*(Justin Heumann, * 18.08.1909 in Göppingen. Original handwritten in Sütterlin, numbering corresponds to the pages in the original)*

Caracas,14.10.1966

Mr. Weber

Principal

Aufhausen

I am very surprised to find your letter here after my return from my trip to Germany and I don't see why I should tell you about the stain on German history, I am still a German or rather a German again, after a certain Adolf Hitler, "nationalidäd Austrian" had expatriated me; moreover, I am married to a Venezuelan woman, not quite white, and have 4 sons, who are also Venezuelans, if you are interested, my wife is Catholic and the children too.; Because for me all people are equal if they have the same upbringing and education, no matter whether they are black/white/red or black/red/yellow.) But this is only by the way, where you write to me "Everything" should be treated confidentially; It is unnecessary, you can put it in the newspaper under my name, because I am used to telling only the truth, and not to lie, as a certain Hitler, Goebbels and company did. Then I would like to add the following, I was born in Göppingen 18.08.1909 in the upper Marktstraße

2)

as the son of the merchant Hugo Heumann and his wife Frieda, née Rosenau from Gunzenhausen (Franconia), my father was born in Göppingen and comes from Jebenhausen and I can trace my family back to the 1600th century to Bavaria, to Nördlingen. But that's just by the way.

I was brought up in German and went to the secondary school in Göppingen. There was even less anti-Semitism there at that time, only through religious instruction, because after religious instruction some boys always asked: It is your fault that our Savior was killed, and this after 2000 years. Because I do not look Jewish, I unfortunately emigrated only in 1939. (Most of my friends have always stood by me), despite the enormous pressure exerted by the National Socialist Party at that time. Then I came to a foreign-speaking country without money and this only with the help of my lb. Sister, who used to emigrate to the United States of North America with more luck, but now I want to touch on the points that interest you more, but in my opinion the most important one is missing, which you do not even mention: the gassing in Auschwitz.

3)

Apparently with the word deportation you mean gassing and the hunger camps, such as Auschwitz and Theresienstadt. In Auschwitz an uncle of mine, brother of "my mother" (who, fortunately, was able to emigrate at the last minute to St. Domingo Island of the Antilles with the help of my lb. sister in the USA) was gassed with his wife; he was a sergeant in the war of

1914/18 and even had the Iron Cross, also gassed are Base of mine, daughter of a sister of my mother, a certain Gretel Hausmann from Augsburg, my uncle also lived in Augsburg.

An aunt of mine, who used to live in Munich, sister of my father, a certain Mrs. Rosa Bühler, née Heumann, who finally lived in Göppingen in her own house, was taken to Theresienstadt, where she is said to have died of starvation.

I also experienced the so-called Kristallnacht, as it is so beautifully called in Germany today, and I want to describe it from my perspective:

In Germany I have always done a lot of sports, and can only describe the best of my sports comrades. They stuck by me until the end, I was a wrestler and weightlifter.

4)

In the year 38 I had to leave the sports club, because the leadership was held by certain National Socialist bigwigs, who exerted such pressure that my sports comrades could no longer fight it, because they had recently taken me illegally to the exercises.

In Göppingen at that time, the Jewish sports club no longer existed, as most young people had already emigrated. So I went to Stuttgart once a week to attend the exercises in the Jewish sports club.

So on Kristallnacht I came to Göppingen around 11-12 o'clock at night, went to sleep, around 2 o'clock I was woken up by ringing and knocking on the front door, and when I opened the door there was an S.A. man and a Schupo (Schutzpolizei). They said that I and my old father, who was over 65 years old at the time, should come with me immediately. The S.A. man wanted to take me with him in his nightgown, despite the cold, but the policeman was still so decent that he let me put on clothes and that under constant scolding of the S.A. man, who was not from Göppingen but in a bus from the area between Ulm and Ravensburg ordered by the S.A. for this action, then I saw that there was a fire nearby, because the synagogue was set on fire

5)

and that with gasoline, which the S.A. people, who were not even from Göppingen, had ready, and since in Göppingen the fire station was right next to the synagogue, some S.A. people armed in front of the hall so that the fire brigade could not fulfill their duty.

To continue talking about my so-called protective custody

At that time I was taken with my lb. father to the then hotel "Dettelbacher" Jewish hotel, where we were then monitored and in the morning, to the police prison one part, the other to the district prison, unfortunately I got the worse part, the district prison, where we only got the prison food.

My old father was then released home after 2 days. (it was said that all old men over 60 years of age) do not come to Dachau, but this was not observed in all areas, because I then saw men over 70 years of age in Dachau) I was then brought to Dachau with other co-religionists, under guard.

I spent about 6 weeks in Dachau but this is a chapter in itself, which will now be described in the next page

6)

Dachau: a picture of German ethics, German discipline, German heroism, German love of the fatherland, German cleanliness, of the then 1000-year-old German Reich of the petty Jew-hater Adolf Hitler and his ilk.

After 2 days of imprisonment in the district prison, *(!)* we were brought to Dachau in an omnibus of the then Göppingen Omnibus Company. (The Schoför Rainhard Ott, a friend of mine, his wife still lives in Göppingen, he unfortunately fell in the war, came back sick from what he had only seen there when he was admitted, (a brother is a driving instructor and still lives in Göppingen, I was with him a few times during my stay in Göppingen) he was forced to do so, so to speak. The guard on the trip was S.A. and police.

In the evening we arrived in Dachau and were received by the S.S. with a slap in the face and beatings, I got off well, apparently I was confused with the Schoför who then got the beatings for it. As I learned later, he was then taken aside, and threatened that he would feel bad if he told about it. Then we were lined up in rank and file and all names were read out with profession.

7)

Cattle dealers were called deceivers of the people and beaten, then we had to step up again, and wait, got nothing to eat, nothing to drink, (new ones were brought in again and again). This went on until about 1 / 2 o'clock in the morning. Then we were led into a room that is normally perhaps for 100 people. We were about 3000 or 4000 men like sardines in a can on top of each other, and a scream, that was almost unbearable. Then the S.S. came with a drawn pistol and said, if there is no peace now, we will shoot into the pile, but then there was silence. The next day we had to line up again in the courtyard, again and again a piece of wine, and wait, wait, without eating or drinking, and without relieving ourselves, until towards the evening of the next day, then we had a little tea and a piece of Komisbrot dry and old. Then at last it was our turn, we had to strip naked, the clothes and shoes were put in a sack with the name on it, and then we had to go to another room, where we were sprayed with ice-cold water, then we came to another room and were shaved like prisoners, then we were striped twin clothes with the Jewish star and were

8)

Divided into blocks; 4000 men in a block, where we had to sleep at night and could also relieve ourselves, wash, shower, etc. but at night it was very cold, because it was the end of November and beginning of December. Roll call at 4 o'clock in the morning we got up, dressed and at 5 o'clock we lined up on the large square in front. Then we stood still and this was repeated until it was more or less militarily perfect. Once in the evening it was about 3-4 hours, because it apparently didn't work properly and the supreme S.S.Sturmbannführer had it repeated over and over again at 20° Celsius below 0°, he always said that you stood still, like a goat shit on corrugated iron and always shone the moving searchlights in all directions from the watchtowers, where always 2 men of S.S. stood guard with built-in movable machine guns. An imposing sight but not overly reassuring for us protective custody prisoners; during the day we had to march, compete, do free exercises, especially squats and

that for up to 3 hours, who had not pressed the cross well enough, got one or more with his foot on the buttocks, if the supervisor or men of a somewhat nobler character, you only got slaps in the face.

9)

At noon you could get food, but not very much, because the camp was not prepared for this mass of people. The food was simple, but so far edible; coffee with Komißbrot in the morning, lunch, sausage, salted herring or cheese in the evening. On the first Saturday the rabbis and cantors were called, already in the morning early, very pleased about it, because they believed they were allowed to keep their Sabbath, but, what a mistake, they had to clean the latrine, and do other dirty work.

One day while doing squats, General von Epp came to the inspection and watched how we got one in the back from time to time while doing squats. As chance would have it, he then saw how a former captain (Jewish) got one from an SS man, and after this captain had served under him in the First World War and even that the Iron Cross, 1st and 2nd Order and even Bravery Medal and other distinctions had the SS man, and this captain came out of the Dachau camp after a few days, I don't know more about him, because I have to stay in there for some time. Almost every day one or the other was called to the office

10)

where he was then advised to sell his business, factory, or other property, such as automobiles, houses, etc., at a shameful price to the gentlemen of the Nazi Party, in order to shorten his stay in Dachau somewhat.

Well, I came home after 6 weeks of vacation in Dachau (where I learned that our business in Göppingen had been sold by my father so that I could come home again).

Before our departure from Dachau, an SS leader gave us rules of conduct, namely: "Emigrate as quickly as possible, otherwise you will come back to Dachau", "Don't tell anyone you know anything about your holiday stay, otherwise you will come back to Dachau." "But if you have emigrated abroad, then you can tell it calmly, because they know that the Jews only tell atrocity tales" and from now on you have to report to the police every day. We also each received a Jewish card. At the time of the Jewish star, thank God, I was no longer in Germany, because I emigrated with the ship Königstein with other Jews, mostly from Austria (especially Vienna.

11)

and this was only possible because my sister, who was already living in New York at that time (emigrated earlier like me), paid for the trip, as well as the landing fee in U.S.A. dollars, because in the German market it was no longer accepted, I emigrated with 2 suitcases.

My journey on the ship, as well as my first time in Venezuela, are a thick novel, perhaps even longer than what has been told so far, but I will write this down another time, if you wish.

You can write all this under my name if you want, but please do not change anything, nor omit anything, because in this case I would prosecute you in court.

Should this factual report bring economic advantages for you, for example book publishing, illustrated newspaper, cinema, etc., I would have to reserve a share of the income with 70% of the income.

Awaiting your expectation

I draw with

Yours sincerely,

Justin Heumann