

Here we need six seconds.

[INAUDIBLE]

Probably [INAUDIBLE]

OK, this is a repeat of the shot that was on the previous tape just for safety here.

Yes, and this was taken in Lenzerheide in 1935 or '36, and I'm in the center. And this was a group which was led by my uncle and a travel guide and travel agents.

And tell us about this, please.

OK. That is in Frankfurt in 1937 or '38. And that's my mother at the lower end and me at the upper end, and that's a friend of my mother's in the middle. And nobody thought anything of combining in this way at the time. So it was in Frankfurt, Germany, and that was a good friend of my mother's.

OK. And tell us about this, please.

OK. Now, that was taken in Holland, and that's my mother with two children of the lady that was seen earlier and the cows in the countryside there. I don't know the exact location of that.

And this one?

That's my mother and I on our trip to Stuttgart, and I think that was taken in Frankfurt or near Frankfurt but in the woods there. There were woods everywhere. And again, this is the trip that went to Frankfurt, to Munich, and to Stuttgart on the visa trip just prior to my coming.

And this is more of--

This is the same, my mother with her two friends. One of those ladies was in the other photograph that was taken in bed, and that was the second friend of my mother's taken there.

And tell us about this, please.

OK. That is my mother, and this was again on that same trip to Stuttgart. And that happens to be the castle in Heidelberg, a rather famous University town with a ruined castle. We're visiting that. And that was in 1938.

OK. And this, please?

Oh that was on the Hungarian trip, and that, I believe, is the Hungarian-- I think it's in Hungary. I'm not sure. It could be in Czechoslovakia. But it was a rather-- a walled city with that watchtower and the gate. And I don't remember the name of the town, but it was a picture that stuck in my mind as being pretty and different. That I do remember.

That is the bus that took us to Balatonalmádi, and it was at a church in Győr, in Hungary. And the I guess the troop had gone out for lunch or something like that. It was a long bus trip. Something that you do today in a day you'd have to spend two days in those days. The roads weren't that good.

And this, please?

I think, although I am not absolutely sure-- I think that is probably in Prague, which I also visited, and it's one of the musical clocks with a figure that runs around the center when it strikes the hour. And I believe that's where it was.

And this, please?

That is my mother again on this to Frankfurt with that same wooden, I guess, logs for burning. We had several other pictures of that type, and I guess I took that picture.

My mother was a very elegant dresser. My wife says this all the time. And I think for her time that really was the case. She worked in a dressmaker shop in Essen for a while, and I think she had a real, real good sense of clothing.

And this, please?

That was on the trip to Switzerland, the town of Lenzerheide, and this was a side excursion to Saint Moritz. I know my uncle is in that picture, and I'm next to him. And I don't know the others. My uncle is one, two, three-- the fifth from the right, sitting on the ledge, and I'm next to him, on the right. 1936 or '35.

Tell us about this photo, please.

OK. That is my mother and friend, and Herta Oppenheim, her very, very good friend, in back. I think this was taken before my mother was married, and so this would probably or possibly be Essen. My guess would be that the year would be 1922 or '23. I cannot be sure because I was certainly not there.

And tell us about this.

OK, this is the daughters of my maternal aunt. I'm sorry, my paternal aunt, Greta Vandenberg, and they're called Honey and Ilsa. And Honey would be the one on the left and Ilsa the one on the right. I do not know who the driver is.

But Honey and her husband and child were killed-- Ilsa's parents were killed, but Ilsa's daughter survived by going to Australia, as I mentioned earlier. This says [NON-ENGLISH] In Holland, which is-- I don't know the town. My best guess is that this was about 1918, something of that order.

Can you tell us about this photo?

Yes, well the only person I recognize there is my-- well, the only persons I recognize-- that's my mother and Herta Oppenheim just to her left. My mother is in the center-front. And I don't know the rest of the people, and I don't know where this was taken.

And a number of these photographs were sent to me without identification, and there would be no way for me to reconstruct that. I also wanted to mention that, in one of the other photographs, I said that the trip to Lenzerheide was taken either '35 or 1936. The reason I cannot be sure which the pictures refer to is because we went there both years, and I cannot separate one year from the other.

Tell us about this photo, please.

OK. That house is a house of the family Oppenheim, and on the left, if it were to be extended, was the store that we saw in one of the previous picture. And this is in the town of Rodden in Westphalia, Germany. I do not know what year this was taken. My suspicion is it was in the '20s sometime, but I cannot be sure.

And I went there on a number of occasions and stayed with my cousin. One of them, second cousin, was one year older than I was, but as I say, his mother and my mother were very close friends, besides our relationship to our father.

We used to play in the center there, in front of that house. There was a church, and this was a church plaza. And they did have a lightning rod, but I was always scared to death of lightning. And so the church was hit a number of times while I was there, and I really got frightened. I recall that.

Tell us about this photo, please.

Now, in that photo I recognize only a few people. My grandfather is in the front-center with the bow tie and the watch chain.

So that's--

That's my grandfather. And I believe immediately on his right is Hugo Oppenheim, a very young Hugo Oppenheim.

This fellow?

Yes. And on the very far right standing is Herman Behrens.

This gentleman.

That gentleman. And I do not recognize any of the rest of the people. I would not know when it was taken. My best guess would be in about the early '30s or the late '20s, and I don't know where.

Tell us about this photo, please.

OK. That is Hugo Oppenheim on the left, a young Hugo Oppenheim, and Herta Oppenheim below him, his wife. To the right is Herta's mother, and below, I imagine, is her first-born, who was called Heinz, Henry in English, who is now in New Orleans.

I think the lady to the right of Hugo Oppenheim is Elsa Behren, as best as I can tell from this picture. Elsa Behren is related to the Oppenheims in the following way. The Oppenheims took in-- there was six Behren children. Elsa Behren was one of them. They took in-- I'm sorry. Did I say Elsa Behren? I'm sorry. I meant Elsa Jellin, Edith Jellin, Edith Jellin to the right.

Now, the Jellins had six children, six siblings, of which Edith is one, and she's living in New Orleans now. She's 86 and not in good health. The Oppenheims, Hugo and Herta, took in her brother, Kurt, and treated them as their son. Kurt is not in this picture, but he's in one of the other pictures that I've seen.

And the older lady is Herta's mother. I don't recall her first name at the moment. She came from the little town of Bunde in Westphalia also, which is where Herta was born.

And this photo?

OK. To the left is Herman Behren, who was a cousin of Hugo Oppenheim and a second cousin, I believe, of my father. To the right of him I believe is Herta Oppenheim, although I cannot be absolutely sure. Button in the center certainly is Kurt Jellin and to the far right is Edith Jellin. And I think the lady in the middle-- I'm not sure, but I think that the lady in the middle is Hannah. I don't know where this was taken. Judging by the age, my guess would be it was about the late '20s or early '30s.

Tell us about this photo, please.

This is a photograph of what I would call the Oppenheim Branch, and I would say that this, along with many, many of the other photographs of the Oppenheims, were sent to me by my relatives from New Orleans to replenish my collection. Herta, whom my wife called the Grand Lady of the clan, is in the back. Her mother is to the right, in front, and her grandmother is to the left.

Herta's child is being held on her grandmother's lap, and that's Heinz again. And I think, if I'm not mistaken-- I can verify this, but I'm-- now think that Herta's maiden name was Lilienfeld. It's coming back.

OK, and tell us about this photo.

OK. Now, that picture was taken in New Orleans, and that would have been in the '60s sometime. This is Hugo and Herta Oppenheim, and Hugo, who had this business of selling cloth, established a very, very successful baby clothing business, manufacturing business, in New Orleans.

He started out-- he had a very long history. The family came via either Peru and Ecuador and then Cuba, and in Cuba they were told, if they went to the United States, they could live in either Nashville or New Orleans. They didn't know anything about either one of them, so therefore they decided on New Orleans. And they just settled there.

When they got there at the beginning, they started out with nothing, so he went from home to home selling uniforms for maids and butlers. Then when he got orders, he and his wife made them in the home. She took in boarders in the house, and this is all to make ends meet. And they scraped and saved their money, and he started a factory of baby clothing.

And it was very successful as long as he was alive. It's gone way downhill at the end, but at least he saw it-- some pretty good times. I wouldn't say they were wealthy, and they were perhaps not even overly well-to-do. But they were comfortable. And these are some of the products on the right.

OK, tell us about this, please.

OK. And this is back in Balatonalmádi in Hungary in 1936, and my mother is the third person from the left. I see Mr. Beer Belly here there again. No, that's my mother, and my aunt, Herta, is just to the left of her standing up. And Mr. Beer Belly is here. And the others were members of the group, and I don't recall their names. It's been too long ago.

And this, please?

And I think that it's my aunt, Herta, and I don't know the other two ladies. Herta is on the right, Balatonalmádi, 1936.

And this, please?

And that is the shop again of my, well, cousin, Hugo Oppenheim, and his father, Daniel Oppenheim, and I think we'd seen a picture like that earlier. So this was a cloth and clothing store and Rodden, Westphalia.

And tell us about this photo, please.

All right. That's a photo of yours truly on the crossing from Germany to the United States, when I left my family, on the USS Manhattan. I was in a group of about 20 children in a children's transport with somebody who shuffled such groups from Germany to the United States. You only could go if you had a visa, and I did have a visa at the time.

I remember many things here and there about that trip. I found a quarter on the boat, and I thought I was a millionaire because all of us allowed to do is take \$2 out of Germany. And I took the quarter and put it on a small horse race arranged by the purser, which I lost, so I didn't feel so much of a millionaire anymore.

I remember distinctly the beds, the bunks that we were in. Of course, we came steerage. And the journey was sort of a very difficult thing because I realized, even at the time, that I would probably never see my parents again. And so it was an extremely mixed emotion. I realized, probably, that I needed to leave, but it was not that easy.

OK, and who is this?

That's my first cousin. That is the older daughter of Joseph and Greta Vandenberg of Dordrecht. Her name is Ilsa, and her daughter I'm in touch with, who lives in Amsterdam now. Her daughter is Vera DeYoung, who lives in Amsterdam. She and her husband were killed in Auschwitz, and the daughter somehow or other got to Australia. I mentioned that before. So that's my first cousin. I have two first cousins.

OK, and this, please?

This is again this now repetitious trip to Hungary, the bus, the gas station, my aunt in front, my mother in back, and me on the far right next to the driver, who has his foot on the oil drum. That's me. And I don't remember whether that was the town Győr or not, but anyway, it was in Hungary.

OK. And this photo, please?

I think that may be a repetition, but that's my mother and my aunt in Balatonalmádi in 1936, the same trip as the previous picture.

OK. And this one?

And that is quite different. That is on the lawn in front of the house of the Oppenheim's in the Rodden, and the frontal person in yours truly playing soccer or trying to play soccer. And that's next to the church. I do not know who the other people in the picture are, but that's definitely me. I can't quite identify who is standing up there in the background. It could have been [PERSONAL NAME] but it might not have been.

And this, please?

And there I know only my grandfather on the far left and my mother next to him. And I think next to my mother is Louis Vandenberg, who was the brother of Joseph Vandenberg, who married my aunt. And next to him would be his wife, whose name is Jiet, and I visited her in 1953, my first trip to Europe.

She was still alive. She was in her 80s. She had survived the war. And she had two children, one, Ida, who's now in her 80s and living in Holland and-- I don't know exactly where she's living. The other one is a son, David, who was much younger than Ida. And David was a little bit younger than myself. I think there's a picture of them.

And this would be on Oranjelaan in Dordrecht, Holland. My best guess would be that this is about 1930. I do not know. I don't think that on the right is Joseph Vandenberg, but it could be. It could be an optical illusion. If it is, then there would be two brothers there in front of the house of the middle gentleman.

OK, and this one is?

And that is my other cousin and her husband. Her name is Honey, and I cannot at the moment recall-- I think Barents was her last name. That's her husband's name. It's Honey Vandenberg. It's the day of their wedding. And I went to that wedding, and I played on the piano at the reception for them. This would have been about 1936, I guess, or '35. I don't remember exactly. That was in Dordrecht, Holland, and they were a happy couple.

Honey worked for a chocolate factory in Dordrecht. She had sort of a technical job. I don't know whether it was as a chemist or not. I do recall, however, she was driving when I was up there several times, going to the beach further north. And I was amazed and kind of shocked she was doing 110 kilometers an hour, which in those days was really express speed. She was a very capable person and also very beautiful.

Tell us about this, please.

Well, that is the year I started what is called high school in Germany, and that was my class. And so this would correspond to the fifth grade in the United States. It was at a gymnasium at the [? Radelstrasse. ?] And I am in there in the middle, and actually, you will find an enlargement of me later on.

Are you in there?

Yes, I am the third person on the right. There's a kid standing up, but the third person from the left edge-- no, no, I'm sorry. It's from the left to right, in that row. I'm the one with the unruly hair.

This one?

That one. And there is an enlargement of that that we will see later on, which was made. This photograph was turned over to me by my teacher, whom I visited several times after the war, who's on the far right of this picture. You have to move the picture to the right. There he is, you see, in the second row on the far right.

Is this him?

His name is Otto Landau, and as I say, he's dead now. But I did visit him maybe three or four times in Dusseldorf, where he lived in a little suburb of Oberkassel, and my wife met him, too. He was in his 80s when we last saw him. He was an artist, and he tried to protect me as much as he could from the excesses of the other students. I was the only Jew in the entire school. So this would have been 1935, I think.

Are there any kids in this photo that you remember as being particularly a problem for you?

None. None at this point. The only thing-- he told me-- I remember this. It was a kid by the name of [? Cavallo, ?] but I couldn't associate it with any picture that I can see. I wouldn't recognize him. But it's rather significant that I had a picture from my fifth grade that survived.

Tell us about this photo, please.

That is the house in which I last lived in Dusseldorf, 398 Grafenberger Allee, and our apartment was on what amounts to the second floor. There was a basement-- not a basement but a ground-level apartment that isn't too clearly identified in this photograph. So the first set of pictures that you see is where we lived.

First set of windows.

The first set of windows. We lived on the left, the left two windows, that one and the next one. And then there was a little room in the attic, which I slept in towards the end, and that's where I used to take my flashlight and books. And I would read until 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning, and I'd do that so nobody would see me by turning on the main light. And I recall that I did that because I was curious about the world, and I was also interested in some of the books coming out of the United States.

I read James Fenimore Cooper as a child in German, and I remember reading *The Pathfinder* and *The Last of the Mohicans*. That's coming back now, although I don't remember the stories anymore, I'm afraid.

OK, and this photo?

And that photo is in front of that house that you just saw, and that's my grandfather, and my mother, and my father. And I would guess that was taken in either late 1937 or in early 1938. And again, Dusseldorf, Grafenberger Allee.

--seconds. Would you like to tell us about this photo, please?

OK. That is the home that we had on Brehm Platz 2, the next to the last place I lived in Dusseldorf. That's in front of the zoo, in the zoo circle with the flowers. There is my father, and my grandfather, and myself holding my very, very dear gorilla. That gorilla went with me everywhere I could take him. And I would guess I was somewhere of the order of four at that time, so that would make it 1928 or thereabouts.

What was the gorilla's name?

I don't recall. I don't know if I even had a name for him. He was just *The Gorilla*.

And this, please?

And that is on the Lendzerheide, Switzerland about 1935, '36. That's a [NON-ENGLISH], which is a pass, with the name of [NON-ENGLISH], the [NON-ENGLISH]. And I am the second from the left, and, again, I do not know who these lovely ladies were. But there obviously were children along with the adults on these journeys that my uncle arranged.

And this, please?

And that is a picture of my mother and my maternal grandmother, whose name is Julie. And I do have a stone, her gravestone. I have a picture of that with me. I obtained it through Dr. Sushi in Dusseldorf, showed me the location. My grandmother died, I believe, in 1934, and I have some hazy recollections about her, not very much.

But she lived alone. My mother saw to her. And then I had a maternal aunt, too, by the name of Agatha, who was a spinster. And she took care of her otherwise, so my mother's family consisted of a brother, Max, and a sister, Agatha, and Julie Grunewald. And I haven't even been able to discover the name of her husband, and I will go on, dig into that genealogically by writing to the authorities in Cologne, where they lived, where my mother was born.

And I do not know my grandmother's maiden name either, but all of that I can find out, if I have the time, by writing to the authorities, provided that these records did not get destroyed. Cologne was very heavily hit.

--about six seconds. Tell us about this photo, please.

That's my mother, and I think that was before-- taken before she was married. I am not sure of the date. My guess would be 1921, '22 sometime. And I don't know the locale either. It was just one of the pictures that was sent to me in a batch by these friends from Europe right after the war. So I have no further specifics on that.

OK, and this one, please?

That's my mother at a much, much later time. This probably was in 1940, '39 or '40, in Holland. And this was sent to me by the Dutch people, too. I think she had a lot more gray in her hair than when I left in 1938, so that's why I would deduce that it was 1940 and that it was, indeed, in Holland.

OK. And this photo, please?

That's my grandmother, Julie, again. My guess would be that would be 1932 in Dusseldorf, somewhere along those lines. It's my mother's mother.

All right. And this--

And that's my father. I think we may have had a picture very similar to that. And my best guess would be in the early '30s sometime, Dusseldorf.

All right. And this--

That's my grandfather, Adolf-- my father's name is Siegfried-- Adolf, approximately, perhaps, 84, 85, which make it somewhere on the order of 1936, very difficult to tell because he didn't change much in a period of 10 years prior to my departure.

OK, tell us about this photo, please.

Yes, this photograph is one of my enlarged family, and it was sent to me by Mr. Kurt Jellin, who is one of the Jellin siblings from New York. He, unfortunately, died about two months after he this was sent to me, leaving everybody in shock. And the identification of these people were made by my second cousin, Kurt Jellin.

Tell me first, are you in this photo?

No, I am not in the photo. So what I can do is I can go from left to right in the rear row and identify what I have here. And so what you have are-- the lady and the gentleman on the far left and the rear are Mr. And Mrs. [? Heilbrunner, ?] who are friends of the Oppenheims.

And the person next to them is Ernst Goldschmidt, who is the son of Isidore Goldschmidt, who was my grand uncle. So he's one of the other sons. And next to them, the couple, is Mr. And Mrs. Rubin, who are the daughter of [? Rosalie ?] [? Wolfstein ?] and the sister of your grandfather.

Then six and seven, the next two people over, is my aunt. The one that is split by that is my aunt and my uncle, Joseph and Greta Vandenberg. And then again, going further on, is Kurt's mother, Clara Jellin next to Joseph Vandenberg. And next to him is Herman Behrens, who is there alone. And then there's my mother and my father.

So just to reaffirm, this is your mother.

My mother and my father.

--and this is your father.

And it must have been very shortly after the wedding because I don't have a date on this. And then the-- 12 are the daughters of the [? Heilbrunners ?] that were the first two people in the photograph, not otherwise identified. I'm sorry, just the daughter, the first one. And 13 is Mrs. [? Schlagheimer ?] from Hanover, whom I don't know.

So that would be her?

That's Mrs. Schlagheimer. And the lady next to my father must have been a Ms. Heilbrunner.

OK. And now we'll go back to the left again and look at the lower row. Can you hold on a sec?

All right.

The couple on what looks like the third row-- but it's actually only the second-- is Herman and Ilsa Behren.

OK, so this person--

That's Herman and Ilsa Behren. They lived in Ludenscheid. And they moved to New York in, I guess, 1939, have a son by the name of Fred. And next to them is Hugo and Herta Oppenheim, and that'll give me some idea as to when that was taken. Herta looks quite young, and Hugo looks quite young, too. My guess would be--

Is this Herta?

That's Herta. So it must have been very shortly after my mother's marriage in maybe 1925, even possibly '24. Next is my grandfather, who is split in half.

Could be a tear. OK.

And next is the couple of Ida and Daniel Oppenheim, and Ida, on the right of my grandfather, is his sister. And Daniel Oppenheim is the father of Hugo. He's the one who started that business in the Rodden.

Very good.

And next is the brother of Daniel Oppenheim, whom I don't know. He is an in-law.

Let's see. This gentleman here?



Yes.

OK.

And next, Irina and Otto Oppenheim, who are the sons-- who is the son of Daniel Oppenheim. So that's father and son with the lady in the middle. Now we switched back to the left.

OK. All the way to the left?

No.

OK. We're going to get some people in the middle there?

Yes. The lady who was split is--

This woman here?

Yes. That is Edith Jellin. I can see enough of the face to verify that. And the next two children are Ruth and Walter, who are the children of Otto Oppenheim, identified earlier.

And then there's one more--

One more on the far right, yes.

Let's see. This child here?

Yes, and that is Hannah Oppenheim, who is also the wife of Kurt Jellin. They were first cousins, and they married.

OK. And then the front row?

Yes. The children-- the first one is Fred Behren on the left. The next one is Fred Jellin, who was adopted by Hugo and Herta Oppenheim. Next is Henry Oppenheim. Next is Ilsa Jellin, Then is Kurt Jellin the one who sent me this photograph, and last is Robert Jellin, who is now Roberto Jellin because he moved to Argentina and has lived there for 50 years or so. And that's the rest of that.

Wow. And what was the event that this photo--

I have no idea. I can't even locate the place. The only thing I know is that my full family is in there, except for my Holland relatives, relatives in Holland. They're not in there. Or were they?

What was the thing about the Holland relatives?

My Holland relatives are included. My aunt and uncle are included. The one person who is not in there-- well, the two persons who are not in there it's my paternal uncle, Max, and my maternal aunt, Agatha, are not in this picture.

And on my father's side, the person who's not in there is Erna Goldschmidt, who died before this was taken I never knew her.

--seconds here. Tell us about this photo, please.

This is Herman Goldschmidt, who is the son of Isidore Goldschmidt, my great grand uncle. This was taken during the war, and he was a Lieutenant, which I think was fairly unusual for the time to have a Jew as an officer in the army. So this is taken from World War I, and on some of these he has written an actual message in the back of the photograph.

He is the father of John Goldsmith, my second cousin who lives in Liverpool. He just retired as the head of the largest hospital in that town a year or two ago, and who was a renal surgeon. And I've known John all my life. His wife, Malli, divorced him and married somebody by the name of Meyer who died within a year or two after they got married.

She lived in Cambridge, England, and I visited them-- we visited them in 1982. And then I wanted to see her again, and she let on through her son that she would prefer not to see me. She was afraid. She didn't want to, and so I didn't. Go I would have made the trip to see her, but she expressed a very strong desire not to have guests or see any members of the family.

I have not any recollection of him. The pictures for-- most of these pictures about him were sent to me by relatives.

OK. And tell us about this photo, please.

That is my aunt, Erna, whom I never knew, and she died before I was ever born. And I only have a number of pictures of her. I don't know what she died from. I don't even know whether she died in Dusseldorf or her previous residence, Duisburg. My suspicion is it was Dusseldorf, but I can't be sure, so Erna Goldschmidt.

OK. And this photo, please?

That is again of my father's cousin, Ernest-- sorry, Herman Goldschmidt-- who was a lieutenant in the war, father of John Goldsmith, Herman Goldsmith, Goldschmidt.

And tell us about this photo, please.

Well, that is my father in the center and my mother on the right, and that is Herman Goldschmidt on the left in some kind of carriage. I don't know where and when. It's perhaps on some sort of an excursion. And it would have been very shortly after my parents' marriage, just from the appearance. There's no date available for that. So that's all I can say about it.

My father had spotted baldness at a fairly early age. It took me a few years longer, but I have about as much of my scalp showing as he has.

What year were they married?

1923. I was born in '24.

And there again is Herman Goldschmidt in the middle. I do not know the other two. They were compatriots of his in the army. These would be 1917 date-wise. One of the pictures had 1917 on it as a date, and here, one of the photographs that I've just shown you does have writing on the back, if that is relevant to a copy.

OK, tell us about this, please.

This is a repetition of Herman Goldschmidt.

All right. So who's this again?

These are both pictures of Herman Goldschmidt, on the left as a Lieutenant in the army, on the right is a civilian. I can't even tell you what his occupation in civilian life was. I don't know.

I know very little about him, actually. In fact, to add to this, my mother kept a much, much closer touch with his former wife whom I knew. And, of course, she had the boy, the son, so that's why we stayed in touch then. He may have died in the '30s sometime of a natural death. I suppose we can look in the book and see whether or not he's listed as being a casualty.

OK. And this, please?

And that is my grandfather sitting in the backyard of our house on Grafenberger Allee in that now-infamous lawn chair reading, and this would be probably 1937, Dusseldorf.

And this one, please.

OK. That is taken on the beach in Scheveningen, Holland. And it looks to me like I'm on the left there, and David Vandenberg is on the right, the boy, with his father just to the left of him. And I think that's my mother. next to me, sitting down.

I know that Louis Vandenberg, who is next to his son, his wife, Jiet, is just behind him. And I think that's my uncle, Joseph Vandenberg, on the far left standing and his wife, Margarita. I do recognize that pier, and I think that pier is still standing, in spite of war, in spite of the ravages of time.

All right. So this is a copy of Herman again.

That's Herman Goldschmidt, standing ramrod straight. The officer cast is characterized by the sword.

And this photo?

And that is my grandfather in the center with his wife, Henrietta, on the left, or Henni, and my aunt, Erna, and the best guess would be that this is about 1918, 1920, something like that. I don't have a date.

That is another picture of the same group, my grandfather and his wife on the left and Erna on the right.

[INAUDIBLE] and this is the same group again?

It's the same group, yes, my grandfather, grandmother, and aunt.

OK. And this, please?

I do not know that gentleman. I have no idea who he is. I don't know. I kept all these photographs together hoping somebody might point it out to me, but I don't know who he is or where he's located. And that is my grandmother, my paternal grandmother, and Erna Goldschmidt again, Henni and Erna.

My paternal grandmother died, I believe, in 1928, and I recall very dimly going to see her in a rushed home. And I don't remember her funeral.

OK? No, not yet.

Yeah, go ahead.

OK. My grandfather is standing on the far left, and Daniel Oppenheim is just sitting to the right of him. And I believe that is Ida, his wife, and my grandfather's sister sitting to the left. I do not know the other three ladies or four ladies. I don't know where or when.

And this one, please.

That is my paternal grandmother, Henrietta, or Henni. Best guess would be about 1918, 1920, and that's a strict guess, Dusseldorf.

OK. Tell us about this, please.

That is yours truly at what must have been a fairly young age on my rocking horse. My guess would be about two, possibly three. I don't know. I don't look much like that anymore, I'm afraid. I don't know where but somewhere in Dusseldorf.

OK, and this one?

OK, that is my aunt-- I mean my grandmother, Henni. And next to her is Daniel Oppenheim, and I do not know the three other ladies. It's possible that they're related to me, but it's too indistinct to tell. I couldn't tell even when I looked at the photograph earlier. I'm sorry. It's clearly Daniel.

And that's my grandfather, Adolf Goldschmidt, circa 1926, '8, something like that, '30 maybe. He was a very imposing individual. A lot of people who knew him have told me that he made a distinct impression on everyone.

--seconds, please. Tell us about this, please.

OK. On the left, you find my aunt, Erna Goldschmidt, and next to her is her uncle, Isidore Goldschmidt, who is my grandfather's brother. And he and my grandfather started the business that involved jobbing grain primarily from the United States to various places in Germany. They started the business, I believe, in Berlin, then moved to Duisburg and then moved to Dusseldorf upon the death of my great-uncle. So the dates are given in the documents that I've turn it over to you.

OK. And this, please?

And that is my grandmother, Henrietta, again, Dusseldorf. My guess would be the 1918 to '20 period. She looks younger than in the latter photographs, but I can't identify the date better than that.

There's Erna Goldschmidt again on the right, but I do not know who is on the left. And I'll have to let it go with that. Could have been a friend.

Tell us about this, please.

OK. This is Ida Oppenheim and her daughter, Ilse, married to Fred-- not Fred. To Behren anyway, Herman Behren. And so this lady on the left is my grand-aunt. And I think that's a duplicate of the same photograph. I don't know where it was taken.

And this one, please?

That's my grandfather, and it looked like he was a bit younger. And I don't know. I can't recognize location. Again, I would say this is probably in the mid-to-late '20s, and he looks like he's being bothered by something there on the left. But I don't recognize the room.

And tell us about this, please.

OK. That's my father, Siegfried Goldschmidt, who was a soldier in World War I and on the Eastern Front. And this is how they did it in those days, I guess. They took a photograph and then used it as a postcard. So this was addressed, I think, back to his wife. No, not to his wife. He wasn't married then, to his family.

There's some writing down there, and there's some writing on the other side.

Yeah, it's to, obviously, his sister because the bottom says "your brother, Siegfried." And--

I'm sorry?

No, I was going to say the letter starts on the other side. The postcard starts on the other side.

OK. I'll flip it over here quickly, but we will make a Xerox of this, take a quick shot.

And it's addressed to my grandfather, Adolf Goldschmidt, and to-- it says specifically, "intended for Erna Goldschmidt, who was his sister. The date on that is 5/10/17, I think, 1917. So this is written in German and simply says that he's sending his thoughts to them and talks a little bit about what he's doing, how they're eating and so on, how-- it would have to take a while to translate this.

I'll make a Xerox for the file.

Tell us about this photo, please.

I'm sorry. I did not identify that appropriately. If you'll-- I think my father is in this, and I think what this is is a picture of my father and his two sisters. My father, I think, is on the left, and I would imagine that just to the right of him is Greta and to the right of her is Erna, although it might be the other way around. But I'm pretty sure this is a picture of the siblings of the marriage of Adolf and Henrietta Goldschmidt.

If this is the case, it would have been taken in the late 1800s, perhaps something like 1888 or even 1885.

That is yours truly, and I think this is on one of the main roads in Dusseldorf, and I couldn't have been more than a year and a half old at the time. So there's some other pictures of me in a similar position.

OK, there's my grandfather on the far right, my mother in the middle, my father to the left of her. And I do not-- cannot identify the person on the far left. . Again, this would have to be taken in the middle-to-late 20s, Dusseldorf.

Well, that is yours truly. And I don't know where or when this was, but it looks like I might have been about maybe 12 or so, 10. I don't know. I don't know. I can't identify where this was. It certainly was some time ago.

Now, that I can identify. That is yours truly leaning out the window at 101st Street and Riverside Drive in New York City within half a year of arriving in the United States, probably in-- if I'm not wearing a sling on my arm, it would have been before June-- a cast of my arm, it would have been before June 1938. If there is a cast in there--

I think there is the cast.

--then it would have been in 1939, after I came back from the hospital in Hanover, New Hampshire. And I had an osteomyelitis, and it kept me there for three months.

This is apartment of Maurice P. Davidson, who was a very big political hotshot. He was a lawyer by profession. He had five sons, for four went to Harvard Law School. The fourth one married the heiress to a jewelry store in New York and probably was worth more than all the rest of them together. He didn't have any college.

And I've been in touch with all the brothers that are still alive because I owe my life to them, to their family. So at the time-- I said he was a political-- he put LaGuardia into office as head of the Fusion Party of the city of New York. And later on, he became Commissioner of Gas and Electricity of the city of New York and of the state of New York as a reward for his political activities.

I roomed in that place for quite a while with Henry Oppenheim, whom I've identified before. He's the son of Hugo Oppenheim, now living in New Orleans.

And this?

That is back in Germany, at Brehm Platz 2 in front of the zoo. That is my mother on the left, me down below, and my uncle, Max, on the right with that infamous gorilla showing up again. So I would guess about 1929, maybe '28, '29.

OK And this is--

That is my father, Siegfried Goldschmidt, at a very tender age. That would have been Dortmund, Germany, where he was born. I guess he's not more than-- no, I would guess he's between one and two years, somewhere. And you can tell the resemblance between that and one earlier photograph, where he was with his siblings.

I need about a few more seconds on this [INAUDIBLE]. OK.

Well, that's my mother, and I think, just judging by the photograph, that it is a time before her marriage. My mother was 29 when she got married, and so perhaps this was maybe like middle 20s. So this would be 1920, 1919, 1918.

And that is the undersigned in his sailor's uniform. It was a favorite of boys in my day, the high socks and that slightly forced smile. And even then I seem to have had rather outstanding ears, somewhat in the [? parole man outfit, ?] Dusseldorf, I would guess. I probably was of the order of eight years old, meaning 1932.

That's my father and my mother in Holland after they left Germany, in Breda. And again, this was probably taken perhaps before the invasion of Holland, in late 1939. So they look a little less stressed there at that point. That may very well have been the case before the invasion.

And that's that same window that the other couple was leaning out.

Right.

OK. Not OK.

Go ahead.

That is myself, and what that is an enlargement of the earlier picture that was taken with my class, the so-called [? sechste ?] of 1934, '35, sorry. And this was done for me by my teacher, Otto Landau, who sent me the original and then also sent me that enlargement.

Your fifth grade equivalent?

My fifth grade equivalent, yes.

And this one?

And that one is my mother, who is the third from the left, with friends but no relatives that I can recognize. And I don't know-- it was obviously on a beach somewhere, but I don't know where. Again, almost certainly before she was married, but I can't identify the locale. I don't know the other people.

Tell us about this, please.

Well, there's Erna Goldschmidt on the far right, and I think that's her mother, Henni, in the middle. And I cannot identify who the people are on the left. The picture is too small. I would again imagine that this was Dusseldorf and probably in era of 1918 to 1920 somewhere.

And this one, please.

And that is my mother and I. This was very shortly before I left for-- for the United States, either in late 1937 or in 1938. Perhaps it was on the occasion shortly after my bar mitzvah, which you'll have a picture of shortly.

And tell us about this photo.

OK. Again, that's another photograph of my grandmother, Julie, who died in 1934. This was out of doors, so it must have been somewhere around 1930, perhaps, at least. In the last years she was a little bit confined to her apartment.

And this, please.

And that is the Vandenberg of Dordrecht, Holland. On the far left is my uncle by marriage, Joseph, his wife, my aunt, Greta, then Jiet Vandenberg, and Louis Vandenberg. The two brothers so on the extremes.

They had a business in oil, and I recall when I was visiting them in the 1930s that Joseph kept complaining to me about the fiscal policies of one Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in particular about his policy concerning oil imports into the United States.

I think this is a duplicate of the one we just saw, perhaps.

That's right, my mother and father in Breda, Holland in 1939. That's my grandfather, Adolf Goldschmidt, at a somewhat younger age. Perhaps he was maybe about 70, which would make that about 1920, something of that order. And that could very well not have been in Dusseldorf. That might have been in Duisburg, a town about 15 miles to the north of Dusseldorf, also on the Rhine, in fact, the town where the Ruhr goes into the Rhine.

And tell us about this, please.

That's Ida Oppenheim, who was the sister of my grandfather-- so she's my grand-aunt-- in a obviously early age. That would have been in the early 1900s or maybe even in the 1800s. I do not know what the age differential was between my grandfather and my-- and between her.

That is my mother dressed, as usual, to the hilt. And again, I would guess that this was before she got married, meaning in the late 1910s or early 1920s, location unknown.

And this?

That is also my mother, perhaps a little bit later-- again, I have no idea as to the location-- but it's Greta Grunewald. Her real name, of course, is Margarita, but everybody calls her Greta. I might add that my younger daughter has her first name as her middle name. My wife insisted on that.

And tell about this, please.

I think that's something we have also already seen. That's my mother and three friends, and I'm sure it was before she was married. But I think we have-- that's a duplicate of something we have seen already.

And this photo?

That is a picture of my grandfather, Adolf Goldschmidt, and my cousin, John Goldsmith, who lives now in Liverpool. This would be his grand-nephew. That's the relationship because John is the grandson of his brother, Isidore.

John is my age. So it looks like he's about six, perhaps, or something of that sort, so this would be 1930, Dusseldorf.

And the only person I know there is the lady on the right, and that's [PERSONAL NAME] who visited us from Brussels and about whom I spoke earlier. I cannot really, truly identify the others. I've looked at them through a magnifying glass, and I cannot be sure if I even know them.

That is the sister of my grandfather who married Daniel Oppenheim, and her name is Ida. We've seen her before, location unknown. But I see the surroundings are similar to other pictures I had.

And that is my aunt, Erna Goldschmidt, who, as I've indicated several times, died before my birth.

And this one?

That's my father, Siegfried Goldschmidt, looking a bit younger, perhaps even before he was married. It looks like he might be in his early 40s. Well, it still probably was after the marriage, so that would be about 1924, '25, something of that sort.

Tell us about this, please.

That is my grandmother, Henrietta Goldschmidt, and this would have been substantially earlier than some of the other pictures. I think this must have been before I was born, so possibly 1918, 1920. She looked much younger there and in reasonable health.

I don't know where it was taken.

And a beautiful photograph with the wicker furniture and the light flooding in.

Well, I suppose when you had a slower film the contrast wasn't so terribly important. I think if I took this with a 400 ASA right now I would get nothing.

That is a similar picture to what we have seen in Holland, my father and my mother in the home of the family that took them in, circa 1939, I would guess.

That's an interesting photograph. That was taken the day before I left for the United States. We're in front of the main railroad station of Dusseldorf. On the left is my closest friend at the time. His name was Hans Werner Rosenbaum. I think I've talked about him before. I met him-- he went to England first and then came to the United States.

His mother divorced his father and came to the United States, remarried and settled in the same town where I went to high school, Mount Vernon, New York. And Hans Werner Rosenbaum went to England on that day. I was seeing him off.

We met again in Mount Vernon when he was visiting his mother, and we found that we had absolutely nothing in common. The only thing that he could talk about was jazz and baseball. Well, I liked jazz, and I liked baseball. But I think there's more in life than that.

And so we just completely lost contact, even though we were very, very close in Dusseldorf, for a period of at least eight years, and that's a long time in the life of a 13-year-old.

That is my mother and I in front of our, I guess, apartment house at Brehm-Platz] 2 in front of the zoo in Dusseldorf. My best guess was about 1932 or thereabouts. I would have to be eight years old for that to be true, and that's perhaps a reasonable guess.

And that is a picture of myself, perhaps a little bit younger than that, a year or so, together with my cousin John Goldschmidt, the doctor from Liverpool, England.

And I have a pout on that people tell me is characteristic of me when I am not too comfortable. I have disputed it, however.

My first cousin, Honey Vandenberg [? Behrens, ?] who-- I think it is [? Behrens. ?] I can't be absolutely sure-- who died in Auschwitz, the daughter of Joseph and Greta Vandenberg.

And that is the complement of the photograph two over or two earlier, which is in front of our house in Dusseldorf, approximately 1932, and that's my mother.



That is my mother and I on the most prominent street in Dusseldorf called the Konigsallee or, shortened, Ko, K-O-umlaut. It's a shopping street of fantastic elegance today and even then, which would have been 1926 or 1927, must have been a very famous locale. And my mother, again, was dressed in a proper fashion and she saw to it that I was dressed appropriately. So I never had any complaints about my wardrobe.

That is my friend, Hans Werner Rosenbaum, playing the banjo, and I think that was taken, actually, in the United States somewhere after he came over, but I don't know where. Difficult to say.

Yes, that was my bar mitzvah photo, and eventually I think it may have even been my passport photo. So this would have been when I was just 12 and 1/2, about 1936, '37. And I was posing with a book just for effect, I guess.

And that is another picture of my mother in Holland with these pigs and the rural people. And this was sent to me. I guess it would be 1939. I do not know the young man in the foreground.

That is yours truly, Werner Goldsmith, sitting on the lowest step of the apartment house at Brehm-Platz 2, entrance that was shown in several of the other photographs. I don't know who's standing behind me. I'm not even sure whether it's a man or a woman. I can only see one shoe. About 1932, I guess.

And this one?

And that's my governess and myself, perhaps a little bit earlier age, perhaps 1929, 1930. And that's Annie [INAUDIBLE] Goldsmith. I don't know where, some park bench, I guess.

And this?

That is my uncle, Max, my mother's brother, the travel guide, travel arranger, in his apartment. And my best guess that would be about 1932. I think he's quite a bit younger than some of the little photographs I have of him. I do not know the exact date.

And this is a damaged photo. You said that's your mother in there?

There's my mother and my father-- my father's face has been eradicated-- in Holland.

And this?

That is yours truly, Werner Goldsmith, together with David Vandenberg, who was the son of Louis and Jiet Vandenberg. Jiet is the Dutch shortening of Henrietta. And this is taken in front of the house of my uncle, Joseph Vandenberg, and Margarita Vandenberg in Holland. The best timing that I can give for that looks like about 1930. Looks like I'm 6 to seven years old.

And that, as you can see, is Ida Oppenheim, and they were kind enough to put the date on it, 1880. And we've identified her before. She's the sister of my grandfather, Adolf.

And that is my mother, Greta Goldschmidt, I think again before she was married, so I'd place it in 1920, '21, 22, thereabout. I don't know the locale.

I should say something-- very few of these pictures were taken by myself. I think it is evident what was taken by me. Some of these pictures came to me via Europe from people that my parents had lived with. Many others were supplied by the Oppenheim family. Still others were supplied by Vera DeYoung, the daughter of my cousin, Ilsa Vandenberg. And so the collection is random. Some were sent to me after the war. So I can't identify everything.

That first photograph there on the left is the shop of Daniel and Hugo Oppenheim, and the people in front are so small, I can't identify them.

I think that is Herta there on the left. It certainly looks like her. I'm trying to identify Hugo, but the faces are too small.

The sign is different than it was in the earlier shot where the son seemed to be featured.

Right. But this still would be-- if that is Herta-- well, it doesn't follow that Hugo had to be a partner. So this would be-- would be photographed earlier than the one that we saw previously.

I believe so.

But I can't-- it is possible. I don't think the three men on the left are Hugo. It's possible that the man with the hat is Hugo, but I can't be sure. I cannot be sure.

Now, here we have a few people I can identify. First, on the far right is my grandfather, Adolf Goldschmidt. The man on the far left standing is Herman Behren. In front of him is his wife, Ilse. And the boy is his son, Fred.

The woman on the right is, I think, my mother. It certainly looks like her. Below is Daniel Oppenheim and his wife, Ida, and so this would have been taken somewhere around 19-- oh, 1932, '30 to '32. Fred Jellin-- or Fred Behren is younger than I but not much. It looks like he's about six or so, so '32 is a good guess, location unknown.

That's my grandfather and his sister, Ida Oppenheim. They were apparently very close, although I didn't realize it at the time, because I see a lot of pictures of them together.

Well, that's my father, Siegfried Goldschmidt, while he was in the army. So this is very clearly either 1917 or 1918. You can't tell how much hair he has at this stage of the game.

My grandfather in the park where another photo showed him and my cousin, John Goldsmith, together at that time. And from the age of my cousin I would say this was taken about 1930, Dusseldorf.

That's his wife, Henrietta, looks like she's a bit younger than in the later photographs, so this might have been the early '20s, maybe even the teens.

My father was born in 1883, which meant my grandfather would have had to be married no later than 1882, I would guess. And so if you're looking at a projection here-- and I don't know the age differential between her and my grandfather, but if 1882, the earliest, would have been something like 22.

So 1940-- be 70 if it were 1930. No, it would have to be earlier than that. I don't think she's 70 years old in this picture. I think it would have to be 1920, maybe 19-- 1910 to 1920, between 50 and 60, I would think.

That is apparently the main station in the either Essen or Dusseldorf. That's my mother on the right saying hello to some friends who are departing whom I don't know. And I don't know the lady on the left either, but you can see the eagle, the German eagle, down below and the Federal Railroad. Whether she was married at that time or not, I don't know. I can't tell for sure. The picture is not distinct enough.

And that is my grandmother, my maternal grandmother, Henni. No, no, no, no, no. I'm sorry. That is Ida Oppenheim at a substantially advanced age, about 70, 75. And this would make her about-- the late '20s. I think she was younger than my grandfather.

Well, that is the official invitation for the dinner following my bar mitzvah, and it was in 1937, as you can see, just about a week before my birthday. And that same picture was shown in another view. And this invitation in particular, which has the menu of the dinner on the back, was given Frau Herta Oppenheim, who turned it over to me. And as I say, the menu's on the back of that.

Let's see. Let's see what's for dinner.

Would you like me to translate that from the German? Oxtail soup, then a filet of fish, ragout of crab, mushrooms, lobster sauce, and a certain type of potato that I can't identify otherwise, then goose from Hamburg, young, with an apple and mixed fruit, then certain ice cream, and then mocha with little cakes.

I'm getting hungry.

In that picture, I am on the far right below. This was taken again at Scheveningen in Holland. And David Vandenberg is on the left below. I can detect Honey as the second woman from the left. There is Louis Vandenberg in the center, behind. I think that's Greta Vandenberg, my aunt, next to him, my grandfather, Adolf Goldschmidt, and Joseph Vandenberg on the right.

I cannot-- well, yes, the lady on the far left is Jiet Vandenberg, the wife of Louis Vandenberg in the center. And I don't know who is the other lady. It could be Ilse, but I'm not sure.

And this one?

And that is my mother, Margarita Goldschmidt, obviously before she was married. I don't think she would dress that way or be alone that way after the marriage. They just don't do that. And she has a swimsuit on, a type of swimsuit or play suit.

I think that's a duplicate of my uncle.

Oh, yes, I guess we did get this shot earlier on. That's great.

Do you want me to comment on it? This is my uncle, Max Grunewald, in his apartment house, and I think that's a duplicate of one we've already shown.

That's my maternal grandmother, Henni Goldschmidt, and her daughter, Erna, my aunt, seen in several other photographs.

These photographs were sent to me by Dr. Barbara Sushi. I had taken these photographs when in Germany, but I lost them as a result of the fire. So she was kind enough to go back and repeat them. This is my maternal grandmother, Julie Gruenwald, who died in 1934, and I'm authorizing Dr. Sushi to find a stonemason to put an inscription in the memory of my father and mother to her, which will be done. And hopefully the stone will be polished in some way.

But considering the fact that this is well over 50 years since this stone was erected, it's not in bad shape. It must be in very good condition. This is in the Jewish cemetery. I'm sorry. This is in the Jewish portion of the city cemetery. There are some very interesting stories to be said.

There's an old Jewish cemetery, which I have a gravestone from earlier, and the new portion of the Jewish cemetery. And the Nazis wanted to come into both cemeteries and destroy the graves and desecrate the stones and everything, and the cemetery keeper stood at the gate and said, you're not allowed in here.

And they went away, and the cemeteries were preserved, especially the old Jewish one, which was definitely in their sights. I'm not so sure about this one because that was a combined Jewish and non-Jewish one, but the other was solely for the Jews. So there are some stories about that.

And this one?

This is my uncle, Max Grunewald, and he died in 1937, as you know, a week or so before my bar mitzvah while we were on a trip with bicycles. And the thing that really fascinated me-- I may have said this before-- is that Dr. Sushi looked through the Jewish newspaper in Dusseldorf for that date, and she found a death announcement signed by his comrades in World War I.

I didn't even know he had been in World War I. But the entire company that he was with sent a goodbye statement on the occasion of his death. He, as you can see, was not all that old, 48.

What is the word? "Unser--"

That's "Our dear Max Gruenwald," and the date below are his birth and death.

I am not sure, but I think that is my grandmother's stone and the grave-- if you wanted to make it down, it was too indistinct. I couldn't tell whether it was my aunt, my--

That's Julie Grunewald.

Julie Grunewald is my maternal grandmother.

So this is the same as the tomb--

The same one from a different direction, yes. And that, I think-- no, that's not related to me, but--

Is that maybe Max in the middle?

I think that's probably Max in the middle. It also gives an idea of what the Jewish cemetery looked like and the condition it was in, which is rather-- it was neglected a little bit, but not too badly. Yes, I'm sure it's Max in the middle.

There's one last one.

Now, that one is in the old Jewish cemetery. We hunted, and hunted, and hunted for the grave of Erna Goldschmidt, my aunt, and that, we think, may have the name Erna on it. We're not absolutely sure. So she is going to-- Dr. Sushi is going to do some more research to see whether or not this is indeed the grave of my aunt, but might as well assume it is, the absence of evidence to the contrary.

That is the gravestone of my second cousin John Goldsmith's mother, whom I talked about. She lived in Dusseldorf, and she was a dentist. And she divorced her husband, Herman, and then moved to Cambridge, England, where she continued to practice dentistry. I saw her first there in 1953, my first sabbatical from here.

And I kept in touch with her until she became perhaps Alzheimer's, perhaps senile. I don't know. She didn't want to see me. Anyway, I asked for this picture from her son, and he photographed it and sent it to me. And she had a very successful dental practice. She practiced on all the Nobel Prize winners in Cambridge.

And she was, as I say, unfortunate in that her second marriage-- her husband died very shortly after the marriage. But she totally loved him, and John accepted that. John stayed there until he went off to medical school, and then for his-- he spent the rest of his time in Liverpool, where he is now.

These are the children for my second marriage. I believe I've indicated that there were no issue for my first marriage. On the left is my son, Stephen. On the right is my daughter, Andrea. This would have been about a time when she was perhaps between a year and a half and two, so that would make it in 1965, '66, '67, somewhere around then. My daughter and I are very, very close. She's my senior daughter now. I have a younger one that will be on another photograph in another session perhaps.

My son has, unfortunately, distanced himself from me because I could not accept his behavior. I think I've spoken about that before. He does have a daughter that he is the guardian of, and this it's very unfortunate that we don't get to see her at this time. At the moment he is 30. My daughter is-- my other daughter, Andrea, is 28. And this is taken at a time, I guess, when I was still married to my second wife, and so this would have been 1964.

Well, you have a light in there.

This is a picture of my parents, and their presence was obtained in these photographs from some other photographs that were shown earlier. That's my father, Siegfried Goldschmidt, and I would guess that he's about, perhaps, 43, 44 at that time, shortly after their marriage.

And my father did sport a mustache, I guess to counteract the absence of hair on the top of his head. And that's my mother, probably at age 30 or so, 31. And I have to say something about these two photographs. These were created for me for a birthday or Christmas present-- I forget which-- by my second wife. And I deduce from that at least at one time she must have loved me because I don't think she would have gone to that trouble without some sort of fairly strong emotion.

It's all the more the pity that we parted in such combative state and we are still, after 25 years or more, not reconciled. So, in fact, we can hardly be civil in each other's company. I don't know why that should be, but it is.

My present wife acts as a very, very good intermediary in this case. So these pictures, together with one of my two other children, hang in my bedroom. And of course, we have a picture of my present wife, and our daughter, and myself in the woman as well. But she's still in the house, so therefore we have a constant reminder of her. That's about all I have to say about that.