

# HARDSHIPS JEWS ARE SUFFERING UNDER HITLER ARE REVEALED

## *Their Decline Started With Post-War Inflation; Final Destruction Comes In Whirlwind Of Mad Nazi Retaliation*

By Edward W. Beattie Jr.

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BERLIN, Nov. 16.—I first met the Philipsohns, a typical well-to-do German Jewish family, seven years ago.

This dispatch might be called a case history of what has happened to them since the Nazis came to power.

The name is not actually Philipsohn, but their story—told to me at intervals over the years—represents the fate of Germany's old Jewish families since the World War.

The post-war inflation began their decline, but the final destruction came this month in the Nazi whirlwind of retaliation for assassination of a German diplomat by a Polish Jew in Paris.

Before the war Father Philipsohn was an industrialist in a large South Rhineland city. His family had been German for generations. His wife's family was part French. Many of his ancestors had been public servants. He fought with his cavalry regiment throughout the war, was wounded and promoted to the rank of colonel.

There were three children of school age during the war. They lived like all German children of that

troubled time—on turnips and root coffee.

With peace, the father returned to business but during the inflation period he suffered severe reverses. Whereas the family once had a Mercedes automobile, went annually to expensive spas at Karlsbad and had a box at the Bayreuth Wagner Festival, they now were reduced to modest circumstances although there was still plenty on which to live.

They moved to Berlin, where I first met them when I was assigned to this capital by the United Press. One son already had gone to America and was becoming a United States citizen. The other son and daughter—both with doctor degrees from their father's university at Heidelberg—had good jobs.

But when Fuehrer Adolf Hitler came into power, the father was convinced that they should start life anew in another country. He and the mother went to a neighboring state, where she was under medical treatment for nervous shock. The son and daughter remained in Berlin.

The daughter got scant consideration at the ministry where she was employed. Her job was gone within a

few weeks. The son continued working in a bank.

Meanwhile, the family real estate in South Germany was re-assessed for taxation. The family said the rate was far beyond the worth of the property.

The Philipsohn funds were tied up at the time and they began negotiating with officials for a lower assessment on which they might be able to pay taxes. The authorities attached all the furniture in their Berlin apartment. The attachment was removed only after the daughter had argued with officials for many days.

Both the son and daughter might have left Germany then, but they had a few Aryan friends in important positions and hoped to be able to salvage something from their holdings. The father, living in Holland, had an income from property held by his wife in France but was unable to make a new business start.

Frequent appeals to tax authorities in South Germany brought no results. Then, in 1935, the son struck a Nazi official during an argument at the bank where he worked. He said the blow climaxed months of provocation. He resigned. Why he was not mentioned he knew. He and his sister

Both were out of jobs now.

The girl took repeated insults from minor officials without retort because she feared she would only make the situation worse.

Then, a year ago, their passports were confiscated on the eve of their scheduled departure to join their parents abroad. Their furniture and money were attached, permanently this time. They were told that both father and son—they had made several visits back and forth—were suspected of smuggling foreign currency out of Germany.

By borrowing from friends, they managed to live in a boarding house. Ironically, they shared two rooms which formerly had been the living room of their big Berlin apartment.

Friends, particularly their foreign friends, had a special ring for the door bell so that either the brother or sister could hurry to the door and let the visitor in before a servant saw who was calling. They hardly ever left the boarding house. Their conversation was carried on in whispers. They expected arrest at any hour.

One evening the brother and sister asked

for passports to permit them to go to his funeral. The reply was that they could have passports if their mother signed over to the government all the property she possessed abroad.

They refused even to ask their mother's opinion, rejecting the proposal. But this Summer there suddenly came an order to give the government within 48 hours all the family silver and a few art objects they still had hidden away. If they did, officials said, they would be given passports. Otherwise they would go to concentration camps.

They talked it over. Both feared that they would be arrested and refused passports regardless of what they did.

One evening they left the house separately, taking only such property as they could hide on their persons. Everything else in Germany was abandoned. A few hours later they met aboard a train leaving Berlin. Friends had arranged an intricate method of getting them across the frontier.

They made it safely.