rather evenings.

When Mrs. Borri returned from Trieste she had bad news. The French consulate had stopped giving any visas and she came back empty-handed. In addition, she told us that Italy looked like a on the brink of war. She stayed a few more days with us, then returned to Vienna.

We had found a boarding house where we moved from Zupic. It was on the periphery of Zagreb and we lived there 2-3 weeks, I think. We could use the kitchen and life was less complicated. Part of the day was filled with the daily chores and the children. Lisa had started to walk. I often took Thomas for long walks. He saw something he still remembers. On the street there were people who had suckling pigs on a spit over a fire. The melancholy slavonic street cries are still in my ear.

After the first letdown about Trieste was over we tried to build up other connections. Somebody had recommended a certain employee of a shipping firm who had connections everywhere. Mother, who has the right temperament for such things, plotted with him how to get a French visa.

I forgot to mention that very soon after my arrival I went to see Mr. Bondy, a former friend from Vienna, who was in Zagreb in business. I asked him: should I try to stay in Yugoslavia beyond my three months, or shall I try as hard as possible to get a French

5

visa? He strongly advised the latter course, as the police in Yugoslavia was brutal. He thought in France they were better- a big mistake, by the way.

After we had been in the boarding house for a while we got visitors. The widow of my chief had a sister who had a big villa. The two ladies came to see us, in fact, the sister wanted to look us over. Then she offered us two rooms, where we could stay as long as we wanted, and board. She said we would probably feel better, if we paid something for it. We were very happy and moved into the villa. It was in a very good part of the city, where rich people lived. A wonderful house, a big garden and very nice walks very close. We got excellent food, only Thomas behaved so badly (I don't know why), that he could not eat on the common table. Beside the lady, there was her old mother and her son, about 30 years old, who appeared only rarely. We lived there the rest of our time very pleasantly and without any worries, except the main ones.

One day we were told that there were people asking for us. It was Dr. and Mrs. Halla, who had been on a vacation to the Adriatic and on the way back to Vienna stopped in Zagreb to see us. It was a great joy to have such faithful friends. We spent 1-2 days together and visited a theater. Mrs. Halla dragged a heavy rucksack with toys Thomas had left behind. Dr. Halla gave me all his travel dinars he had left over, which increased my treasury considerably.

Mother's plotting had finally matured into the following plan. Ostensibly, we wanted to emigrate to Bolivia. In order to get a visa, one had to show a ship ticket there. The steamship line took a down payment for the tickets, which was sufficient to get the visa. For the full amount we did not have. For Bolivia, one has to leave from Liverpool. To get from Zagreb to Liverpool one has to go through Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium and England. The idea was to interrupt in France and stay there.

Finally we got the Bolivian visa and then started to collect the transit visas, which was not too difficult- except for the main one- France.

Max kept writing that we should by all means come to Paris- the rest would take care of itself.

Meanwhile we saw the first ray of hope regarding a final settlement. A friend from Vienna wrote to me that he had gotten out and to Switzerland and received an U.S. affidavit there, which Dr. Dreikurs in Chicago had procured for him from Mr. Hess. But as he was only one and we four, he felt it fair to cede it to us. I should immediately get in touch with Dreikurs. This was done and led, after a long while, to our receiving the affidavit. But at that time we were already in Paris.

The French consul proved extremely unpleasant and entirely unwilling to grant a transit visa. Mother came home in tears and rather desparate. She was in the same condition when she, after the consulate, had to give a language lesson in a family where she was recommended. The man asked her what she had and she told him. Whereupon he said that he knew the French vice consul and would talk to him. And really, this worked and we got a two weeks transit visa.

6

It was beginning of November, the leaves in the oak woods had fallen and it had become cool. We completed the travel arrangements and fixed the day of departure. One or two evenings before I went with Lisa in her baby carriage for a walk. Somebody I knew doted on her (slatka mala Lisica) and induced me to take her out and let her walk in the garden, just a few steps. When we came home her nose started to run. Mother was extremely upset and reproached me bitterly. We had to delay the departure a day or two.

Finally we said good-bye to all the people who had been so wonderful to us and left. I had changed the rest of my money into a 20\$ bill, which I hid, so as not to arrive in Paris completely penniless. On the trip we didn't see much of the scenery, because the most beautiful places were passed at night.

On the morning of the second day we had reached France and drove straight to Paris. At this time Lisa became somewhat feverish and had signs of a cold. We arrived in Paris and were met by Max and Fillipa (whom I had never seen) and Leo. They had taken two small rooms in a hotel for us, not far from where they lived.

We arrived there and found the hotel small, but decent. The rooms were on the sixth floor with elevator, view on the Bld. Raspail. They were quite suitable for our condition, but rather expensive. We stayed there the whole time till we left.

Already after the first unpacking and preliminary installation we gathered from the way our relatives talked that Bondy's opinion about the French police had been erroneous. We learned, little by little, that it would not be easy at all to stay beyond the two weeks of our visa. Also that none of them had any money to help us, but that the Aid Committees helped for a while. In one word, it dawned on us that we were in for a difficult time and would need all our wits and luck.

Lisa's condition was not wonderful, she was coughing and had fever. One night I thought of taking advantage of that. Max had a friend, whose family doctor was taken into confidence. He came to see Lisa and advised us. Upon my suggestion he signed a certificate that she had pneumonia and was not capable to take the boat trip to Bolivia.. The next boat went three months later.

Armed with that certificate mother, whose luck I trusted in such dubious procedures, went to the police and explained the case. She got permission to stay three months. When she brought it back, nobody could believe it. Such luck was incredible, unheard of. Evidently it was a mistake, but in our favor.

When my sister in London heard of our arrival she sent 20 pounds for the first need. Also, I went to the Committee for Austrian refugees, there I was taken care of very friendly and given the usual amount of relief money.

We were hardly in Paris when we read what had happened to the Jews in Germany on Nov. 10. A big, organized pogrom had taken place and the real, full terror had begun. To have avoided that was worth a lot. Otherwise it might have been less complicated to wait for the U.S. visa in Vienna. But who knows what would have happened to me? and finally, this way we stay something in Paris.

In the beginning we ate again in shifts in restaurants. But this was expensive and complicated. So we found the solution to buy a small alcohol burner, on which we cooked in our rooms. This was not permitted, but the proprietor let it pass and said nothing. We had to shop every day; the cooking was often done by putting the burner in the basin, where we also did the dishes. Laundry, however, had to be given out, especially Lisa's diapers.

It was necessary to keep the children quiet in order not to have trouble with the neighbors, but they were pretty good. Regular work of any kind was illegal for refugees; one had to get relief money somehow. After a while the Austrian committee passed me on to a great, general committee (all American money), where I was told that as a doctor I should go to the Assistance Medicale, who were responsible for me. When I came there, the people were wonderful to me, so much so that I was quite overwhelmed and asked to do something for them. They sent me out to make house calls to sick refugee children and in turn helped me the whole time very generously. My house calls took me all over Paris and I came to know a lot of people.

Slowly the affidavit situation was taking shape. I received one from Mr. Hess. Both Halla and my sister had written to Scharff for me and finally Dr. Scharff secured another affidavit from one of her patients, Mrs. Godes. Finally Mr. Eoerner from the Ethical Society, Vienna, later New York, a close friend of my mother, procured another one from the wife of a New York dentist, herself a teacher, Mrs. Lillian Latter.

Meanwhile Thomas had to go to school and as the public schools were not so good we enrolled him into a private one, Ecole Alsacienne, not far from us. How we got the nerve and the money I don't remember any more.

While these things were going on I remembered the one person I might find in Paris I knew from before. In the late twenties my mother had a boarder, a French student, who later went back to Paris. In my mother's address book I found his address and went now to see him. I was met by his brother and mother, Mme. Plé, who told me that her son had become a Dominican monk and was living in a Belgian convent. But she would write to him about me, as he had often talked about my mother.

Soon afterward I got a most charming letter from him, not only expressing his deep sympathy, but containing a long list of recommendations. Furthermore, he must have given a hint to his parents, for they invited us once a month for lunch, which gave us the rare opportunity to see a French family from the inside. Lisa had to stay home and Phillipa baby-sat with her.

Plé senior had a big hardware store and was a typical French bourgeois. His wife was very nice to us and asked mother to give lessons, I think in Latin, to her grandson. The monk's brother had a small pharmaceutical firm. He had a lot of children, who caused much concern, as not all of them were gifted. The connection with the pharmacist proved very valuable later on.

With my list of addresses from frère Albert, as Robert Plé was now called, I went all over Paris, talking to a lot of people and found a few of them helpful. I got some German lessons, connection with a doctor and with a psychologist, who employed me for abstracts of German scientific articles.

Through this man I came gradually in contact with a group of interesting young people. They were devout Catholics, but of a shade entirely new to me. In Austria, Catholicism was, by and large, illeberal and even reactionary, at least before Hitler. In France I found a different situation. There were various shades of Catholics here, from people like the Austrian ones to groups that were considered "red". The group of my psychologist centered around

8

Edouard Mounier, who edited a review "Esprit" and had founded a movement which he called Personalisme. His followers were mostly young people of the educated class, most liberal and progressive, but devout catholics. They were very open-minded and definitely represented some of the finest people in France. I attended ~~of~~ their conventions and found them very congenial and their ideas kindred to mine.

One of the strangest upshots of Plé's recommendations was the following. He advised me to write to a catholic newspaper "Temps presents", describing our situation and asking for work. The paper brought a short advertisement, through which I got in touch with the psychologist. But it had another consequence as well.

One day we got a letter from the wife of a surgeon, Dr. Escoubès in Evian. That she had read the advertisement and would like to help us. Apparently my being a colleague of her husband was the cause of her interest. Would we let her know what we needed most. Out of this a correspondence developed which gave mother very much joy. She kept sending packages with wonderful gifts, which helped very much.

Meanwhile Thomas went to school. Classes were small and the children got enough attention. In the beginning he didn't understand a word, but had to behave as if he understood something. But he picked up French quickly and after three months was fairly proficient. It is remarkable how much is asked from French children. They had to start to write with ink right away, got home work from the first day, had to memorize poems which were not very short and had to learn geography far beyond their comprehension. There were no extra activities at all.

In addition, Thomas went to Eurythmy and Painting class and was doing quite well there. He looked very cute and red-cheeked, so that his classmates called him tomate crue. He and Lisa played, whenever possible, in the Jardin de Luxembourg, a 10-15 minute walk from our hotel. It is full of statues, has an octagonal pond to sail toy boats on and is very lovely. In the background is the Palais de Luxembourg, housing the Senate.

My house calls for the Assistance Medicale brought me all over the city and I learned to know Paris much better than I would have otherwise. Also the many people I had to see for different reasons brought me to places a tourist rarely sees. Slowly, life in Paris grew on me. On two previous occasions, both very short, I did not have much love for the city. This time, during the extended stay of over nine months, I slowly discovered the beauty of the Ville lumière, with its peculiar light, which one does not notice before a certain time. There is something in the air, hard to define, which people love after a while, no matter how precarious their condition. For this appreciation of Paris I am very grateful. But, on the other hand, it made the farewell quite difficult.

The visa affairs were maturing slowly. After a while one could be pretty confident that one would get it. But the quota number had to be waited for.

After our three months were up mother went again to the prefecture. This time they found out that a mistake had been made, but with much persuasion we got another two months. After these we were

threatened to be "eloignees", that is, we should leave Paris and live somewhere in the provinces. Plé's brother procured for us a recommendation to the prefect of the police. He asked us why we had left Austria. But finally he granted permission to stay in Paris till the U.S. visa was obtained. That was very important for us, because in another place it would have been very hard to push the visa in the necessary way and also to get money to live on.

For the same reasons we had to decline an offer of a free apartment about an hour from Paris. Our crates had arrived from Vienna and were put into storage. After the visa was granted we had to arrange for transportation. All that made it necessary to be in Paris, where everything was concentrated.

Mother had struck up an acquaintance with a secretary at the U.S. consulate. She had asked an usher if there was anybody who wanted French or German lessons. He asked around and found a young lady who wanted exchange lessons. She came 1-2x a week to our hotel. It so happened that she was from Elyria and told us all about Lorain, where we were to go. When the time came, she pushed the consul to give us the visa; but I don't think it made much difference.

I had to try to earn money beyond our relief grant. It was done in different ways. Occasionally I treated a refugee medically for a fee. My sister recommended me to a rich lady who asked me to bring some order into her big library and to catalogue it, later to translate something. For these jobs she paid me very handsomely. I knew a protestant pastor of Jewish race, who had been in Silesia, then in Vienna, now in Paris (at present in New York). I sang in the choir in his church. Once he mediated a gift of English money for me (10 pounds). Then there was an organization "Selfhelp", which also gave me once a certain amount. I mentioned the jobs mediated through Plé.

I had an uncle in Geneva to whom I wrote if he could send me cancelled stamps from his big business concern. For Leo dealt in stamps and drew our attention to the money that lay in them. My uncle sent me a very big package and for days on end we detached them in hot water and sorted them out. It was not worth the trouble, as at least 98% were worthless. But it was nice of him. Later on he happened to come to Paris. At that time the U.S. consulate made every possible difficulty to the refugees, asking more and more guarantees that one would not become a public burden. So I asked my uncle for a loan (I forgot how much) in Swiss Franks to show the consul, with the understanding that I would send back the money the moment I arrived in U.S. He granted the loan without difficulty and all went as planned.

Some of our friends from Zagreb visited Paris and came to see us, leaving us some money.

On St. John's Day 1939 I went on an expedition to find my traditional flower, which I thought I needed now more than ever. I went into a part of the environs where I had never been before.

I searched a long, long time in vain. Finally I found some on a railroad dam. This made me very gay; I enjoyed the peaceful scenery, the friendly people, all very congenial to me. The only painful thing was that we had to leave all that and go to a country where everything was unfamiliar to us.

When we finally got the visa we had to arrange for transportation for four people- no small matter. There was a committee for that too. It had a bad reputation and I went there with fear and trepidation.

But it was much better than I had expected, the waiting not overly long, the people friendly. There was a major hurdle. It was a decidedly Jewish organization. When the question of religion came up and was answered truthfully the interrogator hesitated- I knew that it was in the balance now. But he preferred to ignore it and we got the tickets.

The last weeks were rather pleasant, the major problems solved, for the moment at least. Paris was so beautiful, I had found friends- and now I had to leave. My head told me how fortunate I was, but my heart rebelled.

I forgot to mention that in April Max and Phillipa had got married and left for New York, on an affidavit from his uncle in Brooklyn. Mrs. Plé, apparently inspired by her son, our guardian angel, invited us to stay one week with her in her country house in St. Fargeau near Paris. So we had a wonderful week there, rested up really well. Plés were extremely nice to us. Once I went with a relative to Mass in a small country church. A young priest played the harmonium and the congregation (and I) sang the mass. It was very satisfying.

Then came a big surprise. Dr. Halla appeared again. He had been in Paris, tried to see us, was told where we were and came out. He stayed 1-2 days at Plés. I went swimming in the Seine with him and had very interesting talks. Finally we went back to Paris, after having said good-bye to the Plés.

During the last week my sister came from England to see me off. It was very good to have her near. We went around a good deal. One evening we were sitting in a cafe, which is very nicely located, across from an old church. I sighed that I would not see that again etc. She said quite impatiently: You are going to a country where you won't see old buildings and places, but that what modern men have made. Better prepare your mind for it. I replied that I had not the slightest curiosity- that was my feeling at that time.

On Aug. 16 we drove to the depot. She left for Calais, we for LeHavre, where we embarked on the Isle de France.* I forgot to mention that mother and I (separately, of course) made a pilgrimage to Chartres, as a last farewell to Europe.

When we arrived in New York on a hot August day we were greeted by Max and Phillipa, Harry Bolk and Mr. and Mrs. Boerner. The latter had taken a room in a rooming house for us, bought some provisions and proved extremely good and helpful. The turbulent city inspired mother and me after half an hour with the fervent wish to get out from here as fast as possible.

Max helped me with the necessary arrangements. We went to the Christian Aid Committee, where my worker was a Mrs. Grondstrand. She was extremely kind.

Meanwhile the Scharffs wrote us to come to Lorain and to live with them. Already in Paris I had learned about the 60 semester hours college Ohio required, was therefore quite doubtful what to do. A Physicians' Aid Committee told me they believed it could be arranged in an individual case. And that Ohio was much to be preferred over New York. So we decided to accept Scharff's offer and I told Mrs. Grondstrand that we wanted to go to Lorain. She not only gave us the tickets, but, as she was from Cleveland, wrote to her brother there. Mr. Edelson he should meet us at the terminal and show us how to get to the Nickel Plate RR, which serves Lorain!

x My sister gave me 100 £ (= 350 \$) as a reserve fund, which two years later helped me over the most difficult times. The money was repaid after the war in food packages.

Which was notoriously difficult and unfair. I did this indeed on the side line, but with the idea to use it only in the worst case.

After long deliberations we decided for Ohio. The tuition was loaned by Mr. Eugene Halle and the Hebrew Free Loan Assn. in equal parts.

I went through the 60 semester hours in less than one year and in June 1941 took the Ohio examination.

In October I got my license and, again with help from the committee, set up my first office. In the first few months the committee made up the difference between my earnings and expenses.

I can say that they proved to be kind and helpful beyond any expectations.

This is, in rough outline, the train of external events of our emigration and immigration.