

Our family tree - insofar as it is documented - reaches back to about the year 1700. Our forebears, on our father's side, originated from the area around Kuttelberg in Silesia, those of our mother's from around Teschen. An endless line of Jauernigs and Kotas, Kopitz and Zielina emerge out of aged yellowed documents. Their trades are mentioned as: small farmers, tenant farmers, gardeners, hunters, innkeepers, there is even an "Auszügler" (perhaps a wandering handyman and several "inman" (perhaps resident handyman) among them. The roots can be followed back to our fifth great-grandfather and ends with Gottfried Jauernig, inman, and the farmer Paul Kotas (still written with double s's) respectively. But we also carry hereditary vestiges of an unknown Maria Dorothea Hanke, Anna Rosina Schmidt, Anna Rosima Escher, Johanna Gross, Katharina Pachar, Anna Kayzar, Susanne Bobek and Susanna Zielina and their kin.

A whole army will rise up on Judgement Day to join us and we them. The roots only seemed to end in 1700. The fact that our ancestors lived then proves that they reach back to the time of word-of-mouth history and even farther. How far? Was our original ancestor a Homo Sapiens or a creature from a foreign star according to Däneken's theory, which appeals more to me than Darwin's.

How interesting this makes history. How directly related to us. Not only a record of wars, victories and shifting of borders. Not only histories about sovereigns, their ambitions and illusions, their striving for power, which they apparently tried to realize for the sake of their people. While their people are nothing but tin soldiers in the hands of the mighty.

Jauernigs of all generations were sacrificed on the altar of their fatherland, just as sacrifices were made to the gods in antique times. History was written with their blood. All significant deeds are done by an army of insignificant persons, who remain insignificant. Very seldom does one of them emerge even for a moment out of the anonymous mass. Great epochs pass by and soon they are referred to as myths and if one of them has perished in its course, what is the difference. It is easy to endure other peoples' tragedies. And yet, what would rulers be without their tin soldiers, what would God be without his worshippers? But above the mighty rulers there is even a mightier one, who simply confiscates what they have won. Everything starts all over again.

These notes were intended as an attempt to collect as many details as possible about the lives of our ancestors. This attempt can be considered as a failure. Not one detail of their lives has come down to us, not one object from their hands came into our possession, As if they had never been. There is no picture even of our grandparents from which we could trace any outward similarities. My father and mother both became orphans when they were small and they themselves had only vague memories of their parents. I am reduced to my imagination. Perhaps one forebear will whisper something into my ear.

Gottfried Jauernig, with whom our family tree dissolves into anonymity, was eligible for military service at the time of the Austrian War of Succession. It can be assumed that Maria Theresia called him up to defend his country. And yet, it would not have made any difference to him under whose rule he tilled his fields. It would have been the same homeland. Whenever I open a history book, an ancestor looks out. Knowing from my own experience how hard it is to go through "Great Times", I sympathize with him.

The actual family album starts with my grand parents on my father's side. When 23-year old Konrad Jauernig (son of an inn-keeper), married 17-year old Emily Kopitz, it was November 16, 1869. Those were what we now call the "good old times". The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy then included 51 Million people of different nationality. The empire bordered on Prussia in the North, on Russia in the East, on Turkey in the South-East and on the Vatican City in the South.

The name Jauernig often appears in Silesia. There is even a little town by this name. No one knows whether it was named after a famous ancestor. The fact is that the first mention of Jauernig as a town and mountain occurs in 1305, its history is certainly much older. Jauernig (now Jawornik), according to the chronicles, developed into a lively little town in the Renaissance period. The main attraction is the lovely castle fortress on Jan'sky Mountain which was formerly the summer residence of the Breslau Bishops. The oldest city seal, dated 1610, shows a coat of arms with three darts or half arrows with stylized points and a six pointed star, standing on its points. The coat of arms is half of the family coat of arms of the founder from the Promnitz family, one of whom was bishop in Breslau in 1549. The colors are silver on red.

The offspring from my grandparents' marriage in 1869 were five girls: Hermine, Karoline, Olga, Pauline, Emma and then finally a boy, who was my father Wilhelm. Actually there were more offsprings. There was certainly an Ida and two other girls. In those days marriages were early and children came quickly. Pleasure and life were short. Grandmother died at the age of 44. I think of physical exhaustion. Nine children are no small matter. Two years later grandfather is said to have committed suicide, because he could not cope with the many children and the inn without grandmother's energetic help. He is said to have enjoyed drinking, which is understandable for an inn-keeper and a son of a wine bar keeper. Poor grandmother.

While our ancestors, up to our grandparents, stayed in the vicinity of their traditional home and did not carry their love far away, which facilitated the research, their descendants have become more travelminded since the development of transportation and have carried their seed to three continents.

And that began with their own children. Emma was the first to go to Vienna when she was a young girl. She married a certain Mr. Roman Daina and bore him two children, of whom the boy Roman died as a child. Her daughter Hilda developed into a beauty. Adored by her mother, she had also many galant admirers and I dont know either how it happened that she appeared on many a cabarett café all around Europe as a show girl nor how she fared, because she never speaks about this period. Whenever Lina and I visited aunt Emma, we found Hilda in front of the mirror, pencilling her eye-brows with ~~the~~ burned match stick, powdering her face with a huge puff and painting her lips like a clown. We watched her open-mouthed and wondered that aunt Emma would have said if she had found one of us doing a thing like that. I met Hilda again after the Second War, at the side of her former "manager", the horse- and dog fan Harry. His mother was a coryphee atk the k.& k. operaballett and his father an Englishman, from whom he inherited a light spleen.

Emma's older sister Hermine came to Vienna in 1905, after a broken marriage with Mr. Zimmer and there she ran a milk shop for a while at the Kaiserstraße. Her two children stayed in Silesia for the time being. She lived in the one-room and kitchen apartment with her sister Emma. And what happened should not have happened, she felt a child from her brother-in-law growing under her heart and fled to America. And this resulted, of course, in the break-up of Emma's marriage.

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Hermine's second marriage was with a Mr. Krebs in America. She had a daughter whom she named Hilda. Hermine died at an old age in Arkansas in 196.. For more details see Annex I.

Karolina, another of father's sisters, remained in Silesia. By the way, our relatives did not live in Jauernig, which I mentioned before, but in Würbenthal and Einsiedeln resp. Life did not deal kindly with Karolina. When I saw her in summer 1922, my one and only sejour in the country of my ancestors, she was about 30 years old and a very quiet woman. She was hard of hearing which was probably a consequence of her working at an weaving factory where she was constantly exposed to the tremendous noise. Maybe a broken heart muted her. She had a little girl, my cousin Frieda, and no father for her. Aunt Karolina spent her last years in an old age asylum at Lake Constanz. Frieda, her daughter, got an ~~illegitimate~~ illegitimate child during the troublesome times of war and general chaos. Because she grew up without a father she had always wanted a family and finally married a blind man. Courageous or daring, she bore him two children, who - thank goodness, did not inherit his deficiency. Now she is having a hard time, her children, especially her oldest son, suffer from complexes.

Pauline never married and had no children. Life was unkind to her in another way. She was a hunchback. Whether by birth or by an accident in childhood I don't know. She died in 1936 and therefore was saved the forced expulsion of all Germans from Silesia.

My fifth aunt's name was Olga. She married a Karl Seifert, a shoemaker in Würbenthal and gave him three children, Karl, Hermann and Emma. It was her lot to take care of my orphaned father. At uncle Seifert's he grew up and learned the trade. With the exception of Hermann, who as a young man went first to Vienna and then to America, - and my father - all of them remained in Silesia until the Czecks threw them out. More about Karl's descendants in Annex III.

This is a bare outline of the story of my father's sisters. It is not uninteresting, however, because hereditary traits are effective in all of them too. One thing is true, none of them was showered with fortune, but that is not the reason for our being here. What else? ^{To develop} all our talents and abilities. It would be too much to expect to do this up to our possible limits, but at the end we should have improved, otherwise we (should) have lived in vain.

Even less is known about the relatives on mother's side. Mother herself was born in Niebory near Teschen in 1889, as the daughter of Johann and Susanne Kotas, née Zielina. She had only one brother. From her tales I remember that grandmother died at the age of 52. Therefore our mother must have been an orphan at 14, because grandfather had transferred himself from here to the beyond before his time was up.

Strange parallels exist in our family, for instance between the fate of our mother and our grandmother on father's side. Both died at the age of 44, had given birth nine times, and lost three children in tender years. And both grandfathers considered life "just one damned thing after the other" until they shook it off like a poodle its flees. Another version has it that Johann Kotas fell drunken in a ditch and froze to death.

Mother saw her brother only once again. I might have been four years old, when a stranger came into our room and said: Eva. "Jesus, it's John" cried mother and threw herself in his arms. He was on his way home from a prison-of-war camp. This scene belongs to one of my earliest childhood memories. Mother has never before or afterwards exchanged letters with her brother, so we lost sight of him completely.

I am glad that ~~my~~ our parents came to Vienna. Would they have stayed on in their small villages, we would have shared the fate of expatriation or we would have suffered greatly for being German.

Since there was not much more to find out about our ancestors, I turned with great hope to my parents own story. Since I could rely on my own memories it seemed easy enough. Unfortunately it is not so. I found out that I could ^{not} trust my memory. Many events are forgotten, others are distorted, there were debates even about the year in which mother died. I discussed the first draft of the family book with my brothers and sisters. Their contributions were meager at first. We remembered only trivial matters, f.i. that cousin Hugo once put his elbow into plum jam (he himself does not remember this). But since it was the only occurrence that all of us remembered, I want to record it for eternity.

Pointed questions hauled up fragments to the light of day. We straightened them up, corrected the time and place of the happening - there were some doubts about who said what - . It seems that experiences which affect us most are buried very deep inside , or are pushed off on a side track with the intention of thinking about it later when it does not hurt so much. Then we forget about it or dont touch it purpsally. But it is worthwhile to search in the archives of memory. You learn so many unknown things about yourself. You can have a dialogue with yourself. Let a question trundle down a bottomless seeming well like a stone and then wait patiently. The little stone will stir up the dark abyss in wider and wider circles and after a certain time, sometimes hours, maybe days or weeks you get an answer. You look at what you found in ~~xxx~~ astonishment. You hardly recognize it, because it is not only the answer to the question, but already fitted into the whole picture. In any case, I am ~~xxxx~~ conscious of one thing, the present has no message for us, we live in the past. The evaluation comes later, without our wanting it, or knowing when and where. Whether we like it or not, we have to accept the answer, it is the sum of our experiences up to now. Then, is it the truth or not? Anyhow, it is valid for us.

When I tell about former times, about our childhood it will and can no longer be an authentic report. Time and my later experiences have created a new rea₁ity. Therefore this narrative can represent only a view from my own perspective. However hard I try to remove myself from these events, persons and occurances appear only as I see them. Nevertheless I shall try to be a truthful chronicler. But the story, I feel it, begins to slip out of my hands and starts a life of its own. Moreover it is I who set it up. I have chosen those words out of thousands which are characteristic for my style. Therefore it is my story and could not possibly be my brother's. If two people have the same experience at the same place, their conception of it is quite different for there are no two people the same. Godfather does not need this. God is diversity.

Mother and father

The exact year is not known, it was probably 1910 when father and mother, each independently, decided to leave their villages in order to move to the distant capital of the great empire. They did not have much to carry. They did not have more than their hands for working and their dreams of the future. They went to the imperial city full of happy expectations, to seek their way here, well they did not make it, instead they made us, my brothers and sisters, nine of us altogether. The only thing they amassed were children. They never returned to their native towns, even for a visit. Vienna had become their home.

And what a lot this brilliant European metropolis offered a young person. With glowing eyes they always spoke about "Venice in Vienna". Perhaps they were happy there together, before we appeared.

All the people of the monarchy met in the Prater. Many wore the beautiful costumes from Slovakia, Croatia, Bohemia, Hungary. It was a babel of languages, similar to the present with the many guest workers.

A world Empire, where the sun never set, was dreaming its last dream. But the good times were only for the more privileged circles, the people had only hard work, without time limits. The majority of the Viennese population lived in poor housing conditions. Tuberculosis was the Viennese disease. In 1911 Vienna had two million inhabitants. When you consider that the number of dwellings has tripled since then and the population has gone down to 1.7 Mill., you can imagine what living conditions were like at that time. People lived crowded together in small rooms. The average capacity was 8-10 per room.

When my parents came to Vienna, the famous buildings of the Ringstraße were still quite new. The Burgtheater was exactly as old as my father, 22 years. The Rathaus had been completed 27 years before. The trees on the Ringstraße were too small to give any shade. My parents were witnesses when Mayor Dr. Lueger solemnly declared the second mountain-water supply as opened. The horse-drawn carriages on the Ring had not been replaced by streetcars until 1891. They still ran in the suburbs. Trucking was done only by horses and therefore the main thoroughfares were made of granite paving stones. The side streets however were dirt roads, which were sprayed with tar twice a year to hold down the dust. The Ferrys Wheel was a baby of only 13 years.

Old emperor Franz Joseph, who had become a myth during his lifetime, resided at the Hofburg Palace. He too had not enjoyed much happiness in his life. Crownprince Rudolf shot himself to death at Mayerling on 30 January 1889, a week before ^{the} father was born. Empress Elisabeth was murdered in Geneva in 1898. Each went its own way.

The way of life had not changed much since the Middle Ages. In mothers time a married woman did not take a job. She had her hands full with keeping the house and raising the children. There were always some household chores waiting to be done, some washing, bleaching, starching, ironing. Stoves had to be emptied, wood to be chopped, because it was sold in logs or quarter logs (father used to do the wood-cleaving and also chopped up the tree branches we brought home from the woods). Fire had to be kindled and maintained. Everything burnable of course was fed into the stove, the garbage collector got only the ashes. But above all water had to be carried. Not from a well, to be sure, but from the common water tap outside the entrance door and this tap became the big news-communication center.

It was too much for one person to do it alone. Strong country girls newly arrived in the city served as housemaids and wet-nurses, as they were called, because they also nursed the children of their employers. One did not go to a hospital for child birth, one sent for the midwife. At that time big families were ^{the} rule. The man as the only breadwinner in the family had to work hard to feed them all. Social structure was quite different. Upper classe ladies did ~~not~~ only charitable work or acted as governesses or companions, at best, if they themselves had enjoyed excellent education which was available for noble or privileged circles only.

Modern appliances like washing machines were unheard of, the wash-woman came to the house and the ironing lady afterwards. Ironing was done by means of an old-fashioned iron. It consisted of a piece of iron with a hole at one side for the hook by which it was first placed into the fire and when hot was slid into the iron itself. These pieces gave the iron the necessary weight. While the woman ironed, the other insert was heated up. The expression: to have two irons in the fire originates from this time. Later we worked with charcoal irons. I remember this too. It was higher and had air holes on each side. The glowing charcoal was put in until the iron was heated, then it had to be swung violently up and down until no more sparks flew out. These might have burnt a hole into the fresh linen.

These auxiliary helpers, of course, had to be fed. Just thinking of all the provisions which had to be carried home from market is enough to make my arms ache. Cooking was by no means an easy task either. Half prepared food or dough products could not be bought. Soup noodles, dough-squares and all sort of additions to soup like minced-meat pastries, spleen-or marrow pastries and many others which have since sunk into oblivion were made by the housefrau. I remember well how the thinly rolled-out dough was spread out to dry on a white cloth on the beds. Work was hard and working hours long. One had to be well fed. Cooking was an art in itself, which was cultivated. After the main course a home-made dessert and stewed fruit followed. The battle was hardly won when the yeast-dough was beaten for the Guglhupf for coffee-time. Soon afterwards the preparations for supper started.

This, of course, did not apply to us. Our daily menu consisted mainly of a cup of tea and a chunk of bread spread with lard. Or little dumplings with fried onions. It smelled appetizing and tasted good, one did not miss any meat. On sundays we had hamburgers with potatoes and cucumber salad.

No apartment in Vienna had running water. Bathrooms existed not even in palaces. Only Empress Elisabeth had one installed in Hofburg for herself, which was considered a particular extravagance. Gas- or electric stoves did not exist either, each flat had a coal stove which served for cooking and heating the room, in summer of course this was unbearable. The rooms were lit by kerosene lamps or candles, in workshops sometimes by carbide. Daylight was used as much as possible, people rose early and went to bed early. Not much time was left for refreshing the mind or spirit, this was likewise a pasttime for the upper classes.

The question of leisure hours created no problems either. Holiday trips were unknown, at best a summer apartment was rented in Sievering or Nußdorf, for transportation the Zeiserlwagen was used or horse-drawn carriages and the cogwheel train took them up to the Kahlenberg. Whoever found this too expensive went to the Prater and spread himself out on the meadows around Konstantin's hill or near the Lusthaus, or watched the carriages of the nobility driving on Hauptallee. With some luck one could see an archduke, a countess, Fieldmarshall Radetzky or Mayor Lueger. At least one could admire the beautiful robes of the noble ladies and get ideas about ones own simple dresses, which the women made themselves or had made by a seamstress.

Even that was complicated. One needed ten meter of material, lace, frills, appliquee. To make it fit properly they squeezed themselves into whalebone corsetts. The legs were properly covered but one could be more generous with the décoltee.

To give a better idea of the times in which our parents lived and what Vienna looked like when they were young, I enclose an article written by Herbert Eisenreich, entitled: "My leader A. Schmidt" travelling with him in imperial Austria. We ought to remember these things in order to understand better the enormous changes which came later in every respect.

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A Viennese lady, her name was Ida Pfeiffer, travelled to the Holy Land in 1842. She was a remarkable woman and every time I am at the Zentralfriedhof I visit her honorary tomb and put a flower on it too. A few excerpts from her travel diary will describe the conditions prevailing in outlying areas of the monarchy. The situations as described by Ida Pfeiffer remained the same up to 1920. Conditions in the former crown colonies of the monarchy did not begin to improve at all until long after the Second World War. Technique has brought about the change there as well as here.

On 22 March 1842 at 1 o'clock I left for Kaisermühlen, the place from where the steam-ships leave for Pesth, etc. I was pleasantly surprised there by the presence of some of my relatives and friends who wanted to bid me a last farewell. Saying good bye was again very hard because we could not avoid wondering whether we would see each other again in this life.

There were only a few passengers. Though the weather was still nice and mild, it was too early in the season for taking on travellers except for businessmen or those who had planned extensive trips as I had. Most of them were going only as far as Preßburg or at most to Pesth- Soon the captain let out the news that there was a woman on board bound for Constantinopel and everybody stared at me. One of the gentleman, who was taking the same trip, spoke to me and offered me his services if I should need them and he actually assisted me in every way.

Three hours later we reached Preßburg and landed near the Kä Krönungsberg. Not far from this hill there is a pleasant inn called "to the three green trees", which is as expensive, even more expensive than Vienna. Moving downstream, passengers are not allowed to spend the nights on board until they get to Pesth.

..... At 9 o'clock we arrived at Semlin where we stopped at the bank of the river. Semlin is fortified and is situated where the Save flows into the Danube, has 13,000 inhabitants and is the last city on the right bank of the Danube.

As we approached Semlin, several canons were shot as a salute on the ship. The waiters had been informed too late and had not enough time to open the windows, so unfortunately one of them broke - an irreparable damage for us since the whole surroundings were covered with snow and the temperature had gone down to zero. The stove had been moved away in Vienna because the sun spread its mild warmth for several days and they expected it to continue.

Imperial Song (Anthem)

Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze,
 unsern Kaiser, unser Land.
 Mächtig durch des Glaubens
 Stütze,
 führt er uns mit weiser Hand.

After this short detour now back to our parents. Mother, of course, like all other new arrivals in Vienna, could find work only as a housemaid. I remember her telling us that she had worked either in Praterstraße or in the Prater. One day when cleaning windows with another girl, she said laughing to her comrade: "there he is again, the dwarf". Our father was rather small. There was not much sap and force left for him as the last child. Mother hinted that this was not love at first sight. But women seldom get the man of their dreams, they fall victim to the stubbornest suitor. We have a group picture from the so-called engagement time, showing mother as a young girl, together with aunt Emma, uncle Roman and their two children. Mother was a good half head taller than aunt Emma and father. She wore her long black hair combed straight back. Over her light dress she wore an apron, as was then the custom for all servants. Behind mother stands uncle Roman with his mustache and high shako, I think he was a streetcar conductor.

It must have been a painful surprise when mother discovered in the spring of 1914 that she was in a delicate condition. It can hardly be assumed to have been an act of family planning, because they did not marry for the time being. The first-born was almost a Christmas baby, he saw the light of day on 21 December 1914 and they named him Willy after his father.

On 28 June 1914 the Austrian heir to the throne was murdered in Sarajewo. Then there was a rush of events. Declaration of War followed the ultimatum. The young men joined the armed forces with enthusiasm. Everyone was positivexxx~~xxxxxxx~~ that the war against Serbia would be a matter of a few weeks and the boys were afraid they would miss the chance of having participated. In December 1914 the fights had gone on for six months, the fortress of Przemisl had surrendered and was later recaptured.

On June 8, 1916 I arrived as the second child. This was still not enough reason for father to marry. Mother was absolutely sure it would be a boy again and hadn't even thought of a girl's name. My premiere was a disappointment. The expected boy was supposed to be named Adolf, so I was sent on my way as Adolfine, but was always called Dolfi like a boy at home.

Father was not drafted because he was not tall enough for the regulations. He established himself as a certified shoemaker, our parents moved from Treustraße in the XX. district to Pantzergasse in the XIXth where we all grew up.

The joyful campaign against Serbia had developed into a worldwide conflict. Every war is terrible but World War I with its tremendous masses of material, its long drawn-out trench warfare, and poison gas attacks was surely the most horrible experience mankind had ever suffered.

On 15 August 1917 my sister Karoline arrived. It became more and more lively at home. Everybody was still optimistic. War bonds were bought and everybody waited for a hopeful turn in the war. Food became scarce due to the Allied blockade. We children were happy and did not understand a thing. We laughed and screamed. How our parents could cope with the noise alone is a miracle to me today. When it was too much for them - we quarreled and fought continuously - mother interfered energetically. This silenced us for a while but not for long, we immediately forgot all warnings if they were not administered by hand, the only language we understood.

The years 1914, 1915 until Mid-1916 brought victory after victory until fate turned the war against us. The 86-year old emperor lived long enough to see that the last enemy, Rumania, was driven out of Hungary again and defeated on its own ground, before he died in Schönbrunn castle on 21 November 1916. With him died the idea of the monarchy.

The terrible murdering came to an end in October 1918. The whole of Europe was knocked down. The Hapsburg Empire was destroyed. The borderline was a mere 100 km east of Vienna. Our old fatherland Silesia was divided between Poland and Czechoslovakia. Even Brünn and Lundenburg did not belong to us any longer. All those who had bought war bonds became beggars, the others too. Adaptation to the new situation was painful. The German speaking population from outlying parts of the former empire flooded back, the defeated army returned from the battle fields. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers, ill, mutilated, humiliated. Yesterday's heroes were only a burden to the young Republic. The heartland of Austria was mainly alpine country, and as such unable to nourish its people, after it had become separated from its graneries. Hunger, unemployment, inflation were the cruel tyrants in this darkest period of our country.

It was disastrous for our family that more children came. First Emma, then Frieda, both of whom died within a few weeks of brain fever at the age of three and two respectively. I remember these sisters only vaguely. They sat around quietly, their hair cut off, their heads full of scurf. What I do remember was mother's horrified cry when she removed the bedcover one morning and found the second child dead.

Now we would have had more space at home for ourselves had not Alfred arrived in 1922. I do not know whether it was a pleasure for our parents under these circumstances to have a boy after having had four girls in a row. Mother was exhausted by all the suffering and Alfred was affected too. He was different from us, he always felt cold and cried a lot.

None of us remembers ever having been hungry. But the fact is that Lina and I had ricketts, the English disease it was called. My legs were bent forward, Lina had a swollen belly and hydrocephalus. We were taken into a hospital at Hollabrunn where I was homesick. I cried the whole day, always calling for Lina. When they put her into my bed, I stroked her, whimpering: poor little girl. This displeased Lina very much, she preferred to jump up and down on the spring mattress.

We also suffered from spasmodic fits, I do not know whether this is still a common illness with children. We always quarreled over toys. The one who had to surrender them got a fit of anger. I remember two fits Lina had, she was blue in her face and got stiff and could not breathe. I watched her with interest, hoping she would choke herself so that I could have the toys for myself. When she recovered and I had to turn over the toy, I dropped stiff.

One of my earliest childhood memories is my doll. I was about four years old and the doll was almost my size. I was delighted. After having gone three steps with my doll, I stumbled over my baby stool and the head was off. I cried horrified, thinking I had killed her. From that moment on I never played with dolls.

School began for me in 1922. Willy had finished his first year and Lina followed a year later. We still used the slates and slate-pencils, the wet sponge dangling at the side of our satchels. It was a wild chase every morning. Mother literally had to throw us out of bed. There was a zig-zagging until each had found his belongings. What we did could not be called washing, we simply wiped our eyes with a damp cloth. I particularly hated washing myself. Only when I had instruction in needlework did I clean my ears, because the teacher checked it and pulled me out of my desk by my dirty ears. I hated her abysmally for that.

As I did not like her, I could not knit well. I clutched the needles in my perspiring hands while the others were clinking away diligently. I always had to rip it out again because the white sock was always grey but that did not make it any whiter. Only when we got a different instructress the following year did I improve my ability remarkably.

Lina and I had to have our long braids combed. Mother, being in a hurry could not fuss much with it. We cried in advance, autch, you are pulling, and made grimasses to arouse her pity. If time permitted, she checked whether we had lice again. To see better, mother drew us near the window which embarassed me because then other people could see it. But I liked it when a louse or a nut cracked between her fingernails or got caught in the louse-comb. At least this one could not bother me anymore. Had I got a kerosene-packing in the evening and there was not time to wash and dry my hair in the morning, my comrades moved away from me and held their noses.

As a first-grader, the box of letters was the greatest hit for me. Once I understood the game, I spent hours on it. Red-cheeked I sat in front of it, plaguing father for long and longer words. The dictionary has remained the most interesting of all books for me.

I always loved to go to school. On 12th November all pupils were taken to the gymnastic hall, it was the Day of the Republic, and we sang the new National Anthem with the words by the first President of the Republic, Dr. Karl Renner:

Deutsch-Österreich, du herrliches Land,
wir lieben dich.
Hoch von der Alm unterm Gletscherdom,
stürzen die Wasser zum Donaustrom.
Tränken im Hochland Hirten und Lämmer,
treiben am Abhang Mühlen und Hämmer,
grüßen viel Dörfer, viel Städte und ziehn,
jauchzend zum Ziel, unserm einzigen Wien.
Du herrliches Land, unser Heimatland,
wir lieben dich, wir schätzen dich,

Mother insisted to our going to Sunday School regularly. She herself thought a great deal about religion. She sometimes took me to a bible class. There texts of the Holy Script were interpreted. I was wondering why God had not written it understandably from the beginning. As a child I had a strong aversion against everything connected with church, I guess because I could never understand the stories. When I rattled off the "Vater unser" before going to bed, mother always reminded me to think about what I was saying. But I could only think

of a huge loaf of bread when I said "give us this day our daily bred". In the Ten Commandments I always said "thou shalt not vomit" instead of "thou shalt not commit adultery". Whenever the social worker from the Martin Luther Church, Sister Olga, came to visit us, I disappeared. She was from Germany and spoke differently, I long thought it was the language of heaven.

We had a huge chest at home with an arched cover in which the winter clothes were moth-proof. When the chest was opened before the cold season set in, we were in suspense for days. It was like pre-christmas. Our muffs, earwarmers, etc. were covered with glittering white flakes of naphthalin. We loved the smell although it burned in our noses and on our tongues. It was really a treasure chest. Our tummies pressed to the edge of the chest, we bent deeply down with our legs up, like Max and Moritz in the flour barrel, in order to see what was at the bottom. Down there was my doll with its head beside it, which reminded me of my crime. I screamed again.

When school was over, we went to eat in a Public Kitchen. On the way we had many fights with gangs of boys. The eating bowl with the spoon drawn through the handle offered an excellent weapon. Many spoons were broken and the bowl had many holes. On Wednesdays we used to have cocoa and cookies. I had not enough fingers to stop up all the holes.

I was a terrible child, wild and uncontrolled, I did not like wearing pants under my dress. Once when I swung high up on the rings and photographed the others with my naked buttocks, the teacher stopped the karussel without saying a word. The boys grinned, stupid guys, had they never seen a thing like that, had they no sisters?

When I was ten years old, I got scarlet-fever and was taken to Wilhelminenspital. At the registration Office they took all my clothes off, wrapped me in a sheet and some blankets and a man put me on his back and carried me through the extensive gardens to the scarlet-fever pavillion. That was wonderful. In the cold clear winternights we slept outside on the open veranda, well tucked in and covered by a waterproof cover. The wind sometimes blew snow on our beds. Ever since then do I dream of sleeping in the open air to see the many falling stars showering to earth in winternights.

Unfortunately I had contracted an inflammation of the kidneys by running on the stone floor without slippers and the doctor ordered a perspiration treatment. That was a torture, because I cannot perspire, I only get blue in my face. After a hot bath we had to lie wrapped up in blankets like mummies for half an hour.

I spent Christmas in the hospital and I was selected, together with a small boy, to act a couple in a little play. The chief doctor with all his staff and his entourage were the select audience. I had no stage-fright at all. Pince-nez on my nose I had to pretend to sew. After a remark from my husband I had to say something which made everybody laugh. But they could not confuse me, I continued my task with seriousness and zeal. The primarius grabbed me and held me high in the air, I was afraid and cried at the top of my voice. He let me down and kissed me. This was my successful and only appearance on a stage in a leading role.

When I left the hospital six weeks later, mother fetched me bringing a new wintercoat. She either had a bad judgement or she was so optimistic as to believe that I would soon grow into it. The coat reached down to my ankles and was much too wide. I had very thin arms and when she held my hand, the coat slipped down the other shoulder. I did not feel comfortable in the shell but mother said I must be warm otherwise I would fall ill again. It was the first time I wore something ~~new~~ brandnew, otherwise we wore only worn things from other children, but it did not please me at all. The streets looked so strange now and even my brothers and sisters. I had hardly time to get accustomed to everything at home, because I was sent to a childrens home at Lake Wolfgang to get some flesh on my bones. Since I was so small they made me join the youngest group who were hardly able to talk. Two by two they led us slowly to the edge of the wood and back and I had been used running around the whole day. But what made me miserable was the 9 o'clock chunk of bread with jam spread thickly on it. I was not allowed to go away until I had finished. I would have eaten dry bread, but I could not swallow jam, I hated all kind of sweets as a child and still do. I put it under my dress and threw it away outside. I was so unhappy there, I counted the days, cried a lot and came back even thinner than before.

Another misfortune befell me this year. Several cases of contagious diseases had happened in school. Then the ambulance came and sprayed the class rooms thoroughly. They also sprayed at home. The girl sitting in front of me was the third case and since I was in such a wretched condition, the teacher told me to leave the class immediately and not to return for a ten days. Sobbing bitterly I arrived at home, mother wept with me before she could even make out what was the matter. "I must not go back to school for ten days", I sobbed, "and just now when we are learning algebra, I won't be able to follow later." Mother was relieved and took it lightly. My brothers and sisters envied me, they never had such luck and were unhappy about it.

Because of the many hours I had missed that year I should have repeated the class. My teacher, talking it over with mother, was sure I would catch up easily later. But then I changed schools, got other teachers and other comrades and had difficulties. The first half-year I brought home seven "satisfactories". I was ashamed and strictly forbade mother to tell anybody of my shame. At the end of the year I had corrected it to three "satisfactories", then I improved quickly, I was very ambitious.

On Sundays, when the weather was halfway decent, we went to the Vienna Woods to fetch wood for the winter in a little wagon on which we transported hamburgers and cucumber salad. The smaller ones were allowed to sit in the wagon and on the way home the pile of wood was their throne. We had our particular wood. Although it was far to the Sauberg, we were all good walkers. Via Sievering we trudged along the Spießweg, then up the bends, passing the forester's house which always seemed enchanted to me. We stopped to rest at the Rohrerwiese, downhill a while and then we had to work our way up the side of the mountain.

Once a month we had to go for a check-up to the tuberculosis clinic at Ruthgasse. Trembling, with our shirts pulled down, we stood in front of the doctor. He listened to our breathing and then dictated incantations to the nurse, then he ordered us in his deep voice: turn around kleiner Frosch (little frog). We endured the strange procedure in silence because he always prescribed a bottle of cod-liver oil which we all loved fortunately. The whole bottle was emptied into a soup plate, salted and we spooned it out with bread cubes.

Every Thursday afternoon the protestants had their religious instruction. This was tedious but we always showed up at Vormosergasse at the given time. Our teacher during all the years was a Mr. Schuh. He was not a fanatic and led the small flock on a light rein. We often watched him picking his nose and putting what he had found into his mouth. We never imitated him but we always found it fascinating, would he or wouldn't he.

In spite of all the drudgery we caused our parents, I believe it was the happiest time for them too when we were small children. As long as mother was well we had a wonderful time. When the young ones had returned from day-school and we from school and had had our supper, we used to sit around her, listening to fairy tales most of which were laid in the Giant Mountains. She also practiced mental arithmetic with us.

In our childhood there were still many unused lots and gardens around and above all the Pantzerfeld. One playground after another disappeared to make room for city buildings. When the cellar excavations were made for Jodlhof we angered a drunken workman, he lifted a big stone and threw it after us. I turned my head and, batesch, it hit my nose so that I saw stars. Blood gushed out, I held my hands below like a cup, I did not feel my nose at all and thought it was gone completely. It sits slightly awry since but had I not turned around and it had hit the back of my head the damage might have been more serious.

Where the Ditteshof stands today on Heiligenstädterstraße there were at that time loamy hills with caves, marvellous for playing hide and seek. From there we got the clay for packs if one of us had fever. A terrible accident happened there one day when a worker digging out the root of a big tree was buried by sliding masses of clay. We then avoided the haunted playground.

In a cellar in Glatzgasse was a chocolate factory. The whole street smelled wonderfully of chocolate. We roamed all over Döbling. We knew every wild apple tree, mulberry tree, Asperl tree, we knew when the peartree in Kreindlgasse dropped its big ripe fruit. We knew the location of every nut tree in Döbling, of every jew-tree, the slimy berries of which we also ate. We collected spit out apricot seeds, cracked them with a stone and ate the cernerls, we threw the bitter ones away. We collected wrappings of Bensdorf chocolate bars, we got one piece free for 200 bands. Our domain reached as far as

Sommerhaidenweg and later included the Northern Vienna Woods. Everything eatable was ours and every season had something for us in its pockets.

I found a balloon one day and tried in vain to blow it up. When Willy saw it he scolded me and said: "throw it away immediately and don't pick up dirt, you pig." See here, he had suddenly become dainty.

Rosenberger's pastryshop on Döblinger Hauptstraße was a favorite goal for shorter excursions. Mr. Rosenberger was unbelievably thick, the fattest man I had ever seen in my life but he had a soft spot in his heart for children. None ever came in vain, he always gave at least a one-groschen lolly pop. One day I stood leaning at his windowsill, pressing my nose flat against the pane. A kind lady came along and asked me: now, little one, what would you like to have? My covetous glances were riveted on the show piece of the window, a beer wagon with horses, a coachman and many sweet little barrels hooked on the wagon. "One barrel", I replied. The lady took my hand, led me into Mr. Rosenberger's shop and asked whether we could have one barrel. I was delighted. Did I want anything else? No, thanks, I did not care for sweets at all. I hope in my hurry I at least thanked the lady properly.

Many children cause much worry. Lina was once knocked down by a car. We had just left Sunday School at Gymnasiumstraße, when she suddenly tore herself from my hand and ran across the street. A taxi caught her at the heel and flung her down. There she was lying outstretched and did not move. When I later asked her why she did it she said she was sure she could jump over the car. The driver tore his hair in despair, lamenting that it could cost him his licence. A young couple sat in the taxi with a big big dog, I know it, because I had to come along to the hospital of the Israelian Cultural Society at Währinger Gürtel. Lina was examined there and had to walk up and down, everything functioned properly, she had not a bruise, nothing. When we arrived at home father gave her a good spanking.

Once Fredi fell out of the pram which I had let roll down Glatzgasse hill. Some years later he was knocked down by a bicycle. A policeman came to inform my parents: mother cried: my Fredi, my Fredi. He had three wounds on his head and had to stay in hospital several weeks.

As soon as Herbert had learned to walk, he went on his first expedition. The policeman at the corner took him to the police-station because he could not yet tell to whom he belonged. We were all excited till I found him there watching the men playing a game of chess. He was quite satisfied with a bag of sweets in his hands and did not want to go home with me.

Of course we all had childrens diseases, singly, one after the other or together. Measles, scarlet -fever, whooping cough, diphtheria or just bruises, fever, disentry, ear ache, etc. I have had a scar over my left eye since childhood. I got it when bumping into the protuding decoration of a streetlamp. I was walking with mother, looking back, as usual, When mother called me in alarm, I thought I should follow and without looking first I rammmed my head into it. The forehead bone is injured, it is sensitive even now. God gives not only the children, but the necessary nerves also, otherwise I cannot understand how my parents stood it.

Mother did not believe in doctors. She had a swelling of her thyroid glands and treated it with a homemade salve for two years. It healed but left an ugly scar on her throat. A phlebitis which also remained without medical treatment, left a big hard swelling on her thigh, so that she dragged her leg a little. It must have been very painful, she often lamented, oh weh, oh weh my bump, but she never went to see a doctor.

We too were treated with home remedies. When we had fever we got a pack of moist clay, which soon dried and became hard like an armour-plating. The best against a sore throat was for instance a glass of someone' else's urine. We recovered in spite of it.

On the cupboard was a big bottle were mother grew a vinegar sponge, another home remedy from mother's pharmacopeia. It produced an agreeable-tasting sour drink.

While we muddled through these times as best we could, the scenery around us began to change quickly. Schönbrunn garden, Burggarden and the Belvedere garden were opened to the public. On 17.12. 1919 the law of an 8-hour working day was passed in Parliament. The Schilling became the new currency, replacing the crown, effective 1 March 1925. Passports were introduced. So relatively new is this acquisition. Up to then one could travel around the world without needing a passport. Also in 1925 Vienna got the Stadtbahn. A great step forward was the implementation of city gas. I remember when

mother lighted the gas-mantle for the first time. Dazzled we stared at each others greenish looking faces and were enraptured. Now it was possible to read in the evening without having to fight for a place near the Kerosene lamp, or without having somebody standing in our light. No more cleaning of the gas cylinder, what a blessing. Soon the gas cooker and the separate gas-oven replaced the coal stove, at least in summer. But it was not until electricity was installed that the bible word came true: let there be light.

I remember even the first radios. Big monsters they were, which made squeaking noises most of the time and often faded. Every man with a little technical know-how built his own detector. Then came the cinematograph. How many wonderful hours do we not owe to this magic art. It enlarged my horizon extremely. Mother took me to the first cultur film it was called "White Shadows". We were more enthralled than present day children are at a televised moon-land. The films were silent in the beginning. In Weltbiograph on Billrothstraße our friend Horst Pepi from number 9 across the street made the accompanying noises. He played violin while another boy handled the piano when necessary. During the intermission came the usher with a big peroline spray, pumping forest aroma over us. Our idols were Charley Chaplin, Harry Piel, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Asta Nielsen. Greta Garbo was and remained the greatest of all for me.

But all progress has its price. Some of the old houses, places and types we were accustomed to were disappearing. When we were children the lamp-lighter in his white coat still used to come along the darkening street, a short ladder on his shoulder. When the water wagon came, we ran splashing behind it, holding up our dresses and let him wash our dirty legs. They did not become any cleaner because the dust swirled high up first, but it was so much fun. A downpour was always highly welcome. Barefooted we were waiting impatiently until the worst rain had slackened, then we waded in the gutter which carried water ankle-deep, especially when the gratings were blocked-up, to which we lend a helping hand. How often did we step on a piece of broken glass or a rusty nail, when we complained we got a box on the ear.

Church Fair at Liechtenthal or Kalvarienberg was always something to look forward to, with its Turkish honey and spun sugar. But it could not compare with Corpus Christi Day. We ran from one procession to the other, from Liechtenthal to Canisius Church, we had to miss anything. Being protestant we were only onlookers and we

loved the soldiers best, who fired salutes at every open air altar which was adorned with green twigs. Mother said we must hold our ears or the ear drums would burst, but we risked it a little bit, it went threw bone and marrow right down to the little toe. The following Sunday was by tradition the procession of the catholic monastery school at Hofzeile, it was particularly gorged with the long line of white-dressed little girls with flower wreath and flower baskets.

The garbage collector at that time came ~~kikx~~ with his open wagon. Its high wooden side planks made it look like a giant funnel. One man announced him with a big bell which he rang in every house to urge the housewives to bring down their garbage pails. Then ~~dam~~ the horse-drawn wagon, the garbage collector stood on top of it. The women held up the open garbage pails, turning their faces away so that nothing would get into their eyes. The man emptied the waste, ho ruck, on the heap on which he waded. Some times later he returned on the other side of the street in his foul-smelling dust cloud. ~~xxxxxx~~ Full or emptied garbage pails were piled up in front of every door. Vienna was a little oriental. I am thinking of the many ambulant hawkers, hawerdashers, scissors grinders, rag-collectors, tinkers and the lavender women, all of which announced themselves with a melodious singsong. One could see some simpler women in slippers and dressing gowns at the milk shop to getting their milk pails filled and buying the king-size croiss for breakfast. Forty years later I saw the same still happen in Ista_nbul and remembered it with nostalgia.

I do not miss the garbage collector. What I do miss is the organ grinder who set up his temporary domicile in our entrance door. He was a war veteran, had only one arm and wore a twisted mustache. Batsch, batsch, it rained coins wrapped up in newspaper scrapps and the window-sills were crowded with listeners. He left with an endless repetition of thank you very much, thank you, than you and swung his cap and one day he disappeared for good.

It was always a pleasure when I was allowed to accompany mother when the apple trawler from Slovakia had come up the Danube and ankered at Brigitta bridge in winter. One could go on board by balancing across a wooden plank. Red maschanska apples laughed at you from everywhere, and how good they smelled. Mother gave me one to eat. I first warmed it a little in my muff, they were so cold

they made your teeth ache and your nose run. Does it only seem to methat the winters were colder than they are now? No, they must have been colder, because I remember the Danube was blocked with ice from the Iron Gate somewhere down in Yugoslavia up to near the city of Vienna and once the ice came up as far as the Floridsdorferbrücke. Father took us to see it, bizzare shaped ice shelves and floes had piled up almost to the hight of the bridge.

The Brigittabrücke across the Danube Canal was rebuilt in 1927 and then named Friedesbrücke, who knows why.

Great changes took place in family life and households as a result of women emancipation. It became harder and harder to find servants, girls preferred to work in factories and have the evenings free for themselves. They did not want to be the slaves of a nagging housefrau or of a man. Dictated by pure necessity or common sense and as a consequence of beginning family counseling, big families were avoided more or less. Everybody read the book written by Van de Velde and knew all about the fertile and unfertile days of a woman. Statistics show that in 1934 the number of deceased was higher than the birth rate.

Every day brought new inventions. The value of vitamins was discovered and the bad effects of overeating. With women taking jobs, housekeeping had to be simplified. Dough products ~~might~~ ^{could} be bought ready made, they only had to be boiled in salt water. But they were still expensive and a woman was soon called lazy if she took advantage of it. Geese and ducks were now sold plucked at the market, another time saving. Nobody ate chicken at all they were only good for making soup. The laundry was taken to "Habsburg" and came back ready for the linnen-chest. To facilitate washing for the more conservative women they propagated "washing with air", it was a stick with a rubber bell.

Fashion had changed completely. The Charleston dresses were sleeveless, very simply cut and short. With it the ladies wore long strings of pearls to play with coquettishly. Lace-boots were passé, all that was left from lace-boots were one-strap shoes. Astonished men could now see the legs up to the knee. Now one could run, move freely, do sport and be a comrade to men. Bobbed hair with fringes rejuvenated women. Our mother surprised us one day. She had taken the scissors and had cut off her long braids, which had reached down to the bend of her knees. We girls of course did not want to run around with braids any longer. Women began to study, they won fame as movie stars. Sex Appeal was the word.

We children grew up with all these innovations and took for granted what no prophet would have foreseen a decade ago. But one event remains engraved vividly in my memory. Someone screamed on the street: a sky writer! We rushed outside and truly, on a dark-blue sky appeared a white writing. Mother immediately remembered stories from the bible and was sure this meant Judgement Day. Then we spelled: PERSIL. Now this was strange, Persil was God's message? Then somebody recognized an airplane high up, that was still an unusual sight in the air. I was also very much impressed by the visit of the Zeppelin in 1929. Like a giant cigar it sailed silently across the sky.

Politically it was a chaotic period for Austria. The big parties fought each other and on 17 July 1927 the civil war climaxed in the burning of the Palace of Justice. I was then 11 years old and the only thing I remember was that we were not allowed to go outside. The Vaterländische Front seized power and Austria got a new National Anthem:

Sei gesegnet, ohne Ende,
 Heimaterde wunderhold.
 Freundlich schmücken dein Gelände
 Tannengrün und Ährengold.
 Deutsche Arbeit, ernst und ehrlich,
 deutsche Liebe zart und rein,
 Vaterland, wie bist du herrlich,
 Gott mit dir mein Österreich.

Our parents apparently have not read Van de Velde. In 1924 Hermi arrived, Herbert in 1925. Mother was rapidly going downhill. A nightmare of my childhood were the wash days. I wonder if it would have ended differently, had we been able to have the laundry done outside. Although we elder ones had to assist by soaping, carrying water, rinsing, taking the laundry up to the attic, etc. it was always a catastrophe and mother had to stay in bed a few days afterwards. It happened after such a dreadful wash day that mother spit blood for the first time. The fact as such was sinister enough for us children, an unforgettable shock. The doctor's diagnosis was: galloping consumption. An illness for which there was no remedy at that time. Good care and good food was his advice but it was hard to get. On the contrary, in 1928 Karli arrived. This was the beginning of the end.

Childbed was a death sentence for many a woman at that time. Young people of today are the first generation who have their parents or even grandparents up to their fortieth year, this was an exception in former days. A 20-year old was usually orphaned or half-orphaned. Husbands on the average were widowed twice. Children were brought up in orphan asylums or were raised by relatives or strangers. Insufficient hygiene, insufficient medical services, wrong nourishment, bad living- and working conditions, never a vacation undermined public health and tuberculosis, syphilis, brain fever, all diseases for which no remedies were known decimated the population. Infant mortality was high. When we started school a vaccine against smallpox had been discovered and was applied to all school children as a precaution. Pock-marked people were a common sight in our young days.

At Karli's birth I was 12 years old, I was glad that mother was gaining weight at last, but it did not please me that it was only in one place, the belly. On 28 January 1928 the wooden blinds of our shop were closed, we were all exiled to the kitchen, the midwife from the Upper Pantzergasse had arrived and was making a fuss. She went busily to and fro, brewing something on our stove. Listen!! what a strange noise? A brother had arrived! So that was it. Our mother had not uttered a word. The next day she was already up and about and did what was necessary. Now it all started for me again, moving the pram and all those tedious jobs. I was not enthusiastic at all and reproached my parents bitterly. What did we need another child for? Were we not enough already?

Frau Dr. M. finally succeeded in talking my father into marrying my mother after Karli's birth. It must have been in 1928. I attended the wedding of my parents. Mother was serious and looked very nice, her head covered by a black veil. Mrs. Horst had made the dress for that occasion, it was of dark-blue light material with thin white stripes. The meal was supplied by Dr. M. pork chops and a huge dumpling in a serviette.

When I think of father I always picture him working at his cobbler's bench, he had no other place. He sat down after breakfast, worked all day and continued by the light of the kerosene lamp and only when he stopped for supper and brought the lamp with him, did we have light too. We had only one lamp in operation. Father was full of humour, quick-witted and usually gay. If a well-aimed reply had come to his mind in time, he was the first to laugh, scratching his head from back to front. He was a nice-looking man, what a pity for him that he was not taller. He wore a moustache and had a stand-up haircut.

In the evenings when we had no visitors, father commanded us to play a game of draughts with him. We did not like it, because we continuously lost all our stones in his cross-fields. Then he smiled mischievously.

He rarely left the house. He sent mother to buy the material he needed for his repair work, or us. It happened only once that both he and she were out. We knew nothing better to do than to lean the ironing board out of the window down to the pavement and slide down on it. What fun it was. The neighbours watched from their windows how marvellously we were entertaining ourselves. In by the door and out by the window went the merry-go-round. A friend of ours, Posel Vicky, happened to be alone at home too. He sat at the window-sill and distributed cookies. He had found a whole pan full of them in the oven and a second one full of yeast-rolls. I can still recall how happy he was to make us happy. Later in the evening we heard him scream when his father spanked him for the good deed.

Father belonged to the workmen who cause much disorder in working or at least so it seemed to me. He was surrounded by heaps of shoes, lasts, scraps of leather, etc. There were nails of the same size in fifty different shoe-polish covers. ^{There might have been a system in it known only to him.} When conversing with someone - and many came to see him only for that reason - then he stopped working. He moved the shoe from one side to the other but the work did not progress. He accepted any work but finished only what suited him, the other shoes could wait till doomsday. It embarrassed me very much when people came to complain. Then he swore that theirs would be the next but he never kept his promise. Why didn't you finish as you promised, I often asked him irritated. I could never understand this and he pacified me by saying, yes, yes, I shall do it tomorrow. Some enraged customers wanted their shoes back and it was not always easy to find them under all the stuff. Why people kept coming back at all I don't understand, they either pitied us or father did not ask much for his work. We always waited till he had finished a pair of shoes, then we jumped off to deliver them. We knew all his customers, our affection rose with the tip.

Father had had his working place elevated to a platform under which there were three big, deep drawers where he kept his material. From this platform he was able to look out to the street and see what happened there. Since he very rarely left the house, it offered him a diversion. But if something displeased him outside, it might

happen that he would throw out a last at somebody. Our father was hot-tempered. The reason for his quick temper remained a mystery to us. Later I thought maybe he only wanted to be alone with mother. Because in such cases we dispersed in all directions and did not return until the evening. I do not know wether ~~the~~ our parents' marriage was a happy one. There was much arguing, mother always wanted to have the last word. Willy says now that their arguments were mostly about Lina and me. When father had a fit of temper, he threw anything at us that first came to his hand. But we were quickly under the bed or out of the door. Then the little ones looked alarmed out of their pram or began to scream, turning father's attention to them. Mother cried: leave the child in peace. Mother often said matter of factly: all cobblers are mad, it comes from hammering ~~the~~ shoe-soles.

A Jewish agent used to come often, I disliked him very much because he always talked father into buying something which he did not need. Once he even persuaded him to start the serial production of winter slippers. Father made a sample which pleased the agent and he brought bags full of felt and checked material for lining the slippers. The tips were to be of leather, to protect the toes. It is amazing how much a slipper needs to be complete, inner soles, heels, buckles, etc. Father started immediately to cut out about thirty pairs of slippers. Then the half-finished felt slippers were lying around everywhere. He either lost interest in it, or perhaps for lack of time and space he gave up the project and the moths were the only ones who profited by it, they grew fat on it.

Not far from us lived a Jewish couple with a little boy. The woman asked my parents whether I could come and look after their boy, I could stay overnight, they would be back late. I agreed. When they returned from the theatre, I woke up and overheard a strange whispering and moving about and heard the man say: Sarah, let me pat you. When I told this to father, he laughed heartily. I found it less amusing and refused to go a second time.

This is the time, I believe, to thank a family or rather a woman, who was the guardian angel of our youth, Frau Dr. Elisabeth Moszkowics. She was a born Benndorf. Her father was a famous archäologist and among other things Austria owes the Ephesos reliefs in the Ethnographic Museum to him.

As head-nurse at the Rudolfinerhaus she met her husband to be, the chief surgeon, who was born in Krakau. When we were children, he had a practice of his own at Langegasse. They were a beautiful couple and had two bright children, Adèlheid und Otto.

Frau Dr. M. came to our house often, always dressed in flying robes and flat comfortable shoes. She consulted our parents, looked to see what was most urgently needed and guided our lives from a distance. She and her sister, who was head of a girls highschool at Billrothstraße, were two of the first emancipated women in Austria.

At Christmas they always arranged marvellous Christmas parties for us. They brought the gifts by the basketful. Garments, articles of clothing and toys. Once a group of girls even came with a trimmed Christmas tree. They lit it outside and came ~~in~~ through the kitchen into the room, singing: Silent night, holy night. We stood trans-fixed with wide-open eyes, waiting till they were all gone, so that we could enjoy everything. When mother had taken one piece after the other out of the basket and had distributed it according to age and size, then it was ours. Heidi came once disguised as Knecht Rupprecht, but we immediately recognized her by her voice. Thanks to this noble-minded family, our childhood was a happy one. I am sure no other children ever had such glorious Christmases as we.

We were often called by Miss Hedwig, their long-time servant, to come to their apartment in Hardtgasse 30. In the entrance there were large mirrors on both sides which made ten-fold reflections. We never got tired of looking in and making grimasses before we climbed up and rang the door bell with beating hearts, wondering what she would ask this time. She always inquired about things we did not know. The house and the apartment seemed like a palace to me. I remember the long dark corridor into which many doors led. That would be an ideal place for playing hide and seek or one could glide on the shining linoleum. These people were not aware of all the wonderful opportunities.

Frau Doktor never made us wait long. We were led into her room and had to tell her how matters were at home. Funny question, everything was okay as usual, nothing to complain about. She made me feel as if I had hidden something and I was always embarrassed when she asked about my wishes. I usually had none. Only once did I confess that I should like to have a painting box like the other school girls.

It was a terrible disappointment for me when under the Christmas tree I found a square metal box with holes in the corners through which a pink ribbon had been drawn and knotted into a nice bow on which this contraption was to be carried. Never for the sake of my life would I have gone to school with this. I was afraid the girls would make fun of me. Heidi had made it herself. At that time I realized that poor and rich have different standards of measurement. Where money is no problem handmade things are valuable but for poor people only things for which you have paid are presents. Where you have to take the will for the deed I made an expression: a protestant gift.

When the school certificates were distributed, we went straight to Frau Dr. M., without having been especially invited, to collect our ten schillings. I always hoped for more, because I had better marks, a few words of praise were all I got extra. This I found unfair, why had I struggled all year? But it was no struggle, it was pleasure for me to study.

One day Frau Doktor asked me what we wanted to present mother for Christmas - she always had absurd ideas. After long reflection I suggested a coffee cup with the name of "EVA" printed on it. She gave me the money and I ran around with Willy to buy it. But no cup with Eva was found, all kind of names were to be had and under pressure of time we took one with "Ernestine" on it. Willy put it in his pocket, luckily the lining was torn, so he could hold it comfortably under his coat by its handle. We hid it behind the side-board. We had a hard time keeping the secret and could hardly wait to see what mother would think of our present.

On another occasion Frau Doktor asked me in her typical quick way, looking piercingly at me over the rim of her glasses, whether I would not like to live in a beautiful house without my brothers and sisters, but it would not mean an orphan's home, I would also have a father. Why, I replied, I have got a father. First I thought she meant living with them, they had recently moved into a villa at Peter Jordanstraße, with a little back garden. Then a frightful suspicion rose in me. No doubt about it, they wanted to give me away. I detached myself from Frau Doktor, ran home and accused them in anger, trembling. "You want to give me away, me, who is the best at school, are you mad. Give Willy away he gets nothing but bad marks". But no, said mother assuringly, I wont ever give you away. But I never again felt absolutly sure about it.

Later, as I grew older, dear Mrs. M. worried about what I should do when school was over. During her reflections her husband returned. she asked him: what do you think Ludwig that Dolfi should do after school? Without a moments hesitation he said in his deep voice: she should breed white mice. This remark I took in bad grace. I had dreamed of a different career.

In the house where we lived was a grocer. When I checked the change she gave me, Mrs. Sommer used to say: when you have finished school I shall take you right away. In times where every second was unemployed and lived in misery I was proud and happy that my future was safe. I asked Lina repeatedly inquisitively: what are you going to do after school? To her shrugging her shoulders I replied: I know, I shall work for Mrs. Sommer in the grocery.

Then came a time when I reflected whether I was my parents child at all. Weren't all the others bad at school? None of them read books which I divoured. Wasn't I different? But on the other hand Lina and I looked so much alike that strangers could never tell us apart. Lina once got punished for me. I disliked the crowding and disorder at home. There was a teacher whom I adored. And one day I confessed to Lina that I would have loved to be her child. Lina told father in my presence and he replied: then you propably would not have had it so good. How much it must have hurt father. I was very much embarrassed and reproached Lina for having told him. But you said so, she replied. From that moment I did not entrust her with important matters. Mother at that time was already in a tuberkulosis station. I am sure it was only my understandable wish to get out of the misery. I was longing for order. To accomplish this became the impulse of all my actions. To get out of everything, to be equal to the others.

I know from my own bitter experience that children of big families do not have the same start in life. Not even today in the so-called affluent society. Because such families are by nature excluded from affluence. Those children lack the space each individuum needs for its development. They ^{are} seldom mentally so developed, cannot be, because the parents have not the time to attend to their needs as much as necessary. Often enough the parents are not in a position to do it because they lacked a higher education for the very same reasons. If such children want to rise above an average standard, they must make a special effort. Rarely are they able to reach an academic rank, even if the brain capacity was available and

the education free of charge. Some succeed but these are the exceptions to the rule. Therefore I am absolutely for birth control and family planning. Only those who can prove the financial means should be allowed to have more than maximal three children. Not higher family allowances should be given but higher taxes should be levied on the irresponsible. God sends the babies but not the food.

I left school in June 1931. Willy had left it a year ago and was working as a waiter apprentice for board and lodging and tip at a little inn on Obere Donaustraße. I had passed all the examinations with excellent results and was offered a place at a teacher's school, but I wanted to earn money. Now all the girls had lovely dresses and I still wore second hand dresses from others. And where could I have studied? All kind of visitors used to come to us, they played cards, smoked and were laughing and joking all the time. There was not a quiet corner. The moment I put down a book I found grease stains on it. Although I envied those who could study, for me it was out of the question, I wanted to stand on my own feet as soon as possible. The situation began to worry me, I did not want to be a recipient of charity any longer.

It was not easy to find a position in those days. Mother went with me the first time, it was at Trautson-Garage. About 30 applicants were waiting in line. I was not taken.

I got a job with a coal wholesale dealer who had his office in the area of the Franz Josephs railroad station under the arcades of the Stadtbahn. The tiny room was just enough for two people to sit in, it was lit by a naked electric bulb and heated by a stinking kerosene & stove. Water, usually frozen, was kept outside in a rain barrel. ~~which was~~ The boss was Jewish and always screamed on the telephone. He got so excited that ~~he screamed~~ he foamed at the mouth. In regular intervals the Stadtbahn thundered over us, the walls trembled, one could not hear a word. I soon told father that I could not stay there. He did not force me, although the man came several times to get me back. Business was mainly conducted by telephone and I would never have been able to get used to this business and sell coal and coke by the waggon.

Another time I introduced myself to Mr. Panesch, the head of the organization "catch a cold daily", it was in Naglergasse. He hacked away the ice of the Danube in winter to take a bath.

He was about 70 years old at that time and very nervous. His nerves pinched him everywhere. It can't be that healthy, I thought to myself. His typewriter was ripe for a museum. It had a keyboard with all letters and signs on it. You had to move an indicator to the letter you wanted, then push a lever which moved a typeball which in turn printed the letter on the paper. I had taken typing lessons but could not work on this machine.

Another prospective boss was a hunchback accountant in a miserable office in Josefstadt, whose employee warmed her lunch on a little stove.

I do not remember how I finally made it at Altmann & Kühne, but I liked it from the first moment. The atmosphere was cultivated, it was in the center of town on Kärntnerstraße, there was much to see and hear. Mr. Altmann did not like my christian name, so I was baptized "Dolly". I worked in the accounting office first and was later transferred down to the shop. My responsibilities included cleaning, waxing and polishing the red linoleum floor every morning. Now my practical education began and I needed to be trained in every respect. How to talk, walk, behave, etc. I also learned to wrap up packages quickly and deliver them, which I liked best because then I could leave the shop, stroll around, see beautiful ladies, look at marvellous things in the windows and in addition was paid for it by tips. I came into beautiful homes but only as far as the entrance hall. One day I had to deliver a little box at Bristol Hotel. The porter sent me up to the room where an old man was lying on the bed in a wide-meshed net-overall. When he invited me to come closer, I threw him the package and ran out without waiting for a tip.

My salary was 60S a month. My first self-earned money. Mother was very disappointed that I did not want to contribute to expenses. She did not understand that I badly needed a new blouse or stockings. Well, she said, then you must support yourself. She did not speak to me for weeks. This hurt me very much. I swallowed my first self-earned bread with tears. That might have turned out badly. Today I can explain what followed only that way that either my employer or Frau Dr. M- saw how miserable I looked. No doubt my condition was aggravated by my inner suffering, Anyhow, one day I was called to the Chief of the Health Department and he immediately sent me to a tuberculosis sanatorium in Weyer an der Enng for four weeks. There I ate to my heart's desire and got cheeks like a trumpeting angel but my body remained slim.

From the moment I entered active life I have supported myself, Only my lodging was free. During my apprenticeship I was obliged to go to the Commercial School. The afternoons when I was allowed to go to school were the happiest days of the week. I was the best one in the class.

When Mr. Altmann decided to open a new shop at Grand Hotel, I was transferred to this one. Manageress was a tall, nice-looking girl. One day came an elderly man ~~xxxxxxx~~ with a white beard and dark eyeglasses to the shop. He ate a Petit Four and swajlowed Friedl with his eyes. He kept coming every day. We found him uncanny looking and Friedl implored me not to leave her alone with him. After several visits, in which he never said a word, his interest flattered her and she began to flirt with him. Now she sometimes sent me out to clean the window or to get some change. Later she told me "almost" everything. She laughed away his suggestions but in such a manner as not to offend him. She was a poor thing, living in a sublet room, earning some extra money by sowing gloves for a shop in the evening, but she gave her love to a lift-boy at the Grand Hotel. Whenever he could, he left the entrance door unattended and came running to ask her whether she still loved him. Today he is an actor at the Burgtheater. One day the bearded man came for the last time to say good-bye. He had accepted a position as lecturer at an American University. He said there was no future in Austria. As a farewell present he brought Friedl a poem:

60 minus 20 makes forty,
 so at least I had learned at school.
 To the child arithmetic was a pleasure,
 not a burden,
 I would never have thought that this simple equation
 would make me, a grown man, cry one day.

Towards the end of my apprenticeship I was again transferred, this time to the Graben Branch Office, where Miss Mu was the manager. There were also Steffi and Rosy. Steffi was in love with the cashier of the Buschkino, a Mr. Mondschein. It was a great grief for her bigotted mother that she had not brought home a Catholic. But of all men in the whole world Steffi wanted no one but Mr. Mondschein.

She later emigrated with him to Shanghai. We went to a theatre once together, Steffi and I, they played "Alt-Heidelberg" with Paula Wessely and Hans Jaray. When Wessely cried at the end: "Karl-Heinz you are never to return" I was bathed in tears. But Steffi was completely unconcerned, she said, why am I sitting here? This is the time when he closes the cinema. For her only the moon shone, even during the day.

For a short time we had a new salesgirl, a quiet person with golden hair. I have really never before seen such beautiful hair. She had not been with us more than a few weeks, when an elderly carpet dealer saw her and asked whether she would agree to meet him at the Grabenkaffee. She did not want to go but Mrs. Kühne and Miss Mu persuaded her, she could at least listen to him, that would not bind her in any way, they said. She went and came back only to report that she was leaving us on the spot. He had made her such an attractive offer that she could not decline considering the poverty of her family and his only condition was that she should leave us at once.

Rosy too had her admirers. As soon as a customer showed any preference for one of us, he was considered her customer and she was permitted to wait on him. Many interesting people from the great world came to us. Maria Jeritza came some times, but usually she telephoned. The diva's fans often had us sent her packages. I once served my only idol among movie stars, Matthias Wieman. I asked for an autograph, which I got.

The Grabenkaffee next to our shop still had its open-air garden in summer. People sat on a platform from where one could overlook the Graben. Traffic consisted of horse-drawn carriages, fiakers and a few motorcars, preferably Daimler-Benz cars or Gräf & Stift with their elongated hoods. A well-known Viennese type was the lady with the wasp-waist. Whenever she passed by we ran out to see her.

I had no devotees, I was too childish, but I watched everything attentively. To tell the truth I also had admirers but it did not mean a thing to me. One man followed me every morning on my way to the shop on Währingerstraße. One day he brought a camera along and took a picture which he presented to me. He was approx. 30 years old and therefore much too old, out of the question. A friend of my colleague Anny fell head over heels in love with me. He even loved the rustling of my raincoat. He looked at me with pleading eyes.

I could not stand that nonsense. I remember another young man from the country. I thought he was nice and I liked him, till he sent me letters full of spelling and grammatical mistakes, that was the end of this. I could never forgive that.

Now the hardest time for us at home began. Except for Willy, we were all at home, grew up and needed space which simply was not there. In the evening we moved table, chairs, everthing movable to the wall and set up the folding beds and wire frames for the mattrasses. Each had to share his bed with somebody. We slept head to foot, this is the least disturbing way to sleep. Mother always had the youngest in her bed.

Lina had left school with me. She had worked for two months as a seamstress on Wipplingerstraße, but when mother came to the hospital she had to stay home and keep house, a task of which she had not the faintest idea. One of her first acts was to burn all the leather and felt scrappings for the slipper production. Father was very angry. We also arranged wash-festivals, but our laundry never came out white. Later Lina was sent for training to a protestant domestic school at Salzerbad and aunt Paulina arrived from Silesia to take care of the orphaned household. We all hated her. It soon got too much for her too and she left.

I waiked to work every morning from the 19th district to the inner city and back in the evening. This was all the relaxation I ever had. Karli was then 4 years old. For him playing meant only making noise. He drummed with two sticks on an empty suitcase or pot. Once he blackened his face with shoe polish to resemble a negro, he had seen that at a circus. The noise he made drove me crazy. When I scolded him he stopped for a moment amazed and I once heard him ask father: when is Dolfi leaving so that I can play again? I had rocked all my younger sisters and brothers to sleep and had taken care of them, I really did not need a doll.

Every Saturday I had to scrub the wooden floor. It was hard work. The water had to be changed after every few feet. The floor was always black, the dirt from the street was inside at every step. And our house was a dove-cote with people continually coming and going, we ourselves sprang in and out and the many visitors and customers. For some years I did it alone but when Lina left school and had no work I demanded that she should take turns with me. But she had a way of disappearing mysteriously on Saturdays. I shed many tears over this.

I guess it was a hard time for father too. We could not help him and he could not help us. It was not until later years that father and I were on good terms. As a child I often wished he were not with us. Then we could have arranged ourselves pretty well without his repairshop in the apartment. I was always more attached to mother.

Mother never recovered from Karli's birth. She spent the last five years of her life, with some interruptions, in hospitals, homes and other institutions. When I visited her once she complained that I did not kiss her as all the other children did. You never taught it to us, I answered. Our parents never cuddled us. When they were moved or touched we got a knuckle over our head at best.

Finally they let her come home to die. We were happy and did not suspect anything. She had been ill and suffering for so many years, we did not understand that this was the end. One Sunday morning I was alone at home with her, even father had gone to escape the misery. I sat at her bedside knitting. From time to time I puffed her pillow up. She used to say I was the one who could do it so that her flesh did not ache for a while. She silently looked at me with a glance that I shall never forget. I know for sure that she blessed me and said good bye. Mrs. Posel came to encourage her, saying everything would turn for the better. She only shook her head sadly and raised her bony arm. A fortuneteller once prophesied that she would have twelve children. We were only seven, nine including the two that had died earlier, therefore she could not die. I believed strongly in this. A prophet must be trusted, whom else should you trust. Unfortunately this is not true and I lost faith in everybody since then.

Mother's death

Only Lina and Karli were at home when it happened. Mother had asked in the morning to have a doctor because she did not feel well. When the doctor came, he said: what do you want of me, that woman is already dead.

Frau Dr. M. called me at Altmann & Kühne. I left the shop immediately. When I turned into our street, the 5-year old Karli came grinning toward me, jumping from one foot to the other, gaily informing me that mother had died. I hit him.

The others were at school. Hermi had gymnastic lesson and was high up on the rings when Alfred entered, looking up at her, he waved his hand crying. In a choked voice he told her that mother had died. Together with Herbert they left school. Mrs. Janu, living across the street took them in and they later saw the hearse which took mother away from her window.

When I came home father was standing, his elbows on the counter, supporting his head with his hands. He did not say a word, did not cry. Mother's face was covered with a cloth. She had not struggled when she died, it had been a yearlong struggle. The men from the funeral service came and put her into the coffin. She was already stiff and when they pushed her knees down, there was a cracking noise. One of my former school mates passed by outside, looking frightened. It was the one that had supplied me so often with thickly spread bread and butter, which was a delicacy to me. Mother's passing away caused great excitement in our street, we had the sympathy of all.

We cried a lot that evening, especially Fredi. We were all under a shock. In spite of her long suffering, it had come as a surprise to us. Now it was so quiet at home. Not even I could grasp the full extent of the loss and its consequences and I was almost seventeen years old.

At the cemetery the coffin was opened for a last time. I went to see mother once more, I do not remember whether the others did the same. Some dead persons look distorted or changed. Our mother had a happy expression on her face. In spite of her closed eyes you would think that she was looking right into heaven and seeing something wonderful. I can only imagine that she was painfree and just wanted to say: now I feel well. I recall this picture clearly and death has lost its terror for me, it can also come as a deliverer. Mother had mentioned many times that she would not want a cross on her grave. She had had enough cross in her life. She was buried in a mass grave on Zentralfriedhof together with many other poor people. And when I later got interested in the place I could not find it. This part of the cemetery had been rearranged, I know approximately the place, it had later become the burial ground for more prosperous guests.

Now we had to arrange ourselves in life without mother. Hermi and Fredi were taken to the protestant orphans' home at Bad Goisern, where they stayed till they finished school. Karli and Herbert remained at home. Herbert because he was father's darling and Karli because he was not yet of school age. A year later he was also taken to Goisern. Since Lina was still at Salzerbad in this training school, we now had space enough at home. I made room for my folding bed in the kitchen and now, at the age of seventeen, I had a bed of my own for the first time in my life. When I came home from the shop in the evening there were household chores waiting for me.

Our father was then 45 years old and as far as I remember he was a passionate man, now there he was without a companion and with a bunch of small children. He was not innocent with regard to his fate, I would say. To produce many children without having the means to support them is irresponsible and inexcusable.

Some women from the neighbourhood began to pay father obvious visits and to make him advances. One of them was a big strong woman, whom we all liked, she perhaps could have handled the job, but father smiled meaningfully, it amused him apparently. As time passed by, he got a little bit lonely and started an extensive correspondence. He bought the "Erzähler" every week and checked the column "Uncle Toni". He spent many an evening with drafting letters. That made his time pass and deflected him from his troubles.

It is difficult for me to describe this hopeless time. If by means of the Moskowics' connections the childrens had not been properly placed, we would all have starved. There was absolutely no money. Three of my former class-mates had died of anaemia and they were only children. Most men had been without jobs for years and nothing is more demoralizing for a person than to be willing to work and not to find a job. One loses one's self-respect. Father was a little bit better off, because he had his own trade. Once he queued up for shoveling snow in winter. He had to stand in line at four o'clock in the morning and even then was sometime too late. He had done it for us, but I was ashamed that we could not spare him this. We brought him hot tea and lard-bread. His muscles ached from the work he was not used to.

In the meantime Fascism had won in Italy and National-socialism in Germany. On 19 June 1933 the Nationalist Party was declared illegal in Austria. Dollfuß saw salvation only in cooperation with Fascism. He went to Italy for a state visit and the Duce welcomed him at the beach. The picture in the newspapers enraged me. Our chancellor in a black suit and stiff hat and the fat Mussolini in his trunks. Was our reputation so low that he thought we have to accept this affront? In the course of a national-socialist attempt to seize power Dollfuß was murdered in the Chancellery on 25 July 1934. His successor was Kurt Schuschnigg, who continued his policy. One troublesome time was replaced by an even more confused one.

Our national anthem got a supplement. Like in Germany, where the Horst-Wessel-Lied was part of the Deutschlandlied and like in Italy, where the Giovinezza was an integral part of the anthem, we now sang after: " Sei gesegnet ohne Ende...."

Ihr Jungen schließt die Reihen dicht,
 ein Toter führt uns an.
 Er gab für Österreich sein Blut,
 ein wahrer, deutscher Mann.
 Die Mörderkugel, die in traf,
 sie riß ein Volk aus Zank und Schlaf.
 Jungen, seid bereit!
 mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit.

Difficult as the political times were, the dark years of puberty were just as difficult for us children. It is impossible for me to elucidate these years, we were numbed, we do not remember. Herbert and I had the advantage of being at home, while the others grew up away from home in institutions. However good they may be they cannot substitute for a home. Although we had nothing at home, away from it we always felt homesick. Alfred suffered especially, he seemed to have been born without a skin. We all dreamed of a bright future.

I still worked for Altmann & Kühne, Graben. One day Mrs. Kühne made signs to her husband and pushed him. When he did not react, she said aloud: Well, then I will tell them. We pricked up our ears. They had been threatened with a bomb. Mrs. Kühne said, whoever wants to leave the shop may go, they themselves would stay. So we stayed too and nothing happened.

1934 was the year when my life took a new direction. I met Rudi. Nothing signaled me that I was going along a new road. I was on my way home from work when he accosted me on Nußdorferstraße. He had seen me before from the streetcar when he went to the Textile School. He told me later that something in my walk struck him. I am sure it was because my shoes were too big. Father still went with me when I bought new ones so that I would not make a mistake. He pressed the top to feel whether my toes had enough space in them. As a consequence I always wore shoes two numbers too big for me.

At first I did not find Rudi attractive, although he was a nice-looking boy. His hat was too high for my taste and he looked too grown up and solemn in his dark coat. He wore black for his recently deceased twin brother. I did not even go to the first rendez-vous. When he wrote for a second meeting he fixed the date so shortly that I could not possibly keep it. Then I was sent to this home in Weyer an der Enns for four weeks and so a whole year passed before we met again by chance and then regularly.

I did not tell father anything about it, simply because I never thought it would be serious. He knew from my brothers that I "went" with somebody, but he did not ask me that was not his way.

Rudi too had had a miserable childhood. His parents got divorced when the twins were two years old. Since his mother had to work for her living, the boys were taken to a protestant childrens' home where they remained until their fourth year. He has sad memories of this time. He was a bed-wetter all the time until his mother married again and was able to take the boys back. Their living conditions were as bad as were most in Vienna at that time. A damp dark one and a half room kitchen affair. The kitchen windowless, toilette outside to be shared with the janitors family. His brother perished in this flat and he was affected too, which naturally caused great anxiety to his mother.

He had begun his studies at the Textile School under great financial sacrifices of his father-in-law. They had chosen this school because his uncle held a leading position at the Graumann textile firm and would later be able to take him in there. Then his uncle died in a motorcycle accident. On passing a motorcar, an oncoming car ripped off one of his legs completely. Such was the situation when I came. His mother did not like the idea at all and I cannot blame her. He should finish school first she thought, but he did not give me up.

Rudi was serious and honest and I built my whole future on his trust-worthy blue eyes.

We both had no idea about love. I got the first kiss in Wertheimsteinpark, near the green-house, which does not exist any more. ~~Kanger~~ Whenever his studies allowed it, we wandered around for hours, beyond Glanzing, as far as Sommerha₁denweg or into the Vienna Woods. I showed him all the lovely places, parks and path in our vicinity. He had not seen much of it before we met. If his mother slipped a few schillings into his pocket, we went to see a movie.

During a news-reel show there was once great unrest in the cinema, I first thought somebody had fallen ill or something. Then handclapping, hailing, hissing, Heil- and Buuh-calls. Rudi said it was because the Führer of the Germans had been shown in an Austrian news-reel for the first time. It was the opening of a car-show in Berlin. I could not see any connection.

Now Lina too had met her Fra_nzl, who was born the same year as Rudi a_nd therefore had also two more years to go until his final examinations at the Technical High School. Fra_nzl's parents had wanted a child for many years. His mother vowed, if God would grant their wish and it were a boy he should become a priest. Fra_nzl's father was an officer in World War I. He got syphilis somewhere and ended in an insane-asylum with softening of the brain. When Fra_nzl was nine years old, he tried to stab him with a kitchen-knife, claiming he was not his son. His pious mother put him into a Jesuit Seminary where one monk shocked him so much by molesting him that he left not only the college but severed all bands with the church.

Franzl came to our house very often. He envied Lina for having brothers and sisters, he thought it was wonderful, he had always been so lonely. After his father's horrible end. his mother lived with a chimney sweeper, who was very good to Fra_nzl. But his man died too and Fra_nzl had to support himself and put himself through the university by giving private lessons, taking evening jobs and working at weekends and in summer. His mother did not live to see him pass the examinations.

It was fortunate for us four that we had a partner of the same age in this very difficult period of life, when mother and father could not help much. Being together gave us so much. As far as sex was concerned we had only vague ideas. We were afraid of having a baby and used preventative measures, when I was still a virgin.

I lost maidenhood approximately a year later, it happened one evening in Hartäckerpark. It was very painful and I was sure he had hurt me mortally. After that Rudi at least understood. He was happy that he was the first "man" in my life. Before I met Rudi I had ~~never~~ ~~once~~ been violently in love for a short time. When my admirer took me to his friends' apartment where an other girl knelt before him and caressed him, it nauseated me. When his friend, whom I had never seen before, approached me indecently, I almost jumped down from the third floor. When they realized my despair, the friend let me down and I ran away sobbing and was glad to have escaped.

My apprenticeship ended in January 1935. The employer was bound to keep my three more months. Would he keep me longer? No, he didn't, I got a notice - a catastrophe. I could not even tell Rudi, he was on an excursion to Budapest, with his class, The first trip in his life, and he was correspondingly impressed. He wrote every day. Everything was colossaly elegant, extraordinarily gigantic, brilliantly gorgeous, etc. How delicately he expressed himself, I was really proud of him, I could never have described it so vividly.

I depended again on father's support. Early in the morning I bought the newspaper, read the few advertisements in the "wanted" column, wrote curriculum vitae and if the address of the presumptive employer was mentioned - which was rarely the case, the firms were afraid of being overrun - I called in person, first come first served. I was lucky to find a job as a sales girl in a Dental Depot six weeks later, just across the street from my former job, corner Graben/ Spiegelgasse. The material was completely different, but I found it interesting. Mr. Langwieder was a strict but just boss. This was the first step up the ladder. Now I was equal to the others, not a servant any longer. I got nice colleagues and even male-colleagues, for the first time. It was a pleasure to work. My teeth were also decisive for my employment. They were okay but I had such tiny pointed teeth which were set each separately, like milk teeth. They made me look even younger. After some weeks of training in accounting and administration they place me in the dental depot. We had many trays spread with guttapercha in which false teeth were stuck. The dentinsts came with the gipsum molds and we had to help them pick the right ones with the help of a color key. We needed good light for our work, therefore the dental depot was located in the corner room, from my window I could see St. Stephan's. It was always important to me to work in a beautiful atmosphere, I had had it poorly enough at home.

The enclosed picture from a company catalogue was made at this period. So that is the way I looked then, unbelievable. I remember the blue dress with its pleated collar, it was too tight around the bosom. It was the habit of my cheap seamstress to make everything too tight. When we were young, in the thirties, one could not buy ready-made dresses.

Catastrophy - I was pregnant. Having a child was out of the question, I still lived with father and Rudi has not yet finished school. How I managed to raise the money and find a willing doctor I don't remember. Dr. M. to whom I turned in despair refused it flatly. The doctor, whom I finally found, was very prudent. Half an hour after the operation I had to leave. Rudi was waiting for me downstairs. We walked from Tuchlauben to the Schottentor and took the streetcar from there. At the Gürtel everything went black before my eyes and I almost fainted. I thought my last hour had come. Gasping for breath I went out to the open platform of the 38. More dead than alive I reached home and went to bed right away. And nobody was allowed to suspect anything.

When I already knew that I was with child I met Rudi as usual at the Döblinger Bad, which was for many years our vacation ground. There I found him deep in conversation with a blond girl. He pretended not to know me, did not introduce me, let me just lie beside them. This hurt my feelings very much, especially in this worried situation. I entered their conversation with the question from where he knew the girl. It came to light that they had met in a streetcar, where she repeated her telephone-number to her friends so loud that he could take it down and use it later. He had such ideas while I did not know what to do in my despair. I would have broken with him, had I not depended on him for help in this desperate situation. In retrospect I realize today that the mother in me had lost faith in him as a father of my children. I had not thought of it expressly but somehow in my dreams of the future I imagined that - like in novels - he would fall to his knees when I told him my sweet secret, but it was quite different. Incredulous he looked at me. Of course, he was willing to help me and himself out of this as far as he was able to, but I felt a slight reproach and impatience, it only proved what he always said, that I was incalculable.

Rudi finished his studies at the Textile School in June 1936 and entered business life. Finally. Nobody can imagine today how difficult it was for a young man, especially an "educated one" to find a job. He was lucky to find a position in a small ~~printing~~ chemical company, though it was not in his line. It was in a damp cellar and work started at 7 o'clock in the morning. He had to clean dirty glass~~s~~-bottles, fill in bad smelling liquids, wrap them up and carry them to the post office in a hand-drawn wagon. He was unhappy, had he studied for that?

Franz too had finished Technical High School. For him it was no question, he would leave Austria and go to Germany, where thousands of positions were waiting. His mother had died this year, so he was free of any obligations. He wanted to take Lina with him and marry her. Since she was a minor he needed father's permission. Together they came to ask for it. Franz accepted the responsibility of taking care for her from now on. He was very much in love and happy for the first time in his life. He had a job offer in Bayrischzell in Bavaria as a surveyor for the German railroad and went there to prepare a home for them. Lina cleared out his mother's flat and looked after the marriage papers.

I went on my first self-financed holiday in July 1936. Apart from stays in childrens homes I had never left Vienna and never before had I come in close contact with nature. My destination was Bad Goisern, where I wanted to visit Hermi and Alfred with whom I had been in correspondence all the time, since father never wrote a line. I was overwhelmed by all the beauty. I climbed every mountain like mad and could not get enough of it. I had found a cheap logis in a simple Gasthof, my room had only a bed, table, one chair and a few nails in the door for my cloths. But in front of the house murmured a little fountain and the mountains looked into my window. I had to be very careful with the money I spent. My daily ration consisted of 20 dkg thinly cut Extrawurst - three slices on a piece of bread - and apples. Now and then a plate of hot soup or a glass of hot milk. I made friends with the daughter of the innkeeper who was my age. With two lads we went dancing. One day they took me to welcome a group of released political prisoners. On the occasion of the anniversary of Dollfuß's murder there was an act of amnesty for political offenders. As the train - garlanded with flowers - came into the station the population was excited. Thousands had come from near and far and they called: Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil. I thought it was a country greeting.

In some windows candles were burning for Dollfuß. Among others the son of my innkeeper had returned therefore I had to evacuate the room. Since I was running out of funds anyhow, I returned to Vienna, stopping at Salzburg for two days. Never had I seen such a fairy-land. I walked around in a dream. At the rock-theatre they gave "Faust" with Paula Wessely as Margarete. Of course I could not afford a ticket, but I could see the scene. When I was tired I relaxed at the Domplatz, sitting in the first row right under the stage where some hours later Jeder-man met his fate. I was again drawn to it in the evening, to see the elegant audience and I heard the heartrending call: Jeeeedermaaan.

Until November 1936 I worked for Ash & Sons. But it was always my secret wish to change my job for office work. Where there is a will there is a way. I took the chance. One of our customers had invented an alloy for molding teeth which was so promising that Schoeller-Bleckmann got interested in buying the licence. I had resigned prematurely and then had to wait six weeks before things came to a head, it was a hard trial for me. The false teeth were a failure but I had a good position at Schoeller-Bleckmann.

I had moved up another step. Aside from good skill in stenography - which was always my hobby - I was not acquainted with anything that was expected from me there, but I learned quickly. I took English lessons in the evening. It was wonderful to work for a big company. We had a good cantine where I could eat cheaply, I also finished up the left-overs from other plates. We had a sport section, a playground in the Prater and weekend-excursions were arranged at low prices. I found many friends and suitors among the staff.

~~Rudi too had been lucky. He had given up working for the Chemist, he simply could not stand it any longer, it made him sick and he fell ill, emotionally. He found a temporary job as vacation replacement at Hanf- und Jute. Although only temporary, it was better than go to the hateful cellar. But another unexpected blow hit us. He was drafted into the Army on 10 October 1937, for training with the Hoch- and Deutschmeister at Rossauerkaserne. Until March 1936 Austria had a voluntary army, but then, on 1 April 1936 the defense of the country was put on a new basis. In October 1936 the first 15,000 recruits, born in 1915, were called to the flags. Rudi had been exempted because of his studies but they had not forgotten about him.~~

Hitiag reacted promptly by sending him the blue envelope which he did not accept, as nobody could be dismissed on account of military service, but he knew it was only a postponement.

While he was being trained as a soldier, Austria was annexed by Germany. The Jewish management of Hitiag and most of the employees had to leave the company and when his time was up, there were ample opportunities for him at the Hitiag. It was a well-established firm which offered all possibilities for advancement. Normally one had no chance of joining a company of its rank without connections.

The annexation of Austria was a matter of hours. German troops must marched in, greeted frenetically by the population. On the radio we heard Göbbels and Hermann Göring speak. Many giant projects, they said, would be started in the Ostmark, as we were now called. The Danube-Oder Canal would be built, new water works, mineral sources developed, big steel works erected but above all the road-network was to be enlarged for the expected upward sweep of traffic. In Germany 100,000 of Volkswagen were already running. We looked at each other happily. The Germans usually keep their mouths too wide open but if they kept only a fraction of their promises the haunting ghost of unemployment was not to be feared any longer.

Mama was torn between hope and fear. Rudi's position was secure now, but Hansi had lost his job. Rudi's father-in-law had worked himself up from apprentice to the manager of a Speciality food store Am Hof. Now the shop was taken over by non-jewish owners (arisiert). It had to be clearly marked as a Jewish store and only a few risked going in for fear of being molested. Hansi got a nervous break-down and had to be taken to Gröbming for recovery. The proprietress could pay his overdue salary only in instalments of 50S and this only after several reminders. Hansi had never the nerve to press her for money. I had to collect the instalments on my way home from office every day because Mama needed housekeeping money.

It was a transposition of all values and conceptions. Those who had been on top all the time were now at the bottom, but this time they were not we. The Jews were affected most. Many had already left Austria, among those who remained were Dr. M. Frau Dr. M. was non-Jewish, but their children had gone.

Dr. Moszkowics had to wear the yellow Davidstar on his coat or suit and was allowed to treat his fellow-believers only. Almost every shop in the inner city was under commissary management to be led into the hands of non-Jews. Altmann and Kühne had sold theirs in time and had emigrated to USA.

Every night houses and pavements were smeared with propaganda parols. No matter what it said, the Jews had to wash them off. I saw it once on my way home from office and recognized among the washers the well-known comedian Armin Berg, who had amused us so often with his witty songs. It was shameful, one did not want that, one looked away and soon forgot it. Not ~~me~~ to be forgotten by mama and myself will be the crack we heard in the courtyard, and when we ran to the window we saw the proprietor of the house lying dead in his blood. He had jumped down from the 5th floor of his house when they came to chase him out. Though, according to the janitor, they would not have done anything to him. Young men in boots, a leather belt across their chest, marched across the whole pavements, chasing everybody down who did not make room for them.

Hansi found a new job as outside salesman for a North-German fish company. Very soon he had a stock of good customers, he could organize his work as he pleased. He spent much more time at home and mama was happy. He was a born salesman. Now they could make plans for new acquisitions, vacation, etc. for the first time in their lives.

The scene at Schoeller-Bleckmann had also changed completely. On the first working day after the annexation, several colleagues stormed in in the morning with raised hand, ~~xxx~~ yelling: "Sieg Heil, at last we can say so aloud." Each told the other how long they had been secretly affiliated with the party. I was astonished. We were called to the dining hall to listen to the speech of Adolf Hitler. Afterwards the Betriebsrat spoke, an up to now completely insignificant jovial colleagues from the billing-department. He announced that every employee was going to get a "joy bonus", amounting to one-month salary. The start was promising. At the end of the meeting we all sang the new national anthem:

Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles,
über alles in der Welt.
Wenn es stets zu Schutz und Trutze,
brüderlich zusammenhält.
Von der Maas bis an die Memel,
von der Etsch bis an den Belt,
Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles,
über alles in der Welt.

und dann das "Horst-Wessel Lied":

Die Fahnen hoch, die Reihen dich geschlossen.
SA marschiert im gleichen Schritt und Tritt.
Kameraden die Rot-Front und Reaktion erschossen,
marschieren im Geist in unseren Reihen mit.

Some days later the Führer in person came to Vienna. At the Heldenplatz he made "die Vollzugsmeldung vor der Geschichte" (the historical statement of the return of his homeland into the Great German Empire. The square was crowded. Offices, schools and shops were closed. We could squeeze in at the side of the Volksgarten and looked across the square over the heads of a tremendous mass of people and saw the Führer step out to the balcony of the Hofburg. His words could hardly be heard, the masses were jubilating so loud. I have never again seen such a mass-hypnosis. It was the outcry of a tortured people who was finally relieved of a great burden and breathed hopefully.

Later we followed the thousands others who went to Hotel Imperial where Hitler resided. Acknowledging the calls of the crowd he appeared several times on the balcony on the state rooms at the first floor. He was a good-looking man, I thought. Calmly he stepped out to the balcony, his entourage remained respectfully behind. He looked around apparently moved, raised his hand to the new greeting and stepped back. I, who had been unaware of what was going on around me screamed: Heil, Heil, Heil, so that Rudi asked me surprised: why are you yelling like mad? His question brought me back. But I vaguely knew why I was yelling. I was relieved. I did not want to go back to misery, unemployment, not being a second class person any more, which we had been up to now. To have hope and faith in the future. A big economic community offered more possibilities. The new, wide-paged "Völkischer Beobachter", which everybody now read, had pages of open jobs. All our friends were working now and could even chose their jobs.