

Werner Leo Loewenstein, M.D.

October 9, 1909—February 6, 1990

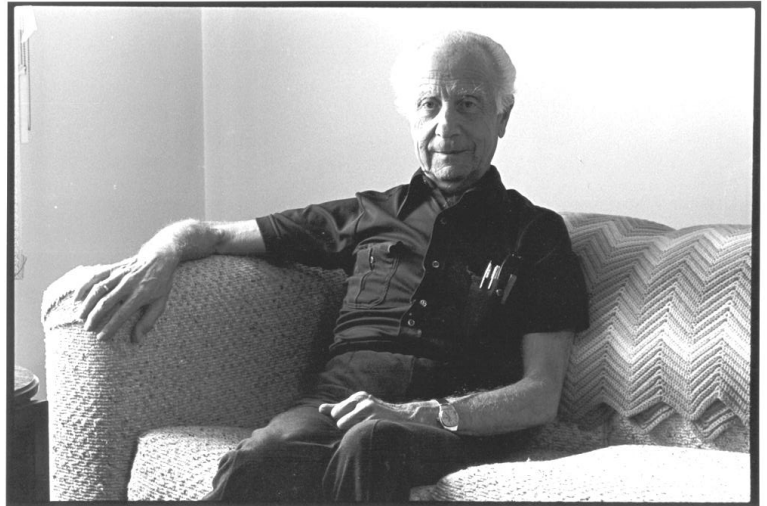
By Miriam (Loewenstein) Zimmerman

Introduction

From witnessing the depths to which humanity sank in Nazi Germany to becoming a devoted dad rearing a family in the pastoral beauty of west central Indiana, Werner Leo Loewenstein's life spanned an enormous gamut. From riding the dumbwaiter in St. Anthony's Hospital of Terre Haute, Indiana, to winning gold medals in national and international running competitions, it is impossible for me to describe objectively the life of my father.

"Doc" to his patients; "Louie" to old friends; "Dad" to Ruth, Paul and me; "Opa" to his six grandchildren, "Uncle Werner" to his three nephews, and just "Werner" to his wife Hazel and close friends, he was so beloved by family, by our community, and by a myriad of colleagues, that I fear this article will not seem credible.

To quote a high school friend of mine when I went back to Terre Haute for a reunion of the Wiley Class of 1963, "My mother, who did not know your father, told me she heard so many nice things about your dad and from so many different people, that she concluded that they must all be true." Thus, I am including anecdotes from other family members, colleagues, friends, and former patients to provide objectivity. I am the middle child, Miriam Zimmerman (née Loewenstein).



An undated chronology typed by Dad on his letterhead (W. L. Loewenstein, M.D., 300 College Avenue, Terre Haute, Ind., 47802. Phone: 232-6657) details some of the major events in his life. I am using his abbreviations, as follows: "Born: Oct. 9, 1909 in Buer, Germany. Graduated: U of Berlin Med. School 1934. Internship: Jewish Hospital Cologne. Arrival U.S. April 15, 1937. One year internship and one year residency in Lafayette, IN and Terre Haute, IN. Licensed in Indiana Sept. 1938. Private practice in Terre Haute, IN since 1939. Military Service during WWII, special training in chem. [chemical] warfare. Discharged with rank of Major. Married, 3 children: Ruth Loewenstein, medical technologist [Chicago, IL]. Miriam Zimmerman, teacher, author, lecturer, housewife [San Mateo, CA]; Dr. Paul Loewenstein, plastic surgeon [Milwaukee, WI]."

To conclude Dad's timeline: he passed away on Feb. 6, 1990 at the age of 80 of a particularly aggressive form of lymphoma. Thanks to hospice, he died at home, surrounded by the family he loved so much,

instead of in a hospital. After practicing medicine in Terre Haute for 50 years as a family doctor, it was very important to him to be at home with loved ones at the end.

Coming to America

In the 1930s, the United States' immigration policy had a strict quota for Jews. You had to prove you could support yourself with affidavits and proper documentation. Fortunately, my "Oma" (grandmother), Bertha Katzenstein Loewenstein, had kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Ida E. Schott, mishpocheh from Shaker Heights, Ohio, after Mrs. Schott had visited the family in Germany.



When things began to sour for Jews, Oma wrote to Mrs. Schott and asked if she could take her two sons. In the picture, Werner is left; his older brother Kurt, right. Kurt was an attorney and judge in Germany at that time. Ida wrote back and said she would sign the affidavits for the doctor, who would be able to support himself. Medicine is a universal language; it would be too difficult for Uncle Kurt to support himself immediately because of the language barrier.

Werner Loewenstein was aboard the luxury ocean liner, *SS Manhattan*, when it landed at Ellis Island. Dad always said he arrived on April 15, 1937. Tax day was never a problem for him; he regarded it as his day of liberation. He even told me that he did not mind paying taxes because "they can always take it away from you."

A slight discrepancy: according to the manifest of the *SS Manhattan*, Dad landed on April 16, 1937. On April 15, 1987, Dad visited us in San Mateo, CA. Per his input, we took a sheet cake with the caption, "50 Years of Freedom" and the April 15 date to our shul's Shabbat oneg. My husband Richard's genealogical research uncovered this discrepancy. Regardless, Dad's memory was that he landed on tax day.

Dad lost everything in Nazi Germany except his medical school diploma, which became his ticket out of there. He graduated from the University of Berlin Medical School in the last year that Jews were permitted to graduate, 1934. But he was warned not to attend his graduation ceremony. Even though he was not allowed to collect this crucial piece of evidence, a professor who liked my dad retrieved the diploma from the podium at the ceremony and hand delivered it to him. The picture of his diploma (next page) was taken by my brother Paul. Framed, the diploma measures three feet by two feet. Dad had to fight for it even though he earned it.

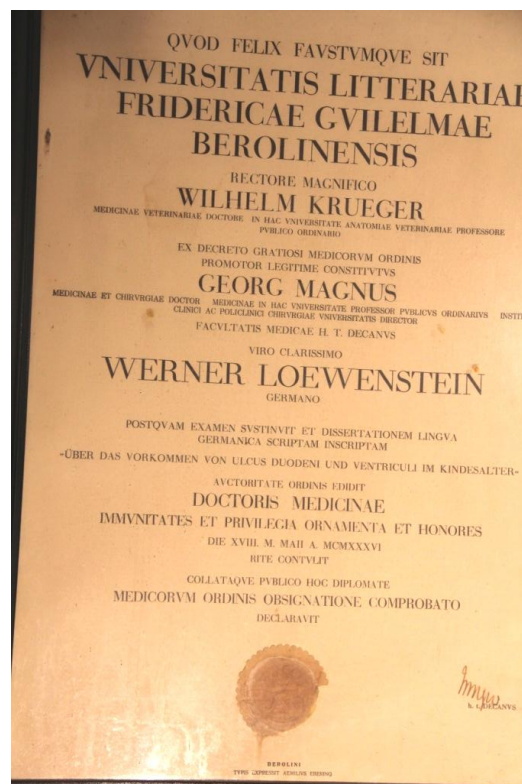
"Education is something that they can never take away from you," I can hear his German-accented English in my mind's ear, even today. This value was deeply ingrained in his three children and six grandchildren, all of whom have university degrees and most have one or more post-graduate degrees.

My sister Ruth and I graduated from Northwestern University in 1965 and 1967, respectively. Paul completed his undergraduate work at Stanford University and is a 1976 graduate of Indiana University School of Medicine. He completed his general surgery residency in 1980 and plastic surgery fellowship in 1982, both at Indiana.

In 1937, Jewish authorities helping Jewish refugees in New York told Dad, "We have enough Jewish doctors here." They advised him not to try to become a doctor in this country, to be content with the job they obtained for him as an orderly in a nursing home. Dad was not content with such a job; medicine was beloved to him, and he was determined to become a doctor in his adopted country.

Coming to Indiana

It is still true today that graduates from foreign medical schools must complete their internships in this country before becoming licensed. With very little English language skills, Dad found a hospital, St. Elizabeth's in Lafayette, Indiana that needed an intern. Dad had completed an externship at a Catholic hospital while still in medical school and had a letter of recommendation with him from the Mother Superior. It turned out that the two hospitals were run by the same order of German Franciscan nuns. He did not even need to have the letter translated.



From New York, Dad traveled to Lafayette, Indiana, where he completed his second internship at "St. E's." I found out at my wedding years later to Richard Zimmerman of Lafayette, that my dad and Richard's uncle, Alan Zimmerman, z"l, had double-dated on more than one occasion during that year. The Jewish community of Lafayette reached out to Dad; many families invited him to Shabbat dinners and had made him feel most welcome. Some of these same Lafayette families later attended my wedding to Richard Zimmerman on December 22, 1968 in Terre Haute.

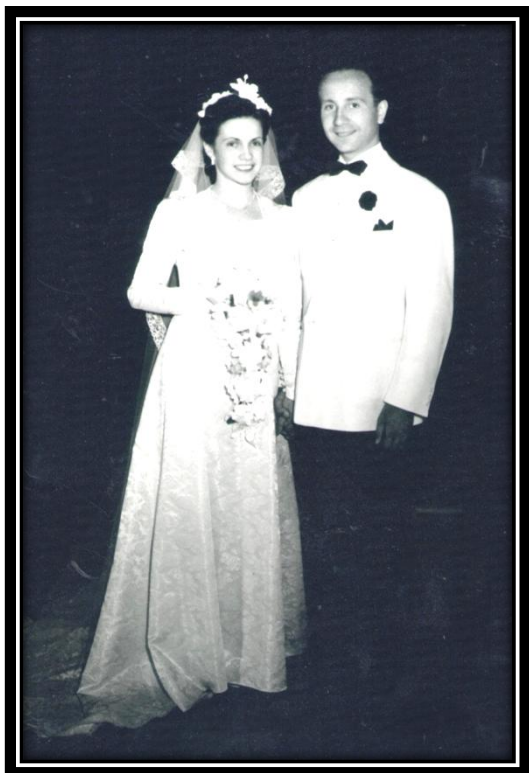
Years later, Dr. William Strecker stumbled across the certificate (picture, previous page) that Dad earned for his internship year at St. Elizabeth in an antique shop somewhere in central Indiana. Dr. Strecker purchased the certificate and gave it to Paul.

After that internship year in Lafayette, once again, Dad had no place to go. The Sisters of St. E's had another hospital in Terre Haute, Indiana; St. Anthony's, which needed a staff doctor. He moved to Terre Haute, where he completed a residency at St. Anthony's, and met and married our mother, Hazel Anderson.

How Werner met Hazel

Hazel Anderson (1914-1996) was born and reared a Mormon in Springville, Utah. Springville is near Provo, home of Brigham Young University, where Mother obtained her undergraduate degree. She earned two masters' degrees, one from New York University and the other from the University of Utah. One masters' was in music and the other in dance and physical education. At the time she met Dad, she was teaching music, dance, and physical education at Indiana State Teachers' College (ISTC), the institution that would become Indiana State University in 1965.

When I was attending Woodrow Wilson Junior High School in Terre Haute, my P.E. teacher was a Miss Duddlston who said she had been a student of my mom's at ISTC. Miss Duddlston couldn't believe how unathletic Miss Anderson's daughter was. However, I do believe she gave me every consideration as my mother's daughter.



The story goes, according to my mother, that a used car salesman introduced them. Both needed cars and neither, at the start of their careers, could afford a new one. The used car salesman who sold each of them a car thought that two such highly educated people should meet since there were not so many of them in Terre Haute. He fixed them up, and they began to date.

Mother converted to Judaism before she married Dad on June 4, 1942 in Provo, Utah. Mother told us many times over the years that she never wanted to marry; she wanted a career instead. In those days, most women really did have to choose. But, "it [love] hit me like a ton of bricks," a phrase she used many times over the years to describe their courtship.

Mother explained why Dad chose Terre Haute as the community in which he would begin his medical practice. He investigated some of the surrounding communities including Jasonville, Indiana. Its only physician was retiring, leaving the tiny community bereft of a doctor. Dad visited the doctor's office in Jasonville and noticed that the elderly doctor had to wash his hands at an outdoor pump. Apparently, the town lacked indoor plumbing at that time. I am sure there must have

been more to the story, but that is why Dad “opened a small stark office behind a drugstore on South Third Street” in Terre Haute in 1939, according to Dr. Paul Siebenmorgen in his eulogy to Dad. Mother said that Dad “fished his first scalpel out of a trashcan at St. Anthony’s.” Dad always used to shake his head at this part of the story, as if Mother were exaggerating, but he never denied it.

Another reason he chose Terre Haute, about which I had no prior knowledge and provided by a family member who chooses not to be identified here, was that he was told by leaders of the Jewish community in Terre Haute, that there was already a Jewish doctor here, and that Terre Haute did not need another one. Like defying the New York Jewish authorities by finding an internship, Dad set up practice in Terre Haute in 1939. He became great friends with Dr. Norman Silverman, z”l, the “other Jewish doctor.” His son, Jay Silverman, who was in my Wiley High School class, shares my memory that they became best of friends, both personally and professionally.

The expanded Loewenstein Family

Dad was able to get his parents out of Germany with great difficulty. The difficulty was not only with the Nazis. At that time, even after the November 9, 1938 Kristallnacht pogrom, expulsion and not extermination was still the official method of dealing with Jews. Dad obtained one precious U.S. visa after another for his parents, only to have them expire because his father (my “Opa”) was not willing to leave Germany.



My Opa exemplified the German-Jewish attitudes of “It can’t happen here;” “It can’t get any worse,” and “I’m a decorated World War I veteran (Cross of Honor)—they would never do anything to me” (see *National Jewish Post & Opinion* article, “Veteran’s Day, 2012,” Dec. 5, 2012). Opa’s certificate for his Cross of Honor is pictured left. Dated February 28, 1935 for his service in World War I, two years after Hitler came to power, the certificate

demonstrates the high regard that even Jewish war veterans enjoyed.

My grandparents were merchants, with the family living above their store on the main shopping street of Bür, a small town near Essen in northern Germany. Oma worked alongside Opa, selling “dry goods.” Years later, when Dad took Ruth and me back to Germany, Dad refused to go into the store, despite our urging. No amount of persuasion could change his mind. He was, no doubt, deterred by too many memories, both painful and poignant.

Finally, Oma and Opa departed Europe for the U.S. from neutral Portugal. Dad explained to me that my grandparents were on the last ship that left the European continent before the Nazis sealed all borders.

Richard's genealogy research indicated they departed from the port of Lisbon, Portugal on March 28, 1941 on the *Excalibur*, a small luxury liner commissioned by American Export Lines. They arrived in New York on April 8, 1941. In her day, the *Excalibur* was famous as one of the "Four Aces," four identical luxury liners.



The picture is of Dad's parents, David and Bertha Katzenstein Loewenstein, my Oma and Opa. They lived in Terre Haute until their deaths in the 1950s. Oma used to volunteer at St. Anthony's. She became a "gray lady," so-called because of the gray uniforms the women wore during their volunteer hours. When she died, no fewer than five Catholic masses were said in her honor.

Dad's brother, my Uncle Kurt, had three sons: Michael, Mark, and David (of blessed memory). Older than I by three years, Michael has a better memory of our Oma and Opa than I. He tells the story of his parents, my Uncle Kurt and Aunt Gustel, and his experiences with our grandparents, as follows: "Our parents [Kurt and Gustel Loewenstein] arrived in the United States sometime in 1940-41. They were married on July 10, 1938, just four months before the Kristallnacht pogrom on Nov. 9-10, 1938.

"After Kristallnacht, my father left Germany. My parents reconnected in England and spent a year there before coming to the United States. I assume they initially came to Terre Haute. I believe for one of his first jobs, my father worked in Robinson, Illinois [not far from Terre Haute]. However, at some point they ended up in Hyde Park, Chicago, where I was born on January 12, 1943. They knew other German-Jewish refugees who also settled there in an enclave."

Michael continues, "Sometime after that, Werner and Kurt went into the Army and Navy, respectively. My mother and I spent the remaining war years in Terre Haute where my mother worked in a department store (Roots?). I assume our Oma and Opa took care of me. At the time, they probably spoke German to me. Some five years later, when I was in Jackson Park Hospital (Mark and David's birthplace) while having my tonsils removed, I asked a nurse for a '*lappen*' but got no response. Later, I learned the English word: 'washcloth.'"

Michael concludes, "Being the firstborn of our generation and living with my mother with grandparents and aunt nearby, Ruth [born in Terre Haute in 1943] and I probably got a lot of attention in the absence of fathers. When they [Werner and Kurt] came home on leave which happened at the same time, I apparently became frustrated and reportedly told my father that he should go back to the Navy and told my uncle that he should go back to the Army."

Like Michael, I, too, remember hearing that during the war, he and Aunt Gustel lived with my mother and my sister Ruth in Terre Haute. Unfortunately, it must not have been conducive to sister-in-law bonding because after their respective returns from the military (Dad from the Army and Uncle Kurt

from the Navy), Uncle Kurt and Aunt Gustel moved back to Chicago with Michael. In addition, my aunt and uncle wanted a larger Jewish community.

Michael and I both remember our Oma's freshly baked challah. Michael recalls, "During the late 1940s through their deaths in 1950 of our Opa and 1953 of our Oma, I have warm memories of visiting our grandparents. I somehow remember that Opa was very handy and fixed things. Oma baked challah. Years later, when my mom baked her first challah, my father noted the occasion by giving her a charm

bracelet with a charm marking the date."



Picture from Germany: (left to right) Werner, Bertha Katzenstein Loewenstein, David Loewenstein, and Kurt. Our Oma died on September 30, 1953. Both of my grandparents are buried in the Jewish section of Terre Haute's Highland Lawn Cemetery.

I, Miriam, remember accompanying Dad on many Friday afternoons to Oma and

Opa's Terre Haute apartment to pick up the freshly baked challah that always awaited us. One time, I begged to spend the night with my grandparents. Since I was born in 1946 and since Opa passed away on December 27, 1950, I had to be less than five years old.

Dad would not let Oma and Opa speak German to us kids; he did not want us to learn German. Unfortunately, they never did learn to speak English fluently, but we managed to communicate. I got my way, as usual, despite not having brought pajamas and evidently never before having spent an overnight with them.

The next morning, I was being bratty at breakfast and spilled my Cheerios all over the carpet. Fortunately, I ate my cereal dry in those days so it was an easy matter to vacuum them up. Oma did not know how to reprimand me and exchanged an exasperated look with Opa. I tried to tell her I would vacuum, one of my chores at home, but she insisted on doing it herself. I watched in disbelief as she tried to vacuum with her Hoover, identical to my mom's vacuum cleaner, with the body rigidly vertical.

I had to wrestle the vacuum away from her and then demonstrate several times how to step on the release button at the base of the machine. I remember that she and Opa exchanged a look of amazement, then pleasure, as they realized how much easier it was to vacuum with a handle that guided the machine instead of one that remained rigidly upright. At that point, I believe I returned to their good graces.

The Loewenstein sense of humor

Growing up in the Loewenstein household was a lot of fun. Each of our parents had a great sense of humor. The picture at right must predate 1950 when Paul was born, since he is not included. Ruth is to the left; I, Miriam, am to the right.

Dad was known at St. Anthony's as a practical joker. I asked my siblings and my Loewenstein cousins to provide me with anecdotes, especially humorous ones. My brother Paul wrote: "...One time the nurses at St. Anthony's put him in the dumbwaiter on the first floor and sent him up to the pharmacy, which was being staffed at the time by one of the more timid sisters. The dumbwaiter was used to distribute medicine to various floors of the hospital. Imagine her surprise when Dad climbed out as if it were an everyday occurrence. I'm pretty sure she screamed loudly when she first opened up the dumbwaiter door." And there was Dad's face, staring at her impishly. The story became legend at St. Anthony's.



My sister Ruth relates an experience that confirms the legendary status of this story. "A group of friends and I have dinner together before each of the productions in our subscription series to Chicago's Lyric Opera. One member, Elsa, had only been with us for about six months so I did not know her very well. During one of our dinners, she was talking about how her day had unfolded at her job as a nurse. Although during these dinners we rarely talked about our careers, I asked her where she went to nursing school.

"Elsa indicated it was a small town and that most likely I had never heard of it. Thinking that since I worked in the medical field and there was a good chance I had heard of it, I asked her to tell me anyway. I couldn't believe it when she replied that it was Terre Haute, Indiana. But I smiled to myself and asked her which of the two hospitals had she attended, Union or St. Anthony's.

"To say she was astonished is an understatement. She replied it was St. Anthony's and asked how I knew the two hospitals. Of course, I told her Terre Haute was my hometown and that I had grown up there. Guessing we were about the same age and that she was in nursing school during the 1960's, I couldn't wait to ask if she knew my father. She started to ask me my last name but answered her own question when she referred to me as Dr. Loewenstein's daughter. Continuing she replied, 'Of course I knew your father. He was an icon. Did he ever tell you the story about the dumbwaiter?'

"I knew if she were at St. Anthony's Hospital in the 1960's there was no way she could not know my dad. But I certainly didn't expect her first words to be a reference to the dumbwaiter story. She told me she had not been a witness to the actual event, but was at St. Anthony's when it happened. Within minutes, everyone in the building knew of it. (Hospitals are known for their gossip mills.) It had solidified his celebratory status. Neither Elsa nor I knew it at the time, but I now believe it also solidified his



immortality with St. Anthony's Hospital. Here we were, 200 miles away and 50 years later, and the story still has teeth.

"She went on to tell me how admired my Dad was, not just by the hospital staff, but also very much by the student nurses. Unlike so many of the other doctors, he treated the student nurses as equals, and went out of his way to make them feel welcome and include them as part of the hospital team.

"While Elsa was attending nursing school in Terre Haute, I [my sister Ruth] was flying around the world as a Stewardess for Pan American World Airways (today we are called Flight Attendants). Here I am in my Stewardess Uniform in 1966 at Saigon's Tan Son Nat Airport. It was during the Vietnam War and Saigon, South Vietnam's capital city, was our base for MAC (Military Air Command) Charter turnaround flights. Having

several hours on the ground between flights, I was invited to visit the Airport Control Tower. From the tower, as far as my eyes could see, the landscape was covered with bomb holes. To this day, that image from the control tower haunts me."

Paul emailed me a story that illustrates both the humorous aspect of Dad's personality and his revulsion of pride. Paul wrote, "Sometimes Dad combined the practical joke with his penchant to attack hubris. I remember him telling about a new director of the ER, who was particularly disliked for her unbending approach to the rules and imperious attitude. Dad pretended to be a frail patient having chest pain, whom the staff nurses treated roughly and rudely. At one point they were wheeling him down the hall in a wheelchair when he fell out onto the floor. They started yelling at him, telling him, 'Get up old man.'

"One may have pretended to kick him in the side. Needless to say, the director became apoplectic, yelling at the nurses and telling them she would have them all fired. At that point, Dad got up, brushed himself off and said, 'I feel better now,' and walked away." The ER director lasted perhaps another two weeks, and then quit. Paul observed, "Of course there is much more, but I think this shows how he kept his playful side in spite of all that he saw in Germany and in the war."



Picture on the previous page is of Hazel and Werner with Paul's children: (left to right) Andy, Danny, and Scott Loewenstein.

Stories from Family Friends

Mayer Smith, longtime family friend and Wiley classmate of mine, emailed the following: "I have a great story about your Dad that I will never forget. He was such a 'jokester.' Just after graduating high school, I had to have some minor surgery to remove a cyst near the end of my tailbone. They rolled me (under a sheet on my stomach) into the procedure room in the hospital. Your dad comes walking in with a group of student nurses (some of whom I knew from high school); he pulls back the sheet, slaps my behind as hard as he can and then asks the girls if they recognized me! He then proceeded to take a marker and did some drawing on my behind which made all of them laugh (I still don't know what it was). He was a wonderful man. I always enjoyed being around him."

Dad was a beloved instructor at St. Anthony's School of Nursing for many years. The opening of a four-year nursing degree program at Indiana State University (ISU) no doubt contributed to the demise of the hospital-based program in 1974. In 1990 shortly after Dad's passing, a scholarship at ISU's nursing school was established in his memory by family and friends. Dad's years of association with Catholic hospitals, beginning with the Catholic hospital in Germany where he completed an externship, to his internship in St. Elizabeth's in Lafayette and residency in St. Anthony's in Terre Haute, have, no doubt, contributed to my comfort with teaching in Catholic institutions. As of this writing, I have been a "Catholic educator" for 28 years.

The Einstead family knew our family very well. Max and Bess Peltz Einstead, both of blessed memory, lived on Ohio Boulevard like we did, only further east. Dubbed "Tel Aviv Boulevard" because of all the Jews who resided on it, Ohio Boulevard now sits on the National Register of Historical Places (since 1989) and evidently boasts historic homes, though ours is not one of them. Max and Bess were, arguably, Dad and Mom's closest friends in the Jewish community. Max and Bess had two daughters, Elaine Einstead Zukerman and Barbara Einstead Stenacker, who now live in Indianapolis and Fishers, Indiana, respectively.

Years later, during my husband Richard's recent work in genealogy, we discovered that Max and Bess' daughter Elaine, and Werner and Hazel's daughter Miriam, married second cousins, making us all *mishpocheh* (extended family). Elaine's husband, Howard Zukerman, and my husband, Richard Zimmerman, share a great-grandfather. Werner and Max would have been delighted to learn that their two families were united in the marriages of their daughters.

Elaine remembers "our parents spending a lot of social time together." Elaine related to me a story of my Dad and her grandfather. "There was one time, I think it was after a B'nai B'rith convention. Evidently, there were not enough rooms, or more people came than they were expecting. Anyway, your Dad and my Grandfather, Philip Peltz, had to share a room. I remember my Dad telling us that your Dad said my Grandfather's snoring was worse than any of the bombings during the war and he could not sleep because it was so loud. I don't know why I remember this other than when Grandpa stayed with us, he did snore loudly."

Elaine's sister, Barbara, lived in Terre Haute longer than Elaine and thus has more memories of Dad as a doctor. Barbi writes: "I know our folks were close but they did 'adult things' and we kids were not usually included. I have a zillion memories of your dad but they are all because he was my doctor.

"I remember when the Salk vaccine came out; it was a shot. I saw the needle (I was probably about 10), and I took off running in the office. He actually chased me all around the office, and I think he trapped me by his desk.

"When I was pregnant, of course he had me bring urine specimens to every office visit. I asked him what he was looking for and he told me 'sugar.' I asked him how he would find it and he said 'taste it, of course.'"

Picture is of author with Barbi Einsteadig Stenacker and Elaine Einsteadig Zukerman, reminiscing over pictures, September 2013.



Barbi continued, "I look back on the years he treated me and he was truly an 'old fashioned family doctor.' He took me through all the childhood diseases, removed a soft tumor from my back, took out my tonsils (when I was 22!), delivered [my daughter] Deb and was her first pediatrician. He truly did it all.

"It was probably in the 60s, we were chatting about how 'loose' our moral codes were becoming and he said something very profound that I have often used to help me and others when our kids were doing things we'd rather they wouldn't do. He said, 'When the majority of people are doing something, that makes it normal. It doesn't make it **right** but it makes it **normal**.'

"I have fewer memories of your mom because I spent less time with her. I do recall a trip to Bloomington (I must have been in high school) when your mom was taking a class there. She drove all the way there with a textbook propped on the steering wheel. Hazel's version of driving and texting."

Mother started working on her Ph.D. in 1951, which was the year after our brother Paul was born. She commuted twice weekly to Indiana University in Bloomington, for many years. Julia Cohen, of blessed memory, also went to Bloomington once while Hazel drove. Evidently, it was routine for Mother to study as she drove: text propped up on the steering wheel as witnessed by Barbi Einsteadig. Julia talked about that drive for years, with big eyes punctuating her speech because her elegance wouldn't allow her to say anything so negative. "I will never drive to Bloomington with your mother again," she would tell me in a gentle voice, shaking her head. But her body language spoke of fear and reproach.

When Mother heard Julia tell the story, her defense was, “I had to study for a test,” as if that justified driving while reading on a very narrow road that snaked its way through the verdant hills of southern Indiana. To her credit, Mother finished her Ph.D. in social work in 1965, taking her a total of 15 years. Ruth remembers the date that Mother finished her degree because it was the same year she graduated from Northwestern. Afterward, Mother opened an office, “Hazel A. Loewenstein, Guidance Counselor” on Washington Street just off 7th Street. Mother’s dissertation research statistically analyzed leadership training in the Mormon Church.

Growing up, I remember resenting Mom’s stacks of papers that rested permanently on our ping-pong table in the basement of our home. As a child, I did not like competing for Mother’s attention with a doctoral dissertation. Yet, like Mother, I completed my doctorate while I still had my youngest child at home. As I write this (summer 2013), Hazel’s granddaughter Leah (my youngest), just returned from the Technical University of Munich where she successfully defended her Ph.D. dissertation in natural science (theoretical chemistry). No doubt I passed on my resentment of having a busy, preoccupied mom, to Leah.

Six months pregnant with her first child, it was very important to Leah to complete her doctorate before having children. Her grandmother completed her doctorate at age 51 with one child still living at home. I completed mine at age 45, also with one child still living at home. In the third generation, Leah got it right. She finished her doctorate when her first child was still *in utero*.

Max and Bess Einsteadig also had a son, Jerry, of blessed memory. For many years, Jerry and his wife Jo lived on Ohio Boulevard, just a block and a half east of my parents. Both Jerry and Jo served as temple youth group advisors when I was in high school. President of “NFTY (National Federation of Temple Youth)” during my senior year, I worked closely with Jerry and Jo.

One time, after Mother became a widow, I could not reach her for over two days. Frantic, I called Jo and Jerry. They were able to check on her and call me back to verify that all was well. Jerry reported that Hazel said she had been very busy. It is not clear to me whether or not she even checked her answering machine at that time.

Dad the Doctor

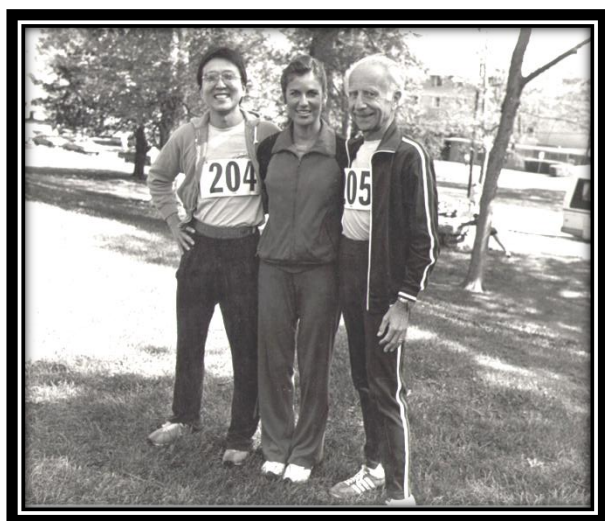
In addition to his practical jokes, Dad preached to family and patients alike against his personal version of the Seven Deadly Sins. These included fat, salt, tobacco, sloth (lack of exercise), motorcycles, unwed pregnancies, and women’s hygiene that included shaving legs and underarms and using tampons. One of his mantras was that the diseases of aging were a function of lifestyle choices that one makes throughout life. Diet and exercise keep you young and healthy. He used to give speeches on this topic to young people, more than a generation before the topic became trendy.

Along these lines, Sharon Gurman Sokol sent me the following anecdote about her father: “As a girl, I remember my dad being a smoker, something he did from the time he was a young teenager. Smoking was acceptable in the 50s; in fact, it was even a badge of honor. I didn’t think too much about his smoking.

“However, I do remember so clearly the day he returned [home] grinning like a Cheshire cat. ‘I went to see Werner today,’ he said. (Your father was “Dr. Loewenstein” to me but to my dad he was “Werner”). ‘I wasn’t feeling too well,’ he added.

“We [my mother and I] of course wanted to know the diagnosis. So my dad said, ‘Smoking.’ He said, Werner leaned over to him asking, ‘Charlie, how many of those do you smoke a day?’ Two packs was his answer. Then as he [Werner] continued, I [Charlie] took the pack I had in my pocket and threw it on the desk between us, got up and walked out.

“That was the end of the smoker’s journey for Charlie. One will never know if that added years to his life as he was never challenged by any real sickness. But I did get to have my father until 2000 when at almost 92 he died of just being ready to go.”



Similarly, Dad’s colleague and “adopted son” Dr. Benny Ko, a young radiologist from Taiwan, told me that it was our mutual “Pop” who got him to quit smoking. Benny is left, with an unknown runner, and Dad, after a local race. Recently, I reconnected with Benny, who reaffirmed that he loved Dad very much. He and Dad used to run together regularly, both informally and in meets. After Dad retired, Benny sponsored a lovely reception for his beloved “Pops” at the Holiday Inn in Terre Haute. Benny is the only one who called Dad, “Pop.” He also called me “Sis,” demonstrating how close he felt to our family.

David Hughes, Terre Haute *Tribune-Star* sports reporter wrote a column about Dad when Dad was 79. Mr. Hughes quoted Benny Ko saying that Dad had the potential to be a world-class athlete “if he had started earlier in life.” Dad “did not start running as a hobby until the mid-1970s when he was in his 60s.” The reporter described Dad’s winnings in his age category as follows: “He won a gold medal in the masters division of the 1987 National Outdoor Championships in Eugene, Oregon. He also grabbed the gold during the Pan American Masters Games in Puerto Rico in October, 1986. From small-town runs to international races, Loewenstein’s consistently steady pace earned him dozens of trophies, plaques and ribbons.”

Even at that time, one year before his death but while still in remission from cancer, Dad explained to Mr. Hughes that he hoped “to start running again this spring if I don’t show any more cancer. Right now, I feel fine.” Dad described his philosophy of running as follows: “I probably didn’t have time to go through the real strong, intensive training. Besides, winning is only second in importance to me. I do it [running] for my health. It makes me feel good.”

To the right are Dad and me in the San Francisco *Examiner* Bay to Breakers Race on May 17, 1987.

My parents were good friends with Art, z”l, and Ethel Heringman. Their daughter, Naomi, “Nomy,” was a friend of my sister Ruth; their younger daughter Tami and I are still good friends and keep in touch regularly. Ethel, age 95



as I write this, remembers, “When Nomy was in about 6th grade she was in a car accident while her dad was driving and heading to school for the last day of school. Werner closed his office and went directly to the hospital to check on Nomy, who had a concussion. Nomy said her head dented the radio.” Tami emailed the story to me and reported that currently, Ethel’s only frustration is that she has had to give up driving.

Tami also has memories: “I remember your dad coming to our house and my standing on a blue covered sofa that had a low back in our enclosed porch and crying my eyes out as my pants were pulled down and a shot was administered in my rear. I don't know what for—I just remember the roughness of the fabric of the blue sofa and looking out the window through my tears. He often made house calls—a wonderful practice that has disappeared. And I still loved him despite getting shots from him. The twinkle in his eye and his smile are good memories.”

When I visited Terre Haute from Northwestern, Dad would often invite me to go along with him while he made house calls, as we used to do when I was little. I remember saying to him, “Dad, you’ve got to be the last doctor in the country who still makes house calls!” He replied that he only did it for the old timers, the ones who can no longer make it to his office; the ones who have been his patients for multiple generations.

The importance of medicine and medical ethics to Werner

During my sophomore year at college, I shared a suite with three other young women. At varying times, each of them expressed to me their disappointment that, as a doctor’s daughter, I did not have prescription drugs, such as for menstrual cramps, that I could give them as the need arose. Apparently, the reputation of doctor’s daughters at Northwestern was that they would have unlimited prescription drugs for a variety of common ailments.

My roommate complained that I did not even have so much as a box of band-aids. Growing up, if we scraped a knee or finger, Dad never bandaged the wound but left it open for the air to cure. Dad railed against the overuse of antibiotics years before it became a news item in the media. He would never give in to patients’ demands for drugs, which, even back in the days before relentless Big Pharma advertising, was considerable.

In a locked cabinet in one of his office examining room, he kept a vial of sterile “*Mayim*” (Hebrew for “water”). When there was no need for treatment but the patient was insistent, he administered *Mayim*, usually by injection. Louise told me about the number of women for whom their monthly shot of *Mayim* effected a miraculous cure for their menstrual cramps. Dad explained to me how placebos worked and never to underestimate their effectiveness.

I became aware of Dad's deep interest in Jewish medical ethics in one of our many phone calls between California and Indiana. I asked, "Dad, according to Jewish law, when does life begin?" knowing that he had recently conducted a great deal of research on the topic. He proceeded to give me a very detailed description of Jewish teaching on this subject, complete with citations. Twenty minutes later when he paused, I said something like, "Oh, I thought it was much simpler," piquing his curiosity.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I replied, "I thought that according to Jewish law, life begins when the fetus graduates from medical school." We both laughed.

As I write this, Paul's youngest son, Scott Loewenstein, has just started his third year of medical school. Scott is scheduled to graduate in 2015. Dad would be so pleased to have a grandson carrying on the medical tradition in our family.

Picture of the future Dr. Loewenstein: Scott, with his parents, Paul and Jody Kaufman Loewenstein.



As a medical student in 1930's Germany, Dad witnessed first-hand the growing abuses by physicians in the Third Reich. As a result, he had a life-long interest in medical ethics, both Jewish and general medical ethics. At the end of his life, he gave speeches to many professional associations on Nazi abuse of medical ethics. For example, on a visit to us in California on June 14, 1985, he spoke to members of the Holocaust Education Committee at our temple (Peninsula Temple Beth El, San Mateo, CA) and to a medical group at Mills Hospital, also in San Mateo. His topic was "Nazi Doctors: Experiments in Pseudoscience."

Sometime in the early 1960s while I was still living at home, Dad came to me and asked, "Guess who just moved to Terre Haute?" I could not guess, so he answered his own question. Michael "Mickey" Kor, a pharmacist to whom Dad referred many patients, had married an Israeli woman who not only survived Auschwitz, but also heinous Nazi medical experiments conducted by Dr. Josef Mengele. I'll never forget the intensity and animation in Dad's face, bordering on awe, when he first told me about Eva Kor. Dad had to give me a crash course in the infamous twin experiments at Auschwitz since I had never heard of Mengele.

Eva and Mickey Kor, a four-year survivor of Buchenwald, became close family friends. Eva would coin the term "Mengele Twin" in 1984 when she founded C.A.N.D.L.E.S. (Children of Auschwitz Nazi Deadly Lab Experiments Survivors), a nonprofit registered in Terre Haute. Dad was a member of its original Board of Directors. Eva told me she arrived in the U.S. on June 19, 1960; Father's Day. She had never before heard of such a celebration.

Somehow, Eva obtained Mengele's medical records which noted that the "Angel of Death (Mengele's nickname)" had osteomyelitis when a teenager. Mengele, himself, thought he had osteomyelitis, a

disease of the long bones. Dad knew that in the early 20th Century, to diagnose osteomyelitis, X-rays had to be taken over time to see if there were any changes in the bone. If so, the diagnosis would be osteomyelitis, and surgery would be necessary to remove the diseased area. The delay in receiving this surgery would have resulted in scarring the bones. The surgery itself would have created more scarring. Thus, Mengele's remains, if he had had a diagnosis of and cure for osteomyelitis, would have resulted in scarred bones. (This lay description omits the complexity of a medical condition that today, antibiotics easily cures.)

In 1985, bones exhumed in Sao Paulo, Brazil, were alleged to be those of this notorious doctor who reputedly died by drowning in 1979. Forensic examination revealed no evidence of osteomyelitis in the remains. Dad served on a panel at an inquest into the death of Mengele convened by Eva Kor. After the inquest, people asked Dad if he thought the remains were those of Josef Mengele. Dad would answer carefully, "If the documentary evidence is correct and Mengele had osteomyelitis as a teenager; and if the forensic analysis of the remains is correct, that the bones show no signs of osteomyelitis, then the remains cannot be those of Mengele." His nuanced response underscores that the answer to this question was not a simple "yes" or "no."

Eva responded to my invitation for stories about my parents with two anecdotes and gave me permission to quote her. Years after Dad's passing, Eva and her son Alex were guests at the San Francisco Jewish Film Festival the year after the movie about Eva, *Forgiving Dr. Mengele*, was nominated for an Oscar. We all went out to dinner.

Eva told me that "Alex came home from college on Memorial Day and told me that there was something wrong. I called Werner and asked him to see Alex immediately. After the exam, Werner called with great urgency, as you know he could do, and said, 'Eva, I am sure that Alex has [a rare form of] cancer and needs to be tested.' Alex had to go back to college right after the holiday, but Werner made him promise that he will undergo all the needed tests, and Werner was 100% correct; thus, Werner helped save Alex's life."

Eva also told me about my mother's impact on her. She pointed out, "Your mother, who never took no for an answer [Eva got that right],... called to ask me to be president of Hadassah. So I asked her what would I have to do. Hazel said, 'Not very much; just show up at the meeting. I did, and your mother said to the ladies assembled, 'I would like to introduce to you a guest, Mrs. Michael Kor.' Well, I didn't stand up, so she repeated it three times. I still didn't stand up. Finally, Hazel came up to me and said, 'Aren't you Mrs. Michael Kor?' I answered, 'No, I am Mrs. Eva Kor.' In Israel, a woman never loses her first name. The idea that I would be Mrs. Michael Kor was very strange to me."

Eva told Hazel she could not be president of Hadassah because she did not like speaking in public. Hazel told her to take a course in public speaking at Indiana State, which Eva did. "In October 1978, they were going to broadcast the miniseries *Holocaust*. The first night of the airing, I was going to be in Regional Hospital after spinal surgery, so Werner called my surgeon, Dr. Cacdac, and got permission to take me to his office so Werner and I could talk about our memories of that time. Your father, a man very proper and correct, was willing to bend the 'rule' because talking about the Holocaust on television and, thus, teaching the public was more important. After that appearance, I received many requests to speak, and this was when I started speaking in public."

From president of Hadassah to speaking all over the world on behalf of the CANDLES Holocaust Museum, which she founded in 1995, today Eva is a tireless advocate of forgiveness. She "is dedicated

to telling the story of the Holocaust and the stories of the Auschwitz twins.” She leads yearly trips to Auschwitz, has been the subject of an Oscar-nominated documentary, and is the recipient of numerous awards and honors. I had the good fortune to join her Auschwitz tour in January 1995 for the 50th anniversary celebration of its liberation.

The Holocaust as formative

Dad was who he was because of his experiences in Germany. I believe choosing health, humor, and kindness was his revenge on the Nazis. This year (2013), my adult daughters, Rebecca and Leah, and I shared a reading at the local Yom HaShoah (Holocaust Remembrance Day) service. Written by my daughter, Rebecca, the following reading perfectly illustrates Dad’s practical “joke” on the Nazis:

Rebecca After going through internship again in the United States and becoming a licensed doctor and a U.S. citizen, my grandfather joined the United States Army. As a member of the 94th Medical Gas Treatment Battalion, Dad was part of a medical unit in Germany that treated wounded soldiers. The Americans treated the American wounded first, but would then always treat the captured wounded German soldiers. Also, my grandfather was among the U.S. troops who liberated Buchenwald concentration camp, and as part of an advance medical unit, went into the camp shortly after liberation.

Leah When my grandfather encountered a wounded S.S. officer who needed blood, he would say to him, “*Wir haben nur Blut von Schwarzen oder Juden*” (We have blood only from Blacks or Jews).

Miriam The centrality of Hitler's racial purity myths in Nazi ideology required the extermination of Jews. Thus, you will appreciate the irony of the unanimous response of those wounded S.S. officers, the epitome of the Aryan ideal, in need of blood: “*Das macht nichts*” (It doesn't matter). Blood is blood after all, and its common denominator is always red, despite the race of the donor.

Rebecca There isn't much humor to be found in the Holocaust. Perhaps this is it: a Jewish doctor who was denied the nationality of his birth, telling wounded S.S. officers they are about to receive blood from *Untermenschen* (sub-humans).

Leah And, 76 years later, his daughter and two granddaughters are standing here this evening to tell you this story after regaining our German citizenship, a right passed along to us because it was denied to him. [End of Yom HaShoah reading.]

When people ask me why I became a German citizen and encouraged my children to obtain their citizenship papers



(*Einbürgerungsurkunde*), I cite my father. In the 1970s, the German Consulate placed an announcement in the *Aufbau*, a weekly German-Jewish newspaper for the émigré community, to which we subscribed. I used to love to try to read it, but since it was half *auf Deutsch* (in German), it was a challenge. The ad declared that if anyone had been denied a professional license during the Third Reich, upon submission of proper documentation, they could receive their license (medical, legal, teaching, etc.). When people asked Dad why he would want his German license to practice medicine, he replied, “I earned it; it’s mine by right. They took it away from me; I want it.”

Similarly, with my German citizenship: it was my birthright before Hitler took it away. Now, I want it. When I travel to Europe or Israel, I use my German passport. I have encouraged my Loewenstein siblings, nephews, and cousins to claim their German citizenship as well. We do not have to give up our U.S. citizenship to do so; instead, we become dual citizens. I believe Dad would understand and approve.

As of this writing, I have influenced the following family members to reclaim their German citizenship: my three children, Rebecca Goodman, Joshua Zimmerman and Leah Sharp; my granddaughter Lily (picture is from her German “*Reisepass*,” passport); my sister Ruth, cousin Michael’s daughter Leah Loewenstein, and cousin Mark’s daughter, Talia Loewenstein. I hope the rest of the Loewenstein cousins follow suit. In addition, I have influenced many friends. Richard estimates I have “converted” more than 50 people to become dual German citizens, not counting my own family.

Back to Germany



In the early 1980s, Dad took Ruth and me to Germany to show us our roots. Ruth became ill. Dad went to the *Apotheke* (pharmacy) to obtain medicine for her. He was surprised to learn that what he wanted required a prescription. He opened his wallet and showed his German medical license and obtained the medication. Thus, he actually used his German medical license in Germany, once!

Dad’s first trip back to Germany was as an American soldier during World War II. Ironically, he returned to Germany on the same ship that liberated him from the Nazi

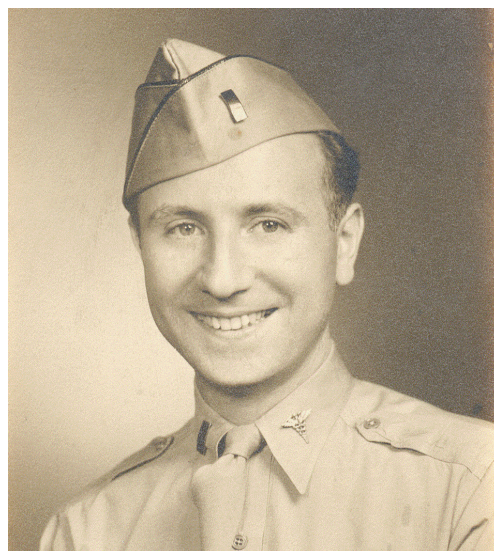
inferno. In an article entitled, “Evolution of Luxury Liner *Manhattan* to the Coast Guard Manned Troop Transport *Wakefield*,” the U.S. Coast Guard website describes the transformation of the *SS Manhattan* into the *USS Wakefield*.

From carrying mere hundreds of luxury passengers out on holiday to transporting 6,000 soldiers steaming toward war, the *Manhattan* metamorphosed from luxury cruise ship to gray wartime troop

transport. The government renamed her “the *Wakefield*, after the Virginia birthplace of George Washington,” in keeping with its policy of naming transport ships after government shrines.

As a refugee, Dad must have stood out from the other passengers on the luxurious *Manhattan* because he had the equivalent of only \$5 in his pocket. On the returning *Wakefield*, he was with fellow soldiers, eager to defeat the Nazi regime.

Dad had wanted to enlist but was not yet an American citizen and, thus, ineligible to join the armed forces. Mother told me that his citizenship application was processed with special attention and without the required waiting time, so that he could join the Army as soon as possible. After receiving his citizenship, Dad enlisted in the army on August 12, 1943. He was discharged as a Major on April 1, 1946. As a member of Patton’s Third Army, Dad participated in the Battle of the Bulge.



Dad joined an advance medical team that went into Buchenwald just after its April 11, 1945 liberation by U.S. forces. He was unable to save the hundreds who died each day after liberation because they were too far gone. His pictures of bodies stacked like cordwood are now in my files. He could speak without a translator to survivors and learn firsthand of atrocities that had not yet made it into the media. Buchenwald, he told me, scarred him for life.

Thus arose his double whammy of guilt—both survivor’s guilt and liberator’s guilt—that, I believe, was passed along to me and motivated both of us throughout life. Perhaps choosing to use humor at every opportunity helped him mitigate the trauma of genocide, which he witnessed so intimately in Germany.

“How can you believe in a god who would permit soldiers to toss little babies into the air and catch them with their bayonets?” he asked me occasionally as I was growing up, in our discussions about God. Later in life, he often quoted one of his favorite authors, “For God to be perfect, man has to be perfect. It is a partnership...” Implicit, I interpreted, was that the Holocaust was not God’s fault, but the fault of humans who made the choices that resulted in genocide. Understanding the Holocaust was a leitmotiv that echoed throughout his life.

Mother used to tell me that it was she who restored Dad’s belief in God after Buchenwald. Although she might have helped him initially deal with what he witnessed in Buchenwald, I believe ultimately, he turned to Judaism to find answers about God’s presence or absence during the Holocaust.

Over the years, Dad kept in close touch with two army buddies, both of whom lived in Indiana. “Andy” Anderson lives in Indianapolis, and Emil Evanchich, now of blessed memory, lived in Carmel, Indiana. Though not doctors, the “boys,” as Dad called them, were trained as medics and were excellent. I found out after Dad’s passing, that Dad trained them.

The 94th Medical Gas Treatment Battalion was like a “M.A.S.H. (Mobile Army Surgical Hospital)” unit that followed just behind advancing frontlines. As the Army moved into enemy territory, the medical unit, too, folded up shop and advanced with them.

The 94th did everything except surgery, unlike the M.A.S.H. movie and TV show. Emil told me a story about a captured wounded German soldier that resulted in Dad’s getting into trouble with the brass. I asked Emil to put the story into writing. The unit had just arrived on the scene and encountered a German soldier whose one leg was quite gangrenous. Dad appropriated “a knife and saw from Company B kitchen” and operated on the spot to amputate the infected limb. “Captain Loewenstein performed the amputation; Sergeant Bill Hidek gave the anesthetic sodium penitential [*sic*. pentothal].” Emil added, “The American soldier holding the leg of the patient when it was amputated, passed out.”

The senior officer, LTC. W. Burry, “was very unhappy about this,” according to Emil. “He felt that even German soldiers deserve properly equipped surgical units.” Dad told me that the German had been abandoned for three days. If he had waited for everything to be set up and the soldier shipped out to a hospital, the soldier would have died. Taking immediate action saved the soldier’s life.

The other story Emil told me was about an American soldier whose injured shoulder had calcified with the arm in an upright position. By the time the medics got to him, the soldier could not lower his arm. “Doc started talking to him, asking questions, almost making small talk. All of a sudden, Doc grabbed the arm and jerked it down. In extreme pain, the soldier said, ‘You son of a -----.’ But the guy’s arm healed just fine.” Dad told me it was much more efficient this way, given battlefield conditions.

Dad separated from the Army as a Major. He was awarded the Bronze Star by the President of the United States of America, executive order, on August 24, 1962. His certificate states that his award was for “meritorious achievement in ground combat against the armed enemy during World War II in the European African Middle Eastern Theater of Operations.”

Dad also received a “Commendation for Meritorious Service...for outstanding performance of duty.” This citation states, “Werner L. Loewenstein, serial no. 0529731, 1st. Lt. Mc., 94th Med. Bn. Gas Treat. submitted himself voluntarily to exposure to chemical agents in January and February, 1944. He thereby participated, beyond the requirements of duty, in research for the benefit of our armed forces, in the field of Chemical Warfare.” Dated 25 June 1944 and signed by William N. Porter, Major General, Chief of Chemical Warfare Service.

Dad had an answer as to how could the Holocaust have happened in such an advanced, cultured country as Germany. He would begin by describing Nazi ideology. “Although not so well-known, the Nazis had a racist ideology of Aryan supremacy with Jews as *Untermenschen* that compelled the Nazis to murder them.” He then referenced Joseph Goebbels, propaganda minister during the Third Reich. “The Nazis had an incredibly successful propaganda machine that convinced the people that it (Aryan racial superiority) was true.” Finally, “They had doctors to carry it out.”

I regret that I never asked what he meant when he asserted (many, many times over the years), “Every doctor in the Third Reich was guilty of genocide.” It wasn’t until I became a Holocaust educator five

years after his 1990 passing and embarked on my own research, that I learned the extent to which he was correct about the complicity of Nazi physicians in the exterminations. In my Holocaust class that I continue to teach at Notre Dame de Namur University in Belmont, CA, I talk about Germany's "unholy trinity" of **racial prejudice, propaganda, and medical murder**; a sequence taken directly from Dad.

Dad's last visit to Germany was in the summer of 1989. He did not tell me at the time that his lymphoma had returned after a two-year remission. Dad and I gave speeches at the international headquarters of BASF, the German multi-national chemical company, near Mannheim. I recall that the headquarters was in a gorgeous castle in Ludwigshafen. As part of "Citizens for a Clean County," a local grassroots organization, our speeches protested BASF's plans to install an automotive paint manufacturing plant and recycling facility on the banks of the Wabash near Terre Haute. BASF would have polluted the greater Wabash Valley and turned the Wabash River into an industrial canal.

Fortunately, I had just completed two years of community college German classes. With prudent editing from my German instructor, Diane Musgrave, and accent coaching by Eva Kohn, z"l, a native of Dortmund, Germany, who taught German at a Palo Alto high school, I was able to present a ten-minute speech *auf Deutsch* (in German) to the shareholders and officials of BASF.

I spoke about growing up in the beautiful Wabash Valley and why Terre Hauteans did not want BASF chimneys polluting our environment. Yes, I used the word "chimneys" in my speech. Dad's speech was longer and unfortunately, he was cut off by the chairman of the proceedings. There were several others from Terre Haute in the contingent of about 15. Another speaker from Terre Haute was Judy Barnebey, who, as I remember, taught German in Terre Haute schools.

Subsequently, BASF pulled out of Terre Haute, never to return. Dad was overjoyed. BASF was a company connected to I.G. Farben, which produced the stabilizer for Zyklon B gas, used to exterminate Jews and other victims in Auschwitz-Birkenau and Majdanek. It delighted him that Citizens for a Clean County was not driven by the Jewish community, but by ordinary citizens of Vigo County from a variety of occupations and religions.

Time off: Lake Noji and Turkey Run State Park

In the 1950s, Dad bought property on a newly constructed man-made lake, Lake Noji. We were told that the word "Noji" means "muskrat" in a native American tribal language. The land had originally been strip-mined. Dad enjoyed planting trees at every opportunity, to restore green to the barren strip-mined ground.

Lake Noji at that time was very isolated, on the road from Terre Haute to Riley, Indiana. It did not have any telephone lines. Nor did it have any water. But because Dad was a doctor and needed to be reached in emergencies, our area of the lake was scheduled for telephone lines long before other sites. Our neighbors were extremely grateful, for it meant that they, too, had earlier access to telephone service.

Our immediate neighbors, the Hilton family, built a concrete pier that jutted out over the ersatz lake. Clara Hilton was Dad's longtime office manager before Louise Wassill. For three years, the lake was a

figment of everyone's imaginations. The Hilton pier was the subject of much discussion in our family, concern that it might not be in the right place. The Hiltons did not seem worried. Finally, the rains and underground springs indeed, created a lake. The Hiltons had been advised properly; their pier was perfectly positioned!

I remember many happy hours canoeing and fishing from the large flat-bottomed rowboat, designed not to tip over or sink. I put water in the bottom of the rowboat; and anything I caught, usually tiny bluegills and catfish, were allowed to swim around in the boat. They tickled my feet as I rowed. I think I caught them more by accident than by design. At the end of the day, I returned them to the lake.

Picture is of Dad and me at Lake Noji with my oldest, Rebecca, in the late 1970's. Growing up, we never used life vests, but I insisted on having them for my children.



Our homemade floating wooden dock creaked as it bobbed up and down on the water under passing feet. At the time of my 1963 Wiley High School graduation, we invited my senior class to a party at the lake. The students made a beeline for the Hilton pier, bigger and more secure than the Loewenstein dock. I often wondered what the Hiltons thought with all those high school kids on their property without any prior notice. The Hiltons did not say a word in protest.

My cousin Michael Loewenstein also has fond memories of Lake Noji. Michael writes: "One of the highlights of my growing-up years was the time I spent with my Uncle Werner one summer vacation, helping him build the pier at the lake. My cousins and aunt were away in Utah [that would be Paul, Ruth, Mother and me]."

"At the beginning of the summer, we went to a drive-in theater to see Andy Griffith in *No Time for Sergeants*, a movie about a country hick's experience in the army. Afterward, we both took on the hick personae and I called my Uncle Werner, 'Pa.' For years afterward, whenever we got together, we re-enacted our hick roles. At the time, the pine trees around the big lot next to the cabin were recently planted. After Uncle Werner's funeral we went to the lot/lake and the trees were huge."

Michael reminded me of our two families' annual winter vacations at Turkey Run State Park. Michael reminisces: "Our Turkey Run winter vacations were also very special. One legacy is that I still like to take hikes in the winter. Maybe it is a subliminal motivation that hearkens back to those vacation days."

We had to reserve the only two adjacent family suites at the Inn at least a year in advance. One time, reservations were forgotten; and the next year, we had to have assorted non-contiguous rooms. I remember a lot of complaints that year. Almost every year, Chanukah overlapped our vacation. With the innkeeper's permission, we kindled the menorah in an area adjacent to the main dining room of the Turkey Run Inn for as many days as necessary.

Pillars of the community

My parents became pillars of both the Jewish and non-Jewish communities. Not only were they highly educated, they were also both very cultured. Mother played in the first violin section of the Terre Haute Symphony; it would have been important to her to include “**first violin**” in this narrative.

Dad belonged to two recorder groups, playing the alto recorder. The only members of his local group whom I remember were Dr. and Mrs. David Bash. The group filled our living room with baroque and Renaissance music once a month.



Sister Carol Nolan, a professor at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College near West Terre Haute and director of its *Collegium Musicum*, conducted the other recorder group. The picture is of Dad with Sister Carol, left; and Violet Carroll, center. Sister Carol obtained costumes for everyone in the group, including Dad, so that they could dress up in Renaissance attire for their performances.

Speaking of dressing up, every Christmas Dad donned his Santa Claus suit, complete with pillow around his waist to replicate Santa's girth. He headed for the pediatric ward of St. Anthony's to play Santa for the unfortunate children who were sick on Christmas. He was always on call over the holidays for many of his non-Jewish colleagues so they could celebrate Christmas with their families. With a twinkle in his eye, he would say, “It's the Christian thing to do.”

Political activism

In the summer of 1965, Dad accompanied some priests and nuns from St. Anthony's to march in support of the Civil Rights Movement in Alabama (not Selma). As Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel (one of Dad's favorite authors) put it, in so doing, Dad “prayed with his feet.” Both Werner and Hazel belonged to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) back in the '50's and '60's, very unusual for Caucasians at that time. None of my friends ever had African-Americans as dinner guests to their homes that I know of; however, I remember Dr. Bell, a veterinarian, and his wife, both African-Americans, dining with us at our home on Ohio Boulevard on several occasions.

Three generations of political activism: picture to the right is of Paul, his oldest son, Andy, age 7; and Dad on the National Mall in Washington, D.C.; supporting Soviet Jewry. It looks like Dec. 6, 1987 was a cold day!



Dad was one of the few physicians registered as a Democrat in Vigo County. He used to say to me in our political discussions, "The Democratic Party is more for the people," thus explaining why he chose to be a member of that party. Whenever there was a Democratic mayor, there was a need for a Democratic county jail physician and a Democratic coroner. Dad served one term as acting coroner and several times as the county jail physician.

Although requested to do so, he declined to run for election as coroner after his acting term expired. On occasion, he was sometimes instructed what to put as cause of death on death certificates. In refusing to do so, Dad realized he was not the right person to serve as coroner of Vigo County.

On April 1, 1985, Dad sent the following letter to then-president Ronald Reagan:

Dear Mr. President:

You stated that you are not going to visit a concentration camp while in Germany because "we should not revive the war memories."

Mr. President, the first concentration camp, Dachau, was opened in 1933, at least six years before World War II started.

The victims were not soldiers of an invading enemy force, but innocent civilians, Jews, political opponents and a few courageous people who dared to speak out against the Nazi tyranny. After the beginning of the war they were joined by civilians of the occupied countries.

To honor their memories has nothing to do with reviving war memories. We do this on Veterans Day, D-Day, VE and VJ Day and whenever and wherever former Veterans meet.

Your refusal to pay homage to the millions of innocent people who were murdered with a brutality that defies any language is a great disappointment to just people everywhere.

Oppressed people see in the president of the United States a champion of Liberty, Freedom and Justice for all and your visit to a concentration camp would have brought a ray of hope to those who languish today under the whip of a brutal dictatorship.

I sincerely hope that you will reconsider your decision.

Very truly yours, [signed] W. L. Loewenstein, M.D.

Jewish-Catholic relations

I received a phone call from Dad when I was a junior at Northwestern University in the mid-1960s. He asked if I had heard about Vatican II. I had not. He said that the Catholic Church no longer blamed the Jews for the death of Jesus. "If that had happened before," he explained, "there would never have been the Holocaust." I can hear the excitement in his voice, even now, as I replay this memory. Having been affiliated with Catholic institutions for so many years and knowing the history of official Church-

sanctioned anti-Judaism, he was very interested in Jewish-Catholic relations and followed the massive reforms of the Church as a result of Vatican II during the 1960s.

A letter to Dad dated September 27, 1985 from Thomas F. O'Meara, O.P., Acting Chairman of the Department of Theology of the University of Notre Dame, announced the following: "This autumn at the University of Notre Dame, a symposium will be held on Catholic-Jewish relations celebrating the 20th Anniversary of the Second Vatican Council, Nostre Aetate. The symposium is sponsored by the Department of Theology, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Crown-Minow Endowment, and the Secretariat for Catholic-Jewish Relations, and will take place on Monday and Tuesday, October 28th and 29th, 1985."

Dad attended this symposium with some of his Catholic clergy friends from St. Anthony's. Dad was interested specifically in the changes in Catholic teachings about Jews. He gave me handouts from the conference, and explained to me what he had learned. I still use these handouts at Notre Dame de Namur University where I continue to teach the Holocaust class. The handouts explain the new attitudes regarding the Jews as a result of Vatican II.

The picture, right, is of me with my parents, probably during the 1970s.

After the symposium, Dad explained to me the problem. Although the official teachings of the Church regarding the Jews changed, those changes have not filtered down to the parish level of ordinary church members. That Jews were no longer to be charged with the crime of deicide (the death of Jesus) unfortunately was not being taught at the local level, and remained the purview mostly of academic nuns and priests.



To illustrate the pre-Vatican II attitude, a Catholic friend, Gloria Walter, did not RSVP for my 1959 Bat Mitzvah. When I asked her if she would be attending, she looked at me with a stricken face and said, "My priest told me that if I stepped foot in a synagogue, I would go straight to hell when I died." I did not have the tools to deal with such a statement; sadly, Gloria and I drifted apart after that.

The importance of Jewish education

Education for girls was very important to both my parents, including Jewish education. I became the first girl in Terre Haute to be called to the Torah as a Bat Mitzvah. The year was 1959, and it was under the rabbinic guidance of Rabbi David Raab, who felt strongly that girls should become a Bat Mitzvah. My parents worked it out with him so that they did not have to take me to Temple for my Hebrew lessons. Rather, he came to our house to instruct me after school since it was on his way home.



Not too long after my Bat Mitzvah, Rabbi Raab and his wife Susan moved to Florida. It took a while for Terre Haute to acquire another rabbi with the same mindset. Thus, for some years, mine was the only Bat Mitzvah in Terre Haute. My brother Paul became a Bar Mitzvah while I was a freshman in college. My future husband Richard Zimmerman of Lafayette visited me the weekend of Paul's Bar Mitzvah and helped Dad set up chairs for the Phoenix Club party. Picture is of Dad dancing with his granddaughter Rebecca Zimmerman at her 1987 Bat Mitzvah.

Religion in our home

Mother never felt a contradiction between her Mormon upbringing and her conversion to Judaism. Mormonism was like "applied Judaism," and according to her, we were all part of the same lost tribes. She used to say that religion was like a language and it was important that children learn

one while growing up. "God doesn't care if you are a Hindu, or Buddhist, or Catholic, or Protestant, or Jew; as long as you are a good (emphasis hers) Hindu, Buddhist, Catholic, Protestant or Jew," was her mantra that I remember from my youth.

Mother did her best to create a Jewish household: we celebrated all the major Jewish holidays and never Christmas or Easter. Mother brought Shabbat into our home every Friday with candles, challah, and prayer. Once a month, we attended Friday night family services. I loved listening to Rabbi A. Stanley Dreyfus' child friendly stories, in lieu of a sermon. Rabbi Dreyfus went on to become a prominent leader in CCAR (Central Conference of American Rabbis), the professional organization for reform rabbis. I credit Rabbi Dreyfus for kindling my life-long love of Judaism.

Picture was taken in 1980 in my parents' Ohio Boulevard home. First row: Rebecca Zimmerman, Werner holding Joshua Zimmerman, Hazel holding Leah Zimmerman. Second row: Richard, me, Ruth, Paul and his wife Jody Kaufman Loewenstein.

I learned how to make chopped liver in pre-food processor days, Mormon style: mash the one liver (after boiling it) that came with



the chicken with one hardboiled egg. Per Dad's edict: no salt; no pepper; no schmaltz. A little mayonnaise, maybe, to make it hold together might be permitted. Until I married Richard and tasted his mom's delicious chopped liver, that is how I thought chopped liver was supposed to be: crumbly and tasteless.

Mom was active in the Jewish community, serving on the boards of various Jewish women's organizations, and as a leader, attempted to consolidate them since the same few women showed up to all the meetings of all the groups and did all the work. All three of us Loewenstein kids went through the religious school program at (reform) Temple Israel on Sixth Street, part of the United Hebrew Congregation; and all of us were confirmed.

Mother's return to Utah

You can take the Mormon out of Utah, but you can't take Utah out of the Mormon. "When I'm in Utah, I'm a Mormon," Mom would tell us over the years, usually during our annual summer pilgrimage to visit her family in Springville, Utah. At Dad's 1990 burial in the Jewish section of Terre Haute's Highland Lawn Cemetery near his parents, Mom told all three of her adult children that she did not want to be buried in Indiana, that she wanted to return to her beloved mountains in Utah. We honored her wishes and she now resides in Evergreen Cemetery in Springville. Our Mormon cousins were eager to help. Transporting the deceased from Indiana to Utah was no problem: "Have your funeral home people call our funeral home people." The professionals worked out all the logistics for the comfort of the bereaved.

Mother had a Jewish funeral in Terre Haute and a Mormon funeral in Springville. Paul's three sons, Andrew, Daniel and Scott, attended her Terre Haute funeral; my three children, Rebecca, Joshua, and Leah, attended her Utah funeral. Thus, she had grandchildren present at both. At her Mormon funeral, I learned from one of my Mormon cousins that she and Dad had the only Jewish marriage ceremony ever performed in the Brigham Young University Faculty Club. It created such a scandal (wine was included in the ceremony) that there have been no Jewish ceremonies conducted there since.

The officiant was an itinerant rabbi who served at least half a dozen Western states. The rabbi insisted on having wine. Finding wine in Utah in the 1940s was a challenge. Finally, he accepted fermented chokeberry juice, made by my Grandmother Anderson (for medicinal purposes only). It must have been as bitter as its name sounded, for when he took a swig during the ceremony, his eyes bugged out and he spewed forth the "wine" on the bridal couple. I heard Mother tell this story on many occasions as I grew up.

President of United Hebrew Congregation 1974-1975

To illustrate Dad's leadership at Temple Israel, the following is an excerpt from his comments at the congregational dinner in 1975, at the end of his term as president. His words resonate even today; his talk describes High Holy Day behavior in my California shul!

"One year ago, I accepted the presidency of our congregation and very naively looked forward to great accomplishments. Looking back now I must admit that very little if any progress has been made. Our

Friday evening services are still poorly attended, the discipline on High Holy Day services remains poor, there is almost as much talking as praying; people come late and leave early, many times making a spectacle out of their coming in and going out, occasions that should be characterized by dignity. Our excellent adult education program is fairly well attended but not in proportion to the general membership...

"But all has not been dark.... Our youth group has conducted an inspiring Havdalah Service...."

After quoting from Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, Dad pointed out that in the future, the congregation must "learn what Judaism has to say."

"...Our Talmud tells us that a day without study of the Torah is a lost day. No, I do not suggest that every Jew in Terre Haute should study the Torah every day but I believe that everybody should spare ten minutes a day to give thought and time to a Jewish magazine article or a Jewish book or even the Jewish scripture. In a year's time considerable knowledge could be acquired and with that would come appreciation of our heritage.

"Through destiny, we are a link in a long chain, a chain which has withstood slavery in Egypt, conquest by many great empires who long [ago] have perished, expulsions and massacres, the Crusades, the Holocaust of our own time, Arab terrorism and the politics of oil energy, of temporary infamy.

"Do not let us tolerate that **our** [emphasis his] link is less strong than the one preceding it, because only our own weakness can destroy us, a weakness brought on by ignorance, selfishness, and worship of idols....

"Study, then, has to be an important part of our endeavors. Impersonal obedience is not what the Bible requires. The hardest words of the Book of Deuteronomy are directed against him, who did not serve the Lord 'with joyfulness and with gladness of heart.' The ways of the Torah are 'ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace'....

"Today, more than ever we need a sanctuary for protection and security. Our ancestors possessed it through all ages of adversity and misery. Let me close with a favorite saying of the scholars in Yavneh: 'It matters not whether one does much or little. It only matters if one directs his heart toward heaven.'"

– Werner Loewenstein, Pres. United Hebrew Congregation; 1975.

On May 13, 1978, Dad was honored by "The Terre Haute Committee/State of Israel Bonds for an Israeli Independence Day Dinner celebrating thirty years of Israel Statehood." Comedian Joey Russell was the featured entertainer. That night, Dad received Israel's Thirtieth Anniversary Award "for outstanding service to Israel and his community on behalf of State of Israel Bonds." Another time, the governor of Indiana, Birch Bayh, declared a "Werner Leo Loewenstein Day" to honor Dad. I regret I have no other details of this latter event.

Third Generation

My daughter Leah, the youngest of my three “ZimKids,” has memories of Indiana. To avoid disrupting the school year, we used to go back to Indiana almost every August to visit both the Zimmerman family in Lafayette and the Loewenstein’s in Terre Haute, with an occasional December trip. Those hot, humid summers (and icy winters) were a sufficient deterrent such that none of the “ZimKids” applied to Midwestern universities, despite having parents who are both graduates of Big Ten universities.

Picture is of Werner with the two Leah’s in the family: grandniece Leah Loewenstein, daughter of Michael and Hana Loewenstein, left; and granddaughter Leah Zimmerman, my youngest, right.

About my parents’ home, my Leah recalls, “Cockroaches, especially near the water tap on the fridge; picking peas in Oma’s garden (side note: I recently taught my husband the proper way to eat sugar snap peas, by first peeling the stem so that you can easily snap them open); blue water in the toilet; in the summer, getting out of the shower feeling refreshed, then going outside and not feeling refreshed anymore; in the winter, seeing my first snowfall; the Larry Bird Hotel and restaurant; water tasting funny compared to California water; being very afraid of the basement (no basements in California); watching the *Nutcracker* in the basement! and toothpicks (i.e. them not being allowed at the table, but Oma had a container of them somewhere in the kitchen.”



Mother had a thing regarding toothpicks. Paul related to me that one time in Milwaukee, Mother went out to dinner with Paul and his wife Jody, Dad, and Ruth. Ruth used a toothpick discretely at the table for which behavior she was roundly castigated by Mother. After the meal, Mother excused herself to use the lady’s room. When she returned, all of them: Paul, Jody, Ruth and Dad, were sitting at the table with toothpicks stuck between their upper central incisors.

While I was growing up, our one television was never permitted in the living room, but relegated to the basement. During one visit in the early 1980s and with two pre-schoolers and a kindergartner in tow, I complained to my parents that they did not have a VCR. The next year, Dad proudly showed us the new VCR connected to the TV; of course, in the basement. Armed with a video, he was left to babysit the ZimKids while Mother and I went shopping. When we returned, Dad couldn’t wait to tell me what he had learned from his grandson Josh. They had finished watching a movie, and Dad was rewinding it. Josh told Dad, “Opa, you don’t have to keep your finger on the button. It will rewind even if you take your finger off.” I am not sure which amazed Dad more: that you didn’t need to keep your finger on the rewind button or that his pre-school grandson knew how the technology worked.

Flash forward about 30 years. On Tues., Feb. 10, 2009, at age 32, my son posted “25 random things about Josh Zimmerman” on his Facebook page. Number 19 follows: “My grandpa was the best and most inspiring person I have ever known and I miss him and think about him all the time. Thanks for taking me fishing, Opa!”

Conclusion

On February 11, 1989, *The Terre Haute Tribune-Star* published a letter to the editor signed by long-term patients, Joe and Sue Kable Dayhuff and family. The Dayhuff family, saddened by Dad’s forced

retirement due to cancer, asked rhetorically, “What physician today would pick up an expectant mother who had commenced her labor and whose husband was at that time out of town and take her to the office to see how far along she was? Well, my Doc did that for me. When I lost my own beloved father, who was one of the first ones to come to our home to share in our grief? Our Doc. There has never been a time, night or day, I couldn’t call him whether for illness or just for advice on what to do that he wasn’t there for me. He has not only been a physician to our family but a friend also. He has served this community for a long time in many capacities other than being a physician. We are just a few of the people in Vigo County that owe Dr. Werner L. Loewenstein a debt of gratitude for his dedicated and unselfish service to this county—and although we have written him, we would like to publicly say again a big ‘Thank you, Doc,’ for all you have done and meant to our families. There are so many more memories we could recall but we’ll just end by saying we’re going to miss you, Doc. You deserve now to take time for yourself, your children, and those sweet grandchildren. We won’t forget you as we travel down Seventh Street and are reminded of the times we visited your first office, at that time in your home near the corner of Seventh and Washington streets, then your move to a new office down the street and finally your newest office at Third and College. You are truly one of a kind....”

One of Dad’s closest friends and colleagues, Dr. Paul Siebenmorgan, now of blessed memory, had the honor of delivering the eulogy at Dad’s February 8, 1990 funeral. After noting his family’s German-Christian roots in contrast to Dad’s German-Jewish history, Dr. Siebenmorgan began, “How can you describe or put into words in a few minutes the life of a great friend, a trusted and loyal colleague?”

His eloquent three-page eulogy continues, “I first met Dr. Loewenstein when he came to Terre Haute in 1939 and my father, Dr. Louis Siebenmorgan, who spoke a little German, brought him over to our house for a meal now and then. I marveled at him back then. Though his English was far from good, he had a winning smile, a good sense of humor, a determination to become one of us, and to serve this community with his medical knowledge.”

The following excerpt from Dr. Siebenmorgan’s eulogy, is written from the perspective of a life-long friend and colleague:

“W.L.L. was a great family man and took great pride in his children and grandchildren and visited with them whenever he could. His son, Paul, gave his dad a great tribute in saying, ‘He was the greatest friend I ever had.’

“Louise [Wassill], his office helper for nearly 30 years, and who is considered to be nearly family, remarked to me, ‘If everyone had Dr. W.L.L.’s compassion, the world would have few problems.’

“Since Dr. Loewenstein retired, I have cared for many of his former patients who have had tears coming down their cheeks as they recount the story that their beloved Doctor and friend of so many years found it necessary to retire.”

Dr. Siebenmorgan included in his eulogy ten memories that beautifully summarized most aspects of Dad’s life. To avoid duplicating what has been mentioned above, I am including five that provide additional vignettes, using Dr. Siebenmorgan’s numbering:

1. "I remember him as a dedicated, sincere, compassionate physician who diligently cared for his patients regardless of their social or economic status."

[So true: in the 1940s and 50s, Dad saw "Coloreds" as well as white patients, in the order in which they came to his office. In those days before appointments were taken, virtually all doctors saw their white patients first. "Negroes" had to wait until all the white patients had been seen by the doctor. If it got too late and the doctor went home, the African-Americans had no recourse but to return the next day, only to have to play the same waiting game. That was not Dad's practice. He saw patients strictly on a first come, first served basis. He admitted to me that he probably lost many bigoted white patients by doing so.]

3. "I remember him as a champion for the under-privileged and the powerless through his work with the Anti-Defamation League, Jewish Welfare Board, C.A.N.D.L.E.S [Children of Auschwitz Nazi Deadly Lab Experiment Survivors], and patients with needs.
4. "I remember him as a dedicated community citizen serving as the Vigo County Health Officer, President of Vigo County Board of Health, Medical Director of the Vigo County Home, Board Member of Terre Haute Symphony, a participant with his recorder at the St. Mary-of-the-Woods Renaissance Fairs.
5. "I remember him as a medical leader as President of his hospital staff, President of Vigo County Medical Society, President of Terre Haute Academy of Medicine and a beloved teacher in the School of Nursing.
7. "I remember him as one who lived his medical advice to eat properly, work diligently, exercise regularly, and enjoy some relaxation with good books, good music and friends.

Dr. Siebenmorgen concluded, "Yes, we all have our own memories of Dr. Loewenstein.

"Though he was forced to leave his homeland and face a whole new world, he did so not with bitterness but with a feeling of opportunity to be a purveyor of the love and care of Almighty God. He became a loving, caring, sharing husband, father, brother, grandpa, son, uncle, friend, neighbor, physician. His daughter Miriam, assessing her father, said, 'He gave so much of himself to his world and yet was quite Spartan in his personal needs.' His joys came from simple things: the flower, the lake, a stately tree, a song, family, a kiss, a hug, a friendly smile, a handshake, a nod of thanks from a grateful patient, a chat with a friend or one needing a friend, good music.

"We all thank Jehovah God for all the good that came from the life of Werner L. Loewenstein. Good-bye, my friend, but my, what a heritage you have given us to carry forward." —Signed, Paul Siebenmorgen, M.D.; Feb. 8, 1990.

I cannot think of a better way to end than with Dr. Siebenmorgen's stirring eloquence. But that would omit my thanking all the friends and family who have enriched my parents' story with their memories and love. I am especially grateful to my sibs, Ruth and Paul Loewenstein, for their contributions; to my

husband, Richard Zimmerman, for his patience as I devoted hours to this project; and to Sheila Greenwald, President of the Indiana Jewish Historical Society, who invited me to write this story for the Historical Society archives. The last picture of Dad as a young man in Germany is from a tribute book compiled by the Holocaust Education and Resource Center of Milwaukee.

This narrative is something I have wanted to write for over a decade. Doing so has been surprisingly healing for me. Does one ever recover fully from the passing of one's parents? Reviewing their lives in such detail has given me a renewed appreciation for them and a sense of closure regarding the two most important people in my life. Their lives have always been a source of inspiration for me; their memory will ever be for a blessing.

