

One Jewish woman and her "half-Jewish" daughter survived here. I will allow the daughter to speak for herself. Erika Lichtenstein, nee Huhn, (p. 67) daughter of Dr. Huhn and his wife Bertel, nee Mann, recorded her experiences on tape in 1995:

"Like so many, or rather so few survivors of this time, we, my husband and I, have not shared these nightmares with our children for reasons we still do not understand. It may derive from the tendency of parents to withhold troublesome things from their children, in other words, not to burden the children.

In 1939, the 'serious side of life' began for me as for all other children my age: namely, school. In my memory, the first two years were without complications since for me November 10 was just a night during which I heard murmuring from behind closed doors about 'Kristallnacht,' and they had smashed everything to bits at Uncle Eugen's and Aunt Johanna Wolfs. Other Jewish families had also lost their belongings because of the Nazis in that night. The danger was there that they could still come to us, but since my father was very well esteemed as a physician, the danger was small.

When the war started, the fear and worries began. I was especially afraid of an older girl who called me anti-Semitic names every time she saw me in the street. I never talked about this at home because I wanted to spare my parents. And in my childlike thinking, the betraying' of this girl could lead to the terrible consequence that we would end up in the concentration camp. When World War II broke out, my so far careless / worry free childhood became more difficult. My parents explained to me that I was a first-grade mixed blood' and that was reason for the Nazis to arrest us at any time and to put us in a concentration camp. So, every uniform was a danger for me and caused me to panic the moment I saw a person in a uniform. I knew that it meant the death-sentence listening to a foreign radio station, and I worried constantly about my parents who tuned in regularly every night. Sometimes I was allowed to listen to the radio too. Especially toward the end of the war when we waited for the allies to arrive I was promised that sometimes we too would have a normal life.

In the meantime, we heard that the Wolf family was sent to the ghetto in Frankfurt. We visited them once more. Then they were arrested and came to a concentration camp and died in the gas chamber. My cousin, Marianne, had given me her doll stroller, and I promised her that I would give it back when they came home again. We kissed each other and said 'see you again, but our parents knew better.

During this time, all the Jewish Guntersblurn people who were not able to emigrate for various reasons were arrested and transported to the various camps. Some of them were friends, but we knew them all because they were all my father's patients.

When I was 10 years old, many friends went to the 'Gymnasium' (secondary school, grades 5 thru 13) in Oppenheim. Since I was a 'mixed blood', this was prohibited to me. Miss Klara Köhler, my teacher, came to my parents and warned them that on the next day, she had to ask the class who was going to go to Oppenheim. She told my parents to tell me that I should not get up from my seat together with those who were going to go. But when the day came, I was so ashamed that I got up anyway. I came home sobbing and told my mother that I had not followed her instructions. But she calmed me down and said we would find an excuse. When the friends then left the 'Volksschule' (grades 1 - 8), I stayed home following Miss Köhler's advice. Of course, the children called me stupid, and when they kept doing that for a few days, Miss Köhler explained to them that I was not stupid at all, but my parents had decided to send me to a private school in Switzerland after the war. When my girlfriends joined the BDM (a Nazi girls' organization), I was excluded from participating, which left me heartbroken. Even Mom's explanation that it really was not a moral organization because it had to do with the Nazis, did

not fall on very fertile soil. I felt being an unworthy child and suffered much under those conditions.

Nevertheless, I was still invited by my girlfriends to their birthday parties. Only one family showed me clearly that they did not consider me fit to socialize with anymore, and I was not invited to their daughter's birthday parties any longer. The daughter also followed her parents' instructions very closely and ignored me imperiously.

The fear of losing my father to the Nazis because he could not keep his mouth shut, plus the fact that my mother, who by law had to wear the 'Davidstern' (the yellow star), refused to do so, were daily fears for me. Good friends and patients always warned us when the 'Gestapo' would come or might come, and then we disappeared to friends' houses. My father got the order to divorce my mother to keep his office, but of course, he resolutely opposed this. The patients were told to go to physicians in neighboring towns but that did not yield much success, since 99% remained loyal to their doctor Huhn.

Three months before the end of the war the order was given to transport mixed couples to the camps, i.e., Mom and me. Plans, of which I had no idea, were made for us (by my parents and good friends - the author's note).

I had come down with the flu and was lying in bed with a high fever when my father came to me and explained that right away - it was 10 p.m. - Mom and I had to disappear to a hideout at a good friend's. Of course, I resisted with all my strength and declared that I was too sick to make such a journey in the middle of the night. Then he said that the 'Gestapo' was on their way to our house, and we did not have a lot of time to decide. Now my fear was: what is going to happen to him, to our domestic help Emma, who was my second mother, and to my beloved dogs? He assured me that three good friends, Uncle Erwin Schmitt from the 'Schlossgut' and Dr. Joseph Hunten would stand in front of our house with drawn revolvers and would shoot anyone who would even try to do anything to anybody in the house. So, my father drove my mother and me to the family of Dr. Fröhlich (a medical doctor) in Mommenheim in the middle of the night with the uncertainty for my parents if we would ever see each other again.

It was an enormous risk for the Fröhlich family to have us there because the hiding of Jews and 'mixed bloods' was punishable by death. We arrived after midnight, and for three months, Mom and I shared one bed. Mrs. Fröhlich's sister gave us her room and moved to her cousin, a few houses down the street. On the next morning, I was told that we were staying here under different names as a cousin and her daughter who had been bombed out and had not yet found a new place to live. Only at night was I allowed to get a breath of fresh air in the garden. During the day we had to be quiet, so that the patients did not notice anything. At least I had a playmate in the Fröhlich's son. Even though he was older, he looked after me in a very caring way. During the whole three months I saw my father only two times because there was the danger that he was watched, and thus our life and the lives of our hosts were in danger.

The Gestapo man who had gotten the order to shoot us close before the end, came to my father a day later in the middle of the night. This young man had been forced to join the Gestapo during the last moments of the war, to find and shoot the 'mixed bloods'. This his conscience did not allow. He asked my father for help. My father broke his thumb and index finger with a brick without using anesthesia to make it look real. (Later on, he supported the man when the court proceedings to punish Nazis began after the war.)

After three long months for our friends and for us, the rescue finally came. We sat in the basement every day because the front came closer and closer. Bombs were falling, and the fighter planes shot at everything that moved in the streets and on the fields.

Then suddenly there was a lot of noise in the house, loud voices, loud steps that led down to the basement. The door was flung open and three American soldiers with pointed guns shouted: 'Hands up, hands up'. My mother quickly slipped past them underneath their guns, went upstairs, ripped the white bed sheet off the bed and hung it out of the window. We were the first house in the street to joyfully surrender. For me as a child, this was not clear at all. I became afraid and began to cry because I could not see my mother and thought that after all these long months, the Gestapo had found us after all. Finally, my mother explained to me that these soldiers were our saviors and that I would soon see my father.

Two hours later, an American major came and said to my mother that she was the first Jewish person they found alive. He stayed one hour and answered that he would do anything to find out if my father were still alive. He said she could tell him any wish she had, whatever she needed, and he would bring it. 'All I need', said my mother, 'is to come home to my husband'. He told her that was impossible for the next few days because it was simply too dangerous to drive through the front, especially with a child. When he left, he promised to do whatever he could. Just a brief time later two soldiers came with a jeep and told my mother that the major would get in touch with her again soon. In the meantime, we should enjoy the content of the boxes that they were about to bring inside. There were oranges, chocolate, cigarettes, canned meat, etc. - all the things I had long forgotten about. We stood there, dumbfounded, and the soldiers became happier with every box they brought in for us. By evening, our major re-turned, and we learned that my father was alive. We hoped that we could go home soon. Since all the phone lines were destroyed, the Americans had to use their field telephones and their people to contact us. Each time they had to send a soldier into my father's house to relay the messages. That took a long time because my father had to visit the sick and was not always home.

My father had been very active politically and belonged to the 'underground'. He had tried to make life difficult for the Nazis, including the dissolution of the 'Volksturm' (militia of old men and boys). On his little motorcycle he rode to the entrances to the town and ordered the men, who were supposed to defend the town from the approaching Americans, to throw away their guns and shovels and to go home and serve a good glass of wine for the coming soldiers. That was exactly what these older men wanted to hear.

Three days after the arrival of the Americans mom could not stay calm anymore. She did not want to wait any longer. She wanted to go home. The mayor told her that he could not guarantee our safety and our lives, but he was willing to drive her and her daughter home the next evening. He and his driver came with a jeep, and we drove through the heaviest combat zone. All around us there was shooting, and bombs were falling. He offered to turn around, but she had made her decision, she wanted to go home. The mayor had me sitting on his lap, and he covered my ears. I do not know how many times he offered my mother to turn around.

We arrived late at night, and everything was dark. Only in the living room was a candle burning on the table, and no one was in the house, neither my father nor the domestic help nor the dogs. Suddenly my dog, Peter, came into the living room. He must have heard the jeep. I ran to him, wrapped my arms around him, crawled under the table with him and started to scream. Later they told me that I sat under the table with the dog for one hour and screamed: 'Now they can't shoot me anymore, now I'll stay with you again, Peterle.' Then suddenly my father came home and for the first time in my life I saw three men crying: my father, the major, and his driver."