

AUGUST 1966.

Facing page: Times Square theater, 1966, showing the movie *Secrets of the Nazi Criminals* (1956). Maurice can be seen outside the venue engaging passers-by. (Frankenhuis Collection.)

MAURICE FRANKENHUIS BUILT A COLLECTION TO REMEMBER

David Hill

The small folder that crossed my desk was a stray, one of the older ones in the ANS Library that still needed to be cataloged. Its subject was Maurice Frankenhuis,¹ a collector of medals and a Holocaust survivor from the Netherlands. I happened at the time to be writing about the Dutch coin dealer Maurits Schulman, himself taken and killed by the Nazis, and Frankenhuis seemed like an interesting follow-up topic. Among other things, the file contained some items on a CBS News special that had aired in 1964 on the morning before the start of Rosh Hashanah. Called “Out of the Ashes,” the broadcast came at a time of increasing Holocaust awareness in the United States.² There was a transcript of the show, and also a four-page description of it by Frankenhuis’s daughter, Julia. Apparently, Maurice was unable to view it, so he asked his daughter to tune in and describe it for him. Not owning a television, she and her husband went to a friend’s apartment in their building to watch.

The scenes she described have a grim familiarity. First, there were the bustling avenues—the herring sellers and street peddlers. Then the tanks, the goose-stepping soldiers, the city of Rotterdam ablaze. The cattle cars, children toting luggage, and the Westerbork transit camp, where Dutch Jews were processed and shipped off to be exterminated. It couldn’t have been easy for Julia to watch; she had lived through it all as a girl, forced into hiding with her parents and younger sister (fig. 1), and then captured, imprisoned in Scheveningen, transported to Westerbork, and then sent on to Theresienstadt, a concentration camp where tens of thousands were killed or worked to death. A portion of the CBS program had a direct family connection. It included an interview with her Aunt Stella, the wife of Maurice’s brother Alfred. Stella told the story of her brother, Joël Schaap, a jewelry store owner, who, after witnessing the flight to England

of Holland’s Queen Wilhelmina (fig. 2), decided along with his wife to give poison to their young son and daughter and to take their own lives as well (fig. 3).

I wanted to write about Frankenhuis, but I needed more. The problem was, he had never been a member of the ANS and I was having trouble finding anything beyond the most superficial facts about him. That would soon change. My inquiries led me to the Eretz Israel Museum in Tel Aviv, where Frankenhuis had donated the bulk of his medal collection in the 1960s, and it was from them that I learned that Frankenhuis had a grandson in the New York area, Aaron Oppenheim, Julia’s son.³ I shouldn’t have had to look halfway around the world to find out about Aaron; he had just recently visited the ANS. Having become a member, he had stopped in to talk to our curators about the artifacts, papers, and numismatic objects in the Frankenhuis Collection, Maurice’s assembled memorial to the 20th century’s two great wars. Once we cleared up the confusion caused by my inquiries, he graciously offered to show me the portion of the collection his family retains, mostly items from World War II and the Holocaust. Oppenheim says that, in the interest of fulfilling Frankenhuis’s objectives, the family is considering various institutions where the materials might one day be kept and used to educate the public, through display or as the basis for documentary and dramatic works.

1. His given name was spelled over the years *Moritz* (1894–1900), *Maurits* (1900–1954), and *Maurice* (1954–) according to Frankenhuis Collection document that begins “I am Moritz Frankenhuis ...” His family name is pronounced *FRANK-en-house*.
2. It is generally accepted that a broad and accurate understanding of the Holocaust didn’t take hold in the United States until the 1960s, though there is debate on this point. See for example Lawrence Baron, “The Holocaust and American Public Memory, 1945–1960,” *Holocaust and Genocide Studies* 17, no. 1 (2003) 62–88.
3. I would like to thank Cecilia Meir, Eretz curator, for this information.



Fig. 1: Maurice and his daughters, Julia and Bertie (13 and 10 years old) committing the “crime” (as he contemptuously referred to it) of buying a black-market kosher chicken, 1940. Frankenhuis’s grandson, Aaron Oppenheim, detects concern in his grandfather’s face, compared to the carefree expressions of his children. (Frankenhuis Collection.)



Fig. 2: A Dutch silver gulden as issued, and one that has been altered to mock the flight of the royal family to England following the German invasion. The queen has been given a helmet and the lettering has been changed to read “Wilhelmina in London.” (Altered version is from the Frankenhuis Collection. Issued version is ANS 1981.30.350, gift of Howard W. Herz, 28 mm.)

Aaron’s grandfather was an irrepressible collector. When the Russians liberated Theresienstadt in May 1945, Maurice couldn’t help but grab a memento on his way out—a guard’s copper insignia. “Who would bother to seize this sort of keepsake?” he later asked. “Only a dedicated collector like me I assure you.” He was also thorough. During World War I, he collected German *Notgeld*, amassing a collection of approximately 10,000 pieces. And he claimed to have a complete set of varieties of World War II ghetto money.⁴ He is perhaps best remembered for his World War I medal collection (fig. 4), built up during the war years when his residence in a neutral country allowed him to procure from both sides of the conflict. The medals were exhibited along with his other items in The Hague, Amsterdam, and elsewhere (fig. 5), and in 1918 and 1919 he published catalogs in Dutch and English listing 1,589 of them. His artifacts were also shown in his hometown of Enschede, close to the border with Germany. Given the partisan nature of the collection, this created some tension, and there were murmured threats of violence against the displays of this “rag dealer” (the family business was cotton).⁵

He credits Maurits Schulman and his brother Andreas with saving his medals, since it was they who advised him that memorial and commemorative medals with a special historical or art value didn’t have to be turned over to the Nazis.⁶ Before the invasion, Maurice had already taken steps to safeguard his collections, packing coins, medals, and memorabilia into 23 crates and storing them under an assumed name in another city.⁷ Nevertheless, much was looted. He at one point had over 10,000 World War I posters, but half were stolen or ruined, some of the surviving ones bearing the marks of trampling Nazi boots.⁸ He also somehow managed to keep his archive of papers together, including “five suitcases laden with documents, circulars, papers, photographs” that he brought back to Holland after the war. It was “a morbid collection,” he said, “but a boon to the historian, the scholar, the collector.”⁹ Some were the notes he had written in code during the nearly two years he was in hiding, which were secreted in a school attic by his protector (fig. 6).¹⁰ Others were those he had in a suitcase when he was shipped out of Westerbork.

4. “Maurice Frankenhuis Recalls Wartime Imprisonment in Concentration Camp,” *Coin World* (October 5, 1966), 60.
5. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “I am Mortiz Frankenhuis ...,” Frankenhuis Collection.
6. “Maurice Frankenhuis Pays Tribute to World-Renowned Numismatic Family,” *Coin World* (January 6, 1965), 71, and “Frankenhuis Medals go to Israel,” *Coin World* (April 13, 1962), 16.
7. “Maurice Frankenhuis Dies at 75 in New York City,” *Coin World* (October 22, 1969), 1.
8. “Columbia Gets 5,000 World War I Posters,” *New York Times* (July 1, 1975), 34.
9. “Maurice Frankenhuis Recalls Wartime Imprisonment in Concentration Camp,” *Coin World* (October 5, 1966), 60.



Fig. 3: The Schaap family. “Nel and I give preference with the children to enter death together [rather] than to fall in the hands of the Nazis” —Joël Schaap to his mother on the decision to take poison as a family. (Frankenhuis Collection.)



Fig. 4: Frankenhuis began collecting WWI medals during that war. This German iron medal by Walther Eberbach falsely blames England for Germany’s sinking of the Dutch vessel *Tubantia* in 1916. (Frankenhuis Collection) (images reduced).



Fig. 5: Frankenhuis often arranged exhibitions of his war medals and other items from his collection. This poster advertises one in The Hague, 1918.

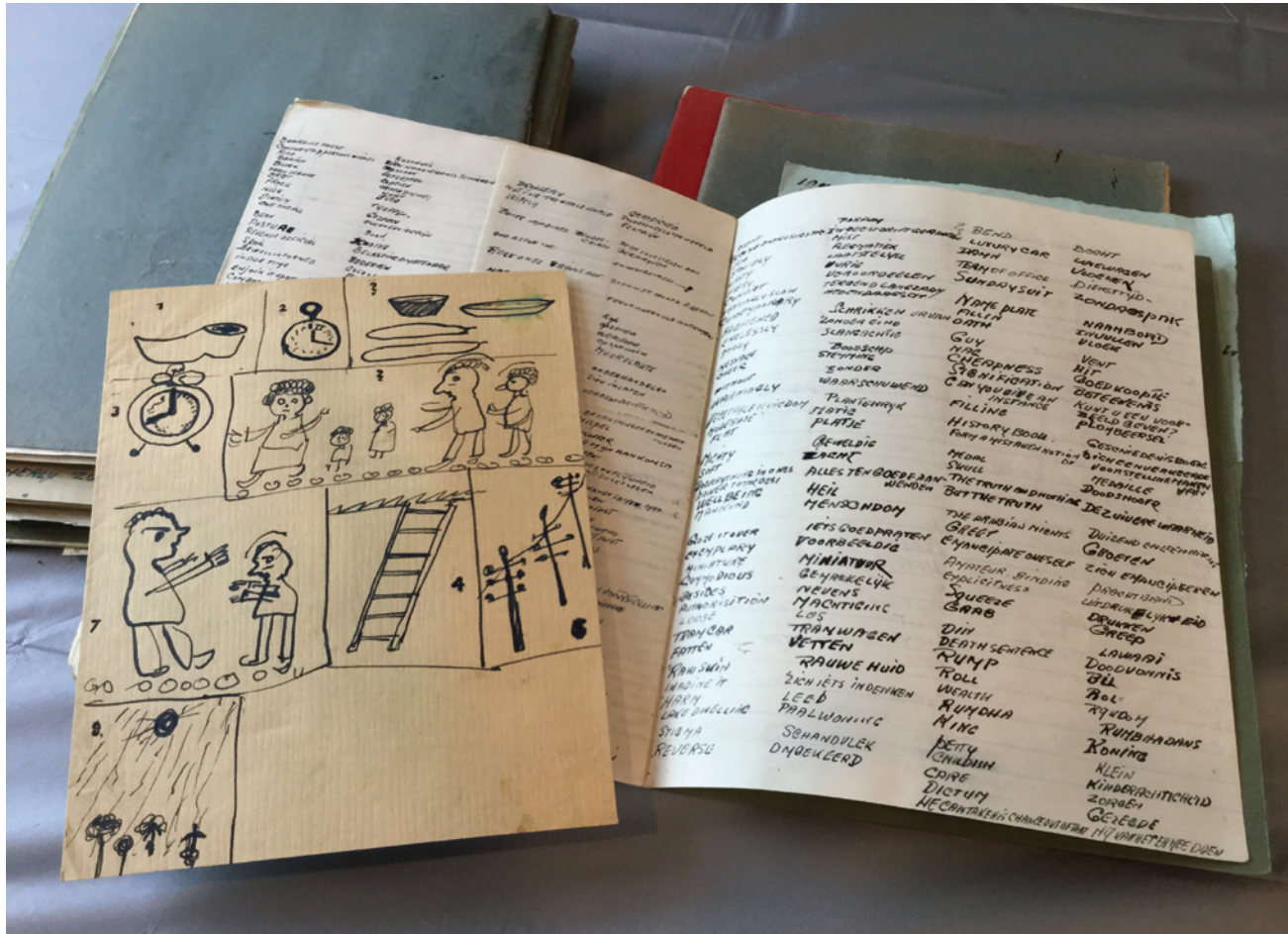


Fig. 6: Maurice kept track of his experiences in 12 coded notebooks while hiding in the home of J. J. Klomp. “Nobody, nor even the F.B.I., Scotland Yard, or any espionage institution would be able know what has been written down,” he said. It took him two years to decode them after the war. (Frankenhuis Collection.)

These were somehow overlooked by the Nazi guards as he was crammed into the first cattle truck. At Theresienstadt he added to his archive, stealing potatoes to trade for writing paper.¹¹

Frankenhuis was born February 24, 1894, in Burgsteinfurt, Germany. Because his parents and ancestors were citizens of the Netherlands, he too automatically became a citizen of that country. In 1912, he was sent to Manchester, England, for six months to learn English and the family’s cotton business (fig. 7). He returned in 1915, but soon was sent home with other aliens expelled during the war.¹² After the war he was anxious to return to England but couldn’t. Though hostilities had ended, foreign nationals were still barred from visiting. His medals would be his ticket back. He worked out a deal with George Francis Hill, keeper of the department of coins and medals at the British Museum, whereby Frankenhuis would donate his duplicates to the museum in return for a waiver from the secretary of state allowing him to return.¹³ He made a tidy profit once he got back to England and began shipping the cotton, prices hav-

ing swelled during the war. He was made a partner in the family firm in 1922 and operated out of Manchester until 1925, when he moved back to the Netherlands, though he would frequently return to England.¹⁴

The company’s main suppliers were Smith, Coney & Barrett of Liverpool.¹⁵ In 1938, as long-simmering events in Europe approached the boiling point, a partner there, Jim Coney, grew alarmed about the fate of his friend and colleague’s family. “Doll and myself are very worried about your children,” he told Maurice. “You have to take steps immediately that they come to England to stay with us.” He also said that Maurice, his wife Hertha, and other family members should come, too. He assured him that “our [business partner] Mr. Higgin, as a representative of the King in our district, would have no difficulties to obtain for you permanent visa from the Home Service for your stay in the United Kingdom.”¹⁶ Unfortunately, these sunny assurances turned out to be wrong. “I regret to inform you,” Higgin wrote Maurice the following year, “the Secretary of State for Home Affairs ... regrets that he

is unable to grant facilities for your family to proceed to this country.”¹⁷

Instead they moved to The Hague, vainly seeking safety behind the *Hollandse Waterlinie*, the defensive water barriers that had protected the Dutch for centuries.¹⁸ On May 10, 1940, what they had most feared was upon them. The family was jolted awake at 4 a.m. by the sounds of ground artillery firing on Luftwaffe warplanes and the distant bombing of military barracks. The Frankenhuis family—“all in a great stir, scared, suffocating, not knowing what was happening”—joined their frantic neighbors in the street. Maurice watched a fiery plane drop from the sky, and as he began to understand what it all meant, he found himself nearly unable to face his girls. Life in the neighborhood stopped as the panicked citizens gathered around radios dribbling out the news—paratroopers descending on Delft, Zierikzee, and Vianen; fighting on the streets of Rotterdam; the German invasion of Belgium. The following night was all darkness as the streetlights and car lamps had been blacked out. The Frankenhuis family slept together in the living room, comforting each other. In the coming days the tanks and motorcycles rolled in, their swastikas roughly applied in whitewash.¹⁹

Maurice worked himself to exhaustion in what he would always remember as the stifling heat of those days. He put money, papers, and everything he could away for safekeeping. On May 14, he and Alfred set off on bicycles to the seaside district of Scheveningen hoping to find some way to cross the channel to England—on a fishing boat, a barge, or a business associate’s shipping vessel. He peddled furiously, bombs sounding in the distance. At one point he took refuge in a ditch when someone began shooting at him. Once they reached the shore, they found others there, many toting suitcases and trying to negotiate

10. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “This is my manuscript underground ...,” Frankenhuis Collection.
11. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “In the camp Theresienstadt ...,” Frankenhuis Collection.
12. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “I am Mortiz Frankenhuis ...,” Frankenhuis Collection.
13. Thomas Hockenhull, “Mediocre Essays in Medallist Vituperation: German First World War Medals and the British Museum,” *The Medal* 64 (Spring 2014), 19–20.
14. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “I am Mortiz Frankenhuis ...,” Frankenhuis Collection.
15. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “On a Friday morning ...” (sic), Frankenhuis Collection.
16. Jim Coney to Maurice Frankenhuis, February 22, 1938, Frankenhuis Collection.
17. Walter Higgin to Maurice Frankenhuis, June 6, 1939, Frankenhuis Collection.
18. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “This is our house ...,” Frankenhuis Collection.
19. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins “On a Friday morning ...” (sic), Frankenhuis Collection.



Fig. 7: The Frankenhuis family was in the cotton business. (Frankenhuis Collection.)



Fig. 8: Set of wooden medals intended for the Dutch princesses, made by Maurice Frankenhuis’s 13-year-old daughter Bertie while in hiding in The Hague, 1943. Bertie later was a professor of microbiology and immunology at Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, New York. (Frankenhuis Collection.)



Fig. 9: Maurice returned to Westerbork in 1948 to interview the former camp commander, Albert Gemmeker, then being held as a prisoner there. (From the booklet Westerbork and an Interview with its Commander Gemmecke.)

Fig. 10: Maurice's camp uniform became part of his collection. (Frankenhuis Collection.)

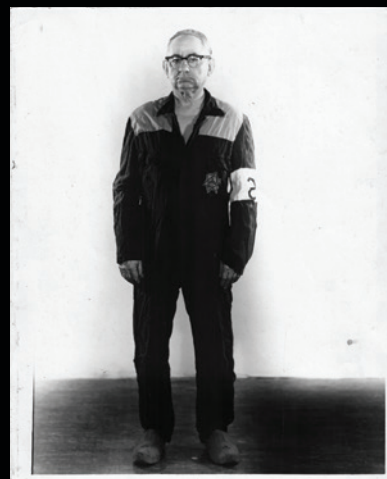


Fig. 11: Aaron "Ronnie" Oppenheim with his grandfather. Ronnie was a budding numismatist, and here he holds an award from the Grand Central Coin Convention. (Frankenhuis Collection.)



Fig. 12: When Coin World editor Margo Russell visited, Maurice greeted her with his typical exuberance. (Frankenhuis Collection.)

Fig. 13: Maurice with Hans Schulman outside the dealer's New York City shop, where the tribute medal is on display. Maurice credited Hans's father and uncle with saving his collection. Hans said in a letter to Maurice (December 14, 1960) that his family supplied most of Frankenhuis's medals. (Frankenhuis Collection.)



Fig. 14: Tribute to the Six Million Martyrs medal, 1983 reissue, and the original 1967 reverse. Maurice's own wife and daughters were the inspiration for the obverse design (images reduced).

passage, some successfully. The Frankenhuises had gold to offer, but it did them no good. The endless negotiating and deliberating with the boat owners and their wives was maddening. The tides weren't right, they were told. There wasn't enough oil. And, besides, why should you get to run away while we stay behind? "Can't you see? We are Jews," they shot back. "Don't you understand?" It was no use. Someone in the crowd announced that Holland had surrendered. Stunned, they gave up and went home. Maurice scraped his pitch-black feet of the grime that had accumulated that day—one that had begun with the corpses of the Schaap family being laid out in a neighboring cellar.²⁰ Alfred suggested that Joël had taken the easy way out with his family.²¹ He wasn't being harshly judgmental. This was a course of action that Maurice, Alfred, and their wives had seriously considered themselves.²²

Eventually they were told to report to the camp but went into hiding instead, with Maurice's family of four occupying a single room at the home of J. J. Klomp in The Hague.²³ Underground, Maurice went by the name Mak, combining the initials of his first name with those of brother, Alfred, and Alfred's son, Karel. He passed much of the time by reading up on World War I. Having no use for the old books on Klomp's shelves, he had the homeowner get some for him from the public library.²⁴

Maurice's 13-year-old daughter Bertie found her own way to pass the time. She hunted down the crude tools and supplies necessary to construct a presentation set of wooden "medals," housed in individual cases made from cigar boxes and intended for the little girl princesses of the Dutch royal family (fig. 8). One was for five-year-old Princess Beatrix, future queen and granddaughter of the reigning sovereign, Queen Wilhelmina. Maurice described it: "An emaciated lion prances over most of the field, fenced in by laurel leaves. Above him is an arc of The Netherlands' colors, surmounted by a huge crown, pronouncing the power of the Royal family and hailing the ultimate triumph of the Dutch people." She then made two more for Beatrix's younger sisters, Irene (symbolized by a dove) and baby Margriet (a daisy). Bertie vowed to one day present them to the young majesties. The opportunity never presented itself. In fact, Beatrix's marriage in 1966 to a man Maurice described as a member of Hitler's elite corps had him reinterpreting her medal: "The scrawny, prancing lion could well represent the youthful Claus von Amsberg

[Beatrix's groom] ... as he rampaged through Italy."²⁵

The family remained in hiding for 21 months, trying always, as Maurice remembered, to "stay out of the sight of these psychopaths" and living in fear of the "sinister tramp of the Nazi boot on our stairs." The dreaded sound came on March 28, 1944, when Nazi officers, assisted by Dutch quislings, burst into their room and put a revolver to Maurice's head. (There is a picture of the man who betrayed them in the Frankenhuis Collection, but it is concealed by a sheet of paper, on which Maurice has written, "The monster, 22 years old, who betrayed us ... cannot see this face.") For a month the family of four was confined in a prison cell,²⁶ and then sent to Westerbork. Along the way, Bertie wiped tears from her handcuffed father's face.²⁷

Maurice would return to Westerbork four years after his internment to interview the camp's wartime commander, Albert Gemmeker (fig 9).²⁸ No longer the dapper and efficient camp master, with his Jewish tailors and plush armchair in the camp's theater, now he was the prisoner, still with the air of a German military man, but in coarse clothes, fingers stained by potato peels. Maurice's return to this place of "sadness, misery, and horror" filled him with "a nasty feeling of gloominess and depression," but when he came to the spot where his wife and daughters had slept together in bunks, he erupted into joyful prayer: "Blessed be the Almighty that He hath saved the lives of my children!" They had all survived the war.

20. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins "In consultation with Alfred ...," Frankenhuis Collection.
21. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins "On a Friday morning ..." (sic), Frankenhuis Collection.
22. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins "In consultation with Alfred ...," Frankenhuis Collection.
23. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins "This is my manuscript underground ...," Frankenhuis Collection.
24. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins "This is our house ...," Frankenhuis Collection.
25. Maurice Frankenhuis, "Young Girl Designs Grimly Prophetic Medals; Gifts for Princess Beatrix," *Coin World* (April 20, 1966), 54.
26. Maurice Frankenhuis to Hetty, January 1, 1967, Frankenhuis Collection.
27. Maurice Frankenhuis, *Westerbork and an Interview with its Commander Gemmecke* in 1948 (The Hague: W. P. van Stockum, 1948), 4.
28. Frankenhuis spells the name *Gemmecke*. Most sources today use *Gemmeker*.



Fig. 15: Poster for a planned post-war exhibition in The Hague, 1946. Maurice had used the same venue in 1918 and wanted to show there again, but it appears the exhibit did not take place. (Frankenhuis Collection.)

Maurice had prepared 70 questions for the occasion and began with innocuous ones on his subject's career. At first he feigned indifference, never letting on that he himself had been interned at the camp. But as the interrogation progressed, and the former commander denied having been aware of Nazi crimes, and at one point referred to Auschwitz as just a work camp, Maurice found it harder to hold back. When the topic turned to the barbaric conditions of transport out of Westerbork, he couldn't contain himself: "More than 60 persons in one cattletruck, originally intended for 12 horses! Do you call that human?" His subject remained stoic. The interview lasted four hours, and he spent another hour with Gemmeker's former secretary and mistress, the entire ordeal leaving him "very depressed and low-spirited." Gemmeker appeared spry. Springing to attention when the interview was over, he clicked his prison-issued wooden shoes together and was taken away.²⁹

There were two questions Maurice had wanted to ask but by prior agreement had been dropped. These were: *Do you know that most of the commanders of concentration-camps have already been hanged?* and *Do you think that you will get out of this mess alive?* In fact, Gemmeker got off pretty lightly. He was sentenced to 10 years and served six. His case was reinvestigated in Germany in the early 1970s, but there was insufficient evidence for resentencing. He died in 1982.³⁰

Despite what he had been through, and his lifelong dedication to remembering it (fig. 10), Frankenhuis didn't let bitterness rule his life. When his grandson Aaron looks back, he sees Maurice laughing at his favorite television programs, *I Love Lucy* in particular. He came to the United States with his family in 1948, settling in New York City,³¹ and became a U.S. citizen in 1954.³² In 1967 he served on the board of the newly constituted American Israel Numismatic Association, publisher of the *Shekel*.³³ As his grandfather had done for him, Maurice wanted to pass along his love of collecting to his grandson Aaron, or "Ronnie," as he was called (fig. 11). He approached this as he did everything else: with unbridled enthusiasm. When Margo Russell, editor of *Coin World*, came to visit, Maurice prepared something like a shrine to welcome her into his home (fig. 12).

In 1967, Maurice issued a medal that he called *Tribute to the Six Million Martyrs*, conceived by him and designed by artist Elizabeth Weistrop.³⁴ On its obverse, a Jewish mother embraces her children, while behind them others are herded into cattle cars. The reverse commemorates the Frankenhuis Collection itself. Five hundred of the medals were issued and distributed to governmental and religious leaders around the world, including in Germany, where it was warmly accepted

by all but one recipient, the *Katholsche Kirchenzeitung* (Catholic Church newspaper) of Munich. "Thank you," they replied, "however we have no use of same ... and are returning it to you."³⁵ Aaron reissued the medal in 1983, with a different reverse (figs. 13–14).

The original medal came with an insert describing the kinds of things found in the Frankenhuis Collection: "war posters, emergency money ... porcelains (curios used by the Germans for war propaganda), military decorations, manuscripts, stamps, autographs, gold, silver and bronze coins and complete files on aircraft, the royal houses of Orange Nassau, Hohenzollern, churches, synagogues, Judaica, town halls and other institutions, ... letters from Lenin and Trotsky and a special collection pertaining to the Russian Revolution." He was an obsessive collector, always eager to display the materials (fig. 15), but he was also willing to give parts of it away under the right circumstances. In the years before the Second World War, he donated manuscripts, prints, and medals to the Oranje-Nassau Museum in The Hague.³⁶ He gave ghetto money and other materials to the Jewish Museum in New York City in the 1960s.³⁷ Beginning in 1961, he gave the bulk of his World War I (and also World War II) medals to the Eretz Israel Museum, where many are on display in the Kadman Numismatic Pavilion (fig. 16).³⁸ After he died, his nearly 5,000 World War I posters remained in the basement of his apartment building on West 82nd Street. Following the example of their grandfather, Aaron and his brother Joseph donated the posters to Columbia University in 1975, where they were added to the several thousand already in the university's collections.³⁹

Maurice once said that even after his camp experience was over, he was still haunted by a question that plagued him when he was there: "Is life still worth living, when you have been through such a living-hell as that passed in Westerbork?"⁴⁰ Like many who had similarly suffered, he found a purpose in remembering and helping others to remember. Near the end of his life, Maurice wrote to a woman who he may have had a hand in saving when she was brought into Westerbork as a three-year-old girl and he was able to sow doubts about her Jewish heritage. In his letter he talked about the ever-present impulse to keep alive the memory of what he called "the most monstrous chapter in the history of civilization" when it is sometimes easier to let it go. "There are many who prefer to forget," he said. "The demands of life also make some of us forget, and that is quite healthy. But in everyone's heart there is a small corner where the image of the past is preserved and, like the ticking of a clock, the word זכור [remember] is heard."⁴¹ Maurice died of leukemia in 1969. He was 75.



Fig. 16: Maurice at the Eretz Israel Museum in Tel Aviv. The trays contain the over 2,000 World War medals he donated.

29. Maurice Frankenhuis, *Westerbork and an Interview with its Commander Gemmecke* in 1948 (The Hague: W. P. Stockum, 1948).
30. STIWOT (Stichting Informatie Wereldoorlog Twee) www.go2war2.nl/artikel/2613/Gemmeker-Albert.htm
31. "Columbia Gets 5,000 World War I Posters," *New York Times* (July 1, 1975), 34.
32. Maurice Frankenhuis, document that begins "I am Moritz Frankenhuis ...," Frankenhuis Collection.
33. "New Pan American Non-Profit Numismatic Group Formed by Popular Demand," *Shekel* 1, no. 1 (Spring 1968), 5.
34. "Frankenhuis Medal," *Numismatic Scrapbook Magazine* 33, no. 5 (May 1967), 1031.
35. Maurice Frankenhuis, "A Medal to Commemorate Six Million Martyrs," *Shekel* 1, no. 1 (Spring 1968), 37.
36. Insert accompanying the *Tribute to the Six Million Martyrs Medal*, 1967.
37. Brochure: "The Frankenhuis Collection, 1914–1918, 1939–1945, Donated to the Jewish Museum," Frankenhuis Collection.
38. "Frankenhuis Medals go to Israel," *Coin World* (April 13, 1962), 16.
39. "Columbia Gets 5,000 World War I Posters," *New York Times* (July 1, 1975), 34.
40. Maurice Frankenhuis, *Westerbork and an Interview with its Commander Gemmecke* in 1948 (The Hague: W. P. Stockum, 1948), 34–35.
41. Maurice Frankenhuis to Hetty, January 1, 1967, Frankenhuis Collection.