

routines, seemingly without concern for the changes that were going on just beyond Danzig's borders, and with little visible interest in the cancer of Nazism that was spreading in the Free City during the mid-1930s. It seems that it seemed to be a life of routine, but the reality was different. Despite the unpleasantry, Danzig was a place of strength and could have been a warm place, always full of optimism, but it deteriorated for other Jews in

### Isidor and Erich

My father was born in the west of Danzig, in Prussia and Poland as a tall, thin man, tall especially when with others despite the fact that when my father was as she was bathing as a result of his disability his brothers had. T

# Imperfect Memories

## A Story of Escape from the Holocaust and Then Life in America

G. Michael Eisenstadt

professors, but he had to learn a trade that would not be hampered by his loss of hearing. He had a talent for sketching and often drew pictures of people we all knew in a very lifelike manner. Unfortunately, none of those drawings have survived. Because of his poor hearing, when old enough, he was sent to Berlin to an academy that taught tailoring. Perhaps it was his ability to sketch well that prompted his parents to send him to a tailoring school, because a good tailor must draw patterns accurately so that the clothes made for a client fit perfectly. But most likely, it was my grandfather Herrmann who made the decision to send my father to learn the tailoring trade because he had a store that sold fabric for clothing. My father graduated from the Berlin tailoring academy before World War I, apprenticed in Berlin at a tailoring firm, and then came to Danzig where he graduated to journeyman. He then passed his



in the late 1920s with my father and I



Erich and I in 1931. My father made the sailor suits.

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