

THE STORY OF THE IMMIGRATION OF THE SCHEUER FAMILY  
TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

translated from the logbook diary of Sally Scheuer  
and supplemented with episodes and background observations  
by Hedwig Scheuer

So, let's begin at the beginning and introduce the main characters of the saga:

SALLY SCHEUER, born April 7, 1893, the oldest child and only son of Nathan and Frieda (nee Meier) Scheuer, in Ostheim, near Butzbach, Hesse. He went to school in Ostheim, then worked in the meat business of his father, passed his exams as a journeyman and earned his Metzger-Meister diploma in 1913. After his initial school years he took business courses for three years at a night school. He volunteered for the German Army in September 1913, seeing World War I service in France, Poland, and what is now Yugoslavia. He was made a prisoner of war on August 20, 1917 in France and finally came home on January 20, 1920. In 1925 he started a delicatessen store in Bad Nauheim. Later he moved the location, opening a meat market in addition to the delicatessen, which was managed and co-owned by his sister Sophie. After his marriage, on September 20,<sup>22</sup> 1929, to Hedwig Rosenthal, he gave up his meat market and joined forces with his father-in-law, Max Rosenthal, in his meat business.

HEDWIG SCHEUER, nee Rosenthal, born December 24, 1904, the daughter of Max and Minna (nee Boscowitz) Rosenthal. I went to elementary school for 3 years, thereafter to the Ernst-Ludwig Realschule (the equivalent of an American high school) for 5 years. Upon graduation I entered a "Frauenschule" (a type of school for which there is no American equivalent) in the neighboring community of Friedberg (a 20-25 minute walk from Bad Nauheim) where I was taught languages -- English, French, German, psychology, sewing, cooking, baby care and kindergarten. I married Sally Scheuer on September 20,<sup>22</sup> 1929.

ERNEST MARTIN SCHEUER, born July 28, 1930 in Bad Nauheim. He began the first grade in September, 1936 at the Shattuck Elementary School in Portland, Oregon. (He might already have begun the first grade in Bad Nauheim as the school year there began just after Easter. However, the principal at the elementary school he would have attended had been appointed by the Nazi regime and was a rabid Jew-hater; so we decided not to enroll him while waiting the last few weeks for our departure to the U. S.) He graduated from Couch Elementary School in 1944

and from Benson Polytechnic High School in January, 1948. He entered Reed College two weeks later and received his B. A. in mathematics in June 1951. Upon graduation he took a job at the U. S. Naval Ordnance Test Station in Pasadena, California. He earned a Master of Science degree in mathematical statistics at the University of Washington in 1954. In 1960 he received his Ph. D. in mathematics from UCLA. He has also worked for the Space Technology Laboratories, the RAND Corporation, and Control Data Corporation. Since 1970 he has taught at California State University, Northridge where he is Professor of Management Science and Professor of Mathematics.

In the spring of 1935 I (HS) went with Ernest to Weiden to visit our relatives on my mother's side. At that time my cousins Adolf and Martha Haas had taken a trip to New York, where Martha's brother, Alfred Kohn, lived. (He had gone to the U. S., where two of his paternal uncles lived, after encountering considerable anti-Semitism while attending a textile school in preparation for joining his father's textile business.) Anselm Boscowitz, a cousin of my mother, wanted Alfred to come to Portland, but in the meantime he met and married Paula Kamnitzer (whose parents had come from Danzig) and they stayed in the east. When the Haases returned from their trip, father (SS) thought it a good idea to talk to them and seek out their advice and opinions. So Ernest and I went by train from Weiden to Schweinfurt (where the Haases lived). Weiden is on the eastern border of Bavaria and Schweinfurt is in the north of that state, so we met father there, halfway -- so to speak. [An aside: On our way from Weiden to Schweinfurt we had to take a local train to Nuernberg, where we changed to a "D-Zug" (= express train). A young lady on that train had just come from the annual "Partitag" (a Nazi party jamboree). She was full of enthusiasm and asked me if I too had attended. I replied that I hadn't, that I couldn't make it. She said "Oh what a pity. You really missed something. It was an adventure." She continued on, raving about the Fuehrer..... A sign of that time.] When we met the Haases in Schweinfurt I told them that I was in correspondence with Anselm Boscowitz, that I had told him about conditions in Germany, and that because of the boycott against Jewish-owned businesses it was no longer possible to earn a living. I was, however, too shy to ask him for help. The Haases encouraged me to ask him for his assistance in leaving Germany and coming to the U. S. This was the impetus for me to write him again and he promptly answered in the affirmative. We sent the papers he provided to the American consulate in Stuttgart. We then heard that the consular physician might raise an objection to our entering the U. S. because father had a hernia. So father went to Frankfurt to the Jewish Hospital (located on Gagernstrasse, where my cousin Alfred Rosenthal and his wife Gerda now live in an apartment complex run by the Frankfurt Jewish community) for an operation. At that time post-operative patients were kept in the hospital for quite a

long time, 10 days in this instance. One weekend Ernest and I went to see him, staying overnight with relatives who lived near the hospital. There we found out that Ernest had the whooping cough. In March we were summoned to the American consulate in Stuttgart and were issued our visas. When we came home we made arrangements to leave. My parents left us for Palestine, where my brother Manfred had gone in 1933. He was married and had a little boy, Jack. Manfred had studied law in Germany, taking his final exam on April 1, 1933 -- boycott Saturday, and that was it. He worked in a picture gallery in Bad Nauheim over the summer and left for Palestine on October 30, 1933. Our cousins Alfred and Herta and their mother, Tante Lina, were already there. The leave-taking of my parents was not easy. We never saw my father again. He died Nov. 9, 1939. We had the good fortune to have my mother join us in the U. S., though regrettably only briefly. She arrived in Portland on Jan. 7, 1946 and died a year and a half later, on May 30, 1947.

Now the actual travelogue (all dates are in 1936).

May 17. We left Bad Nauheim and went to Fritzlar, near Kassel, where father's sister Paula and husband Leo Loewenstein lived. Beatrice, daughter of father's sister Cilly (later Celia), was staying with them. They had no children of their own and took care of Beatrice so that her mother could look after her (Celia's) father, Nathan, who was bed-ridden with a severe stroke. The environment was not suitable for a little girl, so Bea stayed with her aunt and uncle. Bea's brother Fritz (later Fred) was with us in Bad Nauheim and went home on weekends to see his mother.

The time we spent in Fritzlar was coincident with Paula and Leo's birthdays. Leo's aged mother lived with them, a delightful little old lady of, I guess, 96 years of age. When we left she said "You send for Beatrice as soon as you can." "My God", I thought to myself, "we don't even know ourselves where to put our heads to rest!" Well, fate was good to us and she joined us in the U. S. about a year and a half later, arriving on Dec. 12, 1937.

May 18. Leaving Fritzlar we took a local train to Kassel where we boarded a D-Zug to Hamburg. This was at the time of year that in Europe the holiday of Pfingsten (Pentecost) is celebrated. (This holiday, as well as Easter and Christmas, was celebrated for two days.) It is the time of year when people began to take their vacations. Well, we boarded the train and found it pretty much filled. In those D-Zugs you boarded and went along a rather narrow passageway and then entered your compartment by opening a sliding door. We found a compartment and sat down. Pretty soon some people came with outstretched (uplifted) arms and greeted us with "Heil Hitler." When we answered with a polite "Guten Tag" they left and stood up in the narrow, crowded passageway rather than share the compartment with us. That happened 5 or 6 times and we were left with the compartment, that

would hold 8 people, all to ourselves. This incident, among others, contributed to making it easier for us to leave Germany.

May 19. We arrived in Hamburg. At the railroad station there were people with signs for "HAPAG" (Hamburg-Amerika Packetfahrt Aktien Gesellschaft). We went to them and they arranged a bus ride to their office, where we were assigned to the Hotel Amerika, a place where all oversea's travelers can stay overnight. We had dinner at the Hotel Oppenheimer. Father paid for our luggage and exchanged the little money that we had into U. S. dollars. In the afternoon we visited a lady who came from Bad Nauheim, Trude Baumbatt, who was married to a man named Leo(?) Kendziorek. They had a drugstore and we bought a Leica camera from them. We couldn't take any German money out with us and the Leica was designated to be sold to an interested party, which we later did. The Kendzioreks had a boy a little older than Ernest. These people, as well as Trude's parents in Bad Nauheim, were Holocaust victims. Trude's brother Stefan (who is my age) went to Palestine in 1933 or 1934 and married there. After World War II he went back to Germany where he had studied law. He was "Staats Anwalt" (equivalent to district attorney). He is now retired and lives in Mannheim. He has one daughter, Edna, who is a physician and lives in Berlin.

May 20. A bus picked us up at 3 p.m. and brought us to our ship, "Tacoma." To get to the pier we had to traverse the extensive Port of Hamburg -- full of piers, shipyards, repair places, tugboats, etc. We had to undergo all sorts of inspections, including a medical exam. I had to admonish Ernest "for heaven's sake, don't cough!" Well, we were lucky and passed all the examinations and went aboard. The Tacoma was a freighter with room for 48 passengers, 24 each in first class and in cabin class. These classes were strictly segregated, each with its own day room (dining room), library, etc. We were assigned to cabin 44. It had 4 beds, 2 uppers and two down. Our lighter luggage, with personal effects needed for the trip, was already in the cabin; the heavier luggage was in the freight hold. We unpacked our necessary things and shortly the bell rang for dinner. This was the main meal of the day and was served in the evening. Wakeup time was 7:30 a.m., with breakfast at 8 a.m., lunch at noon, a coffee break at 3:30 p.m. and dinner at 7 p.m. Quite often the stewards served some snacks, like open-faced sandwiches, to people who were outside on deck.

May 21. We start leaving Hamburg, toward the mouth of the Elbe River, into the North Sea. We are headed for Bremen. On our way out from Hamburg we saw two luxury liners "Hamburg" and "Europa," both also belonging to HAPAG. By the way, the head of HAPAG was a Jew, Albert Ballin, who had been a personal friend of Kaiser Wilhelm. We are sure that by the time we boarded the ship he was no longer in charge. (Shortly after writing these lines I read a book which mentioned that Ballin had committed suicide.) When we reached the North Sea, which is rather a treacherous ocean, we got our first whiff of seasickness. Ernest, though, was spared

that ordeal. Well, pretty soon we left the seas and turned into the mouth of the Weser River, on which Bremen is located. We arrived there in the evening. The loading of the freight began and went on all night.

May 22 and 23. We had time to go on land. We learned that if one deposited some marks with the ship's purser, they could be exchanged for the local currency at each foreign port we visited. (These funds were called "board-money.") Father called the Kahns (Heini's parents) and asked them to send some money, via telegram, to the ship. This they did. (They were reimbursed by the senior Scheuers, father's parents.) We went for a ride to the city of Bremen, saw the cathedral and the Boetcher Strasse, a reconstructed medieval street. This was donated to the City of Bremen by the Kaffee-Hag Company. ("Hag" stands for Handels Gesellschaft. Their product is called elsewhere "Sanka" (sans caffeine). Father had some money left, so he went to the Post Office to buy a set of eight Olympic Stamps, which cost one mark. (The 1936 Olympics were held in Germany. Remember Jesse Owens?) The postal clerk told him he would not sell anything to a Jew. Another incident reinforcing the correctness of our decision to leave Germany.

May 24. We left Bremen at 2 a.m., sailing along the Dutch and Belgian coast into the Schelde River, to the port of Antwerp. It started to rain and did so until 6 p.m. After that it was nice and we could stay on deck until 8 p.m.

May 25. In the night from May 24-25 it became very foggy. The foghorn was sounding constantly, which did not contribute to a restful sleep. We were delayed for a few hours. We had to go through locks. A river pilot came on board and under his guidance the ship was directed to the correct channel in the huge port of Antwerp. We could watch the pilot go aboard. He came in a small boat, identified by a special flag. He climbed up on the ship via a rope ladder. [An aside: If a German ship meets another one on the high seas they salute each other with a flag-salute; but if the boat is of another registry no greeting takes place. That custom was established during World War I.]

We had to wait until high tide (the mouth of the Schelde also depends on the tides) and were delayed 12 hours. We went through locks, as the Schelde is a few meters higher than the ocean.

May 26. We rented some deck chairs, for which we paid DM 6.25. It was pretty hot already and we got tanned. We reached the second lock, at the river level, and arrive at the port of Antwerp, a big, big port with all the modern apparatus. Ships from all over the world are to be seen. We berth next to a Swedish ship loading goods destined for Australia. We pass under some big bridges, see some grain elevators, and ships from Russia, Poland, Portugal, England, and Germany. It was 6 p.m. when we docked and loading was begun immediately. Most of the German freight was brought here in small boats via the

Rhine-Schelde Canal (probably a less expensive method of transportation than rail). We saw those small carriers. The skippers had their families along. We could see lines with laundry flapping in the breeze. They loaded through the night, as the longshoremen proclaimed a strike in protest over the deaths of two of their coworkers. In the evening we could get some of our board-money and we went into town to exchange the marks into Belgian francs. What we did (on the sly) was to exchange the marks into American dollars.

Antwerp is a city like any other city (SS writes); I (HS) found it fascinating. Everything was so nice and clean. The only thing I could have done without was the cobblestoned streets; they were hard on my feet. We noticed in one of the plazas that a fishmonger would ring a bell, bringing out housewives with plates. They selected a fish; the fishmonger cleaned it and handed it to the purchaser on her plate.

Today it's pretty warm again. We are not bored and we act as though we were born to do nothing. Ernest is around the boat all day, wants to see and know everything. He knows everybody already. The trip agrees with him very well.

May 27. It is the first day of Shevuoth. We go to town and get a few things.

May 28. I (SS) go with Ernest to synagogue. It was very well attended. At 5 p.m. the anchors were lifted and we take 3 hours retracing our steps back through the locks to the ocean. The locks are 270 meters long and 50 meters wide.

May 29. It is 6 a.m., after we set our watches back 1 hour. We saw the English Channel (La Manche) in beautiful weather. The White Cliffs of Dover were beautiful to behold. The liner "Hansa" passed us. It takes 24 hours to go through the Channel. We could see in the distance some British warships.

May 30. We are nearing the Gulf of Biscay. It's getting very stormy. The Gulf is known for rough seas. We don't see any other boats. We all got seasick. The dining room is empty. No one shows up for a meal. Ernest's appetite came back in the afternoon; he went by himself to the dining room and asked for food. Our speed is 14 1/2 knots.

May 31. The dining room fills up again. Today we don't see anything but sky and water. Toward evening we saw quite a few whales. Huge creatures! A few came within 50 meters of the boat.

June 1. Nothing but sky and water.

June 2. The same. It's stormy and everyone got seasick.

June 3, 4 & 5. The same.

June 6. The sea is calm. We get, next to cargo hatch no. 4, a swimming pool. This was a make-shift affair, a big tank filled with water. One had to climb a ladder to get in. Overhead a tarpaulin was rigged as a sunshade.

June 7. We use the swimming pool for the first time. In the evening there was a board festivity. Since we knew it was Nazi-inspired, we didn't go.

June 8. Weather is very nice and after 11 days we see in the distance a small island, "Sombrero Island" belonging to the Lesser Antilles. Except for a lighthouse, there are no inhabitants. It is rocky (sandstone) and has no vegetation. In the evening we see two other lighthouses, but it's too dark to see other islands.

June 9. Again nothing but sky and water. At noontime we see two Dutch oil tankers sailing in the direction of Cuba, Haiti, and the Caribbean Dutch islands. It's very nice sailing, with a temperature of 70 deg. F.

June 10. At midnight we see Puerto Columbia, the northern tip of the Republic of Columbia. We have to anchor outside the harbor as the pier is already full with three boats. At 11 a.m. an American boat leaves and we can get in. Our ship loads coffee and the load, which so far has been 1700 tons of cargo, grows considerably. After our noon meal we go ashore. We walk over a 1000-meter-long causeway to the village of Puerto Columbia. It's a very poor place. The people are very scantily dressed. Begging goes on constantly. They want to sell trinkets, which are very poorly made. It is very hot. There are heavy rains here at this time of year. At 6 p.m. we leave Puerto Columbia.

June 11. Today we have beautiful weather. Even though we have passed the southernmost part of our trip, it is not too hot; we have a nice breeze.

June 12. Towards evening we reach the port of Cristobal, Panama. The town has many shops, mostly with Japanese merchandise, geared to the tourist trade. One sees lots of sailors on shore leave and, of course, lots of girls. It is very hot. The boat loads all night.

June 13. We leave Cristobal at 6 a.m. and after one hour are at the first lock of the Panama Canal. Before we reach the lock our attention was called to, one can call it a cave, where the canal builder Ferdinand de Lesseps tried to build the Panama Canal. That plan was abandoned and it was built by others. (de Lesseps, though, built the Suez canal.)

There are on the Atlantic, or Caribbean, side 3 locks and after that we are elevated for 34 meters. It went pretty fast. The terrain on both sides is very nicely arranged. The canal is

U. S. territory and guarded, or protected, by the U. S. Army. The men live and sleep in barracks that are just the metal frames of buildings; the outside walls are just screens. It's very, very hot there. On both sides of the locks there are very nice green lawns. I once read a travel book back in Germany in which the author described going through the Panama Canal as "a ship ride through green meadows." Having seen it with our own eyes, that is an apt description. After the first three locks we reach the Gatun Lake, a body of water reported to be infested with alligators. After we left that lake we went through to some more locks. On either side of the lake the boat is pulled by locomotives. For that purpose 10 men came aboard to throw ropes to the engines and in this way we were pulled ahead. After we were elevated at the first locks for 34 meters, we were let down 28 meters at the second set of locks. (The Pacific is 6 meters lower than the Atlantic.) The special workers left the ship in Balboa. The whole procedure took about 5 hours. We entered the canal at 7 a.m. and we were out by noon. During the canal crossing the Captain invited the passengers to the bridge so that we could get a good view. As far as I (HS) was concerned, as interesting as the canal ride was, I was very depressed being so far away, my folks so far away, and we in the other direction. Of course, in time, we knew how lucky we were to be away.

Well, now we're in the Pacific Ocean; our last port was Colon. We pass some coast towns in the afternoon. In the evening we see some swordfish. We could watch them jumping at the water's surface. We also saw "pigfish" and winged flying fish. One jumped on board and Ernest caught it.

June 14, 15 & 16. At around 11 a.m. we reach Puerto Arenas, Costa Rica. Here we load 3700 stalks of bananas and discharge two automobiles and sacks of cement. We found the HAPAG ship "Schwaben" in port loading coffee. We had to wait outside the harbor and only get in at noon on the 15th. We leave at midnight. Are looking forward to a beautiful day.

June 16. We don't see anything interesting. We watched some swordfish, which are supposed to be dangerous.

June 17. At 3 a.m., while on the way to La Union - La Libertad, El Salvador, our ship hit a rock. Despite all efforts made, the boat was stuck. It was wedged in a slanting position, so that walking from one end of the ship to the other was like climbing or descending a steep slope.

June 18. At noon we get 50 men on board. They emptied several cargo holds; quite a bit of freight is thrown into the ocean. One part of the ship has 4 meters of water below it; it should have 8-9 meters. Some of the freight is moved from the front to the back of the ship. (We have some snapshots showing freight being thrown into the water.)

Later: The situation is unchanged. They throw rolls and rolls

of paper into the water. (We wonder "Does Oregon and Washington, where we're headed, have to import this kind of material?") Kegs of nails are thrown into the ocean. These were destined to be used to nail together apple boxes in Oregon and Washington, but the sea swallowed them. Some oil is released as well.

June 19. We got off the rock. The ship being lighter and a high tide combined to float the ship. It must have been a tense time for the officers and crew until this happened. One of the drinking water tanks was damaged; we are served distilled water -- which tastes awful. The passengers are very discontented, according to the expressions on their faces, but they keep it to themselves. I (SS) went with one of our fellow passengers, a Mrs. Gerlt, to a depot close by to get some drinking water. We take a little walk, about 1/2 an hour or so, and buy a hammock for 50 cents. It is terribly hot.

June 21. It rained during the night and that cooled things off a bit. Hold no. 2 is completely empty. At 2 p.m. a seaplane comes and brings a representative from Lloyds of London, an engineer, to evaluate the damage. The hole in hold 2 is repaired, under the continuous scrutiny of the engineer-expert. By evening some of the freight is reloaded.

June 22. The weather is very hot. The reloading continues day and night. We had a heavy rainfall during the night.

June 23. The plane with the insurance man left at 7:30 a.m. We saw a small English ship and an American one leave port. They had taken on coffee. We load 100 tons of oil. The ship consumes on a Hamburg-Hamburg round trip about DM 14,000 worth of oil.

June 24. We leave at 4:30 a.m. with reduced speed and close to the shore. We are close to Guatemala. The sea is a bit rougher and it's very, very hot.

June 25. All morning long we see two mountain tops emerging above the clouds. Towards evening we see Guatemala. The ship has only two of its engines operating and we can make only 250 nautical miles per day, about 1/3 less than our speed across the Atlantic. The drinking water tank is <sup>provided</sup> repaired, but the pipes are not working, so drinking water is <sup>provided</sup> to us in bulk. Except for a few large fishes, white seagulls, and sea swallows there is nothing but sky and water.

June 26. A big steamer accompanies us. Our speed increased somewhat; we're running at about 13 knots, though somewhat slower in the afternoon. We see three more boats. Toward evening we see a big turtle, an animal weighing 600-800 lbs. Today we made 300 nautical miles. The weather is nice, though the sea is not too calm.

June 27. I (SS) saw the ships refrigerator. They have frozen meats, including some veal they bought in Antwerp. We are

sailing through the Gulf Stream, which signifies its existance by large brown algae, called gulfweed (Sargassum). The Gulf Stream's warm waters influence the climates in that region.

June 28. The temperature has dropped 10 degrees in the last two days.

June 29. We see some mountains of Baja California and, on two occasions, the air bubbles from two large whales.

June 30. This evening they are preparing for the Going-Away dinner. Hedwig and Miss Kolbe (a fellow passenger) concocted a humorous skit. It was nice.

July 1. At 5 p.m. we are in San Diego, the home of the U. S. Pacific fleet. We see quite a few torpedo boats, cruisers, a big aircraft carrier, and many seaplanes. San Diego is a very nice city, one of the southernmost in the USA, very close to the Mexican border. We went into town in the evening. The city has broad streets and many cars, which is nothing unusual in the United States. We saw very nice stores. Since we're interested in food stores we saw big markets (for the first time in our lives) where all kinds of edibles can be bought.

July 2. We leave San Diego at 5 a.m. and go to Wilmington, one of the ports of Los Angeles. It is very hot, about 85 deg. F. Unloading begins.

July 3. In the morning, at 8:30 a.m., we board an electric train for Los Angeles (the fare is 55 cents per person). Then we ride in a sightseeing bus with an open upper deck through the city. After that a Mrs. Fink, one of our fellow passengers who was getting off in Los Angeles, brought us to a very nice restaurant owned by her two sons. It was the St. Bernhard's Cafe at 4057 Figueroa. Their trademark was two huge St. Bernard dogs who roam around in the front yard. We had a very nice dinner there. After that we took a streetcar and then a bus, also with a sundeck, through Beverly Hills and Hollywood. Very nice places. We went through several streets where movie celebrities are supposed to live. Not bad at all. We saw skyscrapers 10 (!) stories tall. We visit a very nice department store (Bullock's). Then back to Wilmington, where we arrived at 6 p.m. The boat left at 8 p.m. The weather was very nice.

July 4. During the night it became very foggy and the foghorn blared all night. It cleared at about 7 a.m.

July 5. We arrive at San Francisco at 7:30 a.m. We saw Ludwig Scheuer and an elderly gentleman standing at the pier. They could not come on board until 8 a.m. The other gentleman was a Mr. Maurice Kramer, a cousin of Grandma Scheuer. Before the ship was moved to the pier some mail was thrown on board, including a letter from Anselm Boscowitz containing a bankdraft for \$50. We later returned it to him as we didn't need it. We were the proud

owners of \$80. Later on a Miss Lewin came to see us. Her family originated in Eastern Oregon. She worked for the San Francisco School Board. She brought me (HS) a corsage. It was the first time in my life that I had seen such a thing. July 5 was a Sunday, yet people from the Immigration Department came on board to process the newcomers. It so happened that a letter was attached to my papers with the words "to be opened by the medical officer at the port of arrival." Being Sunday the offices were not open and we had to stay on board. The ship's officers were told not to let us off, or they would be subject to a considerable fine. So we were left the only passengers and it was rather tense for me having all those miles behind us and possibly (I thought) being sent back.

*Ludwig*

July 6. Monday. A San Francisco-based HAPAG agent picked us up and took us to the Immigration Office. The man in charge looked at the attached letter, put it aside and didn't say anything. (I later found out that the letter was something routinely given to people who wore glasses. I guess it said "defective vision.") He asked me whether I spoke English. I said yes. However, during their questioning of me I became very nervous and asked for an interpreter. The HAPAG man volunteered to relay my answers. I was asked my reason for coming to the United States and I told them on account of Hitler's policy against the Jews. The man then looked at the interpreter who had to agree. He might not have liked to admit it, but he was under oath. Then I was asked to swear that I didn't come here to overthrow the United States Government and believe me I could swear that with all my heart and power. (After 50 years here my intentions are the same!) We met with Maurice Scheuer and Maurice Kramer after we left that office as free people (!). Maurice Scheuer gave Ernest a \$20 bill, which was very nice (in those days \$20 was a lot of money) as he was by no means a wealthy man. Ludwig Scheuer told us later that he lived very frugally. They showed us around San Francisco a bit and took us out for lunch. At 6:20 p.m. we boarded a motorboat which brought us to the railroad station in Oakland. We boarded the Southern Pacific train "The Cascade," leaving Oakland at 7:15 p.m. We had dinner and breakfast on the train, slept in berths which were made up by a porter. Sally and Ernest slept in the upper berth, I in the lower.

July 7. We rode through dense forests. We saw many lakes. As we came closer to Portland the terrain got flatter. The land is very fertile. We saw Mt. Hood, a big snow-capped mountain.

When we came closer, Ernest, who had taught himself to read the time about two years before, looked at the watch -- it was 3 p.m. -- and said he was so glad that we would soon be in Portland. Well, we both looked at each other and we didn't know whether we should be glad or sad. We only knew that our travels were coming to an end.

The train pulled into the Portland Union Station at 3:35 p.m.

Cousin Anselm Boskowitz was there to greet us. (We recognized him from a snapshot he had sent us.) With him was Otto Ries. Otto had paid us a visit in Bad Nauheim before he left for the U. S. He was in Portland, working with Ans to learn the "ropes" of American business. (An aside: Otto Ries went first to Terre Haute, Indiana where he had relatives by the name, I think, of Eisendrath. Otto's brother Kurt came somewhat later and they settled in Seattle. Otto died in the summer of 1985 of cancer.) We were brought to Ans's home (apartment) at 2021 N. W. Flanders St. We were very cordially greeted by Ans's sister, Mina, who kept house for the two of them. (Neither had ever married.) Visiting was their 13 or 14 year old niece, Frances Aiken, the daughter of their sister Miriam Aiken who lived in Ogden, Utah. Mina and Ans also have one unmarried brother, Fred. There are also in Portland the unmarried sisters of Sarah Boscowitz, the mother of Ans, Mina, Miriam, and Fred. They are Flora, Bessie, Viola, and Bertha Bloch. They live just a few blocks away from Ans and Mina at N. W. Johnson and 23rd.

It was a Tuesday when we arrived in Portland. Cousin Mina had prepared a delicious fish dinner, halibut. They have fish twice a week.

July 8. Wednesday. No recollection of what we did this day.

July 9. On Thursday a friend of Ans's, a Mr. Jack Savinar, called. [He had urged Ans to have us come here. Ans had thought we might go to New York, where we had some relatives. He thought that there were too many old people in Portland. Sally thought that Portland would be better for us and I, frankly, coming from a small town, was afraid of the big, big city, New York. My mother had complained "why so far away?", but we told her "away is away" and she had to be satisfied.] Mr. Savinar had found father a job and he said he would come by to pick him up. Father was accepted at Friedman's Alder Market (later Lewis Bros.). He worked there for 5 1/2 years. When the news got out that Sally had found a job on his second day in the U. S., many people who had visas for the U. S. came to Portland, hoping to find a job as easily. Eventually they all found work. Being the first family of refugees to come to Portland, we feel that we put it on the map! Since we knew that one has to help the other in paying back Anselm for his kindness (pass it on!) and we knew first-hand how the situation in Germany was worsening, we played host to many of the later-arriving newcomers. We called them non-swimmers. When they could swim, or at least paddle, they moved on to make room for the next ones.

I guess that ends the story of our Odyssey. Let's hope that we live happily ever after!