**DISCUSSION POINTS FOR TOPIC 3 OF *ABANDONED IN BERLIN***

1. Arriving in Shanghai during March 1941, we lived very nicely in a boarding house in the French Quarter. We brought money with us and planned to move to the United States through the Dominican Republic. It was a noisy city with lots of screaming and shouting, but my husband and I were young and could adapt to this new environment. Then Pearl Harbor happened on December 7, 1941.
2. Soon we were moved by the Japanese with other Jews to live in the Ghetto where 4 or 5 people occupied a single room. Fortunately the Jewish Committee found us a small room for ourselves but without a toilet. We did our best to exist and the Red Cross provided a daily hot lunch which we always accepted. Mosquitoes and bugs ate us daily but we stayed in good health.
3. At first we peddled eggs. A Chinese farmer provided these until he changed his mind and withheld future supplies. Then my husband worked for a Russian Jew in a bakery making Kaiser rolls (a crusty, round bread roll from Vienna).
4. There was frequent fighting in the Ghetto; people lost their manners and behaved like animals; it was very unpleasant and we were often hungry; we had no money; our friends were other German refugees. We brought with us a cookery book and would often flip through its pages imagining that we were eating what we were looking at. For some reason, my husband loaned the book and it was never returned.
5. There was a regular curfew that everyone had to comply with. We attended a Russian wedding and needed to be home on time. There was a nasty little Japanese soldier who would stand on a chair and hit people who he considered had done something wrong, including ignoring the curfew.
6. By August 1945, the war with Japan was coming to an end and we would scream with delight as we heard B 59’s overhead dropping bombs. No one seemed concerned that there was no air raid shelter. We were ecstatic and no longer afraid of Japanese soldiers.
7. Until President Truman allowed us to travel to San Francisco during summer 1947, I found work in the PX (commissary/military retail store), thanks to speaking some English. Regularly, I brought home chocolate. My husband made bread and sold it house-to-house.
8. And thus we became Americans and enjoyed a very happy life until death-do-us-part.