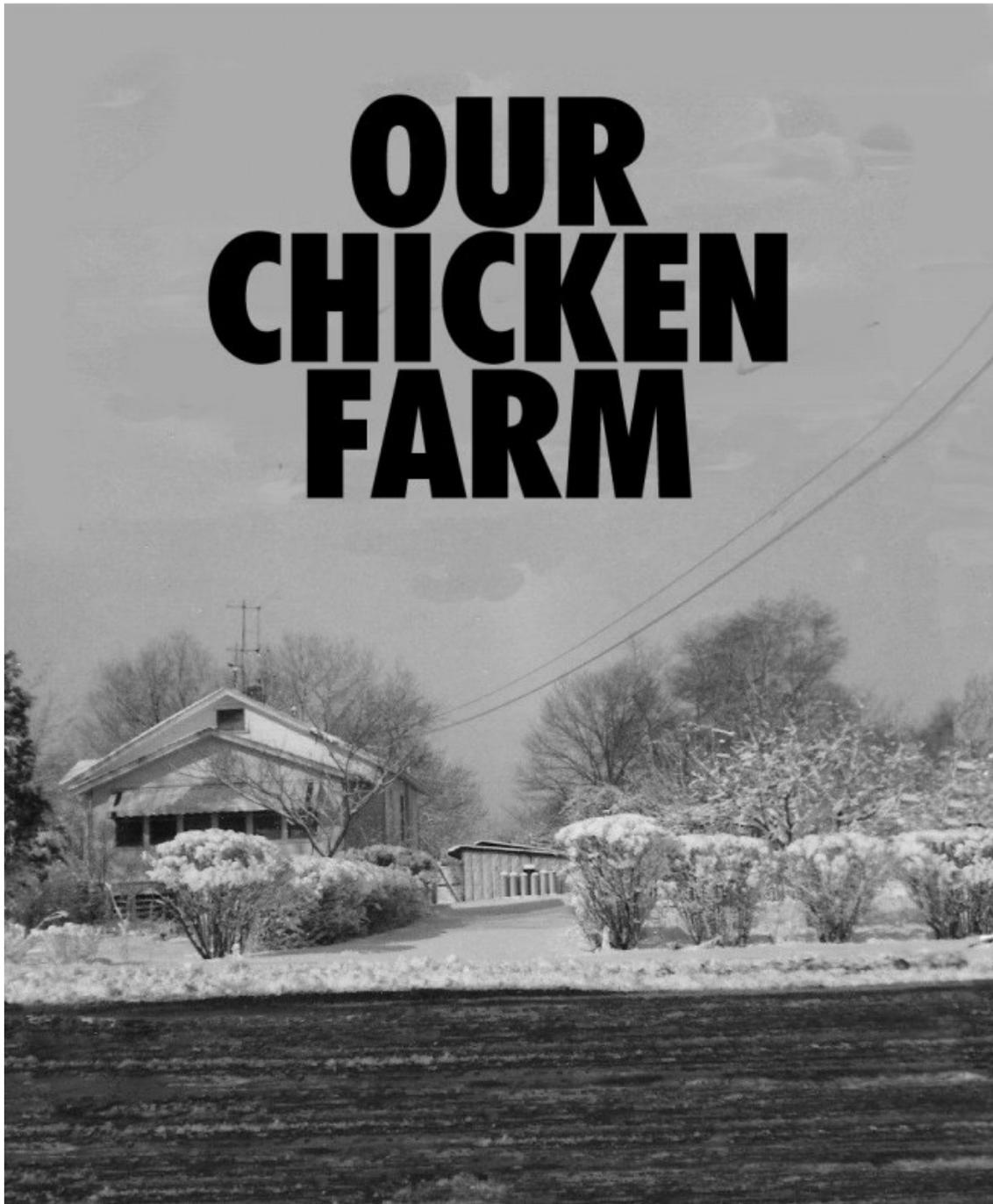


rijo research 2.0

Don't let the
bastards
grind you down



OUR CHICKEN FARM



The lives of Bernhard and Reta Kolb after their emigration to the U.S.

by
Herbert Kolb

January 3rd, 1947. Finally after four months in emigration camps in Munich and Bremen we received the announcement to board a ship, the *Ernie Pyle*. It was just a troop transporter, but the main thing was, it would take us away from Germany. After a pretty rough voyage, most of the 2,000 emigrants were seasick. We arrived in the New York harbor in the evening of January 17th, 1947.

We were met at the pier by a cousin of my mother and Aunt Thea (Weinschenk), the only surviving sister of my mother. The first night in the United States we stayed with Max and Cilly Laemmle in Queens. The next morning Aunt Thea, who had come especially to New York, went with us to Pennsylvania Station, where we took the train to Philadelphia. Naturally, she had to pay for our tickets, because we were penniless.

We arrived in Philadelphia just around lunchtime, where she brought us into the restaurant for a light lunch. Again she had to pay for it. I don't remember what I had, but for the first time I saw beer in a can. My father and I had one, but I could not finish mine and gave it to my father.

On Saturday, January 18th, 1947 we arrived at the bus terminal in Vineland, which is in the middle of town. We loaded our little belongings, just one suitcase, into a taxi and went to the Weinschenks farm on North Orchard Road. Thea was telling us on the bus, that their house was a small bungalow. We imagined it to be a small hut. After all, we never heard of a bungalow before.



Willy just came out of one of the chicken coops and greeted us. They showed us their house; we were very surprised as it was not a shed, but a nice size ranch style house. It had a living room, two small bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. It looked very comfortable for two people. To us it looked like a villa. My parents were told they get the second bedroom and for me they had a bed made on a couch on the porch. Even this seemed a luxury apartment to me.

We only stayed inside a couple of minutes, as Willy wanted to show us his chicken farm. We were amazed, as we pictured it all very small, with only a couple of chickens. There were two very long buildings standing on a large property. From a distance one already heard the cackling of the chickens. In each of the rooms in this coop were about 200 white leghorn birds. We went from coop to coop and could not understand, that this was, as Willy said, a "small farm".



Walking back towards the house we met *Nosy*, their favorite cat. She had a splint on one of her back legs, as she had broken a leg shortly before. A little black dog came running towards us, and I was told that they got it for me. They imagined me still as a little boy, as they also presented me with a white rabbit. I called it *Ali*.



Thea went with us into the chicken coops and showed us around, how she fed the chickens and how to collect eggs.

The same Saturday afternoon Thea walked with me back to town. Naturally we did not

take a taxi, that was too expensive. She had gotten me a job in the small display manufacturing place of Von Reuther on Sixth Street. My new boss, a former German aristocrat, wanted to see me. On the way there, Thea bought me a pound of bananas. I believe it cost about 10 cents and I was surprised how cheap this was. I am sure I neither saw nor ate any of those for very many years. People said, Mr. Von Reuther, my new boss, was a Nazi sympathizer, but I am not sure about that. He was happy to have found somebody he could talk German to, as neither his wife nor his children understood it. I preferred to speak English, as I wanted to learn the language. But to get a job right away, I could not complain. He promised a weekly salary of 10.00 dollars, which I thought was a good pay, as I had no idea about how much that was and I believe, I was satisfied.



Only once during the six months I worked for him we had a disagreement. He said and I do not know, what brought it up: "If one scratches on a Russian, a Cossack appears!" I could not help and answered: "And if you scratch on a German a Vandal appears!" I believe this was the only political discussion we ever had.



When both of us came back to the farm I was asked to shovel cinder into one of the not quite finished chicken coops, as the next day somebody was putting cement for the floor down. I remember, I was getting warm from shoveling and one by one I took off my jacket, sweater and finally my shirt and undershirt. I could not believe it! This was in the middle of January and I was working there with a bare chest. I also did some repair work later.

Later on that day we got introduced to Mr. David and Mrs. Klara Maier. They were the closest neighbors, having a chicken farm right across North Orchard Road from the Weinschenks.

That same Saturday afternoon came the first local Jewish visitors, who had heard we had arrived and wanted to welcome the three of us, the only survivors from the Holocaust. Mrs. Ladenburger came with her daughter Ruth. Ruth was a good looking girl about one or two years younger than I. Mrs. Ladenburger remembered my mother, as both lived as young girls in a particular house in the Hochstraße in Nuremberg, which both women called the *Stift* (foundation). We found out, that this was a place where young Jewish girls could live and eat, like in a pension. Mrs. Ladenburger was quite obvious, that she wanted her daughter to get married and advertised her to my mother as a very good girl who works in an office and already had saved a certain amount of money. Ruth did not show any interest in me, and I had other things than marriage on my mind. I also was not interested in her. I had a very limited knowledge of English, which I learned almost ten years before in high school, and understood at that time very little. Ruth, also born in Germany, could speak both languages fluently, but insisted on only speaking English. We both were not very impressed by each other and even if Mrs. Ladenburger hoped for an immediate engagement, it did not come about. Mrs. Ladenburger never gave up on seeing me as her future son-in-law, and even many years later after I as well as her daughter were married, she still was my fan. Whenever she saw me she came embracing me, and at the same time ignored my wife completely.

Ruth had a car and used to pick me up to bring me to meetings of the Jewish Youth Group. I am sure, her mother made her. Even at that time she hardly spoke one word to me. She was a snob and only talked about what other people did or were. More about the youth group later.

The next day on Sunday I worked with my father erecting a fence. Also Willy wanted me to do something for one of the coops. Willy had all the tools one needed on a farm, but he never used one and rather hired somebody to fix things. He was very particular about everything on the farm.



Monday morning, on January 20th, 1947, I rode Willy's old bicycle to my place of employment on South Sixth Street in Vineland. This was the start of a new life in a free country. My boss wanted me to work also on Saturday, but this I did not accept, because Willy needed me on the farm. For designing and woodworking which I did there for at least eight hours each day, Mr. Von Reuther got his money worth, even in the five days I worked for him.



From the first day on my mother was taking over the kitchen, as Thea was working as a seamstress in a men's suit factory in town. She also helped Willy on the farm with the chickens. When I came home from work in the evening as well as on weekends, there were always lots of things to be fixed. I was occupied on the farm with building or repairing all kind of things. I remember that I built a small house for ducks right next to the little brook that bordered the Weinschenks' farm. The fence around this duck enclosure

was going into the center of the brook.

A very short time later, my mother got a job as a maid and cook for a doctor, a veterinarian, who was very involved with research of medication for chickens. I forgot his name.

It did not take very long until my father could not take Willy's erratic moods any longer and wanted to move out of the Weinschenks' house. Willy would suddenly get into a rage for no particular reason, and no one could reason with him. He acted like a stubborn child, talked constantly the same irrational words and if one tried to soothe him, he got worse, if he did not get his way. Sometimes what he was arguing about was quite ridiculous, and then he played sick and went to bed. At other times and that could be a couple of hours later, he was sweetness himself and could not do enough for you. Thea treated him like a child, gave in to everything, which did not do a bit of good, as he kept on talking the same irrational words over and over again. He did not listen to any reasoning. My mother also catered to him.

Mr. George Miller was a good friend of the Weinschenks who lived just a couple of houses away on North Orchard Road. He was the foreman in the clothing factory of Shapiro. Every morning he picked Thea up and took her with his car to work, and in the evening brought her home the same way. He knew and understood how my father felt. He and his wife used to have chickens too, and as their farm was not being used their coops were standing empty. He told my father, if he too would like to start a farm one of these days, he could use his coops in the meantime and start there with a couple of hundred chickens. My father liked the idea, as he wanted to get out of Weinschenks' farm as his tolerance was at a breaking point.

Willy played the boss which he was, but my father was treated just as an unpaid helper. My father suggested to my mother and me, that it might be best for us to move into Mr. Miller's chicken coop. My mother and I were against his idea, not only as it was still winter and the coop was not heated, after we were housed for two years in Theresienstadt in similar living quarters, there was no way we would go along with his idea.

Luckily the situation changed very soon by itself. Mr. Miller asked my father one morning, if he would like to have a job in the factory. He would have to work from 5:00 p.m. until 7:00 a.m. the next morning as a night watchman floor boy. This was not a job to just sit there, but he would have to sweep two of the factory's floors and every hour on the hour to make the rounds punching clocks all over these two floors, maybe at 10 different places. My father accepted without thinking twice and Mr. Miller took him right away along, to show him around. Not only did he not have to work with Willy anymore, he even made a couple of dollars himself.

Every day from March 1947 until January 1948 he rode his bicycle in the afternoon the three miles into town. My father's bicycle also had a special history. He had gotten a brand new bicycle in Nuremberg after the war. Before we went to Munich as our emigration started, he made arrangements with somebody who lived in Nuremberg, that he was giving his bicycle to that person who had relatives in the USA. The relatives would in exchange give a bicycle to my father. This seemed like a very good deal, as it was impossible to take a bicycle along on the ship and it would be impossible to buy one. I believe, these people lived in Philadelphia and my father got a very old bicycle from them. - But it was a bicycle.

Social life in Vineland was pretty boring. About once a month I was being picked up and brought to a meeting of the Jewish youth group. I somehow became involved with illustration for their bulletin; I do not remember any details. My introduction to this group was quite unusual.

It must have been very early just after we came to Vineland and still lived with the Weinschenks. On one evening, we just had finished supper, a very beautiful young girl came to the house by car and introduced herself as Hedy Breslauer, the daughter of one of the Jewish chicken farmers. She was born in Germany, too, and the family had immigrated sometime before the war. Because of her German background, and as she spoke the language too, she said, she was told to pick me up and bring me somewhere. Not telling anything else. I spoke some English, but at that time it was helpful if somebody could explain to me in German what somebody else said. With a beautiful young girl like that, I did not hesitate one moment. I was not afraid of being kidnapped and went along. Hedy brought me to the house of another Jewish family, where on that evening the people who worked for the youth group's paper met. She had a boyfriend, but we became good friends, and several times later on when we both had moved to New York, we went together to Vineland to visit our parents.

My parents thought, that both of them were already in an age when it would not be easy to find a job that could feed them, therefore the best thing would be chicken farming. Vineland had a large group of former German-Jewish immigrants, who by now were also in their 60s and 70s. In their free time, together with the Weinschenks, who were the experts, they looked at chicken farms that were on the market.

They had offers of all kind of farms, but as we were still almost completely without cash, the prices of most farms were much too high and therefore out of question. I never went along, as first of all I knew nothing about farming and when I did not work in my regular job I took some freelance work to make a couple of extra dollars. Quite often I was hired by a chicken dealer Mr. Mann, also an immigrant, to catch chickens on a farm where he had bought a couple of hundred and they had to be put into crates. This was a very dirty job and it seems he could not find very many guys who would want to do it. Not only was one scratched all over, one also was covered with dirt.

My parents saw quite a lot of farms, but in most cases my father thought the price was much too high. After all he was already 65 and my mother 55 years old, and they did not know how high a mortgage they could afford. Most of the time they went on weekends or in the evening after work, usually with a real estate dealer.

My father contacted the Jewish Agricultural Society to get an approval, that they would provide funds for us for a farm. This organization lent money to new immigrants who were willing to move to a rural area out of New York. They were willing to provide the money only, if I were listed as a co-owner together with my parents.

On April 8th, 1947 my father wrote to the Jewish Agricultural Society in New York, which was probably not the first letter:

Bernhard Kolb c/o Weinschenk
N.Orchard Rd
Vineland N.J.

April, 8, 1947.

The Jewish Agricultural Society, Inc.
386 Fourth Avenue
New York 16

Sehr geehrte Herren,

unter Bezugnahme/ auf den Besuch Ihrer geehrten Herren Simon und Levine, gestatte ich mir Ihnen eine Angelegenheit zu unterbreiten.

Das Anwesen, Vineland N.Orchard Rd, jenseits der Railroad, in welchem z.Z. Babychicken meine s Schwagers geraist werden, wäre bei schnellem Entschluss zu erwerben. Es besteht aus einem Wohnhaus in der gleichen Grösse, wie das meines Schwagers, Garage und drei Coups mit einer Kapazität von ungefähr 400 Chikken, Grösse $\frac{1}{2}$ Acker. Haus und Coups sind in sehr guter Condition, das Land clear mit etwas Baumbestand. Strassenfront an der Orchard Rd. 170 ft. Als Verkaufspreis sind \$4500 geboten. Wir halten das Objekt für uns geeignet und habe ich mir die Prosperität folgendermassen gedacht :
Vorerst werden wir weiter unseren Arbeitsplatz behalten. Von dem Lohneinkommen rechnen wir monatlich \$40 für Miet, hiervon könnten ohne weiteres Zinsen und Amortisation gedeckt werden. Wir hätten weiter die Absicht uns in der Sommersaison so einzuschränken, dass wir noch mindestens 4 Sommergäste aufnehmen könnten. Sobald die von Weinsch. geraisten Chikken legereif sind, steht uns der von Ihnen eingesehene, einige Hundert Fuss entfernte Coup als Rent zur Verfügung. Für besondere Anschaffungen wären ausser unserer Wohnungseinrichtung keine grossen Aufwendungen zu machen, da ich durch die unmittelbare Nachbarschaft meines Schwagers, wenigstens für die erste Zeit, mich aus dem umfangreichen Equipmentlager versorgen kann. Auch sonstige kleinere Ausgaben, wie Telefon, Zeitungen usw. wären für uns nicht notwendig.

Der jetzige Besitzer ist ein sehr wankelmütiger Herr, den man sofort bei seinem Entschluss festhalten muss, ich darf Sie deshalb bitten, mir umgehend Ihre geschätzte Information zu übermitteln, sowie auch Angaben über die mögliche Finanzierung.

Im Voraus herzlichen Dank für Ihre Bemühungen, bitte ich auch noch um Entschuldigung, dass das Schreiben in deutscher Sprache abgefasst ist.

Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung

Bernhard Kolb

Dear honored gentlemen,

With reference to the visit of Mr. Simon and Mr. Levine I believe, I can tell you as follows on a farm which is located on the opposite side of the railroad tracks: My brother-in-law rented the empty coops and already is raising baby chickens there. (Weinschenks farm bordered on

the north side on this rail line). With a fast decision it would be possible to buy this farm. The house there is as large as that of my brother-in-law. There is a garage and three chicken coops with a capacity of about 400 chickens. The property has 1 ½ acres. The house as well as the chicken coops are in very good condition. The land is clear with some trees. The frontage on Orchard Road is 170 feet. As a price there was an offer of 4,500 dollars. We believe the object would be perfect for us. I figured the way we would work as follows:

In the meantime the three of us will keep our jobs. From our combined earnings we can pay 40 dollars rent and we could probably pay the interest and the legal fees without problems. Further on we hope to restrict ourselves during the summer months and be able to take at least 4 summer guests. As soon as the baby chickens raised by the Weinschenks are ready to lay eggs, we will be able to use a chicken coop which we already had looked at and which is just a couple of hundred feet away. At least in the beginning, besides furnishing the house to make it livable there won't be any large expenses. Because of the close vicinity of my brother-in-law we could use items of his extensive equipment, at least in the beginning. Even little expenses like telephone, newspaper etc. we would not necessary for us.

The owner of the property is a very changeable man, whom one has to hold by his decision. Therefore I ask you to answer me as soon as possible. Also, tell me about financial matters and payment.

In the meantime many thanks fort all the trouble, and please forgive me for having written this in German.

Sincerely yours,
Bernhard Kolb

It did not work out and we did not buy this farm. To be able to buy a farm, which my parents could afford, was very hard. I did not see that place, as I did not go along. I did not understand anything about farms and was probably working on Willy's farm or someplace else. It was more important to make a couple of dollars which we could use very much. Besides I did not spend my entire life in Vineland.

On Friday evening May 2nd, 1947 I took a bus to Philadelphia to meet my friend Trudl Schmidt with whom my parents and I lived for 4 months during our emigration.

She was also from Nuremberg and her parents were acquaintances of my parents. We became very good friends in the 4 months in emigration camps. Trudl was living with distant relatives in Richmond, Virginia. As we corresponded with each other regularly, I heard that she was very unhappy. She worked in one of her relatives' factories, sewing little bows on shoes. Trudl wanted to get away from there, but the relatives did not let her go. We worked out a very ingenious conspiracy.

As my parents liked her too, they were also part of the conspiracy. The plan was as follows: My parents would invite Trudl to visit us in Vineland. As this was not enough for the relatives to let her go, my father had to send her a money order with fifteen dollars for the train fare. Trudl first sent the fifteen dollars to him. She knew we had no money. But the relatives found out about our scam and it did not work. We had to do it all over again. This time it worked, the relatives believed it and Trudl was coming to Philadelphia by train. She wrote to me, that her train would arrive at 9:00 p.m. Shortly before the arrival I was on the platform. I saw the train coming in. The people got off but I did not see Trudl. I waited until everybody had left and still there was no Trudl. After asking somebody from the railroad, if this was the train from Richmond and got it confirmed, that it was, I went back to the bus terminal and took a bus back to Vineland. I thought they did not let her go again.

Again, this took an hour on the bus to Vineland. I was in no hurry, taxis were too expensive so I walked back to North Orchard Road. Willy was still up when I entered. He asked me where I have been. Trudl just called to say that she is in Philadelphia. I could not believe it. What could have happened, as she was definitely not on the train? By now it must have been past 10:00 p.m.

I walked the more than two miles to the bus stop and shortly after I got a bus to Philadelphia. I then walked to the railroad station, which was within a short distance from the bus terminal. There in the railroad station was Trudl:

“What happened?” I asked her. “Did you miss the train and took a later one?”

“No”, she said, “I took the one which arrived here at 9:00 p.m.”

“That is impossible, I waited for everybody to get off the train, and you were not there!”

“You see, I am here.”

“How long are you here already?”

“Oh, at least an hour, maybe even more!”

“One hour, what time do you have now?” I asked.

“Oh, it is already after 11:00 o’clock, I must have been here for 2 hours!”

“It is after 12:00 now, your watch must be off one hour!” I said.

“This is impossible, my watch is all right!”

We looked at one of those large clocks in the railroad station and there it was the same time as on my watch. “You see now what time it is!”



“I don’t understand, I know, I am here not that long! Let’s ask someone what the right time is!”

So we went and asked someone and my watch was right. That still did not explain anything, why we missed each other. We again asked someone from the railroad and we found out, that even though here in New Jersey as well as in New York and Pennsylvania, probably all over the north, there was Eastern Daylight Savings Time since beginning of April while in Virginia the time had not changed. The train left Richmond on Standard Time and arrived in Philadelphia in Daylight Savings Time. On her schedule Trudl had the arrival time 9:00 p.m., while here it was already 10:00 p.m.

Together we walked back to the bus terminal and then took a bus back to Vineland where we arrived probably shortly before 2:00 a.m. Then we had to walk back to North Orchard Road. Everybody was sleeping by that time. Trudl slept in the living room, where my mother had

made a bed for her on a couch. The next morning, Trudl took a bus and train to New York and never went back to Richmond again, not even to pick up her dresses and laundry.

It was impossible for me to date a local girl, as we lived 3 miles out of town and did not have a car. Taxis were much too expensive for my 10 dollars weekly salary and to walk anywhere was much too far. Besides, none of the American girls would have dated a fellow without any money and not even a car. My friend Guenther Berju sometimes picked me up and when we went with girls to have ice cream, he always paid my share too. This was very embarrassing for me, therefore I rather did not go out at all and spent my free time working on the farm.

But one day, I remember, I made a Saturday evening date with a girl, I am sure my aunt was responsible for it. Edith Joseph was also a survivor and when I called her and asked her if she wanted to walk with me to Vineland, she understood my dilemma and agreed. She lived with her brother and his family on Almond Road. They also had a chicken farm. Almond Road was about one and a half miles from our house, but not too far from the Weinschenks. On that Saturday night, it must have been still in summer or fall 1947, the weather was clear. It did not rain, otherwise our excursion would have been completely impossible.

First I had to hike north on Orchard Road, passing Walnut Road, Chestnut Avenue and Landis Avenue and then passing Weinschenks farm. I went to the next crossroad, Almond Road, turned east to the farm of Edith's brother. I picked her up and we walked to town. We walked and walked and it took us close to an hour as Vineland was quite a distance away. What else could we do, but to go to a movie. Afterwards we walked back to Almond Road again where I deposited her and then walked home. My round-trip took me about nine to ten miles.

I also was able to make another date and this one was by accident. A lot of the telephones in Vineland in 1947 were party lines. That means, that more than one person or household was on the same line. One could not dial directly and was connected by a telephone switchboard operator. This was at a time when we still lived with the Weinschenks.

I was trying to call Ruth Ladenburger. The switchboard operator was a Jewish girl, who recognized the accent in my voice. I had met her at the Jewish youth group. After we talked for a few minutes, instead of asking her to give me the Ladenburgers' number, I asked her for a date. I remember her last name was Rubin. It was complicated as I could not pick her up in her house which was east of the town, but her father had to bring her to Vineland where we planned to meet. As I did not have a car and it was impossible to go with a bicycle on a date, I walked the three miles to Vineland. The only thing we could do was going to a movie again. Afterwards her father had to pick her up and take her home. This was my only date with her.

At another time, for a dance or something like a special get-together of the youth group I dated Helga Leiser. Her mother was a friend of Aunt Thea. It seems that my aunt always was responsible that I got a date. Helga had lost one arm in an accident with a streetcar in Philadelphia.

My father contacted Mr. Ted Lenore, a real estate agent to find a farm. My parents already had looked at a couple of them which were close to the Weinschenks but they were much too expensive.

In the beginning of May 1947, Mr. Lenore took them to a little chicken farm on South Orchard Road, about a mile south of the Weinschenks. There a Mrs. Marie Rasmussen, a widow about the same age as my parents, wanted to sell her farm. She was all alone there and wanted to go back to her native Denmark. She had no children. There was a small house about 25 x

25 feet, with four equal size rooms, a living room, a kitchen, two bedrooms and no bathroom. Besides there were two chicken coops, each with three rooms. One coop covered an area of 60 feet long and 20 feet deep. The other one was also 60 feet long but only 16 feet deep. The larger one was in pretty good condition, while the one in the back was very low and not very good. In these 6 rooms she had 561 white Leghorn chickens that seemed to look healthy and were part of the price. The chickens were one or two years old. All the furniture and kitchen utensils stayed, which was pretty good, as we did not have anything.

As there was no bathroom in the house, an outhouse was attached to the side of the chicken coops. The price she asked for was \$ 5,500. There was a mortgage on the house of \$ 1,000.

On May 15th 1947, my father wrote another letter to the Jewish Agricultural Society:

Dear honored gentlemen,

Referring to the telephone conversation which your honorable Mr. Simon had with my sister-in-law, I want to announce to you that we have decided to acquire the described farm. A reduction of the price to 5,000 dollars we could not manage. But by having seen other small farms we arrived at the conclusion that this one was the most favorable one. Our decision was mainly influenced by the fact that the house and the coops were in a good condition and that chickens were included in the price. Therefore there will immediately be an income. The kitchen furniture and equipment were also included in the price. As you are familiar with our circumstances, I beg you to permit the amount of the missing 4,500 dollars to us. Two members of our family will in any case remain at their jobs and therefore will be able to create a healthy foundation. The farm borders on a large unused property, thus the opportunity exists for an increase of the original area. As soon as we are able and our circumstances permit, we will with our own hands add to the existing chicken coops.

Included into this letter you will find the agreement and I am looking forward to receiving your consent. The farm can be occupied immediately.

Sincerely yours,
Bernhard Kolb

P.S.: As there is a time limit until June 15th, I ask you for a quick response.

Bernhard Kolb
N. Orchard Rd.
Vineland N.J.

May, 15, 1947.

The Jewish Agricultural Society, Inc.
386 Fourth Ave
New York 16

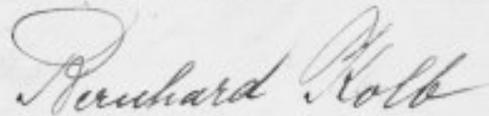
Sehr geehrte Herren,

unter Bezugnahme auf die fernmündliche Unterhaltung meiner Schwägerin mit Ihrem geehrten Herrn Simon, mache ich Ihnen die Mitteilung, dass wir uns entschlossen haben die Ihnen genannte Farm zu erwerben. Eine Herabsetzung des Kaufpreises auf \$ 5000.- konnten wir nicht erreichen. Doch konnten wir nach Besichtigung einiger anderer kleinerer Farmen feststellen, dass dieses Angebot das Günstigste war. Bei unserem Entschluss war hauptsächlich massgebend, dass Haus und coupe in guter Condition sind, Hühner mit übergeben werden, sodass sofort eine Einnahme zur Verfügung steht und dass auch die gesamte Wohnungs- und Kucheneinrichtung mit erworben wird. In anbetracht unserer Verhältnisse, die Ihnen bekannt sind, bitte ich Sie höfl. um den fehlenden Betrag von \$4500.- zu bewilligen.

Zwei Mitglieder der Familie werden auf jeden Fall weiter ihren Arbeitsplatz behalten und durch ihren Arbeitsdienst eine gesunde Grundlage schaffen. Das Grundstück grenzt an eine grosse ungenützte Bodenfläche, sodass Gelegenheit zur Vergrösserung gegeben ist. Sobald es unsere Verhältnisse gestatten, werden wir mit eignen Kräften einen weiteren Ausbau der Chickenhäuser vornehmen.

Beiliegend finden Sie das Agreement und sehe ich Ihrer geschätzten Rückküsserung entgegen. Die Farm kann sofort bezogen werden.

Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung



P.S. Wegen der Frist vom 15. Juni bitte ich Sie höfl. um Beschleunigung.

THE JEWISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Inc.
386 FOURTH AVENUE
AT 27th STREET
NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Mr. Bernhard Kolb
N. Orchard Rd.
Vineland, N.J.

May 19, 1947

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of your letter of the 15th instant with a copy of contact. We also received a letter from Attorney I. Harry Levine concerning the purchase of the farm.

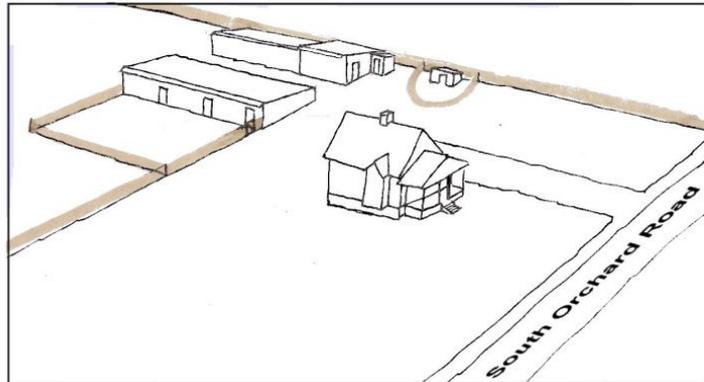
Our Mr. Simons expects to be in your locality sometime this week when he will look into the matter and after we have his report we shall advise you further.

Yours very truly,
signed
Assistant Manager

On May 15th, 1947 the sales agreement was signed and on June 11th the settlement in the office of the attorney Harry Levine in Vineland. The Jewish Agricultural Society lent us \$ 4,500 and the United Service for New Americans lent us \$ 2,000, which is the second mortgage for which we had to pay 6 % interest and \$ 300 had to be written off. The United Service for New Americans told us, that they might count the interest payments as part of payments on the account.

On June 14th, 1947 my parents and I became the proud owners of a chicken farm on South Orchard Road in Vineland, New Jersey. Combined we owned at that time \$ 880, which were from our combined saved salaries. This became our working capital for the farm.

The house, which was 25 x 25 feet, had four rooms, all exactly the same size. In each bedroom there was just one closet. The kitchen had one cabinet, two small iceboxes, which were standing on top of each other, and a very old gas range. All across the front of the house was a six foot wide open porch. There was

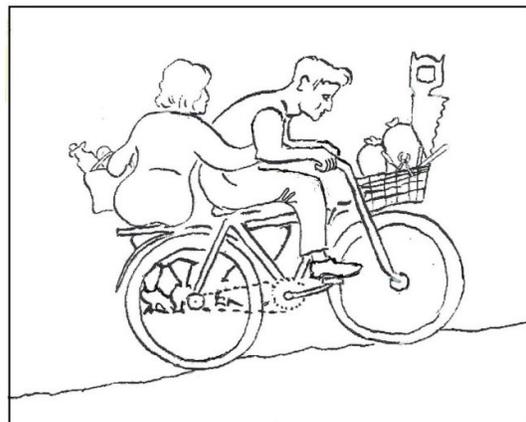


no bathroom in the house but a kind of outhouse was build on to the side of a chicken coop.

June 14th was a Saturday. My parents as well as I did not have to go to work. My father probably rode first the one mile by bicycle from the Weinschenks to our farm on South Orchard Road. I put a couple of tools from Willy into the basket of the bicycle. With my mother sitting on the package rag in the back with a large bag, filled mainly with food, I followed a little later.

From the Weinschenks North Orchard Road passes Landis Avenue and then goes slightly uphill, where it becomes South Orchard Road. It was not easy with my mother on the bicycle, but I made it.

Our property was 2.67 acres. There were fences around part of the property, but besides a 60 x 40 feet wide strip in front of one coop the rest of the farm was dense jungle. In the middle stood a couple of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees. Most of the area was covered with cedars, sassafras, wild cherry trees and lots and lots of thorny weeds. There also were very many poison sumacs, but we did not know anything about these poisonous trees.



On June 18th, 1947 the Weinschenks gave us 615 very young white leghorn chickens that were hatched in the Stern hatchery on April 20th, 1947.

My little dog *Blacky*, which the Weinschenks gave me when we arrived, and two young kittens also soon came to join us on the farm. One kitten was called *Brack*; it was blue-gray. The other, *Butz*, looked more like a wildcat. Both of them were tomcats. This menagerie and the three of us were now the inhabitants of our new home. On our first day my mother collected 321 eggs. She had quitted her job as a maid and from then on she alone took care of the farm. My father and I were working in the town.

On one of the first days, my little dog *Blacky* ran out on to South Orchard Road and was killed by a car. A couple of days later somebody brought me a new puppy. It was blond and looked like a Teddy bear and even so it was a female, I called it *Teddy*.

Mrs. Rasmussen had thrown empty tin cans, bottles, old metal pots and pans on two enormous piles towards the back of the property. There was no garbage pickup and as she had no car, she could not dispose her garbage either. One could not see it, as everything there was overgrown with weeds. I dug a hole to bury that junk, because we also had no way of getting rid of it. The digging was easy in the soft sand, but the hole kept on filling in as the dry sand did not make digging a hole easy. My little dog was playing next to me. Finally the hole was dug, it was not too deep. With a pitch fork I picked up the metal junk and threw it into the hole. As I picked up a fairly large aluminum pot, an enormously large snake was under it. I had never seen before a snake that large. It was as thick as my arm. The first thing I did was to throw my pitchfork at the serpent but it did not touch the snake. It hit some cans or other garbage that was lying around. Quickly I grabbed my little puppy because I was afraid that the snake would get it, and brought it into the house. I told my parents about the large snake. They came back with me, but the snake was gone.

Not knowing if this was a poisonous one, I went next door to our new neighbor, Mr. Arthur Schmidt and asked him about it. He asked me what it looked like. After I described it, he said, this was a garter snake, which not only is harmless but also beneficial - it eats rats and mice. There is another snake common to this area, also harmless, it is black and called milk snake.

Maybe half a year later I saw the snake again. As my mother was not far away, I called her to come quick because the snake is here again. But as the snake saw me, she started going into her hole which seemed to be her living quarters. She would have disappeared again before my mother arrived. She already had her head and part of her body in the hole. Quickly I stepped on her rear end to stop her. That snake was so strong, it moved me. But at least my mother saw part of it.

My boss owned two buildings in Vineland. The one on Sixth Street was his home and where we worked most of the time. The other one was an old schoolhouse on Seventh Street. One of our customers was a real-estate agent for whom we made "For Sale" and "Sold" signs. These signs were on thin metal sheets and had to be sprayed first with a white lacquer. Afterwards, the lettering was silk-screened on. The spraying would have caused too many fumes in the building, therefore I was told to spray outdoors in the street in front of the building. It was very windy that day. Not only the grass turned completely white, some of the spray got into my left eye. I went to a doctor in town but he could not do anything and sent me to a specialist in Philadelphia. I had to go on an hour ride by bus. In Philadelphia the doctor put some medicine into my eye, which blurred my vision in both eyes. I was given a flap for my left eye and sun glasses for my right eye, as the bright sun bothered me.

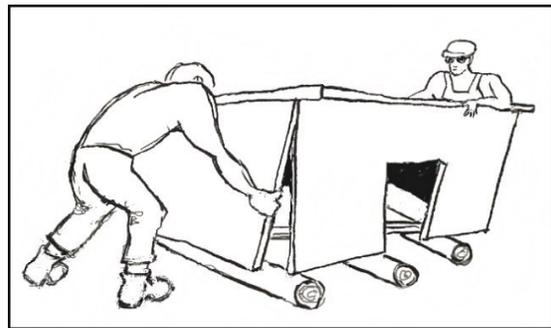
This must have happened on July 9th, as from July 10th until August 13th I could not go to work, but had to go every couple of days, all together ten times, to the specialist in Philadelphia.

At that point, when I only could see with one eye, I had drawn up plans for a feed house. If I could not work at Von Reuther, at least I wanted to build the feed house.

On July 17th, 1947 my father and I rode by bicycle to the lumber yard and ordered 2 x 4 beams for the structure. For sheathing, the Weinschenks' next-door neighbor Mr. Gambino, who had a small glass factory, offered me the empty glass boxes. I got lots of them. Somebody even brought them to the farm. These boxes were made out of very thin popular wood, not even ½ inch thick. We probably used more nails, as these boxes were not more than 4 feet long, but at least we did not have to buy sheathing material.

On June 18th, 1947 The Weinschenks gave us 615 young white Leghorn baby chickens they had raised for us. They were from the Stern hatchery, and hatched on April 5th, 1947.

There was a little house, not much larger than a doghouse, standing right in front of the back coop. It was in pretty bad condition, an eyesore and in front of everything when you came to the farm. We needed that space for the feed house. A little fence was going in a half circle around it. My father and I moved it, using fence poles to roll it towards the back of the farm, behind the coops, where my father used it for thick chickens. We needed that place for the future feed house.



We knew we would have to build more coops because these 6 rooms were not enough if we wanted to have more chickens for the production of eggs to provide a sufficient income for my parents. My plans were for a 20 x 16 feet feed house building as a continuation of the back chicken coop. I just had started to lay cinder blocks for the foundation, when Mr. Wimpfheimer came by to see how we “greenhorns” are doing. He was one of the “old” chicken farmers, also a Jewish-German immigrant, who was already several years on the farm and considered himself an expert in everything about chicken farming. For sure he knew much more than we, therefore he came to give us “good advice”.

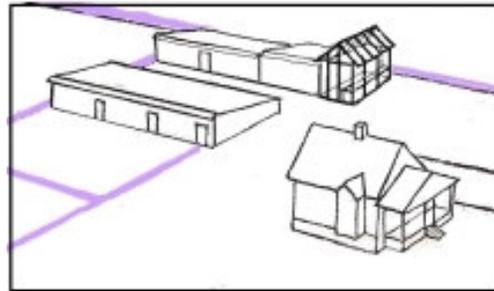
We knew we would have to build more coops because these 6 rooms were not enough if we wanted to have more chickens for the production of eggs to provide a sufficient income for my parents. My plans were for a 20 x 16 feet feed house building as a continuation of the back chicken coop. I just had started to lay cinder blocks for the foundation, when Mr. Wimpfheimer came by to see how we “greenhorns” are doing. He was one of the “old” chicken farmers, also a Jewish-German immigrant, who was already several years on the farm and considered himself an expert in everything about chicken farming. For sure he knew much more than we, therefore he came to give us “good advice”.

Mr. Wimpfheimer ask what we were doing and my father told him we were building a feed house. He saw me laying out the cinder blocks and asked how big I was building it. My father told him 20 x 16 feet. He screamed out in disgust: "This is ridiculous! Why that big? This is a waste of space! Rather build another chicken coop. A feed house does not make any money for you, build another room!"

He influenced my father who thought, after all, the man should know, he was an old chicken farmer.

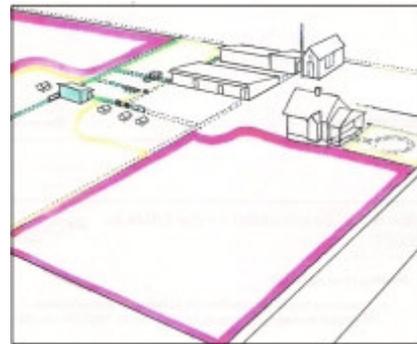


So I was not permitted to build the feed house as large as I had planned, but just half the size. This was a very bad decision, as that feed house would have been much more convenient in the original size. At one corner of that house was still the outhouse. I had to redesign everything. The building was erected during the time when I could not go to work because of my eyes.



The feed house was quite a bit higher than the chicken coop, which it was attached to. I built a loading platform as high as the flatbed of a delivery truck. There was a double door to the outside. This platform went all along the inside front wall of the building, creating a walkway about two and two and a half feet higher than the floor. The trucks could back up right to the platform and fill the 80 pound sacks of feed into the particular bins. On each side of these double doors was a window, which I probably produced too with very limited tools or we got them from somebody. There was also a window above the front door on the south side. For the bins I used regular tongue-and-groove boards, also for the roof and the double doors. The bins were at least four feet high on the inside toward the walkway. They could easily be filled. Towards the inside of the feed house the bins were six feet high.

The bottoms of these bins were slanted about 45 degrees. I build little sliding doors on the bottom end, just a little higher than a pail. When one opened them up, the feed ran into the pails by itself and one stopped it by closing the little door. This way my parents did not have to shovel the feed out of the bins. Even though, I was only permitted to build the feed house that small, it was quite convenient and the admiration of a lot of the other farmers who still, as did Willy, had to shovel the feed into pails.



August 13th, 1947 my father bought 125 Crossers, 10 weeks old meat chickens for \$ 44 from Mr. Rossi. These chickens had to be sold, when they reached a certain age, as they grow very rapidly and therefore eat a lot. On October 19th, 1947 they were sold for \$ 204. If each one of

these chickens ate more than 1.9 cents of food a day, my mother would have worked the past 67 days without a penny of profit.

All three of us had to empty coop number 1, the one next to the recently completed feed house, as we had to have it completely cleaned by the time some of our young chickens were old enough to be housed, or for new baby chickens.



On August 20th, Weinschenks gave us 592 grey Sexlings. These are also heavier chickens. They lay brown eggs. They were born on June 20th, hatched by the Parmertz Hatchery. When the babies are a few weeks old they have to be vaccinated against all kinds of diseases.

From the first day on the farm my father and I pulled young trees from the ranch, as we needed the space for the young chickens. We had not heard, that a lot of these trees were poison sumacs. They can cause very itching blisters. Luckily we did not have any ill effect. Even the smoke, when we burned them in big piles, could do the same.

There were lots of these and sassafras trees all over the property, which my father wanted on the ranch for shadow. My mother instead wanted space to move easier around. Never before had she used a saw. But now she found a little saw with the tools Mrs. Rasmussen had left and quickly, when my father was not around, she sawed some of these little sassafras trees off. She somehow moved them on a side, and my father never knew.

My father and I built what we thought would be a feed house on the large ranch. This was a good idea, but it did not work out the way we intended. We thought the chicken feed could be put there in sacks and it would eliminate the need of carting them there from the feed house. But the ground was very soft and the cedar poles had to be deep in the ground and stamped tide. The house was only covered on the sides with chicken wire and this did not protect it from rain. It also had only a flat roof, covered with tarpaper. Later we used it as an extra shelter.

In September 1947 my father wrote in his diary that we had cleared two thirds of the property from the undergrowth and many little trees. Only the southeast side was still a jungle.

On September 12, 1947 my father bought two older chicken coops for 450 dollars. One was 20 x 40 feet and the other 20 x 80 feet. They were moved onto the farm. The move cost another 275 dollars. This was only possible as my mother's brother, Justin Hessdoerfer, lent us 500 dollars and Mr. George Miller lent another 300 dollars.

Uncle Justin's check from Uruguay was in pesos and first had to be converted into dollars. Therefore my father went to a bank where conversion was possible. Then he went back the short distance to Landis Bank where he had a checking account.

As he was standing in front of the counter, he did not have the dollar check anymore. He looked all over, but the check was gone.

He went back to the first bank and there his check was lying on the floor. It must have slipped out of the envelope.

The foundation for these coops was built by a mason, shortly before the two houses were moved to the property. This time my father listened to my suggestion and no “expert chicken farmer” interfered. My idea was to have the cinder blocks for the 80 foot coop laid 20 feet away from the existing old 60 foot coop. and the 40 foot coop 20 feet away from the western end of this 80 foot coop. This way, at a later date I could construct another room between these standing three chicken coop sections.



First I had to rebuild the front of the new coops. The window openings were much too small and had in some cases regular 12 pane glass windows. I believe, it was used as a stable for horses. One could not leave these windows, as they had to be open most of the time, and had to be covered with chicken wire. Also, one had to be able to close these windows for instance in winter.

The openings had to be made in different dimensions. The old windows were too low and also their shape was not practical. I had to rebuild each one of them, to specifications which were more adaptable to being used for chickens. The original rooms had two windows, I had to make openings for four. Then each room got a door cut into the front wall, to the outside. I also had to build frames for each window, which were covered with a strong plastic material. These frames were hanging on ropes, running on the top over pulleys. Then a sash weight was hanging on the inside of the coop, balanced in weight with the frame hanging on the outside. They moved up and down in wooden rails. Because of the sash weights one could hold the windows in any position. In case of a snowstorm in winter, the openings could be closed. It was still light in the coops and they stayed dry.

I worked at least 8 hours a day, therefore I could only work on these projects in the evening or on the weekends.

Our diet in the beginning were mainly eggs three times a day, as we always had a certain amount of cracked or broken ones. In 1947 my mother was the only one taking care of the chickens. She had to feed them, fill the water basins by hand, as at that time we did not have automatic water fountains in the coops for the chickens and she had to collect the eggs three times a day. In the beginning she also had to use a regular wheel barrow. Either I had built a two wheel wagon or we got it later on from someone else. It had 2 old car wheels with tires on each side and a platform for 4 pails in between.





My mother had to fill the pails with either mash or grain in the feed house, carry it out to the carriage, and wheel it along the coops. She had to carry the pail into each room and fill the metal feeders with mash or distribute the grain around the floor. Besides, in each room a list was nailed on the wall on which my mother had to record each time she collected eggs, and how many she found.

Maybe in some cases she might have brought the egg basket-pails along and taken the eggs

out of the nests. Each coop had a list mounted on the wall with the exact number of chickens in that room and as often my mother collected eggs, she had to mark it. In the evening, in case my father was home both of my parents were cleaning the eggs for a couple of hours. Even the cleaning was not easy. Some of the eggs were very dirty and instead of washing them they had to be cleaned with dry sandpaper. Then the eggs had to be assorted by weight. As long as my parents did not have a feeling for the weight, many eggs had to be weighted on a special egg scale.



Getting the eggs became a little easier as soon as we had the feed house, as she could put the baskets on the wagon and did not have to carry them.

Sometimes when company came, like Flora Fleischmann in the summer of 1948, she helped my mother cleaning the eggs. What happened very often, they were sitting outside cleaning the eggs. Probably my father helped my mother in the later afternoon, before he went to work.



After all, we only had a very small farm and the egg auction was not interested in picking up one case at a time, therefore we had to sell the eggs to Mr. Richard Berju, another refugee from Germany, who was in the egg business. He also might have paid one penny more for a dozen of eggs as the egg auction. Chicken feed was bought from the firm of Jacob Rubinoff.

Sometime in the fall of 1947, Mrs. Maier came visiting the Weinschenks. She knew, I was there, as she saw me coming on my bicycle. This was nothing unusual, as Mrs. Maier probably came a couple of times each day across the street to the Weinschenks. This time she came with a purpose, she wanted to see me.

She told me, that a young girl would be coming to visit her pretty soon, who is the daughter of old friends from Philippsburg. When she comes to Vineland, I should take her out. Not only did I have the slightest idea, where Philippsburg was, I also was not too interested in meeting that girl, because Mrs. Maier also told me, that this girl is coming from France and will stay with her for a week and then will move to St. Louis.

The Jewish chicken farmers of Vineland had formed a club, the Poultrymen's Club. Every Saturday night all of them came together to meet in a small restaurant, one flight up, on Landis Avenue, speaking German flavored with some mispronounced English words. As one can imagine, they were talking about their chickens, about the sicknesses of their flock, the egg production and the egg and meat prices, anything which had something to do with their birds.

One Saturday night, it was in October 25, 1947 I went, too. Actually I was directed to go with my parents to the club. We even took a taxi, which was already something special. But instead walking for 3 miles on a Saturday night in October, this was an understandable expense. Shortly before I was told by my aunt, that the girl from France had arrived and I would have to accompany her this Saturday evening. As expected, the Weinschenks arrived soon afterwards and also Mr. and Mrs. Maier. They had with them a young girl and an even much younger fellow. I knew about the girl, but had not known about the young man. As I said before, I was not particularly interested and really did not feel like taking them out. But my aunt already had promised me to Mrs. Maier and she insisted. As I still was quite hesitant, my aunt bribed me with 5 dollars to take both of these young people to a movie. With the 10 dollars a week I earned, and which I always gave to my parents, I could not even afford to take one out, let alone two.

Hannelore Wildmann was a nice looking girl about in her early twenties and her brother Manfred still a teenager, a handsome boy. Both had arrived on October 21st, 1947 from France. The girl spoke almost no English and the boy not one word at all. But this was not a big problem, as both were born in Germany. It had been seven years since they were deported from Philippsburg in Baden to Gurs with their parents, two more siblings and their grandparents. Both spoke to each other only French. Manfred was ten years old at the time of deportation, and therefore did not have much schooling in Germany. Laure had changed her first name to the French spelling, as her given name Hannelore, was much too German for her.



I found out that Mrs. Maier was very busy making them other dates the days before, and my two charges already had seen two of the movie that were playing in Vineland. There were three theaters in Vineland and therefore not much of a choice. I went with them to the third theater in town.

Luckily this movie house was just a couple of steps from the Poultrymen's local. I don't remember what was playing, but on Saturday night the theater was filled to the brim. There we-

were absolutely no empty seats. The three of us were standing in the back. I could not even whisper to them, as there were a lot of other people standing too. Finally after quite a while, two seats became empty somewhere in front, and sister and brother went there to sit down. I was still standing in the back. A while later, I also found an empty seat somewhere in the back and sat down.

After the show I found my two companions again, who probably did not understand anything what was happening on the screen. The movie at that time was pretty cheap and I still had money left from Thea's 5 dollar gift. I did not want to make a profit on taking these newcomers out, besides it was still early, therefore I took them to an ice cream parlor, right next to the theater. This was probably one of the first times we could talk to each other. We spoke German, but did not feel very comfortable about it in a public place. Probably we did not talk much at all. Laure hated German but only understood very little English. Her German, compared to her brother's, was perfect.

Like in any of these ice cream parlors in the late 1940s, there was a jukebox, blaring out the popular songs. The place was filled with young people and it was clouded with smoke, one could hardly see through it. We went inside and Laure, hearing the song, which was just playing, but not understanding it, asked me what the words were. Without hesitating, I told her: "I don't want her, you can have her, she's too fat for me!"

I did not realize that Laure took that personally. She thought that it was a hint. True, she might have been a little bit overweight at that time. After the ice cream I brought the two back to the club. We parted and didn't see each other again. The two young people spent the rest of the week with the Maiers and then moved to St. Louis, where their older sister already had been for a couple of months.

Guenther Berju, the son of the egg dealer, worked for his father, and drove once or twice a week the 128 miles to New York to deliver eggs there. As he usually went there on Saturday at least twice he took me along, that I could meet relatives, old friends and also see the city.

Sometimes on weekends I had a job for a chicken dealer, catching and loading chickens. This was a very dirty job, but I was able to earn a couple of dollars, which we could use. After working a couple of months for Mr. Von Reuther and still only making ten dollars a week, I asked him for a raise. I told him I cannot afford to work for so little. He gave me two dollars more and then I worked for 30 cents an hour.

There was a German anti-fascist in Vineland, a carpenter, who had many Jewish farmers as customers. Somebody probably told me, that he was looking for a helper. I talked to him, quitted my job and worked for Mr. Nikolaus Haas, for one dollar an hour. This was quite a different salary. Mr. Haas, as well as his son, fought in the Spanish Civil War on the republican side. They were lucky, after being captured by the fascists they were rescued by the republican underground and came to the United States. After all he could not go back to Germany.

As a lifelong bureaucrat, my father made the following observations about our first year on the farm:

On December 31st, 1947 the total income from the 3,601 dozen eggs sold, between June 14th,	
and the end of the year was	\$ 2,077.56
from chickens sold	\$ 370.90

The expenditure for the laying chickens was \$ 1,436.27, as the average payment for one dozen eggs was 57.7 cents, which cost 36.6 cents of feed to produce. The average production of eggs between June and December was 44.7 %. We had on December 31st, 1947 1,340 chickens. At the end of 1947 my parents had a capital of \$ 2,817.83 including my father's, my mother's and my salary and some lent money.

On January 5, 1948 my father wrote to the Agricultural Society as follows:

Dear Gentlemen,

I received your letter of 12/22/47 and ask you to temporarily extend the terms of my payment to January 15, 1948. It is very hard for me to ask you to delay the due date for a little while. But, you will see in my following report, what we did during the past 6 months, to make our little possession into a viable farm.

At the time we took over the farm, there was room there for 600 birds. The entire property was almost completely covered with undergrowth. Together with my son, we have done the following, in our free time, as we both are steadily employed:

The property was cleared, a large ranch was created and four large shelters were put on it. We built a feed house for the chicken coops as well as for the ranch. To the 560 chickens which we took possession of, we added and put on the ranch 1,200 baby chickens. To house these we have bought and moved to the property 120 feet of chicken coops. To repair and fix these 2 coops, one 80 and one 40 feet long, we had absolutely no outside help. Our personal expenses were to the utmost curtailed, that we were able to afford the expenses for the feed for the rearing of the young chickens. I give you a copy of my yearly accounting in which you can realize how economically we managed the household.

Of all the chickens, 375 were brought through the "molt". We now own this year's baby chickens which we raised, and brought through the loss of Newcastle disease, 1,200 layers. Half of them already lay 60.

Since June 15, 1947 43,214 eggs were sold. One of our worries is the purchase of baby chickens. We have ordered 1,200 Leghorn pullets, which cost \$ 400. Due to the high price of feed, the earnings of chicken farmers are much lower now.

Please check my accounting. Optimistically looking forward to see your response, very truly yours

Bernhard Kolb

Income		Expenses	
Eggs	2,077.56	Chickens	68.00
Chickens	370.90	Electricity	46.74
		Tax	33.08
		Repairs	37.69
		Feed	2,565.44
		Vaccine (for the chickens)	47.12
		Coal (for the brooder stoves)	35.50
		Real Estate (probably material for the farm)	18.64
		Supplies	163.54
		Insurance	95.82
		Coops & Feed houses	1,427.51
		Equipment	409.46
		Household	900.00
	2,448.46		5,848.54

Bernhard Kolb
 South Orchard Rd.R4
 Vineland N.J.

Jan. 5th 1948.

The Jewish Agricultural Society Inc.
 386 Fourth Avenue
 New York 16

Dear Gentlemen,

Im Besitze Ihres Geehrten v.22.12.47 stelle ich die höfliche Bitte, mir die Zahlung v.Jan.15.1948 vorerst zu stunden. Es fällt mir schwer gleich bei der ersten Fälligkeit um einen Aufschub zu bitten, doch werden Sie aus meinem folgenden Bericht ersehen, dass wir die vergangenen 6 Monate alles getan haben, um aus dem kleinen Besitz eine lebensfähige Farm zu schaffen. Bei der Übernahme waren Unterkünfte für ca. 600 Tiere vorhanden. Nahezu die gesamte Bodenfläche war von Unterholz überwuchert. In Gemeinschaft mit meinem Sohn haben wir in unserer Freizeit, wir stehen beide im festen Arbeitsverhältnis, Folgendes geschaffen :

Das Areal wurde durch Rodung zu einer grossen Range umgearbeitet und vier grosse Shelters aufgestellt. Ein Feedhaus für die Chickencoops und ein Feedhaus für die Range wurde errichtet. Zu den vorhandenen 560 Chickens wurden 1200 Babychicken auf die Range gebracht. Zur Unterbringung der letzteren haben wir 120 Fuss Chickencoops gekauft und gemovt. Die Instandsetzung dieser beiden Häuser - 80 und 40 Fuss - wurde ohne jede fremde Hilfe durchgeführt, ebenso die Ausbesserung der vorhandenen Gebäude. Die persönlichen Ausgaben wurden auf das Kusserste eingeschränkt um mit dem Arbeitsverdienst die Futterkosten für die Aufzucht zu decken. Ich gebe Ihnen endstehend einen Auszug aus meiner Jahresrechnung, woraus Sie die sparsame Wirtschaftsführung zu ersehen belieben.

Von den alten Hühnern wurden 375 durch die " mould " geführt, sodass wir mit der diesjährigen Aufzucht, nach Abgang durch Newcastle disease und andere Faktoren 1200 layers besitzen. Die Hälfte davon legt bereits über 60 %.

An Eiern wurden seit 15.Juni 1947 43 214 zum Verkauf gebracht.

Eine Sorge für uns ist die Beschaffung der Babychicks für diese Jahr. Wir haben 1200 Leghornpullets für anfang März 1948 bestellt, die über \$400.- kosten. Durch die

hohen Futterpreise ist der Verdienst des Chickenfarners sehr herabgemindert.

Bitte prüfen Sie meine Ausführungen und sehe ich Ihnen geneigten Bescheidvoll Vertrauen entgegen.

Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung

Richard Kolb

<u>Einnahmen</u>		<u>Ausgaben</u>	
Eggs	2077.56	Chicken	68.-
Chicken	370.90	Elektric	46.74
		Tax	33.08
		Repair	37.69
		Feed	2565.44
		Vacine	47.12
		Coal	35.50
		Real Estate	18.64
		Supplies	163.54
		Insurance	95.82
		Coops & Feedhouses	1427.51
		Equipment	409.46
		Houshold	900.-
	<hr/>		<hr/>
⌘	2448.46	⌘	5848.54

THE JEWISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Inc.
 386 FOURTH AVENUE
 AT 27th STREET
 NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Mr. Bernhard Kolb
 Route #4
 South Orchard Road
 Vineland New Jersey

January 8th, 1948

Dear Sir:

In answer to your letter of the 5th instant we wish to advise that our representative will call on you the next time he is in your vicinity, so as to discuss the matter you have referenced to in your letter.

Yours very truly,
 Signed
 Assistant Manager

THE JEWISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Inc.
 386 FOURTH AVENUE
 AT 27th STREET
 NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Mr. Bernhard Kolb
 Route #4
 South Orchard Road
 Vineland New Jersey

January 15th, 1948

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of your letter of the 13th instant wherein you advise that our Mr. Simons called on you in line with arrangements made with him you are enclosing a check for \$ 20 on account of the interest. We are herewith sending you our receipt No. 15114. We note that you will send along a similar payment each week.

Yours very truly,
 Signed
 Assistant Manager

I don't remember and also my father did not write anything about, when we put automatic fountains into the old three rooms. Before Mrs. Rasmussen had only a faucet there and one had to constantly check if the chickens had enough water.

When the baby chickens are a few weeks old, they are vaccinated against all kind of diseases. At that time also they are moved to the shelters out on the ranch. For the first night they are locked into these little houses, the shelters. The next morning the shelters are opened and the chickens can go in and out as they please. When they are still very young there is no problem, and as soon as the sun goes down they all go into these shelters. As they grow older their wings develop and they prefer to roost on trees. As long as they are staying on the ranch, it does not make any difference where they are sleeping. But when they are about six month old and start laying eggs, they again have to be moved into the cleaned and prepared chicken coops.

Usually, at least in the years after 1950, the neighbors across the street helped us and we assisted them to collect their chickens. It's fairly easy to catch the chickens who still roost in the shelters. One closes the door and picks them one by one. But then there are the chickens, and it is the majority of them, who roost in the trees. That would cause some trouble. First, as it became evening and before they would fly up into the trees, one would try to chase them into a corner of the fence. This is done by a couple of people moving towards the chickens holding on to a certain length of loose fence. One has to move very slowly, as the Leghorns are very

nervous chickens and if one flies up they all fly. This way one can at least catch some of them, but chickens are birds and these young are almost fully grown and can fly very well.

Not only would they fly over the fence, but they would fly up into the trees. One had to wait until it became completely dark, as they cannot see at night. It was my job to climb into the trees and pick them one by one like fruits. After having picked a couple, holding them in one hand at their legs, with the other holding on to the tree, I reached them down to somebody who put them into chicken crates. These chickens made a lot of noise. During that operation one got scratched on the arms and in the face. We usually found them all, as Leghorns are white and even during the darkest night one can see them sitting on the branches. After many hours we got them all into the chicken coops.

Our farm was infested with hundreds of mice and rats. The reason for that was, that the lady who had the farm before us did not have a cat or a dog. Also our next door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith didn't have any pets either besides both were very handicapped. As soon as we had the new coops, the rats and mice moved in there too and lived of the chicken feed. When my dog and the cats were a little older, I went hunting with them every night. We managed to kill a lot of rats every night. Obviously the animals were much better than I, as I generally only opened the doors to the coops for them. My father wrote in his diary, that after a while the farm was free of rats. That might not be quite true, because I remember that after *Teddy* had puppies and the one my parents kept, *Lumpy*, grew up, I still went rat hunting with the dogs.

The one or two times I went to New York, usually with Guenther Berju, I stayed with my second cousin Nathan Gutmann and his wife Inge and their little daughter. This was only possible when Inge's sister, Margot, who lived there since she too came back from France, was staying at a friend's house. Once I made a little child's chair for their two year old, Carol, and brought it along. I came there packed with eggs.

By December 1947, our farm was at least producing enough income that my parents could live from it. Around Christmas 1947, I went for what I thought would be a weekend in New York. I went to the apartment of Nathan Gutmann again. I probably did not call before, and therefore I did not know that Margot was staying at home this weekend. Therefore there was no room for me, I could not stay there. They had a very small apartment. As there were other friends in New York, I was sure I could find a bed at one of the places to sleep. With the subway I went down to 23rd street to the Fleischmanns. But they did not have any room either. One floor up in the same house lived the Schneebalgs. David Schneebalg had married Lina Stern with two children. They did not have room either, but if I wanted to I could sleep on the floor there. That's what I did. I had planned, the next day to take the train and bus to go back home to Vineland, but during the night it started snowing very heavily and in the morning there was a lot of snow. It kept on snowing for days and everything stopped. The cars on the street were under tons of snow. There was no more traffic moving in New York. The buses were not leaving the terminal. Only the subways were still running. I was stuck in the city for almost a week.

In January 1948, my father gave up his night watchman job and helped my mother on the farm. I also had enough of not having any social life, decided to go to New York and looked for a job there. All I probably took along was one suitcase. For one week I stayed in the apartment of a cousin of my father. Then Flora Fleischmann helped me to find a room. She knew people on 137th Street in Manhattan and they rented me a room for 10 dollars a week. I looked in the *New York Times* for a job and found an ad in the paper, went to apply for the job

and got it. It was with the Foreign Furniture Company on West 61st Street right off Columbus Circle.

Since I lived in New York, I went every three or four weekends to Vineland, as there still was a lot to be done on the farm. Right from work I went down to the Pennsylvania Station, took a train to the North Philadelphia Station, then the subway to the bus terminal and there the bus to Vineland. The ride took just about three hours.

On March 12th, 1948 my father bought 1,342 Leghorn baby chickens from the Stern Brothers Hatchery.



Obviously we could not finish this therefore I came again on the next weekend or even two weeks later.

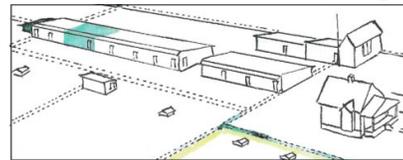
There was a heat wave in August 1948, and on 26th, the temperature reached 105 degrees. 150 of the older 1946/47 chickens died of heatstroke. The Weinschenks replaced the losses to my parents and gave them the same amount.

On September 22nd, 1948 was the 66th birthday of my father. He wrote that all the trees had lost their leaves because of the heat. The pear-tree next to the feed-house had ripe fruits and blossoms at the same time.

During the latter part of December 1948, my parents were asked by Stern Brothers Hatchery if they would like to produce hatching eggs for them. My parents accepted. As all the chickens on a chicken farm are females, the eggs cannot be used for hatching. Now all our chickens were blood tested and it showed that they were healthy. First all the chickens got a little band around one leg with a number, which was recorded. Then the hatchery brought roosters, one for each thirteen chickens. As one has to feed the roosters and the chickens do not lay as many eggs, the dozen of eggs is paid much better. There was a lot more noise in the coops. The

Sometimes in spring 1948, it might have been May or June, Mr. Lenore, the real estate dealer through whom my parents bought the farm visited my parents. He asked them, if they wanted to sell the farm again and offered them after we had already improved it for one year, 15,000 dollars. My parents had no interest in selling.

On Friday evening, August 13th, 1948 I went to Vineland with my friend Warren Kramer. On Saturday morning the 14th, he and my father helped me construct the planned room number 12, between the two chicken coops my father had bought. Slowly the chicken farm was taking shape.



roosters are much larger than the chickens and besides they are very protective of their chickens. Sometimes they even will attack people entering the coop. Weinschens who were at one time producing eggs for a hatchery, had a rooster who always attacked Thea as soon as she entered. The roosters have long pointed spurs and if they attack, they can really hurt you. Thea from then on only went into that coop armed with a chicken catcher, which is a long iron rod. She had to hit this rooster to leave her alone.

On December 31st, 1948, there were 1,620 chickens on our farm and during the year 1948 the total income from the sale of 19,357 dozen eggs was \$ 11,757.54
from sale of chickens \$ 1,012.80

The total cost for the chicken food was \$ 8,456.12

The average price for one dozen eggs was 66 cents.

1 dozen eggs cost 43.6 cents for chicken feed.

The total expense was \$ 10,690.22, what meant that each dozen eggs cost 55.2 cents.

The chicken produced on the average 54.4 %.

Sometime in February 1949, when I was in Vineland for a weekend again, I used the closet in my parents' bedroom and part of the closet in the other bedroom, which used to be my room, to build a bathroom into the house. I did the physical building of it and also the painting and hanging of wallpaper. The material and the labor for the plumber, including the cesspool and the antiseptic tank cost 1,000 dollars.

On March 18th, 1949 we received one day old 508 Sexling baby chickens from the Parienter Hatchery and 679 Leghorn babies from the Stern Brothers Hatchery. These chickens came in boxes of 100 which were divided into 4 sections. The hatchery guaranteed that these chickens were 100 % females, but it could happen that one or the other were males, hence one used to get one extra baby for each 100. Almost all of the time there were less than 1 % of males in the batch. I still do not understand this unusual arithmetics.

My father wrote that on April 18th, 1949 we put a fence around the only non-utilized part of the property, the southeastern area along South Orchard Road. I believe we started on Saturday 16th of April, worked on it Sunday all day long and he probably finished it alone on Monday, or I came again the next weekend. This was quite a job, as a hole had to be drilled every 10 feet for each fence pole. We only had an old-fashioned post-hole-digger which had to be used like a drill. Besides the sand which was dug this way had to be taken off the drill. We also put two shelters on that new ranch to prepare it for putting some of the young chickens out.



Two of the rooms of the old chicken coop were not only in a poor condition, but also very low. As the coop sloped down towards the back it was even lower there and my father always hit his head on the rafters. In July we decided to raise these two rooms.



I borrowed a car jack from the Gambinos to lift the coop. As this was a fairly small one I believed we could lift it with a jack. The jack was one of the types which you turned on top and a hook slowly moved upwards. It broke almost immediately. I cut two straight, not too thick trees and used them as crowbars. Slowly with these at least 10 to 12 feet long trees, we lifted section by section, inch by inch to a height, that a mason could add two layers of cinderblocks underneath. This added 16 inches to the inside height. Also the front wall was very inconvenient and only had a couple of regular glass windows. We rebuilt it, made movable frames like in the other coops but left one of the regular windows on each side. Then we covered the house with new tarpaper. After it was finished it looked like new and my father did not hit his head anymore ...

On July 5th, 1949 was another heat wave, 105 degrees. My parents lost 10 chickens. The heat lasted until July 31st, sometimes reaching as high as 110 degrees. Frequently they hired a young fellow, Harry to help them with some work on the farm. One day like this, where it was that unbearable hot, Harry had to constantly bring pails of water into the coops. Then they had no more losses.

This might have happened earlier that year, probably sometimes in early spring: My parents just had one coop of baby chicks. One always had to be quiet when walking by as the little chickens got easily scared and stampeded into a corner killing each other. My mother in particular but actually both of my parents never spoke English well. They really did not need to, as all their acquaintances spoke German and the chickens did not care. If my mother walked by that baby coop she either sung or made little noises when she approached, or just made peeping sounds like a chicken, so that these babies heard her coming. At one time, she wanted to tell Harry to be aware of this with the following words in her broken English: "You go to the coop, make pee-pee!" The young fellow got very embarrassed; he believed she noticed that he urinated once at the outside of a coop.

In September 1949 my parents needed a new water pump for the farm, which cost 250 dollars.

By then I was going pretty steady with Laure. Sunday, September 25th, 1949 was the second day of Rosh-Hashanah. I had gone to my parents for the holidays. In the evening I wrote the following letter to Laure in New York:

Dear Laure,

today, even though it is only one day after the holidays, I am writing to you, so you will not complain that I did not think about you. I believe that in the meantime you should have received my bus-letter. It should have occupied you during the holidays, deciphering my scribbles. - Did you have a nice holiday? I went with my father to a private service and liked it so much, that yesterday I did not go there anymore. First of all they davened for such a long time, that I was sure they keep on going and right away do the Yom-Kippur services. The next thing was, the cantor, (who by the way did not have a voice and therefore could not sing), accidentally got into the Pesach-tunes and later on into the melody of "I am working on the railroad". A young lad, the brother of this chazzan, got me completely seasick, as he rocked back and forth like a ship during the number 12 velocity of the wind.

Enough about that. I want to tell you a little about what is going on here on the farm. Yesterday, in defense of the good name of my dogs, I went hunting rats with both of them. I am sure you would be amazed, but the three of us were extremely successful. We caught, and that means I did the least of it, or even better, was mostly involved in battle strategy and supervision, we caught, two splendid specimens. One of them weighed dead a little more than one

pound, while the other one weighed a pound and a half. You may think I made it all up, but I wrapped each of them up, nicely and professionally in two paper bags, and kept them until my father came back from the synagogue. *Lumpy*, the younger one of the dogs, was even wounded in the struggle. He was bleeding from his paw, as he was bitten by one of the rats. We cleaned his wound afterwards with iodine. I better stop with the details of this story, as I presume you did not have dinner yet as you read this.

Today we did some repairs and improvements on the farm. Last night I went with my parents for a couple of hours to the Maiers and I am sure that your opinion would be that I divulged too much. - Maiers had a feed house built, which technically is very good, but not the way Manfred and I suggested it.

We received your greeting card and I apologize that I did not send you one. If I find one by the time I get back to N.Y., I certainly will bring you one and everything will be OK again. My mother was very amused that I became influenced by you, with writing cards. Now it is very possible that I have sent one even to a non-Jew, as I don't know for sure if he is or not.

Dear Laure, I hope that you will not hold it against me, if I mention that I quite often get reminded of you. This happens every time when I pass my large dog. He gives me such a shove to the ribs that I fly to one side, the way I am used to getting it from you.

How is my Margot? Did her Hugo condescend to deceit once again to ask her for a date? Dear Laure, I am going to stop now, because I heard, one would be charged postage due, if one should write too much rubbish.

I hope, you are having a good time and you enjoy these days when I do not torment you. After all, you do have more time in the evening and therefore have a chance to write to me once too. With best regards to your little brother and sister,

Yours Herbert

On December 31st, 1949 there were 1,735 chickens on the farm. The average production was 52.66 % and the average price for one dozen eggs was 56 cents.

To produce a dozen eggs cost 41.5 cents

My parents sold in the year 1949, 25,659 dozen eggs for

\$ 14,367.11

and for the sale of chickens they got

\$ 508.20

The assets of my parents on this day were

\$ 7,909.75



Our house in December 1949

On March 14th, 1950 my parents bought 1,428 Leghorn baby chickens from the Stern Hatchery. These might have been hatched from eggs my parents had delivered to the hatchery.

We build a shed to store equipment which was only sometimes used, like brooder stoves and things for the baby chickens. The driveway was only going by on the north side of the house. Therefore the trucks and cars had to back out to the street. As there was enough room on the other side, we built the driveway all around the house and going out on the south side.

Our house was quite small and my father wanted an office, where he could leave his typewriter standing. As there was the six foot wide porch on the east side, we decided to make it into an extra room. After all, the porch could not been used in winter and very seldom in summer, as it was not screened in and the New Jersey mosquitoes are well known.



I started in May 1950 on one of the weekends, when I came to visit. The square columns were taken off after we supported the roof with 2 x 4 studs. We sheathed the outside with wood and then covered it with asbestos shingles. I also installed two windows on the south side, moved the staircase, which used to be in the middle of the porch, to the east side where we installed a door. Then I installed



5 windows on the east side. That room was not quite 6 feet wide, but my father was very happy with his new office and spent many hours out there. In summer he could open all the windows and still did not have to worry about the mosquitoes, because the windows had screens. As this room could not be heated it was almost unusable in winter.



On the same weekend while I was working on the porch, Laure came with her friend Ria to visit us. Both girls stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Maier for the weekend. I am quite sure, this was the first time Laure and my parents met, besides that very first night in the Poultrymen's Club.

My father enjoyed having different fowls on the farm. Somebody gave him a couple of Muscovy ducks. In Vineland there was a duck farm which had white Peking ducks. We bought a couple of ducklings. The ducks had no lake, but just some kind of a large basin where they could swim a little. As they matured the black Muscovy and the white Peking ducks bred. My father called the one female Muscovy duck *Biwitt* who hatched 12 ducklings. 6 were white, 3 were black and 3 were black and white. All of them were hybrids and sterile.

Some time later, I know we went there with our car, probably in 1951, we also bought 8 to 10 goslings on a geese farm near Hamonton. We did not know it when we bought them, but these goslings were Chinese geese. They were unbelievable noisy when they grew up.

On Saturday, April 29th, 1950 after being with Laure in a movie or somewhere else, I asked her to become my wife. She said she would think it over. Even my pressures did not change her mind and it took her until late into the night as we were still discussing it in front of her apartment's door, that she accepted.

The next weekend, Sunday May 7th, 1950 this time without Laure, I was on a hike in Bergenfield, New Jersey with Warren Kramer and told him that I planned to get married and I wanted him to be our best-man at the wedding.

Thursday, May 11, 1950 was Laure's 25th birthday and I believe because of that I did not go to Vineland that weekend. Nobody besides Warren knew of our plans and we had not decided on any date yet.

On Friday, May 19, I probably told my parents that Laure came with me to Vineland to visit the Maiers. The next day, Sunday May 21st, it was the anniversary of my parents' wedding as well as the first anniversary of our first single date. Before this we always went out in groups.

Laure walked alone the one mile from the Maiers' house on North Orchard Road to ours. I had made out with Laure to come in the afternoon. There when we were together we made the announcement to my parents. My parents were probably a little surprised, but after all they knew I was dating Laure and whenever I took photographs I sent a copy to my parents. On almost each picture Laure was too.

My parents became quite emotional about the announcement and my father insisted on celebrating this wonderful occasion with a toast of champagne. Laure was very embarrassed to be called a daughter by my parents and also for my parents it was hard to embrace somebody as a daughter after having lost theirs. We then also told the Weinschenks and the Maiers and later on in New York Laure's siblings, our friends and relatives.

Sunday evening we went together back to New York without figuring on a date or anything else. Laure probably wrote to her grandfather after coming home from work on Monday May 22nd, and told him about our marriage plans. She mailed the letter the next day, Tuesday, May 23rd. Airmail at that time usually took five days to Europe and her grandfather probably did not receive the letter before Saturday May 29th. He also answered right away with a letter in which he asked about our engagement and mailed the letter probably on Monday May 31st. This letter, which I do not have, must have arrived in New York on about Wednesday June 7th.

On Friday night June 9th, like every Friday night, I spoke to my parents by telephone and told them that I just found out from Laure, that Rabbi Kurt Metzger knew everyone of the Wildmann family as well as everyone of ours. Rabbi Metzger, who was for a short time the last Rabbi in Nuremberg, and a friend of my brother-in-law Julius Neuberger and as well of my sister Erna. He moved afterwards to Landau and became the Rabbi there. Landau is a city in the Palatinate, which is across the Rhine River not far from Philippsburg. The rabbi was in personal contact with Laure's father Heinrich Wildmann for printing the Jewish Bulletin of the Palatinate and met the whole family frequently. He even was invited to the Bar-Mitzvah of Laure's brother Hugo. We all thought it would be wonderful if the only person who knew both our families would perform our wedding.

Knowing my father, he probably wrote to Rabbi Metzger on Saturday evening, June 10th, as soon as Shabbat was over, asking him if he would officiate at our wedding, without giving a date. The letter was mailed on Monday, June 12th and arrived in Glens Fall, New York probably on June 14th.

Laure also answered her grandfather's letter right away and explained to him that we do not get engaged, because she believes that engagement is a "Quatsch" (rubbish). She mailed the

letter on Thursday, June 8th and Opa received it on Wednesday, June 14th. Rabbi Metzger must have gotten the letter from my father also on Wednesday June 14th.

Opa Neuburger received Laure's letter, was quite annoyed with it and answered the next day, Thursday June 15th, part of it as follows:

... now I am getting to you Lorle. The photos I have received; you look, touch wood, wonderful. Your opinion "*Verlobung ist Quatsch!*" (Engagement is rubbish), I do not share. This opinion is against all Jewish tradition, even when one is not *at all religious*. (...) The Jewish tradition is that at an engagement one draws a Star of David on the floor and breaks a plate on it as a symbol of transitoriness. This is called to put down *Knas*. The word *Knas* means punishment for the part who frivolous transgresses. On the first Shabbat after the engagement on the place of residency of the groom or the bride, a prayer *Kingdom* will be sung in honor of the bridal couple and the groom will be called to the Torah and *One And Only* will be sung. (...) It therefore it is a step between unmarried and married with special religious rules, which have nothing to do with the intimate affairs, which I cannot mention. Therefore, *engagement is not rubbish*, but an old Jewish tradition with intelligent rules and ideal specification. It does not need a festally meal, it just has to be done and they can go out together and buy the rings, etc. This betrothal is the most beautiful time in life and is a far higher period than romance. Therefore dear Lorle I expect an engagement announcement, which would make me extremely happy and my wishes would follow. - Now dear Manfred you write about your last exam. Does that mean that your studies are finished and you arrived at your goal, and what is it? Write to me about it. Now, on the end I suggest to you dear Margot, to follow the example of your sister and make me happy with that same kind of an announcement.

We did not get engaged anyway.

Shortly before our wedding I wanted to buy a car but this was very complicated because to get to a second hand car dealer one needed a car. I was in Vineland only for the weekend, thus I did not have much time to look around. Besides, I did not understand anything about cars and did not have a driver's license yet. Therefore I asked my father to talk to Mr. Miller if he would be willing to go with him and look and buy a car. He did.





I also told my father, I had \$ 300, my whole savings, which he could use for the car. For many years I did not know that the 1939 Chrysler which my father and Mr. Miller bought cost \$ 465. My father never told me that he added the \$ 165 missing.

It was very difficult to find a synagogue which would let us bring our own rabbi. We or probably better my parents tried all kinds of places. The Vineland Community Hall was already rented for that date. We drove with my parents in a taxi to Rainbow Lake, which had a larger room and catered to weddings, but they too already had reservations for the 8th of October. I don't remember who thought about it, but my parents finally found the little orthodox synagogue in Norma, the next little town west of Almond Road, which did not have many members anymore. I believe, as we did not have a car yet, that we never saw the place before our wedding.

On August 31st my parents sold 335 chickens. Their average weight was 6.25 pounds. The heaviest weighed 10.5 pounds. They got 30 cents for the pound.

On October 8th, 1950 Laure and I were married in the small synagogue in Norma by Rabbi Kurt Metzger.

Friday night October 21st, 1950 on our return trip, we figured to drive for the last two days of our honeymoon to my parents in Vineland. It was already pretty late when we arrived at the farm. They were very happy to see us, as most of the postcards we wrote had not arrived yet, therefore they had no idea where we were. My mother still had enough food in the icebox for us. We had her usual Friday night dinner. Like always she had baked two challas. That night we slept the first time in my old room on the farm.

Vineland was hit by a hurricane on November 25th, 1950. Our chicken farm was lucky and there was no damage. Whenever we came to Vineland, we either helped on the farm or constructed something for it.



On December 31st, 1950 my father wrote that the average production was 52.8 %. The average price for one dozen eggs was 46.5 cents.

The cost to produce these eggs was 38.25 cents.

The chicken feed alone was 30 cents for a dozen eggs.

The total production of eggs were 27,036 dozen sold for the price of \$ 12,561.89.

From the sale of chickens my parents made \$ 776.97. On the 31st of

December 1950 there were 2,088 chickens on the farm and my parents had a capital of \$ 9,847.12.

On New Year's Eve we had our first party and all our friends came to our little apartment on 156th street in Manhattan.

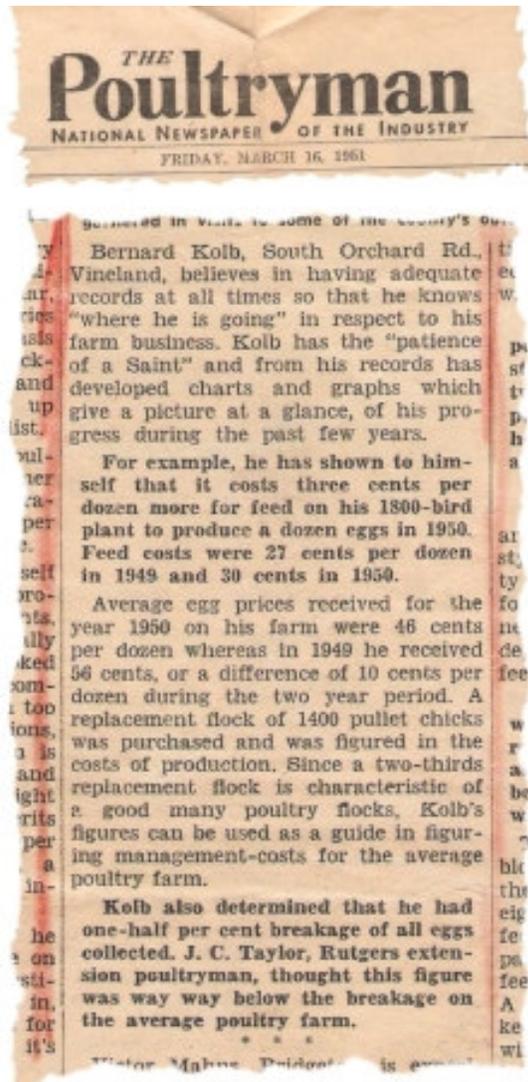
On May 16th, 1951, my parents received 707 Leghorn baby chickens from the Stern Brothers Hatchery from eggs of their own chickens. There was also an article in *The Poultryman* as follows:

Bernard (!) Kolb, South Orchard Road, Vineland, believes in having adequate records at all times so that he knows "where he is going" in respect to his farm business. Kolb has the "patience of a saint" and from his records has developed charts and graphs which give a picture at a glance, of his progress during the past few years.

For example, he has shown to himself that it costs three cents per dozen more for feed on his 1800-bird plant to produce a dozen eggs in 1950. Feed costs were 27 cents per dozen in 1949 and 30 cents in 1950.

Average egg prices received for the year 1950 on his farm were 46 cents per dozen whereas in 1949 he received 56 cents, or a difference of 10 cents per dozen during the two year period. A replacement flock of 1400 pullet chicks was purchased and was figured in the costs of production. Since two-third replacement flock is characteristic of good many poultry flocks, Kolb's figures can be used as a guide in figuring management-cost for the average poultry farm.

Kolb also determined that he had one-half per cent breakage of all eggs collected. J. C. Taylor, Rutgers extension Poultryman, thought this figure was way below the breakage on the average poultry farm.



It was impossible to wash the car in New York and to have it washed was too expensive. We



waited until one of the weekends when we came to Vineland and did it ourselves. Our car, which we called *Bubi*, was much too high; therefore we had our own unique washing idea.

On May 22nd, 1951 my father suddenly had very severe pains in his lower abdomen. He knew Doctor Max Strauss in New

York, and in case he had to have an operation, he wanted it to be done by this doctor. Thea called me, saying that she and my father are coming to New York by taxi and I should meet them at the doctor's office on Central Park South. I went to pick up Laure and we went to the designated address. We heard that the doctor was not there, but was at St. Barnabas Hospital in Newark. As soon as Thea and my father arrived we took them in our car. I drove towards the Lincoln Tunnel. It was a Friday evening and there was a lot of traffic and we moved only very slowly. My father was in constant pain and lay down as well as he could on the backseat, his head on Thea's lap. When I saw a police car, I asked if they could give me a police escort to the hospital. When they heard it was to Newark they told us, they can only escort us to the nearest hospital in the city. We finally made it to Newark.

It was already dark when we arrived. We did not have to wait too long and father was taken into the doctor's office. After a while we were notified that he was taken right to the operating room. We waited, as we had no idea what was wrong with him. It took a couple of hours until we heard that he was out of the operating room and everything was taken care of. At that time we only learned that he had his gallbladder and appendix removed and now was resting comfortably. A while later, we were permitted into the hospital. We did not know which room. Finally we found him. He was still unconscious and placed in a bed somewhere in the hall as the hospital was so full that there were no empty beds in any room.

After he was released from the hospital we took him to our apartment where he stayed for two weeks to recover. As Laure and I were at work, all my father could do was watching our fish in the fish tank. This seemed to be a good rehabilitation cure as he always fell asleep watching the fish. End of May we took him back to Vineland.



Sometimes during the summer we built a large shelter behind coop number 14. Laure helped me nailing the asbestos sheets on the roof.

On Friday September 14th, 1951 we drove to Niagara Falls for a vacation . It was an intricate affair to get to Canada but we did it. On Thursday, September 27th, 1951 our vacation came to an end and after breakfast in Quebec we started our return trip first crossing the St. Lawrence over the bridge near Lewis and then driving straight south to the Vermont border. Everything went fine and we made good time. During the evening we came to the border. Actually we needed gas before, but we figured it would reach us to the American side, where gas was cheaper than in Canada. About two miles south of the border we saw a garage. We drove in and filled up. Then the car did not start anymore. We thought we were lucky, just to be in a garage. But the man there was no mechanic and had no idea what was wrong with the car. He told us, that the next service station was in St. Albans, 27 miles to the south. At least he could push us into start with his Jeep. He pushed and the car started.



We knew that we could not stop before we reached another service station, as there was no way to get our car started again. The car was not working very well; we could only drive very slowly. It was getting late and very soon it got dark. Not only was the road very small, but it also curved constantly.

To our misfortune it started raining too. In a few of moments it developed into a tremendous thunderstorm. The rain poured and it hailed. It was very difficult to see the road, as by then it was

pitch dark. Only when it was lighting we could see a little bit of the road. Because of the trouble with the car we could not stop. Luckily there was not much traffic but the few cars that were on the road stopped and waited for the downpour to stop. We kept on moving, very slowly. Laure was trying to see the edge of the road on the right side that we did not drive into a ditch and I was watching that we did not get too far to the left. Through the windshield one could see nothing at all. We were lucky that in a storm like that no one was on the road. *Bubi* was shaking and we were scared, that any moment he would give out completely.

The 27 miles to St. Albans seemed to take hours, but we finally made it. As we entered the town, the rain let up a little. We saw a sign which seemed like a bed and breakfast place, *The Cromwell*. Laure went down to the house, hoping they have a vacancy, while I stayed on the road with the car, after all we knew I could not stop. She asked if they still had a room for the night. Yes they had. I drove down the little hill into the driveway and stopped the car. It was late and the garage was already closed. There was nothing we could do until the morning.

Friday, September 28th, 1951 we called the garage and they picked up the car. It had to be towed. We walked to the garage to find out what was wrong. The diagnosis was very bad: The head of the motor block was warped and two of the pistons were flooded. We drove these 27 miles on four pistons. There was nothing they could do in that garage; they had to bring the head to a larger garage in Burlington, which was another 26 miles further south.

We had the car repaired for 300 dollars just before we went on vacation and now we already had another repair. We asked how much would that cost. "It might be about one hundred dollars." As this was the end of our vacation we did not have that much money anymore. There was nothing else we could do but telephone my parents to telegraph money to us. We asked the mechanic how long it would take to get the car back. He told us, he hopes it would be done by the evening. The next night would be Erev Rosh Hashanah. We were very nervous and all day long we went back and forth to the garage and hoped we would get the car back. There was nothing one could do in St. Albans as it is a very small place. We walked through the main street up and down all the time. In St. Albans we were in the most northern part of the United States and Vineland was hundreds of miles south.

At 7:00 p.m., it was just getting dark, the car was finished. My father had sent a money order through Western Union, \$ 102.38, and also a telegram. "HOPE ALL IS WELL MONEY HEREWITH."

As soon as we had paid, we drove off. By then it was already completely dark. We thought of driving through the night, to be able to arrive in Vineland before night the next evening. The road was very small and very curvy and we made very little headway. Laure did not have a

driver license yet, therefore I had to do all the driving. It took us a very long time, just to get finally to Burlington. At Shelburne, a couple of miles south, we saw cabins. Laure thought it might be a good idea to sleep a couple of hours and then go on, as driving at night was very tiring and one could not make much headway on that dark, very winding road. We stopped and rented a cabin at the *Champlain Cabins* in Shelburne, Vermont.

Laure always had a little alarm clock along and set it for 5:00 a.m.. We got up and left without breakfast. We had paid for the cabin the previous night. At 5 it was still completely dark, but at least we had rested a little. Still before dawn, we crossed into the State of New York south of Lake Champlain. As we passed Lake George the sun was coming up. We were then about 200 miles north of New York and still 350 miles from Vineland. If everything worked out, we would make it before night.

It seems we were that optimistic, we would make it, even stopped on the way and shot a couple of pictures. We drove through Glen Falls, Albany and then down along the Catskills. In Wurtsboro we had to stop, we needed gas. At Port Jervis we entered Pennsylvania and then New Jersey was already on the other side of the Delaware River. It could not be too far anymore. We passed the Delaware Water Gap, but stayed on the Pennsylvania side. Through Easton, Philippsburg we headed for Philadelphia. Then we knew we would make it. Crossing the Delaware to Camden and then down Delsea Drive. It was only 36 more miles. We arrived in Vineland and it was still daylight. My parents were very happy; they did not think we could make it.

Over Rosh Hashanah we stayed and on Tuesday morning, October 2nd, 1951 we drove home to New York. What a trip! The following Monday the 8th of October, was our first anniversary. Two of our friends, Inge Hausmann and Warren Kramer, celebrated with us.

December 1951, we built another room for the chickens, between the old chicken coop, number 6 and the 80 feet long coop my father had bought. This new room got the number 7. This was the first time my young wife helped me with the construction.



number 6 and the 80 feet long coop my father had bought. This new room got the number 7. This was the first time my young wife helped me with the construction.

A small shed was built behind the old coop number 3.

Our 1939 Chrysler was no good anymore and needed all kind of repairs. We wanted a reliable car, as every three or four weeks we drove to Vineland. On

December 24th, 1951 we bought a new Chevrolet in Bridgeton. With our car in exchange and \$ 1,650 which my parents lend us. We were sad, to get rid of our *Bubi*, in which we made very many beautiful trips in one year. We had driven over 20,000 miles, but the car was just getting too old and too costly for the repairs.

On December 31st, 1951 the average production of eggs was 49.12 %.

The average price for one dozen eggs was

59 cents

The average feed price for on edozen eggs was

31 cents

The total average price for one dozen eggs was	47 cents
The total production of eggs was 28,600 dozens for	\$ 15,804.21
For the sale of chickens	\$ 401.32
On December 31, 1951 my parents' capital was	\$ 12,818.43

At that time they had 2,294 chickens who consumed 214,600 lb. of feed, an average of 97.8 lb. by each bird.

In February 1952, we had attached a shelter for the chickens behind the last coop. But at that time the roof of it was damaged. Instead of repairing the shelter we built a 16 x 24 feet summerhouse for the chickens.

My parents delivered hatching eggs to the Stern Brothers Hatchery and on March 15th, 1952 got 761 Leghorn and 22 Crossers baby chickens. These eggs again were from their own chickens. On March 22nd, 1952 they received another 709 Leghorn baby chickens, but half of them they gave to the Weinschenks.

On April 29th, 1952 I became a citizen of the United States of America. I was sworn in at the municipal court building in Bridgeton, New Jersey.

On May 22nd, 1952 my parents took 800 baby chickens to raise them for the Weinschenks.

My father wrote in September 1952, that they had lost a lot of the chickens which were hatched in May 1951. They only had 600 left from the original 1,134. In December the egg prices fell very much but recovered around the middle of the month.

December 31, 1952. On the farm were 2,005 chickens. They had consumed 221,300 lb. of feed.

The average production was 51.83 %.	
The average price for 1 dozen eggs was	52.9 cents
The average price for chicken feed was	33.8 cents
The average total expense for each chicken was	44.1 cents
The total production was 29,738 dozen eggs.	
The total amount for these eggs was	\$ 14,944.37
For the sale of 882 chickens	\$ 626.21
Their capital on December 31, 1952 was	\$ 15,011.80

In January 1953, my parents again sold hatching eggs to the Stern Brothers Hatchery. On

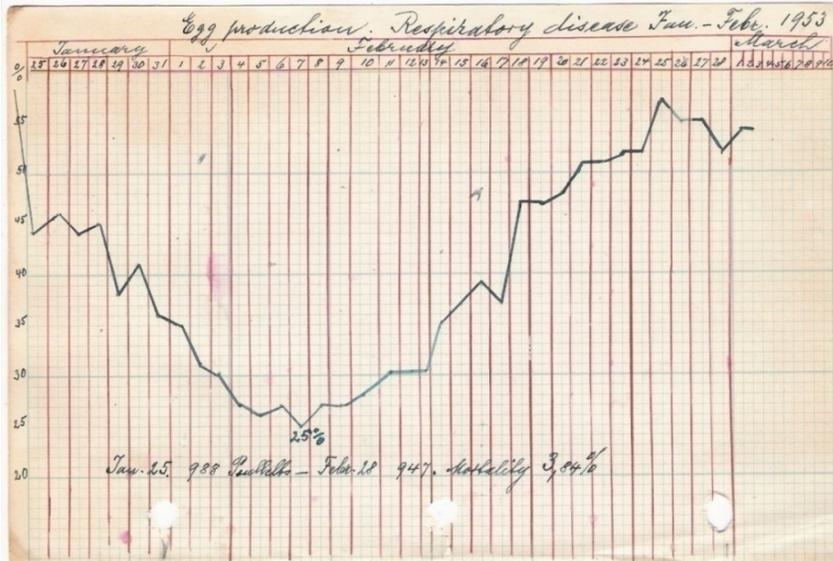


January 25th, 1953 my father reports that the pullets had a respiratory disease and the egg production went down to 25 % for the next three to four weeks.

As we drove on a weekend in January to Vineland and saw how my mother struggled through the snow, carrying a pail, we thought something had to be done. Shoveling the snow was almost impossible, as by it was all frozen.



Laure helped me to build a snowplow in the basement. I took two boards, nailed them on a small piece of 2 x 4 in a V-shape. To stabilize it, I nailed boards on top and cut them to the size of the V-shape. With a pretty strong rope we tied it to the back of our car. I had snow chains on the tires. The car would not get stuck on the snow but our plow was much too light and was just gliding over the snow. To make it heavier, Laure sat on our construction and I slowly drove the car along the coop. That did it. We were able to push some of the snow aside and at least made the walkway little wider.



In November 1952 my father told me that a bird of prey must have taken some of his dwarf chickens, which somebody had given to him a while ago. He kept them in a small enclosure and only a bird could have gone in. These chickens slept in the little house, which we moved back in 1947 and my father had repaired.

On March 3rd, 1953 my parents received 736 baby chickens from the Stern Hatchery and on March 4th 742 from Gus Walters, another hatchery. They had a lot of problems with the production of these pullets. Other farmers had difficulties too in that year. On December 31st, 1953 there were only 470 of the Sterns' and 471 of the Walters' chickens alive.

The evening of March 30th, 1953 was the first Seder night. Like the previous years, we were going to my parents again. This year we had Manfred along. My father had told me, that every night one of his dwarf chickens was killed, and he did not know what kind of an animal it was, that only eats the heads of the chickens and leaves the rest.

I said, I will try to catch it. After the first part of the Seder I went back where that fence around the dwarf chickens was. The dead chicken from the night before was still there. My father had built a box from thin lathes on the corners and covered it with chicken wire. He used it for putting the baby ducklings under it that they would be safe from the cats. At another time he had baby chicks there.

I took that cage along, put a stick underneath the one short side of the box to hold it open and still stay on one end. Then I tied a string around the leg of the dead chicken, put the other end around the stick which held the box open and tied it to the box. I left it standing there.

After the Seder until 2:00 a.m. I kept on going back to this trap to see if everything was still all right. Nothing happened.



In the morning I did not even think of that trap anymore and after lunch I drove to the Weinschens. A little while later Laure called, I should come home as soon as possible, I had caught something, but she did not know what. I jumped in my car and drove back as fast as I could. Willy wanted to see too and came along. My mother was on the entrance to the farm as I drove in. She said: "April Fool's Day!" I did not realize that this was the first day of April. No, she said, you really caught something. But then I did not believe her anymore and did not want to go to look.

Laure came out and after a while finally she convinced me, that something was caught in that box-trap. I went back and there was a beautiful, large Great Horned Owl under the chicken wire. Now, what should we do with it?

My father had a couple of small boxes, made of the same kind of lathes and chicken wire, for chickens that were brooding to keep them separated a couple of days. These boxes were pretty small, about one foot square and one foot and a half high on the hinged end. The other side was a little lower.

We wanted to get the owl into such a box. Its curved bill looked formidably dangerous and the claws looked as long as my fingers. We got a chain, which probably was strong enough to hold a lion. At that time Mr. Kohn came from across the street and with Manfred and Willy we were five men against one Great Horned Owl.



With a curved chicken catcher I managed to catch one foot of the owl and pulled it out underneath the box-trap. I attached the chain to the bird's leg. Then I threaded the other end of the chain through the door of the little box and out through the chicken wire to the bottom of the box.

We had to be sure, that everything had to be coordinated, as we did not want the owl or any of us to get hurt. One of us was on the end of the chain and when given the command, he had to pull the owl into the box. Two men had to lift the box at the same time and another had to close the box as soon as the owl was securely in it. On the command of three everything went as planned and the owl was transported into the box. Afterwards it was easy to take the chain off its foot.

I believe Laure called the Bronx Zoo in New York and asked them if they wanted a beautiful Great Horned Owl, and how we could send it. Yes, they said, they would take it, but we would have to create a crate in order not to hurt the owl nor anyone who handles it. They also told us all kinds of measures we had to obey, which were impossible to do in Vineland. Willy knew a high school teacher who was bird fancier and who eventually took our owl. We were told that it was living in his house for at least a year. We also found out that one could not release it, as an owl would always come back where it found food. It also is typical for owls to kill prey and only eat the head at first to come back the next night and eat the rest. My father lost a lot of chickens, as he took the dead chicken away every day and the owl always had to kill a new one. It never got sick of only chicken heads. A reporter from the *Vineland Times Journal* took a picture of the owl and Manfred and changed the story and the name a little bit (see above).

In April 1953, in the *New Jersey Farm and Garden* paper, above a picture of my father the following article appeared:



“Water for Chicks. B. Kolb, Orchard Road, Vineland, shows the watering system he employs. Chicks start to use the fountain cups within a few days, he says. Glass jars are used for the first few days. Note steps used to reach fountains. Leghorns in particular like this system, asserts Kolb.”

My father had invented and put together a water system for baby chicks, which was already used for grown chickens. The cups were mounted on the water pipe and filled themselves with water, when they were empty. He always put four of these self-filling cups together and built a little stand so that the baby chickens could get up and reach it.

Early in October I made a large chicken cut out of wood, painted it and during the weekend brought it to the farm. We dug a hole, put the post into it and mounted the sign on top. Then we attached the mailbox on the side. My father was very happy with it, but I believe 3 days later it was stolen.

On October 28, 1955 my father reported to the police, that the chicken on the mailbox was stolen. The article in *The Vineland Times* read: “... at 4:55 P.M. (a call to the police) from Bernard Kolb, South Orchard Rd, noted that a red, wooden rooster atop his mailbox was stolen.” Obviously this was one of the wrong statements *The Vineland Times* was known for. At that time we did not know anything about trick-or-treat and Halloween pranks.

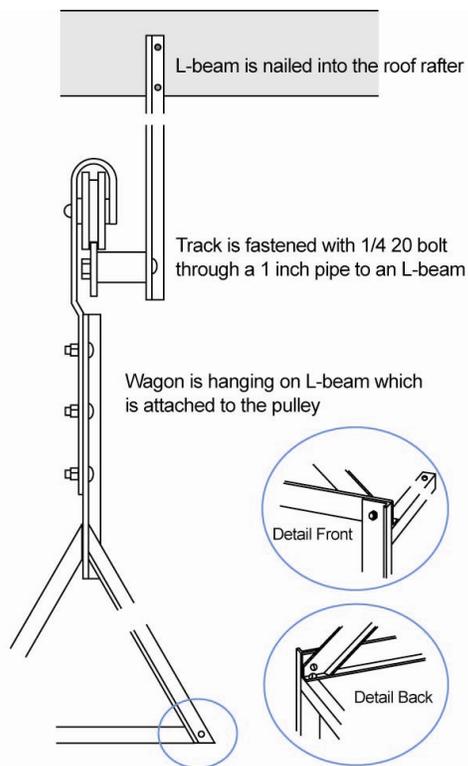


December 31, 1953 the average production was 47, 6 %.

The net egg price per dozen was	57.25 cents
The feed for one dozen eggs cost	33.33.cents
total cost including the losses of chickens was	47.75 cents
The yearly production was 26.298 dozen.	
The yearly income from eggs was	\$ 14,931,43
My parents had now	\$ 18,448.83
They had on this day 1,996 chickens that ate 195,100 pound of feed.	

On January 10th, 1954 it was very cold in Vineland and they had a lot of snow. At 8:00 a.m. on January 18th, the thermometer indicated 0 degrees. By January 21st, most of the snow was gone, but it was still very cold (10 degrees) and during that night it snowed again very heavily.

My parents delivered 830 hatching eggs to the Stern Brothers Hatchery, but they did not order new baby chicks as it seemed they were not too good.



On February 21st, 1954 we started to build a carrier into the chicken coops. We probably came on Friday February 19th, 1954 to Vineland and stayed there two extra days until Tuesday, February 23rd. The carrier was a rail system which went from the feed house through all the coops.

The idea was to be able to easily bring feed from the feed house to the coops and also to make collecting eggs easier.

The carrier had to be mounted on long L-beam steel hangers from the roof rafters. I had drawn it up at home and my father had bought the material, for 200 dollars. It was delivered before we arrived. As the one original old chicken coop was behind the other one, we had to find out if there was something like a railroad switch. The starting point was in the feed house. From there it went through coops 1, 2 and 3.

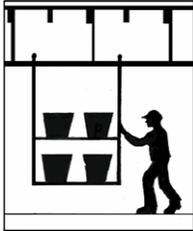
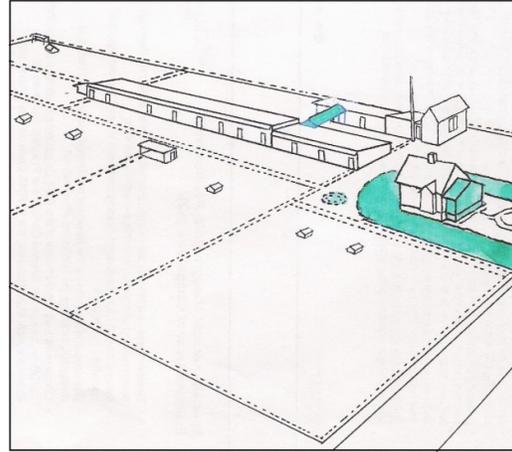
Now we needed a bridge to the front coops. The distance between both of the coops was about 20 feet. First of all we had to build an A-roof from coop no. 3 to coop no. 6. We cut a large opening in the front of the no. 3 coop and built a double door, where the carrier would exit. Then we made another large opening and also for a double door in the back of coop no. 6. There the rail entered the long row of coops which was going all the way to coop no. 14.

We used 2 L-irons, cut to the appropriate length, and mounted one of them vertically under the roof beams. Then the second one was also nailed on the beam under the roof, diagonally to prevent the rail from shaking.

As soon as we had constructed these hangers from the feed house to the coop we mounted the rail on it.

Then we had to bend the rail and make it go through the door opening of no. 3 and across to no. 6. Then came the hangers under the covered bridge.

That done we entered coop no. 6. We had to figure out where to install the switch which was operated by two hanging chains with a little weight on the end. By pulling either one of these



chains one moved the open end of the rail. The carrier could move not only forward in all the new coops, but also backward into coops no. 4 and 5. It was quite an engendering job. One had to move the hanging wagon a little past the switch, straighten the rail out and push the wagon backward to the two front coops. After these were serviced one pushed the carrier straight back on the rail system through all the coops till no. 14.

Now it was much easier for my parents, who before brought the pails of chicken feed on a two-wheel hand wagon to the outside of the coop and had to carry the pails in. Besides only about four pails fitted on these wagons. They had to bring the wagon back to the feed house and load 4 more pails. It had to be done until all the coops were fed. The same thing in reverse had to be done for the eggs.

The carrier had two shelves and fitted at least 4 pails on each of the shelves. As it went right into the feed house, my father, who did most of the feeding now, loaded the carrier directly there and then just pushed the carrier from room to room. The cost for the material was well spent with the saving of labor.

My father also always had tools and spare parts for the water fountains laying on the carrier wagon, which saved him a lot of extra steps if something had to be repaired.



While he fed the chickens, my mother collected the eggs and the baskets full of eggs were put on the carrier and effortlessly shipped back to the feed house. From there the full baskets were carried into the cellar of the house.

Every evening, my parents were occupied for a couple of hours cleaning the eggs and filling them into the large egg cartons, 30 dozen in each.

Each room of the coops had an outside door as well as one to the next room. There also had to be some alteration done. The rails of the carrier were about 1 or 2 feet from the ceiling, but the doors were quite a bit below this. The walls between the coops had to be cut out for the rail system to go through. Still the operator of the carrier had to be pulling the carrier instead of pushing it, as each of these doors had to be opened and after the carrier was through, closed again. One had to watch out that the chicken did not follow you into the next room.

On March 31st, 1954 my parents received 1,100 baby-chickens from the Stern Brothers Hatchery. In September, when these young chickens were old enough to be brought into the coops they were still 1,033, which my father considered a very good raising season.

On April 19th, 1954 my father became an American citizen together with 65 other men and women. My mother was scared to become one as she was afraid, she would not understand English good enough.



Suddenly in the morning of May 7th, 1954 out of the blue, just the way it happened in Germany during the Nazi time, my father was picked up by a policeman, taken to the police station and there had to sign a \$ 200 bail like a criminal. He did not even know what it was all about. All he was told was, that he is accused of having dumped dead chickens. An ordinance in Vineland made this a crime.

The Vineland Times reported: "Hearing Scheduled For Man on Charge of Dumping Chickens" Bernard (!) Kolb, 71, of South Orchard Rd. was released on \$ 200 bail this morning for a hearing in Vineland Municipal Court, Monday May

17th, at 10 A.M. on a charge of dumping dead chickens on a public highway. Kolb denies that he dumped the chickens which were found in a paper bag along the side of the road a short distance from his home.

On May 24th, 1954, the newspaper reported, that the hearing was postponed until Monday June 14th. The defense attorney requested the postponement.

It took a while for my parents to figure out what might have happened. A little earlier that year, two boys came by bicycle to the farm and asked if there would be work for them. As my parents could use help, they hired the two teenagers. After work, my father paid them and asked one of the boys, if he liked to have a chicken. He had some chickens which did not lay eggs anymore. The boy said yes and then the second boy wanted a chicken too. My father gave each of them one. The boys had no way of transporting a live chicken therefore they tied the legs of the chickens, put them head first in a paper bag, hung them on their bicycles and left.





My parents luckily somehow remembered the name of one of the boys. On one weekend after May 24th Laure and I went to Vineland and after finding out where that boy lived, we drove to him with my father.

The boy's father was in the front yard as we stopped at the house. We asked him if his son brought home a live chicken a little while back. The man said yes and thanked my father for it. Then we asked him for the name and address of his son's friend. His name was

Green. We thanked him and drove to that house. Green's father also answered as we went to the door. We asked him the same question about the chicken. He did not remember a chicken, but was going to ask his son Theodore. When the boy came out his father asked him: "Did you bring a chicken home a while back?" - "No", said the boy.

"Did you work on the farm of this gentleman?" - "Yes."

"Did the man give you a chicken?" - "Yes."

"So what happened, you did not bring that chicken home?" - "The chicken died on the way."

"And what did you do with it?" - "I threw it over a fence, where some dead chickens were lying."

We told the man about the charges against my father and asked him, if his son were to testify in the hearing. Mr. Green replied: "Certainly, if my son did anything wrong he is coming to the hearing and will explain." We thanked him and left.

Laure and I came to Vineland again on Friday evening, June 11th, for the hearing was set on Monday, June 14th. Our lawyer, Mr. Harry Waxman was there too. When the case was called, I, not the lawyer, went to the bench and told the judge, that we have a witness and that my father did not dump any chicken.

The Vineland Times reported the next day: *Worker Takes Blame in Chicken Dumping*. Additional testimony was given in Municipal Court yesterday in the case involving Bernard (!) J. Kolb of South Orchard Rd., who was charged with illegal dumping of dead chickens. Kolb denies the charges.

Theodore Green 16, of 505 North Fourth Street, testified that he and his friend were each given a live chicken in a paper bag by Kolb after they finished working on his farm. Green said, the chicken died and he threw it in back of a fence on Orchard Rd. near Walnut Rd. while en route to their home after leaving Kolb's place.

Judge Frank J. Testa said he would reserve decision on the case for one week.

Poultryman Fined In Dumping Case

Adolph Stern, solicitor for the Vineland Egg Auction, announced today the successful prosecution of the second violation of the indiscriminate dumping of dead fowl within the City of Vineland limits.

Judge Frank J. Testa of Vineland imposed a fine of \$25, plus \$10 costs, on Bernhardt Kolb of south Orchard road, Stern reported to the Auction.

Kolb, according to testimony in the case, had given two sick chickens to two young boys. The birds died while the youngsters were taking them home so they dumped them along the road, adjoining a neighbor's poultry farm.

The court ruled that Kolb was guilty of violating the city's health ordinance in giving the boys chickens so sick that they died a short time afterwards.

Stern explained that the Egg Auction authorized him to take up the cudgels against indiscriminate dumping of dead fowl to protect the poultry industry from the spread of disease.

The lawyer lauded the investigation in the case of Officer Harry Ruetemann of the Vineland police department, stating he traced ownership of the birds through leg band numbers and the paper bags in which the birds had been placed.

On August 6, 1954 *The Vineland Times* reported: *Poultryman Fined in Dumping Case*. Adolph Stern, solicitor for the Vineland Egg Auction, announced today the successful prosecution of the second violation of the indiscriminate dumping of dead fowl within the City of Vineland limits.

Judge Frank J. Testa of Vineland imposed a fine of \$ 25 plus \$ 10 cost on Bernhardt (!) Kolb of South Orchard Rd., Stern reported to the Auction.

Kolb, according to testimony in case, had given two sick chickens to two young boys. The birds died while the youngsters were taking them home so they dumped them along the road, adjoining a neighbor's poultry farm.

The court ruled that Kolb was guilty of violating the city's health ordinance in giving the boys chickens so sick that they died a short time afterwards.

Stern explained that the Egg Auction authorized him to take up the cudgels against indiscriminate dumping of dead fowl to protect the poultry industry from the spread of disease.

The lawyer lauded the investigation in the case of Officer Harry Ruetemann of Vineland police department, stating he traced ownership of the birds through leg band numbers and the paper bags in which the birds had been placed.

This was a transversal of justice. The accusation was in all points completely wrong. The chickens were not sick, but as the boys put them up-side-down into the paper bags and hung them on the handle bar of their bicycles, one of the birds probably suffocated. Besides the day was very hot, therefore my father had hired the boys in the first place to carry water to the coops. The policeman could only find one chicken with that number on the band, as only one chicken was in a paper bag.

Mr. Stern was one of the brothers who owned the chicken hatchery from which my parents bought the baby chickens and for which they delivered the hatching eggs. From that day on my parents did not deliver any more eggs to this hatchery and did not buy any more chickens from there. Also, my father was not fined \$ 35 as it is said in the paper, but \$ 200 he had paid before.

I wanted to fight this court judgment, but our lawyer who did do nothing about it, said to fight this case would cost much more than the \$ 200. He just was a bad lawyer. Much later, in 1993, when we used him again for the sale of the farm he also was no good. He was a nice Jewish man but a bad lawyer. At one time he was a judge and I wonder what he did then.

As a birthday present for my parents Laure and I bought a 21 inch television. My father was against it when we told him beforehand and he said he would never watch it. We bought it anyway. After he had it he watched and even rigged up a speaker next to his favorite easy chair, as he was quite hard of hearing.

As we also needed an antenna for it and did not know what to get, I asked our friend Ernest Kaufman to buy one for us. Ernest worked at RCA and was an expert on televisions and radios. He told us when he had it and we came to Vineland for the weekend. Ernest and his wife Lotte came with the antenna. They lived not too far away, in southern New Jersey.



We assembled the antenna and then I went up on the roof to mount it on the chimney. Ernest said he would not go on the roof. After I was up there, Ernest reached me the antenna up. Laure said she would come up and help me. My father had made a vertical ladder which was mounted on the wall of our room's closet and through a small hole in the ceiling one could get up into the attic. That way I went up and then Laure went up there too. From there we had to climb through a small attic window to the roof of the porch. From there one could climb on top of the roof of the house. So far everything went pretty well.

Laure was never on a roof before. The roof was a little steeper than most. She did not know about the problem of walking on a slanting surface. I had told her not to come up. I was afraid for her and she was too. I could not use her as a helper. I turned her around and asked her to go down again. She did and I managed to mount that antenna alone.



On the evening of October 15th, 1954 a very strong hurricane struck Vineland between 5:30 and 8:00. Four of our shelters were totally destroyed. The rooms no. 11, 12 and 13 had some damage. The chicken coop was lifted a little from its foundation. A couple of the large trees on the property were splintered and some of the equipment on the ranch was damaged. Lots of poultry farms in the immediate vicinity were totally destroyed. Vineland was declared a disaster area.

On November 11th, 1954 Laure was sworn in as a citizen of the United States of America in the former baseball field of the Polo ground.

On December 13th, 1954 my mother had a surgery of her hernia by Dr. Mosbacher, formerly from Nuremberg. She suffered from it since Theresienstadt. I guess my parents trusted their landsman doctor more than an American doctor. She came with Thea a day or so earlier to our apartment in New York and we brought her to the Forest Hills General Hospital on 102-01 in 66th Road, room 501. This was the first time my mother came to New York and saw our apartment. She was afraid to come alone and anyway they could not take off too easy from the farm.

On December 31st, 1954 the average egg production was 46.54%.

The average price for a dozen eggs was	46.5 cents
The average cost to feed a chicken was	31.1 cents
Average total cost for one chicken without depreciation	44.1 cents
The total production was 770 cases or 23,111 dozen eggs which brought	\$ 10,508.24
For the sale of 835 chickens my parents made	\$ 369.34

The average feed consumption of each bird was 94.1 pound, what meant 185,400 pounds.

On January 25th 1955 my father wrote that the pullets had Newcastle Disease. This meant they had losses among older chickens and the production of eggs went down.

In April my father had a viral infection and could not work for 4 weeks.

We had told my parents that Laure was pregnant sometime in the beginning of July, while we were on vacation in Colorado. After returning back home, we looked more seriously for a house, and through friends we found one which we really liked.

On August 26th my parents bought 504 chickens from Mr. Milton that were one year old.

September 21st, they bought 567 two year old chickens from the Weinschenks.

September 23rd all our friends who had cars came and helped us to move.

Our house was to be ready to move into on November 1st, 1955. This was just perfect for us, as Laure was expected to give birth in the second half of October. We figured to move into our house right after she comes out of the hospital. My parents and Manfred lent us some money to pay the down payment.

On Sunday, October 30th, 1955 we decided on bringing our last piece of furniture, our bed, to New Jersey and leave the apartment for good. I carried the bed frame and the mattress down the stairs and tied it on the roof of our car. The blankets etc. fitted easily on the backseats. Now the apartment was empty. We went into the car and drove to Paramus. I carried everything into the house and our move was finished.

From Sunday to Monday we slept the first time in our house. The next morning I went the first time to work from New Jersey. Shortly after lunch Laure called, that I should come home, she has to go to the hospital. I returned as fast as I could. With Laure in the car I drove back to the Polyclinic in New York where we had made arrangements. The baby was born at 9:30 p.m. on October 31. We called her Rebecca, after Laure's mother.



My parents became big fans of our Becca. She was the first grandchild again after they never saw the child of my sister. We still drove to Vineland quite often, but now my parents also came to us. In our house we had more room than in our apartment in New York and the biggest attraction was our little daughter. My parents slept on the couch in the living room.

During the year 1955, the production of eggs was 44.74 %.

On December 31st, the average sales price for one dozen eggs was	46.72 cents
The average feed cost per dozen eggs was	26.82 cents
The average total cost was	33.87 cents
The feed consumption per bird was 86.7 pound.	
The total production was 716 cases or 21,505 dozen.	
The total sales of eggs were	\$ 9,664.69

The total sales of 651 chickens were	\$ 401.02
My parents' capital was	\$ 24,293.00

During that year my father had what I thought a very bad idea: From old material he built 82 cages for the chickens. He found the idea in one of the chicken magazines. In each of these cages he put one chicken. This was supposed to increase their egg production. The poor chickens were in separate cells which I called jails. It was much more work to feed each chicken separately. They also had to have a container for water which had to be filled by hand. Collecting the eggs created another problem. The automatic fountains could not be used anymore. I am sure that their productivity did increase in no way. Because these cages were made entirely of wire, the droppings fell through on the floor. My father removed the cement floor of this coop. I did not understand his change of mind because prior to it he always let the chickens out on the ranch. Some of the farmers were against this too and thought it would decrease the quality of the eggs.

I and my mother hated these chicken jails. I made a sarcastic caricature of them and sent it to my father. They now had only 864 chickens left.

At the end of August my father suffered very much from arthritis. For 4 days he was in the hospital for observation. He was unable to do any work on the farm for weeks. Only on October 15th he helped a little on the farm.

At the end of December both of my parents were sick with a very severe cold.

The price for eggs on December 31, 1956 was 41.5 cents a dozen and for chickens 22 cents a pound. My parents sold most of the chickens and only kept 196.

The average production during the year were 47.6 %.

The average price for one dozen eggs was	47.76 cents
--	-------------

It cost an average of feed for one dozen eggs of	27.00 cents
and for each dozen 7.2 pounds of feed	

The total cost for a dozen was	39.60 cents
--------------------------------	-------------

The total production was 16,887 dozen eggs.

The total egg sale was	\$ 7,399.00
------------------------	-------------

For the sale of 1921 chickens they got	\$ 1,035.00
--	-------------

The capital of my parents was	\$ 27,702.89
-------------------------------	--------------

March 1st, 1957 my parents bought 50 chickens for one dollar each.

March 21st, 1957 they bought another 806 chickens that were hatched in 1955 for 60 cents each and 160 chickens hatched in 1956 for 90 cents each.

May 31st, 1957 our son Chuck was born.

By then my parents came quite frequently to visit us, probably mainly their grandchildren. For Rosh Hashanah we went to Vineland with both our children.



For the 75th birthday of my father on September 22nd, 1957 my parents came to us and we had a lot of relatives invited for the occasion.

On December 31st, 1957 the average production of eggs was 43.82 %, this even with the chickens having gone into molt during the year.

The average production including the molt, was 43.82 %.

The average sales price per dozen eggs was	44.13 cents
The cost of feed per dozen was	21.37 cents
The total cost per dozen was	41.28 cents
The total for sales of eggs was	\$ 3,806.70
For the sale of 805 chickens	\$ 345.81
The capital of my parents was	\$ 35,338.76

During the year 1958 my parents had only between 200 and 300 chickens left, which had an average production of 44.9 %. On March 18th there was a very strong blizzard in Vineland and a lot of people were without electricity but my parents suffered no damage.

On December 31st the sales price for a dozen eggs was 42.85 cents and the feed cost 27.7 cents per dozen.



Their capital was now \$ 40,165.84. This was after my father received his pension from Germany again.

My father wrote that in 1959 the vegetable harvest was good but the fruits were poor. They had between 180 and 333 chickens which had a 37.82% production of eggs. The average egg price was 34.3 cents for the dozen and cost 30.5 cents on feed. My parents fortune on December 31st, 1959 was \$ 47,139.35.

Our children liked to go to Vineland on the farm and as much as they loved it there, my parents enjoyed it even more having the little ones with them. My mother in particular was very fond of Becca and saw in her her own little daughter who was murdered by the Nazis. Becca loved to feed the chickens.

December 31st, 1960 my parents had a capital of \$ 50,158.36.

Now my father had no longer many charts to make. He figured out the following and wrote it to us in a letter on August 4, 1961: "Today is a day which will not come back again. Today, I am just twice as old as you Herbert. In other words, today you are as old as I was when you were born."

December 31st, 1961 their capital was \$ 56,843.50.

September 8th, 1962. My father wrote in his diary that he is using the last razor blade he bought in 1946 in Bremen. I do not know how many blades he bought at that time, but I am pretty sure not more than one package. I could never understand how he was able to shave with these blades. I never could, as they were completely dull. Even so he had some kind of a little sharpener for them.

On September 20, 1962 my parents sold their remaining 300 chickens.

On September 22nd, 1962 we celebrated my father's 80th birthday in our house.

January 13th, 1963 my father had a cardiac infarction and was interned in the Newcomb Hospital in Vineland. He stayed there until January 19th, 1963.

On November 20, 1963 our son Steven was born in the Valley Hospital in Ridgewood, New Jersey.

On December 31 1963 my parents' capital was \$ 63,028.75.

On August 9, 1964 my father wrote in his diary: "From July 24 until August 9 Steven is with us during the camping vacation of his family. We love the little one. Besides taking care of him he does not cause us any trouble. He eats very nicely and sleeps until 7 or 8 in the morning. We will miss him very much." My father was very proud of Steven, as he stood up for the first time in Vineland.



We took Steven home on the 9th of August and left Becca there. My father wrote: "From August 9 until August 20 Becca visited us. She made us very happy!" We drove home and had a lot of unpacking to do, but most of it Laure did the next day; I had to go back to work.

On Friday August 21, 1964 Laure picked Becca and my parents up in Vineland. It seemed they stayed with us until Labor Day which was on a Monday. On Saturday of this extended weekend we drove to Dudley in Massachusetts to visit the Natkins. All of us stayed in their house, even for the two nights.

There is nothing in my father's diary from 1965 besides what he harvested in the garden and how the weather was.

On January 4, 1966 my mother had a stomach operation and on October 28, she broke a rib, when she fell off a chair in the kitchen. She also sprained her arm.

On June 9th 1967 my father had a heart attack and was taken to the Newcomb Hospital. He came home again on July 9th.

On October 5, 1968, my father had a slight stroke in the afternoon. He wrote like always very accurately all the expenses and the incoming payments into his book. He was just in the process of writing \$ 39.00. The number 3 and the 9 looked exactly like he always wrote. But as he tried to write the zero it did not work right and instead of an oval it became an up and down stroke. The pen fell out of his hand. My mother called the doctor who came right away. He wanted to admit my father to the hospital, but after he explained to my mother, that he could not do anything at this point for him either, He let him stay at home.

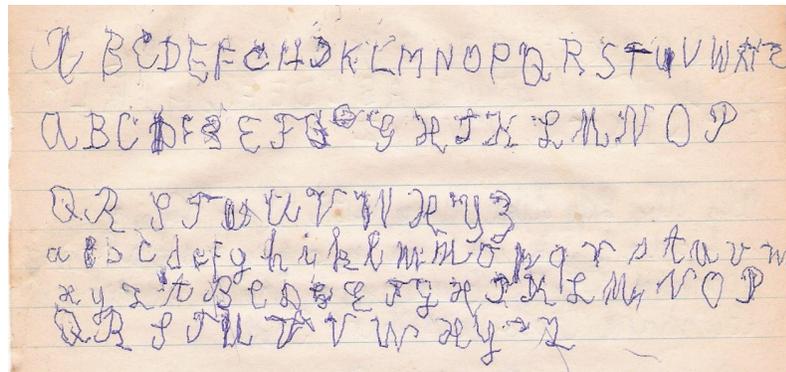


Only on Sunday evening my mother called us and told us about it. I could not go there as I had to go to work the next morning. She also did not want me to come right away. On Monday we called a couple of times and also my mother called and told Laure that my father had problems with his speech. Laure called me at work and told me about it and said the doctor wanted to talk to me. I called him from the office and on Monday night I drove to Vineland. I took Chucky along as Becca had pneumonia. It was a long boring stretch and Laure was afraid I might fall asleep. This way I had company and besides the next day was no school. I believed it would cheer my father up to see one of his grandchildren. It did not make him happy, actually it upset him and he told me it is wrong to bring a child to a dying man. I personally did not feel that his condition was so severe and told him so.

We arrived around 10 o'clock. At that time my father's speech was back, but he could barely move his right arm and right hand at all. That same night I spoke to the doctor who explained the paralysis.

We stayed the night in Vineland. On Monday my father could move the arm a little better and around noon we left for home. Although the paralysis in the arm stopped, his index finger and thumb never became completely normal again.

As I came home from work I drove to Vineland again on the following Friday, the 11th, but alone. My father preferred it this way. Now he already got up once in a while, but he still was very depressed, mainly because he could not use his right hand. I

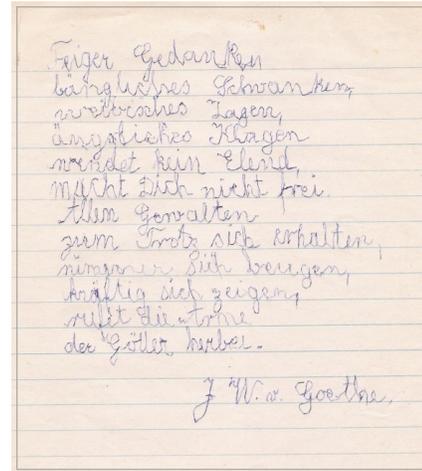


talked to him and managed to relax him a little. I talked him into it and gave him a writing lesson with his left hand. In the beginning he had a lot of troubles, but slowly it got better. He wrote many alphabets, practiced his signature and copied whole pages from books.

After I came back home I wrote in calligraphy the following poem by Goethe and brought it to him the next time I went to Vineland:



Cowardly thought,
anxiously timid,
womanly wavering
fearfully lamentation,
deflects no misery,
does not free you
In spite of all forces
stand up in defiance
never bow-down,
prove your strength.
entreat the arms
of the Gods for support.



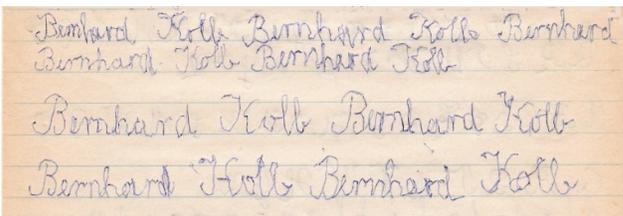
I carried that same saying in my pocket during the whole time of imprisonment and it also gave me the strength to survive. It gave my father new courage as he could not use his right hand to write anymore. He started practicing to write with his left. He used a 25 cents writing tablet. As he was not used to using his left hand the letters were very shaky and it seems it took him a long time to form each letter. Then he practiced his signature, very many times and finally he copied the above saying from Goethe.

The following Friday, October 18th, it was my mother's birthday I went to Vineland again. My father could use the right arm pretty well again but not the right hand.

On November 22, 1968, my father was in the hospital as he had pains in his back and the doctor suggested bringing him to the hospital. The doctor thought this might have been a slight heart attack again. He stayed there until Sunday, December 15, when he was brought home again probably by a taxi.

December 3rd, 1968 Steven fell down the basement steps and had a black eye.

On Friday, December 20, 1968 I drove to Vineland again. My father felt better now, even though he did not have as beautiful a handwriting as before, he slowly managed pretty well with his left hand. He had practiced very many pages, copying German poems and also whole articles from the newspaper.



We visited Vineland probably every 3 to 4 weeks and my parents also came frequently to visit us and enjoyed our children. Only they did not take the bus anymore, but all the time Laure picked them up and if they wanted to go home on the weekend, I brought them back. But very often Laure drove them home too. She always took Steven along. Laure was a very good driver and had no problem mastering the 137 miles twice on the same day.



For Pesach 1969, we picked them up at least a week before the Seder. My mother helped Laure, preparing for the two evenings, cooking and baking for the whole week.

In the night of July 25th to 26th, 1969 my father wrote - actually he typed it - about an unusual dream. He had not taken any sleeping pills: "In front of a lot of assembled people it was announced to me, that I have to die now. I was led into the next room by one person; I believe, it was my wife. At once, a complete decay of my body started. My brain was functioning and I was completely aware of this. In the last moment this situation changed and reversed. The body felt new strength and I went back to the rest of the people."

He made the following poem and wrote it practicing with his left hand. It was one of the last entries on the ruled shorthand sheets my father used for practicing his left hand writings.

*Mir ist's als wär wieder Krieg im Land,
Wir stünden alle im Pulverdampf.
Beim Appell am Abend ein Platz ist frei,
Dein Nebenmann ist heute nicht mehr dabei.*

I dreamed it's war here in this land
Powder smoke surrounds us all.
An empty place next where he stand
Your buddy is gone, he missed the call.

*Und fester und enger schließen die Reih'n
Wer wird wohl morgen der Fehlende sein?
Verscheucht mir den Spuk; "Lo omus ki aechje!"
Was hilft das Gejammer, das Ach und das Weh!"*

The lines get thinner wherever you look
Who might in the morrow be absent?
"Lo omus ki aechje!" Away with the spook
No sense that for this misery to lament!

*Wir wollen heut feiern, den Abschied versüßen
Und was uns im Hals steckt hinuntergießen.*

To the sweetness of life, today we salute
Swallow it down what sticks in the gullet.

On May 27th 1970 my parents were married 50 years. We celebrated on May 30th in the synagogue in Vineland and later on in the house. Lots of my parents' friends came and many of our relatives.

On July 5th 1970 Chucky became a Bar Mitzvah. My parents were picked up in Vineland well before the event and I am sure my mother helped Laure with the cooking and baking. It was a big celebration. All the second cousins of mine who lived in the New York area and all the Wildmanns came from California. During the actual Bar Mitzvah in the synagogue, my father got the second Aliyah.

Later on in 1970 we were vacationing in Nova Scotia. On the way back we went to Prince Edward Island where we put up our tent. Later in the evening, I called my parents and heard that my father had another stroke that day. It was already too late to leave. Early in the morning we took down the tent, packed everything into the car and left. We had trouble getting off the island, as there was only one small ferry which could only carry a couple of cars. It took a couple of hours until our turn came. As far as I remember, we kept on driving all the way to Vineland.

My father was again in the Newcomb Hospital in Vineland for a couple of days and as soon as he was better he came home.

On Sunday night August 22, 1971 my father became ill again. Between 6:00 and 7:00 a.m. he was taken unconsciously to the hospital. He never regained consciousness and after almost 8 weeks he died. The wish of my father was that he would be buried by Rabbi Metzger. The funeral was on October 18, 1971 my mother's 79th birthday.



The farm then declined, as nobody repaired it anymore. It was not worth fixing, as chicken farming in Vineland was finished. The farm could not be sold as such. In many cases people walked away from their farms and left everything there, as their debts were more than the property was worth. They owed a lot of money to the Rubinof's feed company which took over the farms, but as it had no more customers left, the company went bankrupt.

For the next 10 years my mother came to us frequently, but she still preferred her house. She died unexpectedly on August 8, 1982 while Laure and I were just on the way back from our vacation in Spain. The house stood empty and it was broken into daily. Each time we had to travel to Vineland, as the thieves had cut the burglar alarm. We constantly had more and more expenses because the insurance company did not pay anything. Their excuse was that the house was standing empty. The Weinschenks were also two old people and could do nothing but go there once in a while and telephone us about the break-ins.



It was a very sad view to see everything we had created for years declining, but we had no other choice than to rent out the house and property. Mr. Levine, the lawyer advised us poorly again and we sold it much too cheaply in 1983.

When my Aunt Thea died on January 4, 1990 Uncle Willy was alone. He never was used to doing anything for himself, so he committed himself to a nursing home. He had a room there, got food

and as he was never interested in anything, he was happy. But since there was nothing wrong with him the home could not keep him very long.



Therefore, after a short time he went back to his house and hired a lady to cook for him every day. On July 17, 1992 while he was sitting at the table eating a soup the lady just made for him, he quite unexpectedly had a massive heart attack and died very peacefully.

The Weinschenks house was in good condition but the situation became similar to ours. Constantly the alarm system was cut. The house and the farm buildings were burglarized and again we had to drive all the time to Vineland. We could not do anything. The house and farm had to be very highly insured. I believe it was 1,100 dollars a month and again the companies did not pay a penny.

The thieves ripped out anything which was metal and sold it for scrap. They took the oil tank out and dismantled the water pump. And as the Weinschenks were also connected to the city water supply, the basement filled with water and had to be pumped out by the fire department.



The beautiful, well kept house was completely wrecked inside and outside. Finally they tore the aluminum sidings off and cannibalized everything in the house.

This much larger property of over 5 acres, had to be sold for a fraction of what it was worth only a couple of years earlier. Subsequently the house was torn down.

We kept Willy's lawyer, who also charged us a lot of money and did absolutely nothing.

edited by Gerhard Jochem

[Index*](#)

[Home*](#)