

## Korbach

### Herbert Rosenbaum<sup>1</sup>

geb. 1.11.1920 in Hörnsheim

#### **Wohnung:**

Prof.-Kümmell-Straße 8

#### **1935**

Am 19. Juni zog Herbert Rosenbaum von Groß-Linden nach Korbach und zog in das Haus von Julius Löwenstern, um eine Ausbildung zu absolvieren.

#### **1936**

Am 31. August zog er zurück nach Groß-Linden.

#### **2008**

Sohn und Enkel von Manfred Goldwein, dem Sohn des ehemaligen jüdischen Lehrers von Korbach, Moritz Goldwein, veröffentlichten im Internet Manfreds Reisetagebuch über seine Integration und biographische Angaben über Manfred Goldwein. Herbert Rosenbaum reagierte auf diese Veröffentlichung im Juli 2008 mit zwei Briefen<sup>2</sup>:

Mittwoch, 16. Juli 2008, 01:53:49

Dear Mr. Goldwein,

The following is likely to become longish Letter, so 'll beg you to bear with me.

My name is Herbert D.Rosenbaum. I live with my wife of 60 years in Rockville Centre New York, one hour east of NYC on Long island. I am a retired Professor of Political Science, now 87 years of age. So much for my identity. My own hometown was Grossen-Linden, Kreiss Giessen and my family is descended from people in the villages of that area. The reason for my writing to you is that I and my wife have just finished reading "Don't Wave Goodbye", that extremely moving account of Freddy's and others' rescue from Korbach. And lo and behold, the chapter following pages 123 brought back my own stay in Korbach from Spring 1935 to the fall of 1936. I was a merchant apprentice in the textile store of the Loewensterns in tumultuous times.

Among my most treasured memories is the role played by your grandfather, the Rabbi, who took it upon himself to bring together under the roof of the synagogue most of the young people of our age for comfort and for the strength to face the travails of life in that community, then beset by hundreds of young Nazis deported from Austria and living in the old military barracks. I find it hard to imagine what our life would have been without Rabbi Goldwein. I was only 14 years old at the time and a good friend of Freddy's, with whom I recall quite distinctly having gone on a short camping trip at one point. I was saddened to discover that he passed away in 1999. Would it not have been a great delight for me to see him again!

The description of Fred's trip to Stuttgart rang a bell because we, too, made that trip in the late fall of 1936, in preparation for our own departure for New York in late June of 1937. The Korbach memories came alive for me also on reading the names of the families who endowed his trip to New York with modest gifts for his long journey. Almost every name on that list

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<sup>1</sup> Wilke, S. 274

<sup>2</sup> Quelle: <http://barmitzvah.goldwein.net/?feed=comments-rss2>

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was familiar to me. I can still picture the youngsters my age, with whom we sometimes traveled by bicycle to the Eder Dam Lake in Wildungen for a Sunday swim. I confess to having been madly in love - at a distance - with one of the Stahl family daughters. She was then what I call now a "knockout". There's more to tell, of course, but I will forbear doing that at this point.

Dear Marc, I will close for now in the hope that we may continue this contact.

My best wishes to you and your family.

Mittwoch, 16. Juli 2008, 02:03:47

Dear Joel,

Your welcome note intensifies long-dormant memories for me. Hour by hour the names, places and events of the past re-emerge from my mind. I left Korbach in the fall of 1936 when two of my New York cousins, originally from Frankenberg and visiting Germany at that time, urged me, in the Frankenberg churchyard, to lose no time in applying for a U.S. visa. My employer Lowenstern thought it was "an excellent idea" and I evacuated Korbach and my incipient career as a future merchant forthwith. At home in Grosses-Linden matters had turned bad enough so my mother and brother agreed to the idea. To prepare for that eventuality, brother Adolph and apprenticed ourselves to a nearby shop to learn whatever we could about operating machines of all kinds, the assumption being that without knowing English we had to have a way to make a living in America. That turned out to be an excellent idea for me, because I spent the years in New York as a machinist in a number of places until my service in the U.S. Army in '43, where I also served as a machinist in the 25th Division's Ordnance Company.

The point of this detailed recital is, simply, that my contacts and thoughts about the Korbach year vanished from my mind. We were so preoccupied with the daily painful details of getting ready to leave, that there simply was nothing else on our minds.

And, once in New York in early July of '37, dealing with that change was, and continued to be totally absorbing. I don't believe that even my very efficient and business-like mother wrote so much as a letter or made a phone-call to Korbach about our plans or our departure. Though later I often wondered what happened to all of those good people, I confess that I made little effort to find out first hand. ( Nor did anyone search after me, of course. ) Vague rumors, from where I do not recall, reached us that the Loewensterns had become chicken farmers in Toms River, New Jersey. You may now that quite a few immigrant families, including a few of my own distant family, populated that town.

Returning from Japan in February '46 I pressed ahead with getting the most from the G.I. Bill and enjoyed finishing High School, going to NYU and then to Columbia for graduate work.

Oh yes, not so incidentally, on July 4th '46 I met the girl I then married in '47, even while we were both going to school.

Until the summer of 1974, when we visited Korbach to show our then college-age sons, I had little thought of that place and its people, though I remember vividly trying to locate the Synagogue when we were there, and talking about Rabbi Goldwein and others.

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This narrative has omitted mention of one friend, Werner Katz, a man my age, who was a boon companion from Wildungen and also an apprentice in Korbach, whom, believe it or not, I found in Newton Mass. about ten or eleven years ago, entirely by accident. But that, as the saying goes, is another story. We talk about lives in Korbach during our infrequent phone conversations. I must call him to tell him about the latest installment of that saga.

Don't you think, Joel, that the above narration has used enough of our time for one day ?

And yes, you may use whatever suits you of the story on your Bar Mitzva Archive.

Meanwhile, keep well. I send my best wishes to you and yours.

Herb Rosenbaum