

**THE SCHEUER FAMILY:
THEIR FIRST FIFTY YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES**

This is a follow-on to "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. The present writings are by Hedwig Scheuer with the collaboration of Sally Scheuer.

In our earlier work, we had a written and contemporary record on which we could depend. Here we have to rely on our memory, which may be fallible.

First an addendum to our 'travelogue.' As soon as we arrived in the U. S., Ernest wanted an American flag. (This was just after the fourth of July.) In Germany the other children had Swastika flags, which we surely were not going to get for him.

As mentioned in our earlier writings, we stayed with the Boskowitz's for about three weeks on our arrival in Portland. On August 10, 1936 we moved into a furnished unit at the Buena Vista Apartments, S.W. 12th and Harrison. (Incidentally, we found in looking around for an apartment that some landlords did not want to rent to families with children nor to Jews.) Our stay there was short. Smoke damage from a fire in a dumbwaiter elsewhere in the building forced us out and we went back to the Boskowitz's for a time.

Apparently Anselm Boskowitz had secured fire insurance for us and we got a settlement check of \$100.00 to pay for dry cleaning of our clothes and bedding to rid them of smoke odors. The insurance appraiser, a Mr. Sanford, was a very nice man. He wanted to know about our circumstances and took an interest in us. Shortly after handling our claim he presented us with a box of apples with the compliments of his wife. Only in America! When we had our meat market, Mr. Sanford was a customer of ours.

On August 31, 1936 we moved into our second apartment, the Cumberland at S. W. Park and Columbia. It is still standing.

We heard from Germany that Celia's son Fritz (later called Fred) was accepted to come to the U. S. with a children's transport and that he was headed for St. Louis. Minna Boskowitz encouraged us to have Fred come to stay with us. She said that the Committee would pay the foster parents for his care, so they might just as well pay us. We went to the Jewish Community Center and spoke to Mrs. Swett, the person in charge of such matters. She made the necessary arrangements and Fred came to us in Portland upon his arrival in the U. S. Our apartment at the Cumberland was too small for four people so we moved on November 30 to the Park Apartments on S. W. Park and Harrison. Fred arrived on Dec. 8.

In September, after Labor Day, public school started and Ernest was to be enrolled in the first grade. On the first day of the school year Ernest woke up and announced that he had changed his mind and didn't want to go to school after all. To humor him, I made him a sandwich with chocolate pieces on bread and butter (a special treat in Germany). We walked to the Shattuck School and I took him to his assigned classroom. As I was leaving he set up a howl, so the teacher told me to sit with him on his bench. Later she motioned me to leave. I left with renewed howls ringing in my ear. Shortly after I returned home a very tearful Ernest showed up. It seemed that he had wanted to eat his sandwich and the teacher had told him it was not yet time for that, so he simply walked out. I immediately took him back, still yelling and screaming. People sitting in the Park Blocks urged me not to take him back right away, but I persisted. I felt that if I had given in I would have had to face the same 'spiel' the next day. In any event, after about four days he told me that he like school better than he liked me. School must have taken because as of this writing (in August 1986) he still has an association with schools.

Ernest learned English very fast. The little German that he spoke, he spoke with a distinct American accent. He helped his Father with his English. Dinner conversations were frequently devoted to how to say things when shopping, etc. Later Father went to night school Americanization classes and picked up additional English.

An anecdote. Ernest once was quite ill with an acute sinus infection. A pediatrician came to the house (in those days that still was done) to examine him. To check Ernest's alertness he asked, of the American flag hanging over his bed, "how many stars and stripes are there on that flag?" Ernest responded "There are supposed to be 13 stripes and 48 stars, but I've never counted them." The doctor laughed and said that that was a clever answer.

A bit about Ernest. He went to Shattuck and Couch elementary schools and Benson Polytechnic High School in Portland. He earned a B.A. in mathematics at Reed College in 1951. In July 1951 he took a job in Pasadena, California at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station and stayed there, with breaks while attending graduate school, until 1958. He went to the University of Washington for the 1952-53 and 1953-54 academic years and earned an M.S. in mathematical statistics under Prof. Z. W. Birnbaum. He later attended UCLA and received a Ph.D. in mathematics under Prof. P. G. Hoel in 1960. In 1958, after completing his doctoral course work, he went to work at Space Technology Laboratories in El Segundo, Calif. In early 1962 he went to the RAND Corporation in Santa Monica and worked there until 1969. He then joined the C-E-I-R Division of Control Data Corporation as Associate Director of Professional Services. This firm closed in early 1970 and he went back to RAND for a few months as a consultant.

In the fall of 1970 he began a full-time teaching career at San Fernando Valley State College (later to be called California State University, Northridge -- CSUN) as Associate Professor of Management Science. (He had taught on a part-time basis, one course per semester, in the UCLA Extension program, from 1958.) In 1972 he was promoted to Professor and given tenure. In 1976 he was given the additional designation, Professor of Mathematics. In addition to his teaching duties, he acts as a consultant to industry. For the last several years this has been almost exclusively with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena. During a sabbatical in the 1977-78 academic year he was Visiting Professor of Statistics in the Mathematics Department in The City University, London. In the 1983-84 academic year He was Visiting Professor of Management Science in the Graduate School of Management at UCLA.

In 1953 he married Sondra Goldstein. They adopted two children -- Susan Lynn, born July 25, 1958, and Michael Joseph, born March 5, 1961. Susan now lives in Santa Cruz, California. Michael lives in Los Angeles, works in the computer field, and is married to Kirsten, a girl from Karlsruhe, Germany, whom he met while serving with the U.S. Army in Germany.

Ernest and Sondra were divorced in 1972. On June 5, 1972 he married Dr. Mary Jean Arlington, a colleague of his at CSUN where she is Professor of Finance. Mary Jean has three children -- Audrey, David, and Seth -- from a prior marriage. Ernest and Mary Jean live in Northridge, near their university.

Back to the main narrative. After Fred had been with us for a time we went to Mrs. Swett to see if arrangements could be made for Fred's sister Beatrice to be brought from Germany as well. That was accomplished and she arrived in December, 1937 just about a year after Fred's arrival.

Once again we needed larger quarters and we moved into a 'flat' (the ground floor of a two-unit, two-story free-standing building) at 624 S. W. Harrison. Anselm arranged for us to buy some beds, stove, refrigerator, dining room set, chests of drawers, kitchen table and chairs, some upholstered furniture, and a rug. (The dining room set, which cost \$75, consisted of a table that could be extended to seat 12, six chairs, and a sideboard. We had this set until we moved into our present apartment in March 1984 and at that time sold it to the buyer of our house!) Father had a steady job and we lived frugally, so we were able to pay cash for all these items.

The flat upstairs was occupied by the Newman family. They had two boys, the older of whom, Simon, was about the same age as Ernest. (In fact, they had their Bar Mitzvahs the same day in different synagogues.)

On October 18, 1938 my brother Manfred, his wife Rachel, and their three-year old son, Jack arrived. We rented a small room from the Newmans for Beatrice, to make space in our flat for the Rosenthals. They stayed with us for 6½ weeks. Manfred found a job as a bookkeeper at Savinar Produce Company, where he worked for many years. Subsequently he went to work for the Multnomah County Court system and was employed there until his death on October 7, 1975.

Manfred went on October 30, 1933 to Palestine on a visitor's visa. He had studied law in Giessen and Berlin, had worked his way up from referendar (junior barrister) and assessor (assistant judge) to become for a time a judge. He was to take a State exam of some kind on April 1, 1933, but that turned out to be 'Boycott Saturday' and any possibility of a legal position for a Jew vanished.

My cousins Alfred and Herta and my Aunt Lina were already in Palestine when Manfred arrived. He and Rachel were married there. They had one son Jacob (now Jack), born June 30, 1935.

Manfred's economic prospects were quite slim in Palestine. Once again Anselm Boskowitz came through with his sponsorship and made it possible for Manfred and his family to come to the United States. (It is likely that the senior Buchwalters also provided some funds.) We sent him the contents of our savings account, \$350.

Jack Rosenthal has made a highly successful journalistic career. He has worked for the *Portland Oregonian*, *Life* magazine, and served as Press Secretary for the U. S. Department of Justice under Attorneys General Robert Kennedy and Nicholas Katzenbach. As of this writing he is the Editor of the Editorial Page of *The New York Times*. He has won a Pulitzer prize for his work at the *Times*.

A goodly part of the family was together by 1938. Then, alas, a tragedy befell us. Fred, an excellent student and an ambitious boy, had earned some money delivering newspapers and bought himself a bicycle. When he brought it home Father expressed his concern that the handlebars were too wide, but it appeared that that was how all bikes were made in this country. On October 27 Fred was cycling to school (Benson Polytechnic High School). He foolishly hung on to a truck and his handlebars got stuck in some coal sacks being carried on the truck. The truck swerved, he went down and was crushed. His young life was snuffed out at age 16. It is ironic that he escaped a certain death at the hands of the Nazis, came to freedom in the United States, and then lost his life in a tragic accident.

We wrote to Mr. Bettman in Bad Nauheim and asked him to break the sad news to Celia. It so happened that he was in the hospital for a hernia operation when the letter arrived. We never learned who informed Celia.

We also tried to get the Bettmans out of Germany. Once again our benefactor Anselm Boskowitz helped. After some abortive attempts on our part to find a sponsor for the Bettmans, Ans found that there was a provision in the immigration law that would allow clergymen into the U.S. on a non-quota basis. He approached the Board of the Shaarie Torah synagogue (Nathan Director was the president). They gave a (fictitious) contract to Mr. Bettman which got him and his family a visa and allowed them to come to the U.S. They arrived in June 1939 and lived with us for several weeks. While the job offer that got him and his family out of Germany was not genuine, it turned out that a job soon opened up at the Ahavi Sholom synagogue. Their sexton, a Mr. Kaplan, fell ill and Karl Bettman became his replacement. He carried on there for many years until his death.

Mrs. Bettman was pregnant when they arrived here. Their son Sam was born November 1, 1939. (The Bettmans had lost a little girl, about three-years old, shortly before they left Germany.) Max Bettman, Karl Bettman's son by his late wife, also was part of the family. Max had previously gone to Switzerland with a child transport and joined his father and step-mother here. He is now a chemist with the Ford Motor Co. His wife, a musician who once played with the Cleveland Symphony, and he have a son Eliot who studied medicine.

Karl Bettman supplemented his income from the synagogue job by running a printing shop. Sam, who also learned to be a printer, took over his Father's business at his death. Sam and his mother emigrated to Israel in the fall of 1968. Mrs. Bettman died in the fall of 1987. Sam works as a printer in Israel. He is married and has two sons.

The 'Kristalnacht' occurred in November 1938 and everyone was aghast. Ans told us that Nathan Director had told him that he would be willing to sponsor a 'girl' to come from Germany as a domestic in his house and asked if I could recommend someone. I immediately suggested Bea's mother, Celia. Mr. Director agreed and Celia was hired at a salary of \$20 per month. I thought that this was very low, but Ans told me that the initial offer had been for \$10 a month and that he had to coax the figure up to \$20.

In the summer of 1939 we bought our first house. We thought and hoped that it would be possible to bring more of our family and friends over and wanted to have a place for them. The house, at 710 N. W. 21st Av., belonged to an estate. The broker who handled the sale was Sidney Goldschmidt, who had come over from Germany many

years before. (His grandson, Neil Goldschmidt, is now Governor of the State of Oregon. He had been Mayor of Portland, and served in the cabinet under President Carter.) We paid \$1750 for the house; redecoration brought our purchase price to \$2650. We borrowed \$1000 from the Equitable Savings and Loan Assn. at about \$18.50 per month, and paid off the loan within five years.

The Bettmans were the first 'guests' in our new house. After a time with us they found a place just diagonally opposite from us.

Celia arrived in the spring of 1940. She came with a heavy heart. She had to leave her aged parents behind in Germany and her son had died a year-and-a-half earlier. Celia, a nurse, had been in charge of a Jewish old people's home in Bad Nauheim; both of her parents were residents there. (They died, of natural causes, before Hitler could do his dirty work on them. Both are buried in the Jewish Cemetery in Frankfurt a. M., plots 8E and 8F.) After Celia's departure, her sister Paula Loewenstein and her husband Leopold took over running the Home.

Celia had a number of jobs, all related to her nursing profession, after she came to the U.S. Initially she was a live-in nurse caring for aged people. (One elderly lady, who had essentially been given up for dead, made a miraculous recovery under Celia's care. She lived for a number of years and, in tribute, called Celia her mother.) For some years Celia worked at the Oregon City Hospital. She was provided living quarters adjacent to the Hospital and Bea moved there to be with her mother.

Bea graduated from Oregon City High School and then entered nurses training. She earned her R.N. from the St. Vincent's Hospital nurses training program and a B.Sc. from Portland University. She married Monte Chusid on Oct. 22, 1950. They have two sons, Norman and Larry. Norman married a very nice girl, Kathy Kamen; they have two sons, Bradley and Adam. Regrettably, Celia never got to see her great-grandsons.

Celia was the first director of the Robison Jewish Home when it opened its new facilities in the West Hills of Portland in 1956. She left that post in 1957 and worked in other nursing positions until some time before her death. She became quite ill in 1965, was diagnosed as having colon cancer, and had a colostomy. She was able to live at home in her apartment for a time, but then had to go to a nursing home. She died on August 15, 1966.

Celia was given the name Cilly, but because this has the sound of 'silly' in English she switched to Celia when she came to the U.S. After her divorce from Julius Rosenzweig, Celia retook her maiden name Scheuer. Her children, Fred and Beatrice, took this surname when they came to the U.S.

A 'small world' episode. On the train that brought Celia to Portland were Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Schwarz and their infant son, Maurice. Mr. Schwarz's sister had worked in the home that Celia had supervised in Bad Nauheim. Mr. Schwarz was walking up and down the aisle of the train to soothe his baby and saw Celia sitting there. The Schwarz's had been in England, where Maurice was born, and then came to New York. The Committee suggested to them that they not stay in New York but to go somewhere else, Portland being one of the places proposed. They knew that Beatrice was in Portland, so they decided to come here. The local Committee was expecting them on a Tuesday, but they arrived the previous Friday. We took them home with us for lunch. They took Maurice over to the Bettman's and he shared a crib with Sam. Celia and Bea went to the cemetery to visit Fred's grave -- a very sorry errand.

As to other members of our family. The Loewenstein thought they had enough resources to last them without making a drastic change. Father's youngest sister Sophie, her husband Herman Rothschild, and their son Hans: in each letter we wrote them that they should come to the U.S., perhaps sending Hans on ahead. They said that they didn't want to be separated from him. At the time, Herman was taking a course to be a male nurse. He wanted to finish the course so that he would have a profession through which he could support his family. Later, when they really wanted to leave Germany, we sought a sponsor for them. I went to the Jewish Center and spoke again to Mrs. Swett. She told me that there was to be a meeting that evening and asked me to put my request in writing. I immediately did. The next morning she called to tell me that Mr. Julius Zell, a prominent Portland jeweler, had agreed to be their sponsor. Regrettably, their application number at the U.S. Consulate in Stuttgart was too far down the list to get out in time. They perished in a concentration camp. Hans, a darling little boy, very neat and fastidious, was 1½ years younger than Ernest.

While all this was going on we got word that my Father, Max Rosenthal, had died on November 9, 1939. (He and my mother had followed Manfred to Palestine.) He had circulation problems, which required amputation of his right leg. He did not wake up after the surgery. He was only 63 years old at his death.

By an odd coincidence, my father's younger brother Hugo died 25 years to the day earlier, also as a result of having his right leg amputated. Hugo was a German soldier in WWI. In the first few days of that war, in August 1914, he was sent to the Eastern front and became a prisoner of war in Russia. He died as a result of war wounds. It was over a year before we learned his fate; in the meantime he was listed as missing in action.

My parents, who had gone to Palestine about a month before we left for the U.S., established a business of selling eggs door to door. They had a nice clientele. My mother continued the business for a

time after my father died, but it became too hard for her. She took a job as a domestic with a nice family, with whom she developed a friendship.

After WWII ended we took steps to bring my mother here. She arrived in New York in January 1946 and stayed there for three weeks to be with her sister Julie who lived there with her children. There were also some cousins, and she had a pleasant time. She came across country by train and had a ten hour layover in Chicago. She spent that day with some friends of ours from Bad Nauheim, the Samuels--two brothers and two sisters. All but one are now gone. The survivor, Clementine (Clem) Egner lives now in Skokie, Illinois. She is over 80. We talk to her frequently by phone.

My mother arrived on a bright morning. Ernest, who already had a driver's license, picked her up at the station. Celia was home and had the coffee pot going. Ernest went back to the store and then Sally came home. We had a nice chat. Manfred came over as well. After a while Mama, who had a heart condition, had to go to bed. Following a good rest, she got up and soon Minna and Ans Boskowitz came over. They stayed for dinner. Then the Reeses came. It was a full house.

Mama liked our house, 1943 S.E. 26th Av. She said it couldn't be nicer in heaven. She had to be under doctor's care due to her fragile health. She suffered a stroke and, at Celia's suggestion, was hospitalized at the Oregon City Hospital where she (Celia) worked in the maternity department. When we weren't there Celia looked after her. My routine was that I would call the hospital in the morning, take the bus out to Oregon City at around noon, then home to prepare dinner. After dinner I set up for the next day. Her condition worsened and she lapsed into semi-consciousness. She drew her last breath on May 30, 1947. She would have been 66 on June 28. At first I was bitter that we had her here for so short a time, but in time I became grateful that we had her here with us at all.

I have jumped over the years and have to go back. In the fall of 1940 my cousin Herman Reese (born Rebitzer) came to Portland. He spent several years in Havana, Cuba. At that time it the only place that refugees were admitted. (Later even this refuge was denied. Cf "The Voyage of the Damned.") In Cuba Herman married a divorcée, Martha Hofman. Martha had a son and daughter. Her ex-husband had kidnapped their son and taken him to France, where they both perished. Herman came by bus from New York. He was more than tired when he arrived. Martha stayed for a few weeks in New York, where she had relatives. She also worked there for a while. She arrived by train. Herman and Martha stayed with us for a year or so on N.W. 21st ave. We helped Herman to find a job as a salesman at Weisfield and Goldberg jewelry/store. Martha was a singer, a mezzo-soprano, and got a job singing at the Ahavi Sholom synagogue, then at S.W. Park and Clay, on Friday nights. She also sold dresses at the

Lipman-Wolfe department store. After a few years she and Herman opened their own shop (specializing in formal dresses, bridal gowns, and the like). Herman also was a traveling salesman, representing a number of ladies fashion companies. He died in September 1977 of complication from diabetes. After Herman's death Martha moved to California and married a man named Albert Orens.

Father went to work within days of our arrival in Portland as a butcher at Friedman's Alder Market, later Lewis Brothers, and worked there for 5½ years. Then came a strike by the workers and a lockout by management. As a result, he was out of a job. He found another within a week or so, at Swift and Co. Swift was located in North Portland, at the Columbia River. It was a long way there, involving first the streetcar, then a bus, and a ride in a coworker's car for the last leg. Returning home was the reverse. After about a year at Swift he got a much more conveniently located job at the Workingman's Meat Market on S. W. Yamhill.

During the first half of 1941 we rented out a couple of the bedrooms in our house on N.W. 21st to workers in the Kaiser shipyards. This house was quite roomy. It had a good-sized entry hall, living room, dining room, kitchen, and pantry downstairs and four bedrooms on the second floor. Additionally, there was a large attic which had a small makeshift bedroom in it. So we had one of the bedrooms, one was set aside for Celia and Bea when they came on weekends, and two were rented out. Ernest slept in the attic room. The rooms rented for \$25 per month. As the monthly mortgage payments were only about \$18, the house essentially paid for itself. Since we had some supplemental income, and because we lived frugally, we were able to put some money away in a savings account.

For a time when we lived on N.W. 21st Av. we also looked after some foster children. The Jewish community had a home for foster children, but they wanted to close this place and they farmed out the children. The parents of two girls we had lived in Portland, but their mother was not able to care for them for some reason. It was hard work. In those days there were no drip-dry materials and it meant a lot of washing and ironing. But the extra money came in handy, especially since Father was unemployed at the time and his unemployment insurance lasted for just one week. Regardless of that, it was a nice feeling not to be short. In fact, that all happened around Thanksgiving time and Father brought home a 27 pound turkey. I guess we had the Boskowitz's for the Thanksgiving dinner. It really was a big bird, hard to get in and out of the oven! When one of our friends asked me what we did for Thanksgiving my answer was "what behooves an unemployed family, we had a very big turkey." I think that because the bird was so big Father was able to get it at a very reasonable price. (Father just informed me that it was 19 cents a pound. Cheap enough to feast on!)

The 21st St. house had a full-sized basement with a wood-and-coal-burning furnace. We bought wood by the cord. It was delivered to

the sidewalk in front of the house and then a man would come with a bandsaw on his car or small truck to cut it into manageable pieces. These chunks would be thrown up onto the lawn in front of the house (there were several steps up to the house from the sidewalk with the lawn intermediate between the sidewalk and the front porch), and then had to be carried to the side of the house and flung into the basement through a window opening. Finally, they had to be stacked in the basement. Some of the chunks Father would chop into kindling right away. That, in any event, was a weekly task. Sometimes we would use 'Gasco Briquets' (formed coal after gas had been driven off; this was before the days of natural gas) instead of wood. However, this turned out to be not a good idea as the briquets gave off a naphthalene (moth ball) odor -- at least when we started the furnace in the morning. By evening the house was cold.

While Father was working at the Workingman's Meat Market we heard that a Mr. Bennett, who had a small meat market in the Farmers' Market, was going to sell his place so that he could run for City Commissioner. We bought it for \$2750 and began on May 1, 1944. We were fortunate in having good connections in getting supplies (WWII meat rationing was still in effect) and the business was a success. Of course, we all worked hard -- 12 to 14 hours a day. Ernest, then a student at Benson Polytechnic High School, went with his father early in the morning to open up and then went to school by bus. I stayed home to take care of the house and meals and then went to the shop. After school Ernest went home and started the furnace and then came to the shop. I then went home to have dinner on the table when the men came home.

On a winter Saturday, when we all three worked in the market and came home to a cold house, we decided we had to make a change. We looked for another, more modern, house and found 1943 S.E. 26th St. It served us very well for 39 years; we moved in on March 1, 1945 and left it March 12, 1984. We paid \$7500 in cash for the house. (That we could do this indicates how well the business had gone--with our hard work.)

Shortly after we moved in to the house we bought our first car. WWII was still on and no cars were being produced for civilian use by Detroit. We put a little note in the store window 'car wanted.' It so happened that a Mr. Kraft, who ran a grocery store in the Farmers' Market with a Mr. Watson, had a car for sale. His wife had died a short while ago and the car was being sold through probate. We bought it, a 1941 Silver Streak Pontiac, for \$1450. From then on Ernest could drive with his Father to the market in the morning and then take the car to go on to school. The rest of his work was the same. I never learned to drive and remained a bus and streetcar user.

In addition to personal use, the car was used in the business. For example, Father prepared some cured meats which he had smoked at the Lewis Brothers' smokehouse. Also, we had some wholesale customers. The car was needed for such pickups and deliveries.

The business required us to be on the go all the time. Fourteen hour days were my norm. In time we got some help in the shop. First we had an extremely nice lady, Mrs. Jessie Anderson, work for us. Her husband, Scotty, was also a butcher. (His nickname was apt; he had an extremely thick Scotch accent.) Scotty worked at Callahan's Market, our larger competitor in the Farmers' Market. Jessie wanted to work in order to take her mind off her son, who was in the Service. (Fortunately he came home unscathed.) We had several other helpers over the years (the names of all of them escape me now; Walter Goble and Richard Bain were two) and we all kept busy. On a Saturday, which was the busiest day of the week, we had four or five people behind the counter waiting on customers. (This must be evaluated with the knowledge that the entire store was at most 20 feet long and not terribly deep. The depth was sufficient for the refrigerated case in front, some butcher blocks and a small refrigerated storage case in the back, and some room to work in between. There was also a refrigerated display window out to Third street. In the basement we had walk-in refrigerated storage and some work space. The various compressor units were in the basement as well.)

We had the market until May 1957. By then the business situation had changed drastically from when we began in 1944. The bus lines had changed their route; cars were once again easy to come by, but parking downtown was not; big supermarkets, with everything under one roof, and lots of free parking, sprung up. People did not want, nor need, to shop by bus and tote heavy shopping bags. At the end we had but one employee, and his salary was more than we were earning for ourselves. For the aforementioned reasons, we could not find a buyer for the business, so we just closed it. We were able to sell all the fixtures, cases, etc.

After closing the business we rested a bit. Then our good friend and biennial visitor for quite some years, Irma Baum, came to visit us. We took her and Celia along on a trip to San Francisco and Los Angeles. In San Francisco we visited Ludwig Scheuer, Father's second cousin, who had and still has a very nice home in the suburb of Burlingame. We also visited Ludwig's brother Theodor and his wife at their nice home in the City. They both worked, she as a cateress and he at Levi, Strauss. The firm had a policy of giving their employees an annual bonus in the form of stock, which they bought back at the employee's retirement time. Theodor, who was about to retire, expected to get about \$200,000 out of it. Not bad! Celia stayed on for a time in San Francisco and we, with Irma, went on to Los Angeles to visit Ernest and his wife. They lived in a small apartment in West Los Angeles. We stayed at a nearby motel, on Wilshire Blvd. I remember that there a number of antique stores

in the neighborhood. We also visited Fritz Straus, also from Bad Nauheim, a schoolmate of Heini Kahn's. He called to our attention that Heini's cousin Hermine also lived in Los Angeles. She had a small sort of department store in Watts. We went there and found her. She was in the process of closing her store; it was her last day of business. We also met Fritz's sister and brother-in-law Erna and Dr. Herbert Nauheim. After a few days in L.A. Irma flew back to New York from the Burbank airport.

During the time that we lived at 710 N.W. 21st Av. Fred Buchwalter came to Portland. I think that he might have been intrigued that Father had found a job so quickly. I believe that he stayed with the Rosenthals, who lived not too far away, and alternated having his dinner with them and with us. After a time in Portland without finding anything suitable, he returned to New York. His parents, Max and Bertha Buchwalter (she was my father's first cousin) also came to live in the U.S. With Hitler conquering Europe, they probably didn't feel safe living in Switzerland (Bern). In the U.S. they lived first in Kew Gardens, part of the borough of Queens, N.Y. I called on them when I was in New York visiting my Aunt Julie (my mother's sister). Later on they moved to Portland. In the East Fred met and married Marianne Shipley, a Portland girl who was studying at Columbia University. (I think Rachel had a hand in that match.) After their marriage Fred joined Dennis Uniform, his father-in-law's business.

On December 1, 1941 we were called to the Immigration Office and asked to bring some witnesses for our citizenship swearing-in ceremony. But before that could occur Dec. 7 and the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor occurred and our citizenship process was put on hold. All Germans, even refugees, were declared enemy aliens and had to observe a curfew and not be out of the house after 7 p.m. Austrians were exempted because the Nazis had over-run their country, never mind that they embraced the 'Anschluss' with open arms and were more Nazi than the Nazis. We, however, were exempted from the curfew because our case was 'rolling' on Dec. 1. We went out evenings to visit our compatriot 'shut-ins.' It took quite a while until we actually got to be U.S. citizens. It so happened that the local leader of the German-American Bund was named Scheurer. Whenever we inquired at the Immigration Office we were told "the case is under investigation." Finally a lawyer friend of Anselm Boskowitz's, David Robinson, intervened and we were finally called on August 22, 1943. A very nice elderly gentlemen, Mr. Griffing, asked us a few easy questions and we were sworn in right then and there. In fact, Mr. Griffing apologized for the delay. We then had to apply for Ernest's Certificate of Derivative Citizenship, which he received on June 21, 1944. We treated ourselves to an evening at the Ice Capades, which was then in town. (The ice rink was just a few blocks north of our house, along N.W. 21st Av.)

Another jump in time. The Kahns arrived here in late summer 1956. We provided the immigration papers (affidavit) for them. They arrived in New York on July 6, saw family and friends there and then went on to Chicago to do the same. They lived with us for some time. When they arrived Raphael was just ready to start elementary school. Initially, Heini was a travelling salesman for a line of Israeli-made raincoats. In time he and Ester bought a plating plant and had it from 1959 to 1972. The plating game was new to them, but they studied it and worked very hard and made a go of it. Ultimately they sold the business to a Mr. Welding, who had been an engineer with Boeing. Ester remained with the firm for five years thereafter as an employee.

Before coming to the U.S. the Kahns lived in Israel, where they met and married. Ester had gone there in 1931, Heini in 1938. Previously, Heini had lived in for a time in Italy, England, Spain, and Yugoslavia. When my mother wrote me that Heini was in Tel Aviv I wrote back that I wouldn't be surprised if that old globe-trotter someday landed on my door. I was right. Raphael was born in Israel. The Kahns went to Frankfurt, Germany so that Heini could pursue his restitution case before they came here. Raphael went to a school in our neighborhood. The Kahns rented a very nice house, which they later bought. They fixed it up very nicely and still live there today. Raphael graduated from Cleveland High School, went for a time to a community college, and then graduated from Portland State University. He is in the stock, bond, and insurance field.

In 1957 my cousin Alfred Rosenthal, his wife Gerda, and their children Hanan and Naomi arrived here. Their papers had been furnished by Fred Buchwalter. We didn't have room for them all, so Hanan stayed with the Kahns. Fred Buchwalter was still active in Dennis Uniform and he took Alfred on as a traveling salesman. Gerda worked for a time in the book department of the Lipman-Wolfe department store.

The Rosenthals lived in Israel from 1933 to 1953, when they went to Germany. Both found jobs with the U.S. Air Force in Wiesbaden. They worked to accumulate some capital before coming here. [An anecdote. Gerda told me that a German co-worker of hers told her that their teenage son treated them with no respect at all. He said his reason was that for so many years they had believed in an idiot, so how could he respect them.]

At the urging of a cousin of Gerda's, Alfred left Dennis Uniform and moved to Chicago to enter the cultured pearl business with that cousin. Gerda also was involved and became quite adept at stringing pearls. Later Alfred took a different job in the pearl business, this time in New York. Gerda and the children stayed for a time in

Chicago, I guess until the end of the school year. Later they bought a Dairy Queen franchise in Forest Hills, in Queens, N.Y. They had an apartment just across the street from the shop. They worked very hard. The shop was open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. and they had to go home, one after the other, for their meals. Ultimately they sold the franchise and then accepted an offer from Dairy Queen to help establish the company in West Germany. Doubtless, their knowledge of both English and German was of value to Dairy Queen.

For a time the Rosenthals rented a house just down the street from us at the corner of S.E. 26th and Harrison from a Mrs. Pfaender. Mrs. Pfaender was a school teacher at a fine private school, the Catlin-Gable School. She liked the Rosenthal family a lot and arranged for Hanan, a very bright boy, to get a scholarship at Catlin-Gable. He later got a bachelor's degree from Cal Tech and a Ph.D. from Columbia, both in physics. We visited him at Cal Tech when we were in Los Angeles. Ernest and his wife, who lived in West Los Angeles, also saw him from time to time.

Naomi, a pretty girl, went to Hosford School in our neighborhood. Later, when she and her parents were in New York, she went to the State University of New York at Stony Brook. She was quite a good student, appearing on the Dean's list. After she finished college she traveled about. She lived for a time on a boat in Holland and then went to Africa. Hanan, who in the meantime had completed his Ph.D. and was a lecturer at Yale, went during his summer vacation to see his sister in Kenya. Then tragedy struck again. He rented a car and, perhaps because he was unfamiliar with the English style of driving on the left, was involved in a head-on collision. This happened June 30, 1971. He was able to take a bus to Nairobi, but the poor fellow died there of internal injuries. Again with him went the hope of loving parents and a mourning family. As was apparently the custom there, his body was cremated. Naomi made the arrangements. Alfred and Gerda were notified by the State Department. They had the ashes entombed in Kibbutz Dorot in Israel, a place Hanan always liked. Cousins of Gerda are in charge of that kibbutz.

Naomi returned to the States, to Berkeley, California. For a time she worked as a biochemist. She has a son Noah, born on November 25, 1981.

As for Alfred and Gerda, they were for a time in Offenbach, Germany with Dairy Queen's operation there. Subsequently they moved to Frankfurt where Alfred has a position with the Jewish National Fund (Keren Kayemet L'Israel -- K.K.L. for short). He likes it there very much and reports that quite a few German people donate money on a regular monthly basis, a fact which restores one's belief in humanity. They come quite often to see their grandson, the drawing point. Gerda is not working now, as her health is not too good.

In 1957, after we sold our business and after taking a trip, Father had a hernia operation. After he recuperated he worked at Hartung Meat (Wholesale) for 5½ years and then worked two days a week at Kummer's, one of our former suppliers, in Hillsboro. He retired for good in 1965. We had our house, on S.E. 26th Av., remodeled. A chimney that went from the basement through the kitchen and upstairs bathroom was removed, the kitchen was remodeled and a dishwasher was put in. It involved a lot of dirt and dust, but it was very nice afterwards.

In 1968, after the Six-Day War, we went to Israel. En route we spent a week in New York. We were with the Rosenthals in Forest Hills and the rest of the time with my cousin Martha Haas in Manhattan. We really had a good time there, reliving our youths! On Father's 75th birthday, at 11 p.m., we took off from New York and were in Tel Aviv the next afternoon early. The plane stopped at London Heathrow, at Amsterdam Schiphol, and Rome Leonardo da Vinci on the way. While we had booked on El Al, we actually flew on a KLM plane under charter to El Al. After we arrived in Tel Aviv the company in charge of our trip took us to our hotel in Jerusalem, the Kings Hotel. This was not as fancy as the King David Hotel, but nice and clean. We had a wonderful time while there. At the Tel Aviv airport we met my cousin Herta, whom we hadn't seen in 35 years.

Herta was a most devoted daughter to her mother, my aunt, Tante Lina, who was then living in an old people's home in Haifa. Tante Lina lived to be 90.

Herta was the widow of Fritz Metzger, who had come from Mannheim. Herta always spoke lovingly of her husband; they had a good life together.

After her mother's death in 1972, Herta was free to travel and we and the Kahns invited her to visit us in Portland. She went first to Baltimore where some cousins of hers lived. (Since her and Alfred's parents were first cousins, all their first cousins were my second cousins.) Herta visited us annually thereafter. One year she took a bus ticket with which she could travel throughout the United States. She saw more of the country than we will ever see!

In November 1983 Herta went out on a Friday afternoon to get the equivalent of a Sunday newspaper. We are sure

that she must have done that time and again and should have known when the train passes that area. She crossed the tracks when the train was coming. The engineer tried to stop the train, but couldn't. She must have panicked, but it was too late and she died instantly. Alfred and Gerda let us know about it and then left right away for Israel. When they went into Herta's apartment the first thing they saw was her hearing aid. Probably she had neglected to wear it and for that reason did not hear the train. That was now the third case in our family that a death occurred so to speak due to modern transportation.

In 1970 we took our second trip to Israel. We stayed four weeks. This time we took smaller tours. Our first trip was very strenuous. Then we were gone every day on, to be sure, very interesting tours that began at 7 a.m. and returned at 7 p.m. When we got home from that trip Ester told me that I looked more dead than alive. Every evening I made it a point to write down what had happened that day. I went to bed with my diary and woke up with pen still in hand. Our first trip to Israel was at Passover; we had a seder at the Ramat Aviv Hotel. On our 1970 trip we arrived on Simchat Torah. We went on one day, Oct. 20, Portland - New York - Tel Aviv. When we arrived at our hotel, the Basel, I told the clerk that we had travelled 24 hours straight through and asked if our room was ready. I mentioned that we had come from Portland, Oregon and that perhaps he had not heard of it. He replied that indeed he had, that the New Oregon Singers had been touring Israel and had stayed in this very hotel. (I knew of them. Their leader is/was a Bruce Kelly. They singers are/were people from all walks of life who through extra work financed their own transportation. A well disciplined group and a joy to listen to. I don't know if they still exist.)

After Father's retirement we lived comfortably, but my health was a bit on the failing side. I had trouble walking and went to a vascular surgeon. He recommended a surgery to alleviate a circulation problem in my left leg. I had this on October 4, 1974, but it was not a success. At Bea's suggestion, I saw one of the doctors in her clinic, Dr. Duncan. He examined me and found irregular sounds in the carotid artery on the right side of my neck. He suggested surgery and that was done on Dec. 27, 1974. I was home before New Year. In 1983 I had my first little heart attack, followed by a few more. I was in the hospital for a time. Afterwards I went to the Robison Home for a time as the doctor didn't want me to be going up and down stairs, as I would have to do at home. Father moved in to the Robison Home also for a while to keep me company. Later I was allowed to go home with the proviso that I not do the stairs more than once a day. This prompted us to put our house up for sale. Finally we sold it, on an all-cash basis, and moved to the apartment we've occupied since March, 1984. While the hubbub of moving was going on I went for a time back to the Robison Home. Some of the girls who worked at the Home helped with the packing and I got a progress report every afternoon. The

Kahns were of immeasurable help to us in moving (as they are in so many ways). Scott Wright also helped. March 12 was moving day and finally I was picked up at the Robison Home and taken home to our new apartment on March 18. My health is improving, a fact for which we all are grateful.

I want to mention our dear friend Tilly Theil, whom we re-met after many years when she came to Portland in 1973. Her family lived across the street from us in Bad Nauheim. After we came here we corresponded with them for awhile. They wrote in one letter that things were getting better and better with each day and added "you know what we mean." That letter was opened by the Nazi censor and, lest we get them in trouble, we didn't continue our correspondence. There were 6 children in the Theil family. Tilly was a trained baby nurse and had the care of a little girl of a Jewish family in Bad Nauheim. When she took this child out she often took Ernest, who was about the same age, along too. She was crazy about him. In 1936 she left Germany and was for a while in Spain and then in the Canary Islands. Later she went to Chile where she worked for the same family for 10 years or so. There were 13 children in that family and she still keeps a nice friendship with them. In fact, one of the children spent some months with her here recently. When Tilly came to the U.S. she worked for a time with a family in Tiburon, near San Francisco. When she came here she worked first for some nursing homes and then at the Halladay Park Hospital. We lost track of each other for some years. But when I came home from the hospital she was there every morning to help with the house and the cooking before she went off to work. I am most grateful to her for this. We are happy at our re-found friendship.

Another person who might be termed a 'baby-sitter' for Ernest is Alfred Goodwin. We first met him on May 20, 1936 as we were embarking on the ship Tacoma. He was taking leave of his brother. He told us that he too was headed for Portland, Oregon. He was going to go to work for his uncles, brothers of his mother, who were in the hide and wool business at several locations on the West Coast. Their firm, no longer in existence, was Bissinger Brothers. Alfred's parents also came to Portland later on. Also his brother, whom the uncles placed in one of their plants in Vancouver, B.C. Alfred was in cabin class on the Tacoma and we in one category lower. Alfred spent quite bit of time with us. One day he took me aside and said that people were making fun of us because I was too solicitous of Ernest. I replied that I didn't care, that he was one of the reasons we were emigrating. He told me not to worry and that he would look after Ernest on the boat and he did. Some time after he arrived in Portland he moved to Salt Lake City and lived there for 16 years, but has recently returned to Portland. (In the 'small world' department, Alfred's wife Lotte is the sister of the wife of Horst Mendershausen, with whom Ernest worked at RAND in the 60's.) When we saw them and mentioned that it was the fiftieth anniversary of Alfred's and our coming to Portland, Lotte immediately said "this calls for a celebration" and invited us to dinner.

An item about our synagogue and other affiliations. Shortly after our arrival in Portland we became members of the Ahavi Sholom Synagogue. It was located at S.W. Park and Clay, almost directly across the way from the Cumberland Apartments. The congregation merged in 1964 with the Neveh Zedek synagogue under the name Neveh Sholom. The Boskowitz's had first taken us to the Reform Temple to which they belonged. We found the services there rather different, compared to the more traditional approach that we had been used to. Then one evening Ans took Father to the Ahavi Sholom and he liked it, so we joined. (I think Ans was a member of each of the local congregations.) At that time they had a very nice young rabbi, Rabbi Sandrow, who made us feel right at home. Ernest attended the religious school at Ahavi Sholom. Once the school held a Purim masquerade party and Ernest wore his sailor suit and said that he was Noah, the first Jewish sailor. We are still members of Neveh Sholom. We used to be regular worshippers Friday evening and Shabbat morning and, of course, at all the seasonal holidays. After Father didn't want to drive at night any more we confine our attendance to Saturday mornings. In 1965 Father was named the "Gabbai" of the synagogue, the official who designates persons to be given an aliyah to be called to the Torah. He was also a member of the religious committee, in charge of the procedures at the High Holiday services. He enjoyed doing this job and also was grateful for the community recognition that went with it. Just recently he gave up these duties. The synagogue gave a reception to honor him for his years of devoted service. Father is a member of the B'nai B'rith Lodge, the Meat Cutter's Union, the Israel Philatelic Service, and the American Philatelic Society. (He is a life-long stamp collector.) We are members of the Jewish Family and Child Service. I am a member of the Sisterhood of our synagogue, the Council of Jewish Women, Mizrachi, and Hadassah. Almost to the time that Aunt Celia began the Robison Home I was a member of its Sisterhood and a member of its Board for a number of years. I served as Financial Secretary, Monthly Bulletin Editor, and Corresponding Secretary. I am no longer active, but am 'resting on my laurels.'

This closes the description of the first 50 years of our first 50 years in the United States. We have lived a good life here. We were young when we arrived and we've gotten old here. If we had stayed in Germany we would not have had the opportunity to get old! Here we were free to pursue our lives and to see our son off on his own life. We are at peace with ourselves.

Transcribed in December, 1987
by Ernest M. Scheuer.