

May 9, 1934 On board SS Manhattan. →

A Blog from the Past



In 1933, my mother, Gertrude "Trudel" Adler, wrote in her diary, "There is no future for Jewish youth in Germany. I think I shall go to Palestine." "Why would you leave Germany?" her family and friends in Frankfurt asked. When family in Chicago sent her papers, she came here. On May 8, 1934 she sailed for the United States. What happened next is told in her letters which are posted here on the anniversary dates of their original posting.

If you would prefer to read Trudel's story in chronological order, look for the tab on the sidebar named Change Post Order. Select [ASC], and you will see the posts in ascending or story telling order.

Regardless of the order you chose here, is a direct link to the most recent post :

- [July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here – 4th of July](#)

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You can download the first two months of this blog in chronological order by right clicking on [this link](#).

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Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 8, 2011 in [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

 **3 Comments**

Tags: [Chicago](#), [chutspa](#), [Frankfurt](#), [Germany](#), [history](#), [immigrant](#), [letters](#), [survivor](#), [travel](#), [youth](#)

May 9, 1934 On board SS Manhattan. →

3 Responses to A Blog from the Past



Trudels Son

May 8, 2011 at 8:17 pm

Yes, I know Trudel's Son should have an apostrophe, but the software won't allow it.

Len

[Reply](#)



Lynn

May 8, 2011 at 10:46 pm

Len, thank you! I can't wait to read the words of my wonderful, warm, adventurous, smart great-aunt!

[Reply](#)

Barrie Ward

Tags

[American styles](#) [At sea bicycle](#)

Chicago [chutspa](#)

[clothes dancing](#) [dates](#)

[Empire State fashion](#) **Food**

[Frankfurt Germany](#) [history](#) [holidays](#)

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← A Blog from the Past

May 10, 1934 On Board the SS Manhattan →

May 9, 1934 On board SS Manhattan.



On board SS Manhattan. Wednesday, May 9, 1934.

My Dear Family,

To start with I want to apologize for my handwriting. It is now 4:00 p.m. and I am sitting on deck in a lightweight sweater in bright sunshine in a beach chair. The heat is slightly [. . .] from one side to the other on a rather quiet and beautiful ocean. I found already nice company. We found each other even before the ship left Hamburg yesterday. It is really wonderful here. After departure we visited for a little while, had a glass of beer and sandwiches until we retired about 11:30

p.m. I slept wonderful until 5:00 a.m. when the sun shone on me so invitingly that I first looked out the porthole for a little while, went back to sleep until 7:30 a.m. We all met before breakfast until we were seated. The nice guy who tried to flirt with me last night and I are sitting at a table together. He is from Budapest and already fifteen years in New York. He reminds me of some other friends. Two girls sit alone because they eat kosher. The others are spread around. After a very large breakfast we went for a walk, then we rented chairs and are resting from doing nothing. We are always in groups of four or six more. This morning I also played ping pong to improve my appetite! In between they served ? and crackers. After dinner we played catch, etc. before resting in our chairs again, three hours ? ? for taking a few snapshots. It is good that my table mate is American. He can read the menu And tell me what it is. Just now we got tea and cookies. I am getting lazier by the minute.



On the Deck of the SS Manhattan May 9, 1934

There are several people on board who have given me regards from friends but I am not very interested in most of them

Tomorrow, weather permitting, a few of us want to walk a bit around LeHavre. Now I want to take a nap before dinner. Hope you can read this o.k.

The next letter is May 17. I will try to post more photos



from the ship before then.



Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 9, 2011 in [family](#)

5 Comments

Tags: [history](#), [memories](#), [photos](#), [travel](#), [youth](#)

← A Blog from the Past

May 10, 1934 On Board the SS Manhattan →

5 Responses to *May 9, 1934 On board SS Manhattan.*



Barrie Ward
May 9, 2011 at 1:43 pm

Thank you for being so generous in sharing this correspondence with others. I can't find it in a file

Tags

American styles At sea bicycle

Chicago chutspa
clothes dancing dates

Empire State fashion **Food**
Frankfurt Germany history holidays
Ice cream Illinois Central

immigrant Jewish
ladies hats **Lake**

Michigan Le Havre leisure
letters Macy's memories men

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← May 9, 1934 On board SS Manhattan.

May 17, 1934 Social Butterfly – on ship and on land. →

May 10, 1934 On Board the SS Manhattan



My very dear ones,

It is really too beautiful to be true. But it is true thank God and I am enjoying it as much as possible. We are now in the Channel and on my handwriting you can see our seat is shaking quite a bit.

After I closed my letter yesterday we had to change clothes and after supper we danced on a slippery dance floor. At midnight two girls and five males went to the cabin of two of the men and had a drink, cookies and chocolate. At 2:00 a.m. we all finally went into our own cabins.

At 8:15 a.m. this morning Eugene Hollander with whom I sit at the tables, picked me up for breakfast. At 9:30 a.m. twelve of us went like a little caravan through Le Havre. Since all twelve of us are [Jewish] I heard more Hebrew and Yiddish than I used to hear in a year. I mailed the letter to you there. We all stopped for a [drink] And were back on board at 12:30 for dinner. Ernst Calin, who used to work with [someone I knew] would like to join our group but we do not care for his company. Especially my table partner, who is very intelligent guy—that's why we are friends, ha, ha, ha. He talks many languages and was all over the world in all big cities.

After dinner I rested and then I jumped into the very salty Channel pool and swam for about ½ hour, then a shower and now laying on deck to make my light rose cheeks darker. By the way all immigrants were thoroughly searched for money etc. Not only I. This morning before breakfast we ran around the deck about 15x to get a good appetite. We have to take advantage of this excellent food. I am too lazy to write others but you but received a few letters.

This afternoon in Le Havre about 100 more people came on board. I hope I do not get a roommate. It is so nice to be alone in my cabin.



Trudel and her group on deck.

On deck with Trudel

Hopefully the weather stays as nice so I can get to the USA looking like a Negro.

Sorry I am writing so mixed up but I tell you things as they come in my mind. Last night I noticed that our ship can shake much more. The dance floor [was waxed] to skip away under our feet but we all stayed upright. I hope we will dance again tonight, although I am now so tired that my eyes can hardly stay open. Greetings to everybody. Loads of love and kisses your much to be envied Trudie.

P.S. We are all so happy and healthy together and feel so free!



Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 10, 2011 in [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

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Tags [Le Havre](#), [leisure](#), [memories](#), [sailing](#), [Sea](#), [travel](#), [youth](#)

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May 17, 1934 Social Butterfly – on ship and on land. →

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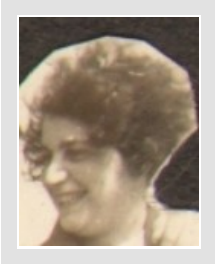
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← May 10, 1934 On Board the SS Manhattan

[May 21, 1934] New York, New York →

May 17, 1934 Social Butterfly - on ship and on land.



New York. May 17, 1934.

Well, here goes my very dear ones. I do not know where to begin this today. *Please save my letters and if possible get them to me some day since I am to busy to keep a diary.*

I am sitting here in my new room, which is actually the room of the two Hamburg girls. They do not come home from school until 5:30 p.m. and I am looking forward to meeting them.

It is only 1:00 p.m. here—7:00 for you. I do not think I have to tell you how very wonderful the trip was on the Manhattan and you are probably not interest to hear that passengers were trying to marry me to three different men. One of three was on the ship too and we both thought it was very funny. The others were willing to spend \$2.00 to have a wedding on the ship! My table partner, who was definitely the nicest man on board is married and has a five-year-old darling boy, wanted me to meet a cousin etc. He was friendly with everybody especially a very pretty midget woman who was with a group of midgets as entertainers.



A partner for the smallest man

Actually the trip so far went much too fast and I can verify the food was plenty and excellent. Breakfast about 8:30 a.m. Fruit or juice, cooked cereal and either two soft boiled eggs or lox and coffee, rolls or sweet rolls. At 10:30 they served us [soup?] and crackers (I called it matzos) and at 1:00 p.m. we went for lunch—at least five courses. Then again at 5:00 p.m. tea and cookies and 7:30 dinner.

I was the only girl who was in slacks almost all the time. I have to admit that I was very popular and friendly with every lady almost. Of course I am the first on the passenger list and the two kosher Zimmernan girls the last. We have gotten very friendly. The older of those two and I were the only females in tourist class who did not get seasick at all.

At first we had beautiful weather but at the end of the week it got pretty rough and we did have to get used to it. After a couple of days it got very nice again. One afternoon we had games on deck. It was hilarious. First, for ladies they string up crackers to each without hands. Second, for men a sack race. Third, transferring a bean with a straw from one plate to another. There I was number two. Fourth, for men only. Fifth, girls had their eyes covered and had to make a mark on a special place with chalk. I was best there—my prize was a little Manhattan sailor. I gave that to the nice midget lady because she was sick. Then two guys bought one for me.

Unfortunately I went swimming only 2x. But that was great. At 5:00 p.m. every day they showed movies. I only went for three shows of that garbage. I suppose I have to get used to it. At 9:00 p.m. there always was "horse racing" and afterwards dancing. I wore my evening dress three times. During the day, even for lunch in slacks and then dress up for dinner. In the time between on deck, sleeping or playing or walking or standing on my hands to prove how well I felt



Friends on Deck

Tags

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deck, sleeping or playing or waiting or standing on my hands to prove how well I eat.



Our little group entertained the whole tourist class. We also went to inspect the kitchen. The chef is from [?]. Anyhow there are many German employees on that boat.

We also took a lot of photos. When I have all the pictures together I will send them to you.

Now to what I really wanted to write today. After a pretty bad storm yesterday morning the sea got calm again but it was much colder. At 9:00 p.m. we saw the first lights on U.S.A. Then we came slowly

closer. The lights along the coast looked like a string of pearls. Slowly we could see more and more. At 12:30 the ship stopped a few miles from the harbor.

We visited for a while with the kitchen chef from [?] We stood on deck for quite some time and it was funny to hear the Americans argue when they could see. We went very late to sleep. I woke up at 6:30 and was supposed to be at breakfast at 6:30. I never heard my alarm. After breakfast we got ready and up on deck since we started at 7:00 to get closer to shore. Unfortunately it was getting very foggy and we could not see very much. It was just like we see on our photos, postal cards and movies.

[I had a letter from Aunt ? that she ? use over to ?]

At 9:00 we dropped anchor. I had a hard time finding the folks who were going to pick me up but fortunately one of the passengers on board knew my ? and also the ?. Since he was a U.S.A. citizen he got off the boat very quickly and he asked his wife to get me and my family together. I had no trouble going through passport checks and customs. Just made a little intermission to write to Aunt ? and to take a breath.

Can you imagine all the hot water and as much as you want. I changed clothes and went along to do some shopping. Now it is about 5:00 p.m. I am not sure of the exact time since I broke my wristwatch.

Now back to the entry into U.S.A. As we were leaving the customs check Willy ?, father's employee, greeted me. He had been at the port since early in the morning. When he saw my trunk he sat on it and waited for me. Has had not changed but said he had a hard time recognizing me. We will try to get together one day while I am here.

Rudy Heinsheimer drove us all here in his nice car. He received me here right away with something to eat. After all it was now noon and I did not eat since 7:00 a.m. and had a big appetite. This apartment is on the 11th floor and from every window you can look over the Hudson. I have already visitors here so I have to hurry up. It is beautiful sunshine now. The company is gone now and I want to hurry to finish this letter. The Hamburgs and ? and the two girls are just wonderful to me and I feel already at home here. Their ? is a black beauty. I will try and take a picture of her. Please tell everyone how happy I am. Heartiest greeting and kisses,

Trudel



Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 17, 2011 in [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

1 Comment

Tags: [At sea](#), [Food](#), [immigrant](#), [Jewish](#), [letters](#), [New York](#), [romance](#), [SS Manhattan](#), [travel](#), [youth](#)

[← May 10, 1934 On Board the SS Manhattan](#)

[\[May 21, 1934\] New York, New York →](#)

One Response to *May 17, 1934 Social Butterfly - on ship and on land.*



Beth Ginzberg
June 14, 2011 at 9:47 am

Dear Trudel Son:

Thank you for inviting me into the warm loving learned world of your mother's "d' varim." [words]. I think it is so touching that a son would upload these letters of his mother's and bring her to the forefront of blog literature this way—great job!

Check out my blog too at <http://bethginzberg.blogspot.com>

■ July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here – 4th of July

■ June 30, 1934 Fortunately I can see every thing as funny . . .

■ June 26, 1934 This is the life but I am very much looking forward to start working next week.

■ June 25, 1934 Forgive any mistakes I make in my writing. English I do not know yet and German I am forgetting.

■ June 17, 1934 The two men got almost into a fight to see which one of them could act as my father. . .

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■ Bifurcated Rivets Lindsay Marshall's eclectic collection of this and that.

■ Chicago 1934: A Trip to the Fair In 1934, a 12 year old girl visited the Chicago World's Fair. This is her adventure told through



← May 17, 1934 Social Butterfly – on ship and on land.

May 24, 1934 New York [continued] →

[May 21, 1934] New York, New York



May 21, 1934 315 W. 106th St., N.Y. Noon.

My dear Godchildren:

Don't be too happy that I am writing so much now, in the beginning but I am experiencing and see so much now that I like to keep a record of it before I forget some of it.

Thursday evening I went with both girls for a walk on Broadway. We very shortly visited that man from the ship and were pretty early back home. Broadway at night looks exactly like you see in the movies and on pictures. When we came home some friends, who send their regards, were there.

Friday I woke up at 9:00. I did not hear the girls leave. At 11:00 and Margot picked us up and took us to the enormously large Radio City Music Hall, pretty new holding 5-6000 people. The whole show lasted from 11:30 to 3:00 p.m. First a movie, to which I have to get used to. They are so different from what they show in Germany, but the photography is wonderful. Next the ballet. You can't imagine. About 100 girls all about the same nice figure, same color hair, not one wrong step. Excellent. And then a shortened version of Madame Butterfly all with beautiful scenery. The admission in the morning is not too much and the house is always full. You really got your money's worth.

The whole building is really beautiful. A very big foyer. On every floor restrooms for women and men. Big washrooms with everywhere running hot and cold water as much as you want all the time plus soap and paper towels. And the newest thing — an electric blower to dry your hands. And all that for free.

After we had nourished our ears and eyes we went to eat in an automatic restaurant. For little money you get the best food there. Everything is very clean, orderly and appetizing. We then went by subway to their business to get a few things out of my trunk which I am storing there while in N.Y. Mr. H. showed me the place before we went home.

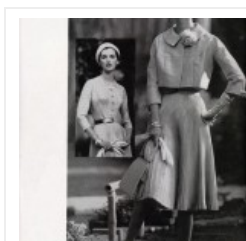


Radio City Circa 1934



At 5:30 Rudy picked me up with his car. He drove by the oldest Jewish cemetery here, through some of Chinatown which is very interesting. After diner I dressed up and pinned some white flowers, a pearl necklace, on my red dress.

Women are wearing a lot of flowers even real ones. The styles here are very different. Much more elegant and chic. You all, especially Liss, should see how much I have Americanized already with powder and lipstick. The ladies have beautiful hairstyles — too fancy for me. A little longer over the ears and a roll away from the head and curls in the back. Also they use bright red nail polish. I will have to learn that too.



Salon Style

Tags

American styles At sea bicycle
Chicago chutspa
clothes dancing dates
Empire State fashion **Food**
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That reminds me that it would be a great idea for [you?] to learn beauty make-up and hairstyling. It is used so very much here. Also , it would be a good idea to learn to make good chocolate candies. Here they are lousy. But much better here is the ice cream. Maybe you could earn some money with the dessert we had at the gala dinner on the boat: good vanilla ice cream in an oblong square about 1 "high 2" wide 3" long covered with a very thin layer of chocolate and put on a wooden stick and wrapped in cellophane to eat out of the hand. It is called a Good Humor.

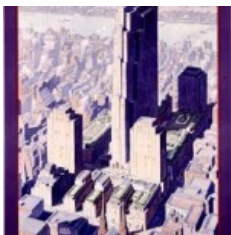
I am enjoying the food here very much but would like a real salad like I am used to sometime since how it is very different here.

Friday night we had lots of company, all young people here. Saturday we all slept late since the girls did not have school. After breakfast Bernice went with me to the harbor to mail the previous letter on the [dock?] and waited 'til the ship left. That boat ran into a fireboat when it came in and wrecked it. We walked far around that.

We went again in an automatic restaurant for lunch. There we met Marion the other Hamburg girl. Then the three of us went to the most elegant shopping area 5th Ave. We went into the two finest stores, Macy's and Sax 5th Ave. You cannot imagine such elegant beautiful stores. Just image the best and biggest store in [Frankfurt] , one department is that size but much more beautiful. The windows are decorated fantastic. Then we went to Woolworth where I bought this pad of writing paper. The then big public library. We took a little rest at the gorgeous hotel Waldorf Astoria. That you cannot compare with anything in Germany. The size of the decorations' everything.

And everywhere restroom toilets and washrooms separate, men's and women's. Since the women use so much makeup they really need those places to refresh and repaint themselves.

Then we looked at the Rockefeller Ctr. That is a big plaza with beautiful flowers and a gold statue and the big building. On the other side is the Empire State Building. The tallest building in the world. If it does not cost too much I hope to go to the top one day. We went through Radio City home and arrived very tired with sore feet about 6:00 p.m.



Rockefeller Center

After dinner Bernice and I went to visit an old friend from Germany around the corner from here. His room is on the 15th floor. We had a very nice visit and he walked us almost home but it started to rain and he ran home. We stopped at 9:30 at night to buy some hosiery.

Before retiring I wrote a few very important postal cards and just as I went to bed a real big thunderstorm came up the Hudson. I have a great view of the river from my bed which stands right by the window. I always liked to watch thunderstorms but this was the biggest most beautiful I have ever seen and of course I thought of my sister [?] which I do anyhow often.

While I am writing now Bernice is playing the piano for me. This 5-room apartment with 3 bathrooms and a big kitchen is very comfortable and nice.

That evening I had a letter from Aunt Hennie. She thought I would only stay a few days in N.Y. and get through her son a free pass for the bus for me only good until today. That is impossible. So [?] Ludwig went with me to the bus company. That pass is good until June 1st. On May 30 is a big holiday here and I do not want to be in the road that day. The 31st is too late, so I will leave here on Monday the 28th at 9:00 a.m. and will arrive in Chicago on Tuesday the 29th at 4:00 p.m. The trip takes 32 hours and costs are only \$4 including my baggage.

I am so lucky with everything. I am really glad if I can relax when I get to Chicago. Sure hope everything keeps going o.k. Today it is very hot here but they say this is nothing. How is the weather there? Have you found a new apartment yet? Please show this letter to anyone interested, I can write it all once only. Did ? get her birthday present. Now I have to think of every birthday two weeks in advance.

Yesterday morning we went to services at the oldest synagogue here. 108 years old and very beautiful with wood carvings and beautiful painting. The girls all looked like birds. All white long dresses with short sleeves very elegant. All the same flower bouquet in their hands. The service was very good but it was very hard for me to understand much of it. I was introduced to the very much liked and very good nice Rabbi and we talked a little together. You can imagine how I felt.

Continued May 22nd at Noon.

[Someone] just said to me now it is 5:00 p.m. in Germany and [you] are probably yawning and anxious to get home. Right?

In the meantime had some more things happen to me. I got an invitation for dinner and will buy an American

■ July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here – 4th of July

■ June 30, 1934 Fortunately I can see every thing as funny . . .

■ June 26, 1934 This is the life but I am very much looking forward to start working next week.

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- Bifurcated Rivets Lindsay Marshall's eclectic collection of this and that.
- Chicago 1934: A Trip to the Fair In 1934, a 12 year old girl visited the Chicago World's Fair. This is her adventure, told through

style dress tomorrow. I really need it.

May 24th, 1934 10:00 a.m.

Finally I get back to this letter.

We went shopping yesterday morning and I bought a very pretty dress for only \$3.50 and a pair of dressy white shoes for \$3.98. More than the dress which is red with some little colored trim, short sleeves and 3/4 sleeves. It looks very good on me and makes me appear more like a U.S.A. girl.

Last night I was for dinner at a very nice lady. Her sister and husband were there too. They all were real nice to me. They urged me to go to Chicago now and if I do not like it and cannot find work come back to N.Y. at any time. If the traveling costs are so little, I [might] be able to do that. After excellent dinner and pleasant conversation I went home at 10:30.

What did you do on Shavuot [Pentecost]. Nothing is noticed here. How were the confirmations on Shavuot. Did [?] get safely to Munich at least? Please send me the address of Adele [?]. Is she still in the hospital? I really should write her once.

I am closing this letter now so it won't get too heavy and start a new one. Everybody here sends best regards. Greetings and kisses, yours



Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 21, 2011 in [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

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[May 24, 1934 New York \[continued\] →](#)

One Response to [\[May 21, 1934\] New York, New York](#)



jack spatavora
May 22, 2011 at 4:14 pm

There is such exquisite beauty to memories held dear by friends and relatives. Isn't it an ancient Jewish adage: Our immortality is in the memories of those we loved?

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letters written by her host in Chicago.

■ [Chicago History Journal](#) A portal of Internet websites relevant to the history of the city.

■ [Chuckman's Collection](#) An amazing collection of post cards and photographs.. especially of period Chicago.

■ [Immigration History @ CityTech](#) A Webblog on Immigration and Immigration History

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■ [Chicago 1934: A Trip to the Fair In 1934](#), a 12 year old girl visited the Chicago World's Fair. This is her adventure, told through letters written by her host in Chicago.

■ [The Chicago World's Fair – A Century of Progress](#) An excellent resource on the 1934 World's Fair.

My Websites

■ [Len's Albums](#) A collection of photo albums I have created over the years.

■ [The Case of the Living Dead Women](#) The story of the Radium Dial Painters in newspaper articles and photos.

■ [The ModernJunkie's Portal](#) My original, as modified for over a decade and a half

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■ [About Trudel's Truth](#)

■ [Trudel's Photo Album 1934-37](#)

■ [Adler Family](#)

■ [Last Hours Together](#)

← [May 21, 1934] New York, New York

May 27, 1934 Last day in New York →

May 24, 1934 New York [continued]

5/24/34.

My beloved dear ones.

I am continuing my last letter now and try to tell things in order. Kurt Brand picked me up Sunday at 3:00 p.m. We went down Broadway and we met on the street his aunt we intended to visit. We walked together for a while and had nice conversation, then Kurt and I went to see a movie. That is the main entertainment here. All times of the day. Movies. Then we went on the top of a double decker bus, front seats partly downtown. He showed me the new big railroad station and we went for an excellent dinner. He was very nice and even bought me some flowers. Of course we had a lot of fun talking about old memories.

Later we went to [? ?] because Rudy's birthday was the [next] day. There were a few more young people and we had a very nice time until we went home at 11:30.

On Monday morning as I told you already [?] went with me to the Bus Co. then to his place of business. I needed some things from my suitcase. He wanted to take me to the subway station but I begged him to let me go alone to see if I could find my way home alone. Well, I did but he called to make sure I got there o.k.

In the afternoon [?] and I visited relatives for coffee. In the evening Kurt picked me up and we took the streetcar into downtown, so I had a chance to see it all with the lights on. The nicest is around Times Square with movie houses close to each other and each trying to outdo the other with light advertising.



Times Square at Night (a few years later)

We looked at the indoor swimming pool in the Park Central Hotel and walked around Central Park, which is unbelievable. Big tall rocks, a gigantic pool where one can rent a rowboat anytime and all around the park are skyscrapers. One really does not expect such a nature place in the middle of these large and many buildings.

We had a strawberry soda. That stuff is delicious. You go into any so called drugstore and sit on a barstool to be served. You can get used to a lot of things. It was really a pleasant evening again.



On Tuesday I met two of our 3rd or 4th cousins. We took the subway to Coney Island. Do you know where that is? Did you get my postal card from there? I will try to explain. Imagine a long beach along the ocean. On the one side you see only nice white soft sand and the water. On the other side of the boardwalk are bathhouses, children's playgrounds, ping pong and tennis courts and restplaces for grownups, sports utensils, fenced in swimming pools etc. that goes on for miles. One can wear slacks all day which of course I like but it takes too long to get there without a car.



Coney Island at Night

Behind the buildings and pools etc. is a gigantic amusement park with different merry-go-rounds, several ferris wheels. Sadie and I went on one of the big, fast wild rides. All in all about 20x as big as what I have ever seen. Most of the places do not open until next Sunday and will close Sept. 15th. After walking along the boardwalk for about 1 hr. we stopped to eat and I wrote a few cards. Then we walked back again, stopped for ice cream and took the subway to Sadie's home. The weather was really strange that day. Very hot in the morning. Turning very cold and in the evening thunderstorm and continued rain.

At dinner I met another one of those cousins. Before we left in the morning, Ernst Kahn visited me. He likes it very much here too but has not found work yet.

Tags

American styles At sea bicycle

Chicago chutspa

clothes dancing dates

Empire State fashion **Food**

Frankfurt Germany history holidays

Ice cream Illinois Central

immigrant Jewish

ladies hats **Lake**

Michigan Le Havre leisure

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Yesterday morning we were on the Manhattan to see off friends who were going to Germany for a visit. One steward greeted me very nicely. He wanted to know if I was going back with them. All the others were too busy. I also met one of our passengers again.

I have taken a lot of photos already but do not like the way they develop and print them here. If they do no better in Chicago I will send the films to you in the future to have them processed.

From the boat we went shopping for my dress. This was very interesting. The company has two stores, an old one and a new one. We first went to the old one but did not find anything. The new store is just like a large store room. All clothes are on hangers all around sorted by sizes and you pick out what you think you might like, take 4 or 5 over your arm into a dressing room. What you don't like you put aside right away. On the ones you might want to buy you have to keep an eye so nobody grabs it to try it on too. I wrote you already that the one I picked is very becoming.

This job took 1½ hrs. and we were glad when we got home finally. Then after doing a little alteration on the dress we went to buy the shoes.

The big distances here take a lot of time and it is not surprising that the Americans are always in a hurry. I doubt that I can get in touch with all the people here I had planned to call, actually I know that I will not have time out here in N.Y.

Last night as I told you already I had dinner at Mrs. Brown—tonight at Kurt Brand. Tomorrow morning I have to get my [packing] ready. Saturday nite my old boyfriend Rudy Heinzheimer wants to take me out very fancy. Sunday afternoon I have a date with Kurt Dillenberg. This morning I talked to my [friend] from the boat on the phone. We are trying to make some date for Sunday.

Tomorrow night I want to go to [?]for Services. It is the biggest synagogue here and supposed to be very beautiful. Last night we had a ball trying on hats. I have inherited several already.

They are all so very nice to me. [?] thinks I might even like it better in Chicago than in N.Y. But I can't believe that.

Something is wrong with me today but I not know what. I did get up at 8:30 but have no ambition to do anything. I would have so much time today to visit some people but just can't make up my mind to do anything. It is already 12:30 p.m. and I am still sitting here in my housecoat and slippers at the desk next to my bed overlooking the River.

Note: As Trudel mentioned, she didn't like the film processing here, which may explain why there were only the tiny thumbnails I posted with the previous letter[literally the size of the nail on my thumb] in her album. I have added a few period photos to these posts.] Trudel's Son

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Coney Island Post Card

Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 24, 2011 in [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

 2 Comments

Tags: [clothes](#), [Food](#), [holidays](#), [immigrant](#), [shopping](#), [youth](#)

[← \[May 21, 1934\] New York, New York](#)

[May 27, 1934 Last day in New York →](#)

2 Responses to *May 24, 1934 New York [continued]*



Cynthia Barnard

May 24, 2011 at 9:34 pm

What a gorgeous, lyrical, spirited tale! This young woman's voice is strong and beautiful and quirky and opinionated and funny. What a delight to read — and I am eagerly awaiting the next installment.

[Reply](#)



Sarah Crossman Pelton

May 26, 2011 at 11:32 pm

Dad, thanks so much for sharing these great letters from Omi, is so neat to be able to share in her

July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here — 4th of July

June 30, 1934 Fortunately I can see every thing as funny . . .


June 26, 1934 This is the life but I am very much looking forward to start working next week.

June 25, 1934 Forgive any mistakes I make in my writing. English I do not know yet and German I am forgetting.

June 17, 1934 The two men got almost into a fight to see which one of them could act as my father. . .

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[← May 24, 1934 New York \[continued\]](#)

[May 31 1934 Goodbye NewYork, Hello Chicago →](#)

May 27, 1934 Last day in New York



Cont'd from 5/26

We were home at 2:00 a.m. Yesterday I was really lazy. No appointments or dates. At noon I went with Marion to lunch at an automat and then to see "Catherine the Great" with Elizabeth Bergner at the movie. I know this movie is forbidden in Germany. I liked it very much.

In the evening I talked to several people from the boat on the phone and some family members came by and we looked at old snapshots. Last night we 3 girls slept for the first time in 2 beds. It worked fine.

Isn't that the right way — weekday nights going out and Saturday night early to bed! This morning we took it easy and I packed my trunk and the girls went with me to say goodbye to some people. We met a few walking down Broadway. Just like Goethe Strasse in Frankfort. At 3:00 p.m. I have a date with Kurt D. I hope you received 3 postal cards in the meantime.

Monday early a.m.

I will leave here in 5 min. so goodbye for now. Love & Kisses Trudel.



Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 27, 2011 in [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)



Tags: [dates](#), [men](#), [movies](#)

[← May 24, 1934 New York \[continued\]](#)

[May 31 1934 Goodbye NewYork, Hello Chicago →](#)

One Response to *May 27, 1934 Last day in New York*



Barrie Ward
May 29, 2011 at 7:08 pm

I really loved the line of a 'Rebel' " I know this movie is forbidden in Germany. I liked it very much".

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← May 27, 1934 Last day in New York

June 3, 1934 – Life in Chicago (Storm Clouds Brewing?) →

May 31 1934 Goodbye New York, Hello Chicago



May 31st 9:30 a.m.

First letter from 1460 E. 57th Street Chicago.

I am still in bed listening to Strauss Waltzes over the radio. How lazy can one be?

Now to continue my report [about the last day in New York] Sunday

afternoon Kurt D. picked me up and we tried unsuccessfully to visit some friends. The picture I was supposed to deliver from our landlord I left with the janitor since the lady was very impolite.

Then we visited the German District. One beer hall next to the other. Typical German. The weather was so beautiful that we sat near the river in the park as long as the sun was out. Then we got seats the top of a double-decker bus from and rode along the river as far as the new George Washington bridge. This bridge is only a few years old and you have probably seen pictures of it already.

We crossed over to the New Jersey side. It is all different there. Small single homes with large yards. Lots of rich people have their weekend homes there. When we returned home pretty late there were still a few people there to say goodbye to me. Everybody was so wonderful.

At 8:30 Monday morning, Rudy H. picked me up with his car and a big basket of fruit to take me to the bus depot.

At 10:00 a.m. we left. The trip was very nice. I am sure I could not have seen so much from a train.

Since I picked my seat right behind the driver I could see straight ahead, right and left.



Trudel behind the driver.

Just imagine first we went underneath the Hudson across to New Jersey, then Ohio, beautiful view. Reminded me of the shore of the [?] but the company was not that nice—it was o.k. So next to me sat an American and I had to talk English as well as I could, not too much since we both slept a great part of the ride.

At 12:30 a.m. in Pittsburgh I had to change buses. I ask a German lady for a translation when we were having dinner and she then sent the only other German speaking person on

board to me. It made it much, much easier for me. Since it was very hot in the bus I slept a lot again. I'll have to get used to a lot of things.

In Ohio I expected to meet Uncle Julius' older son thru whom I got the free travel pass. He works for Greyhound but he did not show up.



George Washington Bridge (1934)



Photoshop 1934 -"Trudel"

Tags

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Ice cream Illinois Central
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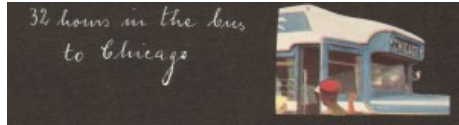
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on the bus."



"32 Hours in the bus to Chicago"

At 5:00 p.m. I arrived in my new hometown. Both Aunt Henry and uncle Julius picked me up and we went straight to their apt. They both were very nice. Aunt H. has not changed at all since she has in Frankfort 10 yrs. ago. Only maybe a little heavier. Uncle Julius I would have recognized immediately from his photo.

Here in the apt. were 2 welcome signs with green decorations and a very big bunch of lilacs. Really very nice. First of all I took a much needed bath after traveling 32 hrs.

I only saw 1 train on the trip. There are no gates on the crossings and the driver has to stop and check if a train is coming. Also I noticed that there are no crosses in the cemeteries, just plain slabs of stone. Has one of you back at our cemetery? How does Mother's grave look? Did you plant anything? How about getting a stone? I want to know everything.

After walking along the lake a while we sat and talked for a long time. I am very much looking forward to swimming in that beautiful Lake Michigan. We live only a few blocks away.

Yesterday after sleeping late we packed our food in shopping bags and went to the World's Fair. We tried to meet people there but missed each other. We just walked around to get a quick look at things. Lots of it looks very interesting. For instance the very large Chrysler Exhibit would be interesting for ?.

Thank G'd it was not terribly hot and we stayed until 11:00 p.m. I only saw 1 acquaintance from the boat and we will try to get together some time. You have to go really several times to get to see most of it., but if it is as hot as today nobody can make me go there. Also the fair is all along the lake I rather go in the water than about the shore.

After sleeping late I am sitting here in a very thin dress from Aunt Henry, listening to the radio and ?. She also gave me a large brimmed straw hat, which I want to alter for myself to use instead of a sun umbrella. That's it for today. Hope to hear from you soon again.

Love & Kisses.



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Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on May 31, 2011 in [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

2 Comments

Tags: [Chicago](#), [Lake Michigan](#), [New York](#), [World's Fair](#)

[← May 27, 1934 Last day in New York](#)

[June 3, 1934 – Life in Chicago \(Storm Clouds Brewing?\) →](#)

2 Responses to *May 31 1934 Goodbye NewYork, Hello Chicago*



Barrie Ward

May 31, 2011 at 1:08 pm

Once more we read with true pleasure this step back in time ... thank you Leonard.

[Reply](#)



Elizabeth Patrick

May 31, 2011 at 8:53 pm

I continue to love this journey! Thanks for sharing the adventure. 😊

[Reply](#)

- July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here – 4th of July
- June 30, 1934 Fortunately I can see every thing as funny . . .
- June 26, 1934 This is the life but I am very much looking forward to start working next week.
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← May 31 1934 Goodbye NewYork, Hello Chicago

June 5, 1934 Feeding Ice Cubes to the Chickens →

June 3, 1934 - Life in Chicago (Storm Clouds Brewing?)



June 3rd, 1934

Dear ones,

It is already 4 days since I wrote you last. Time goes so very fast a sign that I am having a good time.

It is really very nice here.

I get along very well with both of them [Aunt Henry and Uncle ?] and can play mediator once in a while. Not often necessary.

Every evening the 3 of us take a walk along the lake in the park. For 2 days it was awfully hot and I was glad to stay in the apartment. Not much happened in the meantime.

Yesterday we went window shopping. One dress or hat shop next to the other. People put much more importance on clothing than in Germany.

The table cloths I brought along were very much liked and welcome, the candies and cookies are almost gone. Please send me the recipe for the cookies soon.

So far I have not contacted anyone here. They are [arguing] with Alfred Hamburger since Xmas because of some business affair. Last nite we went to a movie. Now, Sunday afternoon we are going to go for a walk. I do not know where.

The newest sport here is riding bicycles. That is something for me. Tomorrow Aunt Henry and I are planning to go swimming early. I take a shower every day. That is great.

Gas, electric, hot water and heat are included in the rent which is pretty high. This apt. 2 rooms, kitchen and bath cost weekly \$25.00. On the other hand clothing and food is very reasonable. Especially fresh fruit which is eaten at any time of the day is very cheap. In Germany I did not used to eat as much fruit as I do here in 1 day. I like especially pineapple.

Love,
Trudel



Trudel walking past the World's Fair.



Lake Front on a Summer Day, 1934

Tags

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Chicago chutspa

clothes dancing dates

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← June 3, 1934 – Life in Chicago (Storm Clouds Brewing?)

June 9, 1934 – I have already one order for a hat →

June 5, 1934 Feeding Ice Cubes to the Chickens



June 5th, 1934

Dear ones,

You can get here so many things that we did not have at home or they were much, much too expensive. But I also miss some things. For instance malt [?], peppermint tea, good chocolate candies, and bakery goods.

It is now Tuesday—11:15 p.m. On Sunday we took a 4 hr. bus ride. Our apartment is on the south east side of Chicago and the cemetery is N.W. so I

could see a big part of this big city.

We sat on the top of the 2 decker bus so I could see more on that 2 hr. trip each way. We went along the lake, Lake Michigan on the best and the most expensive shopping area, along the Gold Coast where all the millionaires live and then across the city to the cemetery, then we walked for about ½ hr. west almost to the end of the city. It is hard to imagine the tremendous size of Chicago.

We ate in a German restaurant. There are many Germans here. Yesterday morning I finally made acquaintance with Lake Michigan, at 10:00 a.m. I jumped into the nice cool wonderful water. The only trouble is the [?] on top and you feel dirty when you come out and feels dirtier than when you go in. Also the sand on the beach is very dirty.



Hyde Park Boulevard



Trudel in the Park

Anyway the whole city is rather dirty and the people are very sloppy not neat at all. There are beautiful parks all around and people sitting and laying on them throw papers and bottles all around. No matter where.

Actually I like Chicago as a City much better than N.Y. It is not so much stores and has those beautiful parks but is much, much more stretched out. Also life seems to be much slower and more at ease.



Pigeons in the Park

Just think of it. I am wearing slacks all day. Even on the street and shopping. Except when I am going downtown. When we went swimming I wore on the way my bathing suit, swim shoes and a short rubber cape. No cap. My comb I took in my hand, and walked home the same way but wet.

Of course I took a shower to get rid of the dirt. Aunt Henry only wore a bathing suit, white shoes and a cape she had made from the brown silk raincoat from 10 yrs. ago.

The rest of the day we sewed, washed, and ironed. I received some clothes in N.Y. including a nice multicolor evening dress which I have to alter a little. Do you need your black one that you

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loaned me for my trip? I certainly will not use it this summer. But it was perfect for the voyage.

Last night I went with Aunty to her German Singing club. I had to bite my lips not to laugh out loud. It seemed very funny and strange to me. About 4 old women as old and ugly as can be. All German of course. Aunty H. is only Jewish member. I was very nicely received with applause. Afterwards we picked up Uncle at his office and the very friendly and intelligent conductor [of the singers] drove us home in his car.

It is really funny that everybody asks me just about the same questions. First, how do you like it here? Next: How is your father Adolf.? It seems all the people I meet know him and want to hear about him and his family and friends.

There are several relatives here but some of them seem to be [cold?]. I do not know why. This afternoon I was downtown with Aunty. We went by streetcar as far as the building made of chewing gum, the Wrigley Bldg. It is all white, very tall, clean and illuminate at night, and really stands out very much against all those other dark skyscrapers.



Wrigley Building

We went first to a wholesale hat manufacturer.* One of the two owners is a nephew of Uncle. Unfortunately he was not in, but his partner talked to me and promised to see if they can use me. Aunty does not want me to start working before July 1st. Also I am pretty tired. But I would very much like to start tomorrow.

I hope to get used to Chicago air.

[Remark: It turned out that Mr. & Mrs. [?] expected me to be their housekeeper: cooking, washing, ironing etc. But that was absolutely out.]

—ok back to letter. Next we visited Alice Weil in the Post Office. She was like everybody — very nice — and we made a date for tomorrow evening. Then we visited a sister-in-law of Uncle. He is not on friendly terms with her as apparently with a lot of people. He has a son Martin I have not met yet.

Next the Boston Store, a very large dept. store. The buyer in the fur department was the first lady with whom Auntie made friends when she came here 19 yrs. ago. A very nice lady who she made a date with me for lunch one day next week and introduced me also to the buyer of the ladies hat department, who will do his best in my behalf. Sure hope something will work out soon.



Maxwell Street - One source of Fresh Fruit



Department Stores and "car elevator"

After that we did a little shopping and then thru Marshall Fields the biggest, dept. store in the world. After picking up Uncle in his office we stopped to buy groceries for the next couple of days before going home.

Uncle is one of the strangest persons I ever met. He seems to earn good money but is as stingy as can be as I have never met anybody before. Auntie seems to know just how to get along with him, also no matter what she says he insists on the opposite. And G'd forbid if one contradicts him. Then he will start talking about it 50 times again. Otherwise he is o.k. when he is left alone.

I get along with him very well so far — also he is not on speaking terms with all his relatives but he seems to like me. It is a good thing he can't see how I laugh about him behind his back. Last week the 2 had an argument and the next day he brought her a pretty dress from downtown. Apparently he is very fond of her.



Downtown Chicago

He is quite egotistical and can't stand it if she talks friendly to someone else, and she cannot visit anybody. She wishes I would not got to work at all but keep her company all the time. She is really very good to me. There is not a lot of work here in the apt. except for the dirt soot that comes thru the windows. 5 min. after cleaning the window sills are black again.

Today I had a letter from [?]. Willy Bloser called just as I was leaving. She gave him my Chicago phone number and address. When I look around the room here I see all my dear ones several times around the walls. There are even 4 photos of myself. It is now already 12:30 and we have a lot planned for tomorrow. Is it very warm in

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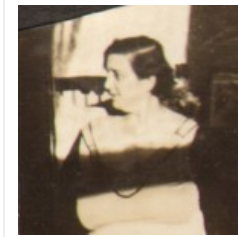
Frankfurt? It was 90 degrees here today. I do sweat a lot and hopefully will lose some weight.

Loads of love & kisses from your very happy Runaway.

P.S. It is so hot here that they are feeding the chickens ice cubes so they won't lay boiled eggs!!

*Trudel was trained in millinery [hat making] in Germany.

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Trudel's Aunt Henry

Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on June 5, 2011 in [Chicago](#), [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#), [Uncategorized](#)  **2 Comments**

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[← June 3, 1934 – Life in Chicago \(Storm Clouds Brewing?\)](#)

[June 9, 1934 – I have already one order for a hat →](#)

2 Responses to *June 5, 1934 Feeding Ice Cubes to the Chickens*



Barrie Ward
June 5, 2011 at 11:47 am

I thought that Trudel's determination and strength of character really starts to assert itself in the line "[Remark: It turned out that Mr. & Mrs. [?] expected me to be their housekeeper: cooking, washing, ironing etc. But that was absolutely out.]" ... The modern woman – not willing to be pre-assigned ...

[Reply](#)



Alan Peres
June 7, 2011 at 7:51 pm

Two things hit me when reading this installment.

First is Trudel's mention of the Wrigley Building being made of gum.

Second is that today, we would be sending all this as email. It would probably be lost to posterity as we change email accounts or otherwise do not make the effort to archive our correspondence.

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letters written by her host in Chicago.

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← June 5, 1934 Feeding Ice Cubes to the Chickens

June 12th, 1934 – Do you notice in what good humor I am in today? →

June 9, 1934 - I have already one order for a hat



June 9, 1934

My dear sisters,

Many thanks for the postal card from Strassburg. I hope you all are o.k. but wish you would write at least to Aunt Henny once.

Wednesday morning I went with her to choir practice and met some very nice people there incl. the director who is from [?]. He is in charge of all the German singers here. While they sang I wrote a few letters. Then we did a little shopping

and had dinner in a Chinese restaurant.

Did any of you ever eat chop suey? It is a real Chinese dish and I liked it very much. Vegetables I had never heard of. Shrimps and a very tasty gravy. The waiter a Chinese student kept coming to our table to talk to us.

Afterwards we went to Weils. What a pleasure. We had so very much to tell each other. Aunt [Jenny?] told a lot of ancient stories. It was a lot of fun. Nothing about her sister here. They have not talked together since her husband died 2 yrs ago. What is the sister's name? I'll try to find out something.

Jenny claims she wrote 2 long letters to you after they were in Europe a few years ago but you never answered. Is that correct? I doubt it. We talked until 11:30 p.m. I will visit them again next week. The 2 daughters are very nice.

Alice, the younger, works for the post office and Jenny plays piano in concerts and as accompanist for singers etc.

I have never seen such an apt. It is a big hotel, you have to take an elevator up. Then you walk into 1 large room, with a sleeping couch. That is Aunt Jenny's bed. Otherwise there is a sofa and 2 big easy chairs.

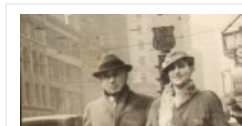
Next to it is a kitchen as practical as can possibly be. In the middle is a gas range with a pilot light burning constantly. To get one of the burners lighted you only have to press a button and the pilot light will turn it on. All you have to do is turn the handle of the burner you want, push the button and the stove is on. Without a match or anything else. The other half of the kitchen is the dining room like in most homes. A table and chairs.

Now back to the living room. There is a big double door and when you open it there is a double bed standing up against the wall. It comes out very easily and it is ready for sleeping. It is called an inador bed. That is where both girls sleep. Like in every apt there is a beautiful bathroom. The closet where the inador bed stands has room on both sides for a wardrobe.

Every morning a girl comes to clean the place. All together this costs \$60 a week. Can you picture it? It is certainly very practical but would be too small for my taste.

On Thursday the weather was bad. We stayed in bed until noon, and all day at home. Uncle had taken some work home the day before and we just went for a little walk around the neighborhood. We tried to visit a friend of Auntie's but only her very nice 20 yr old daughter was at home. We had a very pleasant visit although she understood very little German and I notice more and more how little English I really know.

She picked me up Friday morning and took me along to the University nearby where she is studying. It was very interesting. We went to 2 lectures but I understood only about 1/3. But I learned a few things anyhow. We ate lunch there and I met 2 more girls one of whom knows Aunt H.



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At 3 o'clock my 1st friend here named Edith Grossberg, put me on a bus to meet Auntie downtown. We went again to Marshall Fields which is more like a museum than a store and then to the busiest corner in the world right in the middle of the city corner State and Madison Streets. Here the city is divided in 4 parts. Everyone starts with #1 going east, west, north and south.

There at the Boston Store I bought a very simple white linen suit. Actually a skirt with 3/4 coat for \$10. I really needed it because of the terrible heat which I do not like. And then in between there are very cool days. No matter how hot it is one cannot go out without a coat or sweater. The weather can change so fast.



Trudel in her new white linen suit

Auntie bought a very nice black wool coat. Also for \$10. I will pick up my suit next week since I had no money with me. But they will hold it for me. You can go into the stores and try on all kinds of clothes and leave without buying.

From there we went to pick up Uncle and to eat. Auntie and I went to a movie and then went to a stamp auction. We walked a little to see everything in bright lights. Really beautiful—especially along State St. with all the lighted up shop windows. Looks almost white.

On our trip home at night we always pass the World's Fair. You cannot imagine all those lights in different colors changing all the time.

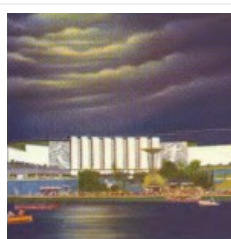
This morning we moved furniture around our apt. We all like changes. We re-arranged the furniture in our bedroom and like it better for the time being.

Right now I hear on the radio a song I heard constantly on the boat and saw the movie. Every night when we danced they played it at least once. I liked the melody

very much and kept humming it to myself. But now I am getting tired of it. The nice thing about it is the fact that it reminds me of that wonderful time on board. I am not trying to say that it is not nice now. I only worry that I may get too lazy here.



Trudel walking with her uncle on a chilly summer day



Postcard of the World's Fair at Night



A reflecting pool at the World's Fair

On the ship there was constantly something going. Uncle leaves the house at 7:30 a.m. Auntie fixes his breakfast and goes back to bed. We both did not get up until 10 or 11 o'clock. I could find a lot of things to do but don't feel like it.

Especially I have to learn more English. Unfortunately we only talk German at home. Uncle won't do it otherwise. He is still more German than American. I too still like my homeland but I cannot understand that after 30 yrs in this country he has not adopted any manners or customs from here. Only what is from Germany is any good. He hates everything from anywhere else even the U.S.A.

On the other hand he does not want to go back. His work is beautiful. It is amazing to watch him and see how diplomas etc. come out so fast and perfect. He is very proud of his talent. A typical artist. He is already 62 yrs old.

Auntie told me a lot about her 19 yrs in U.S.A. this week. It sure had its ups and downs. Whenever she thought things were going well, something happened. Either sickness or a marriage. Now she is trying to do everything to make things nice and pleasant for me. In the beginning she went through a lot of trouble. But in between she also had lots of good times.

Today it is awfully hot again. I am sweating. Yesterday it was so cold that I was freezing in a suit. I have already one order for a hat, but I have to buy myself a wooden hat block first. I am keeping myself very busy, sewing and fixing for Auntie and myself.

Next week I intend to go to [?] 1 day to do some work on their sewing machine. We do not have one. Actually, we have no furniture except 3 beds. Uncle has a closet in his room and we have a very little one in our room and actually live out of our trunks and suitcases.

Martin, Uncle's son, is supposed to come here this evening. So far we have always missed each other. Tomorrow we are going to a picnic of the German choirs. I wonder how that is going to be. At least I will have a chance to dance again. I have missed that.

I am here 6 weeks already and I am sure a lot of things have happened to you which would be very much of

July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here – 4th of July

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interest to me. You really do not have to write as detailed as I but a little more.

Today I received a big package of things that I had left behind in N.Y. It got to be 4:00 p.m. now and I do want to write to a few more people and do some sewing. By the way both Auntie and Uncle asked me to send you their regards when ever I write.

Your Loving Trudel.

p.s. Uncle just came home and told me that I should come for an interview to his nephew's wholesale [hat?] business on Monday.



Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on June 9, 2011 in [Chicago](#), [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#), [Uncategorized](#)

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Tags: [apartment](#), [Chicago](#), [music](#), [State Street](#), [work](#), [World's Fair](#)

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June 17, 1934 The two men got almost into a fight to see which one of them could act as my father. . . →

June 12th, 1934 - Do you notice in what good humor I am in today?



June 12th, 34
1460 E. 57th St.

Oh my beloved dear ones!

I have written today already 5 letters and 2 postal cards. Now I can wait before writing once more. As I expected, Martin did not appear on Saturday, although we stayed home all day waiting for him.

Between 10-11 p.m. Auntie and I sat in the park nearby to get just a little fresh air. On Sunday as planned we went to the picnic of the German choirs.

After traveling 1½ hrs on the L and ½ hour marching we finally landed at a beautiful big park at the German [picnic]. There were long tables with benches and we picked a nice shady place to sit and eat our lunch we had brought along.

I was really in a gay mood and drank more than I have in a long time – 7 small glasses of beer and 2 hard liquor. I was dancing all the time when not eating.

There was only 1 more Jewish person there. The president of one of those choirs. We spent quite a lot of time walking together Auntie, he and I. He is a very nice guy, 62 yrs old which he does not look, spends a lot of money. The only fault I could find is the fact that he does not dance, but there were plenty others who liked to dance like I do.



A German Beer Garden in Chicago - prehaps from an earlier era

Since I was a newcomer I was very popular but people sure have a lot of nerve here, and you cannot be insulted by what they say. I even went on a merry go round. About 10:00 p.m., the wife and 29 yr old son of this Mr. Max Hirsch came to pick him up. The son does not like to dance but did it just for me. He insisted on talking English with me and claimed he understood everything I said.

We made a date for next Saturday. It is a dance from his father's club and although he does not care about those clubs he will go because I said I was going. Do you notice in what good humor I am today? But that has another reason.

Yesterday morning I spent one hour with Gus Bing, Uncle's nephew and [a] partner [in] the very elegant ladies hat factory, Budwig, Inc. The result was that

1. I will start working there at the beginning of July, 5 days a week for \$14.
2. He gave me a very nice wooden hat block for nothing and a very pretty navy blue taffeta hat.
3. He will be a delightful boss with loads of money, divorced with 2 children and 40 yrs old.



Trudel working with hat on

I sure hope it all works out o.k., that I know enough and work quick enough.

He was extremely nice. His father was on the [?] opera. He is a real Frankfurter boy.*

From there we went shopping. I got myself a nice suit for \$5 not the linen suit I saw last week. I am sorry I did not bring more jewelry, china etc along. You can get very much money for those things here.

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block (1936?)

My things I have not unpacked yet. Auntie wants to look at it with me to see what I should sell.

We were yesterday in the Italian neighborhood in a store where they buy all those things for good money. I was amazed how much they pay for things. Of course they sell it for [?].

Have you ever heard of "Maxwell St.?" We were there too yesterday. It is the Jewish part of Chicago. There is one little shop next to the other, displays and table on the sidewalk and in the middle of the street. Like a big market. Very crowded. Once can buy everything there. Shoe laces, fruit, stoves, meat, sausage. You name it, you can buy it there reasonably if you can argue about the price. It is a real mad house. We finally took the streetcar home.

We past by the neighborhood where there was a big fire recently and it was a heartbreaking sight. The homes are built so poorly like cardboard. No wonder they burnt so fast.

Well I am getting a cramp in my hand from writing so much today. It is now 4:00 p.m. and I have been writing since 11:00 a.m. My stomach too is telling me it's time to stop soon.



Chicago Street Car (from Chuckman's Collection)



Maxwell Street

Actually this is the first day I have stayed home. It is so hot and I did not feel like running around. Tonight we are going to the only brother of Uncle with whom he is still on talking terms. I hope to go to the synagogue before long. Last night we could not go and this morning we did not know where there would be a service here in the neighborhood.

I also wrote a long letter to Rabbi Salzberger today. Do you, Pappa talk to him sometimes? Tomorrow night we will go to friends. What is new with you? I will not write again until I get some mail from you Lazy Bones. Have you found an apt? Let me hear some news.

Love and Kisses.

Trudel

***A Frankfurter boy" means he is from Frankfurt.*

*Some photos on this page from other sources including **CHUCKMAN'S COLLECTION***

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Posted by **Trudels Son** on June 12, 2011 in [Chicago](#), [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#)

1 Comment

Tags: [beer](#), [china](#), [choir](#), [german choir](#), [jewelry](#), [Jewish](#), [ladies hats](#), [Maxwell Street](#), [streetcar](#)

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[June 17, 1934 The two men got almost into a fight to see which one of them could act as my father. . . →](#)

One Response to *June 12th, 1934 - Do you notice in what good humor I am in today?*



Barrie Ward

June 12, 2011 at 2:49 pm

Truly it would have been an advantage for Trudel to have had "EBay" back in that time ..." I am sorry I did not bring more jewelry, china etc along. You can get very much money for those things here." another fine share ... much thanks!

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6/17

My dear dear ones

I received your letter and it made me very happy.

Today I am asking a big favor. Would 1 of you be nice enough to see if you can get the enclosed negatives printed about 3 x 4"? Here they just do not seem to be able to handle those tiny negatives. And if you can find them I would very much like to have some more of those little films to fit the camera Lou bought

me on the way to Hamburg.

Tuesday night we went to Uncle's brother Max and Rose. She seems to be slightly arrogant but makes beautiful needle work. She asked me to help her crochet gloves. She has so many orders she cannot fill them alone.

Wednesday night I visited again my new friend, Edith Grossberg. Aunt Henry and Julius were with Mrs. Grossberg at a lecture.

During that time we 2 and her brother took a stroll along the beach.

A week from today her brother will make a surprise party for Edith. In order that it will be a real surprise I am going to write the invitations. I am coming as a special honored guest.

Thursday Henry and I went downtown again. She bought me for 20¢ a pair of red long hanging earrings. Can you picture me with long dangling earrings? I wore them the next day for lunch at Rose Sechbach's. Then I sewed a few things on her electric sewing machine. What a pleasure when you do not have to thread all the time.

Afterwards we fixed some sandwiches and went to the Worlds Fair. He, she and her father who is 67 yrs old but looks much younger. He is very funny and I could tell you long stories about him.

Unfortunately it got all of a sudden very cold and windy and we could not see very much at the fair and all were happy when we got home again.

Anyway I saw a few interesting things. Cows being milked electronically, in 10 or 15 minutes they are milked and it is almost no work and it is much more sanitary than by hand. We also walked through a new aluminum railroad train. It has all possible comforts, has 1st and 2nd class and one could really enjoy traveling a few days and nights that way. We then went through the Hall of Religions where all different religions were displayed.

In the Jewish [exhibit] they showed slides of very many famous people and institutions. We also visited the Hall of Science. There is so much to see of everything that one could spend several days to see everything. That even we concentrated on different sicknesses and having babies.



Jackson Park Beach
(Chuckman's Collection)



The Burlington Zephyr.
(The train Trudel called

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On the way we stopped at the Hungarian exhibit where I met one of the people from the boat



Hall of Science from Across the Lagoon - Postcard

where I met one of the people from the boat. Although we hardly talked together on the boat, he was very nice. He too comes from Budapest like the nice Mr. Hollander and they were together often. We only stopped for coffee and fritter or small pancake.

(The train model called aluminum was probably this stainless steel beauty..)

Then went home with the I.C. train, short for Illinois Central R.R., the best and fastest transportation between the south side and downtown. I will use that too when I will be working. Then it will take me only 15 min. Too bad that R.R. only goes 1 stretch to Chicago. To get north or west one has to take a miserable streetcar bus or elevated. You cannot picture how much time is wasted on transportation here.

The I.C. train passed the whole World Fair and the many colored lights look beautiful in the dark. For instance the Ford Bldg has a big dome on top of which shine 3 different color lights rotating. From another building 10 blue flood lights illuminate the sky. Each building has its own distinctive lights shining into the sky. Anyhow the whole city looks marvelous at night with all the lights. Every skyscraper has its distinctive illuminations from its top and all lighted up at night. And in between is the beautiful white Wrigley chewing gum building and tower.

By the way today is Father's day here. Do we have that in Germany too? I do not seem to remember it.

Knowing that we have yahrzeit on Tuesday, I went to Synagogue. We talked about the fact that the 11 months of mourning [for Trudel's mother] were over on May 15th. The temple I visited is just the way I like it. Very simple beautiful colored windows and the service very much like ours. Of course at first it seemed very strange. Men without hats, and women sit together. The rabbi just in a black suit nothing on his head. But even so he delivered a beautiful sermon. And I understood almost everything. In this congregation are very many German Jews. It seems they have only mostly [liberal? Reform?] German or Orthodox East European Congregations . Nothing in between.



Night View of the Fair.

Right now we have a big thunderstorm and of course I am thinking of you. Last night we went to a dance at the Chicago [?]. Rose's father, my new Opa, and a darling niece of his from Leipzig came with us. Hester Kant, the niece is here 7 yrs and expects her mother to come her in the fall. I think we will get together more often. Almost all [were there again] again of course except the president Max Hirsch. I was dancing constantly. Even Opa with his 67 yrs only sat out 2 dances.

He will do anything I ask him. If I would like to go anywhere I should just call him. He will take me. He had asked a younger man to come along last night so I could meet him but he did not show up. Some other time maybe. I never met any one like this fellow. He can entertain a group of people for hours but at the same time tries to flirt with every female. Henry, Herta and I were not enough for him. Really a funny person. Otherwise he is very good hearted. The 2 men got almost into a fight to see which one of them could act as my father until the real Papa comes here. We did not get home until 2:00 a.m.

It is now 7:00 p.m. and I have not been out of the house all day. I slept until 11:00 a.m. and then 4:00 p.m. we rearranged the whole apt until the people who were living here with us finally moved this morning so we have much more room for ourselves. Uncle repaired my nightstand lamp and a flat iron so I can use it. Today I talked to Aunt [?] Weil who sends regards.

I also had a letter from Willy Bloser. He got the wrong phone # from Mr. Heinzheimer and by the time he finally got the right # I had left N.Y. 3 hrs earlier. Too bad. I also had a letter from Doris. I would be very much interested to know how long it takes for my letters to get to you. I sure hope you save them for me. If it does not cost too much postage I wish you could send me my school report cards etc. Also the black jet dress Auntie could probably use. Anything you do not use or want anymore you can send here. Either we use it, throw it away or sell it. I am very happy to report that I have lost 3 lbs already. It is just complicated to recalculate everything. That's all now.

Love and kisses.
Regards from Henry and Julius.

[The "aluminum" train Trudel refers to was probably the stainless steel Burlington Zephyr which was a major attraction at the fair. See photos and the information about deluxe facilities on the Pullman cars at <http://cityclicker.net/chicfair/Burlington.html>]



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June 25, 1934 Forgive any mistakes I make in my writing. English I do not know yet and German I am forgetting.



June 25, 1934. Monday 11:00 a.m.

Dearest Papa, Doddo and Erma,*

Received your nice letter today. Sorry I did not write for more than 1 week but I was really busy and I ask you to forgive any mistakes I make in my writing. English I do not know yet and German I am forgetting. How I am trying to remember what I have not answered yet.



The [Greyhound] buses are very similar as at home. The seats are upholstered, leather covered and adjustable. Each armrest is always covered with a fresh white cloth. There are 2 seats on each side of the bus and between a narrow gangway with an emergency seat to fold down. Enough for about 40 passengers. No drinking water but stops every 2 hrs. Either real short just for passengers getting off and on or at mealtimes about 25 min.



The chauffeurs are all very reliable, decent and polite. Martin Seekbach whom I still have not met is such a chauffeur. When he does come we are not home and when we wait for him he does not show up.

Right now I am listening on the radio the Mozart [waltz?] to which Erma and I used to like to dance. Remember? Anyhow the music on the radio is beautiful. Good thing music is international.



Trudel's father, Adolf Adler

Now back to the letters. The red jacket I wore 3 times on the boat. I will not wear it here until winter again. I am remembering [numbering?] my letters to make sure you receive them all.

Marion Hamburger is 19 and Bernice 18 yrs old. The difference in age does not seem to matter here. Often the mother looks younger than the daughter.

I will try to find some interesting catalogues for Lou at the Fair. So far I have not seen anything. Why does Papa never send me a kiss too? Have I answered your questions?

Now I can continue my story. Monday Henny and I went to Leo Joseph, brother of Beatrice Wolfgang. They look very much alike, not as heavy but just as friendly. Since Beatrice had given me only his business address but not the name of the firm we had trouble finding him. But we made it. He is located on the west side where they had such a big fire recently. You probably

read about it. He asked me to call his 29 yr old wife but I have not been able to reach her so far. They live not far from here. He had us driven home in his car and we went through that whole burnt out vicinity.

In the evening I was home alone for the first time. Uncle and Aunt went singing. I took a little walk along the beach and when I wanted to go home at 8:30 I met family [friends] who were on the ship with me. They live real close to us. I went home with them and met their 25 yr old daughter and a young man from [?]. I forget his name. Did not stay long.

Tuesday I sat with Edith Grossberg in the sun at the beach for an hour and roasted. When the weather is nice I cannot go swimming and when I can it either is raining or too cold. That is Chicago weather, I will not talk about it.



Fire at the Chicago Stockyards on the West Side, on May 27, 1934.

Tags

American styles At sea bicycle

Chicago chutspa

clothes dancing dates

Empire State fashion **Food**

Frankfurt Germany history holidays

Ice cream Illinois Central

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ladies hats **Lake**

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In the afternoon I went to Rose [?]. There were several German girls including a 19 yr old from [?] but we did not know each other. I stayed for dinner (supper) and afterwards with Rose's brother, Hans, to the Fair.

First we went to a beautiful concert outside at the Ford Symphony Gardens. They play everyday from 3 to 5 and from 8-10 p.m. [There is] no extra admission [charge]. Then we went through some of the exhibits. Sat in the newest model Chrysler. Then we went to the amusement park. He does not care for those rides so we only watched some of them. We ended up in the Canadian Club, direct in the lake.



Night time concert at the Ford Symphony Gardens

Picture this — The Fair itself is on the beach. The amusement park on an island connected with the land with 3 bridges. This restaurant is on one of the bridges and you sit right by the water and all around are those beautifully illuminated buildings. My cavalier is an excellent dancer. There is a very good dance orchestra and also shows: dancing, acrobats, singing etc. Some of it really wonderful. One woman dancer is completely naked but painted with black laquer all over. Really interesting.

We did not get home until 1:30 a.m. and I spent the night at Rose and Mack ? home. Hans and his father live there too. Rose told me the next morning that it

has been years since her brother stayed out after midnight in the middle of the week. When he comes home from work he will probably complain how tired he is and will go to bed at 8:00 p.m. But believe it or not that did not happen. We went out together again that night. We went to a very dressy Jewish hall in one of the best hotels here on the south side.

I met a few nice people and probably lost a few pounds it was so hot. I never sweated that much even with hot pad, aspirin and 3 blankets although I was dressed as light as possible. As we came home at midnight it started pouring. He is very nice but can you see me with a man with a mustache. He is close to 30 and has together with 2 brothers a very good business and the thing I like best is the fact he takes me to real nice places.

On Thursday his father, my Opa took me downtown where I had a date with Herbert Pohl. Although we did not know each other we did find each other and the 3 of us went to lunch together. I like Pohl very much and we had a very nice time together.

Unfortunately he travels a lot and spends very little time in Chicagio Opa gave him his phone number so he can get in touch when he is in town again. We have no phone as yet.

Afterwards I met Edith Grossberg and her parents and we went to the movies after a German ? together. I went home with them for dinner and early home. Mr. Grossberg is a big lawyer and very nice like his wife and daughter.

On Friday it was so cold that I wore a warm suit. In the afternoon we were downtown and in the evening Uncle and I went to a German movie on the north side. Henny had to sing somewhere around there and after eating together we separated. Saturday morning I picked up Mr. and Mrs. ? and went together to the synagogue and afterwards ran into Opa, who had made some visits in the neighborhood and was on his way home. Instead he went with us to visit several other refugees. Some were busy and others took time to visit. Opa took me for lunch. Henny had to go downtown to arrange about work at the Fair.

After changing clothes because it was so hot we went again to a movie, Wonder Bar, with Al Jolson, It was the first American movie I really liked. While Uncle got cleaned, shaved etc., for the weekend and Opa kept me company, I received a telegram from his son Hans — the best way to communicate when you have no phone.

[to be continued]

***"Daddo" is the nickname for Trudel's sister Lotte or Charlotte. Ema was her other sister.*

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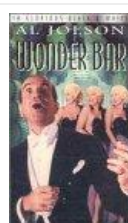
Posted by [Trudels Son](#) on June 25, 2011 in [Chicago](#), [diary](#), [family](#), [immigrant experience](#), [Uncategorized](#)

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Tags: [Chicago](#), [clothes](#), [dancing](#), [Food](#), [Jewish](#), [Lake Michigan](#), [shopping](#), [weather](#), [World's Fair](#), [youth](#)



Aerial View of the Fair



Wonder Bar

July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here — 4th of July

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Cont'd Tuesday 6/26 12:30 a.m.

Congratulations on passing your driver's test Doddo.

This morning after listening to some garbage on the radio I turned the dial and heard List's Hungarian Rhapsody #2. I certainly enjoyed that and made the beds twice as fast as usual.

On Saturday night we were all together at the Fair. First at the Ford Symphony Gardens. Then Hans K. and I got lost in the big crowd. Henny worked until 9:00 p.m.

She sells costume jewelry.

We two lost ones went again to the Canadian Club Cafe and while we were dancing a horrible storm broke out. Everybody ran for shelter.



Canadian Club Cafe

I ran to the table where I had left my purse and gloves and my hat blew off my head and disappeared. It was a nice white cap which I got in N.Y. and fixed just right for me. Now it is gone.

I really never experienced weather like that. Everything that was not tied down blew over and away. And of course a real big thunderstorm with [lightning]. All day the weather had been beautiful but within 1 min it changed so drastically.

Everybody of course tried to get into the building and in spite of those very many people we were lucky

enough to get a little table right next to the dance floor and we were also very honored to have Jewish Gov. Homer, the head of the State of Ill. at the table right next to us. He and his company of 6 men and 1 lady sounded very happy. One of his companions went on the stage with the dancing girls and just danced with them. It was a scream.

After it stopped raining finally we took a walk in the beautiful fresh washed air and got home about 1:00 a.m. Saturday Aunty worked, like every day now at the fair and Uncle and I took care of the house.

Now I have to make a comment. Really they had expected me to be their housekeeper. But as you know I am not good at that. I do not know how to cook, I do not like to clean, wash and cannot iron. That made it very difficult.

Now back to the letter [I started yesterday.] Sunday afternoon I went to Grossbergs to help prepare things for the party in the evening.

We found a new club similar to the one I belonged to at home. Mr. Grossberg and another man made very interesting speeches. I had asked in advance that they should not call on me to talk. I just answered the questions I was asked as short as possible. I met a few very nice people there.

Yesterday afternoon I was at Hamburgers. They live in a 2 room apt. That means kitchen and 1 room. Their daughter is married since 2 yrs to a non-Jewish Communist. They live in the same building. The son, a nice



Governor Henry Homer

Tags

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daughter is married since 2 yrs to a non Jewish Communist. They live in the same building. The son, a nice, tall, good looking fellow lives with a non Jewish young man just a few doors away. He too is a big Communist.

Alfred has not changed very much but looks very [worn?] down and not very well. We both were happy to see each other. He is just as nice and friendly as ever and wanted to know all about you and sends his very best regards.

Apparently he earns good money but does not know how to handle it. Of course he has to have a car. It won't do otherwise. Mrs. Hamburger and the children belong to a theater club. They write their own plays and then perform them. It is a mixed group of whites and blacks and they meet three times a week and she does not get home until after midnight. I cannot figure out what he [Alfred Hamburger?] does during that time.

I went with them to their meeting that night, but it was very [difficult?] for me to understand.

When I came to their place they first served me ice cream and then we went to a restaurant for dinner. Everybody was very nice to me. Alfred's business is selling walking canes at the Fair. They are very popular since there is so much walking. There is also man with scales. For 5¢ you are weight after the man take a guess of your weight. If he guesses wrong you get one of those walking sticks.

I like being home alone here. This morning, Opa kept me company while I did some ironing and fixed a [new?] hat for myself. He took me for lunch in my slacks. Later I will pick up Edith Grossberg. We are planning to throw ourselves into Lake Michigan for a nice swim.



Illinois Central downtown. Were they electrified in 1933?

Last night I had a big surprise. Aunt Henny had an accident in the I.C. train but fortunately not bad. As she was trying to get onto the train there was so much space between the entrance and the platform very hard to see and she slipped into that opening with her right leg. Fortunately people near her helped her right away, but she feels and looks awful. Luckily the train was standing real still at the time.

Uncle Julius treated her real well last night and this morning and she went anyhow this morning to work at the Fair. We hope she will have no more accidents.

Julius is planning to buy me a bicycle. But I think it is too dangerous to ride to work downtown with all that traffic. And on weekends and evenings I hope to have something else and better to do than go bicycle riding with that old man. I rather look for somebody with a car.

It does not have to be a multi-millionaire as [?] suggested. I'll be satisfied with a little less. Did you get a chance to have my photos done?

Now I will get into my bathing suit, slacks, and a pair of shoes, take [a towel?] and house keys in my hand and pick up Edith. This is the life but I am very much looking forward to start working next week.

Love and kisses.

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Jackson Park Beach

Posted by **Trudels Son** on June 26, 2011 in **immigrant experience**

2 Comments

Tags: [Canadian Club](#), [Chicago](#), [Chicago weather](#), [dancing](#), [Henry Homer](#), [Illinois Central](#), [thunderstorm](#), [World's Fair](#)

← [June 25, 1934 Forgive any mistakes I make in my writing. English I do not know yet and German I am forgetting.](#) [June 30, 1934 Fortunately I can see every thing as funny . . .](#) →

2 Responses to *June 26, 1934 This is the life but I am very much looking forward to start working next week.*

Elizabeth Patrick
June 26, 2011 at 12:27 pm

■ [July 3, 1934 Tomorrow is a big holiday here – 4th of July](#)

■ [June 30, 1934 Fortunately I can see every thing as funny . . .](#)

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June 30, 1934

This is an extra personal letter. Do not show to everybody.*

Well, Aunt Henny has had the same [medical condition] as our Mother, only they found it before her stomach was affected. She has no trouble at all now but is very nervous.

But he [Trudel's uncle, Julius] has a lot to do with that. He cannot get along with anybody. Not his own brothers and sister. So last year Henny just walked out on him. He tried hard to make her come back but she refused.

Since they were not divorced she needed his signature to send me the papers. So she went to his office and promised him to go back to him if he signed those papers. He naturally was very willing to do that. So now I am guilty that the 2 are living together again after 1 yr separation.

And how are they living? His bed is in the kitchen, hers and mine are in the so called "good room". In the 3rd room lives a friend of his. The only person he gets really along with.

This Mr. Miller is married and his wife and 4 children live in San Francisco. His wife is here now for a few days visit.

Can you imagine this household. Julius is very fond of Henny but also very jealous. Anyway they are always fighting and neither one will give in. To me it really seems funny.

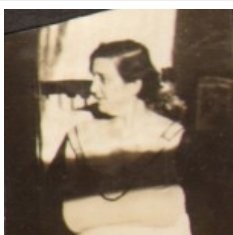
My parents never had an argument in front of us girls. If they had any differences of opinions they discussed it behind closed doors. So this fighting was actually miserable for me—of course the main thing is they both are very nice to me.



Uncle Julius with Trudel

There is no use my looking for work right now. Maybe I can do something at the Fair.

Unfortunately we talk only German here at home. Julius hates everything else even U.S.A. He only loves Germany even now. He has all kinds of funny ideas.



Aunt Henny

Actually I had thought Henny to be much neater, cleaner and orderlier. What a difference between her and the wonderful people in N.Y.

Please do not let anybody know about this. I would be very embarrassed if it came back to them. I am very happy and do not give a dam. Fortunately I can see every thing as funny and hope to continue that way. Just in case I should not like it here I know I will always be welcome to go back to N.Y. Actually Aunt Henny and I get along very well—so far.

So this closes that special report.

* My brother, Ray, Trudel's other son, and I discussed whether to include this letter. Because neither Henny or Julius is still alive and they did not have any survivors, so far as we know, we felt it would not be inappropriate to include this important part of her story. Len, one of Trudel's sons.

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