

# Harry Todtenkopf



**A FAMILY HISTORY**

Harry Todtenkopf was born on December 8, 1907 in Gross Konarzyn, Germany, which at the time was part of the Danzig Corridor and became part of Poland after WWI, in accordance with the terms of the Versailles Peace Treaty (1918). Harry Todtenkopf married Gerda Kleinmann on November 8, 1938. On November 11, 1938 — that is, the morning after "Kristallnacht" — they left Berlin where they had been spending their honeymoon and rushed to Storkow in the Mark (near Lake Scharmuetzel), where Harry's parents lived and had their business.

Harry's only sister Anneliese and her husband Walter Leyde who had made their home in Berlin, arrived in Storkow at the same time. The family's store was damaged that night, as were all Jewish stores, and shortly after Harry's arrival the police came to arrest him as well as his father. At that point, Walter Leyde asked the officers whether they would take him instead of his father-in-law. This they did, because they had gone to school with Harry and were greatly embarrassed about the whole situation. Harry and Walter were taken to Sachsenhausen, where Harry spent five weeks and Walter three months.

Harry's and Gerda's children, Norbert and Bela, were born in Shanghai and both now live in the United States. Harry Todtenkopf passed away in New York on September 1, 1985. He is survived by his wife Gerda, his two children Norbert and Bela, his six grandchildren: Norbert's children Tanya, Mark, Michael and Alan, and Bela's children Ralph Rosenbaum and Jeanette Salomon, nee Rosenbaum, and two great grandchildren: Nicolle and Daniel. All of Norbert's children and Ralph Rosenbaum live in the United States, while Jeanette and her husband William Salomon and their two children Nicolle and Daniel live in Santiago de Chile, South America.

## I: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

by Harry Todtenkopf

### 1. Origins and Migrations.

This is the story of our family, its migrations and various attempts at settling down.

Let us start with my grandparents. Louis Todtenkopf and Henriette Neumann were born in a very small village in Eastern Germany, as were my parents and myself.

At the time when I was born, we were the only Jewish family there. Once a week the kosher meat was brought by horse and buggy from the next town. That is also where we went to synagogue on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur.

My grandparents, and my parents after them, owned a country store. The farmers from all around would come regularly to buy whatever they needed. Our neighbours were either of German or of Polish descent, all Gentiles. Our family had been known for generations and there had been no antisemitism. When we were children, we used to be invited to the holidays of our Gentile neighbours, and they would come to share ours.

After the First World War our village was ceded to Poland and many of our friends and neighbours left to live in Germany. My father was one of those who felt it would be better to move to Germany rather than stay as strangers in Poland.

We moved about 600 miles to the West, to Storkow in the Mark, a small town near Berlin, where my father opened a small department store. I went to high school there and after that went to business school. It was the custom at the time that a son, entering his father's business, went to work for some larger competitor in the field, to learn the business. I had been working for six years in two different firms when my father invited me to join him as his partner. We were very successful in our business and we experienced little antisemitism in this part of Germany, even after Hitler had come to power in 1933. We were financially sound and never had any difficulties in obtaining merchandise or bank loans if we wanted them. We owned the house in which our business was located and we had a house with a very large garden for our residence.

Ours was a very small Jewish community and the synagogue remained closed at all times. We did not observe the ritual laws. On Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur the business remained closed and we went to Berlin to attend services.

All this changed on November 10, 1938 — Kristallnacht (Crystal Night) — when the synagogues and Jewish businesses were destroyed.

I had gotten married two days before this event, and we were on our honeymoon when it all happened. Together with other Jewish men, I was arrested — without any reason given — and sent to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. My wife was able to obtain my release by going personally to the Secret Police (GESTAPO). After having spent five very hard weeks in the concentration camp, I was freed under the condition that we leave Germany at once, each one with DM 10 in the pocket. By one of those strange coincidences, the Rabbi who had officiated at our wedding just a few days earlier was also with me in the concentration camp. So was my brother-in-law, Danny's grandfather, who had been arrested at the same time.

Being under heavy pressure by the police to leave the country, there was only one place where we could find refuge in a hurry, and that was Shanghai, China. Practically all other countries had closed their doors and were not willing to grant entry permits to Jews.

We arrived in Shanghai by boat on March 20, 1939. At the time my father-in-law lived in the United States and he was able to obtain for us US \$400. It was — without any reservations — this money which saved our lives during the eight years and six months we would have to remain in Shanghai. Together with about 17,000 other refugees, we lived in isolation from the rest of the world throughout the Second World War.

## **2. Shanghai, 1939 - 1947**

Thanks to the aforementioned \$400, I was able to go into partnership with a real estate broker. This in turn made it possible for me to obtain visas for my parents and my mother-in-law to come to Shanghai, which saved their lives.

Our two children were born in Shanghai.

My mother died one year after she joined us.

Four years after I had joined the brokerage firm, the business was no longer profitable, but my partner and I were able to open a restaurant in the English sector of downtown Shanghai. We had the support of some friends who loaned us money. We were able to repay the loan within just one year, and better times seemed to be ahead for us.

I want to comment here on what was indeed a strange experience for us when, as new arrivals, we entered the Municipal Park in Shanghai and saw there a sign: "Chinese and Dogs not allowed."

In Germany the same kind of signs had been keeping out Jews. One and the other version was to prove fatal to the respective government.

Then Japan and the United States went to war and Shanghai was occupied by the Japanese.

Shortly thereafter, the Japanese Military Occupation Forces issued a proclamation: Under pressure from their allies, the German government, they confiscated our businesses and forced us to move into a certain designated area (ghetto) which we were allowed to leave only with a special pass.

For nearly four years we — the four of us — lived in a Chinese house, in a room that measured four yards by six yards. No bath, no toilet, no kitchen. Hot water was usually bought by the gallon from a street vendor. It was terribly hot in the summer, cold in the winter, and rats, bugs, and whatever other vermin, were our permanent houseguests. We were often sick and those years have affected our health unto this day.

We were all afraid of the Japanese soldiers, but the Chinese tried to help us whenever they could. My landlord introduced me to some of his friends who were coal merchants. This made it possible for us to sell heating material to other refugees and to the several kitchens the Joint Distribution Committee maintained for the many thousands who could not support themselves. For there were those who did not even have a small room like ours to themselves, but were housed in large communal dormitories.

Some time before the end of the war in the Pacific, we were bombed out by American aircraft.

Our ghetto was located in a factory district which the Japanese used for making ammunition, and that is how we too became a target. All our possessions were destroyed, but we all survived. Many Jews and many Chinese lost their lives in this raid. From this day on and until the end of the war, our home was a school building, where we lived together with many other families who had been bombed out.

After the surrender of the Japanese we were again free to leave the ghetto. The Americans who had liberated us provided us with housing, clothing, food, and whatever other necessities. The UNRRA which took over from the JOINT also helped us later with the arrangements for transportation and for identification papers which we needed for our exodus from China.

By the end of the Japanese occupation, more than 4,000 of us 17,000 refugees had died from typhoid fever, infections, bombings, etc.

In January of 1947 we boarded an American troop carrier to San Francisco. There we had to wait five weeks for our plane to Chile, during which time we received the best care from JOINT and HIAS.

### **3. Chile 1947 - 1963**

My brother-in-law and my sister had left Germany via England and had gone to Chile in 1939, where they made their home in Santiago. With their help, my father and my family obtained permission to immigrate to Chile when we left Shanghai.

Upon arrival in Chile, we first had to learn Spanish. Our children went to Hebrew school and later attended high school, without encountering any prejudice or antisemitism.

With a loan from my brother-in-law, I opened a restaurant in a residential district and operated it successfully for eight years. Then the building was demolished and I had to make a new start.

By that time I had become known in the community and had no difficulties in obtaining sufficient credit to start my own business, selling jewelry, watches, radios, etc., a business in which I had to grant lengthy credits to my customers.

We had a good life. We lived in a nice apartment, were members of the synagogue, the Lodge, etc., and were surrounded by relatives and many friends.

Another seven years elapsed, and the inflation in Chile made the sale of valuable merchandise on credit no longer profitable. The rumors were increasing that the next government would be one hundred percent Communist.

I decided to liquidate and to make another attempt at entering the United States and becoming a permanent resident there. Friends from Germany whom I had known for thirty years and who had immigrated to the United States promised to help me in this move.

### **4. United States 1963 -**

We came to this country and we have never had any regrets. Shortly after our arrival here, we were joined by our children and their families.

My first year here I worked as a salesman for a dry goods firm in Lynbrook, Long Island. The owner of the firm was my friend from Germany. After one year, I obtained a job as representative for a jewelry manufacturer for whom I have been working ever since, at present part time.

I should mention that several years ago the West German government started to compensate us in part for the loss of our business and our belongings. We are receiving a monthly pension which makes our lives now much easier than they would otherwise be.

Still, there will always remain the memory of the many of our relatives and friends who died in concentration camps.

## II: A LETTER TO MY BROTHERS\*

My dear Brothers,

First of all, I would like to warn you; I shall disappoint all those who expect from me a learned treatise about Chinese culture and the various Dynasties.

When we reached Shanghai in the beginning of 1939, we had not the slightest interest in those matters, and when someone would mention that the culture of China was thousands of years old, there was inevitably someone else who — having the rather primitive hygienic conditions in mind — would remark that it hadn't developed in all those thousands of years.

Contrary to the general assumption, Shanghai is not a sea port; it is situated at the shores of a very wide river, the Yangtse, from which the Wangpoo branches off. The latter divides the city of Shanghai into two parts. Thus the moist tropical summer heat does not cool off at all and the climate becomes unbearable.

One of the first impressions which struck us when we arrived there, was the sight of the coolies; between two of them, they carry loads of up to 600 lbs. on their shoulders, and they lug such loads over considerable distances, at a fast trot. The rhythmic sounds they produce could be taken for singing; they are, however, meant to coordinate their movements and thus distribute the weight evenly.

At the time of our arrival, the entire city consisted of so-called Settlements, which were strictly separated as to their administration. There were five distinct precincts: the English, the French, the American, the Japanese, and the Chinese sections, each one with its respective police and with some military presence in the uniform of the country of origin. No Chinese policeman or civil servant had any kind of sole authority with respect to a foreigner.

The English sector was the center, consisting only of banks and hotels, stores and offices, but no residential housing or movie theatres. The residential and entertainment areas — serving the upper European and the rich Chinese populations — were situated in the French and American sectors at the other end of town. For refugees like us the rentals there were out of reach. We were glad that we were able to rent a small room — 12 square meters — in Hongkew, and did not have to resort to communal housing. Hongkew is on the other side of the bridge, had formerly been Chinese, and had been conquered and completely destroyed by the Japanese shortly before we came. Japanese guards were posted on the bridge and every Chinese had to bow before them, every vehicle had to stop and wait for permission to proceed. Once, when the Chinese driver of a bus started one second too early — in the opinion of the guard — the latter grabbed his rifle, discharged it into the crowded bus, and killed one of the refugees.

This sector was being rebuilt, somehow primitively, by poor Chinese and by Russian and German refugees. A family would have one room, usually without kitchen, bath, or toilet. The lack of toilets was altogether the biggest problem and the cause of a great deal of disease and of the staggering mortality among the immigrants: about 33%. The Chinese — even the rich ones — would often not use toilets even when available: their contribution to agriculture.

---

\* Text of a speech given by Harry Todtenkopf for the members of the Odd Fellow Lodge in Santiago, Chile, during the 1950's.

The cooking was done on a small open stove without exhaust, the fuel used were so-called coal-eggs, which consisted of coal dust mixed with mud and which had to be fanned continuously. On each block, though, there were hot-water stores, where they sold boiling water by the liter. Our women would stand in line there early in the morning to get their scoopful poured into the tea kettle, since it took hours to get the one pot for the daily midday meal to come to a boil on this little stove.

We were among the more than 20,000 refugees who arrived in Shanghai within a short time. Some had money, and I was able to join an already established brokerage house dealing in apartments and houses. I became the third partner in the business. In China land cannot be bought and sold, only leased; usually for 30 years and, if I am not mistaken, never for more than 99 years. We had a Chinese employee and in the beginning we would look for properties in Chinese newspapers by having him translate the ads. Sometimes mishaps would occur, as when he mistakenly translated "garage" as "apartment," and the client showed up in justifiable fury. In time, we built up a good name for ourselves, administered several properties, and had a growing clientele, including Americans and rich Chinese. The German Consulate even rented the rooms right above us for the German School. It gave us very special satisfaction when we received the check for this commission. In this way I was able to support my family during four years, and managed to have my parents and my mother-in-law follow us to Shanghai: The British gave me the permit for their immigration — which by then had become mandatory — because I was able to prove my ability to support them.

In connection with this real estate business we were offered a photographic studio for sale. The owner was a Mr. Willinger from Vienna whom my Odd Fellow brother Timar knew. We offered him a percentage of the turnover in return for the premises, and we decided to open a restaurant there. It was located right in the center — like the Ahumada here\* — and was strictly a day-time operation: we closed every night at 7 p.m., and also Sundays.

When everything was ready and furnished, personnel had to be hired. This is how that is done there:

First, the No. 1 Boy is hired: he is always very dapper and never does anything. He brings along whatever crew is necessary and he is responsible for everything. He also receives from each and every supplier his "Camish" — as it is called there — but one still gets a much better deal than doing the purchasing oneself. He hires and fires entirely on his own authority and if one fails to treat him with the greatest respect — so that God forbid he should lose face — he walks out, and with him the entire crew. This happened to us once, and all our friends and acquaintances had to help out for two days. It really was quite a crisis. This arrangement goes so far that one cannot give anyone any instructions oneself; everything must be conveyed to No. 1 and he then passes on the respective instructions. It's a rather roundabout way of doing things — but it works. I should think that all these customs go back to a time when the European was the absolute master and no Chinese would have dared to address or touch him.

In this connection I want also to mention the famous — or infamous — signs in the parks, which at the beginning of our stay in Shanghai were still in place: DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED.

You can all make yourselves a picture, more or less, of a Chinese street scene as you have seen it in

\* i.e. in Santiago

the movies. But these teeming crowds of humanity, these colorful advertising banners, with music blaring full-blast from amplifiers in front of every store, all this is impossible to describe adequately. One peculiarity which immediately strikes a newcomer is that each street represents a specific trade: fabrics can be bought only on Nanking Road, shoes on Peking Road, etc., with one store right next to the other. Each store was crammed full of goods, and whatever there was on display had been paid for in cash and was also being sold for cash. There was no such thing as a wholesale store: on the contrary, it could happen that the seller would raise his price for larger quantities. Bargaining was going on with great relish and the last limit was reached only when the seller would wiggle his index finger. There was no such thing as to walk out at this point and come back later: then it would cost three times as much; the seller would simply be no longer in the mood.

The so-called signboards also took some getting used to: The Chinese dentist, for instance, displayed in his shop window a large pile of pulled teeth, and the gynecologist exhibited a big glass jar with an embryo in alcohol — or else a replica; in any case — it was so gruesome a sight, one had to avert one's eyes.

Another custom which was hard for us to get used to was the hiring of women as mourners, to weep when somebody had died. They were always eager to give good value for the money they received, and yelled so terribly that it was impossible to close an eye at night if you lived anywhere in the vicinity. When you noticed that fake currency bills were being burned in front of a house in the neighborhood, then you knew what to expect at night.

It is, of course, general knowledge that Chinese children have great respect for and honor their parents. On the other hand, at the time we arrived, parents still did not value their female children and sometimes dressed little boys as girls, with ribbons in their hair, so that the Gods should not get jealous and take one of their boys. When a girl of a poor family died, she would be wrapped into a parcel and placed in the street — as it also happened with beggars and coolies — and often it would take days until the black handcart that was always patrolling the streets would pick her up. Thus the greatest wealth and the most abject poverty were living next to each other, but not together.

Business connections with the Chinese were mainly built on trust and one had to be introduced into the right circles. You must keep in mind that we would get checks we could not read, so that one could not stop worrying until they were actually honored by the bank. The customary signature was a tiny square stamp which every Chinese merchant carried in his pocket together with an ink-pad. The fine nuances of color attested to its authenticity.

On December 8, 1941\* we were awakened early in the morning by the sound of gun fire. It happened to be my birthday, but since we could hardly assume this to be the occasion, we were much upset. Also, on the day of Pearl Harbor, the Japanese in Shanghai crossed the bridge, placed the Settlements under military occupation, and extended their control over all of Shanghai. On the river which, as mentioned before, traverses the city, two gun boats had always been present: one American and one British boat, as symbols of protection for their citizens. The Japanese fleet which until then had been stationed outside, now entered the river and, with its far superior forces, immediately opened fire. The Americans surrendered without a fight, while the British returned fire until their boat went down.

As mentioned previously, we had a restaurant in the center of town, where we served English

\* The attack on Pearl Harbor actually happened on December 7, but in Shanghai it was already the 8th.

style food — until one morning when I arrived there and found it surrounded by Japanese soldiers.

Upon request of the German authorities, all Europeans who had lost their citizenship — the so-called stateless refugees — were ordered to move to an assigned area which then became a ghetto: no one was allowed to leave without a permit from the Japanese authorities — a permit that was hardly ever issued.

We lived in the most primitive kind of housing, together with the poor Chinese population, for three and a half years. Everybody was supposed to provide for himself with respect to food and clothing, but those who were not able to do that had the option of living in a kind of hostel, sharing a room with thirty or more people. Bread was also distributed to whoever was in need, and one simple meal a day.

When we moved into this area, I again joined forces with my friend and partner and we started a coal delivery business, supplying refugees and to a certain extent also the communal kitchens.

It may be of interest to relate here two incidents which shed light on the Chinese mentality and the usages of their merchants.

It was a wide-spread custom in Shanghai to heat with so-called Waska stones, which consisted of compressed coal dust, were supposed to burn for twelve hours, and were used in specially designed ovens. We sold these stones in the summer for delivery in winter and were, as it was the custom, paid at the time the order was received. The manufacturer — Chinese, of course — had his factory outside the ghetto — that is, in an area where we were not allowed to go. Rather, he came to see us once a week, picked up the orders that had come in, and received from us the money for the merchandise. He jotted everything down in his little notebook and it would have been out of the question to ask for a receipt: A word was a word and nobody dealt in any other way. That year inflation was rampant and coal went up to about three times the price quoted at the time of the first orders. Suddenly, towards the end of the summer, we read in the papers that the manufacture of these stones was to be forbidden for reasons of wartime economy. However, our supplier made no use of this opportunity to return the devaluated money; rather, he began on that very day with his deliveries and within fourteen days he no longer owed us anything. The law was never enacted.

Another Chinese who lived in the same area was our source for coal. Since coal was scarce and expensive, it was being "stretched" with rocks which were broken in pieces, rolled in coal dust, and added to the delivery. Then we picked out the stones — or at least part of them — and sold the stuff at a slightly higher price to compensate for the loss. Toward the end of the season, I happened to mention to our supplier, how many stones had accumulated on our premises during the year. The man asked for the stones to be returned to him — it came to just short of a ton — had them placed on scales, and delivered to us the exact weight in coal.

In contrast to these solid merchants who only agreed to supply people who had been introduced to them by other well reputed Chinese, here is a story about quite a different kind of business:

In all English speaking countries the expression "to shanghai" carries the connotation of some very unsavory practices. What follows is a sample of such, which happened in the first year after our arrival, when we still had our real estate agency.

A Mr. M. from Belgium had taken a lease on large business premises. There was a large and

impressive front room, from which six smaller rooms fanned out, which were sublet to various smaller firms as independent offices. The outsider would get the impression of dealing here with an important firm. For a short time we had rented an office in such a pigeon hole. The front room was always full of elegant Chinese in flowing robes who actually never did anything. Big blackboards were hung on the walls, on which one could read that M.S. Chung Cha would lift anchor on September 8, and underneath there were all sort of Chinese hieroglyphs. Two such ships were to sail in different directions. Shortly before September 8, the date was pushed back by a month; we used to play guessing games, which forthcoming sailing dates would be chalked up for the two phantom ships. This went on for several months, until one day a different set of Chinese were sitting in the office. Soon thereafter there appeared hordes of indignant Chinese with all their belongings: they had no intention of leaving the premises; they had paid for their return trip to the interior, had waited patiently for their departure with that patience which is proverbial for the Chinese, and had only just realised that they had become the victims of fraud. Behind all this, of course, was the Belgian gentleman, but nothing happened to him. He was a Belgian citizen, responsible only to his Consulate, and he had seen to it that nothing could be brought up against him there. The salient point of the story, however, is this: the Chinese do not know the concept of fraud. They shrug and say, admiringly, "more clever." What we call fraud is simply superior cunning to them.

Some other details about the Chinese way of doing business:

Upon entering an office, or the premises of a Chinese barber, one was immediately offered a cup of tea and cigarettes. A hair-cut included a shoe shine — no extra charge. When one entered the house of a poor Chinese, hot water was served instead of tea, but you could not possibly refuse it. The most difficult calculations were performed with a few balls; I never found out how they did it. And they are all as playful as children. They are especially fond of the game of Mah-Jong — a kind of draughts or checkers — at which large sums are won and lost.

The most terrible day of that period came shortly before the end of the war: it was the day of the American bombing raid. The Japanese had placed us in a part of the city where every third house contained a small munitions factory. Besides, there was also the broadcasting station which transmitted all shipping traffic. They figured, it seems, that by placing the ghetto in this sector, it would be spared by the American bombers. The broadcasting station was the foremost reason why the Americans could not or would not take this into consideration. So, one day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, our shacks became targets for the bombers. Everything collapsed, there were many dead and injured among us and among the Chinese. Our family too lost its home, and by sheer miracle our little boy who was an infant at the time escaped being buried in his crib under the tumbling walls. We were among some 500 refugees who had been bombed out. We all moved into dormitories in a school building, and that is where we stayed until the end of the war.

At long last peace came. For us too it was a deliverance. A huge American plane flew over our camp, we ran into the school yard. The plane returned once more, flew very low above us, and showered us with fliers promising us that we would be liberated within a few days. We later found our children under the beds, where they were hiding in fear of air raids.

We stayed on in Shanghai for close to a year after the end of the war. From the very first day on we refugees were supplied with foodstuffs by the Americans. This help was given free of charge,

most generously, and everything was of excellent quality. After all these years we again had butter and cheese and many things which our children had never known. The "cow" of China is the soy bean, of which milk is made — and that's how it tastes! And the buffalo substitutes for beef.

I am frequently being asked about the political situation in those days, for this was precisely the time when, after the end of the world war, Chiang-Kai-Check fought the Communist movement in his country — or rather, pretended to fight it. I am no friend of Chiang-Kai-Check's: for us Jews in Shanghai he was a bitter disappointment. Immediately after the liberation, our Jewish community received a cordial congratulatory telegram which contained assurances that we would be compensated for all the losses and all the suffering we had endured. But it soon became evident that no one could expect anything from that quarter. All those Chinese who had collaborated with the Japanese were able to buy their release by paying something to Chiang or his people, and they were allowed to keep all assets acquired during the war, without having to pay compensation to the former owners. Our claims found no ear anywhere. We never got our restaurant back. It was as if we were being robbed a second time.

As is well known, Chiang-Kai-Check received very extensive support from the United States in his alleged fight against communism. The reality was such that war material sent to him was loaded directly onto the communist ships which were lying next to his. Every child knew what was going on, and to this day I cannot understand why the United States did not intervene. Perhaps this had something to do with the general situation after the war, when planes were being burnt and a ship's crew tried, if possible, to sell everything on board and the ship too.

We knew for a fact that democracy in China was a lost cause, and so did the many who made as quick as possible an exit from Shanghai and from the other places which were still free.

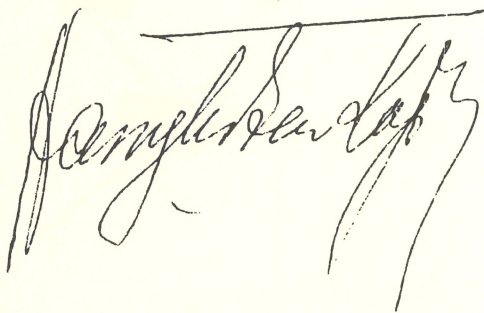
Most of the data which go back to the year 1780 have been left to us by our father, Felix Todtenkopf, who was born March 3, 1879 in Gross Konarzyn, Kreis Schlochau, West Prussia, Germany. He died January 3, 1958 in Santiago de Chile. Our mother was born in Gross Konarzyn, and died in January 1942 in Shanghai (China), where we had to flee to save ourselves from the Holocaust in Germany.

We, Harry and Anneliese, their children, were also born in Konarzyn. Harry's children were born in Shanghai. Of Anneliese's daughters, Hella\* was born in Berlin, Germany, Susan in Santiago de Chile.

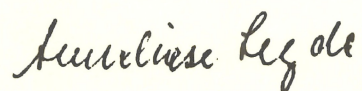
The family Todtenkopf came from Zempelburg and the Neumann family — according to what we remember — from Schlochau, both in West Prussia.

We hope that in years to come there will always be somebody in our family to remember and continue what our father initiated.

Harry Todtenkopf

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Harry Todtenkopf". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the printed name.

Anneliese Leyde

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Anneliese Leyde". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the printed name.

\*HELGA