

I was born March 10, 1945 in Appeldoorn Holland.

At the time the Netherlands was occupied by the Nazis. The town was liberated by Canadian and American soldiers 6 weeks later on April 17, 1945.

My parents, Julius and Grete Seidemann were Jewish Germans. In 1938 they had come to Holland on a vacation. They were visiting a young nephew, Peter Jacobsen, who was

living in the Netherlands and was about to have his 14th birthday far from his home in Bochum, a German city near the Netherlands border.

Peter was living with Ria, die long time “freundin” the girl friend of Julius’ brother Bruno; she had an apartment in the town of Arnhem, and he occupied one of its bedrooms.

Peter was a gifted Jewish teenager who had attended a German high school for bright young men before he was expelled from the school because he was Jewish.

Adolph Hitler a Jew hating despot had seized control of the German government in 1933. Over the next few years he and his henchmen enacted a series of laws that excluded Jews from jobs, schools, bank accounts, from all aspects of German society,



laws that outlawed all relations between Jews and their the non Jewish friends of neighbors.

Then in 1938 a crazed Jewish Frenchman shot and killed the German ambassador to France. Hitler’s people were incensed and unleashed their wrath on the Jews of Germany. On November 10, 1938, (Kristallnacht) the windows of 7500 Jewish businesses all over Germany were broken. Synagogues were burned. And the status of Jews all over Germany got worse. The Jews had been a welcome minority for generations, but in 1938 they

were suddenly frightened and uncertain about their future...and hopeful that their nightmare would soon end.



Which brings us to weekend in question. Shortly after Julius and Grete had arrived at the apartment in Arnhem, Julius' brother Bruno joined them. He was deeply upset. Something happened when he had crossed the border between Germany and Holland...something that would change everyone's future.

He had, as always, presented his papers, his passport and waited for them to be stamped. But this time the border guards didn't just ask a few questions and let him pass. They treated him strangely. His instincts told



him something was wrong, that he was in trouble.

He got scared. And he bolted.

A German patrol officer tried to stop him and Bruno pushed or struck the officer, then ran. The German chased Bruno as he entered the no man's land between the two countries.

When they neared the Holland border a Netherlands border guard stopped the pursuing German. This man is on Dutch soil.

Bruno was free;

But could he ever go back to his home in Germany? He doubted it.

Grete, Bruno, Julius, and Ria conferred. What did this incident mean? How would it affect the family and the business? One of them had to go back and check out the scene in Bochum.

Grete volunteered. She was an only child. Her father had died when she was 14 years old and she was very close to her mother, Cilly. She couldn't just leave on a vacation and never come back.

She returned to Bochum and had a long visit with her mother. They both knew that things were bad for Jews in Germany and getting worse, and she told her mother that she and Julius were planning to remain in Holland for a while. She asked her mother to join them.

Her mother said no, she would stay in Bochum; she agreed that Grete must go, that she must follow her husband.

Julius and his brothers had several retail stores in Bochum that sold men's clothing, haberdasheries. They had pioneered off the rack clothing. Grete went to one of the stores, to a store where she was well known. She found out it no longer belonged to Julius. It had been confiscated by the Nazis. Its moneys had been frozen. Grete couldn't even get a quarter from the cash register to buy a newspaper.

Julius had a car and a chauffer, Shavinsky. The chauffer said the car was now his.

The maid, cook, housekeeper was more helpful. She gave Grete some money and later shipped Julius and Grete some of their belongings.

During her stay in Germany it became clearer and clearer to Grete that she and Julius could not live safely in the country of their birth. Not now anyway.

So she returned to Holland and they rented a house in Velp, a village near Arnhem where they made friends and lived a fairly normal life until 1942.



Marion: My father, Julius, had an acquaintance, a non Jewish Dutchman named Schmidt. My father knew a lot about oriental rugs. Schmidt sent him into the countryside to buy rugs from people.

Sometimes my dad sat in Schmidt's store wearing a fez. He did not speak. His German accent was thick and obvious. But he had olive skin, twinkling eyes, and when he put the fez on his head he looked Middle Eastern. The story goes that Schmidt would tell customers facts about individual rugs (their origin; their value) and my father, the resident Turkish expert, would smile and nod in agreement.

Velp Holland ` 1938



Then, as Julius and Grete waited for the war to end and the clown (Adolph Hitler) to be removed from office-- the status of the Jews of Holland changed. They were gathered into certain neighborhoods. Some of them were sent to camps, and they were all forced to wear a yellow star when in public.

We're not sure how Julius and Grete reacted to the requirement that they wear a yellow star, but we are told that when Julius was told to report to a certain location on a certain day—to be sent to a work camp—he considered complying.

How bad can it be? I'll work. I'll survive. And sooner or later they will get rid of this clown. (Hitler).

Grete didn't agree. They had heard that Julius father, age 88, had been deported to a camp. Do you really think they needed him as a worker? Grete asked.

He agreed. She was obviously right.

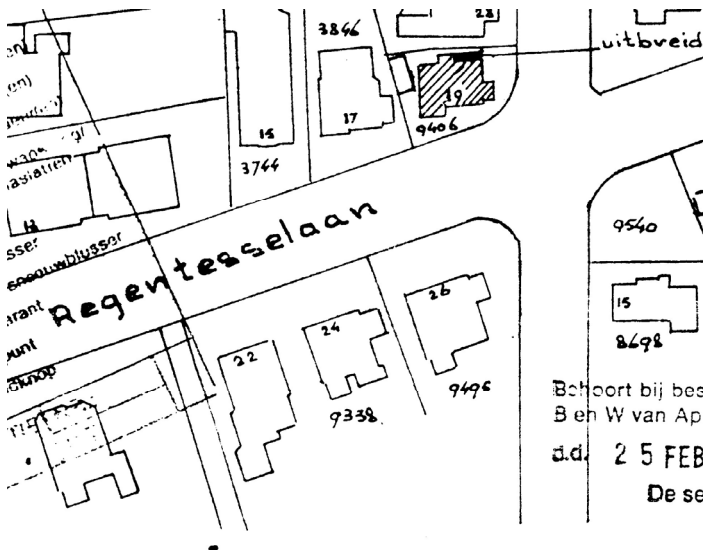
They contacted the underground,

Shortly thereafter they packed their bags,

said goodbye to their good friends the Budels and the PanneKooks. Then they removed the yellow stars, went to the train station, boarded a train, and disappeared.

At first the underground put them in an apartment with a man and his mother. One day the man said: If something happens to my mother or me, this isn't a hiding place. Julius heard his words and asked the underground to move him and his wife.

He and Grete were then placed in the home of Tini and Trus Heijman, two religious Dutch Catholic spinsters who had been missionaries in Indonesia. They were good people, and when the pastor at the church told his parishioners they must help, the women took it to heart. They lived in a large house at 19 Regentesselaan in the city of Apeldoorn.



-1985	opdrachtgever: Air Plug Teletec
100	telf. 055-551130 Toorapstraat 40
-1985	werk: uitbreiding douche en te
-1986	op de begane grond en
	nooduitgang voorzijde
	Witbr. - dakkapel voorzijde ac
	Regentesselaan 19 Apeldoorn



rechter zijgevel



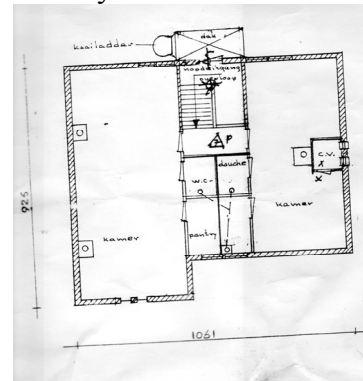
The underground supplied ration cards for food. The Seidemanns had some money.

Months passed.

Julius and Grete moved about the house. They spent most of their time on the second floor. The curtains were closed or they avoided windows during the day.

They slept and

spent much of their time in the third floor, the attic. The walls of attic rooms were 3 feet from the outer walls.



The roof had a relatively steep slope. Had the room extended to the outer walls, people would have hit their head when they approached the

outer walls. The space between the outer and inner walls was cramped, uninhabitable, not good for much. It was a storage area for dishes, glasses, odds, and ends. The entrance to the space was not apparent. If you didn't know you would think the door was just another panel of wall.

This strange narrow space would serve as the ultimate hiding place for the Seidemanns.

The war dragged on.

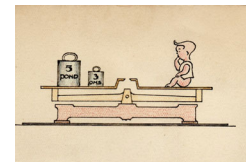
On some nights when there was a blackout Julius and Grete would leave the house, walk across the park to the home of Tris and Tini's brother where they played cards.

Three years passed.



We know that during the years she was hidden Grete ended one or two pregnancies with the help of Dr. Forester.

In 1944 when she discovered she was again pregnant, she talked to the doctor. This time she was told it was too late—too risky. Grete was



frightened and nervous. She told the doctor she had no right to have a baby. She was homeless, stateless; had no civic rights.

He told her: my dear do you know what's going on out there? Your people are being killed. You not only have the right—you have the obligation to have this baby. His words calmed Greta.

Marion was born in a school that was converted into a hospital.

Grete had blue eyes and auburn hair. The woman in the bed next to Grete looked at the baby and said "If I didn't know better I'd think that was a Jewish child."

Grete shyly explained: Her father was an Italian soldier

She wanted to name Marion, Desiree.



When Marion was but a few weeks home the Germans raided the Regentesselaan house. They were accompanied by a dog Julius and Grete retreated to the space behind the wall in the attic. But bringing a baby with them, a baby that might cry, was too



high risk. There was a bassinet in the living room. The Seidemans left Marion with Tini.

When the soldiers knocked Tini played deaf, stalled, to give the parents time to hide.

The soldiers entered. "Whose baby is this?"

Tini was a religious spinster who didn't date men. "It's mine." She confessed.

The Germans searched the house and entered the attic. Julius watched through a tiny slit in the wall. The dog sniffed at the edges of the room, then pulled the leash and walked away.

Days later, when the war

had ended, Julius left the house and began looking for the dog that had saved his life.





Shortly after the war ended Julius, Grete and Marion moved back to Arnhem. A Jewish man, Mr. Cohen had a home on the main street. They rented rooms in his house.



BRUNO AND RIA

They made contact with surviving members of the family. Bruno and Ria were in America, living in Nashville Tennessee.

Hannah and family had survived and were living in St. Louis. Hannah's daughter Senta had married a Jewish boy, a young man born in Germany. His name was Henry and he was stationed across the Rhine in Germany. Someday soon he might be able to visit them in Holland, As time past Julius needed to know what happened to the town he had fled, to Bochum.



Henry Cann: We were in Europe until December(1945). The war was over in June, July. Our company had a jeep we had-liberated from the infantry during the war. There was

only one jeep issued to our company, for the captain and the officers. The second jeep had the same numbers on it as our official jeep. It was duplication, for transportation only. If any of us guys wanted to go somewhere we needed a trip ticket. (I wrote my own.)

After I got him an Eisenhower jacket, the captain and I had a good understanding. I told the captain that I found out that some of my relatives survived and were living in Holland for years. I'd like to visit them; I'd like to go there. I'd like to take some food along. (Zenta wrote me that they lived in Velp.)

I took a driver, a Jewish boy. And we had a quarter ton trailer filled with food and extra gas. We drove to Velp. I met a woman walking on the street. I tried to speak in Hollandish. I said I'm looking for a family ...A Frau and a man from Germany.

She said: "Bist du der Henry?" (Tanta Greta was walking the street. I never met her before.)

We went to the house. Marion was a year and a half old. We wanted to give them K rations and C rations. We thought we would do them some good. We saw so many starving people in Europe.

We found out they had better food than we had. Uncle Ullu was trading in carpets. He was making money over there.

They were staying in a nice house. (Mr. Cohen's house.)

Tanta Greta was all excited. Julius had gone to Germany and he hadn't come back.

There were English living in Velp. They had befriended an English major, and Uncle Ullu wanted to see what happened to his houses in Bochum. The major said "I'll take you there."

The major came back without Julius. He said they made a date to meet at the station and uncle Ullu wasn't there. The major had to come back. The major didn't speak any German. But he wasn't worried.

Greta was excited. "What happened to my Julius? What happened to my Julius?"

She was alone with a one and half year old child. And she was in tears.

I had a trip ticket that allowed me to



go anywhere I wanted to go

legally. And what is 100 kilometers, nothing.

When you go from one country to another. So what am I going to do. I said "We'll get him."

So the next morning we took off.

When we got to Bochum we went to the



city hall and asked if there were any Jews living there.

The guy said "No, but there was some half Jews there."

I asked if they heard anything about Mr. Seidemann. He came back here. Was he here? Did he talk to you?

And they did. He was staying with the Gillamens. The woman was Jewish; the man wasn't. They survived.

We looked up the address.

Julius had never met me before. He knew I existed, nothing more.

We went up there, American soldiers, and I said: "Mrs. so and so, I'm Henry Cann. Is Mr. Seidemann here?"

Uncle Julius had a dry sense of humor.

"It's about time that you got here." he said.

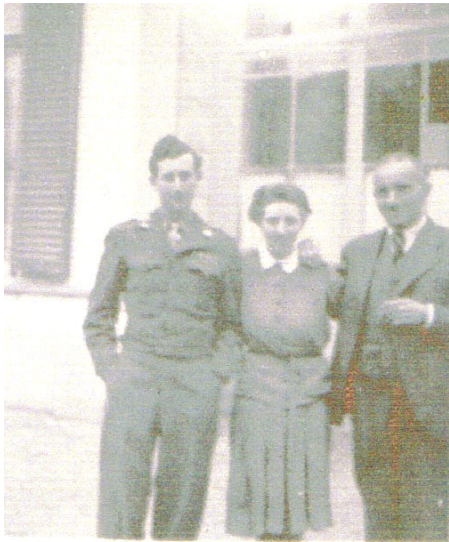
That's how I met him.

The Major had dropped Julius off. Julius was supposed to check out his houses and then he was supposed to meet the major at the railroad station.

The Major went on to Düsseldorf or some other town. He was drinking. He forgot all about Bochum.

Julius waited until midnight and then he went to this woman's house.

He went out with an English Major and no one asked any



questions. He came back with an American Sergeant (not an officer) and we weren't sure what would happen at the border. Holland had reestablished its own sovereignty. He had a British uniform that the major gave him. We gave Julius an American raincoat and an American cap. We put him in the middle of the jeep. He was the guy in the middle.

We arrived at the Holland border. The guy looked at the trip ticket. He looked us over.

Julius was sweating. He was an old guy. We were young guys.

We waited for five minutes.

And the border guard said "Go ahead."

We brought him home.

We decided to come back for the Jewish holidays.

I wrote to Uncle Bruno. I said they don't need care packages. Just send them money: And later they came to America

Bochum is a small town in the Ruhr that is not far from the older, more famous Cologne. During the last half of the 19th century, Bochum became a center of coal mining and of the steel industry. In a mere 40 years, its population grew 10 fold.

During World War II American planes bombed the city and, in the process destroyed most of the inner circle of the city.



Bombed out Cologne at end of WW II

Before World War II 140 000 Jews lived in Holland. 120k lived in Amsterdam
38k German Jews fled to Holland after kristallnacht. Only 20% of the Jews in Holland survived the war.

Westerbork Concentration camp is a three-hour drive east of Amsterdam on the German-Dutch border. Before the outbreak of World War II, Westerbork served as a transit point for Jewish refugees from Germany attempting to enter The Netherlands. After the occupation of Holland and the beginning of Jewish deportations, Westerbork served as a stop on the way to Auschwitz. Otto Frank and his family, including his daughter Anne Frank, lived in this camp until they were deported to Auschwitz in late 1944. Gypsies (Roma and Sinti) were also deported from Westerbork and are memorialized there.

My mother had a rectangular box, like a shoe box. In it was some letters, some correspondence, some photos; it was a little box of her memorabilia. And I recall on a few occasions finding a little picture of a pretty blonde woman with a kind a forties hairdo. A pageboy with the sides held back in combs...typical 40s looking hair. The photo was cut into a two inch circle and glued onto a thin round piece of wood that had a pin back. The picture had been turned into a pin. It had some words in Dutch on the back. The words on the pin back ended with the Dutch words that meant "remember me." It was signed Suzette.

My mother told me Suzette was a member of the underground and she would visit them and bring them things: books, candles. She sometimes gave them reports of what was happening. Where the allies were. I recall mention of a radio. I don't know if



Suzette brought it. Every so often my parents could get radio free Europe or the BBC. In my mother's box there was also a folded up letter hand written in Dutch, 4 by 8 inches, like it was from a tablet.

(THIS IS NOT SUZETTE BUT THE HAIRSTYLE AND GENERAL APPEARANCE ARE CLOSE)

My mother read it to me. It was a goodbye letter from Suzette. My mother told me Suzette committed suicide. It was near the end of the war. The Germans were closing in. Suzette was apparently afraid she would be caught and she wouldn't be able to keep the secrets she knew. In the letter she was saying goodbye. She wasn't coming anymore. Her name and Dr. Forester were the only names my mother mentioned from the underground.

Arnhemstrat from Mr. Cohen's garden after the war.



When Marion was 2 she and her parents came to the U.S. Her father attended language school briefly in New York. He said I learned 3 words today. I go to school 5 days a week. If it takes 1000 words before you can speak I'll be 100 before I can do anything with the language. Bruno and Ria lived in Nashville Tennessee. Julius and Grete got an apartment in the Centennial apartments for a few months. He thought about living there. The Nashvillie Jews brought old clothes and offered Julius a factory job. He couldn't bear it. Grete would see people from the Jewish community on the street. They would say Y'all come over some time. Grete would say "ok when?" But the women never really invited them to their homes.



Max and Hannah and children lived in St. Louis and when Marion was three Julius and Grete decided to try to make St. Louis their home. They lived in the Hamilton Hotel for a few days. Then they rented a flat at 5920 Plymouth Avenue. Their upstairs neighbors were religious Eastern European Jewish immigrants. The Shalins Hellen and Polla.

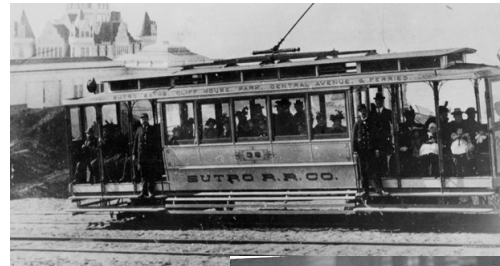
Marion: all the residents spoke Yiddish. My parents didn't. I learned and added Yiddish to my three year old German and Dutch vocabulary.

The nuns operated a nursing school nearby that would take a three year old. I was sent there so I could learn English. I spoke to all the kids in German and when the other kids didn't understand I hit them. There was one little boy called Henry and we seemed to communicate well. He sucked his thumb all the time so I did too. He was my role model. When I was 10 we moved to Eastgate Avenue in an apartment that was across the street from members of the family who had escaped Nazi Germany in the 30s. I became the interpreter for the older generation, especially Tanta Hanna who pretended to not understand or speak English. She had a lookout station in her glassed porch sunroom across from our apartment. When I came home she would tap vigorously on the window, crook her finger and motion me to come over and tell her everything in German.

after they moved to St. Louis Julius bought a dime store that was for sale and named it Marion's five and ten. Then he joined the Ben Franklin Franchise, which allowed him to buy merchandise from special jobbers. His store was on North Grand Avenue, not far from Sportsmens Park. Home of the



St. Louis Cardinal baseball team.

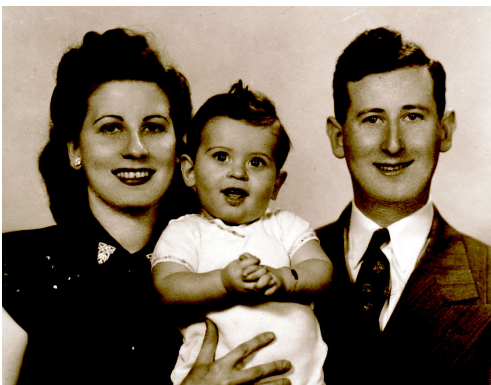


Marion briefly attended the Epstein academy then went to public school.

Julius handled the business end of the store but his English remained marginal and Grete was his spokes person. He ran the store from 1949 until 1964. Then after the neighborhood became poorer and poorer and the store was burglarized regularly he closed the store and retired.

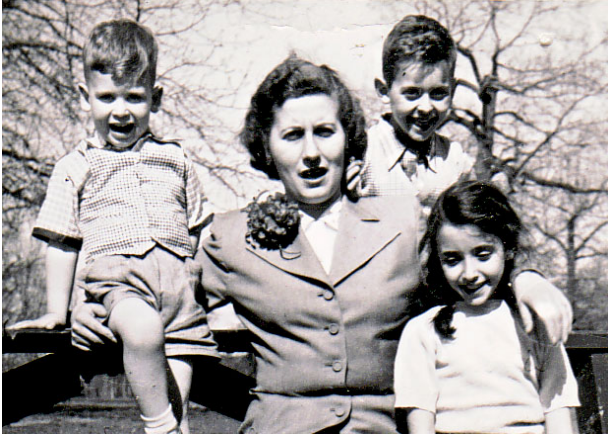
In 1955 they moved to 711 Eastgate in the Delmar Loop area of University City Missouri. Max died in 1950; Helga died in 1952.

Senta and Henry were living in Pittsburg Pennsylvania. They moved to St. Louis.



During Marion's youth Hannah lived with Fred and Audrey in the bottom apartment of the duplex across the street. It happened to be across the line in St. Louis. Senta and Henry lived in the upstairs apartment of the same building. So they had a small family enclave when Marion was young.





**SENTA
WITH
RONNIE,
LINDSAY,
AND
MARION
JAN 48**



Peter Jacobson left Holland via Kindertransport. He eventually came to the U.S. where he studied for a PhD at Northwestern University in Chicago.

Now and then he came to St. Louis or Nashville for a family event. Marion liked being with him, and he was nice to her. But he could take only take so much family. The ways and attitudes of his generation (Fred, Manfred) seemed foreign to him.

Marion found him unconventional, and more intellectual than anyone she knew. (Her father and the brothers would quip: there's such a thing as being too smart.) He had a sharp humor with a cynical edge when he spoke about government, life, just about anything. He was still working on his PHD when he died tragically of in an auto accident at age 42.



Immediately after Adolf Hitler's ascent to power in Germany in 1933, his Nazi government launched a campaign of persecution against Jews. Within months, tens of thousands of Jews left Germany. But soon emigration slowed considerably as visas became impossible to obtain. The ferocity of pre-war persecution of Jews reached its pinnacle with the pogrom of November 9 and 10, 1938, known as Kristallnacht ("Night of Broken Glass"), when German and Austrian Nazis burned and destroyed 267 synagogues, killed 100 people, smashed 7,500 Jewish stores (all that remained in the Reich), and incarcerated nearly 30,000 in concentration camps.



Even after this, very few countries were willing to take in Jewish refugees. For this, the world at large bears guilt, the U.S. being one of the worst offenders. Until the start of World War II, when borders closed, Jews were allowed to leave (though they were not allowed to take out any possessions or money) and Jews trapped throughout the Reich struggled to find a country that would let them in.

In response to the events of November 9 and 10, the British Jewish Refugee Committee appealed to members of Parliament and a debate was held in the House of Commons. It was agreed to admit to England an unspecified number of children up to age 17. A 50 Pound Sterling bond had to be posted for each child “to assure their ultimate resettlement.” The children were to travel in sealed trains. The first transport left barely one month after Kristallnacht; the last left on September 1, 1939—just two days before Great Britain's entry into the war, which marked the end of the program. By that time, approximately 10,000 children had made the trip.

When the children arrived in England, some were taken in by foster families, some went to orphanages or group homes, and some worked on farms. They were distributed throughout Great Britain (England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland). Once there, they were at no more risk than the rest of the population. This was not inconsiderable since many towns were heavily bombed.



Theo lived in Chile but came to the U.S. often to visit. His oldest son Manfred went to school and dental school in Nashville while living with Bruno and Ria. Yochum, the younger son went into business in Chile and was successful.

Manfred returned to Chile and became a practicing dentist. Theo's wife died in the 40s or 50s and he remarried Erica.

As the years passed, Julius was saddened by what he had lost but thankful and content with his life.





Julius Seidemmann's 65th birthday

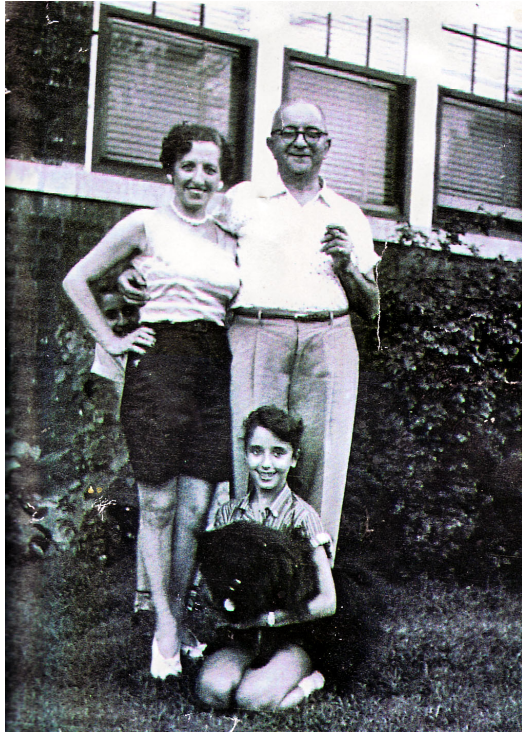
Front row: Mr. Julius Levy, Audrey, Fred's wife; Ronnie, Senta's son. Mrs. Levy Marion

Grete, Lindsay, Senta's youngest son.

Back row: Manfred; Ria; Senta; Hannah; Fred; Julius; Bruno; Peter Jacobsohn



Same party:
Manfred;
Mr
Levy;
Julius;
Fred;
Peter;
Bruno;
Henry
Cann



Marion @
University of
Missouri circa
1964.

Grete Julius
Marion, and
Fluffy



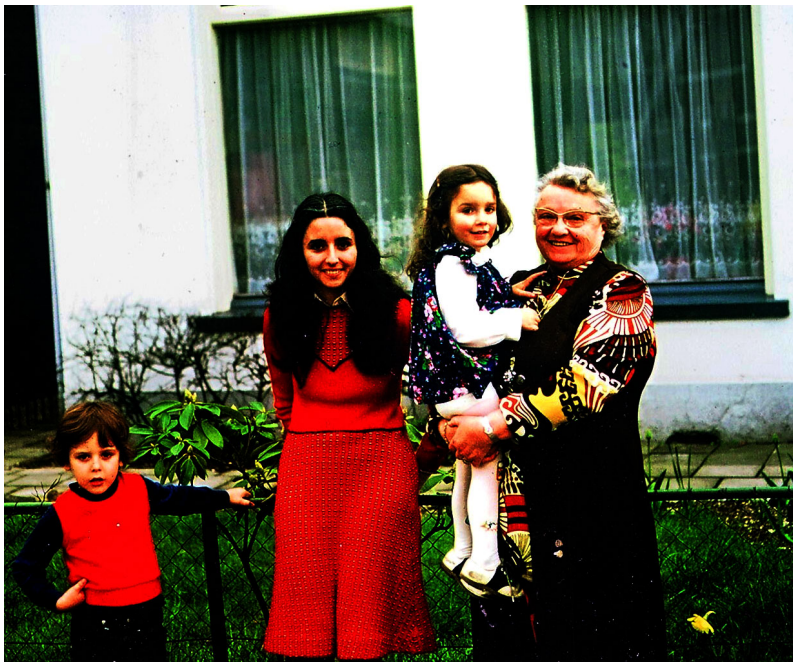
Marion age 28 and Tini Heijman the woman
who made her existence possible at 19
Regentesselaan



When Marion was 10 she and her mother
visited Velp Holland.
Marion with Rob and Donald Pannekoek.

Before the war the Seidemann's neighbors
and friends were the Budel's. (On a later
trip to Holland I remember the Budel's

riding to church on bikes. They grew food in the backyard. Marion recalled shelling peas with ma Budel, her daughter Annie, and her future daughter in law Pauline).



Peter age 5; Marion; Arden age 3; Mies Pannekoek

Ria, Hanni, Grete, and Marion visit Germany 10 years after war





**grooms---
parents**

Marion Seidemann Weds

Miss Marion Seidemann and Dr. Steven Fredman were married recently in a garden ceremony held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Fredman, 7100 Wydown Blvd. Rabbi Arnold Asher officiated.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Seidemann, 711 Eastgate Ave., U. City, had Miss Ruth Samuel as her only attendant.

The bridegroom had Ted Fredman as his best man. Ushers were Louis Offstein, Dr. David Reisler and Dr. Harvey Cantor.

After a wedding trip to Michigan, the couple will reside at 3217 Russell St.



Hershel Rich

Mrs. Steven Fredman





p



Wyvern Dragon
18" (45 cm) tall 2812
Movable tongue. Wing pockets for movement.
Marion, crafty lady and grandma.

Fire Dragon
6" (15 cm) tall
3054

56