



Memories of a former Fürther

by Heinz Skyte, nee Scheidt



Fürth's old town with St. Michael's Church, seen from the tower of the city hall
(photo: Susanne Rieger)

For the first fourteen years of my life we lived in a second floor apartment at Nürnberger Straße 97, corner of Finkenstraße. I well remember the 30 January 1933, the day the Nazis came to power and celebrated the event with a torch light procession which came up Nürnberger Straße past our flat. Little did we realise then what was in store for us.

We overlooked what, to me, was a large open space of grass and weeds, intersected by a few well-trodden footpaths. We called the area, now occupied by a petrol filling station, our *Acker* (acre). More about this later. We also had a good view of the railway tracks. In 1934 a flat above the family business at Obstmarkt 1 became available and we moved there. We overlooked the *Obstfrauen* with their stalls and their cries, advertising their wares, which, during the asparagus season included deliveries of fresh asparagus twice daily.

One of my earliest recollections is of the *Ludwigsbahn*, an old steam train, which ran between the Nuremberg Plärrer and the Fürther Friedrichstraße, now the Fürther Freiheit. When these

trains stopped running, I believe around 1923, the trams which ran up and down Nürnberger Straße, were moved on to the old railway track and they, in turn, were removed altogether, when the *U-Bahn* arrived. A new exciting feature was the introduction of an express tram, the *Schnellbahn*, No. 31, which only stopped three or four times between Nuremberg and Fürth, and which part of the way ran on its own express track, thus able to overtake the slower, stopping trams.

For my first four school years I attended the *Heckmann'sche* Boys School, which was situated at the bottom end of *Nürnberger Straße*. We, of course, walked to school, nobody had cars then, and the seemingly long walk, about 25 minutes, provided much opportunity to bullying and fights, for which purpose we kept our rulers out of our school satchels. Later the walk to school became even longer, when at the age of ten we entered the *Humanistische Gymnasium*, now the *Heinrich Schliemann Gymnasium*. After 1933, the headquarters of the local Nazi Party were at the *Braune Haus*, also at the bottom end of the *Nürnberger Straße*, with an armed sentry outside, which meant moments of anxiety every time we had to pass there.



The famous Kirchweih almost 80 years later: in the background Heinrich Schliemann Gymnasium
(photo: Susanne Rieger)

For ten days each October the walk to school became more exciting when the *Kirchweih* occupied much of the *Königsstraße*. It was a bad time for our grown-up family members and friends, because we pestered them for *Kärwageld*, which we spent on the various amusements and also on *Sardinenbrötchen* (rolls with sardines) or other delicacies. One of the roundabouts, called the *Krinoline*, was actually on the *Obstmarkt* just outside our windows and we had free musical entertainment until late at night. The main meeting place for boys and girls, however, was the *Berg- und Talbahn* on the *Königsplatz*. The *Billige Jakob* (fairground barker) provided much free entertainment, if not actual bargains.

Back to the *Acker*. As mentioned it was an open space, which became our football ground. We were all “football mad” and we replayed many of the epic encounters between our *Spielvereinigung Fürth* and the *1. FC Nürnberg*. Everybody wanted to be a Fürth player and nobody a Nürnberger, but of course some of us had to be the opponents in order to have a game. A lot of fun and many grazed knees were had by all. When we were a bit older we of course attended most if not all the home matches of the *SpVgg*. And I can still recall the members of the successful team of the time: Neger; Hagen, Kraus 1, Kleinlein, Leinberger, Kraus 2, Auer, Franz, Seiderer, Frank, Kießling.

On Sunday mornings there were often brass band concerts at the *Englische Anlage* park, now the *Dr.-Konrad-Adenauer-Anlage* and one walked up and down, eyeing the opposite sex. I also recall that, when we were younger, Sunday afternoons often meant a walk along the old *Ludwigs-Donau-Main-Kanal* (King Ludwig’s Danube Main Channel), which is now the *Frankenschnellweg* motorway. We would start at the Fürther Straße end and walked, children in front followed by parents three meters behind, along the tow path to Kronach, where there was a large *Biergarten*. The adults had coffee and cake and we could have a lemonade or a *Himbeer* (raspberry soda), no Cola in those days! Other Sunday afternoons were spent on boring visits to elderly aunts, uncles and cousins. One had to be much older to escape those!

After the Nazis came to power in 1933, we Jews were soon excluded from most social events, including sports clubs, and a Jewish sports club was founded with a football pitch, running track and gym on a disused railway siding on Karolinenstraße near the *Stadtgrenze* (city limits). This provided much needed exercise and also a social meeting ground for us youngsters.

*See also Heinz and Thea Skyte’s **Our Family***

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