

Family portrait



*The story of the Meyer family,
spanning over two centuries.*

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TECHNICAL NOTE

As you have probably noticed already, this is a digital book meant to be reviewed on any platform, Macintosh, Windows or Unix, the format used: PDF is totally multiplatform so you can pretty much view the document and transfer it to any computer. If you rather read it in a more traditional fashion, all you have to do is hit the Print button on your computer, and you got a paper copy!

Feel free to print as many copies as you want. The more people than learn about our interesting history, the more we will have fulfilled our objective.

We will periodically be updating the book, so if you feel like making a contribution either in text, historical information, photos, etc. please let us know.

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VERSION 2.1

I INTRODUCTION



Good old Tevye from Anatevka used to sing: Tradition, tradition...

A hundred years ago, it was hard to imagine relatives who hadn't had the chance to meet, considering that people usually lived, and later died, not very far from where they were born, where their parents were born and even where their grandparents were born.

Today, well today it is quite a different story, we are lucky if we have a chance to get together with our closest relatives at least a few times a year.

I realized how many of us, descendants of the Meyer family, haven't even had the chance to meet face to face, even though there is a long history and tradition that tie us up: almost two centuries –from the first recorded Meyer ancestor–.

The whole idea of doing this project started in 1998 when I received a warm letter from cousins Roger and Conny Meyer, inviting all the Meyer clan to get together and celebrate Ilse's birthday in Israel, and to do a Meyer family tree. This certainly triggered my curiosity, and the more I started to learn about the family, the more involved I became in doing this project; bare in mind that my definition of a Meyer reunion was a casual get-together with my father –at one point, the only Meyer members in Mexico–. All of a sudden I have met, –either in person or by mail– most of the family which encompasses dozens of living members.

We as a family are quite fortunate to have documents, pictures and texts which describe in great detail the German Jewish way of life and of course, the Meyer way of life, going back more than a century. Some of these wonderful stories are included in a complete form in the Appendix, from Alice

Meyer's biography of her mother-in-law Kätchen, to Karl Meyer's own recording, to Ilse's recent interview. These are incredible stories that describe the trials and tribulations of a family trying to cope with great adversity with a depth that goes far beyond a trivia of names and dates. This is the real essence of this book.

The idea of presenting this book in a digital form was suggested by my father Pedro; this way it can be easily updated and distributed. Feel free to print it and copy it. After all, the whole point is to have the unique opportunity to show our children part of their past, their roots and their heritage.

How ironic that we are using sophisticated technology of our times to present our past... Today we live in a global village where no one is more than just a mouse click away. Let's keep developing this Meyer Family Tree with the hopes that in 50 years our grandchildren can have a picture of today as interesting and insightful as Alice's Meyer letter to her mother-in-law, written almost 70 years ago: nothing better to understand the past to understand the present.

Lastly, on reading of the history of German Jews and doing this project I have come to understand so much more of my grandparents Ernesto and Liesel Meyer, who came from Mannheim to Mexico and had to go through the pain and struggles as so many other relatives did. I wish to dedicate this work to their loving memory.

Pablo Meyer,

Mexico City, 2005

Jews in Germany

JEW S I N G E R M A N Y

The first Jews to come to Germany, set foot in these lands many centuries ago, probably around the times of Christ, during the Roman Empire and possibly even before. More often than not they were subject to harsh discrimination. There were good times and bad ones, periods of calm followed by long stretches of persecution or, worst yet, bloody massacres that decimated them and drove them out.

Since the Middle Ages, life for Jews in Germany was so dangerous and difficult that their numbers had dwindled to insignificance by the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The expelling of Jews from Spain in 1492, (the year Columbus discovered America) was a very important period which forced the Jewish Spanish population to flee to the south, –establishing within the Arab Empire–, and to the north, establishing in northern Europe, particularly the Rhineland, Poland and Russia.

The modern history of Jews in Germany though, started in 1671, after the end of the Thirty Years War, when the first of the Hohenzollerns, Frederick William of Brandenburg, known as the Great Elector, issued his Carta Magna for Jews and invited fifty families to come from Austria to his realm.

Frederick William of Brandenburg was certainly not motivated by any affinity or love for Jews, but he was a practical man and he needed help to rebuilt his country after the devastating war. Together with Jews, he brought along other groups like the Protestants from Palatinate, Wallons, Salzburgers and thousands of refugees from Bohemia.

For the first hundred years or so, –except for a few who served as bankers and financiers– Jews were quite restricted from mainstream Germans, their condition was governed by the Jew Laws, a set of special restrictive and exploitative rules with special taxes that served as a source of profit for many German princes and rulers. It is important to remember that Germany as a single state didn't exist until two centuries later, but it was rather a land of scattered and shifting jurisdictions among bishoprics, dukedoms, and empires.

There were however, some lucky ones who as court's Jews were exempt from these laws; they play an important part in the economy as tax collectors, diplomats, financiers and bankers.

The eighteenth century brought new ideas, enlightenment and change. They had to do with the belief in man's right as a citizen rather than as a mere subject, and Jews were not immune to these changes. More Jews started to break out of their narrow confines and more Christians tolerated receiving them in their society. In Berlin as well as in other cities, Jews started to get involved in universities and scholarly groups. As more Jews moved into the cities the process of Jewish assimilation into the broader German environment got started.

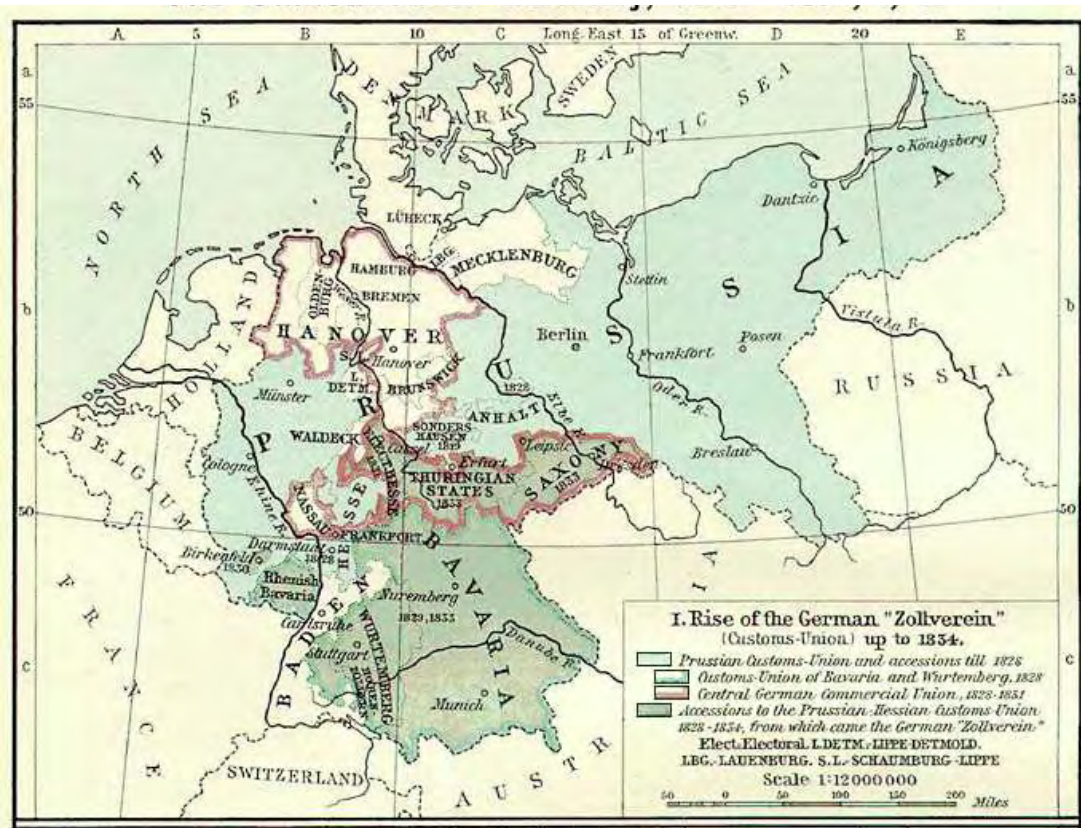
During this time, Napoleon not only extended his sway over many German principalities but brought with him ideas and innovations derived from the French Revolution of 1789. He enlisted the rulers of Bavaria, Wuerttemberg and others as his allies, and he promoted the rulers to Kings. He also promoted a major consolidation so that the new Kingdoms of Bavaria and Wuerttemberg, as well as the Grandduchy of Baden were larger than their non royal predecessors. There were startling changes in borders as a result of the so called Reichsdeputationshauptschluss of 1803, the end of the Holy Roman Empire (of which Voltaire said that it was neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire).

As the century drew to a close, a series of legal reforms, which first took effect in France and Austria, were applied in several German states. In 1812 a milestone was reached when Prussia abolished the Jew Laws, granting Jews citizenship rights as well as duties such as obligation to military service.

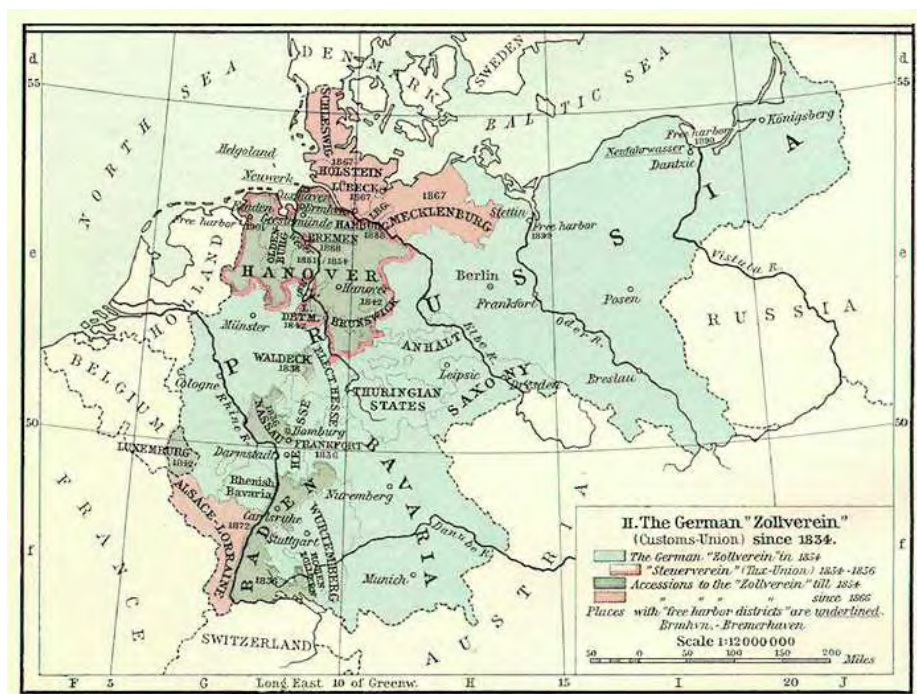
It was in the nineteenth century when the German Jewry really started to assimilate with such speed that it has often been called "one of the most spectacular social leaps in European history".

Over the span of just a few generations, German Jews shed their medieval constraints and entered the modern life, very much taking advantage of it, achieving extraordinary levels of success not seen in Jews anywhere else in Europe.

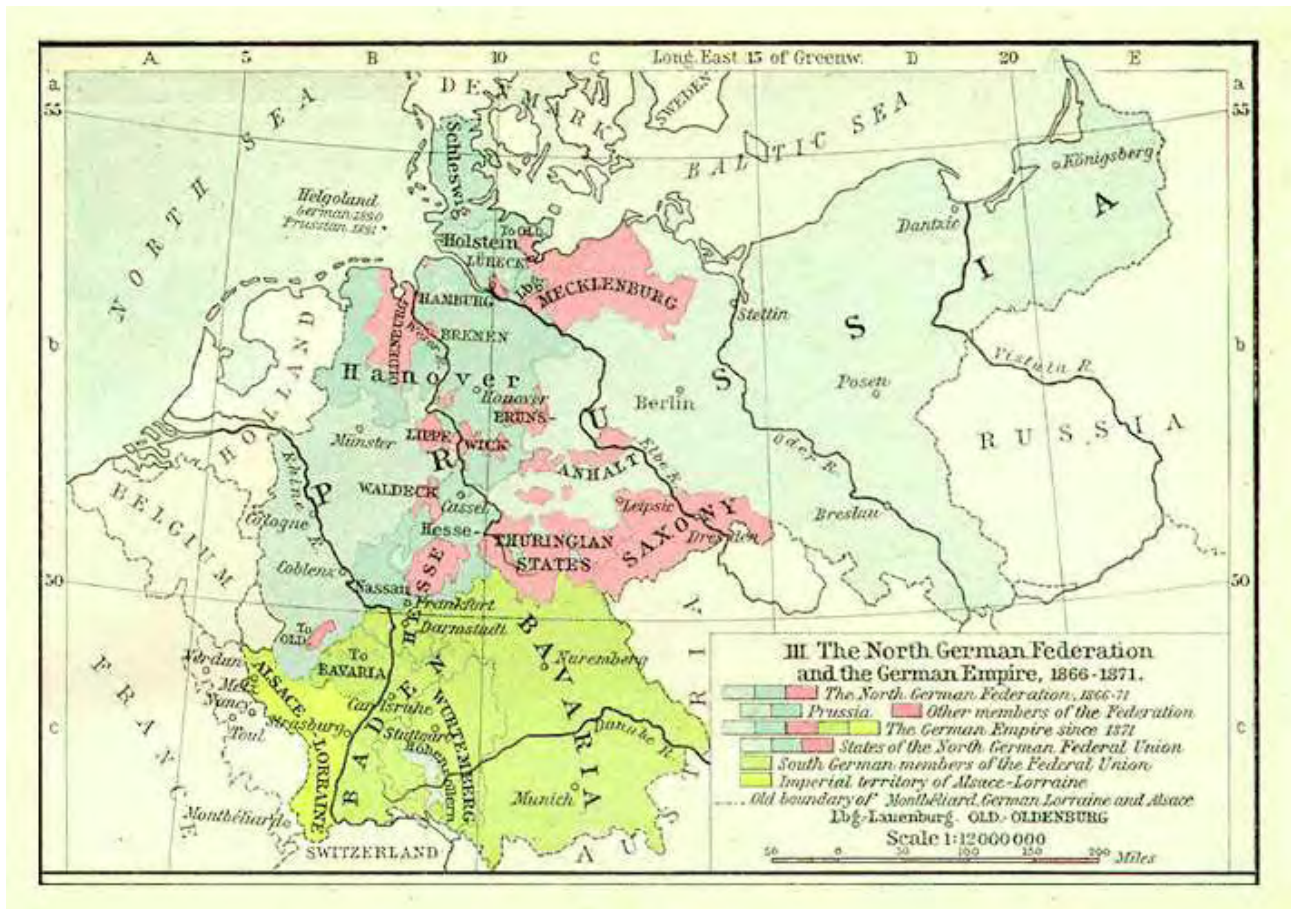
By 1860, there were already twice as many Jewish than non-Jewish private banks in Berlin. Throughout Germany these private bankers had an amazing surge, names like Rothchild and Warburg to name a few. Jewish capital and entrepreneurship developed railroads and started some of the largest industrial enterprises in the country: electrical, chemical, coal mining fields, as well as heavy industry.



The Unification of Germany, 1815-1871.



Germany in 1834.



The North German Federation and the German Empire in 1866.

JEW S IN GERMANY

In 1869, William I and Bismark signed the Tolerance Laws granting Jews more latitude and more equality. This happen at the same time as similar laws were taking effect in other European states such as Italy and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This opened the door for Jews to assimilate into mainstream society by allowing them to take public posts in government, law and medicine.

As the century drew to a close, the number of German Jews who had a professional career, and a college degree was unequaled by any other Jewish community throughout Europe. While Jews in Poland, Lithuania and Russia were mainly rural and agricultural and still quite segregated, German Jews lived a much more cosmopolitan life in the cities and were already part of the greater German society.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, Germany, the country that Bismark had so successfully united had become an important world power in constant tension with Europe's other powers: Russia, England and France.

A lot can be said about the wisdom –or lack of it– of Germany entering the war, one thing is certain, the issues that affected Germany by loosing World War I, such as the reparation costs and other conditions imposed by the Allies in the Versailles Treaty, the recession and the hyperinflation that followed, certainly played a big part on the rise of Hitler to power a few years later and to the fatal consequences to the Jews not only in Germany but throughout Europe.

During the First World War, 100,000 Jews went to war not as Jews but first and foremost as Germans; a third of them won medals and honors and 2,000 became officers. Unfortunately 12,000 died in battle, among them Fritz Meyer, son of Julius. But far from legitimizing their claim to equality as contributing Germans, when the war turned sour, it was precisely Jews who were blamed for the loss. Jews were also blamed for the difficult economic conditions of post-war Germany: who was responsible for the situation if not the Jewish bankers...

It is interesting to mention that by this time the most prominent names in Jewish banking in Germany had already emigrated to the US or England, names like Rothchild, Warburg, Guggenheim, Lehman, Kuhn, Seligman, Loeb and others, were among the Jewish aristocracy who was fortunate and insightful enough to either start or continue their financial institutions, many of which survive to the day.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, the situation turned for the worst; in spite of the remarkable advances and contributions made over the last century, the 600,000 Jews of Germany –no more than 1 percent of the whole population– faced a bleak future.

During the first eight years of Hitler's government, 300,000 Jews managed to flee Germany and look for greener pastures mainly in England, Palestine and the US, an additional 70,000 died of natural causes. So when the doors where finally closed in 1941, there were only 163,000 Jews left, most were deported East and very few survived. Thousands took their own lives.

In the specific situation of the Meyer Herxheimer family it is ironic that while most of the members where able to survive by emigrating, one who didn't run with the same luck: Dr Karl Herxheimer (a very well known dermatologist in Berlin who had earlier converted to Christianity), was taken to Theresienstadt where he died in 1942.

JEWISH GENEALOGY AND LAST NAMES

For genealogy –or as it is often called Jewish Geography– the Jewish custom of patronymics is important, of first names followed by the father's first name. This changed when around 1800 various jurisdictions enacted laws which mandated last names for Jews. The laws were quite similar but not identical; typically they also called for improved communal records, related in turn to the need of governments to achieve better control of their jurisdictions.

Representative of these records is a Familienregister, Israeliten Gemeinde Buchau – today Bad Buchau in Baden-Wuerttemberg– which survives only as a microfilm [from which various printouts have been reconstituted]. It begins on 1 January 1809 and ends in December 1853, prepared by Max I. Maendle, Gemeindepfleger, i.e. secretary of the Buchau Jewish Community.

Many of the early entries were prepared almost certainly by the local Roman Catholic priest, with a focus on families. Since this includes the date of birth of husband and wife, plus the names of their parents, some entries allow research back to as early as about 1740.

Many of these records still exist, largely because of Nazi efforts to establish racial purity for its own purposes. The Wuerttemberg records were microfilmed as late as April 1945, when French and American troops were already well across the Rhine and the end of the Third Reich clearly was in sight. The few surviving originals and the many microfilmed records are in the Landesarchiv Baden-Wuerttemberg in Stuttgart, in care of the Israelitische Gemeinde in Stuttgart.

ON THE NAME MEYER

The name Meyer literally means “farmer” in German; as a Jewish family name, Meyer is a variant of the Hebrew meir. The Hebrew name meir means “illuminates” or “radiates”, since many Jewish given and family names are based on ideas and symbols embedded in legend and history.

Light (in Hebrew “or”) is the primal element of creation in all ancient cosmologies. In the bible, it is the first creation of god, divine light (gen. I, 2-3). In rabbinical literature, it is also the symbol of the Torah, the soul and wisdom.

In Talmudic times, people credited with bringing light or intellectual clarity to their subject were given the surname Meir (one who sheds light). A 2nd-century disciple of Rabbi Akiva, believed to have been named Mesha or Nehorai (Aramaic forms), was known as Rabbi Meir because of his keenness in shedding light on the Halacha (the Jewish code of law).

The family name Meir is documented at far back as Arles, France, in the 13th century. It appears as Meiger and Meyger in the 14th century in Strassbourg, as Meyr in 15th century France, as Meyer in the 17th century in Germany, as Maier in Germany in the 18th century. Other variants include May in Germany and Poland and Major in Turkey, both in the 16th century; Mayer in France and Germany, and M'riro and Merito in Morocco.

Named for their forefathers, families were called Meyerson, Meyerovitch, Meyrowitz, Merovic and Ben-Meir, all meaning “the son of Meir”.

In 1683 Meyer is documented in Frankfurt Am Main with Moses Meyer.

Although there is no confirmation, it was said that our family came to the Rhineland, when the Jews were expelled from Spain after 1491. Unfortunately no documents of actual facts support this theory. This is explained further in Karl Meyer's transcript (See Appendix).

ON THE NAME HERXHEIMER

Many Jewish family names are also derived from places of origin or residence, such is the case of Herxheimer.

Herxheimer, in which the German ending -er means of/from, is based on the German towns of Herxheim near Ludwigshafen or Herxheim near Karlsruhe, curiously, two close towns with the same name.

Of the most distinguished bearers of the Herxheimer surname include the German rabbi, bible translator and author Salomon Herxheimer (1801-1884), who happened to be Kätchen Meyer's uncle (see first graph).

The Towns

THE RHINELAND

Since most of the pre-war history of the Meyer clan took place in a small region of southern Germany, it is interesting to learn a little bit about these lands:

THE TOWN OF WIESBADEN

Wiesbaden, where most of our Meyer ancestors lived, was a town in the state of Hessen, Germany, until the unification of Germany in October 1890.

In the stone age period there was a settlement in the area. During the Roman period the place was known as "Aqua Mattiacae" and during the period of Charlemagne (9th century) the place was named "Wisibada".

From the 13th century on it was a part of the county of Nassau. After the Thirty Year War, during which the town had been destroyed several times, there came a period of development and prosperity. In 1866 Wiesbaden became the county seat of Hessen-Nassau in the principality of Prussia.

In 1385, a Jew named Gershon lived in the town. Until the 17th century few Jews lived there, two or three families at the most. A room for prayers was consecrated in one of the Jewish private homes. During the 16th century, the Jews were under the patronage of the local nobility who protected them despite the opposition of the Christian residents. During that period Jews from other states came as guests to the spa.

Despite the small number of Jews in the town, every street where Jews lived was called Jew street (Judengasse). But there was neither a ghetto nor a distinct Jewish quarter in Wiesbaden. In 1626 all the Jews were expelled from the town, but they returned in 1638. A Jew named Natan was the first

to receive the right of residence for one year and by 1747 there were nine privileged Jewish families in the town.

In 1732 the Jewish Law was published (Judenordnung) severely limiting their rights. The Jews were banned from the baths which served the Christian guests. They were also forbidden to use the esplanade or gamble at the casino which had been opened in 1771. The Jews of Wiesbaden and the Jewish guests could only use the Jewish baths. The local Jews opened their own restaurants. There was discrimination in commerce too, Jews were allowed to shop in the market only at designated hours. Until 1800 the head of the community was appointed by the German authorities.

At the beginning of the 19th century there were only 18 Jewish families in Wiesbaden. Most of them lived on one street: Langgasse. The rabbi also served as shochet, judge and community leader. By 1820 the number had increased to 85 Jews in Wiesbaden, among which we find our own relatives. Finally in 1848 as in the rest of Germany, the spirit of the emancipation penetrated into Nassau and the Jews received equal civil rights.



From 1732 until 1826 prayers were held in different private houses. A synagogue was established only in 1826, with the cost of the building being donated by the Rothschilds of the Frankfurt house; the synagogue seated 200. During the years 1832-1838 Dr. Abraham Geiger was rabbi of the Wiesbaden congregation and he instituted changes in the prayer service in keeping with his liberal beliefs.

During the 19th century with the growing prosperity of the town, the Jewish community grew and in August 1896 a new synagogue was dedicated, seating 358. The Emperor Wilhelm I attended the dedication ceremonies. The prayers were in the liberal style, most of them in Hebrew with the accompaniment of an organ. During that period a community center was built

THE TOWNS

which contained a prayer-hall seating 40 men only and a library. When the new synagogue was built some left and organized an orthodox congregation that was recognized by the authorities in 1879. In 1897 the orthodox synagogue seating 200 was built. The orthodox buried their dead in the Wiesbaden Jewish cemetery till 1877 when they built a cemetery of their own.

Besides the liberal and orthodox synagogues there were several other places of Jewish worship, one conservative, some were active only on the Sabbath and Jewish holidays and served the Jews from Eastern Europe.

The Wiesbaden community had three cemeteries. The first was constructed in 1750 and in use until 1890, it had 553 tombstones. The second was opened in 1891 and Jews from other places who died in Wiesbaden were also buried there. The orthodox cemetery contains 372 graves.

The compulsory education law passed in 1819 obliged Jewish children to attend the local schools. There were separate Jewish schools for the study of bible and Hebrew.

From the middle of the 19th century until the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, various community organizations were established in Wiesbaden; there were about ten communal organizations, a burial society, women's' associations, a loan society, a craftsmen's union and organizations supporting orphanages and hospitals. There was also an old-age home, a kindergarten, a kosher public kitchen and a choir.

Branches of the Jewish Foundation fund and the Zionist Organization were established in 1900. In 1905 there were 2,109 Jews in Wiesbaden. Fifty-seven Jewish soldiers from Wiesbaden were killed in action in World War I (1914-1918).

The Jews of Wiesbaden took an important part of the

business sector of Wiesbaden. They were merchants, craftsmen, factory owners, bankers, owners of hotels and restaurants. Among the Jewish members of the free professions were judges, doctors, some of them famous professors, architects, musicians, teachers, writers and actors. Some Jews served as members of the municipal council.

By 1933 there were 2,713 Jews in the town, 2.7% of the general population.

THE HOLOCAUST PERIOD

In 1937, four years after the advent of the Nazis to power, most of the Jews had left Wiesbaden. In 1938, the licences of all the Jewish doctors and lawyers were revoked. During the Krystallnacht Pogrom, November 9, 1938 the liberal synagogue was completely destroyed and the orthodox synagogue partly destroyed. The plaque, commemorating the Jewish soldiers who died in World War I, was damaged.

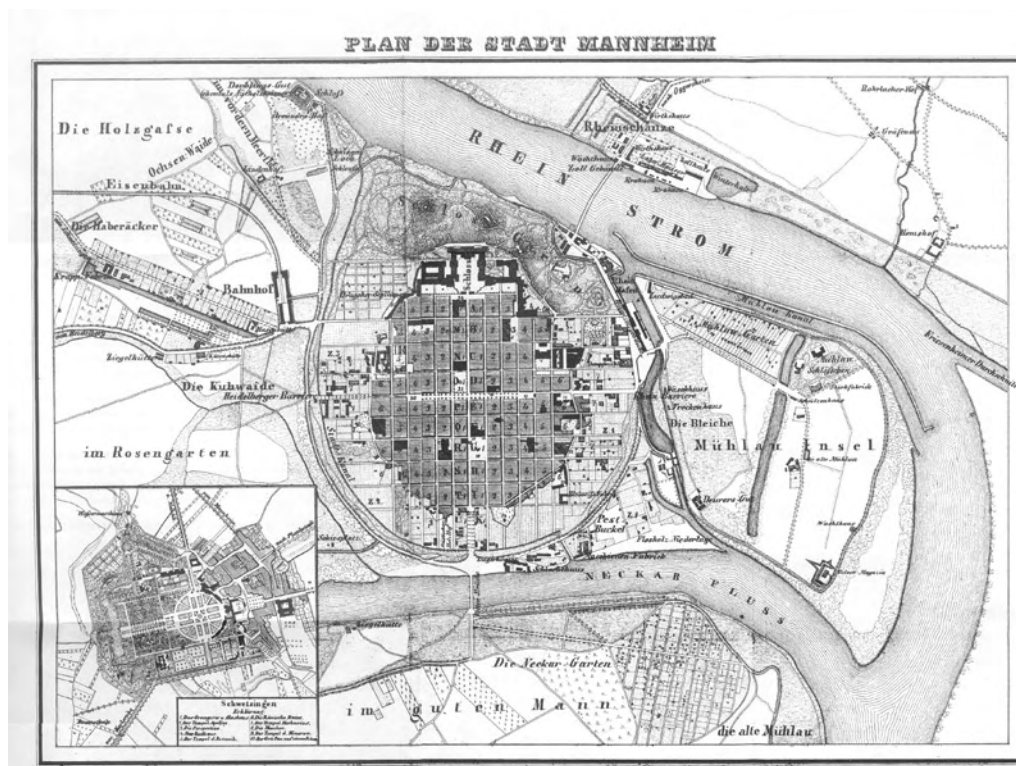
After that night many Jews committed suicide, and during the years 1941-42 about 800 Jews were sent to Theresienstadt and other camps in Eastern Europe. Finally, in 1943-44 Jews who were descendants of mixed marriages were also deported.

After the War, in December 1946, a new community was founded in the town with the help of the American Army Occupation Authorities. The orthodox synagogue was repaired. In 1940-50 there were 350 Jews left and on September 11, 1966 a synagogue seating 174 was constructed.

On the site of the liberal synagogue, the town of Wiesbaden planted a public park in 1962 named after Heinrich Heine, and there is a plaque commemorating the liberal synagogue.



A panoramic view of Mannheim, 1850.



City plan of Mannheim, 1850.

In 1970, 345 Jews remained in Wiesbaden.
MANNHEIM

Jews first settled in Mannheim (which was founded in 1606) around 1652, and the first rabbi, Naphtali Herz, served from 1657 to 1671. The community was granted a highly favorable charter in 1660. A cemetery was acquired a year later (in use until 1839), and a synagogue and mikveh were built in 1664.

In 1663 there were 15 Jewish families in the town, two of them Portuguese, founders of a Portuguese community that later maintained its own schoolteacher and enjoyed particular privileges. By 1680 there were 78 Jewish families in Mannheim; in 1689 they aided the Burghers in the defense of the city against the French; on its destruction they took refuge in the communities of Heidelberg and Frankfurt.

84 families returned to the city by 1691 when a new charter was issued. Modeled on the first one, fixed the number of tolerated families at 86 (increased to 150 in 1698), established an interest rate of 5%, and abolished the yellow badge. The charter of 1717 raised the number of tolerated families to 200 and permitted an interest rate of 10%. The favorable position of the Jews there is expressed in a contemporary reference to Mannheim as "new Jerusalem." There were many local followers of Shabbetai Tzevi in the community, vigorously opposed by its rabbi, Samuel Helman (1726-51). In 1708 the synagogue and cheder (klaus), donated by Lemle Moses Rheingans, was consecrated and later endowed

with 100,000 gulden (it remained in use until 1940). An unsuccessful attempt was made when the Jewish charter was renewed in 1765 to establish a separate Jewish quarter.

Political emancipation came in 1807, followed by full civil rights in 1862. The main synagogue was consecrated in 1855. The number of Jews in Mannheim rose from 940 in 1801, to 4,249 in 1885, 6,402 in 1913, and 6,400 (2.3% of the total population) in 1933.

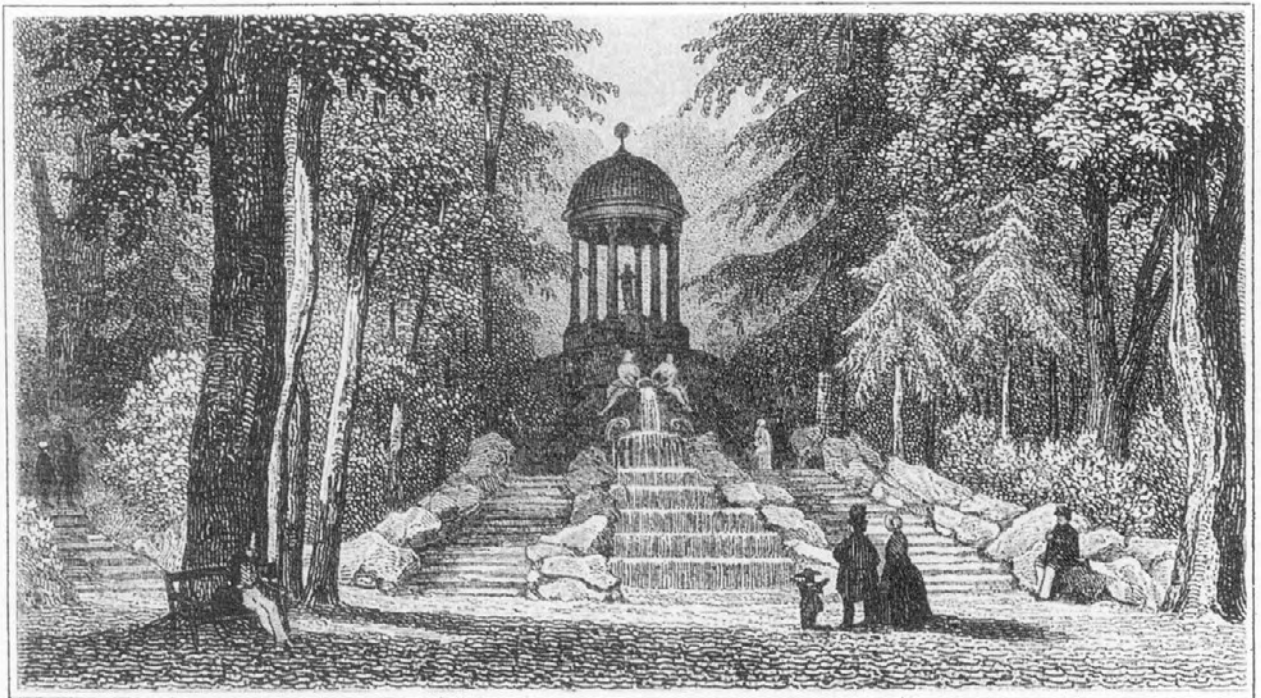
The community issued a monthly bulletin (1922-38) and maintained a lehrhaus (school for adults) between 1922 and 1938, as well as numerous charitable, cultural, and social organizations. Jews were active in the social, cultural, and political life of the city.

The interior of the synagogue was demolished on April 1, 1933, and by 1938 only 3,000 Jews remained in Mannheim. On November 10, 1938, the main synagogue was burned and the community was forced to transfer the remains of 3,586 bodies interned in the old cemetery to the public one. On October 22, 1940, 2,000 Jews were deported to the internment camp of Gurs and the remainder to Auschwitz a year later.

After World War II, Jews returned to Mannheim; they numbered 68 in 1945 and 386 in 1970. Finally, in 1957 a new synagogue was opened.



The Theatre Plaza, Mannheim, 1850.



The Apollo Temple, Mannheim, 1850.

The Meyer Herxheimer Clan

II

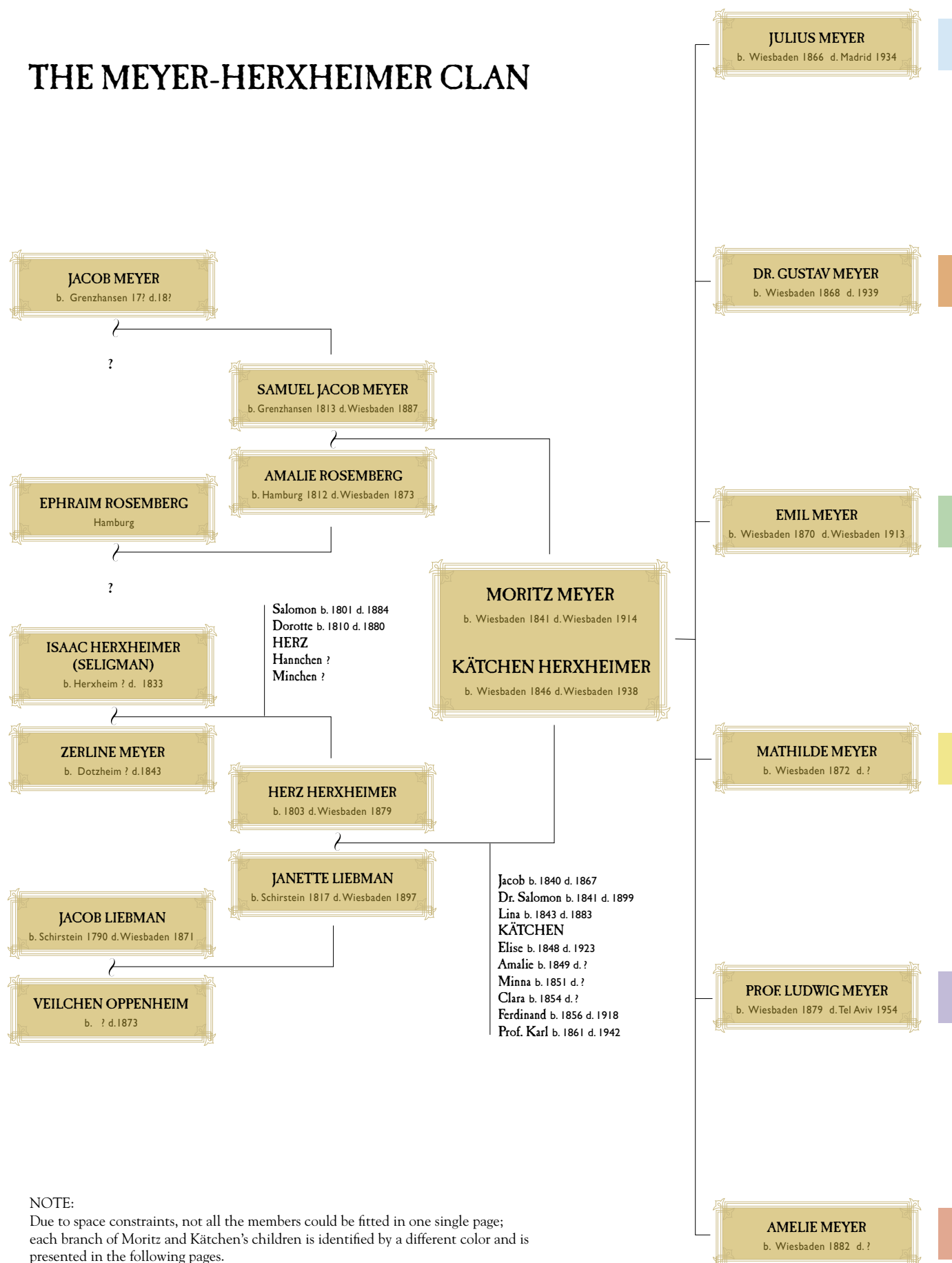
THE MEYER HERXHEIMER CLAN



The Meyer family, 1926.

Standing: Theodor Kronenberger, Gustav Meyer, Kurt Meyer, (?), Ernst Meyer, Anni & Paul Meyer, grandmother Schlesinger, (?), Ludwig Meyer. Sitting: Ilse Meyer, Alice Meyer, Jenny and Julius, Kätchen, Amelie and Lotte (Ludwig's wife).

THE MEYER-HERXHEIMER CLAN



NOTE:

Due to space constraints, not all the members could be fitted in one single page; each branch of Moritz and Kätchen's children is identified by a different color and is presented in the following pages.



The matriarc of the family: Kätchen Meyer, 1934

THE HERXHEIMER SIBLINGS

HERZ HERXHEIMER

b. 1803 d. Wiesbaden 1879

JANETTE LIEBMAN

b. Schirstein 1817 d. Wiesbaden 1897

JACOB HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1840 d. Wiesbaden 1867

Dr. SALOMON HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1841 d. Wiesbaden 1899

Fanny Livingston

b. 1853 d. 1922

LINA HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1841 d. Wiesbaden 1883

Moritz Desenberg

b. 1831 d. 1985

KÄTCHEN HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1846 d. Wiesbaden 1938

Moritz Meyer

b. Wiesbaden 1841 d. Wiesbaden 1914

ELISE HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1848 d. Wiesbaden 1923

Oscar Cahen

b. 1842 d. 1927

AMALIE HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 18498 d. ?

Adolf Lowensberg

b. Mainz 18435 d. 1903

MINNA HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1851 d. ?

Siegmund Lowensberg

b. Mainz 1845 d. 1916

CLARA HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1854 d. ?

Otto Winter

b. 1832 d. ?

FERDINAND HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1856 d. Wiesbaden 1918

Lina Jourdan

b. 1860 d. ?

DR. KARL HERXHEIMER

b. Wiesbaden 1861 d. Thereisenstadt 1942

Olga Hepner

b. 1868 d. 1928

THE MEYER HERXHEIMER CLAN



Dr. Karl Herxheimer, 1932

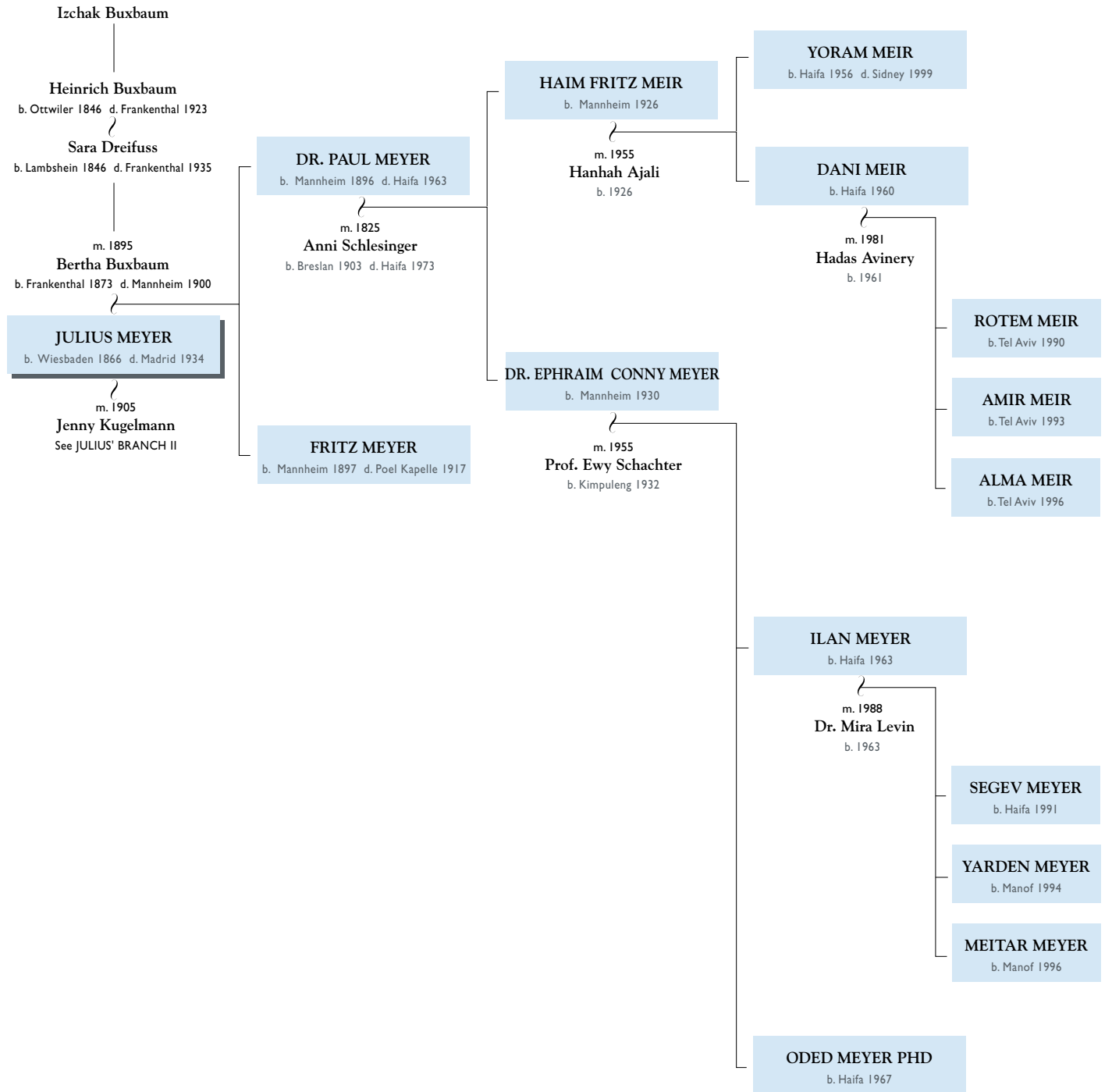
THE MEYER HERXHEIMER CLAN



The Meyer family.

Back row: Walter Meyer, (?), (?),Theodor Kronenberger, (?), Ruth, Peter, Ilse, Kurt and Ernst. Middle row: (?), Julius, Ludwig, (?), Gustav and Alice, (?), (?), Lotte. Bottom row:(?), (?), (?), (?), Kätchen, (?), Amelie Kronemberger. Sitting on the floor: Paul and Alice Meyer.

JULIUS' BRANCH I



JULIUS' BRANCH I

Julius Meyer married Bertha Buxbaum in 1894. They had two sons: Paul 1896 and Fritz 1897. Fritz died in battle at Poel Kapelle, Belgium in 1917 during World War I. Paul married Anni Schlesinger (a descendent of the well known Kempinski family - hotels) in 1925. They had two sons Fritz Heinrich –now Chaim– 1926 and Konrad –now Ephraim– 1930.

Paul specialized in Dermatology and was quite successful in his academic career in Breslau. He later practiced in his hometown of Mannheim. In 1935 he went to live in Palestine. He had severe difficulties to adapt culturally and economically. In the late fifties he renewed ties with European Dermatology and published papers. He died of gastric cancer on December 29, 1963.

Bertha, Julius' wife died of diabetes in 1900 and in 1905 Julius remarried Jenny Kugelman who had been the children's nanny. They had two sons Ernst, born in 1906 and Kurt in 1908. Ernst married Liesel Richheimer. They went in the late thirties to Mexico City. Their son Pedro (1938) lives in Los Angeles, California and is a most prestigious photographer. Kurt married Lotte Schever and they settled in Caracas, Venezuela. They had two children, Dorith and Juan.

Friz-Chaim is married to Hannah Ajali, they have two sons: the late Joram 1956 and Dani 1960.

Chaim served as officer first in the British Army and latter in the Israel Army, but since the late fifties in Israel's secret service. He is now retired with the rank of Colonel.

Hannah was born in kibutz Tel-Yoseph and grew up in Haifa and Tel Aviv, she also served in the Israeli Army, later she worked as a secretary at several establishments

Joram graduated with a BS from Tel Aviv University in Political Science and got a Masters from Florida International University in Hotel and Food Service Management. He then went to Sidney, Australia where he was successful in running restaurants for Pizza Hut. He died suddenly in 1999 to the deep pain of all his loved ones.

Dani, who grew up in Haifa and Tel Aviv, got his BS –after serving in the Israeli Army– from Tel Aviv University in Economics and latter finished a course in The art of cooking. After working as a chef at the Dan hotel in Tel Aviv, since 1998 he has been an assistant manager of a catering company supplying foreign airlines at the Ben-Gourion Airport.



Fritz Meyer, the year he died, 1932.

JULIUS' BRANCH I

Dani's wife Hadas Avinery also grew up in Tel Aviv and got her BS from Tel Aviv University in Stage Design. She works in the Camary Theater in Tel Aviv and is the mother of three children: Rotem (1990), Amir (1993) and Alma (1996).

Ephraim-Conny is a semi retired cardiologist. He did his clinical research during his post doctoral training in the USA. Ephraim married Ewy a now retired professor in Ophthalmology. They have two children: Ilan (1963) an Engineer

who runs an industrial management company. He is married to Dr. Mira Levin a Pediatrician. They have three sons: Segev (1991), Yarden (1994) and Meitar (1996). Ephraim's other son Oded (1967) lives in Pittsburgh and is a Ph D in statistics



The dapper Julius Meyer, 1932





Julius Meyer tomb in Madrid, Spain



Paul Meyer in 1952.



Paul Meyer in the 30's.



Chaim Meyer in 1976.



Chaim Meyer in 2000

THE NEW GENERATION



Dani & Hadas, 2000.



Rotem 2000.



Alma, 2000.

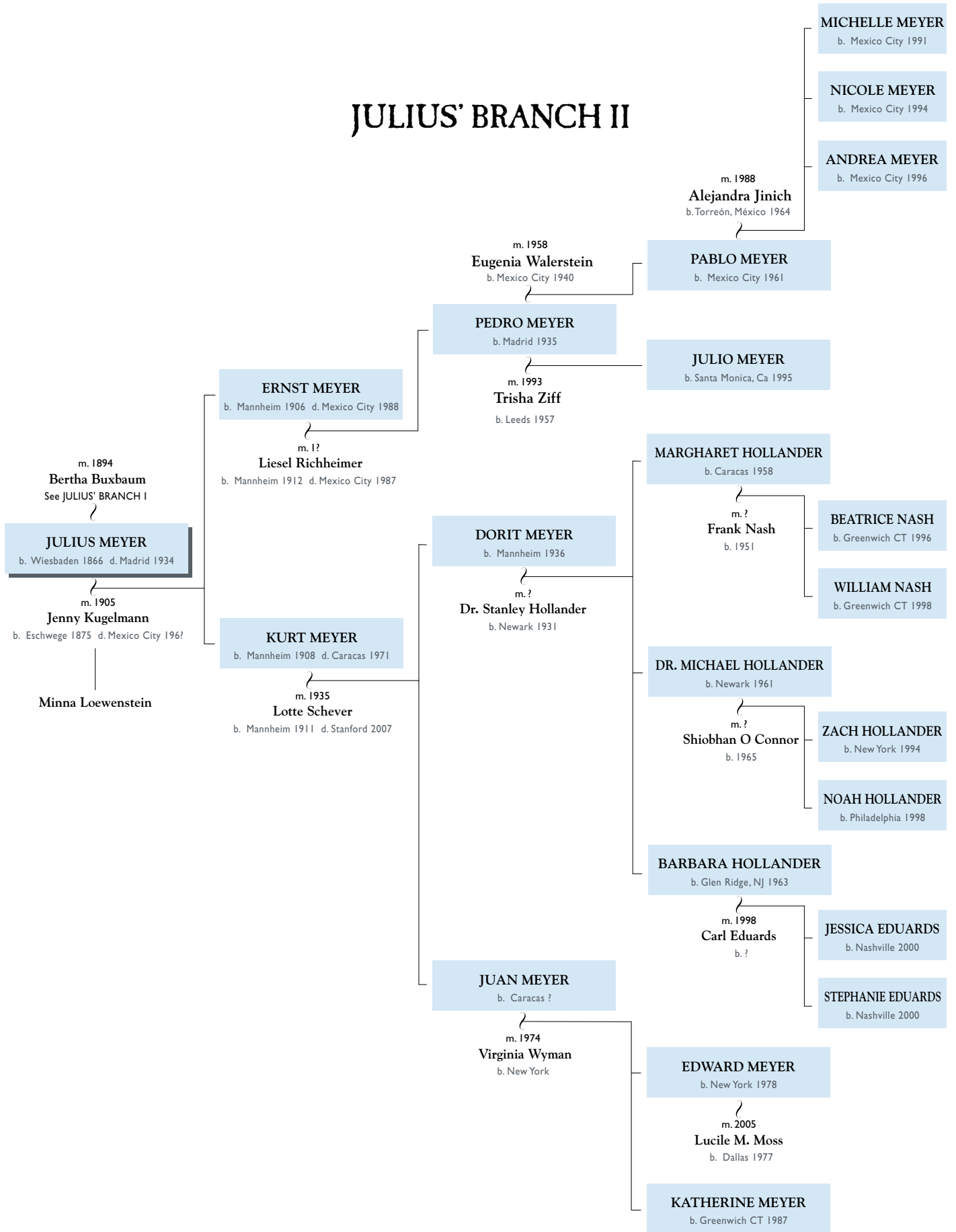


Amir, 2000.



Ilan and his family, 2000.

JULIUS' BRANCH II



4th GENERATION

5th GENERATION

6th GENERATION

7th GENERATION

8th GENERATION

JULIUS' BRANCH II

Ernesto "Ernst" Meyer, son of Julius and Jenny Meyer; married Liesel Richheimer and went to live in Madrid, Spain along with his parents and brother Kurt. It was here in Madrid, that Pedro Julio Meyer was born.

In 1936, because of the Spanish Civil War, Liesel, Jenny and little Pedro fled to Brussels where they lived together with Ernesto's brother Kurt's family: Lotte and daughter Dorith. Julius Meyer had past away in Spain on Apr 10, 1934.



Jenny Kughelman Meyer, 1932.

With the family in a safe place for the time been, Ernesto and Kurt decided to look for better opportunities and came to America to sell Belgian products; Ernesto came to Mexico while Kurt explored Venezuela. The brothers decided to hedge their bets and not live in the same country anymore (maybe they have heard about the Rothchilds...?). This arrangement allowed for the families to have visas and stay in Belgium as long as Ernesto and Kurt kept selling Belgian products in America.

In 1939 Ernesto was finally able to bring his family to Mexico: Liesel, young son Pedro, mother Jenny, mother-in-law Pia and young brother-in-law Ernesto Richheimer; all this while grandfather Max Richheimer had to stay back in Germany due to his serious illness.

Max Richheimer died in 194_ of cancer and was buried at the Jewish cemetery in Mannheim.

In Mexico, the Meyers were not able to bare more children besides Pedro after Liesel had two extra uterine miscarriages.

Life in the new world was good to the Meyer clan, with a lot of friends from Germany who also emigrated to Mexico. Ernesto earned his living importing products from Asia, until 1958 when after coming back from a trade show he decided that the *future was in plastics* (we heard that phrase before)

and started a plastics factory: Plásticos Internacionales which became a very successful business for the next 30 years until it was sold to a third party after Ernesto learned of his fatal illness.

In 1958, Pedro who had just finished his collage education in Babson Institute in Boston, married Eugenia Walerstein, daughter of a well-known Mexican-Jewish movie producer from Polish descent. After a short stint in his father's plastic business Pedro decided to start a business on his own: a lamp factory named Rotaflex.

In 1961, Pablo Meyer was born and was again the only child of the Meyer family, Pedro and Eugenia had the misfortune of loosing a 3-day old baby and Eugenia had eight additional miscarriages.

In 1981 Pedro and Eugenia got divorced, Eugenia has not married since but continued with her successful career as a historian specializing in contemporary Mexican history. Pedro married again in 1993 to Trisha Ziff a British editor and curator, they have since separated.

1985 brought terrible news to the family, after Ernesto



Ernst & Liesel's German passports.



Ernesto and Kurt Meyer

Mit der Hilfe Gottes!

Am heutigen Tage, dem zweiten in der Woche, dem zwölften
des Monats Av im Jahre 5694 nach der Erschaffung der
Welt, das ist am 24. Juli 1934 nach der gewöhnlichen
Zeitrechnung ist nach vollzogener standesamtlicher Trauung nunmehr auch
der religiöse Trauungsakt zwischen
dem Bräutigam Levin Ernst Meyer
und der Braut Fräulein Liesel Richheimer
hier selbst zu Mannheim in folgender Weise vollzogen worden.

Es hat der genannte Bräutigam in Gegenwart zweier Zeugen seiner
Braut den Trauring mit den Worten übergeben: „Hare at mekudescheth li
betabaath so kedath mosche wejsrael“, d. h. Sei mir angeheilig durch diesen
Ring nach dem Gesetze Moses und Israels.

Damit hat er alle Pflichten eines jüdischen Ehemannes gegen seine
Gattin übernommen: sie zu achten und zu lieben, zu verpflegen, standes-
gemäß zu unterhalten, und ihr alles zu gewähren, was ihr gebührt.

Die Braut hat mit der Annahme des Traurings eingewilligt, seine Ehe-
frau zu werden, ihm Liebe und Treue angelobt und damit auch ihrerseits
feierlich bekundet, gewissenhaft alle Pflichten einer jüdischen Ehefrau gegen
ihn erfüllen zu wollen.

Also haben Beide ihren Ehebund vor Gott nach Vorschrift der jüdischen
Religion geschlossen, um als Gatten zusammen zu leben in Frieden und
Eintracht, ohne Falsch und Fehl, in guten wie in bösen Tagen, so lange es
dem Allmächtigen gefällt, sie gemeinschaftlich durch das Leben ziehen
zu lassen.

Also geschehen zu Mannheim am 24. Juli 1934

Unterschrift der Zeugen:

Samuel Silbermann
Henry Heller

Vorstehender Trauungsakt ist heute
vollzogen worden von:

Dr. J. A. Grunewald

Ernst & Liesel Meyer's Ketuba (Jewish marriage certificate, 1934.



Ernst Meyer's identity card, 1931.

Herr Ernst Meyer
ist auf Grund der vor dem amtlich anerkannten Sach-
verständigen Herrn Dipl. Ing.
Osten in Mannheim
am 23 ten Oktober 1931 abgelegten Prüfung
ermächtigt, ein Kraftfahrzeug mit Antrieb durch
Verbr. Maschine
der Klasse drei b zu führen
Mannheim den 27 ten Oktober 1931

 Badisches Bezirksamt
Polizeidirektion-C
Meyer
(Unterschrift)

1687
Lise Nr.

(Raum für das Lichtbild des Inhabers)





Eigenhändige Namensunterschrift des Inhabers:
Ernst Meyer

JULIUS' BRANCH II

was diagnosed with a colon cancer that had already spread to other internal organs.

The last years of my Ernesto were very sad ones for everyone that shared his life: a man that had being so strong both physically and of will, who was able to bring up his family through countless hurdles, wars and other problems was very slowly coming to a gradual stop with nothing anyone could do besides giving him comfort as the illness progressed.

Liesel, the companion for over 50 years took the responsibility of taking care of Ernesto until a reversal of fortunes that surprised us all happened: a fatal brain tumor was found on her head, after a sudden stroke. Even though the tumor was operated, Liesel died three months later.

The irony of it all is that Ernesto died two months after Liesel. Since his mental state was in such a poor shape after three long years fighting the disease, he never knew about the death of Liesel. I guess it is a blessing not having to feel the pain of loosing a loved one.

One year later, in 1989, Pablo married Alejandra Jinich. Their meeting was the works of grandmother Liesel, since the Meyers and Alejandra's grandparents the Jiniches had being very good friends for a long time.

One day during her recovery from the brain surgery, Liesel asked Pablo *do you know the Jinich's lovely granddaughter? , you should meet her.* After some due diligence on Pablo's part they met on a blind date and the rest is history. Perhaps Jewish mothers and grandmothers do know what is best for their children...

After several generations of this Meyer branch bearing practically only boys, Pablo and Alex went against the odds by having three lovely girls: Michelle Lisa, Nicole and Andrea. Not a day passes by without the thoughts of what a joy grandparents Ernesto and Liesel would've had, had they be alive today, in meeting their great granddaughters!

On the professional side, after graduating in product design in 1982 from the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, Calif., Pablo established his own graphic design and communication firm in Mexico City, where he still works up to this day. He is an avid cyclist and enjoys bicycling trips very much. Alex studied political science in Brandeis University and has worked at the Mexican ADL for some time.

Currently she is working as an event planner.

Pedro who quit the industrial scene in 1985 became a very successful photographer, –his dream from childhood– and spends his time traveling over the world in conferences and workshops. He shares his time in homes in Mexico City and Los Angeles.

In 1995 Pedro and Trisha had a child named Julio Ernesto in honor of Julius Meyer and Ernesto Meyer. Julio looks just like his father Pedro and speaks fluent English and Spanish. He is the typical case of *I have older nieces...* (Michelle and Nicole).



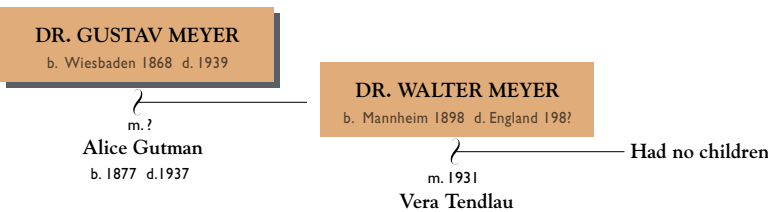
Michelle, Nicole, Andrea and Julio Meyer,

JULIUS' BRANCH II



This interesting photo is a digital montage done by Pedro Meyer: The man on the right is Ernst with his son Pedro in the early 40's, this was the original image. The man on the left is Pedro again a bit older, but this time with his own son Julio, in 2000.

GUSTAV'S BRANCH



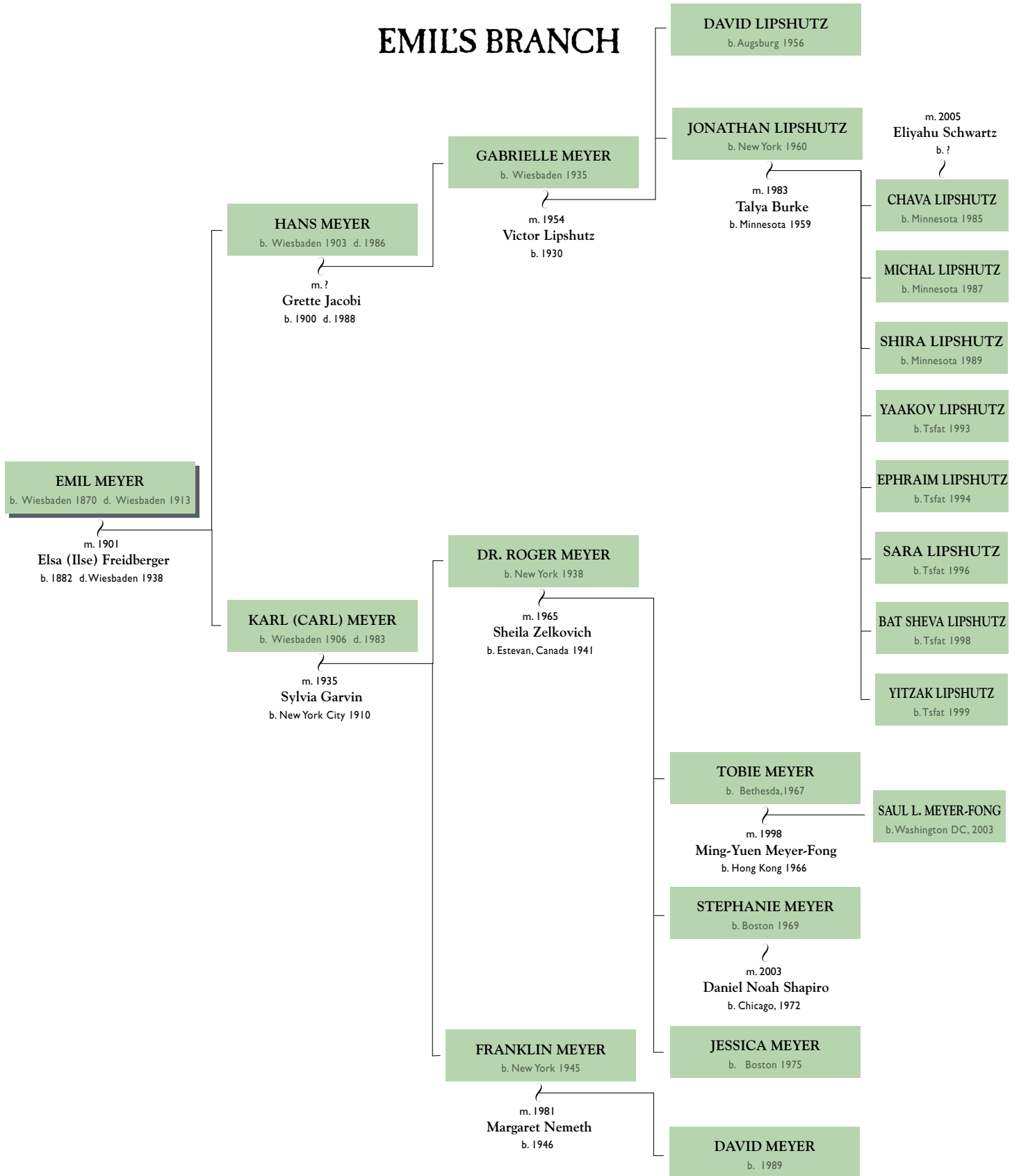
Dr. Walter Meyer was the only child of Gustav Meyer, he was a successful doctor in England where he lived and died with no children.

GUSTAV'S BRANCH



Gustav with mother Kätchen and Walter (¿?), 1931.

EMIL'S BRANCH



4th GENERATION


5th GENERATION

6th GENERATION

7th GENERATION

8th GENERATION

EMIL'S BRANCH



Emil Meyer married Ilse Friedberger around 1901. They had two sons: Hans was born in 1903 and Karl was born in 1906. Emil died of either stomach or colorectal cancer in 1913. Ilse suffered from manic depressive illness and was frequently hospitalized during the subsequent years of her life.

Following Emil's death, Ilse's mother moved in with the family in Wiesbaden. Hans and Karl were raised by their two grandmothers. The first World War and the German inflation caused havoc in Hans' and Karl's lives and affected any sense of security. Karl was unable to afford higher education in Germany. He began work in a bank in Wiesbaden in 1923. In 1927, he moved to another bank in Berlin, through some contacts of his Aunt Alice (the wife of his Uncle Gustav).

Karl's decision of leaving Europe and going to America in 1929 was strongly supported by his paternal grandmother, Kätchen Meyer. There are different explanations to why he decided to leave Europe. He was uncomfortable in Weimar Berlin because he feared that things were spinning out of control. He also felt that his career advancement in the German banking industry would be expedited by a tour in the US. It is also important to note that, as a child, he was a passionate reader of stories about the American West. Emil ran the family business (importing grain from Canada and the US), and one of Karl's earliest memories was of the bags of wheat from North America. In all probability, all of those factors, and his unhappy childhood, must have played some role in his decision to uproot himself in 1929, (four years before Hitler came to power) from everything that was familiar.

Karl left Germany in August 1929, sailing on the Homeric with a gentile German friend, Willi Klein. He began work on Wall Street at Wertheimer and Company, which was the US affiliate of the Jewish owned bank that he worked for in Berlin. The stock market crashed in October 1929, and by March 1930, Karl was in search of employment. By this time Karl Emanuel Meyer had become Carl Edgar Meyer. He would later recall feeling envious of the children who could speak English without an accent, as he searched to find employment in the US. He was never out of work for long, but he did have to accept employment outside of the banking business. In 1932, he wrote to his Uncle Theodore with a plan to return to Germany. Uncle Theodore told him to stay where he was!!

Sometime in October 1933, Carl met Sylvia Garvin at a Jewish labor meeting organized to protest the treatment of the

Jewish people in Germany. They were married two years later on October 3, 1935, the day that Mussolini invaded Ethiopia. Sylvia was a commercial artist. She was the older daughter of Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe. Her father came to the US in 1895 from Lithuania. Her mother came to the US in 1899 from Latvia.

In 1937, Carl and Sylvia were able to secure the immigration to the US of his brother Hans and his family (wife Grete and daughter Gabrielle born in November 1935). Also in 1937, Carl began his long association with the company that he would work for full time until he retired in 1971- and part time until he died in 1983. Hans and his family were obliged to leave Ilse Meyer in Germany. She died of a heart ailment in July 1938.

Carl and Sylvia had their first child (Roger Emil) on January 20, 1938. Their second child (Franklin Neil) was born on April 13, 1945. Carl and Sylvia lived in Manhattan until 1955, when they bought a home in West Nyack, New York. Roger went through high school in New York City, and then to Hobart College in upstate New York and to Harvard Medical School in Boston. Franklin went to high school in Rockland County (outside New York) and then to Cornell University and the University of Michigan Law School. Franklin is a lawyer in Manhattan and New Jersey. He lives in Milburn, New Jersey with his wife Margaret and their son David. Franklin has a step son, Michael, who is a dentist in the military. Margaret and Franklin were married in 1982.

Like Dan Offer (Ilse's son and Ludwig's grandson) Roger carries the tradition of academic physicians in the Meyer family to America. Roger was an Assistant and Associate Professor of Psychiatry at Boston University, Associate Professor of Psychiatry at Harvard. Professor and Chairman of Psychiatry at the University of Connecticut (16 years), and Vice President of Medical Affairs and Executive Dean at George Washington University in Washington, DC. He is currently a Senior Consultant on Clinical Research at the Association of American Medical Colleges, Clinical Professor at Georgetown and Adjunct Professor at the University of Pennsylvania. With three colleagues he owns a small consulting business related to drug development in psychiatry.

In 1965 Roger married Sheila Zelvovich, an occupational therapist graduate of the University of Minnesota. Sheila had come to the US from the Canadian prairie. They have three

EMIL'S BRANCH

grown daughters and one son-in-law. Tobie is a graduate of Yale and Stanford (Ph.D.) and teaches Chinese History at George Mason University in Northern Virginia (near Washington). Tobie is married Ming-yuen Meyer-Fong who is an attorney at the US Dept. of Justice. Stephanie is a graduate of Simmons College and is a Ph. D. candidate in Clinical and Developmental Psychology at the University of Minnesota. Jessica is a graduate of Wellesley College and is working as an actress and a waitress in Washington, DC. She did a two year program in the dramatic arts in London and played the role of Adrien Brody's sister in the motion picture *The pianist*. Sheila works as an occupational therapist at Georgetown.

Carl had two heart attacks at age 53 and suffered from angina pectoris for the remainder of his life. He had a third heart attack at age 75, and went into chronic heart failure. He had a two year downhill course and died at age 77 in 1985, 2 days after his 48th wedding anniversary. Sylvia remained in her home until 1985, when she began to experience the early signs of Alzheimer's Disease. She moved to Connecticut to be near her family. She is currently living at the Hebrew Home of Greater Washington with advanced Alzheimer's Disease.

Gabrielle, Hans' only daughter married Victor Lipshutz in 1954, shortly after that, Victor enlisted in the US Army and was sent to West Germany, Gabrielle followed him thereafter. David was born there, but we came back to New York with his mother about two months later.

David was born in Augsburg, (West) Germany in 1956, and has lived in Manhattan for the past 22 years, he is currently single. He has worked on Wall Street almost all of his professional life, at Lehman Brothers, Shearson, Dean Witter and Morgan Stanley. in the equity research and investment strategy areas. He has undergraduate degrees from Wharton and University of Pennsylvania Engineering, and an MBA from the NYU Stern School.

Jonathan Lipshutz, Gabrielle's second son was born and raised in NY. Played the violin from the time he was 7 years old. Went to SUNY (State Univ. of New York) at Purchase where he graduated with a BFA in Music performance. After marriage he started to change his way of life by SLOWLY

starting to observe Torah, went into computers for a livelihood. Together with his wife Talya moved to Minneapolis Minnesota in 1985 with their first new born daughter Chava Amira. There, Jonathan specialized in PC networking. 5 years later and 2 more daughters, (Michal Meira: named after my father's, father's mother and my mothers maiden name Meyer; and Shira Ranana: named after my mothers mother Sarah) the family moved to Israel 2 weeks before the Gulf war! It was in Israel that the rest of the children were born: Yaakov Yosef, Efriam, Sarah, Bat Sheva Ester and Yitzchok who was named after Isaac Herxheimer, see the grand patriarch on the family tree!

Jonathan is now a very accomplished fiddler; he has a group which have toured the US and other countries. Along with the tours, Jonathan has published a fine CD with Kletzmer music.

EMIL'S BRANCH



Karl and Silvia.



Gabrielle and Victor Lipshutz.

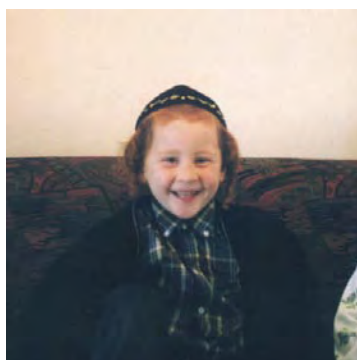
EMIL'S BRANCH



Uncle David with Sara Lipshutz.



Chava Lipshutz.



Ephraim Lipshutz.



Michal Lipshutz.



Shiva Lipshutz.



Itzjak with his dad Jonathan



Itzjak Lipshutz.

EMIL'S BRANCH



Roger, Sheila and their three daughters on Tobie's wedding to Ming Yuen.



Roger, Sheila and Stephanie.

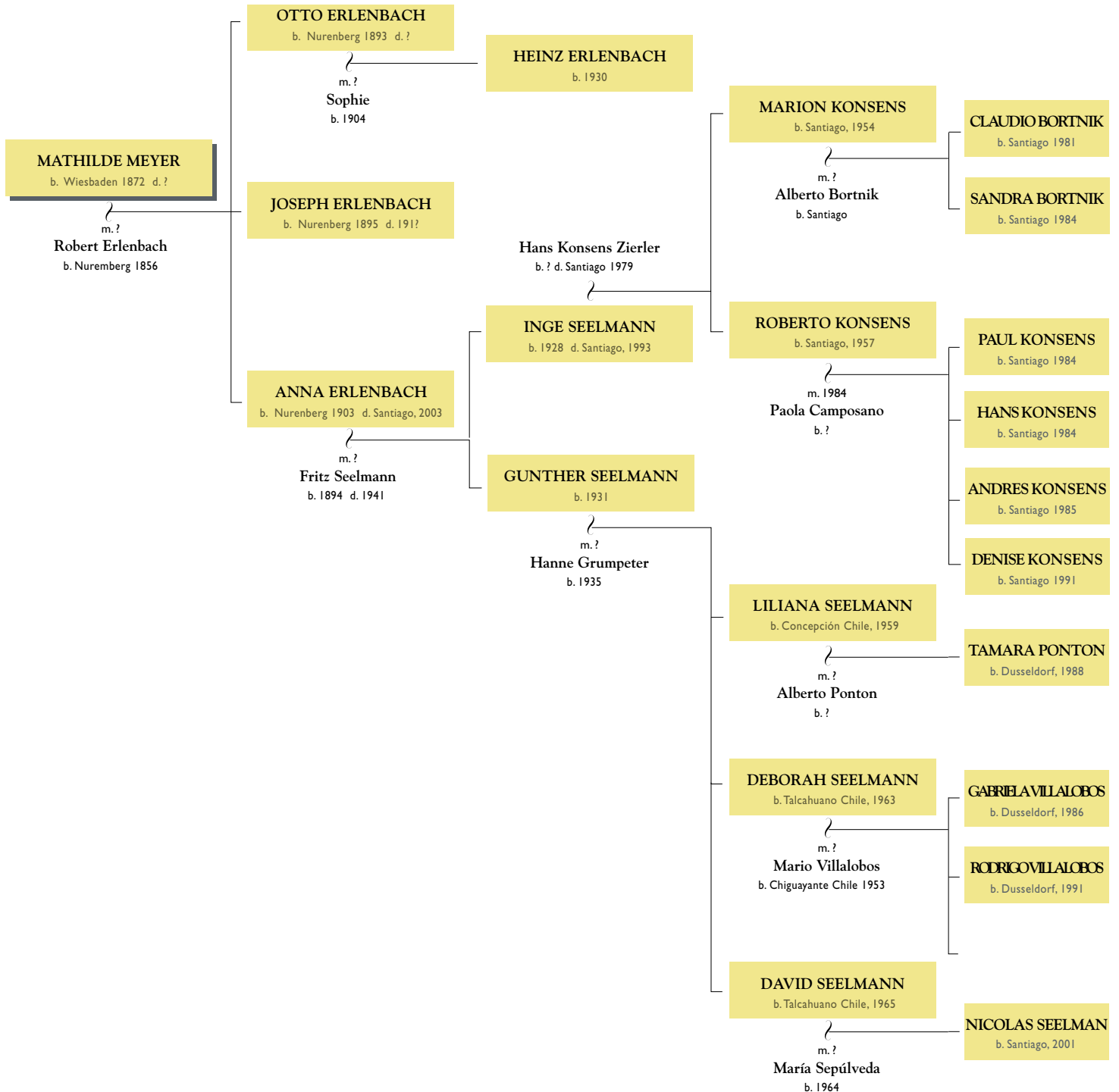


The three Meyer sisters.



The first grandson, Saul Meyer-Fong.

MATHILDE'S BRANCH



MATHILDE'S BRANCH



Otto Erlenbach with parents Mathilde and Robert, and sister Anna.

MATHILDE'S BRANCH



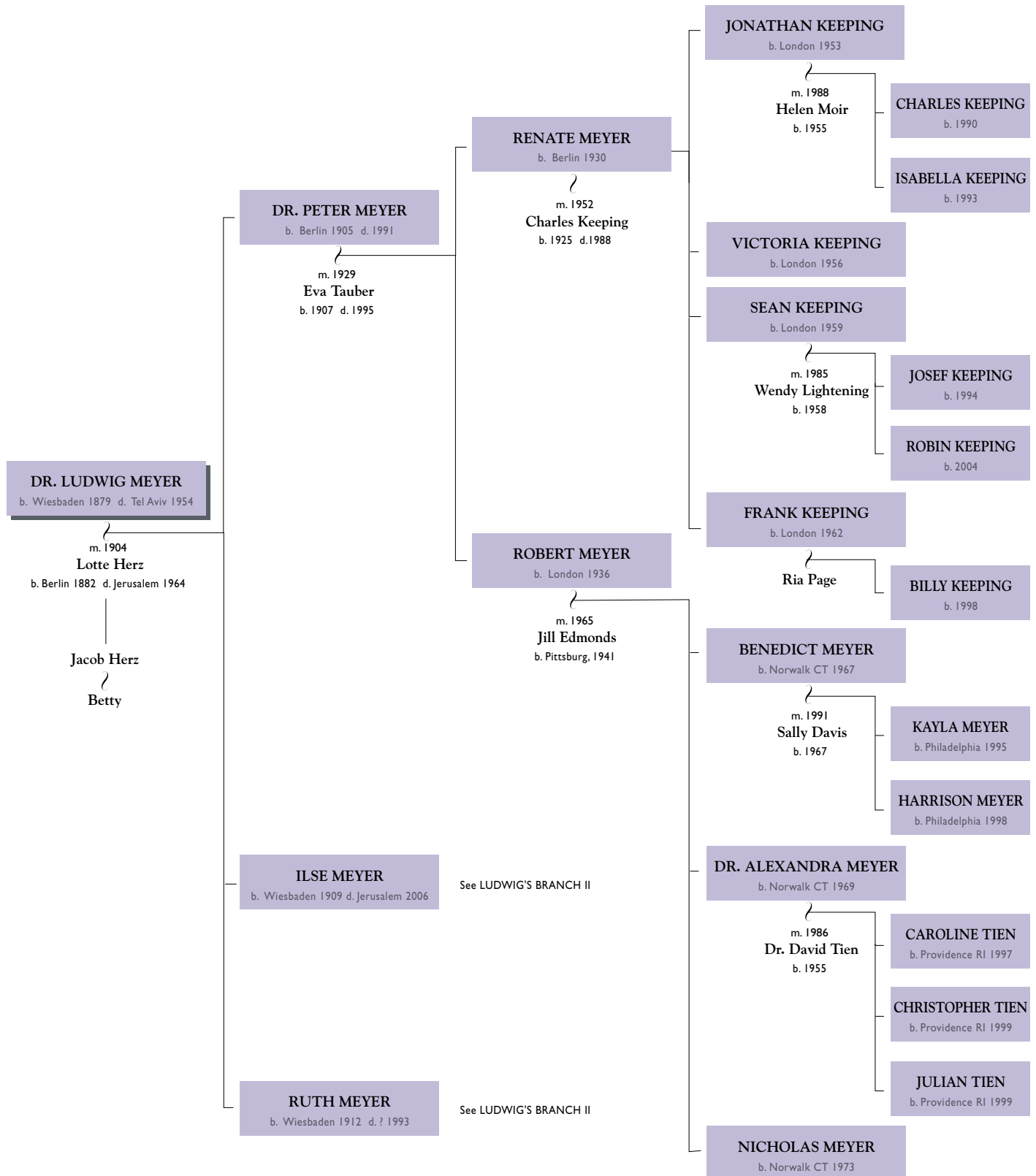
Mathilde Meyer married Robert Erlenbach and had three children: Otto, Joseph and Anna. Joseph died young during World War I.

Anna married Fritz Seelman and emigrated to Chile where they lived and raised their two children Inge and Gunther. At the end of 2004 we were finally able to locate the family who is still living there.

Dr. Gunther Seelman had to flee Chile during the military coup in the 70's and went to live in Dusseldorf, Germany with the whole family for 10 years, this is where the oldest grandchildren were born. Latter on, with the end of the Pinochet era, the Seelmans moved back to Chile where they are currently living. Gunther is now retired while his children are all married and with children. Liliana is..., Deborah is.... and David has a car rental business.

Inge Seelman, who also went to live in Chile had two children: Marion and Roberto. Marion is a chemist married to Alberto Bortnik, an architect, and Roberto, who had to quit school when his father died in 1979, is in the import business and together with his wife Paola have a jewelery store.

LUDWIG'S BRANCH I



4th GENERATION

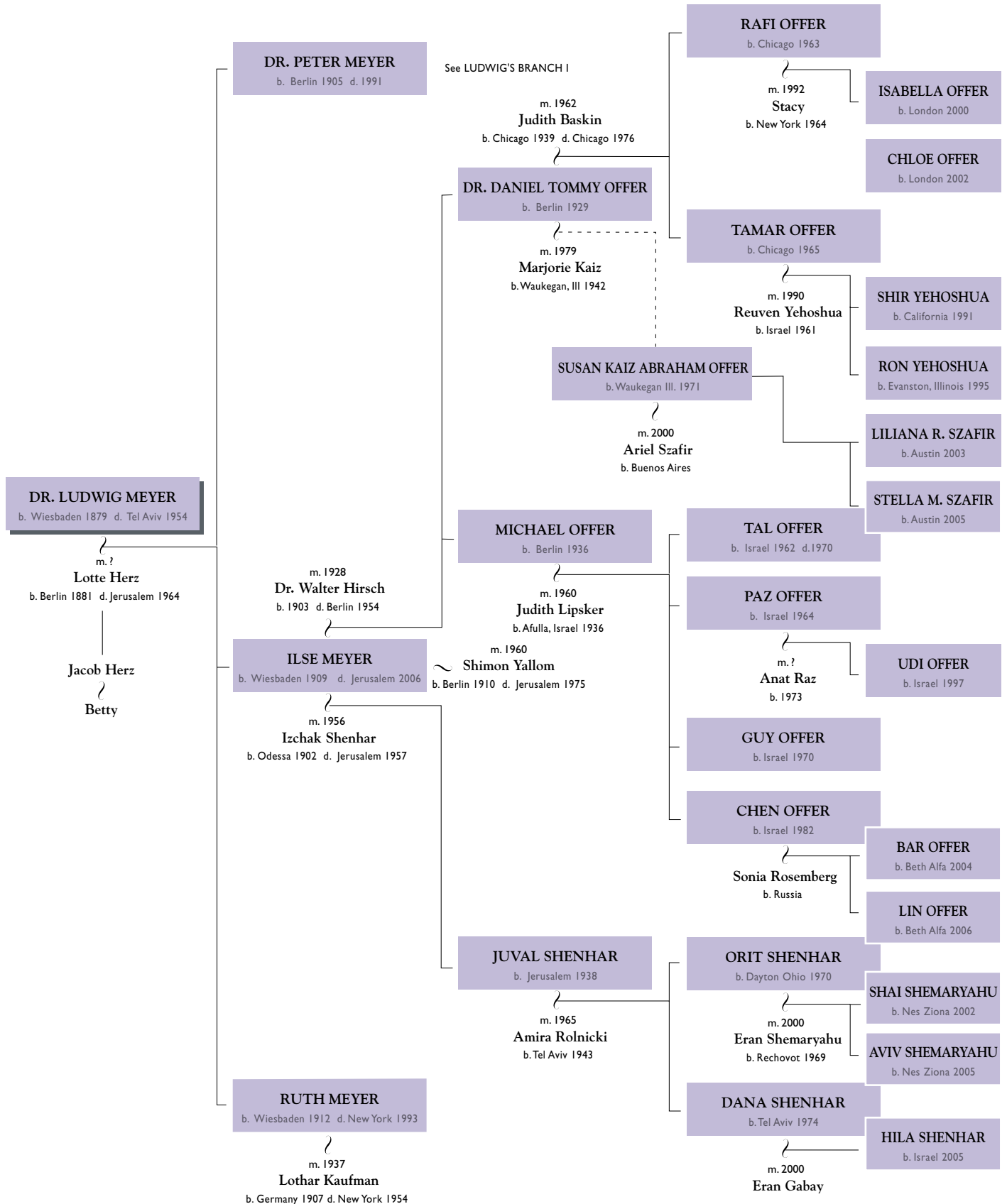
5th GENERATION

6th GENERATION

7th GENERATION

8th GENERATION

LUDWIG'S BRANCH II



4th GENERATION

5th GENERATION

6th GENERATION

7th GENERATION

8th GENERATION

LUDWIG'S BRANCH

LUDWIG'S BRANCH I

Peter was a doctor in Germany, when he and wife Eva moved to England in 1933 he had to requalify. He first set up in general practice, and later became a cardiologist. Peter and Eva had two children Renate and Robert.

Renate married Charles Keeping who she met at art school. Charles became a book illustrator and Renate a painter/textile artist. Charles sadly died in 1988, and as a memorial to him and his prodigious work Renate started an art gallery in their large Victorian house where she also shows her own work, among which is a very extensive 'family story' presented like a frieze (Bayeux Tapestry style) telling of their coming to England and the gradual assimilation to the life there. One can see some of it on the website: www.thekeepinggallery.co.uk.

Charles and Renate had three natural children: Jonathan, Vicki, and Sean. In 1962 they adopted Frank when he was six weeks old.

Jonathan is a TV cameraman, Vicki works for 'Scope' an organization with people with cerebral palsy. She also went to art college and got her degree in ceramics. Sean is an engineer and works for ABB, the large engineering company where he is the global manager of technology. He is married to Wendy and has two children Josef and Robin. Frank is a bricklayer and has one child Billy.

Born on June 3, 1936 in London, Peter's second son Robert was diagnosed three weeks after his birth with pyloric stenosis, a newborn condition in which the pylorus muscle connecting the stomach and intestine does not open to allow digested food to pass through. The result is that the food is forcibly rejected from the infant's stomach. Robert quickly dropped from his birth weight of 9 pounds to 3 pounds. Because not much was known about pyloric stenosis, the doctor sliced the poor baby from neck to groin, finally cut the pylorus muscle, and saved Robert from starvation.

When Peter returned from fighting in North Africa and Greece, he sent his son to an English boarding school, Oundle, for a better education. The fact that Robert was the only Jew in a population of 700 Christian athletic schoolboys left an unforgettable mark on him.

From 18-20, he served in the British Army as a lieutenant and succeeded in painting four Royal Artillery guns yellow for the invasion of Suez. After this initial encounter with the adult world, Robert settled on the profession of accounting in the hope that money was purer than people. But after qualifying, Robert learned that it would take him 20 years to move up into the firm's executive ranks, and so defeated again, he decided to leave the profession and attend Harvard Business School in Cambridge, MA.

During his two years at Harvard, Robert met Jill Edmonds, then a graduate student at Tufts University, working toward a Master's Degree in teaching, and they began to date. The second summer after they'd met, Robert planned a visit to England for Peter's 60th birthday and invited Jill to meet his family in London. Toward the end of the visit, they drove to Windsor Castle and entered the exquisite St. George's Chapel, where in one of the small chapels, Robert proposed to Jill. She loved him dearly but was so stunned, she nearly fainted.

After Robert graduated with distinction from Harvard, he concluded that academic life was not for him, and resigning from the staff, he began work for a famous character in the cosmetic business, H.R. Shepherd, owner and founder of a company called Aerosol Techniques, located in Connecticut. Thus, after their marriage on December 18, 1965 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Robert and Jill moved to Westport, Connecticut.

The Meyer's first son, Benedict Peter Ferdinand Meyer, was born in April 18, 1967, during the time when they lived in a sweet little house next to the Saugatuck River. From his first moment, Ben showed that he had an interest in mechanics and building. Their daughter, Alexandra Candice Meyer, was born on March 19 1969 in the middle of a huge snow storm, and their third child, Nicholas James Meyer, was born on June 14, 1973. At exactly three weeks, he showed decided evidence that he had pyloric stenosis and was operated on immediately. The resulting scar, thanks to technology, was barely an inch long, in contrast to Robert's large cut.

During the time the children were growing up, Peter and Eva visited each summer making great efforts to keep Robert on the straight and narrow and getting to know their American grandchildren. Another family member who

LUDWIG'S BRANCH

spent every Thanksgiving, Christmas, and family birthday with them was Peter's and Ilse's sister, Ruth Kaufman, a New York resident. She became a beloved surrogate mother and grandmother to the whole family.

Just before Nick's birth, Robert and Shep parted company, and Robert, once more a refugee, decided to go into business for himself. A businessman called Stew Leonard had built in the neighboring town of Norwalk the "world's largest dairy store," where he processed milk, orange juice and other fluid products. Children, enchanted by the live farm animals he displayed outside the store, dragged their parents to the store. Robert was struck that this same formula might work elsewhere. He and a partner found an investor and eventually erected a barn-like structure complete with "silo" and live animals in Milford, Connecticut. Robert knew even less about milk than he did about guns and hair spray, but despite a halting start, he and his partner slowly made a success of the business.

However, since the store was open 364 days/year, Robert worked long hours, both in developing what eventually became three stores and in acquiring other personal real estate holdings, mainly on Westport's waterfront.

After 13 years, Robert and his partner sold that company to a wealthy investor and used the proceeds to buy a busy Westport waterfront commercial real estate parcel-which now includes shops, offices, a brewery, and a gas station.

Meanwhile, as the children grew, all three were selected to join the elementary gifted program and all attended Staples High School, the excellent local secondary school. Ben went on to the University of Pennsylvania (as did Tamar), and graduated with a degree in Mechanical Engineering, Alex attended Brown University - both undergraduate and Medical School - and Nick received his undergraduate degree from Princeton and is now working for a Ph.D. in math at Berkeley.

In 1991, Ben married Sally Mindy Davis, a Penn Ph.D. in psychology. Since his college graduation, Ben has worked as an engineer for Harmonson Stairs, a small New Jersey firm that manufactures and assembles custom circular stairs. Ben and Sally have a lovely blonde daughter, Kayla Genevieve Meyer, born on July 7, 1995 and a handsome young son, Harrison August Meyer, born on June 16, 1998.

After graduation as an M.D. Alex met and married Dr. Robbins Tien, a pediatric ophthalmologist in Providence.

They have an adorable daughter, Carolyn Edmonds Tien, born June 12, 1997 and twin boys: Christopher Wedlake Tien and Julian Slade Tien. They traveled to Africa on their honeymoon and have visited his relatives in China.

Aside from raising their children, Jill's favorite job was teaching in the gifted program her three children attended. She has spent the last ten years working for a small Norwalk publishing firm that produces four monthly trade magazines in the eye care field. Starting as office manager, she now designs and sells advertising space and loves it.

LUDWIG'S BRANCH II

Ilse and Walter Hirsch came from Berlin where they grew up. Walter Hirsch was born in Cologne. Walter was a pediatrician, having gone to medical school at the University of Vienna followed by pediatric training in Berlin. He was assistant to L. F. Meyer, Ilse's father, and, as they say, he married the boss's daughter.

In 1935 the L. F. Meyers and the Walter Hirschs including Dan, who was then called Thomas Edgar Hirsch, and his brother Michael, immigrated to Palestine. They flew from Berlin to Italy and then took a boat to Haifa. At age 17, Dan enlisted in the Israeli army and age 18, Dan changed his name. He served in the Palmach, the elite Commando Unit of the IDF, fighting in the Negev. His unit helped liberate Beersheva and Eilat. The family lived in Jerusalem where Walter was a doctor and Ilse a gym teacher for young children.

Dan later left for the U.S. to study medicine, becoming a psychiatrist. He married Judy and settled in Chicago where they had two children: Tamar and Raphael. In 1976, Judy died of breast cancer. Daniel remarried Margie Kaiz on August 19, 1979.

In 1990 Dan became a Professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences at Northwestern University where he still serves. He is an author of 16 books.

Margie had an eight year old daughter of her own from a previous marriage to Louis Abraham who had died of lung cancer in 1974. Margie is a specialist in the marketing of non-profit institutions (ie advertising, fundraising and public relations).

In time, Daniel became a true father figure for Susan and he eventually legally adopted her in 1987. She then took the

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH

legal name Susan Kaiz Abraham Offer. Susan went on to earn her BA degree in English from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. After completing college she spent a year working as an English teacher and living in Prague in the Czech Republic. She then returned to Chicago where she worked as a fundraiser for the Jewish United Fund for three years.

In 1998 Susan returned to school to get a graduate degree, an MBA from Duke University. While there she met her husband, Ariel Szafrin a nice Jewish boy who was originally from Quilmes, (a suburb of Buenos Aires) Argentina. They married in downtown Chicago at the Fine Dining Rooms of Spiaggia and soon after migrated to Austin, Texas where Ariel had landed a job as a financial analyst for Dell Inc. She too worked for Dell as a brand marketing manager for four years and then chose to leave the corporate environment to spend more time with her child, Lili. They were expecting their second child due to arrive in the spring of 2005.

The older daughter, born to Judy and Dan is Tamar. She grew up in Chicago, then went to college at The University of Pennsylvania. Tamar went on to earn a Masters Degree in Computer Mathematics. She married Rubi Yehoshua a native Israeli, who she met in Jerusalem when studying. Tamar and Rubi lived in Chicago, then moved to Sunnyvale, California where Tamar got a programming job at Intel corporation. Soon after they had two children, Ron and Shir. Tamar is currently working at a division of Amazon called A9 in Silicon Valley, California.

At 18, Raphael, went to school at The University of Wisconsin, in Madison and majored in Political Science and English. He then received a Masters Degree in Advertising from Northwestern University in Chicago. Upon completion, he moved to New York City, a place he had always dreamed of living. He struggled a bit at first in the big city (which made Chicago feel small), but eventually landed a job in advertising. After 5 years in New York, Raphael met Stacey, a Jewish woman from Forest Hills, Queens, who worked for Elizabeth Arden as a packaging designer. A year later they moved in together and in 1991, were married. Meanwhile, Raphael had joined the Walt Disney Company as a marketing manager for Mickey Mouse licensed products.

It was an exciting time for Stacey and Raphael, no kids, cool jobs, and in the big city. But Raphael especially was getting worn down by eight years in Manhattan. And when his Disney division was transferred to Los Angeles, Raphael and Stacey decided to move to Los Angeles, where they settled in 'The Hollywood Hills'. What a change! Movie

stars and palm trees replaced cement and skyscrapers. Still, it took a year to adjust to what seemed like a different planet, and ultimately they became accustomed to sunny, flaky life in California. Plus, Stacey started a business selling and restoring antique frames and made a profit her first year. But four and a half years later Raphael was ready to move on from Disney, and found a new job, as a Marketing Director for new products for The Coca-Cola Company. While the job was a good career move, the couple was forced to leave their LA paradise and move to Atlanta, Georgia. Atlanta was hard. Stacey found it impossible to adjust to the provincial ways of the Southern USA. Raphael liked his job but found the Coca-Cola Company incredibly big and lacking in innovation. Two years later they were off again, this time to London, as Raphael had found a job working for Diageo (the world's largest drinks company) working in a new business ventures group. The couple settled in Hampstead, an area in North London. There they again loved their city, and after four years at Diageo, Raphael decided to start his own independent consulting firm, in 2003.

Raphael and Stacey have two smiling daughters, both born in London. Isabelle, born and Chloe. Both have English accents, which their American parents find funny and strange.

Michael Offer grew up in kibbutz Beth Alfa. and got a Ph.D. He became a teacher and worked though to become the Administrative Director of Oranim College in Tivon, in northern Israel. He married Judith and had four children: The late Tal who died in a automobile accident, Paz who is in the computer field and happily married to Anat and with two children, Guy a computer programmer and Chen, who lives in Beth Alfa with his girlfriend Sonia, and their son. Chen works in alternative medicine.

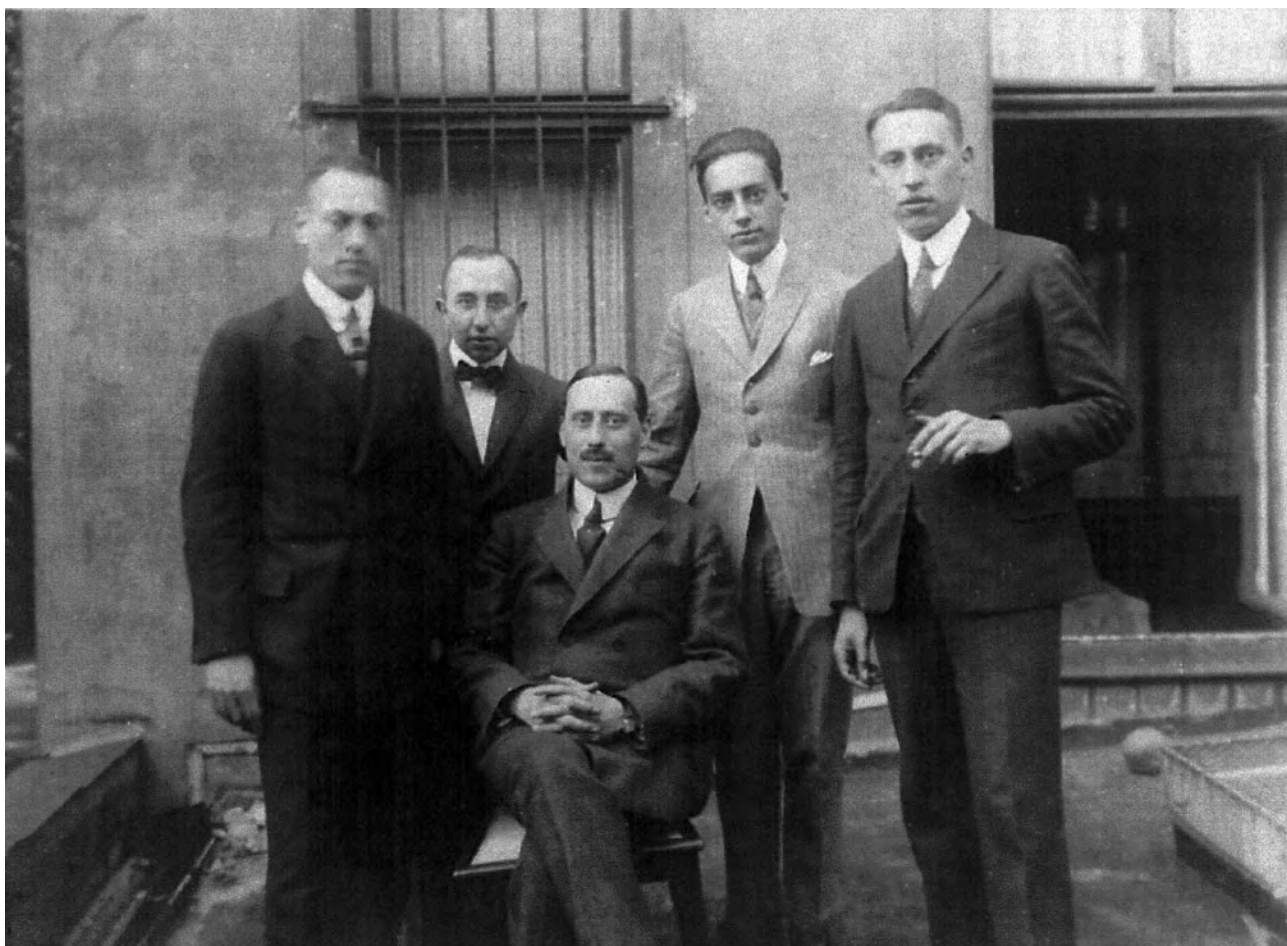
Juval, the third son of Ilse Meyer, was born in Israel. While studying college in the US he met and married Amira Rolnicki. After eight years, they returned to Israel. He has worked in the tourism industry, mainly in marketing and sales manager. He has worked for El Al and Austrian Airlines. Amira is a senior ground hostess in Laufer Aviation at Lod Airport. Orit, the oldest daughter was born in the US and is now married to Eran Shmaryahu. They live in Nes Ziona and have a daughter Shai. Dana works for Lufthansa Cargo and is married to Eran Gabay, who is a CPA. Dana was born in Israel and currently works as an office manager.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



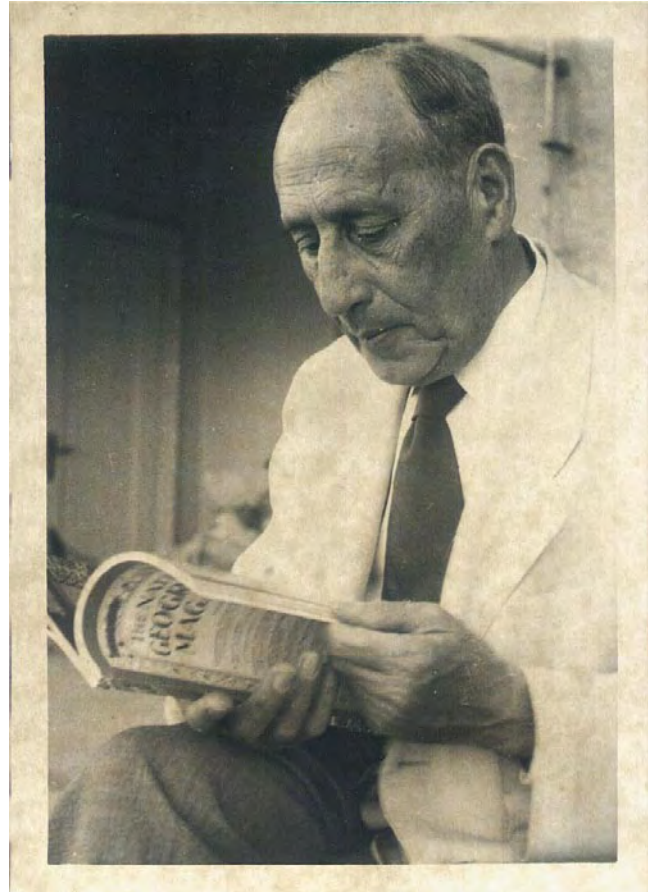
Ludwig and Lotte Meyer in Germany, 1903.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Walter, Ludwig, Peter and Paul Meyer, 1926.

LUDWIG'S'S BRANCH



Ludwig Meyer.



Ludwig and Lotte Meyer in Israel, 1949.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Mother Lotte Meyer.



Dr. Peter Meyer, 1949.

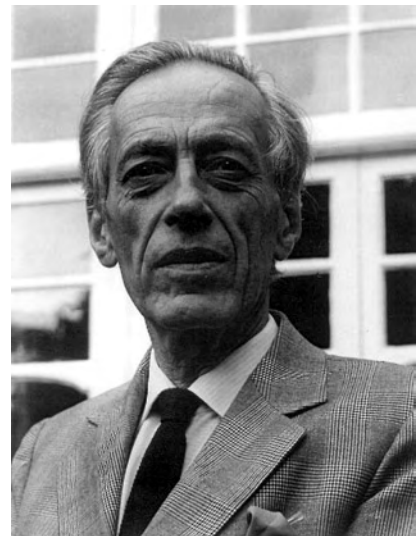


Peter and Ilse Meyer in Jerusalem, 1943.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Peter and Eva Meyer.



Dr. Peter Meyer.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Charles and Renate Keeping.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Jonathan, Vicky and Sean Keeping.



Renate with her grandchildren.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



The Keeping family in 2003.

Standing: Helen, Charley, Sean, Jonathan, Vicky and Wendy. Sitting: Isabella, Renate and Josef.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Ilse Meyer.



Ilse Meyer, 2004.



Ilse and her three children.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Dr. Daniel Offer and his family.



Rafe and Stacy Offer with their daughters

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Reuven, Tamar and their children.



Ron and dad.



The Offer Family in Florida, 2007.

Top row from left: Raphael Offer, Stacey Offer, Daniel Offer, Shir Yehoshua, Margie Offer, Susan Pffer Szafir, Ariel Szafir holding Stella Szafir

Bottom row from left: Isabelle Offer, Chloe Offer, Tamar Offer Yehoshua, Ron Yehosha, Reuven Yehoshua, Liliana Szafir.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH



Amira and Orit on her wedding day, 2000..



Orit and Eran Shemaryahu.

LUDWIGS'S BRANCH

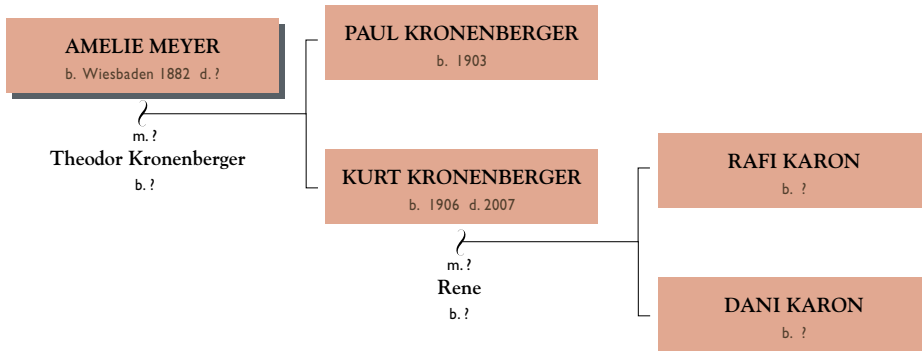


Paz Offer with the baby.



Sonia and Chen Offer.

AMELIE'S BRANCH



We don't know much about the Kronenbergers, now the Karons. We were able to get in contact with them in Canada, both with Kurt who is in his nineties, and with his son Daniel. Neither one would volunteer to tell us about their lives or would give us any personal information.

III

APPENDIX

Their words...

In the following pages you'll find the complete version of Alice Meyer's text on her mother-in-law, as well as a couple of other transcripts from recordings.

Alice's text is a wonderful portrait on the way the whole family lived and the everyday lives of German Jews, notice there is not a hint of the terrible events that took place just a few years later, which again, makes it hard to believe that in just over a decade, the life of Jews took such a drastic turn.

The Meyer family had a very comfortable life, good jobs and solid businesses, nice homes in the city and even some country homes, even house help!

This all changed quickly and in a matter of just a few years, most members had emigrated...

Following Alice's text is a recording Karl Meyer did for his family, in which he narrates his life, going back to his childhood.

This is also an interesting peak into the different characters in our story.

We also have Ilse Meyer's 2000 interview done in Jerusalem expressly for this project. Since she is one of the only living members of Moritz and Kätschen's grandchildren, I thought it would be enlightening to listen to her story.

Finally, there is a paper published as part of a Festschrift in honor of Daniel Offer, —one of Ilse's sons—, in the Journal of Youth and Adolescence. It gives the life story of Daniel which you might enjoy reading.

The other living member of the grandchildren generation is Kurt Kronemberger now Kurt Karon, who is now 100 and living in Toronto. Both Kurt and his children declined our multiple requests for an interview and for information on their branch.

Kätchen Meyer: Portrait of a Life told by Alice Meyer

Dedicated to my dear mother-in-law, Mrs. Kätchen Meyer,
on the occasion of her eightieth birthday.

*English translation
by Gretel Furner*

PREFACE

The intention of this book is to show children and the children of children how an intelligent woman, through her unique sense of family, managed to create such a remarkable sense of belonging within a family, despite differences between individual family members. This day is living proof of just that.

As a token of thanks, I have written down a few insignificant memories, in the assumption that she will derive some pleasure from these words. Since it is the first time in my life that I am putting pen to paper, I beg for your forbearance in this matter. On the occasion of her ninetieth birthday, which without any doubt we will eventually also be celebrating, given the unusual intellectual and physical freshness of the person whose birthday we are celebrating today, I promise to write more by way of a supplement, should this be her desire.

Wiesbaden, January 27, 1926.
Alice Meyer

KÄTCHEN MEYER

Wiesbaden, January 27, 1926

"Kätchen, Kätchen, where are you hiding?"

No reply.

"Malchen, Lina, where is she hiding?"

"Well, Mother, surely you know where she is," answered Lina, the oldest of the nine children.

"For sure, she is with our little Karl. Surely you know that our little doll refuses to fall asleep unless Kätchen is reciting him to sleep."

At this, Mother Jeannette went straight to little Karl's cradle where the sweet little boy, who was quite a bit younger than the other children, lay in the arms of his 15-year-old sister who was trying in vain to lull him to sleep with a monologue from Maria Stuart.

She was reciting to him with such perfection that one had the distinct impression that this young girl was surely destined for the stage, although her mother appeared to be of differing opinion.

Mother Jeannette, a dignified lady of aristocratic appearance, her hair parted flat on her head, secured tightly and imposing in its appearance, cried out in her joy at having found Kätchen at long last, "My dear child. Surely, you know that today is Friday. I have so much to do, and you just have to taste the cake before I put it in the oven. Then you have to put the sauce on the carp. Otherwise, it won't be set by this evening. Without your fine sense of taste, I hardly dare to prepare these things alone, given the fact the ingredients are becoming increasingly more expensive."

Yes, indeed, Mother Jeannette was a stern, extremely thrifty, but just mother, who had been strictly but well brought up by her parents. Her parents were known back then as family Liebmann in Schierstein, where they occupied a respected place in town as well as in the vicinity of the town. Jeannette married Herz Herxheimer in Dotzheim, who had already been briefly married before. From this first marriage he had two sons, of whom one had died young. The children of the second son live in part in Berlin and Frankfurt. The name Herxheimer enjoyed a good reputation far beyond the limits

of the narrow hometown, since his brother was the famous Bible translator and Rabbi, Dr. Herxheimer, in Bernburg.

The four oldest children, of whom Salomon was the first, were born in Dotzheim. On the subject of what became of Salomon, one can say that he was always a serious dutiful character, much loved and much respected as early as the days he spent in his Würzburger army corps "Rhenania". When he later returned his ribbon and his cap to his corps, saying that he wanted more than just to be tolerated as a Jew, the "Rhenania" were unanimous in their decision to ask him to reconsider his position since he belonged to them in his entire person. I mention this as small proof of his honorable and upright character. After concluding his state examinations, he served as a general practitioner in his hometown. He then met and came to love the American woman, Fannie Livingstone, who was living in Wiesbaden at the time. With the approval of both sets of parents, the two were married. They rented as their apartment one floor in the building which is now called the "Berliner Hof". For the young woman, however, life in Wiesbaden became monotonous in the long run. It was at her request that Salomon decided to give up his own practice and to dedicate himself to the specialty of dermatology. For this purpose, he continued his studies at various universities, finally deciding on Frankfurt as his permanent residence. Here, he acquired not only a very expensive practice, but also enjoyed great personal respect. In the sciences too he was known even outside Frankfurt as a pioneering authority. There were four children from this marriage, of whom the oldest, Gotthold, who was always his favorite, was by far the most talented. Gotthold also studied medicine and today is regarded as one of the leading pathologists in Germany. He was not as faithful in his religious convictions as his father, and was baptized at an early age, and even went as far as publicly admitting his hate towards Jews and all that which belonged to being Jewish. This might be the reason why he did not achieve that in his career which he could otherwise have achieved given his dedication and his hard work. His motto is "For me there are only electoral affinities" and this happened to be the way he behaved. His political views are staunchly conservative. He is married to a certain Freiin von Poschinger from Bavarian nobility. This marriage is without children.

The second child, Lili, a dear person, who even today shows her father's family the appropriate familial sentiments, married a second cousin, Otto Liebmann from Frankfurt am

KÄTCHEN MEYER

Main, a particularly intelligent and likeable person, who is a doctor of law from Berlin and owns the most respected law publishing house there. He is the son of Jeannette Herxheimer's brother, Karl, in Frankfurt am Main. Jeannette Herxheimer's brother Karl was himself like all Liebmanns, intelligent, and enjoyed great business success owing to the 1870 war, and was thus able to give his children a particularly good education. These children in turn found excellent positions for themselves. Otto Liebmann's eyes say all that needs to be said about him, and I believe that they do not mislead one.

The third son, Georges, was not an easy child to raise, and did not achieve anything spectacular before his premature death at 45. The fourth and youngest son, Hans, studied medicine at the particular request of his mother, and is practicing as a dermatologist in Frankfurt am Main. There is nothing specific to be mentioned about him other than the fact that he married the daughter of a childhood friend of his father's whose first name is Falome.

The medical administrator, Salomon Herxheimer, died quite suddenly at the age of 57 during a vacation trip in the mountains. He is mourned most profoundly not only by his family, but by the entire intelligentsia of his own hometown and by all who knew him. His widow lived for many years in a very elegant house built by Bruno Paul, and only maintained occasional contact with individual members of the family. She was also friendly and likeable and suffered a great deal in her final years because of illness. It is worth mentioning that her remains are buried in a Christian cemetery in Frankfurt, whereas her husband is the only one today to rest in a beautiful family tomb in a Jewish cemetery.

Two years after the birth of the first-born, Salomon, the stork announced the arrival of Lina, and two years after that our little Kätchen came along, of whom we want to tell more on this day. The last daughter to be born in Dotzheim was Elise, the only one who later married and moved abroad to Luxembourg, where she gave birth to three children. At this point, however, Father Herxheimer felt a longing for city life since the narrow horizon of the village inhabitants had become too narrow for him and his family. At short notice, he bought the so-called Firnselmühle on the Spiegelgasse in Wiesbaden which stretched all the way to the "Nassauer Hof". Salomon went to the local high school, where he made good progress, while the girls visited a boarding school where

they were very happy and had many nice friends from similar backgrounds. Kätchen was able to study and to quote the classics to her heart's content. This, moreover, has always been a hobby of hers and has also been inherited by her children, a fact which often makes their partners by marriage as well as Kätchen's grandchildren smile. When Kätchen recited her poems with such verve, she often had to suffer the ridicule of her brothers and sisters who were always seriously reminding her to come down from her Pegasus.

Then again the children came at two-year intervals. First came Amalie, who is called Malchen, who still seems to me, at 76, to be the ultimate queen mother. There were five wonderful children from her excellent later marriage, of whom one by the name of Gustav lost his life in a childhood accident. Her oldest son Max, who had acquired for himself a particularly renowned position as a lawyer in Mainz, died in the prime of life at 45 from some medical complication. The three children who are alive today are particularly dear and industrious people. The sons live in Mainz and Emmy, the daughter, lives in Frankfurt. All of them are married and widely loved and respected. After another two years, our Minna appeared, somewhat more coquettish and elegant than her older siblings. There is talk of a brief flirtation she had with her cousin. She married the younger brother of Malchen's husband. She can be proud of her handsome son-I always call him "Bel Henrico"-he travels a great deal in Spain where, accordingly, he found for himself an elegant wife and gained two very dear daughters, who are all well married and living in Frankfurt.

After two years, Mother Jeannette felt that she again owed something to the fatherland. And lo and behold, now there lay Klara in the cradle, her seventh child. Like both her older sisters, Klara married a hard-working man in Mainz, although she was more modest when it came to having children. She claims as her own Maria and Heinrich. Although she sometimes complains about her lot, you only have to look at Klara to realize that she would never change places with any king. Whenever the conversation turns to her very bright son, Hans, a highly regarded lawyer in Mainz, who until now has not been able to convert to Zionism, then she is rightfully so proud she can hardly keep her mouth closed.

When after a further two years the stork no longer announced his presence at the Herxheimer household, everyone in Wiesbaden thought that Mother Jeannette was now fin-

ished with childbearing. Fortunately, however, this was not the case. For shortly thereafter, the giant Ferdinand came into the world, the only son who is not studying medicine, but who has made a particularly good name for himself through his business talents in Mainz and later in Frankfurt. He married a woman from Mainz and from this marriage stemmed two through-and-through Christian children—his daughter Fränzel who is married to a lawyer in Leipzig, and the renowned doctor of sports medicine, Herbert, who lives in Berlin and is likewise married and who recently became the father of a son.

There now followed a five-year pause, during which time the baby clothes were by and large given away as gifts. This did not, however, prevent Karl from brazenly entering this world without asking anyone's permission. This is how he also has managed his life so far. Without saying much, he often played tricks on his older brothers and sisters and even his parents. In his career, he followed in the footsteps of his oldest brother and became a dermatologist, and is currently an honorary professor of world renown at the University of Frankfurt am Main. He married a woman from North Germany who found it hard to adapt to her decidedly southern German family. Their marriage remained without children, and perhaps it was on account of his wife's influence that his contact with the family, compared to the very familial feeling of family togetherness exhibited by other family members, remained somewhat looser.

Now, somehow since calling Kätchen I have managed to hurry ahead many years, which means that I now have to trace back my footsteps somewhat. Kätchen, to whom these lines are primarily addressed, immediately became the obedient daughter and followed her mother's instructions. She interrupted her monologue and laid little Karl, who was screaming his lungs out, back into the cradle and followed her mother into the kitchen,

"Well, Mother," said Käte, "The spices are sorely lacking."

"Oh, do you really think so?" asked her mother.

"Yes. The cake tastes bitter."

"Oh, yes, of course. When you say spices, you mean sugar."

And so she added a large amount of sugar. When Kätchen tried the cake again, she said, "Yes, this way it should be excellent."

Our gourmande had the same criticism to make about the carp. This time her clever mother knew that spices only meant sugar, and was able to clear up the misunderstanding so that both courses reached the family on Friday evening and Saturday without any criticism being uttered. Since Kätchen happened to be with her mother alone, she used the opportunity to express once again her heartfelt pain, as she had done some days previously. "Think about it, Mother, it is so important to me. At night when I wake up, I find it almost impossible to go to sleep again, because I'm always thinking about what Fräulein Bernhardt told me about the poor exiled people without shoes and socks. If we take care of our daily needs, Mother, surely we want to help the poorest people too. Anyhow, Fräulein Bernhardt was particularly happy about my performance in French and told the class that I was an exemplary student in my ambition and my attention to my duties, and if you, dear Mother, manage to persuade Father to do something for those exiled people, then I promise you that I will limit reading those novels you don't approve of and that as soon as I have completed my studies at school, I will take over the household chores completely." And so it was.

In the meantime, Mother Jeannette had become overwhelmed with all the work involved in the personnel working at the mill and all the work to do with her large brood of children, and was beginning to think about how she could make life easier for herself. At that point, a fortunate coincidence came to her assistance. The elders of the city came to Herxheimer and explained to him that they needed the water power from his mill for the town. And thus he decided at short notice to sell the land on the "Nassauer Hof" and to surrender the water power to the town. Even today, the town water comes from the two natural wells in front of the Kurhaus. And so the Herxheimers moved to a house on the Michelsberg, and Father Herxheimer turned his business effort to grain and, specifically, to military supplies and deliveries. This is how he came to work so closely with Samuel Jacob Meyer, with whom he undertook many a business deal at the so called Mahr'schen Hof. In their leisure hours they were often seen playing Skat together. One time as they played together, they sat together with an elegant young man from Cologne who went by the name of Moritz Desenberg. He was introduced by the brother-in-law

Julius Herz, the proprietor of a well-known jewelry shop in Wiesbaden, which still enjoys the best reputation today and is still in the possession of the family's heirs. Frau Herz was always the favorite sister of Jeannette. She was a sophisticated, intelligent woman of particular beauty who also appreciated a real sense of family. After the gentlemen had finished their round of Skat, Herxheimer took the young Desenberg back home with him. And what was the consequence? Linchen, as young as she was, fell in love at first sight and he too said immediately: "Her or none other." It nevertheless took two years before they heard from one another again. But whenever her father talked to Linchen about marriage plans, and indeed only the best was good enough for his oldest daughter, she would categorically reject his suggestion since she carried in her heart the image of the young man from Cologne. At long last, after two years, on a certain Friday evening, Meyer came to Herxheimer and said: "Mr. Desenberg is here again. He would like to have Lina as a wife." Herxheimer changed from his housecoat into his Sunday best, walked to the Webergasse, went to find Moritz Desenberg and told Jeannette: "Introduce to your oldest daughter her future husband over this evening's carp! She will have none other than him, so we have no choice but to say yes."

Lina's happiness and joy were indescribable. And so too she did gain a particularly well-educated and dear husband, who unfortunately passed away with kidney disease much too early in life. He had a thriving wholesale plaster sales company in Cologne where Lina soon felt right at home. There were four children from this marriage. As misfortune would have it, all four children were struck with severe diphtheria, one dying from this disease and the oldest daughter becoming deaf and dumb as a consequence of the illness. Even Lina suffered at a young age from a heart ailment, which was made much worse by the misfortune in the family. The oldest daughter was sent to Sister Elise. The son, Ludwig, left early for America, where he started his own business and was to become the father of a very attractive daughter. Salomon Herxheimer in Frankfurt took the youngest daughter as his own daughter. She was even adopted and became a favorite of Aunt Fanny. A picture-pretty and elegant child, she spent a happy youth in the house on the Gärtnerweg with her cousin Lili who was the same age. All members of the family, especially later Jeannette and Kätchen, never forgot how good Fanny had been to Flora, and even though, according to her Americanness, she showed her husband less heart and warmth than they would have liked to have seen for their so

adored son and brother, this was never held against her.

And now, once again let's get back to our actual heroine, Kätchen. We left her at the point where she was thinking of leaving her beloved Bernhardt school, where she was unusually loved as an exemplary pupil by her teachers and fellow school friends. She showed great interest in everything that she heard and learned. This was part of her character, but it was also her way of showing gratitude to her parents who dedicated themselves to such an extent to the education of their children. Thankfulness and respect towards her parents have always been one of her most outstanding qualities. We will have further recourse to talk about this at a later stage. When, at the age of fifteen, she dedicated herself entirely to her parents' house, she immediately took over running the house. And her mother, who was much moved, soon noticed that she herself now had much less of a burden to bear. With nine growing children, the youngest of whom was still an infant in the cradle, and with the entire smoothly run household to look after while at the same time sharing in the business concerns of the father, everything had gradually become a little too much for the 45-year-old mother. You can imagine how helpful and how grateful she was when Kätchen resolutely took over in the household and offered her intelligent advice. Nonetheless, the mother knew not to single Kätchen out from among the other children, so that nobody really realized how indispensable her daughter had become to her. Moreover, Kätchen willingly and joyfully put her mother's needs before her own and did so until the very end of her mother's life, since this was something that came from her heart, unquestioningly, and for which she never expected any form of recognition. During her leisure hours, she busied herself in her passion for the classics, and was able to recite them almost by heart after having read them carefully a few times. Even today, Grandmother Meyer knows the right answer whenever young people come to her with a question about where a certain quote comes from. However, it is also to be mentioned that she simply devoured novels in her love for reading. The more complicated the intrigue in the love story, the more worked up she became about it. She had developed into a very good-looking young lady with a slim figure and, as the fashions of the time would have it, a generous bosom. Since she admired both attributes, she would always dress well and fashionably without ever spending much money on clothes. Even then, her sense of family was particularly well developed. She derived more joy in entering into lengthy discussions with her dear uncles and aunts than in taking

part in dancing or street festivities. And as we have already mentioned, she favored the Herz household, although she often liked to go for a chat to her Uncle Maier Liebmann. One should use quotation marks in saying "Uncle Maier". For indeed, he was to a certain extent the most feared person in the family. He was known to be very clever, and all that he said was held to be unconditionally true. However, in reality, he impressed the family more by his critical viewpoint, which was often able to anticipate situations before they actually occurred. He too had a grain business in Wiesbaden and had become quite prosperous through it. Gradually, however, he lost interest in his profession and handed his business over to his most senior business manager and became involved in wine production in Schierstein, by means of which he also acquired a large fortune. For his entire life, Maier Liebmann remained a great gourmand and his wife, Frau Jettchen, made cooking into a fine art. She herself was born Landau and came from Camberg, and was a dutiful and almost subservient wife to her husband. When I later came to know her as a widow, I always had the feeling that there was a certain anxiety about her person. For my husband, moreover, the name Maier Liebmann always inspired a certain respect. Why? That I will mention at a later point.

The excellent education of the nine Herxheimer children, together with their faultless behavior, impressed the people of Wiesbaden to no end. And there was often talk in the population at large that "whoever takes any of those daughters home will never be good enough for her family." This also happened to be a favorite saying of Maier Liebmann himself.

Although Kätschen was herself by no means coquettish, yes indeed, even showed displeasure toward girls of careless and capricious nature, it did sometimes happen that certain men's eyes would look at her with longing. She herself had no time for these things. It was only when one certain person visited the house that her heart would beat faster. This episode in her life coincided with the time of her sister's engagement. Father Herxheimer had expressed his approval that the period of engagement, Lina's engagement time, could be short, since he saw how long these two had been yearning for each other. Meanwhile, another person, a certain Moritz, had been caught by the fire. He was the son of Samuel Jacob Meyer. At the time he was twenty-two years old and said to himself boldly: "Kätschen and no one else has to become my wife." She herself, however, did not want to admit in the beginning that she was able to have anything other than the

household, her brothers and sisters, and in particular Karl, and her parents in her head. But when she lay in bed at night, the elegant Moritz Meyer would come into her thoughts, and slowly and gradually she began to think: Lina is so happy with her Moritz; I believe I could also become happy for my whole life with Moritz Meyer. And even Moritz Meyer himself had since the time of Desenberg's engagement no thoughts other than for his Kätschen Herxheimer. He had always had a tendency to vanity since he was convinced that he was a good-looking young man, and every day he became more vain, having new suits made for himself, and placing an ever greater value on the selection of his ties, since he wanted to find approval from all sides that he was a smart looking young man. When he woke one morning, having dreamt once again about his Kätschen, he looked at his reflection in the daylight in the mirror, and was impressed by what he saw, leaving the house determined to go to Herxheimer to ask for the hand of Kätschen. Herxheimer had expected this for some time, and said: "This might well suit you, but we do not lightly give up a seventeen-year-old daughter just like that." When Mother Herxheimer noticed that his intentions were truly serious, she was also greatly shocked, since Kätschen had over the years become indispensable to her in the household and in the raising of her children. She just could not get used to the idea of having to give her up now. Lina's engagement itself was keeping her busy enough. But those who knew Moritz Meyer also knew that it was hard to change his mind once he had decided to do something, and since Kätschen stood fully on his side, he was soon able to declare her his bride. It was understandable that Herxheimer insisted on a three-year engagement, and initially the couple had nothing against the idea. Kätschen was truly happy. She would have the kind of husband that she had always wished for-kind, hard-working, and solid. Moritz owned a flourishing manufacturing business and was also involved in the grain business belonging to his father. His family had long known and loved Kätschen, and what was of even greater importance to her was that she would be allowed to remain in Wiesbaden with her parents. Moreover, she was the only child of all brothers and sisters who chose her permanent residence in Wiesbaden.

There followed the solemn celebration of the Desenberg wedding. Herxheimer placed a great deal of importance on organizing everything the way it should be. It was at this time that life became more difficult for Mother Jeannette. The distance from Moritz's parents' house on the corner of the Kirchgasse and Michelsberg to Michelsberg Number 30 was

not far at all, and Moritz would come around to the house at least three times a day, irrespective of whether it was a big wash day or whether one of the children was ill whom it was up to Kätchen to look after, or whether it was a big cleaning day preceding Easter. In short, Mother was often angry with the changes in her daughter. The daughter herself had in reality not changed, and took her duties as seriously as ever, only the mother had forgotten that youth sometimes has other thoughts in its head. Anyway, the many visits had the good consequence that of the three years originally planned for the engagement, one year was deleted, so that there was finally a splendid wedding in the “Kölnisch Hof”.

Even before the engagement, the Meyers on the Kirchgasse had come to know and value Kätchen, who had often visited their house and struck up a friendship with their daughter Emma, a good, quiet and modest girl. Emma married a not so significant gentleman by the name of Hermann Herzog, and moved to Mannheim. From that marriage, there was one son who now lives in America. From the beginning of that marriage, she was frequently sick and was always to remain a weak woman. Having become a widow very early in life, she moved back to Wiesbaden to settle with her father, after whose death she moved into her sister Henriette's house. Henriette was by character a harder and more egocentric woman, so that their living together was not a totally happy arrangement. Emma had to have a serious operation, after which she was continually weak and suffering. In the final years of her life, she frequently travelled with her rich relatives, the Hirsches, from London. They would travel to the Riviera. This was the height of enjoyment for Emma and she would always regard it as a good deed and kindness on their part, being such a sweet person, although the other side seemed to derive as much pleasure by the presence of her company. It was her heart's desire to see her son in America one more time, and also to get to know her daughter-in-law. This wish was to be fulfilled at a time when she already carried within herself the seeds of her final deathly illness. She returned from America severely ill, but extremely happy. She spent the final months until her death at the sanatorium, the “Lindenhof”, where she was treated by her favorite nephew, Gustav, whom she adored and respected. On the days that she enjoyed somewhat better health, she would spend a good deal of time with Kätchen, with whom she got along far better than with her own sister. I am writing somewhat at length about her because I know that she became very dear to my mother-in-law.

The younger sister Jettchen was, from her youth on, a highly energetic and active person. Until she became engaged, she worked in the manufacturing business which they had on the Langgasse. She married a wine merchant by the name of Kahn in Wiesbaden, a thoroughly modern man with whom she had a harmonious marriage, and from which again two highly energetic girls came into the world. Malli, the oldest girl, who liked to hear herself reciting so much—I must interrupt here to remind you at this opportunity of our rehearsal dinner in the “Englischer Hof” in Frankfurt—married and moved to Hannover.

Since her husband died prematurely, she had to look after herself and her daughter Reni. The younger daughter Else took up work after the death of her mother in a job in a charitable institution in Hannover, a job which she held for several years, and married, when she was 45 years old, a 73-year-old widower who was the director of this institution by the name of Berliner. This marriage is said to have been a very fortunate one. Mother Jettchen took over the business after the death of her husband, as I have said, so that she would not be obliged to the kindness of her relatives. This was at the time a deed worth recognizing.

And now we should go back to the Meyer parents. Mother Amalie had always been endowed with a particularly well-tuned and sensitive nervous system, which on occasion gave her cause for suffering. She was an industrious woman in her business, whose priority was to provide her family with a pleasant home. Friday evenings, in particular, were particularly cozy and homey in the Meyer household. Samuel Jacob, the father, placed great value on family togetherness, loving to play cards as so many of his male successors, and always happy to receive good tips relating to his grain business. He, too, was very happy with the choice of wife his son had made, but I do believe that he would have been happy with anything that his favorite son, Moritz, had done. Although the young man was used to being very spoiled at home, Kätchen knew right from the start how to conduct a marriage without shadows in a harmonious way until the death of her husband. Their honeymoon was only short and consisted in visiting the Desenberg in Cologne.

Kätchen had nothing against the idea of her husband getting up straight after they had eaten to join the synagogue choir club to play a game of cards, or if he went out for his evening drink with his old Wiesbaden friends. Even in the evening he would spend one more hour playing cards, a

cigar always in his hand. Although she was unfamiliar with his behavior from her own parental home, she tolerated it because of her innate quality of respecting each individual for who he is and of granting each individual a certain right to make their own decisions. She therefore avoided criticizing her husband in any way, even though she often had to give up his company more than she would have liked to. She was always happy in the thought that her husband, who even as a bachelor showed the world a carefree temperament, felt himself to be a happy man and could not have found for himself a better wife. She had been used to her independence in her parents' house, while she had been responsible for organizing the household, so it was not difficult for her to conduct her own housekeeping in an exemplary manner. The family had been thrifty on the Michelsberg, and now in Number 10 Langgasse where the young couple lived in a newly built house on the third floor with his parents on the second floor, Kätchen derived her pride from the fact that she could perform her very best using the most modest of means. In doing so, she commanded the admiration of her mother-in-law Meyer. After she had completed her household chores, she would busy herself in the business which was situated in the house itself, and it is even told by the Fama that Kätchen's sense of business is said to have raised profit margins as early as the end of her first year.

On the 22nd of October, 1865, the marriage was celebrated and on the 17th of September, 1866, Kätchen realized that she was about to face her first major challenge. Moritz was very concerned for her well-being, since he hated to see anyone suffering, let alone his wife. But on the 18th of September, he was rewarded heartily for the patience they had both shown when his Kätchen fulfilled his most heartfelt desire, giving him, Moritz Meyer, a son, an heir to his throne, and his first-born. The young mother, too, was delighted at this outcome, for she too had silently wished for her first-born to be a child who would carry the family name, as is the custom among Semites. Moreover, she now had the tedium of pregnancy behind her and could now go about her business unencumbered. She put little Julius to her breast, and behold she had more than the baby needed. The milk literally flowed. And so the young lad had plenty of good nourishment right from the beginning, something on which he placed great value for the whole of his life, perhaps for this reason. Despite her other obligations in the household and in the business, she dedicated herself wholeheartedly to her duties as a mother.

Her respect for her parents is documented in the fact that she gave her husband a child every two years, just as it had been the custom with her own parents.

Number two arrived on the 10th of August, 1868, and was called Gustav. The joy of the parents this time was even greater than it had been with the firstborn. One could almost say that the parents already had a sense that this child was to become and remain their favorite son. The fact that I am telling you this, dear readers, must remain a secret between you and me, since both the father as also the mother would be very anxious to promptly answer that one child was as dear to their hearts as another. Since I, however, had the fortune of becoming Gustav's wife, I believe I can say that I know better. Whenever the mother speaks today of her son Gustav, then she has his ideal image in her eyes and she looks blessed at being able to call such a son her own. If anyone would ever dare to forget to praise him and recognize him fully and totally, then I do believe that she, who otherwise is always the first to forgive and to talk kindly of others, would be prepared to scratch out their eyes. But now, this child had only just learned to open its eyes, and I'm already reaching far into the future. I'm afraid you'll just have to forgive his better half (whether or not Mother Kätchen would say on reading this that she herself chose the better half). And so Gustav was richly nourished by his mother and was from birth on a more contented child than his older sibling. As a four year old, he was already attempting to exercise a pacifying, pedagogical influence on Julius.

Meanwhile, once again, as is the custom with us, a third son was born on the 29th of November, 1870. Emil was a dear, young boy who in his gentle way attempted even as a very young child to make life easier for those around him. By now, Kätchen had been married five years and her field of work had expanded considerably within a very short period of time. There was always a lot to do in the household, what with all the children's laundry and the day-to-day chores involved in having children. On the other hand, she never felt satisfied unless she saw her parents and her brothers and sisters on a daily basis, since she still maintained an interest in everything that happened on the Michelsberg.

In the meantime, Elise and Malchen had married. The latter marriage took place in the newly built synagogue on the Michelsberg, to which her parents had donated a beautiful plot. Sister Malchen was also very proud of her long train which was carried from her parents' house to the synagogue

on the other side of the street by bridesmaids and caused quite a stir.

However, in spite of the ever larger circle of duty, everything in the household ran very smoothly. Whenever little Julius was a little too defiant, he would get a slap on the cheek from his mother. He happened to be the only child of the six who was slapped, and yet all the children went on to become successful in life. This would give one occasion to think!

By the time Julius started school, child number four was already in sight, and lo and behold, this time the father was more enchanted than ever, it was a little girl who came into the world by the name of Mathilde, born on the 29th of October, 1872.

Meanwhile, war had broken out in the country in 1870, and since the Liebmann, Herxheimer and Meyer families were in the military supply business and Moritz himself showed a good business sense in his bold and adventurous business projects, the financial situation of these families was considerably improved during this period. On the surface it was hard to notice any difference, either amongst the Herxheimers or among the old and young Meyers. In fact, quite the contrary, a Spartan simplicity reigned in all three families. It was not easy for the young people to ask for special treats. One of the Herxheimer sisters had once said: "When Kätschen was still single, she was allowed to go and hear Patti in a concert. And you can imagine how much money that cost!" I must add that the enjoyment of this concert made an incredibly deep impression on Kätschen. But Mother Herxheimer remained cool when confronted with such accusations, for once she had made up her mind she could not be persuaded to change her mind through pleading, wailing or any kind of proposition.

Mathilde, meanwhile, was developing into a very good-looking young lady and was always particularly modest, something she kept for her entire life.

In 1873, Moritz came to an important decision. At the regular table where he sat drinking in the evening, there had been a lot of talk about the impressive world exhibition in Vienna. This captured his imagination, so that one day he came home and declared energetically to Kätschen that he was going to Vienna. Kätschen was so surprised she could hardly contain herself, although she realized that he was not

about to change his mind, and so she put on a brave face and said cleverly: "Well, I suppose it's alright with me." And so it was that Moritz left with several of his friends for Vienna where he amused himself heartily, often telling tales about the elegant, good-looking Austrian women.

The health of Mother-in-law Meyer had always been somewhat delicate, but now left a great deal to be desired. She died in 1874, deeply mourned by her family. It is said that during the entire time that the death lamp burned on the front steps, Gustav always would take the back steps into the apartment.

Kätschen concerned herself now in particular with her father-in-law for whom she felt great sympathy. This was, in fact, the first real loss for this family. The children often went to see their good grandfather Meyer, and Gustav in particular felt very close to him. Julius would play around a little outside. He was never particularly fond of his school responsibilities, particularly when our friend Windisch blew his famous whistle downstairs, and our little Julius would suddenly disappear; nobody quite knew where to. Whenever he received a warning at school, which happened occasionally, then he would show it to his mother or father seconds before school began in the mornings when his parents, who were afraid he might be late for school, would quickly sign, as needed. And so, he was able to spare himself from their criticism. Sometimes his mother would have to nab him quickly when he came back home to get his attention. But his weaker father had long forgotten the whole matter, and Julius was able to go about his old ways again. He was also, unlike his brother Gustav, fond of young girls and one has to admit that he is said to have shown good taste in these matters, sometimes spilling out his poetic talents to various young ladies. He was cautious to arrange matters in such a way that neither his parents, nor his brothers or sisters ever noticed anything about his amorous endeavors. Only his brother Gustav noticed these things from time to time, occasionally trying to have some influence on his brother in these affairs.

Whenever Mother Kätschen wanted to spend some particularly pleasant hours, she would go to her Uncle Abraham Liebmann, one of the bachelors living on the Taunusstrasse, who was an intelligent man who kept up with the times, and with whom she could exchange her thoughts. Again, Kätschen had her housekeeping well under control. She only

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had one girl helping her in the household, a girl who kept her position for a long time, presumably because she was aware that although she was kept on a strict leash, she in fact had a mistress for life who was hard-working and taught her a great deal. Father Moritz himself was a connoisseur of life in every meaning of the word. He was always happy that people who knew him always saw him laughing. He was always greeted in the friendliest of fashions, constantly with a cigar in his mouth—he smoked approximately from the moment he got up to the moment he went to bed. To avoid having to use a match, he would light one cigar from the one he had just finished. As I have said, he was a child of fortune, and even in business terms his endeavors were successful, often causing envy among his competitors.

During this time of her life, Kätchen had the opportunity to prove herself as a loving daughter and sister. One evening, her mother came to her quite out of breath and told Kätchen the following: “You know that the child who has always caused me the most pain is Karl. I have felt for a long time that I have lost my authority over him, and you know that his father is as weak toward his son as Moritz is toward his own. And today, I received the terrible news that Karl has been expelled from his high school because they found out that he and some of his friends belong to an unauthorized school society. Father has spoken with the principal, Dr. Pähler, but he is without mercy, and now the thing we have wished for the most, to let our Karl go on to study at the University, is no longer a certainty.” Attempts to find Karl another high school, such as in Limburg, were all in vain. When Kätchen heard this, she was totally devastated, for her youngest brother, to whom she had dedicated her entire love while living at home with her parents, was closest to her heart of all her siblings, without her wanting to admit this to herself, and now he was to be deprived of a brilliant career. No, this could not be. And so, at short notice, she decided to travel to Montabaur, to ask the director in person to accept Karl into his school, and to be sure, her efforts were crowned in success. Father Herxheimer was particularly appreciative that Kätchen had taken this heavy load from his heart, and so Karl was happy to move to Montabaur. I would like to note, however, that later in life Karl tended to forget this valiant deed on the part of his sister. It has always remained a mystery to me why he never really appreciated this sense of family.

It was during this time that several marriages were celebrated in the Herxheimer and Meyer families.

The four Meyer children were coming along magnificently, and Gustav in particular was a joy to his parents. After three years of elementary school, his teacher Reichard recommended that he jump a grade, skipping the last grade, to begin high school straight away. When it came to the entrance exam, he had problems with four-digit division. Devastated, he raced home to his mother during recess, then had himself tested once again and was accepted. From 1877 to 1879, he went to the Middle School, and from 1879 to 1886 he was a pupil at the Royal High School, the *Königliches Gymnasium*. There will be more on this period in his life later. Already in his earliest years he had been endearingly supportive of his mother. He was always willing to help her fetch things into the house, and whenever his mother had stomach cramps (these must have been the start of her later gall stone colic), he was always concerned for her and would warm blankets on the stove to help with the pain. Then he would race over to Glaser’s on the adjacent Metzgergasse to pick up five pennies worth of pepper which they needed at home. When he got back, he would test the edge of the blanket against his cheek and, of course, burn himself. With his innate sense of empathy, Gustav became more and more aware of the burden imposed on the shoulders of his beloved mother, and like a daughter, he would attempt to relieve her of some of her anxieties in the household.

Emil was always a somewhat more delicate child who was never asked to do too much. He hung onto his mother’s apron strings. Little Mathilde, who was called Tilda by her father and by Julius, became an outstanding student in the upper grades of the girls’ school, and remained a top student her entire time at school. She had a real need to be with others and had many girlfriends at school. Even today, as a 53-year old woman, she is always delighted to meet a “child from her class”, and to talk to them. Her teachers loved her a great deal, and especially Fräulein Petsch and Fräulein Stahl have particularly fond memories of Mathilde. Her mother adored her like a goddess, not only because she always obeyed her mother down to the last word but also because whatever her mother said remained until today a revelation in truth.

During holidays, the children regularly attended religious services, including Father Moritz Meyer every Saturday. In fact, he placed great emphasis on following religious commandments. His devoutness, in reality, increased as he became older and sometimes touched on fanaticism (perhaps because he saw that his children did not take after him in this respect). Kätchen herself is spiritually of a less devout nature,

as are most of her siblings and their respective children. Her sense of family duty towards her parents and her husband led her to adhere to the rules of her religion. As a rule she is in all respects tolerant by nature.

The year 1872 went smoothly in the Moritz Meyer household as did all the years thereafter until 1879. The year 1879, however, was to become a difficult, fateful year for our heroine. When she finally became pregnant again after a seven-year pause, her mother became very ill with a serious gall stone complication which led to a gall bladder occlusion. The entire circumstance became extremely critical and it was only on account of most outstanding doctors that a catastrophe was avoided.

Kätchen was at first quite unhappy about the unexpected new addition to her family, while Moritz, as was his nature, took the whole thing more lightly. On the 23rd of May, Ludwig came into the world and I must say that he was to become not the worst example of the Meyer children. Hardly had the stresses of childbearing subsided as well as the excitement over her mother's illness, when another hard blow struck Kätchen on the 11th of June. Many long years of unbending strength on the part of her father had recently begun to fail and on Kaiser Wilhelm the First's golden anniversary, his eyes closed forever. Whenever a parent dies, even if he or she has reached an old age, it is too early for the children involved, and all nine (including the stepdaughter, all ten) children were deeply disturbed by his death, in particular the daughters who mourned him greatly. Of his children, however, Kätchen was the most affected since she had lived in constant contact with her parents and was witness on a daily basis to the sufferings of his widow, who had shared so much joy and suffering with him over the years and was now only able with difficulty to become accustomed to being alone. Kätchen visited her mother almost every evening while she still lived on the Michelsberg. Later, her mother moved to the Jahnstrasse, where she would visit her brother, Maier Liebmann on Oranienstrasse, often accompanied by Käte. Much later, by the time the old lady had become quite light-haired and had moved to the Friedrichstrasse, she would regularly visit the Meyers in the evening, since she felt she was very close to her grandchildren, and thus the relationship between mother and daughter remained harmonious. Among the other brothers and sisters, too, the feeling of closeness continued to be very strong. Whenever the sisters arrived from nearby Mainz, where all three lived, there was a great

deal of news to exchange. Each one of them attempted to create the impression that they had made the best marriage, or that their children of all the children were the best. This has remained the case, God be praised, until today. When Kätchen, Malchen, Minna and Klara all get together at Kätchen's house, then the deeds of the various children are so praised that a quiet listener has to smile to himself and be surprised that Germany could ever have lost a war, given that it had so many exemplary people.

Moritz continued to be happy, but he was left to his own devices. These consisted in smoking and playing the card game Skat. His moods depended on whether he lost or won in these games. He always alleged to his wife that he won. His wife herself had little understanding for games that were based on luck and considered the time spent playing cards to be wasted time, and would have been appalled with her sense of thriftiness to find out that her hard-earned money could be lost in such a frivolous way. Moritz no longer visited masked balls and such affairs. He had enough of these things. Well, I was too embarrassed to tell the reader this until now, but now I have gradually become more familiar with my readers and I will tell you the following story: When Moritz was young and picture handsome, it dawned on him that he would like to visit a hotel ball, all the more so because he loved to dance, and danced very well. Now, however, comes the terrible part. Children and grandchildren, please do not blush and do not make fun of me. I myself did not witness this, but was told about it. Well, while he was dancing, it was said that Moritz's white trousers burst open so that he had to leave the ball prematurely before midnight.

Now, I've been so busy with all these asides that I've lost sight of poor Ludwig who had just set eyes on the world, and I have to admit it openly and freely, even if I might get my eyes scratched out for doing so, that he always was and will always remain my favorite child. I know that when I write this my mother-in-law, as well as my husband who is so similar to her in so many ways, will say: "How can you say a thing like that, and even say it in public?" But I'm in the habit of openly saying what I believe to be true. I don't have much to say about Ludwig's childhood. He was the first who wasn't receiving enough of his mother's milk and was given a wet nurse because of it. Well, there again, he is still demanding even today. He was a handsome and dear child, and on family photos, at about four years of age, he looked very much like his cousin Flora Desenberg. Even as a young boy he liked to

be pampered, and his indisputable intelligence was evident from very early on. From the very first years, too, he knew how to get his way with his mother, something which his brothers and sisters never managed to do. He always knew how to get his mother in a good mood by saying something nice or through flattery. Later, I'll be able to comment more on this from my own point of view.

After he had deliberated at length with his other half by marriage (without whom he never came to any important decision, since he knew that her intelligence and common sense served him well), Moritz decided to give up his manufacturing business. The business was rented out to Maass, who had for many years conducted a laundry business on the premises. Moritz could now dedicate himself entirely to the grain business which suited him far better.

And now, I have to report that on the 23rd of March, 1882, a small baby girl lay in the cradle at Moritz Meyer's house. Julius himself was already 17 years old. Well, indeed, my mother-in-law was and remains a sensible woman and she believed, just like her mother, that she should be useful to her fatherland. In this matter, too, she judged correctly, since Amelie's later marriage brought two wonderful baby boys into the world (Mother Kätschen is a good citizen in a political sense, who never lets any election go by without submitting her own vote.)

I have to divulge here and now that I will not need to mention the stork any longer as far as the Meyer household is concerned. The six children, however, were themselves not lazy in these matters. And once I have mentioned to you all their successes, I will certainly be in need of a recovery during my Munich holiday. Father Moritz was extremely proud of his youngest daughter. Everybody had to see his little Amelie. He would smile so much that he could hardly keep his mouth closed. Mother-in-law worried about how she could guarantee her six children a suitable education in today's world. This question had been much easier in her parents' generation, when people demanded less and life was, in general, cheaper. She could not rid herself of a certain anxiety over securing a good future for her children, no matter how much joy she derived later from each individual child. At the same time, one mustn't forget how few demands she had for her own life. She never went on pleasure trips, and only bought new clothes when it was absolutely necessary, and this is the way it has remained until today. She scorned ladies' afternoon

coffees and considered happiness only to exist within the circle of her family. If only today's modern women, so busy in their pursuit of pleasure, would think in similar terms, then the world would certainly be a better place.

Amelie, of course, not wanting to be in any way inferior to Ludwig (something she can't bear to be even today) also insisted on a wet nurse. The hefty expense for this caused Kätschen some concern; however, during her entire life, she has always rather sacrificed herself rather than make sacrifices at the cost of her children. This great dedication to her children was paid back by all six children from their earliest years on, since all the children have a fine sense of true love. Anyone looking into the family on the Langgasse must have derived joy from the sight.

The year 1882 brought the first reduction in numbers in the household, with Julius leaving home with the permission of his school, having gained admission to a one-year apprenticeship. It was naturally very hard for the parents to get used to the idea of knowing that one of their children had left home. But their resolution was equally strong to give their child the best training possible without regard to their own feelings. Julius entered a large business (Brandenstein and Rose in Cologne) to begin his apprenticeship and went to live with family Bier. He never regretted this decision since, in this business, he learned everything that a qualified merchant needs to know.

Gustav was a good student at the Royal Gymnasium. He gradually acquired a lot of very nice friends who even today come to visit us in our home and hold him in high esteem. When he had finished his school year known as the "Untersekunda", there was a question as to whether he should go on to study or become a merchant like his brother. Medical schools at the time were overfilled and even Uncle Salomon, when asked, advised for this reason against the idea of medical studies. It was therefore decided that he take up a sales apprenticeship, which he went on to find at S.J. Salomon in Cologne. Father Moritz went to the school in person to register his son, Gustav, although usually he would have left these things to his better half. It so happened that the school director, Pähler, was there in person who instead of approving the matter stated quite clearly, "No, Mr. Meyer. I cannot sit by and watch you do this. Your son is so young and so gifted that you absolutely have to allow him to finish school and go on to the top grades. You can always decide later what he

shall become in life." Chastised, Father Moritz went home to tell Mama, as he called his wife, that Pähler had touched his conscience so much that he no longer had the courage to remain with his former decision. Since Kätchen didn't have the courage either, the position at S.J. Salomon was recalled and Gustav was sent back to the Gymnasium (high school). Kätchen quietly was very happy about this turn of events, since it had always been a fervent desire of hers to see her son go on to study. However, with her innate sense of modesty, she did not want to anticipate fate and was all the more thankful that events had taken this course.

One of the most serious threats to family happiness struck in the year 1884. Father Moritz who, until then had always been very strong and in good health, fell sick to a serious typhoid virus in July, accompanied by all kinds of possible complications. The situation became so serious that his life was in danger on several occasions. The city of Wiesbaden happened to be hosting a large gymnastics festival at the time, and the procession was meant to pass down the Langgasse. In order to dampen the noise that would come from the event which could have had serious consequences on the man in the sick bed, the doctors recommended that the street in front of the house be lined with a wall of straw. The brothers in their generosity took part in this task, as well as the poor wife in her never tiring and never incapacitating care, as well as the brothers-in-law Salomon and Ferdinand Herxheimer. Kätchen has never forgotten in her heart her gratefulness towards her brothers and her respect for them went up considerably. The actual medical care lay in the hands of their practical home doctor, Dr. Wilhelm Cuntz and Professor Seitz. It was thanks to the united efforts of all those involved that this precious life was saved.

I would now like to talk about Grandmother Jeannette's further life until her death. For Grandmother, the visits by her sons were the high points of her life. Salomon usually would come on his own to savor his favorite beef sausages with homemade pickles. It was a picture worthy of painting to see this woman who was otherwise so proud towards the world, sitting modestly next to her important son, Salomon, listening to his every word so that none would escape her, and being almost childishly happy that the simple food she offered him tasted so good. Woe to the butcher Baum the next day, on the occasions when Salomon found a piece of bone in his sausage! She was capable of becoming quite rude. Not that Baum made a great fuss about it, since he knew the old

Herxheimers, along with the Meyers, were very demanding customers. Just as they didn't like small bones in their sausages, so too they didn't like too many bones accompanying their meat.

And it was also truly remarkable how this man, used to the greatest luxury in Frankfurt-he had two servants in his home-felt so at ease with his simple mother and how he always found the right words for her which she would, in turn, note privately in order to relate them again the next day verbatim to Kätchen. Fannie would also visit her on occasion, usually bringing along Lili and Flora. Grandmother was also very happy when they came, although the tone and mood were far more formal. When the ladies visited, there were always alphabet pastries, because Flora loved these more than anything else, probably because she knew that they could make Grandmother so happy by fulfilling such a simple wish. Karl would never stay very long, and usually came with Olga, which meant that his presence didn't inspire the pure pleasure she derived from Salomon's visit, in spite of her great love and the pride that she felt towards her youngest son. Ferdinand was in charge of organizing all her business affairs, a task he performed with an exemplary sense of duty. His visits, too, were a source of pure joy. Her daughters, of course, continually played an important role in her life, although their frequent get-togethers were something she would take more for granted. Whenever Grandmother and Mother Kätchen sometimes sat down on the Kochbrunnen Fountain, they would frequently socialize with acquaintances or even strangers visiting the spa, and Grandmother always made a point of talking about her sons, her famous dermatologist in Frankfurt, the administrator and professor. One of the last great joys in her life was when she journeyed to Frankfurt to attend the marriage of her granddaughter Lili with her nephew, Otto Liebmann. She drove there with Kätchen and Moritz and spent the night in the nice house on the Gärtnerweg, where she felt as if she were living in an enchanted world. One has to imagine the difference between this luxurious house and her simple quarters. After she returned, she could never say enough about all the splendor and luxury to be found at her son's house. (Like my mother-in-law, she had the habit of only calling the house by the name of her own child).

Her personality was such that each word that she spoke was intelligent and carefully conceived. She was stern in her intentions but also stern towards herself. When she received visitors, she always sat in the simplest chair in her large beau-

tifully furnished living room, but the guests, she insisted, had to sit on the sofa. She always knew how to pursue other people's ideas. At the same time, she knew exactly her likes and dislikes. We got along extremely well. I came to appreciate her from the very first moment we met, and it was always a pleasure for me to visit the old lady and to chat with her. For her, only the best was good enough. I noticed how enormously thrifty she was. For instance, I remember that she kept her tea locked up and would only give her serving woman, who had been in the house for many years, just the amount of tea that was needed for that evening and not one leaf more. At the same time, she would complain to me about Kätchen's exaggerated thriftiness, saying that she took on too much and that it was wrong that she didn't send her wash out of the house to be done. It was her wish that her eightieth birthday not be celebrated in any special way, since as far as she was concerned, the less fuss the better. She preferred to request that the children living near her would come to visit her one after the other on different days. Of Kätchen's children, she especially loved and appreciated Gustav, whom she would often turn to for advice and on whose judgement she placed great faith. He was her sole advisor when it came to medical things, but since after the aforementioned illness, she was always in sound health, she did not have much use for him as a doctor. Of the younger children, she particularly loved Ludwig. But, in general, she was quite strict in her judgment for a grandmother, and remained this way till the very end.

In December, 1897, she grew ill with a gall bladder infection accompanied by fever, which Gustav initially found very hard to diagnose. Sons and daughters, as well as doctors, did everything in their power, using all means available, to alleviate the illness, but unfortunately human endeavor itself did not suffice in sustaining her life, and she died one morning quietly in the arms of Salomon. It was on the same morning that Fannie called on the telephone to find out how Grandmother was doing, and when I told her that she had passed away, I will never forget the American fashion in which she answered: "Oh, dear, for my husband's sake, I am so sorry." I personally was very moved by her death, since I had grown very fond of this impressive woman in the short time I had known her, and regretted that she would never be able to meet a certain great-grandchild, Walter, who was to be born that February.

Let us now get back to Family Meyer. There followed some new anxieties of a material nature. For as long as people could remember, the entrance into the grain business on the

Mahr'schen Hof was through the gate of the next door neighbor Gottwald's house, as stated in a local ordinance. Although the earlier owners of the house had always respected this right, Gottwald found out that the time of the lease had expired and obtained a legal verdict on the matter. Immediate action was required to improve matters, so that the business could continue to run undisturbed. Moritz made a quick decision to buy the Mondorf house next door through which he could then obtain direct access to his stockroom. The trial went on for a few years and even reached the Imperial Court in Leipzig, where it was finally decided in Gottwald's favor. This long drawn out trial which caused so much distress is indeed the reason why my mother-in-law today would still rather cut her losses than allow matters to come to a trial. After the rebuilding project was finished, Family Meyer moved from their apartment on the Langgasse, which they had loved for so many years, to Number 50 Kirchgasse, where they had an apartment on the first floor. Grandfather Meyer was particularly affected by the troubles brought about by the trial, and this might have precipitated his death. He died in February 1887. He was a peaceful man without enemies who clung to his beliefs without asking much from life apart from asking for the well-being of his closest family, and so he left this earthly world.

In the interim, two other sons had moved away from home. Emil took up an apprenticeship in Mainz at S. Löwenberg, and Gustav went to the University of Freiburg to study medicine. Mother had experienced extreme joy, perhaps the greatest joy of her life, when, according to the story she tells, Gustav had gone with a heavy heart and somewhat nervously to take his oral high school reading exams at the beginning of March 1886. She was surprised when, after one half-hour he returned to the Langgasse and cried out loud from the courtyard up to the second floor, something which he did not usually do: "Mother, I have been absolved from taking the oral exams." The joy the two of them shared at that moment was indescribable, and that instance shows clearly the love which tied them both to one another. Of course now, she missed Gustav a great deal since he no longer lived at home.

And now, my dear friends, I have got ahead of myself in my chatter and at the same time I have got behind in telling you some details and events. The whole thing is becoming quite difficult, since the family is continually increasing in number with hardly any intervals in between, and my head is literally spinning.

I do know, however, that I have long left behind my little favorite, Ludwig, when he was a little boy. Actually, I only came to know him and love him when I was sixteen years old, but not in the sense that some evil gossipers state. I will come back to this sweet story later. So, they said that he developed well as a young boy and that he found learning at school easy and was given a place at the high school. Both his parents secretly hoped, just as the Herxheimers had, that they would have two doctors in their next generation. Mehmel and Schmorl, two of his closest friends, often came to visit him on the Kirchgasse to spend happy hours with him. He was different from his brothers and sisters in that he knew exactly how to wind his mother around his little finger so as to get his way, and I am told that he got his way far more than other members of the family. When I myself, malicious agitator, arrived in the family, I seemed to reinforce this behavior in him.

Amelie, the youngest of the family, would sometimes, I am told, lose her temper about this. Mother and Father, by then not quite as circumspect as they had been with the other children, reacted quite sternly. Brother Gustav, who very much loved his youngest sister, tried to mediate between the upset parties by taking his sister's side. Ludwig, however, did not always feel harmony towards his youngest sibling and the two of them, as opposed to the other Meyer brothers and sisters, played many a trick on each other.

Everyone seemed to be very happy with Emil in Mainz. He always made a great effort to fulfill his duties to the very best of his abilities.

On Sunday afternoons, it was a custom for the family to undertake a short trip. In earlier times, after visiting the spa concert, which was something which could not on any occasion be missed, the family would go to the Felsenkeller or to the "Gratweil'sche Brauerei" (the Gratweil Brewery) (Father Moritz knowing both of the owners in these establishments), or else they would go to the Sonnenberg. Once the large family had taken their place at the table, Father would order large quantities of bread, butter, cheese and lots of beer, and Kätchen who to some extent was in agreement that the customers could order for themselves, occasionally attempted to put the brakes on the orders. But Father Moritz was proud not to be a skinflint in these matters. For the children, these trips were always a cause of pure joy. Later, after they had acquired a coach and horses for the business, these day trips took a

different form. On Sunday afternoons, Peter, who during the week worked in Father's business, was spruced up to become coachman so that the family could sit blissfully in the break, ready for their ride. It was at moments like these that everyone felt that they had been born under a special star. And where, may I ask, are these people today? Please send your answers to the woman asking the questions, who will as a reward send each of you to read at their pleasure these somewhat lengthy epistles. On these day trips they would set out for close or distant destinations. Since I was just talking about Peter, I would like to tell you what a good heart this good man had in his breast. The Meyers had a servant girl for many years called Marie. Both of them were free on Sunday evenings, and our good harmless Gustav (and he is still such a good person today) thought he was about to faint when Mother wrote to him at the University that Marie had given birth to a healthy young boy, and that hard-working Peter had unwittingly become a father. One more rascal in the family whom I am recording on paper. It's not as if my own family doesn't cause me enough concerns in this regard.

Mathildchen, or Tilda, gradually developed into a very beautiful young girl, just like her mother in her time. She was of slim build, very shapely, as can later be seen in this silver anniversary photograph which anyone can see for free. She continued to do well in her studies at school and was happy when her mother praised her, and also had a passion for reciting. (This quality was also present in Julius, Gustav and Emil, and even Ludwig was not spared this hereditary trait.) I myself never witnessed this firsthand, but I have been told that in his otherwise ideal marriage there is sometimes a scene when Ludwig becomes emotional. Mathilde was very much loved in Wiesbaden and in her modest and comfortable manner, she enjoyed great respect. When she had left school, she was happy to take up an invitation from her great aunt Nanette Liebmann in Frankfurt am Main and spend a few wonderful days with that distant branch of the family. She left the best impression behind among all her relatives. This was hardly surprising, for people in Frankfurt were used to her modest ways. It can well be imagined that Mathilde, with those qualities I have just described, was soon receiving many serious offers of marriage, but her mother who always had the last word in the family was always reluctant when it came down to it, especially after consulting with her mother from whom she never kept any secrets.

As a connoisseur of quality wines, Moritz had meanwhile developed a fine wine cellar which was kept well stocked by his brother-in-law, Siegmund Kahn. Later on, there was also the addition of the famous Mirabellenschnaps (yellow plum schnapps) which Gustav acquired from Mörchingen. I can tell you a small secret about this wonderful drink, that Ludwig still has a tiny amount left which he treats like some holy treasure. This is what is left of an entire bottle which Lottchen was in the habit of pouring for her regular visits from her nephews and cousins, Paul, Herbert and Walter. When Ludwig noticed that she was pouring this drink, he saved what he could, and this was the second, and certainly the last, time that Ludwig and his wife locked horns.

And now, I will come back to my beloved Gustav. We last spoke of him when he was studying in Freiburg, pursuing his studies in a sensible and hardworking manner. He was frightfully thrifty since he always remembered the costs that his parents were facing with their large brood of children. He, accordingly, never granted himself the smallest extra expenses and managed to survive on a ridiculously small amount of money (Ludwig later did not have an easy time in his footsteps). One small episode from the beginning of his time as a student is worth noting as an example of his thriftiness. In the circle of friends which he kept, they were expecting the arrival of an older student of whom there had been much talk. This was the state exam candidate who is now known as the administrator Rosin. One after the other, the young freshmen introduced themselves to him. When Gustav's turn came to greet him, he said, "My name is Rosin." What a picture! It was in Freiburg that Gustav established valuable friendships with people who were later to become, in part, quite famous, people like Hans Driesch, now a professor of philosophy in Leipzig, Leo Wertheimer, through whom Gustav later got to know the Mond family in London (who had made studying a possibility for Wertheimer). Wertheimer now publishes well-known and highly valued philosophical treatises under the name Konstantin Brunner. Besides these prominent men, there was also Delbanco, now a professor in Hamburg, Max Hirsch from Hamburg, and others with whom Gustav struck up friendships which continue even today. Within his circle of friends, Gustav was known as "Embryo", a name I find perfectly fitting for him even today. And so, in his own way, he enjoyed his first semesters of study for all they were worth. But it was in the third semester that for the first time in his life, he was angry with his parents. He had not been told of the news of his beloved grandfather

Meyer until after the funeral had taken place. He would so willingly have rushed home to show his last respects to the deceased! His parents, however, did not want him to interrupt his studies, and perhaps they were also reluctant to consider the large expense involved, which was the reason why they told him the news so late.

In the spring of 1888, he took his first medical qualifying exam and received the grade "good" as was later typical for the whole family (with the exception of a Grade 1 gained by Peter Meyer).

In the summer vacation which followed, Father Meyer underwent his cataract operation, which had been looming over his head for years. The operation was performed by Professor Pagenstecher, a specialist in these matters, in his clinic. Gustav spent the rest of his university years in Munich, Strassburg, and Berlin, returning to Strassburg to conclude his studies and to take his final state exam. It was still possible at that point to take your doctorate before the state exam, although this was unusual and seldom occurred. Gustav wanted to surprise his parents in anticipation of their silver wedding anniversary and so he completed his doctoral dissertation before he reached his ninth semester, that is in his fifth year at the University (on the influence of influenza on female reproductive organs), passing his doctoral exam at the beginning of August 1890. Now the family had their first real doctor of whom they were all very proud, including the candidate himself.

Without too much pomp and circumstance, the silver wedding anniversary of their parents was celebrated in a worthy and merry fashion within the closest circle of family friends on the 22nd of October of the same year. For Gustav, the following months meant many hours of long study for his state exams which he took in record time starting in mid-November 1890, finishing in January 1891. Everything went smoothly, apart from some bad luck he had in the maternity ward. Professor Freund happened to meet him visiting his patients who had just given birth, wearing an overcoat, for which he was much scolded and chastised by the examiner. Because of this interlude, his grade in this subject was lowered to a Grade 3 and, thus, his chances at getting a Grade 1 for his overall results were dashed. What a pity that Alice wasn't sitting there in front of the ward wearing an invisible outfit so she could have warned him about his behavior! Now a qualified doctor, Gustav didn't give himself much of a break

and went directly, on the advice of his Uncle Salomon, to Frankfurt am Main to begin further training in pathology under then famous Professor Weigert. He learned a great deal during this time in Frankfurt am Main since he used the opportunity to frequently visit his uncle at his general clinic and to study diseases of the skin, as well as nervous disorders under Professor Edinger. Gustav happened to do especially well on the Gärtnerweg with his uncle. When his uncle's favorite son, Gotthold, had passed his school-leaving exams, Uncle Salomon sent him and Gustav together on a vacation to Switzerland. This was the first time that Gustav became acquainted with foreign countries.

During this time, a decision also had to be made as to military service. Having reported to military service twice before and having been declared unfit for service, the military felt this time that they definitely needed Gustav and so, on the first of October, 1891, he answered as a one-year volunteer in the Wiesbaden Fusilier Regiment No. 80. He served for half a year, fulfilling enough requirements so that on the first of April, 1892, he was sent on to perform the second half of the year of military service as a volunteer doctor, first in Wiesbaden and then in Mörchingen. In Mörchingen, he took on the position as assistant doctor and gained first-hand experience in an officer's life in a small garrison. One episode from this time is worth recording. During a field exercise led by His Excellency Häsel, Gustav dismounted his horse and was marching next to it. His Excellency saw him and commented: "But, Doctor, why are you not on your horse? Please mount immediately." Never before had Gustav mounted such a large horse without help and with his short legs, but in that moment he learned to pray and wonder of wonders, he somehow managed it. With one swing of his leg, he was back on the horse, with Colonel Kruska holding the horse against the fence. The old fox Häsel therefore was unable to pick any bones with him.

After completing his military service, the young doctor took up a job as a volunteer doctor in the hospital at Moabit, thanks to a warm recommendation from Weigert. Professor Guttman, and soon after his death the famous Doctor Renvers (at the time, the leading doctor in Berlin) were his bosses, and one can well say that Gustav was quick to win the trust of his superiors. It was during the time when it was almost impossible to find a permanent position as assistant doctor, and the question "What now?" occupied Gustav's mind constantly since until this happened, he had had to

make do without material earnings from his profession. I should now come to a comment I made at the beginning of this writing, that Uncle Maier Liebmann was going to be a significant influence on Gustav's future. Uncle Maier Liebmann's family doctor, Dr. Frech, had recently died, and Gustav's uncle, who was rather nervous about his own health, suggested to Gustav that he move to Wiesbaden and settle as a doctor there, where his uncle would immediately take him on as a family doctor. Although this was not the decisive turning point, it was nonetheless a real incentive, and so Gustav went to settle in his hometown on the first of October 1893, at the age of 25, to become a family doctor. Nine other gentlemen decided to do the same that year. He took up an apartment in the Grünig House, No. 35 Kirchgasse, diagonally across from his parents. Grünig himself was one of the Nonnenhof regular guests and acquaintances of Father Moritz. His practice settled down relatively quickly, especially after he had stepped in for a doctor in Dotzheim who was sick for three weeks. In this, Kätchen's birth-place, he soon acquired a good reputation. After two years, he established his practice as a doctor. And now, I will have to leave Gustav for a while and say goodbye and turn to the other members of this big family. I will come back to Gustav and throw my arms around his neck all more lovingly at a later stage.

I haven't talked for such a long time about our Kätchen for whom this writing is actually intended. However, I do have the excuse that I am appealing to her own sensibilities by writing a lot of good things about her dear Gustav. And so with a clear conscience, I can now move back to Julius. After he was absolved from his military duties as a dandy artillery soldier in Wiesbaden, he went on to learn the Spanish language, later taking on a position as a travel specialist for Spain at S. Löwenberg in Mainz, a position which brought him great success. He later went back to Brandenstein and Rose with the intention of starting his own business as soon as possible. In realizing this dream, he combined what was useful to him with what was pleasant, finding a bride for himself in the person of Bertha Buxbaum in Frankenthal, with whom he was to share his future life. He also had the possibility of opening his own business under her father's business. He began by opening a branch of the Frankenthal business in Mannheim under the name of Bauxbaum and Co. This was a wholesale haberdashery business which was later transferred entirely to him. The young couple soon married.

I should add here that Mother Kätchen was often plagued by her gall stone colics, despite her otherwise good health. When she began to have these colics more frequently, her doctor, Dr. Cuntz, urgently ordered her to go to the spa in Karlsbad, which she did from July to August 1890, accompanied by Gustav (Here I am mentioning Gustav again, but rest assured, I will only mention him superficially). He did what he could for his mother during this time, and I believe it was also then that he met a certain Fräulein Mayer, to whom he gave a kiss, but since I was not there at the time, I don't know more about this and cannot assume any responsibility.

Mathilde, meanwhile, was wooed by many young gentlemen, but her suitor, Robert Erlenbach, was the first to succeed in breaking the ice. He was a serious and educated young man from whom one would presume, given his entire previous life and the respected position of his family, that Mathilde would find the right companion with whom to spend the rest of her life. The only difficulty was the large distance which separated him, an obstacle that was easily overcome by the personality of the candidate. On the famous journey to the Rhine to Assmannshausen, the flame kindled between the two of them turned into a raging fire and was followed soon thereafter by their engagement. On the 23rd of October 1893, their wedding took place in a hotel on the Taunus, with many members of both families in attendance. Moritz was smiling as he always did, but there were tears in the corners of his eyes, since separating from his beloved Tilda was particularly difficult for him.

Let us now return to the good Emil. After completing his apprenticeship in Mainz, he entered his father's business where he worked unusually hard. He was in every respect a likeable and good son to his parents, but he asked very little of life. His chief enjoyment was working hard, and since his father Moritz enjoyed the easier side of the business, his son's presence soon became evident in the organizational restructuring that went on.

Gustav had since turned 28. In spite of the large number of newly arriving doctors, his own practice was advancing nicely, and although he loved his parents' house and frequently went over there for meals, he soon began to yearn for a companion in life. He had long since decided that his future bride would not just be the first person to come along, but that she had to come from a good family. This was very important to him. Using the jeweler H. in Wiesbaden as an intermediary, he was inspired to get to know the granddaughter of the family

Dreyfus-Jeidel. This suited his plans entirely, since he had already heard a lot of good things about the family from his friend Nordmann in Freiburg. How this whole thing came about and who this young girl was, I will write for the sake of my dear mother-in-law, assuming that this woman will be of some interest to her and that she will be interested in what I have to say.

Here, I would like to mention that their engagement took place on the 23rd of August 1896, and that they were married in the same year on the 18th of October, returning from their honeymoon on the 11th of November to move in the apartment on No. 5 Friedrichstrasse, on the third floor. From my perspective, Gustav worked far too hard for a young married man. It often happened in the first year of our marriage that he would be called out five times in one night, as well as having countless office visits during the day. It took a great deal of heroism to tolerate these circumstances, especially as a young woman has a different notion in her head as to how the early weeks of a marriage should be. During this time, Ludwig was of great support for me. He possessed a tactful understanding of all of life's situations, combined with a great deal of maturity for his age. He, for his part, was happy that, in me, a thoroughly modern person had come into the family, and so our friendship increased. He would spend his vacations almost entirely at our house, staying in what he would insist continue to be called the "guest room". I do not believe that his parents were very happy with this situation, and particularly my mother-in-law, who tended to look on her younger son as being much too modern, an opinion which was reinforced by her new daughter-in-law. I will never forget how, during Ludwig's student days, I had recommended to my mother-in-law that we buy Ludwig a new white suit for his upcoming sea cruise with his beloved friend, Josef Hirsch. We bought this at Rosenthal & David, along with two ties he needed. It was during the shopping trip that Mother turned to me angrily and said: "Well, you know, I have always prophesied that no good would come of someone who is up to this kind of mischief in his youth. Yes, yes, I fear the worst." The last six words applied to me. In this case, however, the clever woman was wrong in her prophecy. Her pessimism was inspired more by the damage to her pocketbook, which was always her weak side, and remains so until today. When, for instance I recently visited her (on the 4th of December), she was in the process of partaking of her Friday evening meal, which is always more carefully chosen than meals on other days. Today, the meal consisted of a small piece of steamed fish, delectable as always, eaten

in the light of a petroleum lamp. When I questioned her, she replied that she could see better in this light than under gas light (because she never wants to admit her thriftiness to me). But I did not let her get away with this answer and answered boldly: "Then, why don't you light two flames?", to which she replied, "Well, yes, that would be too expensive." Telling me in an animated fashion how high last month's gas bill had been, the amount seemed very small to me, but I chose to keep quiet.

On the same evening, she chose to tell me a little story, which I would like to pass on to you, since it fits so well into this chronicle. We were talking about the fact that our Berlin friends (Ludwig, Lotte, and Walter) were taking dance lessons, and that Theodor had just sent a postcard from Berlin to say that he had been dancing in a dance hall with Lotte. At this, she commented, "No, my whole life, I have never thought much of dancing, unlike my mother who was a real Schierstein Rhineland girl. When she was older and married, we girls, her daughters, had to take turns to dance with her." She would tease me and say, just because I would rather sit in a corner reading a book, "Wait and see. You'll be thirty years old and will have a head full of white hair just because you don't like dancing." This turned out not to be true, since even today Kätschen has not yet turned white. On this evening, she also told me that her father, who was known for his beautiful curls, had already turned white by the age of 50. I did not, of course, tell her how interesting these details were to me at the time.

Ludwig enjoyed himself famously during the high school dance lessons, and the flower shop, Brönsen, can report many bunches of flowers having been purchased by him to give to his flames.

Meanwhile, it was December 1897, which brought the already mentioned death of Grandmother Herxheimer. As a token of thanks for Gustav's having treated her, we received from the brothers and sisters the wonderful quality carpet which now lies in the dining room.

On the 21st of February 1898, "He" appeared, for me the most wonderful man of all, Walter Meyer. The poor man, when he reads or hears this, will certainly get nervous, ice-cold hands out of fear that his mother is going to reveal all coram publico, something if he could choose, he would rather not happen. Since it is not necessary for me to keep any secrets from him, I will spare his nerves and only say

something very briefly (with him not placing much value on these things). On the 19th, we were spending the evening with friends, and one hour later came the first warning signal. The young man did not show any particular curiosity to arrive in the world, and matters only became more serious on the following evening at nine. Gustav, who did not take to the idea of assisting the stork, had ordered sausages with potato salad, not without onions, from his "perfect cook". The smell of the onions disturbed me greatly as I was preparing for the prince to arrive, who came into the world with Frau Kahn's help on the day before Shrove Tuesday at eight o'clock. I shall never forget Gustav's almost childlike joy. "A son!" he cried, running to the telephone to tell his parents of the event. As soon as he asked to be connected to Frankfurt, he heard the woman at the telephone exchange saying: "Our Number 500 has just had a baby boy", something he immediately reported back to me (500 has always been our telephone number). My parents-in-law came rushing over immediately, and there is no need to tell you the joy and pride they derived from taking their grandson into their arms.

At this moment, I would like to take the opportunity to mention a peculiarity about my father-in-law which must go back to his vanity. He hated his white hair and tried to keep his moustache dark by using artificial hair dye. Although Kätschen was opposed to the idea, she could do very little about it since he placed particular value on his youthful appearance.

My mother soon arrived with Fräulein Hirsch, and all three parents were unified in common joy. There was a minor issue of disagreement between husband and wife, since I was against the ceremony that was scheduled eight days after his birth, and particularly did not want any large celebration accompanying it. But my dear husband was obstinate in this matter, having gone through the same with his brother-in-law Erlenbach three years previously. Moreover, my son had been very strict with me even before he was born, not allowing me even the shortest journey away from home, with the result that I had not been able to see my hometown for an entire nine months. The magnificent baby layette which Walter received from his grandmother Dreyfus from the Erlenbachs created quite a stir in Wiesbaden. It was hardly a surprise, therefore, that in my inexperience, I listened to the persuasive arguments of the family and took the baby out of the house a great deal more than was normal, something which resulted in my guardian sending me a rather unpleasant letter.

After all family members had spent enough time admiring the new world citizen, his wet nurse was suddenly no longer able to provide. This happened to be a very fortunate event, one could say, since he thereafter gained an exemplary new wet nurse, not only as regards nutrition but also as regards her personality. The well-known Hessian wet nurse coordinator telegraphed us at that time, saying, "I am sending you the most valuable pearl from my collection." And so she in truth turned out to be. Now, she comes and visits us every year, a real Hessian woman, wearing her local costume. These visits are among the highlights of her life. She is imminently intelligent, is unbelievably personable, while at the same time possessing a critical eye for material as well as personal matters. Is it possible that Walter gained some of this from her? The same year that she arrived in our house her husband had died and she was in deep mourning. She had four children herself and had already fulfilled six appointments in well-to-do houses as a wet nurse. But Walter always remained Minna's favorite. She never shied away from spoiling him, and in her over zealous love, she would fill him with her milk day and night as far as she was physically able, disregarding his parents' complaints. She still speaks a lot about how busy the doctor of the house was, mentioning how he would be on the phone in the bathroom (strangely enough, there was a telephone in the bathroom) and would, had he been able, have stood with a towel around his waist with one foot in the bathroom and the other in his office. And she would tell about what a good wife the doctor had, and how patiently she would wait to begin with her soup, even if she had to wait the whole afternoon for her husband, the doctor, to come home. *Tout comme aujourd'hui!* I have intentionally dedicated a few words to this dear woman, since I know how highly she thinks of Kätchen.

Walter B. (you clever Meyers know for sure where his second name comes from) went through a great deal of linens, just as he does today, so that Minna often had to stay up 'til two o'clock in the morning, after we had returned from a party or after Gustav had returned from his practice, to take care of the washing and ironing of his many diapers. We ourselves didn't worry about these things much in the fifteen years in which "Detta Minna" looked after our treasure.

Meanwhile, Ludwig completed his school-leaving exams with flying colors and much to my chagrin, because it meant that I would have to slowly get used to being alone, but not so much to his chagrin, went up to the University of Munich.

Much to my horror, he soon joined the Licare. My formally so influential education did not seem to help any more, and I have to admit, that he did the right thing, since otherwise he would have been very isolated during those years.

In the summer after Walter's birth, we set off on our first relaxation vacation to the Aussee, during which time we left the little boy with Detta under the supervision of our good Aunt Emma. This was, in fact, what we continued to do until he was six years old.

In Mannheim, meanwhile, two strapping young boys had been born. I had become acquainted with Bertha during my first visit to Wiesbaden, where she was staying with her mother at the Spa. She was talented in various directions, particularly in painting. Her nervous system, however, had been weakened through a long-term undiagnosed illness (diabetes), and she eventually died from this during an acute coma. Her parents whose whole life had centered around their one child, were from then on broken people. Her mother still lives in Frankenthal, but her father, who has always remained in my memory as a dignified if somewhat pathetic gentleman, recently died. The grandparents always adored their grandchildren in Mannheim, since they were the only thing that remained in memory of their child.

After a few years, Julius wisely decided to remarry. He married a certain Fräulein Jenny Kugelmann, so that his children would be educated by a mother. It was a very good decision, since he gained a wife who energetically took over raising Paul and Fritz and also became a great support for her husband in his business, something she remains today. She, in turn, gave her husband two sons, Kurt and Ernst, born within three years of each other. Both are now strong, grown men. The older of the two is active in his father's business and accompanies his father on their Spanish travels. The younger lives in Mannheim and works in the banking business. Whenever they come to Wiesbaden, Grandmother Meyer is always so struck by her grandchildren.

The war which had now broken out was of particularly tragic significance for Julius' family. Julius happened to be on a business trip in Spain when war broke out and, unable to return early enough, was captured by the French. For four years, he languished in various prisoner-of-war camps, among them the scorching hell of Corsica. All efforts on behalf of his family to free him were in vain, even though he was no longer

young enough to be actively involved in the war. It was only after four years that he was exchanged with other soldiers in Switzerland and was able to return to his homeland. In the time that he was absent, an even harder blow struck our entire family. The highly talented and poetically gifted son, Fritz, who had just begun his studies in law, and was Grandmother Meyer's very particular favorite, was conscripted as an infantry soldier into the war effort and was listed as missing in some of the battles in Flanders. It finally became clear that he had given up his young life for his fatherland. It was he more than any of the other grandchildren, with his inborn graciousness, who got along so well with Grandmother. Even Walter was a close friend of his,⁰ and he was deeply loved by the entire family. We all very much feel his loss even today, and Grandmother only seems to have been able to overcome her grief by looking at the rest of her large brood of grandchildren. The oldest brother, in particular, has recently given her great joy by bringing her a new bride, an intelligent dear girl from a good family. Please note, dear grandchildren, that those of you who still have a choice ahead of you will have to consider that Grandmother is very ambitious in these matters. Paul himself is an intelligent, particularly tall and well-built person, no ordinary person, who sometimes has a hard time when it comes to others and vice-versa. It is for this reason alone that he made a good decision to start looking around for a companion for life to whom he could subject himself like a knight to a lady. Even Auntie Alice tells him this today, and he always listens to her, even though it might not be as much as he listens to his Uncle Gustav, whom he honors above all others. Paul had established a successful career in the war as an officer on the front (although he was studying medicine). Toward the end of the war, he was stationed in Königsberg due to a war wound, and Fama says that he broke a lot of hearts here, and one in particular. After the war finished, he continued his medical studies to become a K. Cer, gaining an excellent training as a dermatologist after his exams. For the last half year, he has been established as a dermatologist in his hometown. Just look how proudly he is sitting there, like a thinker, with his left hand under his chin, looking adoringly at his wife, with his shoulders pulled back (this is his favorite position, especially when it happens that he has differences in opinion with other members of the family, something which very seldom happens)!

Let us now leave the Mannheimers once and for all while confirming that Grandmother says that she is happy and proud about each member of the family there.

Instead we will now turn to the Bavarian countryside. Everything there had remained unchanged as it had always been in the family tradition. With the help of his brother Max, Robert gained the good reputation of the Erlenbach household and continued to think about how he could keep the family together. As far as I know Brother-in-law Erlenbach, I know he will derive great joy from this little book of memories. Mathilde gave him two sons during those early years—Otto and Josef, of whom the latter died young. Unfortunately, Mathilde herself grew very ill soon thereafter with rheumatic fever. This lasted for several months and was treated by the best authorities. Even my young husband went to Nürnberg twice to consult on the illness and its treatment. Both Meyer parents were also there at her bedside and Mother Meyer kindly stayed for a long time looking after her treasured daughter and conducting the household for her son-in-law. This was very admirable of her, since she was missed a great deal in her own household back home. Unfortunately, the illness left Mathilde with a heart defect, which was not in itself dangerous, although her nervous system sustained some damage. She lost some of her energy and independence because of the illness. I often hear strangers praising those qualities which she no longer possesses. Once she had recovered from her illness, she gave birth to a little daughter, Anna, thus providing her parents with their first granddaughter. I trust that both children will reward her for her years of suffering with their love. Mother Kätschen is particularly attached to this daughter and often has tears in her eyes when she speaks of her, she is so moved. Robert himself tended to spoil his offspring. Just the name Anna (and I mean here his daughter Anna, not his sister by the same name, who had always had a great influence on her brother) fills him with emotion. Anna herself has developed into a very handsome girl with a very strong will of her own (her birth land of Bavaria may have been of some assistance in this matter). When she was 20, she went on a journey to visit all her aunts in Mainz, Wiesbaden, and Berlin, and everybody, including her grandmother, noted that she had a modern way about her which was unusual for our family. We hope that she will be able to prove her great capabilities soon in sealing a happy marriage.

In November 1925, our formally so youthful and vigorous Uncle Robert, who had become an honored member of the business community during Christmas of 1924, began to lose his health, so that he was sent to recover in the spa in Meran. After completing his cure, it was hard for him not to be able to stay as actively involved as he would have liked to in the

business that he had so grown to love. This year he will be 70 years old, and seems to have forgotten that he is no longer as young as he used to be and that his business and everything to do with his business has become too much of a responsibility for him. With all the worries that life naturally brings with it, Robert has always understood how to see the best side of life, thanks to his philosophy. One need only think of his beautiful trips! He was taught by his parents not to expect too much from life, and has transferred this puritanical sense of simplicity to his own household into which, as I have already mentioned, Mathilde has so artfully managed to fit. Since the beginning of the war until today, his motto is always: "We still live in paradisiacal times." And he is right, only for the last eleven years less and less people seem to believe in or notice this Paradise.

Here, I would just like to add a small personal note.

I began to write this chronicle on the 1st of December, 1925. The idea had come to me quite suddenly, because my mother-in-law had been the only one to show me and prove to me her understanding during my indisposition. Now (on the 8th of December), I am sitting in my hotel room in Munich becoming increasingly nervous as to whether I can do due justice to the many members of the family who are now entering the story arbitrarily as I write. I am wondering whether I can write about them with as much detail as I have until now about the other members of the family. To the many qualified and about to be qualified doctors in our family, I ask the question as to whether the Munich air has had a better influence on form and content than the Wiesbaden air.

On our way up to Munich, we spent one hour in Frankfurt to wish my Aunt Dreyfus a happy birthday. In her honor, the whole family was gathered there. During this hour, I noticed quite clearly that the interest which people show toward other individuals has diminished over the years and that the dear self, the ego, now plays a greater role. And I suddenly realized how much I miss my dear deceased uncle, who tried, irrespective of his own personal worries, to make my departure from my hometown and separating from my husband easier by showing me thoughtful understanding.

But enough of my personal thoughts. Let's move quickly to the busy bee, Emil himself. Having entered his father's business, he sacrificed all he had in an untiring fashion, in dedicating all his energies to the business. He hardly had

time enough to eat. If he did at last sit at the table, our famous Marie would come and say: "Mr. Emil, there is a client downstairs." At this, he would throw down his knife and fork and run as fast as he could downstairs into the courtyard. On account of his upbringing, he was himself very thrifty, hardly allowing himself any luxuries. He would only go and visit his regular table at the inn with Vogel and Hess at the urging of his mother. He is, moreover, the third person of those gathered here who always looked deep into the eyes of his adored mother, since he has always been convinced that only his mother knows what is right and intelligent. And in this, he was not misguided, particularly considering his personality, since he has little clue about things modern. Despite the fact that he was thrifty, he always tried to make me happy in the early years of our marriage by giving me beautiful gifts of Meissen porcelain, since he knew that I loved it. Often he would give me a gift without there being any particular occasion involved. And so, our glass case became well endowed through the goodness of his heart.

It must have been in 1902 that we came back from a vacation trip only to hear that Emil had made the acquaintance of Fräulein Elsa Friedberger from Giessen and that he intended to become engaged. His fiancée was from a well-known Giessen family. Her cousin is the famous hygienist, Professor Friedberger. After the apartment on Number 50 Kirchgasse had been thoroughly modernized-I helped select some of the prettier and more tasteful installations, as far I was able to-the young pair soon married and moved into the parental home, while the in-laws moved over to the Schlichterstrasse. It was difficult for Father Meyer initially to not be able to look out from his bedroom balcony onto his business premises. Eventually, however, he got used to this, and started playing a few Skat games during the day, especially after he had become a member of the "club" where he became known as a fearful opponent.

The Emils gave birth to two strong young boys, Hanns and Karl. Grandmother always beams when she mentions these two names-both are wonderful people who were great support to their mother after she became a widow in 1913. Hanns willingly gives up luxuries in the knowledge that he can help his mother thereby or make life easier for her. Karl is happy that he has managed to maintain his position at the Dresden bank until now. I am sure he will not become a big spender either. It is said that he is somewhat nervous about his health. Well, you should ask him. After all, he should know.

Emil's suffering began in 1912 and made an operation necessary. This operation was performed in Berlin by Professor Rotter. The relief provided, however, was only temporary, and Emil died from a serious disease on the 8th of September, 1913. This was the first hard blow for his parents, who were attached to all of their children with an equal love. It took Elsa a long time to get over her grief. She moved in with her mother, who had meanwhile also become a widow, on the Adolfsallee, where she is now a brave and proud mother.

Meanwhile, Ludwig was enjoying a pleasant and carefree time at the University. He was loved wherever he went. In order to prepare adequately for his state exam, he moved into quarters in Hohenwald near Schlangenbad for a few weeks. It so happened that Mother was in Schlangenbad at the same time at the health resort where I would often visit her. I would take the train to the Chausseehaus station and then continue on to Schlangenbad on foot with Ludwig who would be waiting for me on the station platform. But the world is small, and very soon my father-in-law got to hear that Ludwig had a rendezvous with a young lady on the road from Chausseehaus to Schlangenbad. When they found out who this young lady was, everybody in the whole family laughed. This is the story that I mentioned earlier on in my narrative.

In Berlin, where Ludwig was spending his final semester, he would frequently enter the house of Betty Herz. As a relative, he was always welcome there. Apart from one son, Hermann, there was also a daughter there by the name of Lotte with whom, together with her cousin, Käthe Landshoff, Ludwig was often seen. They used to go ice skating together and, to make a long story short, they are still running side by side through life. Ludwig, a bold and young man, without even a job yet, but determined to become famous one day, went straight to the feared Frau Betty to ask for the hand of her daughter. Being a clever woman, she replied, perhaps without a flutter in her heart, "Yes, and Amen." And I believe she was right. Frau Betty's husband was my mother-in-law's cousin and had died very young. He was the owner of the world-famous jewelry store, Brothers Friedländer on the Unter den Linden in Berlin, and was a single-minded, vigorous man. He'd always placed great value and known exactly how to keep a large house. In this respect, their only daughter did not take after the parents, mother and daughter having very different characters. But in her way, Lotte is a very dear and respected sister to us. Since she already belonged beforehand to our family (something my mother-in-law holds to be very

important, since everything that goes by the name "family" is by definition good) she is perhaps the favorite daughter-in-law. Oh, heavens, now I have done something good, and I can hear my husband protesting loudly against it. My husband is always proud to tell that he also frequented the Herz household as a student. Unfortunately, I don't have a lantern to search into people's hearts, and Mother Kätschen would be the last to admit it. So, instead of getting into a fight we should be happy to have such a mother.

The wedding took place at the end of November 1904 in Berlin. Mother and Father Meyer travelled to Berlin for eight days to be there. It was a big decision for both of them, but since they cooked extra food for Father Meyer for the wedding, he smiled all the more broadly and became quite enamored of "Madame" Herz and would always tell his card friends a great deal about the capital city. Mother Meyer was herself, as always, happy to be back in her home under her petroleum lamp and tucked up in her familiar bed. The night before the wedding and the wedding itself were full of celebration and beauty. In Berlin, Ludwig had just become an assistant to Professor Heubner, the famous pediatrician, and thereafter under Professor Finkelstein, whose successor he was to become later, directing the children's asylum of the city of Berlin (after the end of the war). He knew exactly how to establish a good name for himself in the scientific world and in the world of children's pediatric medicine and is considered to be one of Germany's leading pediatricians. In the year 1913, he took his higher doctoral degree (the Habilitation), as a private teacher in Berlin, and became a professor in the year 1922.

There were three children from Ludwig and Lotte's marriage. With Peter, the oldest, they tried out their modern experiments of controlled children's nutrition. I remember that Frau Betty supported my husband in trying to assure more generous portions of food and nutrition for Peter. It is fortunate that pediatrics has since changed its mind on these matters, since the girls then received more food later on. Peter was raised by his parents in a disciplined fashion, right until today, and this does not seem to have harmed him in any way, since he has become, in every respect, a well-rounded person. Grandfather Herz tried to spoil him occasionally, but his strict and energetic mother protested loudly against it. I noticed this shortly before Grandfather's death, when we spent Christmas of 1920 together in Berlin. It was then that Frau Betty suffered a severe heart attack during the night.

We had just spent a cozy Christmas Eve on the Genthiner Strasse. Gustav was called immediately from the Hotel "Adlon". I shall never forget how depressed and sad he was when he returned. There followed several weeks of suffering and in the middle of January 1921, Frau Herz passed away. Whoever knew Betty Herz will never forget her. She was a real personality, a jewel for her family and friends who still today talk so highly about her, something which doesn't happen a lot in Berlin. She looked after her Lotte so well, that is, from the beginning to the end of the war, when Ludwig was away at war. This long separation was a real time of suffering for Lotte, so that it was twice as good that her mother was such a great support to her.

Of all the children, Peter has become particularly close to us through his frequent visits to our house, and even today in Munich I am learning to appreciate him again. He was an exceptionally talented student who even gained a premium in the school-leaving exams and now continues the family tradition studying medicine. He is also very musical. This is not inherited from the Meyer family which seems to have escaped this talent, but comes from his mother's side. All in all, I think that the prognosis for his life looks extremely good. The girls too are very promising, as far as one can judge things at this point. Elsa resembles her grandmother Bette both outwardly and inwardly. She is an innocent, happy and contented young Berlin woman, pure sunshine for her mother. Ruth is also very much loved by her mother, but I believe that her father has a particularly soft spot for this daughter. He sees in her a future Rachel. Both daughters, as well as Peter, are models of modesty. And the girls have a certain leaning toward dancing.

Amelie has meanwhile found a good husband and is well married, like all the Meyers. Before that, she spent half a year at my urging at a boarding school in Brussels, where she learned French. When we returned from our summer trip in 1903, we once again heard that one of the brothers and sisters, and this time it was Amelie, was busy getting engaged. Her fiancée was the banker Theodor Kronenberger from Mainz. This young man who today is the ideal of his mother-in-law, who only has good things to say about him, almost caused a riot when he asked for the hand of her daughter, because Mother considered their difference in body height to be an obstacle. I believe that my influence improved the situation a great deal since I had a very good impression of this nice person from the moment I met him and declared that one

shouldn't allow oneself to be influenced by external considerations. I believe that Amelie and the entire family have never to this day regretted saying yes. The Kronenbergers (the three brothers who managed the business, of whom the oldest is an honorary member of the business community) managed to steer their banking business through difficult times in an exemplary fashion and today enjoy a very good reputation in the banking world. Theodor lavishes every kind of care and attention on his wife who lives the life of a god in France and is envied throughout Mainz. Two handsome boys sprung from this marriage, of whom the oldest is becoming a doctor according to tradition and the youngest preparing to become a mainstay of his father's banking business. At the present time, he is expanding his skills under Willy Dreyfus in Berlin. Mother Kätschen is not only delighted about the gradual improvements in her dear Amelie's status in her marriage, but also because she has a daughter doing so well and living so close to her. She is just like Grandmother Jeannette in that she considers blood to be thicker than water.

Three weeks before the beginning of the world war, on a hot July Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Meyer were setting out happily for Mannheim to visit their children and grandchildren. We received a sudden, unexpected phone call that Father Meyer had taken seriously sick in Mannheim. We travelled over there as fast as we could to find that our dear father had had a serious stroke. After a few days, Gustav travelled back there again to fetch him home in an ambulance. Since his condition had improved a little, we were still hoping to be able to keep him alive, but our hopes were dashed when he succumbed to pneumonia. Ludwig and Lotte were quickly called back from San Martino di Castrozza, where they had gone for some rest and relaxation. After a brief struggle for his life, Father passed away on the 13th of July, 1914, surrounded by his wife and all his children, at the age of 74. There is no need to tell you how great the sorrow was at his loss. We all have vivid memories of him still today and know how dear his memory is in our minds. The funeral took place on the 15th of July and was well attended. The place where he lies buried, resting from his happy life, is marked by what I consider to be a very tasteful headstone. If one considers that he died 14 days before the beginning of the World War and thus was spared from the sufferings of the war years and the after-war years, one can only believe that there is some happy significance in the fact that he left this world at a point in time in harmony with his personality.

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But now, my dears, I want to turn again to happier things. In describing all our descendants, I still have not mentioned our only offspring. Well, there again, it is known that shoemakers always wear the worst boots, but since I believe without any false vanity that Walter could well be a favorite grandchild of Kätschen Meyer, this chronicle would not give her the pleasure it could were I not to mention something about him. I have already told you that Detta Minna thoroughly spoiled him in his early years. After that, he had Fräulein Wöhlke from Bremen as his kindergarten teacher, who also made a strong impression on him. He nevertheless was devoted in his love of both parents and was delighted when he was allowed into the bathroom with his father in the mornings to be told either fairy stories or later to be shown military exercises. He really would imagine that he was a soldier and was delighted to promote himself to the position of lieutenant. Since Gustav was always late for lunch, because there was so much work to be done at that time, Walter had to eat ahead of him so that he could be in his little bed by 2:30. Until 2:30, however, he was allowed to sit in his high chair at the table and even to get some dessert if there was enough time, something he especially loved. If the clock struck 2:30, however, he would say, "Good night, Mother! Good night, Father!", and would stand up, even if dessert had only just been dished out. Our guests could never believe this sense of discipline and would ask how we could be so cruel. But Walter had the right idea and never questioned that this was the way it had to be. Although Fräulein Wöhlke always looked after him very well, he did not look too kindly on her peculiar lack of discipline and order. Let any future daughter-in-law be warned about this, should she take offense. Anyhow, her lack of order was the reason why we dismissed Fräulein Wöhlke. But what our son wanted and what he was used to were a stronger issue. He was unable to get used to anyone else and we were obliged to rehire her. In his third or fourth year of life, he was visiting his grandmother in Ems with Fräulein Wöhlke. Uncle Dreyfus and I drove over there to join them one Sunday afternoon. It was our intention to try and encourage him to become more independent and so we left him alone in the garden. This experiment on our part almost had terrible consequences since being alone made him so nervous that he was beside himself and had to be brought back to the hotel whose name he remembered by a man who happened to be passing. In 1904 he began school and I remember well the surprise we had in Paris when he sent us his first school report in which he was given first place in class. I never really considered him a particularly good pupil

and was totally delighted in my ambitions. His father was also very happy about it. He shared the position of first in class for all of his school years with his best friend, Otto Wagner, without ever having to study much. Although raising him has not always been as easy for me as it would appear, he has fortunately never caused us any real reason to worry.

During his school years, he would often go on journeys with us. The first time he came with us was on a long cruise on the "Viktoria Louise" to recover from the whooping cough. Walter claims, however, that he has few memories from all these journeys. When he was 13 years old, he was allowed to accept an invitation to visit Auntie Lotte and Uncle Ludwig in Grunewald. Mrs. Herz had purchased a very nice estate there for herself and her children and decorated it in a most tasteful manner. It was here they spent summers with all their children around them. Just recently, I happened to come upon a journal of Walter's, in which he scrutinizes those people who at the time were strangers to him-his criticisms are still valid today-but speaks most highly and full of praise and recognition and respect for his Aunt Lotte and Uncle Ludwig whose qualities remain true to the present day.

During his high school years when he was in the second to last year of school, war broke out. It was hard to hold him back from registering as a volunteer soldier. It was only thanks to the intervention of his teacher at the time, Professor Spamer, that we were able to hold him back.

Although his cousin Willy offered him some tremendous openings in his banking business (both of them are still very good friends today), his heart was still set on a career as a doctor. And so, he first went to study medicine in Munich. I accompanied him there and he decided, contrary to his uncle's advice, to follow our request and not become active. He became friends there with two men from Wiesbaden whom he had known superficially before, in contrast to home where he always had a large circle of friends around him. After half a year of study in Munich, he also had to put on a uniform and became an artillery soldier in Kreuznach, and later a first aid orderly. Now I was happy that he had not become a banker as I had initially wanted. On the first day of a vacation we took in 1917, we received the terrible news that he was being called up and would have to report in ten days for duty. He spent a few days with us in Berchtesgaden and then we had to let our only son go to war. This meant that the number of care packages we sent went up by one.

The list was already quite long, but I believe that we were not about to forget the last name on the list. His time serving in the war effort went well and he was promoted to first aid lieutenant just before the campaign reached its unexpected end. Our joy at seeing him again was somewhat dampened by the fact that his division was one of the last to come home. We went three whole weeks without hearing from him. The worst thing was that he had mentioned in his last letter that many cases of deadly influenza had struck the military hospital where he was working. We were sitting together one Sunday almost beside ourselves with anticipation, with Gustav reading to me from Taine's "Frederick the Great", when there was a telegram bringing us the first news of him. That night we heard from him by phone calling from the Eifel and were overjoyed to hear his voice. This must have been one of the most wonderful moments of our life. Since Wiesbaden soon came under occupation, Walter had to stay away another five days, and he chose Würzburg as the place where he wanted to continue his studies. Since we had become somewhat softened by the terrible calamities of the war, we granted him permission to join the newly founded "Rhenopalatia". This was something we never regretted, for during his further times of study he made many new friends here. Since anti-semitic tendencies were becoming more and more evident as a consequence of the war, it was the only right thing to do to show one's true colors, and this is also the reason why all the grandchildren of Mother Meyer, at least those who are studying, have become K. Cer. Walter then went on to study in Cologne, Frankfurt and Berlin where, at the time of our silver wedding anniversary, he took and passed his state exam. Without being too proud as a mother, I can well say that he has always taken his duties seriously. He is currently an assistant doctor under Professor Umber in Berlin where he wants to go on to train in internal medicine in order, eventually and in the not too distant future, to settle in Wiesbaden and to support his father.

And now, dear Mother, you have the complete picture of your grandson. And please excuse me, dear reader, that I spent more time and detail on him than on the others. In the first place, I know more about him, and moreover I am convinced that Grandmother's heart beats just a little bit faster when she hears the name of Walter. Is this indiscrete or even arrogant on my part? If you were to ask Mother, I would stand guilty anyhow in front of you, because I know her prompt answer would be, "I love all my children and my grandchildren the same." But I would add to this quietly,

"And one in particular!"

Our dear heroine seemed to bear the war years and the after-war years better than all the others I have named until now. Despite the fact that she had lost a dear grandson, something she will never get over, and that she knew that her son was a prisoner of war, which was a double worry for her, since he was far away in an unknown world and the family was without a breadwinner in Mannheim, she kept her deepest concerns locked deep inside and tried to make do with the situation. Since she asked so little of life, which I have told you about many times before, she claimed that going without food was a pleasure since she could think that by going without food she was saving other food for children who were at the moment more needy than her. She insisted on sending Julius regular care packages while he was a prisoner and to go offer her help in Mannheim. Even the things she loved most of meals, fresh bread rolls, she could do without, and I believe that even today she considers herself lavish when she treats herself to a bread roll occasionally. Even today she still drinks her malt coffee extract, only serving real fresh bean coffee when visitors arrive. Not that she does not enjoy coffee, just as Father Moritz was able to savor his tea with his rum, even though the rogue Paul Meyer tells everybody that it was more like rum with a little tea in it and that Grandmother would often call, "Moritz, don't take so much rum!" And if today we say to Mother, "Why don't you drink real coffee or buy yourself something nice?", then her stereotypical answer is always, "It's all the same to me" or "It doesn't agree with me as well."

When we returned from our summer vacation about four years ago, she really did look rather ill, and it turned out that she had actually had an attack of weakness during our absence due to undernourishment. Now it was our turn to turn our energies against this otherwise so energetic woman. Gustav was very strict with her and had all her food sent to her house with a result that she soon gained back her former strength. Although she suffered enormously that Ludwig had to spend the entire war as a medical officer in Russia, her motherly pride was also flattered by the fact that Ludwig gained a lot of respect during his stay in Oschmjana and received several honors. He in turn received the Iron Cross, first class, and had a street in the city named after him, the Dr. Ludwig-Meyer Street. She regarded the fact that Gustav was the administrator of a military hospital in Wiesbaden as a generous gift, for in spite of the unusual love which he showed

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to everybody, her Gustav will always remain her Gustav, as she will openly admit.

Since I have now been in Munich for eight days writing this down, and have left my master plan back in Wiesbaden, I only hope that I have not forgotten anybody. But since this could well be the case, I would like to present to this wonderful woman celebrating her anniversary all those who are dear to her:

Julius, the oldest: A well-established merchant in Mannheim with a good heart and full of temperament.

Jenny: His wonderfully well-suited wife, hard-working in the business and at home, and understanding mother to three children.

Dr. Paul S.: The first and fortunate grandchild by marriage, ambitious, hard-working in his practice. Too tall to be sufficiently supple. But old age makes you smaller.

Kurt and Ernst: Two boys who promised that they would become hard-working businessmen. Single-minded and hard-working.

Specialist Dr. Gustav: Hors de concours. Everything he has done until now he has done correctly. His happy mother's heart recognizes this.

Alice: We trust that she has regained her health. At the present time, she is ill and therefore unhappy, like all Meyers. When she is well again, she will make every effort to see the world through "Meyer" glasses and Mama Kätschen will always be happy.

Dr. Walter B.: The only and much too sensible son for his age. His own mother might complain about this, but for our heroine this is the greatest quality a person can have.

Mathilde: The most loving of women, and selfless daughter and dedicated mother.

Robert: An honorable man of stern opinion, a confirmed patrician and merchant.

Otto: A gifted and hard-working Bavarian.

Anna: The beautiful granddaughter.

Else: The attentive and thrifty daughter-in-law.

Hanns and Karl: Two sons totally dedicated to the well-being of their mother, who would do anything to make life easier for their mother who lives alone.

Professor Dr. Ludwig F.: The pride of his mother, thoroughly spoiled by others and spoiling himself also.

Lotte: The best wife, exemplary mother and sweetest daughter-in-law.

Peter F.: The up and coming great man, as his outward appearance already shows.

Ilse: She will have an easy time in life.

Ruth: This will be the granddaughter whom we will be very proud of later. So, please, do not disappoint our expectations!

Amelie: An elegant woman of Mainz who, already as a child as well as in the words of her mother, has always been able to see the truth.

Theodor: The son-in-law kat exochen, small but gracious.

Paul: The most ambitious and hard-working grandchild.

Kurt: A real "gamain" in the best sense of the word, always ready to help.

So, dear Mother, now I have painted your family one last time in a series of snapshots, of course only as they appear here before me, and I believe you have the right to be proud of each and every one of your descendants.

I would like to go back and mention the seventieth birthday we celebrated ten years ago, which only took place within a narrow circle of friends, unfortunately without Julius. Back then, the woman whose birthday we are celebrating today did not appear as fresh and as in command of her life as she does today. Difficult external events were probably responsible for this, since today matters have become normal-

ized again both externally and internally and she is able to bring to each individual and all true understanding. With her intelligent persuasive skills, she also has a great influence on things around her. I do still want to speak about her attitude to maids, which has always remained the same. Whenever she's looking for a maid, I always say jokingly to her, "Why don't you just simply announce that you are looking for a single maid and that each occurring work in the house will be executed by the mistress of the house herself?" The maid has the best of all worlds and is allowed to go out whenever she wants on the one condition that she can accommodate certain weaknesses. Those weaknesses are not after all so bad and are not that many in number, but they should be named. The maid is not allowed under any circumstances to suffer from a love of eating and must go to bed early in the evening or go out and visit friends since the light bill is not allowed to go up beyond a certain limit. All in all, the maid has an ideal position, and the fact that she learns a lot and is accountable for saving money, everyone remembers her former mistress fondly. My mother often says, "My main job consists in receiving letters from maids who used to work for us." So this is also proof that she is far more perspicacious in these matters than we in the younger generation.

The way we see Mother today at the age of 80, here before us, is the way she has always been: always busy, active, turning over in her mind how she should advise one or another of her children without upsetting them, always anxious to bring some kind of gift to a child she is visiting or the child who is sick (not a gift, however, that would cost her house and home). She was in the habit of putting aside all of the gifts that were brought for her so that she could at a later point give them to someone else, given the right occasion. It was only then that she felt real joy from the gifts that were originally intended for her. Even today, just like in the early days of her marriage, she is capable of being quite rude to the butcher if he doesn't make the meat "nice" for her or includes too much bone with the joint. Her children's visits give her unusual pleasure. No matter where they come from or what their career is, she listens to their reports attentively and full of understanding and her children are glad to accept her advice and her teachings. Then they go home and say that things could be done differently in this or that way without ever betraying their source, but proud to have such an intelligent mother. She also refuses to let the pleasure pass by of having her children who come from a long way away not stay as her houseguests. She insists that the more spoiled of them,

who do not object, that is, give up their own bed and go to a local pension. The wonderful tasting cakes, the meat roasts, and brown carps, which we never come close to being able to cook as well, always have to appear on the table during these visits, and cooked by her. When the sisters come from Mainz, she beams from ear to ear, and when Malchen, Minna or Klara have something good to say about her grandchildren, Kätchen feels this information becomes her property and is quick to tell it to other children when they arrive for their visits in turn.

And so now, as much as I regret it, I must draw this narrative to a close. I would, however, like to say one more thing: not only you can be proud of your children, dear Mother, but we should all be proud to be able to call this unusual woman our mother. She has done so many great things through her selfless nature. And I believe that I am speaking in everyone's name when I say thank you from the depths of my heart, and I believe I am able to promise in the spirit of all of us that we will all keep your example as a model in front of us for the rest of our days. And so you were right the other day when you recently said at a coffee party at Johanna Herz's:

"If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't do anything different."

Your forever grateful Alice.

Karl Meyer's recording

Karl's own recording on his live,
done in 1976.

This is what I remember the story of the Meyer Family should interest my children and grandchildren and is related here not only that they may take pride in remembering their ancestors but also to have a better understanding of their father and the generations which preceded him.

The Meyer Family was of solid German Jewish background and our ancestors were expelled from Spain during the latter part of the 15th Century. They settled in the German state of Hesse which had been incorporated into Germany which was dominated by the State of Prussia. Prior to the middle part of the 19th Century the state of Hesse, as so many other German states, was a completely independent entity.

Our family on my father's side can be traced to approximately 1801, when my father's great grandfather, Rabbi Salomon Herxheimer was born. Rabbi Herxheimer was a famous Hebrew scholar and the first to translate the bible into the then modern German. His bible comments are still noted in the current Soncino Bible and his name is honorably mentioned in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Hebraica.

Another ancestor on my father's side was Dr. Karl Herxheimer a noted dermatologist was born in 1861 and perished in Hitler's concentration camp in 1943. He was professor and Chief of Dermatology at the University of Frankfurt School of Medicine. He researched a skin condition which is known to this day as the Herxheimer Syndrome. Uncle Karl as recalled to his children was my grandmother's youngest brother.

Two outstanding members of my mother's side were her two first cousins Dr. Ernest Friedberger and Hugo Friedberger. Unfortunately as Jews they could not further their careers and

they both converted to Christianity early in life.

Dr. Ernest Friedberger a noticed scientist whose specialty was hygiene and who taught his subject as professor at University of Kreiswalt School of Medicine for years until he was elected a member of the world famous Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Medical Science in Berlin. He was actively teaching there when I lived in Berlin in 1929 and had occasion to visit with him.

Many years later in the United States, I read one of his articles presented in condensed form in the *Reader's Digest*. His father Hugo immigrated to England about 1895 where he built the largest steel business there and became quite wealthy. Uncle Hugo not only converted to Christianity at the outset of the First World War but also changed his name to Fry, his son Sir Jack Fry were taken over his father's vast steel business was knighted by Queen Elizabeth several years ago. Sir Jack died last year from cancer.

They were successful and prosperous bankers, businessmen, and doctors in both parts of my family. The doctors in the family married into families of great wealth and received vast dowries on their wedding day as it was the custom. My cousins, my brother and I up to the outbreak of the First World War, 1914, enjoyed a very sheltered and secure life but perhaps not a happy one. My brother and I had a governess, a German Fraulein who looked after us but all was supervised and held together by my paternal grandmother Kätchen Meyer who was born in 1845 and died in 1936. She was a remarkable woman of high intelligence with a grasp of politics and international affairs, who could discuss any subject with members of her family, intelligently and with

deep understanding. She was an avid reader, not only of the German Classics, but also of the modern German writers of the day such as: Thomas Mann, Gerhardt Helpman and others. She was in addition a very smart business woman who never ever spent money unless she actually had to. Yet she was most generous to me personally as she in fact helped me finance my trip to the United States. When we got married and she was then over 90 years old, grandmother mailed us as a wedding present 10 Marks every month for a full year which was the maximum the German Government allowed her to send.

Grandmother Meyer was of great help to my grandfather Moritz, who was born in 1841 and died in 1914. And with whom she raised their family of six children.

Grandfather Meyer was in the grain business and he prospered during the German-French War of 1870 as a supplier to the Prussian Army. He was a man who liked to enjoy life, he liked his bottle of wine with each meal and had a wine cellar with enough bottles of wine to last my grandmother for many years after grandfather had passed away. Grandfather Meyer had made it a habit to stop his working day at about 3 PM in the afternoon in order to go to a beer garden and play cards and drink beer with his friends. My grandmother had to keep after grandfather to put in a good day's work but she finally realized that one of her sons just would have to look after the grain business. Their son Emil, my father, was made a partner at the time of his marriage. My father was about 30 years old when he married my mother Ilse Friedberger on January 12th, 1901.

My father was a man of high business ethics, but a man who never minced words and who never hesitated to tell you what he thought, whether he would make a friend or foe of you, he was a prodigious worker always on the job, seven days a week. On Sundays he would drive out to the outside farms to collect outstanding debts. And I well remember one trip that he took me along, I must have been about five years old in a surrey and horse for the ride.

My father played the piano well and as I remember had a beautiful voice. During his courtship he sent his bride-to-be, love poems which my mother cherished and had collected and assembled in a leather bound book. My mother was well educated, she intended finishing school where she was taught the social graces of Victorian Europe. Although greatly handicapped by manic depressive symptoms which developed after her first son was born, she had an inborn shrewdness and personal charm which made people like her instantly.

But unfortunately her love and understanding towards her sons were blunted by her sickness, which worsened over the years. My parents' marriage was arranged as it was customary by a marriage broker and involved a large dowry of 100,000 gold marks, which in 1901 was the equivalent of 25,000 gold dollars.

I believe that my father was very much encouraged by his parents –if not pushed into this marriage– which brought an awful lot of money to the business and also helped to provide for their youngest sons' medical education.

Mother brought these facts to grandmother's attention more than once, facts that grandma Meyer did not particularly like to hear with her grandson as a witness.

I believe that my parents' marriage was not a very happy one. After my brother's birth mother showed manic depressive symptoms which perhaps were dormant before her marriage but apparently remained with her throughout her life. I really never knew my mother as a completely normal person, and she was only able to stay with her family when her mental state was balanced between depression and mania. My father was very understanding and a good husband who carried the burden of a sick wife with great dignity.

On August 31, 1906, the second son was born to my parents at the University Hospital in Geisen. My mother wanted to be near her mother's home when her baby was to be born which explains my being born in Geisen where my maternal grandparents lived, rather than in Wiesbaden where my parents made their home and where I spent the first 21 years of my life. From 1906 to 1913 my family lived at Kirschgasse 50 in the business section of the city of Wiesbaden which in 1926 had a population of approximately 150,000.

Wiesbaden was and still is known for its famous hot water springs, similar to Saratoga's springs in this country and was a very attractive place to live because of its mild climate. My father and grandfather owned the property which consisted of our living quarters which faced the street, the warehouse, a building completely separated from our living quarters by a large cobblestone yard. To the right of the warehouse was a two story building which housed the offices of the firm of S.I. Meyer and Co. the partnership of my grandfather and father.

As a youngster of about five, I liked to watch from the rear balcony of the living quarters the drivers with their wagons and their team of horses bring in the grain from Kansas and the Winnipeg wheat and I should add that a good part of

the farm products which my father sold came from America, Canada.

On my sixth birthday I received a present which I cherished. It was a miniature soldier's guard house painted in white with black stripes which were the colors of the state of Prussia which my parents had placed on the rear balcony. It had a seat inside but I didn't sit inside the guard house very much because I loved to march in front of the little house proudly displaying my soldier's uniform.

I started school at the age of seven and as it was local custom, began my first walk to school with a huge pretzel which was about my size in one arm and a slate with a piece of chalk in the other, and my mother watching me that I didn't drop a thing walked the course with me.

The first weeks and months of school were not taken seriously by me. As a matter of fact were not taken seriously by me at all. And my teacher and there was only one teacher, teaching all the subjects, and I remember his name it was Herr Shauss who was very unhappy with my progress or lack of it. My rank in class was 19 out of a class of 22. I had failed in most subjects, and my father as sick as he was, –the year was 1913–, and he had been suffering from stomach cancer for two years, tried to help me with simple arithmetic but he impatiently soon gave up and I remember well when he explained: "Karl, you never will learn math". Thus creating a mental block in simple arithmetic, I'm still not very skilled in simple mental arithmetic.

My failure at school in grades 1 and 2 were caused by deeply disturbing conditions at home. There were my father's hopeless two years sickness with cancer which finally ended in his death at the age of 43, on September 8th, 1913, and my mother's mental imbalance which meant depression and mania.

I remember when my two first cousins, Walter, –who became an M.D. in school practices medicine together with his wife, and Fritz, Fritz enlisted into the German Army although he didn't have to. He volunteered and was killed in battle during the first weeks of the First World War, at the age of 20–.

My two cousins told me that my father had died. I think it must have rained early that morning of September 8, 1913, because when I went out to look for our dog Flucky puddles of rain water had just settled between the cobble stones of our courtyard, and it was then that my cousins called me with such sad looks in their eyes that I felt that something

terrible had happened.

There were many problems that faced us now with our father gone and mother was then 32 years old and unable to stay with her two sons, each seven and ten, because of her mental condition and a business which sooner or later had to be liquidated. It was then that the two grandmothers took over. It was decided that grandmother Bertha Friedberger my mother's mother would move with us to take care of my brother and me, and grandmother Meyer would look in on us every day or so.

Grandmother Friedberger, a deeply religious woman saw life much as it related to her orthodox Jewish religion, a belief she tried to instill on her two grandsons with little success. While we attended Hebrew School during the week and Sundays too, we dropped all religious education after our Bar-Mitzvas. While grandmother Friedberger looked after our physical well being such as food and shelter and she kept a strictly kosher household, it was grandmother Meyer who really influenced me more than any other person during my formative years. She gave me the confidence to live through the difficult years following the death of our father and the never ending problems with mother. Her praise encouraged me to do better work at school and I took my studies increasingly seriously, just to give her praise and affection which I so desperately, eagerly wanted and which no one had before given me.

My work at school improved considerably and within three years I was considered the second best all round student in my class. When I graduated from high school I had an almost perfect record in all subjects, except freehand form, a subject in which I had failed and which spoiled my total score and made it less than 100.

The German school system prior to the First World War was on two levels, one for the poor and one for the rich. The poor sent their children to the tuition-free workshule which prepared them to become apprentices to the various trades. They would start work at about the age of 13 but while working had to be sent by the employer to a continuation school for twice a week for further education until the age of 16 and all class instruction would end. Those who could afford it, sent their kids to a special grammar school called *Untershule* which would last for three years to be followed by three years of junior high school and three years of senior high school. You would then have to pass a difficult state supervised final examination which lasted several days. The

successful candidate could then enter junior college for three additional years as pre university training.

Both my brother and I had to end our education with a high school diploma and attended a special school for business and accounting throughout a year. I should inject here that the years following the First World War, the years 1919 to 1923, were years of a complete economic chaos, ending in the collapse of the German monetary system caused by inflation. It was a deliberate and cruel act to devalue the Mark and the German interior bonds thus throwing the course of the First World War to the backs of the widows and orphans, the pensioners and the unsophisticated. My mother with two dependent children after the death of our father had to invest all her available money –the proceeds from the sale of the business and all other sources which exceeded 125,000 dollars, 1913 gold dollars–, into imperial bonds in line with the then valid German law. By 1922 all of it was without value. As by then the mark was stabilized at 4,200,000 marks to one US dollar.

No person should ever have to live through such a period. Established values such as thrift and hard work were made a mockery of, and made no sense anymore. All this left an indelible sense of insecurity on both my brother and myself. And we had no choice but to look for work immediately to support our mother and ourselves.

My maternal grandmother continued to live with us, and with her financial help the funds were all invested in industrial shares and foreign bonds and were thus inflation proof. We somehow survived one of the most difficult periods of our lives. I was able to recollect that an account book was always kept showing how much grandmother contributed and how much each and everyone shared in household expenses.

I started work at the age of 16 as an apprentice with the Dreisner Bank in Wiesbaden, a position I secured with the help of my Uncle Dr. Gustav Meyer who was a friend of a Jewish banker in Germany. I was first assigned to a book keeper who was not a friend of the Jews and he let me add rows and rows of figures six days a week from 8 to 6. I was so to speak a human adding machine. As regular adding machines were just coming onto the market but perhaps hadn't quite reached our town yet. This time was my assignment for two months when I was added to the Correspondence Department.

The use of typewriters was restricted to one young lady who was secretary to the Vice President; all other routine correspondence was carried on in the Correspondence Department with pen and ink. My handwriting was so very poor that it finally was brought to the attention of the manager, the friend of uncle Gustav. The manager sent a messenger to my department together with one of the letters I had written in low hand with specific instructions that he wanted to see the person who had such a terrible handwriting. I went to his office fearful of what would happen, but it all turned out right. The Herr Director urged me to take courses to improve my handwriting and I did but, was not too successful to satisfy the Director's sense of what a good piece of handwriting should really look like.

To everyone's belief I was then transferred to the Security Department where I really found myself as an assistant to a security salesman. And I was also placed in charge of the ward. My social life during the years 1922-1926 was centered around a close circle of friends of young people of upper-class Jewish families of the same background. My brother and I were invited to join dancing classes arranged for by mothers whose children were in the same age group and of course they knew us and our family well. It was however mandatory for a young man, before he accepted, formally to call on various parents of the young ladies in the group, before being allowed to take any girl of that group out for any social, sports or cultural event.

Such a visit was carefully prescribed, it was always on a Sunday, never before noon, and it was all very formal as to length of visit, what to wear, etc. I remember that I had picked as a girlfriend a young lady by the name of Judith Hess, the daughter of an architect. Judith was rather small, but she had beautiful black eyes and she was highly intelligent with a good deal of charm. She had her heart set on me too but early marriage was not possible because I had other plans for my future. I had become aware that in my position with the Dreisner Bank in a small German city, advancement could only be very limited and I felt that I had to broaden my banking experience in order to succeed in my chosen field. To further that end I had asked the opinion and advice of my uncle Eric Friedberger, my mother's younger brother and the father of my cousins Gerald and Vera. My uncle fully agreed with me and was able to obtain a position for me with his correspondent bank in Berlin, the Deutsche Effectum and Wexel Bank as a member of its Security and Exchange Department.

I spent two of the happiest and most productive and interesting years of my life in Berlin. It was the period of the late 20's, 1927 to 1929. I had a well paid and interesting job right in the center of Germany.

Berlin before the Word War II was the capital of the German Republic and was also the cultural and art center of Germany. I had a number of Jewish friends with whom I explored the night life of the big city and generally led a happy existence. Many weekends were spent at my uncle Ludwig's country house at the suburbs where a carefree young crowd would gather for tea and dancing on Sunday afternoons. Berlin in the years of the late 20's was a very liberal city with no restrictions or morals whatever. Thinking back over the years I must say that Berlin as far as loose morals are concerned was not any better if not much worse, than New York's 42nd street of today. Anything and everything was permitted from pornographic books to sexy shows to easy pick-up of girls in any restaurant, beer garden or coffee shop.

Yet with all the attractions that life offered, I felt very strongly that the economic situation in Germany was deteriorating rapidly and the future of a young man should he remain in Germany, would be bleak indeed and uncertain at best.

Hitler at that time was not taken seriously at all. He was then the leader of a very small political splinter group, one of many political parties. I had when I lived in Wiesbaden, thought of going abroad especially the United States to further my business training. But I was not able to make successful contact with any firm located in England or the United States. While it was a difficult task to become affiliated to such a firm, I hadn't given up. I knew that my aunt Alice, the wife of my uncle Gustav, my father's older brother was the first cousin of the banker Willy Dreyfus who was the head of Dreyfus and Co. in Berlin, an old, highly respected and privately owned Jewish bank. I also heard that the Dreyfuss bank had an affiliated bank in New York by the name of Strupp and Co. whose managing partner was Mr. Nathan who had been an apprentice in my uncle Theodor's Bank in Mainz where he had started his banking career. Aunt Alice incidentally, was the niece of the late Jacob Schiff, the well-known philanthropist and founder of the international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co.

Jacob Schiff was the grandfather of Dorothy Schiff owner and publisher of the New York Post for many years. My aunt was able to arrange an interview for me with her cousin Willy Dreyfuss. I remember the interview well, I gave Mr. Dreyfus

a brief background story of my business experience, and then went on to point out that a young man needed additional experience in the banking business, particularly the banking business abroad. He agreed with me and offered to help me obtain a position with Strupp and Co. in New York. I was really hired right there and then as Mr. Dreyfuss was also a partner in Strupp and Co. At the conclusion of our talk Mr. Dreyfus said: "You should stay in the U.S. about five years, then return to Berlin and I will then be interested in offer you a position in my organization".

Little did we both realize than in less than four years this old established bank was permanently closed by the Nazis, and he as so many other German Jews were made refugees and had to flee Germany where they and all their ancestors had lived for centuries.

As to my own family, my uncles, aunts and cousins, with few exceptions were able to flee the Holocaust. All my uncles, aunts and some cousins have passed away since living in many different countries. The surviving cousins on my father's side are the following: Ernst who settled in Mexico, Anna who lives in Chile, Walter and Peter, both doctors established themselves in England. Paul a radiologist fled to India he has since retired and lives in Canada as does his brother Kurt. Cousin Ilse resides in Israel, her sister Ruth lives in New York City. Cousin Otto who remained in Germany perished in a concentration camp.

On my mother's side, there remain cousins Walter, Gerald and Vera. Cousin Walter fled Germany for England shortly before World War II but returned to Germany after the war. He is a university professor at Heidelberg University. Vera and Gerald and their parents were trapped in Holland by the Nazis. Their parents died in Hitler's gas chamber but Vera and Gerald survived. Vera resides in Kansas, Gerald in Amsterdam. My brother Hans, my sister-in-law Greta and Gaby emigrated to the U.S. in 1937. All now have families and have been reasonably successful in their chosen fields.

All our children, they are now a new generation of the Meyer family. The descendants of Rabbi Salomon Herxheimer of Germany. Personally I was fortunate to leave Germany a few years before the raise of Hitler when I sailed to the U.S. from Southampton, England on August 7, 1929 on the Cunard Liner, Homeric. I never had any regrets on leaving Germany as there was nothing to hold me. My brother was well settled in Cologne, my mother was permanently

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confined to a nursing home and my grandmothers who were then in their 80's were well-taken care of. It was with great hopes and youthful optimism that I set out on this trip to America, I knew that I would face an uncertain future but I also felt that perhaps a better life would await me instead of remaining in Germany where life sooner or later might change for the worse.

How I felt in America shall perhaps be told at some later date.

Ilse Meyer's interview

Interview with Ilse Meyer,
conducted by Margalit Bejarano on October 23, 2000 in Jerusalem.

MB: Maybe we start with your parents, Dr. Ludwig Meyer and Lotte Hertz, what do you know about their family?

IM: Well, they were great great grand cousins, they had the same great grandparents, the same family really. My mother was the daughter of a very famous jewel family, they had a big shop in Berlin the Brothers Friedlender was the name of the shop. The brother of my grandfather married Mrs. Friedlender who was the owner of the shop and then he took in his brother and both the brothers Herz were jewelers, so they made from the Friedlender shop –where he married in–, a very very famous shop in Berlin in the most famous street of all of Berlin: Unter den Linden.

MB: And your father came from where?

IM: My father came from Wiesbaden, there was a big family, he was a doctor and his brother was also a doctor and most of the sons from these two doctors were also doctors. All the cousins were medical people and in our house one only spoke about medicine and who would be a professor in this town and who would be a professor in that town. That was our atmosphere, medical only medical. Like my father who was a professor in Berlin, his brother was a doctor in Wiesbaden and the son of the doctor was again a doctor, and all the cousins; everybody was a doctor.

MB: It was a Jewish family, was it religious? Assimilated?

IM: German assimilated, my father was in the First World War, in the club of the Jewish front soldiers, the Jews made their own club in the German Army.

MB: What did he do during the War?

IM: I think I give you a book about my father where every detail is written, I made the book, I collected it and when I make the book I'll give it to you.

MB: You show me here a letter?

IM: This is a letter from the Central Archives of the Jewish people, they received all the personal papers of my father, I asked them if they are interested and they said they are very interested, then I said you could have them but only if you send me the copies, and this is all the copies of the letters, its not letters, its the story of my father's life.

MB: You have here all the documents.

IM: The most interesting thing is the last, it is a letter from Russia, because my father was in Russia during the War and they thanked him very much... he made good to the Jewish people in Russia during the War.

MB: Do you know where he was?

IM: Ukraine, he was sent as a German doctor as part of the army to serve on the Russian front and he cured also the Russian soldiers, especially the Jewish, he made a Jewish kitchen and he took care of the Jewish patients. He was a Stabsarzt. Stabsarzt is the doctor for the army and there was in Russia a Stabsarzt Meyer Strasse.

MB: Well, you at that time were a child?

IM: Yes I remember he brought to his three children, he brought one banana, that was something new for us, we didn't ever seen one. My brother put it in three parts and his part he put into his mouth and ate, we shall not, we would not eat it, we keep it, we eat it tomorrow and we put it in our night table and where very excited that the next morning we could eat this little piece of banana. And it was black. We could only throw it away.

MB: Can you describe your home?

IM: We where rich people because my grandmother was very rich and when she died we heard often she left one million gold mark, that was a lot of money.

We had a very big apartment in Berlin and we had a beautiful house in Casilda. My grandmother bought it for my parents when I was born, as a present. Because the family Meyer had lots of lots of boys but it had no girls, I was the first girl and for that my parents bought it, she gave it to them (my grandmother).

MB: A two story house, with two floors, and you where living upstairs?

The bedrooms where upstairs.

MB: It was in a nice section?

IM: Grunewald, Grunewald is where the villas are, the nice houses, wald is the forest, beautiful streets and when I was in Berlin five years ago, we went there and had a look and still the place is very wonderful. That was the house and went through two streets, the front was one street and the backside was another.

In the summer we where in that house and in winter we where in Berlin, because my father was a doctor and had to work in the hospital and we had to live in town.

MB: Can you describe?, your father was probably very busy but your mother...

IM: I remember a very beautiful live. My father worked in the hospital, it's for children without parents and he was a director, it was a very good job. Then he had private practice in Berlin. We had a very comfortable wonderful live.

MB: Who were your friends or the friends of the family?

IM: Jewish people, I had no non-Jewish friends as a child.

MB: What school did you go to?

IM: Augustus Victoria Schule

MB: It was not a Jewish school?

IM: No

MB: So your friends in school where also Jewish?

IM: No, I had more Jewish friends than non-Jewish friends. I did not go to the religious classes. My father went there.

MB: And for Yom Kippur?

IM: We went to the synagogue.

There is a very famous synagogue in Berlin, still, the Brandenburg Strasse, my grandmother gave money to the building and she has a place there and we could always sit with her and I was always very proud of it. I visited the synagogue five years ago; it is still the most beautiful synagogue in Berlin and maybe in Germany.

My brother was four years older than I was, so I was sixteen and he was already a medical student and we give a lot of parties and we loved to give the parties; there were 20 to 30 children invited from different ages, boys and younger girls. It was always for dinner and when we where finished eating we danced.

After school my father sent me to England to see and to live like a lady, that's what he wanted. I went there twice, once for three months and once for half a year, in London. When I came back I was a teacher in gymnastics.

MB: In school?

IM: No, privately

MB: Then I got married at nineteen.

MB: Can you tell me a little bit about your husband?

IM: He was a doctor, he was assistant of my father, Walter Hirsch, he was from Köln.

MB: Your first child was born when you were twenty

IM: Yes

MB: A few years later the Nazis came to power, it probably changed your life?

IM: Oh yes, I said to my husband every day, what did you do for our immigration. I wanted to leave Germany and I had a terrible, terrible quarrel with my father, he said you want to go to Palestine, your children will be sick and you will leave poorly. I loved my father, we was such a good looking man, but I was so furious, I cried and I said to him: "You say my children will be sick in Palestine and you know I'm only going to Palestine and nowhere else" and I rubbed my head and I cried and went out and closed the door.

Next morning my father came out of his bedroom and said to me: "Your mother and I decided to go with you to Palestine".

This was in '32, we didn't go immediately, my father and my husband went in '35 to look for license from the English people for being a doctor.

MB: You participated in some Zionist organization?

IM: Yes I was a very big Zionist; I worked voluntary for a Zionist organization in Berlin.

MB: What did you do?

IM: I collected money

MB: What gave you the idea of going into?...

IM: I had Zionist friends, there was one very very famous rabbi Klintch, everybody loved him. He had a synagogue and spoke about Palestine.

MB: Did you learn Hebrew?

IM: Yes, we started to learn Hebrew, we started in Berlin, and we had a very good teacher

MB: Your family was preparing to come to Palestine, and when they came they were looking for a job?

IM: That was not so difficult, my father had a job already when he was in Berlin, as director of the children's part of the hospital in Jerusalem and then he got another job as director of the Hadassah hospital for children in Tel Aviv.

MB: And your husband?

IM: He came also to Tel Aviv.

MB: So they came first and you joined them later?

IM: Yes, they came in '35 and me and my mother came later and we brought the things from the house, everything we wanted to bring we could bring.

MB: You went to Tel Aviv?

IM: No, I never went to Tel Aviv; I said I would only go to Jerusalem. Then my father got the big job in Hadassah in Tel Aviv and they said would you come with us to Tel Aviv? And I said no, I came to Israel to be in Jerusalem. Then my sister and my brother came and said our parents are going to Tel Aviv and you are not going with them? And I said no, I'm staying in Jerusalem.

MB: Your brother and sister also came?

IM: No, my brother lived in London until he died and my sister first went to London and then to America.

MB: How was your integration in Palestine? Was it difficult in the beginning?

IM: Not difficult, I loved it here; my husband had a practice and worked in the hospital. I loved it... we found friends here immediately. I gave gymnastic lessons

MB: In your house?

IM: No, there was a youth thing; I have gymnastic lessons in the big garden there.

MB: In what language did you teach?

IM: Hebrew

MB: Did you learn Hebrew very quickly?

ILSE MEYER

IM: Well, I came here and I knew enough Hebrew. In the end I had a hundred pupils a month, children from six years to ten.

MB: How was your life?

IM: We were very sociable, we gave a lot of parties, we had a lot of English friends, people who lived here, the director of the electric company, teachers...

MB: Then you remarried.

IM: Yes, (my second husband) came from Russia; he was a writer, a translator. He spoke very good German but didn't like to speak German. When I said something in German he answered in Hebrew.

MB: What do your children do?

IM: The first one is a psychiatric in Chicago, the second is a director of oranim school for educators. Yuval works with tourists.

MB: Well, thank you very much.

Daniel Offer, M.D.: A Narrative of the Life of an Empiricist

by Marjorie Kaiz Offer

The professional life of a psychiatric researcher can easily be reviewed by examining his curriculum vitae—the empirical data that quantify his professional achievements: his degrees, appointments, awards, and grants, and the books and papers he has written and edited. But Daniel Offer's vita presents only a black and white portrait of him. And while it is true that as his student I trained to be an empiricist, as his wife I find that a narrative rendering of his story is essential to a full understanding his life.

Daniel was born Thomas Edgar Hirsch on December 24, 1929, in Berlin, Germany, into a distinguished family that had lived for many generations within the walls of the old city. Throughout her life, Daniel's mother Ilse proudly displayed the centuries-old document that granted this privilege to her Jewish ancestors. As the first child of Walter Hirsch, M.D., and his wife Ilse, and as the first grandchild of Ludwig Ferdinand Meyer, M.D., and his wife Lotte, Daniel, as he would later be called, had been preceded by three generations of physicians. He was showered with love.

In the early 1930s, Daniel's family watched as Hitler, Nazism, and virulent anti-Semitism arose in Germany. Ludwig, the chief of pediatrics at Berlin University, and Walter, an assistant professor of pediatrics, were ardent German citizens who had served their country honorably in World War I. Yet both lost their positions when Hitler became chancellor and immediately barred all Jews from government positions. Also disturbing was the fact that three-year-old Daniel enjoyed marching about the playroom shouting "Heil Hitler!" and saluting—with the wrong arm.

With the domestic situation deteriorating, Ludwig and Walter traveled to Palestine in 1934 to see what opportunities might exist for them there; Ilse, Daniel's mother, was an ardent Zionist and had argued for emigration to Israel rather than to the United States. So, in the spring of 1935, urged by their gentile friends and convinced that it was time to leave Germany, the family flew from Berlin to Trieste, then boarded a ship for Haifa. As Amos Elon writes in *The Pity of It All: A Portrait of the German-Jewish Epoch, 1743-1933*, "The rich had the fewest problems": Daniel's family escaped with their china, crystal, silver, and furniture. Ludwig and Lotte Meyer settled at 29 Idelson Street in Tel Aviv in a house that would later be recognized as a treasure of the Bauhaus school of design. Daniel, his baby brother Michael, and their parents moved into a small flat at 15 Gaza Road in Jerusalem, then only a sleepy backwater town of forty thousand without even a single traffic light. So on a warm September day in 1935, Daniel headed off to school for the first time, wearing the lederhosen that he would quickly exchange for khaki shorts.

Despite the curfews, the water rationing, Arab terrorist attacks and stresses of World War II, Daniel had an idyllic youth. His life was filled with Boy Scouting, rummaging for antiquities in the hills around Jerusalem, and playing with his rambunctious friends. In the sixth grade, he wore braces on his teeth, took lessons in social dancing, and, with future cabinet minister and Knesset member Yair Tzaban, experimented with cigarettes on the roof of the shed that stood behind his family's apartment building. He kept a large map of Europe and eagerly followed the Allied war effort. When he was fourteen, he overheard his parents and grandparents

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making plans to flee Palestine for New Zealand with only the clothes on their backs, if necessary, in the event that El Alamein fell to the Afrika Korps of the German Army. Each year he visited his brother Michael at Michael's boarding school in Kibbutz Beit Alpha in the Galilee, a community so thoroughly socialist that at bath time, that Daniel was embarrassed and delighted to find himself in the shower with both boys and very grown-up girls. A third child, Daniel's brother Juval was born in 1937.

In February of 1948, all thirty boys and girls of Daniel's senior high school class at the Hebrew Gymnasium were dismissed in order to enter the army and begin training for the war that was certain to begin as soon as the state of Israel was declared. Daniel was chosen for the Palmach ("strike force"), the commando units that for years after the war would furnish the young state of Israel with its military, political, and cultural leaders. It was then, during his six weeks of basic training at a base near Tel Aviv, that Daniel legally changed his name from Tommy Hirsch. Rejecting the name Tommy because it was the nickname for the British during the British Mandate of Palestine, and Hirsh because it was German, he named himself Daniel Offer, proudly claiming his identity as a citizen of Israel.

The state of Israel was declared on May 14, 1948, and, as expected, the armies of six Arab nations attacked the following day. Daniel, who was stationed in the Negev, was sure that he would not survive the war—his only weapon was a twenty-pound Canadian rifle, a virtual antique. But during the six-week War of Independence, Daniel, who was not athletic but nonetheless very fast, served admirably both as a scout and as a member of a submachine gun unit. One of his most profound memories of the war is of Egyptian planes strafing his camp site. As he ran to safety and dove into a trench, a young friend, a girl who could not move as quickly as he, was shot and killed. After that he fought in the battle of Rouchama, helped take Beersheva, then headed south with his unit to participate in the liberation of Eilat, the last battle of the war.

He spent the second year of his army service in the medical corps. Then, in 1950, after his discharge from the Israel Defense Forces, he spent one semester at Hebrew University where he studied physics and typed a Hebrew translation of Gogol's *Dead Souls* for his future stepfather, the poet and writer Yitzchak Shenhar.

Israel did not have a medical school in 1950. And because Daniel's father and grandfather wanted him to receive the best possible preparation for a medical career, they recommended that he go abroad for his undergraduate studies. This would of course be followed by a medical education. So with a letter of acceptance from the University of Rochester in hand, Daniel sailed from the port of Haifa in the summer of 1950. His most vivid memory of his arrival in America was of the food. Having come from a young country where both the quality and quantity of food were very limited, this skinny young man suddenly found himself in a world of plenty. On arriving in New York, he was met by friends of his family. When they stopped at a supermarket and asked him to select a steak, Daniel picked out a nice, small steak thinking that it was intended for the whole family. Daniel was shocked when his host then picked out four additional steaks for dinner.

His three years at Rochester were an education in more ways than one: for the third time in his mere twenty years Daniel had to adapt to another culture and master yet another language. When, cleverly, the university placed the three freshman foreign students in a room together and Daniel found himself living with a German and an Englishman, he and the Brit quickly formed an alliance. Daniel enjoyed classical music. Luckily, Rochester is the home of the Eastman School of Music—an ideal place to be. (To this day, when we hear a piece of music and I say "Name that tune in five notes," he can usually name both the composition and the composer.) And he did like a good prank: when the university required students to wear jackets and ties to dinner on the weekends, he and his friends did just that but left off their shirts.

After three years at Rochester he came to the University of Chicago to attend medical school. He published his first paper, "Psychosomatic Aspects of Ulcerative Colitis," while still a student, an early indication of the research career that lay ahead. Following medical school, he did his year of internship at the University of Illinois in Chicago where he formed a relationship with the Institute of Juvenile Research that continues to this day.

While still an intern he interviewed for a residency in the department of psychiatry at Michael Reese Hospital and Medical Center in Chicago, a nationally renowned department that had distinguished itself in research, training, and patient care. The interview for the residency was a stressful one—Daniel walked into a conference room in which twelve august psychiatrists were poised around a large table. When

the department chairman, Roy Grinker, commented, "You don't look like a commando," Daniel quickly replied, "I was a very special commando." When Roy then asked, "What kind?" Dan answered, "A Jewish commando." Daniel was accepted for training and began his residency on July 1, 1958.

In the summer of 1960, Jack Wineberg, then director of the Illinois State Psychiatric Institute, had his eyes open for a bright and eligible young psychiatrist who would be suitable marriage material for the daughter of friends. He invited both Jay Hirsh and Daniel Offer to a large party at the home of Judith Baskin, a lovely young woman, who took an immediate liking to Daniel. They married in July of 1961 and children soon followed: Raphael in June of 1963 and Tamar in February of 1965. Daniel's career began to soar with the publication in 1966 of *Normality* (written with Mel Sabshin), and the publication in 1969 of *The Psychological World of the Teenager*. Professional joy was coupled with personal sadness when Judith was diagnosed with breast cancer. Tragically, she died at the age of thirty-six in May of 1976. Daniel suffered a double loss: she had been his partner not only in life but in research as well.

Daniel found himself living a bittersweet existence. Although in 1977 he achieved a lifetime goal of becoming chairman of psychiatry at Michael Reese, he was a solitary man raising two young children alone. Always a respecter of data, he turned to Edward Goldfarb, a Reese psychiatrist renowned for his "little black book." To my great good fortune, Eddie recommended me, Marjorie Kaiz, then a young widow with an eight-year-old daughter, Susan.

Daniel and I met in January of 1979 and he courted me, not with flowers and candy, but with copies of his books. I found him to be charming, interesting, and fun and we married in August of that year. And, when Dan became my husband, he became a father for the third time when he adopted my daughter Susan.

Our years together have gone much too quickly. Our children have grown and prospered. Each has achieved a graduate degree, married a fine partner, become the parent of two children, and acquired a mortgage. They telephone us frequently from their homes in Sunnyvale, California; London, England; and Austin, Texas. We watch with great pleasure as our five granddaughters and one grandson travel the well-worn paths of human development.

Most surprising to Daniel has been the discovery that once again he has a wife who is a research partner. It took him a

while to accept my unconventional credentials—a bachelor of science degree from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University—but just as he had mentored more than seventy research fellows in adolescent psychiatry, Daniel mentored me. "Regular Guys: 34 Years Beyond Adolescence," written with Eric Ostrov, is the product of our collaboration.

For the past seven years Dan has been on renal dialysis. This has not prevented him from teaching, doing research, publishing, and exploring the world, however. He has been dialyzed in no less than twenty-seven clinics around the world—"suds factories," we've nicknamed them. While we have had many unusual experiences associated with dialysis, none can compare to the sessions that took place on a two-week cruise from Buenos Aires, Argentina, to Santiago, Chile. For three hours every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Dan found himself in a tiny room with a fellow patient, Ahmed, who had been born and raised in Cairo, Egypt. He too had come to America for his education; he had a Ph.D. in engineering from Stanford and had built a career in the United States. And he too had fought in the 1948 war—but on the side of Egypt. These two souls tethered to the same life-giving machine at the end of the world had some very interesting conversations.

Exactly how Daniel Offer, M.D., will be viewed by future generations I cannot say—Daniel has taught me that the best research takes a long time so, sadly, I will be unavailable to collect the data.

But if it is true that the value of a life can be measured by what one bequeaths to posterity, then Daniel will leave behind three important legacies by which future generations may evaluate his life: first, there are his many publications—twelve scientific books and monographs, sixty-seven scientific articles, and three psychological tests and interpretive manuals; second, are his three children and six grandchildren; and last is his participation in the founding of the state of Israel, a dream that lay dormant for two thousand years and came to fruition in the time of his youth.

As Daniel's wife and collaborator and as the empiricist he trained me to be, I am immensely grateful for the abundance of variables in Daniel's life and for the richness of the data that have made him the man that he is. And I am confident that when future generations take the measure of his life, they will find that his many gifts—his research, his family, and his service to Israel—comprise a munificent legacy.