

ZEUGENSCHRIFTTUM

Name: LOEWALD, Klaus	ZS Nr. 2373	Ed. I	Vermerk:
katalogisiert Seite: 1 - 11 Sachkatalog: Emigration IV - 2. Großbrit.(a) Juden III - Auswanderung " III - Pogrome (Berlin, Nov.1938) Kriegsgef. V - Australien	Personen: Loewald, Klaus		
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Loewald, Klaus, senior lecturer in history; b. Berlin 6 Aug. 1920. R: Jewish. E: 1939 U.K., 1946 U.S., 1970 Aust. Cir: 1952 U.S. finly. Ger. F: Hans Georg Lowald, b. Danzig, W. Prussia, Ger. (Gdańsk, Pol.) 1886, d. Chicago 1952, Jewish, sec. educ, businessman, Friedensrichter, 1939 to Swed, 1941 to U.S. via U.S.S.R. and Jap. with spouse. M: Rosel Landshut, b. Neumark, W. Prussia, Ger. 1895, Jewish, att. finishing sch. S: Anne Yondorf, b. Berlin 1923, M. Ed, B.Sc, high sch. dean. ∞ 1. 1953,

b. U.S, Jewish, 1958 div; II. 1964 Do Thi Uyen Nhu, b. Vietnam 1940, 1951 to S. Vietnam, 1964 to U.S, teacher. C: Tonio, b. Los Angeles 1964, student; Pamina, b. 1971.

1938 Abitur, Gym. Nov. 1938 (Kristallnacht) escaped arrest by traveling on night trains for a week with father. Retrained as eml. letter writer in Eng. to prep. for emigr. Mar. 1939 emigr. to U.K. Recd. visa as trainee for factory job; 1939-40 factory job, London. June 1940-Sept. 1942 interned in London and shipped on the S.S. *Dunera* to Aust. 1942-44 vol. serv. in Aust. Army. 1944-45 att. Melbourne Cons. 1945 free passage back to London. 1945-46 odd jobs. 1946 emigr. to U.S. 1946-53 sales and purchasing jobs in Chicago and Berkeley, Calif. 1954-56 adult educ. teacher, Am. Found. of Polit. Educ. Calif; trans. for Ford Found. Cent, Stanford, Calif. 1955-58 att. Univ. California, Berkeley: 1957 B.A.; 1958 M.A., Phi Beta Kappa and Pi Sigma Alpha; concurr. in polit. sci. 1958 deleg. to Calif. State Dem. conv. 1958-59 att. Free Univ, Berlin; lect. in Eng, Ger. and Fr. at U.S. Army Educ. Cent, Berlin Command, and Sprachmittler Sch, Berlin; 1958-59 trans. for W. Berlin press off. 1960-62 lect, San Francisco State Coll. Concurr. 1960/ teaching assist. in polit. sci, Univ. California, Berkeley. 1962-64 U.S. Cultural Attaché, Saigon, Viet-Nam; concurr. 1962-63 lect. in U.S. hist. and polit, Univ. Saigon. 1965-67 chief of Southeast Asia Cultural prog, Dept. of State, Washington, D.C. 1967-68 U.S. Cultural Attaché, Canberra, Aust. 1968-69 assist. prof, Sacramento State Coll, Calif. 1969-70 assist. prof, Adelphi Univ, New York; concurr. publ. letter on Viet-Nam in Fulbright Hearings, Washington, D.C. 1970 emigr. to Aust. because of Richard Nixon's election in 1968. From 1971 mem. fac, Univ. New England, Armidale, New S. Wales, Aust; 1971 tutor, 1972- lect. in U.S. hist. and polit. 1975 lect, Univ. Montpellier, Fr. Investigated the distinction between pure learning and intellectual discipline in the field of education. A: (1981) Armidale.

Biblio: Contrib. arts. to var. journals incl. *William and Mary Quart.* and *Aust. Quart.*; for biblio. to 1979 see R.F.J.I. arch.
Sources: Qu. — R.F.J.I.

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8 MÜNCHEN 27, den
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Kopie H. Baer 20.8.7.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW ENGLAND
ARMIDALE, N.S.W.

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KOPIE
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Eingegangen

20.08.84 02176

Dir. Prof.

Verehrter Herr Professor,

hiermit schicke ich Ihnen eine Kopie meiner "Kristallnacht", ueber die wir kuerzlich in Sydney sprachen, zur Verwendung nach Ihrem Ermessen. Andere Kopien liegen bei Frau Miriam Kochan (Oxford), Konrad Kwiet, und dem Leo Baeck Institut (New York).

In der Hoffnung, dass Ihnen die australische Reise behagt hat, und mit hochachtungsvollem Gruss bin ich

Ihr

Klaus Loewald,
History Dept.

Brief in Kopie + Anlagen (Original)
9 Aug 84 an Archiv abgegeben. 21.2.1985b

21.2.85

My Kristallnacht

[Klausur]
E. Goewald

In November, 1938, my parents, sister, and I were still living in Berlin and trying to emigrate. It seemed impossible for the whole family to move together, and my parents had decided to give first priority to the attempt at having us children go first.

For me, this had seemed comparatively simple at the beginning of the year. I was facing the final, oral examination for my Abitur on 2 March;¹ I had had a passport, valid until 1941, since 1936 when we had spent the summer holidays in Danzig, my father's birthplace; and I had been accepted as a student of the London Polytechnic as well as invited to live with a distantly related family who, before emigration to England, had been our next-door neighbour in Berlin.

In February, the authorities ordered all passports to be surrendered by their Jewish holders within a period ending a few days before my examination. The family held a council: should I relinquish my travel document in order to take the Abitur, an important, if then somewhat devalued, milestone in the life of a young man brought up in Germany, and immediately apply for a new passport? Or should I employ the period of grace to abandon the Gymnasium and its crowning testimonial and to proceed, quite legally, to Britain, which required no more than the papers I possessed to permit my entry?

It is worth noting that the acquisition of the Abitur diploma was not common in my family. My father's eldest brother had taken it on his way to becoming a physician but had, in the process, exhausted the financial means of his parents, so that his two brothers and his sisters had left school at the age of 15. So had my mother (who had gone on to "finishing school"), but one of her brothers had taken an emergency diploma when he returned from the War and prepared for a medical degree. One child of ~~my father's~~ each of my father's two brothers took the Abitur, and I remember the occasion when my father opened a bottle of wine ~~because~~ because his niece Lucie in Breslau achieved this success, which had to be celebrated solemnly.

1. At the Herder Gymnasium under the headship of Dr. Teege, through whose efforts all Jewish students, even those whose fathers, like mine, had not been front line veterans, were permitted to continue and complete their high school work.

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The family council decided that the Abitur was too important to be abandoned a few days before its award; I relinquished my passport, applied for a new one, and passed the examination.

It took about half a year to obtain the new passport. By that time, Britain had instituted the requirement of visas for prospective migrants, and my application to the British consulate would be dealt with "in due course." Periodic, and increasingly difficult, attempts to obtain progress reports from British officials proved fruitless, as did various efforts my father made on my behalf in other places, such as Jewish student fraternities in the United States.

Possession of the Abitur was to provide a belated benefit: in 1955, when I decided to study politics and history, the University of California at Berkeley granted me third year standing. But in 1938, it kept me in Germany.

* * *

One day early in the month we were frightened by the ringing of the telephone long after 10 o'clock in the evening. My mother answered, listened in a kind of bewilderment, agreed to a suggestion, and hung up. It appeared that Mrs. Klthe Bamberger,² a friend who, with her husband and two small children, lived about a kilometre distant from us, had proposed that we take a stroll because it was such a fine night.

My sister, aged 15, was asleep, and my parents and I went down into the street to meet Mrs. Bamberger. She told us that her husband had received a warning, and that he had gone into hiding already. She suggested that, if my father and I had any safe place to which we could go, we had better make our way there; she also proposed, and we agreed, that my father and I should not return to our flat, and that my mother had better pack pyjamas and tooth brushes in unobtrusive briefcases and bring them to us.

After giving the matter some thought, we decided that it was far too late at night to trouble non-Jewish friends in Berlin. Instead, we believed that, since my father had a widowed elder sister in Cologne, in whose house no men were registered as domiciled, she would provide shelter; moreover, my father and I could avoid registering at a hotel by taking an overnight train. Neither of us "looked Jewish": we might escape arrest on a train or at a station.

2. Like the first footnote, this one is devoted to praising benefactors. Dr. Fritz Bamberger, who took his family to Chicago early in 1939, promised to find, and found, for us another benefactor who, by providing affidavits without knowing my family, enabled it to move to America eventually; this was Mr. M. Woldenberg of Chicago.

My mother brought our bags, my parents made some arrangements about telephone calls, and by midnight my father and I had boarded a train for Cologne at Charlottenburg Station. I must add that, while aware of the danger and somewhat frightened, I was immature enough to feel the excitement I always experience when travelling by train. My father was brooding but retained a measure of philosophical repose. My mother, whom the Nazi years had nudged in the direction of fortune tellers, had reported that in the "view" of one, my father was lucky when dealing with officialdom. In later months she was told, with few apparent powers of foresight, that the family would "emigrate eastward"; indeed my parents and sister eventually moved from Sweden via the Soviet Union and Japan to the United States.

* * *

My aunt, Irma Cohn, was woolly surprised but very happy to see us when we arrived at Cologne. She lived in the suburb of Bayenthal in the house she and her husband, who had been much older than she, had bought years before. Of her husband's three children from his first marriage, the son had migrated to Palestine; the two daughters lived in London, both married to Britishers, and one had a son. My aunt visited her step-daughters several times and was devoted to her step-grandson; she refused their entreaties to move to England, determined to preserve for them the house which they were to inherit after her death. She was deported and disappeared in 1941.

We settled in, and nothing disturbed the first day. We did not go into the city but took a walk in the beautiful suburban neighbourhood. There was no call from Berlin, and the night, at least in Bayenthal, was peaceful. In the morning, there was news of the people's soul, which had boiled over spontaneously in the small hours, and my father and I took the tramway to go downtown, where we saw a burning synagogue and a number of damaged and looted shops. The city seemed calm, and I recall some crowds of staring people, all of them quiet.

Returning to Bayenthal for a late lunch, we found my aunt coming to meet us in the street. She reported a phone call from my grandparents' domestic help, Miss Anna Winter,³ who had left the message that my mother "had had visitors." We surmised, correctly, that men had come to arrest my father and me

3. Another benefactor, Miss Winter, from Bad Landeck in Silesia, had been with my grandparents since the early 1920s. In 1945/6, she housed and cared for my grandmother when the latter returned after three years in Theresienstadt.

and, incorrectly so far as I was able to find out, that, having had to be told where we were, they would arrange to have us taken at Cologne. It was time to leave.

But first we sat down to lunch. My aunt had just served the soup when the doorbell rang. I remember that we literally froze, unable and unwilling to move our spoons between plate and mouth. She opened the door, and a policeman asked her whether she had any weapons in the house. After saying that she had not, she thought a moment and then asked the official to wait while she would rummage in the cellar; my father and I continued to sit at the table like two sculptures. Aunt Irma returned to the front door with an enormous sabre of ancient times -- probably a treasured possession of her late husband's, who had, as I remember, a head for the exact dates of battles -- and asked whether it was a weapon. The policeman replied that of course it was, and that it must be delivered to the police at once. When my aunt declared that she would bring it that very afternoon, the man left. It took a little while before we could resume our meal.

My father decided that we should move on to Essen, because Mrs. Bamberger's sister and her family, the Sternbergs, were living in, and looking after, the Jewish Youth Centre in that city and he had promised our friends to look them up. Essen is not ~~xxx~~ far from Cologne, and if we did not wish to spend another night at my aunt's house or to register at a hotel, we would have to kill time in Cologne until the small hours of the morning, take a train, and still get to Essen rather early; which is what we did.

* * *

I had been to Essen and at that Jewish institution in the previous summer and had, in fact, then taken what must be one of the last photographs of the Essen synagogue. My memory and sense of direction being good, I led my father toward the Youth Centre. Eventually, I found it: of the whole bright-coloured structure, which had been an example of Erich Mendelsohn's architecture, only one blackened wall remained standing. It was the worst shock to hit my father and me. He had not known the building, while I had; but my whole family knew the Sternbergs, for they and the Bambergers and we had spent the summer holidays of 1937 together near Heiligendamm on the coast of the Baltic Sea.

We now had to suspect the worst but were at a loss how to find out. Then we hit upon the idea of consulting a directory in a telephone booth, intending to call someone with an obviously ~~Hebrew~~ Jewish name. When we found

a booth, a lady stepped out of it whose demeanour and looks led us to believe that she was Jewish, and my father addressed her: not only was she Jewish but she knew the Sternbergs. Walter had been arrested the day before; his wife, in a prescient mood, had put their small daughter to bed in the flat of friends; and when the windows of the Centre were smashed and the firebrands thrown into the building early in the morning, she had escaped in her nightgown by climbing ~~over~~ over a wall.

We learned these details from Mrs. Sternberg after our informant had helped us locate her and her child. Our mission in Essen had been accomplished, in a manner of speaking; late that night we took a train to Hamburg. The Sternbergs were eventually reunited and moved to South America.

* * *

Despite the shocks, I clearly remember my continuing excitement at being in a position to spend so much time on trains. The overnight journey to Hamburg was a high point because of the intersection, at Osnabrück, of important East-West and North-South lines; I spent time on the platform while my father tried to sleep.

Walking into the city in the morning, we were surprised to find undamaged Jewish-owned stores; the climate in Hamburg appeared to be different. Not only were many of the relevant shop windows whole, but they had not even been smeared with hostile slogans. My father felt so encouraged that he was prepared to spend a night at a hotel. But first, he wanted to call an "aryan" lady who had once been married to a distant relative of his, for she might be willing to offer us asylum. She invited us for the afternoon; we had nothing to do, walked all over town, and even took a harbour cruise.

The lady, who offered us tea unaccompanied by any kind of food, agreed that times were disturbing but issued no invitation. We registered at the Reichshof Hotel, which was filled with Jewish refugees from Berlin, and did not feel secure enough to sleep. Getting up very early, we took a train to Stettin, which we reached at midday.

My father had a cousin there, Max Perls, and his wife Else. We found them in their home burning books. Having read In Westen Nichts Neues, I had always wanted to read Der Weg Zurück, its sequel, which Uncle Max was just about to throw into the heating ~~stove~~ stove; he did so, not permitting me to read even a few pages of it. According to him, the Nazi action appeared to be over for the moment; he knew of quite a few other Jews of Stettin who had not been taken, and he led us to a lunch restaurant run by Jews for Jews. Stettin appeared almost as calm as Hamburg.

Encouraged by this, my father decided to telephone Berlin; as a result, my mother arrived in Stettin in the late afternoon and reported that things had simmered down. We resolved that I should return, which I did at once; my closest friend and his mother invited me to stay with them for a while, and about ten days after the first warning I went home to our flat.

On the evening of my departure from Stettin, my father decided to take yet another overnight train, bypassing Berlin on his way to Dresden, where a family named Jacobi, possibly distant relatives, lived and had lost their jewellery business; while my mother came back to Berlin a few hours after me. A couple of days later, my father also returned but stayed with an "Aryan" friend of long standing for about a week before coming home.

I renewed my efforts to obtain a visa. The crowds of the hopeful were unprecedentedly large at the British consulate, which had reduced its office hours from three to two per working day. When I had eventually succeeded in questioning a consular official and been told, while he kept his feet on his desk, that there was no news, I gave up on England. My benefactors there,⁴ however, continued their efforts; three months later, a "trainee" visa became available to me, and on 28 February, 1939, almost exactly a year after my Abitur, I left Germany. It took me seven years to rejoin my family.

4. Mr. & Mrs. Richard Fraenkel, later Franklin.

What do you want to be one day?

The question from well-meaning adults about what a boy hopes to do with his life began to trouble me from the age of about six. I understand that in those days my answer was of the "engine driver" variety; I have always loved trains. And the adults would laugh condescendingly or empathetically while I played with my electric railway and extended it every year. I also came to know the schedules of the best and fastest trains in Germany, and my family knew me as a kind of travel bureau.

When I began to attend high school at the age of ten in 1930, I continued to be a good student, until in later years I did less and less work and coasted toward the Abitur. My father and two associates were owner-managers of an iron construction firm or ornamental iron works of some repute in Berlin, and it was a matter of contract between them that the only sons of two of them -- the third associate was the father-in-law of the second -- would take over the firm upon the retirement of their elders; they would finish high school and study law for a few semesters.

While this prospect appealed to the other boy (who, after some turbulent years comparable to mine, in fact manages the firm today), it did not interest me, somewhat to the disappointment of my father. He used to praise the occupation of "a free businessman" such as he, who competed for orders by computing the cost of materials, man hours, overhead, and profit margins while aware of the need to meet competition (which was lively and competent), and who took the risk of miscalculation, of insufficient margins, even of misreading blueprints (for he had no technical training); and he juxtaposed this to the position of persons in permanent employment with assured income and pension. But while I was led, on occasion, through the office and factory and met the employees, I never thought in terms of "one day all this will be mine (and Peter's)".

Meanwhile Hitler had come to power, and I approached the second major point in life when adults ask about a young man's future: my Bar Mizvah. Conditions in Berlin by that time made it less likely that I should take over my father's occupation; while the engine driver phase had passed, no new (and really feasible) concept had taken its place; emigration was not yet an acute matter for consideration, but some emphasis on learning English was beginning. The well-meaning enquirers after my purposes were still able to smile and to add that there were a few years to go before the Abitur, which was, of course, the most important event in the near future.

By the time it came about, emigration was the first consideration, and anything would do if only it could lead to the acquisition of papers necessary to enter another country. I was enrolled at the Technion in Haifa in order to ob-

tain a certificate for Palestine. I was enrolled at the London Polytechnic in order to be permitted to enter Britain. These two attempts failed, and I eventually went to London because friends had arranged a factory job for me there. Not only did I not know what I wanted to do, but given the circumstances the question did not even arise.

When interned in June, 1940, I was glad to stop doing my work and, later, even more pleased to spend time studying literature and music in the camps in Australia. But by now I had begun to worry, and I expressed this concern to several friends and, above all, in my last conversation with one of the camp spokesmen. He was encouraging without being specific, but by the time he left, and subsequently, when I was released, the note appearing on my Abitur certificate was still valid: "aim as yet unknown".

After that, war and world conditions continued to run my life. First came the army, which meant hard work for three months and office work for three more; then came discharge for a wrongly suspected disease, followed by more study of music theory, which was never linked, in my mind, with professionalism any more than had been my many years of piano lessons in Berlin. The task now was to get to the United States. This attempt took me back to London, where I needed and held an office job to keep me above water until transport to the United States should become available. Once I rejoined my family there, my unwillingness to study at its expense, which my father offered me, led me to take one office job after another, the first for six weeks, the second for two, the third for two years, the fourth for five; none of them truly "occupied" me although some were quite responsible positions. After the fourth I moved to California and took the fifth -- buying parts for home appliances and developing an inventory system -- but by now I was living close to a university, began to have friends there, was picked and trained to lead adult education courses in world politics, and slowly got sucked into university life. Without a clear aim, I enrolled as an undergraduate in 1955, at the age of 35. It was while completing my Master's degree that I formed two purposes in my mind: I wanted to work for international understanding, and I wanted to teach.

I have done a bit of both; but I now believe that I shall do best for my first goal by concentrating on the second. I was 38 when I established the two aims; I was 50 when I really settled down to the second after temporary employment aimed at each.

After a separation of seven years, I rejoined my parents and sister in early 1946. Coming from Berlin, my sister had gone to Stockholm in mid-February, 1939, as a domestic servant, and I had left for London at the end of that month to become a factory hand. Our parents had concentrated on getting us children, then aged 15 and 18, out of Germany. The family who took my sister eventually found a Swedish judge who guaranteed my parents' upkeep in his country, thus enabling them to move to Stockholm five weeks after World War II had broken out. Early in 1941, they and my sister travelled to the United States via the Soviet Union, Japan, and the Pacific Ocean and settled in Chicago.

Meanwhile I had been interned by the English in consequence of the fear and hysteria which gripped the country for a short time after the fall of France. In July, 1940, I left England for Australia, having volunteered to be sent overseas "for my own protection" along with about 2500 other European men, of whom about 2000 were refugees and many had been compelled to embark. I spent two years as an internee in three Australian camps -- Hay, Orange, and Tatura -- and then volunteered for the Australian Military Forces. Demobilized after about one and one half years because of suspicion of tuberculosis -- not confirmed in the end -- and being entitled to a free passage back to England because my internment and transportation, like that of the other 2000, had been a mistake, I returned to London, just before the war in Europe came to its end, and later went to the United States.

I lived there from 1946 to 1970 and continue to be a citizen of that country. I worked in industry and as a salesman and eventually became a university student and teacher. In 1962 I joined the foreign service and was successively stationed in Saigon, Washington, and Canberra. In 1968, upon returning to teaching in the United States, I decided, with my wife's agreement, to move our family to Australia, which I had revisited while serving in Vietnam. Thus, late in 1970, after having spent the war years, a short sojourn of 1963, and a bit more than a year as a diplomat in Australia, I returned to settle there as a free immigrant and university teacher, expecting to make this fourth move permanent.

ERIK G. LOEWALD

My father thought much about the meaning of his being saved from Germany. It was not through merit: he said that he used to be aware of and satisfied with material progress, with regular as well as irregular holidays for the whole family or for him and my mother when they went to France, Italy, or Switzerland, and that he had no political education and possibly insufficient judgment to reject Hitler if the latter had not rejected the likes of us first. The possibility was strong that Germany's apparent growth in strength and its respectful treatment by the world would have made many of those who suffered intellectually from the lost war and from Versailles proud to be German and to see their country regain recognition around the globe, and that in the absence of explicit dislike for us and others we might well have thrown our lot in with Hitler and gone down with him in disaster. My father believed that while he was a minor accountant in a large Chicago firm he had learned more, within five years, about freedom and independent thought than in his previous, more affluent, life. This led him -- and me, for I have honoured him for his views -- to be persuaded that a concept like restitution was inapplicable, for he argued that, since he was able to leave Germany as a declared enemy of the German people, it was Hitler and the Nazi outlook which had saved him while others perished.

As a result, he refused for years to apply to the post-war German government for financial restitution. It took the combined efforts of many friends and relatives a long time to persuade him that, even if he wished for no compensation for himself, he should attempt to provide for his wife. After this delay, he did not live long enough to witness the beginnings of the restitution flow, but my mother has lived in comfort. I have refused to apply for any form of restitution to which I may be entitled.

ERNEST G. LOEWALD

The people who had enabled my sister to emigrate to Sweden to become their domestic servant were psychiatrists. In the summer of 1939, on their way to attend a professional conference in Switzerland, they passed through Berlin and called on my parents. On their return journey north they called again, and my parents (or my father only) accompanied them to the Baltic port where they took ship to Sweden. They were so much taken with my parents that they promised to move heaven and earth to help them leave Germany.

Meanwhile chances for my parents to emigrate were diminishing. While we had never been Zionists, my parents were so impressed with Palestine during a visit in 1935 or 1936 that, upon returning, my father said to me: "When I stepped off the ship at Haifa, I knew I was at home." He then entered the list of those prospective migrants to Palestine who hoped to take with them the equivalent of £1000. By the outbreak of the War, his number had not yet been called, and the £1000 had become so expensive that he would not have been able to pay for them. A friend who had gone to the United States, where we had no relatives, had promised to find someone willing to post an affidavit for them. By the time he succeeded, the west coast of Europe was in Hitler's hands.

My mother turned superstitious and consulted a soothsayer. She was horrified to hear that she and my father could expect to "emigrate eastward". But meanwhile the Swedes had found a judge of a high court whom they so impressed with the outstanding qualities of my parents that he agreed to finance their stay in Sweden, for they would not be permitted to work. Upon this guarantee, my parents left Germany for Stockholm on 6 October, 1939, more than a month after the War had begun.

Eventually, American visas became available for my parents and sister, all of whom fell under the quota for Danzig, my father's birthplace. After careful consideration the judge agreed to pay for the journey the three would have to make through the Soviet Union and Japan and across the Pacific, "migrating eastward" to the United States. Eventually, they paid their debt to the judge; he also visited them in America. His name is Per Santesson.