

A War Story

Hitler's Europe tore me from my wife's side. Would I ever see her again?

By Kurt Weishaupt
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As a German Jew, I knew I had to flee when the Nazis came to power. So in 1935, I leaped at the opportunity for a job transfer to Milan, Italy. My fiancée, Trude, followed me, and we were married there.

Soon we had to move again, this time to Nice, France. In September 1939, war exploded in Europe, and I was interned in a concentration camp. Trude was ill so she escaped internment, at least for the moment. As I was taken away, I slipped her the name and address of a business associate in Marseilles, Mr. Biechele. "We will communicate through him," I said.

After 11 months in the camp, I was supposed to be moved to North Africa to build a railroad. On the train, however, some of the other prisoners and I were able to jump out of the car near the Spanish border. Dodging machine-gun fire, we leaped into a river and swam to safety. During the next three weeks, I made my way to Marseilles. Finally I showed up on Mr. Biechele's doorstep, desperate for some news of my wife.

"Have you heard from Trude?" I asked.

"Not once in all this time," he said.

She didn't make it... My heart heavy, I prepared to leave.

Just then, there was a sharp knock at the door. *The authorities!*

Fortunately, it wasn't. It was the postman. He handed Mr. Biechele a postcard—from Trude!

She was in Carcassonne, a town I had passed through on my way to Marseilles. I phoned her, and two days later she joined me. God was ready to take us to America on the next step of our new life together.