# Voices of the Past

KLAUS FRANK

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# Voices of the Past

look back, and history will come to life

by

KLAUS FRANK

Dortmund, 1938

Illustrated by Klaus Frank

SECOND EDITION 1999

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CONCENTRATION CAMP INSIGNIAS:


MY PRISON No. : **10281**

To all my Grandchildren
(present and future)

Kim
Dan
Todd
Jeremy
Peter
Nicholas
Chelsea
Alexi
Jordan
Sidney

TO BE UPDATED PERIODICALLY

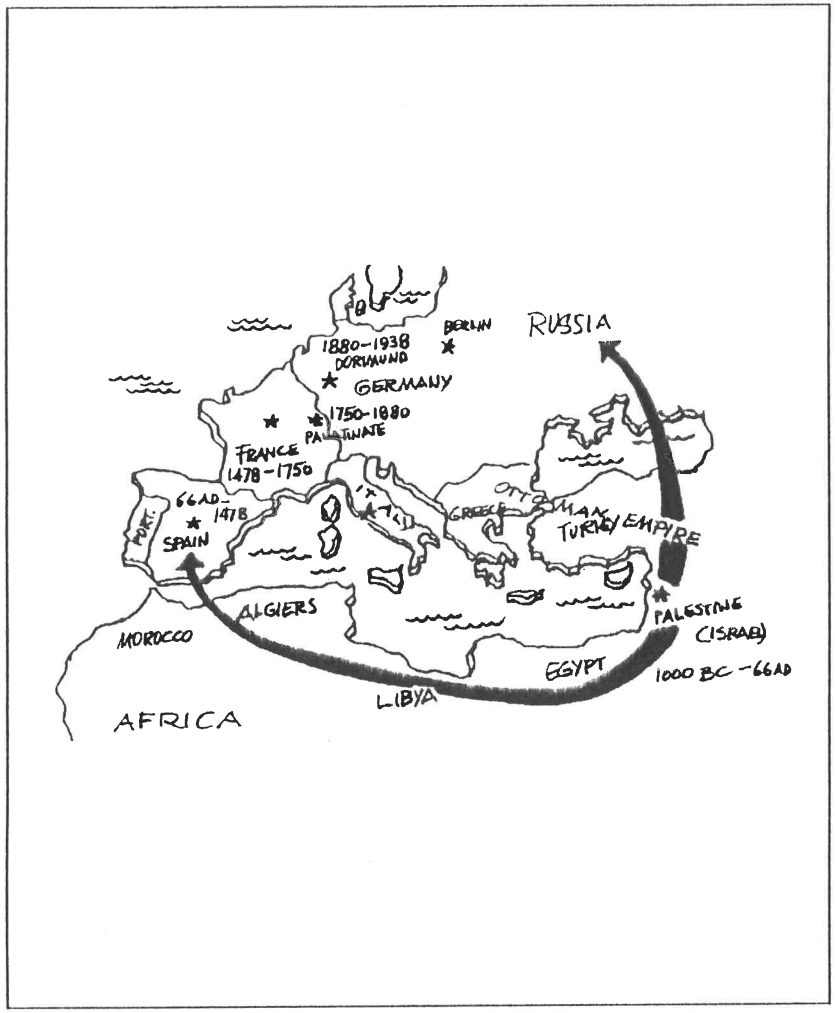
*To Eva, who shared the better part of my life*

# Voices of the Past

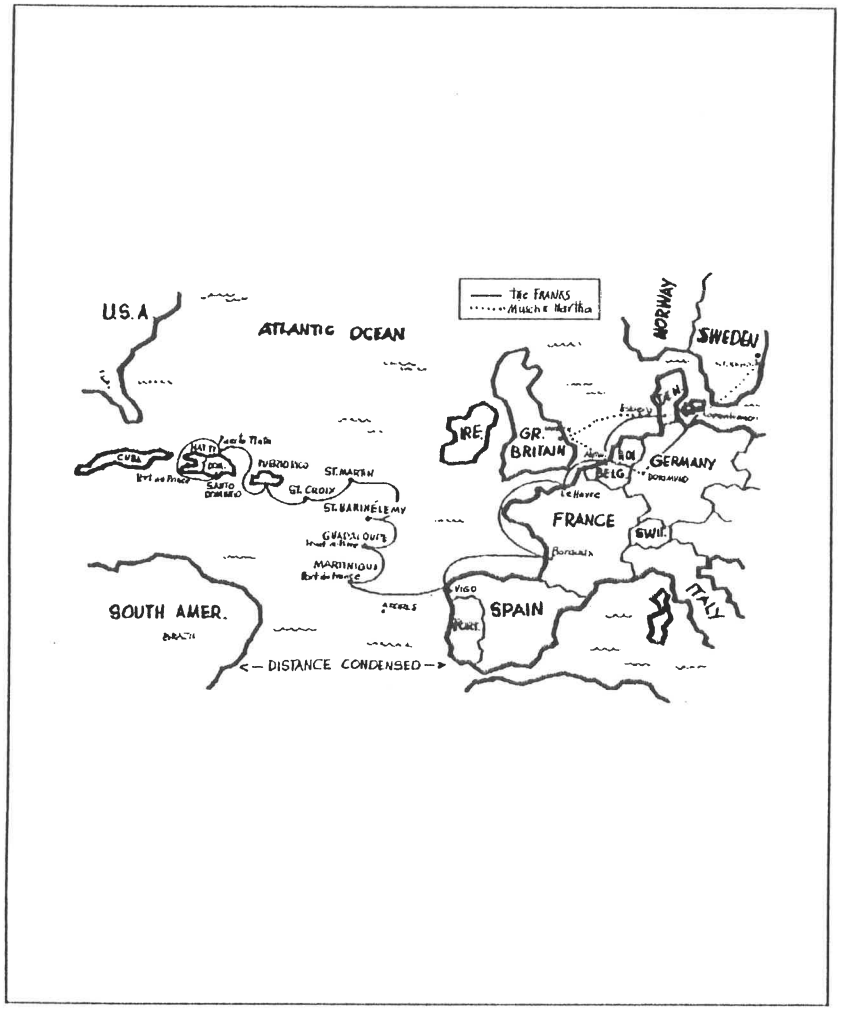
After wandering for centuries in the Middle East in search of a homeland, the Jewish tribes filtered into the land of Canaan, later to be called Palestine. They had to contend for Palestine against the Canaanites, and later the Philistines.

Under King David (1000 - 960 B.C.) they subjugated the Philistines and established a promising kingdom. It reached it's height of influence during the reign of David's son, Solomon. In war, diplomacy, inventions, and art, the Jews made little splash in the stream of history. In ethics and religion, however, their contribution to world civilization was tremendous, even though they were few in numbers and inconsequential in political power.

After the kingdom split in two, Israel in the North and Judah in the South, the weakened states fell to the Assyrians in 722 B.C. (Syria) and to Persia (Iran-Iraq) in 586 B.C. Both were driven out by the Greeks and they, in turn, in the first century by the Romans. The temple was destroyed (66 A.D.) and the Jews were dispersed to all parts of the known world. The "Diaspora" (or scattering) had begun. Some wandered north through what is now Turkey and Greece, finally winding up in Russia and Eastern Europe.


RUSSIA
BERLIN
1880-1938
DORTMUND
GERMANY
1750-1880
PALATINATE
FRANCE
1478-1750
66AD-
1478
SPAIN
PORT.
GREECE
OTTOMAN
TURKEY EMPIRE
ALGIERS
MOROCCO
AFRICA
LIBYA
EGYPT
PALESTINE
(ISRAEL)
1000 BC - 66AD

Some went west through what is now Egypt, Lybia, and Algeria into Spain. They lived in Spain for over 600 years until the Inquisition in 1478. The Court of Inquisition was set up by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella as a means to increase royal power and wealth in a struggle with the church. They confiscated the property of most Jews who did not convert, forcing them into Exodus. (Thousands of Jews and Moslems were burned to death.) Those who stayed in Spain converted, on the surface, and became Christians (Marranos), practicing their old faith in secret. I assume that my forefathers, at this point in time, left Spain and crossed the Pyrenees into France.


U.S.A
ATLANTIC OCEAN
the FRANKS
Muscle Martha
NORWAY
SWEDEN
IRE.
GR. BRITAIN
HOL
BELG.
GERMANY
FRANCE
SWIT.
ITALY
SPAIN
PORT.
VIGO
CUBA
HAITI
PUERTO RICO
ST. MARTIN
GT. CROIX
ST. BARTHÉLEMY
GUADELOUPE
MARTINIQUE
SOUTH AMER.
<— DISTANCE CONDENSED —>

Our ancestors stayed in France (the Palatinate). In 1877, the Palatinate (Alsace-Lorraine) was ceded to Germany after the Franco-Prussian War and the "Franks" became Germans. Richard Frank, my father, was born in 1883 in Homburg, Palatinate (at that time the Kingdom of Bavaria). He was the eighth of eleven children of Joseph Meyer Frank, and his second wife, Amalie nee Baehr. Joseph's first wife, Caroline nee Strass (Strauss), died after having five children, all born in Homburg: Mathilde, born in 1859, died in Copenhagen, Denmark in 1942; Henrietta, born in 1861, died in 1923 in Dortmund, Germany; Julius, born in 1864, also died in Dortmund in 1921; Albert, born in 1867, died in the U.S.A. in 1937; and Ernst, born in 1871, died in New York in 1917 in an elevator shaft accident. None of the five children ever married.

Joseph married his second wife, Amalie, and they had four children. Louis was born in 1880, and died in Copenhagen after World War II; Markus, better known as Max, was born in 1881, and died in 1974 in Kansas City, MO; my father, Richard, born in 1883, also died in Kansas City, MO in 1969; and Martha, born in 1886, died in Copenhagen around 1950. They then adopted one more, Bella Baehr (Amalie's niece who was orphaned at an early age). Bella lived with Mathilde all of her adult life, never married and died in Dortmund in 1934.

Joseph Meyer Frank, my grandfather, was born in Herschberg, Palatinate in 1830 (then belonging to France). He died in Homburg in 1887, when my father, Richard, was four years old. Joseph was the son of Elias Frank, born about 1790 and a peddler traveling from town to town. He and his wife, Juliana, both died about 1850 and are buried in Herschberg, not far from Homburg.

Joseph was a merchant, dealing with cattle and wine. As the children reached age 15 or 16, they left home

one after the other, as was customary then.

Albert and Ernst emigrated to the U.S.A. Louis settled in Copenhagen, Denmark with an apprenticeship in an export and import business. He arranged for Martha to come to Copenhagen where she married a friend of Louis's, Moritz Salomonsen. His niece, Grete, still lives in Copenhagen. Louis married Nina Lind, a washed up gentile dancer of the Danish Opera House, in the late 20's, over the objection of the whole family. (She became one of my favorite aunts later.)

Tante Nina was the most progressive person I ever met and she had a profound influence on my thinking at the time. She was featured in the Copenhagen Newspaper for being the first woman in Denmark to wear a two-piece bathing suit at a public beach. That was in 1930, twenty years before "bikinis", when everybody in Europe still wore long legs and full bathing suits. She also smoked big cigars in public and dyed her hair fire engine red (much to the chagrin of my mother and the rest of the family, who called her by the Yiddish name of "Shickse from Copenhagen").

It also was Tante Nina who sued a famous beauty shop on the French Riviera for burning her hair during a permanent. That case also made the headlines in Europe. She had to wear a wig for a time, which was handmade in China, according to the newspaper report.

Onkel Louis married Nina quite late in life. They did not have children, which probably was the reason for inviting me to spend my summer vacation, over several years, on their farm in Jutland, Denmark. It was a gentleman's farm, not for profit, but rather a retreat for Onkel Louis and Tante Nina where he could tinker with his cars, farm equipment, windmills for electricity and build kites when I was around. Onkel Louis also once cut my hair with a garden clipper,

which made my mother furious when I came home.

Mathilde, the oldest daughter of Joseph and Caroline, was born with birth defects - a curved spine and clubfoot. At the death of her parents, she was the one who raised the brothers and sisters. She was an accomplished seamstress and costume designer, specializing in costumes for operas and stage shows. Around the turn of the century, she was named Costume Designer for the City Theater in Dortmund. The whole family, except those in the U.S.A., moved to Dortmund and, behind the theater, opened an "Atelier" (design studio) on the Kuhstrasse. She spoke fluent French, Italian, German (with a French accent), some English, and was a "math whiz." She was also the only one in the family who kept a Kosher household.

We visited Tante Mathilde quite often. She fixed dinners and baked for the whole family. Tante Bella did the shopping because it was hard for Tante Mathilde to get around with her clubfoot. My closest cousin, Lutz (short for Ludwig, or Larry in English) accompanied me on visits to Tante Mathilde's. We would tease "Fifi" the dog, mercilessly. Fifi was a little, mean Schnauzer with big ears and even bigger round eyes. Whenever we came up the steps to the apartment, he would start to bark - no, not bark, but "yelp" in a high squeaky tone.

Tante Mathilde and her dog "Fifi".

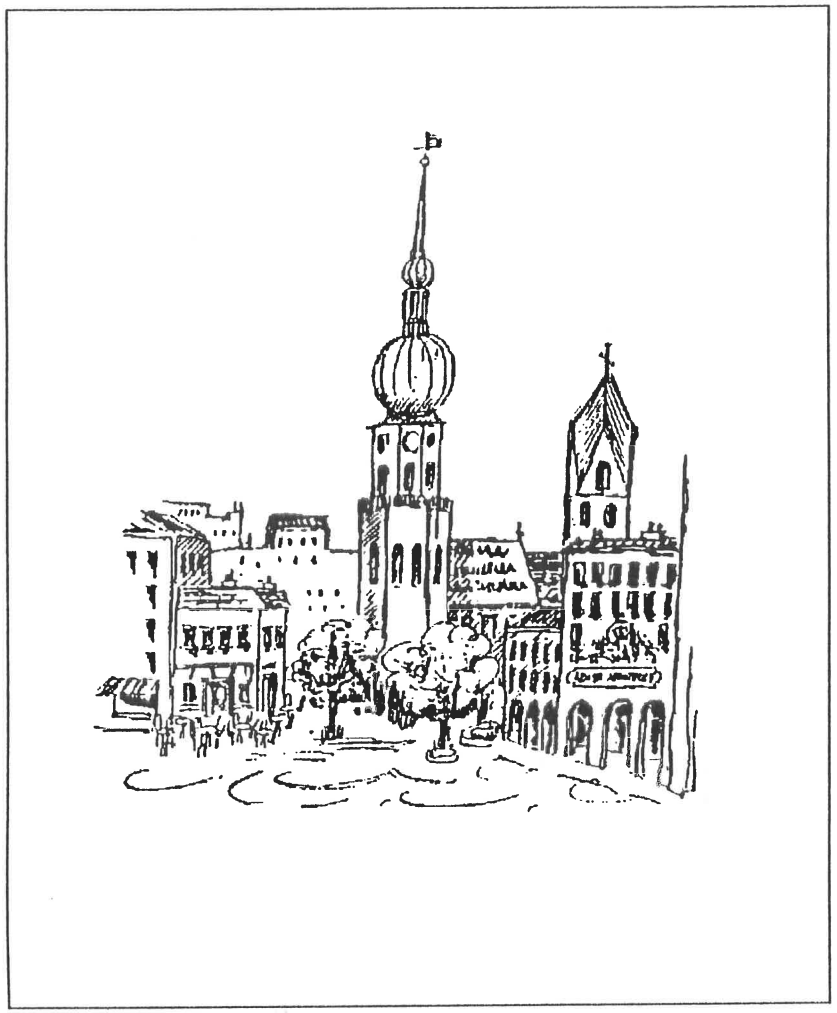
As soon as either Lutz or I entered the apartment, the dog would disappear under the sofa where all you could see of him were those yellow eyes shining out of the dark. He was the only dog I ever met who didn't like me, but that was mutual! Tante Mathilde could never understand why the dog was hiding. "He doesn't do that for anybody but you two!" she would say, shaking her finger at Larry and me.

One of Tante Mathilde's biggest disappointments was the fact that my talents did not include arithmetic. She tried to coach me but finally gave up and concentrated on French instead. She also threatened to cut my hair, which she thought was "too big" ("gross" in German). But my mother saved me from that fate, mainly because she liked my hair long, so she could style it girl fashion, which I hated.

Even after Mathilde's retirement, she lived in the shadow of the theater, until my parents' emigration, when we all left for Denmark. Henriette, Mathilde's younger sister, was with her at this time, as was Tante Bella, her adopted cousin.

Julius was a traveling salesman and came often to Dortmund to visit. Max (Markus) married Olga Wolff in Dortmund and was the first of the ten to have children. First came Manfred on July 8, 1914, and then Ludwig (Lutz or Larry) on February 27, 1920.

Speaking of children, it is interesting to note that of all the ten children of Joseph Meyer Frank, only Max and Richard had children. Max had two sons: Manfred, who never married; and Larry (Ludwig) who had two daughters - Jackie and Debbie. Richard, my father, had two children - myself and Marianne. Luckily, I had one son, Kenneth and three daughters, Susan, Sylvia and Sandra. It falls on Kenny to keep the Frank name alive! "Mazeltov."



DORTMUND, the Market place in the center of town.

In 1903, after military service in the Bavarian Army, Richard and Max opened a furniture store in Dortmund, across the street from the recently built synagogue. (The building is still standing.) At the outbreak of World War I in 1914, both brothers were called into the Army and left a distant cousin (also named Manfred), who was excused from military service, in charge of the store.

Upon their return, by the end of the war in 1918, Manfred had disappeared with the cash. They found out later that he crossed the border into Holland. The business gone, the two brothers split up. Onkel Max became a salesman for a well-known margarine producer, "Rama" and Richard started to trade with Onkel Louis in Denmark. He had an office in the building where I was born (Dresdenerstrasse 61).

He met Emmy August, his future bride, on a business trip to Berlin in 1919. They happened to sit in the same compartment on the train and by the time they had dinner in the dining car and the train pulled in the Berlin Station, my father had his first date with my mother. A year later, in May of 1920, they married. My mother, Emmy, was the third of four daughters of Joseph August and his wife, Nanette. (My second daughter, Sylvia Nancy, is named after her.)

Joseph August owned a department store in Wuppertal (Elberfeld) and all four girls were active in it. Eventually, they did the buying, acted as salesgirls and generally minded the store, while my grandfather sat in the office at the rear of the store and handled the money.

Nanette, Joseph's wife (I called her "Omi"), was a slender, tall, fashion-conscious woman. She did most of the buying of ladies' ready-to-wear and hats for the store. I remember her as wearing short "Flapper" dresses (then fashionable), which would show off her legs (even when she was too old for that, I thought).

She was very particular in her habits. She used to peel each grape before eating, watched her diet constantly and collected old postcards, which she kept in many albums. (I loved to look at those books and could study them for hours.) There also was a porcelain cat on a pillow on the floor next to the fireplace with six little kittens. (Tante Grete, second daughter, kept those, among all other household goods which were shipped to the U.S.A. in 1933.) Grete's son, Eric, I believe has them now, together with an oil painting of our grandfather.

Looking back, my grandparents were somewhat strange. I loved to visit in Elberfeld, but was hurt deeply when on one visit I was shipped back home because I "gritted my teeth" too noisily at night and supposedly kept my grandparents from sleeping. But maybe it was because I wound up all the alarm clocks for sale on one of the counters in the store to start ringing in unison. It caused quite a stir among the customers and sales people. Anyway, my stay was cut short.

I loved to visit my grandparents in Elberfeld. It was, in those days, the only town in the world that had a suspended railway system. My grandfather took me to the zoo and that was a long ride on the "Schwebe-bahn" or "floating train." The elevated rails followed the Wupper River across town and down the valley from one town to another and then back again. The zoo was situated at the end of the line. It is said there never was a fatal accident since the day it was inaugurated by Kaiser Wilhelm over 100 years ago.

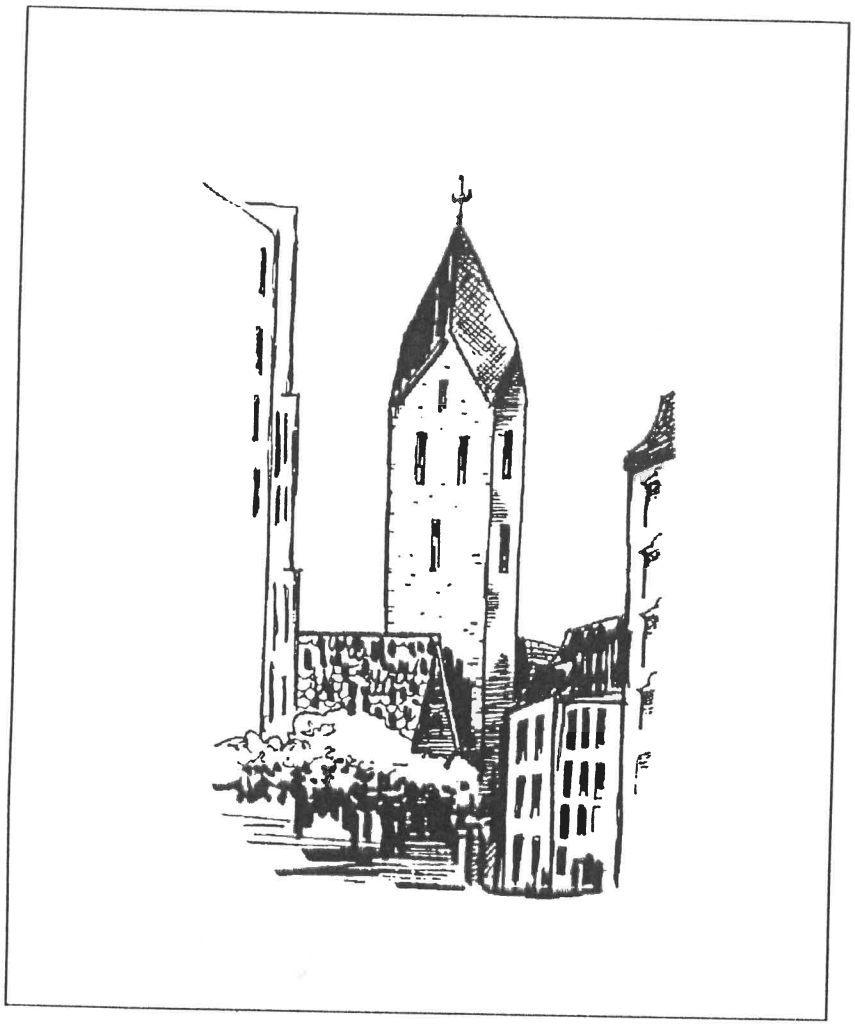
During World War II, it was bombed, but rebuilt after the war. When we visited Elberfeld with my daughter Sandy and her husband Gary in 1987, we even rode the original cars, still in service. The place where my grandfather's house and store used to be is now a shopping mall.

After my grandfather's death in 1935, the store in Wuppertal (Elberfeld) was sold together with the apartment building. Nanette would travel from daughter to daughter to stay. Tante Mary, the youngest of the August daughters, emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1936 with all the furniture and household goods.

When the time came for us to leave Germany in 1938, Nanette decided that she was too old to emigrate and start anew. She was 77 by that time and had enough money to live comfortably for the rest of her life (we thought!). But by the time the war broke out, she returned to her home town of Mannheim where she went to school in her youth. The Catholic sisters of that school took her in and hid her from the Nazis all through the war until 1941, when somebody betrayed them and she was arrested, together with a number of nuns, and transported to concentration camp Theresienstadt in Czechoslovakia where she died in 1942.

My parents were able to retrieve her few possessions, death certificate, concentration camp money, etc. after the war through the help of the Red Cross. Those items are now in the Holocaust Museum being built in Washington. To my knowledge, she was the only immediate family member to die in the Holocaust.

The first of the August girls to get married was Grete. The ceremony took place a few days before the beginning of World War I in 1914. Grete's husband was called into the Army after one week of married bliss, at the start of the hostilities, and he was one of the first casualties of the war. His death was a terrible shock and put a cloud over the whole family for many years.



St. Mary's church allways looked like a sharpened pencil to me.

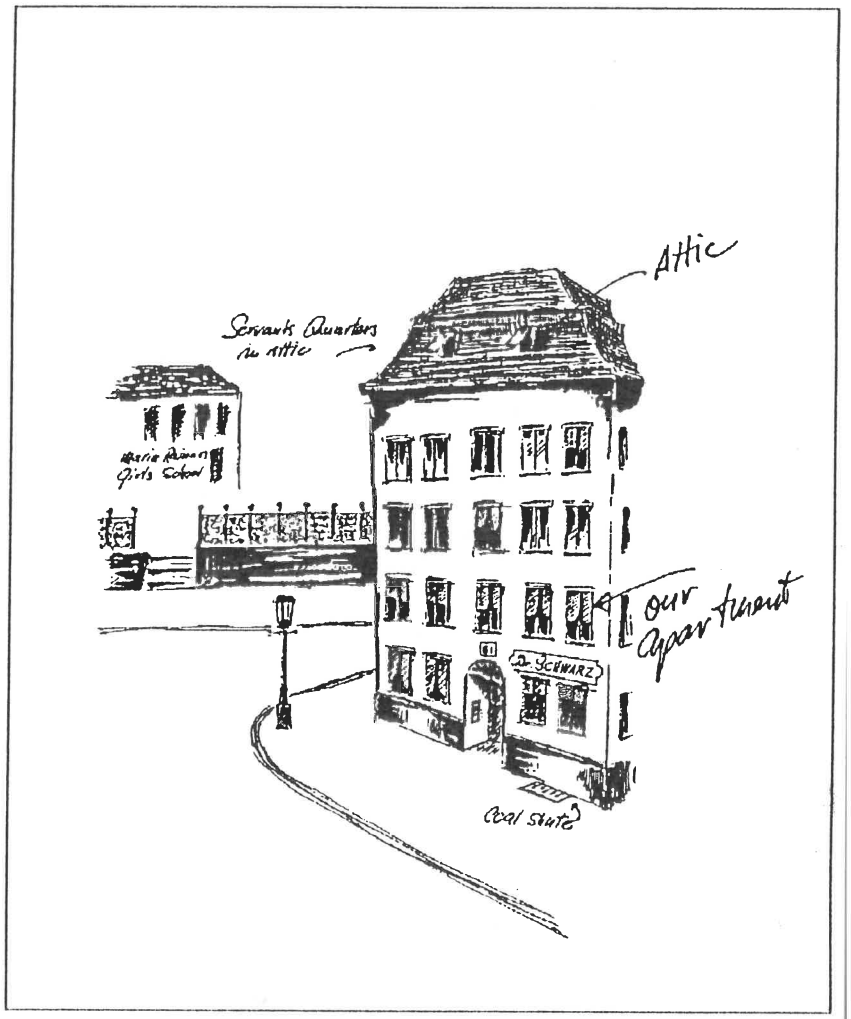
Tante Grete, never-the-less, married again to Ludwig Weil. Onkel Ludwig was a banker and, in 1933, he had the bad fortune to be the director of the bank in Munich, where a little man named Adolf Hitler kept an account. Ludwig was one of the first Jews to get fired from his job. He and Grete left for the U.S.A. in 1933 and Onkel Ludwig established an insurance company for taxicabs in New York. He commuted every day by train and subway from Hackensack, New Jersey to his offices on Columbus Circle in New York City, a two-hour trip.

The Weils had one son, Eric, who joined the American Army in 1942. He saw action in Germany working in the U.S. Intelligence Service and acting as translator in occupied German territory. He apprehended Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who was Germany's finance minister and who, ironically, was Onkel Ludwig's successor at the "Dresdener Bank." Dr. Hjalmar Schacht was put on trial for war crimes at Nuremberg after the war.

Onkel Ludwig died in the 1960's and Tante Grete passed away after her 80th birthday. I still visited her shortly before her death in Hackensack, New Jersey. As far as I know, Eric is retired with his second wife in Florida.

The second August daughter to get married was Erna. She met George Salinger on a buying trip to Berlin where George and a partner manufactured satin blouses and skirts under the name of "Salinger and Benda." They had two children, Margot (who now lives in Buenos Aires and used to visit us with her husband, Raymond Jareki), and Hanns (with two n's). We used to visit them quite often and I loved to go to the factory with Onkel George, a jolly fellow with a good sense of humor. They sold the factory and emigrated to Argentina where Margot, now a widow, still lives.

Emmy, my mother, was the third one to leave the nest. Mary, my favorite of the three aunts, never married. Mary was very efficient and ran the store after all the sisters left and my grandfather passed away in 1936. She was educated in Switzerland, and spoke French and Italian, besides German. Upon immigration to the U.S.A., she became a private secretary to Rabbi Wise, a well known philosopher in New York. She stayed at first with the Weils in New Jersey, and moved later to New York, where she, strangely enough, committed suicide. We could never find out why and Tante Grete and Onkel Ludwig never explained.

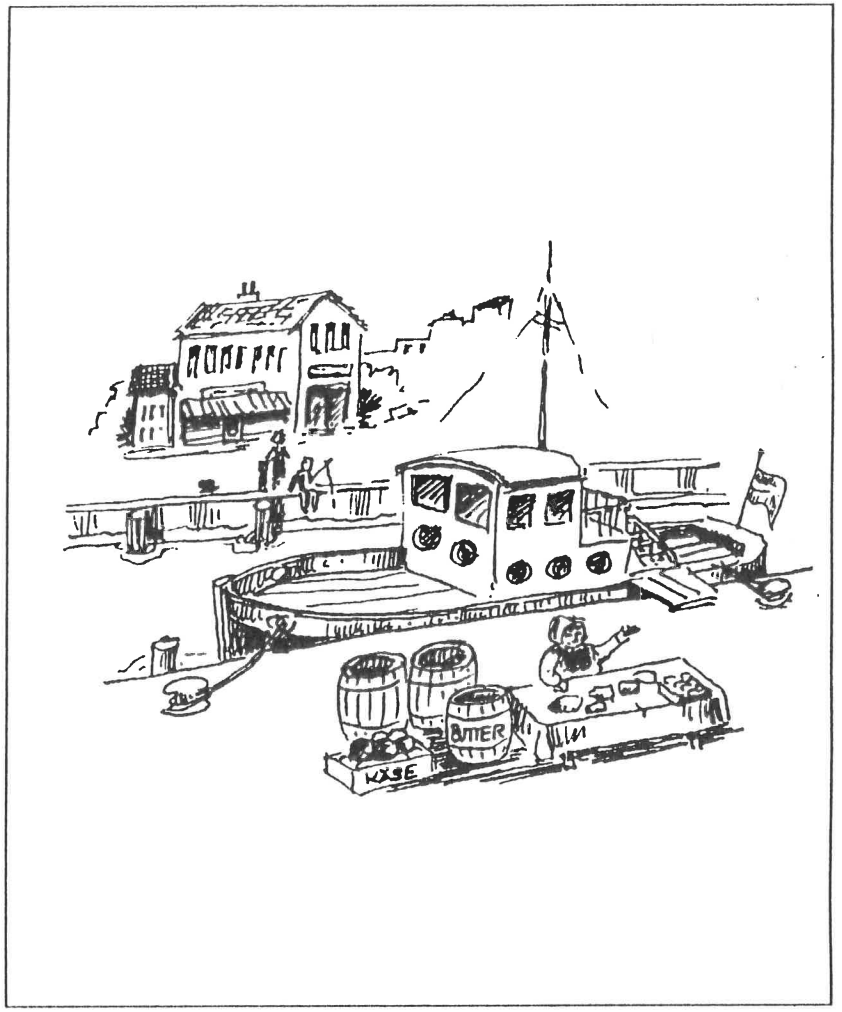



Dresdener Strasse 61 (Dresden Street 61)

I was born on March 30, 1921 and my sister was born three years later, on April 22, 1924. I still remember the back of my parent's apartment building. There were four bedrooms: one for my parents; one for my sister, Marianne, and myself; one for the maid; and one guest room. (The servant's quarters were in the attic.)

When my sister and I were small we had a nanny (kinderschwester) with us during the day, besides the full time maid, Lina. My mother seldom cooked. She learned how only after we left Germany in 1938. But she made weekly menus and went to the market to purchase the groceries every week.

I liked to go along on Thursdays and loved to taste the butter, the sausage, etc., that Fran Huseman brought fresh down the Rhine from Holland, by boat. Fran offered to take Musch to Holland but my parents declined the offer. There were all kinds of different butter to be had: packages, bulk or barrel, salted or unsalted, land butter or farm butter.




On thursdays "Frau" Huseman came by boat from Holland with Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

In those days we had a full time maid in the house at all times, except on her day off. My sister and I ate all meals in the kitchen, while our parents had theirs in the dining room. (We still have the bell which was hanging from the chandelier and indicated in the kitchen which room needed service.) I was not allowed to eat in the dining room until my Bar Mitzvah (after my 13th birthday).

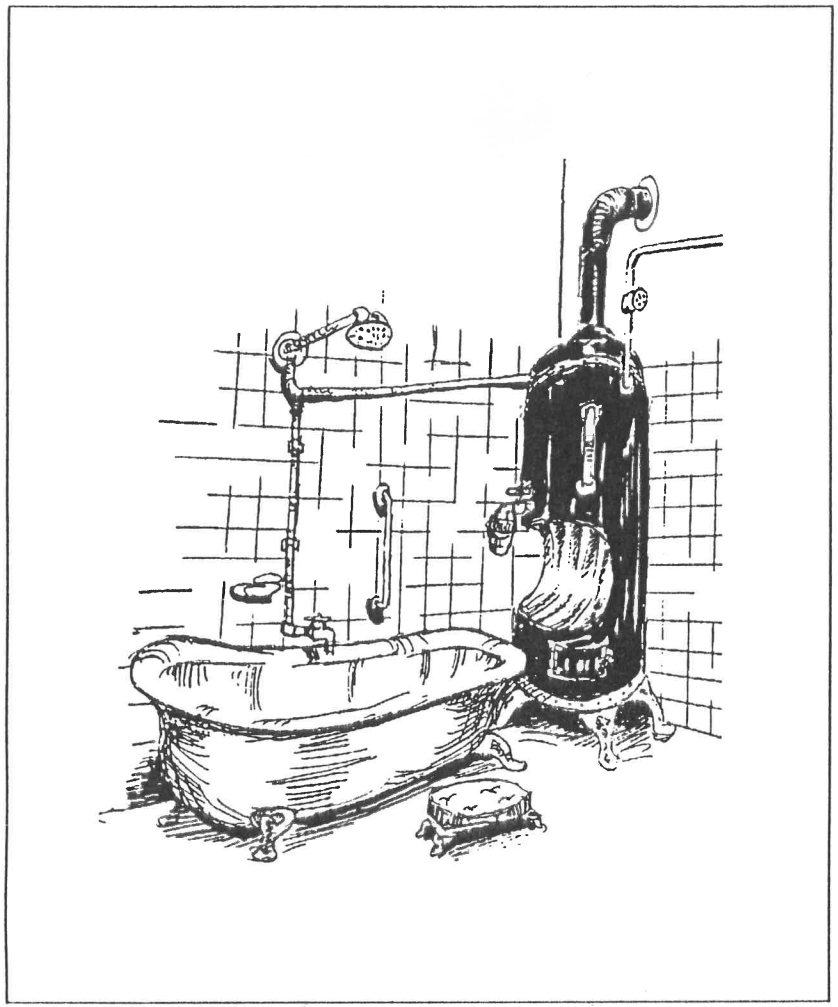
There was a big living room with a record player and the only telephone. My father had a studio and library, where he could smoke his big cigars (but only there!). Behind the desk was a lockable library covering the wall from one end to the other. Among the books was a collection of erotic literature. When I was about 15 years old, I found out one day that the glass door was not locked.

Over several months, I read all the sexually explicit books and that is how I got a good part of my education. Years later, I found out that my father left the glass doors unlocked on purpose. This was also the room where my father kept me from smoking cigarettes. After catching a friend and myself smoking some stubs, he made me sit in the big leather chair in front of his desk, telling me that as long as I wanted to smoke, it should be something substantial.

He gave me one of his big cigars from Brazil, lit it, and watched me getting sicker by the minute. My mother rescued me from this ordeal and I did not touch another cigarette until I was 20 (in the Dominican Republic).

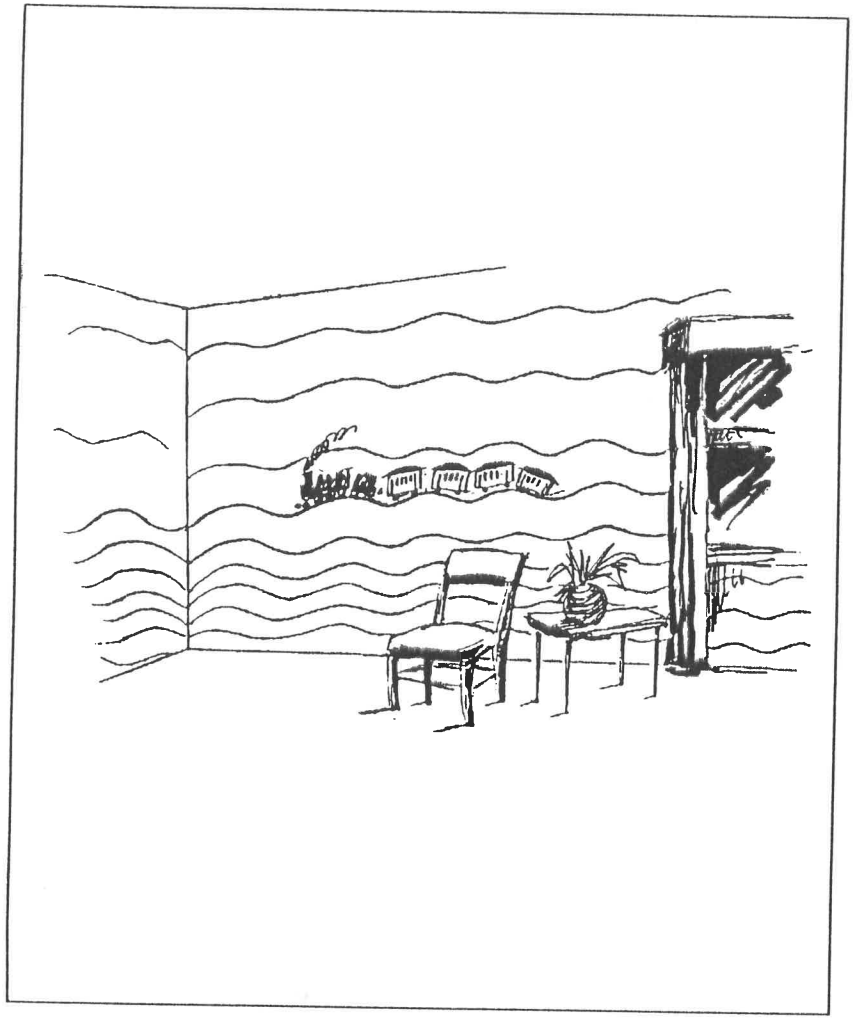
There was also a playroom for us kids, which I almost set on fire by running a steam engine too close to the curtains. The same room was witness to the crime of dipping my sister's long braids in an inkwell, and where she got even by destroying an airplane model I had built, by sitting on it.

The bathroom was a long, narrow room at the end of a long hall. There was no running hot water in the apartment. The water for the weekly bath was heated by a separate hot water heater. Friday evening was bath day. My father's shaving water was heated in the summertime on the kitchen stove (gas) and in the winter on the living room coal fired stove of Dutch tile.



The hot water heater in the bathroom was only fired up on Friday evening.

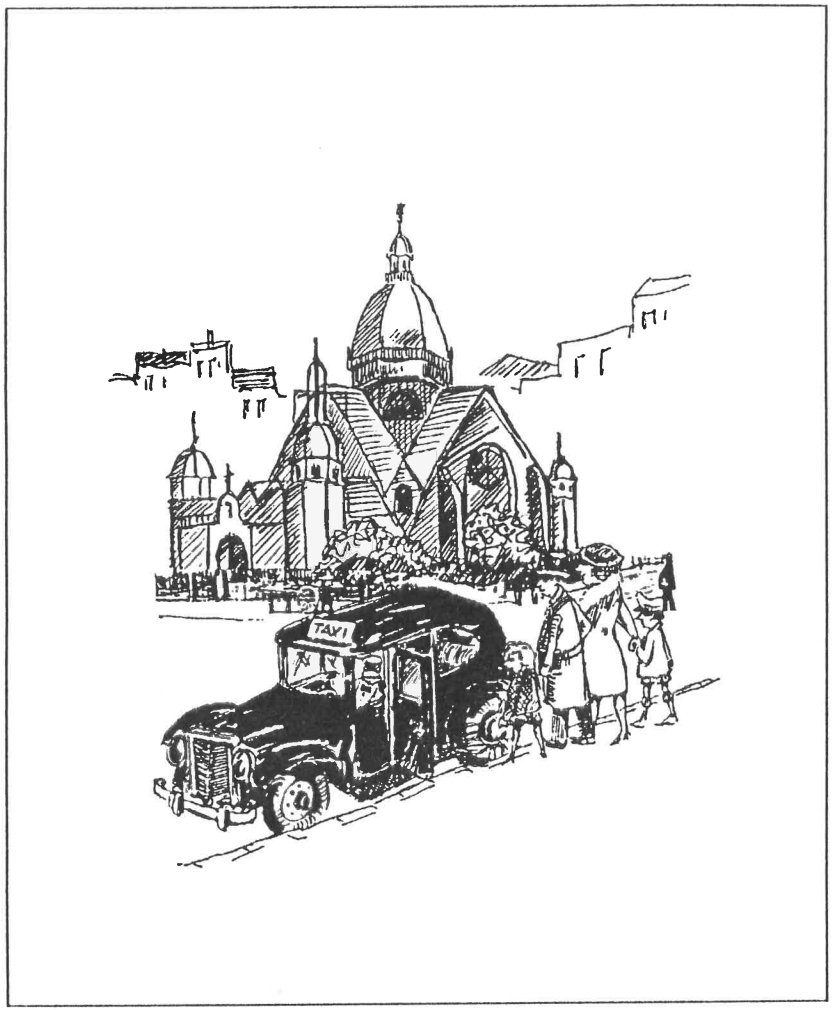
After my 13th birthday, I moved upstairs under the slate roof into the extra servant's quarters. I loved this room with its slanted ceiling and dormer windows. (By the way, all bedrooms were unheated, even in the winter.) From there I could look out over the neighboring roofs to tell the time on the big clock of the church of St. Bonifatius and watch the pigeons. I stayed in this room until we left in 1938. There also was a small guest room. I remember when Aunt Mary from Elberfeld stayed there for a visit after the death of my grandfather. I did not like that room because it didn't have any windows.



the newly papered livingroom was the object of my artistic endeavors.

The newly papered living room was the object of my artistic endeavors. Needless to say, that punishment followed swiftly, but the train was visible for many years thereafter.

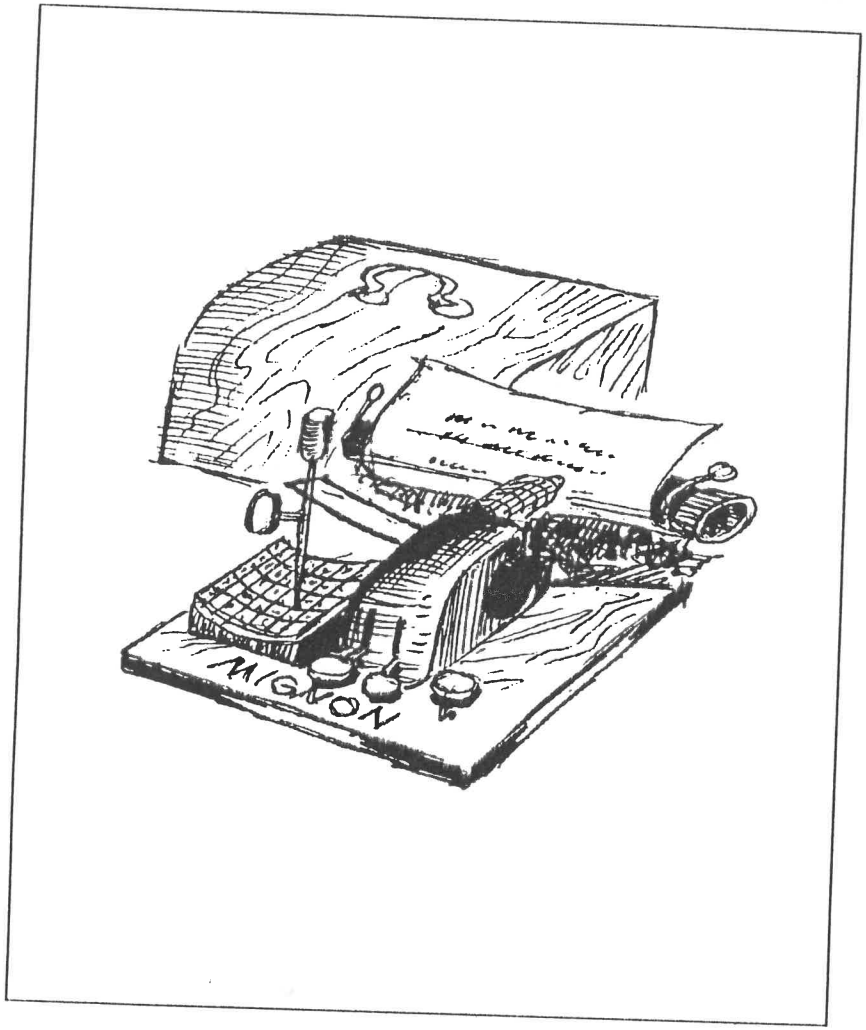
Until I was 13, Marianne and I had regular check ups from the family doctor, Dr. Levy, who believed in inoculation for small pox on the left breast, of all places, where my sister and I still have the marks to this day! After Dr. Levy retired, we had a lady doctor, Dr. Schwarz, who had a practice in our building - very convenient. She used to wear her hair pulled back straight, ending in a big, black ball at the base of her neck.




A Taxi took us to the Synagogue

We did not have a car, public transportation being sufficient and convenient. On holidays or special occasions, my father would call a taxi to take us to the Synagogue, even though it was within walking distance. We would get out of the taxi a block from the Temple and walk the rest of the way to the services. This was the only time my father wore his "Zylinder" (top hat). During services I sat with all the boys on one side, while my sister went with my mother upstairs with all the women. My father sat in the middle section in his assigned seat with his name on it.

We also lived within walking distance from the "Sudbahnhof" (train station south), and the streetcar, so transportation was no problem. Frequently my father would travel to different cities, even Holland and Belgium, and on occasion, took me along. I remember one customer in particular I liked to visit, who had a parrot who could say sentences in three languages by repeating what he heard (at least that is what the owner claimed).




The strange Typewriter my father bought for my mother.

We never stayed over night and usually were back home before dinner. My mother spent her days playing Bridge, visiting or going shopping. She would also do some book work for my father and type in French or German on a strange typewriter that my father bought because nobody could read her handwriting (in those days, still the old German script). This typewriter had only one key for the whole keyboard and a stylus to pick the letters (much like a Selectric). We still have that typewriter.

My father liked to play chess and tried to teach me. But those lessons did not go very far and he soon gave up. Every once in a while he would play a game with Tante Mathilde. But typical male chauvinist that he was, he maintained that females were better cooks than chess players.

Shortly before our emigration to Denmark, he started a game by mail with an old friend in (I believe) Cologne. They would send each other post cards with their next move. Even when we were in Santo Domingo those post cards would arrive and he would faithfully mail the next move on the post card to Germany.

All correspondence stopped, of course, when the war in Europe broke out in 1939. He did not hear anymore from his friend during the war years, until seven years later in 1946 when a postcard from Germany arrived with the usual note of the next move. Obviously, his friend was not Jewish and too old for military service, which made it possible for him to survive. The game was finished as if nothing had happened, but shortly thereafter my father received the notice that his friend had passed away.

By 1933 all this changed. It was the year Hitler came into power. Even though my father was questioned by the Nazis about his activities (he was a member of the Social Democratic Party - SDP) and served as election

observer in elections. But even this harassment could not convince him to leave the country. He maintained that Hitler could not last long and political change was imminent.

The country was in the grip of a depression, there were millions of jobless people and the Allies were calling for payments of reparations from World War I. Hitler blamed it all on the Jews and promised a glorious future. He started to re-arm the Army and the Navy, secretly built airplanes (as Germany was prohibited by the Versailles Treaty to have an Air Force or Navy), and in time marched into the Rheinland. (If only the allies had stopped him then, all the calamities which came later would have been avoided.)

I was sent to a private grade school until age 12, then attended a public high school, while "Musch," my sister, attended the Jewish grade school. By the time I was 15, the public schools were closed for all Jewish children, so I enrolled at the Dortmund Art School where, strangely enough, they did not inquire about my religious affiliation and I wasn't going to tell them. I attended this school for three years (until we left). My sister was sent to England by my parents, who enrolled her in a girl's finishing school in Hastings, Southern England.

While talking of school, it is interesting to note my experience in trying to find some, or at least one, of my high school classmates. The high school (called a "Gymnasium" in German) was bombed during the war and the only remnant is a column of the main entrance with a plaque noting the name "Bismarck Real-Gymnasium." At the city hall I searched the microfilm file for survivors of my class of 17 boys. I remembered some names. It is impossible to know how many were Nazis, but most of them got drafted into the Army. (They were the right age, 17 or 18, at

the beginning of the war.) After a while of checking, I suddenly realized that I, the only Jewish kid in that class, was the only survivor. Of the 17, some died in the Soviet Union, some on the western front and in Italy. Three committed suicide after the war and two died of natural causes. None lived to see 1969 (the year I checked the files in Dortmund). I left City Hall surprised and sad but very thankful!

## SUMMER VACATION IN 1935

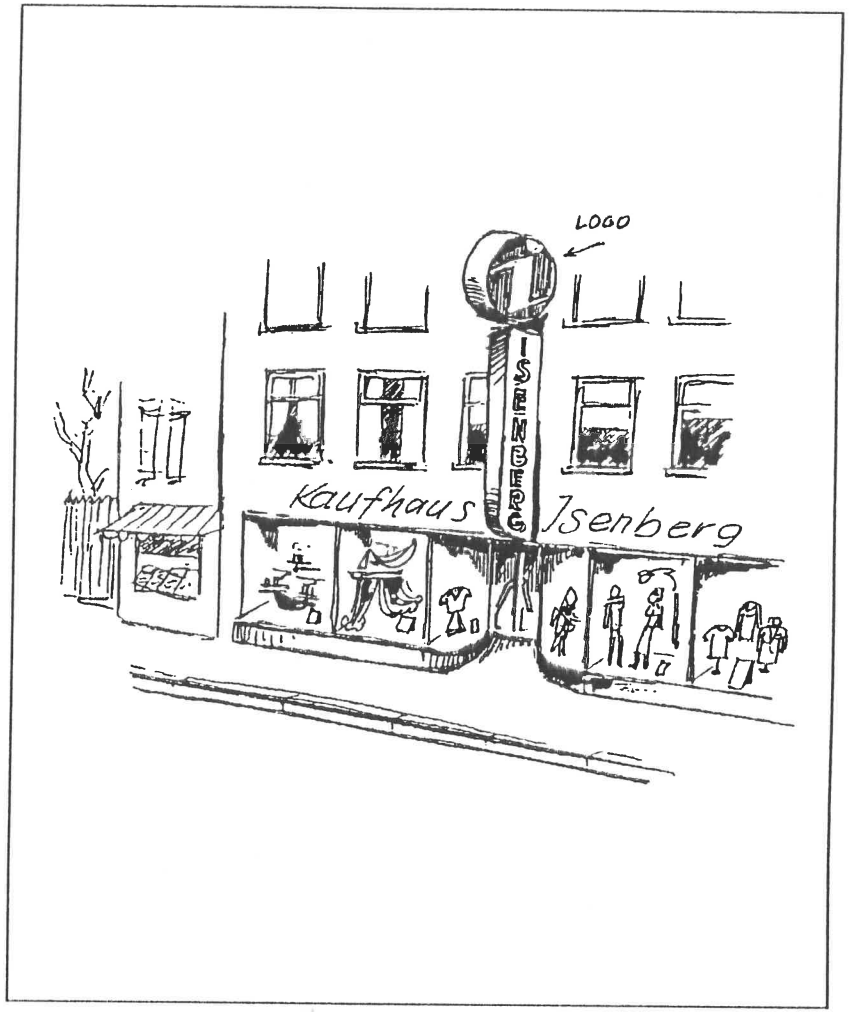
In 1935 Manfred Frank, Larry's older brother, some buddies, and I as the youngest, used our vacation for a bicycle ride to the Swiss border. The trip took us through the industrial center of the Ruhr Basin, where German heavy industry is located, all the way south along the Rhine River.

The day before our departure, my bicycle developed tire problems and, rather than fixing it, I borrowed the store bike from the parents of Lotte Baum (later Larry's wife), who had a bedding store in Dortmund. As Jews, we could not use the youth hostels on the way, so we had to stay with friendly families.

When we came to a little town at the end of the day, we would stop at the center, usually the market place and sing "Rock of Ages" (the old Chanukah song). Usually somebody would know what we were singing and open the window to ask us in. It was a simple way to find Jewish residents in small towns and it always worked.

In Elberfeld we stayed at my grandparents. We were on the road several weeks, had a great time and learned a lot.

Besides going to school, I entered into a three-year apprenticeship at a Jewish store where I learned window display, sign painting and advertising. The store was destroyed in the "Kristallnacht" in 1938 and that ended my formal education. But that job made it possible for me to be eligible to a pension from Germany after the war.




For three years I was an apprentice of Window display and advertising at a Department Store. I still remember the Logo.

Life in Hitler's Germany was slowly changing. The Nuremberg laws against Jews made it ever more difficult for my parents. The bank accounts were monitored, the maid or cook had to leave and my father had to get a permit to travel to Holland. I was the only Jewish student in the school and fortunately had no problems, like some of my Jewish friends had. Only once was I beaten up by a pack of uniformed Nazis who waited for me as I left the house of Lotte Baum. They knocked out one of my front teeth. The persecutions continued until they reached a high point on November 9, 1938.

The infamous "Kristallnacht" (Crystalnight): where all Jewish businesses, factories, synagogues and many houses and apartments were looted or destroyed by order of Hitler. My father had taken a train to Holland because he was warned by one of his Christian friends that the Nazis had planned something. I was arrested on the steps to a girlfriend's house (Lore Rosenberg, who, together with a brother and both parents, did not get out of Germany and perished in the Holocaust). The Nazis placed me, handcuffed, in an Army personnel carrier (open like a convertible), and after they picked up some more unfortunate Jewish citizens, drove us to the Central Police Station on the "Steinplatz", in full view of the Dortmund citizens.

There we were locked up behind bars until the next morning, when we were herded to the railroad station for the trip to Berlin, Oranienburg (Sachsenhausen). When the prison gates to the cells were opened, I found out that my father was in the very next cell. He had returned from Holland after my mother had called him. The Nazis had promised her that they would set me free if my father would present himself at the police station. Without hesitation he had taken the next train back home and turned himself in.

Needless to say, they kept us both. Onkel Max had the presence of mind to jump into bed fully clothed and play sick. They did not arrest him.

The next five weeks my father and I, and cousin Lutz, spent in concentration camp Sachsenhausen/ Oranienburg, outside of Berlin. We arrived at the Sachsenhausen (K.Z.) early in the evening, lined up in front of the train and went through a head count with the SS guards. Larry was singled out because he wore a muffler (neck scarf), and was slapped around viciously. That was a sign of what was to follow.

We had to run in formation to the barracks, about two miles, and that was when the first casualties occurred. The older prisoners fell back, were beaten and when they could not get up, left behind. We could hear the shots ringing in the night. My father was beaten with a rifle butt on the lower part of his leg, but Lutz and I grabbed him by his arms and dragged him along.

There was another count at the barracks and I was assigned one for 17 year olds. We were given old German Army uniforms from World War I, but with striped K.Z. pants, and were shaved completely. The beds were wooden frames with straw and a blanket. We got up at 5:00 a.m., dressed, made the bed, went to the communal bathroom and outside for a head count. No breakfast. I had volunteered to work as a carpenter "Schreiner," but inadvertently was assigned as a tailor "Schneider" and worked on old German Army uniforms from World War I. I sewed on the triangles which all prisoners had to wear.

CONCENTRATION CAMP INSIGNIAS:

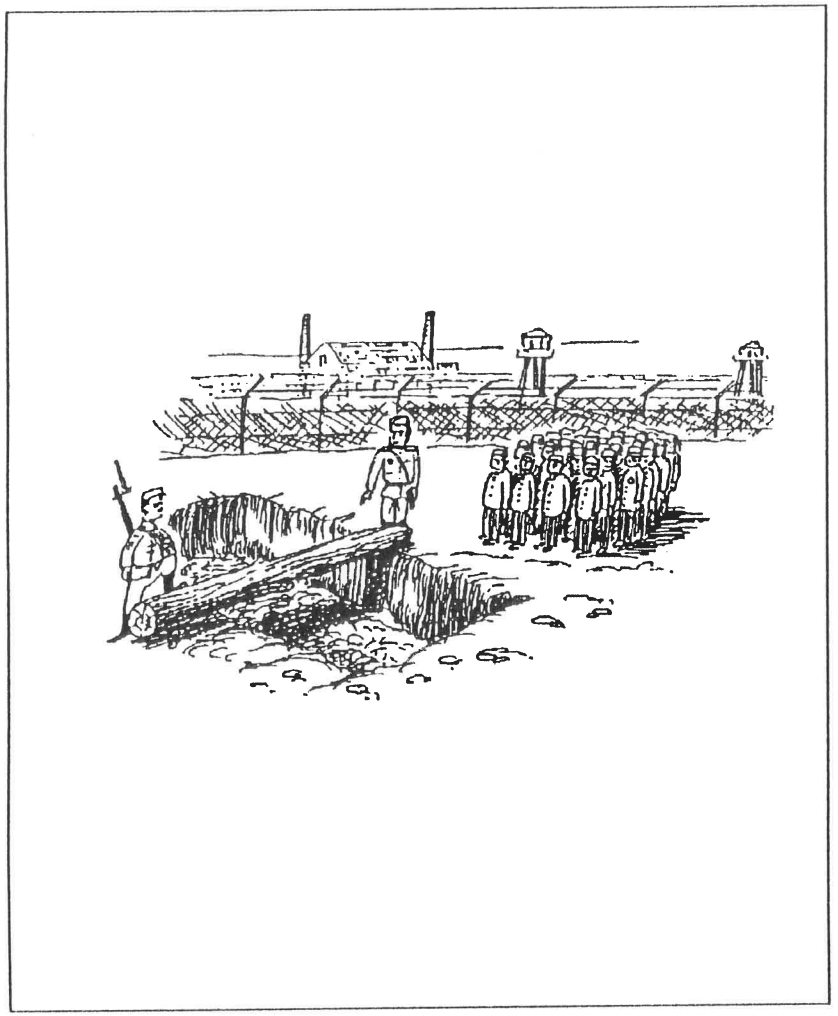

MY PRISON No. : **10281**

We worked till 7:00 p.m., then were herded back to our barracks where we had dinner (our only meal of the day), and one hour socializing. That's when I saw my father and Lutz and had a chance to exchange our food. My father saved some for me and I gave him what I did not eat (like the boiled pig's head cheese). We got our daily ration of black bread and water to drink. After another head count, we went to bed in the unheated bunks and thanked God that we survived another day.

My father also volunteered as a tailor. At least we were inside the barracks and not outside in the bitter cold. Lutz volunteered too, but they didn't take him. He worked at a sand pile, shoveling sand in a lorry (mining wagon), and then dumped it in the opposite corner of the yard.

Besides the abuse, brutality and the constant fear for your life, there was the bitter cold at November in Northern Germany. We wore old newspapers under our uniforms, salvaged from the garbage cans of the guards, to keep warm. To avoid a middle ear infection, which I used to get regularly at home, I stuffed cotton balls in my ears. We knew we could not get sick. Inmates who had to go see a doctor were never seen again, as were the unfortunate ones who tried to escape over the fence. Luckily my father's leg healed and he was in pretty good physical condition to withstand the punishment.

After five weeks, our names and numbers were called one morning during head count. My father and I thought that this was the end. But much to our surprise, we were given our civilian clothes and escorted to the railroad station. Not until we were back home in Dortmund did we know that Aunt Martha and Onkel Louis in Copenhagen had come to the rescue.



The feared "Scheissgrube" (Shit-pit) on the Barracks ground which was used as penalty for a luckless prisoner in presence of all inmates.

With a Danish lawyer in tow, and a briefcase full of money that Onkel Louis supplied, Aunt Martha went to Berlin. At the interior ministry she offered American dollars (bribing a high Nazi functionary), for our release. At the concentration camp, my father and I were called up and dismissed. A mix-up of names (Ludwig/Lutz) kept Larry one more week.

The next day we were back in Dortmund; my father without a mustache and I weighing 95 pounds. My mother, with white hair, was busily packing our possessions. She had everything crated - furniture, china, silver, art objects - even the Singer sewing machine. It was a crate as big as a room, called a "lift."

After having all our possessions crated and shipped, my mother did the same with Tante Mathilde's. As we - my father, Larry and I were already in Copenhagen, it was up to my mother to take her to Denmark. I still remember their arrival in the Copenhagen Railroad Station. I could not understand why Tante Mathilde was walking so painstakingly. We thought her clubfoot was giving her trouble. Not until we got to Aunt Martha's house did we find out that my mother had wrapped Tante Mathilde's silver setting and a couple of silver candlesticks around her body with a "Talles" (prayer shawl). She figured that the Border Police would not bother an old woman with such a handicap. Tante Mathilde died during the war in Copenhagen and is buried there. She was in her high 80's.

By the middle of January 1939, my father, Lutz, and I left Germany for Denmark, each with 10 marks in our pockets. Onkel Max and Tante Olga (Lutz's parents) left for France. My mother and Tante Mathilde (who was then 80 years old) joined us in Copenhagen a few weeks later.

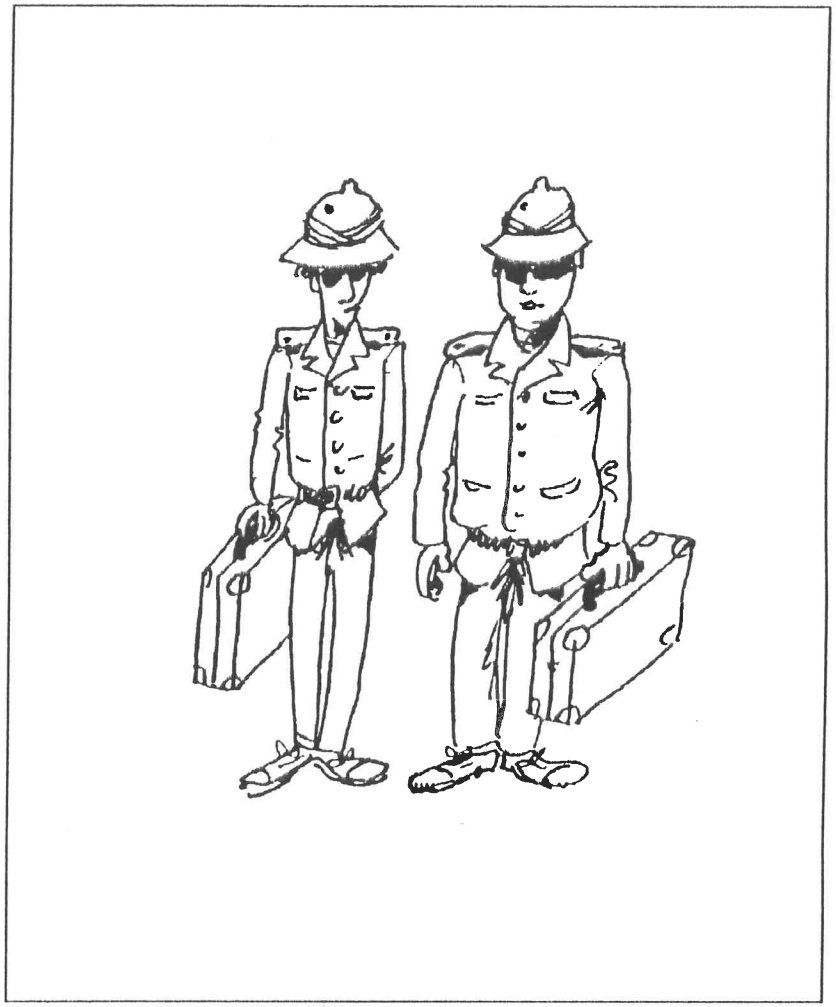
The German Army by now had marched into Austria

and occupied part of Czechoslovakia after British Prime Minister Chamberlain had appeased Hitler with "peace in our times."

We stayed in Copenhagen for two months while Onkel Louis tried to find a country that would admit us. The quota for the U.S.A. was filled at the time, so we could not use the affidavit that Ted Lewis (Theodore Friedman, a distant relative and well-known entertainer in the states) had sent us. We could only stay in Denmark a short time. The Honorary Consul of the Dominican Republic in Denmark finally issued a resident visa for the six of us, after payment of $500 U.S. dollars each, to the brother of Dominican President Trujillo, Ambassador to France at the time.

That was the second time Onkel Louis came up with the money. Three thousand dollars in 1939, in Europe, was a lot of money! Lutz and I started to learn Spanish and went to classes every day. We also took some candy making instructions from Mr. Peterson, the Dominican Consul, hoping that we could use our newly acquired trade in the Dominican Republic.

Onkel Louis took us to a safari outfitter in Copenhagen where we were dressed in tropical attire including pith-helmet, white shoes and my very first pair of sunglasses.



Ready for the Tropics!

The day came when our ship, a freighter, was ready to leave. Tante Martha and Onkel Louis rose to the occasion for the third time, paying for all tickets and more. We finally found a ship going to France without touching Germany, for fear of being taken off the boat by the Nazis, or passing through German waters, or stopping at a German port.

The second day on the high seas, I became violently seasick and did not recover until a week later, when we sailed through the Azores, a Portuguese island group in the middle of the Atlantic. My parents and Lutz and his parents never missed a meal, each with a bottle of French wine. I, on the other hand, could not eat a bite!

Anyone who has ever been seasick knows what it is like. Your head turns, your stomach heaves, your eyes can't focus and your equilibrium is gone. It took days for me to recover. Up to this day, I get a creepy feeling in the pit of my stomach when I see a round window.

The whole trip took over four weeks, on three different ships. A freighter took us from our starting point in Esberg, Denmark to Antwerp, Belgium and then to Bordeaux in France, where we met up with Onkel Max and Tante Olga. We stayed at a refugee center in Bordeaux among hundreds of refugees from Spain, where the Civil War was in its last days.There we boarded the liner "Bretagne." (It was sunk by a Nazi submarine on her very next trip.) The "Bretagne" sailed from Bordeaux to Vigo, Spain where we could hear the artillery of the Spanish Civil War. A lot of Spanish refugees came on board, fleeing the war zone. Some settled in Santo Domingo and we became good friends. Among the refugees were writers, newspaper men, musicians, doctors and lawyers.

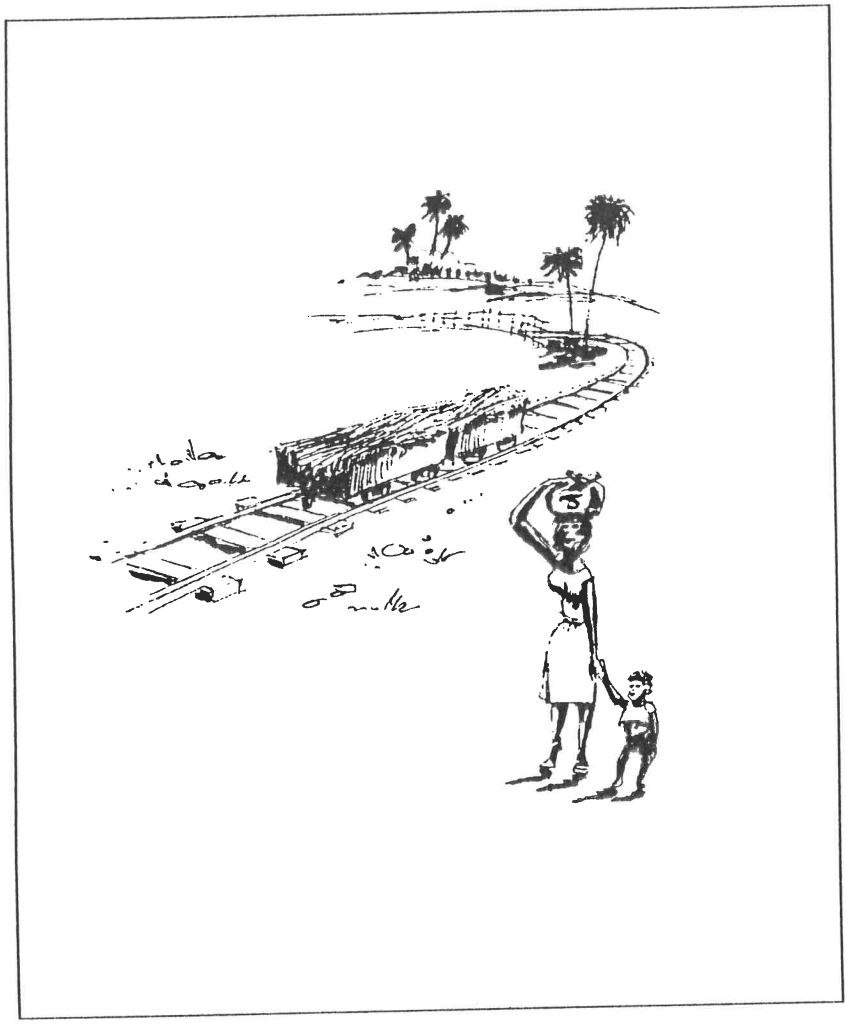
From Vigo we sailed by the Azores toward the Lesser Antilles. In Fort-de France, Martinique we changed

ships again. We left the luxury liner "Bretagne" and boarded a French freighter "Dominique," loaded with coal. The next week was spent sailing from one French island to another, staying in port one day each stop.

Guadalupe, Saint Barthelomy, Saint Martin and St. Croix came next. In St. Croix, which is American territory, Onkel Max and my father considered jumping ship. I remember they discussed that all day, but finally decided that they had paid $500 a head for the right to go to the Dominican Republic, and by golly, they were going to get their money's worth!

Puerto Rico was next and then through the Mona Passage to the northern port of Puerto Plata, in the Dominican Republic. There we were to disembark and take the railroad across the country to the capital, then called Ciudad Trujillo. Our ticket package included the train tickets, but we soon found out there was no railroad to Santo Domingo. All we could find was a narrow gauge train with a couple of freight cars for sugar cane.

After a short family conference, Lutz and I used our recently acquired knowledge of Spanish to bargain for two taxicabs to the capital. We piled our baggage in one (an old Opel) and squeezed all six of us in the other. Needless to say, I got carsick on the 150 mile trip. The driver finally quit stopping for me; I got a window seat and simply stuck my head out the window.



the "Railroad station" in Puerto Plata.
(About 2 miles of narrow gauge sugar plantation rails)

# HISTORY OF SANTO DOMINGO

I deem it important to inject here a few paragraphs about the Dominican Republic, which is going to be home and adopted "Fatherland" for us in the next nine years.

Of all the larger islands and countries of the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic is the least known to Americans (and Europeans even less). It is not a large country - 18,816 square miles - about the combined area of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Fertile valleys, barren plains and beautiful mountains reflect the diversities of the country. You can find almost everything from tobacco fields, pineapple, banana and brown sugar plantations, to grotesque rites of voodoo.

The dominating feature is the Cordillera Central, the mountain range running almost the entire length of the country. The highest peak in the West Indies is there, Pico Duarte, (10,400 feet and sometimes snow covered.) The northern half of the country is called "Cibao," a word which was old when Columbus heard it from the Taino Indians and assumed it was "Cipango" or Japan.

Toward the south is the great valley of Vega Real or Royal Valley. Fertile grasslands, fields of cocoa, tobacco and varied crops extend all the way south to Santo Domingo, then called Ciudad Trujillo, after the dictator running the country while we were there.

Santo Domingo was a sleepy little town of barely 100,000 in 1939. Few travelers ever stopped there. Pan American, the only airline serving the country, flew the famous Flying Ducks to the island. They were pontoon planes, landing on the Ozama River about once a week. The tourist business did not start until long after the war.

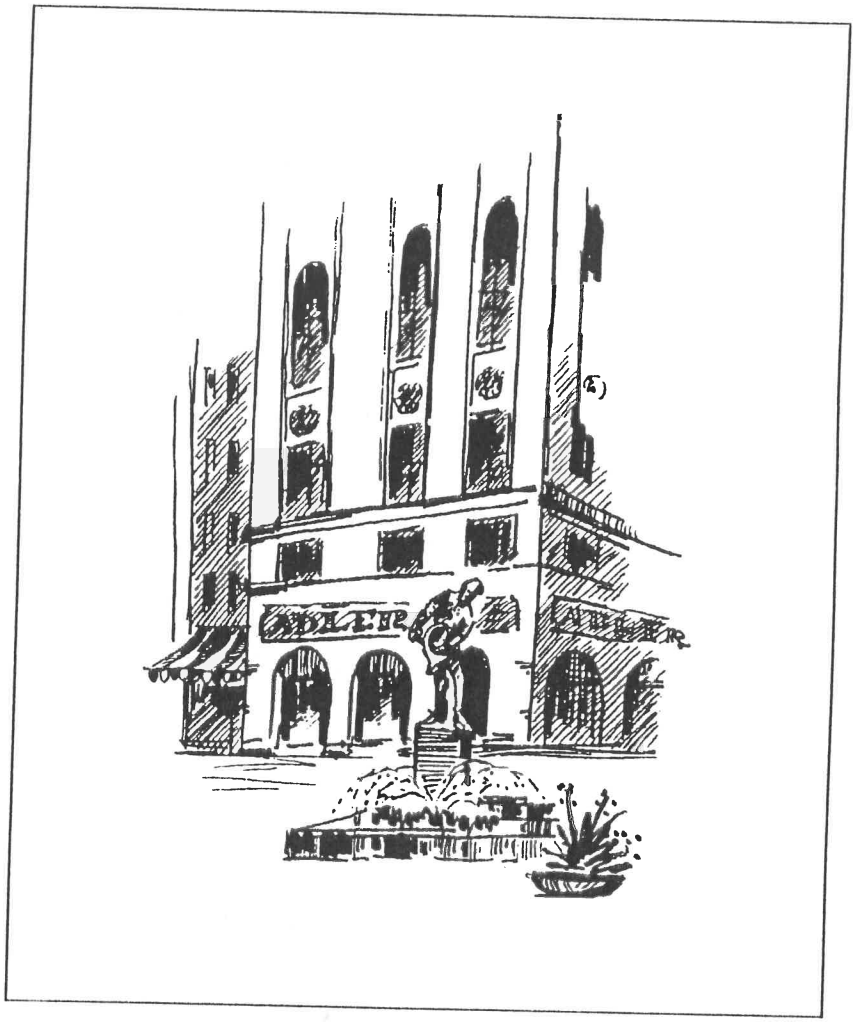
The town itself is old; older indeed than any town in the hemisphere. Downtown is the section that enraptures the imagination. Here one walks down the Calle Colon (Columbus Street), laid out in 1502, the oldest street on the American continent. Here is the first fortress, the oldest civil building in the New World, the restored Alcazar, the residence of Diego Columbus - built by the discoverer's younger brother in his days as Viceroy of Spain.

Here is the cathedral, begun in 1514, the first in the Americas. The first hospital, San Nicolas de Bari is here and, of course, the remains of Christopher Columbus are (believed to be) buried here. It's also home of the oldest university on the American continent, "La Universidad Primada."

There are now about four million Dominicans. Officially, 35% are White, 60% Mulatto and 5% Negro. My personal estimate is more like 5-60-35%. But there was no racial tension in all those years we were there. The people are simple, with good will, gentle, friendly and casually diversified. They live from day to day, especially in the country, in little "bohios," palm-thatched huts of two or three rooms with the "kitchen" under a tin roof outside. Some do not have gas, electricity, or running water. In the cities, some residences are impressive homes of either Traditional or Spanish Caribbean design.

The economy is based heavily on agricultural products with some help of Bauxite mining, gold and amber industries. Like in many South American countries, the few rich exploit the many poor with hardly a middle class present.

The history of Hispaniola - the Dominican Republic and Haiti - is a tale of struggle, sorrow and one disaster after another, so prolonged that it has no parallel in the annals of the hemisphere.



the Adler Pharmacy I remember, but the fountain of the Trumpetplayer stood somewhere else.

By 1606 the French established themselves in the western part of Hispaniola, leaving the eastern part to Spain. French plantation owners imported Negro slaves from Africa by the shiploads to replace the Indians. In less than a life span, diseases for which the Indians had no defense, overwork in the plantations and sub-standard living conditions annihilated the indigenous population until there was no Indian left in either Haiti or the Dominican Republic.

The Spaniards in their part of Hispaniola were no better. From then on a colonial pattern developed, which lasted well into the nineteenth century. The French Revolution gave birth to an uprising of the French slaves. They declared their independence and in 1800 Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Haitian Liberator, invaded Santo Domingo. All Spaniards fled the country. The Haitians stayed until France returned to run Haiti again. France returned the Spanish speaking part to Spain in 1808, but little was left for the "Mother Country" to govern.

In 1821 an independent state of Spanish Haiti was declared as part of the Federation of Colombia under Simon Bolivar. This lasted two months until General Boyer declared himself President of Haiti and sent his army across the border again. Santo Domingo once more was Haitian. Not until 1844 was Juan Pablo Duarte and his "little band of revolutionaries" able to establish an independent and sovereign state.

What followed now was one inept and corrupt government after another. One dictator followed another, ad infinitum. The worst, until he was surpassed by Trujillo, was a full blooded Negro ex-slave named Ulysses Heureaux who ruled with an iron fist from 1882 until he was gunned down in 1899.

Eight years before, in 1891, in the little village of San Cristobal, Raphael Trujillo was born. He came to power in 1930, like every other president before him: through a military coup. By the time we arrived in 1939, Trujillo had been President for nine years. The same year he established a newspaper, "La Nacion," where I got my first and only job in the advertising department. I later became the political cartoonist.

During the first 15 years of the sixteenth century, Santo Domingo was the heart of the Spanish domain in the Indies, the center from which all activity radiated. From here Explorer Ojeda departed to discover Venezuela. From here Explorer Balboa departed to discover Panama and the Pacific Ocean.

From here Explorer DeSoto embarked to discover the Mississippi. (He went as far as Quivira in Kansas.) From here Ponce de Leon departed to settle Puerto Rico and, eventually, to seek the Fountain of Youth. Cortez, before he set out to conquer Mexico, was a Spanish Administrator in the little town of Azua, just a few miles down the coast.

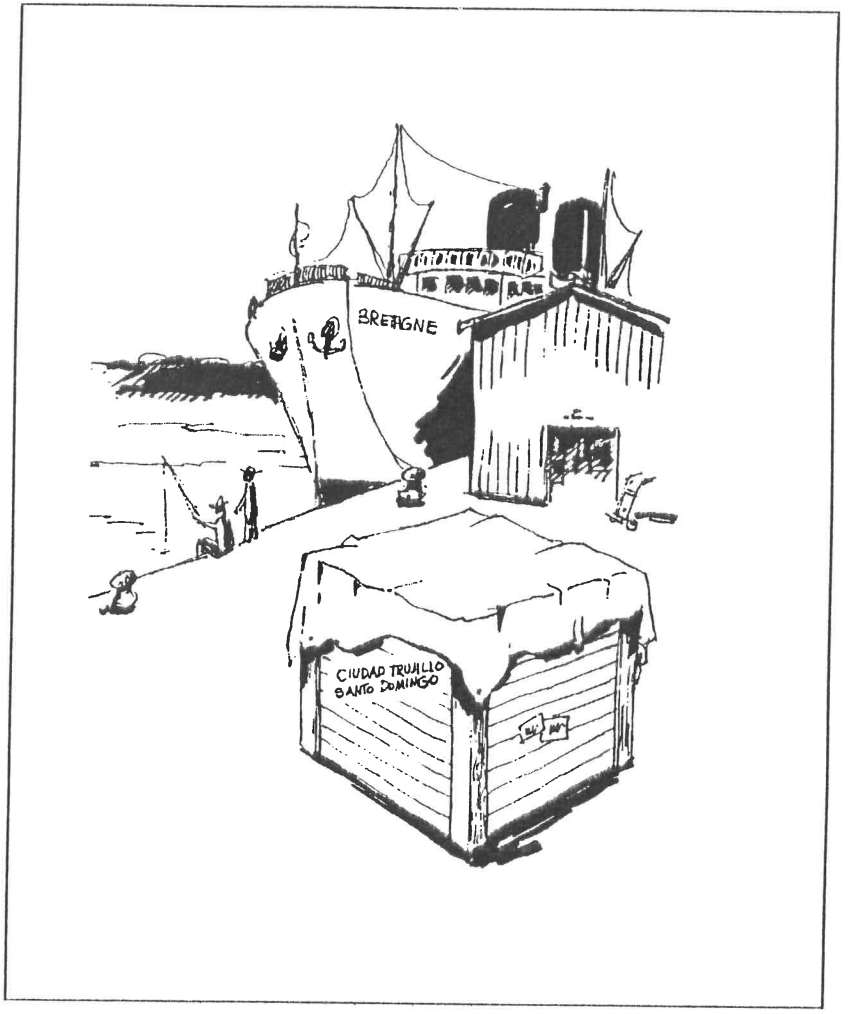
### A little known fact interesting to note:

On June 30, 1868, Andrew Johnson, President of the U.S.A., brought an annexation treaty to a vote in the United States Senate. If ten senators had voted otherwise, the Dominican Republic would today be part of the United States. For more than 30 years, American cabinet members and presidents meditated annexation or a protectorate of some kind. For eight years the United States Marines occupied the country until the advent of the New Deal of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Those were the effects of political instability. One internal revolution followed another. Some bloody, some not. The last one brought Rafael Trujillo to power and he lasted over thirty years until his assassination in 1961.

Not fully understanding all the political ramifications of this new "fatherland," we accepted the opportunity to adopt a new lifestyle.

Our "lift" resumed the trip on the ship around Haiti to Santo Domingo where we welcomed it a week later, and where it sat on the dock until we found a place to live.

We stayed at a "pension," run by some Austrian refugees until we found two houses to rent. As soon as we moved into the little house, we unloaded the lift. My father started to sell some items to raise the cash for rent and food. One of the first items to go was his stamp collection, which he had started as a boy, and consisted of ten or twelve big stamp books. Some big shot from the government bought it and we lived off the proceeds for a year or more.




the "lift" sat on the dock in Santo Domingo until we found a place to live.

Next to go was a Meissen figurine, under a glass dome, bought by the Vice President of the Republic. By that time, the Dominican "upper crust" knew where to get the goodies and every time we needed money, there went another family heirloom.

In the meantime, the war in Europe had started and we got worried about the family in Denmark and my sister in England. This time was also the last time we heard from my grandmother in Mannheim and my girlfriend, Lore Rosenberg, in Dortmund. Both perished in concentration camps.

My sister went through an agonizing time now. The British interned her (even though she was only 14 years old), for being a German citizen. When Tante Martha in Copenhagen heard that Musch was arrested, she took the next plane to London and brought her back to Copenhagen. Soon after, Tante Mathilde died and was buried in Copenhagen. Musch moved in with Tante Martha and was enrolled in school there.

We in the Dominican Republic thought everything was finally all right. We were getting on our feet, my father got a job with the Joint Relief Committee (an American Social Service Organization for the care of refugees), and I got a job in the studio of Dr. Kurt Schnitzer, an Austrian physician who worked as a photographer. (That is, by the way, where I met Eva, my future wife!)

But the war in Europe changed things again. The Germans invaded Denmark and Norway. Onkel Louis went into hiding on his farm in Lynge, Denmark. He was active in the underground movement, sabotaging German trains, blowing up bridges and cutting communications. He survived the war and came back after the Germans signed their unconditional surrender.

Tante Martha and Musch, on the day of the Nazi invasion, boarded a small boat with 14 people on board and set out for Sweden, which was neutral. They crossed the Baltic Sea by night and arrived the next day. They stayed in the sanctuary of Sweden until the war was over. Musch went to school in Sweden and later in Denmark, and Tante Martha became her family. My parents did not see her for several years thereafter. They visited in Copenhagen several times, but the parent/daughter relationship was never again the same. I believe that my sister never forgave my parents for leaving her in Europe.

Onkel Louis and Tante Martha died shortly thereafter and by the time Eva and I could spend a vacation in Europe, it was too late. Up to this day, I regret not having seen them again to express my gratitude for the courage, unselfish material and moral help they had given us. Surely without them, I would not be alive today. Musch came to visit us several times, but decided to stay in Denmark where she got married. She and Eigil have two lovely daughters. They too visited us not so long ago.

Life in Santo Domingo was relatively simple compared with the upheavals and wars all around us. I started to work in the photographic studio of Dr. Kurt Schnitzer, a doctor from Vienna (the country of Eva's relatives). When the president and dictator, Raphael Trujillo, started a newspaper, we both began to work at "La Nacion," Kurt as a photographer and I as staff artist in the advertising department. (My first assignment was to design a logo for the masthead.)

Over the next nine years, I did everything from political cartoons, illustrations for articles, calligraphy, department headings, war maps and cartoons of local and international dignitaries. My Spanish improved rapidly to the point where I was assigned to write articles for the paper. At times I acted as reporter as

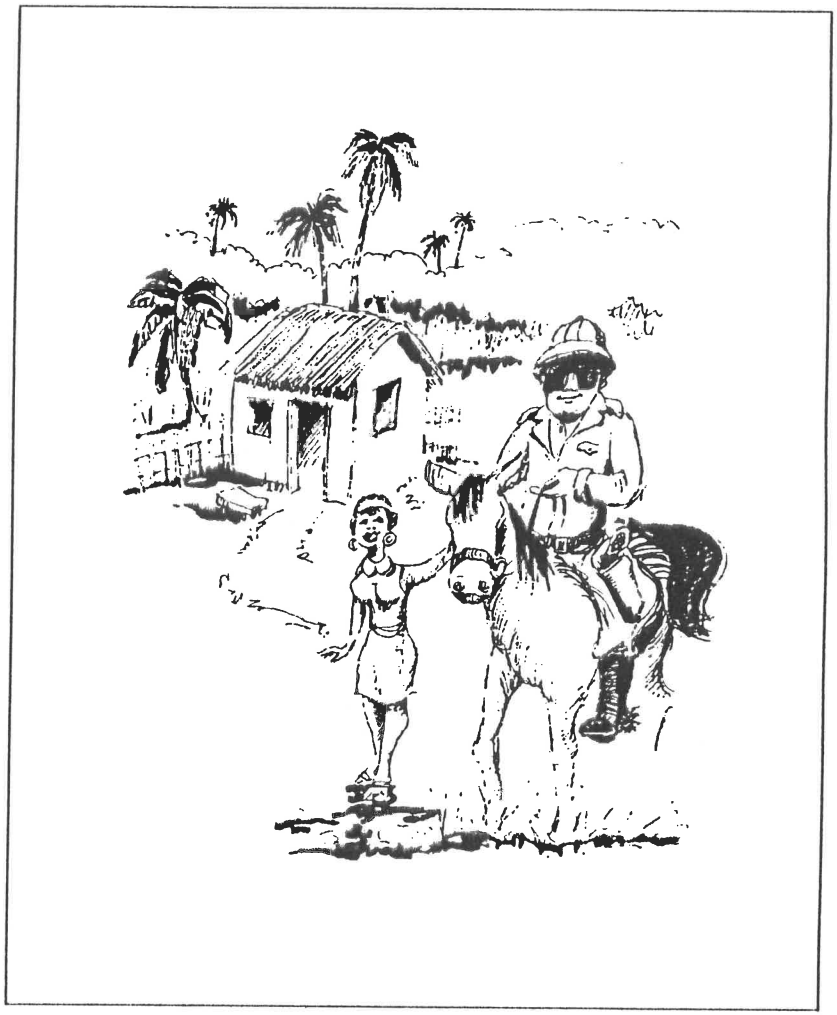
well, like the time during the war when Justice of the Supreme Court of the U.S.A., Felix Frankfurter (a cousin of Eva's grandmother) came to visit the Dominican Republic. My knowledge of English at the time was minimal, so when I started to interview Judge Frankfurter, he suggested, with a smile, that we would communicate better in German, (he being born in Austria), which we did.

Also among my duties at the paper was the daily sounding of a siren on top of the building at 8 and 12 noon. An electric clock alarm proved unreliable because of frequent interruptions of the electricity and Dominicans were never on time.

Working for the paper was interesting and fun. Many of the reporters and editorial writers came to be my friends. I followed the progress of the war daily, and discussions and arguments with the newspapermen were a constant source of ideas for my political cartoons. I read the wire services in English and every week's Time magazine. That helped my rather limited knowledge of the language.

During the day I spoke Spanish. At home it was still German and with the translator at the paper, Hilton Meskus, it was English. (I met Meskus years later in New York where he was a translator at the United Nations.)

My father continued to work for the Joint Relief Committee and Lutz got a job with an importer in the interior of the island, buying potatoes from Dominican farmers. Lutz usually left home early Monday mornings on horseback and returned for the weekend. There were very few roads leading to the farms, and he had to stay overnight in little huts spaced strategically along the way. He was armed with a big revolver and cut an impressive figure on horseback.



Lutz rode a mule into the bush where
he bought the potatoe crop from the farmers.

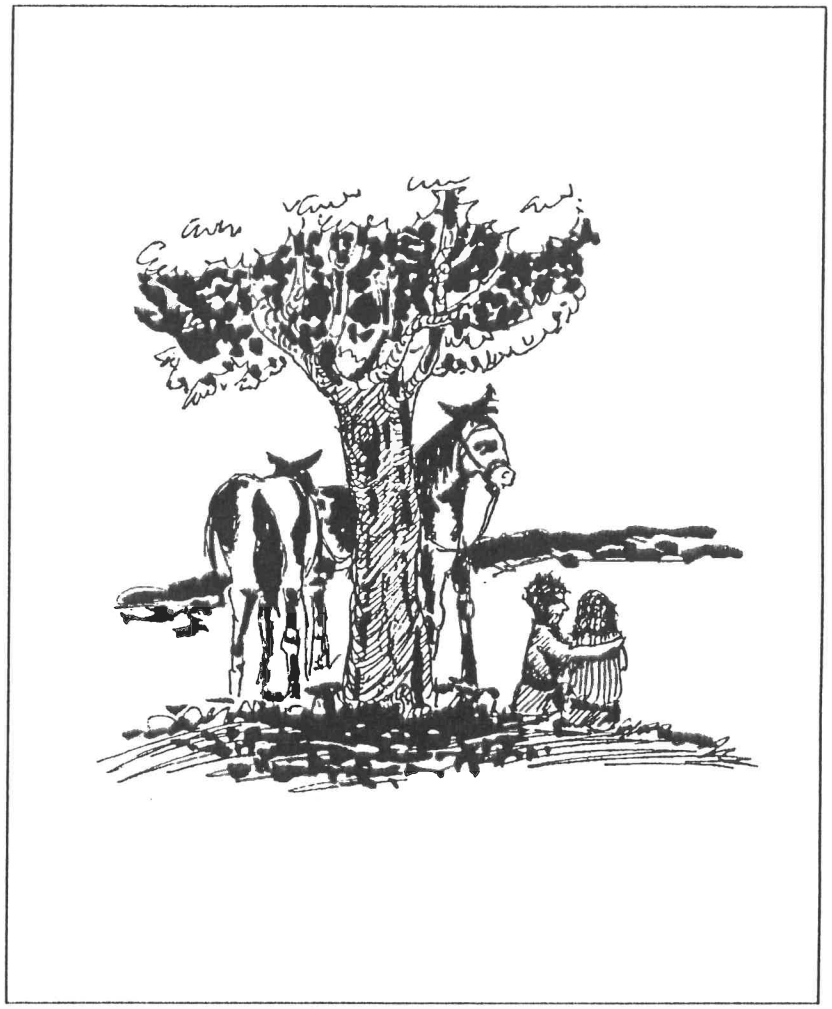
There was a "muchacha" (maid) in every hut he stayed in, furnished by his boss, an Englishman who spoke German. Other than that, there was no entertainment in the remote bush. Unfortunately he could not choose his "muchacha." He bitterly resented that fact. Our Spanish was improving and the reporters and newsmen turned out to be excellent teachers. Even my parents started to communicate in Spanish.

My mother insisted on a "muchacha" and after a while the maid spoke better German than my mother Spanish. My father and I had to surrender our salaries every week to my mother and were returned a small sum for cigars, cigarettes, movies and an occasional "splurge." Eva could never understand why I didn't have any money.

The war in Europe intensified and Jewish refugees kept on coming to Santo Domingo. A congregation was formed and services were held. Even a rabbi appeared. In Puerto Plata, Dictator Rafael Trujillo donated land for agricultural settlement for refugees. As a whole, this was not the worst place in the world to escape the war.

I started to date Eva in 1941. The younger kids got to know each other and we all became good friends. We were bound together by a common past and language. The relationship was also cemented by a racial difference. Ninety-five percent of the people in Santo Domingo are either Black or Mestizo (Cafe' con leche).

There was no discrimination, but we, being a white minority, were forced by circumstances to stick together. There was no friction between the races; we all got along beautifully. I was about 19 years old when my father told me it was all right to play around, but ... "Don't bring one home!" (A Dominican female.) How is that for non-discrimination?



the only time we could be together without a "Chaperone" was riding horses.

Eva went to school and we met occasionally. Socially, we were never without a chaperone. On one Sunday morning, Eva's Onkel Rudi died in an accident at the soap factory, "Lavador." The factory belonged to Eva's grandfather, Leopold Kohn, who came to the Dominican Republic in the 1930's. He and his wife, Else, left Austria during the Depression and started to make soap in the kitchen of their home. A cyclone leveled the house at one time, but that didn't discourage them. By the time we arrived at the scene, the home operation had grown into a real factory.

Leopold and Rudi acquired a partner for financial reasons. Unfortunately it was the Italian Consul in Santo Domingo, and by the outbreak of the war in Europe, with the Italians being on the side of the Nazis, they had to get rid of him. He was replaced by a Spaniard who eventually purchased the factory upon Edith's leaving. The Dominican Soap Company is an enormous complex now.

As an early arrival, Leopold Kohn was instrumental in the development of the Jewish immigrants until his death in 1946. Shortly after our engagement, the war in Europe was in it's final stages. It was the reverse to the Nazi "Blitzkrieg" at the beginning of the war, almost eight years ago. The long, anxious wait for the defeat of Nazi Germany was almost over and we could breathe easier again.

The Allies were occupying one German town after another and we celebrated the occasion with a party every time the Americans, British or French arrived at one of our home towns. There was a party for the crossing of the Rhine River, the fall of Cologne, Dusseldorf, Mannheim, Dortmund, Berlin, etc. It was a wonderful time!

I do not remember the exact date anymore, but at the beginning of 1946, Eva and I decided to get engaged. That year, on March 30, my birthday anniversary,

I asked Eva's grandfather, Leopold, for the hand of his granddaughter. He accepted and asked me why I waited so long!

The engagement was celebrated on the 30th of March, my birthday. Leo gave me a gold watch to remember the day by, and my parents gave Eva the "Amor" figurine which would stand on top of the wedding cake at the nuptials. (The same "Amor" would grace the top of Ken and Beth's wedding cake 44 years later.)

Leopold Kohn left for the U.S.A. the next day. Without telling anybody, he had an old hernia operated on. While recuperating he contracted pneumonia and died in New Jersey. Eva's mother flew to the States to bring back the body. I will never forget when the plane arrived at the little British Airway airport in Santo Domingo and the only passenger was Edith with the casket. Leo is buried next to his wife, Else, and son, Rudolf in Santo Domingo.

He would have enjoyed the wedding, which was scheduled for July 21, to take place on the big, flat roof of the "Lavador" Soap Factory. It was a wild affair with a representative of every social strata in Santo Domingo present. The director of the newspaper, "La Nacion" and a Senator Amiama were among the witnesses. So was the partner of "Lavador", Senor Vitienes and half the German-Jewish Colony and Dominican friends mixed with refugees from Spain.

The ceremony was presided over by Rabbi Ucko but I can't remember what he said. I had my eyes glued on the two candlesticks which were in danger of being blown out by an approaching wind storm. I don't even recall if he spoke in Spanish or German. The bathtub was used as a giant icebox and a good time was had by all.

We checked into the Hotel Jaragua rather late and left the next day to a little town in the mountains where we were driven to by Louis, the chauffeur. (Neither Eva nor I could drive then.)

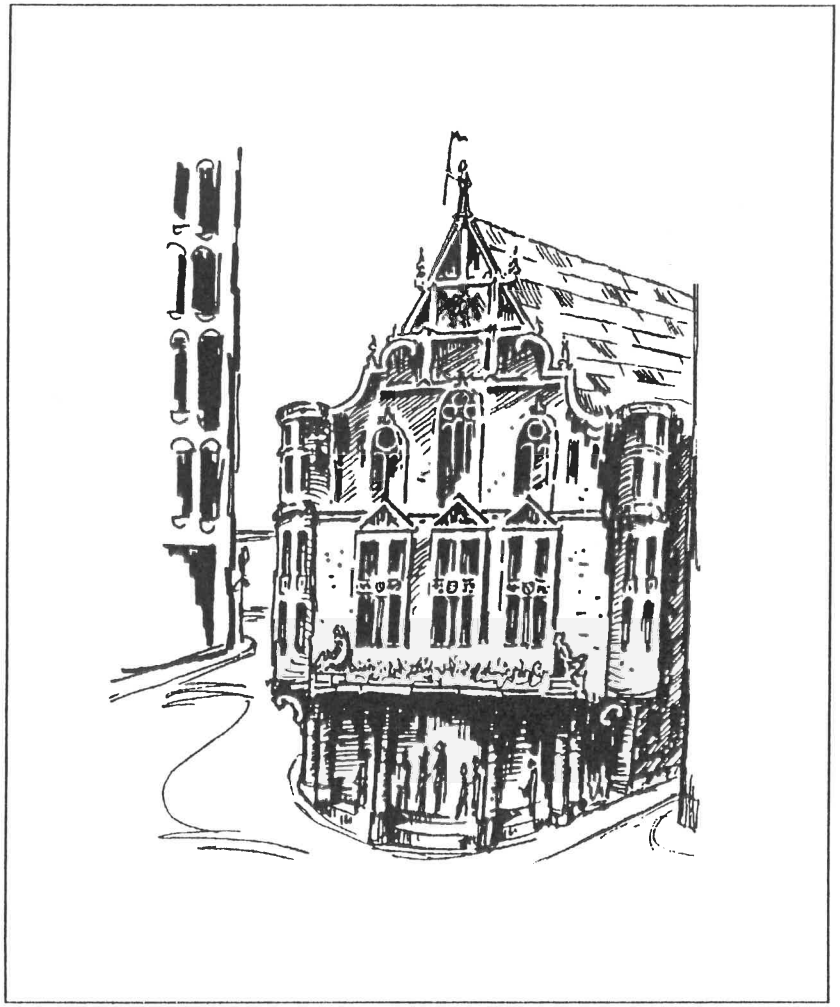
It was rather primitive by today's standards. We had a room in the only hotel in town, rode horses during the day and enjoyed the fact that the electricity went off at 8 p.m. every evening. This peaceful existence was marred by my slipping on a rock in the river where we were taking a swim. I had a flask of good Dominican rum in my rear pocket which broke and cut that part of my anatomy most needed to ride back to the hotel. I bled profusely, but Eva's panties served as an emergency bandage, and I rode painfully to the hotel. It hurt like the dickens, but the rum kept infection at bay.

We returned to Santo Domingo soon enough to experience the earthquake of 1946 with the subsequent tidal wave which caused thousands of casualties in the south part of town. The after-shocks lasted for days. Edith decided to travel to New York, which left us alone in the apartment on top of the factory. I applied for a Visa for the U.S.A. in those days, but it took until 1947 for the German quota for Dominican Republic to arrive from Washington.

The consul of the U.S.A. whose office was in the same building as my advertising studio (which I ran, together with a Spanish cartoonist, "Toni" Antonio Bernard) was helpful in getting us out of the Dominican Republic.

Not long after our honeymoon, we took leave of Santo Domingo and started a new life in the United States. Eva's mother followed us; she married Emanuel Dobel (also known as Opa), a distant relative by marriage, in New York. I was the best man in the wedding. My parents followed a year later and came to Kansas City, where we had found an apartment and jobs for all of us. Lutz (now called Larry) and Lotte, just married, had lived in Kansas City for a time, as had both of their parents.

We all took roots and lived in peace, far from the upheavals in Europe, bringing up the next generation.



the city hall's two flanking towers are gone...

With many thanks to God Almighty, Aunt Martha, Uncle Louis, Winston Churchill, Dwight Eisenhower, the armed services of the Allies in World War II and my daughter Sandy. Without their help this book would not have been possible.

UF

Puerto Plata,
Dominican Republic
1939

Klaus Frank was born March 30th, 1921 in Dortmund, Germany. After primary and secondary education he attended the Dortmund Arts and Crafts College. Schooling was interrupted in 1938 by five weeks of detention in a concentration camp.

Fleeing to Denmark and subsequent emigration to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, he worked as Staff Artist from 1939 and as Political Cartoonist at Santo Domingo Newspaper, "La Nacion," until 1946.

He married the same year and moved to the U.S.A. There he worked as a window display designer at a local department store. In 1951, Klaus opened a studio in downtown Kansas City, Missouri.

He and his wife, Eva, have four children, all married, and 10 grandchildren. Eva just retired from her Sp[illegible] and German Language teaching job after 25 yea[illegible] Shawnee Mission North High School.