



World Federation
of Jewish
Child Survivors
of the
Holocaust

Newsletter of the World Federation of Jewish Child Survivors of the Holocaust

Mishpocha!

A link among child survivors around the world

Summer 2008

The Hidden Child Foundation/ADL, NY
KTA – Kindertransport Assn., NY
Friends and Alumni of OSE-USA, MD

Aloumim, Israel
Assn. of Children of the Holocaust in Poland
Assn. of Child Survivors in Croatia
Assn. of Holocaust Survivors in Sweden
Assn. of Jewish War Children – Amsterdam
Assn. of Unknown Children, Netherlands
Child Survivor Group of Argentina
Child Survivors Group of British Columbia
Child Survivor Group of Sydney, Australia
Child Survivors' Assn. of Great Britain
Child-Survivors-Deutschland e.V.
Child Survivors, Hungary
Child Survivors/Hidden Children of Toronto
Children of The Shoah, Figli Della Shoah,
Italy
European Assn. Of Jewish Child Survivors of
the Holocaust
Generaciones de la Shoa en Argentina
Hidden Child Assn. of the Netherlands
Hidden Child-Praha
Holocaust Children in Sweden
Jews Rescuing Jews, Israel
Melbourne Child Survivors of the Holocaust
Mengele Twins, Israel
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Organizacia Hidden Child, Ukryvane Diet'a
Slovensko
Swiss Assn. of Hidden Children
Terezin Initiative–International Terezin Assn.
Ukrainian Assn. of Jews Former Prisoners
of Ghetto and Nazi Concentration Camps
Union of Former Ghetto and KZ Prisoners,
Lithuania
YESH – Children and Orphans Holocaust
Survivors in Israel

Assn. of Holocaust Survivors from the
Former Soviet Union – Brooklyn, NY
Bay Area Hidden Children, CA
Child Survivor Group of Orange County, CA
Child Survivors, Chicago
Child Survivors of the Holocaust of Houston
Child Survivors of the Holocaust, Los
Angeles
Child Survivors of Holocaust of N.E. Ohio
Child Survivors of the Holocaust, New
Mexico
Child Survivors/Hidden Children
of Palm Beach Co.
Greater Boston Child Survivor Group
Greater Seattle Child Survivors
Hidden Child/Child Survivor Group
of St. Louis
Hidden Children/Chicago
Hidden Children of Rockland County, NY
Hidden Children of the Holocaust
of Bergen County, NJ
Hidden Children of Westchester, NY
Hidden Children/Child Survivors of Michigan
Holocaust Child Survivors of Connecticut
Hungarian Hidden Children – New York
Jewish Child Holocaust Survivors,
Philadelphia
Oregon Holocaust Survivors,
Refugees and Families
Rocky Mnt. Reg. Gathering of Child
Holocaust Survivors
Survivors of the Holocaust–The Last
Generation: Washington/Baltimore
Yaldei Hashoah, San Francisco

President's Message

Dear Friends Near and Far,

Our Child Survivor Family has grown considerably over the last few years and we heard from many of you telling about how you enjoyed the “bonding” experience at our last conference in Jerusalem.

Perhaps this was the more so because we are all coming to an age when our life situations are changing once again: our children are on their own, often at some distance from us; some of us have no children, and our physical state is, unfortunately, not always the best. Our need for the caring friendship of our fellow Child Survivors is ever greater. I am taking this opportunity to ask all of you to “be there” for each other; to call, to show caring, to offer a shoulder to cry on, to utter a loving word. In giving of ourselves we get the greatest reward, the greatest return. Please take the opportunity to reap that good feeling!

We are looking forward to seeing many of you at our next, our 20th! conference. This is truly a milestone, and we can all be proud of ourselves for our involvement in this unique organization. As we grow and expand—not just in numbers but also in the scope of our involvement in the events of the world, using the strength of our vast collective experience—we need you, more than ever, to take part in all our work. Get active, get involved, participate! Please—we need you!

We have a number of committees, all engaged in important activities, working toward worthwhile goals. Please tell us if you want to participate in any, or perhaps several, of them. Whether at our conference in Alexandria, or by e-mail, let us know that you want to become a more active member of the Child Survivor community.

We are grateful to our host committee in the Washington, D.C. and Baltimore area for all their planning and their work to make this Conference a truly outstanding event. It is also gratifying to know that quite a few members of the Second and Third Generation will be so actively involved in preparing, organizing, and running the conference.

I look forward too seeing you in November!

Stefanie

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Dear Readers, Dear Friends,

We are all very excited about our 20th Conference taking place in Alexandria, Virginia, a town in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., the beautiful capital city of the United States. As the members of our host group, *Survivors of the Holocaust— The Last Generation: Washington/Baltimore and Beyond*, are working hard to ensure the success of the conference, we would like you to get to know more about this Child Survivor group

On the following pages, please read a short history of this hard-working dynamic group and get acquainted with some of its members. Unfortunately, as always, we had to limit the number of featured individuals as well as the length of their stories, due to space constraints.

Our thanks go to Dora Klayman and Jacques Fein who provided lots of information, to Harry Markowicz, who sent us a number of photos, and to all the people who were so graciously willing to share their stories with us and with the whole Child Survivor community.

Your Editors,

Marianne, Rene, Steve



Remembrance and Continuity

20th Annual International Conference Washington D.C. USA

The 20th International Conference of Holocaust Child Survivors, Second and Third Generations, and Families will be held in Alexandria, Virginia, USA. The conference, whose theme is **Remembrance and Continuity**, will open on **Friday evening November 7, 2008** with a gala dinner and will end late morning on **Monday, November 10**. The “official” ending will be followed by an optional group visit to the **United States Holocaust Memorial Museum**. The Conference hotel is the beautiful **Hilton Alexandria Mark Center**.



Alexandria, Virginia

Located *within eyesight* of Washington, DC, Alexandria once was one of the nation's most important seaports. Founded by industrious Scottish merchants, the city was home to George Washington and several other early patriots, including George Mason and Thomas Jefferson. The **Old Town** district includes more than 4,000 historic buildings, outstanding examples of early American architecture that now house small businesses and gracious homes. Alexandria boasts a number of museums, art galleries, musical venues, fine restaurants and nightclubs. It is also supposed to be “kid friendly”, so make it a vacation, bring your children and grandchildren, and enjoy all that Alexandria and, of course, Washington have to offer. The weather in the area at this time of the year is supposed to be beautiful. As the conference will commence right after the United States Presidential Elections, can you imagine any more exciting place to be than our capital?

Our Hosts

Our host group, *Survivors of the Holocaust — The Last Generation: Washington/Baltimore and Beyond* has been busy for many months organizing this event. This is the third International Conference that this group is hosting, so, they do have the conference experience. The “fantastic and energetic committee”, headed by Jacques Fein and Louise Lawrence-Israels, is doing everything in their power to ensure a successful and memorable gathering of the Child Survivor family.

The Conference

Many program features have been firmed up already, some others are still in the planning stage. To give you some advance news of what is coming, here's a list of the major speakers who have already accepted our hosts' invitation:

- **Sarah Bloomfield** — Director of the US Holocaust Memorial Museum (USHMM)
- **Joanna Michlic** — historian, specializing in the Holocaust and its memory in Eastern Europe; also in Modern East-European Jewish History and Culture
- **Elie Rosenbaum** — prominent speaker from the Justice Department who has been tracking down ex-Nazis living in the US
- **An as-yet-unnamed** speaker from the Israeli embassy
- **Other speakers** are under consideration but have not been finalized yet

Other Planned Activities

- **Second and Third Generation** groups — we are looking forward to their significant involvement in the Conference
- **Workshops** — some familiar topics, some new ones
- **Seminars and Plenary sessions** — still in the planning stage
- **Information Desk** — Yad Vashem, Red Cross International Tracing Service, Bad Arolsen Holocaust Archives
- **Book Desk, Movies, “Searching for...”**
- **Nightly entertainment** — have fun! Get together with old friends and make new ones!

Registration

Registration Packets were sent some time ago to all representatives of Child Survivor groups for distribution among their members, also to individuals who expressed interest in participating in the Conference. If you have not received your registration forms, if you need more forms, or if you need further information, please call Jacques (443-820-3290) or Louise (301-530-6868), both in Maryland.

You can also download the registration forms from our website: www.wfjesh.org. Whichever way you get the forms, you have to fill them out and mail them to the address that appears on the Conference Registration Form with your check or credit card information. Please note that registration fees go up as of September 1, 2008. For hotel registration, mail or fax the filled-out form directly to the hotel. Or call the Hilton registration number (1-800-445-8667) and register to the **Hilton Alexandria Mark Center** (5000 Seminary Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, USA 22311). Be sure to use the code **WFJCSH 2008**. Hotel rate is US\$112/night. The same rate is available to us for 3 nights preceding and 3 nights following the conference.

For those of you who are planning to fly, the closest airport is **Reagan National Airport**. The hotel offers free shuttle service every 30 minutes between 6 a.m. and 11 p.m. to/from this airport.

Survivors of the Holocaust — The Last Generation: Washington/Baltimore and Beyond

Jacques Fein, one of the founders of this group, walked down memory lane and gave us a summary of their history. Merci Beaucoup Jacques!

This Child Survivor group formally came into being in September 1985, but the seeds were sown about a decade earlier. It was in the 1970s when Jacques Fein and Emmy Kolodny, friends living in Columbia Maryland, first attended a meeting of a local Holocaust survivor group *Club Shalom*. Then only in their thirties, Jacques and Emmy who both survived the Holocaust as children in hiding, felt somewhat out of place in this group whose members were at least ten years older than themselves, and were, for the most part, survivors of concentration camps. Although they were told that they were not “real” survivors, Jacques and Emmy felt some kinship with the group and did return several times.

In April 1983 The American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust survivors met in Washington, D.C. Emmy and Jacques decided to attend, although they wondered whether they would again meet with the same rejection as in their own community. Two critical things happened at that gathering. First, Dr. Judith Kestenberg, a psychologist conducting a research project, was looking for people who survived the Holocaust as children. She did find some among those in attendance, and created a list of names. Second, Paris-born Jacques discovered other French survivors who were also rescued by OSE (Oeuvres de Secours aux Enfants), the organization that saved him from deportation as a child. He met Norbert Bikales (now President of *Friends And Alumni Of OSE-USA*) and was introduced to Norbert’s wife, Gerda.

The thoughts and plans to form a group bearing the newly introduced terms of “hidden children” and “child survivors” germinated another two years but finally, in September 1985, seven *child survivors* got together to talk, share, and form a bond that has lasted now over twenty years. Some of the original “Rockville 7” are still with the group.

Here are some quotes from the letter Jacques Fein wrote following that first meeting: “we came... as strangers and left as long-lost brothers and sisters who finally found each other.” “... we decided to continue to meet regularly and to strengthen the ties that bind us together.”



The new group grew fast. Jacques got in touch with Norbert and Gerda Bikales and with the other people he got to know at the Gathering. He followed up the leads from the *Kestenberg list*, and advertised in Jewish newspapers. The news also spread by word of mouth. The next time they met, there were twenty others. They discussed their “survivorhood and all the issues related to being children during the Holocaust.” From the very beginning the group was also opening their eyes and ears toward the larger world: planned issues included providing translation services to the Holocaust Museum and also establishing ties with other survivor groups that suddenly sprung up about the same time.

Today, over two decades later, the group still functions well. Recently they changed their name from *Association of Child Survivors in the Washington-Baltimore Area* to **Survivors of the Holocaust — The Last Generation: Washington/Baltimore and Beyond**. The reason: the new name is more descriptive of a group of people who are no longer children, yet they are the *youngest* and the *last* of the Holocaust survivors. The group has a membership of 120. Over the years some have dropped out and, sadly, some have died. This year they lost Ursula Klau, Sheilah Bernard, Ernie Kopstein, Marc Rossman, Charles Laughlin, and Ed Schiff.

Their organizational structure is simple and informal: each year they select two new *coordinators* to ensure that most members have a sense of involvement. They meet once a month in a member’s home in the greater Washington-to-Baltimore area, start with a potluck lunch (always good!) and a brief business meeting, and follow it with the *topic of the day*. This could be the Holocaust survival account told by one of the members, a presentation by an invited speaker, or a discussion of a timely issue. The meetings are generally well attended; only occasional severe winter weather can make them cancel a meeting. Between meetings group members communicate via a vibrant monthly newsletter, email, telephone and “natural relationships”. Many of the group’s members have been involved with the greater Holocaust community and also with the wider Jewish

community in the area. Because of their proximity to the US Holocaust Memorial Museum, several members volunteer at the museum as speakers, tour-leaders, or whatever their interests are. As Jacques Fein writes: “We try as best as we can to remind our world the lessons of the Holocaust.”

Katie Altenberg

During my early years my father, Ludwig Engel, mother, Greta, younger brother, Adi, and I moved from Vienna to an estate called *Edmunshof*, near the Austrian-Hungarian frontier. My father, an agronomist, leased the land from the Order of the Holy Cross and developed a thriving farm there.

Shortly after the Anschluss, the annexation of Austria by Nazi Germany, the Gestapo arrested my father. He was eventually released—thanks to my mother’s perseverance and a lot of bribes—but he had to escape immediately. He fled to Hungary and soon we joined him there.

We moved to a small village but we could not hide from the Hungarian fascists, who arrested us and sent us to a concentration camp outside Budapest. My mother was sent to a labor camp and my brother and I ended up in a holding camp for children.

Late in 1944 all the children from the camp were taken to the Budapest ghetto. My father escaped from one concentration camp, was arrested again, then escaped the second time and was able to get us out of the ghetto. He brought us to my aunt’s apartment in a building that was one of Raoul Wallenberg’s *protected houses*. There we found temporary safety—if only for a short time.



By late fall of 1944 these buildings were no longer protected and the Hungarian fascists forced us into the ghetto again. Luckily we survived until the Russian Army liberated the Budapest ghetto in February 1945. Immediately my father began searching for my mother, whom we thought was in a labor camp. Somehow we found out that she was in a hospital, terribly ill. Father brought her home to recuperate.

After my mother recovered, we moved to Czechoslovakia, fearing anti-Semitic attacks in Hungary. We hoped to be able to immigrate to the United States. We got a lot of help from HIAS [Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society], but even so, we had to wait three years before we were allowed to enter the U.S. And not a minute too soon: in 1948 all emigration was halted from the communist bloc.

Our first “home” was in the Hotel Marseille in New York City but we soon moved to a farm in New Berlin, NY. After high school I entered Syracuse University and following graduation worked in medical research in New York. It was there that I met Henry Altenberg, a survivor from Berlin, who became my husband. He served in the Air Force and we started our married life in Japan. We had two children, Karen and Steven. Sadly, my husband died in 1983.

Today I still have a full life. I am an active member of the *Survivors of the Holocaust— The Last Generation: Washington/Baltimore and Beyond* child survivor group, I volunteer at the Holocaust Museum, and enjoy visiting with my three grandchildren who live in Chicago. ■

Gerda Bikales



I was born in Breslau, Germany, the only child of Polish immigrant parents. Shortly after the Nazis came to power my father, due to his immigrant status, was ordered to

leave the country or face incarceration. He was able to leave Germany—almost at the last moment—and came to the United States on a visitor’s visa. My mother and I remained.

Just days before the outbreak of World War II, my mother and I finally could leave Germany using forged documents. We went to Antwerp, Belgium, there to wait for our American visas. But they never came. When in May 1940 the Germans overran Belgium, we tried, in vain, to escape to France. In December 1940, my mother and I were deported to an internment camp near the German border; some 3,300 Jewish refugees were held there. Mysteriously, after a few months the camp was closed down and most deportees were sent back to Antwerp. An interesting note: to this day very few people have heard of this camp, even in Belgium.

As the persecution of Jews became more and more severe, my mother and I tried to flee Belgium again and, at last, succeeded. We were smuggled into unoccupied France, hoping to find safety there. We arrived in Lyon in 1941, and

for a long time lived on the edge of starvation, often wandering off to rural areas in search of food. We lived in constant fear, always on the run, and just one step ahead of disaster.

My most desperate moment came in late 1943, when I crossed into Switzerland by myself, leaving my mother behind in deadly danger. Fortunately she managed to survive and we were reunited after France was liberated. In 1946 we could, at last, join my father in New York. However, my parents’ long separation took its toll on their marriage and they divorced soon after.

I worked hard to make up for the missed years of schooling but it seems that the struggle will never end. I went to school at night for years to earn a Bachelor and a Masters degree, yet still feel that I have never caught up.

I have worked mostly as a writer and public policy analyst in New Jersey and in Washington. With Senator S. I. Hayakawa, I was instrumental in creating a national movement to promote English as the official language of the United States, and served as the first executive director of U.S. ENGLISH.

I have been married to Norbert Bikales since 1951 He is also a survivor. We have two children and five grandchildren.

My memoir, *Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death: A Holocaust Childhood*, was published in 2004 ■

Anita Epstein

Very few babies were born in the miserable ghettos of Poland, and those who were, were often killed. But I survived! Born



Anita Kuentler on November 18, 1942, I came into the world inside the Jewish ghetto of Krakow, Poland.

When I was three months old, my parents, Salek and Eda Kuentler, smuggled me out of the ghetto and persuaded a Catholic family named Zendler to hide me. The Zendlers, who had three children of their own, had me baptized and raised me for three years as a Catholic.

Sadly, my father was killed in Mauthausen, but my mother miraculously survived two labor camps and two concentration camps, Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen, from where she was liberated in April 1945. After being treated in a hospital for typhus, she made her way back across

Czechoslovakia to Poland and found me. She took me back, kicking and screaming, from the Zendler family. My mother and I were sent, along with other Jewish survivors, to a Displaced Persons camp in Selb, Germany, near the Czechoslovakian border. There my mother met Roman Kaminski, a man who had survived Stalin's gulags. She married him and later he officially adopted me. We lived mainly in Selb until late 1949, when we sailed for New York on a troop ship, the U.S.S. Taylor.

My brother, Harvey, was born in this country. As for me, although when I first came here I was placed in a class for slow-learners because I didn't speak English, I soon caught up and after high school I attended Brooklyn College from which graduated. Today I am a lobbyist at the Washington, D.C. law firm of Pillsbury, Winthrop, Shaw, Pittman, representing the Government of Mexico and various other clients. I am married to Noel Epstein, a Washington journalist and consultant, and have two daughters, two granddaughters and three grandsons. ■



Jacques Fein

My parents, Rojza and Szmul Karpic, immigrated to France from Poland before my birth and so, I was born in Paris in

1938. My sister Annette was born two years later.

In 1942, when the persecution of Jews became intolerable, my sister and I were taken into hiding near Paris with the help of the French organization, Oeuvres de Secours aux Enfants (OSE). As we learned later, our father was deported to Pithiviers and then murdered at Auschwitz. Our mother, and many members of our large extended family in France, were also murdered at Auschwitz after being deported to Drancy, the infamous transit camp not far from Paris. Several aunts, uncles, and cousins survived the camps.

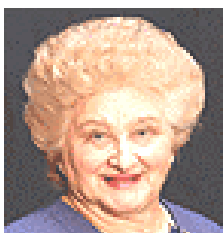
My sister and I were hidden by a Catholic family in Vers-Galant (outside Paris) and lived with them until 1946. Then the OSE placed us in orphanages where we were with other children just like us—waiting for parents and family, whom we would never see again. Even so, I recall my stay there as a happy time. Annette and I left France in 1948

and were both adopted by an American couple, Harry and Rose Fein, now deceased.

Once in the U.S., I went through elementary and high schools then college. After graduation I worked in computer software, got married, had two children Rachel and Matthew and, in 1970, moved to Columbia, Maryland. My wife and I were divorced in 1974. In 1986 I married Judee Iliff; Judee is a synagogue administrator. Rachel and Matthew are married, and my stepdaughter, Laura, will be married in October. In June 2005, I became a grandfather to Sam Lucas Burrows, who was named after my father Shmuel. We have two other grandchildren: Zachary Lucas Burrows and Adrienne Simone Fein. Our family is the legacy of our survival!

I have been intensely involved in all phases of activities of the Jewish community, including being president of the Jewish Federation of Howard County in 1995-1997. I am also committed to Holocaust-related organizations and am one of the founders of our Hidden Child/Child Survivor group.

Why am I involved? First, I was lucky to have survived, while six million Jews, including over a million children, were murdered. Moreover, I and thousands like me, received help from the UJA in the 1940s. So for me it is payback time! Lastly, I feel that all of us Jews are responsible for each other. And that is the focus of this life of mine! ■



Nesse Godin

The Lithuanian town where I spent my childhood was called Siauliai, but was known in Yiddish as Shavl. Before World War II it had a large and active Jewish community.

I was born Nesse Galpern into a very religious family and was raised in a loving household. My parents owned a store that sold dairy products. We

observed all the Jewish laws and all religious holidays and I attended Hebrew school. My parents always taught me the values of community and caring.

After the Germans invaded Poland in 1939, we heard from relatives in Lodz how Jews were treated but we could not believe it. How could your neighbors denounce you and not stand up to help you? We found out soon enough.

On June 26, 1941, the Germans occupied our city. In the weeks that followed, SS killing units and Lithuanian collaborators took about 1,000 Jews to the nearby Kuziai

forest and shot them to death. In August, we were forced to move into the ghetto, where we lived in constant hunger and terrible fear. I witnessed many *selections* during which men, women, and children were rounded up and taken to their deaths. My father was one of them. In 1944 as the Soviet army approached, the remaining Jews were deported to the Stutthof concentration camp. There I was separated from my family and given the number 54015. What followed was a life of being scared, starved and beaten up. I was transferred to several different camps, all of them horrible.

In January 1945 I was among the thousands who were sent on a *death march*, as the SS evacuated us to move us to camps deeper within Germany, away from the area where the Allies could have liberated us very soon and many lives could have been saved. In the freezing cold winter weather and with

little food, many of the prisoners died. We stopped in the town of Chinow overnight and were pushed into a barn. Many of the women died there of sickness and starvation. At last, on March 10, 1945, we were liberated by Soviet troops.

In 1950, after spending five years in the Displaced Persons' camp in Feldafing, Germany, I immigrated to the United States under the sponsorship of my mother's sister. I worked, went to school, and married Jack, who is also a survivor. We have three children. Now we have seven grandchildren and one great grandson. I spend a lot of time as a volunteer at the US Holocaust Memorial Museum and I share my memories of those horrible times because this is the promise I made to the women who helped me survive. This is to remember them and to teach the world what hatred, indifference, and prejudice can do to humanity. ■

Helen Goldkind

As one of seven children born to Martin and Rose Leibowitz, I grew up in a large, but close-knit Jewish family surrounded by many relatives. Nestled in the Carpathian Mountains, our small Czechoslovakian town, *Volosyanka*, had a sizable Jewish community whose life revolved around our synagogue. My father owned a shoe store in the town.



When I was 11 years old, Hungary took over the Trans-Carpathian region, which included our town as well. At once, Jewish life was severely restricted. The Hungarians closed our synagogue; we could not go to school and could worship only in secret. My grandfather worried about the safety of the synagogue's Torah and secretly brought it to our home.

In 1944, with the German occupation, we were forced to move into the Uzghorod ghetto. It was there that the Nazis discovered that my grandfather was hiding the Torah scroll.

They took him to the center of the ghetto and, after viciously beating him, they cut off his long white beard. A week later my family was deported to Auschwitz. My grandfather wouldn't give up his Torah and was severely beaten again. I never saw my family again.

I was taken to a different camp and assigned to work in a Nazi munitions factory. Toward the end of the war I was transferred to Bergen-Belsen, where I was liberated on April 15, 1945.

One of my sisters had immigrated to America in 1938. After the war, she searched through the names of survivors published in a Brooklyn newspaper and she found me. She sent me the necessary papers and I was able to come to the United States a year later. I married Abe Goldkind a year after that. We are blessed with three children, nine grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

I spend some of my time as a volunteer at the USHMM because I believe that I need to speak about what happened to us during the Holocaust. ■

Henryk Greenberg

I was born Henryk (Shaye-Heshl) Grynberg, on July 4, 1936 in Warsaw, Poland, into an orthodox Jewish family. My father was a dairy contractor.

Even after the Nazis occupied Warsaw, my parents, my toddler brother Baruch, and I were allowed to stay in our own home until the fall of 1942. But after that they sent us to *temporary resettlements*. We ended up in a town in central Poland, from where our entire Jewish community was deported to Treblinka.

Before dawn of the day of deportation, my family managed to escape. Baruch was placed with a family of local peasants but he was later exposed as a Jewish child and delivered to the Germans. My parents and I first hid with farmers then in the nearby forests. In the spring of 1943, my mother obtained forged Aryan documents for herself and me

and the two of us moved to Warsaw. Later, we illegally crossed into the territory incorporated into the Reich and my mother became a teacher.

We were liberated by the Red Army in the summer of 1944 and returned to my mother's home shtetl, Dobre. We learned that we were the only members of our family who survived. In April 1945, we moved to Łódź, the largest Jewish community in post-Holocaust Poland.

My mother, her second husband, and their seven-year old son immigrated to Israel in 1957 and from there to the U.S. in 1960. I remained in Poland and pursued my passion as a writer. I had an opportunity to come to the U.S. in 1967, as a member of the Warsaw Yiddish Theater. After ten weeks of performances in New York, I slipped away and made my way to California where my mother lived at the time. I refused to return to Poland in protest against the regime's anti-Jewish policies and their censorship of my writing.

At the beginning of my American life, I freelanced as a writer. But my stepfather was killed in a holdup and I had to go to work to earn more money. I held a variety of jobs for a while. Some time later I enrolled as a graduate student at UCLA, received an M.A. in Russian literature, and became an associate professor. My next job was on the staff of a U.S. government publication: a monthly magazine, in Polish, for readers in Poland.

Subsequently I joined Voice of America, where I worked as a broadcaster, writer and editor until my retirement in 1991. But I never abandoned my *true* calling as a poet, essayist and novelist and since my retirement I have been able to devote full time to writing. My latest published work is *Drohobycz, Drohobycz and Other Stories: True Tales from the Holocaust and Life After*. ■

Claude Kacser

My father was from Austria, my mother was German-English-Swiss, and I was born in Paris in 1934. But my family soon had to leave France, probably because the French were expelling foreigners during the Depression. We went to Vienna, my father's birthplace, but in 1936 moved again, this time to London.



At age six,
arriving in the US

After Germany launched the *blitz*, the nightly bombing attacks on London and other British cities in the fall of 1940, my family moved to the Shropshire countryside. Winston Churchill, convinced that some of the refugees may be spies, ordered to "collar the lot", and all adult male and some female *enemy aliens* were interned. Among them was my father, who was held on the Isle of Man. My mother, fearing a German invasion of England, was trying to get us to the United States but could not get a visa. Through some fortuitous circumstances, however, she was able to send me.

We had a 50-year-old bachelor relative, who lived in Manhattan. Thanks to considerable effort, he obtained a visa for me. And so, at the age of six, I traveled alone to New York City. My relative placed me into year-round private boarding schools. He took his responsibility very seriously; and I am now exceedingly grateful that he was willing to make an immense change in his life for me.

Shortly after the war, my parents were divorced but my mother remained in England and in 1945 I returned there to join her. Growing up, I tried to become a *proper Englishman* but was not quite successful at it. I went to Oxford University and upon graduation began a career as an academic physicist. But when I spent the years 1959-61 as a post-doctorate fellow in the U.S., I discovered not only the wider world of physics, but also the hugely different, and very attractive, American life style. In 1962 I returned to the U.S. for good. I felt more comfortable in America as an immigrant than I had in England as a pseudo-Englishman. After a successful academic career as a physicist, mainly at the University of Maryland, I retired in 1996. ■

Fred Kahn

At the age of six, I fled, all alone, from Germany, the country of my birth, to meet my parents in Belgium. Up to that time I was living with my childless aunt and uncle, since my parents had left Germany shortly after I was born to seek refuge for our family in Belgium. Sad to say, my aunt and uncle were later both murdered in the Holocaust. On October 1, 1938, after a harrowing journey, I was finally reunited with my parents. For a while we were safe. But in May 1940, when Germany conquered Belgium, my family went into hiding. We lived under assumed names and moved just about every six months through the Belgian Ardennes, to avoid being discovered by Nazi authorities. During all that time I was not allowed to go to school or to be with any other children, for fear of being found out.

Fortunately we all survived. After the war, I did everything I could to make up for my lost childhood. I created a youth soccer club, which became the National Champion Team of Belgium in 1948. At age 18, after graduating from the Athenee Royal de Verviers, I immigrated to the United States. I came to Baltimore on borrowed money, which I repaid as soon as I could. This was my first obligation in the United States.

I enlisted in the U.S. army in the early 1950s and soon became an American citizen. In 1954 I stepped again on

German soil; this time as a member of the occupying United States armed forces!

A most significant event in my life was when, in 1960, I was selected as a Woodrow Wilson National Fellow to study at the School of Advanced International Studies of Johns Hopkins University, where I earned a Master of Arts degree. My career included teaching history at Howard University, launching, with others, a national youth program, *Job Corps*, and working as a political economist in the Department of Labor. I was elected to the National Council of the American Society for Public Administration and served on its Board of Editors. I also had the honor to be awarded a Distinguished Career Service Award by the Secretary of Labor.

In my retirement I remain active in causes that are important to me. I am involved, in the role of a moderator, in a YAHOO! on-line discussion group called *Remember_The_Holocaust*. Our goal is to promote tolerance and human rights in memory of the victims of the Holocaust. I also serve on the humanities board created by the Governor of Maryland, yet another step toward my goal, as set against the backdrop of my lost childhood, to make the most of every opportunity available in the United States.

My wife, Rita, was a foreign exchange student from Taiwan when we met 42 years ago at Johns Hopkins. We have a daughter, Anna, who is married and has two children. My grandchildren are the greatest joy of my life. ■

Teodora Klayman

When I was born in 1938, my parents, Salomon and Silva Basch (nee Deutsch) lived in Zagreb but my mother was originally from Ludbreg, a small town in Croatia.

Her father, Joseph Deutsch, was the Rabbi in that town. My father owned a small brush-factory; my mother was a teacher.

One day, shortly after the birth of my brother Zdravko in 1941, I was sent to Ludbreg to stay with my maternal grandparents for a while. I never saw my parents again!

Later that year, Yugoslavia surrendered to Nazi Germany and a fascist organization *Ustasha* came into power. The persecution of Jews began immediately. My parents and my brother were arrested but my mother's sister, Giza and her Catholic husband, Uncle Ludva managed to rescue the baby and bring him to where I was staying. My parents, along with thousands of other Jews from Zagreb, were deported to the notorious concentration camp Jasenovac, the most deadly camp established by the Ustasha. They were both murdered.

The fascist authorities arrested my aunt Giza too. My uncle tried to save his wife from deportation but his attempt was in vain: she was deported and killed in Auschwitz. Then, because of his efforts on behalf of his Jewish wife, he too was sent to Jasenovac but was eventually released.

Sometimes our neighbors took care of Zdravko and me,



pretending that we were theirs. Most of the townspeople knew who we were but, luckily, no one informed on us

After the war, we found out that my parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins were all murdered. Uncle Ludva, Zdravko, and I were the only survivors of our extended family still in Croatia. Our beloved Uncle Ludva legally adopted my brother and me, granting us a little bit of happiness and stability. Unfortunately, my brother could not enjoy it for very long: within a year he died of scarlet fever.

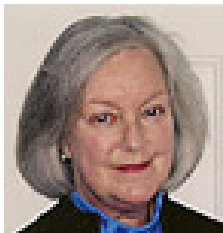
I grew up and was schooled in Zagreb, entering the University of Zagreb as an English major. A year later I was allowed to travel to Switzerland to study and to live with my Uncle Josef, himself a survivor of Bergen-Belsen.

On the train to Switzerland, I met Daniel Klayman, an American Fulbright scholar just back from his post-doctoral year in India. After a year of a mostly long-distance romance, we got married in 1958, and I moved to the United States. Within a short time we had two children, Wanda and Elliot.

Dan worked in medicinal research and I eventually went back to school to complete my studies. I became an ESL [English as a Second Language] teacher and have enjoyed teaching for many years. Sadly, Dan died in 1992; he was much too young. I still miss him greatly.

Now I work part time in my profession. In addition, I am a volunteer at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. I feel very fortunate that both my children and my three wonderful grandchildren live close by. ■

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Louise Lawrence-Israels

When I was just six months old, in December of 1942, my parents, my older brother, our family friend, Selma and I went into hiding. We were hidden on the fourth floor of a row house in Amsterdam, and remained there for the duration of the war.

After the invasion of Normandy in 1944, Amsterdam was constantly barraged by air raids. The stairwell was the only part of the building where we could find shelter against the bombs. My mother always had an emergency basket with her; it included warm sweaters and, usually, a tin of cookies.

I was three years old when the war ended and my family was freed. Up until then I had never been out of doors and at first I had a difficult time being outside and adjusting to a world without walls. But what was most traumatic for me that even well after the war, I was warned to remain silent about my experiences in hiding. My parents told me that people

wanted to *move on* and not talk about the Holocaust.

Our family moved to Sweden but returned to Holland in 1948. And that is where I grew up, received my elementary and secondary education and earned my degree in physical therapy. I married Sidney Z. Lawrence in 1965 and immigrated to the United States in 1967.

Sidney was in the military and we had lived for some time in Italy and Belgium, also in several different places in the U.S. When he retired, we moved to Bethesda, Maryland.

Throughout the years I worked part time as a physical therapist, ran an international travel group for a while, and also was stage-manager for theatrical productions. My husband and I raised three beautiful daughters and now we are grandparents to seven wonderful grandchildren.

Today, I am a volunteer translator at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum and a member of the Memory Project Holocaust Survivors' writing group. As an active member of the Washington area Speakers' Bureau I can finally share my Holocaust experience with many people from all walks of life. ■

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Edith Lowy

For the first ten years of my life I lived with my loving parents, Irena and Rudolf Pick, and my younger brother, Erik, in two different small coal-mining communities in Silesia, then part of Czechoslovakia. My parents, who ran a general store, were well liked and respected in the town. During those years I was never ever exposed to anti-Semitism.

In 1938, our part of Czechoslovakia came under Polish rule. My family traveled to Poland, from where we hoped to emigrate. Unfortunately, we were not able to and ended up trapped there. We were sent to the Ghetto of *Wieliczka* and my father was conscripted to forced labor. When he heard that the residents of the ghetto were soon to be deported, he took us into hiding. My mother's sister also came with us but, for some reason, my mother did not. She was to follow us the next evening. But by then it was too late! She was deported to the Belzec extermination camp. We were devastated!

My father had to continue with his labor by day but came back to our hiding place at night. Soon we could not hide any longer and were taken to a labor camp near Krakow. Later, we ended up in Plaszow, the camp featured in the film *Schindler's List*. Here, children were separated from their parents; most were taken away and shot to death. My beloved 11-year old brother was among them. Miraculously, I survived. From Plaszow we were transported by cattle trains to another horrible camp, and finally to Buchenwald.



Toward the end of the war, the Nazis sent us, remaining inmates, on the infamous *death marches* toward the German interior. My aunt and I were among those barely living skeletons who dragged ourselves with our last bit of strength but a tremendous will to live, until the Russian army liberated us. Amazingly, my father and my uncle, both liberated from Buchenwald, found us in Oschatz, Germany. We returned to our hometown where we were embraced by an incredibly supportive community.

Nevertheless, in 1948 I left there and volunteered for the Israeli army, where I served in communications. I married my husband, George, in Israel in 1953. In 1958 we immigrated to the United States with our daughter, Orit. Our second daughter, Nomi, was born here.

I continued my education and became a teacher of Judaic Studies. I held several jobs but my most rewarding position was at the Jewish Day School in Rockville, Maryland. Since my husband and I retired, we have been pursuing the many hobbies and interests we have developed over the years. We are very fortunate to live the rich life we have, and are also thankful for our two wonderful daughters and four precious grandchildren.

I frequently lecture about the Holocaust. I feel that I owe it to the dead and to the living. I am very troubled by the unrest, violence, and hate in this world. In my talks I emphasize that because I have seen what hate can do, I can never be a part of it. After my appearances, I often receive a number of letters, mostly from teen-aged students. When I read their determination to keep the memory of the Holocaust alive and to fight prejudice and injustice wherever they see them, I know that there is hope for the future. ■

Harry Markowitz



My parents were from Poland but moved to Berlin, where I was born in 1937. I joined two older siblings—my sister Rosi and my brother Manfred. While I was still an infant, my family escaped to Belgium,

hoping to find a safe haven from the constantly intensifying persecution of Jews in Germany. We settled in Antwerp. In May 1940 when Germany invaded Belgium, we tried to get into France, however, as refugees from Germany, we were considered *stateless* and the French authorities turned us away. So we returned to Antwerp.

After my father was ordered to report for work in Germany he thought it best for our family to go into hiding. In the summer of 1942 we traveled to Brussels and following some brief stays in several different hiding places, a Belgian family took me in. They told everyone that I was their son and gave me a new name: Henry Vanderlinden. I lived with the Vanderlindens until Brussels was liberated in September 1944. My parents, my sister and my brother were hidden separately. Thanks to our good fortune, we all survived and were reunited after the war.

In 1951 my parents and I immigrated to the U.S. We

joined my sister and brother who had come here two years before us. We moved to Seattle where I went to high school and subsequently entered the University of Washington. After graduation, I spent a year in Paris then another year in Israel, where I first attended an Ulpan class at a kibbutz, then taught English in a Tel-Aviv language school.

After returning from my travels, I held jobs teaching French at the university level in Seattle then in Vancouver. I pursued graduate studies in Linguistics at Georgetown University in Washington D.C., then, upon graduation, moved back to Paris to work at the Center for the Study of Social Movements.

I got married to Arlene Cohen in 1977; we have a son, Michael. We came back to Washington, D.C. when I started working in the English Department at Gallaudet University.

I was one of the founding members of our local group of Child Survivors of the Holocaust. For the past eight years I made Holocaust education an integral part of my courses at Gallaudet University.

My Holocaust-childhood had affected me in many ways. As a very young child in hiding, I had to give up my identity and pretend to be somebody else, all the while knowing that I was not really that person. Later I had to shed my *pretend* identity and find the original "me". These emotional and unsettling changes had a most profound and lasting effect on my life. ■

Manny Mandel

I was born in 1936 into a religious Jewish family in the Latvian capital of Riga. Shortly after my birth, my father, Yehuda, accepted a post as one of the four chief cantors in Budapest and my family returned to Hungary, where my parents had lived before 1933. My father was based at the renowned Rombach Street synagogue in Budapest, the city that was at that time an important Jewish center of Europe.

After anti-Jewish laws were passed in 1938, Jews were severely harassed in Hungary. When I got old enough to go to school, my father almost always followed me, even though my school was only a few blocks away. He wanted to be sure that I made it there safely and no one pushed me into traffic. I was never allowed to have a bicycle for fear that it might be taken away from me because I was Jewish.

A short time after the Germans came to Budapest in March 1944, my father was taken away to one of the forced labor camps. One day Mother told me that we were being deported. I wasn't sure what that meant, only that we were leaving. It sounded like an adventure but Mother said it was



serious. We were with a group of Jews who were, supposedly, being exchanged for trucks. We traveled on trains; at night we slept outside in tents. We were taken to the Bergen-Belsen camp. I remember that the ground was very muddy and my shoes fell apart. That meant I couldn't run around; running was the only "play" we were allowed.

In January 1945, near the end of the war, my mother and I were among the group that was traded from Bergen-Belsen as part of the "Kasztner rescue train" [the rescue of close to 2000 Hungarian Jews, organized by the controversial Rudolf Kasztner, allegedly in exchange for money and other valuables]. Soon we were in Switzerland and we were free!

My mother and I stayed there for several months. In 1945 we immigrated to Palestine, where we were reunited with my father in 1946. We came to the United States in 1949. I attended public schools, Gratz College, Temple University and the University of Pennsylvania.

I married Adrienne in 1958 and we settled in the Washington, D.C. area. Our two children and our grandchildren live in Maryland, not too far from us. Adrienne is a retired member of the Maryland Legislature; I maintain a part-time independent psychotherapy practice in Silver Spring. Also, I volunteer at the Holocaust Museum, concentrating on work at the Wechsler Learning Center. ■

Alice Masters

My very loving, very observant family lived in a small village in Czechoslovakia, where I was born Alice Eberstark on May 10, 1925. Our life in this secluded village was pleasant and mostly uneventful.

When, in World War II, the Nazis occupied Czechoslovakia my mother's brother, who was working in London, urged my parents to try to get the children out of the country. My parents hoped that nothing would happen to us in our isolated little village, but they trusted my uncle's judgment and in the end made the difficult decision to let us leave.

My two sisters and I came to England on July 1, 1939 on a *Winton Kindertransport* [Nicholas Winton, an English stockbroker organized the rescue of 669 Jewish Czech children in an operation known as the Czech Kindertransport]. My big sister Josephine was 16, I was 14, and Elli, the youngest, was 10. We were sent to a children's home in Burgess Hill, Sussex, where we stayed for about 18 months. When the home ceased its operation, my older sister and I moved to London to another home for refugee girls and later to the YWCA where we lived for five years. Our little sister

was placed with a Quaker family in Sussex. I went to secretarial school, took evening classes and soon started to work full time. I also belonged to refugee clubs, which were a lifesaver for me. I lived in London through the entire blitz.

After the war, we learned that our parents, grandparents, and all other members of our family were murdered.

In 1944 I started working for the Czechoslovak Government in Exile as a bilingual secretary. In 1947 I was assigned to work at the Second Annual Meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank in London. I was then offered a job with the IMF in Washington, D.C. and came to the U.S. in March 1948.

My sisters remained in England. I worked at the IMF from 1948 until 1983 as a bilingual secretary and later as an Administrative Officer. In 1950 I married Peter Masters, a refugee from Vienna. Peter served with the British Commandos and on D-Day landed in Normandy on a bicycle! He recounted that experience in a book called, *Striking Back*. We first met in London, and then again in the U.S. where he came as a Fulbright scholar. We were married for 55 splendid years; he will be missed forever. We have three children, Anne, Kim and Tim and seven grandchildren. ■

Halina Peabody

I was born in Krakow, Poland to Isaac and Olga Litman. My father was a dentist, my mother, a homemaker. Some years before



her marriage, she had been the Polish national swimming champion three years in a row. My baby sister was born in 1939. Our home was in a picturesque little resort town and we had a happy life until World War II came to our door. In 1939, with the Russian invasion of Poland imminent, my father had crossed over to Romania with other refugees to escape Soviet rule. When he tried to return to us, the Russians

caught him, accused him of being a spy, and sentenced him to twenty years' hard labor in Siberia.

Late in the summer of 1941 the territories annexed by the Soviets were overrun by Nazi Germany. I was nine years old when the Nazis began to carry out their *actions*. One day they commanded all young men and women of the village to report for work in the woods, ordered them to dig huge ditches then shot them into these mass graves. After hearing about these horrors from someone who managed to run away, my mother, desperately looking to escape, managed to buy false identity documents from a priest for herself and us, children. We traveled to a larger town, where we rented a room in the house of a washerwoman and lived as Catholics.

My mother found work in a German Military Camp kitchen, hoping that through this job she could obtain a German ID card to improve our chances of survival.

One day a bomb blew up over our house. Our landlady was killed and I was wounded by a piece of shrapnel that lodged in my hand. We managed to get to a hospital and the doctors saved my hand.

After liberation we learned that most of our family was killed. But my mother felt certain that my father survived and was determined to find him. One day a telegram came from the Red Cross, informing us that my father was safe in Palestine with his sister. He had been in the Polish army in exile; at the time this army was part of the British armed forces. A Jewish Agency arranged for us to get out of Poland and about a year later my family was reunited. Because of my father's military service, our family was permitted to settle in England. I grew up in London and, among other things, became a table-tennis champion. I represented England in the 1953 and 1957 Maccabiah Games.

In 1957 I moved to Israel, where I worked at a British refinery and later at the American Embassy. I got married and had a son, Joe. We immigrated to the United States on November 6, 1968. My first marriage ended in divorce; I am now happily married to Richard Peabody.

My son and his family live nearby and my two granddaughters give me great joy. I am very proud of my work as a volunteer and speaker at the Holocaust Museum. ■



George Pick

The only child of middle class Jewish parents, I was born in 1934, in the Hungarian capital of Budapest. My father, Istvan, was an engineer and my mother, Margit, worked as a legal secretary.

We lived a comfortable life until the first major anti-Jewish laws were introduced in the late 1930s and my parents lost their jobs. My father then set up a tool and machine parts business, which was registered under the name of a non-Jewish man. However, in 1940 my father was conscripted into the labor brigade and could not continue his enterprise. He was sent to Ruthenia and made to work on building roads for the military. He was released after three months' service, but conscripted once more in 1943 and then again in 1944.

I attended school until March 1944, when German troops occupied Hungary. In June the Nazis ordered all Jews of Budapest to leave their homes and move into buildings designated as *yellow star houses* (from the large yellow star that had to be affixed on the front portal). And so we, along with all other Jews in the capital, had to follow orders.

In November 1944, just weeks after the Hungarian Nazis, the Arrow Cross Party, came to power, my family

went into hiding. Unfortunately, a month later we were discovered. I was placed in a children's home, but ran away and rejoined my family. Those who remained in the children's home, were all killed.

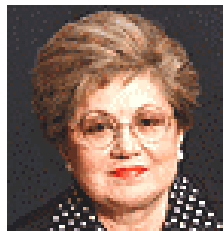
In January 1945 Soviet troops liberated the Budapest ghetto. For us, the war was over. We then learned that 130 members of our extended family had been deported to the Auschwitz-Birkenau killing center and murdered.

When life went back to normal I attended and graduated from the Jewish High School and then the Technical University of Budapest. I participated in the 1956 anti-communist revolution but after its defeat I escaped from Hungary. I arrived in the USA in December 1956. As I was struggling to learn the English language, I supported myself as a laborer and attended school at the same time. At the end of 1958 I was offered a faculty position at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. I taught there for seven years while I continued my graduate studies. After graduating with a Masters Degree in Engineering, I got a job with the U.S. Government. During my 30-year career in the Department of the Navy, I rose from research engineer to a position in senior management before my retirement in 1995.

I have been a volunteer at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum since its opening in 1993. I have published several studies and contributed essays to a number of books that dealt with the Holocaust. ■

Charlene Schiff

My given name was Shulamit, but my family called me Musia. I was the younger of two daughters of Simcha and Fruma Perlmutter living in Horochow,



Poland. My father was a philosophy professor at the university in Lvov. During my early years our life was happy and active; both my parents were leaders in our town's civic affairs.

When in 1941 the Germans occupied our city, they herded all the Jews into a small ghetto area. Almost immediately my father, along with other leaders of the Jewish

community, was rounded up and taken away. We never found out what happened to him and I never saw him again. In 1942 my sister Tchia fled the ghetto and went into hiding. One day, my mother and I took a chance and escaped from the ghetto. We ran all the way to the river near our town and hid in the underbrush at the water's edge. While we were there, we heard intense machine-gun fire from the direction of the ghetto as it was destroyed by the Nazis. Time and again we submerged ourselves in the river to avoid being discovered. There were others who escaped that day and were also hiding in the brush. I heard a Ukrainian guard scream, "I see you there Jews: come out!" Many obeyed and were shot. But my mother and I stayed hidden, mostly in the water, for several days even as the gunfire continued. At times we would doze off. After one of these short naps, I woke up to find that my Mother had vanished. I never saw her again.

And so, I was all alone. I spent the rest of the war hiding in the forests, foraging for food, and digging pits in the ground for shelter. At the end of the war Soviet soldiers found me in a pit. They took me to a hospital and pinned a

note to my shirt that read, "This is the child of the forest; treat her gently, with great care."

After the war I learned that I was the only survivor of my large extended family. I left Poland with other Jewish survivors because of the post-war anti-Semitic violence there. We ended up in the American sector of Germany in one of the United Nations camps.

I was able to track down some relatives in the United States but had to wait until I got a visa. Finally, after three years of waiting, I gained entry to the U.S. I went to live with an aunt in Columbus, Ohio, where I went to school and was accepted to the University there. At the University's Hillel I met Ed Schiff, and we were married soon after. As Ed had a long career in the US Army, we had lived in many different places, both in the United States and abroad. As an army wife I felt accepted; I never felt under pressure to *forget*.

Our son, Stephen, is a surgeon and a mohel; I feel I have lived vicariously through him. He has two wonderful sons, Perry Tyler and Morgan Daniel. I volunteer at the Holocaust Museum and speak and write about my Holocaust survival. ■

Trudy Terkel

I was born Trudy Kirchhausen, in 1924, in Heilbronn an Wittenberg, Germany. Our family lived under pleasant circumstances until anti-Jewish laws made our life unbearable. My father then became active in self-help organizations trying to get Jews out of Germany, first of all his own children. My older sister went to Palestine with a Youth Aliyah and my brother left in March 1939 with the English Kindertransport. My parents wanted to get me out with the Kindertransport as well. Children were selected for the journey based on age, education, and the ability to travel alone. I was 14 years old and a good student, so I qualified. My parents were left behind but were able to leave Germany at the very last moment, in 1941.

Nine children, I among them, were sent to the United States. We arrived in New York City on November 4, 1938 after a seven-day crossing on the SS Hamburg and were met by representatives of HIAS. They sent me to accompany a ten-year old boy by train to St. Louis, Missouri. I ended up staying in St. Louis with a foster family for three years.

I went to high school and upon graduation I was awarded a prestigious four-year scholarship by the Jewish International Sorority *Sigma Delta Tau*. I attended the University of Oklahoma then transferred to the University of Nebraska.

In 1944 I moved to Chicago, where I worked in a defense factory until the end of the war. It was in Chicago that I met and married Harold Terkel. He was an attorney and worked for the Social Security Administration for 34 years, first in Missouri, later in Baltimore, Maryland. While living in Baltimore we became involved in a number of Jewish causes; we were also charter members of Baltimore's Temple Emanuel. Sadly, my husband passed away in 1990.

I worked as head teacher at Temple Emanuel for many years. In addition, I am on the Speaking Committee for the Baltimore Jewish Council and have been a member of the American Red Cross doing German translations for the *Holocaust and War Victims Tracing Center* since 1990. My two sons live in Ellicott City, Maryland and some time ago I too moved to Ellicott City so that I can be close to them. I now have 4 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. ■

Susan Warsinger

My father was a well-to-do businessman and my mother a homemaker in Bad Kreuznach, Germany where I was born Susi Hilsenrath. I had two younger brothers. After the Nazis came to power my father had to close his business and earned a living selling fruit door-to-door to support his family. We had to move to smaller quarters several times because our family's income was diminishing. Along with the other Jewish children of the town, I was soon forced to leave my



school. It became dangerous even to walk in many areas of the town; children often threw rocks at me and called me names because I was Jewish. In the late evening of November 9, 1938, on Kristallnacht, Nazi thugs smashed the windows of our home and destroyed our furnishings. We were hiding in the attic but still, they found my father and took him to jail. He was eventually released.

Some months later, my parents found a French woman who, for a large sum of money, was willing to smuggle my brother Joseph and me to France. We stayed in Paris with a relative for a few weeks but then he sent us to a children's home run by a family who took in about 15 children.

In May 1940, as the Germans invaded France, we were evacuated to Versailles, where we were temporarily housed in the palace of Louis XIV. Soon the German soldiers arrived and we had to flee. We ended up in the part of the country controlled by the Vichy government and found shelter in a *Chateau*, run by the OSE the organization that helped save Jewish children. With the help of the HIAS my brother and I were granted entry visas to the United States. We sailed from Lisbon, Portugal on the *Serpa Pinto* and arrived in New York on September 24, 1941.

Soon we were reunited with our parents and younger brother Ernest and settled in Washington, D.C.

I worked in my profession as a teacher in the Maryland Public School System for many years; I retired in 1993. I have three daughters—Lisa Martin, Meryl Shapiro, and Terese Robinson—and nine grandchildren. Sadly, my husband, Irving B. Warsinger, died in December of 2005. We were married for 56 years.

Since my retirement I have been serving as a volunteer at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. ■



Paul Zador

I was born in 1936 in Debrecen, Hungary, the second son of Bela and Maria Zador. My mother died when I was not yet three years old. My father was a prosperous retail merchant in *Berettyoujfalú*, a village of 12,000 with about 300 Jewish families. Our roots in

the town went back to the beginning of the 19th century: my great-great-grandfather was one of the first Jews settled there.

The war reached me in a serious way in March 1944, after the Nazi occupation of Hungary. When the German military came to our village, they took over our home as their headquarters. They rounded up my father, my uncle and his wife, and seven other influential members of the local Jewish community as *hostages* and took them away. Immediately an emergency plan was set in motion to save the children of our family: in exchange for a substantial bribe handed over to some local officials, my brother, two cousins, and I were allowed to leave our town. We were taken to relatives in Budapest; supposedly it was safer there. Within a few days the entire Jewish community of our village was deported.

In Budapest, our aunt moved us with her into one of the *protected houses* established by Raoul Wallenberg, Karl Lutz, and other diplomats in an effort to protect the remnants of Budapest Jewry. Shortly after, acting against the orders of Hitler's government, Hungary's head of state halted Jewish deportation from the capital. And so, I was saved by the actions of some heroic men, by the fortunate turn of history, and by the kindness, competence and perseverance of my aunt, Zsafia. All in all, I consider myself extremely lucky.

During the waning months of Nazi rule, the protected houses were no longer safe havens: Hungarian fascist gangs repeatedly attacked the residents within. We lived in constant fear and danger, our food supplies dwindled to almost nothing, and we were always very cold. We were liberated by the Russian Army early in 1945.

After the war I found out that I was the only Jewish boy my age from my hometown who survived the Holocaust. I also learned my father's fate: he was deported to Austria and ended up in Mauthausen. Tragically, a few days *after* the camp was liberated he succumbed to typhoid fever. His brother and sister-in-law, parents of the cousins who escaped with us, had survived.

I remained in Budapest, continued my education and entered the University at age 17 to study Mathematics. I became a politically active student organizer and fought in the anti-Soviet uprising in 1956. When the revolution was crushed, I escaped from Hungary. While a refugee in Vienna, I was notified that I was accepted to Oxford University, with a full scholarship, to continue my Mathematics studies. After spending some time studying English, I entered Oxford, earned a BA, and then continued advanced studies there for two more years. I came to the U. S. as a graduate student on a National Science Foundation scholarship and, in 1964, was awarded a Ph. D. in Mathematical Statistics at Stanford University. I have worked for several major U. S. corporations, either as a research statistician or as a consultant. I moved to Washington, D.C. in 1972 and have lived in the area ever since.

In 1961 I got married to another Hungarian Holocaust survivor. We were divorced about ten years later. I married again but this marriage too ended in divorce. I have three children and three grandchildren. ■

World Federation News



Our Losses

We are saddened to learn of the passing of **Tvrtko Svob**, husband of World Federation vice president **Melita Svob** of Croatia. A university professor and prominent intellectual leader, he was imprisoned for several years during World War II by the fascist regime in Croatia until he made his escape and joined the partisans. The Svobs were married over fifty years and have a daughter, Dubravka. We offer Melita our most heartfelt condolences.

It is with profound sadness that we mourn the passing of **Ed Schiff**, member of the Washington/Baltimore Group, one of the Conference organizers, and husband of **Charlene Schiff**, featured in this issue of the *Mishpocha*. We extend our most sincere sympathy to Charlene and her family.