

Barbara Hagenlocher, born 22.5.1880 nee Wurst, widowed Imberger

My Life Story, written down 1951

Note: Statements in square brackets are by the translator, Heinz Arndt

My grandparents Rohrer emigrated with their 2 children Barbara and Christian in the year 1866 from Germany (Neuffen). With many fellow believers (Templers), they travelled through Germany in covered wagons to Russia (Caucasus), to help establish a German colony (Orbelianovka) there. They arrived on a piece of land where the grass was of a manís height. They put up separate tents for men and wives/children. Everybody helped to build (mud brick) houses, one after the other. The land was damp and the cooking was not properly done; thus many came down with fever and took unspecified quantities of quinine. From there onwards, my mother was no longer able to tolerate quinine. My grandfather made it a habit to keep the young girls busy in their leisure time, rather than have them go for walks and giggle, and have silly thoughts. My mother recalled that, as she went for a walk with her girl friend one Sunday, her father said that he knew of something better to do for them. They were to help out in a certain house where a woman was in labour, the husband was ill and the children were dirty and hungry. They did not know where to start, but the woman was very grateful afterwards. Furthermore, my mother-in-law Hagenlocher told me that, when she was still single, my grandfather would assemble all single girls and set them essay topics and verses from songs. She said that even up to this day, she still owed him an essay "What is the difference between Roman catholic and Greek orthodox". Subsequently, my mother took up a position with elderly German Mennonite residents, where the children addressed their parents per "Sie" [polite form of "You"] and had to leave the house walking backwards through the door. My grandmother said that she resorted to prayer because she did not conceive a second child for a long period of time and that, if she would have a second child, it would totally be part of the community. And thus, after an interval of ten years, my uncle Rohrer was born, a very gifted, musical child. Because in the meantime, a high school had been established in Jaffa (Palestine) where our founder Chr. Hoffmann himself taught lessons, my parents decided to send their son, amongst other Templers from Russia, to Palestine. He was then ten years old. My uncle often remarked how grateful he was to his parents because they had made this sacrifice. He would gain a lot due to his daily contact with Chr. Hoffmann. Together with other Palestine travellers, my mother came to Palestine one year later. One just went to the Hoffmanns, they arranged for accommodation. My mother started a job in Jerusalem where in the meantime, another colony had been established. The colony was called Rephaim, after the first child that was born there (Repha).

My father also lived in Russia, by his own free will; he did not want to become involved in the German-French war. He could still obtain a proper citizenís passport; many went to Palestine as fellow countrymen only, and their children later had to have German citizenship in order to do their military

service. My father's name was Johannes Wurst and he was born in K&sbach (near Murrhardt). Although he met my mother in Russia, they did not become engaged until he, too, came to Palestine and they married in Jaffa in 1873. My father had a mechanic's workshop there with several tradesmen, all of which enjoyed board and residence. At that time there was no German consulate, and thus marriages were conducted in a religious ceremony only; marriages before a registrar were not performed until my parents had their second child. My father contracted typhoid fever, the business was not successful; hence they moved to Jerusalem with three children, where I and my youngest brother were born. In 1883, my father was asked to set up a mill in Jaffa, but he fell ill soon after. My grandfather (in the meantime, they too had gone to Palestine from Russia), travelled to Jaffa to look after him. At that time, one had to travel throughout the night by horse-drawn cart, or ride a horse. He found my father to be quite ill, and took him to hospital which was run and maintained by our people. This happened on a Sunday and by Wednesday, father was already dead.

There were five of us children: My eldest brother Timotheus (called Tim) 9 years old, my sister Hulda 7 years, my brother Hans 5 years, myself 3 years and my brother Phillip 1 year. We were to be separated because it was thought that my mother would be unable to feed us all. But my brother Tim had said that he did not want to go to strange people, he did not want to live the good life and rather help with everything. My mother often told us that he never needed to be told to work. We obeyed him as if he was our father; he washed the children's laundry, did the dishes, cleaned up etc. and still came first at school always. My mother earned a living by sewing and did not even have a sewing machine at first. We lived in the small house next to the community hall, and had to clean the latter in lieu of rent. The house had 3 rooms and one small kitchen. My grandparents had one room, they took in my brother Hans and also looked after him. In lieu of rent, they had to clean the school rooms. One room was the sewing room containing 3 wardrobes, and 5 of us slept in the other one. We had to draw water with a bucket from a cistern in the neighbouring house because at that time, one had to make do entirely with rain water from cisterns, and the small house did not have a cistern. The laundry had to be done in the next house but one, and I never knew anything about warm baths in my childhood.

My mother had not learnt how to sew clothes; she did not have a newspaper, patterns, bust and skirt stands. I can well remember how I had to stand on a chair, with a blanket wrapped round me. A skirt would then be pleated and woe betide you if you did not stand still, often for an hour. Hulda and Phillip were often sick, at the time malaria had not yet been properly understood. When my mother thought that she would get a helper when my sister left school, the doctor said that she would have to go to Lebanon or Germany, otherwise she could suffer from consumption, because her health was weakened from all the fever. My mother accepted the nest egg which she got from one of my father's brothers, and sent Hulda to distant relatives in Germany, where she earned a living as a shop assistant. Hulda was very pretty and had an amiable nature. Thus she acquired a small shop for herself (the 'small leftovers-shop') and the farmers from the countryside came to her, because she could advise them so well, and because the large shop produced more and more leftovers. There she met a Mr. Winkler, a close friend from Palestine. The Winkler's had no children of their own, but

many godchildren. He took my sister away from Stuttgart and sent her to a boarding school in G<sup>^</sup>ppingen at no cost to her. She spent more than a year there and had mainly sewing lessons. She was captivated by pastor Blumhardt who taught religion at the boarding school, and returned to Palestine in the autumn of 1895. I was not quite 11 years old when she went to Germany. >From there onwards, I had to make coffee in the morning, make the beds and dress vegetables for the snacks (we lived close to school). I only stayed for half of the last lesson before 12 o'clock, then went home, changed, and did all the cooking. We had a small stove with 3 openings, on which my grandmother also did her cooking. But she always managed to finish before me, and then helped me. We always had school from 2 - 4 o'clock. The needlework lesson for us girls was on Wednesday and Saturday. At the age of 12 years, I had to learn how to do button holes. There was always work for me, because at the time it was fashionable to have one button hole next to the other at the waist. There was no haberdashery shop in the colony at that time. How often after school I or Phillip had to go to town for buttons, thread etc.! Tim went to Jaffa for business training, where he had board and residence. As my mother could pay nothing for him, he had to complete a 4-year apprenticeship first and did not get much pocket money. Hans also went to Jaffa to a chemist for training, but he also had to help in the running of the house. He therefore left after 3 years. I left school at the age of 14 years, prior to the long vacation August - September. In October, I took part in 4 lessons for confirmands. Confirmation was always held on Sundays as a biennial religious service. Similarly, children were accepted every 2nd year only.

I caught severe typhoid fever, and lost nearly all my blood through intestinal bleeding; since then I have a weak heart. In those times there was no artificial ice; thus my bother Tim sent me a large block of ice from a ship, because I brought up all food which did not contain ice. Similarly, no injections were available at the time - plenty of iron drops, which destroyed my teeth! The settlers resolutely supported my mother with night vigils. But my mother was unable to earn a living in that time and both the doctor, although he gave large discounts, and the chemist were expensive; she could not see herself coping other than sending me to Germany for a year, as the doctor had suggested. I recovered slowly and gradually became used to everyday life. During my sickness, the doctor said that I would not recover in a sunless room, and that I should go to hospital - the Kaiserswerther Hospital, in fact. But it was far away and would have been very expensive and hence, my mother decided to move into the second floor of another house. I was tied into a rocking chair and was carried there, and soon things were looking up.

I always did my school homework with my grandmother, whom I loved very much. When I had finished, she always gave me a glass of wine with water, together with a small piece of bread. We learnt English and French and when I recited my words, she sometimes told me to stop - "It all sounds like Polish to me!" I always helped my grandmother when she cleaned the classrooms, but she would never let me go into the teacher's room. My grandfather's hearing had been bad from his childhood onwards, but he immediately noticed when Philipp and I made mistakes when singing school songs. He was very musical and we had to practice with him until we were sure of ourselves. He did not condone us playing in the

yard; he immediately called us into the house and we had to read from the bible for punishment, often the 119. Psalm. He worked in the vineyards pruning vines and trees etc. and also made wine; many people had homemade wine in their cellars. Philipp and I had to take our shoes off, clean our feet and tread grapes in a vat. I also had to help decant wine into bottles. When it had aged for several years, it was sold as Krankenwein [wine for the sick], which was highly esteemed at the time.

I was confirmed two years later. The confirmed sat on the rear bench during the service but I, on grandfather's request, had to sit at the very front. I abhorred sitting next to the pulpit, but he said that from the rear benches, one would merely see the hats and clothes of people. I also frequently had to baby sit for those people attending the service from town.

My school time was normal, I usually sat in the first rows, a few times I even came first of the whole class of boys and girls. For some time, we had to take turns reading the text for the day, and recite the Lord's prayer. I was no hero at singing; I loved singing. I did not understand why I was sometimes put with the alto voices, until the teacher told my mother that he had tried everything with me; but that nothing had worked - not like my 3 sisters who could be asked to sing anywhere. In this respect, I took after my father. Hulda was a wonderful singer even up to an advanced age.

At some time, someone told me that I was not pretty; I cried bitterly. My grandmother cheered me up when she said that it would be much better if one was not pretty; one would then not become conceited and be led into temptation. However, I could not have been too friendly either, because my brother wrote in my album 'a bright face in evil deeds' etc. When I was occasionally allowed to play in the yard, I was one of the wildest children; once I was even made the robber's captain. For the long holidays, my mother had already accepted a variety of jobs, I had to knit a doz. socks or mark handkerchiefs. But what I hated most were 24 pairs of white stockings with holes in the borders, which were quite ? [not recognisable in handwritten original] in my time, and which had been given to my grandmother as part of her dowry. They were all torn, but were kept to be mended in the long holidays. At that time, I resolved to repair my stockings with a patch and nowadays, nobody is able to repair stockings to my satisfaction.

When I had recovered, I had to help mother with the sewing and cooking - after all, there were 2 of us. Philipp went to a seminary in Eflingen, Germany, to become a teacher. He grew quickly and was very tall. He received a non-interest bearing stipend from a community fund, which he paid back later. Whilst other boys had various 'goodies' wrapped up in their parcel of underclothes, he missed out. Every now and then, he was reminded in writing to be very thrifty; hence he did not get sufficient nourishment. He also did not have an healthy appetite. He accepted a teaching position, with 100 children in one class; he skipped evening meals to buy books instead. For this reason, following a cold he caught pneumonia in the apexes of the lungs. 1901 he returned to Palestine, a sick man. He was not allowed to teach for half a year. During this time he walked a lot and collected various plants and insects. He had many pressed plants, all of which were destroyed during the first World War. He was well versed in botany and for this reason, was asked to teach

several lessons in a Jewish high school. I could tell much about my brother, but I would digress too much.

Hulda returned in 1895 and soon ran a sewing school with many girls, but she had to take things easy. Hence I had to help out once again; in the morning I had to help mother and cook for her, and could not be in the sewing school before the afternoon. Hulda soon had many boy friends; I think she turned down 6 of them, before a marriage proposal arrived from Germany from Ernst Imberger. He had gone to Germany at an early age for business training. His father exported a lot of wine to Germany and to his son Ernst in Mannheim, where Ernst ran his own business. After Ernst had left school he decided to marry Hulda, with God's will. He did not reveal anything to Hulda, even when both were in Germany and when he saw how popular she was. He kept quiet and waited for the right time to propose. Hulda was very surprised and did not agree at first, but she was persuaded because it was obvious that the climate in Palestine did not agree with her. Thus Ernst came to Palestine in 1897 and they married on 20th May. In 1947 [? - not clear] they celebrated their golden wedding. After a while, Ernst closed his wine business; he thought that he was not suited for it - he had a guilty conscience when somebody bought just 2 bottles of wine. He would have been more suited for a naturopath, a missionary or a pastor. He worked in a bank instead and has been a pensioner for a long time. They had 3 children; the youngest son was killed in action on his 35th birthday.

When Ernst lived in Palestine, he was asked by his brother Friedrich about his opinion regarding a marriage between myself and Friedrich. Apparently Ernst had told him to forget all about it; I would not make a good wife for him - a hobgoblin which runs races with the dog, slides down the banister and climbs trees - and in spite of all this, Friedrich became my husband!

In response to a newspaper advertisement, my brother Hans went to the court pharmacy in Teheran, Persia. From there he had to go to Germany for military service. He fell in love with a German girl, Isabella du Vignon. When my mother heard about this, she said that Isabella was a trapeze artist. In due course, Isabella wrote a letter to my mother, and enclosed a poem about the golden wedding of her grandparents who were parson people; the entire body of relatives in Germany was mentioned - du Vignon is of Huguenot origin. This appeased my mother. Hans established a pharmacy in Bescht? [illegible in original]; he was the only German living there. The only other Europeans were the French consuls. He set up several branch establishments and took in many refugees during the persecution of the Armenians. And this drove him to drinking; he became poor when he could have been very rich. He returned to Palestine in 1913 [? - illegible] after 14 years. He needed time to return to our lifestyle. He died of a stroke in 1930 and left behind his wife and 2 children. His son Helmut had gone to Persia and India when he was still alive. Helmut spent the entire war behind barbed wire; he wrote to me frequently from there.

My mother went to Germany in 1998 [is this correct ?? - refer to line 1, pge. VII, in German original] to visit her first grandchild. I had to keep the sewing school running with 8 girls and to maintain the customer base; to do this, I frequently had to hire an assistant. I ate with my grandparents and spent my free time there. Earlier, when my mother was still alive, Friedrich

Imberger often visited on Sunday evenings. I did not take much notice of the fact that we were now related through his brother. Every now and then, another young man called in with his sister; this ceased suddenly and when my mother asked the sister why they did not come any more, she answered: "Well, we might just as well stay home when Friedrich Imberger arrives". I saw the light from there on. Friedrich also brought our mail; at that time, there was only a Turkish mail service. The mail had to be collected in person and he had to take it to the grandparents. My grandfather was pleased about this; he had somebody who could bring him snuff etc. from town. Friedrich was only too pleased to oblige, because this was another reason to visit, and [ ? my father? ] was happy about the nice young man, whom he asked to do errands again and again. My grandmother soon realised what was going on, she never left us alone for a moment. At that time, the colony staged a play "Die Germania" [allegory of Germany]. Apart from a separate small part, I had to represent "Iwar" in the live stage scene; as a relative, Friedrich was asked to make a helmet, armour and sword for me, which he was pleased to do and which required many fitting sessions. The stage backdrops were painted in the community hall and when we looked at them on one occasion, my grandmother asked whether he had spoken to me. When asked what she meant, she said "Well, whatever young men blabber at a young girl". Although he had, in fact, already done so, I said no. The performance took place on 2.9.1998, [???] and we became engaged on 1.9. My mother was not present, hence it was not made public. Friedrich was 4 years older than I and had his own business with gold and silverware; he also repaired watches as a sideline. At age 14, he came to Germany to the home town of his mother (Dornstetten); there he studied watchmaking for 3 years. Then he went to Stuttgart for 1 year and studied to become an optician. He attended evening lessons and prepared for the Leaving Examination. He studied nearly day and night and shared a room with his brother Ernst. Before the examination, he prayed on his knees and when he had passed, Ernst also thanked God on his knees for the end of all this studying. He served his one year of military service; he had his own apartment and a servant. He enjoyed life to the full, particularly when he was able to pay his comrades' expenses. However, he caught a cold on a skating rink and suffered from pain in the ankles. He reported to a military doctor, who checked his heart and told him to go for walks over the next 8 days. His heart was then checked again and he was told not to work for another 8 days. In Friedrich's opinion, this doctor was a donkey - after all, his foot did hurt! If only he had told him how easily rheumatism of the joints could spread to the heart. However, the pain had disappeared on the following morning.

Friedrich would have preferred to remain full-time with the military but according to my father he spent too much money. At the tender age of 19, he had to return home, where he was not happy at all. There he learned to play the piano and was soon able to play the organ at the religious services. He also liked singing and was in the mixed choir for many years. He was the only tenor - they could not perform when he was not present. My mother and uncle Rohrer returned from Germany in autumn (in those days, one made sure not to travel to Palestine in summer). Uncle Rohrer studied in Tübingen and was regional head in Stuttgart; he also published Die Warte des Tempels. [The Templar Sentinel].

Later on, he taught at the school in Jerusalem. My mother was not at all pleased with my engagement - I was too young, I was not quite healthy, I should go to Germany for a few years. Rather than me leaving, my fiancé preferred to remain engaged for 10 years. His mother, too, was not really agreeable; she and her lady friend had already decided that her daughter was to marry her Friedrich. Both mothers did not want to know about a public engagement. Friedrich's parents went to Germany in the summer of 1999 [???] to see their grandchild. Our engagement was made public when they returned. In those days it was customary for the bridal couple to visit everybody. My grandmother had been unwell for some time, she suffered from knee pains and asthma and when we visited her, she wanted to congratulate us; but she was unable to utter a single word and cried bitterly. From this time onwards, she could no longer talk until she died on 11th January 1900. My uncle composed a wonderful poem for me, which I have kept to this very day. I had always wanted to leave home; I wanted to become a teacher but this was not allowed. I wanted to be a nurse - I had had enough of sewing - and finally, I was prepared to do anything. However, everything was disallowed. But at long last I was allowed to go to the hotel Hardegg in Jaffa to learn cooking, from the beginning of January to mid-May. At the same time, my fiancé had to repair the large community clock in Sarona. He allowed one week for this job; I was also in Sarona for this time. We spent Easter with my mother in Haifa, Nazareth, Tiberias and Tabga (Capernaum). I travelled on a ship for the first time; it was wonderful to see lake Genezareth suddenly come into view. Having passed Tabga, we encountered that sudden storm on the lake, which is already described in the bible. I received a letter from my fiancé every day. Once, when no letter came for 2 days, I went to Frau Hardegg to tell her that I had not received a letter for a long time. I was laughed at when she found out about the 'long time'. On the next day, 2 letters arrived. The late arrival was due to the fact that the German mail service had come to Palestine. Although the hotel Fast had a few regular guests, the takings were highest in the springtime, when the travel agency customers arrived in Palestine. They disembarked in the morning; we had 100 - 200 persons in the hotel for lunch. After lunch, they boarded the train. There were no cars at that time; they were driven through Jerusalem in horse-drawn carriages.

Our wedding was on 25th October 1900. All German Protestants and Templers from Jerusalem were invited; there were more than 300 persons and 60 children. Tables had been set up in the yard at my parents-in-law, large tarpaulins had been draped over the trees, lu[?]lights and Chinese lanterns were hung up; cutlery was collected from the whole colony, and plates and dishes were fetched from a crockery shop. My sewing girls and I baked many biscuit tortes; there were also chocolate layer tortes covered in marmalade and beautifully glazed by a pastry cook. I also baked a lot of smaller pastry. Coffee beans were roasted and ground; pork and veal was purchased and distributed amongst the relatives for roasting. White and dark bread was ordered from the two bakers. Tablecloths were also collected. My father-in-law donated the wine. In those days, all weddings were held on Thursdays, so that it was possible to set up and clean up before Sunday. The younger set went for a hike on Sunday, the bridal couple paying for all expenses. I had 20 bridesmaids with partners; many children

wearing wreaths on their heads walked in front of the bridal procession and scattered flowers. The marriage service took place at 2 o'clock; usually, a gentleman made shorthand notes and later presented a longhand version of the service to the bridal couple. Unfortunately, I lost mine. The son of the founder married us; the male choir sang, because the mixed choir could not sing without my husband. We had our civil marriage ceremony 3 weeks earlier, because the German consul wanted to tour the country. After the marriage service and the congratulations, coffee was served. During this time, a child always recited a poem; speeches were made; the male and the female choirs sang. After coffee, tortes and wine were served. Then the guests at the bridal table went for a walk, so that preparations could be made for the evening meal of potato salad with roast and tea, followed by tortes and pastry. Girls served the food and drinks and were supervised by several elderly gentlemen. There was no peace and quiet before 2 am. Many stage performances were presented; one of these I remember quite well. My father-in-law added several rooms to his house for us; my mother lived with us and continued sewing.

My husband really never had enough sleep. In the evening, there was male choir from 8 - 10 o'clock, mixed choir, music lessons for violin, horn, flute and clarinet which he played. Every Saturday evening he went to the German men's club and therefore, he was away 4 evenings a week. He was not one of those who go home straight after the event; he liked to stay when there was fun to be had. And when he knew that I had baked something, he sometimes brought his friends with him after male choir practice. They drank good wine from the cellar and often stayed until midnight. Moreover, his father was adamant that my husband helped him in the cellar for 1 hour before he went to work. Hence, he usually got up at 5 o'clock.

I am now on page 8 already and have only come to 1900; I also do not know if I am boring you and if I express myself clearly enough. I tend to lose myself in details and seem unable to finish. If something is not clear to you, I am quite willing to write it down in more detail.

I was worried that we could not have any children but on our 1st wedding anniversary, when we had invited uncle Rohrer for dinner, I was certain that we could reckon with a child. My husband was overjoyed and asked me to bake a cake with a gold coin inside, and take it to a paralysed woman. In fact, he was always happiest when he was able to bring joy to others. Through his uncle, he supported a poor family with many children, for many years; they had no idea where the money came from. Every now and then he impressed on me to buy this or that item, and was not happy that I did not spend more money. However, I did not have my own purse when I was single and after I was married, my husband brought all those items which were unavailable in the colony, from town. And when my mother was in Germany I had to give all the money I earned, to my grandmother. When my husband's business was profitable prior to Christmas, he obtained much small change from a money changer, of which there was one on every corner; on Christmas Eve, before he came home, he gave some money to each Arab or Jew he met. He always wanted everybody to be happy.

Our Meta was born on 16th July 1902; I would have preferred a boy, but my husband was so happy that he offered champagne, which he kept in the house should I need it, to every relative who called in. However, after 8 days I



caught a fever and suffered from attacks of cardiac weakness. Since the resident colony doctor was away travelling, a doctor was fetched from town. Although I begged him not to give me quinine, he prescribed it without further ado. And when the quinine took effect, my heart would not function any more, and the doctor was called for the second time during the night (one had to walk to town, the doctor had a donkey). And then, the midwife confessed that I had suffered a small tear and had wound-fever. An old great-uncle prayed with me; I said good bye to everybody, because my fingernails had already turned quite blue. My husband sat by my side for 2 days and nights and I did not get better; I remembered a gentleman who also suffered from periodic cardiac disease. His friend in Germany always sent him fresh digitalis blossoms, from which his wife made tea. This lady also made this tea for me, and I soon got better. However, even after 4 weeks I wondered whether I would ever work again. My milk dried up altogether. A lady came several times during the day to nurse Meta. My mother had the child all to herself. I was unable to sleep and after 4 weeks, I nursed the child again. The milk started to flow once more, I could sleep again and soon I was well again. My brother Ph., who boarded with us, celebrated his birthday at the time, and was happy to have a niece. Our 2nd daughter Helene, called Lene, was born on 25th May 1904. There was now a good new doctor, Dr. Gruflendorf. My husband wanted him to stay in the house for the entire birth, but he could not see why he should. However, he was prepared to call in at any time; but he prescribed drops which I was to take at the beginning of the birth, and everything went well. However, I had a lot of heart problems at the beginning of the pregnancy. In fact, I was breast feeding Meta over 2 summers; I always had a lot of milk. At the time there was no ice or formula available, only Arab milk. Once, my mother told our milkman that "today, you have watered it down again a lot". He swore that "my eyes would fall out if indeed I had done this; I have definitely used clean water only!" My mother went to Germany in 1903; there she had the opportunity to go to Persia where her grandchild was to be born. However, cholera had broken out there. Hence she went to Russia before the child was born. There she stayed with relatives and came to Palestine in the autumn of 1904. She established a boarding school for non-boarder boys who had been to high school in Jerusalem. Philipp subsequently also lived with her. My husband suffered from severe rheumatism soon after we were married. We went to a "water doctor"; my husband had a steam bath and massage and was able to walk again; we assumed that everything was in order. In January 1904, he had severe rheumatism in the joints and had to close his business for 14 days. We had a damp wall in our bedroom. Had we been informed correctly and had he not worked for half a year, it may have been possible that no heart valve defect would have occurred, but people would not have believed us. He went back to work as soon as he was able to; at first he had a carriage pick him up and employed a servant as a helper. He also sold photographic articles in his shop; he was a keen photographer and had a dark room in the shop and at home, for developing. At that time there was no film, only plates; at home I had an entire drawer full, which I had to leave behind,. His brother Christian married in 1904 and soon after, the brothers combined their businesses; Christian had an hardware shop. My husband increasingly concentrated on photography and wanted

my father to build a studio for him. He had about 10 different cameras, but suffered increasingly from shortness of breath and did not know where it came from - until Dr. Gruflendorf revealed to him that he had a defective heart valve. Although he could live to a ripe old age, he would always have to hold his heart in both hands. He should do nothing to excess and should have a lot of sleep. This was not at all in his nature - the slogan was always *ito bend or breaki*. In 1906 he had to buy a donkey - this his father did not understand at all - and had to stop smoking, and his singing lessons. He visited all the doctors he knew - 16 altogether before he died. Everybody agreed on one thing - peace, peace.

My brothers and sisters in Mannheim had heard that Fiedrich was not well. They wrote to us to come to Germany, where there surely would be better doctors. We decided to travel 8 days later. My parents wanted the children to stay behind, but Friedrich declared that he would then also not go. I was expecting my 3rd child and was only able to do the packing and laundering. I was sorry that I was unable to give my entire strength to my husband. My father-in-law accompanied us to Jaffa; we were to embark in the afternoon, but the ship was late. In those days, one travelled to Port Said in an Austrian ship and continued from there in a German ship. The date was 14.7.1906. Both my husband and Meta immediately became seasick, but two-year-old Lene wanted to go everywhere, giving me no peace and quiet. We stayed on deck at night-time, because it was so very hot downstairs. We had brought pillows and blankets, and I put the children to bed on the floor; my husband slept in the deck chair which we had also taken with us. I sat on a suitcase. We were a whole group of colonists who wanted to go to Germany. In Port Said it was rumoured that the ship was overloaded, because it had to take on board shipwrecked Indians during the voyage. Others embarked on different ships, whilst we were finally able to obtain a crew cabin; for each bed we had to pay a further piece of gold. We soon encountered a strong gale lasting 2 days. My husband did not stir in his bed. When Meta was vomiting, I was sick, too. Lene was always around me and wanted to go home to her gauda (cot). At that time, I wished the ship would sink. I pulled myself together after 2 days and went up to the deck with the children. But the waves were so strong that they washed over the deck, and we had to change position all the time. Nobody else was there. When a few people turned up, the steward asked where my husband was. I told him that he did not want to get up. The steward went to him and took him on deck by force. My husband, who used to be cheerfulness personified, was suddenly very depressed and was not interested in anything. We had taken eggs, wine and pastry with us, and I made him an egg nog which he promptly brought up again. However, I recovered slowly. In Genoa, my husband was so bloated that he could no longer button up his trousers, and had to walk in stockinged feet. In the evening, we continued our journey in a slow train; we had to change trains twice during the night. This was my first journey, and I was busy with the children. Once, as time was short and because the luggage porter was unable to come twice, I carried a blanket and pillow and a heavy piece of luggage with Lene asleep on my arm. I felt a sudden pain and was afraid that a premature birth was imminent. However, God be praised, it passed. In Basel, my husband said that he could not carry on; I should go to Mannheim alone. He finally got up - after all, a

telegram had to be sent to Mannheim; they did not know that we were on the way. My sister had just enough time to cook some rice, and to ask her 8 year old daughter Nelli to clean up and have her dolls ready. Four year old Frieder was asleep; she picked up her husband from the bank, and they went to the station to pick us up. I was glad that we had got this far, and immediately felt at home with my brothers and sisters. However, they lived in a city, and I sometimes felt as if I was in a prison. At home, we had had so much freedom of movement, we had a balcony with comfortable garden benches and a big courtyard and garden; here, one was locked in behind a glass door.

I slept so well and carefree in the first night that I thought that everything would now turn out for the best. There was a famous doctor in Heidelberg who did not want to practice any longer. However, people did not leave him alone; therefore he agreed to treat severe cases only. One had to make a written appointment. My sister and her husband visited him. He entered the waiting room and screamed: "Hang it all! By Jove! What a mob we have sitting here! Get out all those who are here as escorts only!" My husband liked this right away and when it was his turn, the doctor asked him during the checkup where he came from. - "From Palestine." - "You could have stayed there to die, you are beyond help." The last doctor in Jerusalem had also been very concerned when he had heard about our departure. My husband did not want to know anything about any other doctor. Well, the quarter hour appointment with the Heidelberg doctor cost 40 Marks, a lot of money in those days. My brother-in-law believed strongly in natural healing methods and took my husband to Degerloch to see D. [original illegible] Katz. This treatment was, however, rather drastic for his condition. But my husband stayed there for 4 weeks. My brothers and sisters had intended to spend Ernst's holidays in Unterreichenbach near Pforzheim; I went along with the children. After 14 days I went to Dornstetten, where my relatives prayed 3 times a day on their knees after a meal and in the evening hour. Naturally, they also prayed for my husband. I could not say yes and Amen to this praying. In particular, being on your knees for a long time was stressful; furthermore, there were many fleas in the gaps in the floorboards, because the stable was underneath. They were good people and meant well, but I could not agree to their lifestyle. They knew this quite well and suggested that their praying would help my husband more if I and the children would kneel several times a day. They wanted my husband to stay with them for good; they would then cure him with prayers. I often cried when we lived with them, I would have done anything to help my husband. They got up at 4 o'clock in the morning and spent the entire day in the field; uncle specially came back in the morning when he reckoned that I was up. They had lunch on the run. Often, they did not go to bed before 11 o'clock; I admired them. I learnt that his [? husband ?] relatives (Mrs. Lippert was the sister of his father) had taken him away from Degerloch and brought him to Jerusalem to live with them; I, too, should come. When I saw him there, his body bloated with water to nearly twice normal size, I could do nothing else but cry. However, the doctor said that, provided the water could be removed and not reappear for  $\Omega$  year, the heart would become so strong that he could reach a high age; but work would probably be out of the question. It was now the end of August and I did not go through the front door for another 7 weeks. The medication had no effect on the urine;

rather than a - 1 litre, he produced only 0 litre of viscous urine in 24 hours. The liver was blocked to such a degree that the right pulmonary lobe was nearly completely squashed. He lost a lot of albumin. I had to boil the urine, and it was sent to the doctor to establish whether the dropsy was caused by the heart or by the kidneys. The doctor tried heat packs, because the medication was ineffective. I boiled two sheets and squeezed them dry. My husband was then wrapped in these up to his neck to make him sweat. He also had to drink 2 glasses of hot lime blossom tea. Had I not read to him, he would not have been able to tolerate this treatment. It took 1 hour before he started sweating; this produced an unpleasant odour. He then had to get up quickly and change over into my bed, whilst I hurriedly prepared something to eat for him. On the next day, I had to run a warm bath for him and brush down his entire body, in order to keep the pores open. Applying the pack every second day did help, and he got progressively better. However, he sweated during the night, and I often changed his pyjamas 6 times a night. He was given a back brace by the hospital; when he thought that he would be able to sleep, he called me to remove the brace. As soon as I went back to sleep, he would ask me to put the brace on again. He just could not settle down properly. Because he could not sleep, he went to the toilet several times. He did not realise that I, too, needed my sleep. In these 7 weeks, I rarely slept for more than 1 hour at a time. During daytime, I only saw roofs and a butcher's small yard. There were 2 daughters in the house; they sometimes took my children away with them, so that at least the children went outside. My husband was very ill for one day, before the packs were applied. He thought that he would suffocate. Everybody had left (they also had a wine shop with wines from Jerusalem), apart from uncle in the shop; time and again, I had to ask him to come up from downstairs. We tried everything to relieve my husband's suffering. The doctor said that he had water in the heart cavity. One day, in the evening, a distant relative with whom my sister had been for several years, arrived. He made me tell him everything. This by itself took a load off my mind, and when I escorted him out of the room, he said that he was ready day or night if I should need advice or assistance. He gave me his telephone number, shook my hand and said 'God can be trusted.' Words cannot express my feelings. I was again able to believe and trust and say in my heart 'As God guides me, so I shall follow him.'

My aunt repeatedly said that people living in cities should get out into the fresh air in the afternoon. But nobody was prepared to give me a spell of even one hour. She also said that you have been lucky for such a long time, and that we were now sitting in the melting pot. It was now up to us to see how we could get out of it. I had to put up with a lot and could not arouse my husband's suspicions. He sometimes had Meta fetch a cheesecake from the baker opposite, and occasionally ordered a small box of grapes, enabling me to have some food during the night. Quite suddenly, I developed pains in the abdomen; the doctor was amazed that I, and nobody else, did the daily and nightly caring. My uncle now took us to Feudenheim [? - illegible], a suburb of Mannheim, to which my brothers and sisters had, in the meantime, moved because of us. We marvelled at the autumn colours; I had never seen anything like it before.

At my sisters' and brothers', we immediately discussed what to do next. My brother-in-law moved his bed next to my husband, and I stayed in the living room

until 2 am to look after him. It was no longer necessary to change his shirts frequently; he had hardly any fluid. The doctor from Feudenheim prescribed a mixture of digitalis and weak beer, thus the discharge of urine returned to normal. I went to sleep in my brother-in-law's bed at 2 am and was able to sleep undisturbed until 8a.m. In due course, my husband was free of water, and we thought that we could return home again in spring. When the midwife had examined me and after I had returned to the living room, I noticed that my sister had been crying. After some time she told me that the birth could not proceed without a doctor, because the baby was in a very bad position. We sent the children to kindergarten, - where they caught the measles. They were not able to diagnose Frieder and he came down with pneumonia. Lene was wrapped in one hot salt wet pack after the other and she turned as red as a lobster; she was subjected to 40 degrees of heat over 2 days. We always consulted a doctor-in-charge from Mannheim to look at my husband. He came on the 11.11, a Sunday evening. We asked him about myself; and he said that he was not in favour of me staying in an asylum; however, in my case one had to be grateful because the life of any pregnant woman would be endangered if she caught the measles. He recommended that I should go this evening if my 2nd child was born within 2 hours, and because there was no telephone connection with Mannheim for some hours during night-time. After his advice, I thought things over - and felt the baby stir. Only later did I realise that this brought the child into the normal birth position. A friend of my mother, who was staying with us, took me to the asylum on the same evening. At home they were happy that I had some rest - but I would not wish it onto anybody to have to listen to women screaming in all musical scales for 10 days, without knowing what was personally wrong with oneself. The asylum had been established by the grand duchess of Baden, principally for destitute women. There were 24 midwives in the house; 2 doctors were on duty day and night. Never in my entire life had I eaten so copiously and well; nobody was allowed to return home for 10 days. Lutheran children were christened on Tuesdays, and Catholic children on Wednesdays. Only the husband was present, ensuring that the mothers received their christening certificate immediately. It was not obligatory, however; hence I did not want it done; after all, I was in fact 2nd class. Our son was subsequently born quite naturally on 21. 11.; he was called Rudolf Gottlob (because we thought that everything would now be all right [Gottlob = God be praised]) Johannes (after my father). My brother-in-law visited me every day and told me about home. He stayed at home for 3 days because his son Frieder was not at all well. A night nurse was employed, but Lene did not even want to be touched by her and screamed for me; hence, I had to send her away again, otherwise my husband would have become upset. Meta caught the measles, but she was a quiet sensible child. She proposed that mother should put her foot down for once so that the child was not continuously taken away from her by the other women, and that she could return home soon. I suffered a nervous shock during the birth and caught angina later on, but I was free from fever after 10 days. My sister picked me up; we travelled home directly in a horse-drawn carriage. The children and my husband were also with us and looked out of the window. We bought a cheesecake on the way. It was a nice homecoming; we sat around the table and drank coffee, and the children looked at me totally enthralled. I noticed immediately that my

husband's feet were swollen. He did not use the night stool, dressed himself without help, and entertained the children every now and then. He wanted to lighten my sister's load, but it was not good for him. But I looked after him day and night, and soon things improved. My sister occasionally whinged to me that it was not fair that I had no peace and quiet day or night, whilst I had been breast feeding a baby for 10 days. Well, she too was at her wit's end. She had a girl to help, but she was not independent. My husband kept an eye on me; when I sat down once in a while because I was tired, he lamented that he had wanted to make life care-free for me; and now I was so tired because of him. He was no longer going to wake me during the night. Hence, I had to put up a happy front every now and then, so that nobody would notice anything.

We celebrated a nice Christmas. On Sundays, we usually had visitors from Mannheim. For my sister's birthday, I taught the children "Jesu geh voran" ["Jesus lead on"] and my husband accompanied them on the piano. And then, an influenza epidemic swept over Germany and we all caught it one after the other. The doctor told me that I would catch pneumonia and prescribed a glass of Emserwasser topped with boiling milk, every hour. My husband sat down next to the stove. I drank my glassful punctually every hour, and was spared. However, after my husband had been lying down twice, he always had slight dropsy from there on. As the doctor had prescribed forest air, we all went to Unterreichenbach, which was surrounded by forests on all sides. On the way I marvelled at the beautiful fruit tree blossoms. We rented 2 rooms, and had lunch brought to us from the guesthouse. In the morning, my husband took the girls for a walk; Meta carried the small collapsible canvas chair. It was my turn in the afternoon, with the big pram and Rudi inside it, 2 cushions, and 2 blankets. We walked on the road, and my husband with the children walked on the footpath. Occasionally, we met some factory workers. Some of them said "look at these lazy people, and we have to work." This always upset my husband. When we came home in the evenings, I often wished I had 6 hands. We went home again to Stuttgart at the end of July, where my husband came to life again, because he had been in Stuttgart for a long time and had many friends there. Once again, I saw nothing of Stuttgart, because the girls caught chicken pox there. My brothers and sisters suggested that my husband should also try Nauheim prior to our return. My brother-in-law took him there. He was there for 4 weeks, but suffered badly from home sickness; I visited him once. My parents-in-law insisted that my sister accompany us home, they would pay for the journey. When she had everything ready, her daughter Nelli became sick. Hence, my brother-in-law accompanied us to Triest at the beginning of October. We took 3 days to do this, so that my husband could sleep in a hotel at night. We also voyaged on Lake Constance. We travelled first class on the boat, but my husband was only able to come to the meals for the first few days. My milk dried up soon, even although Rudi accepted breast milk only. When I offered him the breast, I often thought he was going to suck the marrow from my bones. Every other day, I was given fresh water to bathe him and then wash his laundry. I let him play in the bath and then stretched out flat on the floor. My husband's condition worsened from day to day, he suffered terribly from thirst, but was not supposed to drink much. He drank a bottle of Giesh,bler [? - illegible] every day, and in the evening I had to fetch, for 2 Franken, a plate of ice cubes for him. I

walked up and down the steps with the children; when they were asleep, I had to read to my husband and make packs etc. Some people offered to look after the children, but they did not even want to be touched.

I did not trust the ship's doctor, he looked like a drunkard; he reproached me for not consulting him. He prescribed medication which made my husband's breathing more difficult. When I once went to fetch him during the night, he called out "come in" and stood before me completely naked. The ship stopped in Haifa; my husband's sister with her husband and acquaintances came on board. Some time later the doctor said that he would help me and insisted that my husband have a warm bath. I locked up the children - the doctor thought that my husband would then be able to sleep but it only upset him - and they cried until we came back for them. In order to enable me to pack, one of the Kaiserswerther nuns took the children away from me, even although they cried. I dressed my husband and knelt down before him to put his shoes on; when I tried to give him an hair brush, he did not reach for it and was very quiet. His pulse had stopped beating. I laid him on his bed, opened his mouth and gave him some milk; this revived him somewhat.

The ship was about to anchor near Jaffa; his father and sister were rocking in a boat below and were already seasick. When they saw Friedrich later and he was unable to speak, they just burst into tears. My husband was carried from the ship when nearly everybody else had disembarked. In the Hardegg hotel, Mr. Hardegg allowed me to pick the best room for him, and I thought that I would be able to rest peacefully for one night, because his people were actually present. The children, his sister and I were in the adjoining room. But before long, his father walked in and asked me to come - he could no longer bear to look at my husband. Therefore, I sat by his side again; his pulse was 140. I called the doctor before daybreak; he gave an injection. My father-in-law said that we could certainly stay for a few days. Before we went to the station at midday, the doctor gave another injection. He knew what he was doing - the end was close, my husband should die at home.

We arrived in Jerusalem after a train journey of 30 hours. My brother and his brother carried him to a carriage and drove to the apartment - from which he was to be carried away, dead, after 5 weeks -. Both the shortness of breath and the dropsy became worse. He had to go to the toilet day and night and always wanted cupping glasses applied to his liver. I did not like doing this; he made me give him a camphor injection soon after. He always insisted on having a window open during the night. One cold night I slipped into his bed with him and fell asleep. Later on, he complained that I did not even stay awake for a short while. I felt terrible about this - he obviously did not understand the need for sleep. He clung to life and put up a fight and was certain that he was going to recover. He wanted the Templar President to pray with him; the latter obliged and when he was about to leave, my husband told him that they would not meet again in this world. His parents showed the president out and my husband told me that the president apparently thought that he would die. He asked me if I thought the same way. I replied that there is hope as long as there is life; he said that he was not allowed to die yet - he was going to lead a different life because he had not been a good person. I replied that, in fact, he had always striven to do good because it was in his

nature. Ten days before he died, I declared that I could no longer bear the nights, and that a night nurse should be employed. But his mother said that Friedrich would prefer me to stay with him. I remained firm, however; every now and then, my heart skipped a beat, and I also noted that there was blood in the stool of Rudi, who had been minded by children of relatives for the entire day. I wanted to be with him for breastfeeding. But Rudi became restless every now and then, and therefore a sister of my father-in-law who herself had 6 children, looked after him. I am grateful for this to this very day. In the night from Saturday to Sunday, my husband's uncle was the nightwatchman. My husband continually coughed and vomited blood - the circulation was no longer normal. Uncle wanted to prepare honey in warm oil for him. I heard him search for things in the kitchen. I sent him [?? Not clear from original to whom reference is made] to the doctor, who had left his house-key with us. When he had left, I took heart and asked him [not clear from original to whom reference is made] to revoke my promise I had made in Germany at one stage concerning me living permanently with his parents. He was aware of the fact that I would have to put up with quite a bit but I would be well off and would not be short of anything, because they were wealthy. On one occasion, he asked me if I would remarry if he died, and was quite astonished that I did not reply immediately. He said that it would be a horrible thought for him if I did. For this reason, I promised not to remarry. But he concluded from this promise that I assumed he would die, and said that he, too, would have to face the fact that he was going to die. He was quite at ease, revoked my promise and, on his own accord, returned to the topic of remarriage. He would trust me to do the right thing and not forget the children. I was pleased that he changed his mind because I did not think that he would do so. He often behaved strangely towards me, like a pasha in his harem.

We now said good bye to one another. Later on, the doctor came with my uncle and gave him an injection; then the coughing stopped. The time was 5 am and uncle went home. My husband now asked that I should wake his parents so that he could say good bye to them. I thought that this would merely frighten them, but he insisted; hence I woke them. And then he asked that the male choir sing 'Wie Gott mich f, hrt' [how God leads me] for him. However, people were still asleep since it was Sunday. - When they had sung, with him joining in, in the adjoining room, they wanted to leave quietly. However, he insisted that they all come in when previously, he had not wanted to see any visitors. He talked to every single one. In particular, he told his friends that now they should be my friends. There was a continuous coming and going, everybody wanted to see him, he said 'Du' to everybody and I was to him no different from all the others, which I found strange. He was ready to die there and then, but had to wait until Friday because he had strong nerves. However, this was still a beautiful time, one could talk about anything. He told me to keep in mind that a religious service was not necessary if one followed, during one's life, the bible texts 'Judge not, lest you be judged yourself' and 'Love your neighbour like yourself'. Incisions were made on both his thighs to remove the accumulated fluid; his laboured breathing was simply horrible. On 21.11 they brought me Rudi because he was one year old. I went to him with Rudi, whereupon he asked for the child to be taken away. This still affects me most deeply,



because he does not remember me. I put cream on his nose and teeth. The woman standing next to me told him that he had beautiful teeth (he had no fillings). He replied: "Do you think so?" These were his last words. Soon after, he passed away, fully conscious, on the 22nd.

My father-in-law told me: "You have lost a lot, but I have lost more still, I have lost a son and a friend." I promised solemnly at the body of my husband to always do that to which I was certain he would agree. Because it was wintertime, he was not buried until the following afternoon. Twelve youths carried the coffin to the cemetery, with 6 changing places at a time. Everybody was allowed to come. When my husband passed away, my uncle Rohrer also came; I was able to weep on his breast. My husband's friends took turns with the deathwatch. I slept well in the first night and was happy that he was relieved of his suffering, and that I no longer had to witness his horrible laboured breathing. I was told that if only it was possible to relieve my sorrow just as quickly. Friedrich had always been a good, dear, noble person and I had experienced more love than many an other woman in her lifetime. I would not have wanted to miss the last difficult period, because I was able to repay his love to a small degree.

I was always disappointed that none of the children except perhaps Meta, took after him. This was another great loss. My father-in-law said to me that I would probably prefer to run my own household with my children - I now had to have my own purse and look after my money; during the return journey, my husband had still been in charge of the finances. As a business partner, I received a monthly amount which enabled me to live well and trouble-free, albeit thriftily. For 12 years, I suffered very much from insomnia, I was unable to express my mind freely - particularly on one occasion when I complained to my mother-in-law that I could not sleep. The reply - you could sleep if only you trusted in God. Thus I muddled through and had myself to blame. I went to bed late, because I was scared of going to bed. I felt forever choked up and could hardly eat. I could not cope with my children. Of every room which was to be cleaned, I had doubts if I could finish the job.

I began to suffer from angina. I asked the doctor (a school friend of mine) to give me something for the insomnia first, but he wanted to treat the angina first, he did not know any better. I suffered a collapse; he gave me a morphine injection, but he also asked me if I had a final wish, because he thought that I was going to die. I replied that I would like my brother Phillip, who was engaged at the time, to have my children live with him. I did not want them to be separated, with some of them living with my in-laws, and the others living with my mother. My brother agreed and I was quite prepared to die then. Dr. Hoffmann asked Dr. Gruflendorf from town to come. He immediately diagnosed that the reason for everything was the interrupted sleep and that, had I been a lady doctor or a deaconess myself, it would not have come to this. Relatives were not allowed to see me; a lady living next door stayed with me until I was ready to be transferred to hospital. I nearly went mad. Dr. Gruflendorf said that it would take a year for me to find natural sleep once again; and that the best medicine would be for me to stop brooding, to come out of my shell, to speak my mind openly. It would be quite in order for me to work in the morning, followed by a one-hour midday break; in the afternoon, to sit

outside with some light needle work, and after the evening meal, to have a light conversation. Once something had become defective, it could never be completely healed again. For the rest of my life, whatever I was going to suffer from would show up in my nerves. For a short time only, I had to take sleeping medicine; for a whole year, I had to wear abdominal wraps and wet stockings, together with a [daily?] bottle of beer.

From here on I shall refer to everything in passing only, as well as I am able to, even although this is not to my liking. But it has to be so, otherwise this report will turn into a book. My mother noted today that I was still writing, and that it could be too much for you.

It took a long time for my nerves to settle down again, I suffered from fever-neuralgia for a long time. For  $\Omega$  year I ran a high temperature and thought that I would become paralysed on my left side. Dr. Gruflendorf said that this might not be out of the question. He sent me to Jaffa for a month; I had to have hot baths. I rented a room with the Hagenlochers, who I did not know at all. I met my 2nd husband there; we subsequently wrote to each other from 1909 - 1913, when he asked the question. However, I wrote that I was not quite well, and wished him the best of luck. He did not want to know about this. When I left Jaffa for home in 1909, Immanuel gave me a book as a farewell gift entitled "In Harmony with the Infinite", by Waldo Trine. At home, I wondered what the man was thinking; I could not possibly read such literature - I could hardly read at all. The nerve inflammation at the right side of the back of my head became unbearable. I was unable to knit for a year. In spite of all this, I began reading the book. At first, I could only manage half a page but gradually, I improved. It must have been the best medicine for my state of mind; my courage, self-esteem and trust in God returned. Well, here I go again - getting sidetracked by details!

In 1910, my brothers and sisters from Mannheim, together with Frieder and one-year-old Theo, paid us a visit. My husband had been in board and residence with them for 2 years. He also visited for 3 days, and that was the time when I first met him. Also at that time, Phillip married the grand-daughter of the founder. In 1912, Lexe [? Lene? - Illegible] caught typhoid fever and in spite of cold packs, ran a temperature between 39 and 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ . After this, I had to have all my teeth extracted. We were married during Whitsuntide, on 11.5.13. On the back of donkeys, we went with the children to Emmaus for 3 days, then everything was stowed away and I became a "Jaffa woman". After I had told Meta that I would remarry, she replied: "Mama, say no; we want to remain ourselves like we had been. You have asked grandmother Wurst if it is right and proper, but it is up to you alone". My mother-in-law said that, if I absolutely insisted to have another husband because of the children, then I should at least leave the children with them. My brother-in-law Christian told me that he could not understand me, because Friedrich had been so deeply in love with me. He immediately terminated my business partnership because they could not understand why a man would marry a widow with 3 children without an ulterior motive. I wrote to Friedrich's sister to write to her parents in my favour. She, too, did not understand me; when Immanuel was on holidays in Germany in 1912 and had visited her, the visit of such a precious person had been too short. And yet she wrote in reply to my letter that she was not able to be happy. I should have

remained within the family; the Imberger-relatives hardly spoke to me. But within myself, I was certain that my first husband would have approved, and so I remained quite calm. The Hagenlocher family was not well known in Jerus [?Jerusalem?], it was only known that they were very poor, that father was partial to alcohol and did not do much work, that mother and daughters had a laundry; and that Immanuel, after his apprenticeship in Egypt and Germany, earned enough to be able to attend a business school in Calw and, having returned to Egypt, was chief accountant in Jaffa with the Jona K,bler company, but not until 1907. Old Mr. Wagner (our community elder) came to Jerus and, after hearing about the engagement, was delighted and said that he was not sure whether to be more pleased about Im [? - illegible] or me.

I had to change my ways in many respects, but my husband stood faithfully by my side. He had to go to the office every Sunday morning, but Sunday afternoon belonged entirely to the family. Summer was spent mainly at the seaside, where he often went swimming with 15 - 20 children, whilst I kept an eye on the clothes at the beach. In autumn, we made our honeymoon trip to Aleppo, where his brother Paul had a canteen and also employed his parents and sisters there. Since the Baghdad railway was being constructed at the time, there was a lot of work and profit available. The journey was very nice - travel for one night, then one day in Haifa, travel for another night, daytime in Beirut, then Tripoli, then a 12 hour train journey to Aleppo, then Baalbek, then Damascus where my brother Tim lived, from there by train to Haifa/Carmel, then on to Jaffa in a rocking boat, impossible to disembark because of a gale, return to Port Said and spend 4 days there, until a boat left for Jaffa. I came down with a heavy cold shortly before Christmas; my sister-in-law looked after the children during this time. Severe sciatica after Christmas, to Wilhelma for recuperation. My sister Nelli was 16 years old in P. and came to us for 4 months, attending the French school during this time. Tim arrived in Jaffa in 114 and married Beate Hardegg. He lived in Aleppo for 8 years after he had completed his apprenticeship, then in Damascus. They travelled to G. for their honeymoon; he was asked there to open a German bank in Damascus. They had to flee during the war; he worked in the Foreign Office in Constantinople, then in Berlin where they had their only child Eberhardt after a 6-year marriage. He had to establish a German bank in Sofia; from there, he was asked to join the Templer Bank, which had in the meantime been established in Haifa, as a director; and when the managing director died in Jaffa, he was appointed to this post, and became German consul. Like criminals, they were removed to Germany at the end of September 1939. Their Eberhardt was killed in action in 1940. His wife died of cancer on 10.4.1942 and since then, Hanna Wied runs the household and both live frugally and depend on 'Soforthilfe' [emergency relief aid]; and yet, both he and his wife had been wealthy.

I was sick in June 1914, stayed at home. For lunch, the children brought food from a restaurant; in the morning and evening, Im. and Meta looked after breakfast and dinner. I suffered from severe cardiac weakness and my brother Hans, who with his family also lived in Jaffa, stayed with me overnight. I went to hospital on the next morning, and from there to Jer. to the catholic sisters and stayed there, until my mother had room for me prior to the school holidays. My condition deteriorated markedly; I was taken to hospital; a blood test did

not reveal any malaria. However, Dr. Gruflendorf did in fact detect it after all. I received 21 injections into my backside because my nerves were shot. I took arsenic instead of quinine. The parental house was let and on his birthday, my husband had to move to his own house in Walhalla without anybody helping him. I did not return to Jaffa until the end of September, and had to have help for quite some time.

And the war went on. My husband was with the provisions depot and supplied many canteens in Gaza, Askalon etc. But he wore civilian clothes and clothing was in short supply. He often spent days in a truck or travelling by train, always lugging his camp bed with him. Everything became scarcer, but whenever my husband received a piece of gold, he invested it in a sackful of wheat - the Turkish paper money became more and more worthless. On Sunday, 25.2.1917, we were awoken at 6 o'clock by a rumbling noise; this made me say: "Now the world has come to an end". Without any warning, a grenade from a French ship had ripped the entire joinery away from the Wagner factory. Because the factory was close to us, we moved down to the lower floor with clothes over our arms and subsequently, we left the house. The ship strafed every house in Walhalla; ours suffered most. Four grenades came in through the roof, every piece of furniture was destroyed; the scene was desolate. I and the children carried everything that was not needed to the nearby German consulate. The roof was repaired first. From Baghdad, Tim was transferring money for needy people to the Central Bank. Thus, we received money for house repairs from there. Had Meta stayed in her bed, she would have been crushed to a pulp. Her bed was destroyed. No sooner had the house been provisionally repaired - we had no window panes - an order to vacate Jaffa was issued. Up to this time, we often had to flee, having received warning one hour ahead. However, only the factory came under fire. The Arabs moved northwards, the railway tracks had been ripped away up to Ramleh. The locomotive was wood fired, and the poor people with their bundles sat in the open air for days on end. The Jews went to their colony and we went to Wilhelma, obviously without my husband. We stayed from April until the end of July and in time, went back; but the British came closer and closer. On 10.11.17, an order for all Germans eligible for military service to leave Jaffa within a day was issued - the British were about to break through at Ramleh. My husband was busy near Ramleh at the time and used his bicycle, which was prone to punctures at any instant. On 9.11, my husband came home at midnight from a meeting and said that the children and I should join any northward movement. Every vehicle in good condition was confiscated, so that it took 4 days to get to Haifa on foot. With a heavy heart, I said that I would go, provided my friend Mrs. Bulach and her 4 children could also come along. My husband soon fell asleep and I recalled the verse "Weg hast du aller Wege" and I became calmer, but I could not sleep. At 2 am I heard Mr Wagner call out "get up, Wilhelm!". I went to the window at once and asked "what is the matter?" - Well, the order had been given. I went to see Mrs. Bulach two houses away. She was ready immediately. I woke the children and quickly washed a few things, when Mrs. Bulach arrived - Mr. Wagner had advised against leaving. Hence I, too, did not have to go. When the men had gone, I had to get a suit from my husband's suitcase for him. For good measure, I had an attack of cardiac weakness - farewelling him might have been forever. The Turkish government pulled out and

for the 3 days when we had no government, Mr. Wagner had Walhalla guarded by Arabs. Then the enemy arrived - tall Australians at first. Wagner's factory and our community house were occupied by Scotchmen. The upstairs hall and the downstairs school rooms became a hospital. The neighbouring houses became support centres. Everything took place a mere two houses away from us. We saw our hall benches being thrown out of the windows. We moved quickly and provisionally stored some hall and school benches in a coal cellar. We women were helped by a few soldiers. As a reward, I gave each soldier a packet of cigarettes - my husband had a whole suitcase full from Stambul - and one soldier after the other came along to buy cigarettes. I thought 'what have you done', but they were all very well-mannered and believed me when I told them that I had run out of cigarettes. At the end of November, the older men between 60 and 80 years from Jaffa and Saron were called up; they had to be ready within 2 hours and bring food for 2 days; those who did not appear would be shot. It was a sad spectacle to see them, with their bundles in their hands, run the gauntlet twice from the Savaen [?] (government building in town) to Tel-Aviv, surrounded by idle onlookers and guarded by fixed bayonets. I will never forget this spectacle, all that one could do was cry. Fortunately, medical councillor Dr. Lorch was allowed to stay; thus we had at least one doctor, who sent me an effective heart medicine which I was to have in the house at all times. Many men died during the imprisonment. We had to make sure that everything was dark by 6 o'clock, and be out in the street as little as possible. The soldiers had strict orders not to enter any German house. But I was so glad that we were no longer alone in the house so close to Christmas. After the old men had gone, I went from house to house to see how the women coped. I gained many insights - one family only had 1 Medschide [? - illegible] = 5 Marks in the house which the husband wanted the wife to have, whilst she wanted him to take it. At first, we had an excellent German-speaking controller whom I told much. He was very just and told me exactly with what we did not have to put up with. When I told him about a few needy families and he could not get help from his government, he noted what the other controllers left behind some of their provisions. These he had taken to different families and apologised that he was not able to provide more (this was told to me by others who had kept an eye on him, to see what he was doing with the leftover provisions). He wrote to his mother that the Germans were not as bad as he had been told, whereupon he was sent to the front. I cannot forget him. Shortly before Christmas, an officer and a Jew visited me at night; the latter told me that he had a letter from my husband; this was supposed to get me into a good mood. But then he said that he did not have the letter with him and that they wanted to celebrate Christmas, and really needed a piano. I offered him my piano, because I naturally could not make a decision about other people's pianos. Then I realised that I would be without one. On the following morning, the officer arrived with a car and a truck and wanted to pick up the piano; I said that I wanted it returned soon, and insisted on a written note. The piano was not returned until the controller, on the basis of this note, had succeeded. The letter from my husband was, in fact, a postcard, a sign of life, from not far away. My lady friend, a Swiss nurse, and I obtained a passport to travel to Saron because we had heard that people spent half their time in cellars; and

somebody was quoted as saying that she would rather be shot in her own house, than move to Jaffa. There was ill feeling between Jaffa and Saroná. The earth was shaking beneath our feet and bullets whistled over our heads. We pleaded with them to come to Jaffa nevertheless; I offered my parentís house to them. Soon after, they were ordered to leave Saroná. During the days of Chirstmas and shortly before, Wilhelma had to be evacuated, because people had lived in cellars for 14 days. There were several dead persons and a woman died on Christmas day. Her husband had to dig the grave, and we women laid her to rest. I took in 12 refugees from Wilhelma, including old Mrs. H^fer, with grandson and daughter-in-law, who had had a baby in February, and Mrs. Knoll with 5 children and Mr. D\_ck, who had a machine on his foot and who was a teacher, and his daughter. The other elderly men from Wilhelma were evacuated in mid-December. There were 16 persons altogether, a different woman had to cook each week, the children ate at one table and we ate at the other one. The children had to eat whatever I put before them and bread had to be rationed. The Knoll children were not used to eating vegetables, but Mrs. Knoll left me in charge. I had a stick on the kitchen cupboard; but it was sufficient to just touch it. They could not leave the table unless I did. Four-year old Lene [? - illegible] Paula Knoll often asked her mother when Mrs. Hagenlocher would finally get up. Mrs. Knoll was poor and had not brought any provisions; the fact that the Knolls also had to be fed upset Mrs. H^fer sen., who said that the Knolls would still have their money if they had not gone to Africa. I had 15 chickens myself, the H^ferís brought another 15. Furthermore, I had chickens from two Saroná families. I distributed their eggs as I saw fit; Mrs. H^fer complained again, because her barley was used for feeding. I had to be strict; my children got two slices of bread like everybody else. The bread had to last for a week. Both Knoll sons were killed in action; one of their sisters, a teacher, burnt to death in Jerusalem.

I am incorrigible, with every new leaf I think that I will come to the end. Via a secret route, I was given 70 fp. by the Central Bank in Jerusalem so that nobody would suffer hardship. This was given, without interest, to the people. When the money had run out, somebody sold a cow for 80 - 100 fp. and deposited the money in my money box. Later an orange tree garden was sold, and therefore I always had money for distribution. I also set up a box for donations. Nobody cared about what I was doing with the money. Sometimes I asked Mr. D\_ck to stay with me after the religious service (which he held), in order for him to know how much was in it. I gave the donations to the poor and also gave the teachers a small amount of pocket money. Somebody put 2 shillings into the box every Sunday. Many rich people were impoverished, because the Turkish paper and silver money had become worthless. Until we found a proper school room, lessons had to be given separately. Thus classes were held in the colony and in Walhalla, and I employed teacher aides. The children had only salvaged a bible and a song book, hence they all learned ìBefiehl Du Deine Wegeî . We often remarked that it looked as if every verse had been written for us. The same could be said about the texts for Sunday; we were, in fact, in a receptive frame of mind.

We only had miserable oil lamps; only Mr. D\_ck had a bottle of petroleum and prepared for the Sunday service at night with 3 mirrors surrounding the lamp;

during daytime he taught at school. I felt sorry for him. At some stage I offered to read a house sermon for him for a change. However, he was very sensitive and inferred that people did not want to hear from him any more. Behind his back, I wrote to Mr. Wagner if others could take turns interpreting the text given to them. Subsequently, I received a letter for every Sunday. I left Mr. Dick in the belief that they wrote on their own accord. Thus he explained the text and afterwards, I read the letter to the congregation. At one time, my uncle Rohrer wrote from Jerusalem, where the men were not called up and were better off in many respects; they received rice etc. continuously. The Swiss consul, who also represented German interests, arrived in Jaffa in June; he paid me a visit and asked me to work for him; in particular, he asked about our needs so that he would be able to submit these to the government. I told him that more German houses should be vacated - some people were living with 10 persons to a room. This request was granted because the front moved further afield; for example, 3 houses were vacated in Walhalla. Things also improved at our place - H<sup>^</sup>feris moved out and I had my own room, having previously slept in an anteroom. This was good because people came in fact to me to ask for money and advice. The Swiss consul also visited me now and then. He showed me how to do bookkeeping and brought me the money which was to be given to the women whose husbands were at war. I had to visit the consul frequently to give him paper money from the wine cellar, to list the dates of birth of all Germans, etc. He always had a job for me. I also called on Dr. Lorch frequently to find out what type of nourishment could be tolerated by the people if the flour for the bread was stretched. People had to be told to be thrifty when using their wheat. Dr. Lorch also advised me to ask the government for sugar - we had no sugar, tea, coffee, rice, petroleum etc. to make jam for the children -; furthermore, the children were to suck a lot of sugar cane. The sugar duly arrived, 1 kilo per head, and was weighed at my place; rice was also made available. We cooked a whole laundry kettle of orange marmalade. In the garden, we planted as much as we could. H<sup>^</sup>feris had brought a cow, so that we had enough milk and manure. Meta had to take my place often; she gave piano lessons to all Walhalla children. In time, each family cooked for itself. Only Mrs. Bulach who had taken in 15 persons, and I and Dr. Lorch, cooked together. The soldiers had felled eucalyptus trees to build a bridge across the Audje river. We were allowed to take the branches and chop them up; thus we had firewood once again. Time after time it was provided [?- illegible], but it was decided that we had to leave.

We were interned on 14.7.1918 at Heluan near Cairo. Mrs. Bulach said that I would probably be glad that the worrying was over and this was indeed true - in fact, many had befriended the soldiers. As sorry I was for the Jerusalem people also suffering interment 3 weeks later, I was nevertheless satisfied - they thought that we were to blame for the internment. In fact, they were much better off; they had their men and did not have billeted soldiers, and did not have to vacate their houses. In spite of all the hardship, the time of the imprisonment imbued me with an inner joy of being strong enough to be able to work for the community, and of having people trusting me. Whilst still living in Jaffa, I also received a letter from Mrs. Pestalozzi inspired by my sister.

She wrote that she was quite prepared to carry my letters. I was thus able to write to my husband, and he replied in the same fashion.

I hope that I can manage to be brief when reporting about the internment. Initially, the Greeks looked after our provisions. But later the older men were allowed to stay with us, provided they took over the kitchen and other chores. My husband was in the Heliopolis camp with prisoners of war, but after 8 months he was allowed to go to Sidi-Bischar [? - illegible] as a civilian prisoner. >From there, he came to us in the autumn of 1919. He brought 4 notebooks with closely spaced writing with him, which he had written to me every night - often just greetings, or discussions of books he was reading, thoughts about the religious service in Haifa and the state of the world, the many uncertain rumours about us, and my delight about his first letter. I had many people read it; I copied it and sent it to Phillip, because this was the first detailed letter. It represents a valuable legacy by him, and when I am overcome by homesickness, I read it again and feel that he is talking to me. At Easter of 1920, nearly half of our people went to Germany; there were nearly 800 persons - Catholics and Protestants. Males, women with children, 16 year old girls and boys from 10 years on were separated. I had to cry often in those days, I imagined that God had found fault with us and that we were no longer allowed to return to the homeland. The other half of our people always expected to be moved also. My uncle Rohrer, who was president of the Temple Society from 1910 to 1934, together with the Quakers tried to bring about our return and when it was agreed upon, he told me that this was the most beautiful day in his life. At one time, our prisoners of war were allowed to visit us for 2 hours - oh what a meeting this was, and how they looked in their prison clothes! At that time, my husband had gone already, but my brothers Hans and Phillip and others had so much to talk about that one gentleman, did not ask his wife: "How are you all?" and if she had money, until he came down the stairs to leave. Another point was raised by Phillip - he kindled the thought of collecting money to support the gravely ill amongst them financially. Many grumbled and contributed nothing, others gave a lot, one gentleman gave me 1 £p. which, as he said, he had kept ready over a long time for such a purpose. In the end, 60 £p were collected. With this money, Phillip bought eggs and other nourishing food. He always made some of the men eat in front of his eyes. Because of this, their health improved slowly. A commission including myself found apartments for us and others. However, I was not well and moreover, some families stayed back, including my mother and Meta. We wanted to go to Germany from where we were. In the meantime, my husband had been promoted to head chef and never had time for us. The children became impatient - everybody apart from us was packing. After a long time I was finally, whilst I was sitting on a chair, able to help the children with the packing. We arrived in Jaffa on 20.9.1920. In Heluan, I had lived in one room with mother Imberger and her daughter and Lene - usually 4 persons. They also went to Germany.

A rebuilding commission was established (known as Wako), with my husband as secretary. The cost of living was high; we lived in the house in town, because one Englishman still lived in the Walhalla house. The parents and daughters arrived in 1921 from Aleppo with 39 large pieces of luggage. Father suffered from severe asthma - the parents went to Jerusalem to recover, but he died there



after 5 weeks. In 1922, Immanuel developed typhoid fever in the lower abdomen. Dr. Lorch had given up hope but allowed me to stay at his bedside over 10 nights until the danger had passed. Since at that time, there were no refrigerators in the hospital, I had a block of ice in a bucket to cool champagne and milk which were given to him alternately. We subsequently moved to Emmaus, Wako paid half the costs. I went from one doctor to the next, nobody was able to help. Meta, who had returned from Germany after 3 years, having studied nursing there, insisted that I go to Jerusalem. Dr. Sch,zinger jumped up from his chair after I had told him about myself, and wanted to operate immediately, because he thought that I had cancer. However, he wrote to the Jaffa doctor and suggested to carry out a small exploratory operation and test for cancer. However, I did not want to be operated on because it would have stressed my heart; presently the news arrived that I had 'suspected cancer'. I was to send Rudi away to Mittweida, where he was studying engineering; Lene was in Germany already and Meta was employed in my husband's business, which he gradually established with 2 employees and one apprentice. The children knew about their father's fortune.

I read in our medical handbook that women with abdominal cancer will putrefy whilst still alive, and that nurses could hardly stand the stench. After that I immediately wrote to Dr. Sch,zinger that I was ready. Meta went with me, my heart was fortified for 3 days, and I was operated on 4.8.25, without anaesthesia, in 2½ hours. The head nurse assured me that it was very rare to see a person with such a steady pulse on the operating table. However, I had a great struggle with myself beforehand, until I had come to terms with it - 'where God leads me, so I will go'. I was told that the uterus was not completely cancerous, but only the future would show if the cancer was in my blood. I recovered very slowly; Mrs. Zollinger kept house. Meta married Ernst Hardegg in September 1926. Lene returned from Germany and worked in the business. My first grandchild was born in 1927. We returned to Walhalla, but mother wanted to stay in her own house, which had been built under amortisation from the central bank; the loan was repayable over 50 years. Paul and his wife had returned home in the meantime. My mother died in Haifa in 1928 at the Timsís; she had been very susceptible to disease over the last few years. My brother Hans died in Sarona in 1930, and Lene married Urban Beck in 1930. Rudi returned from Germany in 1929 and joined the Wagner factory, where he had spent his apprenticeship, as an engineer. In 1936, he married Ilse Numert; she had come from Berlin to Jaffa, where Rudi met her, for one year. She returned [to Germany ?] in '35, and Rudi brought her back in '36. They arrived in their own car in Jaffa, having travelled overland. In 1932, I was diagnosed with a chronic oesophagus catarrh. The tumours at the oesophagus had to be burned off electrically. I had to gargle medicine for a long time; had the tumours grown again, it would have meant cancer. The doctor suggested a change of scenery. Hence we went to Cyprus for the first time in August '32, accompanied by Mr. Lippmann. We rented a car for 8 days in Lakarna [ ? ]. The chauffeur was our guide, and we travelled all over the island. Travelling with 2 generous gentlemen is very nice.

From Cyprus we went to Beirut, Libanon, then to Haifa/Carmel by car and then home, because the money had run out. The men had to get bridging finance, but it was nice. I could fill page after page writing about it because I made

daily notes during our travels, but I better not start. My husband broke a leg in 1934; he said that he could not stay away from the business for more than 8 days. However, it took 20 months to heal. He developed blood clots in his lungs; matters were very serious for 2 days. At the same time, Rudi suffered from paratyphoid fever with his diaphragm inflamed on both sides. One Sunday, the doctor had to call 3 times and in the evening, he came to me in the kitchen and said that I would have to be prepared for anything. And Lene had a premature birth; she could not understand why I was unable to come to see her for a few hours. Rudi had to go to Libanon; he was away for 3 months. Meta brought us lunch. An Arab woman came every week to do the cleaning and the laundry. We managed, but eventually I had to stay in bed for 2 days during the hottest time - July/August. My dear uncle Rohrer died in May 1934; at least I was able to visit him a few times at the hospital in Jerusalem. In 1935, we travelled by train to Constantinople - 4 days Smyrna to start with, then 6 days Stambul - ; we could use the same ticket to travel all over Turkey, and for the return journey, because it carried the stamp of the Smyrna exhibition. I did not want to do it, because twice we sat in the train for 36 hours without a break. I wanted to move on quickly. We journeyed to Port Said, Cairo/pyramids, museum, zoo, on board the Milwaukee, a genuine luxury steamer. We spent 4 days in Egypt.

In January 1935, Phillip was elected president of the Temple Society; he died in Wilhelma in 1941. I was deeply moved by his death. I sat by his bedside on his last evening; he whispered my name twice. Having suffered a stroke, his speech had become blurred. He talked to me emphatically and I did not understand a word, about which I am sorry to this very day. At that time, I suffered from an extremely high blood pressure. I was not allowed to do anything; the blood pressure was measured every day. It was reduced by dieting; also, 0.5 litre of blood was taken from me. Lene's 3-year old boy died of diphtheritis. In 1936, we went to Cyprus again; Meta, her husband and 2 girls came with us. Meta was expecting her 3rd child; and on 17.3.37 Meta died; her girl Gerlinde was 6 weeks old. Her skull was dissected - she had a head tumour between the pyramidal arc [ ?s?]. In 1937, we travelled nearly all over Germany; we had also met you dear people. It was unfortunate that my husband wanted to go to the exhibition in Paris at that time, but not on his own; and it was all too much for me. The way home took us through Switzerland - Arne gorge, Rhone glacier, the big stalactite cavern near Triest. Rudi's first child was born on 30.10.37, and Lene had her Gunter in December. My husband's mother died in 1935. We spent 2 days in Emmaus in May 1938 to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary, in the same room where we had married each other 25 years ago.

We travelled to Lebanon and Cyprus etc. in August 1938. War broke out in 1939, and you know everything about me from there on. My husband was honorary treasurer of so many funds that I was sometimes scared stiff. But he merely smiled - after all, somebody - not I - had to do it. Three people spoke at his coffin, and each stressed his trustworthiness and conscientiousness. I have asked myself repeatedly why I deserved 2 such noble men; they were my idols.

I now send you these sheets; from them, you will read what course my life has run up to this very day. [ Note in margin of last page in German original

] : My husband never made me atone for my numerous diseases; he put up with me with patience and love - why have I outlived both of them!

And now good luck for your journey and greetings

Your Barbara Hagenlocher nee Wurst, widowed Imberger.