

MY FAMILY HISTORY

by

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Schoeman History

Without the contributions of 2 teachers, there would be no story and no obsession on my part with filling in its details. These men did not have much in common except for a sideline, which made them noteworthy to me. One of them I hardly knew. Mr. Friedmann was a Jewish religious teacher who was located in the picturesque German countyseat of Bernkastel about one-half of the way down the Moselle from Trier to Koblenz. While every little village was famous for its individually named wine, none was better known than that labeled "Bernkasteler Doktor". Whatever else this teacher had done, nothing had more of an impact on me than the fact that he sold my father, and probably other members of our family, a tracing of our family lineage starting in the Year 1680 and continuing in a straight line into the first third of this century.

My great-grandfather, born in 1811, was the fourth-generation decendent on this lineage. His name was Emmanuel Schoemann; his grandfather, together with his father, had taken Schoemann as family name in 1808 following the Napoleonic decree making civil family names for the Jews of France the law of the land. We shall return to the history of the family Schoemann later.

The second teacher I had alluded to was my Math and Science teacher during my years as student of the Hindenburg Real Gymnasium at Trier, Germany. Years after I had left the school, and Germany as well, and shortly after the rise of Adolf Hitler, this teacher, Heinrich Milz, visited me in Luxemburg and brought me copies of documents which showed how in 1808 13 members of our family had taken the name of Schoeman as family name following a Napoleonic decree. When we compared the dates coming from the files of Mr. Milz with those of Lehrer Friedmann, it seemed like a miracle how everything fell into place.

The fact that Mr. Milz did discover these Napoleonic documents was a lucky break for some. The cause of his locating these documents is curious. The name Schoemann existed among the gentile population of the Moselle valley and the villagers around the countryseat of Wittlich at the time my forebears adopted the name of Schoemann in 1808. During the Hitler years, some of the gentile Schoemann families ran into difficulties in proving to their Nazi-masters their pure Aryan history. Heinrich Milz occupied himself with trying to clear the names of some of these whose Aryan purity seemed tainted. He discovered by accident the declaration of 13 Jews previously called Levi: having been Levites. He had consequently been able to help some of these fortunate/unfortunate and guilty/innocent people. So much for the Good/Bad Heinrich Milz was doing for some people.

Another interesting story developed this way: A Frenchman and his family, who spells his name Schemann traveled alongside the Moselle looking for Jewish forebears. His family had turned

Catholic many generations earlier. Some of his later forebears had similar first names to some of the original 13 Jews who had changed their last name to Schoemann. But the original family tables do not reveal anything about their relationship to our immediate forebears nor tell us anything about their descendants. With a little bit of luck we might be able to shed some light on this branch of the family, if one can call it that.

I think it appropriate, to list the names of the earliest known forebears as transmitted by Mr. Friedmann.

1. Benjamin Levi, born around 1680.
2. Emanuel Mendel Levi, born 1714, died 13 September 1799, Schutzjude at Loesnich.
Married to Rahel Lazar born 1716, died 28 February 1808, Loesnich.
3. Benjamin Levi (since 1808 named Josef Schoemann) born 1759, died 30 May 1817.
Married to Marianne Jacobs born 1756 (Oberstein), died 10 January 1817, Loesnich.
4. Jakob Schoemann, born 1790, died 23 July 1840, merchant
Married to Rosette Frank, born 1792 (Kirchberg), died 16 February 1857, Leiwen
5. Emanuel Schoemann, geb. 12,9.1811, died 29 September 1896 Crov
Married to Rahel Haymann, born 1814 (Neumagen), died 18 June 1887.

Emanuel (my great-grandfather) was one of 12 children: of these 8 survived childhood.

My Great-Grandfather Emanuel had 6 surviving children, 5 of them boys and 1 girl. My own grandfather David Schoemann was born in Kroev on 4 August 1851 and died the 26 October 1935 in Cologne, where he had stayed with his daughter Mathilde. His first wife Karoline Waitzfelder was born in 1858 and died the 12th July, 1906. His second wife Therese Wittmann, born in 1858 died on the 4 April 1925. My great-grandfather was the first Jew to move to Kroev from Loesnich, which is only 2 to 3 miles up the river from Kroev. One of his sons had moved as a young man to the United States; it is said that David built each of his other 4 sons -- Jakob, Isaac, David and Benjamin -- a well-built, but not ostentatious, house.

In 1914, when I was just 4 years old, my parents moved to Trier, about 25 miles up the river, where quite a few relatives already had their homes for many years. There is much to be told about the historical importance of Trier, a town studded with Roman buildings dating back to the 4th century. This very year,

1984, Trier, the oldest German town, celebrated it's 2000th anniversary. That's quite an impressive feat, especially when one looks at it from the New World.

Anyhow, shortly after our move into the city, World War I broke out. In 1916, shortly after I had started first grade in a German school, my father was drafted in the German Army and sent to the Russian front, and we moved to my maternal grandparents in Luxemburg. My mother's family was a very closeknit one. One aunt, whose husband was on the Russian front since the beginning of the war and whose home had been Strasbourg in Alsace, was already at the grandparents' house. Two other sisters and one brother were unmarried and also with their parents. My grandfather had a highly regarded retail store in the center of town, where women picked their woolen and silken fabrics, often accompanied by their seamstresses. All the unmarried uncles and aunts worked part or full-time in the store until the end of the war.

Since the distance from Trier to Luxemburg was only 25 miles, before the war we made the round trip pretty regularly. The train had to stop on each side of the border for passcontrol and for customs inspection. That's why it took usually about 2 hours each way. As long as my father was on the front we stayed put in Luxemburg. Every day my mother and I marched to the Army Post Office, either to send some packages or pick up mail from Dad, uncles, or cousins, of which there were quite a few.

Naturally I went to school which was not such a big problem as far as the marks were concerned. The school I attended was near my grandfather's store. The language spoken in the little Duchy was "Letzeburgich", kind of a German dialect, spoken by farmers and city folk alike, with no distinction based on standing in society. Unfortunately, I did not speak the language yet and that marked me as a Jew and a German and therefore deserving of punishment. As a German -- or as they were called a "Preiss" standing for Prussian -- hostile attitudes were in order because the Germans had invaded Luxemburg at the beginning of the war; and as a Jew because . . . there was never a reason necessary. Since we were two grades in one classroom, I found an upperclassman who was willing to protect me against attacks by the bullies, in exchange for my sandwich brought from home. This was a poor arrangement for getting the necessary strength to be able to protect myself.

At the end of the first World War, as the broken German Army returned through Luxemburg, there was very little sympathy shown for the defeated troops. In contrast, the American troops were greeted with triumphant cries of "hipp hipp hurrah." After the Americans, the French under the leadership of General Foch were greeted with endless cries of "Vive La France". General Foch later made his headquarters down the street from our house.

When the American troops arrived and had gotten themselves quartered in the private homes, I felt left out not having any

Americans stationed in my grandmother's house. So I took a little neighbors girl by the hand and we set out to capture our own Americans. Since the word for house sounds the same in English as in German we got the two Americans to follow us to our home. My aunt spoke enough English to convey to the officers what had been on our minds. The Americans graciously accepted some glasses of wine from my aunt and took leave but not before giving us kids some French copper coins. So at least we ended up with some souvenirs, but no real American noncommissioned officers.

An example of how the enthusiasm of young people is subject to change can easily be demonstrated by my behavior as a student at a German Gymnasium during the French occupation of the Rhineland. There had developed in the Rhineland a separatist movement which was supported by the French which was countered by the greater part of German population by a passive resistance. The French in turn deported a great proportion of the German political leaders, including many of our professors and teachers, into the unoccupied Zone. Some of these teachers were grabbed out of the schoolrooms, which caused us students to turn strongly nationalistic. That's why it was hard for me to understand that only a few years earlier I had, with the Luxemburgers, greeted the French entering Luxemburg with "Vive La France". How could I have done so? It was not so very much later that I experienced another change of mind. But that is another chapter.

Luxemburg, the city and the country where my mother, her sisters and her brother were born had also been the land where I myself had finished first and second grade. After the end of the first World War and the return of my father from the army, my mother, my father and I returned to Trier, where I started and finished my secondary education. We returned to Luxemburg when the threat of Hitler became increasingly obvious, even so no human being, and I stress human, could have predicted to what horrors his actions could conceivably lead. In the shadow of my grandma (Oma) Elise, on every holiday, such as Passover or the Jewish New Year, all the daughters and their husbands came home to make these holidays into such a solemn event, as we expected these holidays to be. My grandmother was an example of a Jewish mother and grandmother, demonstrating to all of us all the virtues we hoped that some day we could try to imitate. We saw before every holiday Oma Elise stuff little envelopes with money, to be mailed to families she knew to be less fortunate. My grandmother personified all the goodness which I found also in the lives of my parents, uncles and aunts. One can speak of an aristocracy of the heart, and I came to believe that one could not achieve this without having experienced Jewish teachings, Jewish sufferings, Jewish history, Jewish love and compassion -- of all which you could combine in the phrase Jewish Atmosphere.

Now, I would like to say a few words about the little country of Luxemburg. As small as it is, it has been blessed for many years with liberty, independence and prosperity and it's citizens are very grateful for these blessings. The great ma-

majority is Catholic as in the German Rhineland to the East, as in Belgium to the West and in France to the South. The Grand-Duchy had been ruled by the King of The Netherlands. When Queen Wilhelmine came to the throne of Holland, she could not succeed her father to the throne of Luxemburg since that country did not at that time allow a woman on the throne. A related line was chosen and a grand-duke was again on the throne of Luxemburg. When another grand-duke, being Protestant, succeeded him and married a Catholic princess, an arrangement was made that male children would become Protestants and females would be baptized Catholic. The "Miracle" happened: there were 6 daughters and no sons. The constitution of Luxemburg was changed and the House of Orange-Nassau is now Catholic. Nature seemed to have acted in a reasonable way.

A little geography lesson does not seem out of place; it will lend greater understanding to what has already been told and to what follows. The Rhine River is one of the most famous rivers flowing from south to north in Europe. Its source is in Switzerland on the St. Gotthard Mountain; it leaves Switzerland near Basel, flowing in a northerly direction, and constitutes the French-German Border until eventually both banks of the river become German soil. From here on the hills overlooking the Rhine River are capped an endless array of the most picturesque ruins of old castles. Their former owners exacted tributes from the caravans that used to move merchandise up or down the river. The river is studded with vineyards covering the steep hills, where the exposure to the sun is the strongest and the grapes become the sweetest.

The river inspired many poets and composers to some of the best known and most popular works, the outstanding one being the "Lorelei". The Rhine flows past Koblenz, Cologne, and Dusseldorf before it enters Holland on the way to the North Sea.

The Moselle which enters the Rhine at Koblenz compares well with the Rhine river in producing quality wines; its wine is preferred to complement fish dishes. The Moselle itself has its source in the Vosges Mountains of France; it flows in a northerly direction, constitutes the border of Germany and Luxemburg for some 20 miles and flows in a very serpentine way in a north-easterly direction. Trier, the capital of the German wine producing region, is 8 miles east of the Luxemburg border.

As I had indicated before, Trier was the town where I received most of my secondary education. A two-thousand year history and innumerable archaeological finds and temptations inspired me to pursue some history on the family-level, on the regional-religious level and on the autobiographical level and gave me so many different aspects to cover. About 5-10 miles down the river from Trier you'll find the community of Schweich from where my mother's father had come. When we used to live that close-by no one ever tried to research connections. Only 2 years ago did I start an effort to find birth certificates of

this grandfather of mine and of his father and grandfather. Not only was I 100% successful, I also found some documents signed with Hebrew letters and on top of this in the most beautiful handwriting. On my most recent trip I acquired some very interesting documentation regarding my grandmother on my mother's side. She came from a town called Saarwellingen, that's naturally from the Saar-basin, and I learned quite a bit about her father, her mother, her stepmother and all her half-brothers and sisters, most of whom, I had known as a young man. The more one finds out in such matters, the more one has to go on digging.

We can call ourselves fortunate that in spite of the cultural and economic diversity among the communities of Luxemburg, Trier, Saarwellingen and Kroev, the distances involved were not at all considerable. The western orientation of the country of Luxemburg was instrumental in supplying the Luxemburg branch of the family a more sophisticated lifestyle.

Following the conquest of Gall by the Romans under Caesar, Mediterranean culture and civilization had advanced to the banks of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers. Many signs of the Roman and Christian presence dating back to the fourth century are very much visible to this day. There is also evidence of Jews living on the Rhine and the Moselle rivers. Jews must have followed the Romans to these lands and must have been attracted by the beauty of the land and the need for traffic in goods which were required by the Roman soldiers and by the local tribes.

If one admires the best preserved monuments of Roman architecture, the outstanding one is the Porta Nigra, a most impressive Gate of the city, which was vast enough to house at one time two churches. There are very extensive thermal installations, revealing ingenious technical progress, an amphitheatre, substantial parts of today's Cathedral, which is in use at this time, and numerous monuments honoring patrician families and boatmen in the process of transporting wine.

That period of a quasi-cosmopolitan life that the Romans had brought to Trier did not last; the northern Roman provinces and the importance of Trier during the middle ages and after the reformation declined. One interesting byproduct of the repeated persecutions brought to the Jewish populations over these lands -- starting with the Crusades and proceeding over the centuries -- were the trading and other economic losses suffered by the ruling bishops and other rulers as the tributes paid by the Jews ceased. Under Napoleon a new hope for progress for both the Jewish and Christian population appeared but was of shortlived duration. Luxemburg, having during the last 2 centuries been able to attach itself to a more tolerant, cosmopolitan world, had been successful in maintaining a good economic condition between the World Wars, and even today despite a recession in the steel industry. The gap has been filled to a great extent by the importance Luxemburg has gained as a center of administration of the European community in it's political, economic and financial

aspects.

My wife's family, having lived in the German city of Mannheim, started to prepare in 1938 for their emigration to the United States and received their Visa before the German "Kristallnacht", when there was no doubt left that there was neither a living nor a life left for Jews in Germany. At that time my friend Helen Eppstein was fortunate enough to be admitted to the Maternite Grand Duchesse Charlotte as a student nurse. This institution had been built by the Luxemburg Red Cross and had been funded by a sweepstake lottery. Helene, or as we called her, "Leni", at the age of 17 did such an outstanding job for the obstetrician and the Alsatian nuns who ran the maternity that after a very few months the tuition for a foreign student was waved by the director. As a matter of fact, Helene was transferred in no time to the first class. It was then that I met my future wife; we got married August 21, 1938.

Then came the "Kristallnacht". My father-in-law had fled into the Black Forest, and an urgent telegram came from my mother-in-law to secure the family's entry into the Grand Duché. Since the family was in the possession of their American visas already, I received their transit-visa without any delay. After a few days, my in-laws, my 14 year-old brother-in-law and both my wife and I traveled to Paris, to see them off. That was the last time my wife and I saw my father-in-law.

Late in August 1939 Adolph Hitler threatened Poland. As Helen was high-pregnant with Elaine, we felt it advisable to keep distant from the German border. We secured some visas and went to Knokke on the Belgian Beach. Germany made a deal with Russia and both attacked, defeated and divided Poland. The Western front stayed quiet. Even so both France and Great Britain had declared war on Germany. So Helen and I returned to Luxemburg. On October 13, 1939, Elaine was born at the same maternity clinic where Helen had studied and where everybody still called Helen "joffer" Eppstein standing for "Miss" Eppstein.

Finally, on May 10, 1940 it became serious. The Germans were invading Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg. My parents, Helen and I took our 6 month old Elaine, then yet called Eliane, jumped into our car, a 1936 Chevrolet, and drove toward the Belgian border. At a Trappist convent some food was offered to us. We stayed near the French border until we finally were directed into France. The first night, an old castle near Chateau-Tierry served as hotel. We had naturally no idea what was going to happen and how far we needed to go.

If our goal was to get to Paris, it became clear to me that this was not a practical option. We had to turn south, where millions of others, Belgians, Frenchmen and everybody else, went to avoid falling into German hands or getting caught between the opposing armies. Naturally, we didn't realize then how precarious the situation of the allied armies at that time was.

We got our first glimpse of the seriousness and the closeness of the war when we entered the city of Orleans at nightfall and got caught in a German air attack just when we wanted to enter a hotel. They were able to lodge my parents in a bathroom, but for Helen, little Elaine and me there was no room at the inn. So we three returned to our car and tried to sleep there the rest of the night. As the anti-aircraft fire became more and more threatening, we returned to the hotel lobby. In the morning, the reunited family went back to the car and proceeded in a southerly direction to Angouleme. Here we found some other acquaintances from Luxemburg. We acquired a used baby-buggy so we could wheel the 6-month old Elaine around town.

It was at Angouleme that we noticed that we were a mere 50 miles or even less away from the city of Perigueux, capital of the province of the Dordogne. Within this province was a town called Montignac sur Vezere and this was the place where a sister and brother-in-law of my mother, whose ordinary home had been Strasbourg, were evacuated to at the beginning of World War II. When we decided to locate these relatives (and you can imagine their surprise) we found them in a small 2 room apartment, where they carried on their lives in an uneventful way. As French citizens, they were partly supported by the French government. They were naturally happy to see us with them, escaped from the German army. That our coming there did not turn out to be a blessing for them or us was not something we or they could have predicted then. At this time we found a room in a local hotel where we felt quite comfortable. However, when we contacted the authorities, they informed us that refugees coming from Belgium or Luxemburg were assigned to be temporarily settled in Toulouse, about 100 to 150 miles further south. So after 2 or 3 days in Montignac we piled back into the Chevy on our way to Toulouse. Here, it seemed that all of Belgium had come South. We tried to rent a house in a suburb. When the authorities noticed that we were aliens, since the house in question was located near a military airbase, the deal fell through. Then we saw posters telling German citizens under the age of 45 to present themselves in a stadium before a certain day to be transferred to internment camps. The procedures went so slowly that on 2 consecutive days we were sent back to whatever was home then. Finally we were processed on the third day and the treatment we received there was good. We got good and sufficient food. Unfortunately, it was not a true sample of things to come.

After 2 days we were loaded onto trucks and after a 2-hour ride, we landed at an abandoned factory out in the country. The first disappointment was the fact that our luggage with clothing and provisions did not follow us. The French camp direction was so disorganized and unprepared, that there was no food available for the internees. The majority of men confined within this factory were brought down from Belgium under the surveillance of Belgian Gendarmes; they had been arrested the moment the German invasion began as German or Austrian citizens. Many were Nazis or their sympathizers; many others were Austrian Jews who had

fled their homes at the time of the "Anschluss" and had sought refuge in Brussels, Antwerp and so on. It was therefore not surprising that there existed great animosity between the Jewish inmates and their Nazi enemies. The Jewish internees could not understand that the French, who were now at war with Nazi-Germany, had not the least appreciation of this situation.

One day as I was standing around in the courtyard, starving like all the rest of us, I saw suddenly my wife outside the walls, trying to get my attention. However, the Belgian Gendarme on the outside chased her away. After our transport had left Toulouse, my family probably found out that we had been moved to Villemur, which was the name of "this paradise", and they took the car and followed. They took 2 rooms at a hotel. When my wife put her shoes outside the door (as one did then in Europe, to have them shined) a French colonel who had his room next door, a man in his 50s, tried to become acquainted with her. The colonel was the commandant of the camp. The story has kind of a biblical flavor. But Helen withstood temptation and nothing world-shaking happened. The sanitary condition at the camp was hard to describe and no one complained, when after a few more days we were loaded in freightcars to another destination. The French soldiers while loading us gave each of us a kick in the butt -- fair and equal treatment.

The train took us to the famous camp of St. Cyprien, located on the shore of the Mediterranean and at the foot of the Pyrenees. The camp had been erected at the end of the Spanish Civil War, to accommodate the masses of the Spanish Loyalists, who tried to escape the advancing Franco troops. At the time that we and all the other internees of 1940 were entering St. Cyprien, the Spaniards had left. The camp consisted of many rows of giant size doghouses, each having about 80 inmates. Each "doghouse" originally had some straw, which was supposed to serve as mattresses. Since the Argentine meat served to the camp population made the whole camp suffer from diarrhea, the straw which had been our beds had to be substituted for the lack of toilet paper and was eventually used up. No efficient medicine was offered at first to relieve the situation. At this time, one of the inmates, a chemist, who worked in an infirmary used the bones of the meat to make some kind of charcoal to be used as medicine. Two years ago, I attended a wedding in Charleston, S.C. It was the wedding of the son of my first cousin, who as a four year boy had attended my own wedding at Mondorf-les-Bains, a spa in Luxemburg. At the Charleston wedding we met an uncle of my cousin's wife and it developed during the conversation that he was the man who produced the charcoal at St. Cyprien, and for the rest of our stay at the wedding we were reminded that this fine gentleman had saved our and all the others' lives.

On the way to St. Cyprien I had noticed that the train had stopped and it had sounded as if some more freightcars had been added to the train. I do not know what gave me the notion after my arrival to go from barrack to barrack. But I did. After not

too much searching my father and I were in each other's arms. Here I have to fill you in on what happened to the rest of the family after I had been shipped out of Toulouse. They had made the little excursion to Villemur and had returned to Toulouse without much success. After I had left them they roomed with old friends we had known from Luxemburg. The daughter, who was with them was a charming young lady whom I had first met at the approximate time I had also met my future wife. Anyhow, it was announced that German citizens of more advanced age had to present themselves to the police. As my father and family approached the police station one of them had proposed to have lunch first. But then they felt that it was proper to register first. It was the wrong decision. The police did not let my father go any more. There was my mother, 60 years old, my wife, 19, our daughter, 7 months old, standing at the street with a car none of them was able to drive, in a strange country, which was invaded, and in a confusion no one was able to describe.

They must have been able to locate a man who drove them North and they rejoined the family in Montignac. Meanwhile at the camp, the inmates lived on rumors; no one knew for sure how the war was going, and it must have been practically at the end that we found out that the French and the British had been decisively defeated and that a substantial part of France had been occupied by the German armies. That brought great distress to all the Jewish internees, whose future looked quite dim. Not so with the Nazi prisoners who left the camp immediately for wherever they intended to go. The camp administration asked for citizens of neutral countries, who by some accident might have landed in camp, to come forward, to have their release arranged.

When we had entered France from Belgium we were issued some temporary papers declaring us all as "Luxemburgians" because our license plates and driver's licenses had been Luxemburgian. With these quasi-regular documents, my father and I presented ourselves to the young, inexperienced and I have to stress the word "kind" French officers; without too much effort, we received our release papers, which also gave us the same privileges as the demobilized French soldiers to use the railroads free whenever we wanted to go. We took the chance to remain in camp another night, and said goodbye to our roommates. The next morning we went toward the city of Perpignan, where we eventually took the train north to rejoin our family in Montignac.

On one earlier occasion, my father and I had procured a pass to leave the camp for a day, to take a bus to Perpignan. It was a relatively short ride, and after we had made a phone call to our family, our next stop was to a restaurant. It was the first time after the internment that we saw a dining room with white tablecloths. There was no problem with ordering the entree, but when they asked us for rationing stamps for bread, tears came to my eyes. They seemed to understand and we got the bread without stamps. This was not the first time since our departure from Luxemburg that I was overcome by emotion. Shortly

after we had arrived at St. Cyprien, it was the time of the Jewish feast of Shevuot, which celebrates besides other historical events the giving of the law at Sinai. In front of many of the barracks, men assembled for the holiday service; the men leading the service intoned the words "se hayaum, osso adaunoy, yogilo venismecho vau (this is the day which the Lord has made; on it we will rejoice and be glad). Away from home, away from the family, imprisoned and sick, fearing what the next day may bring, that was when tears came to my eyes for the first time.

When we had left Luxemburg, the suit I was wearing was the only one I had with me and that still was true in St. Cyprien. Naturally the seat of my pants became increasingly transparent and with the help of a darning needle I practiced re-weaving as well as I could. Otherwise, the life at camp must have been quite boring; there were no newspapers, and the internees who had left their homes in a hurray, if not by force, had not supplied themselves with literature. Close to the end of our stay, my father and I received mail from our mates. This always caused us much joy, especially when we got good news about Elaine who was still not a year old. That our family and we two former prisoners were joyous to be reunited was clear, even though little Elaine was scared by her father's mustache which he had grown at camp. The mustache, therefore, had to go.

My mother and wife lived at a farmhouse about 15 minutes walk away from town. There was no running water and no gas. Water had to be carried from a well not far away. There was an outhouse in the back of the house. My mother and my wife together occupied a good sized room containing one double-bed and in the corner was a little alcove where the baby's crib was located. Another bedroom in the upstairs was rented to a couple, whose normal residence was Paris. The owners of the house were a middle-aged couple. They had one unmarried daughter, whose friend at that time was the young Coty, who lived nearby on property of the well-known Coty family. Another daughter, who had a baby from a Parisian friend, had sought refuge in her parent's home. Above an adjoining barn, a Spanish refugee-family with a number of children had settled for the time being. So when my father and I arrived, all what could be provided for us was another mattress that was laid at night in the middle of the room where my father and I were to sleep. This had seemed the only proper arrangement which could be thought of, if not the most sensible. After we had managed in this fashion for a while; the couple from Paris went back home, which enabled my wife and me to move in the other room.

A little while later a house opposite the railroad station (which served only freight) became available; it seemed just the right size for my uncle and aunt and the five newcomers. The house had a dining room, kitchen, and living room and had plenty of bedrooms upstairs. At a lower level, which could only be entered from the rear, was a small apartment, occupied by another party. From the kitchen an outside stairway led to the backyard,

in which vegetables were grown and where chickens were raised in a small enclosure. Practically next door was a sawmill. The owners of the mill lived right in front. We were on very good terms with them, especially since Elaine had found a good friend in their granddaughter who also was visiting there with her parents. The little girl had quite an appetite and at mealtime appreciated Elaine's leftovers, since Elaine was not such a big eater. My mother's brother and his wife, who had landed in the city of Brive La Guillaarde in the adjoining French province after they had left Belgium, came to visit us at different occasions, and the whole family enjoyed and loved little "Eliane". Every night after dinner was finished her mother carried her around the table to give a goodnight kiss to everybody. She regularly teased by pulled her head back when it came to "Tante Berthe". That happened every night.

It was about this time, that the Germans rounded all the Jews of Badenia, which was the region alongside the Rhine River, and dropped them all over the French border and into the hands of the Vichy authorities. The French interned all these people in another camp in the Pyrenees, high up in the mountains and near the Spanish border. One of these poor civilians was the sister of my mother-in-law, who had been at our wedding not so long before. We heard from her and others that they were short of food, as well as of other essentials of life. An uncle of mine, who also had relatives and good friends sent to the Camp de Gurs, asked us if we could possibly make little welfare packages up to help some of these people. (Many of them who ended up finally in Nazi-Extermination camps.)

These care packages finally got us in trouble with the local Gendarmerie. When we first arrived in Montignac, the chief of the Gendarmes was a kind man, with understanding and compassion. As usual, such man are succeeded by persons of the opposite character. The fact that we received meat from an out of town kosher butcher (meat was rationed) and that we also made shipments of some food which was not rationed to the camps, gave this evil Gendarme a chance to fabricate a case of black market dealings. With the threat of reprisals to a local butcher if he did not testify according to the Gendarme's wishes, he got the court to convict us -- my uncle, me and the out of town butcher -- on trumped-up charges. In a U.S. court such a charge would have been thrown out.

A few weeks later my uncle passed away in a hospital after a serious operation and we were called to the U.S. Consulate in Marseille for our U.S. Visas. So the judgement had never been served to us or it would have been appealed.

At the same time the French authorities issued a statement to be submitted to the U.S. consulate declaring that our police record was clear. Since I felt that the courts verdict was neither final nor legally valid, I based my application for the U.S. visa on the papers issued by the French statement.

This brings me to our efforts to enter the United States. From the moment my father and I were liberated from Camp St. Cyprien, we were in communication with my in-laws and other relatives in the United States. But it took almost one-and-one-half years before we could take the trip. My wife's brother and our cousins Selma and Hermann Bass gave us affidavits. Selma, who was born in the U.S., was an American citizen and was well to do. So we had hoped that the proceedings would not take too long. It took, however, until the middle of the year 1941 until we had a chance to be heard at the American Consulate in Marseille, which was quite a distance by train from Montignac. At the American Consulate there were long lines of people in the street trying to arrange appointments. The first official took only the name and made a first appointment with some vice-consul for 3 weeks hence. For me this would have meant that after having made this big train voyage, I would have to go back home, and start over in 3 weeks.

I cannot remember the details but somehow I met 2 characters who promised me a hearing in 2 or 3 days time for a certain sum of money. At the promised time, I was admitted to the office of this vice-consul. First, he objected to the fact that the "Bass" affidavit named too many different persons. (It would probably have been wiser to have these different parties named in separate letters). Then he asked me if I could bring him "more". I did not know if he referred to the bottle of liquor on his desk or more of the money required to see him in the first place. Now I knew that the man I had just seen unsuccessfully was only there to check if all the necessary papers were present and, if so, was to make an appointment to a superior officer, after all necessary papers like French exit-visa, Spanish and Portuguese transit-visas, ships passages were all confirmed. In my desperation I walked up the stairs, where I saw others going and got admission to the office of a young consular officer who, I was told, had just been sent from Lisbon on account of unsatisfactory goings on at Marseille. I explained to this officer our situation and the reception I had received from the other vice-consul. I told him that we had an affidavit from the brother of my wife and from her well-to-do American first cousin, and that if more were required, I would not know where it possibly could come from. He shook his head, turned around and made another appointment for us to receive our visas if and when our passage was arranged. I returned full of hope to Montignac.

Unfortunately, this was not the end of the complications. At this very time, the State Department in Washington changed its procedures. All visas had to be approved in Washington. It took til October 13 before we received a cable from Rochester, my father-in-law telling us the good news that on Elaine's second birthday the State Department had presented us with our visas. The whole family, including Elaine, went to the consulate after having had our medical tests and received our visas. Helen and Elaine went back to Montignac, while I remained in Marseille to procure the Spanish and Portuguese transit-visas. That was no

small task. To get the Spanish visa, you had to have the Portuguese visa. To get the Portuguese visa, you needed the passage from Lisbon to New York guaranteed.

After all these hurdles were crossed, we decided it would be best for me not to go back to Montignac, but instead to meet Helen in Toulouse. So I said good-bye to my parents by phone. That was the last time that I heard my parents' voices. I went to 3 successive trains arriving in Toulouse. No Helen, no Elaine. I was ready to take a train back myself. Fortunately they were on the next one. The long trip through Spain and Portugal began. We took a hotel room at Madrid, where we slept during the day. In the hotel lobby was a big picture of Adolf Hitler, and the sight of so many German army officers in the hotel did not add to our peace of mind. The fact that we had practically no cash with us made the trip very difficult. An American woman on the train showed a little pity, and I think she lent me 50 dollars. When we arrived in Lisbon, we found a friend of ours who was then active at the Hicem, a division of HIAS, which is the International Jewish Relief Organization. They supplied me with some funds, so that I could reimburse the American lady, and so that we would have a few cents on board of the Portuguese freighter "S. S. Colonial," which was to be our home for the next 3 weeks. We had been booked by HIAS for a boat that was to leave 2 days later. In spite of the fact that our accommodations were in the men's and women's dorms, which meant 4th class, we preferred the earlier "Colonial" departure date.

We left Lisbon on November 11, 1941 which was 23 years after the Armistice of World War I. According to the daily report of this passage Elaine, who took her meals at the children's room of the first class, went to the afternoon concerts at which she liked to perform little dances. My dear wife was seasick from the beginning, but we dragged her to the first class deck to stay there for the day in her deck chair. I brought Helen's meals up to her from our third class dining room where I took my meals. Since many passengers disembarked at Cuba after 2 weeks of the journey, the ships dormitories were closed and all three of us were moved to a cabin.

It was when we landed in New York that Helen first learned from her brother Ferdy that their father had passed away. I had told Helen that I heard before our departure that his condition had become very serious.

We met some friends and relatives in New York and were overwhelmed by these tremendous skyscrapers. Finally, after an excellent meal, we took the night train to Rochester, which is about 360 miles northwest of New York City, and situated in New York State where the Genesee River enters Lake Ontario. The whole family was at the station awaiting our arrival. There was my mother-in-law, her father, and besides her son Ferdy, who had picked us up in New York, her other son, then called Hans, now John. After 2 days, the whole Bass family, who then lived in

Cleveland, came to see us. Three days later Pearl Harbor was attacked and the United States was at war with Japan.

In Europe I had been with or near my parents all the time. Except for vacations, I had never been away from home. Now, even though we lived with my mother-in-law and her family, I had to rebuild my own little family, make myself independent of others, build a new future. Foremost on my mind, from the moment that we started to earn some money was to get my dear parents out of the European hell and to the shores of this country. That seemed a formidable task, considering that America was at war with Germany, Italy and Japan, that I was classified as an alien, and as an enemy alien at that. Fortunately, we were not made to feel any animosity with everyday people nor by the authorities who showed much more understanding than the French did. Thanks to the good services of my brother-in-law, Ferdy, who in spite of his young age, was influential enough at The Todd Co., a prominent printing firm in Rochester, to procure a job for me before the month was over. While the hourly wage at this time was quite low, through night work and overtime I was able to feed the family and to repay some of the cost of the passage, which had been advanced by relatives. It helped a lot, naturally, that we stayed at first with my mother-in-law where room and board were very reasonable. And as my wife's mother took care of Elaine it was possible for Helen also to take a job at the same firm.

We enrolled Elaine at a nursery school for part of the day. Elaine had lived along with us in France from the time she was 6 months old, and therefore she had heard nothing but French from us and the neighbors. Now, as we wanted to improve our English, we switched to this language, not realizing that this might not be a total blessing. Elaine was our only child; known and loved by my parents, by our uncles and aunts and friends she was the youngest member of our family with links to the old world. She had to overcome all the difficulties resulting from changing countries and cultures 3 times within the first two years of her life. Elaine succeeded in obtaining a college education. Currently she is raising a family, of which her husband, her parents and her friends can be proud. Her twin-children, Michael and Rebecca, now 10 years old, bring much satisfaction and joy to their grandparents. Elaine is married to Paul Puschak, and their home is in Acton, Massachusetts. Together they bring up their children in a way that would please their great-grand-parents, if in some mysterious way they could perceive it.

Our efforts to procure my parents entry to the United States dragged on unsuccessfully. In 1942 the German army occupied all of France and all doors out were closed. I had attended a hearing in Washington where I pleaded my case before officers of the Department of State and of other Departments involved in the proceedings. Later on I was notified that if my parents could present themselves at any American consulate in any neutral country the visa would be available. It was in the fall of 1944, long after the Americans and their allies had landed at the Normandy

beaches that, through friends, we got the bad news that German soldiers came to the house in Montignac asking for my father. According to the report they scared my mother and her sister who then gave away his hiding place; then the soldiers took all three. This had happened in April, 1944. No one heard of these three saints again. This triple wound in my heart has not healed in the forty years since and never will.

There was more bad news to come. My brother-in-law Ferdinand had joined the U.S. Army Combat Engineers and had been among the first at the Normandy beaches to help remove the underwater obstacles for which he had earned a bronze star and other medals. He was hit in the Battle of the Bulge and died of the wounds in early January 1945. Little Elaine, who by then was five years old, said: "Mama, don't cry; Ferdy is going to be a baby", and so it was. Our son was born two days after the bad news of his uncle's death. Naturally, as is a Jewish custom, and also to follow the wishes of my mother-in-law, we named the boy "Ferdy," or as he likes to call himself, Ferdinand.

Shortly before Ferdy, our son, was born, Helen quit her job. I felt that I should look for additional earnings. That seemed especially appropriate because shortly before Ferdy was born we had rented an apartment of our own. First, I tried to sell appliances for a store that took installment payments; but since their supply was very limited, they made hardly any deliveries and the time I had spent was completely wasted. Then I had a catalog of an out-of-town firm selling table linens and bedding, where I took orders and was earning a small commission. I went to the homes of friends, who in turn recommended me to their friends. I did this after work and on Saturdays and Sundays. I found some local wholesalers from whom I bought linens and children's wear items outright and loaded this merchandise into a car, which I bought to get around.

Eventually, I had so many customers that I had to quit the firm I had worked for during the war. So I concentrated on selling on the road, filling up a room in our apartment with merchandise. In 1948 we had an opportunity to rent a store in our neighborhood which had previously housed a well-run and popular drugstore. Schoeman's Dry Goods Center was born.

By that time Ferdy had become a nursery student at Hillel School, a Jewish day school, and Helen was able to stay in the store while I kept selling on the road. The way Helen acclimated herself to this new occupation, the speed with which she learned about merchandise, and her personality, which made friends out of customers, were all factors in making the store a success. After a few years we had the good luck to stumble into a speciality of the girls' apparel field. By real accident we ordered a few styles of dresses, manufactured by "Chubbette Fashions", which are as the name indicates, made for the heavier figure. We dared to advertise these in the newspaper and were flabbergasted by the response. As we did not ignore a good thing when we saw one, we

kept increasing our orders in this specialty from season to season, adding more manufacturers of this type of merchandise, and included those of other garments, like coats and underwear. In a short while our customer-list ran into the thousands. These lists we used to mail little booklets four times a year and we had customers visiting us from far away places including Pennsylvania and Canada.

At this time we had moved to an apartment two flights above the store, which was supposed to be a temporary stay. That this place was not socially perfect for us to live or raise our kids either escaped our attention or else we did not think of the possible consequences. If by hindsight we may feel now that we could or should have done better, we hope that any damage caused by our negligence has been corrected either by us or by nature's healing power. In 1954 we moved the store to an available corner store, where another children's store had failed after only 2 years of operation. By then our own business had developed in such a way that we needed the larger space of the corner store. In the same year we bought a house which, while only a mile distant from the store, offered us comfortable and decent living and was located right next to one of the city's nicest parks.

The store kept progressing with our specialty for chubby girls and teens' fashions until the late 60s, when the emergence of the jeans as principle clothing item for grown-ups and children took a big bite out of the children's business. Fortunately, we had in the early 60s put additional emphasis on fashions for the large woman and were thereby able to compensate over the following years for the slump in the chubby department. Other good ideas were adding husky boys' clothing and later on the big men's department, which is still in the developing stage. In 1971, the firm, which had long since changed it's name to "Schoeman's Fashion Center", incorporated, which made it possible to offer the employees and officers a pension plan.

In the meantime, our children went through the different stages of their education. Elaine finished her college education at the University of Cincinnati, taught school and married Paul Purchak in 1969, had her twin children in 1974, and lives with her family in Acton, Massachusetts. Paul Puschak has a position with Digital Equipment Corporation, one of the leading computer firms.

Our son, Ferdy, finished college at the University of Rochester with High Honors, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass. in 1971. He taught Philosophy at Harpur College in Binghamton, N.Y., at Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, Michigan and at the University of South Carolina in Columbia, South Carolina, where he is an Associate Professor of Philosophy. At present he is at the University of Maryland as a Rockefeller Fellow for the current year. A book he edited is to be published this year, and he is

in the process of writing another one during his stay at the University of Maryland.

Ferdy is married to the former Sara Ann Schechter, who has a Bachelor degree in anthropology from Brandeis University and a law degree of the University of South Carolina. Sara is at present a research associate at the Institute of Information Management at the University of South Carolina. They have two children, Miriam, a fourteen year old, and Dmitri, an eleven year old.

During the time that Ferdy went to the University of Rochester, I started to take courses, one at a time. That developed like this: Ferdy, after going to Hillel School for that many years had been given a Jewish orthodox upbringing and at the time went overboard as far as we were concerned. Then at the University of Rochester, after taking philosophy courses, he went to the other extreme, doubting everything. I also had taken courses in adult education at our temple for some years, especially for the reason that the fate of my parents had given me great difficulty in preserving faith in God and his justice. So the first course I was to take at the University was in Philosophy of Religion. I did not know what I expected from this course; I must have been very naive to hope to find answers to questions which escaped the greatest minds of all ages. What I learned in this first course, however, was to look for the validity of claims made by those who claimed to have the truth. The word truth itself has so many different applications so when we learn how great minds struggle to find truth, and in doing so, often stumble, we must show great humility when offering our own, often poorly documented, opinions. In any case, I took courses in history, intellectual history, literature, French and German literature, anthropology, Roman art, religion and others.

In 1973 I had enough college credits to entitle me to receive a degree of bachelor of science with a major in general studies. My son, who had earned his Ph.D. two years earlier, was present at the graduation ceremonies and was quite proud of his father for receiving the bachelor degree at the age 63, as were Helen and Elaine. Also celebrating this event with us were Hugo Kaufmann and his wife Shoshana, both on the faculty at Queens College. Hugo is the only first cousin on my mother's side.

The additional education I received allowed me to better understand some of the ideologies of other individuals and nations which I did not agree with and to perceive the difficulties and stumbling blocks in the way of any possible reconciliations. The University failed to bring me the understanding to cope with terrible blows that fate, as I like to call it now, has inflicted on my family and me. While I recognize that the belief in a God who supports the moral good in the world is a necessary ingredient to living a sane life, my faith in justice, which as children we were taught to see as a pillar of human existence, lost a great part of its meaning. And as divine justice is not obvious

for us to see, we have to work that much harder to make this principle shine through in this world.

As we, Helen and I, have sold our business after running it for thirty-six years, we think of the many, many long hours we have spent together in it and many sacrifices the children and we had to make. But after having lost our home, our homeland, our loved ones and many friends, there was also great satisfaction in building a new family and livelihood and giving our children an education of their own choosing. And if by some mysterious way my dear parents could partake in our satisfaction, and this is my only prayer and wish, they would look down with joy on their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who with pride carry on their and our Jewish heritage.

I hope that my lawyer-friends forgive me the boast that I cannot recall any time that we sued any of our customers nor that we had been sued by any of our suppliers in those 36 years. I hope that our successor is able to beat this record.

We have over the years visited the places of our birth and of our school years. The first trip back to Europe was with Elaine, to show her our birthplaces and hers; we saw Paris and drove through France into Luxemburg; we showed her the hospital where she was born, and where her mother had received her nurses training. She also met Yvonne Kahn, the widow of my uncle Adolphe. From Luxemburg, we went over the border to Trier (Germany) where I had received most of my schooling, then down the Moselle river to the little wine-village of Kroev, where my grand-father, my father and I were born, and visited the people who now occupy the house of my birth. We saw the cemetery of my family, high up in the middle of the vineyards. From here we turned south into the Saar-basin where a cousin of my mother lives. She is still alive and lives now in Saarbrucken. From there we went through Lorraine and Alsace regions (now French) into Basel, Switzerland. There we stayed with Benno Kaufmann the father of my cousin Hugo. Benno's wife was the youngest sister of my mother and the Kaufmanns had been great benefactors during our stay in France in 1940-41. At the time of our visit uncle Benno was still a partner in the bank business he shared with two brothers. The year of this trip was 1956.

The next visit consisted of Helen, Ferdy and me. The year was 1962. We took pretty much the same route. We flew again to Paris. Ferdy enjoyed with us the Follies Bergere and all the other outstanding sights of Paris, including a ride on the Seine on the riverboat "Mouche". In Luxembourg we visited Yvonne and took her for rides in the country. From there down to Trier, where Ferdy fell in love with the old Roman monuments and buildings of the 4th century.

Once again we visited Kroev, Mannheim (Helen's place of birth) and Heidelberg (with it's famous castle) down to Basel, Luzern, Interlaken and the Jungfrau. This time we went from

there into France and stayed a night in Nancy. We had planned to go from there to Liege in Belgium, where my brother-in-law Ferdy is buried. By then we had found out that my aunt Hedwig Wendel and her husband Karl had arrived and had rented an apartment in Trier. Since we were able to talk to them -- I don't remember how -- we told them that we were on our way back to Paris. They were very upset that we, while so close, were not trying to see them. So we decided to go back to Trier and we had a happy reunion after so many years. They had been in South America about 25 years.

Aunt Hedwig is the only surviving aunt on my father's side. For the last years we had made it our obligation to visit her on her birthday in May. She turned 88 this year. She occupies a house with a winding staircase leading from the basement to the street floor and on to the bedrooms and bathroom. The house is located in a new section built after the war high up on the hills overlooking the old town. The buildings in this section are townhouses, like the one my aunt owns, gardenhouses and then some rows of apartment houses. My aunt has a woman come once a week to help her; the rest like cooking and shopping she does all by herself. She takes the bus to go downtown to do her shopping.

She has been steeled and hardened by all the experiences of her life. Her husband and she lived in Kroev at the beginning of Hitler's rule and after they had been warned by friends to leave Germany as soon as possible, we had made it possible for them to move to Luxemburg. They bought a small chicken farm in a small town, but after a certain time their permit was not renewed and they took advantage of an invitation to move to Paraguay. Here a nephew had been able to acquire a farm, and the Wendels were to manage that property for them until their nephew would take over eventually. Now the farm was in the jungle and the climate and other living conditions were not ideal. When the owners, their nephew and niece arrived, disagreements developed and the result was that the Wendels moved to Posadas, in Argentina. This was a border town. Here they opened a lunchroom, where Karl made sausage and Hedwig made her famous baked goods. For many years they struggled with the climate, but succeeded and did earn the funds to move to Mar del Plata (the Riviera of Argentina) and acquired a guesthouse, where they offered vacations for patrons who appreciated Kosher food. Eventually, a second house was added to the property. The wife of the nephew in Paraguay left her husband, who was a first cousin of mine, Berthold Seiferheld, and left their little son with the father. The Wendels accepted the obligation and honor of raising the little boy Riccardo (Richard), and they can be very proud of their achievement.

In the late 1950s the Wendels made a trip to Europe, as I can see, for two reasons. They wanted to find out if they could be closer to their remaining relatives, of which were some in the United States and some in Israel. The other reason was that my aunt thought that she might be able to, as she had put it, find the murderers of her brothers and sister and of their mates.

When my aunt and uncle finally moved back to Trier, they achieved at least the one goal to be closer to their living relatives. They visited relatives in the United States and Israel and they were able to have them come visit. The outstanding visit occurred when they had the good fortune to celebrate their golden anniversary in 1969. They had a wedding ceremony celebrated in the Synagogue in Trier performed by the cantor of Luxemburg and attended by many relatives and friends, the Burgermeister of the town, the Priest of the Catholic church of the district, all of which was documented by great newspaper writers in the daily press. Likewise, they were able to attend the wedding of our son Ferdy in Rochester and that of their nephew Richard Seiferheld in New Jersey. They had hoped that Richard would move to Germany with them. But we hope that he made the right choice.

The other goal, to avenge the unspeakable crimes committed against our loved ones and the millions of other innocent people, would practically bring us down to the level of these criminals. There is another way to address this problem: to look to where these degrading hate campaigns started and how they were reinforced day by day, year by year, century by century. I intend to search into this history. I hope that God will give me the strength, the wisdom and the years which will be needed to accomplish this project that has been on my mind for so long a time and which, in my opinion, needs to be realized whatever the consequences might be.

My Family History, Sebeaman

7-29/2 AR 5342

1857.

GEBURTSBUCH VON BRANNSFATHEN

Am 17ten, im Kreise, im Jahre 1857, den 17ten des Monats März, um 11 Uhr mittags, ist bei mir erschienen vor mir

als Beamten des Civilstandes der Bürgermeisterei Cronen, da in Cronen

Jahre alt, Standes Herrmann, welche mir erklärte, dass von Frau Hofmann zu Cronen am 17ten März d. J. ein Kind männlichen Geschlechts geboren sei, welchem Kinde der Vorname Hermann beigelegt wurde.

Diese von mir aufgenommene Erklärung ist geschehen in Anwesenheit der beiden Zeugen, als nämlich:

- 1) Herrmann, Jahre alt, Standes Herrmann, wohnhaft zu Cronen.
- 2) Herrmann, Jahre alt, Standes Herrmann, wohnhaft zu Cronen.

Gegenwärtige Urkunde ist demnach dem Declaranten und den Zeugen vorgelesen und mit denselben von mir unterschrieben worden.

Handwritten signatures and names: Herrmann, Herrmann, Hermann.

GERAT BRANNSFATHEN

Handwritten notes: 307, 35, 1857.

Kurzgang

aus dem Register über die Vermögensänderungen Decret
vom 20. July 1808 ungenügendem ⁱⁿ Familien
Namen der Fürsten der Landgraviats Zeltlingen

Surintendant Zwölff ^{Vertrauten über Frau Schae}
in Loersmit

N. 21. Benjamin Levy à l'aveu Jacques Schaeffer de Loersmit
Pardevant le Maire de la Ville de Zeltlingen
Gaston de Berncastel arr. de Fribourg, Dept de la Suisse
s'est présenté Benjamin Levy domicilié à
Loersmit qui a déclaré prendre le nom de
Schaeffer pour nom de famille, pour prendre
celui de Joseph et a signé avec nous
Zeltlingen le Douce Cebbes Willhildt cadet huit
1811 J. Schaeffer

GRAND FATHER of
Great grand-father

GRAND MOTHER of
great-grandfather

N. 22. Marianne à l'aveu Maria Anne Jacob de Loersmit
Pardevant le Maire de la Ville de Zeltlingen
Gaston de Berncastel arr. de Fribourg, Dept de la Suisse
s'est présentée Maria Anne Jacob domiciliée à
Loersmit épouse de Joseph Schaeffer, décédé
laquelle a déclaré prendre le nom de Schaeffer pour nom
de famille, pour prendre celui de Marie Anne, et déclaré à ce
effet Zeltlingen le Douce Cebbes Willhildt cadet huit
1811 J. Schaeffer

Father of
Great grandfather

N. 23. Jacob Levy à l'aveu Jacques Schaeffer de Loersmit
Pardevant le Maire de la Ville de Zeltlingen
Gaston de Berncastel arr. de Fribourg, Dept de la Suisse
s'est présenté Jacques Schaeffer domicilié à
Loersmit qui a déclaré donner à Jacob Levy
son mineur né à Loersmit le huit janvier mil dix
sept cent quatre vingt onze le nom de Schaeffer pour
nom de famille, pour prendre celui de Jacques et
signé avec nous lecture faite
Zeltlingen le Douce Cebbes Willhildt cadet huit
1811 J. Schaeffer

GRAND FATHER of
GREAT Grandfather

18

N° 100 ACTE DE NAISSANCE

L'on Milheut ont le treize du mois de septembre à neuf heures du matin
 pardevant nous maire faisant les fonctions d'officier de l'état civil de la Mairie de
Peltzheim Canton de Berncastel Département de la Sarre, est comparu Jacques
Schoeman âgé de vingt ans, profession de marchand
 domicilié à Lozpauf qui nous a présenté un enfant du sexe mâle né à
Lozpauf le treize jour du mois de septembre à neuf heures du matin
 de la déclarant profession de marchand domicilié à Lozpauf et
 de Rosette Franck son épouse, et auquel enfant il a déclaré
 vouloir donner les prénoms de Emanuel les dites déclaration
 et présentation faites en présence de Léon Schoeman âgé de quarante un
 ans, profession de marchand domicilié à Lozpauf premier témoin et de Abraham
Stech âgé de vingt cinq ans, profession de marchand et les
 domiciliés à Peltzheim second témoin, et ont la pare
 témoins signé avec nous le présent acte de naissance, après qu'il leur en a été fait lecture.
 Fait à Peltzheim les jour, mois et an que dessus. Le Maire de Peltzheim

Jacques Schoeman Léon Schoeman Abraham Stech
 Déclarant en trois lignes

Handwritten signature and notes on the right margin.

Bulle catholique de Saint Grandpierre signed by Great Grandpierre

70

Du quatrième jour du mois de Complémentaire l'an dix-sept
de la République française à une heure de l'après-midi

ACTE DE NAISSANCE de Abraham Katsan né le même jour à une heure du matin fils de Katsan Katsan
âgé de quarante six ans, profession de marchand de bestiaux domicilié à Schwiech
et de Hanne Abraham qui a été déclaré
par le dit Citoyen Katsan le père de l'enfant.

Le sexe de l'enfant a été reconnu être masculin Premier témoin Joseph Katsan
marchand de bestiaux âgé de cinquante quatre ans, domicilié à Schwiech
second témoin Feist Katsan âgé de quarante sept ans
journalier ans, domicilié à Schwiech sur la réquisition à
nous faite par le susdit père et ont signé avec moi, après lecture faite

Constaté suivant la loi par moi Jean Pierre Winnebeck le maire de Schwiech
faisant les fonctions d'officier public de l'état civil.
Winnebeck Mayor

GRAND FATHER ON MOTHER'S SIDE

Geburts = Akt.

des Monats *April* im Kreise *St. Louis* den *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
erschien vor mir *Carl Riwall*, *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
als *Beamter* des Civilstandes der Bürgermeisterei *St. Louis*

der *Mutter* *Anna* *geb.* *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
wohnhaft zu *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.

Carl Riwall, *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
Jahre alt, Standes *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
wohnhaft zu *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
Jahres *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
Geschlechts geboren sei, welchem Kinde d. *h. V.* Vorname *Winfred* *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
beigelegt wurde.

- Diese von mir aufgenommene Erklärung ist geschehen in Anwesenheit der beiden Zeugen, als nämlich:
- 1) *Carl Riwall*, *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
Jahre alt, Standes *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
wohnhaft zu *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
 - 2) *Carl Riwall*, *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
Jahre alt, Standes *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
wohnhaft zu *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.

Gegenwärtige Urkunde ist demnach in doppeltem Originale aufgenommen, d. *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.
den Zeugen vorgelesen *und* *mit* *ihnen* *unter* *ihren* *Handen* *und* *Siegeln* *bestätigt* *worden* *ist* *und* *in* *zwei* *Exemplaren* *ausgegeben* *worden* *ist* *von* *mir* *als* *Beamter* *des* *Civilstandes* *der* *Bürgermeisterei* *St. Louis* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.

Carl Riwall *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr. *Carl Riwall* *Leipzig* *am* *17ten* *April* 18*72* *um* *11* Uhr.

Stenographische Familien-Verzeichnisse

Blatt I

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8.3.1919.

21. Alice Schumann
geb. 12.4.1883,
Köln, Kr. alt.

29. David Schumann geb. 8.8.1890, Cron
001. Amrolim Altfelder (Gommling) geb. 12.7.1890.
002. Barbara Altfelder (Hüttenloch) geb. 1895.
003. Ernst Altfelder geb. 1895.

4. 8. 1851

LOUIS ECKHART

22. Frieda Sch.

39. Martha Schumann
geb. 12.10.1905
(Langenscheidt)
Köln

40. Inge Sch. geb. 11.10.1904
41. August Sch. geb. 17.10.1907

42. Inge Sch. geb. 11.10.1904
43. Inge Sch. geb. 11.10.1904

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