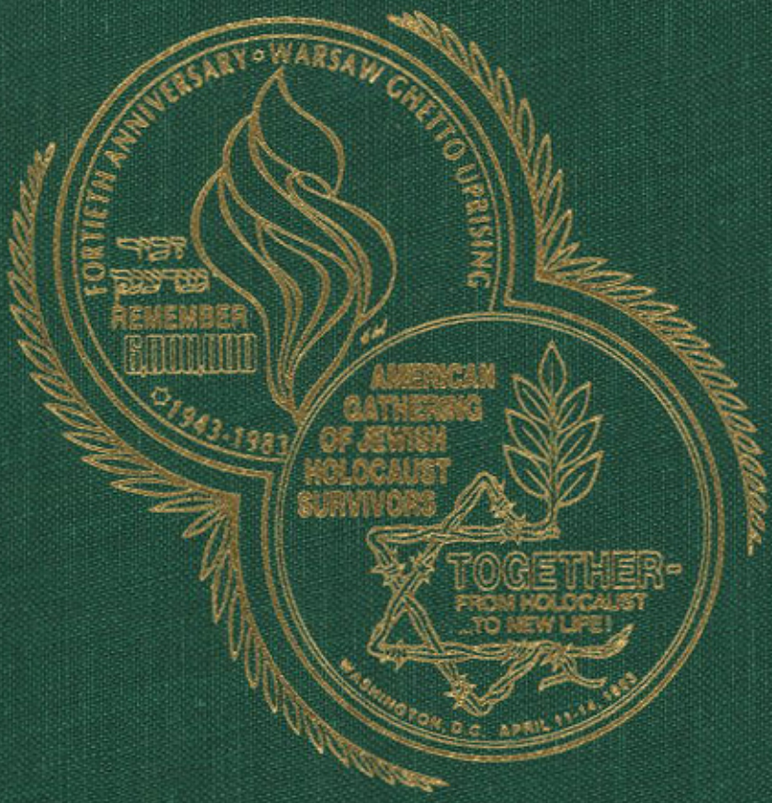
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AMERICAN GATHERING OF JEWISH HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS
TOGETHER-
FROM HOLOCAUST
TO NEW LIFE!
WASHINGTON, D.C. APRIL 11-14, 1983

FROM HOLOCAUST TO NEW LIFE

A documentary volume depicting the proceedings and events of the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

Washington, D.C. April 1983–Nissan 5743

Preface by Elie Wiesel

Sam E. Bloch, Chairman of Publication Committee

Michael Berenbaum , Editor

Designed by Robert Barkin and Gail McCrory

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THE AMERICAN GATHERING OF JEWISH HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS

WASHINGTON, D.C.
APRIL 11-13, 1983

Table Of Contents

PREFACE Elie Wiesel, 1
INTRODUCTION Michael Berenbaum, 10

Survivors Village

SILENCE Herman Taube, 40
A VIEW FROM WASHINGTON Lawrence Goldberg, 43

Opening Night

FROM WARSAW TO WASHINGTON Benjamin Meed, 55
A SECOND HOME AND A SECOND LIFE Ronald Reagan, 59
MEMORY IS OUR SHIELD Elie Wiesel, 67
THE REUNION Israel Lau and Herschel Schacter, 70
WE ARE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS Menachem Z. Rosensaft, 72
WE SHALL NOT DIE Julius Berman, 74
THE CALL TO REMEMBER Gideon Hausner, 76
UNITED WE SHALL LIVE Dov Shilansky, 78
DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE Sigmund Strochlitz, 80

Survivors Speak

A TIME FOR JUDGMENT Eli Zborowski, 82
UNBROKEN FAITH Sarah Shner, 84
SURVIVORS SPEAK David Chase, 86
DEFYING ANTI-SEMITISM Solomon Zynstein, 88
OUR LASTING STRUGGLE Irving Peters, 90

The Pursuit Of Justice

WE MUST EVICT THE KILLERS Abraham J. Bayer, 91
THE PURSUIT OF JUSTICE Norbert Wollheim, 92
JUSTICE IN FRANCE Serge Klarsfeld, 94
RIGHTEOUS GENTILES: MORAL GIANTS, TOO FEW IN NUMBER Alexander Donat, 96
NO LONGER SILENCE TO OPPRESSION Jaqueline Levine, 97
JUSTICE ANNIHILATES SILENCE Elizabeth Holtzman, 98

The Second Generation

CREATIVITY IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH Jean Bloch Rosensaft, 100
RECORDING SURVIVORS: A SACRED TALE Rositta Kenigsberg, 102
THERE ARE NO SUPER HEROES Jeffrey Kent, 104
CONFRONTING IGNORANCE Aviva Kempner, 106
ASSIMILATION AND IDENTITY Ingrid Tauber, 108
LIFE MUST GO ON Charles Silow, 110
AN ODE David Koenig, 110
WHAT DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT SURVIVORS? Eva Fogelman, 112
NEVER DESPAIR David Posner, 114
A PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE Marilyn Kingston, 116

Cultural Celebration

I SAW A MOUNTAIN Moishe Shulstein, 121
FLAMES COULD NOT CONSUME OUR IDEALS Vladka Meed, 122
GREETINGS Isaac Bashevis Singer, 131

Arlington Cemetery

TRIBUTE TO PFC JAMES KING James Ambrose and Miles Lerman, 135

Capitol Hill

RESISTANCE, SURVIVAL AND DIGNITY Sam Bloch, 138
DEDICATION George Bush, 140
FRAGMENTS OF FIRE AND SORROW Elie Wiesel, 142
OUR CONCERN IS WITH THE FUTURE Thomas P. O'Neill, 145
SOMBER YET GOOD Sam Gejdenson, 146
ONLY IN AMERICA Rudy Boschwitz, 147
TRIBUTE TO DEMOCRACY Mark Talisman, 148
COMMANDED TO LIVE Martin Citrin and Herschel Blumberg, 150

Closing Ceremony

A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF FREEDOM Roman Kent, 156
REJOICE AND ENJOY Helen Fagin, 158
L'CHAIM Thomas Lantos, 158
THE WORLD KNEW AND THE WORLD DID NOTHING Edward Koch, 160
YOU MUST TEACH US TO SEE John Danforth, 164
A TIME TO BUILD Miles Lerman, 166
A DREAM FULFILLED Ernest Michel, 168
THE GATHERING WILL NEVER END Benjamin Meed, 170
THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN GATHERING Hirsch Altusky, 173

A Bird In The Wind

THE STORY OF HALINA PRESTON WIND David Preston, 176

The World Listens

PRESS COVERAGE OF THE AMERICAN GATHERING, 188
A NEWSMAN VIEWS THE GATHERING Rich Newberg, 192

Survivors Participants 195

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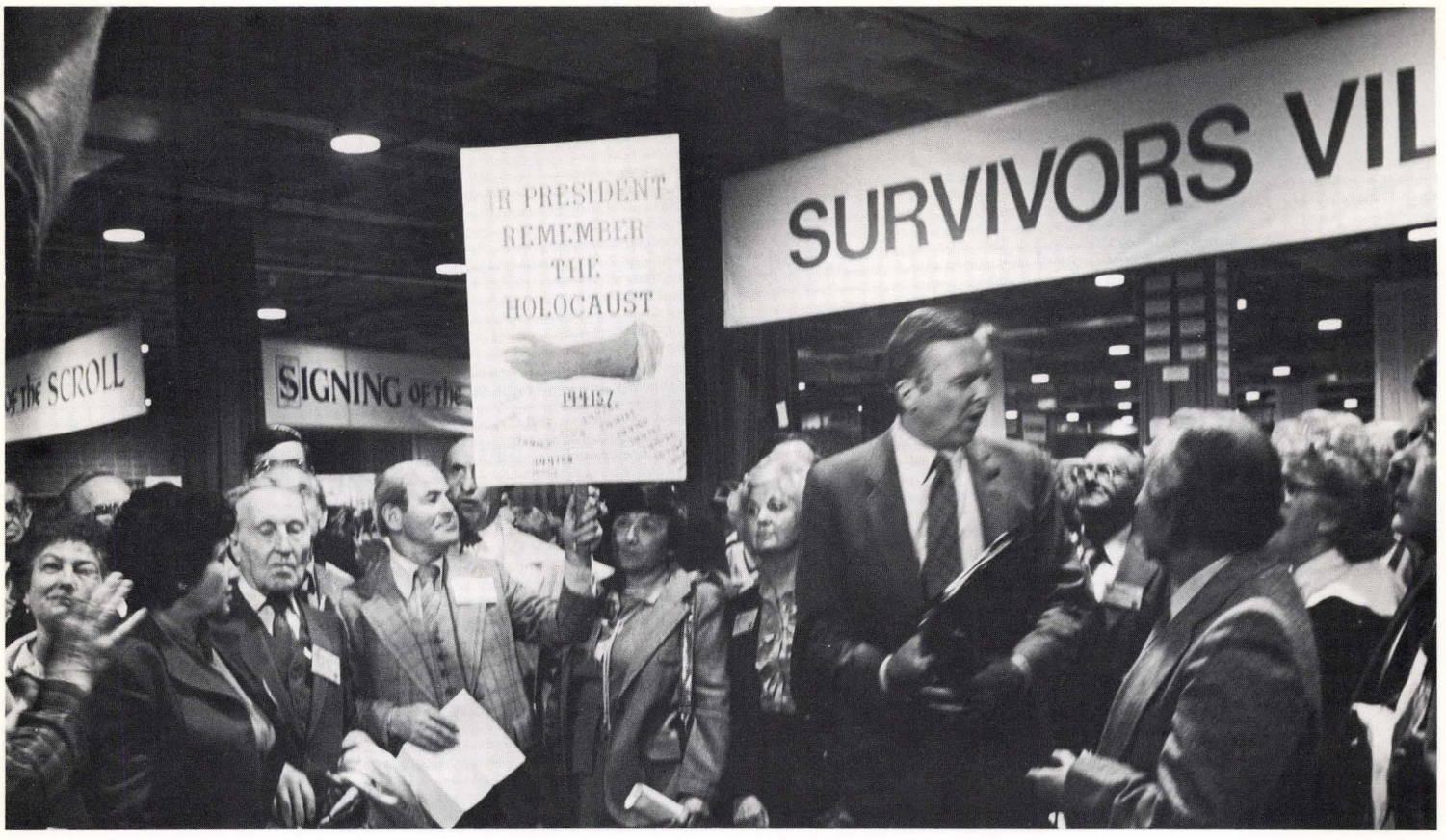

Sunday, April 10, REGISTRATION
Noon - 8:00 p.m.

Monday, April 11, REGISTRATION
8:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

REUNIONS OF SURVIVORS
Meal and bus tickets to be sold during the day. Meals will be served during the day, catered by Schleider Caterers, supervision by Orthodox Rabbinical Council, Vaad Harabonim of Greater Washington.

FILM PROGRAM
Films and video tapes will be shown throughout the day.

OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE SURVIVORS' VILLAGE 11:00 a.m.
Dedication and Fixing of the Mezzuzah
Dr. Hadassah Rosensaft - Vice President, American Gathering
Abraham J. Bayer - Director, International Commission, NJCRAC
Hirsch Altusky - Associate Secretary, American Gathering

OFFICIAL OPENING OF EXHIBIT HALL 3:00 p.m.
Lilly Bloch - Chairperson, Exhibits Committee
Irving Peters - Vice President, American Gathering
James Rapp - Secretary, American Gathering

OPENING OF SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS
United States Holocaust Memorial Council Exhibition
Rabbi Seymour Siegel - Director, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Miles Lerman - Vice President, American Gathering

Yad Vashem Exhibition
Dr. Gideon Hausner - Chairman, Yad Vashem Council
Kalman Sultanik - Vice President, American Gathering
Isabella Leitner -Executive Committee, American Gaithering

Kibbutz Lohamei Haghetaot Exhibition
Zvi Shner - Director, Ghetto Fighters House
Robert Born - Executive Committee, American Gathering
Lew Lehrer - Executive Committee, American Gathering

Beth Hatefutsoth — Museum of the Jewish Diaspora Exhibition
Paul Safro - V.P. of American Friends of Beth Hatefusoth
Abraham Zuckerman - Executive Committee, American Gathering
Gloria Bloch - Director, American Friends of Beth Hatefutsoth

The Artist as Witness: Art by Survivors
Jean Bloch Rosensaft - Exhibition Curator
Norbert Wollheim - Treasurer, American Gathering

OPENING CEREMONY OF THE AMERICAN GATHERING 8:00 p.m.
Presentation of Colors Capital Centre Landover, Maryland
National Anthems
Introduction: Lawrence Y. Goldberg - Washington Director
American Gathering Chairman: Benjamin Meed - President, American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors
Invocation: Rabbi Arthur Schneier - Park East Synagogue, New York City

NATIONAL OBSERVANCE OF THE DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE
Remarks: Sigmund Strochlitz, Chairman, Days of Remembrance Committee, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Candle Lighting Ceremony: Steven A. Ludsin, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council Council Members, Survivors, Children of Survivors: Irving Bernstein, NY, Fred E. Diament, CA, Howard J. Butnick, NY, Hyman Bookbinder, DC, Ludwik Brodzki, FL, Anna Scherzer, AZ, Kitty Dukakis, MA, Sam Halpern, NJ, Susan Kent, NC, Edward Rosen, PA, Abram Shnaper, PA, Saba Silverman, GA, Abram Sachar, MA, Aba Beer, Canada, Jeanette Binstock, MD, Julius Schatz, NY, Herman Taube, DC, Helene Frum, OH
El Moleh Rachamim: Cantor Isaac Goodfriend, Atlanta, GA
Kaddish: Rabbi Seymour Siegel, Executive Director, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Closing Prayer: Rabbi Alfred Gottschalk, President, Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio

PRESENTATION OF THE SCROLL OF REMEMBRANCE
Address: The Honorable Ronald W. Reagan - President of the United States of America
The Honorable Elie Wiesel - Honorary Chairman, American Gathering: Chairman, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
The Honorable Dov Shilansky - Deputy Minister, Goverment of Israel
Julius Berman - Chairman, Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations
Dr. Gideon Hausner - Chairman, Council of Yad Vashem, Jerusalem
Menachem Z. Rosensaft - Chairman, International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"TOGETHER — FROM HOLOCAUST TO NEW LIFE"
A Multi-Media Presentation with the participation of Rabbi Herschel Schacter, Rabbi Israel Lau, Chava Alberstein, Elimelech Ram and the *Anachnu Kahn* Ensemble

THE CAPITAL CENTRE EVENT
Producer: Stanley Hankin
Associate Producer: Tony Berk
Assistant Producer: Marcia Wieder

MULTI-MEDIA PROGRAM
Producer and Director: Shaul Biber
Designer: Pan-Or, Israel
Conductor of Children's Choir of Hebrew Academy: Lea Lipman

Tuesday, April 12

CONGRESSIONAL BREAKFAST 8:00 a.m.-9:45 a.m.
Meet with your Congressional Delegation at your home state's assigned table(s)

GENERAL ASSEMBLY 10:00 a.m.-12:00 noon
Addresses:
Eli Zborowski - Senior Vice President, American Gathering
Sol Goldstein - Senior Vice President, American Gathering
David Chase - Holocaust Survivor and Philanthropist
Greetings: Jacqueline K. Levine, Chair - National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council

PROGRAM PRESENTED BY THE SECOND GENERATION
Chair: Nina Klein - Senior Vice Chairman, Second Generation Committee, American Gathering
Yiddish Songs: Tirzah and Ghita Schwarz
Address: Menachem Z. Rosensaft - Chairman, International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors
Remarks: Jeffrey Kent
"A Spiritual Response to the Holocaust": Charles J. Silow - Founder, Children of Holocaust Survivors Association in Michigan
"Dancing Between Worlds" (Poem): David Koenig
"The Impact of Children of Survivors on Other Jews of the Post-Holocaust Generation": Rabbi David Posner, Temple Emanu-El, New York
Yiddish Ghetto Songs: Philip Yucht and Josh Waletzky

PANELS 1:00 p.m.-2:30 p.m.

INTEGRATION OF CHILDREN OF SURVIVORS INTO SOCIETY
Chair: Jerzy Warman, Political Scientist
Participants: The Honorable Sam Gejdenson, Member of Congress
Eric Breindel - Executive Assistant to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan
Steven A. Ludsin - U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Dr. Steven Meed - Founder, Second Generation, N.Y.
Florence Shapiro - Mayor, Pro-Tem, Plano, Texas
Dr. Mark Tykocinski - Fellow, National Institutes of Health

CREATIVE RESPONSES TO THE HOLOCAUST
Chair: Jean Bloch Rosensaft - Art Historian, Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.
Participants: Janet Blatter - Co-Author, "Art of the Holocaust"
Helen Epstein - Author, "Children of the Holocaust"
Annette Insdorf - Professor of Film, Yale University
Josh Waletzky - Director, "Image Before My Eyes"

ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA
Chair: Solomon Zynstein, Vice President, American Gathering
Participants: Marvin Kalb, N.B.C. News
Milton Ellerin, American Jewish Committee
Justin Finger, Anti-Defamation League
Phil Baum, American Jewish Congress

NAZI WAR CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT 3:00 p.m.-4:30 p.m.
Chair: Norbert Wollheim - Treasurer, American Gathering
Participants: Neal Sher - Director, Office of Special Investigations, Department of Justice
Benjamin Ferencz - Prosecutor, Nuremberg Trials
Walter Rockler - Former Director, Office of Special Investigations, Department of Justice
Professor Henry Friedlander - Brooklyn College
Allan Ryan - Special Assistant to the Assistant Attorney General, Department of Justice
Abraham J. Bayer - Director, International Commission, National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council

JEWS IN AMERICAN POLITICS
Greetings: Joseph Tekulsky - Vice President, American Gathering
Chair: Abraham J. Foxman - Associate National Director, ADL
Participants: The Honorable Frank Lautenberg, U.S. Senator
Rita Hauser - National Political Activist
Ben Wattenberg - National Political Analyst

PSYCHO-SOCIAL ISSUES IN THE LIVES OF SURVIVORS AND THEIR CHILDREN
Greetings: Ann Celnik - Executive Committee, American Gathering
Chair: Eva Fogelman - Chairman, Committee of Psycho-Social Issues, International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors
Participants: Rita Meed - Psychotherapist
Dr. Etta Blinchik - Psychologist
Dr. Ingrid Tauber - Psychologist
Dr. Charles Primus - Former Assistant Professor of Theology, Notre Dame University

THE HOLOCAUST CENTER: AN INSTITUTIONAL LEGACY 3:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m.

PLENARY SESSION: AN OVERVIEW
Chair: George Klein - Chairman, N.Y.C. Holocaust Memorial Commission
Dr. Yaffa Eliach - Centre for Holocaust Studies, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Participants: Rabbi Irving Greenberg - National Jewish Resource Center
Dr. Franklin Littell - National Institute of the Holocaust, Philadelphia
Isaiah Kuperstein - Holocaust Center of Greater Pittsburgh
Yechiel Yanai - Director, Ghetto Fighers House, Kibbutz Lohamei Haghetaot, Israel

WORKSHOPS 4:15 p.m.-5:45 p.m.

ORGANIZING HOLOCAUST CENTERS
Participants: Lilka Maisner - Executive Committee, American Gathering
Warren Green - St. Louis Center for Holocaust Studies
Micah Naftalin - U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Michael Schiff - Dallas Memorial Center for Holocaust Survivors

EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES
Chair: Dr. Sam Goetz - Executive Committee, American Gathering
Participants: Theodore Freedman - Center for Studies on the Holocaust, ADL
Marcia Littell - National Institute on the Holocaust, Philadelphia
Susan Grossman - National Jewish Resource Center, Zachor
Stuart Elenko - Holocaust Studies Center, Bronx High School of Science

MATERIAL RESOURCES (Archives, Books, etc.)
Chair: William Donat - Holocaust Library, N.Y.
Participants: Marek Web - YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, N.Y.C.
Diane Spielmann - Associate Archivist, Leo Baeck Institute, N.Y.C.
Lonny Darwin - Holocaust Library and Research Center, San Francisco
Robert Wolfe - National Archives, Washington, D.C.

YOM HASHOA COMMEMORATIONS
Participants: Marcia Feldman - Director of Communications, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Nancy Goldberg - former National Coordinator, Days of Remembrance, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Rabbi Charles Rosenzweig - Holocaust Memorial Center, Detroit

COMMUNITY OUTREACH
Participants: Tess Wise - Holocaust Resource & Education Center, Orlando
Shirley Eisner - Second Generation, N.Y.C.
Sister Prince - St. Louis Center for Holocaust Studies
Janet Blatter - Montreal Holocaust Memorial Centre

PANELS 4:15 p.m.-5:45 p.m.

THE RIGHTEOUS AMONG THE NATIONS
Chair: Alexander Donat - Author, Chairman of Holocaust Library
Participants: Bayard Rustin - Director, A. Philip Randolph Institute
Sister Rose Thering - Seton Hall University
Rabbi Israel Mowshowitz — New York City
Professor Harry Cargas - Chairman, Department of Literature, Webster College

ORAL HISTORY: FOR THE RECORD — NOW
Moderator: Geoffrey Hartman — Advisor, Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies, Yale University
Participants: Dori Laub — Project Director, Video Archive, Yale University
Laurel Vlock - Project Director, Video Archive, Yale University
Malcolm Webber - Former Executive Director, ADL of Connecticut

CULTURAL CELEBRATION
D.A.R. Constitution Hall
Performances at **4:00 p.m.** and **8:30 p.m.**
Chairwoman: Vladka Meed, Vice President American Gathering
Co-Chairwoman: Hadassah Rosensaft, Vice President, American Gathering
Host: Theodore Bikel
Featuring (in alphabetical order):
Chava Alberstein, Israeli Folk Singer
Anachnu Kahn Ensemble
Giora Feidman, Clarinetist
Sheldon Harnick, Lyricist
Roberta Peters, N.Y. Metropolitan Opera
Misha Raitzin, N.Y. Metropolitan Opera
Malka Schwarz, Mezzo-Soprano
Liv Ullman, Actress
Joseph Wiseman, Actor
Workmen's Circle Choir, Zalman Mlotek, Director
Coordinating Producer: Richard Kaplan
Writer: Jerome Coopersmith

Wednesday, April 13

HOMAGE TO THE LIBERATORS: 9:00 a.m.
CEREMONY AT ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY
Heads of Delegation: Miles Lerman - Vice President, American Gathering
Samuel Gruber
Jack Pomeranc
Milton Butnick
Israel Krakowski
Isaac Mendelsohn
Frank Blaichman
Stephen Tencer

CONGRESSIONAL CEREMONY 12:00 noon
TRANSFER CEREMONY OF U.S. HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL COUNCIL MUSEUM BUILDING
At West Front Steps of The Capitol
National Anthem
Introduction: The Honorable Mark Talisman - Vice Chairman, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
Chairman: Sam E. Bloch - Senior Vice President, American Gathering
Presentation of Key: The Honorable George Bush, Vice President of the United States
Acceptance: The Honorable Elie Wiesel - Chairman, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council
The Honorable Thomas P. O'Neill, Speaker of the House of Representatives
Senator Rudy Boschwitz of Minnesota
Congressman Sam Gejdenson of Connecticut
Greetings: Herschel Blumberg - President, United Jewish Appeal
Martin Citrin - President, Council of Jewish Federations
Music: Cantor Joseph Malovany
Workmen's Circle Choir
U.S. Navy Band

CAUCUS 2:00 p.m.
National Holocaust Remembrance Committee
Canadian Jewish Congress

PANELS 2:00 p.m. - 3:30 p.m.
DOCUMENTING THE HOLOCAUST: THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SECOND GENERATION
Moderator: Syd Mandelbaum - Secretary General, International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors
Panelists: Diane Spielmann - Associate Archivist, Leo Baeck Institute, N.Y.C.
Rositta Kenigsberg - Oral History Coordinator, Southeastern Florida Holocaust Memorial Centre
Stuart Sherman - Coordinator, Video History Project, Second Generation, Long Island
Aviva Kempner - Film Producer

SELECTING A HOLOCAUST CURRICULUM
Moderator: Jeanette Friedman Sieradski - Educational Coordinator, International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors
Panelists: Sara P. Kaplan - Educational Administrator, Ohev Shalom Religious School, Baltimore, Md.
Isaiah Kuperstein - Director, Holocaust Center of Greater Pittsburgh
Kay Leslie Ackman - Co-Author, "The Holocaust in Word and Image," Curriculum Developed for the Washington, D.C. Board of Education
James Strochlitz Wurzel - Assistant Professor of Education, Boston U.
Phyllis Schoonmaker - Member, Board of Education, Deal, N.J.

JEWISH GENEALOGY SOCIETY
A discussion that will result in a group oral history
Discussion led by: Irwin Pikus - Director, Jewish Genealogy Society of Greater Washington

JOURNEY OF CONSCIENCE
A trip to the camps and major cities in eastern Europe
Discussion led by: Mark Pollick - Miami Holocaust Center
Dr. Lea Rabinsky - Cleveland Heights, Ohio

REUNION - WAGRO 3:30 p.m.

CLOSING CEREMONY OF AMERICAN GATHERING 7:30 p.m.
Sylvan Theatre Grounds, Washington Monument

DEDICATION OF SITE OF THE U.S. HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM
Chair: Benjamin Meed, President, American Gathering
Co-Chairman: Roman Kent, Chairman, Executive Committee, American Gathering
Invocation: Rabbi Dr. Isaac C. Avigdor
Participants: The Honorable Edward I. Koch, Mayor of New York
The Honorable Tom Lantos, Member of Congress from California
Professor Helen Fagin, Executive Committee, American Gathering
Zvi Shner, Director of Warsaw, Ghetto Fighters House, Israel

ARTISTIC PROGRAM
Mindele Wajsman, Readings
Anachnu Kahn Ensemble
Cantor Isaac Goodfriend
Jenny Eisenstein
Anita Froidenreich
Sol Zim
Collective meal: Courtesy of Leo Weinberg, Connecticut




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Preface*

Elie Wiesel

At first glance it seems insane: a plea for the survivors? Now, so many years after the event? For them the war has been over for a long time, just as it has for you. The gates of hell are shut. The executioner's laws abolished. For the survivors, as for everyone else, the nightmare belongs to the night and its mysterious kingdom. Death no longer lies in wait for them. The enemy no longer has a hold on them. The past? Carried away by the dead, entombed in what is already considered ancient history. For what possible reason would the survivors need to be defended?

And yet — they do need to be defended, as much as the victims long ago. With one difference: for the victims, it is too late.

For the survivors, too, it is getting late. Their number decreases. There are not many left, fewer and fewer. These days they most frequently meet at funerals. Their ranks are thinning rapidly. Surely, a matter of age. But there is something else as well. Is it possible to die more than once? Yes, it is. Those who have come out of Maidanek and Belzec die again and again, every time they join the silent processions they never really left. In this, in this as well, they constitute a separate, doomed, rapidly disappearing species. An isolated and tragically maligned species.

While it is fashionable these days to soothe the sensibilities of all minorities — ethnic, social, religious and others — few seem to worry about offending that particular minority. Its suffering is exploited, distorted, monopolized, embellished or debased, according to the need of the moment. And the helpless and distraught survivors have no alternative but to submit, let it happen — and say thank you.

Do you have any idea of how many survivors die of heart attacks? Or is it despair? Do you have any idea how many resign themselves to sorrow and solitude? Or how many regret having survived?

In London the Polish writer Michael Zylberberg told me shortly before his death: "It is worse than in 1945." A woman in Oslo echoes his feelings: "In 1945," she says, "I had a purpose; it has been turned into ridicule." In Brooklyn the great Talmudic jurist Rabbi Menashe Klein smiles: "If I had known, in liberated Buchenwald, what the outside world was going to be like, I would have refused to leave."

Some writers and poets chose death: Joseph Wulf in Berlin, Tadeusz Borowski in Poland, Paul Celan in Paris, Benno Werzberg in Israel. Their decision condemns society, for it carried out the task that the killers did not have time to complete.

I speak without bitterness and even without anger. I feel only sadness. For you, for all of us. Together we have bungled a story unlike any other. An event that by itself should have brought about a greater sense of awareness, an all-encompassing metamorphosis, was reduced to the level of anecdote. As for us, we were too numb, too weak, and perhaps too timid to object to what was happening before our eyes.

The Holocaust no longer evokes the mystery of the forbidden; it no longer arouses fear or trembling, or even outrage or compassion. For you, it is one calamity among so many others, slightly more morbid than the others. You enter it, you leave it, and you return to your ordinary occupations. You thought yourselves capable of imagining the unimaginable; you have seen nothing. You thought yourselves capable of discussing the unspeakable; you have understood nothing, you have retained nothing.

You have retained nothing of its blinding truth. You prefer imitation, embellishment. For you, all these horrors, all these atrocities undoubtedly are terrible but not extraordinary phenomena, possibly the result of mental aberration. Auschwitz? The decadence of an ideology. Treblinka? To be demystified, demythified. Dachau and Mauthausen? Nothing but a tremendously convenient theme to bolster the theories of thinkers and the ambitions of politicians. Once robbed of its sacred aspect, the Holocaust became a fashionable subject: good to impress or shock. Recommended to anyone seeking a vehicle to climb, succeed, create a sensation. You thought you could face the agony of a people; you have felt nothing.

One reaches the point of longing for the days when only a few people dared speak of it; now everybody does. Too much. And too lightly. Without any reticence. One disinters the dead in order to question, mutilate or silence them. No matter if it offends the survivors. No matter if it hurts them. Survivors are ordinary men, like all the others. And perhaps worse. No need to spare them, to censure oneself when talking to them or about them. The special consideration extended to them yesterday is gone. And if that displeases them, that is their problem. Why do they have to lis-

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*"*A Plea for the Survivors," from A JEW TODAY, published by RANDOM HOUSE, New York 1978*

ten, why do they have to watch? Let them go away. If they ask questions, if they make trouble, you will have to still their voice and put them in their place. They are entitled to no privileges; their past no longer protects them.

You will tell me that they are not saints, that there are among them, as among you, men and women who are less than perfect. That they are not all messengers. You will tell me that there are among them, as among you, ambitious, envious, jealous men, men who can be ruthless. Perhaps. But there are also among them, and in far greater number, sensitive and warm people who are loyal friends and generous comrades. And then, too, who gives you the right to judge them? They owe you no accounting; They owe you nothing. Let their well-being not fool you; they know better than you the transitory nature of earthly possessions and the emptiness of promises.

Oh yes, more than ever — or at least as much as ever — they need to be defended.

•

I remember the spring of 1945. Rescued almost against their will, the few survivors realized how old and lonely they were. And how useless. Nothing but frightening ghosts.

They did not know how they had eluded the enemy and cheated death. They knew they had had nothing to do with it. The choice had not been theirs. Intelligence, education, intuition, experience, courage — nothing had counted. Everything had been arranged by chance, only chance. A step toward the right or the left, a movement begun too early or too late, a change in mood of a particular overseer, and their fate would have been different. In the ghettos the question had been whether it was wiser to hold on to the yellow certificates or, rather, to the red attestations? Whether to hide in the attics or in the cellars? In the camps, would it have been better to take initiatives and call in sick? To stand up straight, or to make oneself so small as to disappear in the amorphous mass? Invented and perfected by the killers, the pattern of concentration-camp rules eluded their victims, who, submissive and stunned, were in no condition to discern the traps, the warning signals of death. Every survivor will tell you that he could easily have stayed *there,* and in a way that is where he still is.

Time does *not* heal all wounds; there are those that remain painfully open. How can one forget the passion, the violence a simple crust of moldy bread can inspire? Or the near-worship evoked by a slightly better dressed, better nourished, less beaten inmate? How can one repress the memory of the indifference one had felt toward the corpses. Will you ever know what it is like to wake up under a frozen sky, on a journey toward the unknown, and to record without surprise that the man in front of you is dead, as is the one before him and the one behind you? Suddenly a thought crosses one's mind: What if I, I too, am already dead and do not know it? And this thought is also registered with indifference. Will you ever know the nature of a world where, as in Moses' time in the desert, the living and the dead are no longer separate? Will you ever know what a survivor knows?

Tainted, haunted, diminished, gnawed by doubt and remorse, the "liberated" men and women lead a private existence. They stay among themselves, closed and uncommunicative, in a kind of invisible ghetto, relating to the outside world with difficulty. They do not join in our celebrations, they do not laugh at our jokes. Their frame of reference is not ours. Neither is their vocabulary. Their vocabulary is their code; their memory is their initiation.

You will not find it easy to understand them. Indeed, you never did understand them. In spite of appearances, they are not of this world, not of this era. Ask them whether they are happy. No matter what they answer, it will not be true. Ask them whether the future tempts them or frightens them. No matter what they answer, that, too, will not be true.

Ask them whether on the day of their liberation they experienced joy. Permit me to answer in their stead. It is a day I remember as an empty day. Empty of happiness, of feeling, of emotion. Empty of hope. We no longer had the strength even to weep. There were those who recited the Kaddish in an absent-minded sort of way, addressing an absent God on behalf of the absent.

We were all absent. The dead and the survivors.

During the turmoil the victims were naïve enough to feel certain that the so-called civilized world knew nothing of their plight. If the killers could kill freely, it was only because the Allies were not informed.

"If only the Allies knew . . ." people said to one another in the ghettos and in the camps. If only Roosevelt knew. If only Churchill knew. If only the Pope knew. If only the American Jews knew, and the English, the Palestinian, the Swedish, the Swiss Jews, if only they knew . . . The victims steadfastly believed that when they knew, the situation would change immediately. There was logic in their reasoning: Hitler and Himmler were operating the death factories without any interference *because* the Allies were not informed. If only the Allies were to know of Auschwitz, Auschwitz would cease to exist.

They were wrong. The proof is definite, irrefutable. People knew — and kept silent. People knew — and did nothing. Fortunately, the survivors found out only after the liberation. Their so-called defenders on the outside did not even have the excuse of ignorance. One merely has to consult the newspapers and magazines of the period: it was all there, it is all there. From late 1942 on they printed detailed plans of the Final Solution. The names Treblinka and Auschwitz were known in New York and Stockholm much earlier than in Bialystok and Sighet. Three days after the start of

the Warsaw ghetto uprising, *The New York Times* gave full coverage to the rebellion. It was all there: the Germans' onslaught, the spectators' glee and the rebels' bravery. And the suicides and the fires. Covered also were the liquidation of other ghettos, the Babi Yar massacre, the gas chambers. Yes, the free-world press did its duty, but the majority of its readers refused to believe. They knew it all and believed none of it. And those who had risked their own lives and freedom to alert the universal conscience — those daring inmates who inside Auschwitz had succeeded not only in building a radio transmitter but in using it, those nocturnal heroes of the Sonder Kommando who had succeeded not only in photographing hell but in smuggling the photographs out to Cracow, whence they were transmitted to London and on to Washington — had done it all in vain. The Allied governments knew as much if not more than they. It is no longer a secret to anyone that when the Allied leaders were asked to bomb the railroad tracks leading to Birkenau, they unanimously and categorically refused — and this during a period when in Birkenau alone more than ten thousands Jews were exterminated, day after day.

At that time, as far as the Allies were concerned, the victims were already counted as dead. No effort was initiated, no political or military operation undertaken to save them. Among the thousands and tens of thousands of strategic and diplomatic plans elaborated in Allied headquarters, you will not find many designed to rescue the Jews from death; they were not considered worth the effort and surely not the risk. Not one commander shifted his troops in order to liberate this or that camp ahead of schedule. The living dead did not warrant such action.

It was an amazing display of detachment, of laissez faire, demonstrating an attitude shared, in fact, by the leaders of the free Jewish communities. Why not admit it? Their behavior in those times remains inexplicable, to say the least. Yes, we are all guilty, declares Nahum Goldmann, speaking of himself and his former colleagues: Yes, we did know everything, we were informed, and we kept silent. Does this mean that they, too, were insensitive to their captive brothers' tragedy? I refuse to believe it. But then, how is one to understand, to rationalize their inaction, their passivity, their lack of vision and daring, of anger and compassion? How can one conceive of such collective weakness and how can it be justified? Was the Jewish heart paralyzed — was Jewish conscience stifled?

Before this century we survived thanks to the solidarity and interaction of Jewish communities living geographically and chronologically apart. After they were expelled from Spain, the Jews were sheltered by their brothers in the Netherlands. When they were driven from Russia, they were received by their coreligionists in Germany. The shipwrecked could always count on a haven elsewhere, somewhere. Persecuted Jews could always count on other Jews.

An absolute, hereditary rule that did not hold during this latest ordeal. For the first time secure Jewish communities took no interest in their distressed brothers' plight.

In Palestine, as in the United States, life continued as though Auschwitz did not exist. People celebrated Shabbat, the Holy Days. There was dancing in the kibbutzim in Galilee, there were elaborate affairs in New York. It was business as usual. Not one function was canceled, not one reception postponed. While Mordecai Anielewicz and his comrades fought their lonely battle in the blazing ghetto under siege, while Arthur Zygelbaum committed suicide in London to protest the complacency of the free world, a large New York synagogue invited its members to a banquet featuring a well-known comedian. The slaughterers were slaughtering, the mass graves were overflowing, the factories of Treblinka, Belzec, Maidanek and Auschwitz were operating at top capacity, while on the other side, Jewish social and intellectual life was flourishing.

Jewish leaders met, threw up their arms in gestures of helplessness, shed a pious tear or two and went on with their lives: speeches, travels, quarrels, banquets, toasts, honors. As usual. Unquestionably, they were preoccupied by the fate of European Jews, perhaps even worried, but their lives were written off as lost anyhow; surely it was best not to undertake any action that was doomed from the start. Why waste the effort? Until August of 1943 they were not even able to agree on the need for enunciating a common policy. Finally an "American Jewish Conference," supposedly representing almost all the major Jewish organizations, was born in the elegant halls of the Waldorf-Astoria. Many speeches were delivered, followed by as many debates. And what did one speak about? Jewish objectives for . . . the postwar period. What to request from whom. And for whom. And who was to do the requesting. Still, one meeting *was* devoted to the fate of European Jewry. A few tears were shed, a few pathetic platitudes delivered. A few lies were uttered — for example, that certain young Jews had left the security of their homes — in Palestine? — to join the Warsaw ghetto rebels. After the usual resolutions were adopted, the participants came away with a soothed conscience, and that was it. There was no discussion of rescue plans, of emergency measures to influence public opinion and rouse the government into action.

How can one help but wonder what would have happened if . . . if our brothers had shown more compassion, more initiative, more daring . . . if a million Jews had demonstrated in front of the White House . . . if the officials of all Jewish institutions had called for a day of fasting — just one — to express their outrage . . . if Jewish notables had started a hunger strike, as the ghetto fighters had requested . . . if the heads of major schools, if

bankers and rabbis, merchants and artists had decided to make a gesture of solidarity, just one . . . Who knows, the enemy might have desisted. For he was cautious, the enemy. Calculating, realistic, pragmatic, he took one step at a time, always waiting to measure the intensity of the reaction. When it failed to materialize altogether, he risked another step. And waited. And when the reaction was still not forthcoming, he threw all caution to the wind.

A university friend who was a former Roosevelt adviser confessed to me: "We were a group of Jewish high officials in Washington and we customarily gathered once a week . . . Yes, we knew what was happening in the camps . . . Why didn't we do anything? Because the Jewish political leaders never asked us. It was not one of their priorities. As a result, it was not ours either."

There is reason to be ashamed. The leaders of the free world, Jews and non-Jews alike, were concerned exclusively with the situation at the front. The overall global war and what would happen afterward. For them, European Jews *though still alive,* no longer were part of the problem.

When, soon after victory, the survivors discovered the betrayal, there were those — and among them, adolescents — who deliberately let themselves slide into death. They had no desire to be a part of a society capable of so much hypocrisy.

Until then, fortunately, they did not know. On the contrary, they had felt wanted. To the extent that they could imagine the future, they saw it as a series of sunny, joyous days. They told themselves that if by some miracle they survived, people would go out of their way to give them back their taste for life. People would refuse them nothing.

They were convinced that to make amends, to clear their conscience, people everywhere would treat them as important visitors, guests of honor. That they would try to console them, heap kindness on them. Appease them. To restore to them, however partially and foolishly, for one day or one night, that which had been taken from them: their zest for life, their faith in man.

The disappointment came almost at once. As they reentered the world, they found themselves in another kind of exile, another kind of prison. People welcomed them with tears and sobs, then turned away. I don't mean parents or close friends; I speak of officialdom, of the man in the street. I speak of all kinds of men and women who treated them as one would sick and needy relatives. Or else as specimens to be observed and to be kept apart from the rest of society by invisible barbed wire. They were disturbing misfits who deserved charity, but nothing else.

True, the French returned to France and the Italians to Italy. But the great majority, those from Central Europe, the stateless of all descriptions, had no homes, no families to go to. All those broken, trampled men, those exhausted, humiliated women, those lonely adolescents for whom nobody was waiting in their little towns, in their little hamlets with Jews, where could they fine refuge? Left to fend for themselves, they vegetated for years in camp barracks designated for "displaced persons." From time to time they were exhibited for the purpose of "moving" certain wealthy visitors or influential committees. They were considered subhumans. Nobody wanted them. Just as nobody had wanted them before.

The gates of Palestine, still under British mandate, were shut. The Western European governments grudgingly admitted small numbers of refugees. I shall not soon forget my frequent trips to the police station every time my "residence permit," my student card or my travel papers needed to be renewed; only rarely did I come across a clerk who did not make me feel my status of undesirable alien. The United States, as in the thirties, distributed its visas parsimoniously and with shockingly bad grace. To obtain a visa, one was subjected to innumerable examinations and investigations; only healthy candidates, armed with voluminous attestations and certificates, could hope to be admitted. Only those who were "normal," robust, productive, capable of work. Or the cousins of the rich . . . And the others? The sick, the wretched, the weak, the hopeless — what was to become of them? Let them go elsewhere, said the consuls in their respective languages, citing their respective laws. Let them wait, said the princes, through various intermediaries; not everyone may enter The Castle.

The refugees with the gravest problems, physical or other, those who needed help more than their comrades, were welcomed only by Norway. But Norway is a small country with limited resources. And so hundreds of thousands of "displaced persons" were forced to remain in the crowded camps. The affluent civilized states considered them too embarrassing, too cumbersome. Better to keep them on the sidelines, away from the fine people, away from the sensitive souls. Better to keep them and their heavy shadows on the far side of the border, in neatly defined enclosures, preferably in the very places where, not much earlier, isolation had been absolute. And those survivors had expected to be received with open arms. . . .

Of course, people sent them packages and postcards, speakers and philanthropists. Their material needs were taken care of. They were watched over; their rooms were inspected, their menus carefully established. They were treated as beggars, or ill-adjusted children. Their leisure, their demands, their hopes were all programmed. Condescendingly, used clothing, shoes with holes, mended suits collected from charitable families were distributed among them. No need to give them new shirts, dresses in good condition — that was

the consensus in America — those poor devils will be well content with our leftovers. It occurred to none of those charitable organizers that these were people who had once upon a time been more accustomed to give than to receive, and that they could be offended. They were thought to be without dignity. Worse: incapable of dignity. They were thought to be devoid of taste, insensitive to beauty — born vagrants. People tossed them alms and turned their backs.

Do you know that when a lethal epidemic ravaged the liberated camp of Bergen-Belsen, its Jewish leaders had to appeal to German doctors, some of whom still wore the hated uniform? Not one Jewish doctor in New York, Zurich, Stockholm or Tel-Aviv felt it his duty to leave his practice to tend to his brothers in distress. For weeks and weeks the patients saw only doctors whose very presence — not much earlier — had inspired them with terror. The war was over for everybody, except for them.

Do you know that not one rabbi offered to lead the High Holy Day services, that not one volunteered to spend Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur with the men and women of Bergen-Belsen? They were swamped with prayer books and ritual objects — and more or less politely told to shift for themselves. With the exception of salaried officials of specialized international organizations, nobody felt the need or took the time to be with them and share their joys, as well as their mourning.

People took advantage of them for political purposes: expressing indignation on their behalf, using them to influence votes, to start press campaigns, organize conferences. Obedient and disillusioned, they complied. People made speeches about them — without them.

Do you know that not one survivor was asked to be a member of the special council in charge of the financial reparations negotiations with West Germany — not one survivor was given a chance to air his views on the distribution of funds — not one survivor sat on the international council of the famous Claims Conference? Others expressed themselves on behalf of the dead, not they. Others managed their inheritance; they were not considered qualified even to plead their own cause, in their own behalf. Recluses, outcasts, that was how people saw them. Incompetent all. Misfits all. Troublemakers, kill-joys, carriers of disease. To be dealt with only with caution. It was perfectly proper to give them sympathy, but from afar. Let them stay in the background, where they could do no harm or attract attention. Tell me, were you afraid or ashamed of them? Did they make you feel guilty, though you were guilty only by omission? Is that why you dreaded their presence, why you could not look them in the eyes?

The time may have come to tell you outright what we have been repeating to one another in whispers: that the survivors were considered intruders and treated everywhere without affection, and surely without love. There may have been pity, but no tenderness and particularly no brotherly warmth, which was what they needed most of all.

How can we not be angry with you for that? How can we not remind you of it? Perhaps one day you will be forgiven for what you did or did not do during the Night, but not for what you did or did not do *after.* During the catastrophe you could invoke attenuating circumstances: you did not know, you refused to believe, you were in the midst of a war. After the catastrophe none of these excuses were valid. You knew. And you did nothing to change. Surely not toward the survivors. They embodied a yearning, the purest and most beautiful of yearnings, and you ignored them and their feelings.

In the beginning they tried to raise their voices — however shyly, however clumsily. In vain. People turned away, and shrugging their shoulders, muttered, "Poor devils, they are exaggerating, for they want our pity." No, they did not want your pity. Or your charity. Or your good deeds. Or your tears or your money. They asked for nothing, demanded nothing from you or anybody; they claimed no rights. All they wanted was your attention. They wanted to transmit a message to you, a message of which they were the sole bearers. Having gained an insight into man that will remain forever unequaled, they tried to share their knowledge with you, their contemporaries. They were not asking for anything in return. Anyway, your gratitude, your medals were meaningless to them. As were the goals you were pursuing. They merely hoped to justify their survival by accomplishing a mission that mattered more to them than their survival. And for years and years you, their contemporaries, refused to listen, refused to believe, refused to understand. You disclaimed their testimony.

And so they began to feel superfluous in a society that continued to repudiate them, thus forcing them into cynicism or despair.

But, you will tell me, a literature on their ordeals does exist. What about the so-called literature of the Holocaust? Novels, poems, films, plays, documentaries seem to indicate that the public is interested and that it wants to be informed.

Well, at the risk of shocking you, I will tell you that as far as I am concerned, there is no such thing as Holocaust literature — there cannot be. Auschwitz negates all literature as it negates all theories and doctrines; to lock it into a philosophy means to restrict it. To substitute words, any words, for it is to distort it. A Holocaust literature? The very term is a contradiction.

Ask any survivor. He will confirm to you that it was easier for him to imagine himself free in Auschwitz than it would be for you to imagine yourself a prisoner there. Whoever has not lived through the event can never know it. And whoever has lived through it can never fully reveal it.

The survivor speaks in an alien tongue. You will never break its code. His works will be of only limited use to you. They are feeble, stammering, unfinished, incoherent attempts to describe a single moment of being painfully, excruciatingly alive — the closing in of darkness for one particular individual, nothing more and perhaps much less. Between the survivor's memory and its reflection in words, his own included, there is an unbridgeable gulf. The past belongs to the dead, and their heirs do not recognize themselves in its images and its echoes. The concept of a theology of Auschwitz is blasphemous for both the nonbeliever and the believer. A novel about Auschwitz is not a novel, or it is not about Auschwitz. One cannot imagine Treblinka, just as one cannot reinvent Ponar.

If you have not grasped it until now, it is time you did: Auschwitz signifies death — total, absolute death — of man and of mankind, of reason and of the heart, of language and of the senses. Auschwitz is the death of time, the end of creation; its mystery is doomed to stay whole, inviolate.

The survivor knows it; he alone knows it. Which accounts for his obsessive helplessness coupled with guilt.

True, his survival imposes a duty on him: the duty to testify. Offered to him as a reprieve, his future must find its raison d'être as it relates to his past experience. But how is one to say, how is one to communicate that which by its very nature defies language? How is one to tell without betraying the dead, without betraying oneself? A dialectical trap which leaves no way out. Even if he were to succeed in expressing the unspeakable, his truth would not be whole.

And yet . . . In the very beginning, on a continent still in ruins, he forced himself to relent enough to at least lift the veil. Not to free himself of the past; on the contrary, to assert his loyalty. To him, to forget meant a victory for the enemy. The executioner often kills twice, the second time when he tries to erase the traces of his crimes. Have you read the autobiographical documents of the Sonder Kommando members at Birkenau, Janowska and Treblinka? Those were the places where the dead were killed, where the corpses were disinterred to be burned, and their ashes dispersed. The purpose must have been to expel them from history. Worse, to deprive them of their history. To prevent their lives and deaths from becoming part of human memory. And so the survivor told himself that not to remember was equivalent to becoming the enemy's accomplice: whosoever contributes to oblivion finishes the killer's work. Hence the vital necessity to bear witness lest one find oneself in the enemy's camp.

The task was arduous and unrewarding, and it led to nothing but darkness and madness. Those words, those staccato sentences lined up by the chroniclers, those crisply demented images breathlessly drawn, all seem pale in relation to their content, whose essence defies expression and remains unarticulated. What they did not say surpasses — in intensity, in truth — everything they thought themselves capable of verbalizing. To be believable, their tales had to tell less than the truth. If we were to say it all, they thought, nobody would believe us. If we told it all . . . But who could tell it all?

The killers' laughter and the hallucinatory silence of the condemned; the distant look of old men who knew; the dull lament of children afraid to know; the screams, the moaning, the beatings; the thirst inside the sealed wagons; the terror inside the barracks during the *selections;* the silent, almost solemn processions marching toward the mass graves or the flames; the lucidity of some, the delirium of others; the rabbi raising his voice in song, the madman reciting, laughing while reciting, the Kaddish; the little girl undressing her little brother as she tells him gently, so very gently, not to be afraid, not to be afraid, for one must not be afraid of death; and the woman who on the edge of hysteria begs the killer to spare her three children, and receives this response: Very well, I shall take only two, tell me which two; and the father who watches, watches his little girl disappear in the distance, swept away by a silent and gentle, so very gentle, wave; the torpor, the despondency, the distress and shame of people who pray to God for a crust of bread, who think of bread more than of God, more than of honor, more than of life . . . How is one to speak of such things and not lose one's mind, and not beat one's fists against the wall? It is as impossible to speak of them as not to speak of them. Too many corpses loom on our horizon; they weigh on every one of our words, their empty eyes hold us in check. One would have to invent a new vocabulary, a new language to say what no human being has ever said.

Have you read, reread, attentively read, the survivors' testimonies? They seem to have been written by one man, always the same, repeating a thousand times what you, the reader, even if you are his contemporary, will never understand.

Reticent, suspicious, captious, careful not to lapse into grandiloquence or sentimentalism, not to be making literature, not to play at being philosophers or moralists, they left us spare statements, factual reports. Their writing is austere, arid, cutting. Their sentences are terse, sharp, etched into the stone. Every word contains a hundred, and the silence between the words strikes us as hard as the words themselves. They wrote not with words but against them. They tried to communicate their experience of the Holocaust, but all they communicated was their feeling of helplessness at not being able to communicate the experience. As keepers of invisible cemeteries, shrouded in smoke, they trembled as they addressed the living, conscious of being watched and judged.

In the beginning the theme evoked a kind of sacred awe. It was considered taboo, reserved only for the initiated. The great novelists of the period — from Camus to Silone, from Mauriac to Faulkner — took great care not to grapple with it. Out of respect for the dead as much as for the living. Also out of a concern for truth. In that unique domain, imagination does not match reality: the tale of a carpenter escaped from Treblinka is more powerfully evocative than the product of the most prolific imagination. Here imagination becomes obstacle; the dream trails behind reality. The intellectual honesty of a Malraux, the human sensitivity of an Agnon kept them from treading on ground haunted by so many ghosts and covered with ashes.

The works that were published in the beginning? Witness accounts, individual stories, autobiographical documents — their restrained tone contrasts sharply with the atrocities they describe. One plunges into them as into a bad dream, with an odd sensation of loss and anguish. Obviously one is dealing not with literary creations but with a genre that transcends literature: with *something else.* And so one follows the protagonist into his madness, into his inevitable fall, trying as one goes along to share retroactively in his pain if not his solitude. That is all one can do, that is the only thing one can do.

For in those days the literature of testimony still commanded a certain respect. As yet, nobody was explaining to the dead how they should have gone to their deaths, or to the survivors how they should be living their lives. One did not pass judgment. Not yet.

As the years went by, the outlines became fuzzy, less defined. The Holocaust? A desanctified theme, or if you prefer, a theme robbed of its passion, its mystery. Eventually people lost all shame. Today anybody can say anything on the subject and not be called to order, and not be treated as impostor. Novelists use it to add a dimension to their fiction and politicians use it to please. Do they realize that they are cheapening the event? That they are emptying it of its substance? Are they aware of how the parodies of their experiences affect the survivors? To forestall any possible objections, they even deprive them of their wretched right to their "title." Suddenly everybody declares himself a "Holocaust survivor," reasoning that everybody *could* have become one. Today it is possible never to have had to confront the sadists of Mauthausen and the overseers of Sachsenhausen, never to have suffered torture and agony, and yet to present oneself as a "camp survivor." Simply because Hitler and Eichmann waged war on *all* Jews, *all* liberals, *all* non-Aryans, *all* men and *all* women dedicated to justice, liberty and peace.

How many political, psychological, historical or pseudo-historical arguments have I not had to listen to . . . How is one to answer? Of course, in a way "we are all survivors." But only in one way, and in a way that should evoke humility. It all depends on who says it — and how it is said. But what is the good of launching into useless debates? On this theme, polemics can bring only dishonor. My advice to all those "survivors" is to read and reread the great Yiddish poet H. Leivick's eerily tender poem: *"In Treblinka bin ich nit gewen . . .* As for me, I have *not* been in Treblinka . . ." It speaks of his pain and remorse at not having experienced the Holocaust, at not being one of its survivors. It speaks of his inability to speak of it. How pitiful I find those "survivors" who talk . . . and talk.

Let no one misunderstand me: in no way do I suggest that the concentration-camp phenomenon ought not to be studied. On the contrary, I say that it must be studied more and more, in all its forms and all its expressions.

There is no more urgent theme for this analytical and self-analytical generation. But it must be approached with fear and trembling. And above all, with humility. Some writers have shown that this is possible. The subject transformed them into more genuinely intense artists. They are few, but they are there. Thinkers, educators and novelists, they are there and their impact is real. Which proves that even those who have not experienced the event may learn to be worthy of it.

But then there are all those others who are recognizable by their self-righteous, arrogant demeanor; we resent them for having placed their stamp of vulgarity and obscenity on the victim's universe.

All those films, those works, those spectaculars that attract a wide audience by showing occupation, collaboration, deportation, martyrdom, slow death, instant death, all the sordidness of war. They may appear to prove that finally people are taking an interest, that they refuse to forget and want to know. Perhaps. But they also show something else — the need to think that the Holocaust was only an accident of history. Nothing more. The Holocaust — an imposing word, and so convenient to use as background for anecdotes in which Fascism and eroticism struggle for front stage.

Yesterday people said, "Auschwitz, never heard of it." Now they say, "Oh yes, we know all about it." We are surprised — and hurt — by the attitude of well-intentioned people who presumably share our feelings. In their desire to explain the event, they distort it. As one reads what they write, as one listens to them, watches their films, one might think that the Holocaust was a terrible but beautiful story. That there were actually people who enjoyed themselves . . . in a kind of cops-and-robbers game. Sure, people were hungry, sure, people were afraid . . . but that, too, was part of the game. A game in which both killers and victims stepped in and out of their roles with ease. Each had its own grotesque, artistic or spiritual aspect.

The days when people held their breath at the mention of the Holocaust are gone. As are the days when the dead elicited meditation rather than profanation.

And to think that this is happening in a time when countless executioners are still alive, as are many witnesses and victims. What do the survivors feel, knowing that the murderers live among them in peace? How do the survivors react when they read that their past is nothing but sheer fabrication? What do they feel when *you* tell *them* their story? When you claim to know more about it than they?

There are commentators who simply advise them to close the book on the past, to turn away from it and put an end to their "unhealthy obsessions." They say it, they write it, they print it: "Turn the page, look toward the future." Yes, I have actually read that. And also: "You must stop putting salt on your wounds." Yes, I have read that too. And also: "You must stop indulging in your memories; you were not the only ones who suffered. Besides, you exaggerate. After all, there was music even in Auschwitz . . ." Yes, I have read that too. I could quote you sources and names, but what good would that do? The problem transcends individuals.

They are the very ones who dare set themselves up as moralists with regard to the survivors. They are the ones who exploit the Holocaust in their own way, for their own ends. Their unavowed goal is quite simply to speak *for* and *instead* of the survivors. Indeed, they would prefer to be the only ones to speak, to analyze, to put together words that for them are nothing but words: words to be measured, to be rented, to be sold, to be twisted to satisfy who knows what thirst, what vanity, what intrigue. Let them continue unhampered and the world will eventually see the Holocaust through their eyes. And Auschwitz will be nothing but a huge spectacle for future generations.

Sometimes their intentions are good and even honorable, but that is not enough. Do you remember Job's false friends, and why God and thus the reader hold them in contempt? Job was the one who suffered, but they were the ones who spoke of his suffering. Worse: Job was the one who suffered, but they were the ones who presumed to explain his suffering to *him.*

Does so much insensitivity in so many people, intellectuals, both Jews and non-Jews, shock you? It should not. By now you must have accepted the evidence that the fate of the survivors never really concerned you, that you never considered them your peers.

No sooner were they among you than you began to question and criticize. Fierce discussions and debates took place in newspapers, magazines and drawing rooms. Why the *Judenräte?* Why a Jewish police? Why Jewish Kapos? Why did the victims march to the slaughterhouse like cattle? Why this and not that? The height of irony and cruelty: the dead victims needed to be defended, while the killers, dead and alive, were left alone.

Then the questions became more brutal, the heckling more brazenly offensive: Why did *you* survive? Why did *you* remain alive, *you* and not another? Was it because you were more cunning? Or hardier? More tenacious? More selfish? Questions and insinuations that sickened us. We could only repeat over and over again: You do not understand, you cannot understand. You who were not there will never understand . . .

At that point their tone became even more accusatory. They accused us, often by implication, of having willingly endured the concentration-camp experience, perhaps even of having brought it upon ourselves. Of having accepted it, therefore, of having desired it. They accused us of making a public show of ourselves, of having commercialized our experience. Suddenly the roles were reversed. While people who had not lived through it took the liberty of saying, writing, showing whatever they chose on the Holocaust, its survivors found themselves forced to explain themselves, to justify themselves.

The real accused? The survivors. They were placed in the position of having to defend their honor and that of the dead. It was enough to drive one mad. They were forced to tell and tell again, and to explain why they needed to tell: to fulfill their mission, to discharge their debt. Those were the true reasons why they agreed to break their silence and resuscitate the past and its horrors, though they knew few people would understand. They told how those who escaped from the death trains returned to the ghettos because no Christian doors opened to receive them. They told how those wretched, starving, totally helpless Jews, forgotten by God and man, never had a chance . . . And then they questioned whether people really understood that this had been neither a riot nor a pogrom, but a war, a full-fledged war — and what a war! A war in which the enemy had at his disposal generals, soldiers, tanks, scientists, technicians, engineers, theoreticians, psychologists and millions and millions of sympathizers — while the Jews had nothing but their bare hands.

They admitted: Yes, it is true, we were naïve, too naïve. Yes, we refused to believe, yes, we were shortsighted, yes, we were unrealistic. They confessed: Yes, at the very last moment, even as we approached the fires, we still believed that it was not, that it could not be, the end.

And they pleaded: Don't be so harsh with the victims. You wish to praise the heroes, fine, but please don't do it at the expense of the victims; don't separate them in the flames and the ashes. Even the heroes were victims and the victims, too, were heroes.

But their words fell on deaf ears. At best, you were prepared to admire the members of the underground, the fighters, the rebels. Certainly they deserved it, but was it really necessary to show such contempt for the weak, the victims?

I use the terrible word "contempt" deliberately. It was contempt that sometimes led you so far as to confuse the victims with their killers. You argued that the boundaries were

not clearly defined: that after all, under different circumstances, the victims might have turned into killers. I have heard this more than once, from more than one intellectual. I consider it an unfair, unworthy and despicable hypothesis, one that slanders the dead posthumously and attempts to dishonor the survivors. Only a man who *has* killed is a killer. The victims killed no one. A million children, a million dead Jewish children killed no one. The old, the sick, the rabbis and their disciples, the sages and their followers — whom did they kill before they died? The emaciated, maimed survivors — whom did they strike, whom did they kill before waking up miraculously free?

These are indecent discussions, obscene polemics. As we listen to them we feel outraged, sullied. Go on talking. We pity your certainties, your victories. Your poisoned arrows no longer reach us. Go on, play your games without us.

I will not tell you that you are driving the survivors to seek death — though in some cases you have done just that — but I will tell you that you frequently succeed in driving them into madness and despair.

And yet, if you only knew. If you knew how the survivors felt about you.

At first they felt gratitude. They blessed you day and night, so grateful were they to you for having lived outside the cursed universe, outside its laws, far from the abyss.

They were grateful to you for living and for letting them live normal lives: eat, drink, walk, sleep, read, sing and cry. They did not begrudge you your freedom, your happiness. Quite the opposite. They thanked you for every breath of fresh air. For every affectionate gesture. For every meal proffered or shared. For every friendly word. They never stopped thanking. Thank you, men. Thank you, women. Thank you for smiling, thank you for making us smile. Thank you, forest and clouds. Thank you, bread. Thank you, fruit. Thank you, quiet nights without screams or the sound of guns. Thank you, silence.

You did not know it, you could not guess it, but the survivors bore you no ill-feeling; they felt neither agony nor envy. On the contrary, they loved you for having led a human existence during the catastrophe. Oh yes, they loved you for not having suffered.

Then came the moment of disillusionment. And of remorse. Perhaps it would have been better if they had disclosed nothing, said nothing, if they had wrapped themselves in a protective and cleansing silence . . . We began to have doubts then, and now these doubts are turning into obsessions. They question every one of their joys, live in perpetual anxiety: are they speaking out so as not to go mad or because they are mad already?

Perhaps Adorno was right. After Auschwitz, poetry may no longer be possible. Or literature. Or friendship. Or hope. Or anything. Maidanek signifies the end. All that remains from the fire is the taste of ashes. Nothing more, nothing else. People will not understand the stammerings of the survivors, who thought they had taught mankind its most fiery lesson. They went unheeded. And they were punished for having tried.

For them, the Holocaust continued beyond the Holocaust.

A plea for the survivors? I know, it seems insane. It is not.

Because they are decreasing in numbers and because they themselves feel misunderstood and unloved, and also because they have locked themselves into their sorrow, I thought it important to make this plea for them — for all of us. And for our children. So that they shall know. So that they shall remember.

This, then, is their request: ignore them, don't speak of them, grant them some respite. If you cannot communicate with them on their level, do not try to bring them down to yours.

Accept the idea that you will never see what they have seen — and go on seeing now, that you will never know the faces that haunt their nights, that you will never hear the cries that rent their sleep. Accept the idea that you will never penetrate the cursed and spellbound universe they carry within themselves with unfailing loyalty.

And so I tell you: You who have not experienced their anguish, you who do not speak their language, you who do not mourn their dead, think before you offend them, before you betray them. Think before you substitute your memory for theirs. Wait until the last survivor, the last witness, has joined the long procession of silent ghosts whose judgment one day will resound and shake the earth and its Creator. Wait . . .

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Michael Berenbaum

"Yet the life of the survivor, like so much of Jewish history is bittersweet. Sadness and anger are the companions of gratitude and pride."

For three days in April 1983, twenty thousand Jewish Holocaust survivors and their children gathered in Washington to commemorate the past and to search for one another again, before it was too late. They came to express their commitment to Jewish survival and to demonstrate their contributions to their adopted country.

This was not the first gathering of Holocaust survivors. Two years earlier in Jerusalem -- the city of prophecy and peace -- Holocaust survivors assembled to kindle the flame of remembrance, to proclaim their legacy and pass it on to the next generation.

The idea of the Gathering was born in the darkness of Auschwitz where a few young men dreamed of freedom. "Wouldn't it be nice," they said to encourage each other, "if we got together many years from now as free men?" Ernest Michel, who chaired the World Gathering in Jerusalem, brought his comrades' vision to fruition as five thousand survivors from fourteen different countries journeyed to Jerusalem. After Jersualem, Washington was the natural choice for a second Gathering since the United States and Israel had become the home of most Holocaust survivors.

The asssemblage in Washington was an *American* Gathering. Survivors paid homage to the American war dead at Arlington National Cemetery. They stood twenty thousand strong on Capitol Hill to witness the transfer, to the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, of a building that will house the National Holocaust Memorial Museum. They gathered adjacent to the Washington Monument to dedicate the site, and they met with national officials including President Ronald Reagan, Vice-President George Bush, Speaker of the House Thomas O'Neill and many Senators and Representatives. But apart from the national shrines and leaders, this was an American Gathering in a deeper sense. In address after address, in speeches and conversations, in public ceremonies and private meetings, the survivors expressed their sense of America.

First there were words of gratitude. "Our adopted country was kind to us," said Sigmund Strochlitz, a native of Bendin, Poland and survivor of Auschwitz. "And we in turn have contributed in some small way to build a strong and humane society based on equality and justice for all. We became part of American society," he declared enthusiastically. To David Chase, a survivor of Auschwitz and now an industrialist from Hartford, Connecticut, the United States is a home to the homeless. "America embraced us when we felt rejected. America gave us the feeling of belonging when we were stateless."

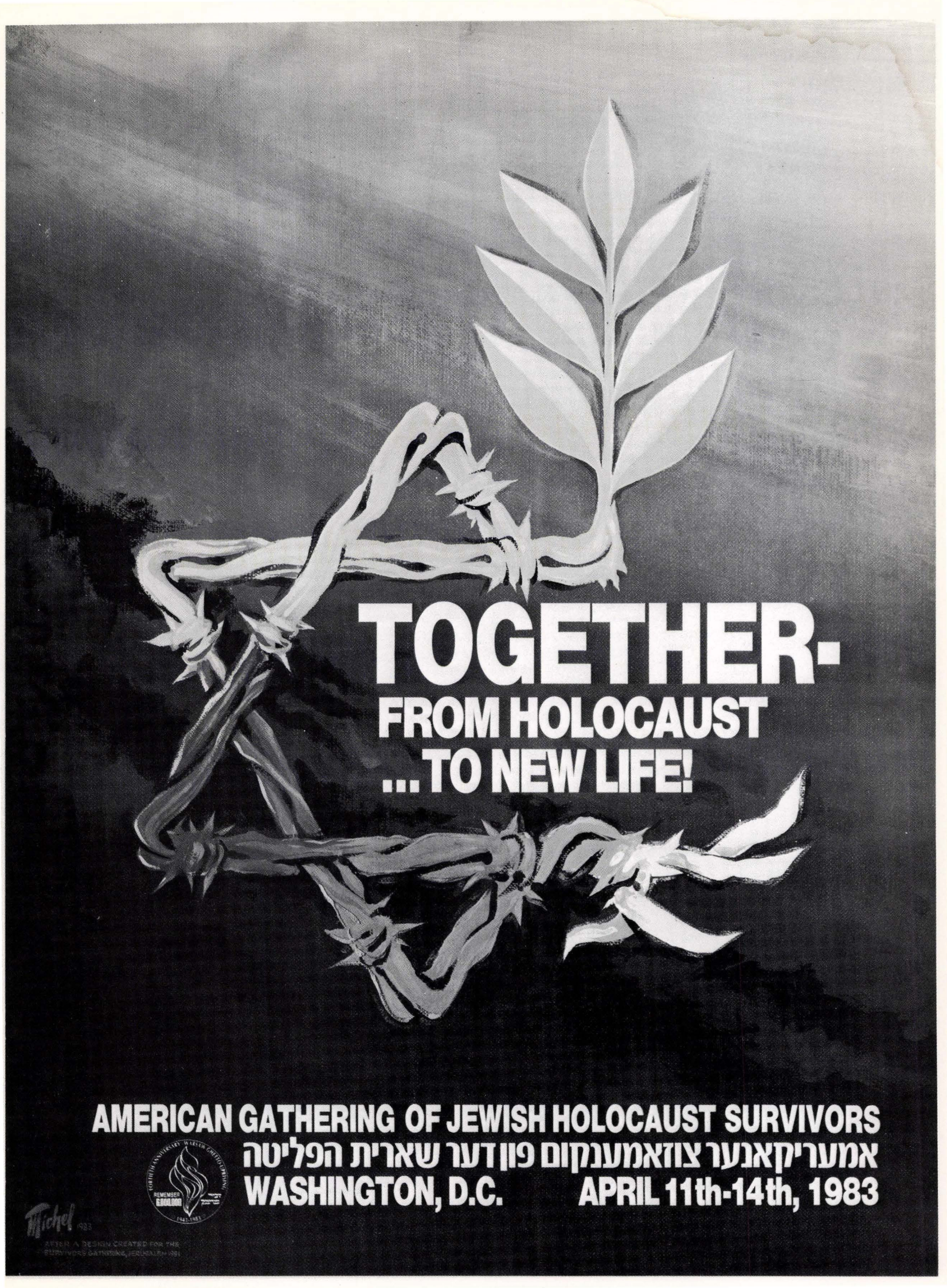
The survivors repeatedly proclaimed their gratitude to America for defeating Nazism, for liberating the camps, for supporting Israel, and for establishing a national memorial institution dedicated to their tragic experience. Sam Bloch, who chaired the Museum Dedication, expressed his gratitude succinctly. "America gave us the opportunity to rebuild our lives with dignity."

Beyond sorrow, there were words of pride. "Today we are here to tell you, America, that you can indeed be proud of your adopted children -- the Holocaust survivors," Chase proclaimed. Senator Rudy Boschwitz, who left Nazi Germany in July 1933 -- but six months after Hitler came to power -- rephrased the American dream: "Only in America could a young boy get off the boat at the age of five, go to the middle West, succeed in business, and get elected to the Senate by a state in which the Jewish population is but one half of one percent."

Pride gave way to astonishment as Benjamin Meed, the dynamic President of the massive gathering, introduced the President of the United States. "Who could have imagined," Meed asked, "that we -- the children of Warsaw and Lodz, the descendants of scholars and rabbis, peddlers and poets from Vilna or Volozhin, Vitebsk -- would have stood in the presence of the President of the the United States?"

And Ronald Reagan, speaking to a cheering audience of twenty thousand, acknowledged the survivors' special sense of America. "I am proud to accept your thanks on behalf of our fellow Americans and also to express our gratitude to you for choosing America, for being the good citizens that you are, and for reminding us how important it is to remain true to our ideals as individuals and as a nation."

Yet the life of the survivor, like so much of Jewish history, is bittersweet. Sadness and anger are the companions of gratitude and pride. "We still remember ships with trapped Jews turned back from these shores, the doors closing to refugees, and the refusal to bomb the railways that led to the death camps. Those are bitter remembrances," Benjamin Meed told the


TOGETHER-
FROM HOLOCAUST
...TO NEW LIFE!
AMERICAN GATHERING OF JEWISH HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS
אמעריקאנער צוזאמענקום פון דער שארית הפליטה
WASHINGTON, D.C. APRIL 11th-14th, 1983
REMEMBER 6,000,000
Michel 1983

"Survivors took their rightful place within American society -- as embodiments of the American dream. Driven from their native lands by a tyrant, they came to these shores bereft of material possessions but fueled by a passionate love of freedom. Through industry and initiative they rebuilt their lives in freedom, raised children and grandchildren, and became an integral part of American life."

President. In Elie Wiesel's mouth even the most bitter remarks become simple and humane. As he accepted the keys to the National Memorial Museum building, Wiesel asked: "Granted, the American Army, the Allied armies, liberated the camps -- and we shall remember them for ever and ever -- but why did they come so late? What can I answer my students when they ask me, "why wasn't a military plan changed to liberate the camps one day earlier? Why didn't the allied forces bomb the railroads going into Auschwitz?"

The most angry statement of the American Gathering did not come from a survivor. New York's fiery mayor Ed Koch indicted the world for its indifference to the Jewish tragedy. His long address, a veritable *J'Accuse,* damned the free world's leaders for indifference to the fate of European Jewry. His speech was punctuated by the haunting refrain, *"The world knew and did nothing."*

During those three days the survivors took their rightful place within American society -- as embodiments of the American dream. Driven from their native lands by a tyrant, they came to these shores bereft of material possessions but fueled by a passionate love of freedom. Through industry and initiative they rebuilt their lives in freedom, raised children and grandchilren, and became an integral part of American life. Today survivors are found in every walk of American life -- poets and politicians, scientists and industrialists, physicians, lawyers and teachers, workers and executives.

Yet the survivors' experience of America was unique. Unlike earlier immigrant generations, survivors are a constant reminder not only of the American dream but of this nation's failure to serve as a haven, as rescuer or protector during the hour of greatest need. By their presence in Washington, by their very being, survivors challenge America to reach for its most noble traditions of hospitality.

The survivors were moved by the reception they received in Washington. Many told of taxi drivers who refused payment for a ride to the convention center or of restaurant owners who invited survivors to be their guests for a meal. More than one thousand homes were opened to survivors in a grand gesture of hospitality. The newspapers and television stations all received the survivors warmly and respectfully.

RESISTANCE:

Survivors came to Washington to talk about Warsaw, to address the question of resistance. For more than a generation, the charge had circulated that Jews went to their death like sheep to the slaughter. Even though the heroic uprising of the Warsaw Ghetto seemed to negate simple descriptions, Warsaw was treated as an isolated event, an aberration. Israeli historians, seeking to salvage a usable past from the ashes of Auschwitz, defined their roots and their future in continuity with the resistance fighters, who recalled the ancient Maccabees. Israeli researchers combed the historical records and spoke with survivors to recover a history of resistance. They found many instances of armed resistance in ghettos, forests, and even in the camps. Gas chambers were blown up in Treblinka and Auschwitz, partisan groups fought in Vilna, Bialystok and Lodz, full scale warfare broke out in Warsaw and elsewhere.

But most survivors are not historians. Their approach to the historical record is deeply personal. Many are tired of being spoken about or spoken to. It was time for survivors to speak for themselves.

The dates of the American Gathering, April 11-13, 1983, were deliberately chosen to coincide with the fortieth anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto revolt, yet many speakers pleaded for an interpretation of resistance that would go beyond armed military uprisings. In an assault upon the myth of compliance, Sam Bloch, a partisan fighter during the Holocaust, declared: "Jews defied and resisted the immoral enemy with their prayers, their yearnings, and their hopes. They resisted by fleeing the ghettoes into the fields and forests, by hiding in cellars and bunkers. They even resisted by smuggling food, by teaching children values, by comforting each other, by giving a helping hand to a fallen comrade... All these acts revealed selfless forms of resistance no longer distinguishable from life itself."

One might expect that those who were active in resistance movements during the war could regard their own feats of daring as the norm by which to evaluate others. Yet Vladka Meed, who spent her teenage years obtaining arms for the Warsaw Ghetto, did not speak of military adventures or physical courage. Instead, she spoke of cultural resistance. "Even in the shadow of death, our people continued to create. They studied, they wrote, they learned Torah --

we even collected documentary materials to be buried in milk cans so that future historians might learn what happened to us...The souls of the totured could not be stifled. Poetry soke through our lips, and music still came from our throats."

Despite the magnitude of loss, survivors stressed that the Nazis could not rob their victims of their ultimate dignity. As one Jew, who did not survive, proclaimed: "Even if I die in Auschwtiz, it would be as a human being who still believes in decency and mankind. I will hold on to my dignity to the very last minute of my life."

SECOND GENERATION:

As in the World Gathering in Jerusalem, the second generation dominated the second day's program. Menachem Rosensaft set the tone for his generation in a moving address at the opening night session. "I was born in Bergen-Belsen. That is the essence of my existence." Rosensaft, like so many children of survivors, was never to meet his older brother who perished in the Holocaust. "I am haunted by his face, his eyes, and I listen to a voice I never heard," he said.

In Jerusalem, the second generation accepted their parents' legacy. They affirmed what they received and pledged to transmit the testimony. In Washington, they reaffirmed that pledge.

Nina Klein, the vice-chair of the second generation, proclaimed: "We have now assumed our responsibility to lead the Jewish community." Like the patriarch Jacob -- the son of the first Jew to face death and return -- the second generation wrestles with shadows bequeathed to them by their parents' encounter with death. David Koenig delivered an ode to his mother. "We're here, Mama, in America...We've fled, but we are not fleeing now." Charles Silow struggled to find religious meaning in suffering only to make peace with its absence, and Rositta Kenigsberg recorded survivors' tales in a living memorial of history and scholarship.

A member of the second generation, the son of two survivors who were only children when the Holocaust overtook Lodz, spoke of heroism within a somber context. Jeffrey Kent said; "there were no superheroes in this story, only men, women, and children...The story of the Holocaust is not one of heroism but of victimization; the world's most complete and final form of victimization."

The second generation was born because survivors affirmed life despite despair and dared to bring children into the world. The survivors beamed at their children's accomplishments. The second generation delivered scholarly papers detailing psychological research. There were artistic performances of sacred and secular music. From a philosophical perspective, questions were asked about God and humanity, and from a sociological perspective, the second generation considered how to balance American identity, European roots, and Jewish heritage.

Survivors were comforted by their children's commitment to remembrance. Strollers and back-packs were in evidence throughout the survivors' village. Three generations of Jews represented continuity and hope to grandparents who had seen their past obliterated and found themselves transported to a new world.

ISRAEL:

Before the survivors gathered in Washington in 1983, they assembled in Jerusalem in 1981. Before they spoke to the world, they testified to Jewish history. Throughout the gathering, every mention of Israel brought thunderous applause. Israel was depicted as a haven, a homeland and a dream. In small workshops and in large assemblies, when survivors spoke to Representaives and Senators, the link between the Jewish people and the Jewish state was reaffirmed.

Survivors well know the consequences of landlessness and powerlessness. Intuitively, they grasp the meaning of Israel. To them, Israel is a constant source of consolation, the symbol of Jewish continuity and renaissance. Thus, Elie Wiesel pronounced the survivors' pride in Israel. Senator Boschwitz detailed the responsibility that America has toward Israel, and Gideon Hausner, the prosecutor of Eichmann, described the bonds that connect Israel and America.

President Reagan brought twenty thosuand people to their feet when he said: "As a man whose heart is with you, and as President of a people you are so much a part of, I pledge to you that the security of your safe havens -- here and in Israel -- will never be compromised."

THE UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM:

While the second day was given over to the program of the second generation and to a cultural celebration of Eastern European Jewry -- Yiddish culture,

"Before they spoke to the world, they testified to Jewish history... Survivors well know the consequences of landlessness and powerlessness. Intuitively, they grasp the meaning of Israel. To them, Israel is a constant source of consolation, the symbol of Jewish continuity and renaissance."

"Survivors embody basic values that are the essence of our humanity; courage and dignity, hope and defiance. The very fact of their survival negates on an individual basis the massive assault inflicted upon them -- and upon us -- by Hitler. Their survival underscores the uncompromising sanctity of human life."

music, drama, and dance -- the third day was devoted to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. Vice-President Bush presented Elie Wiesel with a symbolic key to the musuem building at an outdoor ceremony on Capitol Hill. Designed as a national memorial to the victims of the Holocaust, the museum will speak to the dark side of human history. Located adjacent to the national mall where the Smithsonian Institution testified to human accomplishment and gradeur in the arts and industry, in space and scholarship, the Holocaust Memorial will stand as a living reminder of the human capacity to create a culture of death. The same creative powers that harness rivers and shape sculptures can fashion concentration camps and gas chambers. Through exhibits and films, in pictures and documents, it will tell the story of the Holocaust from the evolution of Nazi doctrine through the processes of destruction, from the closing of American shores to the final rehabilitation of the survivors in America and Israel.

Standing at the center of the Western World's most important capital, the Holocaust Memorial will testify to both the fragility and importance of our national institutions. In a nuclear age, the memorial will serve as a warning, a frightening symbol of what can happen if human genius is dedicated to evil.

SURVIVORS:

But the story of the American Gathering was not contained in the historic moments of the museum dedication or the scholarly statements of distinguished panelists. Rather, the central drama occurred in the survivors' village where people congregated according to the cities of their birth or the camps and ghettoes of their incarceration. Banks of computers were programmed with names and address of more than thirty-six thousand survivors. The searching went on for three days. Many people found one another, often for the first time since the war. Most did not. During the Gathering six hundred people were reunited -- these few precious cases redeemed thousands of fruitless searches.

Nothing more vividly illustrated the drama of the American Gathering than the closing ceremony held adjacent to the Washington Monument. The sun was setting and flags were blowing in the wind as survivors assembled in the amphitheater. Each carried a *yartzeit licht,* the traditional memorial candle lit in a house of mourning or on the annivesary of a relative's death to remember the deceased. The evening began with a traditional word of Torah as Rabbi Avigdor wove a homily on three Hebrew letters *LHM, lechem,* bread. *Lechem* became a *hlm (halom),* a dream, as the survivors ate a collective meal together. Those who once had starved together, subsisting on watery soup and moldy bread during the war, were warmed by a simple meal of bread, fruit, and wine. Congressman Thomas Lantos, a survivor from Budapest, asked for a moment of silence in honor of Raoul Wallenberg, the savior of Hungarian Jewry. Senator John Danforth spoke of the importance of the national memorial located but a hundred yards away. Ed Koch rebuked the world for its indifference to Jewish fate, and Professor Helen Fagin comforted the survivors: "Rejoice and enjoy," she said. "But do not remember the pains of hell... You have been to hell and back." And Roman Kent, who chaired the closing ceremony, spoke of the importance of the Gathering. "We came here individually, but we must leave together.... Together we are a moral, spiritual, and political force to be reckoned with both in American and Jewish life."

Benjamin Meed, who began the Gathering with an impassioned address, had the final word. But he did not close the Gathering. "The Gathering will never end," he proclaimed to an enthusiastic crowd. Six shofars were sounded, and thousands of survivors spontaneously broke into song and dance in a triumphant yet simple celebration of life.

Survivors embody basic values that are the essence of our humanity; courage and dignity, hope and defiance. The very fact of their survival negates on an individual basis the massive assault inflicted upon them -- and upon us -- by Hitler. Their survival underscores the uncompromising sanctity of human life.

For three days they met in Washington. Men and women, who had lived through hell and returned, reached outward to touch the world. They spoke directly to the major issues of our day, to war and peace, humanity and decency, morality and hope. They gathered and they left, yet their words endure.



A torch lit from Yad Vashem's Eternal Flame in Jerusalem was brought to the American Gathering by Dov Shilansky, the special representative of Prime Minister Menachem Begin. Left to right: Menachem Rosensaft, Sam Bloch, Dov Shilansky, Benjamin Meed, Roman Kent and Hirsch Altusky


SURV


VORS VILLAGE





Clockwise:
Lilly Bloch, Chairperson of Exhibits Committee, cutting the ribbon at the opening of the Exhibit Hall at Survivors Village. From left to right: Joseph Tekulsky, Irving Peters, Lillian Rozmaryn, Ellis Krakowski, Esther Born, Milton Butnick

Morrie and Cesia Kingston Survivors of Lodz, now from Studio City, California.

Participants viewing photo exhibit on the history of the Holocaust.



Signing the "Scroll of Rememberance".



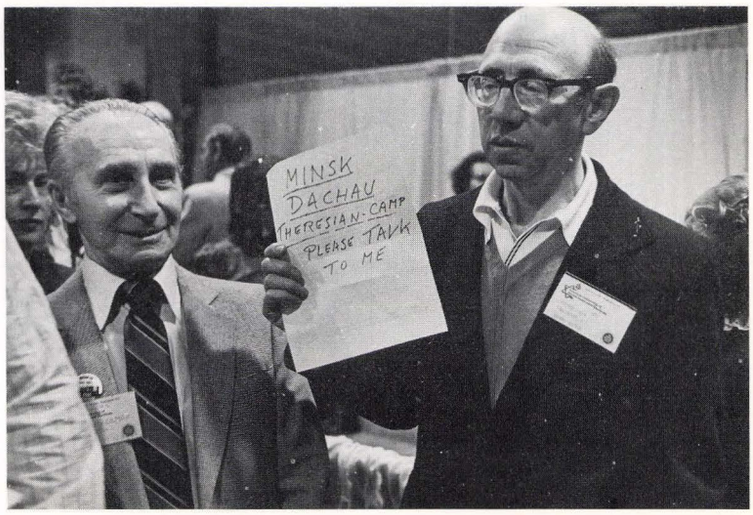


The National Registry of Jewish Holocaust Survivors contained more than 20,000 names. More than 600 survivors were reunited with loved ones at the Gathering. Abraham Resnick, Rabbi Isaac Avigdor, Dr. Nahum Gershwin and Mrs. Gershwin affixing the mezuzzah at the opening of Survivors Village.









Clockwise:
Dr. Hadassah Rosensaft addressing the opening of Survivors Village.

Volunteers worked on computers searching for survivors.

Richard Schoen, a survivor of Dachau and Terezin

A group of survivors.



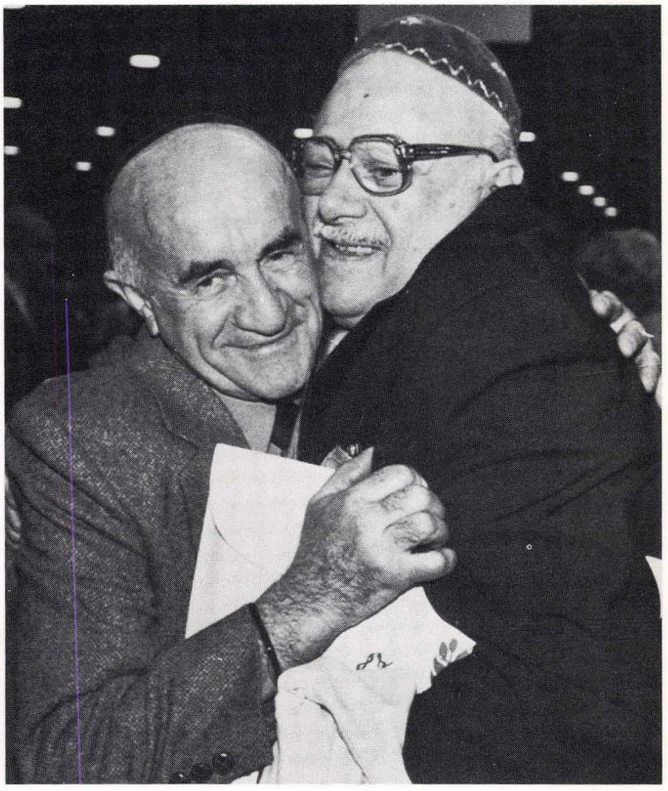
Clockwise:
The reunion; left to right; Susan Bialkowicz, Max Weizman, Bella Bialkowicz, Sam Spiegel, Regina Spiegel, Melvin Gelbart, Amy Spiegel-Rosetti.

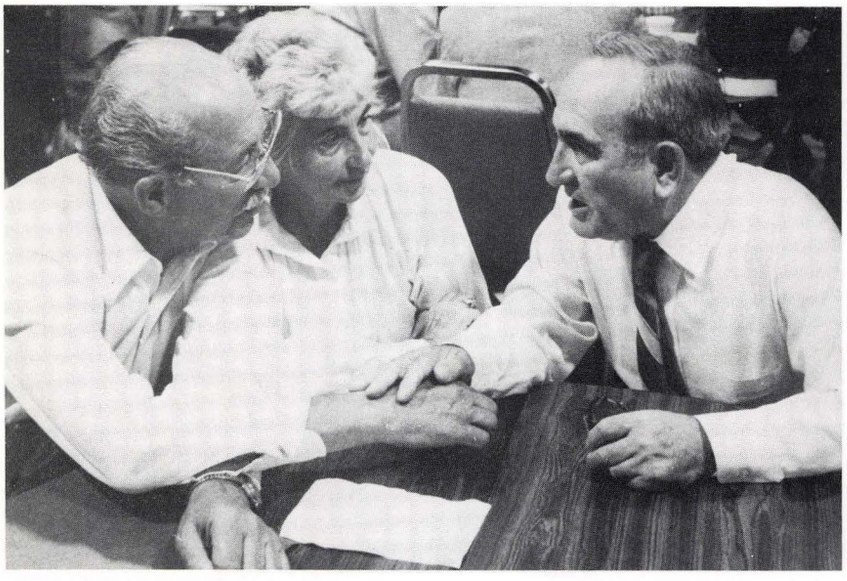
Morris Shulman of Los Angeles, Ca. (left) and Henry Kleinbaum (right) of Cleveland, Oh. embrace after 40 years. They last saw each other in Korsniewicz, Poland.

Survivors register at the computers.

Survivors getting reacquainted. Martin Kagan of Los Angeles meets an old friend.

















Clockwise:
A proud Zeide.
Lou Lehrer and Yechial Yanai cut the ribbon opening the Ghetto Fighters House Exhibit.
Photographers were everywhere.
Kosher food was served to more than 10,000 people.
Gusta Bornheim of Milwaukee, Wi., formerly of Crakow.











Clockwise:
The Kent Family signs the Scroll. Left to right: Renia Kopelman, Hannah Kent, Jeffrey Kent, Roman Kent (of Connecticut) and Binem Kopelman (of Sweden).
Henia Ring formerly of Krzepice, Poland.
Signing the Scroll of Remembrance was an important moment for each survivor.
Survivors looking at war photos.



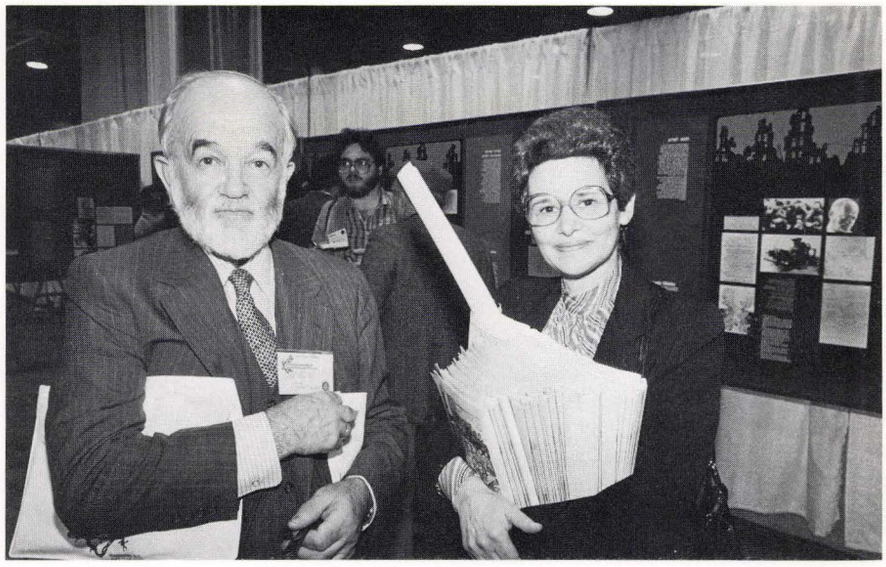




Clockwise:
Families and friends were reunited at the Gathering. Sculpture and art of the Holocaust were displayed throughout survivors village. Aviva Kaufmann Penn (right), who coordinated volunteers, and Ida Levick (left), one of more than 1,100 volunteers.













Clockwise:
Bernard S. Cyfrya of Kielce, Poland displays a sign so that he can search for fellow survivors.
Moty Strower of New York.
Fay and Solomon Sherman
Second and third generation.

One of the more than 600 reporters who covered the Gathering.
A love of Israel permeated the Gathering. Posters, books and records, art and literature of Israel were featured prominently.



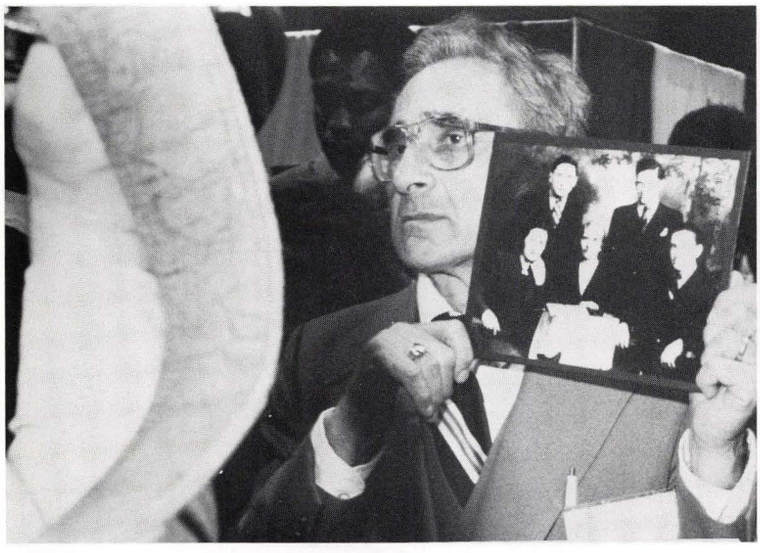






Clockwise:
Survivors view a photo exhibit.
There was animated discussion throughout the village.
A model of the buildings that will house the National Holocaust Memorial.
A family pauses for a moment.



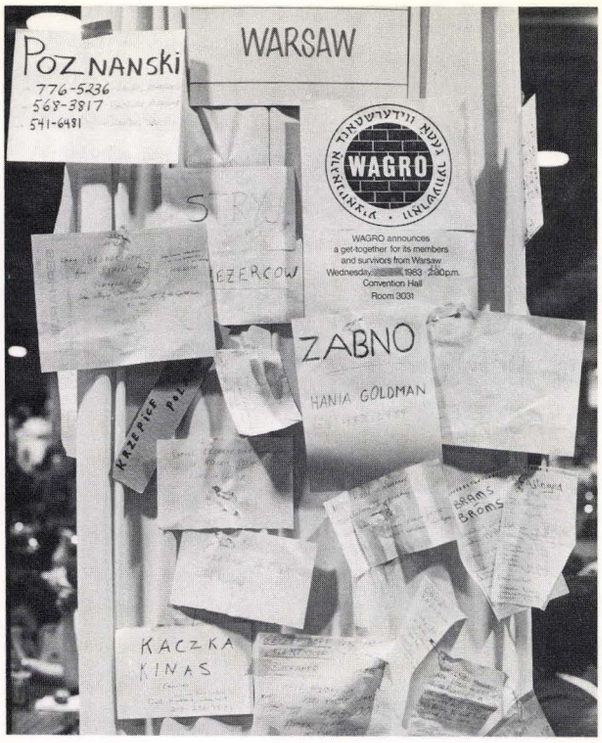






Clockwise:
Reunions brought tears and laughter, joy and sadness.
Dr. Judith Kestenberg, the author of pioneering works on Children of Survivors.
Three generations, the old and the young attended.
A man holding a photo of himself 40 years ago.











Clockwise:
Bulletin boards overflowed as survivors searched for each other.
Survivors eating, reminiscing and rushing.
Alfred Tibor proudly displays his sculpture on the Holocaust.
The Goldbergs of Lodz seek relatives and friends.





At the opening of the Yad Vashem Exhibition on Jewish Spiritual Resistance

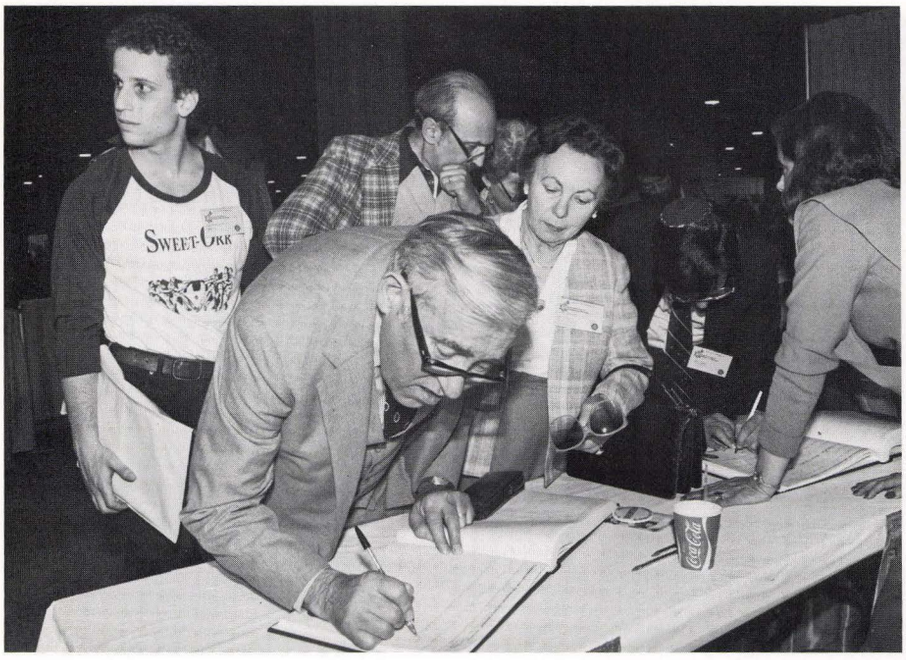
Isabella Leitner, Robert Born, Gloria Bloch-Golan, Lilly Bloch

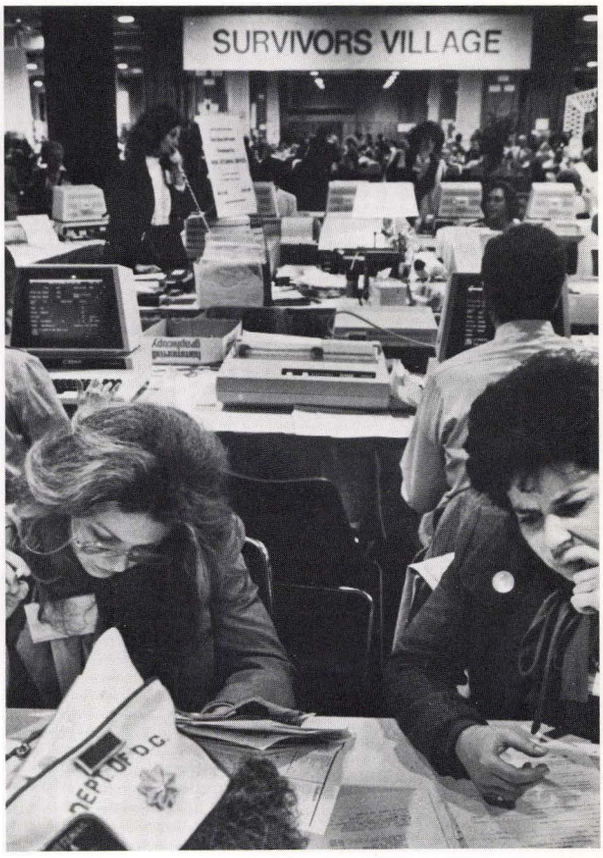
At the opening of the "Scrolls of Fire" — Jewish Martyrdom Through the Ages — Exhibition of the Museum of the Diaspora

Lilly Bloch, Rose and Paul Safro, Gloria Bloch-Golan







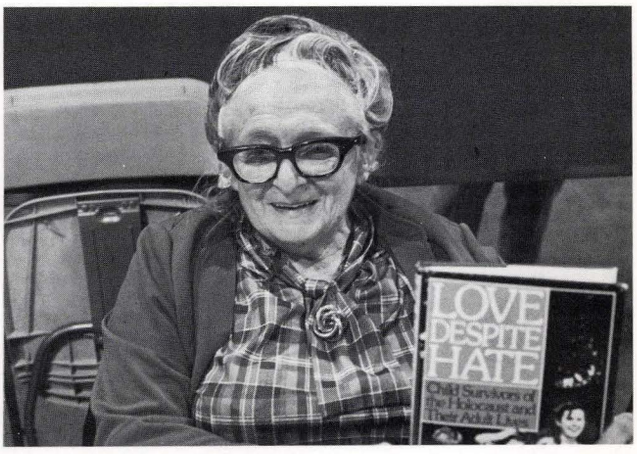


Arie Halpern holds another *animated* discussion.
Volunteers register information on the computers.
Signing the Scroll of Remembrance.





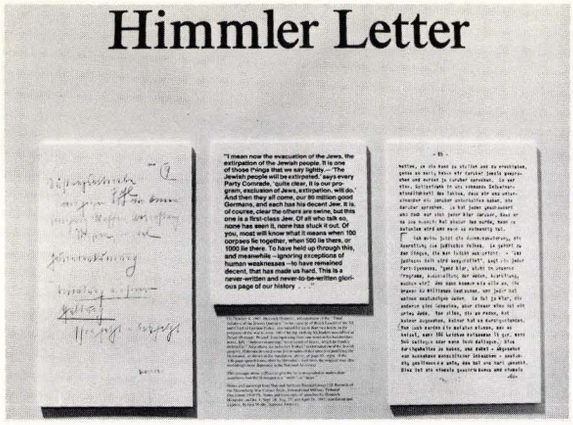


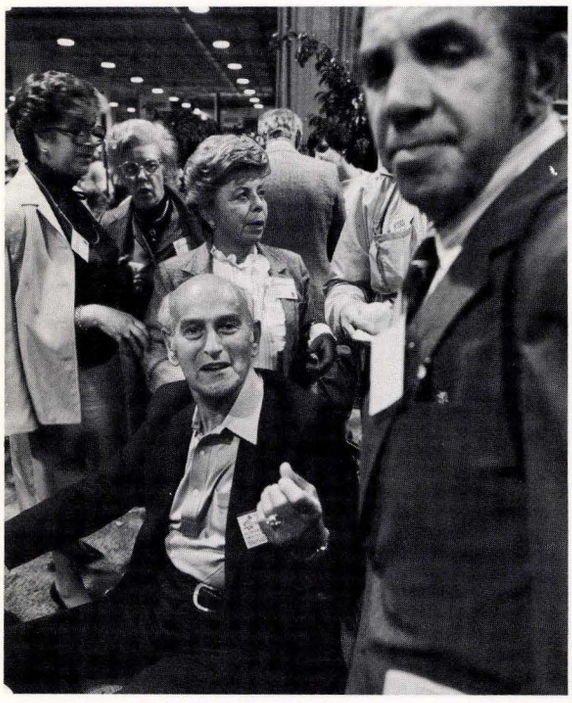


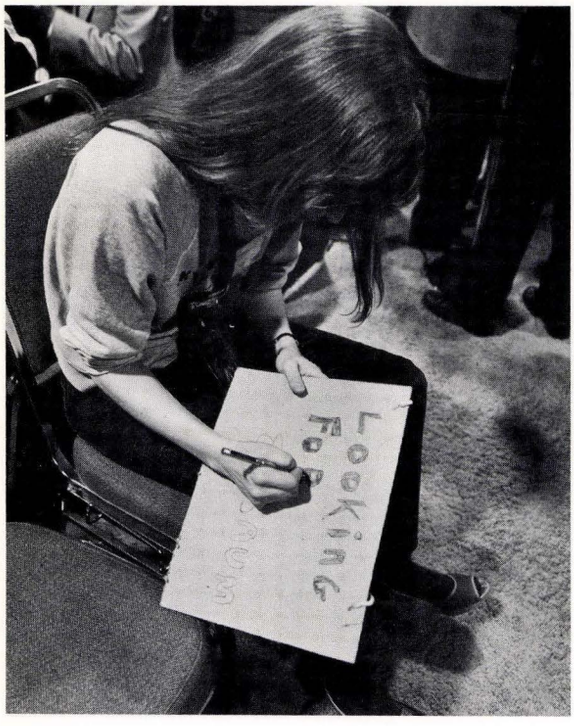


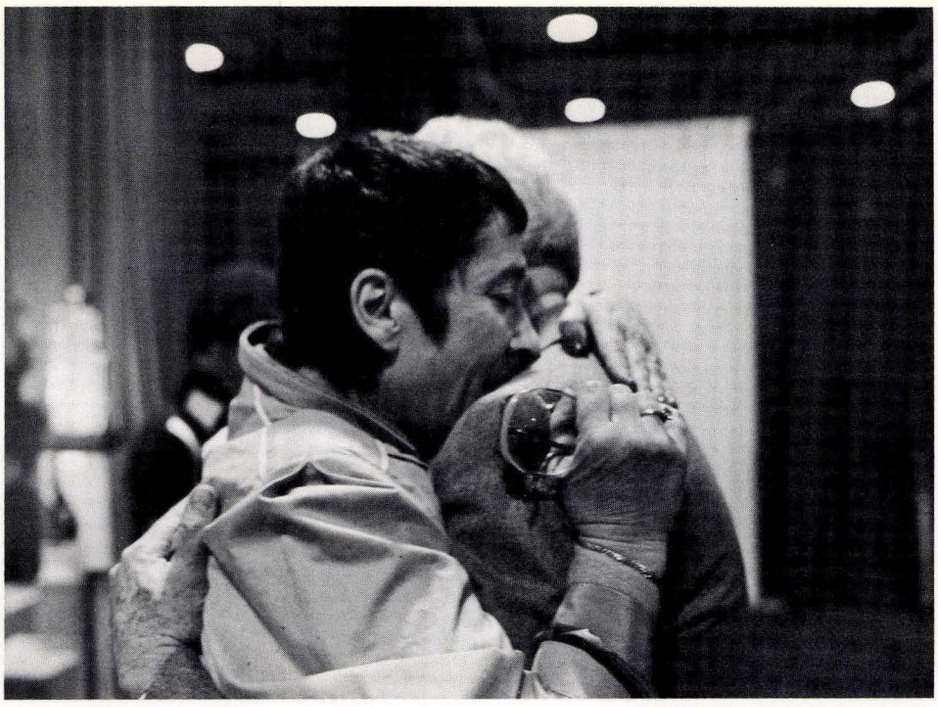
Clockwise:
David Schneur, who entertained throughout the Gathering.
Books on survivors and by survivors were proudly displayed.
Mildred Dicker and Dr. Samuel Mozes, who helped organize the Gathering.

A joyous reunion.
Three women talking.











Clockwise:
Reunions were always emotional. Nancy Goldberg.
A Family Gathering.
Many survivors made impromptu signs.
Survivors from Kansas City.
Himmler's letter ordering silence on the 'final solution' was one of the many historical documents displayed.







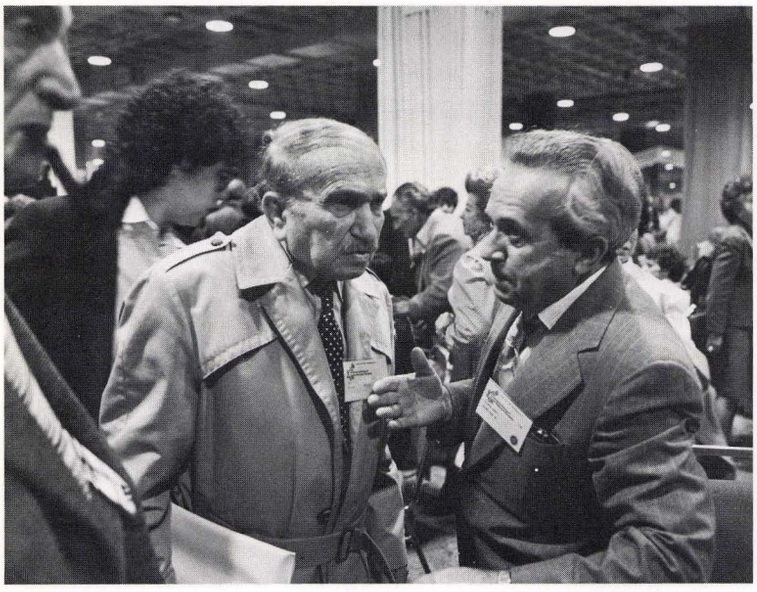


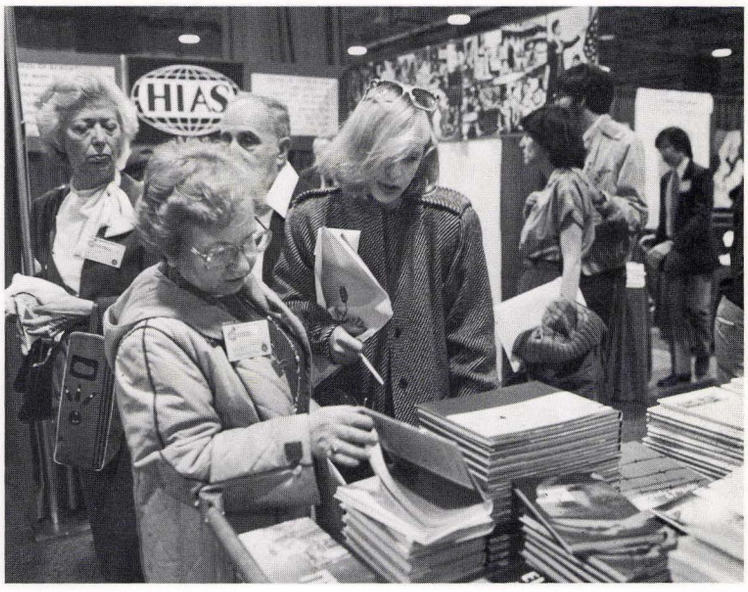


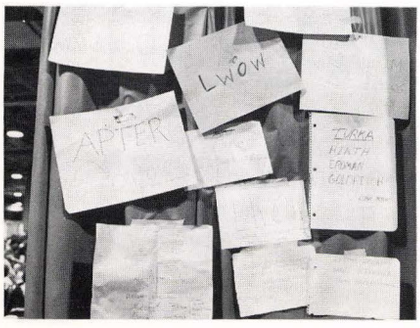


Clockwise:
Survivors were reunited by twos and by threes.
A survivor of Vilna (Wilno), looks for friends and relatives.
The computers were the heart of the village.
Reporters were everywhere.

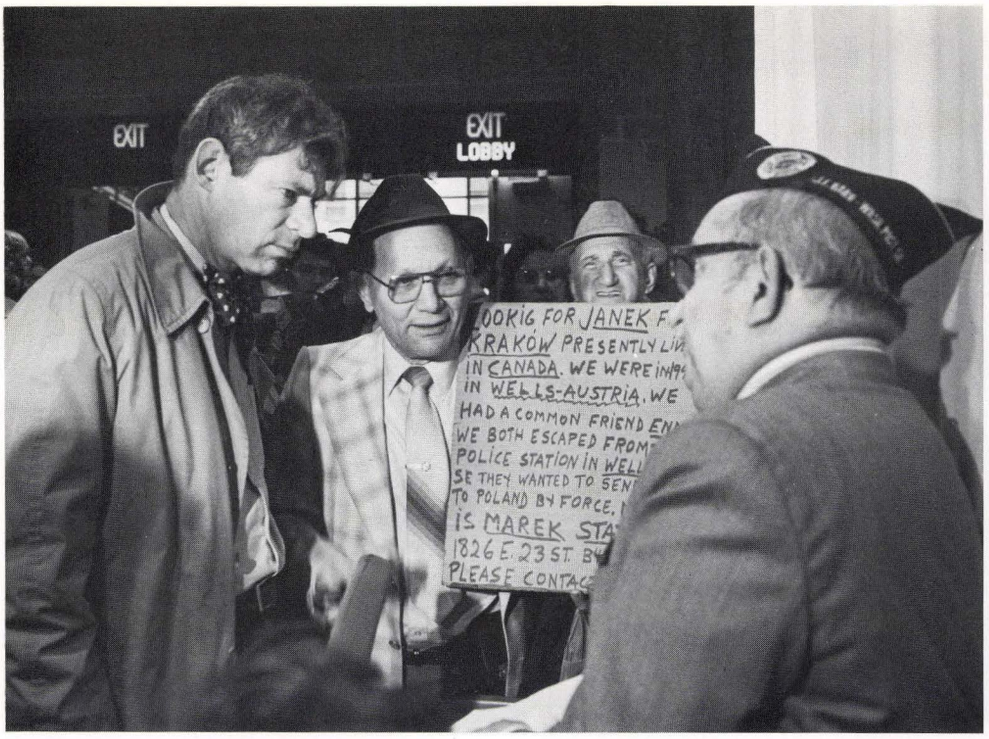








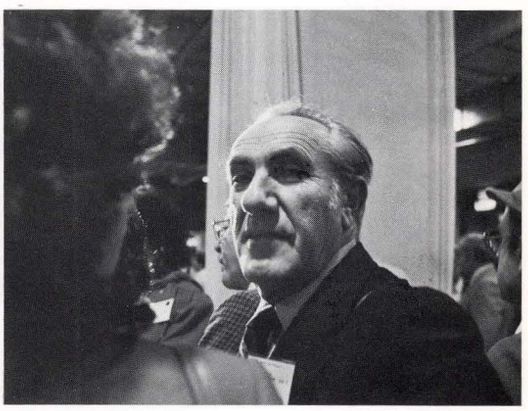
Clockwise:
The entrance to Survivors Village.
Books, displays and organizational exhibits were found in the village.
Every free wall was used for signs.
Heated conversations.





Everyone listened as the survivor told his tale. Some survivors came to look for one person. Others searched for anyone.





















Clockwise:
Survivors compared their numbers.
The second generation had its own exhibit.

Discussions were lively.
Stephen Mark Rogers and his mother.
Drs. Joseph and Anna Scherzer, of Phoenix Arizona.





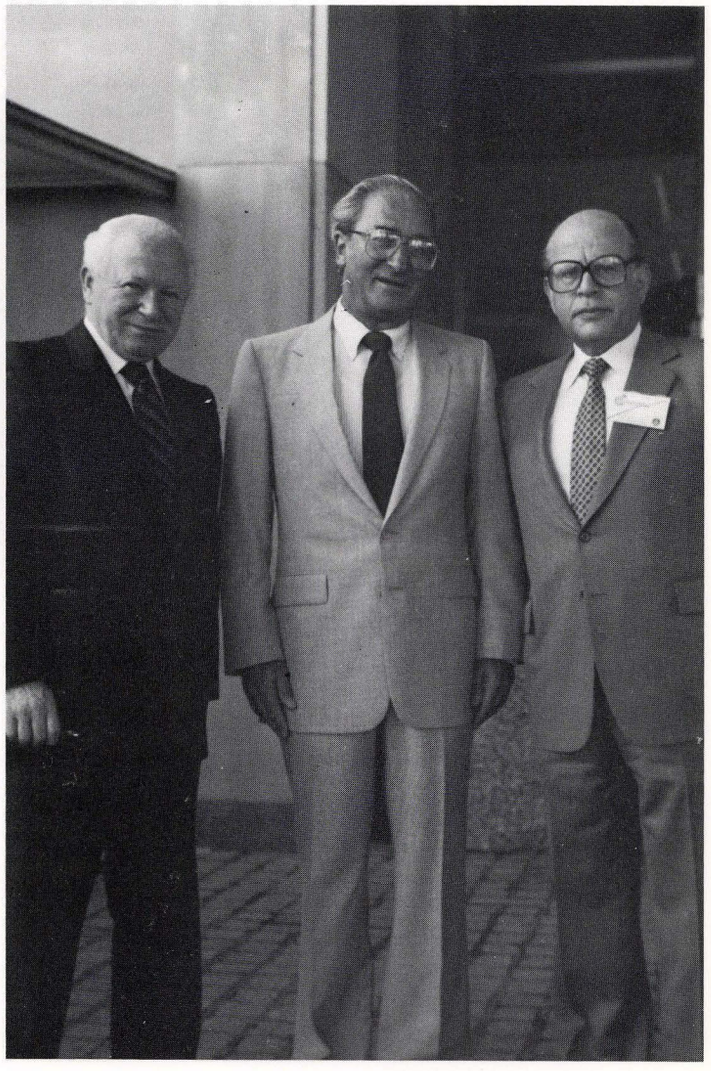




Top left to bottom: Hanz Walter with five other resistance fighters. Artistic renderings of concentration camp life. Historic displays. Heinrich Himmler is featured in the righthand corner of the display.







Clockwise:
Left to right: Benjamin Meed, Ernest Michel, Irving Peters, Roman Kent, Sam Bloch, and Lawrence Goldberg.
Left to right: Benjamin Meed, Ernest Michel and Sam Bloch.
Left to right: Al Cooper, Joseph Tekulsky, Shlomo Zynstein, and Sam Halpern.





Oral history was taken formally and informally throughout the Gathering. HIAS helped many survivors reach America and resettle here. Karl Zukerman, Brenda Schaefer and Raymond Gebiner.

SILENCE

Today I watched two women meet.
Last time they had seen each other
was in a concentration camp:
Stutthof.
They hugged, laughed, shared memories,
looked at old pictures of lost friends.
Then they stared at each other and there
was no sound — a devastating silence.
The blackout of words lasted an eternity, a
noiseless dialogue between past and present;
the invisible victims and survivors.
All I could here was a subdued
teeth-crunching and the quiet, resigned
dumbness of tears...

Herman Taube







Rene Barshak, a survivor of Drancy.
The Washington Monument prepares for the Gathering.
Survivors at the Capitol.



A View From Washington

By Lawrence Goldberg
Executive Director, American Gathering
of Jewish Holocaust Survivors
(Washington)

Time alters memory. It filters out moments of anxiety. What endures are warm memories and a sense of accomplishment. I remember when I first heard of the American Gathering. Benjamin Meed and several other survivors asked to meet with me. Characteristically, they refused to tell me what they wanted specifically. Instead they spoke about "creating an atmosphere." Meed described thousands of survivors coming to Washington for a national commemoration dedicated to Jewish resistance during the Holocaust, to meet with the President of the United States and with other national leaders, enjoying an evening of cultural celebration, reporters swarming around in a Survivors' Village filled with displays and exhibits. At its center, a bank of computers searching and reuniting survivors with their loved ones. I listened to Ben and Sam Bloch, as they described their "vision," and I thought they were dreamers. What they were proposing sounded incredible, even preposterous. Precious little time remained between our initial meeting and the spring date set for the American Gathering. An event of many thousands in the nation's capital, involving the President, the Congress, and complicated logistics, should take at least two years in preparation. I thought that this was, indeed, visionary. They were right.

Little did I imagine that a whirlwind had entered my life: The American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors. For the next year, I was to live and breathe, to dream and to sleep the American Gathering. Little did I imagine that the faint outline of their vision, "an atmosphere," without any initial specificity of detail, would take shape into unforgettable and historic four days.

Everything was wrong. April 11-13, the period thought of, was the height of the Cherry Blossom Festival, the busiest tourist time in the nation's capital. No one hotel could handle such a crowd, the hotel convention centers were long booked, and the new Washington Convention Center was not completed. We could not rent all the halls at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and the weather in April was too risky — cold or rain could ruin any outdoor event, but the survivors were determined to move ahead. And so we began in makeshift quarters with furniture that was borrowed or donated, equipment that was primitive or barely adequate, and with only a rudimentary staff to run such a major undertaking.

Between a small New York office of volunteers and an even smaller Washington, D.C., office, also staffed mostly by volunteers, funds and resources and hands would somehow be found to take care of complicated registration, publicity, and program details for a four-day gathering, which grew into the largest sustained meeting in American Jewish history. With next to no budget and only a vision, but with the good will and dedication of a core of tireless people, both in Washington and New York, there grew the Gathering. Thus, we began.

Atmosphere was the key word. Wherever we went, Ben Meed would never get to the point until he and his team created an atmosphere. Whether meeting with park officials or the White House staff, with the Secret Service or with a caterer, with a donor or the manager of the convention center, Ben would first describe the Gathering. Then often Sam Bloch would take over and would throw in a new idea cloaked in learned phrase from Jewish tradition or chapter and verse in Hebrew poetry. And they would weave a spell over the officials. Whenever intricate finances came up, Norbert Wollheim, the Gathering treasurer and a veteran survivor leader, who could analyze a ledger in a second, would move in, simplify everything and solve the problem in good fiscal and human terms. Officials would press them to get to the point, but after a while, I could sense their enthusiasm begin to build, and by the end — well before any request was made — they would share the vision. Their commitment had been fired.

The Second Generation, led by Menachem Z. Rosensaft, Jerzy B. Warman and Nina Klein, played a central role in bringing the thousands of children of survivors to the Gathering, and organizing the many panels and seminars.

In short order, a team was formed between New York and Washington that somehow managed to operate 24 hours a day. Roman Kent, with grace and good judgment, rendered invaluable help. Ernest Michel, chairman of the Jerusalem Gathering, continued to lend his talents, and Abe Bayer served as liaison to help mobili e the national Jewish community.

Sigmund Strochlitz creatively wove into the program the role of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council, and Vladka Meed and Hadassah Rosensaft were responsible for pulling together many inspirational moments

"I thought they were dreamers. What they were proposing sounded incredible, preposterous. For only a few months remained between our initial meeting in the fall and the spring date set for the American Gathering. I thought they were visionaries. They were right."

"The vision and the dedication and infectious enthusiasm of the organizers captured a city and transformed a nation. For the world listened as the survivors gathered in our nation's capital."

of Jewish culture and music into the four days. Other members of the leadership included: Eli Zborowski, Solomon Zynstein, Joseph Tekulsky, Jimmy Rapp, Miles Lerman and Stephen Tencer.

Meetings were hectic, but often assignments were parcelled out silently to those most capable of handling them. Somehow survivors seemed to understand each other without words. And despite their colorful differences, they communicated by looks and understood each other without talking. For months, each traveled across the United States and Canada enlisting help and stimulating attendance. In the end, the whole team inspired each other and others around them with their leadership and put together an incredible machinery which became the Gathering.

I will always remember one decisive meeting with Abe Pollin, the owner of the Capital Centre in Landover, Maryland. The meeting took place about eight weeks before the American Gathering. Registration had already exceeded the 4,000 seat capacity of the Constitution Hall and we were in a quandary. What could be done? If we took the Kennedy Center, we would have to broadcast the proceedings by closed circuit television and divide the survivors between those who attend the opening and those who see the broadcast on a television screen. If we chose an alternate facility, it would have to be the Capital Centre — a 15,000 seat sports auditorium — but our registration was no more than 5,000 or 6,000 people at that time. The use of the Capital Centre would involve substantial additional costs of transportation and rental, and would be at best a massive gamble. We went to meet Abe Pollin. I was accompanied by Ben Meed.

Abe Pollin is a deeply committed Jew. He is a generous philanthropist and civic leader. Each year he chairs the United Jewish Appeal's walk celebration and when his Baltimore Bullets basketball team won the World Championship, he took the team and their spouses to Israel for their victory celebration. Ben sketched the scene: 20,000 survivors filling the Centre beyond its capacity, the President addressing the crowd, the Navy Band playing the anthems, Israeli and American leaders gracing the dais and a cultural program highlighting the glories of Yiddish culture. Abe Pollin was visibly moved. He interrupted and said: "It's yours. The Capital Centre is yours without charge." I breathed a sigh of relief; another hurdle had been overcome. We all began to cry.

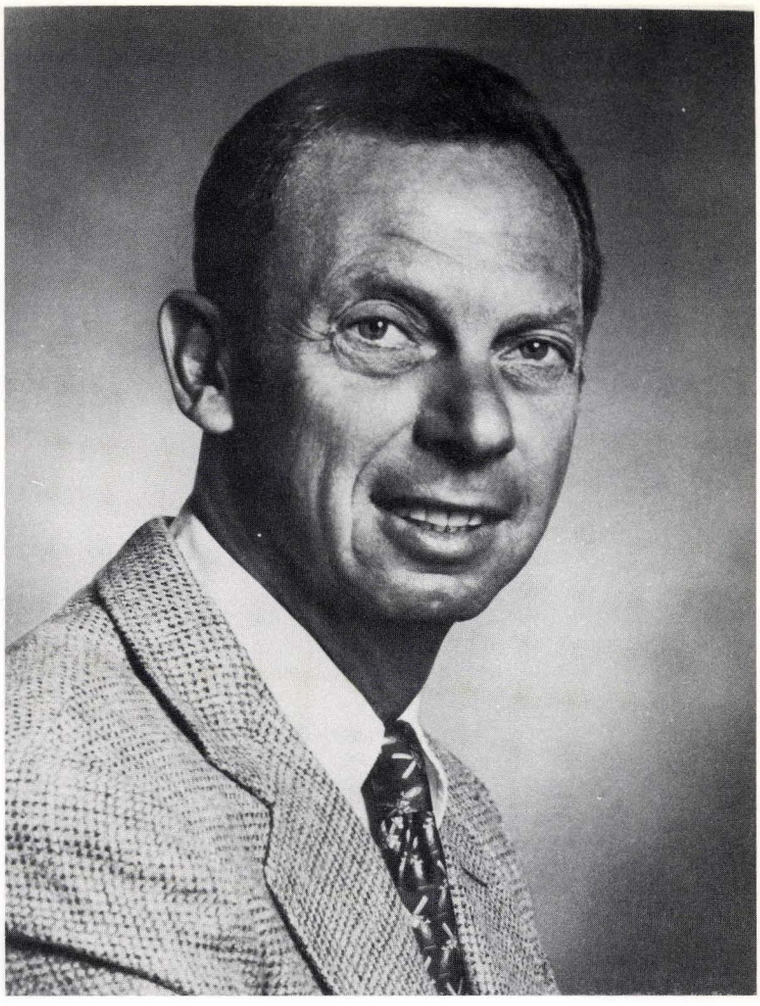
There was work to be done. We had gambled and booked the uncompleted Washington Convention Center hoping against hope that the city — owned facility would be finished by April — the city administration is not noted for its efficiency or timeliness. We met with caterers to insure that the food would be Kosher but none had ever served so large a group on so sustained a basis, and the Convention Center could not even show them their unfinished kitchen facilities. We finally completed arrangements to provide economical Kosher food.

We made arrangements for the bank of computers and had to enlist computer specialists to program and coordinate the national registry. Little did we imagine how quickly it would grow and how central it would become to the American Gathering. The survivors village took shape in our imagination. Lilly Bloch produced an exhibit hall filled with artistic exhibitions and Holocaust organizations from throughout the country with their multi-media displays. It would be a village where the survivors could eat and meet under banners of the many ghettos and camps of Europe; a place where the survivors could sign the scroll of tribute to the American people that would be presented to the President on the first night, and a registration area in which thousands would have to be registered with dignity and grace — many survivors still have vivid memories of the long lines and endless processions. Things would have to run smoothly and quickly. Jean Rosensaft put together a deeply moving art exhibition of works by survivors.

The basic preparatory work for the Gathering was performed by the New York office, including Sam Mozes, Rebecca Patt, Walter Kirschenbaum and Hirsch Altusky. The Washington staff was led by three deputies — Barbara Morgenstern, Fritz Edelstein, and Stanley Hankin, our producer — each of whom provided outstanding effort.

We needed volunteers so we turned to the Washington Jewish community for help. Elton Kerness, the Executive Vice-President of the United Jewish Appeal-Federation, and Dr. Michael Berenbaum, Executive Director of the Jewish Community Council, immediately understood the implications of this event. They enlisted top leadership including Melvin Cohen, UJAF's President who







Abe Pollin.
Matthew and Aviva Kaufmann Penn.
Jerome and Zelda Dick.
Lawrence Goldberg.

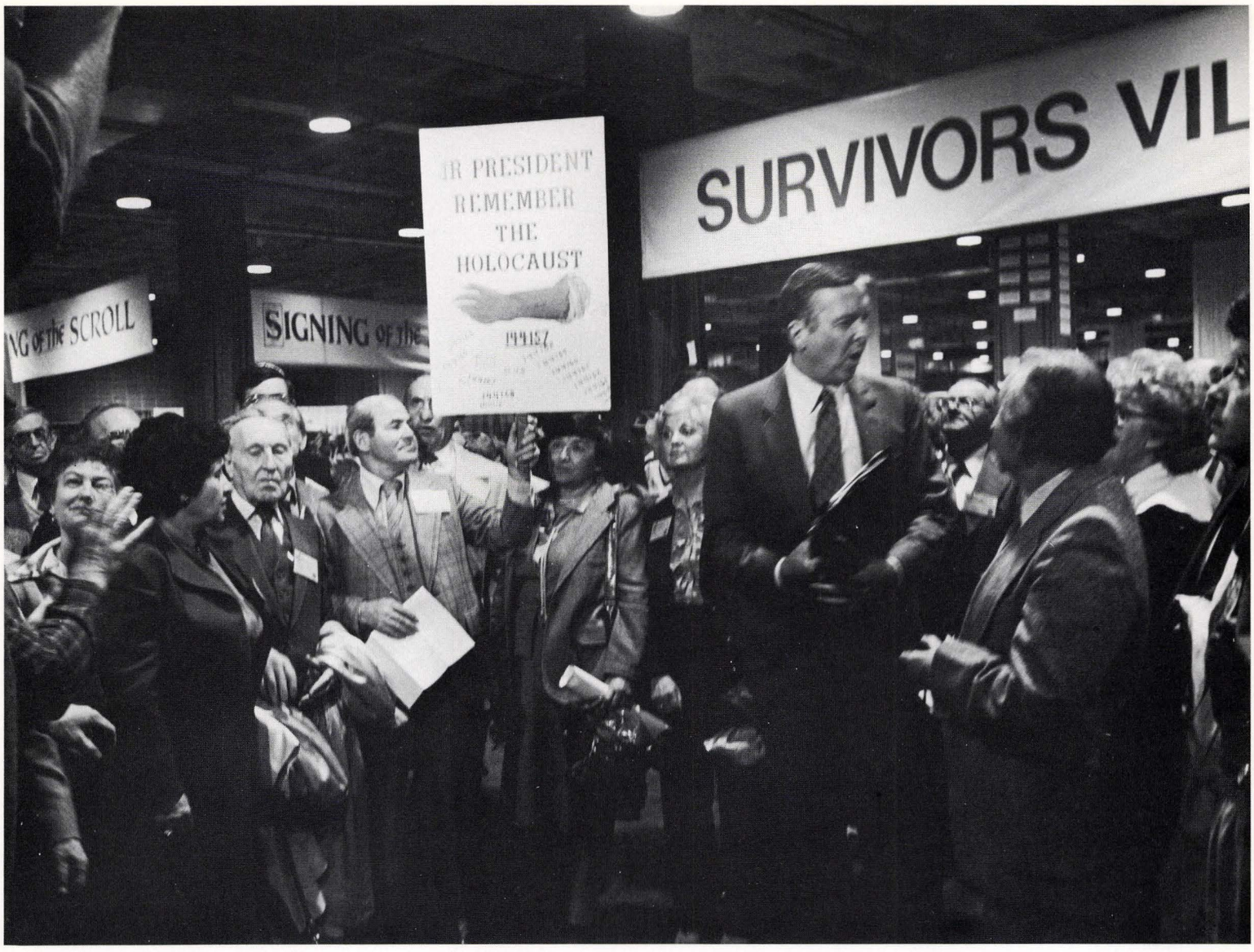


recruited Jerome and Zelda Dick, veteran community activists, and teamed them with Aviva and Mathew Penn, retired Jewish communal professionals, to coordinate the hundreds of volunteers and to provide home hospitality for those survivors who could not afford expensive hotel accommodations. In the end more than 1100 Washingtonians volunteered their time. We assembled a staff. Government workers on leave and on loan from their agencies, dedicated professionals giving freely of their time and working overtime, completed thousands of arrangements that had to be made for the American Gathering. Perhaps one example will illustrate the complexity of our task. On opening night we had to bus more than 7,000 people from the Convention Center in downtown Washington to the suburban Capital Centre — a forty minute trip. We had less than an hour to load the buses, traverse the distance, and seat the crowd before the President entered the hall. That evening the buses were to return their passengers to 11 separate drop-off points convenient to their scattered lodging. This herculian task was completed without a hitch. The logistics might have taken a military bureaucracy days of planning and hours of rehearsal.

Even the weather cooperated. For three days there was no rain. The outdoor event scheduled for April 13th at noon was held in a blazing sunshine at the Capitol steps. The evening outdoor event — the closing ceremony adjacent to the Washington Monument — began with a magnificent sunset. Only at its conclusion did the weather really turn cold.

Oh, there were bad moments — moments of pettiness and stubborness, times when we thought we had bitten off too much and too soon, hours of despair and anger, but the abiding memory is one of miraculous triumph. The vision, dedication and infectious enthusiasm of the organizers captured a city and transformed a nation. For the world listened as the survivors gathered in our nation's capital.

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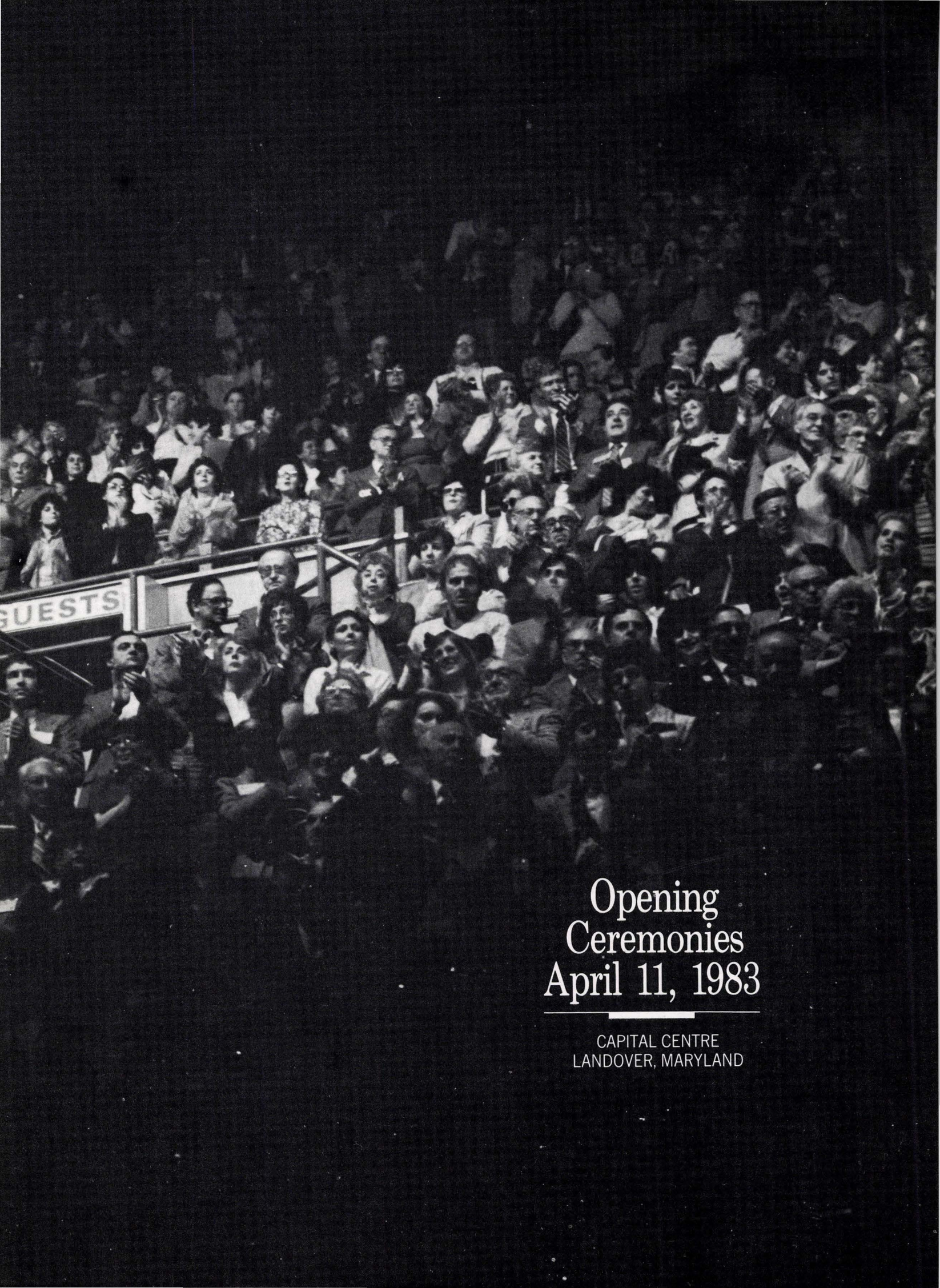
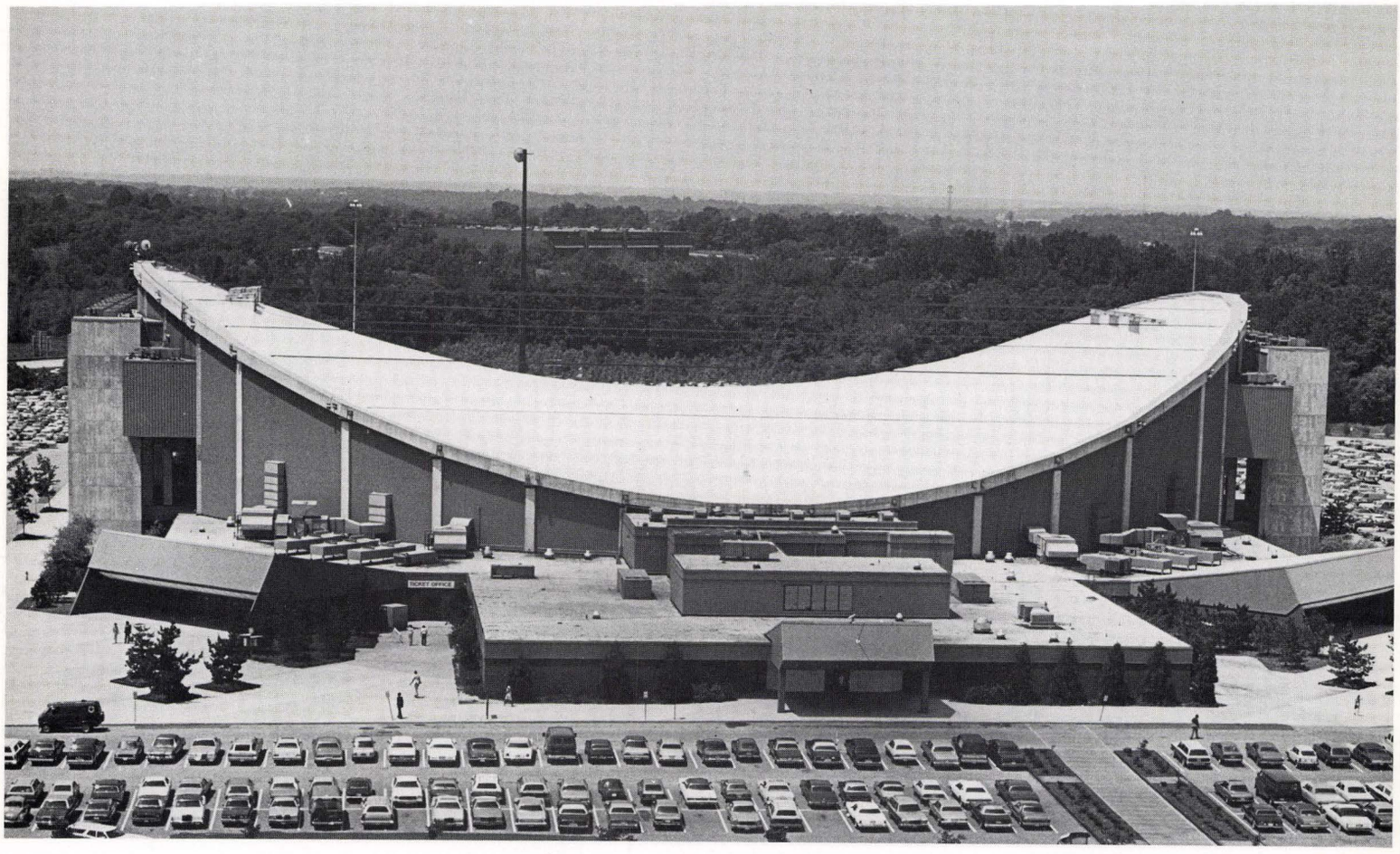


Opening Ceremonies April 11, 1983

CAPITAL CENTRE
LANDOVER, MARYLAND







The Capital Centre.
Arrival.
Nahum and Miriam Gershwin.

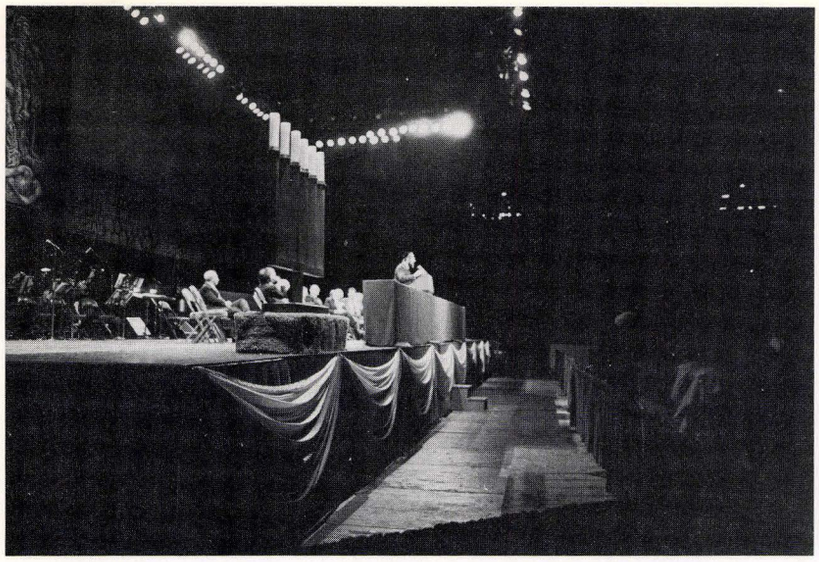








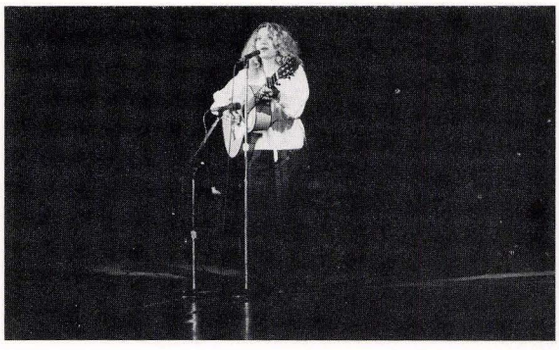
Security was tight.
Left to right: Rabbi Seymour Siegel, Director of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, Congressman Stephen Solarz of Brooklyn, Kitty Dukakis and Congressman William Green of New York.





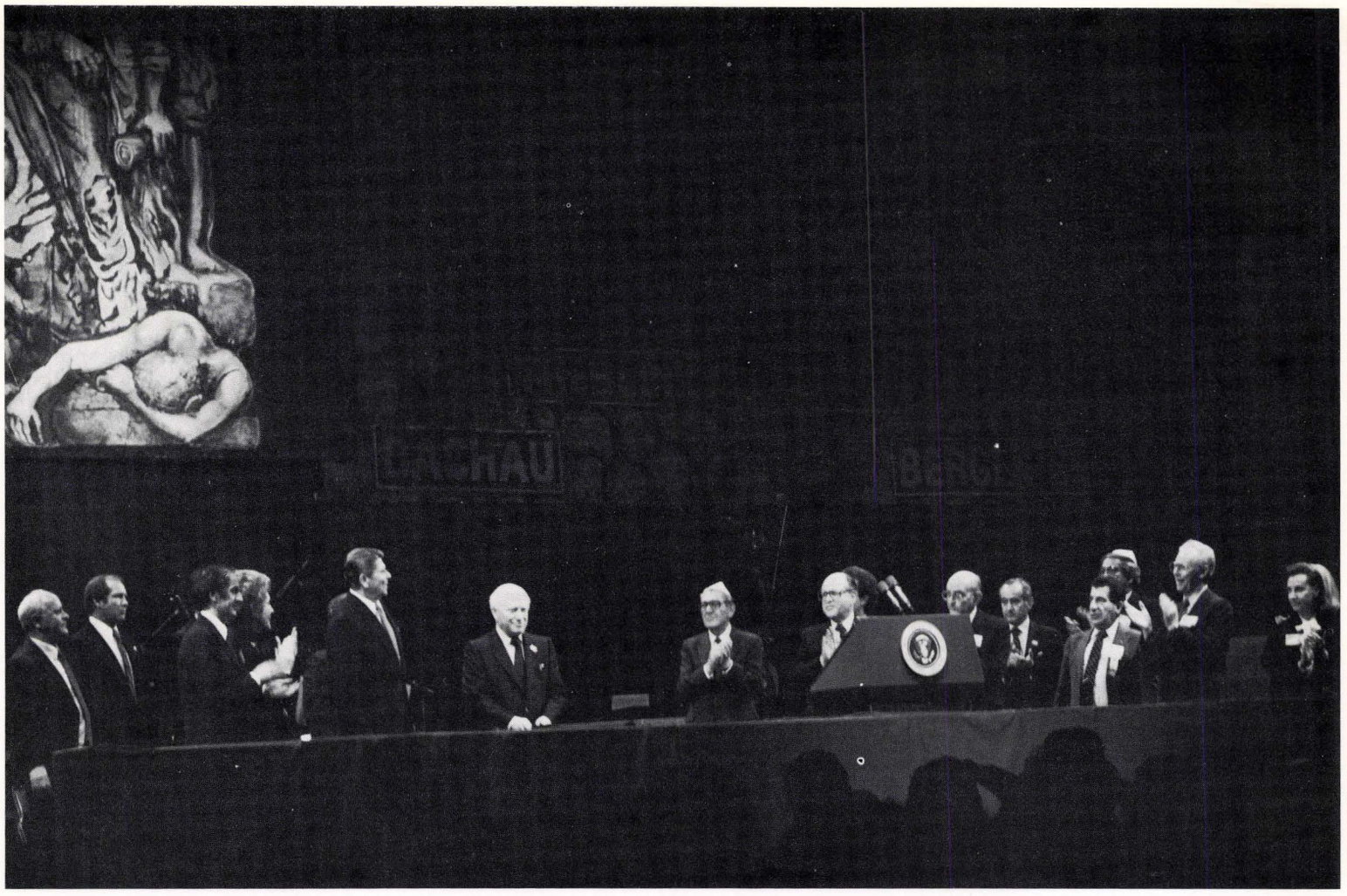


Clockwise:
The Marine Band
Almost 20,000 survivors filled the Capital Centre.
Anachnu Kahn, Russian Jewish Survivors of the Holocaust now living in Israel, entertained throughout the Gathering. The 100 person dance and choral group was part of the Jewish cultural renaissance in the Soviet Union.
Chava Alberstein entertained in Yiddish.
The Podium.









President and Mrs. Ronald Reagan arrive.

Dov Shilansky, Benjamin Netanyahu, Elie Wiesel, Mrs. Nancy Reagan, President Reagan, Benjamin Meed, Sigmund Strochlitz, Sam Bloch, Menachem Rosensaft, Gideon Hausner, Roman Kent, Sol Goldstein, David Chase, Eli Zborowski, Vladka Meed.



Elie Wiesel, Rabbi Herschel Schacter and Rabbi Israel Lau listen attentively.





From Warsaw To Washington

Benjamin Meed, President
American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

Between the Warsaw Ghetto and Washington, between Auschwitz and America, seems an incredible distance -- a distance that exceeds miles and years -- a distance between worlds, perhaps between universes. It has been forty years since I stood outside the walls of the burning Warsaw Ghetto and watched building after building engulfed by flames and heard through the dense smoke the shooting and the screams of those trapped inside. Forty years have passed since, posing as an Aryan, I stood among Poles and saw those around me indifferent to the destruction of Jewish Warsaw. Forty years, yet I can still smell the smoke in my nostrils, feel the heat upon my face. I remember it as only yesterday.

It seems a dream that we, the same people who were a part of the pulsating life of prewar Jewish Europe -- the same people who struggled in the ghettoes and in the forests, the same people who survived the death camps -- now gather here in Washington, the capital of the free world. We the survivors have come, over 15,000 strong, to be together, to remember -- and not let others forget. We remember those days: the terrible loneliness, the utter isolation we felt, abandoned and betrayed by a cold, indifferent world. We remember the time just after the war ended when we did not know what had become of our dear ones; our families, our friends, our neighbors. We remember riding trains, placing notes on walls, wandering in the streets, not wanting to believe that all was lost. We looked into the eyes of strangers and asked, *amcha?* (Are you one of us? Are you too a survivor?) This was our password: *amcha.*

We could not remain and build our lives on the cemeteries of our dear ones. So we went our separate ways after the war, some to Israel, some to America, and some elsewhere. And we did rebuild our lives; we started new homes, new families. We raised a new generation. For many of us, those were lonely years in strange lands. Although we became proud Americans, we could not separate ourselves from our past.

Sadly, even in our own lifetime we have come to see the Holocaust denied and defiled, manipulated and marketed. We have seen the sacred memory of our martyrs distorted and diminished -- our six million submerged in a misguided effort to label together all those victims who fell at the hands of the Nazis.

Forty years ago, I had a brother. His name was Mordechai David. He was seventeen years old. One day I obtained papers in my name that were thought to guarantee my safe passage out of Poland. A day before my intended departure, my brother begged me for these papers, and I gave them to him. The papers led him to the infamous Hotel Polski in Warsaw and eventually to the trains that took him and others to the unknown.

It was my name that was listed by the Germans for that transport. By chance, I -- and not my brother -- could have been on that train. Since then, I have been haunted by the thought that I live my brother's life.

Each of us here has his own story about how he or she sufferred and survived. But for a stroke of fate, we were no different from those who perished. We speak in their voice. We speak in their name. Each of us can tell what he saw, but it is all only a fragment of the vast horror of the Holocaust.

Collectively we can tell the world how we lived and how we resisted. In the words of the prophets, "not by strength, not by force, but by spirit." We resisted in Warsaw and other cities, in the camps, in the forests. We defied the Nazis with our will. We taught our children *Yiddishkeit* and *Menschlechkeit* in the shadow of the flames. Only collectively does our legacy make its impact. Together we can raise a mighty shout to the world, a world bent on repeating the horrors of the past.

We are here.

Mir zeynen do.

And so the dream began, a dream to gather here in Washington, to be together, to bear witness together, to testify as one in the name of our martyrs.

The world is still not free of the disease that led to Auschwitz and Treblinka. On the streets of Paris and Rome terrorists have slaughtred Jews. Anti-Semitism now wears the more fashionable cloak of anti-Zionism. In the United Nations, Israel is the most reviled of all nations. In the Soviet Union, Jews remain oppressed, and there are new misguided voices that echo the poisonous doctrines of the Nazis.

We still remember the ships with trapped Jews turned back from these shores, the doors closing to refugees, and the refusal to bomb railways that led to death camps. Those are bitter remembrances. But neither can we forget the mighty American army crushing Hitler's *Fortress Europa.* Tonight, we have assembled here in our nation's capital to give thanks to hundreds of thousands of young Americans who fought to

"Each of us here has his own story about how he or she sufferred and survived. But for a stroke of fate, we were no different from those who perished. We speak in their voice. We speak in their name. Each of us can tell what he saw, but it is all only a fragment of the vast horror of the Holocaust."

"Now the vast distance is traversed. We have come here from fifty states and Canada, a long and difficult way, separately... From this day forward, no matter where in the world we may be, we the survivors shall always be together."

liberate us and those who gave their lives to crush Hitler's Germany. We have come to pay tribute to them and to thank America.

Two years ago, many of the same people gathered here had joined other survivors in a World Gathering of Holocaust survivors in Jerusalem. Sadly, many of those who gathered there are no longer with us. The days are growing shorter for the survivors. Each week brings news of the death of yet another one of our number. Soon, we -- the witnesses -- will all be gone.

But while we are still blessed with life, we must do what we can to see that our past is not forgotten, that our heritage is passed on to our children and to the future generations of the world, that the legacy of our struggle may in turn continue to survive. For this reason, we have come here together with our second generation. Our sons and daughters will carry forward our legacy of pride and heroism; they will fulfill the obligation to keep the memory alive and to warn the world again and again: do not let this recur.

Now the vast distance is traversed. We have come here from all fifty states and Canada, a long and difficult way, separately.

Over the next three days we will have many opportunities to meet with each other. We shall hope to learn the fate of our lost loved ones, to join together with the leadership of this country, to share in two glorious cultural events that reach back to our rich roots before the war, and to express our close ties to the state of Israel. We will witness the transfer of the proposed national memorial to the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, and so tell the world we are here as proud Jews, as survivors, and as proud Americans. From this day forward, no matter where in the world we may be, we the survivors shall always be together.

Forty years, the time it took our ancestors to walk from Egypt to the promised land, have brought us from Warsaw to Washington, from the flames of the Ghetto to the capital of the United States. Forty years ago, who could have imagined that we -- the children of Warsaw or Lodz, the descendants of scholars and rabbis, of peddlers and poets from Vilna or Volozhin, from Vienna or Vitebsk -- would have stood in the presence of the President of the United States; or that I, a child of the Warsaw Ghetto, feeling so terribly alone and angry on this night forty years ago, would have the privilege of introducing the President of the United States to you my fellow survivors.



Left to right: Benjamin and Vladka Meed, Drs. Joseph and Anna Meed Scherzer, Dr. Steven and Rita Meed and Genia Reznik.

"Forgetfulness leads to exile
while remembrance is the secret of redemption."

BAAL SHEM TOV



Scroll of Remembrance

To the People of the United States of America:

FORTY YEARS - THE TIME THAT IT TOOK OUR ANCESTORS TO WALK FROM EGYPT TO THE PROMISED LAND - HAVE BROUGHT US FROM WARSAW TO WASHINGTON, FROM THE FLAMES OF THE GHETTO TO THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES. BUT FORTY YEARS HAVE NOT DIMMED OUR MEMORY. WE SHALL NEVER FORGET!

WE SHALL REMEMBER FOREVER THE MARTYRDOM OF OUR PEOPLE, OF THE SIX MILLION WHO WERE MURDERED SOLELY BECAUSE THEY WERE JEWS. THE MASSIVE BRUTALITY OF THEIR ANNIHILATION CANNOT DIMINISH THE INTEGRITY OF THEIR LIVES. SEARED INTO OUR CONSCIOUSNESS ARE DEPORTATIONS, DEATH MARCHES, STARVATION, GASSINGS, CREMATORIA, MASS GRAVES. AUSCHWITZ, TREBLINKA AND MAJDANEK, DACHAU, BUCHENWALD AND BERGEN-BELSEN HAVE TRANSFORMED THE MORAL LANDSCAPE OF CIVILIZATION. FOR AFTER AUSCHWITZ, WE KNOW THAT THERE IS NO LIMIT TO EVIL.

WE RECALL WITH PRIDE AND HUMILITY THE RESISTANCE OF THOSE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ANSWERED THE CALL TO ARMS IN WARSAW, BIALYSTOK, VILNA AND ALL THE OTHER GHETTOS, CAMPS AND FORESTS THROUGHOUT NAZI-OCCUPIED EUROPE. WE ARE MOVED BY THE RABBI WHO CONTINUED TO TEACH, THE STUDENT WHO DARED TO LEARN, THE PARENT WHO HELD A CHILD, THE FRIEND WHO REMAINED A FRIEND. WE CAN NEVER FORGET THE FATAL SILENCE OF A WORLD RETICENT TO CONFRONT HATRED, RELUCTANT TO RESCUE, ACQUIESCENT TO THE GOAL OF OUR OPPRESSORS. WE HONOR THE RIGHTEOUS FEW WHO EMBRACED THE ISOLATED AND RESTORED THE HUMAN IMAGE.

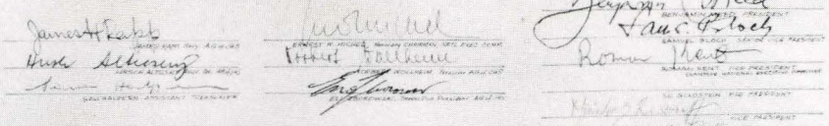
AFTER OUR LIBERATION, AMERICA PROVIDED A PORT OF REFUGE AND OPPORTUNITY. OTHERS OF US FOUND A HOME AND A FUTURE IN THE LAND OF JEWISH DREAMS, IN ISRAEL, WHERE WE WITNESS THE MIRACLE OF OUR NATIONAL REBIRTH. FOR SURVIVORS OF THE HOLOCAUST, ISRAEL, THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, WHICH ALLOWED US TO REBUILD OUR LIVES WITH DIGNITY, REPRESENT HOPE FOR HUMANITY. WE REMAIN GRATEFUL TO THE ALLIED FORCES FOR DEFEATING THE NAZI KILLERS AND LIBERATING US FROM HELL, AND WE PAY TRIBUTE TO ALL THOSE WHO SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES TO CONQUER TYRANNY.

AS WE GATHER TOGETHER WITH OUR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN, WE BEQUEATH TO AMERICA, TO ISRAEL AND TO THE WORLD ALL THAT WE HAVE EXPERIENCED, ALL THAT WE REMEMBER, AND ALL THAT WE HAVE LEARNED. ***MAY OUR SUFFERING SERVE AS A WARNING... MAY OUR LEGACY PRESERVE MANKIND.***

American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

WASHINGTON, D.C. APRIL 11, 1983





This Scroll will be accompanied by volumes containing the signatures of the many thousands of other participants in the Gathering.

The Scroll of Remembrance.


American
Gathering of
Jewish Holocaust
Survivors
Washington, D.C.
April 11-14, 1983
ARY
BABI YAR
THERESIENSTADT

A Second Home And A Second Life

Ronald Reagan
President of the United States

"Today you bear witness to a modern-day exodus from the darkness of unspeakable horror to the life and refuge of safe havens -- the two most important being America and what soon became the state of Israel ... I promise you that the security of your safe havens, here and in Israel, will never be compromised."

Tonight we stand together to give thanks to America for providing freedom and liberty, and, for many here tonight, a second home and a second life.

The opportunity to join with you this evening, as a representative of the people of the United States, will be for me a cherished memory. I am proud to accept your thanks on behalf of our fellow Americans; and also to express our gratitude to you for choosing America, for being the good citizens that you are, and for reminding us of how important it is to remain true to our ideals, as individuals and as a nation.

We are here, first and foremost, to remember. For these are the days of remembrance, *Yom Hashoah.* Ours is the only nation other than Israel that marks this time with an official, national observance. For the last two years, I've had the privilege of participating personally in the Days of Remembrance Commemoration as President Carter did before me.

In the early days of our country, our first President, George Washington, visited a Hebrew congregation in Newport, Rhode Island. In response to their address he wrote them a now rather famous letter reflecting on the meaning of America's newly-won freedom. "All possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship. For happily the government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should denote themselves as good citizens . . .."

Certainly our country does not have a spotless record, but our fundamental beliefs -- the ones that inspired Washington when he penned that letter -- are sound. Our whole way of life is based on a contract between good and decent people, a voluntary agreement to live here together in freedom, respecting the rights of others, and expecting that our rights, in return, will be respected.

But the freedom we enjoy carries with it a tremendous responsibility. You, the survivors of the Holocaust, remind us of that. Good and decent people must not close their eyes to evil, must not ignore the suffering of the innocent, and must never remain silent and inactive in times of moral crisis.

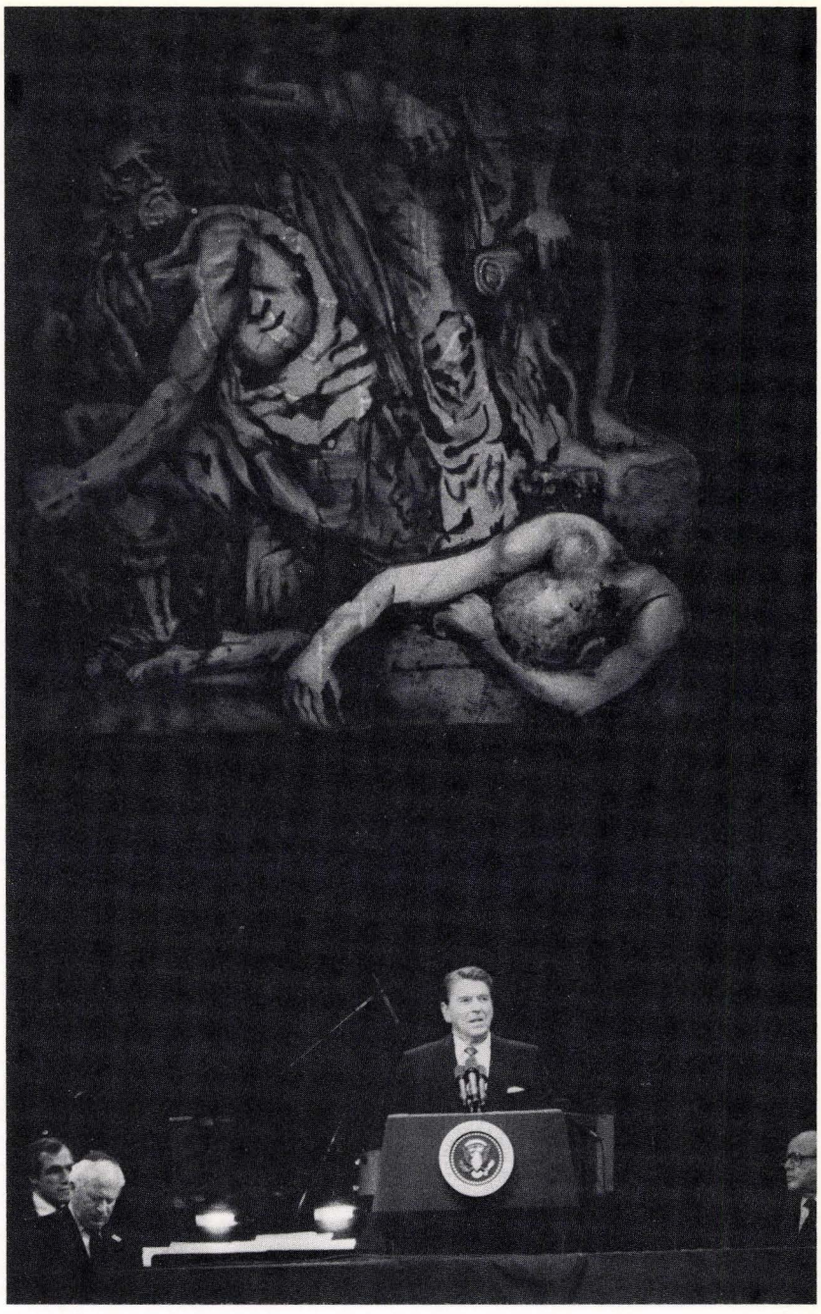
A generation ago the American people felt, like many others in the Western world, that they could simply ignore the expanding power of a totalitarian ideology. Looking back now, we must admit that the warning signs were there. But the world refused to see. The words and ideology of the Nazis were rationalized, explained away, as if they had no meaning. Violations of religious freedom, the attacks on Jewish property, the censorship, the heavy taxes imposed on those who wished to emigrate, even the first concentration camps -- all this was ignored, as was the incredible expansion of Germany's war machine.

A few brave voices tried to warn of the danger. Winston Churchill was driven into the political wilderness for speaking the unpleasant truth. There were also those who, in their sincere desire for peace, were all too ready to give totalitarians every benefit of the doubt, and all too quick to label Churchill a warmonger. Well, time has proven that those who gloss over the brutality of tyrants are no friends of peace or freedom.

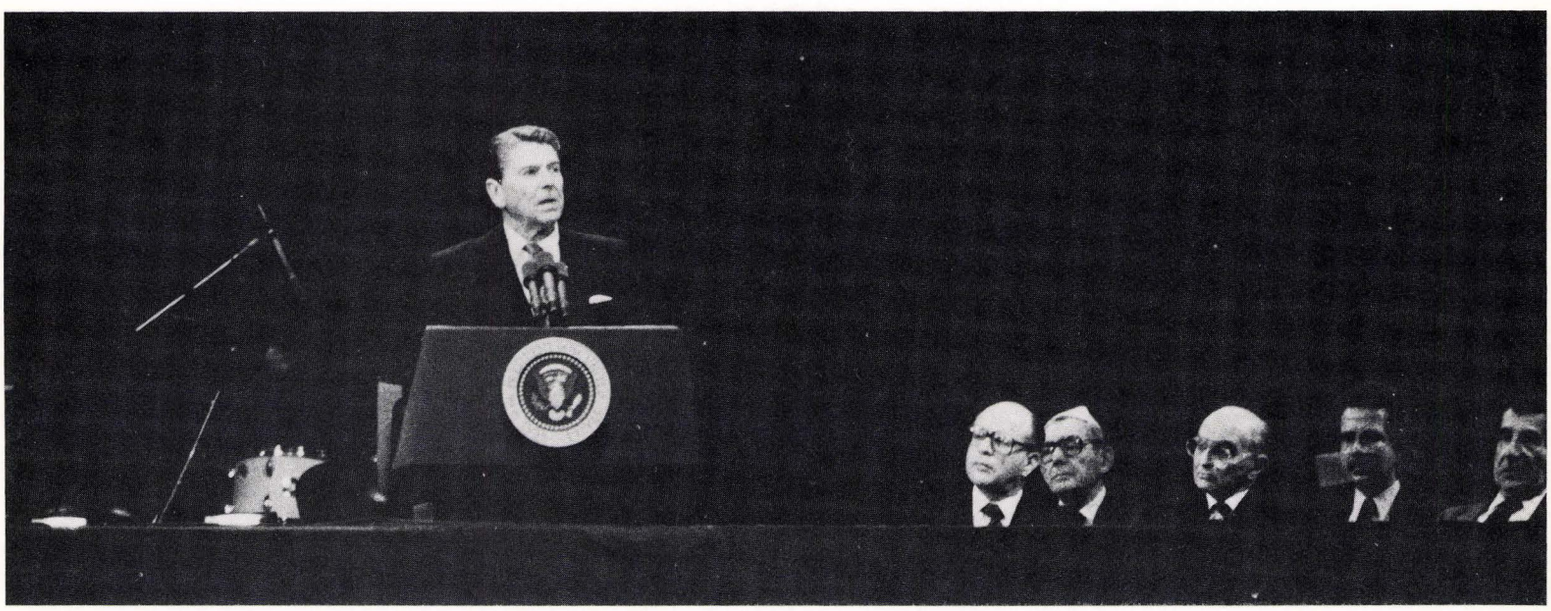
Tonight let us pledge that we will never shut our eyes, never refuse to acknowledge the truth, no matter how unpleasant. If nothing else, the painful memory we share should strengthen our resolve to do this. Our founding fathers believed in certain self-evident truths. But for truth to prevail, we must have the courage to proclaim it.

Last week we reaffirmed our belief in the most meaningful truths of our Judeo-Christian heritage: Passover and Easter. These two religious observances link our faiths and celebrate the liberation of the body and soul. The rites of Passover remind us of the freeing of our common ancestors from the yoke of Pharoah's bondage and their exodus to freedom. Today, you bear witness to a modern-day exodus from the darkness of unspeakable horror to the light and refuge of safe havens -- the two most important being America and what soon became the state of Israel. As a man whose heart is with you -- and as President of a people you are now so much a part of -- I promise you that the security of your safe havens, here and in Israel, will never be compromised.

Our most sacred task now is insuring that the memory of this greatest of human tragedies, the Holocaust, never fades -- that its lessons are not forgotten. Although so much has been written and said, words somehow are never enough. If a young person, the son or daughter of a neighbor or friend, should die or suffer a terrible illness, we feel the sorrow and share the pain. But how can we share the agony of a million young people suffering unspeakable deaths? It is almost too great a burden for the human



Left to right: Benjamin Meed, President Reagan, Sam Bloch, Sigmund Strochlitz, Gideon Hausner, Menachem Rosensaft, and Sol Goldstein.



"Imparting the message of the Holocaust, using it to reinforce the moral fiber of our society, is much more than a Jewish responsibility. It rests upon all of us who, not immobilized by cynicism and negativism, believe that mankind is capable of greater goodness."

soul. Instead, its very enormity may make it seem unreal.

Simon Wiesenthal has said, "When a hundred people die, it's a catastrophe. When a million people die, it's just a statistic."

We must see to it that the immeasurble pain of the Holocaust is not dehumanized, that it is not examined clinically and dispassionately, that its significance is not lost on this generation or any future generation. Though it is now a dry scar, we cannot let the bleeding wound be forgotten. Only when it is personalized will it be real enough to play a role in the decisions we make. Those victims who cannot be with us today do a vital service to mankind by being remembered, but we must be their vessel of remembrance.

This reunion is part of our duty to them. Ben Meed, by serving as the catalyst for this historic event, you exemplify the meaning of good citizenship. America is lucky to have you. Elie Wiesel, you have done so much for so many years now. For all you've done, thank you for your noble effort.

Americans can be proud that with the help of these two men and many others, we are moving forward to build a Holocaust memorial, a living museum, here in the Nation's Capital. And it is being financed, as is this gathering, by voluntary contributions -- by Jews and Gentiles, by citizens from every walk of life, of every race and creed, who grasp the importance to our soul and to our well-being of seeing, of understanding, and of remembering.

Imparting the message of the Holocaust, using it to reinforce the moral fiber of our society, is much more than a Jewish responsibility. It rests upon all of us who, not immobilized by cynicism and negativism, believe that mankind is capable of greater goodness. For just as the genocide of the Holocaust debased civilization, the outcome of the struggle against those who ran the camps and committed the atrocities gives us hope that the brighter side of the human spirit will, in the end, triumph.

During the dark days when terror reigned on the continent of Europe, there were quiet heroes, men and women whose moral fiber held firm. Some of those are called righteous Gentiles. At this solemn time, we remember them also. Alexander Rozlan and his wife, for example, now live in Clearwater, Florida, but during the war they lived in Poland and hid three Jewish children in their home for more than four years. They knew the terrible risk they were taking. Once, when German soldiers searched their home, the Rozlans kept serving wine and whiskey until the troops were so drunk they forgot what they were looking for. Later, Rozlan's son was in the hospital with scarlet fever. The boy hid half his medicine under his pillow so he could give it to the Jewish children his family was hiding because they too had scarlet fever.

There are many such stories. The picturesque town of Assisi, Italy, sheltered and protected three hundred Jews. Father Fufino Niccacci organized the effort, hiding people in his monastery and in homes of parishioners. A slip of the tongue by a single informant could have condemned the entire village to the camps. Yet they did not yield.

And, of course, there was Raoul Wallenberg, one of the moral giants of our time, whose courage saved thousands. He could have remained in his native Sweden, safe from the conflagration that engulfed the continent. He chose to follow his conscience.

Yes, we remember him too. I would affirm, as President of the United States and, if you would permit me, in the names of the survivors, that if those who took him from Budapest would win our trust, let them start by giving us an accounting of Raoul Wallenberg.

Wallenberg and others who displayed such bravery did not consider themselves heroes. I understand that some of them, when asked about why they risked so much, often for complete strangers, replied that they simply thought it was the right thing to do, and that was that. It was just their way.

That kind of moral character, unfortunately, was the exception and not the rule. But for that very reason, it is a consciousness we must foster. Earlier I described our country as a compact between good and decent people. I believe this because it is the love of freedom -- not nationalistic rituals and symbols -- that unites us.

And because of this, we are also bound in spirit to all those who yearn to be free and to live without fear. We are the keepers of the flame of liberty. In Hebrew the word for engraved is ***charut.*** It is very similar to the word for freedom, ***cheyrut.*** Tonight we recognize that for freedom to survive and prosper it must be engraved in our character so that when confronted with fundamental choices, we will do what is right because that is our way.

Although we come from many lands, we share a wealth of common experiences. Most of us remember the time before the Second World War; how we and our friends

reacted to certain events has not faded from our memory. There are also in this room many young people, sons and daughters, maybe even a few grandchildren. Perhaps some of the younger ones can't understand why we're making so much of a fuss. Perhaps some of them think we are too absorbed by the heartaches of the past and should move on.

Well, what we do tonight is not for us. It is for them. We who are old enough to remember must make certain that those who take our place understand. So, if a youngster should ask you why you are here, just tell that young person: because I love God, because I love my country, because I love you.





Both the young and the old were at the Opening Ceremony.



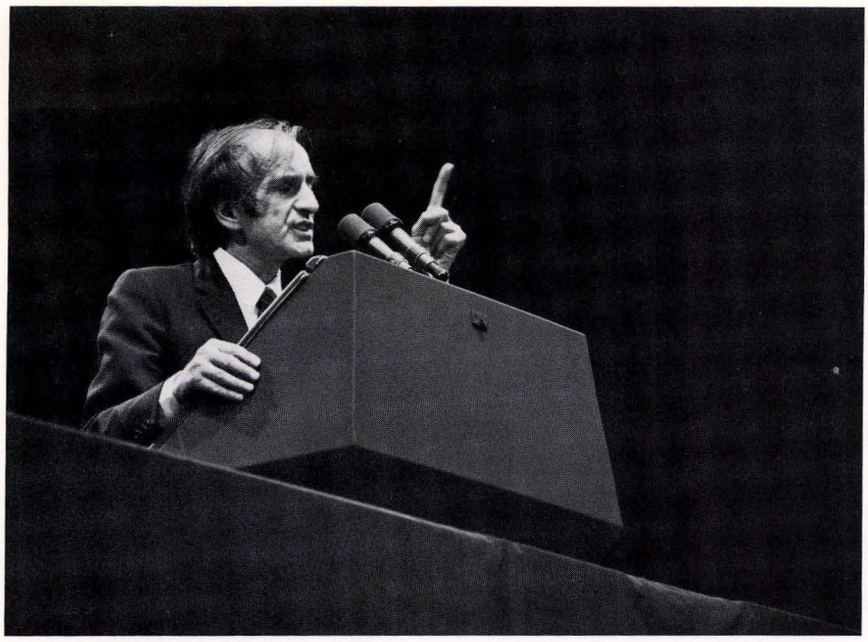


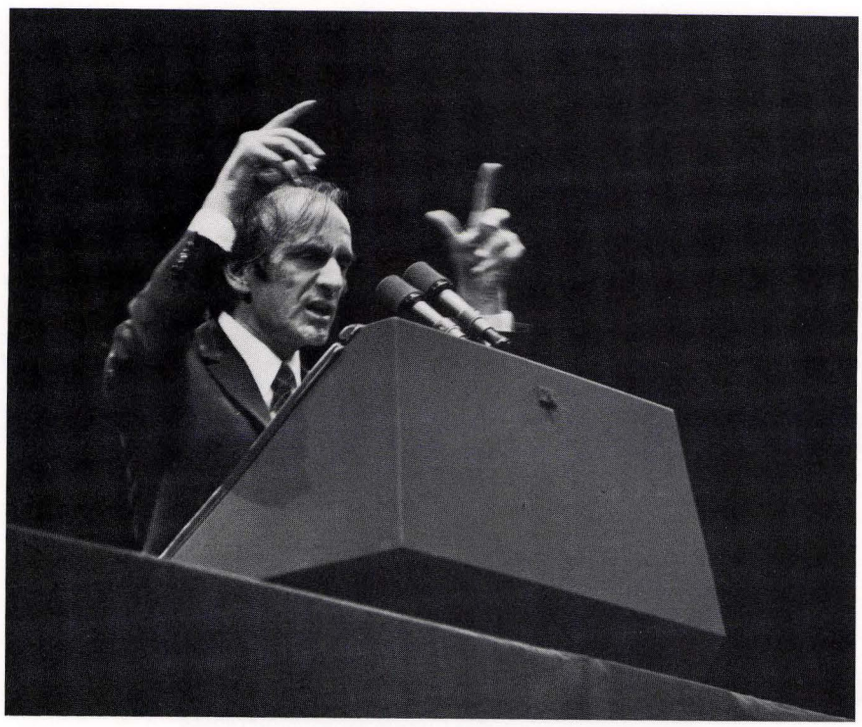
The Scroll of Remebrance presented by Benjamin Meed to President Reagan. Mrs. Reagan, Elie Wiesel, and Dov Shilansky look on.

The Opening Night Crowd.

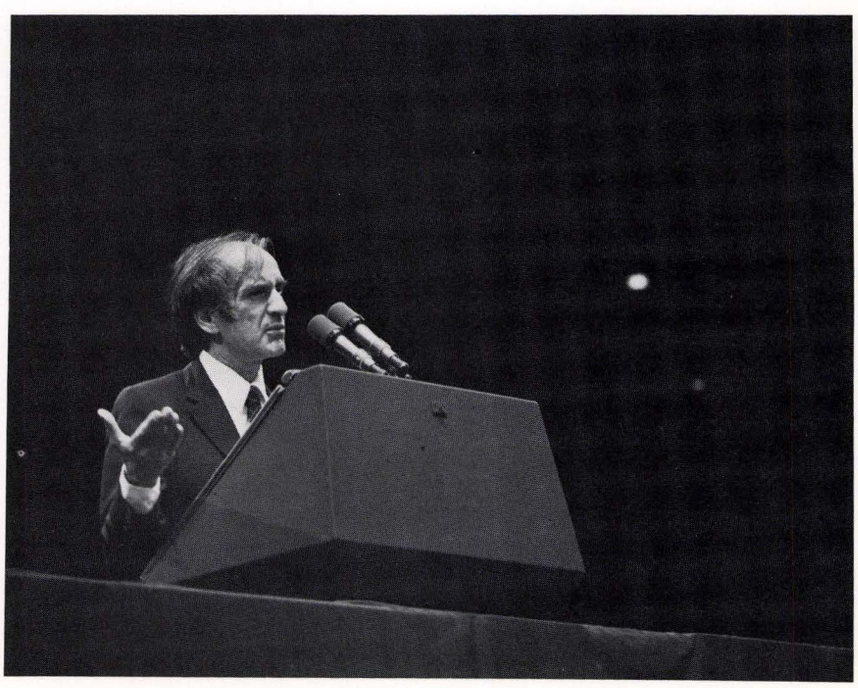


Naftali Lavie, Israel's Consul-General in New York and Rabbi Israel Lau, his brother.
Consul Lavie and Elie Wiesel were together on Liberation Day.





Elie Wiesel.



MEMORY IS OUR SHIELD

Elie Wiesel, Chairman
United States Holocaust Memorial Council

"Survivors have their own language, their own code. Nobody will ever understand what we felt. Nobody will ever know what we know. We have a code nobody can decipher... We are all children of the same people, and our memories are wounded, but our hearts are full with words unspoken, full with melodies unsung. But one day we shall speak, and the world will tremble."

Friends, we speak in the name of incommensurate sufferings that lend a moral dimension to our testimony. And, therefore, in the name of that testimony we have to say certain things. Later we shall speak about our sadness. But first let us speak of our pride -- the State of Israel.

When the entire world closed its gates to us, there was only one land and one nation and one people ready to embrace us -- Israel. And, therefore, my friends to remember means to be faithful to Israel. And to remember means not to apply pressure on Israel.

Israel is the only country in the world that is threatened militarily by her enemies and politically by her friends. And to remember means to remind those who threaten that it is wrong. It is morally wrong, humanly wrong.

To remember means also to open our memory and to include those who are not allowed to keep our memory and theirs alive. Remember that in the Soviet Union our Jewish brothers are not allowed to remember the tragedy. When they go to Babi Yar, they are arrested. They shouldn't be. Therefore, my friends, to remember means to issue an appeal so powerful that it would break all the indifference in the world on behalf of the Soviet Jews.

To remember also means to open our soul and make it more sensitive to suffering everywhere, and to injustice everywhere, and to the victims of humiliation everywhere. It means also to be aware of what is going to happen to this world unless we tell the tale. This world is threatened by the nuclear race and unless we tell the story of what happened to one people, our people, who knows what will happen to the entire planet.

And now about sadness. We are here, and we should be here, together. Survivors have their own language, their own code. Nobody will ever understand what we felt. Nobody will ever know what we know. We have a code that nobody can decipher and, therefore, when we meet and we smile to each other we use one word, one name, and then we know we belong to the same family, to the same Jewish family of men, and women and children. We are all children of the same people, and our memories are wounded, but our hearts are full, full with words unspoken, full with melodies unsung. But one day we shall speak, and the world will tremble.

Our code is a peculiar code. Words that mean some things to other people, mean something else to us. I was thinking about the trains. Trains to people mean exploration, sports, leisure. To us trains means a voyage, a journey to the end of night. A word like "selection" is a poetic expression; to us it means fear; it means death. Words that to other people mean something, to us they bring memories. They bring back memories of the past that will forever weigh on human consciousness.

What will we do with our words? What will we do with our memories? April ll, 1945, yes, together with Naftali Lavi and some of my friends here, Laszlo, we were there. We were so young, frightened, numb with disbelief. We didn't know. We didn't know what to do. When suddenly out of 80,000 prisoners only 20,000 remain, and we happened to be among them, what could one do? What prayers does one say? What gestures does one make? To weep -- we have no tears. To cry -- we have no voice. There were some prisoners who went into Weimar, the city of Goethe, and began taking revenge. We were not among them. Was it that we were too weak? No. We were strong, not physically but metaphysically. We were then so strong that we were invincible, because what else could the world have done to us that it hadn't done already?

But we did not go into Weimar. We gathered and we organized an instant ***minyan*** and we prayed ***Mincha*** and we said ***Kaddish*** and if ever a ***Kaddish*** should have reached Your throne it was that ***Kaddish.*** And if ever You should have answered Amen, it was that moment. And, since then, each time we say ***Kaddish,*** we still hear that voice. I try to imagine myself as I must have looked then -- probably insane with grief, insane with memories. What did I think then? I don't remember.

Let me tell you what I thought another evening, also in April. It was April 1944, just one year before that, when we Jews from Hungary arrived into a kingdom that we didn't even know existed or could exist in the world. I had come straight from the Yeshiva. I had left the pages and the stories of the Talmud, with my friend Rabbi Akiba and my teacher Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkai, thinking that the whole world was filled with the wisdom and the generosity and the compassion of Talmudic and Hassidic legends. And all of a sudden I stumbled upon reality. I discovered man. I discovered mankind. I discovered the ultimate mask of mankind, and I remember as I saw thousands upon thousands of Jews, sages and

"Now I know it was not the end of the Jewish people. This was not the end of Jewish history. Jewish history has no end except the messianic end."

their disciples -- teachers and their pupils -- mothers and their chilren -- friends and their friends. As I saw them walking, walking, walking, forming a strange nocturnal procession toward a sky aflame, I was struck with fear. I said to myself, perhaps this is the end of the Jewish people. I have never seen such fear.

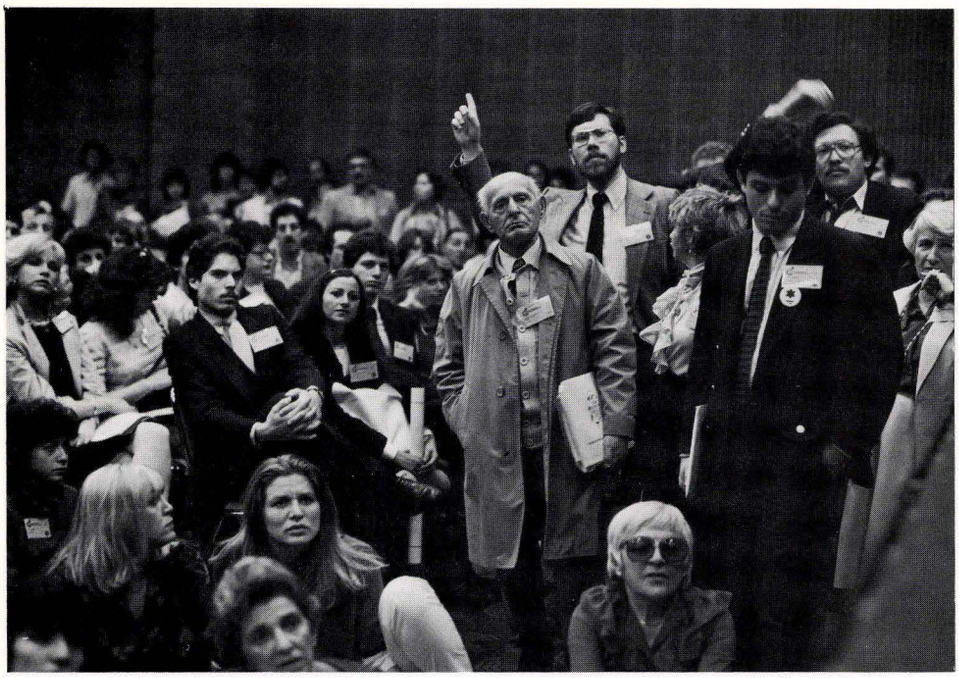
Now I know this was not the end of the Jewish people. This was not the end of Jewish history. Jewish history has no end except the messianic end. Was it the end, the end of civilization, the end of Western culture, the end of Christian Europe? It was the end all right. Oh, yes. And never again will the world be the same. Never. Because what the world has done to our people then was to open a chapter, a new chapter. They prepared the way for other destructions, never to be compared to our tragedy, but related to it. It is there that the destruction of the planet, if it occurs, may have found its seed and its root and perhaps its justification.

My friends, our shield is memory. Our shield is language. And, therefore, we use both. May I repeat what we have said so many times. When we tell our tale of despair and fear and terror and death, our aim is not to arouse pity. We don't want pity. What we seek is understanding, awareness, sensitivity. What we seek is to convince people to know that what happened once -- and because it happened once -- must not happen again to any people. And, therefore, we tell our tale, and the tale we couldn't tell for so many years because we were afraid of being misunderstood, misinterpreted or pitied.

But if we now tell the tale, it is not for our sake. It is for your sake, our children: you, our children, our hope, our grandiose aspiration, so tragic, and so privileged, because we have now made you responsible for a world you have not created. We have created it for you and perhaps destroyed it for you. You must rebuild it now. Our tale, so Jewish in spirit, is universal in scope. We talk about our Jewish tragedy because the Jewish tragedy is equal to none. But we do not forget that once killers began killing Jews, and later, differently, they also killed others.

There were a few, very few, people to whom we feel so grateful that their names will be inscribed in our memory until the end of all time. But remember, my friends, they served as an indictment: they proved that it could have been done. It was possible to save Jews, but not enough tried, not enough dared.

My friends, we use memory for the sake of mankind. We use words for the sake of future generations. It is up to us to use these words, not as weapons, but as prayers. It is up to us to use these words to create hope, instead of hopelessness. It is up to us to take this event, the most tragic in history, and see to it that it does not divide us but unites us all. For after all, when all the tears have been restrained and contained, and all the shouts have been stifled, and all the words have been used, remember, the tale of our sadness may negate sadness. A tale of despair ultimately will be a tale against despair.






WAGRO
I WOULD LIKE TO MEET ANYONE FROM:
TURKA
LVOV
ROVNO
IZIEN TAFFET
WEDNE
AMBASSADOR
CHAWA
WOLOMIN
BIŁGORAJ
POLAND

THE REUNION

"But Jewish history is full of paradoxes. This orphaned generation, so cursed with indescribable pain, is indeed blessed with unprecedented opportunities, We have witnessed the Jews' emergence from the the gas chambers and crematoria to the sovereign state of Israel. We have seen the renaissance of Jewish life in the Soviet Union and the flowering of Jewish life on this blessed shore."

April 11th 1945. This is our birthday. 38 years ago, when Rabbi Herschel Schachter entered the gates of Buchenwald I was less than 8 years old. I did not recognize him as a chaplain or a Jew. In my eyes he was just another person, wearing another kind of uniform. I didn't know the difference. He jumped out of the jeep, took me in his arms, weeping. I was so frightened. I was hidden then behind a heap of corpses, as he remembers very well. When he saw that I was so frightened he started to laugh, to smile.

"How old are you, my child?" he asked.

"What difference does it make, I'm older than you?" I answered.

Perhaps he thought that I was a little bit crazy, because of the circumstances after six years of war.

"Why do you think that you are older than me?" he asked.

"Because you cry and laugh as a child. And I stopped laughing and I can't even cry. So I must be older than you."

Israel Lau, Chief Rabbi
Netanya, Israel

I have been asked several times this afternoon, "Rabbi Schacter, are you a survivor?" Each time, I have answered quickly. "Although my parents of blessed memory came to this country at the turn of the century -- many years before I was born -- I am a survivor. My children and grandchildren are indeed survivors. Although I did not experience the viciousness of the Nazi hordes, I saw the ravages of war; cities laid waste, homes destroyed, and human beings crushed.

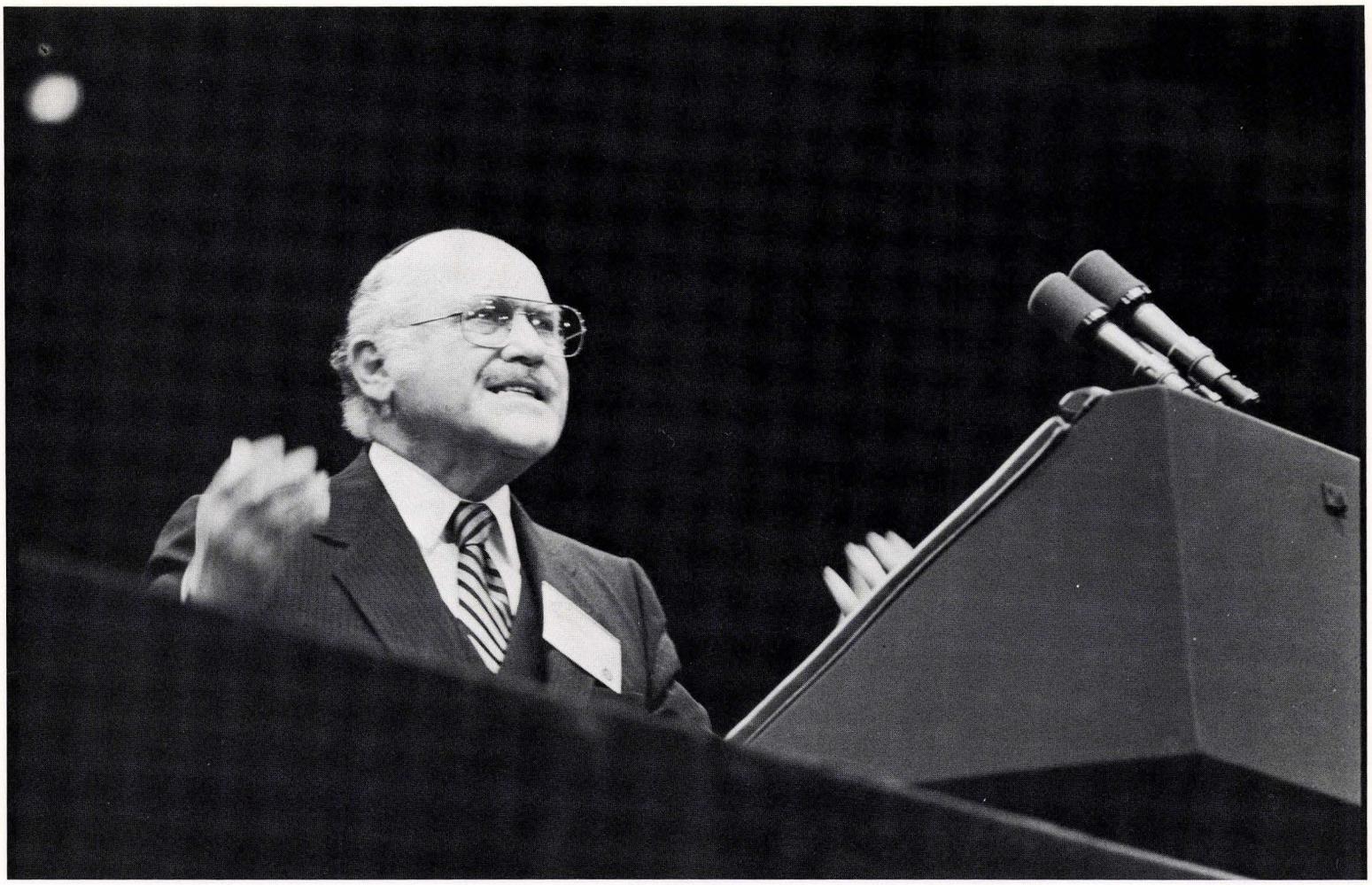
It was a great privilege -- grievous and tragic though it was -- to have come face to face with the bitter and sordid realities of the Jewish tragedy. Tonight is April 11, 1983 the thirty-eighth anniversary of the most unforgettable day in my life. I was proudly wearing the uniform of the American Army serving as a chaplain, when I entered the hell hole called Buchenwald, but hours after its deliberation. There was one child -- one of the very few children to survive -- whose eyes I will never forget. That child graces this occasion. He is now the distinguished Chief Rabbi of Netanya, Israel, Rabbi Israel Lau.

His presence with us demonstrates the enormity of our tragedy. More than one million children were mercilessly crushed by the oppressor. The enemy has left us impoverished -- an orphaned generation. For from these one million Jewish children would have come so many more Rabbis, teachers, and scholars, scientists and artists -- leaders of the Jewish community.

But Jewish history is full of paradoxes. This orphaned generation, so cursed with indescribable pain, is indeed blessed with unprecedented opportunities. We have witnessed the Jews' emergence from the gas chambers and crematoria to the sovereign state of Israel. We have seen the renaissance of Jewish life in the Soviet Union and the flowering of Jewish life on this blessed shore and elsewhere.

Our very survival imposes on us obligations that we must fulfill so that their martyrdom will not have been in vain, and so that our people, our faith, our Torah and our land will live on and on *ad bi'at hagoel*, until the redeemer comes, speedily in our day.

Rabbi Herschel Schacter





Rabbi Herschel Schacter.
Rabbi Israel Lau.

WE ARE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS

Menachem Z. Rosensaft, Founding Chairman
International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"Sometimes when I am alone, I see or imagine that I see the fading image of a little boy named Benjamin... I am haunted by his face, his eyes, and I listen to a voice I never heard."

I was born in Bergen-Belsen. That is the essence of my being.
My cradle stood only a few hundred yards from the mass graves in which Anne Frank and tens of thousands of other European Jews lie buried anonymously. My parents survived the horrors of Auschwitz; my grandparents did not. I am alive; my five year old brother perished in a gas chamber.

We, the sons and daughters of the survivors of the Holocaust, are the bridge between two worlds. Many of us bear the names of grandparents whom we have never met. That is our heritage. For us, the Holocaust is not an abstract historical phenomenon. It is our past, our parents' lives, our grandparents' death. For us, the number 6,000,000 is not merely a dispassionate statistic. It is our families, multiplied and multiplied and multiplied. It is my grandparents and hundreds of thousands of Jewish grandparents. It is my parents' brothers and sisters and millions of Jewish brothers and sisters. It is my mother's son and more than one million other Jewish children. It is shadows and echoes, nightmares and lullabies.

For us, the cataclysm that engulfed the world four decades ago is both real and surreal. Our very existence symbolizes the indestructibility of the Jewish people. Thus, the birth of each one of us gave meaning to our parents' survival and constituted an absolute victory over those who had sought to destroy European Jewry.

But at the same time, there is an intangible dimension to our consciousness that permeates our lives. Sometimes, when I am alone, I see or imagine that I see the fading image of a little boy named Benjamin. Forty years ago, on Friday, April 11, 1943, that little boy was alive in the Ghetto of Sosnowiec, in southern Poland. On August 4th, it will be precisely forty years since my brother was murdered by the Germans at Auschwitz. I am haunted by his face, his eyes, and I listen to a voice I never heard.

But do I see him, or is it merely my own reflection? Are my tears mine, or are they his? I do not know. I shall never know. And it is because of him, and because of everyone of the annihilated members of our families who are an intrinsic part of our lives, that we, the second generation, are here together with our parents at this unique gathering.

However, we must now prove ourselves worthy of our collective identity. We were given life and placed on earth with a solemn obligation. Our parents survived to bear witness. We, in turn, must be their attestors. Our task is to remind the world of the Holocaust in order to prevent its recurrence.

As a result, it is not sufficient for us to mourn and remember. We do not have the right to be exclusively retrospective or introspective, to concentrate solely on the past or on ourselves. While the commemoration of the Holocaust lies at the heart of all our activities, that alone cannot justify our existence as human beings and Jews. As the heirs of the 6,000,000 Jews who perished during the Holocaust, we consititute a moral force whose voice can have an impact on mankind. We must -- and we shall -- raise this voice on behalf of all, Jews and non-Jews alike, who are subjected to persecution and oppression anywhere in the world or who are threatened by annihilation.

We have learned from our parents' tragic experiences that the greatest crime is indifference to the suffering of others. Because of who we are, we may never be passive, or allow others to be passive, in the face of anti-Semitism or any other form of racial, ethnic or religious hatred, for we know only too well that the ultimate consequence of apathy and silence was embodied forever in the flames of Auschwitz and the mass graves of Bergen-Belsen.

In this regard, our obligation is clear. So long as Jews will be persecuted, whether in the Soviet Union or Ethiopia, whether in Arab countries or elsewhere, so long as the enemies of our people persist in their efforts to destroy us, so long as the state of Israel remains threatened, so long as human beings anywhere are oppressed, our voice will be heard and our presence will be felt.

We, whose roots are embedded in ashes, will never forget that above all else we are our brothers' keepers.



Menachem Rosensaft



Elie Wiesel and Joseph Tennenbaum

WE SHALL NOT DIE!

Julius Berman, Chairman
Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations

"When we focus on the past, however, we recall not only the Churban, *the days of the Holocaust. We also recall the years when* Yiddishkeit *flourished in thousands of cities and towns that are almost forgotten by the present generation. We dedicate ourselves to assuring that, as the years go by, as generations come and go, the power of remembrance that has been developed by the Jewish people shall never be lost."*

Many years ago, my teacher and mentor, Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveitchik, pointed out in a lecture that *zachor* -- "remembering" -- is a cardinal principle of Judaism. The Torah repeatedly reminds us to remember and not forget historical events.

But remembering -- *Zechira* -- is an ability that the Lord has given to both men and nations. The Jewish people is a nation of remembrance. The Jew is blessed with the ability to focus on the past, and to integrate it into one's soul.

But remembering -- *Zechira* -- in the annals of Jewish history means more than simple, passive recall. It is not just reviewing a magazine or a museum of archives.

The Jewish memory represents a total enveloping and living experience. It unites our present existence in time and space with an existence which stands outside our normal senses. Remembering for Jews means a confrontation between the past, present and future.

Mesorah, tradition, is a foundation of Judaism. What is *Mesorah* if not remembrance? But tradition is not only an inherited, mechanical way of life. It takes a mysterious past and binds it in elevated anticipation of a promised future.

Tonight is dedicated to remembrance. We are assembled here to state to the world that we refuse to forget what occurred during those dark, dark days of destruction and persecution when virtually no country in the world lifted a finger to halt the mass destruction.

When we focus on the past, however, we recall not only the *Churban*, the days of the Holocaust. We also recall the years when *Yiddishkeit* flourished in thousands of cities and towns that are almost forgotten by the present generation. We dedicate ourselves to assuring that the power of remembrance that has been developed by the Jewish people shall never be lost.

Surely no people understands the meaning of freedom more clearly than the Jewish people because no people has been more brutally victimized by the enemies of freedom.

When focusing on those ghastly days and weeks and years of the *Shoah*, we realize full well that the Nazi hordes attempted to extinguish -- to cut off -- that glorious chain of tradition that we, the Jewish people, have maintained throughout the ages.

Our tradition through the years has always been conveyed through the family -- from parent to child, from grandparent to grandchild. But how can a child ask, if the parent and grandparent are no longer here? And how can a parent respond, if the child was taken away so brutally? The extermination of so many was a patent attempt to break our chain of tradition -- to exterminate physically as many as possible, and to sever those who survived from the continuity of Jewish life. We are here this evening to give testimony that the diabolical scheme has not succeeded, and we commit ourselves that it shall never succeed.

We Jews throughout history have refused to despair. In the gloomiest of times, no matter how great the tragedy, we have always looked forward to the beneficence of the Lord and the eventual arrival of the time of joy and happiness. And so we have lived to see the reestablishment of the Jewish state of Israel. From the ashes of the inferno to the beginning of the redemption -- all in one generation.

Interestingly, Jeremiah the prophet, who is known as as the prophet of gloom because he prophesied the destruction of our holy Temple and the desolation of *Eretz Yisroel*, is also the prophet of joy and salvation. "Yet again, there shall be heard in this place, desolate without man and without beast, the voice of joy and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride."

I conclude with a comment made by a Soviet Jew attending a *shul* in Moscow on *Yom Tov*. When an American visitor asked him where the congregation was up to, he responded: *"lo amut,"* "I will not die." When the American visitor repeated the question, believing that the man probably did not hear him the first time, he responded again: *"lo amut."* Finally, the American visitor looked at the *Siddur* and suddenly realized what the man was telling him. There, on the page facing him in the *Siddur*, was the passage authored by King David and found in the *Hallel*: "I will not die, but I shall live and relate the doings of the Lord." What the Jew behind the Iron Curtain was telling his American visitor was not only on behalf of those hundreds of thousands of fellow Jews, who are incarcerated behind the Iron Curtain, but for all of us here tonight and throughout the ages -- *lo amut ki echyeh* -- the Jewish people shall not die, for they shall live and testify to the existence and rule of our Lord.









Julius Berman. (top ieft) The Hebrew Academy Choir under the direction of Lea Lipman. Elimelech Ram of Israel Television narrated the evening.

THE CALL TO REMEMBER

Gideon Hausner
Chairman, Yad Vashem

"Jews will continue to stand in the forefront of the struggle for human values. But we must not be left alone again. The lessons of the Holocaust have entered the prism through which we see the world... The Holocaust has sharpened our sense of approaching dangers. We have developed an early warning system."

It is a tribute to the people of the United States that this momentous gathering is held here in Washington. It is a recognition, in the heart of the free world, that the Holocaust is a matter of concern not only for the Jewish people but for all peoples; that it ranks high among the lessons of history which must never fade from the minds of men.

The call to remember that goes out today from both Washington and Jerusalem establishes a common mission and forges a new bond of friendship. For remembering is the true monument to the victims and to the heroes of the Holocaust. It is stronger than any structure of bricks and mortar because it lives in the hearts of people.

The resolution to remember carries with it a determination that an evil such as Nazism will never be endured again. We resolve today to combat manifestations of this evil wherever they appear. The twin pillars of the Nazi regime -- terrorism and anti-Semitism -- are still with us. They are the principal weapons used by anti-democratic forces which continue to attack the basic values of Israel and the United States. Let us make a personal commitment to resist them. Let memory stir us to involvement.

Forty years ago, a handful of young fighters in the ghettoes changed the course of history. With a few pistols and rifles, with their bare fists and their courage, they proclaimed the first mass open revolt against Hitler's might.

There were many uprisings in various ghettoes, but the Warsaw Ghetto rebellion held out longer than organized armies. Its valor electrified resistance movements and set an example for freedom fighters.

At that time European Jewry had already endured four years of starvation, disease and horror. Infants were thrown into the air and caught on bayonets, children were snatched from their mothers and hurled into deportation carts. People in the streets or at windows were used as targets in shooting contests while gas chambers and the crematoria were operating day and night.

The Nazis made every effort to dehumanize their victims. But the Jews resisted. They established illegal schools. They gathered in secret for prayers, for lectures, concerts and theatrical performances -- all this in the knowledge that if they were discovered, the penalty was death.

The Jews of the ghettoes were isolated and abandoned by the free world. Their cries for help went unanswered. Their demands for asylum were rejected. The world bolted its gates and closed its heart. Even the desperate plea to destroy the Nazis' machinery of death -- to bomb the camps -- was refused. The leaders of the free world urged us to exercise restraint and to wait for the allies to win the war. The ghetto fighters knew better. They stood up and fought.

Inevitably, their revolts were crushed. The few remaining survivors sent a message to Jerusalem reading: "Our spirit remains unbroken; we will fight on, for a better world and for a Jewish homeland."

Thus, although the ghetto fighters fell in battle, they emerged victorious. Succeeding generations of Jews followed in their steps. The ghetto fighters are a symbol of heroism, a source of inspiration.

Jews will continue to stand in the forefront of the struggle for human values. But we must not be left alone again. The lessons of the Holocaust have entered the prism through which we see the world. We cannot, must not, accept counsels of moderation, even from friends, when the existence or the security of Israel is at risk. Only a strong Jewish State will deter enemies and will be a welcomed ally. The weakening of Israel will only grant Hitler a victory from beyond the grave.

The Holocaust has sharpened our sense of approaching dangers. We have developed an early-warning system. We are neither aggressors nor conquerors. We detest agression, for, throughout history, we were its victims. Our prayers, our hopes, our ideals all focus on peace.

The lessons of the Holocaust have imposed on Jewry a duty to strive for a free and a safe world in which the state of Israel will live in peace and honor. This duty we are resolved to fulfill. With us will be free men from all over the world who are conscious of the responsibility to the past and to the future, to the dead and to the children.

To defeat hate, to rebuild on ashes, to turn horror into hope -- this is our monument to the victims of the Holocaust. Memory has no more noble purpose.



Gideon Hausner. (top left)
Scenes of the crowd.
Rosa Levinson and Manya
Feldman of Detroit.







UNITED WE SHALL LIVE

Dov Shilansky

Special Representative of the
Prime Minister of Israel Menachem Begin

"Today I come to greet you as a representative of the government of Israel, in the name of the Prime Minister, and in the name of all the survivors of the Holocaust who live in Israel and who have built there a happier present while striving for yet a better future. When I see you all — survivors of the Holocaust like me — I feel your love and pride in Israel, which does not fall short of that of the Israelis. I know that no enemy will be able to conquer this unity of the Jewish people."

Europe. The eve of World War II. Darkness and terror, hatred, insanity. Beasts gnash their teeth, and in their midst -- an innocent lamb -- the Jewish people.

There was a man, a prophet of his day, who wandered from town to town, from country to country, calling on the Jews to abandon the diaspora, warning them that otherwise they would be liquidated. "End the Galut," he cried, "otherwise the Galut will liquidate you." But Zeev Jabotinsky was not heeded and was even mocked by many. Who could ever imagine that our non-Jewish neighbors with whom we lived for generations and to whom we were tied by bonds of friendship would join of their own free will and collaborate with the German beasts in our destruction? And so we found ourselves surrounded by thick and high walls. And from the nations of the world came not one word of hope or encouragement. Even the voices of Jews in the free world were largely muted. And so we went under, surrounded by barbed wire. We raised our eyes to the heavens but even they were concealed by heavy black clouds. And from the depths of our hearts burst the words of our National Poet -- Haim Nachman Bialik:

"Heavenly spheres, beg mercy for me."

For centuries, we Jews contributed much to the world: in science, in medicine, in the humanities, and in love of mankind. We gave the Bible to the world. We taught the world: do not kill. But they killed, and our blood flowed like rivers in foreign countries. Why? Because we were homeless, defenseless, and helpless. Never again.

Even after the terrible Holocaust we were not allowed to return to our historic homeland. We wandered and strove to reach our country, *Eretz Yisroel.*

When Israel was declared a state, seven Arab countries declared a war of extermination on us, and we, the survivors, went directly from the small, unseaworthy boats to fight in the fields of Israel for our liberation. And when they, our brothers and sisters -- many of them were the sole survivors of an entire family -- fell for the land of which they had dreamt and had not yet explored. Many died unknown.

What was our cry? We wanted just a small spot on this earth upon which to rest our weary heads.

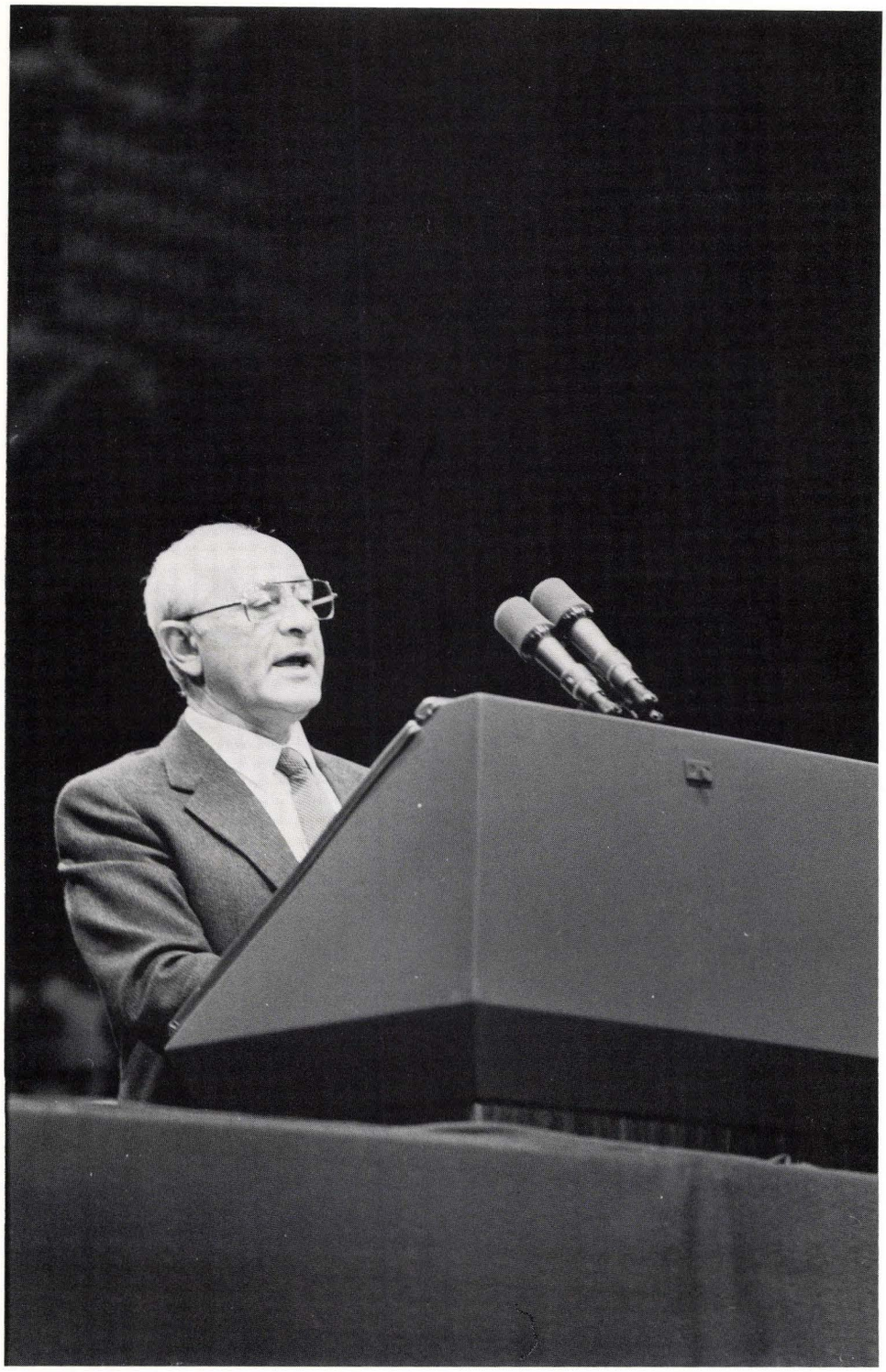
When we started resettlement in *Eretz Israel,* we found the land a desert -- much of it waste land. With great love, with hard work, with sweat and tears and with many sacrifices, we made the desert bloom. We took in over a million Jewish survivors and refugees from the displaced persons camps in Europe and from Arab countries. The land gave to us all new life, self respect, and freedom: the ability to determine our own Jewish future according to our own needs, our own will, our own choice. We were home. We still have to struggle in many ways to maintain our beautiful country.

And the world looks on -- much of it with disinterest and self-interest. Some help our enemies because they have oil and petrodollars on their side. We have justice on our side, and with deep trust and strong will we shall win the day.

Our Prime Minister, Menachem Begin, who is also a Holocaust survivor, signed a peace treaty here in Washington, a treaty with Egypt. I first met Menachem Begin in 1939 in Lithuania when he was an escapee from German-occupied Warsaw. I can assure you that to him, to his government, and indeed to all Israel, peace is the ultimate aspiration -- not a peace of kneeling and begging but a peace that will give us security in our homeland. And we will continue on this road to achieve peace, for to be a Jew means to believe in peace.

Today I come to greet you as a representative of the government of Israel, in the name of the Prime Minister, and in the name of all the survivors of the Holocaust who live in Israel and who have built there a happier present while striving for yet a better future. When I see you all -- survivors of the Holocaust like me -- I feel your love and pride in Israel, which does not fall short of that of the Israelis. I know that no enemy will be able to conquer this unity of the Jewish people. Together we proclaim:

Long live the Jewish nation.



Some survivors came in their concentration camp uniform. Steven Ludsin, Julius Schatz and Herman Taube.





DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE

Sigmund Strochlitz
Chairman, Days of Remembrance Committee
United States Holocaust Memorial Council

"The lighting of the six candles follows that tradition and transcends it, evoking the memory of our dead, of our past, as well as our future. We who did not perish leave to you, our children and grandchildren, the sacred task of lighting six candles every year. You must keep alive the memory of those who died — their memory must be preserved forever."

It is with a sense of great honor and humility that I stand here tonight charged with the task of conducting this year's national ceremony. The United States Congress has forever committed this nation to remember by passing Public Law 96-388, establishing the United States Holocaust Memorial Council.

The Council is charged with organizing, during the Days of Remembrance, activities in every state of the Union and in the nation's capital with the participation of elected officials and lay leadership.

For me, conducting this year's national ceremony -- in the presence of more than 15,000 of us who lived so many tortures and humiliations and died so many deaths -- is an experience that drains every fiber of my body and soul. And yet I am grateful for the opportunity entrusted to me. I am more than grateful for the fact that ceremonies marking the Days of Remembrance have by now become part of the American tradition.

My heart was pounding this morning as I stood in the Convention Center. Some of us were trying desperately to recognize a familiar face, and together, to remember a haunting past. Others walked around restless and bewildered yet exuberant, thankful for the opportunity to meet old comrades long forgotten and to exchange tales that can never be forgotten.

We came to Washington to remember. To remember that it was President Roosevelt who turned back from these shores of freedom the St. Louis with nine hundred youngsters on board. They were sent back to Europe into the hands of the Nazi killers. Not one of those nine hundred children survived. But we must also remember that it was President Truman, a humanitarian, who provided the needed legislation that brought us to those shores and gave us hope, a home, and a country. President Truman battled courageously and tenaciously against diplomatic and military forces in this country that were bitterly opposed to the creation of an independent state in Israel.

America became instantly the object of our respect and admiration. Our adopted home was kind to us. And we, in turn, have contributed in some small way to build a strong and humane society based on equality and justice for all. We became part of the American society. While in the past our hopes were always shattered, in America they were fulfilled. While our dreams in the past always became nightmares, here they became realities. For that we are extremely grateful.

We came to this nation's capital with our children and grandchildren, citizens of the two greatest democracies in the world, the United States and Canada. We came as proud and committed Jews, survivors, free men and women, yet chained to a traumatized past that should have changed humanity forever. We dreamed of those changes in the ghettos of Warsaw, Cracow, Bendzin, Vilna, Auschwitz, Treblinka, Majdanek, and Ponary. Most of us, youngsters already without families, in a state of desperation and gloom, betrayed and forgotten and yet daring to hope and dream.

Forty years later we are gathered in Washington looking in each other's aging faces, checking each other's forearms, looking to find someone who in all those years we were unwilling to give up as lost -- clinging in belief that perhaps....

In those forty years, we survivors have shown bravery far beyond anything many might have imagined possible. Our courage in those fateful war years was expressed in different ways. Our determination after the war to help rebuild a world that destroyed our past and everything that was dear to us, will go down in history as the greatest act of faith in the history of mankind.

The chairman of the Holocaust Memorial Council, Elie Wiesel, expressed our faith in mankind when he spoke last year in the White House. He said:

"For a Jew who went through the war, to bring a child into this world was a very great act of faith, for we had all the reasons in the world to give up on man, on humankind; to give up on civilization, to give up on everything".

We did not. We raised families, defying the notion that we were defeated, that we had lost faith.

Like in ancient times, the menorah with seven lights served as a rallying symbol; and today in the state of Israel, the seven lights of the menorah symbolize both continuity and rebirth. The lighting of the six candles follows that tradition and transcends it, evoking the memory of our dead, of our past, as well as our future. We who did not perish leave to you, our children and grandchildren, the sacred task of lighting six candles every year. You must keep alive the memory of those who died -- their memory must be preserved forever."









Sigmund Strochlitz (top)
Anna Scherzer, Herman Taube, Fred Diament and Sam Halpern.
Steven Ludsin, Irving Bernstein and Fred Diament look on as Howard Butnick lights the Memorial Candle.

A Time For Judgment

Eli Zborowski
Chairman of the American and International Societies for Yad Vashem

"How many of us will be left in the year 2000 to give personal testimony, to write, to tell our stories, to stand before the microphones or to face the cameras? How many living witnesses will be alive twenty years from now to point the finger, to accuse, to disturb those in high places by crying out the words: "You did not do enough!"

We are a vanishing breed. Time is not on our side."

In the dark days under the German Occupation we were all "brothers in suffering." The inhumane conditions under which we had to live between 1939-1942 and the final solution, planned and engineered against all Jews between 1942-1945, made us all brothers. Now, forty years later, we stand in Washington, D. C. as free men -- known as survivors -- united as "brothers in happiness." As such, we are gathered in the capital of the United States to pay tribute to the heroic uprising in the Warsaw ghetto forty years ago. We are gathered as a unique assembly of Jewish survivors of the Holocaust to make a *din v' heshbon*, a judgment, as to whether we are fulfilling our obligations towards our brethren that perished.

This gathering is committed to remembrance. As Jews, our tradition enjoins us to remember. We are told: *zachor.* Remember! Do not forget. We are thus commanded to confront our memories no matter how painful, no matter how horrible. Only two days ago, throughout this land, in hundreds of communities we observed *Yom Hashoah V'Hagvurah*, Holocaust Remembrance and Resistance Day. We spoke to ourselves and to our comrades who survived, and to the entire world.

This gathering in Washington is a national undertaking of remembrance and gratitude. We remember the martyrdom and resistance of the Jewish people. While we are thankful to the Almighty for having spared us, we are here today to say a collective thank you to America. We are grateful to the American people for having opened their doors to us and for offering us an opportunity to rebuild our lives in full freedom. We want to remind the world of its indifference to the Jewish plight during the Holocaust. We also want to express thanks and give recognition to the righteous gentiles who saved lives at the risk of their own.

This gathering recognizes that the time for silence is over. We will speak out for all the world to hear and be reminded, whether or not the world is ready to be reminded. We are the survivors, the *shearis haplayta*, the remnant that miraculously survived or was rescued, whose ranks are being diminished year by year. How many of us will be left in the year 2000 to give personal testimony, to write, to tell our stories, to stand before the microphones or to face the cameras? How many living witnesses will be alive twenty years from now to point the finger, to accuse, to disturb those in high places by crying out the words: "You did not do enough!" We are a vanishing breed. Time is not on our side.

If the story is not told, if the warnings are not sounded, then this gathering and any others like it are held in vain. The philosopher's adage is true: "Those who ignore history are doomed to repeat it." Refusing to face up to reality has never been the solution for our people's historical condition.

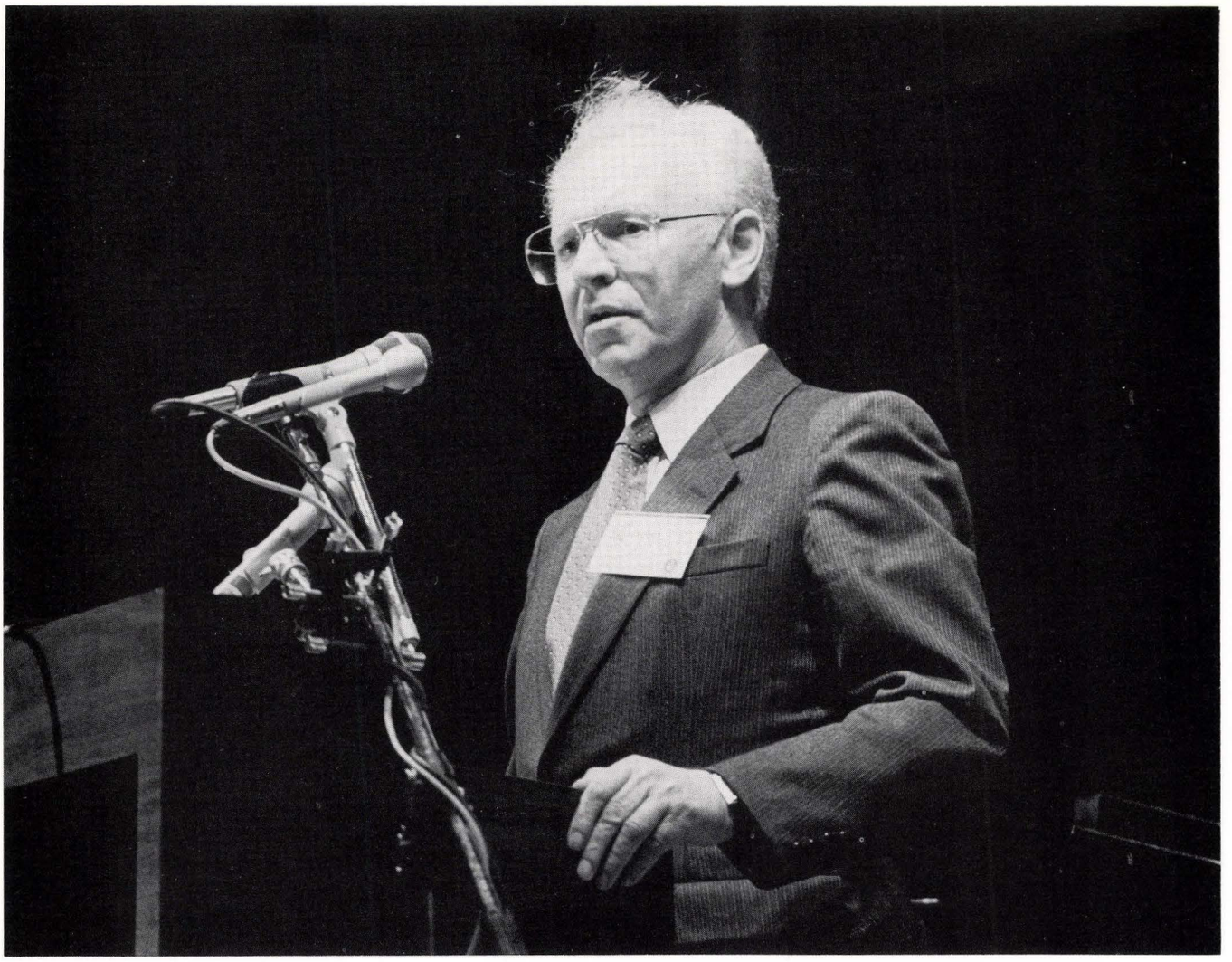
The silence that many of us kept for so many years out of fear of opening old wounds in reliving the unspeakable experiences must end! We have much work to do if the tyranny of evil is not to be allowed to strike again, against Jews or any other people.

I am heartened by the younger delegates who came to this gathering from all parts of the United States. They are the first post-Holocaust generation in Jewish history. Their presence indicates that they fully recognize their responsibilities and are carrying them out well. It indicates that they care and that they are ready to fulfill their role in the work which lies ahead. We are happy that they have come.

In the name of the gathering, I salute you. As the children of survivors, we expect that you will have greater knowledge and understanding of the tragedy that befell our people in Nazi Europe than do most other young American Jews. Thus, you are uniquely suited to be of great influence among your Jewish colleagues. It is equally important to reach out to the young adults of all faiths and to those approaching the prime of their lives -- students and faculty, young people, professionals, and business people. These are the people who have no first-hand knowledge of what happened in Europe. Over seventy five percent of today's world population was either born after Hitler came to power, or were under ten years of age at the time. This group can be particularly vulnerable to the fiction spread by anti-Semites.

Let the world know what happens when good people remain silent. Resolve to speak out against those who malign Jews or others of different religion or color. Resist the bully and the racist. Resist their ideology and their politics.

While we must, of course, speak of the depth of the sufferings and the murders, we must also speak of the heroism and resistance. For there was much heroism, much resistance, both spiritual and military. We want to remind historians that the first



Eli Zborowski (top)
Dr. Irwin Cotler, President,
Canadian Jewish Congress.





"The Jews of Israel — among them survivors of the Nazi hell — built towns, villages and kibbutzim. We raised a new generation — a proud and creative Jewish generation — and turned our arch — enemies' prophecy of our inescapable doom into naught."

armed revolt against Nazi German tyranny on the scale of a military action took place in the isolated ghetto of Warsaw on the 19th of April, 1943. However, there are also other types of resistance: the helping of one another in ways, small and large, at the risk of one's life: the acts of self-sacrifice or the thousands who went to their deaths voluntarily so as to remain with their families.

Let us speak also of those who did not possess even the most meager means of defense, the sick, the weak, the aged and the infirm, whose only weapon was that of spiritual resistance. Committed to their faith, they went to their deaths with the *Shema* on their lips. Walking into the gas-chambers humming the *Ani Maamin* can be just as courageous as throwing a hand-grenade or fire bomb.

There is undoubtedly a link between the Holocaust and the reborn state of Israel, where the majority of the survivors have settled. On the thirty-fifth anniversary of the rebirth of an independent Jewish state, we are fortunate to commemorate both events under the motto *mi'shoah l'tekumah* -- from destruction to rebirth -- symbolized not only by our freedom here in America but by the existence of the state of Israel.

Help sustain and defend the land and people of Israel. Their rejoicing is our rejoicing, their victories our victories, their sorrows our sorrows. At Munich we cried with them. At Entebbe we rejoiced with them. For they are we, and we are they, and together we are one. And never forget that just as Israel needs us and our help, so do the Jews of the world need Israel.

Together let us pray for a world in which the forces of good and kindness will triumph so that all people will be recognized as the children of God.

UNBROKEN FAITH

Forty years have passed since we emerged from the camps and forests -- heartbroken, with deep wounds in our bodies, in our minds and in our spirits.

We Jewish Partisans, who fought in the forests of Bialo-Russia thought that we were the only Jews left alive in Europe. We were in rags and tatters -- shabby single leaves torn from rich family trees -- single remnants of large families and blooming Jewish communities.

We were left only with our unbroken faith in *Netzach Yisroel*, the eternity of Israel. We began with the strength and power derived from our inhuman suffering to rebuild our lives. Dispersed over lands and continents, we started to reestablish our existence. We raised families, bore children, educated them and gave them creative lives.

And we, in Israel, have at the same time fulfilled our ancient dream -- this year in Jerusalem.

The Jews of Israel -- among them survivors of the Nazi hell -- built towns, villages and kibbutzim. We raised a new generation -- a proud and creative Jewish generation -- and turned our arch-enemies' prophecy of our inescapable doom into naught. We are alive! We are here!

We built anew our existence in the world. Jewish people enriched human history, human culture, world science. We also reestablished our political independence after two thousand years of exile. The new state of Israel, which became the pride and treasure of the Jewish people all over the world. But we are still at the beginning of our work.

We erected many monuments in Israel and established many institutions for the study of Jewish resistance. We erected the first museum of the Holocaust in the world -- the Ghetto Fighters' House in *Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot*, where I come from, where our children will learn of the Holocaust and the struggle of the Jewish people prior to the establishment of the Jewish state of Israel.

I am a mother of three sons -- all of them officers in *Zahal* -- the Israel Defence Forces. It is not easy to be a mother in Israel, a mother of Jewish soldiers. Not a day passes without someone being shot. But our sons stand guard and defend our land.

We continue to build our land and to fight our enemies at the same time. Our enemies cannot yet tolerate nor accept our existence. But we shall overcome them. We survived as a nation from the onslaught of the Holocaust, and we shall outlast all our present enemies.

Jews of America and of the world -- be with us. Help us to build and defend our state -- the land of our eternal dream -- the only little spot on earth which is forever ours -- forever Jewish.

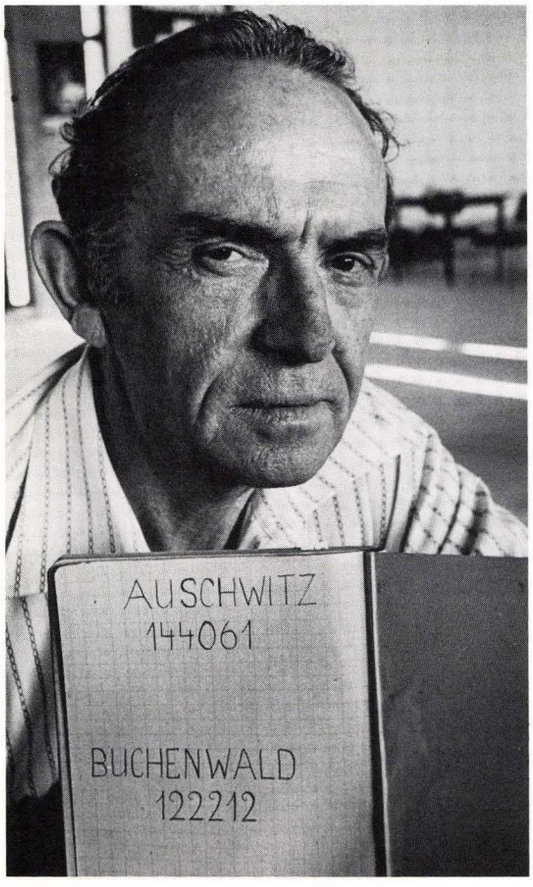
Shalom ve'l-hitraot be'arzenu.

Sarah Nahmit Shner











A Survivor from Miami is interviewed.
The crowd listens attentively to a seminar.
Chaim Lekowicz, an Israeli survivor.

SURVIVORS SPEAK

David Chase

"America which gave us a home when we had none. America which embraced us when we felt rejected; America which gave us a feeling of belonging when we were stateless. We are here today to say, "Thank you, America" for your kindness, for your love, and for your understanding."

I stand in front of you today in fulfillment of a silent promise given to two condemned men who were my fellow inmates at Auschwitz in the spring of 1944. They were condemned to die for attempting to escape from the camp. As an example, the S.S. guards assembled all of the remaining inmates to witness the hanging of the two young Jewish boys. Their crime was their desire to survive. Their misfortune was that they were born Jews. Moments before the executioner removed the bench on which they stood with their last breath, they screamed out to us; "Don't let this day be forgotten. Never forget this inhumanity." I don't believe that I ever knew their names, and I don't even remember their faces, but their dying wish is a mandate I shall never forget.

As Jews we believe that everything is *bashert*, fated, both good and bad. As Jews, we are taught *gam zu l'tova*: everything happens for the best. That was a most difficult premise for me to accept at the age of fifteen when I learned that my mother and 6-year-old sister were no longer alive; that little flower cut down before she had a chance to bloom and that wonderful woman who used to take her children on Friday afternoons to the poor section of town to give food, clothing, and money to the sick and the poor. How could I accept this philosophy? How could it be *bashert* for Jews with pure souls to perish in the gas chambers?

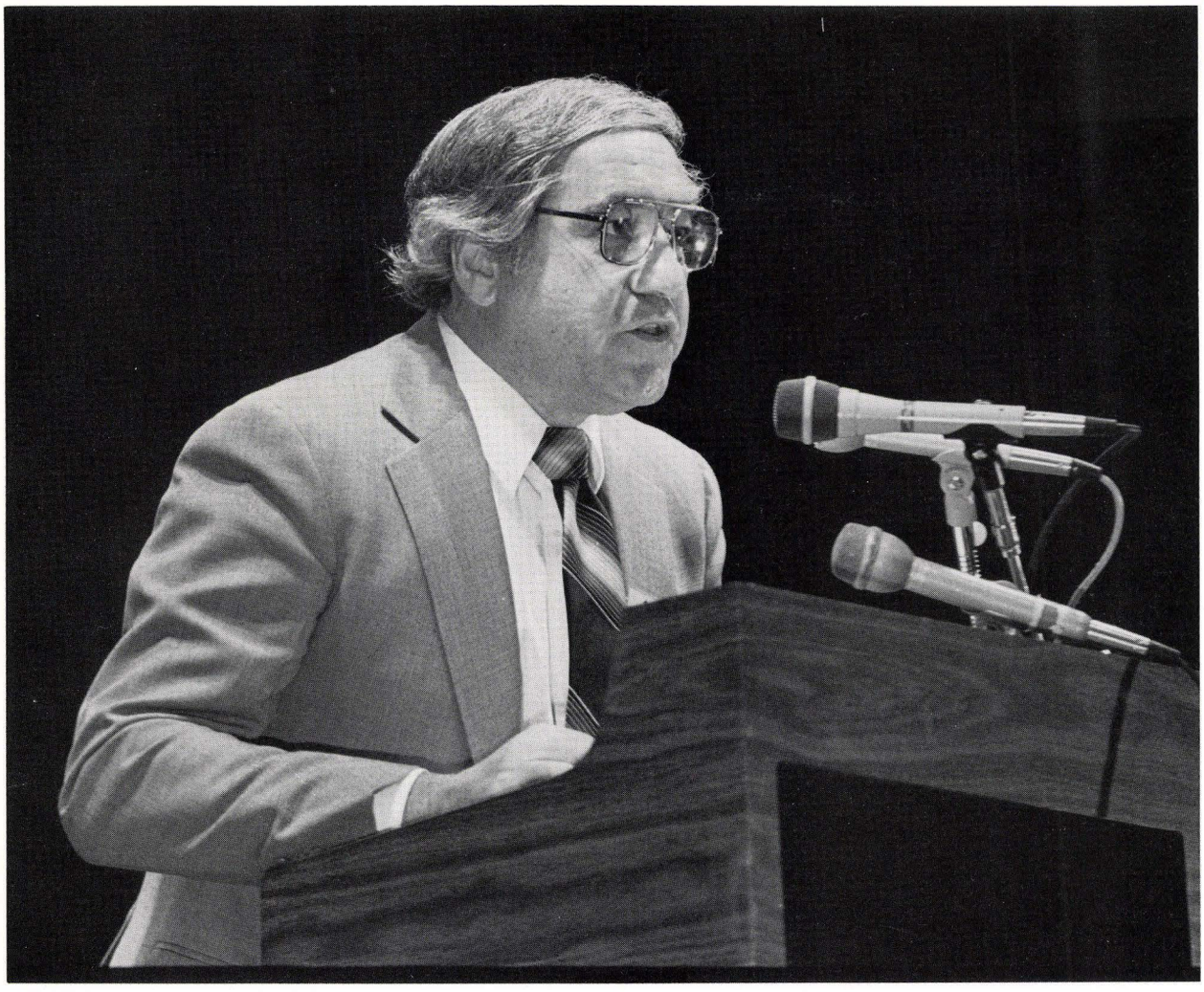
I have agreed not to question the will of the Almighty! And for the past 18 years I have been most fortunate to have been involved with the Lubavitch Movement. I have had the privilege to know our great Rebbe, the spiritual leader of the Lubavitch Movement, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, whose philosophies and teachings of kindness, goodness, and unquestionable belief in God helped me to find peace within myself.

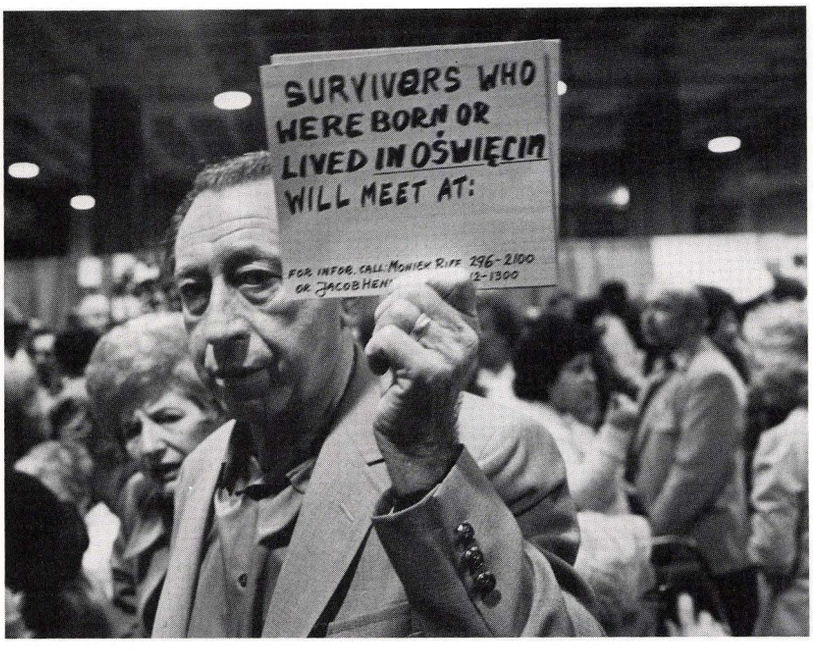
Today we are in Washington, the capital of our beloved country. We are here today to pay homage and express our deep gratitude to America. America which gave us a home when we had none. America which embraced us when we felt rejected; America which gave us a feeling of belonging when we were stateless. We are here today to say, "Thank you, America" for your kindness, for your love, and for your understanding. Thank you for your trust and confidence in us. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to become proud Americans. Today we are here to tell you, America, that you indeed can be proud of your adopted children -- the Holocaust survivors.

Today, my friends, if you check statistics you will find that there are more doctors, lawyers, business leaders and professional people per capita in this group among you, your children and grandchildren, than any other group. More hospitals, schools, and houses of worship -- Jewish and non-Jewish -- are being funded and supported by survivors. Today, my friends, we can proudly say to the world, "No longer do we need your sympathy for our sufferings." We proudly ask, "give us credit for our achievements and contributions to society." The initials "D.P." which identified us as displaced persons years ago have taken on a new meaning. Today the letters "D.P." identify us as Delayed Pilgrims. Today, my brothers and sisters, we can walk with our heads high. Today, my friends, we are proud to be Americans.

But what about tomorrow? Can we become complacent or indifferent to the injustice which takes place in this world? Can we limit our concern to ourselves only? As good Americans and as Jews true to our heritage, we acknowledge our responsibility to our fellow man and acclaim that indeed all men are the children of God and all have been created equal with liberty and justice for all our future generations; that no other Holocaust can ever occur.

With a single voice we must help to fulfill the mandates and rights which our forefathers forged in blood in our Bill of Rights. United, with a single voice of justice and in pursuit of equality, we can and will make this world a better place to live. With the help of God, remembering the past, grateful for today, and securing tomorrow, we can say with pride to future generations: "We have done our share; now it is up to you."







David Chase (top)
Fred Diament. (bottom right)
Moniek Riff, a survivor of Buchenwald and a native of Oswiecim.
Oswiecim is the Polish name for Auschwitz, a town with a large pre-war Jewish population but one kilometer away from the infamous death camp.

DEFYING ANTI-SEMITISM

Solomon Zynstein
President, American Federation of Ghetto Fighters and Camp Inmates

"After the liberation, I was afraid to return to my hometown Lublin, because I was afraid that my neighbors might kill me, simply because I managed and dared to survive."

I am indeed thankful to my destiny to be chosen to conduct the symposium on anti-Semitism, the eternal scourge, which plagues us and the world since Jews appeared on the pages of history. The representatives of important organizations have tried to analyze and to "explain" in academic and scientific terms the origins and reasons and motives of anti-Semitism. They have supplied statistics, historical and demographic analyses.

I do not doubt the veracity and academic value of these dissertations. But as a survivor of the Holocaust, as a fugitive from Hell, I can not deal with this bestial phenomenon called anti-Semitism with cold conceptions. This gathering in Washington came as a result and tragic consequence of what anti-Semitism in its most drastic and final form almost accomplished, namely the complete destruction and annihilation of the Jewish people all over the world.

Would you like to know what anti-Semitism has meant for me?

After the liberation, I was afraid to return to my hometown Lublin, because I was afraid that my neighbors might kill me, simply because I managed and dared to survive. When the Warsaw Ghetto was engulfed in flames and Polish boys and girls on the other side of the Ghetto walls were going round and round on a carousel as their mothers and fathers watched joyously and laughingly the macabre spectacle of burning Jews inside the Ghetto walls -- that is anti-Semitism for me.

When thousands of Jewish villages and towns all over Europe were destroyed and millions of Jews were uprooted, tortured, murdered, and buried alive and no one in the whole world gave a damn, this is global anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism is as old as the Jewish people. When our patriarch Abraham, the first Jew of history, broke the idols of his father and proclaimed the belief in one God, all his neighbors deserted him and scorned him and forced him to leave his home. They disliked Abraham because he dared to be different, to desire something higher and nobler in life.

Then and there anti-Semitism was born.

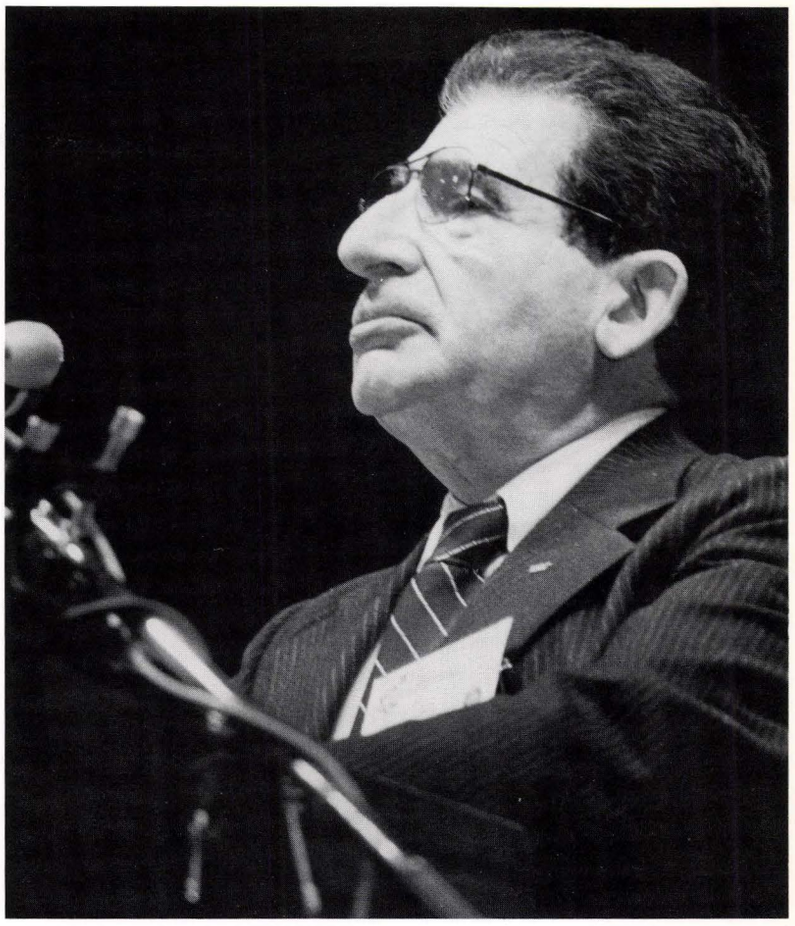
When Moses brought down the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai, only the Jewish people acepted them as the moral code. All other peoples rejected them and revolted against them. And when, to the chagrin of the world, an archmurderer and human devil became the ruler of the teutonic nation of Germany, it became obvious that this murderous nation could not and would not tolerate a people who gave the world the highest principles of morality and ethics. Unfortunately for the whole world and tragically for the Jewish people, the Satan almost succeeded. Were it not for the sacrifice of untold millions of the Allied soldiers who fought, Hitler would have triumphed.

Let us from this historic tribune in the heart of America, remind the world that throughout history all oppressors and foes of the Jewish people have vanished but the Jewish people, endure. We have lived to see and cherish the rebirth of our beloved State of Israel. Let us from this tribune declare our utmost contempt of anti-Semitism and all forms of denial of human rights to anyone.

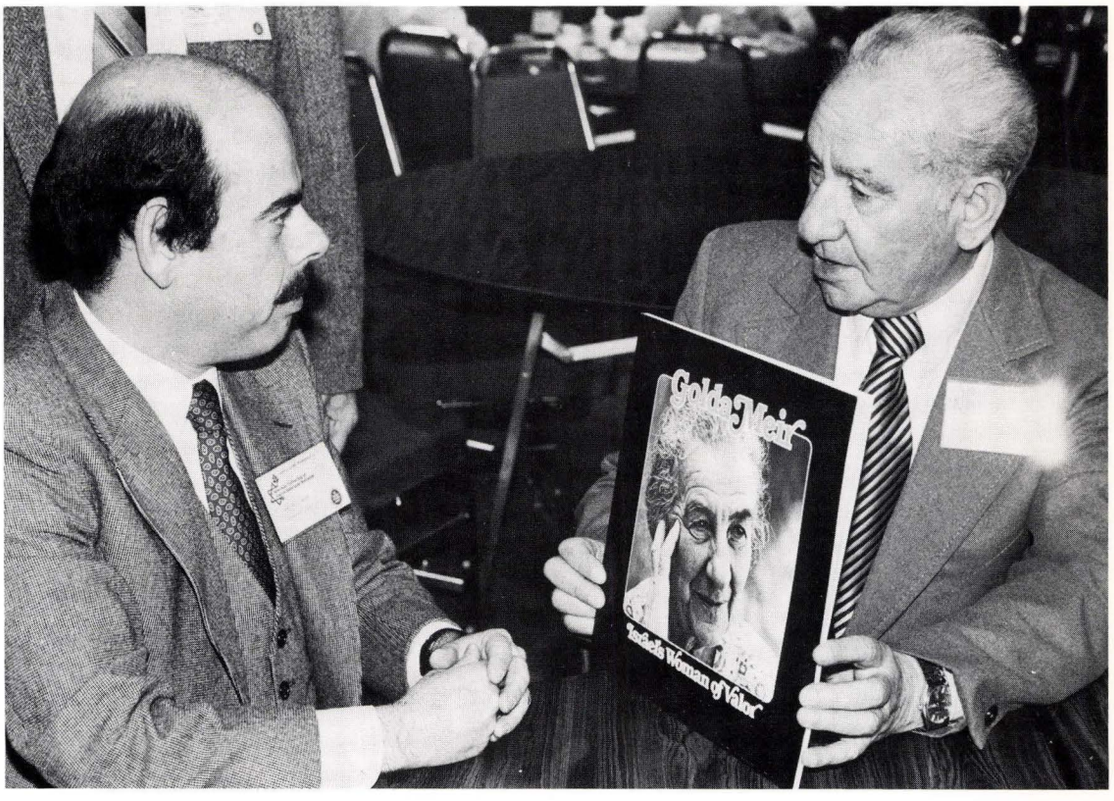
Let us also pledge our allegiance to the United States of American and express our eternal love and devotion to the State of Israel.



Solomon Zynstein



Sol Goldstein



Representative Henry Waxman
with Irving Peters.

Our Lasting Struggle

Irving Peters
Vice President, American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"Our free spirit was the forerunner for new ideas that changed the world."

We are at the threshold of a new chapter in the history of the American Jewish community. We, the remnant of our great national tragedy, followed our conscience and mobilized in mass to support of our just cause.

The World Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors in Israel changed our lives. The forces of rebellion laying dormant for so long within us awakened against a world of indifference. Our long lasting struggle for a world without prejudice will be strengthened by this newly formed political force.

During the dark years of the middle ages in Europe, a social order was established that needed our blood in order to survive. The anti-Jewish laws that led for centuries to riots and isolation on the European continent reached its culmination during World War II.

In our generation, a discredited Nazi philosophy has become the main source of racial hatred aimed at the very existence of our people. The Nazi inspired campaign to falsify the history of the Holocaust poses a serious threat to humanity. The right of future generations to know the unparalled crimes committed by Nazi German is endangered.

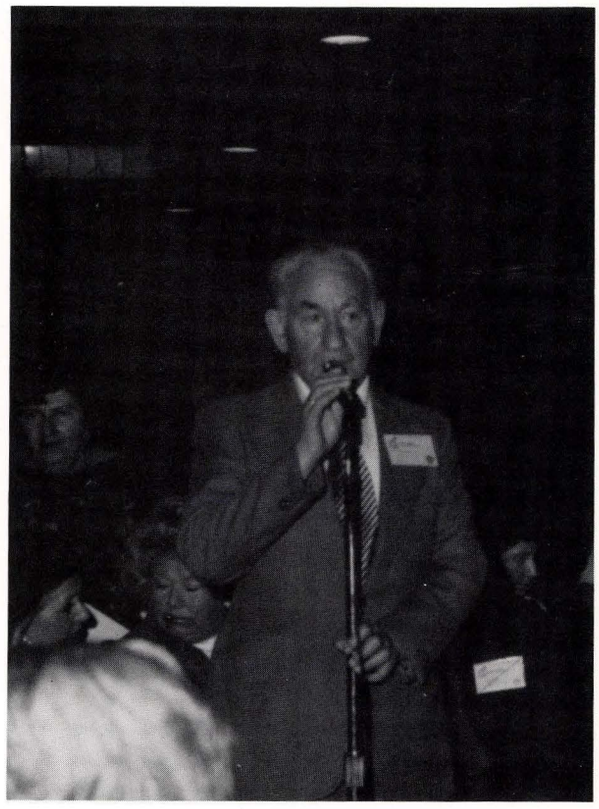
Today we will assume our national obligations and accept our destiny to lead our nation against the forces of destruction and darkness.

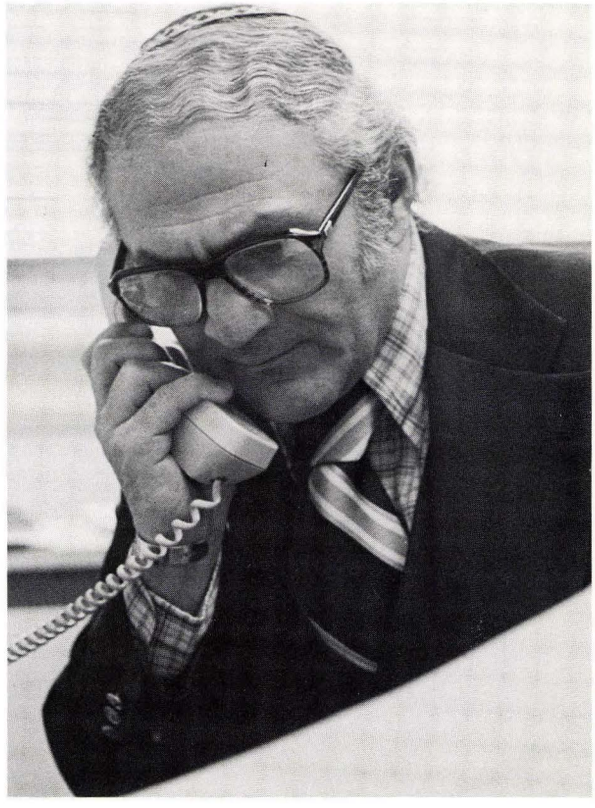
This first national gathering of Nazi victims in the capital of the United States must be looked upon as a giant demonstration of unity in support of our freedom and the security of Israel.

It is from here that we will inspire future generations to remember the heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising who saved our national honor by offering their lives in defense of our people.

During the long history of our martyrdom, we never caved in to the forces of evil. Our free spirit was the forerunner for new ideas that changed the world.

It is from the capital of freedom's fortress that we call upon men and women of goodwill to join our noble crusade for brotherhood and justice for all.





Abraham J. Bayer

"We Must Evict The Killers Who Live Among Us!"

Abraham J. Bayer
Director, International Commission
National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council

Ever since the conclusion of the Second World War in Europe, unsettling rumors continued to surface that many Nazi war criminals, and their Eastern European collaborators, were living in freedom in the United States. It was incredible to believe that those who led the Nazi death machinery were now amongst us. Over the years, the whispers and rumors were shown to be facts as the allegations were proven correct. They were considered law abiding and "good neighbors," and they had assumed new lives in the suburbs of Florida and Connecticut; and many were, and are living, even in New York City with its large population of Jewish Holocaust survivors. They had become Christian clerics, doctors, engineers, and worked in factories, with few realizing their bloody past. These included "desk murderers," who had no contact with their victims, doctors who performed medical experiments on Jews, and death-camp guards who killed thousands daily.

When activists drew public attention to these criminals living among us and to their crimes, they were viewed as extremists. When their cases were brought up within the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, their prosecution for extradition and deportation languished for years in the bureaucracy.

However, in 1974 this issue surfaced in dramatic form when survivors and American-born activists, including non-Jews, combined with Congressional leaders to raise these cases to the Justice Department and in the media, demanding that special efforts be made to beef up investigations and prosecutions. Mainly through the efforts of two former members of Congress, Elizabeth Holtzman of New York and Joshua Eilberg of Pennsylvania, authorities in the federal machinery began to move in consonance with the organized Jewish community in pressing the appropriate officials to develop a special unit in the Justice Department, separate from the bureaucracy of the Immigration and Naturalization Service where dossiers on Nazis languished for decades.

In addition to the lack of public interest, as well as disinterested government officials, the problem centered mainly on the fact that most of these war criminals were born in Eastern European countries which did not have extradition treaties with the United States, as opposed to Germany, which did. These people had lied upon entry about their Nazi background and involvement in war crimes and acts of genocide. In too many instances, it was discovered that, incredibly, they had been assisted by various American intelligence agencies in escaping Europe and coming to the United States because their skills and information were sought at the beginning of the "Cold War" in the late 40's. The United States must never permit such a travesty again.

In our efforts to uncover the truth, we in the organized Jewish community have found, sadly, a lack of cooperation from various departments and officials in the United States government.

Additionally, our problem was with the construction of the law. War criminals of the Nazi type could not be prosecuted in the United States for crimes they had committed in Europe 30 years ago or more. They could be prevented from entering the country if their background was known, but once in the country, they could only be extradited, denaturalized, or deported, and the procedure for these evictions could take as long as five to seven years if all the appeals were utilized. Time was not on our side. Just the task of finding witnesses after all that time, let alone preparing litigation, was mind-boggling.

But finally, a special unit was established and the Office of Special Investigations was put within the Justice Department and given adequate budget and staff. Prosecutions began to move forward and several of these monsters have been successfully denaturalized and deported. There is an enormous backlog of cases remaining, but finally, the bureaucracy is moving, and the looks of feigned innocence have been wiped from officials' faces; and the activists, many of whom are present at this gathering, have had their stubborn efforts justified. When the final story is told, along with the former members of Congress already mentioned, tribute should be paid to all of those who have refused to give up in pursuing this issue.

Now, we must change the law to finish the task properly. The very law which brought refugees to the United States conspires to assist, albeit inadvertently, these mass murderers in also existing in this country. This must be changed.

And even if it is proven that one of these criminals has lied and has his citizenship revoked and is ordered deported, a country must be found which will accept this criminal. This must be changed.

We cannot try these people in the U.S. for the crimes they committed elsewhere, even though these crimes generally fit under those described by the Nuremburg trials, which the U.S. was party to. There must be a way of changing this.

The U.S. has not ratified the Genocide Treaty. 86 countries have signed this historic document in the last 30 years. The Genocide Treaty has constantly been stalled in the U.S. Senate during all that time. Something must be done to assure that this will also change.

It is to this task that we in the Jewish community are committed — for as long as it takes justice to be done, until the last murderer is rooted out from this country.

THE PURSUIT OF JUSTICE

Norbert Wollheim
Treasurer, American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"Yet I continue to believe that moral restitution is no less important -- indeed, it is more important -- than monetary restitution."

The question we will be dealing with here today is how did the institutions of criminal justice make the war criminals pay for their crimes. When the facts about the Holocaust somehow made their way out of Germany and Eastern Europe, solemn statements were made in the houses of government both in the United States and Great Britain. A protocol was signed in London in which the Allies agreed that they would set up procedures to bring to justice all those who were known already as war criminals or who would be discovered following investigations as participants in the extermination of Jews, Gypsies, and Poles, etc.

Our question is simple. Did the Allies live up to these solemn commitments made during the war? I am not an expert. My experience is different. I testified at four trials dealing with war crimes. I was a witness in the Nuremberg trial against I. G. Farben which was found responsible for the slave labor. I was also a witness before three German courts, in cases dealing with war criminals. Permit me to share with you some of my experiences and outline the questions and problems, the difficulties and disappointments, with the system of justice dealing with these war criminals.

When I came to Nuremberg in 1947, one of the men mainly responsible for the operation in Auschwitz-Buna was Dr. Duerfeld, director of the Buna factory. The American court found him guilty, and he was sentenced, yet he spent a very short time in jail. Clemency was soon extended, and he was released. I understand from later reports that he returned to an executive position within the chemical industry. Others who had been sent to jail were also released, and one of them constantly travels to the United States on business.

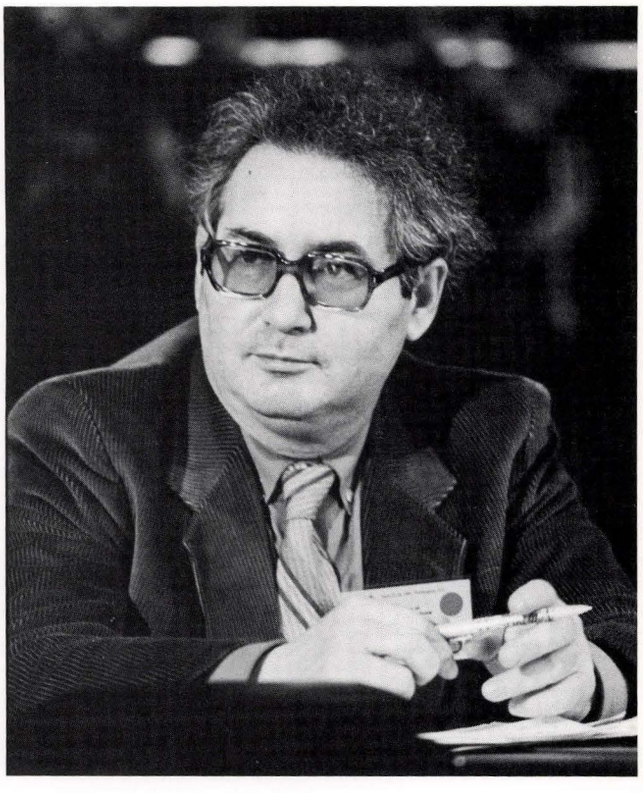
I was also a witness in Hamburg before the court that had accused a man of intellectually instigating the mass murder of Jews. The judge in this case was a man who had served Hitler, and after many days of investigations and careful court procedures the accused was released because the judge held that an intellectual instigator cannot be penalized under German law. When this sentence was appealed, I was asked to appear again as a witness. I told the court that I did not believe in this kind of justice. I refused to testify again.

The third experience I had before a German court again dealt with a man from Buna. This murderer had killed before our eyes those people who were too weak to go on with the transport from Auschwitz to the interior of Germany in January, 1945. The judge in this case was a man who had been a political persecutee. He was a very mild judge. There I experienced, for the first time, the problem of over-objectivity on the part of German judges. My last experience was in the so-called second Auschwitz trial in Frankfurt. There a man was accused of having participated actively in the selection of people for the gas chamber in Buna. I was told that the judge in this case had served as a pilot in the legion Condor, the military group that had destroyed Guernica during the Spanish Civil War in 1936. After I had testified, the judge asked me a question for which I was not prepared. "Isn't there something nice here to say about the accused?" For a moment I was stunned, but then I answered him in German. I gave him an answer that he obviously didn't like because I told him about "goodness" in Auschwitz, especially the "goodness" among all those who kept the murder machinery going. Later the court found me an unfriendly witness. From that time forward I refused to go to Germany as a witness. These experiences shattered my hope that German courts could be resolute and competent to execute their duty.

Yet I continue to believe that moral restitution is no less important -- indeed, it is more important -- than monetary restitution.

Norbert Wollheim.





Serge Klarsfeld

JUSTICE IN FRANCE

Serge Klarsfeld

"I have founded 'The Sons and Daughters of Jews Deported from France'. I mobilized the French Jewish community. For the first time, thousands of Jews came from France to Germany to attend the hearings at the trial of Nazi criminals. On one day, January 29, 1980, I led fifteen hundred Jews on a march in the streets of Cologne."

I just want to give you some information concerning the special judicial conditions under which we have fought to bring to justice the most important Nazi German criminals who operated in France and some of their high French accomplices.

After the war a few of these Nazi criminals were arrested and tried in France by military tribunals. These criminals had ordered or at least agreed to deportations, torture, and mass killings. The two last war criminals who were in jail in France were released in 1962, just before the treaty of friendship between France and Germany was signed by Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer in 1963.

But the great majority of these Nazi criminals were never arrested by French authorities. They were either hidden under false names in non-French zones in Germany or, as in the case of Klaus Barbie, they moved to the United States or British zones where the French could not obtain their extradition.

Meanwhile, between 1945 and 1955, more than a thousand missing criminals were tried in absentia by French military tribunals.

France has a 20-year statute of limitations for criminals. However, because of the uniqueness of the crime and the prevailing sense that unknown criminals might be disclosed after the statute of limitations had expired, on December 26, 1964 the French Parliament unanimously passed a law stipulating that there is no statute of limitation for a special category of crimes: crimes against humanity. The crimes were defined in a manner identical to the definition given by the Carta of the International Military Tribunal of August 1945 -- the Nuremberg tribunal.

After the passage of that legislation French military justice divided the thousands of cases of German war criminals in two categories; the most numerically important one consisted of criminals who perpetrated "only" war crimes. For them the statue of limitations would be 20 years after they were sentenced in absentia. The second category applied to 70 individuals whose crimes were classified as crimes against humanity. In general these men were top leaders of the Nazi police in France and their crimes almost always involved the final solution of the Jewish question.

During the following years, there were no new judgments, not one German criminal was arrested on French territory and no action was opened against Frenchmen for such crimes.

But in 1971, my wife and I started our campaign against the impunity of the most important of these German criminals who deported 76,000 Jews from France. Our campaign in Germany also had effects in France because in 1971-72 my wife discovered, and revealed that Klaus Barbie, one of the best known of these criminals, was in Peru and Bolivia. When the French demand for extradition reached La Paz in January 1972, there was no legal problem because only 18 years had elapsed since Barbie's 1954 trial in absentia in Lyon.

Yet the French demand was rejected by the Bolivian Supreme Court in 1973. In 1981, I pressured the French authorities to take new steps in the Barbie case. They first had to end the very dangerous legal situation; the fact was that Barbie's period of legal jeopardy had expired in France. He could return a free man to Lyon. In 1974, twenty years after his trial in absentia, Barbie was technically a free man. He could not be tried again for the same crime for which the statute of limitations had expired. So we had to find new facts, crimes belonging to the category of "crimes against humanity" in order to bring him to trial.

Following our advice, a new judiciary action was opened against Barbie in Lyon in 1982. We found new cases, the most important being his arrest for deportation of 43 Jewish children on April 6, 1944. A new warrant for Barbie's arrest was issued and he was indicted for crimes against humanity in November 1982. When a new political regime emerged in Bolivia, I developed a plan to return Barbie to France.

Next year Barbie will be tried in Lyon where I will represent most of the Jewish families especially those of the 43 children from Izieu.

There is a similar case of Alis Brunner, who was Eichmann's chief aid and deported Jews from Austria, Germany, Salonika, France, and Slovakia. We discovered him in Damascus where I traveled in June 1982 to the great discontent of Syrian authorities who expelled me. We are working hard on that case and soon a German demand for extradition will arrrive in Syria.

The 1964 law gave us also the possibility four years ago to obtain to the first indictment of a Frenchman for crimes against humanity. The man is Jean Lequay, who represented the Vichy chief of police, Rene Bousquet during the war in the occupied areas. In his position Lequay

negotiated with the Germans for the arrest of Jews and he organized with the Gestapo the mass arrests of thousands of Jews in 1942. A powerful businessman, Lequay was indicted anyhow in 1979 after we produced many documents depicting his anti-Jewish activity. He protested that the 1964 law could not be applied for facts which took place before 1964 and led a strong judicial campaign.

The case was twice submitted to the Supreme French Court, *la Cour de Cassation*, and twice the verdict was that crimes against humanity before 1964 can be judged. Now, thanks to the Lequay verdict, the road is open for the first trial of a man in France for crimes against humanity. It will be either Barbie, or Lequay, or perhaps even Maurice Papon (Giscard d'Estaing's former budget minister who was indicted last year after I accused him of turning over Jewish children to the Nazis for deportation when he was General Secretary of the Regional Prefecture in Bordeaux during the war.) I will also probably ask for an indictment of Rene Bousquet, who after the war became the head of le Banque d' Indochine, on the basis of facts that I recently discovered. Perhaps we will succeed in obtaining the combined trial of Lequay, Bousquet and Papon, a trial which would be *the* trial of the anti-Jewish activity of the Vichy policy.

I told you at the start of my speech that most of the Nazi criminals who operated in France were not discovered by the French authorities; they lived mostly hidden until 1954. At that time, a French legal error created a new and absurd situation, which insured total impunity. Why? Because the French did not want to have former Nazi judges trying these criminals indulgently. Thus, by a special agreement in October 1954, the French prohibited Germany from judging those cases still open in France. But they forgot that as an occupying power, they had approved the German Fundamental Law -- in fact its constitution -- in which it is stipulated (article 16) that Germany does not extradite German nationals. So, when some of these criminals appeared after 1954 and when France requested their extradition, the request was denied by Germany because of the article 16 of the Fundamental Law. When the French asked the Germans to judge these criminals themselves, the Germans replied that they have no right to judge them, because these criminals had already been tried in absentia in France. Their cases are still open in France and the special agreement of October 1954 prevents German jurisdiction in these cases.

Thus, between 1954 and 1971, that special category of criminals remained totally unpunished while France was unsuccessfully asking Germany to sign a new agreement giving back to the German justice its jurisdiction in such cases. Finally Willy Brandt signed the agreement on February 2, 1971. But the German Parliament did not want to ratify that treaty. Therefore my wife and I started a long campaign to press for ratification. We sought to focus public opinion on the scandalous impunity of such criminals as Kurt Lischka and Hebert Hagen. We never ceased our activities until the criminals were brought to justice even when we had to act illegally and deliberately expose ourselves to arrest. Thus the representatives of the victims of the final solution were put on trial whereas those really guilty remained free. By this means, after four years we forced the German Parliament to ratify the agreement and vote the law permitting the trial of the criminals.

Then we had four more years of struggle in order to ensure that German justice would perform its duty. Finally the trial of Lischka, Hagen and Heinrichsohn took place in Cologne. Under our pressure and with the help of the voluminous documentary evidence that we gathered, it was an exemplary trial -- the most outstanding one of all held in Germany. With the help of activists in the association I have founded "The Sons and Daughters of Jews Deported from France" I mobilized the French Jewish community. For the first time, thousands of Jews came from France to Germany to attend the hearings at the trial of Nazi criminals. On one day, January 29, 1980, I led fifteen hundred Jews on a march in the streets of Cologne. At the end of the thirty-five hearings, where I represented hundreds of Jewish families as their lawyer, the criminals were given harsh prison terms and incarcerated.

We acted in the same manner during the six-month trial in Kiel of Kirt Asche, the head of the anti-Jewish section of the Gestapo in Belgium. His former chief, Ernst Ehlers, head of the Nazi police in Belgium, committed suicide upon learning that his trial in Kiel was inevitable.

In conclusion, you can see that we succeeded forcing both France and Germany to renew trials and bring to judgment the anti-Jewish criminals who operated in France. It was due to a persistent work and a permanent and total involvement.

" In conclusion, you can see that we succeeded forcing both France and Germany to renew trials and bring to judgment the anti-Jewish criminals who operated in France. It was due to a persistent work and a permanent and total involvement."

RIGHTEOUS GENTILES: MORAL GIANTS, TOO FEW IN NUMBER

Alexander Donat
Chairman, Holocaust Publications Inc.

"The righteous — like the killers — were people of all classes and all walks of life; professors and peasants, working men and women and people of the middle class. Some did it for money, some did it for idealistic reasons, and some did it for religious or patriotic reasons. There is no pattern that can be generalized.

Yet, with all due admiration for each one of these cases, you know how little it was compared to our needs, compared to the possibilities."

We have spoken much in the past about the righteous people of the world, yet they were only the tip of an enormous iceberg. The more prevalent and painful phenomena was indifference, bigotry, and prejudice. The righteous gentiles were few in numbers, yet they were not insignificant.

At Yad Vashem there are 3500 righteous gentiles registered in the Avenue of the Righteous. Perhaps the actual figure is a little higher because not everybody was able to register. Some died in the meantime, and some of the saved Jews didn't live to tell the story of their saviors, but the official figure is only 3500. Among them there are about 700 Polish names, some twenty percent, yet Poland was the country where half of the six million victims found their deaths.

We have many questions to ask. Was it the duty, the obligation, of a gentile, a Christian, to save Jews, or was it just a gesture of good will, a deed of charity? Why did they do it? What was the motivation? So far there are no answers to this question. Almost every story is different. The righteous -- like the killers -- were people of all classes and all walks of life; professors and peasants, working men and women and people of the middle class. Some did it for money, some did it for idealistic reasons, and some did it for religious or patriotic reasons. There is no pattern that can be generalized.

Yet, with all due admiration for each one of these cases, you know how little it was compared to our needs, compared to the possibilities. 3500 stories, including the 700 Polish stories, are inspiring and heartwarming. Each one could be a book. However,the inadequacy of this figure, considering the situation, is staggering.

Let me address the Polish situation directly. The Polish government and Polish organizations went out of their way to publish apologetic books about the help rendered by Poles to the Jews. It is true, many Poles, hundreds of them, maybe thousands of them, did stretch a helping hand. However, there is a tendency in Polish historiography to use these several hundred, or several thousand, to sustain an alibi for the whole nation. There are some people who claim that the Poles saved 300,000 Jews. And since, they say, to save a Jew in Poland took at least ten thousand people, three million Poles were involved in the rescue activities. Of course, this type of thinking is but a figment of the imagination, one of the many legends of the Holocaust.



Denmark saved 7,200 of its 8,000 Jews, a figure unmatched by the Poles. But how did the Poles arrive at the figure of 300,000? They took credit for 250,000 Jews who fled from Western and Central Poland to Soviet Russia in 1939, who refused to take Soviet passports, and who were deported by the Soviets to Siberia, Soviet Asia, and the Artic Circle. After the post-war repatriation pact between Poland and the Soviet Union, some 250,000 of these people came back to Poland.

The individual story of the righteous gentile is one of towering moral meaning. However, the endeavor to exaggerate the number of righteous gentiles masks the cowardice and capitulation of the multitude. The fact that so few could rise to the challenge, and demonstrate their solidarity with Jews, is but another indication of the depth of indifference and hatred.

"No Longer Silence To Oppression"

Jacqueline K. Levine
Chairperson, National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council

Liberation, freedom — words of unqualified power and meaning. With these words were the survivors freed from the depths of degradation, pain and confinement after years of imprisonment and torture. For these Jews imprisoned in the camps and ghettos, the daily abuse, humiliation, terror and dehumanization stopped. But who of us can imagine the actual moment of freedom and liberation experienced by you, the survivors?

Liberation must also have been terrible, for even though the pain stopped, you had to face the awful void in your lives. You were alone, you lost loved ones, families and friends.

And then came the questions:

Why was this done to us?
Why were people silent?
What kind of human beings could do such things?
Why were we betrayed by our neighbors?
Why didn't the Allies come sooner?
Where was the Church?
Where was the free Jewish community?

Surely, every survivor asked then, and even today, we all ask, "Why?"

I believe that it is only by a quirk of fate that *I* stand before *you* today, in this sacred hour of commemoration and remembrance. It was mere chance that my grandparents chose to leave Russia *before* the turn of the century, giving me the blessed opportunity to be born in freedom rather than having to experience the Holocaust, which so many Jews lived through. However, in that sense, I consider myself a survivor.

In the almost 40 years since the liberation, we have been blessed as no other Jewish community in 2,000 years — with the rebirth of Israel as a national Jewish State — and we have been part of the rebirth of the Jewish people, where most survivors found a home. In this blessed land of America, we have witnessed a renaissance for the many thousands of survivors who reached our shores to rebuild their lives and families. No longer will we remain silent in the face of threat to our brothers and sisters! No longer will we remain silent to oppression anywhere!

We meet here as an advocate — as a strong advocate — of Israel. We meet here as advocates of our Soviet Jewish brothers and sisters, and all oppressed Jews, everywhere. We meet here in vigilance on behalf of all the civil liberties we hold dear as Americans. Have we learned from the "Shoah" experience? I think we have. Do we recognize an imminent threat to Jewish life when it comes in different forms, in another country, in a different way, or here? I believe we do, and I believe it shows in our community priorities and in our victories.

We are proud of our own Abraham J. Bayer, Director of the NJCRAC International Commission, who is a part of your leadership. We had a share in assisting this day in coming about through our joint work in the communities. I am privileged and moved to be here with you at this incredible Gathering.



In Jewish tradition, we are obliged not only to remember, but also never to forget! The power of memory and the strength to act in never forgetting and averting repetition are two different skills within us. Each is necessary: to remember the souls of those who have departed, for their own merit, but never to forget so as to ensure that it doesn't happen again.

It is to these powerful forces in humankind that we dedicate ourselves today.



Jaqueline Levine.
Survivors display Liberation Day photo.

JUSTICE ANNIHILATES SILENCE

Elizabeth Holtzman, District Attorney
Kings County, Brooklyn, New York

"We cannot commemorate simply by remembering, even though never to forget must be our byword. We must answer the murders and annihilate silence by deeds of justice."

What prose, what poems, what photographs, what paintings, what music can begin to convey the suffering, the heroism of the six million? Who can explain the depravity, the horrible murderous deaths, produced by the Nazi evil? What memoirs, history, notes, or accounts can ever make us understand why the world stood by in silence?

I join with you in paying tribute to the six million and to the miracle of your survival. But we who come after the six million, we who come after the survivors, must find a way of commemorating not simply in words, even though we may find words to express our grief and loss. We cannot commemorate simply by remembering, even though never to forget must be our byword. We must answer the murders and annihilate silence by deeds of justice.

And what does justice require? It requires first the relentless struggle against anti-Semitism. Despite the pledge of the world to never let it happen again, the world has let it happen again; bombs explode in Paris, a young Jewish boy is killed in Rome, an Israeli ambassador is shot in London, the USSR persecutes its Jewish population, and the United Nations calls Zionism racism. We have neo-Nazis marching in Skokie, and there are even those who say the Holocaust never happened.

We insist on the right of Jewish survival, and we will make good on this pledge. Yet something more is required. Every Nazi murderer still at large must be brought to justice. We cannot allow a world silent then to remain silent now. A world that acquiesced in the murder of Jews then cannot permit the murderers to remain at liberty.

As a member of Congress, I was appalled to find that this country -- which gave freedom and sanctuary to my family, which gave a home to Holocaust survivors -- also gave sanctuary to Hitler's henchmen. Commandants of concentration camps in Estonia, concentration camp guards of Dachau and Treblinka and Auschwitz, the Interior Minister of Croatia (who signed the death warrants for thousands of Jews), an aide to Adolph Eichmann, police officials who tortured and killed Jews from the forests of Lithuania to the plains of Ukraine -- all of these people were given sanctuary. Almost none of these people changed their names. They were so certain that they had nothing to fear. But after much struggle and many painful years, the period of governmental inaction has ended. Our laws, which freely allowed Nazis to enter then, now bar them from our shores and clearly authorize their deportation. For the first time we now have a special unit in the Department of Justice which has one job alone, to track down and deport Nazi war criminals. More than twenty cases have been brought, and hundreds are under investigation.

I come here to tell you that this is not enough, that the process of deportation from America is excruciatingly slow. We must speed it up, and we must insist that Congress pass the requisite laws. But even this is not enough. Nazi murderers have found sanctuary in Canada, in Latin America. We must call on each of these countries to bring the Nazis who live there to justice, and we must call on the United States of America to use its influence with each of these countries to get them to act. And even this is not enough. We must insist that governments in West Germany, in France, in Holland and elsewhere throughout Europe take rigorous action against the Nazi murderers who are brought there. But even this is not enough.

The recent revelations about Klaus Barbie raise another point. U.S. authorities employed Klaus Barbie, the Gestapo head in Lyon, France, after World War II. They paid him money; they protected him from war crimes trials; they found him sanctuary in South America. Barbie wasn't the only Nazi murderer helped by American officials. The General Accounting Office found that United States government agencies, knowing of the charges, nonetheless hired more than twenty Nazi war criminals here in the U.S. Some Nazi war criminals were brought into this country by government officials.

Who was helped and why? How did this happen? I believe that we must find out why, we must expose the nature of our government's collaboration with Nazi murderers in order to expunge the record and make sure that it never recurs. And to do this we must have a special commission authorized by Congress and with full subpoena powers. After forty years we were prepared to reexamine what happened with respect to Japanese Americans. So now, after forty years, we must be prepared to examine what our government did with Hitler's henchmen. The final lesson is that we Jews must fight to make this country live up to its finest traditions. But in the end, we Jews are responsible for our own survival.









Elizabeth Holtzman. (top right)
A small sample of wedding rings collected in Auschwitz. (top left)
Four ambulances were presented to the people of Israel at the Gathering. Historical posters were displayed throughout the village.

CREATIVITY IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Jean Bloch Rosensaft
Coordinator of Public Programs, Jewish Museum of New York

"Despite their diversity of subjects and styles, all the works are linked by the common identity of the artists as survivors."

Art by Holocaust survivors is a unique form of creative self-expression. For these artists witnessed and experienced horrors that defy description and understanding. Their persecution and suffering as well as their miraculous survival and rebirth have given them a different perspective on the world and humanity.

For some, the possibility of clandestinely creating art during the war was a crucial form of spiritual resistance. While for others, their talent was a practical means for survival. Some were accomplished artists prior to the war -- students at prestigious art academies whose promising careers were shattered by the Holocaust and who could not afford the luxury of resuming their careers after the war -- with new families to support in the new land. Others, younger survivors only discovered their artistic abilities after liberation. For most survivor-artists making art became an important means of assimilating their traumatic past into their new lives.

Many survivor-artists continue to be motivated by the need to commemorate the millions of Jews who perished as well as to record pre-war Jewish life and culture which was uprooted. Others express the irrespressible spirit of rebirth -- of lives regenerated from the ashes of the Holocaust.

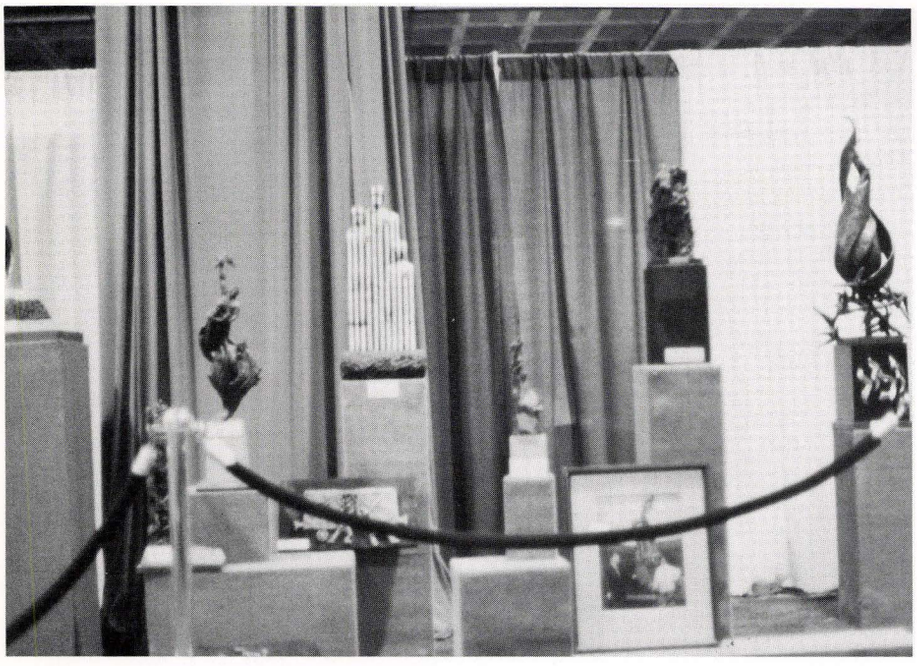
The nine artists in this exhibition represent a broad range of experiences undergone during the Holocaust. Their art runs the gamut from grim representations of life in the ghettos and concentration camps to colorful, abstacted images of pre-war shtetl and the affirmation of life. The diversity of mediums encompasses painting in oil, acrylic, or tempera works on paper in gouache or charcoal, monotype prints, and sculptures cast in bronze or carved from stones.

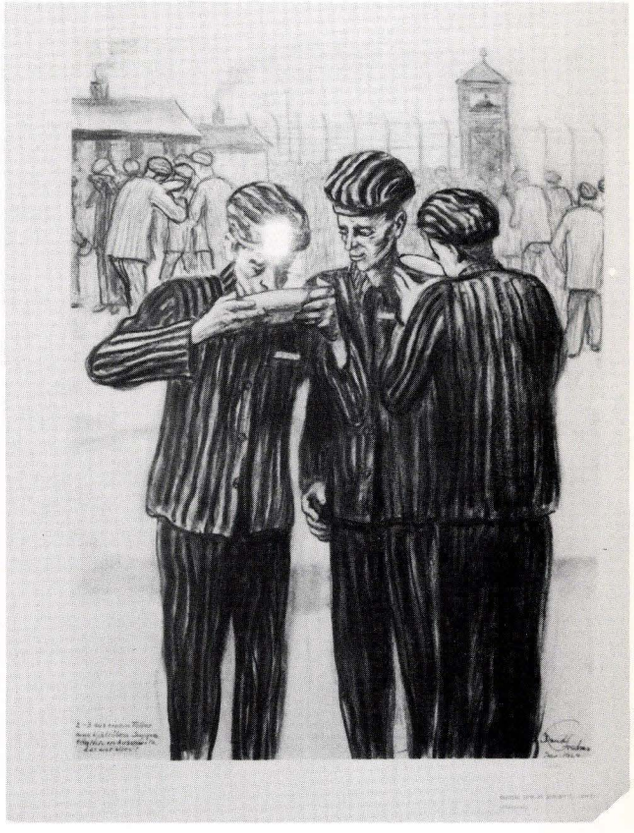
Despite their diversity of subjects and styles, all the works are linked by the common identity of the artists as survivors. Art by survivors bears the unique strength of the survivors themselves -- their extraordinary ability to transcend the tragic past and build new creative lives that will offer inspiration for generations to come.

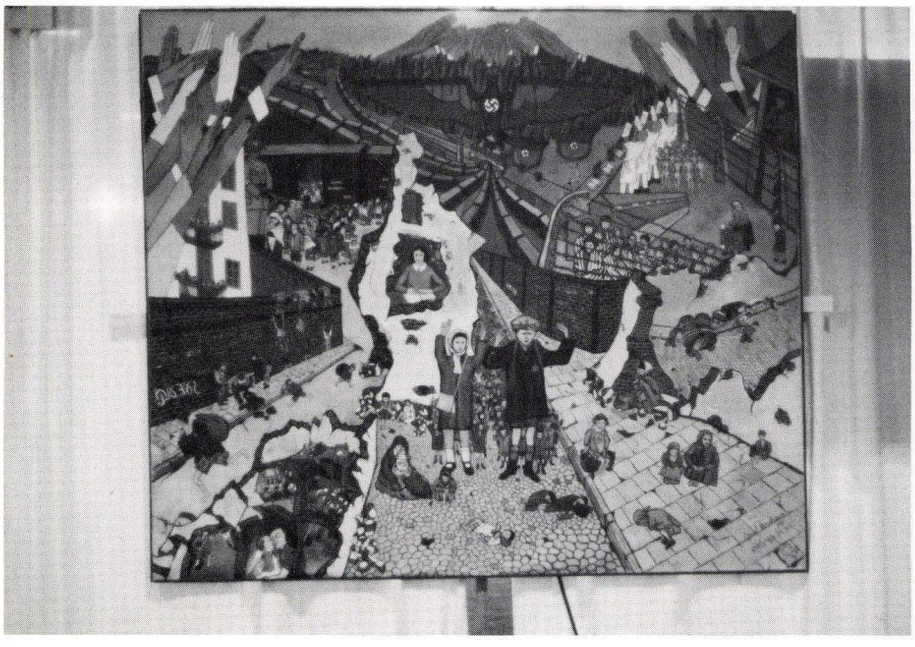












Janusz Korczak With His Orphans
By Luba Gurdus

From the Series "Because They Were Jews,"
by David Friedman

"The Jewish Children in Ghettos and Death Camps"
by Israel Bernbaum

Sculptures by Alfred Tibor.

A Sacred Tale

Rositta Ehrlich Kenigsberg
Vice-President, International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"Each word reminds us again and again that as long as there is someone to tell the story, there is life.

And as long as there is someone to listen — there is hope."

Howard Roiter, the author of *Voices of the Holocaust,* states "If we accept the basic idea that education is a preparation for life -- for real life -- then we owe something to our students and their students and generations of students to come. We must tell the untellable. We must attempt to make sure that what happened in World War II will not be forgotten. We like to teach what we can understand. But what we call "the Holocaust" cannot be understood.... And yet we must tell."

The testimony of those who survived the Holocaust is our greatest weapon to thwart inklings of genocide.

Yet sadly, survivors' testimonies are a steadily diminishing resource. Survivors are mortal, yet those who would deny the Holocaust are not even waiting for the last survivor to perish before they begin their revisionist campaign of lies and distortion. Truth is our ally in this struggle against genocide. So organizations have been founded throughout the country dedicated to taking oral history of the survivors as quickly as possible.

As chairperson of the Children of the Holocaust Survivors Group in Miami Florida, I work closely with the Southeastern Florida Holocaust Memorial Center, a center dedicated to remembrance. In the three years since the Holocaust Memorial Center began its oral history program, we have interviewed more than 190 survivors, liberators, and protectors. Hundreds more are on our waiting list to be interviewed. To date more than 45 people have completed the 50 hour training program and are now certified as interviewers for the center. We have advised many communities throughout the United States and Canada as to how to begin their own oral history projects.

There are many implications to collecting oral histories. For example, the enormous body of data collected through personal testimonies, records, books, and memorabilia enhance existing knowledge of the Holocaust.

Furthermore, as more and more institutions are established throughout North America, there is a concurrent need for increased documentation and research. Holocaust studies have been introduced into many public school systems and may soon be introduced into many more. Testimonies of survivors are an integral part of the curricula. Oral histories also provide valuable research tools for scholars and historians. And finally, the taped testimonies will serve as reminders for generations to



come of the horrors that occurred. And they will provide incontrovertible evidence of that era.

What of the future? We hope that all oral history programs, libraries and centers will coordinate their efforts, resources and materials so that Holocaust studies will be mandated in every public and private school curricula throughout the nation.

We have gathered here today the makings of a miracle. Almost every person here has a story to tell from the Holocaust. What is the real value of each story -- why should we record it and pass it on?

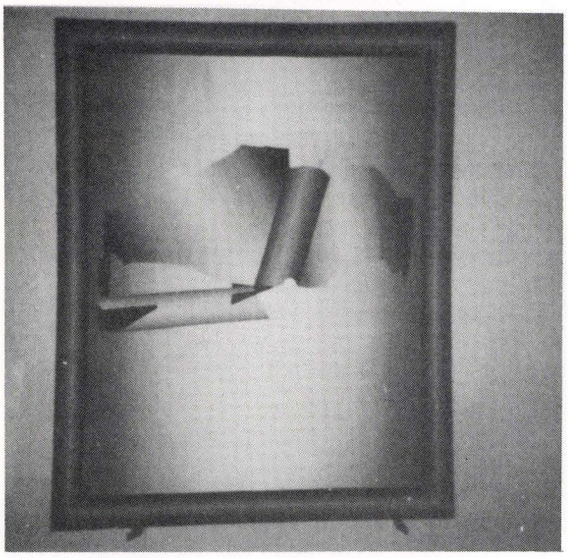
Because each life which has emerged from the absurdity -- each voice -- carries more than a remembrance of pain, dehumanization and horror. Each tale arises from an individual defined and marked for destruction. But most important, the voice exists -- the story will go on -- and each one embodies the glory of a people restored and of a people regaining its dignity.

Each word reminds us again and again that as long as there is someone to tell the story, there is life.

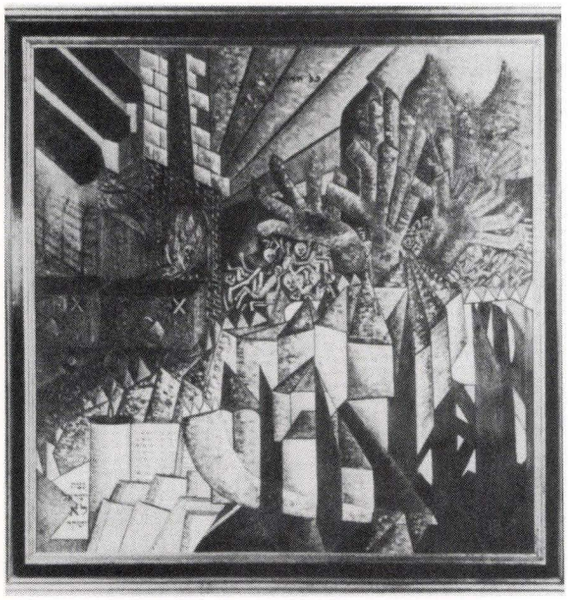
And as long as there is someone to listen -- there is hope.



Jeanette Binstock and her children.
Linda Fox with her grandaughter Shana Lourie.







At the Art Exhibition: Grey on Grey IV, by Ann Celnik.
Holocaust, by Ari Adler.

Other artists in the exhibition were
Ida Piller-Greenspan,
Izabella Tekulsky
and Helen Ciesla-Covensky.

There Are No Superheroes

Jeffrey Kent

"Each survivor who began again is not a hero but a testimony to the miracle of humanity."

Bertrand Russell the philosopher once wrote "I observe that a very large portion of the human race does not believe in God and suffers no visible punishment in consequence. And if there were a God, I think it very unlikely that he would have such an uneasy vanity as to be offended by those who doubt his existence. I think it is not Russell's contention to parry for or against the concept of God but rather he used religion here as a conduit in his fight against the disuse of the God given faculties of logic and reason; and that any person or philosophy that advocates a limit on thought, is suspect. This is not to say that he argues against faith, but rather, faith is the springboard which can propel one beyond the limit of mans' logic and reason. It is not fewer questions that yield a greater and stronger faith, but more questions.

To question does not mean that one is impious, but that one is human. Faith gives us the will and the courage to search for an answer; logic and reason give us the tools to find one.

Let us have enough faith in the world so as not to cause us to be afraid to look and ask — and to learn, for as I once wrote:

To question is not to doubt,
But without doubt, there are no questions.
With questions there is understanding.
With understanding and doubt, there is faith.
With faith without question and doubt,
There is no understanding,
Only hatred and death.

but the courage that comes from faith that allows us to look. . . . But how does one look at something like the Holocaust — for there is nothing like it.

World War Two brings to mind many whys.

Why did it happen, why to me, why should I remember, why must I remember, why don't I understand?
Why am I here today?
Why are we here today?

To show to the world, to prove to the world that we were not beaten into oblivion and we will not be silenced or forgotten.

But I have noticed of late the means overwhelming the goal:

The goal: To add a little bit to the meaning of life, to ourselves and to those lives that could have been.

The means: To make our presence known.

But how have we been making our presence known — the Holocaust has been depicted as a story of heros and victims — is this the way we want to portray ourselves?

All survivors have been through the inferno and none were left untouched. That which can not be seen, heard, felt, or done exists within each one. They are separate from us, the nonsurvivors. They are separate from life itself. They are special. Soon there will be no survivors, their generation will be gone and there will be no witnesses to tell the tale.

To do them justice is not to glorify them for their story is not one of glory. It is a story of the worst horrors of life — the dark side of man, the shadow. The story is not told to elicit pity, respect, or love; it is told because it happened and we must remember. Though we will never understand "why" or "how" we must know "when" and "what."

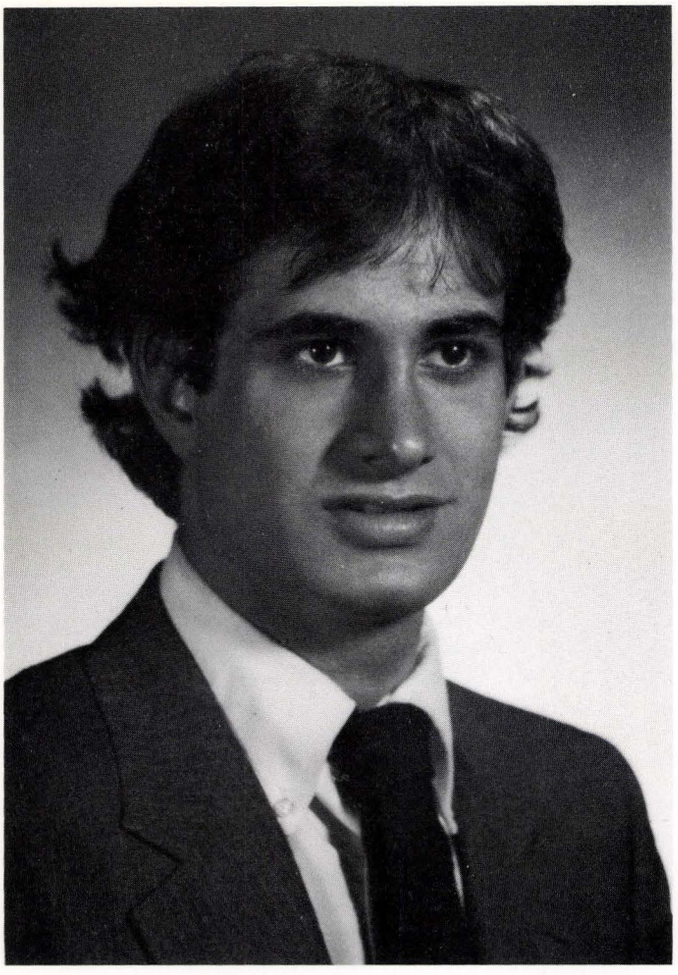
There are no super heroes in this story — only men women and children. Some maybe were more fortunate. Some maybe less. There is no one "ultimate survivor." Each and every one is an ultimate survivor. And each one has a tale that should be heard, not so that we will understand better, but so that we have more to remember,so less will be forgotten. There is no such thing as a "connoisseur of the Holocaust" for this would imply a knowledge and understanding of the "how" and "why" of life.

We must remember it is a story not of heroism, but of victimization: the worst, most complete and final form of victimization. Oh there were heroes in this story, great ones, as there were, are, and will be in every time period; and as usual the greatest heroes are probably the ones we know least about, if anything; but we should not even focus on those known heroes of the Holocaust, for we are not trying to build a world of heroes, but a world of decent human beings.

One must not compare tales for there are no winners only survivors and nonsurvivors, and they all lost, mankind lost. I do not know whether it is more painful for a six-year-old child to be beaten, raped, and tortured than for the mother to witness the horror. I only know that both happened, and each survivor who picked up the pieces of an extinct life, and who began again, is not a hero but a testimony to the miracle of man.

But remembering is not enough. Not without applying the remembering to the present. We cannot contradict it. We must maintain ourselves the tolerance we preach and so very much wish existed in 1939.

Only by being a good person can one be a good Jew and give reverence to the past that



Jeffrey Kent

was denied a present and future.

Let us by living, loving, giving and caring add to that void called the meaning of life; and by respecting, allow others to add to theirs.

Let us remember always and at all times.

Today may be the last time many of us see each other: but what happens when we leave? What do we leave behind and what do we take with us? If we are here only to meet each other and not to learn from each other, how superficial! How little if anything gained.

We are here both to remember and to remind the world and ourselves, what happens when prejudice reigns and people follow.

Let this be a meeting of life.

Let us teach tolerance and understanding not only to others, but to ourselves as well.

AMERICAN JEWISH CONGRESS
330 WEST 42nd STREET NEW YORK CITY

STEPHEN S. WISE, PRESIDENT
CARL SHERMAN, CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
NATHAN D. PERLMAN, LEO H. LOWITZ } VICE-PRESIDENTS
LOUIS LIPSKY, CHAIRMAN, GOVERNING COUNCIL
M. MALDWIN FERTIG, CHAIRMAN, ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEE
JACOB LEICHTMAN, TREASURER

CABLE ADDRESS 'CONGRESS'
TELEPHONE LONGACRE 5-2600

Office of Dr. Wise
40 West 68 Street,
September 2, 1942.

Hon. Sumner Welles
State Department
Washington, D. C.

My dear Secretary Welles,

I trust that you understand how loth I am to bring the following matter to your attention on the eve of your abundantly deserved holiday. But as you will see from the reading of the enclosure, my associates and I of the American and the World Jewish Congress have been reduced to consternation by this cable. May I say that it comes from Mr. Silverman, who is a member of the House of Commons, and Riegner, whom he quotes, is a representative of the World Jewish Congress at Geneva, who appears to have gotten this information directly from someone who knows within Nazi circles.

I have these suggestions to offer. One, that you be good enough to ask either our Ambassador at Berne, or our Consul General in Geneva, to talk to Dr. M. Riegner, whose address is 52 rue de Paquis, and learn from him whatever may be learned in substantiation of this appalling rumor. Dr. Riegner is a scholar of entire reliability, who would not have cabled through the Foreign Office to Silverman unless he believed the situation to be one of the gravest urgency. He is not an alarmist but a conservative and equable person, whose reports ordinarily are entirely trustworthy. Two, if through your inquiry we get further information, it may then become necessary for us to ask the Administration chiefly and your Department especially to take such action as may seem wisest.

If you are leaving almost immediately, would you be good enough to tell me with whom I am to deal after I shall have heard from you?

May I venture to suggest that you consider whether the matter is not of such immediate importance as to merit it being brought to the attention of the President himself.

Finally, may I expect a telephone call from you, through your Secretary, tomorrow morning before you leave. My telephone number is Trafalgar 7-4050.

I know you will help in every way you think wise.

Faithfully yours,
Stephen S. Wise
PRESIDENT

SSW:S

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
DIVISION OF EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

MEMORANDUM

September 3, 1942.

U - Mr. Wells

We suggest that in reply to Rabbi Wise you should inform him by telephone that the American Chargé d'Affaires in Vichy has been instructed to protest in most emphatic terms against this inhuman act of deporting from France refugees capable of performing labor in Germany. In the course of his remarks the American Chargé d'Affaires pointed out that those who had arrived since 1936 had in fact been granted asylum by the French Government which made the French present actions particularly inhuman. Much as we deplored the general situation, however, the American Chargé d'Affaires was instructed to press on behalf of those elements among the refugee population that have visas permitting them to go to foreign countries, as they should be in a category apart and their departure from France facilitated since a future was open to them and the French Government should give them every opportunity to make a new start in the New World. You may state that two points which have been stressed in unofficial reports from Europe which have never been confirmed are: first, that any definite number of refugees from France had been determined upon and secondly, that once refugees from any area of Europe have reached Germany they are to be "exterminated"; rather it is our understanding that they are to be put to labor on behalf of the German machine as is the case with Polish and Soviet and other prisoners-of-war who are now working for their daily sustenance in Germany.

You may wish to point out that by supplying this refugee labor from France Laval defends his position that he is thereby preventing the exportation of French citizens since he has no alternative open to him by the Germans other than the surrender of a certain number of "mains d'Oeuvre". Mr. Long has suggested today that we should send a further protest against this aid to the Axis which is inimical to

It is our belief that this should be limited if we want to be most effective to representations on behalf of those refugees that have visas that permit them to escape to countries outside of Axis control, especially since the representations Tuck has already made have been so forceful on behalf of the general situation as to exceed the instructions under which he was acting.

Eu:RA:EJD

Ray Atherton

COPY OF
WESTERN UNION
CABLEGRAM

NY 19 CABLE--LIVERPOOL 122 1/65 NFD

NLT STEPHEN WISE
WORLD JEWISH CONGRESS
330 West 42 Street

HAVE RECEIVED THROUGH FOREIGN OFFICE FOLLOWING MESSAGE FROM RIEGNER STOP (RECEIVED ALARMING REPORT THAT IN FUHRERS HEADQUARTERS PLAN DISCUSSED AND UNDER CONSIDERATION ALL JEWS IN COUNTRIES OCCUPIED OR CONTROLLED GERMANY NUMBER 3-1/2 TO 4 MILLION SHOULD AFTER DEPORTATION AND CONCENTRATION IN EAST AT ONE BLOW BE EXTERMINATED TO RESOLVE ONCE FOR ALL JEWISH QUESTION IN EUROPE STOP ACTION REPORTED PLANNED FOR AUTUMN METHODS UNDER DISCUSSION INCLUDING PRUSSIC ACID STOP WE TRANSMIT INFORMATION WITH ALL NECESSARY RESERVATION AS EXACTITUDE CANNOT BE CONFIRMED STOP INFORMANT STATED TO HAVE CLOSE CONNECTION WITH HIGHEST GERMAN AUTHORITIES AND HIS REPORTS GENERALLY RELIABLE STOP INFORM AND CONSULT NEW YORK STOP FOREIGN OFFICE HAS NO INFORMATION BEARING ON OR CONFIRMING STORY

SAMUEL SILVERMAN

Documents of the Holocaust. Telegram informing Dr. Stephen Wise of the Final Solution.
Letter from Rabbi Wise to Sumner Wells and Memo to Wells From Ray Atherton suggesting how Wise could be "handled."
These are among the most famous documents on the American response to the Holocaust.

Confronting Ignorance

Aviva Kempner

"Growing up in Detroit in the 60's did not permit much education on the Holocaust. My conception of the Holocaust was based upon the popular images of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, Anne Frank and Auschwitz."

Still the night, and full of starlight,
And the frost-burned on the land;
Do you still remember how I taught you to hold a revolver in your hand?
(These words were played at the beginning of the speech).

This song. *Shtil Di Nakht* or Still the Night, is a song written for the Jewish underground in the Vilna ghetto which is often sung at Jewish cultural events in the United States. Even Pete Seeger has it in his repertory.

In the past two years I have conducted an informal survey about how this song is introduced. Let me give you two very distorted examples:

In Lillith magazine of the Spring/Summer 1982 edition Aviva Cantor included this song in her egalitarian Haggadah. The introduction reads: "Hirsh Glick, a partisan, wrote this poem to honor Vitke Kempner, a woman who was his comrade in the Vilna Ghetto Uprising. Both were killed in the resistance."

In the program note for a cultural event in Boston on the theme of Jewish resistance to the Nazis, the description reads: "This song was written to commemorate the first uprising of the Vilna ghetto against the Nazi army in 1942. It is dedicated to Vitke Kempner, a young woman Glick loved. She was a leader of the uprising and died in it."

I thought about entitling my speech "Vitke Kempner" lives. Although she risked her life daily as an active member of the Vilna ghetto underground and later on as a partisan in the Vilna region. She did not die in the Vilna ghetto uprising, which was not even in 1942, but in 1943. She is alive and well and living in the kibbutz Ein Haroesh in Israel for over 35 years. And by the way, she is not a relative.

In all fairness to Aviva Cantor when she wrote her Haggadah she based her information about Vitke Kempner's death on a New York Times article in 1973 that reported a newly released American Jewish Committee's detailed document describing Jewish resistance. Although the article accurately reported the 1942 action as being an open sabotage of blowing up a German train with a homemade bomb which inspired Hirsh Glick to write this song, the article reports that the American Jewish committee document states that Miss Kempner was later killed while serving the partisan forces.

Hirsh Glick, the traubador of the Vilna ghetto, died in Estonia, not in the Vilna ghetto uprising of 1944. The uprising was in 1943 and not in 1944. He also wrote the famous Partisan Hymn, *Zog Nit Keyn Mol* or Never Say, which I have read as being mistakenly identified as being written in the Warsaw Ghetto.

But two and a half years ago I could never have told you about these factual distortions. I know about this song only because of a personal and professional trek I began at that time by working on a documentary film on Jewish resistance against the Nazis. I had been brought up as a child of a survivor knowing very little about the Holocaust because it was too painful for my mother to speak about, and she wanted to protect her children. Growing up in Detroit in the 60's did not allow for much education on the Holocaust. My conception of the Holocaust was based on the popular images of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. Anne Frank and Auschwitz.

Leon Uris was my teacher. I first learned about the concentration camps devouring *Exodus* in one weekend and about the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising reading *Mila 18.* I read both these books at least three times. I did not realize at that time that this popular author was taking almost illegal literary license to make to tell a popular story. For instance, until I started working on the documentary film I always thought that Mordecai Anielewicz had a shiksa girlfriend who aided in the uprising.

I also learned that the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising was not the only incident of Jewish resistance but that resistance had occurred in many other cities. The first call for it was written in the Vilna Ghetto which is one reason why Vilna was chosen as the subject for the documentary film.

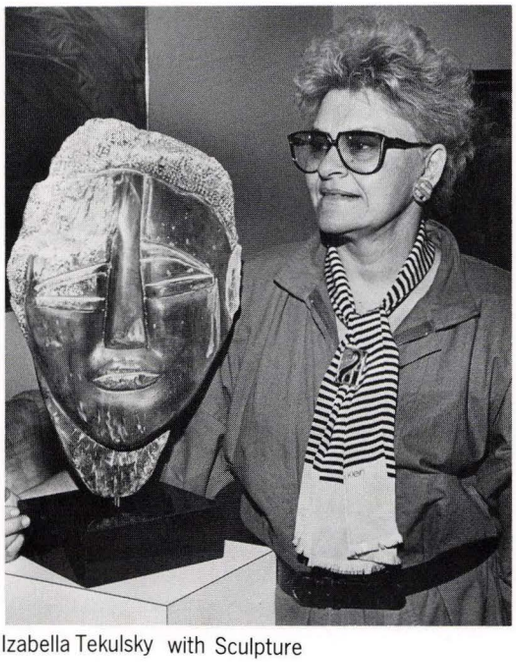
I do not know how many second generation in this audience share the ignorance I possessed about the Holocaust. But it would not surprise me if it were a majority of you. I certainly do not blame my mother for trying to shield me from her painful memories. I think that there was not, until very recently, the support and encouragement to learn about the historical aspects of the Holocaust.

Today we have a special responsibility to both educate ourselves and document the thousands of untold stories. I am not telling everyone to go make a documentary film, although I feel that the film I am working on as well as the many other documentary films and video history projects about the survivors are the most important documentation to be supported today since they will preserve the survivor stories for the future generations. In a hundred years

from now I want our descendants to be learning about the Holocaust from the mouths of the survivors not from the Polish accent of Meryl Streep who could not even think to mention that tragic period while accepting her Academy Award this week.

Let me suggest some ways to personally document the Holocaust. When in New York City stop by the YIVO, the Yiddish research institute, and utilize their collection even to only read about your parents' hometowns before the War. Remember that rich heritage of Eastern European Jewry. Don't let the Nazis succeed in completely erasing the memories of it. Try to take classes in Yiddish and Ladino so they won't become forgotten. While in Israel make sure to go to Yad Vashem and the Ghetto Fighters Kibbutz and study the exhibits and make time to also do some research about the places your survivor parents lived during the war.

Educate yourselves and become familiar with the historical accounts, the survivor testimonies, and the documents. See for yourself the photo albums from the ghettos where your parents stayed. Soak it in and try to encourage education and documentation in your local communities, schools and synagogues. Try to get your parents and family to talk about their experiences. Since I started working on my film I have interviewed my relatives in Israel and am slowly trying to encourage my mother to talk. Be patient because their stories are recollections of living through hell. We need to listen to them and record them.



Izabella Tekulsky with Sculpture

Time is running out for us. We must spend these next years obsessed with documenting our history. It is an especially important responsibility since there are revisionist historians trying to prove it never happened. And we are doubly burdened because distortions even appear in our own Jewish publications.

Maybe we should view ourselves as a new kind of soldier -- the enemy is the distorted fact, the untold tale, the unpublished account. Instead of guns we are armed with cameras, tape recorders, and pens. Instead of sabotage actions against the enemy we need to look among our families and our communities. Since working on the film I discovered the man whose shop I had been taking my typewriter for repair was a partisan from Vilna. His daughter is here today and she is writing a novel about his experiences.

The Conference of the International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors should establish video projects in all our communities, support documentary films about survivors and their children and encourage survivors to write out their accounts.

Let us dedicate ourselves to the inspiring ending of Glick's Partisan Hymn: "As the hour that we have longed for is so here -- Our step beats out the message -- we are here."

During these past days we have seen that these witnesses are here. Let us take it upon ourselves as the second generation to say we are also here, to hear and document their experiences.

"Maybe we should view ourselves as a new kind of soldier -- the enemy is the distorted fact, the untold tale, the unpublished account. Instead of guns we are armed with cameras, tape recorders, and pens."



ASSIMILATION AND IDENTITY

Dr. Ingrid D. Tauber

"As children of survivors, we face the task of keeping aliuve memories and values of a world and a past that no longer exists and of integrating this legacy with the realities of American life."

The word assimilation, arouses in most of us, intense and ambivalent emotions. To some, assimilation is somewhat synonymous with acceptance. To others, it means compromising our most cherished values or forsaking our Jewish heritage. To many people, assimilation is an all or nothing phenomenon. But there is an alternative, a more realistic view. Assimilation can be viewed as a continuum that encompasses the richness and diversity of experiences of children of survivors raised in North America. What I have to say about assimilation is based on both personal and professional experience. Let me begin with the personal.

My parents came here to Washington, D.C. from Budapest, Hungary in 1947 after years of persecution in Europe. To them living in America, meant freedom and prosperity -- the beginning of a new life. Assimilation was a by-product of their immigration to America.

And my parents' assimilation became my own. I was raised in a community in Maryland where there were few other Jewish families. I felt that I was different because my parents were different. But I was unable to articulate the extent or cause of this difference. It wasn't until I was in graduate school and read an article by Helen Epstein in the *New York Times* in 1977, that I began to recognize the source and meaning of this difference. I was curious. I knew that growing up in an environment with no other Jewish families and therefore no other survivors, I had a more difficult time integrating the various aspects of my identity. After all I was a Jew, an American with European ancestry, and the child of two survivors of the Nazi Holocaust. I wondered whether others had similar or different experiences, and, if so, what were they, and how did they influence their Jewish identity.

I designed a study that examined the effects, of different communities on Jewish identity and alienation -- assimilation, if you will -- among children of survivors.

I incorporated into my study the theoretical framework of Kurt Lewin, a well known social psychologist, who did extensive work on Jewish identity and minority group membership. According to Lewin, a social group or reference group is necessary for an individual's identity. My reference group became other children of survivors.

I travelled to communities throughout the United States and Canada interviewing children of survivors who had grown up isolated from other survivor families -- as I had -- children of survivors who grew up in heterogeneous communities, heavily populated Jewish communities with some other survivor families, and children of survivors who grew up in enclaves or homogeneous communities where the majority of families were survivors of the Nazi Holocaust. My research indicated that the composition of the community did in fact correlate with differences in the identities of children of survivors interviewed. They differed in the way they viewed their identities as offspring of survivors, and as Jews, and in how they felt about being a part of the larger culture.

These differences were also reflected in the way these individuals coped with their legacy. They appeared to struggle between two opposing forces; one pushing toward assimilation, the other toward ties to one's heritage.

The three groups dealt with the conflict differently. Offspring, raised in isolated communities felt less identified as children of survivors, less identified as Jews, and more identified with American society. They appeared to be more assimilated. Perhaps assimilation, a process of melting with the larger culture, served as a coping mechanism for children of survivors in this group. One participant said: "I never felt I belonged to this culture but it was easier to assimilate and pretend I was just like everyone else." Another individual stressed the need for acceptance: "I was different and unique. What I felt was a strong desire to be accepted and that meant assimilating."

Coping mechanisms are processes that help us adapt. If we consider assimilation as a coping mechanism, children of survivors may find a way of minimizing the tensions that confront them as they attempt to come to terms with their parents' heritage, as well as with the norms and values of the larger society.

Members in this isolated group also felt less alienated from society in general because they were more assimilated. They had a diminished sense of being different and unique.

Despite the fact, that these offspring grew up in environments more or less devoid of other Jewish survivors, they nevertheless retained some Jewish identification. Though scoring lower than the other two groups in a scale measuring Jewish identification, they did not sever their ties with Judaism. Thus, assimilation is not an all or nothing process.

Other participants experienced more

conflict surrounding the pull between assimilating and maintaining ties to their parents values. One participant raised in a more intense Jewish community spoke of this conflict: "I feel and have always felt very different. With one foot in the states and one foot in Europe, with a sense of not really belonging in either place, yet wanting to be more European."

I found a homogeneous enclave of survivor families in Toronto, in which I discovered a level of consciousness among the children rather different than my own. The children in this community were very aware of their heritage, particularly their parents' experiences during the Holocaust. They had a sense of pride in who they were, and pride in what their parents had experienced. Their pride was a source of strength.

As would be expected, my findings revealed a strong relationship between identification as children of survivors and Jewish identity among this group. One way that these two variables seemed tied together is that being a child of survivors has a strong interrelationship with a sense of Jewish identity. As one person said: "I feel that I am more Jewish as a result of the Holocaust, ...The Holocaust has greatly increased my commitment to the perpetuation of Judaism...The Holocaust has made me feel that what Israel stands for is very important."

Participants from this group viewed their Jewish identity as part of the legacy given to them by their parents. They felt that they were an essential link in the continuity of the Jewish people. The memory of the Holocaust was deeply imbedded in their Jewish consciousness.

As one would also expect, compared to children of survivors in the isolated group, they felt less assimilated to the larger culture. The notion that they were American or Canadian yet had ties to another way of life and another set of values is best exemplified by the words of one young woman living in an enclave of surviror families. "I had a sense of being enclosed in a rich ghetto. I was afforded the opportunity to turn to people like myself and talk with them about Judaism. And how else would I have learned to love Yiddish poetry and songs."

This group did not feel a part of the larger culture; they felt more alienated. The idea expressed by some, was that they had a special relationship to the Holocaust, different from those outside their reference group. Some emphasized that people not closely connected to the Holocaust could not possibly understand them.

Some children of survivors coped by assimilating, others had the support of peers with similar backgrounds and felt less of the need to assimilate. But regardless of background, their attachment and bond to their past was not diminished.

The comparison of these groups does not mean that all children of survivors are explained by these findings. My study answers some questions, raises others, and points the way for much needed additional research.

Assimilation is rather a complex and subtle process. Assimilation, as it occurs in real life, most typically is a matter of degree, and appears in infinite gradations and forms. Holocaust surivivors and their descendants comprise a variety of Jewish affiliations, devotions and aspirations.

Assimilation does not lessen our attachment or connection with our heritage, our legacy, and our bond to Judaism. We must recognize where we are as individuals along the continuum of assimilation and decide independently whether and how it contributes to the kind of legacy we want to uphold for ourselves and transmit to our children.

It is important to find a balance between a positive Jewish identity and living in the diaspora. We must not minimize the importance of becoming aware of the complexity of issues and challenges that face us. As children of survivors, we, face the task of keeping alive memories and values of a world and a past that no longer exists and of integrating this legacy with the realities of American life in the present. By realizing the full extent of our richness and diversity, we can direct our lives in the diaspora as a solid force.

"Assimilation is rather a complex and subtle process. Assimilation, as it occurs in real life, most typically is a matter of degree, and appears in infinite gradations and forms. Holocaust survivors and their descendants comprise a variety of Jewish affiliations, devotions and aspirations."

LIFE MUST GO ON

Charles Silow

"We survived, we are here, and we are strong. It is in our tradition to live life fully and meaningfully and to make life as precious and sacred as possible."

"We are Jews. We are Jews who fled from the open grave called Europe and we're here. We fled, but we are not fleeing now."

My parents are survivors of Auschwitz and Bergen Belsen. When I was growing up I was often bothered by the very basic question of how God could have allowed 6 million Jews to perish in the Holocaust. I grew up in a very traditional background that taught there is a reason for everything that happens. So I tried to understand what possible reasons, what possible meanings could there have been for God to have allowed the Holocaust to have happened. I found however that nothing made any real sense to me. The Holocaust was just too enormous, too devastating, too shattering to understand. And so I reached a point in my life, where I just stopped trying to understand, and I began to live my own life. I came to the simple understanding that life must go on.

A number of years later, I again tried to integrate the Holocaust into my life. I became very active in our organization of children of survivors in Detroit to help myself and other children of survivors come to terms with the Holocaust. Like other second generation organizations all around the country, we have had a variety of programs dealing with different topics on the Holocaust. At one meeting we invited two rabbis to talk about theology and the Holocaust. The rabbis spoke, and what they said sounded logical, but something seemed to be lacking. I went up to one of the rabbis afterwards, and I said, "you know, all that you've said sounds very nice and very good, but still something is missing." Finally he said to me, "Look, all I can tell you is what the survivors say and do at the end of every *Yom Hashoah* commemoration. After all the ceremonies and all the speeches, the survivors stand up together and they sing the song of the partisans which says *mir zeynen du*; we are here, we are alive."

And maybe this is one of the most important lessons for us to remember when we think about the Holocaust. We survived, we are here, and we are strong. It is in our tradition to live life fully and meaningfully and to make life as precious and sacred as possible. Perhaps this is our duty especially because of what happened to our people in the Holocaust. Our tradition teaches that we must bring *kedushah* to our lives, make life meaningful and holy. All of our lives are precious and valuable. I believe our task is to sanctify life whether by raising families, living spiritual or religious lives, becoming involved in social or humanitarian efforts, being active in our respective communities, raising the world's consciousness about injustice and inhumanity, speaking out on behalf of the Jewish people, or simply just finding peace within ourselves. We have come together to remember, and we have come together to celebrate life.

AN ODE

David Koenig

Mother dear, you called to say that art students from the state university are going to make a bust of Dad's head from a photo and put it up in our small town, to commemorate his 40 years of service as a doctor to the town.

And Mother, I started thinking, maybe after 40 years here in America, it's time we said "we're here." We're here Mama, in America.

I don't know why I feel the need to say it , but I do. We are Jews. We are Jews who fled from the open grave called Europe and we're here. We fled, but we are not fleeing now.

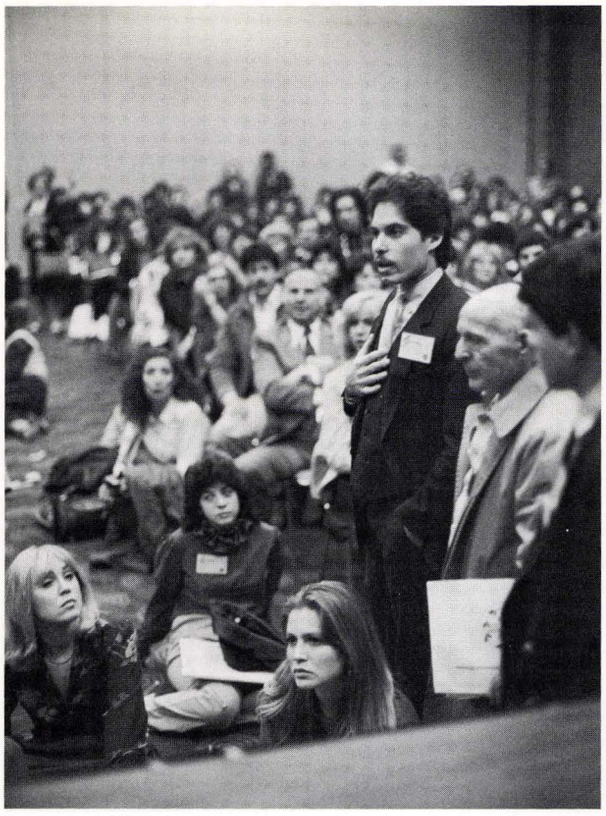
Why do I often still feel that we are? Maybe because this is my 39th birthday, and I know what I want for a present this year. I want to be here, Mama. I want to be here to stay. I want to be able to say, this is my home.

Mama, I read the other day that Alexander the Great lived before there were any modern states. The book said he was the first king to try to discover and rule the earth. Some would say a Hitler before his time, yet I believe that legend, that on his dying bed, when asked when he should be made a god, he said, when everyone in the world is fed.

Mama, you and Father voyaged out to discover a new place, to feed your family, and you found that place here. If our souls still are hungry, it is because like Alexander, we find that each man's quest must end too soon.

The earth beyond all our lives extends, and in the painting of Alexander's legend, as he stands weeping at the end of the earth because he too must die, he contemplates a tree, on which grow many heads of animals and one with the head of a human being. So all our quests for earthly homes are many parts animal, and one part soul.

Mother, I'm writing to say that I've been feeling lately that somewhere inside us is the Garden of Eden; somewhere dancing between the worlds inside of us, we are whole.









Dr. Ingrid D. Tauber.
(top right)
Rita Meed.

WHAT DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT SURVIVORS?

Eva Fogelman

"Good scholarship takes time and patience. But only if we ask the right questions, will it yield a more balanced perspective, contribute to a better self-understanding, and therefore enable us to integrate the Holocaust into our consciousness and our history in a creative way."

I would like to focus my remarks on three interrelated questions. First, how did the victims cope under extreme conditions? Second, how did it impact upon their lives? And what do we really know about the second generation of Holocaust survivors?

Survivors have written personal accounts, memoirs, diaries and novels. Numerous psychological books and articles have been written about the survivors, advancing theories on how Jews survived concentration camps. Much less has been written on those who survived outside concentration camps by hiding, escaping, fighting or using false identity papers.

The most well publicized theory of survival was written in 1943 by Bruno Bettleheim. On the basis of his experiences in pre-1939 Buchenwald and his earlier work with autistic children in institutions, Bettleheim theorized that prisoners coped with concentration camp reality by regressing to infantile behavior or by identifying with the aggressor. Bettleheim applied a psychoanalytic model of human sexual development to the behavior of concentration camp survivors. In his view those who survived, imitated the Nazis who ran the camps. Those who could not or would not, died. Without realizing it, Bettleheim may have started the trend of blaming the survivors.

More than thirty years later -- in the mid-seventies -- Joel Dimsdale, a Harvard psychiatrist, interviewed a small sample of survivors in Israel and California and classified surviving into categories that considered both the individual and the environment. Dimsdale distinguished several types of survivors; those who survived by sheer luck, those who survived to bear witness, and those who survived to be reunited with loved ones. At about the same time, Terrence Des Pres, a professor of English at Colgate, interviewed survivors of the concentration camps and studied their literature. He found that cooperation among inmates enabled many to live. Sharing of a piece of bread or an article of clothing instilled a sense of hope in humanity and therefore a will to live.

Social scientists and mental health professionals have tried to study not only what happened during the Holocaust but also its continued impact on the lives of survivors and their children. In understanding the process of surviving, social scientists have observed stages similar to the process of mourning. First comes denial; then all the feelings are evoked; later, one learns to adapt and cope with the death of a loved one; and finally, a creative response emerges.

The late forties and the fifties was the time when survivors were busy rebuilding their own lives and ignoring their pain and suffering. In the fifties, survivors who applied for German reparations had to submit to psychiatric evaluations. Psychiatrists observed physical illnesses, continued nightmares, anxieties, fears, depression, and guilt among survivors. They represented these findings clinically as the survivor syndrome. The articles that rehashed this syndrome overlooked the fact that most survivors married, raised children, and established themselves professionally. The image of the survivor was distorted.

The sixties brought a new wave of research on survivors' adaptation. Follow-up studies were conducted in Israel and Norway. Even though Norway had only 27 concentration camp survivors, a Norwegian psychiatrist, himself a survivor of Auschwitz, Leo Eitenger, devoted his life to understanding and working with survivors in Norway and Israel. The close-knit nature of Norway's Jewish community may explain why Jewish survivors adapted to their post-war life better than non-Jewish Norwegian concentration camp survivors. In Israel, Hillel Klein found that the kibbutz offered survivors a better opportunity to adjust than those who did not live in a close community. It gave survivors a chance to channel their feelings into action and belonging. Several follow up studies in the United States and Canada showed that survivors have adjusted well both socially and economically.

Dr. Yael Danieli demonstrated that survivor families were not uniform. She classified them as the fighter family, the victim family, the numb family, and the family who made it. Her findings have been substantiated by empirical research. Melanie Rich confirmed that the victim family tended to be protective toward their children. The numb family is most isolated. Family atmosphere is characterized by pervasive silence and the absence of emotion. In the fighter family there is a sense of pride and parents feel strengthened by their experience. In the families of those who made it, assimilation into American culture and financial success are valued.

The Holocaust shaped the family atmosphere, style of communication, and interaction with the outside world.

But what do we really know abut the

second generation? Helen Epstein's article in the *New York Times* united the second generation and called it into being as an identifiable group in American society.

Prior to her widely read article, children of survivors were not a conscious entity in the pscyhoanalytic or Jewish communities. For example, in 1972 Dr. Judith Kestenberg, a leading psychoanalyst, personally sensitive to the meaning of the Holocaust, sent a questionaire to analysts all over the world. She asked, if they had any children of survivors in analytic treatment. Very few analysts were treating children of survivors, but those who were said, it never occurred to them that the persecution of their patient's parent had anything to do with the psychological dynamics of the child. This conspiracy of silence was also found by Dr. Yael Danieli. Her research will appear in a book entitled *Silent Conspiracy.*

The next phase of study was conducted by psychotherapists observing children of survivors. They found a "second generation syndrome" -- children of survivors felt guilty, alienated from society, depressed, and anxious. They experienced difficulty separating from their parents.

Since 1973 a new wave of research was started by the children of survivors who had come of age and begun their professional work. Empirical research has been conducted to see whether the clinical observations were true and to see how children of survivors have adapted. The results of this clinical work are not applicable to all children of survivors for we are not a homogenous group with a common set of problems. Rather we share a common past that must be integrated into our lives.

Statistics show that at least 10% of the people in a given population have more difficulty coping. There is no evidence to suggest that our group exceeds this average. When children of survivors are compared to other groups on psychological tests which measure emotional well being, they are the same as others. Demographic data also shows that they are coping well. Such studies were conducted in the United States and Israel. Thus, the clinical impressions that children of survivors are more depressed or more anxious has not been substantiated empirically. One study suggested that we may dwell more on depressing matters even though we were not clinically depressed. Although clinical observation indicated that children of survivors had separation-individuation problems -- difficulty separating from their parents and establishing their own identity -- when tests were given to children of survivors to measure their ability to establish their identity, it was found that they were able to separate from their parents.

However, for survivor families the meaning of separation is qualitatively different. During the Holocaust, separation often meant death. When someone left home to get some food for the family, no one knew if he would come back.

Comparisons between children of survivors whose parents had different experiences during the war also yielded mixed results. The severity of the parents' trauma affected their communication with children. It is easier to talk about being in Russia than sharing dehumanizing experience in concentration camps. One finding suggests that children of survivors are afraid to fantasize because for them fantasy is often associated with trying to picture what it must have been like for their parents.

In comparing Israeli children of survivors with American children of survivors, we find that Israeli children of survivors are better able to express anger and aggression. Children of survivors in America have more difficulty expressing anger. Children of survivors in Israel identify more with Israeli society. Children of survivors in America have had different experiences as they attempt to assimilate into American society. In Israel consciousness of the Holocaust is more widespread. In America, Klein found that after the Six Day War, American Jewish children whose parents did not go through the World War II knew very little about the Holocaust in comparison to children of survivors. Those who knew little tended to feel contempt and anger toward the victims of the Holocaust. But in Israel children had more sympathy for the Holocaust victims. Thus knowledge about the Holocaust is an important element in developing empathy and sensitivity toward the victim.

Knowledge of the Holocaust also initiates the creative phase of understanding its impact.

Good scholarship takes time and patience. But only if we ask the right questions, will it yield a more balanced perspective, contribute to a better self-understanding, and therefore enable us to integrate the Holocaust into our consciousness and our history in a creative way.

"Statistics show that at least 10% of the people in a given population have have more difficulty coping. There is no evidence to suggest that our group exceeds this average... Thus, the clinical impression that children of survivors are more depressed or more anxious has not been substantiated empirically."

NEVER DESPAIR

Rabbi David M. Posner
Temple Emanu-El, New York City

"You, children of survivors, have known well the many characteristics of your parents — their fears, their amplified anxieties, their moments of weakness, their hypersensi-tivities, their exaggerated concerns. But have you ever known them to despair? Though battered and bruised, their incredible dreams and high hopes remained."

A great master and teacher, Elie Wiesel, reminds us of a story. When the great Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov saw misfortune threatening his people, it was his custom to go into a certain part of the forest to meditate. There, he would light a fire, say a special prayer, and the miracle would be accomplished, and the misfortune averted.

Later, when his disciple, the celebrated Magid of Mezritch, had occasion to intercede with heaven, he would go to the same place in the forest and say, "Master of the Universe, I do not know how to light the fire, but I can still say the prayer," and again the miracle would be accomplished.

Still later, Rabbi Moshe-Leib of Sasov would go into the forest and say, "I do not know how to light the fire. I do not know the prayer, but I know the place and this must be sufficient." It was sufficient, and the miracle was accomplished.

Then it fell to Rabbi Israel of Rizhyn to overcome misfortune. Sitting in his armchair, his head in his hand, he spoke to God: "I am unable to light the fire, and I do not know the prayer. I cannot even find the place in the forest. All I can do is to tell the story, and this must be sufficient." And it was sufficient.

And so we have come to this place to tell the story.

Henry David Thoreau, writing of life in the United States, said that every man lives a life of despair and that beneath all the games there is the same concealed basis of despair. Yet, when you scan the literary tradition of Judaism, you find buoyancy -- a tremendous devotion to life, an indestructible conviction that life can amount to something. There is the continual theme of living, working, and achieving, and also suffering, struggle, heroism and conquest.

The greatest of all Biblical sufferers, Job, who questions, "Where is my hope?" himself provides an answer: "I know that my redeemer liveth, and yet though he slay me, I trust in him." And the Psalmist sang, "The Lord is for me, I will not fear, what can man do unto me?...I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

You, children of survivors, have known well the many characteristics of your parents -- their fears, their amplified anxieties, their moments of weakness, their hyper-sensitivities, their exaggerated concerns. But have you ever known them to despair? Though battered and bruised, their incredible dreams and high hopes remained.

Ours is a history of suffering but never despair. Your parents inherited the words of Jeremiah:

"Thus saith the Lord: A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation and weeping. It is Rachel weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted because they are no more. God says: refrain your voice from weeping and your eyes from crying. There shall be reward for your suffering. Your children will come back from enemy land; there is hope for your descendants."

It was the same prophet who wrote to the survivors of his generation in Babylonia, "Build houses, settle down, plant gardens, take wives and have sons and daughters; choose wives for your sons, find husbands for your daughters. Work for the good of the country to which I have exiled you."

When your parents looked at themselves after the war, they remembered the vision of Ezekiel, brought down to a valley of dry bones, and they heard again the words:

"Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel." They keep saying, "Our bones are dried up, our hope has gone; we are as good as dead." So prophesy and say to them, "The Lord God says this: I am going to open your graves; I will raise you, my people, and lead you back to the soil of Israel. I shall put my spirit in you, and you shall live."

Children of survivors, never forget that your parents were also the children of a survivor. His name was Jacob -- a parent who suffered enormous pain and knew great tragedy. At the end of his life, uprooted from his native soil, he lay dying in an alien land. Around him stood his children and grandchildren. He gave each of them a final blessing, but in the middle of that blessing, he suddenly exclaimed, "I hope, O God, for thy deliverance."

Now what deliverance could there have been for that poor, broken old man, dying in Egypt? What could he have hoped for?

His children were there, and so were his grandchildren. There is hope for the family even after Jacob the survivor is gone. And so for the survivors and for you, there is a hope that endures as a beacon light for all Israel from generation to generation.







Eva Fogelman. (bottom right) Left to right: Ben Wattenberg, Senator Frank Lautenberg (D-NJ), Stuart Eisenstadt, and Abraham Foxman discuss the Jew in American Politics.

A Personal Perspective

Marilyn Kingston

"The sense of comradery; hope and tenderness that the members of the second generation give to one another astounds me. I am at last among peers who not only understand, but who care."

I cannot be removed. I cannot be objective. I simply cannot write with the slightest bit of detachment. I am the daughter of survivors -- a position which permeates my being. It shadows my every move, and influences my every decision.

The activities have not yet formally begun and my senses are already filled. The convention center abounds with electricity and excitement. Is it the familiarity of the accents that I hear that I find so comforting? Is it the joy I experience as I see survivors greeting one another that makes me feel so happy? I am clearly mesmerized by the looks on the faces of the survivors. I look directly into the eyes of the survivors as they pass me. It is a look I know.

It is the same look I saw on my mother's face when I was growing up. The pained look says, "I have seen what you will never fully comprehend. I have seen what you must never see. I have endured horrors and witnessed atrocities beyond the depths of your understanding..."

As the conference begins, I am busy writing notes in the margin of the program. I want to attend every workshop, see every film, hear every speaker. Everything has been meticulously planned and I want to be part of all of it. It cannot be done.

The second generation workshops that I attend attract overflowing audiences. We sit in the aisles, stand in the doorways and crouch beneath the podium, devouring every word.

As I listen to the articulate, carefully chosen panel of speakers, I am aware that my selective memory is once again working frantically. As I learn how to properly document my parents' histories, I realize that I will once again need to ask the same questions that I have asked countless times. How many times will my own pain lead me to unconsciously forget the answers? I have in fact documented some of these answers, yet as I search my brain for the answers, I cannot supply them.

Once again, I will need to ask, "Mom, do you know the date when you were sent to Auschwitz? Can you remember Mengele's baton? When did you last see your parents? How old were your little sister and brother when they were killed?"

As I listen to the panel members, I am delighted by the wealth of information presented. I am already beginning to develop new insights and imagine new approaches to old dilemmas. My energy level soars as I realize how much I need and want to learn and just how much there is to be done.

The sense of comradery; hope and tenderness that the members of the second generation give to one another astounds me. I am at last among peers who not only understand, but who care.

As I move from one workshop to another, I see flashes of the family members I will never know. I will never know the gentleness and sensitivity of my progressive maternal grandfather. I will never know the dynamic strength of maternal grandmother. I will never know the dramatic exuberance of my father's sister Fradele, whom he lovingly tells me I resemble.

I will never know my grandparents, my aunts, uncles and cousins who died at the hands of the Nazis. I will continue to listen to the stories my parents tell me, each time wondering, "What would my Aunt Fradele think of me?" Or "Could my grandfather's infinite intuitiveness help me with my current quandary?" My many relatives whom I will never know are very much with me during this conference.

In Survivors Village, I find my father, link arms with him and we walk to an exhibit displaying pictures of Lodz. He points out the important streets, the synagogue, and the Jewish cemeteries. Then, unexpectedly, my father's numerous stories about pre-war Lodz become absolutely vivid to me. I can almost see him playing soccer on the streets.

The same evening, Benjamin Meed's address moves me to tears. "Yes, yes, yes," I shout to myself. "We are here. ***Mir zennen du.***" European Jewry has not been destroyed. Suddenly, I am filled with an enormous sense of pride. I am proud of my parents and of each survivor in the room. I am proud to be a member of the second generation. Tonight we are proving to the world that the survivors will bear witness and the second generation will attest to it. We have not been destroyed. Tonight as I see the news reporters and T.V. cameras, I know that we are being recognized. Yes, ***mir zennen du.***

Before Elie Wiesel is introduced I fumble nervously with my tape recorder. I want to be ready for him. I leap to my feet the moment he is introduced. Elie Wiesel has surely been the mentor of the second generation. I know that he speaks to each of us, yet somehow whenever I hear him speak or read one of his works, he communicates with me personally. There are 20,000 people here and yet he seems to speak to me directly.

His poignant, frank remarks coupled with

his eloquence, will have a profound impact on me, not merely for the course of the Gathering, but perhaps forever. "It was possible to save Jews, but not enough tried, not enough dared."

Indeed, I have always resented stories about how everyone's German and Polish ancestors saved the lives of many Jews. If everyone saved so many lives, how is it that six million Jews were massacred? I want to applaud after Elie Wiesel finishes each sentence. I revel in his honesty and clarity.

After the Gathering, at the airport I will once again tearfully say good-bye to my parents. They depart for Los Angeles and in less than an hour I will depart for San Francisco. It never becomes any easier to say good-bye to them. However, after three days of intense emotion, it is particularly difficult.

On the trip home, thoughts race through my mind at an exorbitant speed. I cannot catch a thought long enough to work with it and form it. Each thought appears for a fleeting moment and then disappears.

However, I can remember how while my older brother and I were growing up, my mother would tell us, "I love you more than life itself." Indeed, to our parents we are life itself. It is therefore not surprising that the last three days have been so emotion laden.

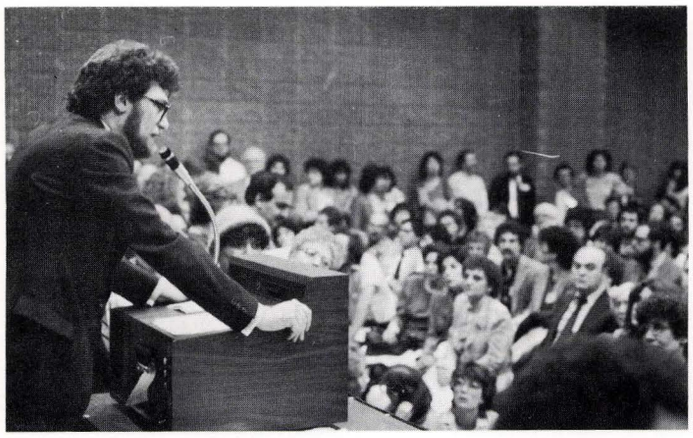
I leave Washington, D.C. with a feeling of having made a personal commitment to preserving the dignity of Holocaust survivors and victims. I will not tolerate trivialization, vandalization, distortion, dilution or defamation of the Holocaust. I am not alone. I am indeed a proud member of the second generation.

On Monday morning, my colleagues will ask naively, "How was that Holocaust thing in Washington?" And "Did you have fun at that Jewish party?" I am no longer in the supportive environment of the gathering. I remember my commitment and my work begins.

Jerzy Warman addressing Second Generation Panel, Ghita and Tirzah Schwarz.

Michael Korenblit with parents Manya and Meyer.

Charles Silow, Nina Klein, David Koenig, Rabbi David Posner, Menachem Z. Rosensaft

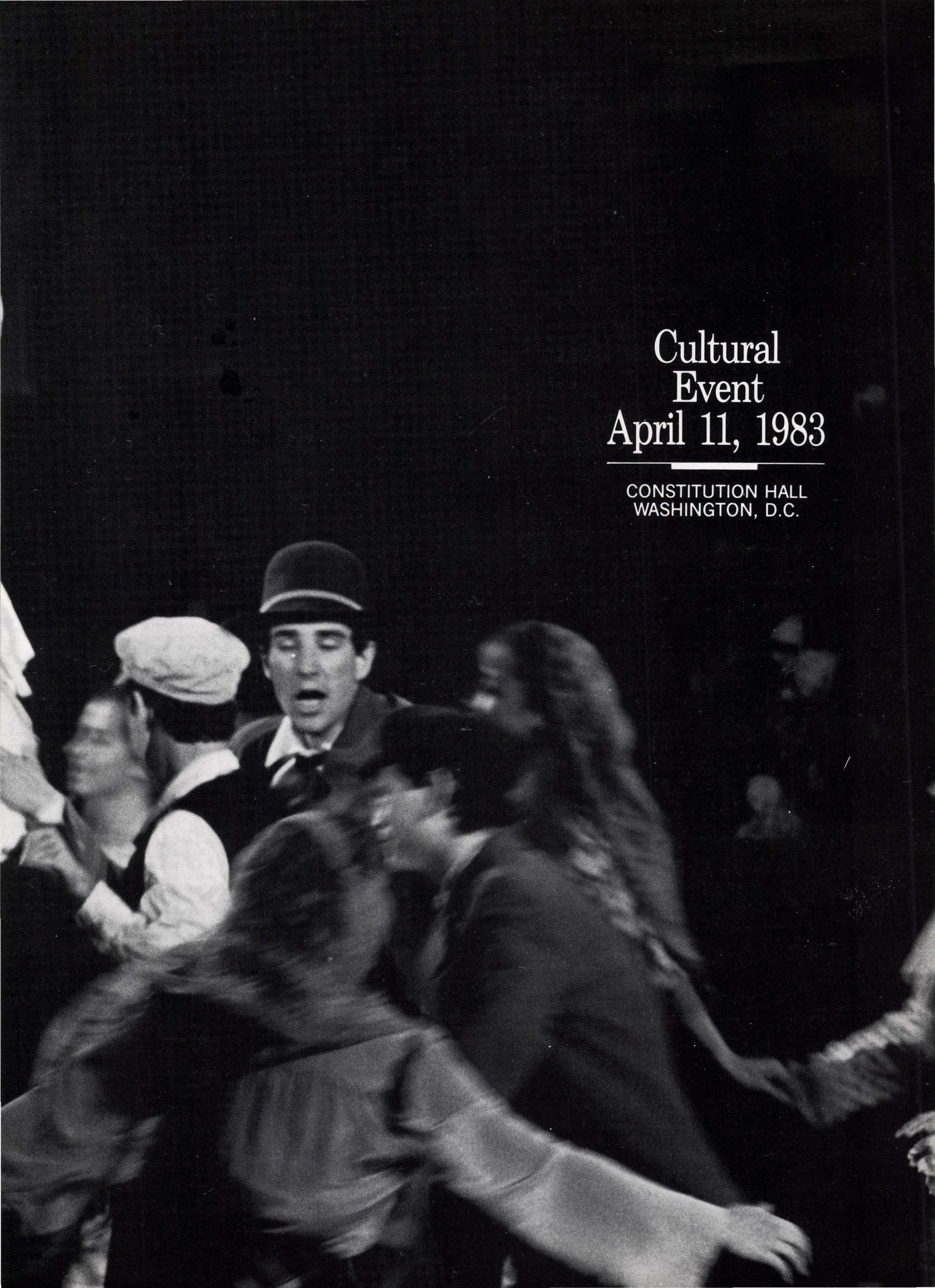












Cultural Event April 11, 1983

CONSTITUTION HALL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

CULTURAL PROGRAM

HATIKVAH	Misha Raitzin, Tenor Zalman Mlotek, Piano
STAR SPANGLED BANNER	Roberta Peters, Soprano Marshall Williamson, Piano
WELCOME	Theodore Bikel
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS	Vladka Meed, Chairperson Cultural Committee
SONGS FROM THE HOLOCAUST	Workmen's Circle Choir Zalman Mlotek, Conductor
"Dremlen Feygl" (Dreaming Birds) words: Leye Rudnitski music: Leyb Yampolsky	Soloists: Joanne Borts Avi Hoffman Eleanor Reissa
"Yugnt Hymn" (The Hymn of the Youth) words: Shmerke Kacherginski music: Basye Rubin	
GREETINGS — ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER	Vladka Meed
"Tradition" from Fiddler on the Roof words: Sheldon Harnick music: Jerry Bock	Sheldon Harnick Emily Zacharias Zalman Mlotek, Piano
SONGS *"Moyshelech and Shloymeleh"* words: Papiernikow music: Alter	Misha Raitzin, Tenor Zalman Mlotek, Piano
"Dos Yiddishe Lid" music: Shalom Secunda	
"SHOES" (I Saw a Mountain) written by Moishe Shulstein translated by Mindele Wajsman	Joseph Wiseman
SONGS *"Meyerke My Son"* Arranged by Maurice Ravel	Malka Schwarz, Mezzo Soprano Margret Singer, Piano
"Veulai" words: Rachel music: Yehuda Sharet	
READINGS *"A Poem Dedicated to Survivor Parents"* *"Butterfly"* *The Diary of Anne Frank - excerpts*	Liv Ullman written by Jeffrey Kent written by Pavel Friedman
SONGS *"Rozhinkes Mit Mandlen"* Abraham Goldfaden *"A Nigun"* Lazar Weiner	Roberta Peters, Soprano Marshall Williamson, Piano
SELECTIONS FROM THE ART OF THE KLEZMER	Giora Feidman, Clarinetist Jeff Israel, Classical Guitar
"God Our Strength" *"Let's Be Happy"* *"Shalom Aleichem"* *"De Freilich of the Klezmer"*	Miron Traditional Traditional Elstein
DANCERS	Anachnu Kahn (We Are Here) Dancers, Chorus and Orchestra
OUR CHILDREN	Theodore Bikel Liv Ullman Joseph Wiseman
FOLK SONG *"Friling"* words and music: Kacherginski	Chava Alberstein
"Give me your tired, your poor" *Ellis Island* words: Emma Lazarus, S. Szmulewitz music: Maz Helfman choral arrangement: Z. Mlotek	Workmen's Circle Choir Zalman Mlotek, Conductor Soloists: Mary Feinsinger, David Montefiore
FINALE *AM YISRAEL CHAI*	The Entire Ensemble and the Audience

Produced and Staged by Richard Kaplan *Written by Jerome Coopersmith*
Cultural Committee of the American Gathering *Vladka Meed, Chairperson*
Hadassah Rosensaft, Co-Chairperson

משה שולשטיין

כ׳האָב געזען אַ בּאַרג...

כ׳האָב געזען אַ באַרג,
איז ער העכער פון מאַנבלאַן
און הייליקער פון באַרג סיני.
נישט אין טרוים — אויף דער וואָר, אויף דער ערד
איז ער געשטאַנען —
אַזאַ באַרג, אַזאַ באַרג האָב איך געזען
פון יידישע שיך אין מיידאַנעק.
אַזאַ באַרג האָב איך געזען.
און פלוצלינג — ווי עס וואָלט אַ וווּנדער געשען —
כ׳האָב דערזען,
ווי ער רירט זיך און רירט זיך פון אָרט.
און די טויזנטער שיך שטעלן זיך אויס אַליין,
צו דער מאַס, צו דער פּאָר
און אין רייען —
און גייען.

הערט־אויס, הערט־אויס דעם מאַרש, הערט־אויס דעם הימען
פון שיך פאַרבליבענע —— דעם לעצטן סימן
פון קליין און גרויס, פון קינד־און־קייט.
אַ וואַרע פאַר די רייען, פאַר די פּאָרן,
אַ וואַרע פאַר די דורות, פאַר די יאָרן! —
די שיך־אַרמיי, זי גייט און גייט.

מיר זיינען שיך, מיר זיינען לעצטע עדות,
מיר זיינען שיך פון אייניקלעך און זייַדעס
פון פּראָג, פאַריז און אַמסטערדאַם.
און וויל מיר זיינען בלויז פון שטאָף און לעדער —
און נישט פון בלוט און פלייש — האָט יעדער
געמיטן דעם גיהנום־פלאַם.

הערט־אויס, הערט אויס דאָס אויסגעמישטע טרעטן
פון אַלע גענג: פון רבינס שטיבילעטן
און שטיוול פּראָסטע און געמיין
פון פּראָסטע יידן, פון קצבים־שינדער,
און פון געשטריקטע שיכעלעך פון קינדער,
וואָס הייבן נאָר־וואָס אָן צו גיין.

מיט קלאַנגען אַלערליי די זוילן רעשן:
געשאָרך פון חתנס געמיינע קאַמאַשן.
דער כלהס לעטשעלעך פון זייד —
זיי זיינען צו דער חופּה ניט דערגאַנגען.
איצט יאָמערן נאָך זיי די חופּה־שטאַנגען
פאַרלאָזן ערגעץ, אין אַ זייט . . .

מיר, שיך פון יאַס, פון מונקאַטש און פון אַטען,
וואָס פלעגן גיין צו מערק און צו וואַרשטאַטן
און גיין בשלום אונדזער וועג —
אין קראָם, אין קינדערשול, אין חדר,
איצט גייען מיר — ירושה פון אַן עדה,
וואָס איז פון אונדז אַוועק, אַוועק . . .
וויל ס׳האָט געביין און פלייש דעם פלאַם געסטייעט,
האָט אונדז דער פייערפיסק פאַרזוכט און נישט פאַרדייעט.
און אויסגעשפיגן אין אַ זייט —
איצט הערט, איצט הערט אין אונדזער זוילן־סקריפּען
ס׳צעשייד־געוויין און דאָס מיליאָנען־כלי׳פען,
וואָס גייט אונדז נאָך ווי אַ באַגלייט.

מיר, שיך, וואָס פלעגן גיין אין פּאַרק שפּאַצירן
און חתן־כלה צו דער חופּה פירן,
און גיין אַזוי דור־אויס, דור איין
אויף שמחות, חתונות, און גיין צו קימפעט,
און הויך אַ טאַנץ גיין פול מיט רעש און אימפעט,
און רואיק אויף לוויות גיין.

אַן אפרו גייען מיר און קלאַפן, קלאַפן . . .
ס׳האָט נישט באַווייזן אונדז אַריינצוכאַפן
דער תליון אין זיין רויבערזאַק —
איצט גייען מיר צו אים, ס׳זאָל יעדער הערן
די טריט וואָס גייען ווי דער פלוס פון טרערן,
די טיר וואָס קלאַפן־אויס דעם פסק.

כ׳האָב געזען אַ באַרג,
איז ער העכער פון מאַנבלאַן
און הייליקער פון באַרג סיני.

I Saw A Mountain

By Moishe Shulstein

I saw a mountain higher than Mt. Blanc
And more Holy than the Mountain of Sinai.
Not in a dream. It was real.
On this world this mountain stood.
Such a mountain I saw -- of Jewish shoes in Majdanek.
Such a mountain -- such a mountain I saw.
And suddenly, a strange thing happened
The mountain moved.....
And the thousands of shoes arranged themeselves
By size -- by pairs -- and in rows -- and moved.

Hear! Hear the march.
Hear the shuffle of shoes left behind -- that which remained
From small, from large, from each and every one.
Make way for the rows -- for the pairs --
For the generations -- for the years.
The shoe army -- it moves and moves.

"We are the shoes, we are the last witnesses.
We are shoes from grandchildren and grandfathers,
From Prague, Paris and Amsterdam,
And because we are only made of stuff and leather
And not of blood and flesh, each one of us avoided the hellfire.
We shoes -- that used to go strolling in the market
Or with the bride and groom to the chuppah
We shoes from simple Jews, from butchers and carpenters,
From crocheted booties of babies just beginning to walk and go
On happy occasions, weddings and even until the time
Of giving birth, to a dance, to exciting places to life...
Or quietly -- to a funeral.
Unceasingly we go. We tramp.
The hangman never had the chance to snatch us into his
Sack of loot -- now we go to him.
Let everone hear the steps, which flow as tears,
The steps that measure out the judgment."

I saw a mountain
Higher than Mt. Blanc
And more Holy than the Mountain of Sinai.

Translated by Bea Stadler and Mindele Wajsman

FLAMES COULD NOT CONSUME OUR IDEALS

Vladka Meed
Chairperson, Cultural Committee

"Even in the very shadow of death, our people continued to create. They studied, they wrote, they learned Torah — we even collected documentary materials to be buried in milk cans so that future historians might learn what happened to us.

In the midst of that man-made hell, the souls of the tortured could not be stifled. Poetry still spoke through our lips, and music still came from our throats."

As we gathered in Jerusalem in 1981, we are together again -- to hear a Yiddish word, a Yiddish song, to watch a traditional Jewish dance -- to express the love we feel for our culture that has survived, and which has allowed us as a people to survive.

We are here -- eyewitnesses of the Nazi inferno, witnesses of a pulsating Jewish culture that existed, and then was cut down. It was a tradition of splendor. A life full of creativity, of learning, of faith in the rights of the human being and in the righteousness of the world. A tradition cut down, but never destroyed.

In this land where we live today, the spirit of freedom for all was inscribed on the great Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. This same spirit was also close to us in the world from which we came. Its sound was heard by idealistic Jewish youth from all political ranks who became the core of the resistance fighters in the ghettoes, in the forests, in the camps. They drew their idealism and their strength from the wellspring of our cultural treasures, which gave meaning and exaltation to their lives.

It was nearly half a century ago in May, 1933, that gangs of Nazis ripped our great books out of libraries and set them on fire in the streets of Berlin. As if ideas could be destroyed by flames. The burning of Jewish books was a prelude to the mass graves of Ponary and Babi Yar, to the gas chambers of Treblinka where our people perished and where much of our great culture was destroyed. But even in those darkest days, our enemies could not destroy our spirit.

There is a legend about the Jewish martyr, the teacher Hananya Ben Teratyon. A Roman Emperor ordered him to be wrapped in the scrolls of the Torah and burned to death. While he himself was burning, Hananya saw the words of the Torah fly up from the flaming scrolls towards the heavens -- the flames could not consume them. Nor could flames destroy our spiritual strength.

Even in the very shadow of death, our people continued to create. They studied, they wrote, they learned Torah -- we even collected documentary materials to be buried in milk cans so that future historians might learn what happened to us.

In the midst of that man-made hell, the souls of the tortured could not be stifled. Poetry still spoke through our lips, and music still came from our throats. Even as the smoke rose from the ovens, our children painted on scraps of paper and wrote poems about butterflies which could no longer be seen in the ghetto. While the world turned away so as not to smell the smoke from the crematoria, our people struggled to preserve their love of goodness -- of humanity -- of God.

In the Skarzysko concentration camp, in Poland, the inmates managed to smuggle in a ram's horn, which they fashioned into a Shofar. As the High Holy Days arrived and the Shofar was blown, Jews facing death felt themselves enveloped in holiness.

I remember the shattering days of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, when above the ghetto wall one could see the huge tongue of fire reaching toward the sky. And through the dense smoke I could hear the sound of Jews defending themselves. It was my destiny to work closely with those young ghetto fighters who became the legendary heroes of our people. In those last days of struggle, abandoned by the world, they still held on to their ideals -- to the truths rooted in Jewish tradition.

We carry this heritage with us everywhere. It has helped us to find a new place for ourselves in America where we rebuilt our homes and families. America -- the infinite variety of this great land, with its many races, creeds and nationalities -- has enriched us all. And our Jewish cultural heritage has enriched America and the entire world.

Here the Yiddish language has won world-wide recognition with the granting of the nobel prize to our great Yiddish author, Isaac Bashevis Singer -- who, although living in America, writes about Jews from Warsaw or Lodz and through them preserves the spiritual treasures of Polish Jewry.

We are here -- we Jews who survived. We are here to teach, to learn, to remember, to rebuild -- to join hands among ourselves and with all other people of the world in celebration of the continuity of life. Through our voices, our literature, our art, our music and our dance we will express what is in our hearts.

We have come a long way, and we have brought our treasure of *yiddishkeit* with us. We maintain the legacy of a people who never gave up, even in the darkest hours, and we shall preserve that memory for future generations.





Vladka Meed.
Dr. Hadassah Rosensaft.



The Workmen's Circle Chorus.



Roberta Peters



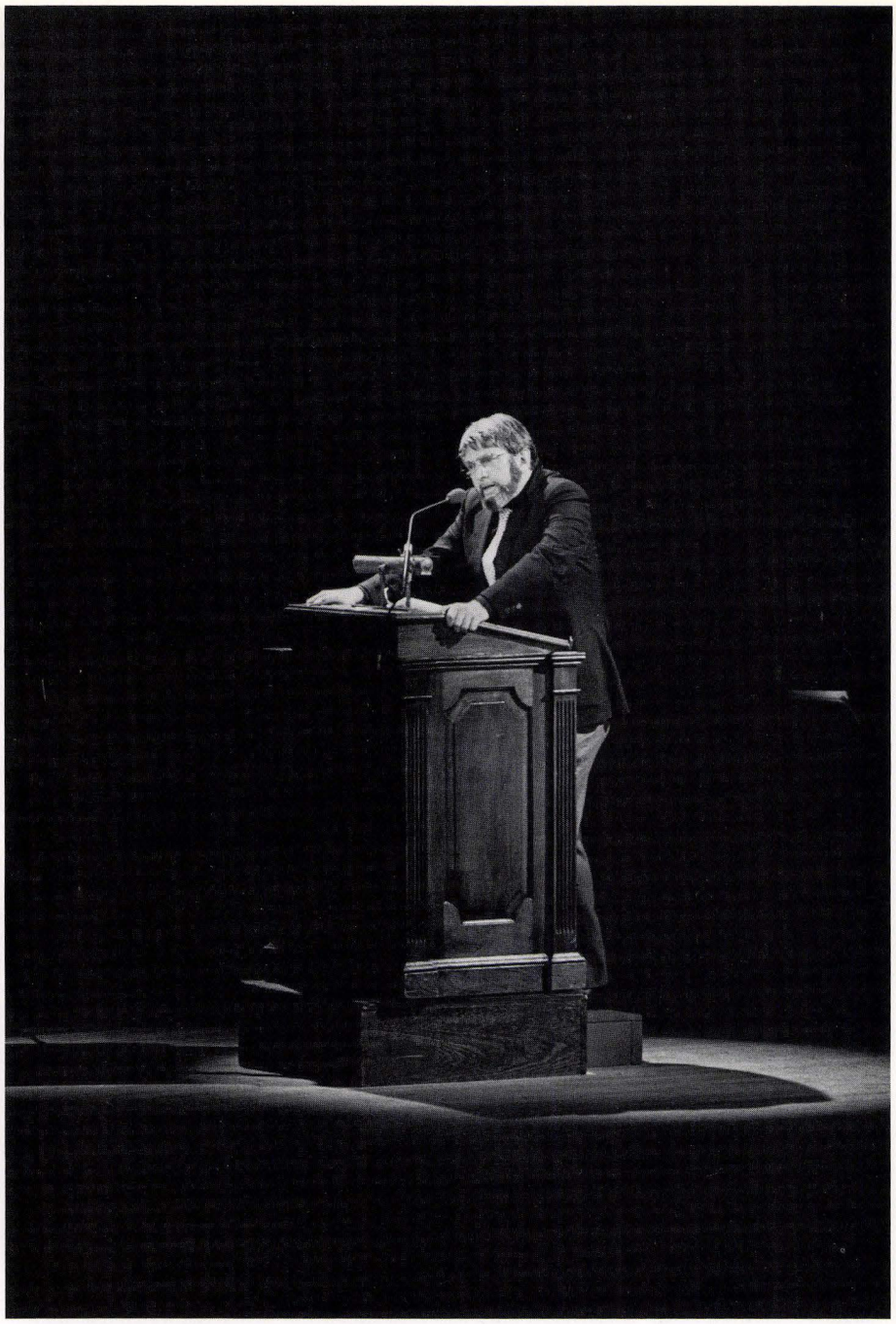


Liv Ullman. (top)
Malka Schwarz.









Clockwise:
Theodore Bikel,
Chava Alberstein,
Joseph Wiseman,
Misha Raitzin.

Sheldon Harnick and
Emily Zacharias.













Giora Feidman and the
Klezmer.
Anachnu Kahn.



















To The Survivors Of Hilter's Holocaust

Greetings From **Isaac Bashevis Singer**

No Jew with a Jewish heart can ever forget what happened to you and to all Jews during Hitler's era. There cannot be any compensation nor any mitigation for your suffering. What millions of Germans did to millions of innocent Jews has shamed the human race forever.

I am terribly sorry that I cannot be together with you at this solemn event. But I am always with you in my work and my thinking. There is not and cannot be the kind of literature which would, or could, comfort you and all of us for our great loss. Neither can there be any kind of literature which could forget you or ignore you.

Every Jew and every human being worthy of that name is with you today at this Gathering. Greetings to all of you.

באַגריסונג

צו דער שארית־הפליטה פון היטלער חורבן!

קיין שום ייִד, וואָס האָט אַ יידיש האַרץ קען קיינמאָל ניט פאַרגעסן, וואָס איז געשען מיט אייך אין די היטלער יאָרן.

ס׳איז ניטאָ קיין שום פאַרגיטיקונג און קיין שום־פאַרענטפערונג פאַר אייערע ליידן. דאָס וואָס מיליאָנען דייטשן האָבן אָפּגעטאָן צו מיליאָנען אומשולדיקע יידן האָט אויף אייביק פאַרשעמט דעם מענטשלעכן מין.

איך באַדויער שטאַרק וואָס איך קען נישט זיין צוזאַמען מיט אייך איצט. אָבער איך בין מיט אייך שטענדיק אין מיין שרייבן, אין מיין טראַכטן.

ס׳איז נישטאָ און עס וועט נישט זיין אַזאָ ליטעראַטור, וואָס זאָל אייך טרייסטן און זאָל טרייסטן אונדז אַלע פאַר דעם גרויסן פאַרלוסט.

אָבער עס קען אויך נישט זיין קיין שום ליטעראַטור, וואָס זאָל קאָנען אייך פאַרגעסן און איגנאָרירן.

יעדער ייד און יעדער מענטש, וואָס איז ווערט צו טראָגן דעם דאָזיקן נאָמען אוז מיט אייך היינט אויף אייער לאַנד צוזאַמענטרעף.

זייט אַלע באַגריסט!

אייער,

יצחק באַשעוויס זינגער


Arlington
Cemetery
April 12, 1983









Arlington Cemetery.
Laying the Wreath.

Tribute To Private First Class James King



Frank Blaichman, Samuel Gruber, Israel Krakowski, John Klein, Mark Talisman, Milton Butnick, Stephen Tencer

We stand before the gravesite of Private First Class James J. King, an American soldier killed during the invasion of Normandy. Private King was chosen at random to represent the thousands who died at the start of the assault to wrest Europe from the Nazi tyranny.

Tragically, our army of Private King and his comrades was not in time to rescue the millions already consumed in that Holocaust. But it is the nature of Americans to reject uncompromisingly the attitudes and offensive conduct which gave rise to that terrible tragedy within a tragedy.

The mute markers in this cemetery solemnly testify that men have courage -- alone and together. Here there is no need to compare one man's deed against another's. Here the overwhelming aura surrounding us is that good men can act individually and collectively in a just cause.

All of the just causes which have brought these brave soldiers to rest here are common causes in the pursuit of justice and freedom for mankind. Intolerance, fascism, totalitarianism in any form must and will be resisted. Freedom is a hard fought cause that never ends.

Private King and his comrades are vital reminders to all of us that the cause continues. The terrifying, horrifying Holocaust must not be allowed to recur.

James R. Ambrose

Private First Class James J. King, we come to your gravesite to pay tribute to you and to the thousands of others who fought and died in an effort to put an end to Nazi tyranny. You and your comrades in arms were among the first to encounter the horrors of the Nazi concentration camps. You have seen the abyss. You have seen mankind at its ugliest, at its lowest ebb. You have sacrificed your young lives to put an end to evil and to keep the world free.

Today, fifteen thousand survivors of the Holocaust and their children come to Washington to thank you, your fellow soldiers and the American government, not only for giving us freedom and life when we were only one footstep from certain death, but for returning our dignity and restoring our belief in man's goodness. We remain forever grateful.

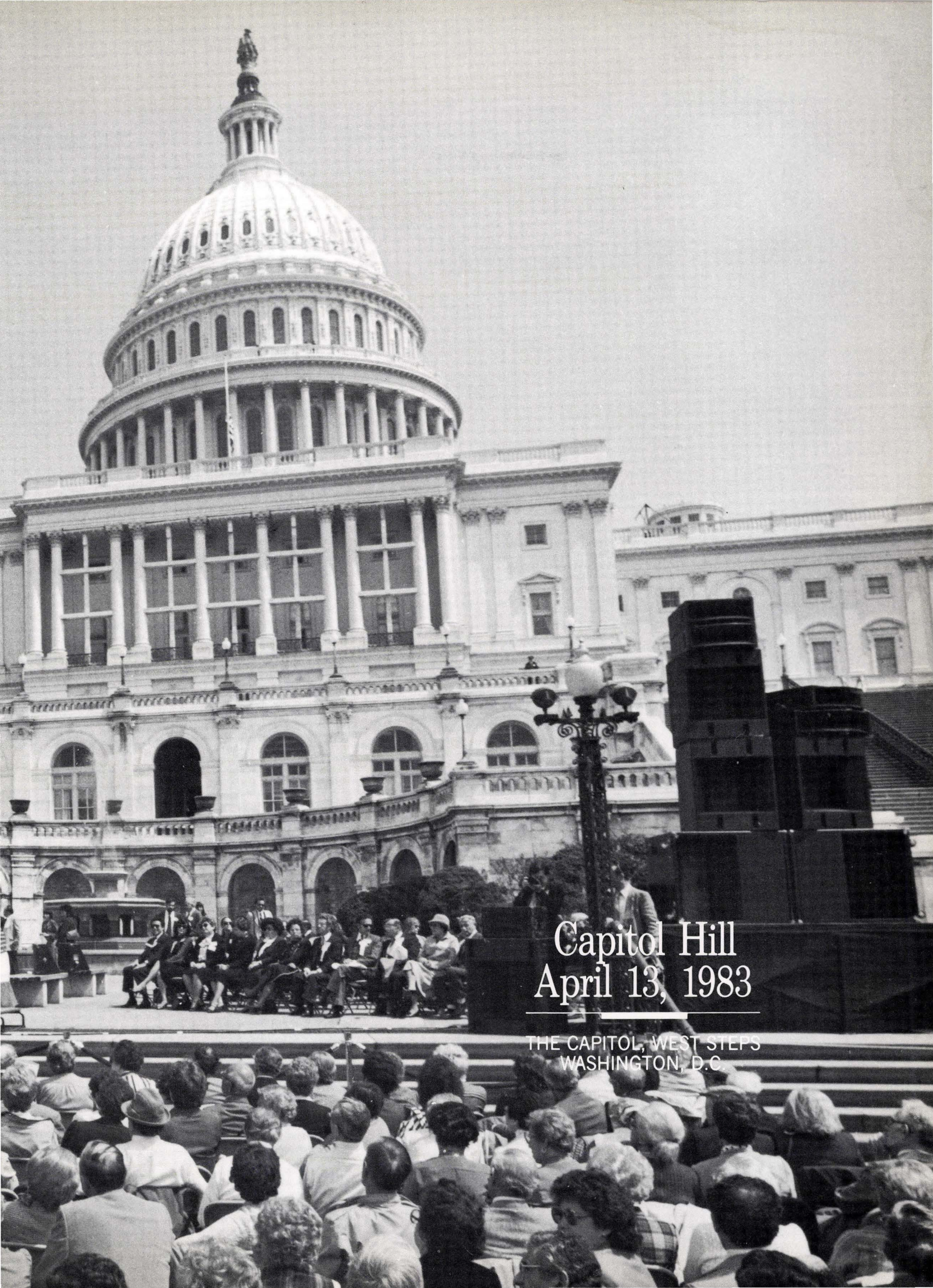
On behalf of all participants in the American Gathering of Survivors, we thank you, salute you, and honor you.

Miles Lerman

"You have seen the abyss. You have seen mankind at its ugliest, at its lowest ebb. You have sacrificed your young lives to put an end to evil and to keep the world free."

"Freedom is a hard fought cause that never ends."





Capitol Hill
April 13, 1983

THE CAPITOL, WEST STEPS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

RESISTANCE, SURVIVAL AND DIGNITY

Sam E. Bloch, Senior Vice President
American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"This gathering is —y—o—u— the people who came here in such multitudes, you — with the tatooed numbers on your arms, with the scars on your bodies and in your souls, that even time cannot fully heal. You the survivors have sanctified life by rebuilding it from the ashes. You have become a moral force."

These are memorable days for us, participants in a great historical event — the first American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors. What is it that has brought us here in the thousands, from all states of this great land and neighboring Canada, together with our families with our children, in such an extraordinary spirit of togetherness?

We are the remnants of a slaughtered people, remnants of thousands of once-flourishing communities all over Europe that were brutally destroyed and are no more. We came here, with our memories, propelled by the commitment to remembrance of the past and its lessons and faith in the future, in a spirit of unity and solidarity.

Standing here at this great capital of democracy as proud citizens of this land of freedom, our thoughts go back to the cities of slaughter, the fires of the crematoria, the mass graves of our martyrs, and the graves of our fallen fighters.

Yes, we remember and make others remember all those who perished, lonely and forsaken, all those who kindled the flame of resistance in the ghettoes, camps, hiding places and forests, all who perished on high seas fleeing from death and denied safe shores.

The German Nazis tried to destroy our human dignity, to efface every vestige of humanity, to fill us with horror and contempt towards ourselves and fellow men: all this before taking our lives with such bestiality. "Even if I die in Auschwitz," exclaimed one of our martyrs before execution — "it would be as a human being, who still believes in decency and in mankind. I will hold on to my dignity till the last minute of my earthly life." These simple words of courage convey the full spirit of defiance and resistance against Nazi tyranny, which is one of the main themes of our Gathering.

The Warsaw Ghetto uprising, which we commemorate now, 40 years later, was a unique affirmation of self respect. And so were all other acts of revolt in many ghettoes and camps, as was the heroic struggle of the Jewish partisans.

The Nazi Holocaust was an assault on the Jewish people without precedent in the history of the world. Jewish spiritual and armed resistance to the Nazis, in all its forms, all interrelated, was also unprecedented.

Yes, they resisted with defiance towards their mortal enemy; with their prayers, and yearnings and hopes. They resisted by fleeing from the ghettoes into the fields and forests, by hiding in the cellars and bunkers. Yes, they resisted by smuggling food, by teaching children human values, by comforting each other, by giving a helping hand to a failing comrade on the death marches, by sharing a piece of bread and saving lives from starvation.

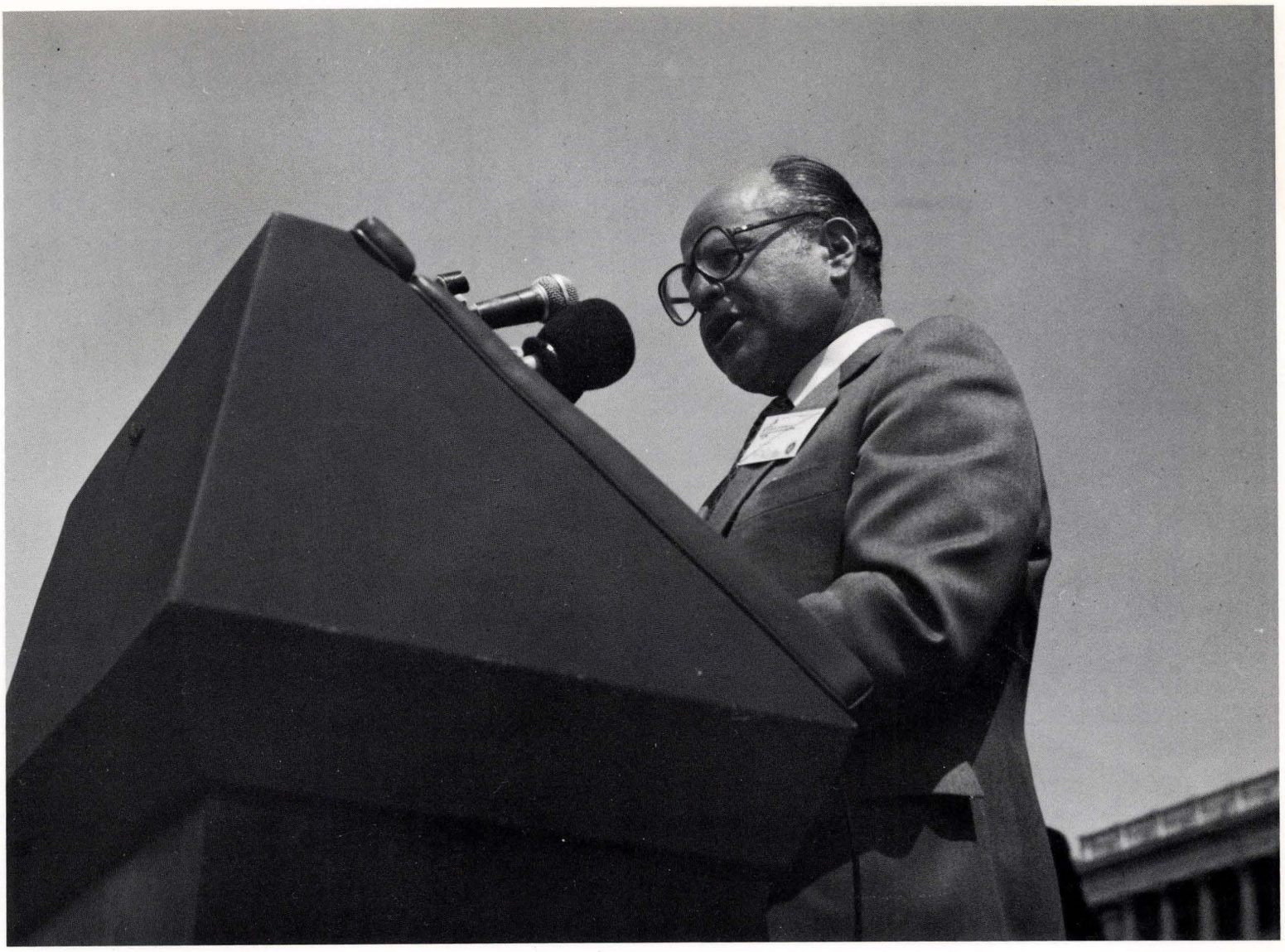
All this revealed itself as forms of resistance no longer distinguishable from life itself — whether it meant survival for an hour, a day, a week, or even by good luck — as it was ours, the survivors' fortune — until the evil tyrant was destroyed.

Resistance meant enhancing life under the most terrible conditions, defending it, or even just barely clinging to life.

The belief in God, in tradition, in humanity, expressed in secret prayers, even in Auschwitz, kept broken spirits from losing their complete faith, even when they had no grasp of the reason for their plight. This is resistance too. Such was their faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, in the eternity of their people, faith in a better world to come — a world which would and should draw proper lessons from the Holocaust for its own sake.

What about us, the survivors? If we survived, it is only because of our courage, endurance and spiritual strength which emerged with dignity from the ashes of the Holocaust. The survivors harbored in their lives, not only sorrow for their own losses: parents, brothers, sisters, children, but a deep pride which they carried along with fruitful vitality and dynamism wherever they built new homes. While remembering the lost ones, they reestablished families, raised children and became useful productive members of society, with notable contributions in all walks of life: the arts, sciences, technology, commerce, literature, music and other cultural and civic endeavors. If we are here today at such a Gathering, it is not only because of *who* we are, but also of *what* we are. There were many impressive events in the course of our Gathering, ceremonial acts of remembrance, artistic programs, exhibitions, symposia, but what stands out most forcefully in this Gathering — it is *you,* the people, you my fellow survivors, who came here in such multitudes!

You who came to demonstrate your dedication to the memory of our six million martyrs and heroes! You with the tattooed numbers on your arms, with the scars on



Sam E. Bloch, Chairman of the Capitol Hill Assembly and Holocaust Memorial Dedication Ceremony

your bodies and souls, which even time can not fully heal — which will forever remain a mark of shame not only for the Nazi murderers and their helpers, but also to an indifferent world that permitted it to happen.

You the survivors, who sanctified life to rebuilding it from the ashes, have become such a moral force with your experience and achievements.

Who would have dreamt forty years ago that we would have the privilege to assemble here in the heart of America, to remember together, to celebrate life together, and yes, also to express appreciation to this great free nation, for many things for which thanks are due. You sent your sons to war, a just war, against the Nazi tyranny. We pay homage to all those who gave their lives in this struggle. Your valiant soldiers liberated Buchenwald, Dachau and many other infamous Nazi death camps. The living witnesses and survivors are right here! America gave us the opportunity to rebuild our lives. We thank you for establishing the Days of Remembrance, which by now are a national tradition throughout the country, for the Museum Memorial to be erected in our nation's capital under the guidance and leadership of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council and its illustrious chairman, Professor Elie Wiesel.

Thank you, America, for the help you have given to the State of Israel since its founding. We all know too well what Israel means to all of us and the entire Jewish people in light of our own experiences, and we urge our government to continue in the fullest measure its support for the Jewish State, the fulfillment of a dream after two thousand years of bondage and persecution, the dream our six million martyrs did not live to see become a reality.

In the spirit of remembrance and faith, let us go on upholding our legacy with renewed strength and dedication of people who care, for a better future for America, for Israel and for all mankind.

DEDICATION

George Bush, Vice President
The United States of America

"Rather than coming to seek vengeance and justice, you speak out for healing; rather than despairing at unmitigated evil, you shine with a faith that something instructive, something good, can come out of this."

The Holocaust Memorial Museum which we dedicate here represents a promise you have kept. You, gathered here for the Days of Remembrance, are special survivors, carrying a particular burden entrusted to you from all those ravaged by the Holocaust.

Your loved ones departed from the earth with one request of you: remember. And you have remembered. They asked only not to sink into oblivion. This was the last hope of rescue they sought. And you have not failed them; you have not let them die again. Through these annual Days of Remembrance, the Holocaust Memorial Museum, and the work of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, you will provide continual redemption for the lives that were sacrificed.

Today all of humanity is again called upon to remember: We must remember the short step from civilization to chaos, from subjugation to annihilation, from anti-Semitic slogans to the death industry.

We must remember the sickness of the actual business that grew from six small camps in 1939, to twenty large camps with 165 satellite camps and hundreds of slave labor camps and transit centers across Eastern and Western Europe by 1944. These were extermination camps -- used by the Nazis to purge a great people.

We must remember the warning of the renowned Holocaust survivor, the Chairman of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, Elie Wiesel, "that although all Jews were victims, not all victims were Jews."

At this largest multiple day gathering in Jewish history, we are pilgrims joining together in a mutual trust, a trust in the ultimate triumph of good over evil. We pledge together that never again in the history of man will we allow human rights to be so viciously abused.

We join with you, God's remnant, in speaking out, in condemning, in silencing all voices of oppression. Because of the stark reality of the extermination camps, because of the particularly harsh frame of reference from which you speak, the world must be receptive to your message. Rather than coming to seek vengeance and justice, you speak out for healing; rather than despairing at unmitigated evil, you shine with a faith that something instructive, something good, can come out of even this. Your hope, your reason for gathering, for organizing this memorial, is to teach the world not to repeat the hate. We must remember instead to teach tolerance, to teach respect and dignity for every man, regardless of race, color or creed.

The Holocaust Memorial Museum will house the lesson you bring here today. It will document the horrible, the unmentionable. It will point the blame, and it will credit the saviours. But, most of all, it will teach. This museum will show what can happen when humanitarian goals are forsaken and hellish forces released.

The Holocaust serves as a universal warning. It is not to be sentimentalized, not abstracted. Its impact must not be diluted. The Holocaust is no metaphor; it is truth.

In your coming here today, we remember anew the accountability, the duty, we each have for every human life. It is said that Hitler took each step only after he saw that the world failed to respond. May this Holocaust Memorial Museum serve as the special beacon of light to all future generations -- assaulting our indifference, demanding our involvement, arresting our selfishness, and accosting every last trace of our isolationism, both personally and as a nation. As Elie Wiesel has said, "Every visitor to the museum should leave as a changed person."

I have visited *Yad Vashem* -- the Holocaust museum in Jerusalem. I know the profound sense of loss the memorial impresses upon its visitors.

In closing, I think of Chairman Wiesel as a small boy enduring the savagery of the Holocaust, saying to his father, "If this were true, the world would not be silent." And his father then saying, "Perhaps the world does not know." But now, thanks to you, Elie Wiesel, and you, Ben Meed, as President of this magnificent gathering, and thanks to all survivors, we do know; the world knows. May we use this knowledge with wisdom and compassion to fervently honor the sanctity and dignity of every human life.

I join you in the prophet Isaiah's prayer, "Wherefore lift up thy prayer for the remnant that is left."

May God bless you.







Vice President Bush presenting the key to Elie Wiesel. Secretary James Watt, Speaker Thomas O'Neill, Sigmund Strochlitz, Sam Bloch and Benjamin Meed look on.

FRAGMENTS OF FIRE AND SORROW

Elie Wiesel, Chairman
United States Holocaust Memorial Council

"And I swear to you, in the name of all that is sacred to me and to us, that we shall try to avoid cheapening the experience. I swear to you to avoid cheap slogans, simplistic conclusions and vulgar spectacles. The subject commands us to preserve it awesome purity."

It is a great day and a great event. And both will be remembered by future generations. We shall write about this event with words of gratitude.

Mr. Vice President, and Mr. Speaker, surely you know, that no one is as capable of gratitude as we survivors. Instead of anger we have chosen compassion, instead of hate we have chosen sensitivity, and when the war ended, hard to believe, but it is true, the words on our lips were mainly thank you. When the first American soldiers arrived in Buchenwald, we rushed to them, we embraced them, we kissed them. They were princes from a far away land -- bearers of a message perhaps filled with redemption.

And since then, we continue to say thank you. Thank you, therefore, members of the Congress and the Senate, members of the administration, President and Vice President. Thank you, American people, for having given us this museum. In building this museum we feel that we have accomplished a mission the victims have assigned to collect memories and tears: fragments of fire and sorrow, words of despair and defiance. And names, above all names.

My friends, you know that our children carry the names of our fathers and grandfathers, and you know that it would take more than a lifetime simply to recite all those names. It would take more than one people; it would take more than one generation to bring back the names that the killers have destroyed. So we shall house names in our museum -- in all languages; in Ladino and in Greek, in French, English, Russian and Polish, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Hungarian, and Yiddish. Because the killers wanted to destroy Jews from all those countries, speaking all those languages, bearing all those names.

Then we shall bring words into the museum. Words that we have found under the ashes in Auschwitz and Treblinka. My friends, there were chronicles in the ghettos, there were historians in the camps. Even in Belzec and Treblinka there were historians, and therefore it is our duty to take their message, keep it, study it, cherish it.

Mr. Vice President, as you have hinted in your generous compassionate discourse, there will be questions, too, that we will have to include in our memories and in our program. Granted, the American army, the allied armies, liberated many camps -- and we shall remember them forever and ever -- but why did they come so late? I have to teach my children and my students and tell them that we should have faith. And I do teach them to have faith. What can I answer them when they ask me, why wasn't one military plan changed to liberate the camps one day earlier? Why didn't the allied forces bomb the railways going into Auschwitz?

Mr. Vice President, Mr. Speaker, friends in Congress, ask us and we will tell you that in those days, ten thousand people died daily. If they had bombed the railways, at least ten thousand people would have lived one day longer. We pledge to you, friends, survivors and friends of our friends, we pledge to you to remain faithful. We shall tell the story, although the entire story cannot be told; nobody ever will tell the full story. We shall give fragments. Sparks of the fire.

Mr. Vice President, the story we will tell is Jewish and therefore universal, for as Kafka said, "When a Jew is beaten, mankind is falling to the ground." When Israel is threatened, democracy is threatened. We pledge to you to tell as much as we can about the brutality of the killers, the cynicism of the by-standers, the heroism of the lonely ghetto fighters in Warsaw and Lodz and Vilna. The defiant stand of the partisans, the fate of the pious, the silence of the children. And the pain, the intense pain of the humble mother who was forced to watch her children being murdered. We shall speak of our allies, we shall speak also of our righteous gentiles, we shall speak of our friends.

And I swear to you, in the name of all that is sacred to me and to us, that we shall try to avoid cheapening the experience. I swear to you to avoid cheap slogans, simplistic conclusions and vulgar spectacles. The subject commands us to preserve its awesome purity. In conclusion, there is an ancient legend that prophet Elijah roamed around the world collecting stories of Jewish suffering and human suffering. And one day when the Messiah will come, he will take all these stories, turn them into a book, and hand it to the Messiah. I know one place where prophet Elijah will have to visit for a very long time. This museum. Our museum.

Elie Wiesel.



Accepting the symbolic key.







Clockwise:

Sam Bloch, Elie Wiesel, Vice President George Bush, Gordon Zacks and Martin Citrin.

Roman Kent, Vladka Meed, Sigmund Strochlitz

Steven Ludsin, Kitty Dukakis, Lilly Bloch, Leilani Watt, Hadassah Rosensaft, Sherri and Sigi Wilzig.

Our Concern Is With The Future

Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr.
Speaker of the House of Representatives

"We gather not as Americans, not as Jews or Gentiles, not as Republicans or Democrats, but as human beings obligated to preserve the history of the Holocaust so that its lessons will not be forgotten in generations to come."

We are gathered today amidst our national symbols of freedom to celebrate the freedom we are privileged to share. Our appreciation is all the deeper as we recall those who perished during the Holocaust.

The book of names which you have collected will be a permanent record of the fact that over fifteen thousand Holocaust survivors joined together this week to record their experiences, in spite of the painful memories that this week has rekindled. It is also a record of those who cannot sign their own names -- the millions of men, women and children who lost their lives during the Holocaust.

For those of us who lived through those years, the fact that the Holocaust occurred is a chilling and stark reality. But to more distant generations, it may seem impossible that a civilized society could degenerate so completely. It may seem impossible that evil could so dominate the world.

The Jewish people are known as the people of the book. The Jewish people are just as much a people of questions. The oral law, which fleshes out Jewish ethics and religious practice, is rooted in a process of questioning and argument carried on by men of great insight and intelligence.

In confronting the Holocaust, we too must constantly apply a process of questioning. We must keep alive the questions that the Holocaust raises.

The purpose of the book of names, the purpose of this gathering, and the purpose of the Holocaust Memorial Museum is to build a record to assure that future generations remember the systematic genocide of the Jews of Europe. We must record this history for future generations. Citizens in a free society must never again forget that they are responsible for the policies of their nation. They must reject political appeals based on hate and prejudice.

We gather not as Americans, not as Jews or gentiles, not as Republicans or Democrats, but as human beings obligated to preserve the history of the Holocaust so that its lessons will not be forgotten in generations to come.

We are not here simply to praise the United States as a new homeland for many survivors. We must remember that there should have been many more survivors.

We are not here simply to memorialize those who did not survive. Our concern is with the future as much as with the past. We must make certain that the people of our nation, and of all nations, never close their eyes to persecution or to the violation of basic human rights.



Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill.

This is not simply a Jewish issue, and this is not a Jewish museum. This is an issue that is of concern to all who enjoy the privilege of freedom. It is a museum that must teach all visitors that citizens pay a price for this privilege -- the price is moral responsibility. Failure to discharge that responsibility sets loose man's capacity for evil -- a capacity that the Holocaust demonstrated knows no limits.



SOMBER YET GOOD

Congressman Sam Gejdenson

"Being a Jewish son, I could not leave without fulfilling my parent's request. My mother asked me to say her name and where she came from and where my father came from. My mother is from Vilna. Her name was Julia Lieberman. My father came from Popyanov near Dobshitz. His name is Shlomo Gejdenson."

Please forgive my Yiddish, (in Yiddish). My Yiddish was learned from my mother and father, from my grandfather and grandmother. When I was a child, the *Yeshivot* of my mother's Vilna were no longer, the *cheders* in my father's Papyanov were destroyed, but I was lucky. I had a mother and a father, a grandmother and a grandfather.

We came here to remember a very dark time, but we must also recall the noble moments. An old gentile woman saved my father's life. It is easy to sit in the comfort of America and say that this was the proper thing to do, but it was not that easy in Poland of 1940. Had the Germans discovered that she was hiding a Jew, they would have not only killed that wonderful woman but her eight children as well.

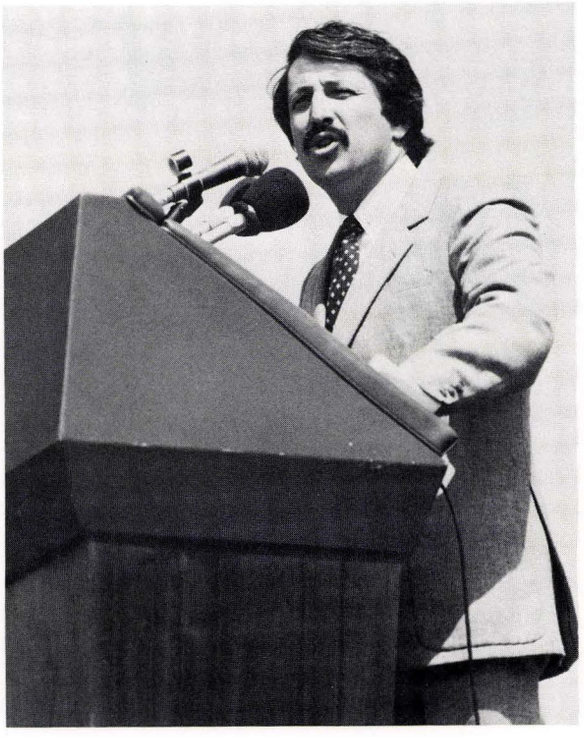
When we think that all is bad, we must think of what is good as well.

(in English) I came to this Gathering with many mixed feelings. I come from a family of survivors who are internalists. We did not externalize the discussion. We all knew what happened and periodically questions as to why we didn't have uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces explained very poignantly what happened. We remembered but it wasn't part of the daily diet of discussion. It was through the urging of Senator Dodd's relative that I read Elie Wiesel's *Night*, the first book I ever read about the Holocaust only two years ago -- at the age of thirty three. And it was with fear that I turned the pages, fear that it would disrupt my life. For in each page of Elie's book I saw what happened to my family and I saw all the *"greene"* I came to America with. I read his book and somehow I felt better.

This is a somber day, yet somehow I feel good. For this day states very clearly that we have survived. It may have taken forty years to come to this realization. It was clear after the war that we had survived physically, but psychologically and internally, it took us some time to express the conviction that after all the horror, we had indeed survived as a people.

As children of survivors we have a special responsibility to see that it does not happen to us and that we dare not be second. Pastor Niemoller said:

> In Germany, first they came for the communists and I did not speak out because I was not a communist. Then they came for the trade unionists and again I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for the Jews and I knew it was wrong, but I did not speak out because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Catholics. Again I did not speak out because I was not a Catholic.
>
> Then they came for me. By that time it was too late -- for there was no one to speak up.



Congressman Sam Gejdenson, the first child of survivors to serve in Congress.

For those of us who have been first, we can not sit by as racial prejudice takes place in this country, we cannot sit by as human rights are violated -- whether in Russia or in El Salvador. We must be the first to speak out.

Being a Jewish son, I could not leave without fulfilling my parents' requests. We came here for many reasons and one of those reasons is a feeling in the pit of our stomachs that maybe there is a *tante* (aunt), a *tochter* (daughter) or a *bube* (grandmother) who is still alive. My mother asked me to say her name and where she came from and where my father came from.

My mother came from Vilna. Her name was Julia Lieberman. My father came from Popyanov near Dobshitz. His name is Shlomo Gejdenson.

ONLY IN AMERICA

Senator Rudy Boschwitz

Only in America could a young Jewish boy get off the boat at the age of five, go to the Middle West, succeed in business, and be elected to the United States Senate by a state in which the Jewish population is but one half of one percent.

Only in America can a story like mine be told. It is a tribute to the greatness of our country that we can assemble today at the bastion of our liberty.

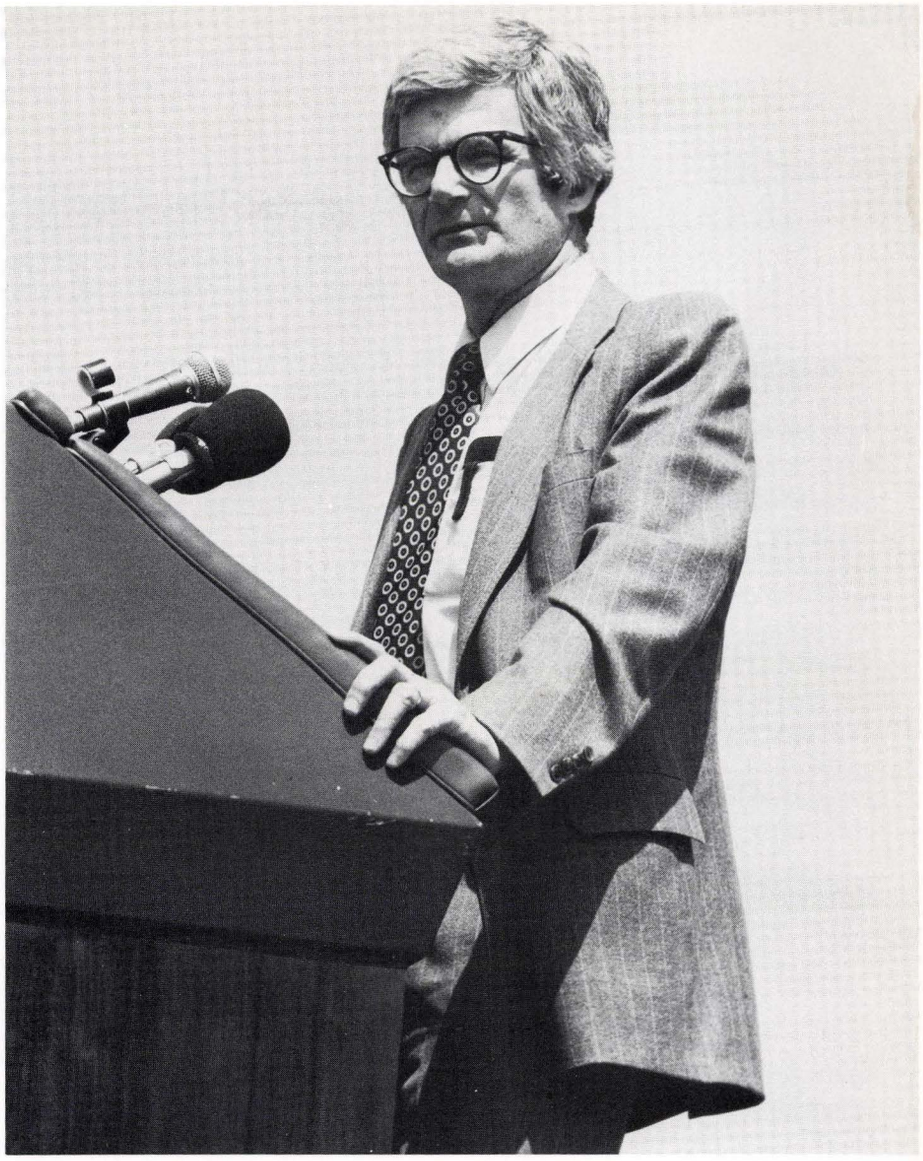
Yet it is only because of the perspicacity and foresight of my father that I am here today. The very day that Hitler came to power on January 30, 1933, my father came home and told my mother that we would leave Germany. We left in July 1933 when I was only two. We went from country to country to country seeking admission to the United States. We were lucky for we had left early enough to gain admission. The rest of my family had no place to go. Those who did not perish went to Uraguay, South Africa, Kenya, Shanghai, and Cuba. Eventually my wife ended up living in Brazil.

We have a feeling of kinship for all Jews no matter where they are. Jewish history indicates that Israel must live because we cannot tell when Israel will be needed again as a haven.

From country to country we went -- we had nowhere to go. No one helped us in our hour of greatest need -- except those wonderful people, the righteous gentiles. Very few countries helped us -- a handful of Latin American countries admitted our people. But never again can we allow that to happen. And the Holocaust Memorial will insure that it will not happen again.

I have that long memory as a little boy travelling from country to country with no place to go. If we remember the past and act courageously in the future, if Israel remains secure, perhaps I can be among the last with such a painful memory.







Senator Rudy Boschwitz (top).
Congressman Sam Gejdenson, with Speaker O'Neill and Elie Wiesel.

TRIBUTE TO DEMOCRACY

Mark Talisman, Vice-Chairman
United States Holocaust Memorial Council

"The survivors have demonstrated time and again the resiliance of the human spirit. Survivors can testify to the greatness of America. They can affirm with one voice the meaning of freedom, liberty, and justice.

"We went from country to country seeking admission to the United States. We were luck for we had left early enough to gain admission. The rest of my family had no place to go."

You the survivors are here by the thousands with us in Washington. Together we remember the devastation and the degradation of humanity perpetrated by government, in the name of law and order. This year we will also remember the heroism, courage, and fortitude of those who resisted the behemoth governmental apparatus -- those who tried to protect their own dignity and prevent further suffering.

This year is the fortieth anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising. Together we retell the history of this unprecedented manifestation of courage so that our children will not forget, but will learn to tell the story to their children forever. These Days of Remembrance allow our nation to understand how governments can collapse, how sanity and reason can dissolve, how bureaucracies can go berserk, setting up killing machinery against a whole people simply because of their origins. By remembering we pay tribute to those who died. Thus we assure those who live and those who are yet to be born that we will never permit such insanity to recur.

You, the thousands of survivors gathered before this hallowed Capitol, have taught us to remember. We know that the meaning of these special Days of Remembrance must not be forgotten; our nation's laws are written for the sake of justice and decency in this great democracy.

It is a particular tribute to our democracy that we assemble by the thousands here on the west front of this great Capitol, to express gratitude to this great nation the United States of America, which is now home to thousands of survivors. Where else does a group of citizens meet so openly in the spirit of oneness with the highest leaders of their government?



America witnesses a people who have survived tragedy beyond description, who have resisted efforts to destroy their way of life, their humanity and their souls. The survivors have demonstrated time and again the resilience of the human spirit. They can affirm with one voice the meaning of freedom, liberty, and justice.

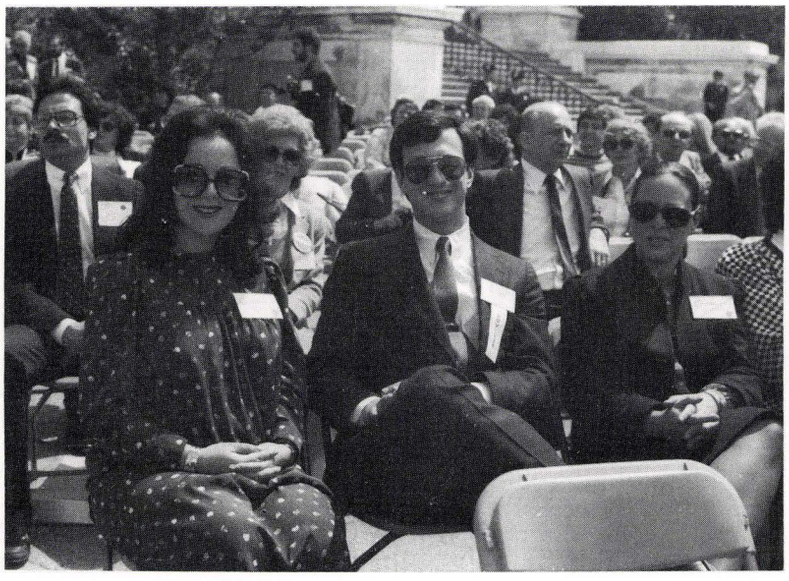
Within sight of this building and at a triangulation between our great monuments, a living memorial will soon be erected. We thank the House and the Senate, the President of the United States, and the Vice President for their steadfast support of the historic task of remembrance.

















Senator Frank Lautenberg. (top left)
Congressman Sidney Yates, Miles Lerman, Secretary James Watt, and Senator Boschwitz.

Lillian and Jack Rozmaryn, Judith and Ossi Warshawsky, Helen and Abe Enisman. Pola and Henry Major
Fred Friedman, John and Miriam Klein, Robert Born and Dora Butnick look on.

Nina Klein, Howard Butnick, Jean Bloch-Rosensaft

COMMANDED TO LIVE

"As you, the survivors of the Holocaust, are witness to the cruelty and tyranny to which men can sink — so too are you witness to the essential importance of the values of freedom, courage, opportunity, humanity, and life under God and law."

"As an American, I am proud that our soldiers were able to liberate many of you. As a Jew, I am proud of the role that our Jewish communty has played in helping survivors find havens in lands of freedom."

Martin E. Citrin, President
Council of Jewish Federations

The great Hebrew poet Haim Nachman Bialik spoke of the victims of the European pogroms: "In their death they commanded us to life." We of the Council of Jewish Federations and the organized Federated Jewish Communities of North America are proud to be identified with this historic unique gathering -- a gathering convened to commemorate the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind, as well as to give living testimony to the legacy of that great tragedy -- the legacy of life. The survivors gathered here, together with those of us who were more fortunate -- we who were not direct victims of that tragedy -- represent the legacy of those who died. Their testament commits us to enrich and create in this great land and, for that matter, for the world at large, a life of eternal values -- the principles of the great American democratic tradition and our people's values rooted in 3,500 years of Jewish continuity.

As you, the survivors of the Holocaust, are witness to the cruelty and tyranny to which men can sink -- so too are you witness to the essential importance of the values of freedom, courage, opportunity, humanity, and life under God and law; values that are the essence of America, values that represent the heights to which mankind can aspire.

You have helped increase the richness of America and its vibrant Jewish community -- you have strengthened our lives as Americans and as Jews by enhancing our culture -- by helping us deepen our understanding of our tradition and by redirecting us to our roots. You have given to America and to its Jewish communities outstanding leadership and a commitment to a better quality of life.

You, the thousands of survivors who are here and those others -- the millions who are not here -- command us to remember, but to remember for a purpose. We recognize that you, the survivors of the Holocaust, have brought to us a new strength and a reaffirmation of what America represents. You have added to America by your hearts, your hands, your skills and your wisdom. We are all more human, more American, more Jewish, because of your being in our midst.

And for those who did not survive, if in fact we will live up to the legacy, that in their death we are commanded to life, to life in the fullest and highest sense of the term, then they will not have died in vain.

Herschel Blumberg, President
United Jewish Appeal

I wish to speak primarily to you, the survivors. We congratulate you for the decision to come together and thank you for the benefits of hope and strength your gathering gives to us. When an American-born Jew spends even one day in Auschwitz, he inevitably learns to hate with an intensity he had previously rejected and is fired with an anger never to be quenched.

I marvel, therefore, that in just four decades you have risen from the Nazi-made depths of depravity and hate to contribute to the creation of a world of sanity and love.

Your efforts toward self-uplifting were crowned two years ago as you and fellow survivors climbed the hills to Jerusalem, the citadel of the human spirit and Israel's eternal capital.

Today, in the midst of this second great gathering, we stand on this hill -- in freedom's fortress -- the United States of America -- which is to all humankind the guarantor of freedom.

As an American, I am proud that our soldiers were able to liberate many of you. As a Jew, I am proud of the role our Jewish community has played in helping survivors find havens in lands of freedom.

But of the six million of our family who perished simply because they were Jews, we must not only grieve; we must remember.

Just as for you, time will never dim the sight of their faces, the sound of their singing and the touch of their hands, so we shall always hear their warning cry:

"Don't look on with folded arms and shake your heads,

Don't look on with folded arms while the fire spreads."

We shall not.

Never again will we permit our people or any people to be set aside, ignored, humiliated, destroyed.

We shall remember to pray for all who dared to hope and we shall honor all who dreamed to be.

We shall remember to give each child the memory of each of those who used to be.

We shall remember to live our lives so all who died will ever live in you and me.

We shall never forget.





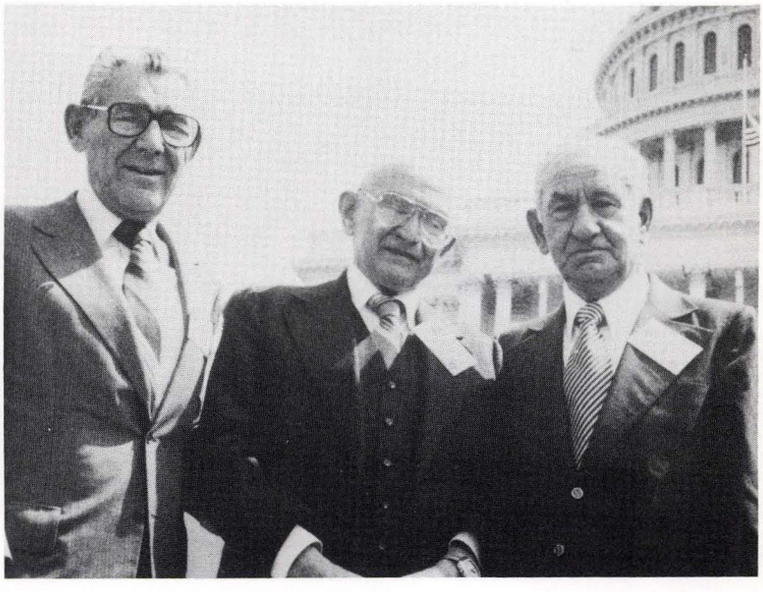
Martin Citrin
Herschel Blumberg . (top)

Irving Peters, Gideon Hausner and Sigmund Strochlitz.

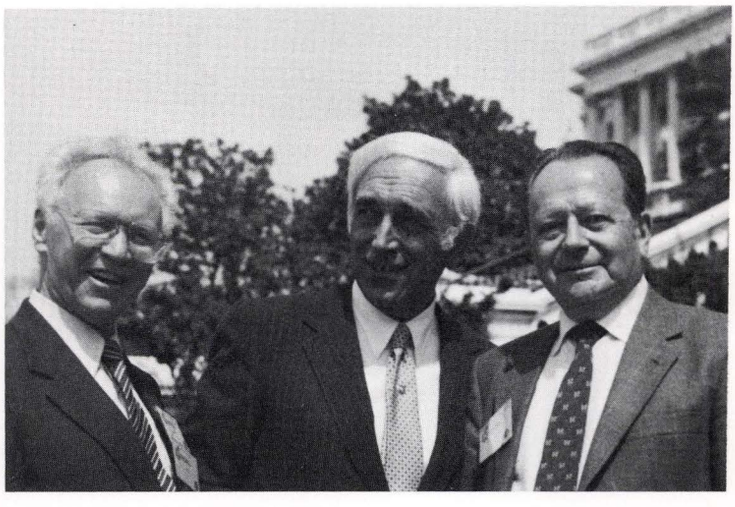
Eli Zborowski, Senator Frank Lautenberg, Jack Rozmaryn

One of the Birkenau twins upon whom Mengele performed vile experiments. Senator Paul Simon.

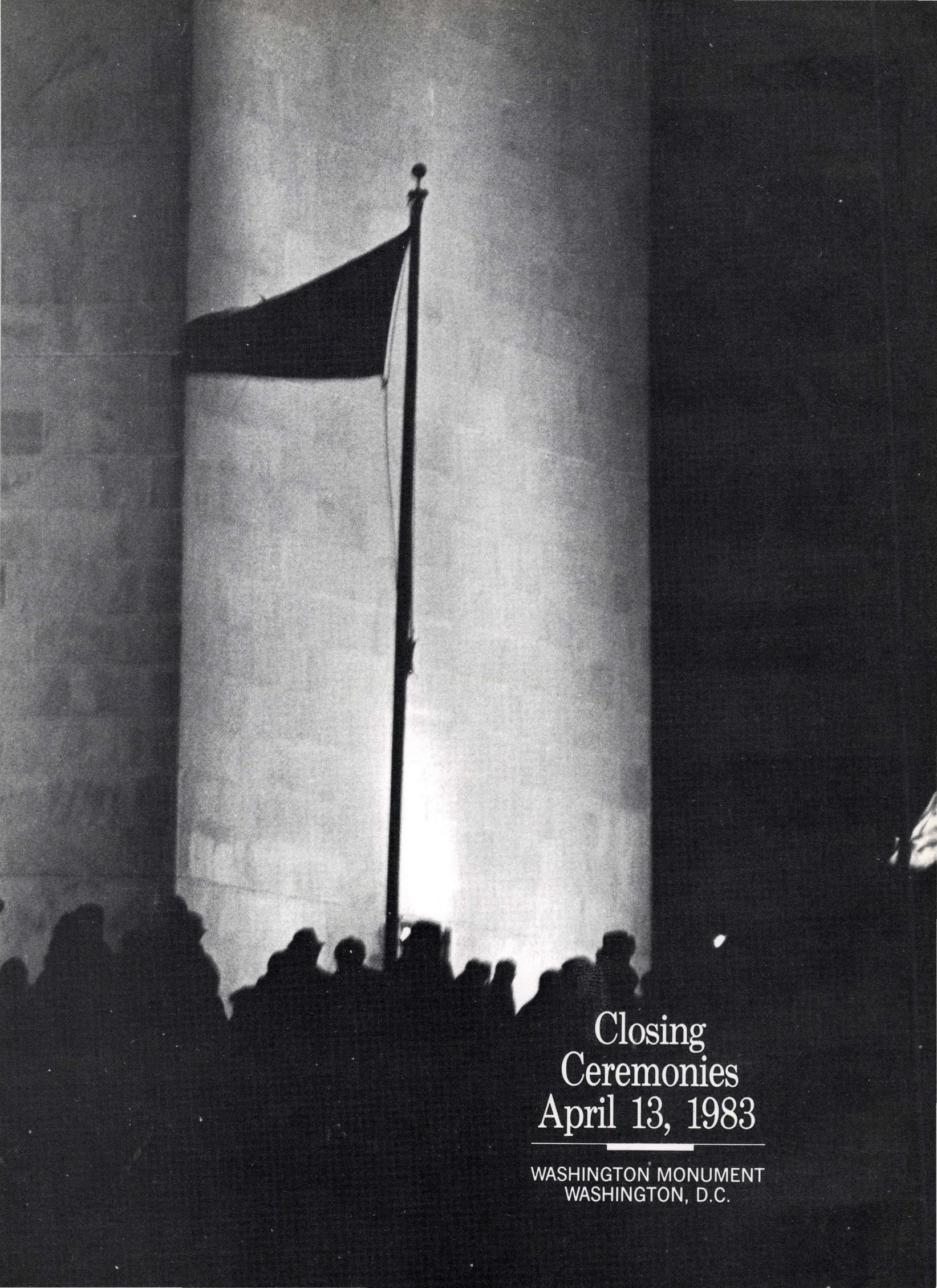












Closing Ceremonies April 13, 1983

WASHINGTON MONUMENT
WASHINGTON, D.C.



Each survivor held a memorial candle and a symbolic meal.









Survivors were warmed by the glow of *yartzeit* candles. Each participant was given a symbolic meal of wine, bread and a apple donated by Leon Weinberg of New Haven, Ct. Those who once starved together now ate together and drank *l'chaim*.

A Journey In Search Of Freedom

Roman Kent
Chairman, National Executive Committee

"Where was God? Where was man? Where were you and I? And for all of us, the ultimate question: where will we be the next time children cry out in pain?"

I was born on Srodmiejska Street, No. 38, in Lodz, Poland. I am a graduate of the Lodz ghetto, the concentration camps of Auschwitz, Merzbachtal, Gross Rosen and Flossenburg. My camp number was 81673.

Now forty years later, I am married and have two children — both graduates of fine universities.

This historic gathering is for me a journey in search of freedom, human dignity and in search of each other. And it is fitting that this concluding ceremony, marking the 40th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, takes place in the shadow of the Washington Monument, one of the most symbolic places in this historic city.

George Washington, the first president of the United States, personified a fighter for freedom and liberty. How symbolic and appropriate for us to give homage here to our heroic fighters — and I include among them moral and spiritual fighters — who existed in every ghetto and concentration camp under Nazi occupation.

How appropriate it is to meet in Washington to pay tribute to the handful of heroes at the Warsaw Ghetto. With their pitiful homemade weapons, they resisted the might of the entire Third Reich. That handful of youngsters held out longer than the combined armies of Poland and France who had at their disposal millions of soldiers.

Psychologists, friends and newsmen were asking me — why are we here? Why did so many of us come here to see each other?

I don't know the psychological answer, but I do know the Jewish answer. Our prophet Ezekiel refers in one of his prophesies to the "Valley which is full of bones". Any survivor can attest that the camps were indeed "Valleys full of bones". And we, the survivors, were part of these valleys. And then there was the Prophet's question: "Can these bones live?" — to which he received this reply, "Behold, I will cause breath to enter into ye and ye shall live."

Some of us did survive and live — and we came here to the gathering to see the miracle of life and to see — to hear — to feel — to embrace — and to look for each other.

The fires which raged in the crematoria, and the flames that engulfed our homes and synagogues, delivered sparks of defiance which ignited our hopes and dreams.

These sparks, these flames, give us the strength to create and recreate, to build and rebuild, to rejoin the Jewish people and to help in the creation of the state of Israel which rose out of the ashes of our Holocaust experience to become a unique nation contributing to the world's progress and peace, and cherished by all survivors. For many of us, this spark gave us the strength to start new families in this, our adopted country, a land of freedom and liberty.

We came here individually, but we must leave together as determined as never before — that our experiences will become volumes in history, not mere footnotes as they are now in Germany and many other countries. We must leave here tonight, determined to see that in schools, in universities, in libraries — in every form of mass communications — the Holocaust experience should be an indelible imprint on the conscience of the civilized world for now and for all time to come.

There have been too many attempts to erase our experience from the guilty conscience of mankind. Our purpose these past three days and in the years ahead of us is to make sure that our story is not forgotten.

Recently Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons", describing the atrocities he committed during the war, commented: *"I* have already forgotten it. If *they* didn't, it is *their* problem." To this we must reply: *"No, this is not our problem, it is mankind's problem.*

On numerous occasions, I was told that we survivors are special. Perhaps we are, but we are not different from other human beings. As Shakespeare wrote in *The Merchant of Venice*, "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

In some ways, we are not different from all those who have known persecution, discrimination and death.

Where we are different is that we — as Jews — were a special target for complete extermination — just for being Jewish. For *this*, we are special. For this and for this alone the word "Holocaust" is and must always remain special. It cannot be diminished, cheapened, vulgarized or interchanged to mean anything else. It has to stand by itself because it has a meaning of its own.

The memory of the six million is and *must* remain special. Even more, we suffer and are tortured with the horrifying knowledge that among our *Kedoshim*, our martyrs, were one and one half million Jewish children — innocent, helpless, trusting children —



Roman Kent,

the future of our nation, the future of any nation.

At the outbreak of the war, I too, was a child.

To the sacred memory of the one and a half million children who did not survive, I dedicate these words: At the beginning, there were children. At the end, for more than a million, only ashes. For the few survivors, memories that can never be forgotten.

Memories — no answer — no meaning. Only memories and questions. Where was God? Where was man? Where were you and I? And for all of us — the ultimate question — where will we be next time when children cry out in pain?

We are gathered here with our children — our treasures, our future, our continuity.

We are here to transmit to our children a mission of rededication to the Jewish tradition of justice, freedom and human dignity. But above all, we must leave them the legacy that a Holocaust must never again be allowed to happen to us — or to any other people.

We came here as individuals, representing hundreds of concentration camps, ghettoes and partisan groups. We must, however, be united to achieve our goals.

Together, we must work towards our aims. Together, we can and must be the moral, spiritual and political force to be heard and reckoned with in both American and Jewish life.

The magnitude of this gathering has proved that we *can* and *must* fulfill this mission. Together, we will.

So, if at the conclusion of this meeting, anyone will ask why we are here, can there be any doubt in anyone's mind?



Rejoice And Enjoy

Professor Helen Fagin

"Rejoice and enjoy, but do not remember the pains of hell. You do not need any academic degrees for that. Unfortunately, you have the credentials. You have been to hell and back."

"Long after Hitler and the Klaus Barbies will have been forgotten, our children and grandchildren will compose music and write poetry, heal people and teach people, and build nations."

We have gathered here in the capital of the United States as Jews and as Americans. We bridge an ancient Jewish culture with a system of values and morality which has stood at the forefront of Western civilization for more than a generation. We came to America with nothing; naked and poor. We were able to make a life for ourselves, with dignity, with honor, with integrity. We were able to use the freedom of these United States and implement the values which we knew were the most important ones: education and learning.

What have we done? I believe that among the 10,000 survivors gathered here, there are at least 10,000 or more college graduates who are the second generation. I would not be wrong if I said that the majority of survivors have sons and daughters who are doctors and lawyers, professionals and businessmen; who have a good sense of values; who have built good families, and who have contributed to the United States of America. When we came here we were called refugees, not survivors. We have worked to the bone, with our hands, with our minds and with our hearts and we have achieved preeminence in many fields.

Survivors have nothing to apologize for, but we do have something of which we can be proud. We are not guilty. When anybody asks you why? Or when you ask yourself why have I survived instead of somebody else? Ask, why not? Why have the murderers or the bystanders survived. And yet, having accomplished what we have accomplished, having done what we have done, our work is not finished. There is a woman standing here someplace in this audience whom I had not seen in 41 years -- since she said good-bye to me a few days before the liquidation of our ghetto. Not thinking I had any chance to survive at all, I begged her, please if you survive, tell the truth.

The stories that we have to tell will take lifetimes to tell.

In the American epic *The Sound of Myself*, Walt Whitman wrote: "The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pain of hell is with me. The first, the pleasures of heaven, I graft and enlarge upon myself; the latter, the pain of hell, I translate into a new time."

Have as many pleasures as possible and make heaven part of your life. Rejoice and enjoy. But do not remember the pains of hell. You do not need any academic degrees for that. Unfortunately, you have the credentials. You have been to hell, and back.

L' Chaim

Congressman Thomas Lantos

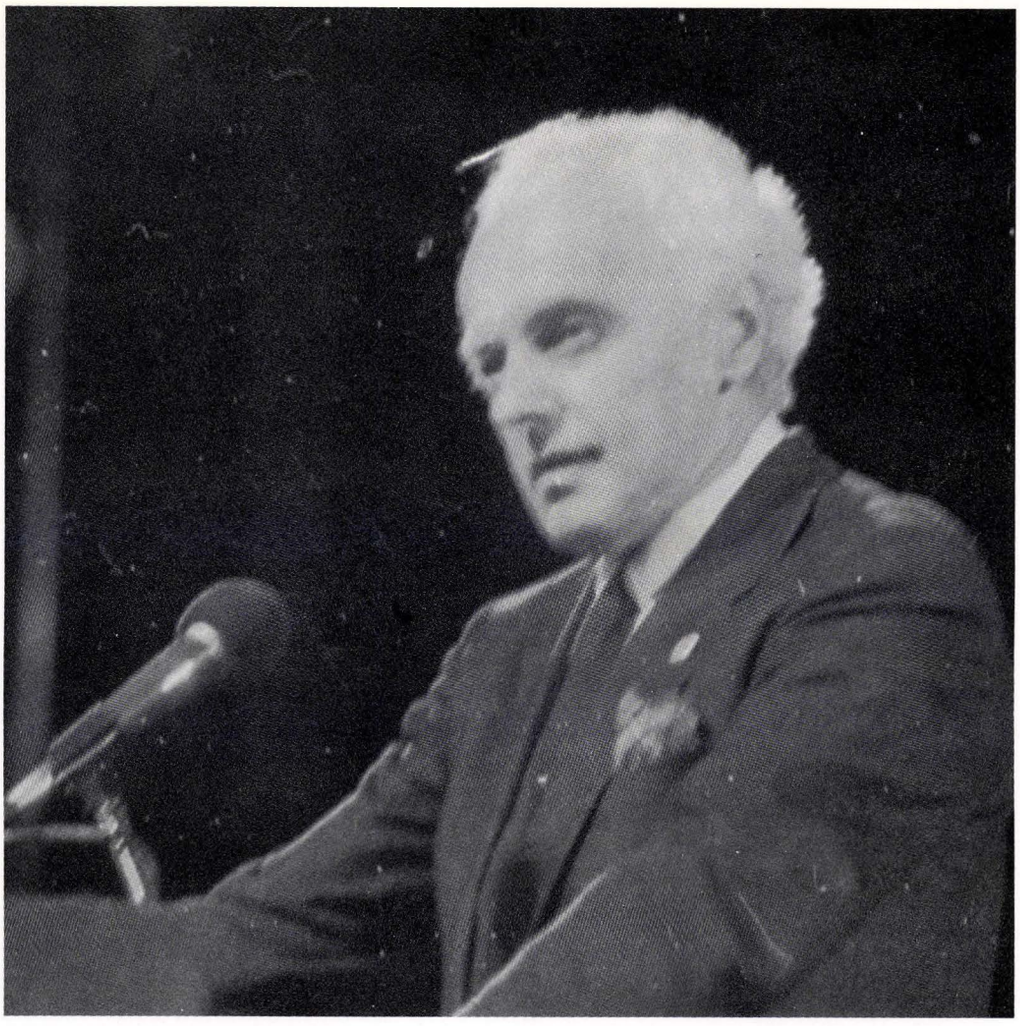
On behalf of the Congress of the United States, I want to thank all of you for being here. The Congress, this city, and this nation have been enriched by this event.

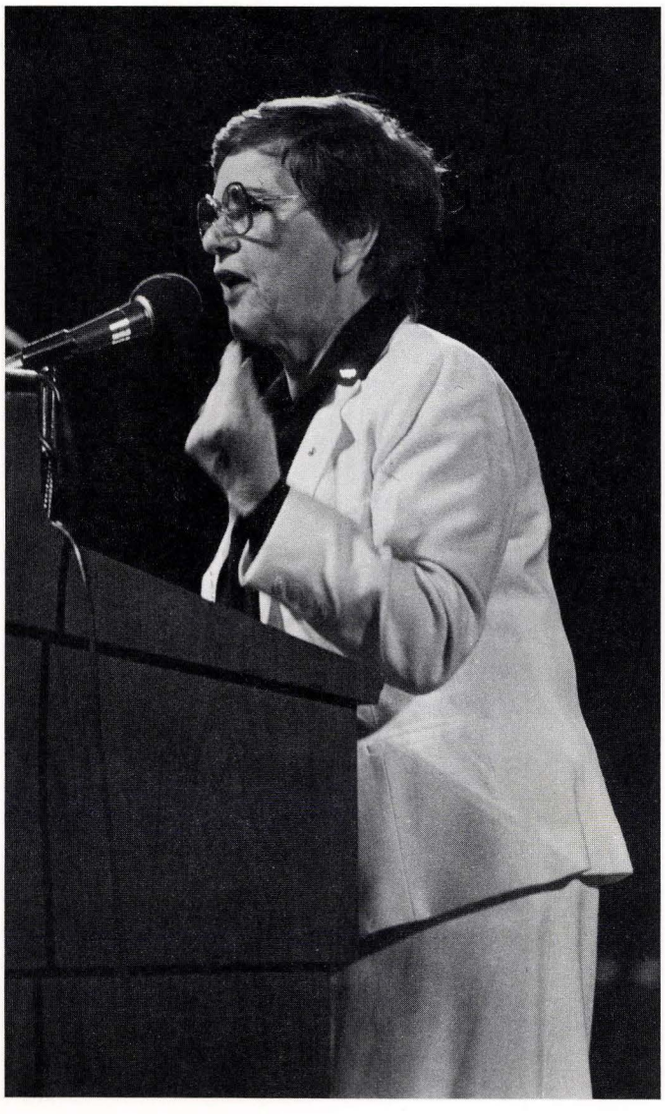
We have been admonished time and time again to remember, but in addition to remembering we must look ahead for a moment. We are at the hinge of history. We are connected to the past but we are swinging in new directions. Often just a set of shabby cliches cover the nakedness of our ignorance as we peer into the future. But the survivors, the heroes gathered here tonight, can give us a guideline to this future. The guideline begins with the acts of heroism of those, who in those unspeakably dark days, put themselves on the line -- day in and day out -- interposing their own frail bodies between the intended victims and the Nazi war machine. The foremost of these moral giants is a man who, by the action of the Congress of the United States, is now one of the two honorary citizens of our nation, Raoul Wallenberg.

In the middle of World War II, when Nazi terror was reaching new and unimaginable heights, Raoul left behind the safety, the security, the comfort and the affluence of neutral Stockholm to come to my native city, Budapest. And with a degree of heroism unprecedented in modern European history, risking his life every minute, he saved a hundred thousand innocent men, women, and children -- many of whom are here tonight. As we leave here this evening Raoul Wallenberg may yet be alive in the gulag, and I ask you on behalf of Raoul and all the heroes, to join me in a moment of silence and remembrance for those who gave everything they had so that the survivors may live.

As we remember the heroes of the past and look ahead to the future, I want to say just a word to the second generation and what is rapidly becoming the third generation -- our children and grandchildren -- who will carry on the tradition of a proud, free, and happy nation, that will be here long after the Hitlers and the Klaus Barbies will have been forgotten. Our children and grandchildren will compose music and write poetry, heal people and teach people and build nations.

To the second and to the third generations and to the state of Israel. *L'chaim.*







Congressman Thomas Lantos,
a survivor from Hungary.
Professor Helen Fagin.

THE WORLD KNEW AND THE WORLD DID NOTHING

Edward Koch, Mayor
The City of New York

"There was nothing secret about these atrocities. American diplomats in major German cities sent detailed reports to the State Department of what they and their staffs had seen.... The world knew, and the world did nothing."

Zachor! Gedenk! Remember! That is why we have gathered here: to remember. To remember the Holocaust, a horror and death that took the lives of six million European Jews; that destroyed their religious and cultural institutions and -- as is often forgotten -- came close to destroying the Yiddish language itself. A Holocaust doesn't just happen. It is a deliberate, calculated act of mass murder in which the murderers are not only those who do the killing but those who stand by and do nothing to stop it.

Throughout the ages, there have been acts of savagery and barbarism taken against individuals and groups. But never in recorded history has one nation sought to totally exterminate another people, based solely on their religion. It is true that early followers of Mohammed put people to the sword unless they would convert, but the option of conversion was available. It is true that Spain in 1492 sought to expel the Jews unless they converted. But the option of conversion was available. Other groups can point in their history to attempts of an enemy to subjugate them. However, there never was a plan to totally exterminate a nation simply because of their religion.That is why the word "Holocaust" is unique to the Jewish experience in Nazi Germany. Indeed, Yad Vashem in Israel has preserved the actual plan from the German archives, giving their strategies and dates for the extermination of the Jews in every nation in the world. I was horrified when Gideon Hausner, the prosecutor of Eichmann, pointed to a document listing the United States and American Jews -- six million of us -- already marked down in the Nazi extermination books.

When I walk through Yad Vashem, as I have on several occasions, each time I stand transfixed at the picture of a young Jewish boy of perhaps ten years of age with his hands raised as Nazi soldiers herded him and his family and other Jews into the boxcars for extermination. Imagine that, a 10 year old Jewish boy was the enemy for those Nazi beasts.

That picture has now been seen around the world, and it will never leave the mind of anyone who has ever seen it. It will certainly never leave my mind. That picture is even more apt to bring tears to my eyes than pictures of bodies in concentration camps because seeing all those bodies is an unbelievable sight. One simply cannot comprehend it. But seeing that boy with his hands raised, his eyes filled with fear, is overwhelming because it is so human -- so real.

So horrible, so monstrous were those years of the Holocaust that we sometimes think of Germany and Eastern Europe as one enormous death camp. It wasn't so. Much of the time, ordinary people were going about the business of everyday life. The railroad lines that carried Jews to the death camps also carried German civilians in comfortable passenger trains. There were people travelling on business, tourists on vacation, children visiting grandparents, grandparents visiting children. Some of them may have passed through the town of Auschwitz. The Auschwitz railroad station was one mile from the death camp. The stench of burning bodies spread throughout the area. Local citizens complained -- about the stench, not about the slaughter of Jews. And when it was over, they said they didn't know. They didn't remember anything about it.

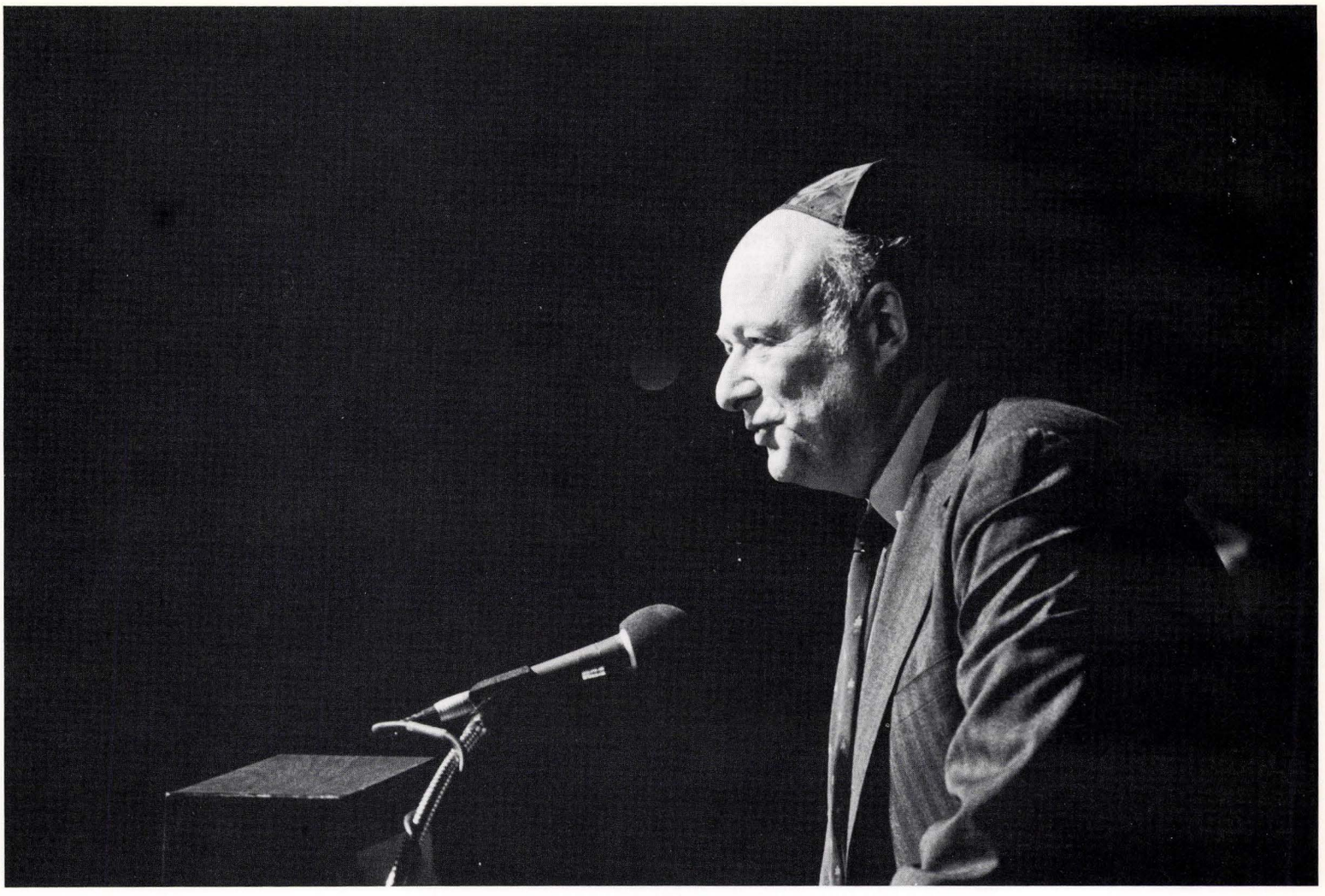
But we know. We remember. And what we remember, the world will remember, whether it wants to or not. Because remembering is a personal obligation, a moral obligation, a national and international obligation. We must not only remember how it ended but also how it began. We must remember how to recognize the early symptoms of this hideous disease.

The early symptoms of Nazi evil were always there to see. Long before Hitler came to power in Germany, he made it clear what he intended to do. In his book *Mein Kampf,* published in 1925, Hitler was already talking about killing Jews with poison gas.

From the day he was elected Chancellor of Germany in 1933, Hitler began his campaign to terrorize the Jews. The Nuremberg Laws of 1935 turned Jews into non-people. This was all part of the plan to make the murder of Jews acceptable to German citizens.

On the infamous "Kristallnacht," 191 synagogues throughout Germany were burned to the ground. Thousands of Jews already in concentration camps were murdered, and thousands more were sent to the camps to be killed. In Austria, Nazis burned synagogues and, in some communities, every male Jew was sent to a concentration camp.

There was nothing secret about these atrocities. American diplomats in major German cities sent detailed reports to the State Department of what they and their staffs had seen. Every American consulate was jammed with Jews seeking visas to





Edward I. Koch.

"Today, for you and me, it is not too late. We will remain vigilant, ever alert, to the threat of those who skillfully stoke the fires of anti-Semitism."

emigrate to the United States. Jews waiting in the streets to be admitted to the consulates were beaten by Nazi mobs.

The Germans themselves knew very well what was taking place. As Jews were driven from their homes to be transported for what the Nazis called "resettlement," German citizens formed their own lines -- to apply for permits to move into Jewish homes, knowing the previous occupants would not be returning.

The world knew, and the world did nothing.

There were some halfhearted attempts to deal with the Nazi menace. President Roosevelt organized an international committee to handle refugee problems, but he refused to formally recall the American ambassador to Germany, a move that would have signaled strong American disapproval of Nazi savagery and that might have slowed it down. Instead, President Roosevelt simply asked the ambassador to come to Washington to give a "firsthand report."

The president did criticize the German government, but when asked if America would take special measures to help Jewish refugees, the answer was negative. No modification of American policy was contemplated.

Refugees could have been saved. In May 1939, a luxury liner called the St. Louis sailed from Germany with 930 Jews on board. They were heading for safety in Cuba, but the Cuban government would not allow them to land and neither would the American government.

Still thinking there might be a change of heart in Washington, the captain of the St. Louis drifted off the coast of Florida, close enough for the passengers to see the lights of Miami. But America's only response to this crisis was to dispatch a Coast Guard cutter to shadow the St. Louis, to make certain that none of the passengers tried to enter the country by swimming. The ship returned to Germany.

The world knew, and the world did nothing.

Canada, which until recently prided itself on being a haven for all refugees, has now been shown to have excluded Jews attempting to flee the Nazis. Two top Canadian leaders, MacKenzie King and Lester Pearson, held out hope to Jewish groups while silently working behind the scenes to appease anti-Semites and severely limit Jewish immigration to Canada.

In December of 1939, the *Times* of London published an article detailing the early operation of Nazi death camps. Pinpointing one area in which they were located, the *Times* specifically refuted German propaganda that these were "resettlement" camps and identified them as "places for gradual extermination" and "mass massacre" of the prisoners. But the world did nothing to stop it.

We know. We remember. Some of us learned of these horrors from family and friends; some from books. But some were actually there, and saw with their own eyes the death machine at work. That's one reason why this gathering is so important. People may wonder about stories they hear from family and friends. They may wonder if the books are accurate. But the direct testimony of those who were there leaves no room at all for doubt.

It is difficult to conceive of a fate worse than being sent to a concentration camp, but perhaps there is one thing worse-- to survive the camps and live to see a day in which some people claim that the Holocaust never happened.

And yet, today there are people -- dangerous people -- who make that very claim. They want to persuade us that the Nazi death camps are a myth. They want to erase the bloodstains from the pages of history.

Today, survivors of Auschwitz and Buchenwald see the sickening spectacle of American citizens parading the streets in Nazi uniforms. "They are crackpots, a lunatic fringe," we are told. But Hitler was called a crackpot, too, and by the time people realized that insanity can be an infectious disease, it was too late.

Today, for you and me, it is not too late. We will remain vigilant, ever alert, to the threat of those who skillfully stoke the fires of anti-Semitism.

In some cases, the tactics have changed. Sometimes the haters use new code words to convey their message. In the United Nations they pass anti-Semitic resolutions and call them "anti- Zionist." They seek to isolate Israel in the world community, to turn Israel into a "non nation", just as the Nuremberg Laws turned Jews into " non-people." They don't want peace in the Middle East. They want Israel destroyed. They may talk peace, just as Hitler talked peace at Munich, but their real objective is the destruction of Israel.

There are those who -- intentionally or perhaps unknowingly -- give acceptability to the enemies of Israel. Unfortunately, President Reagan stated that PLO radicals



were refusing to join with King Hussein at the peace table, thereby implying that the majority of the PLO is non-radical. The fact of the matter is that the PLO are terrorists who murder and maim women and children and whose greatest dream is to finish what Hitler started. America must never give acceptability to those who want to destroy Israel, the Jewish people, and our very memory.

But Israel lives. And Israel with Jerusalem as its undivided capital will continue to live. Your presence here this evening confirms that fact. Those who love freedom, those who battle against oppression and bigotry, draw strength from your victory. You walked through the fire and survived. Your survival is our survival. We thank you. We salute you.

Am Yisroel chai! The Jewish people live.
Gedenk! Remember!



YOU MUST TEACH US TO SEE

Senator John Danforth

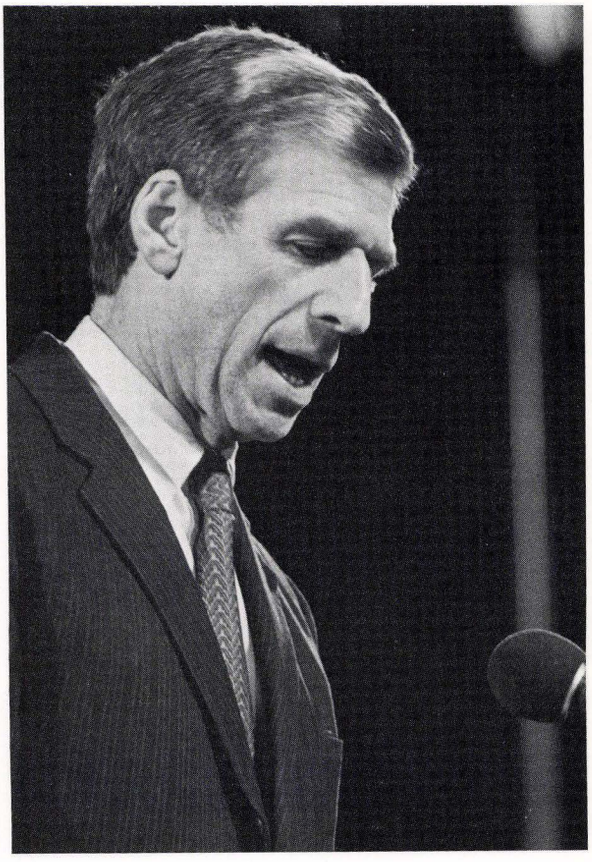
"The memorial to be opened near this site will be of vital significance to Jews, but it also must be of vital significance to every American. The Holocaust was a horror for all humanity. It stands as stark evidence of the depths to which man can sink in debasing his fellow man."

I am honored to participate in tonight's ceremony. As a Christian, as a Senator, and as an American I see this week's gathering as a statement of that which lies at the heart and soul of this country. We insist on that value above which there can be no other: human life, human dignity, and the human spirit. The Holocaust brought the death of six million Jews. It was genocide on a scale unparalleled in history. Six million human beings were murdered for one reason and one reason only -- because they were Jews.

Yet what happens here at this commemoration is of vital importance not only to the Jews but to all Americans. This is not only a Jewish event. It is an event for all of us. The memorial to be opened near this site will be of vital significance to Jews, but it must also be of vital significance to every American. The Holocaust was a horror for all of humanity. It stands as stark evidence of the depths to which man can sink in debasing his fellow man.

Your gathering is a reaffirmation of life, of the resiliance of the human spirit. The Holocaust museum will be a focal point for the message we do not want to hear, but which we must hear. It is right that the museum is here on the Mall in the nation's capital, flanked by the White House and the Capitol building, flanked by monuments to our greatest presidents and by museums that celebrate our country's proudest accomplishments. This museum will be a place for Christian and for Jew, for black and for white, for old and for young. It will tell us of degradation, hatred, sin, and death. It will tell us of the evil to which man can succumb. But most of all, it will remind us of our responsibility to rise above man's darkest tendencies and strike down evil whenever it appears.

You, the survivors, are uniquely suited to share this message. You have been scarred beyond the understanding of those who were not there. You must, must, teach us to see, to know, to remember always.



Senator John Danforth.



A Time To Build

Miles Lerman

"Those who visit this museum will learn that the same country that gave the world Goethe, Schiller and Beethoven was also able to give the world Hitler, Himmler and Eichmann."

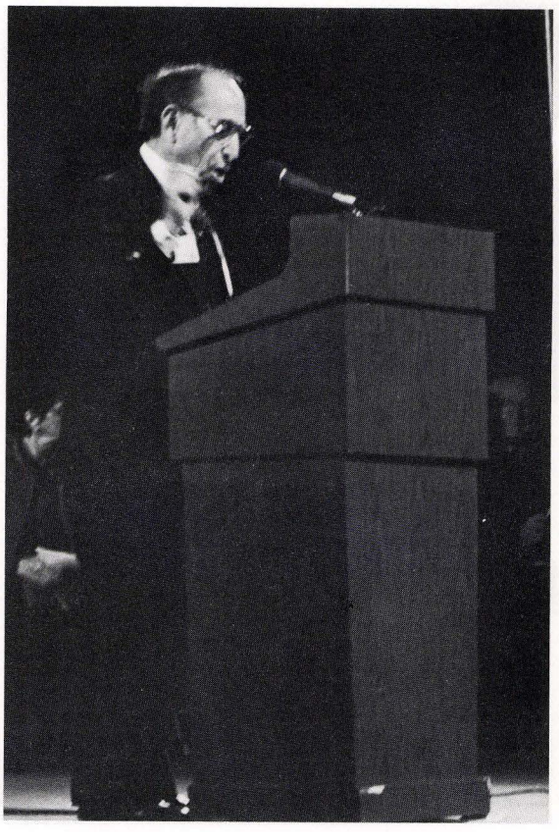
The most massive gathering committed to remembrance is about to be brought to its successful conclusion. It was good planning to schedule the dedication of the site of the National Holocaust Museum at this juncture of the gathering because we must remain mindful of the fact that no matter how successful a gathering may turn out to be, unless immediate practical steps are taken to implement the outlined objectives of this gathering, a danger exists.

The event, regardless of its enormous success, could become just another event in history which may be forgotten sooner or later. We cannot permit this to happen. The building of this National Holocaust Memorial Museum will enable us best to accomplish our sacred obligation to remember,

Tonight, we are dedicating the site of this future museum. But what is even more important is for us to ***dedicate ourselves to the commitment of turning this dream into a reality.*** This museum must become a center of documentation committed to the preservation of memory and truth. Here, the full story of our people's catastrophe will be told. The center of documentation will show how the Nazi planned systematic annihilation of the Jewish communities of Europe, the awesome story of the Holocaust. It will also tell the story of the tortures and the killings of hundreds of thousands of national patriots of the Nazi occupied territories. It will tell the story of Jewish resistance in its fullest dimension. With this, we hope to end the false myth that Jews went like sheep to the slaughter.

Future generations must know the ***good*** and the ***bad***, the ***noble*** and the ***hideous***. This museum will become the center of learning where future generations will come to study man's inhumanity to man. This is where they will learn to understand how precious the sanctity of human freedom must be. Those who will visit this museum will learn that the same country that gave the world Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven was also able to give the world Hitler, Himmler, and Eichmann. This museum must serve as a lesson to future generations that ***no country, no people*** can ever be assured that such atrocities could ***not*** happen again.

This site is a gift from the United States Government, but it must be clearly understood that the funding and the building of the museum must come from the private sector of America. This museum will belong to all of us, to all of America, but we, survivors, more than anyone else, must collectively shoulder responsibility of putting this dream into reality. We need ***your*** assistance. We need your involvement. You are our closest partners and we are counting on your help. This museum will be built by all of us. All of us together.



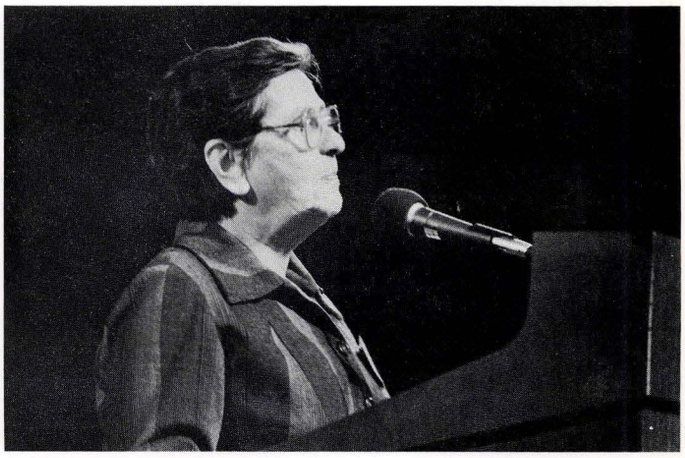
Miles Lerman.

Only when our task is be fully completed, will we be able to say to ourselves and to our children: We have done our share. We have helped to fulfill the last wish and the most fervent hope of those who perished in the hell fires of the Holocaust: To remember and not to let the world forget.











Mindele Wajsman. (top left)
Anita Froidenreich.
Sara Shner.
Isaac Goodfriend, Michael Berenbaum, Vladka Meed, Sigmund Strochlitz, and Miles Lerman.

Anachnu Kahn. (bottom)

A Dream Fulfilled

Ernest Michel

"It has become fashionable to invoke the memory of the Holocaust -- so much has been written, so much has been dramatized. It is we who lived it, we who survived it, we of whom they write, we of whom they speak. So, today, it is our turn. Today, we speak."

For us, this gathering represents the realization of our most fervent dream. It was an outpouring of love, a celebration of life.

Most of you will probably agree that this gathering could not have taken place ten or twenty years ago. It took time for wounds to heal enough for us to meet. This is why this event took almost forty years to come into being, and that is why we may never meet as one group again.

We have succeeded in what we set out to do. We have brought together the largest number of Jewish Holocaust survivors ever to assemble in one place since our liberation 38 years ago.

It has become fashionable to invoke the memory of the Holocaust -- so much has been written, so much has been dramatized. It is we who lived it, we who survived it, we of whom they write, we of whom they speak. So, today, it is our turn. Today, *we* speak.

Despite the memories of the past, we have built new and productive lives. Many of us have second families -- so many of the first were exterminated. We have children and grandchildren. We have sanctified the names of those we lost -- we have contributed to Jewish tomorrows. We are active participants in the fabric of the communities in which we live. We are loyal and proud citizens of the countries which have given us the chance to start anew.

From all appearances, we are just like everyone else -- we laugh, we cry, and yet...

A number of people have asked -- why, why are you doing this? Why do you want to meet? Why recall what has been laid to rest? Why not leave it alone?

Our response, straight and simple -- we survived for a purpose. We have an obligation to fulfill. During the years in the camps, I remember -- as you do -- that overpowering will -- to survive, to live another day.

And so, in words, however inadequate, we must continue to tell the story. That obligation is ours today. Tomorrow it will fall to our children, then to theirs. That is Jewish tradition, that is Jewish responsibility. We owe it to those who are no longer with us. We owe it to ourselves. We owe it to the Jewish people.

Like you, I will never forget this week, the seeking, the finding, the first look of recognition: Aren't you? Weren't you? Block 14? Kommando 35? From the ghetto?

The embrace -- the touch -- God, how good it felt to see each other, to be together -- the tears, the smiles, the memories, the stories.

It will take a while to climb down from the emotional high of this unforgettable and unrepeatable week. As long as I live the faces of these three days will be indelibly etched in my memory, when our tears turned to laughter and our sadness to joy.

When we first met on Monday at Capital Centre our senses were filled with the burning memories of the past. Tonight our eyes are filled with joy. Our tears have heard the laughter. Thank God, thank God, for letting us have this day.





Ernest Michel.

The Gathering was concluded with the blowing of six shofars, the call of freedom.



THE GATHERING WILL NEVER END

Benjamin Meed, President
American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors

"To me, the true gathering did not take place only in the Capital Centre, or Constitution Hall, on the Capitol steps, or the Washington Monument. The real gathering was the one that took place privately, individually at the survivors' village — at the reunions of friends and relatives, or in the urgent notices begging for information about a dear one posted on the bulletin boards and walls, or in the long lines, where people waited patiently for their turn to search the computer banks for information. This was a major reason for the gathering."

It all seems like a dream -- having this gathering. I cannot believe how quickly the days have passed, but tonight marks only the end of a chapter. The gathering, the coming together of the survivors, shall not end here. The Gathering shall be a permanent institution.

To bring this dream to fruition took months of feverish preparation and many sleepless nights. Many of you were involved in the preparation, and many times, as we tripped over each other in the crowded offices on 30th Street, we wondered if we would ever be able to get through this gathering. Yet we have come through the gathering -- and we have come through together.

The days that we have spent here together will never be forgotten. They will be pages in history -- not only for ourselves, but for our children and future generations as well.

Over the past few days, there have been many memorable events, both large and small -- from the opening, with its appearance by the President of the United States and the impressive multimedia production; to the cultural event, with its humor, its pathos, and its inspirtional message that our grand culture -- like our people -- lives on; to the seminars and meetings of the second generation -- where they explored building a rich new Jewish life built on the foundations their parents brought forth from the ruins of Jewish Europe; to the transfer ceremony of the projected Holocaust museum -- where we saw yet another dream beginning to take form in bricks and mortar -- a permanent national memorial to the victims of the Holocaust; to the ceremonies on the steps of the Capitol with those who make the laws of this land. As proud Americans with a unique experience, we hope to serve forever as a reminder that laws must protect the lives and freedom of all members of the human race.

To me, the true gathering did not take place only in the Capital Centre, or Constitution Hall, on the Capitol steps, or the Washington Monument. The real gathering was the one that took place privately, individually at the survivors' village -- at the reunions of friends and relatives, or in the urgent notices begging for information about a dear one posted on the bulletin boards and walls, or in the long lines, where people waited patiently for their turn to search the computer banks for information. This was a major reason for the gathering.

Perhaps as important, our being here together -- 15,000 strong -- has become a powerful image to the world. This vast assemblage of survivors offers the world irrefutable testimony of the depth and reality of our great tragedy -- and of the uniqueness of a people who somehow managed to build a new life in a new land. The gathering serves as a reminder of how much the world itself was responsible for permitting the murder of our six million Jewish brothers and sisters -- and how much it lost.

It is with the deepest irony that we now watch governments in eastern Europe making a pretense of observing the Holocaust while ignoring its victims. I can never stop thinking about the poignancy of having this gathering in Washington because at the same time that we give thanks to America for helping to defeat Nazism and for giving us new homes, we cannot forget that this nation --like so many others -- closed its doors to the oppressed Jews of Europe. By closing its eyes, it condemned them to their deaths. One of the great lessons of this gathering is therefore directed at the people and government of these United States.

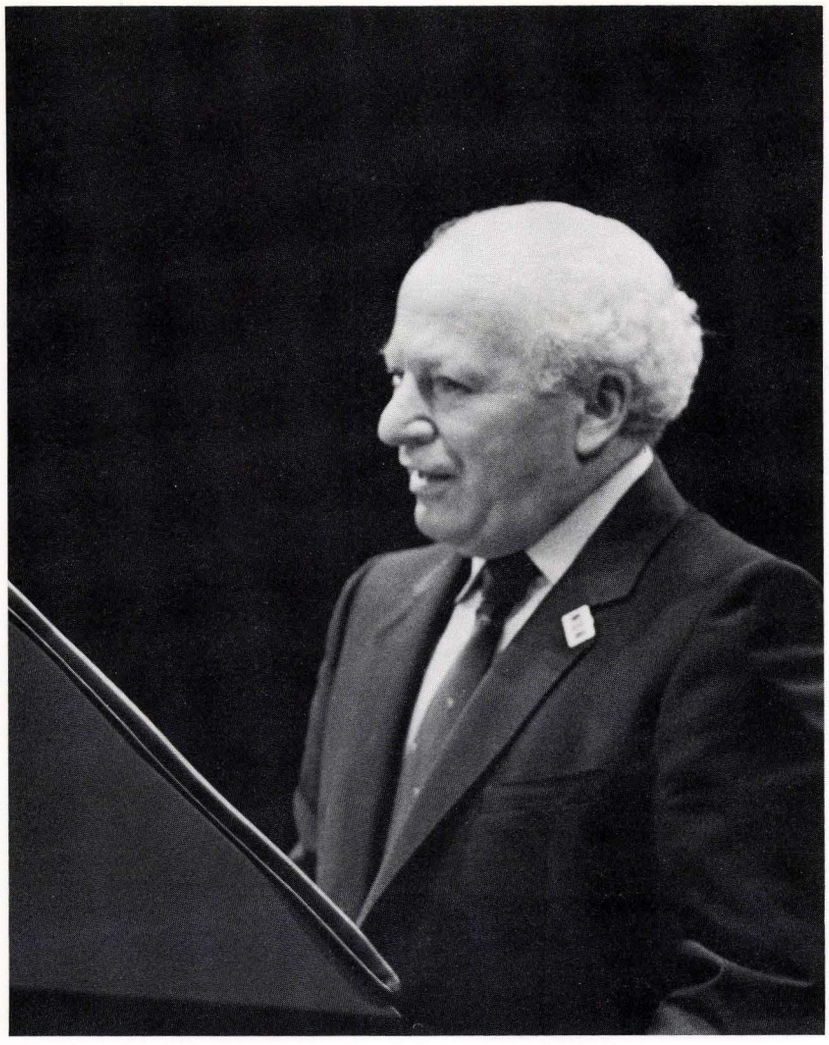
Never again shall this nation close its eyes and ears, its hearts and its doors, to the oppresed of other lands. Never again shall it not bestir itself to save them.

Gratefully, we live in a land where we have the freedom to gather in public and tell our leaders --

"Remember -- let us not repeat these mistakes."

We are proud that Presidents Carter and Reagan established and continue to support the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, headed by our dear friend, Elie Wiesel. And we are proud, too, of our national days of remembrance, under the Chairmanship of Sigmund Strochlitz, that have become an integral part of nearly every state in this union. I am honored to be part of this Committee as Co-Chairman. We must support this effort.

But more importantly, we must each tell our own story soon because our numbers are steadily dwindling. We must insure that our own children, and the Jewish community as a whole, carry on the tradition of remembrance. We have lived to see it become an established part of Jewish curricula in this nation. Let us now strive to see it become part of the curriculum of



every American child. For the lessons of the Holocaust cut across every racial and religious barrier.

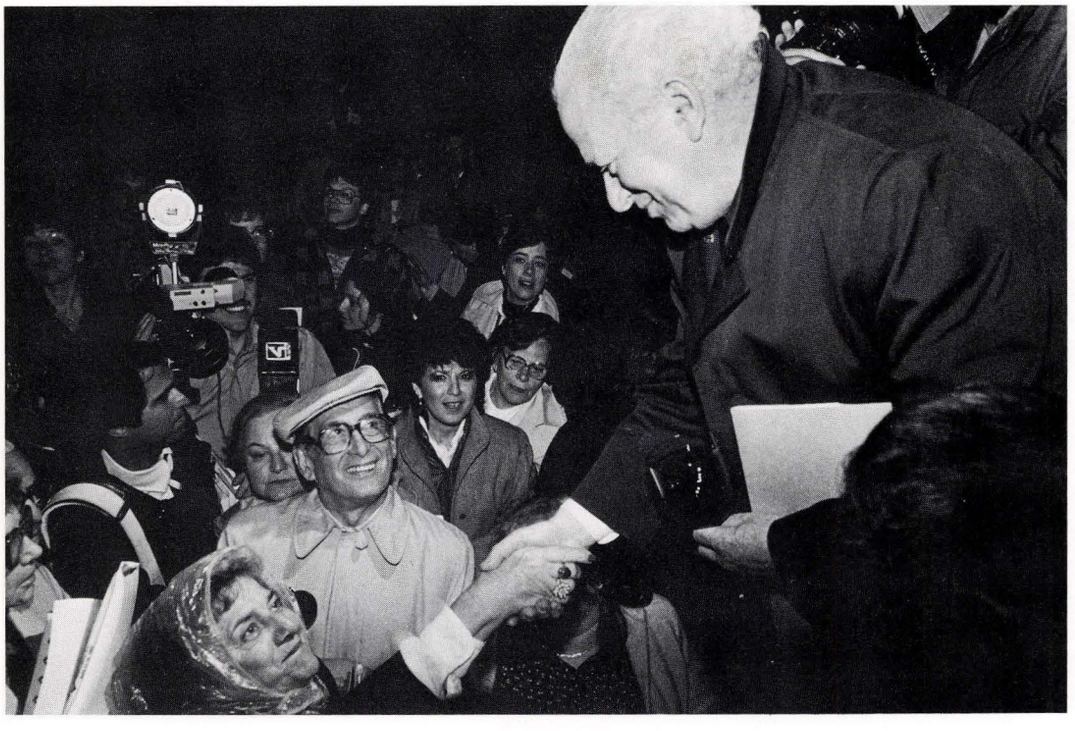
The time has passed for petty divisions or duplicated efforts. We must all work *together* to preserve the memory of our *Kedoshim* and to pass it on to future generations.

As we left Jerusalem two years ago, we left a message for the world -- our Jewish Survivors' Legacy and the acceptance by our children of their obligation to remember.

At our conclusion there -- we made no announcement that the gathering was over -- and so it shall be today. For truly, this gathering shall never be finished. The work that we began before Jerusalem-- the work of remembrance, of teaching, and of warning-- must never stop. Until our last breath, let us pledge to join our strengths and remember together --

Together-forever.

Mir Zeynen Du.



Benjamin Meed announces "The Gathering itself will never end."

Am Yisrael Chai, The People Israel Lives.

PARTISAN HYMN

Words by Hirsh Glik

ZOG NIT KEINMOL

SAY not, it is the final road we tread,
Leaden skies will pass, and sun will
shine instead.
Believe that freedom's hour will
appear,
Our steps will tell the world that
we are here.

From lands of palm and lands
bedecked with snow
We came with all our people's
pain and woe,
Where falls our martyr's blood into
the earth,
Our courage and our hope shall have
rebirth.

Tomorrow's dawn will robe our
world in light,
Our yesterday will vanish with the
night.
But if our freedom should arrive
too late,
The world should know the meaning
of our fate.
My muse is not a poet's playful
dream,
I write in blood and not in ink my
theme,
We sang it as our world went up in
flame,
We sang it fighting to defend our
name.

Say not, it is the final road we tread,
Leaden skies will pass, and sun will
shine instead.
Believe that freedom's hour will
appear,
Our steps will tell the world that
we are here.

English: Ben Zion Bokser

זאָג נית קיינמאָל

וועדטער : הירש גליק

זאָג ניט קיינמאָל אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
וועלן הימלען בלייענע פאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג ;
ווייל קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע
שעה,
ס׳וועט אַ פויק טאָן אונדזער טראָט —
מיר זיינען דאָ !

פון גרינעם פאַלמען־לאַנד ביזן לאַנד פון
ווײַסן שניי,
מיר קומען אָן מיט אונדזער פיין, מיט
אונדזער וויי,
אוו וווּ געפאַלן ס׳איז אַ שפּריץ פון אונדזער
בלוט,
וועט אַ שפּראָץ טאָן אונדזער גבורה
אונדזער מוט.

ס׳וועט די מאָרגן־זון באַגילדן אונדז דעם
היינט,
אוו דער נעכטן וועט פאַרשווינדן מיטן פיינט,
נאָר אויב פאַרזאַמען וועט די זון אין דעם
קאַיאָר —
ווי אַ פאַראָל זאָל גיין דאָס ליד פון דור צו דור.

דאָס ליד געשריבן איז מיט בלוט אוו ניט
מיט בליי,
ס׳איז ניט קיין ליד פון אַ פויגל אויף דער פריי,
דאָס האָט אַ פאָלק צווישן פאַלנדיקע וועלט
דאָס ליד געזונגען מיט נאַגאַנעס אין די הענט.

טאָ זאָג ניט קיינמאָל אַז דו גייסט דעם
לעצטן וועג,
וועלן הימלען בלייענע פאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג.
וועלן קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע
שעה —
עס וועט אַ פויק טאָן אונדזער טראָט —
מיר זיינען דאָ !

הערש אלטוסקי

דער מוסר השכל פון צוזאמענקום פון דער שארית הפליטה

זייער פיל איז שוין געשריבן געוואָרן וועגן דעם היסטאָרישן צוזאמענקום פון דער שארית הפליטה, וואָס איז פאָרגעקומען אַ יאָר צוריק אין וואשינגטאָן. געוויס זיינען אונדזערע חברים, א סך פון זיי אויך אָנטיילנעמער פון דעם צוזאמענפאָר, גענוי באקאנט מיט די פרטים פון אָט דער גראנדיעזער אונטערנעמונג.

מיר וועלן זיך באגנוגענען מיט עטלעכע געדאנקען און רעפלעקסן און אפשר אויך פרואווין ציען א שטיקל מוסר השכל פון אָט דער געשעניש. דער געדאנק פון צוזאמענרופן דעם גאנצן, אָדער א טייל פון כלל ישראל איז נישט קיין נייער, ער איז שוין פראקטיצירט געוואָרן פון סאמע אָנהויב פון אונדזער געשיכטלעכער עקזיסטענץ, ביים בארג סיני, ביי פארשיידענע געלעגנהייטן אין משך פון לאנגן וואנדערוועג אין מדבר און אויך שפעטער. דעמאָלט זיינען די פארזאמלונגען פאָראויסגעגאנגען וויכטיקע היסטאָרישע מאָמענטן. שפעטער האָבן פירער צוזאמענגערופן דאָס פאָלק אין אָנבליק פון דראָענדיקע סכנות.

דער מאָדערנער ציוניסטישער קאָנגרעס איז געווען געבויט אויף דעם געדאנק פון צוזאמענרופן דאָס פאָלק צו גרויסע מעשים. אָט די היסטאָרישע צוזאמענקומען (ליידער בלויז פון א טייל פון יידישן פאָלק) האָבן דערפירט צו דער אנטשטייאונג פון מדינת ישראל און דערמיט אָפגעראטעוועט פון אומקום כאָטש א טייל פון יידישן פאָלק.

נישט ווילנדיק שווימט אויף דער געדאנק, אז ווען עס וואָלט דעמאָלט געלונגען צוזאמענצוברענגען דאָס יידישע פאָלק, די אנשים, נשים וטף און נישט בלויז דעלעגאטן, פאָרשטייער פון פאָלק וואָלט אפשר אונדזער גורל געווען אן אנדערער.

עס טומלט זיך לעצטנס מיט פארשידענע פאָרשונגען, וואָס זיינען אונטערגענומען געוואָרן אויסצוגעפינען די סיבות פון דער אפאטיע, פון דער שטוינענדיקער אינערציע פון גרויסע טיילן פון יידישן פאָלק, ספעציעל פון אמעריקאנער יידנטום אין דער צייט פון חורבן פון יידישן אייראָפע.

אייניקע דערמאָנען לטובה די רבנישע דעלעגאציע, וואָס איז נישט דערגאנגען צו פרעזידענט רוזוועלט און די דעמאָנסטראציע אין מעדיסאָן סקווער גארדען, אָבער ליידער, אין אלגעמיין געזונט, האָבן געפעלט די מאסן. וואָלטן דעמאָלט צענדליקער טויזנטער יידן באלאגערט די פענסילוועניא עוועניו אין וואשינגטאָן און באזעצט די טרעפ פון קאפיטאָל און די פאלאצן אין לאָנדאָן, רעגירונגס־בנינים אין מאָנטרעאל אאז״ו, אומאויפהערלעך און בקול רם וואָלט די וועלט היינט־צו־טאָג דאָך געווען א שענערע און א בעסערע.

דאָס האָט געקענט אזוי געשען, וען עס וואָלטן אויך דעמאָלט געווען מענטשן מיט חלומות און וויזיעס און אויסדויער.

דאָס איז אייגנטלעך די לעקציע פון די צוזאמענקומען פון דער שארית הפליטה מיט דריי יאָר צוריק אין ישראל און איצט דאָ, אין אמעריקע.

אָנהויבנדיק פון סאמע אלף, אָן אדמיניסטראטיוו אפאראטן און אָן פינאנסיעלע מיטלען האָבן די אָרגאניזירער פון דעם צוזאמענקום באוויזן נישט נאָר, אז מ׳קען אָנקומען צום פרעזידענט פון די פאראייניקטע שטאטן, נאָר מ׳קען אויך דערפירן דערצו, אז דער אמעריקאנער פרעזידענט מיט זיין פרוי, דער וויצע־פרעזידענט, מיניסטאָרן, געזעצגעבער פון לאנד, קאָנגרעסלייט און סענאטאָרן זאָלן קומען צו די באטיליקטע פון דעם ריזיגן צוזאמענקום און זיך צוהערן צו דעם, וואָס זיי האָבן צו זאָגן. עס איז באוויזן געוואָרן, אז ווען עס איז פאראן א ווילן קאָן אויך געפונען ווערן דער וועג.

די גרויסע טעג אין וואשינגטאָן זיינען געווען א וואָרנונג קעגן דער סכנה פון נייע רשעות און א רוף צו זיין אויף דער וואך, זיך צו מאָביליזירן אין צייט.

AMERICAN GATHERING OF JEWISH HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS אמעריקאנער צוזאמענקום פון דער שארית הפליטה

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Solomon Faber

A Bird In The Wind

By David Prentice

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"I had planned for years to write a book about how she survived. I interviewed her, her fellow survivors, friends, relatives. She expected to spend more time with me in Philadelphia to talk about her past. Now, I am left with the tapes, the speeches, the notes. Five months after her death, the future she lived for has fallen on my shoulders."

In November of 1942 the last three Jewish families still alive in the Polish town of Turka decided that only one of them, a young woman, had any real chance to survive. They sent her off with a mission that proved even harder than they knew, and which perhaps no one can ever actually complete. And today, her son takes up the task by telling her story, and his.

My Mother awaited her bypass operation without complaint. "I have lived 40 years on borrowed time," she said. "I'm not afraid of open-heart surgery."

She had survived the longest odds of the 20th century, the Holocaust -- a convenient word for the grisly murders of two-thirds of the Jews of Europe, as if all six million had perished in some giant fire. While her world crumbled above her, she lived side by side with rats in a sewer in Lvov, Poland, for 14 months until the Allies liberated the city on July 27, 1944.

From darkness, she came to light, to America, where she married, raised a son and daughter and taught two generations of students in Wilmington. But the years had taken their toll, and now, at 60, her arteries were blocked and her heart was pained.

My father and I watched as they wheeled her into a Philadelphia operating room in December. "I love you," she said. Smiling and serene, the survivor now entrusted her life to her family. "Don't worry," said the doctors, "the risk was only about 2 percent."

But she did not survive. Twelve hours after the operation, her heart stopped beating. On this, my first Mother's Day without my mother, I miss that warm heart.

Her love -- bathed in the beautiful Jewish traditions she remembered from home -- was something magical. One reason she willed herself to survive was to perpetuate those traditions: slowly waving her hands, then bringing them to her forehead as she silently blessed the Sabbath candles, or preparing the kitchen for Passover, or decorating the house for Hanukah. She did these things not out of religious fervor or superstition, but out of love -- love of a distant but happy past and of a future that lay within the souls of her children. And Halina Wind Preston's children included not only the boy and girl who sprung from her body but also the thousands of young people she instructed, lectured, influenced and counseled during more than 30 years of teaching and public speaking.

"I had a mission," my mother told Yetta Chaiken, an interviewer for the University of Delaware Oral History Project. "I wasn't just saving my life.... We had a purpose and a call and a reason for living.... And when you have a purpose and when you have a cause, then you are able to endure everything.... I was living for my parents. I was living for my brother. I was living for my yet-unborn children. I was living for the past, and I was living for the future."

I had planned for years to write a book about how she survived. I interviewed her, her fellow survivors, friends, relatives. She expected to spend more time with me in Philadelphia to talk about her past. Now, I am left with the tapes, the speeches, the notes. Five months after her death, the future she lived for has fallen on my shoulders. She believed in fate. And maybe -- to use the Yiddish word my mother applied to so many things -- it was *basheirt,* maybe it was destined.

She was born Fayga Wind, in a town called Turka. Fayga and her Hebrew name, Zipporah, both mean "bird," so that in Polish she literally was "a bird in the wind." Named for her mother's mother, she was the third of three children born to Joshua and Hannah Wind in the little town near the Stry River, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains in Galicia.

Young Fayga lived a happy live. She was a watchmaker's only daughter, the apple of his eye. She loved and admired him, consulted him on everything. He was a hasid, a very Orthodox Jew, considered saintly by the townspeople who flocked to the Wind house for spirited discussions on the issues of the day. Joshua and his elegant wife had married for love, and the townspeople knew it. For good measure, he also had the best-groomed beard in town.

They lived in a storefront house near the center of town. Under a rug on the kitchen floor, a door led to the basement. The front doorpost, like the doorpost of every Jewish house held a mezuzah, the simple wooden container with the parchment scroll bearing the Hebrew prayer, the Sh'ma, the Jewish creed, the proclamation of belief in one God: "Sh'ma Yisrael..." "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

They rented out an apartment upstairs, and the money went toward the children's education. Few Jews could afford to send their children to the Josef Pilsudski School, Turka's private high school. And most Orthodox Jews did not consider it proper for their children to attend a secular school. It took courage and foresight for the Winds to



George and David Preston at the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors.



The Winds, 1938: Standing behind their parents, Hannah and Joshua, are Heshe, Fayga and Leon. Only Leon and Fayga survived.



HALINA (ZIPORAH WIND) PRESTON
1922-1982
HOLOCAUST SURVIVOR

"Excitement filled Fayga's summer of 1939. Preparing to come to America, she shopped for clothes and busily studied Hebrew and English. She had her passport and was set to leave in September. Then the war broke out."

send their children there.

Fayga was the only Jewish girl in her class. She grew up with close Christian friends, sang in the school choir. But before her graduation, some of her best friends went to the school board and demanded that she not be permitted to graduate because she was a Jew. Fayga graduated just the same.

When I was a little boy, I went to bed with a transistor radio hidden under my pillow so I could hear the baseball or basketball games. But always before the lights went out and the radio went on, my mother was there with me, reciting and singing the prayers, some in Hebrew, some in English. Sometimes we would make up our own prayers. She was, after all, thankful to God for so much.

She remained in the room when I crawled out of bed and walked to the doorway, where I reached to touch the mezuzah there and brought my hand to my lips. The Hebrew word mezuzah means doorpost; through the centuries Jews have followed the Biblical commandment to place the words of the *Sh'ma* "on your doorposts and on your gates." The mezuzah in my bedroom doorway linked me to the 2,000-year history of a proud people.

Together, we would recite the *Sh'ma. "Sh'ma Yisrael..."* "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

And long after I grew past the age when mothers were supposed to do such things, she would return in the night to tuck me in. I never resented it. "Thank you, Mom," I said, and kissed her. I knew she would be back to tuck me in again before the night was through. In this bed of security, I lay awake thinking about God. And then I would fall asleep in the seventh inning.

In 1933, Fayga's brother Leon left Turka for the big city, Lvov, where he spent the next five years studying philosophy, math and science at the Jan Kazimierz University. Several times he was beaten there. His parents decided he should try to get into the Jewish Theological Seminary of America at 3080 Broadway in New York. Leon was accepted by the seminary and arrived in New York in December 1938. He was 24. Germany, under Adolf Hitler, already had annexed Austria and Czechoslovakia.

As soon as he reached New York, Leon wrote to Fayga, urging her to apply to the seminary's Teachers' Institute. She applied and was admitted. Her birth certificate, high school diploma and other documents went to 3080 Broadway, where they remained safely tucked away.

Excitement filled Fayga's summer of 1939. Preparing to come to America, she shopped for clothes and busily studied Hebrew and English. She had her passport and was set to leave in September. Then the war broke out.

It was in 1947, a few months after she arrived in the United States, that my mother entered the Teachers' Institute of the seminary. And she attended Hunter College, graduating from both in 1950. Almost from the time she arrived, she traveled the nation on behalf of the seminary, speaking about her experiences. After a speech in Camden, she met a woman whose cousin was a engineer named George Preston, a survivor of three years in the death camps Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Later, they were introduced. They married in 1951 in my Uncle Leon's synagogue in Manchester, Connecticut.

A few years later, Mrs. Preston, the teacher, would bring her little boy into the Wilmington classroom, seat me near the teacher's desk in a too-big chair. There, I heard stories of Jewish history, lessons in the Hebrew language, tales about the holidays.

As I grew, my Jewish education continued at Camp Ramah in the Poconos, at Gratz College in Philadelphia and at Wilmington Gratz Hebrew High School -- supplementing 12 years of secular education at The Tatnall School, a private school in Wilmington.

Education was a paramount importance to my parents because their own educations had helped them survive. In the early years, I was one of the few Jews at Tatnall.

The Jews in Poland were accustomed to anti-Semitism. They had learned to live with it. They knew not only the anti-Semitism of the day but also Jewish history, and the 2,000-year history of anti-Semitism. Maybe Hitler will be only a passing problem, they hoped. Jews had had problems before. And then, one September day in 1939, they awoke to the sound of bombs.

The Winds looked out the window to the courthouse on the hill. The courthouse janitor, standing on the hill with a rifle, was shooting at an airplane. Townspeople mocked him with loud laughter. For Fayga, he would become symbolic of Poland's quick disintegration and surrender.

When the Germans entered Turka, they didn't bother creating a ghetto for the Jews; it was too small a town. They forced them to wear yellow armbands bearing the Star of

David, and both men and women were told to shave their heads. Fayga and her mother were forced to work on the road, splitting rocks. The watchmaker continued to work in his trade. The Germans needed him.

Then the "actions" began, those dreaded government-authorized terror campaigns and killings of Jews. On certain days, at certain times, the German police and their Ukrainian and Polish henchmen would run for the police station and grab Jews off the streets or from their homes. Depending on the order of the day, the Jews were either shot on the spot or transported in buses to a gathering place, where they were slain en masse. After Jews were taken from their homes, the townspeople could walk in and help themselves to the booty. An "action" could take place at any time, day or night.

One beautiful Sunday morning in July 1942, Fayga witnessed the beginning of what became known as the "Big Action" in Turka. Townsfolk were all dressed up, walking to the Roman Catholic church. Peering from her half-open door, Fayga saw a Jewish woman running down the street. On the hill stood a German policeman, a revolver in his hand. Fayga saw him shoot the fleeing woman, she saw the woman fall. Fayga closed the door, ran inside. "Let's go," she said. "Now, from the kitchen. It's an action."

They went to the basement and hid. They heard banging on the front door, banging on the back door, screams in the street. "I think I ought to go out," whispered the watchmaker. "If they find us here, they will be very angry and they'll kill us on the spot. Maybe the Germans just need me. Maybe all they want is a watch repaired. Let me go out. I'll fix their watch, and nothing will happen."

Fayga put one hand on her father's mouth and held his hand tightly with the other. "No," she said. "You're not going. Either we die right here in this basement, or we all live." The watchmaker began reciting the Psalms. Suddenly they heard Fayga's grandmother outside, at the back door. It was a miracle that she made it there from her house.

"Children, children," they heard her scream in Yiddish. "Where are you?"

"They must be in the basement."

"Children!" she repeated. ""Where are you?"

The watchmaker was ready to open the door for his mother. Then, gunfire. The Germans broke through the doors and entered the kitchen. The Winds could hear the steps overhead. The Germans opened every closet, found no one. They cursed as they left the house. But they were in too much of a hurry. There were other Jews to be murdered.

After it was over the Winds discovered that the bodies from the street had been collected and tossed into a mass grave. Among them was Fayga's grandmother.

My mother wrestled with the Holocaust when she could have tried to leave it somewhere in her past. She spoke about it before it became fashionable, before the charlatans began alleging it never happened, before the history books considered it worthy of mention, before it was tagged with that handy word, before TV noticed it, before most survivors were able to dredge up those awful memories -- and certainly before most Americans wanted to hear about them. She did so, as she said, "not to blame, but to forewarn." If the dimensions of the tragedy were not told and retold, studied and internalized, she believed, genocide could happen again.

Sylvia Green, a social studies teacher and the wife of baseball's Dallas Green, remembers how her students near Wilmington reacted to a visit by my mother. "I just wanted you to know how deeply your mother touched our lives when she came to Christiana High School and shared her life and perceptions of the human experience...," Mrs. Green wrote from Chicago. "To me, she lit a light instead of cursing the darkness."

Willard A. Fletcher, professor of history at the University of Delaware, said at a memorial service that my mother was able "to place into perspective what had happened to her and the rest of the Jewish population of Europe.... She was factual, she was extremely objective, she was very well-organized and she was in absolute control of her emotion and memory.... The students sat there for three hours listening, not daring to interrupt, because they were hearing something the dimensions of which they could never have imagined."

By the Fall of 1942, only three Jewish families were left in Turka. The Germans needed Zeeman the tailor, Brohner the shoemaker, Wind the watchmaker.

One evening the families decided that Fayga was the only remaining Jew who stood a chance of surviving. She spoke excellent Polish and knew the Catholic prayers because her friends from school were Catholic. Men couldn't be considered, because they had been circumcised and thus could be easily identified.

Fayga decided to assume the name of Halina Naszkiewicz, a former classmate about whom she knew personal details. She

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"My mother's own survival was so incredible that she had no patience for fiction. She didn't read it, although she read voraciously; she didn't watch it on television. Her interests lay in the real world: politics, war, race, the economy, relations between the sexes, gay rights, abortion, capital punishment. "I just don't understand how someone can be bored," she would say."



knew that her father's name was John, her mother's name was Mary, her brother's name was Stephen. The real Halina no longer lived in Turka. So they made false identification for Fayga, and she became the last hope of the last Jews of Turka.

She was to leave at dawn, while it was still dark. She would wear a scarf over the yellow armband. Without a word, Hannah placed a Virgin Mary medallion from the watchmaker's shop on a chain around her daughter's neck.

"Remember," her father told her. "Your name is Halina Naszkiewicz. You must forget us, the home, your real name. You must remember only one thing: 3080 Broadway. That is where Leon is. It's only a number, and it's only a street, so it cannot betray you. And should you survive, if you will remember that address, you will be able to locate your brother and reclaim your identity. Should you survive, you will be able to tell the world what happened."

On Nov. 10, 1942, Fayga Wind walked out the front door as Halina Naszkiewicz. Nobody shed a tear. it was a cold day in the Carpathians. She was 19.

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For my mother, who really knew the preciousness of life and freedom, everything had significance: every word, every color, every article of clothing. This was how she molded me. She was amused when I came to her seeking approval for every 45-r.p.m. record in my early collection. But I was showing that I'd grasped the lesson: Life has meaning.

Although her bearing was stately and speech tended to be formal and erudite, she identified with common folk because her life had been saved by two illiterate sewer workers. She mistrusted the highbrow purveyors of "Western civilization" because she felt the pain of what it had wrought, and she believed people should be more careful in using that term.

My sister and I grew up without grandparents. Sarah and Hannah, my grandmothers, became Shari Ann, my sister. David Leib, my father's father, became David Lee. We had few blood relatives. But my mother made it a point to have us address some of our close family friends as "aunt" and "uncle."

She liked being called a typical Jewish mother. Often she told visitors that the stereotype was a source of pride. "There is nothing wrong with overprotecting a child," she said. "it breeds security."

Now that she is gone, I am stronger for having been given that security.

At the train station, Halina flushed her armband down a toilet. She bought a ticket, boarded a train, began reading the newspaper ads for rooms. She picked an address in the Aryan section. Disembarking at Lvov, she walked to that address. It was a typical Catholic house in Poland, with pictures all around. It belonged to a Mrs. Szczepaniak, a poor widow with two working daughters Halina's age. She told the woman she was a Christian girl who was forced to leave Turka because she had a Jewish boyfriend.

Halina took the room. She said her prayers every morning, kneeling in front of a holy picture and crucifix. Silently, she also said the Sh'ma.

It was excruciating for her to watch the Jews being led between their workplace in Lvov and their quarters in the Janowska concentration camp every morning and night, with whips and dogs and police along the Janowska Road. It was cold, and they were wrapped in rags. Some fell along the way. Sometimes in the evening, while Mrs. Szczepaniak played cards with her friends at the round table, Halina shuddered as she heard them speak of the Jews: "Oh my God, haven't they finished them all yet? There are still some left!"

When Christmas came to Lvov, Mrs. Szczepaniak held a Mass in the house. But when the Communion wafers were distributed, Halina, instead of receiving the wafer on her tongue, reached for it with her hand. Immediately, the others knew.

The landlady told Halina she would have to leave, and she recommended a place. Halina could go there to find a room, then return for her belongings. Halina took her advice. But Mrs. Szczepaniak had betrayed her.

When Halina walked into the place, she found Ukrainian police and several Jews who had been caught.

"What is your name?" the police asked.

"Halina Naszkiewicz," she said. "I am a Christian."

They began beating her.

"I am a Christian," she insisted. "My father's name is John. My mother's name is Mary."

"I'll bet you are a father."
"I bet you have a daughter my age."
"Yes, I do."
"How do you have the heart to hit me?"
"She is Christian," he said. "And you are dirty Jew."

He continued to whip her. Her head was spinning. The man reached for a document and began filling it out. He shoved it in front of her. "Sign this paper," he barked.

She looked at the paper. "Todesurteil," it said. "Death sentence." He was asking her to sign her own death sentence."



But they continued beating her. "Now let's go," they said.

They took her to the police station, where she was led in front of a well-dressed man seated behind a desk. His boots shone. Behind him hung a portrait of Hitler. On the desk was a whip. Other people were in the room.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Halina Naszkiewicz," she replied.

He took the whip in his hand and whipped her.

"Halina Naszkiewicz," she said again.

He whipped her again.

She repeated the name and again he whipped her. This went on for a while. Screams and cries could be heard from the other rooms, where similar interrogations were going on. Halina thought: he may have a daughter my age. What have I got to lose?

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"I bet you have a daughter my age."

"Yes, I do."

"How do you have the heart to hit me?"

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He continued to whip her. Her head was spinning. The man reached for a document and began filling it out. He shoved it in front of her. "Sign this paper," he barked.

She looked at the paper. "Todesurteil," it said. "Death sentence." He was asking her to sign her own death sentence.

If I don't sign it, Halina thought, he'll beat me until I do. And if I sign it, they will kill me anyway. Halina signed her death certificate. A Ukrainian policeman came in, kicked her. "Go forward," he ordered. Halina went forward, the Ukrainian policeman kicking her from behind. He led her to a cell and locked the door. It was late. Halina lay down on the cold stone floor. She wanted just to sleep. She slept, awoke, slept, awoke. Screams came from the other rooms. She was in pain. From a small window, dawn slowly crept in.

The man kicked the door open. "Get up and go," he ordered.

"Where?" Halina asked.

He didn't answer. He began to whip her. "Now keep going," he said, and he led her through the corridors. He opened a door. The courtyard was paved with gravestones from the Jewish cemetery. She crossed to the gate, and there stood a cattle truck loaded with people. Halina was pushed inside the truck. Well, she thought, this is it. Now they are taking us to the Janowska camp, and to the Sands, the horrible execution spot behind the camp.

"Where are we going?" she asked a young Jew in a police uniform.

"We are going to the ghetto," he said. "We are going to Weisenhof."

Instead of being executed on the spot, Halina was being taken with a truck full of other "false Aryans" to Weisenhof, a prison within the ghetto, a temporary place to stay before being sent to the Sands.

At Weisenhof, the stench was unbearable. The place was filthy, the people looked like shadows. Buckets served as toilets. The day after she arrived, a guard told her, "It's your turn to empty the buckets." Grabbing a bucket, she walked through the prison until she arrived at the main door. For some reason the door was open, and there were no guards. Halina walked into the prison courtyard, holding the bucket of excrement. It was a beautiful day. She knew that on Fridays the trucks came to take people to the Sands. Tomorrow would be Friday. Halina put the bucket on the ground, and began to walk until she reached the gate of the high prison wall. She walked out of the gate and stood still at the other side, against the wall.

The ghetto by then had become a Judenlager, or Julag -- a camp for Jews. No Jews were allowed there during the day. They worked outside the ghetto and returned only to sleep. She could not stand there long, because they would come looking for her in a minute. She crossed the street, walked flush with the houses, flush with the buildings, and she walked on a little farther.

Suddenly, she heard Yiddish words: "Come in! Come in!" A man struggled with her. "You must be the one who just escaped from Weisenhof."

Halina was startled. "How do you know?"

"They're looking for you. Come in."

"I'm not going," she insisted.

Then she heard the calming voice of an older woman, a grandmother. "Come in, my child. Don't be afraid." and they pulled her in.

It was a dark cellar. She saw a hunchbacked man, a woman, a few other people. The grandmother's presence made things better, but Halina was still afraid.

"I want to go back," she said. "I want to go back to Weisenhof."

"She must be hungry," the hunchback said. "Let's give her something to eat." And he brought her some food.

"My name is Jacob," the hunchback said. "Don't worry. You'll stay with us for a while. We'll make you legal here. We'll get you another ID. That's no problem, because every day someone either is shot or dies. We'll get you the ID of somebody who is legal here, who

is working here."

Jacob brought her food once a day, and she stayed hidden until they brought her a new identification. Name: Halina Dienstag. Occupation: tailor, seamstress. Halina went to work with the others, employed as tailors in the Schwartz factories in Lvov. (The Germans called the city Lemberg.) The clothes of murdered Jews from the Janowska camp were brought to the Schwartz factories, where Halina and the others cleaned and deloused them. The clothes were then sent to Germany for German families, and German uniforms were mended to be sent to the front.

On May 16, 1943, the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising took place. Two weeks later, on the night of June 1, the Lvov ghetto was liquidated. It began as the Jewish workers returned from work. Ukrainian and German police grabbed them off the trucks, rounded them up, shot several.

People ran in every direction, falling everywhere. Some swallowed poison to kill themselves. The barraks where Halina lived in Lvov were located on Peltevna Street. Underneath was the sewer system, which flowed into the Peltev River. Jacob, the hunchback, rushed over to Halina.

"Come with us. We'll try to get into the sewer on Peltevna Street."

They went into the celler, and through a door to a little pantry, where they came to a tiny opening.

"It's too far," said Jacob. "We'll go through this opening, and through some pipes, and through some other pipes, and eventually we'll go down to the Peltev."

He pushed Halina into the pipe. She crawled through and was pulled out at the other end. She could hear water trickling. They went down some pipes, then entered another pipe where the water was coming down hard. More pipes. Finally they heard something that sounded like a river. Halina stepped out, looked around. A lot of people were there. Some held flashlights, some held candles.

The Peltev flowed through the middle, with paths just wide enough for a sewer worker on either side. It was dark, unpaved, dirty and smelly. Every now and then, she heard a splash when someone slipped into the water. Some people just jumped in, to drown. Others thought they could swim along with the river to the outskirts of the city and then run away.

Halina held onto the hunchback, and they walked carefully on the path alongside the wall. He pulled her into a tight tunnel. "Our sewer workers are here. Just come with me."

Inside, Halina saw several people. Two with high boots appeared to be sewer workers.

"They have agreed to save 20 people," someone said. "They will take us away from the Peltev into another spot within the sewer system, and they will bring us whatever is needed."

Halina looked around. Besides the two sewer workers, 20 people were there. She was the 21st.

She had promised her father that if she survived, she would tell the world. Nothing could sway her from her task, not even a heart attack in 1979. A few weeks after she was hospitalized, she was asked to give a speech dedicating the Holocaust monument in downtown Wilmington. We tried to dissuade her, but she persevered, and when the time came for the speech, she stood in sub-freezing weather and delivered one of her most memorable addresses to about 300 people.

It was Dec. 2. Three years later, on the same date, she would die.

The monument, she told the crowd, "stands here not only as a silent witness to a shameful and abhorrent past, but to alert new generations to be ever vigilant not to take the country's freedoms for granted, because governments can be overthrown and constitutions rewritten.

"...And as long as the voices of the martyrs beseech us to tell the world, we shall continue to erect Holocaust memorials of stone and iron, until we finish building the ultimate memorial. A just and peaceful world."

My mother led the effort to bring Holocaust studies into Delaware schools. Two months after her death, a group of educators met at the University of Delaware to develop a comprehensive curriculum for Holocaust education in the public schools.

She started a Holocaust Education Fund at Wilmington's Jewish Community Center. Immediately after her death, the center's board voted to rename the fund in her name. I accepted an invitation to fill my mother's seat on the committee that administers the fund. Among our goals is a Holocaust resource center at the University of Delaware library.

The night of the liquidation, Halina saw a woman who reminded her of her own mother. The woman's name was Pepa Chigier, and she stood with her children, Kristina, 7, and Pavel, 4. Her husband, Ignacy Chigier, had come up with the idea of knocking out an opening through the concrete that separated the basement of the barracks from the sewer pipe that led to the Peltev River so there would

"Cooking was done on a portable kerosene stove. The usual meal was a pot of soup. The stove also was used for heat. The food was kept in iron containers to protect it from the rats. But when the rats began gnawing through them, the containers were suspended from the top of the sewer.

The sewer workers came down every morning except Sunday. They made a circular motion with their flashlight to identify themselves. Their arrival was always welcome. They smelled of fresh air. But to the sewer dwellers, accustomed now to the constant stench, the sewer workers smelled awful."

"Finally, the money ran out. Someone suggested that since it had been Chigier's money, he should stay in the sewer with his family, and the others should go. But Socha said: "Either you all survive, or nobody. As long as you are under my jurisdiction, and I am responsible for you, you are all equal. How do you know which one of you is destined to survive?"

Socha, a Christian, was uttering a Jewish concept, Halina thought: Z'choot Avot, the Merit of the Fathers. When someone does evil, God remembers it until the third generation. But when someone is righteous, God remembers it until the umpteenth generation."

[redacted]

be an escape route in case of an "action."

In the Lvov ghetto, Chigier had become acquainted with the hunchback, Jacob Berestycki, a poor young tailor from the city of Lodz. The Germans didn't need a tailor at the time; they needed a locksmith. So Jacob became a locksmith in the ghetto. Chigier discovered that he was a capable boy and it would be a good idea to know him.

Chigier made a deal with a sewer worker named Leopold Socha, who used to come down into the ghetto with his assistant, Stefan Wroblewski. Both men were Christians. Chigier would pay Socha a little bit each week and Socha would save a group of Jews. Chigier told Socha and Wroblewski where the money was hidden. They could have grabbed it all. Instead, Socha said: "You just give us as we need it."

Chigier, Jacob and the sewer workers dug through the concrete. By the time Halina escaped from Weisenhof and they offered her shelter, the escape route was ready.

Socha came down into the sewer to look for Chigier and Jacob on the night of the liquidation. When he arrived, Jacob told him they wanted to save Halina too. "Follow me," Socha said. And he took them to a pipe farther away from the Peltev. It was cold and wet. But no one complained.

"We will return tomorrow," Socha said. "We'll bring you food, and some dry clothing. In the meantime, do not budge from here. Just trust us." They had no alternative. Their clothes sopping wet, and without food, they remained through the night, crawling on their hands and knees.

The next day, Socha and Wroblewski came back as promised, with food and dry clothes. "The ghetto is still burning," Socha said. "There are bodies all over the place. There were about 200 people in the sewers yesterday. Some of them drowned, some just walked out. Those who tried to run away were caught, shot by Ukrainians, by Poles, by Germans. There are a lot of bodies on the outskirts of the city, where Peltev comes out. Now only you are left."

On the third day, Socha and Wroblewski returned with more food. They told the Jews where to find boards and stones so that they could build a platform across the width of the sewer and above the sudsy, stinking water that flowed through it. Although the boards were saturated, the Jews were able to dry them with the warmth of their bodies.

One day, soon after they had settled in, three girls in the group decided to leave. "This is not for us," one said. "We would rather die up there in the world as people, than live as rats in the sewer." So the three girls walked out. When Socha and Wroblewski returned, they told the group that the girls' bodies had been found on the outskirts of town. Soon afterward, two men in the group decided to leave, saying they hungered for strawberries. They, too, were murdered.

Because they could not stand up, the sewer dwellers crawled on all fours. Delousing themselves and each other was a daily routine. They fed lice to the rats. Cooking was done on a portable kerosene stove. The usual meal was a pot of soup. The stove also was used for heat. The food was kept in iron containers to protect it from the rats. But when the rats began gnawing through them, the containers were suspended from the top of the sewer.

The sewer workers came down every morning except Sunday. They made a circular motion with their flashlight to identify themselves. Their arrival was always welcome. They smelled of fresh air. But to the sewer dwellers, accustomed now to the constant stench, the sewer workers smelled awful.

Occasionally Socha brought an underground newspaper. They used the newspapers for writing. Chigier and Halina both wrote poetry in the sewer, mostly satirical poetry. They also told stories, discussed politics, read, and competed for who was better educated, who remembered more poetry, who knew more Latin.

At Mrs. Chigier's request, Socha brought Sabbath candles for them to light on Friday nights. He also dug up a prayer book from the rubble of the burning ghetto. Socha was a deeply religious man. He was fondest of Jacob and Halina, because they were both so committed to their faith.

Socha remembered that Jews don't eat bread during Passover. So before the holiday he and Wroblewski shoveled a wagonload of potatoes through the sewer grate. Although rats got to many of the potatoes, the sewer dwellers were able to retrieve enough to feed themselves during Passover, without eating bread.

Each of the Jews had one change of clothing and one decent garment – a blouse or a shirt – that he or she would put on in the morning to greet the sewer workers. They always cleaned up before Socha and Wroblewski came, scraping off the boards, combing their hair. And every Friday, the sewer workers took out the soiled laundry, which they brought back washed and ironed the following Monday.

Halina had two blouses. When her spirits

were low and she ran out of pleasant thoughts, she would design clothes in her mind, think about colors, fabrics, about what life would be like after liberation.

She had time for everyone. When the Jehovah's Witnesses came calling, she would talk to them for hours in the living room, explaining her joy in Judaism, her pride in being a Jew, and, yes, her view of the world. They always went away mouthing effusive thanks.

She spent hours on the telephone with people she hardly knew but who found in her a willing ear and a caring heart. And when the son of a friend had become a Moonie, my mother made it her personal task to counsel the family. She did this for many months until the day he returned home.

On holidays, she would talk to the Junior Congregation at our Wilmington synagogue. Her talks, interrupted by sobs, conveyed an overwhelming sense of sorrow. To children, she was something mysterious out of a foggy past -- living history.

She talked often about "the beautiful concepts in Judaism," and she never thought of them as abstract. She remembered them as verbalized by her father, the watchmaker, for there was nothing he didn't weigh on the basis of what Judaism teaches, she said.

One day a crew of sewer workers showed up on our block to work on the sewer line. I remember how amused they were when my mother came outside to talk with them, then brought them refreshments and related stories of her life in the sewer. She was excited to stand there and look down into that nether world where she had been saved.

I also remember Vietnam Moratorium Day, when I stood up at the appointed hour, interrupting the math class taught by our headmaster, and gave a short speech about the futility of war, and then from that classroom and out the front door, I walked home. I was prepared for a good scolding from my mother. To my astonishment, when I stepped into the house and told her what I'd done, she said she respected me for it. That night, when I marched with my friends through downtown Wilmington, my mother marched alongside us.

Finally, the money ran out. Someone suggested that since it had been Chigier's money, he should stay in the sewer with his family, and the others should go. But Socha said: "Either you all survive, or nobody. As long as you are under my jurisdiction, and I am responsible for you, you are all equal. How do you know which one of you is destined to survive?"

Socha, a Christian, was uttering a Jewish concept, Halina thought: Z'choot Avot, the Merit of the Fathers. When someone does evil, God remembers it until the third generation. But when someone is righteous, God remembers it until the umpteenth generation. So who could say which one of them was holding the Z'choot Avot which allowed them all to survive?

By and large, they remained healthy, although they never saw the sky. They knew what the weather was like outside only when Socha and Wroblewski told them.

The sewer was usually a safe place, except during a storm. On one occasion, the water level rose so high that the sewer dwellers thought they weren't going to make it. They lifted the children to the ceiling. "Pray, Jacob, pray," the little boy Pavel implored the hunchback. Fortunately, the water finally began to subside, and they were spared.

"We did not expect to find you alive," Socha said the next day. He and Wroblewski left the sewer and went to church. There, in gratitude for the safety of their sewer dwellers, the two Christian sewer workers lit candles.

Before one storm, two men who had gone for drinking water were pulled along by the current and never returned. The wife of one of the drowned men was pregnant. Her name was Mrs. Weinberg. When she learned that her husband had perished, she uttered not a word of complaint. Later she would cry quietly to herself and to Halina.

When Mrs. Weinberg had entered the sewer, no one knew she was pregnant. They had thought she was wearing a heavy coat. With her husband gone, it was decided that Chigier would be the one to deliver the baby. The sewer workers brought scissors. And one clean towel was set aside for the time of delivery.

Socha and Wroblewski had said there would be no way to care for an infant in the sewer. An infant could not be fed, Socha said, and they could not afford the luxury of an infant's cry. When her labor began, Mrs. Weinberg, a strong, refined woman, did not say a word. She did not cry. Chigier delivered a big, healthy baby boy, then took the scissors and cut the umbilical cord. They wrapped the baby in the towel.

Nothing was done with him after that. He was not destroyed, he was not thrown into the river. The only thing that was done was what was not done. He was not fed, and he died.

Even my mother's closest friends knew only pieces of her story. But her humanity touched everyone. In published tributes, her life took on legendary proportions and her

"One day, after the Russians had entered Lvov, the Jews heard a knocking on the manhole cover. "This is Socha. You can come out now. You are free. Jacob will come out first, and Mr. Chigier will come out last. The captain of the ship goes last."

The date was July 27, 1944, a beautiful, sunny day. They came out slowly. When it was Pavel's turn, he began to cry. He was now a little more than 5 years old, and he had forgotten what the sun and sky looked like. "I'm afraid," the boy said. "I want to go back to the sewer."

"Socha was run down by a truck in Gilwice, Poland, in 1946. Some townspeople said God had punished him for saving Jews. No one knows whether it was an accident. Halina, Jacob and the Chigiers marched through the streets in his funeral procession.

Before leaving Europe, Halina went back to Turka.

No Jews remained.

"How come you're still alive?" former neighbors asked coldly."

death left an unfillable void.

A stirring front-page article by Nisson A. Finkelstein in The (Delaware) Jewish Voice began: "The obituaries have been written and the eulogies have been said. But there is more to be written, more to be said. There will always be more. A great human being who walked among us walks among us no longer. And I am afraid, for there is no one to take her place."

Writing in the Wilmington News-Journal, columnist Bill Frank echoed those sentiments: "Death has robbed the nation of one of its outstanding women of valor.... But now with the death of Mrs. Preston, who takes up her cause?"

My mother knew she was loved. Former students at Wilmington Gratz Hebrew High School surprised her with an album of letters extolling her virtues.

But she valued no praise more highly, than that expressed by a Christian nurse who cared for her after her heart attack in 1979. She presented my mother with a copy of Pearl S. Buck's Once Upon a Christmas, bearing this inscription: "In my life I had the privilege of meeting with a lovely Jewish lady who had only good to say about all races including the German race from which she received much suffering and sorrow. You really impressed me yesterday when you spoke to me about the minorities and about having prejudices. I hope I can remember just part of what you said as they were beautiful words. May God grant you peace and happiness the rest of your life and may you never suffer again. Tonight when I thanked God for today, I said thanks for introducing you to me. God bless you. Your nurse, Beverly Ann Kelley."

The worst fear was the possibility of being discovered, and to avoid this, the sewer dwellers moved their hiding place several times. Once, while they were staying not far from the Queen Jadwiga Church, they heard noises. As the noises came nearer, it was clear it was not the same rhythm or the same splash of water created by the walk of their sewer workers. They held their breaths, and sat silently. After a while, the noises slowly faded away.

Socha and Wroblewski returned the next day and told them what had happened. The first snow had fallen. Above them, the snow had melted in the shape of an L. It was shape of the pipe in which the Jews were staying. The Germans became suspicious and sent down some sewer workers. The sewer workers hadn't discovered the group, and they went back up and reported.

When Socha and Wroblewski were at the sewer works, they explained to their co-workers that there was no reason to worry. "There are no Jews," Socha told his colleagues. "The Jews drowned or were poisoned by the gases long ago. This L may be the heat from the nearby monasteries of the church and steam from their kitchens or connected with the catacombs.

Months passed. Soon, a year had gone by. They spent a long time under the St. Bernard Cathedral near the St. Bernadine Monastery and near a park. Often they were perplexed by a strange recurring noise above them. One day, they asked their sewer workers what it was. "Don't worry," Socha said. "It's only children on roller skates."

Since they were the only ones in the sewers, they were convinced that they were the only Jews who would survive at all.

A grandmother in the group often told stories. But after her son left the sewer in desperation and was killed, she began to deteriorate. Then one day, when Halina was delousing her, she barely moved. She passed away quietly that night, and they let her body float away. Thus the youngest and the oldest died naturally in the sewer: the grandmother and the baby who was born there.

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But with a push, Pavel came out through a manhole in the courtyard of a building that had belonged to a friend of Mrs. Chigier's parents. Socha and Wroblewski had gone into this building and occupied an apartment that German officers had deserted.

The Jews viewed each other in daylight for the first time. They looked strange to themselves. Everybody was yellow. Their hair had turned different colors. Their feet swollen. Jacob couldn't even walk for a while.

And they were afraid. "Are you sure it's safe?" they asked Socha.

Socha indeed had waited until it was safe. He knew that in a nearby town, after the Germans had retreated and the Russians had come in and the Jews who had saved themselves in the forest or elsewhere came out

"She had promised her father that if she survived, she would tell the world. Nothing could sway her from her task, not even a heart attack in 1979. A few weeks after she was hospitalized, she was asked to give a speech dedicating the Holocaust monument in downtown Wilmington. We tried to dissuade her, but she persevered, and when the time came for the speech, she stood in sub-freezing weather and delivered one of her most memorable addresses to about 300 people.

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[redacted]

of hiding, the Germans then beat back the Russians and killed the Jews. And in another town, the local population killed every Jew who came out of hiding.

The Jews from the sewer stayed in that building for several days, and the sewer workers guarded them. Soon, the sewer workers' wives and children came. It was the first time the Jews had met them. The sewer workers brought vodka and food, and they toasted each other and celebrated. Of more than 200 who had descended into Lvov sewers on the night of the liquidation, only 10 crawled out on that sunny summer day. Halina, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighed 70 pounds.

I cannot divorce myself from the Holocaust. When I attend an orchestra concert, I see the semicircle of Jewish musicians forced to play at Belzec where my grandparents and 600,000 other Jews were slaughtered. On the train, I become my father with the other dead and living corpses on the boxcar to Auschwitz. In the shower or the gym, I am with my grandparents in the "shower" where they were gassed. When the mailman comes, he is the mailman who waited outside the house in Turka until they came for my mother's family, then he went inside and helped himself to the contents. Walking in the woods, I am with my father's parents and the other Jews of Rovno, herded to the forest and told to dig ditches before being machine-gunned into them.

Last month, my father and I went to Washington for the first American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors. My mother would have wanted to be there, in fact had hoped to be there among the thousands of survivors and their children. But when my eyes welled up with tears at odd moments during the gathering, I was not weeping for my mother. She was a survivor. Those were the tears I reserve for the victims, the helpless, nameless victims, who would have become scientists, writers, doctors, teachers. And watchmakers.

But always my anger yields to joy: My mother saw to it that I appreciate a refreshing shower, a train ride, a walk in the woods, the sound of the birds in the morning, the sunrise on the beach. And in the hearts of so many of my friends, I find the presence of Leopold Socha, one of the precious few who risked their lives -- and sometimes lost them -- because their consciences compelled them to save Jews.

Today, I belong to the Second Generation. That is what they call us children of survivors. We are members of that group whether we like it or not. We are the legacy, and we are obliged to remember, lest the Six Million will have died in vain. We shall work for that "just and peaceful world." Because one day, all the survivors will be gone.

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Halina found out what had happened to her family: Her father, mother and brother were marched to the Belzec annihilation center in May 1943, on Lag B'Omer, the Jewish festival of spring. There they were gassed.

Her father's house was empty. The watchmaker's shop was looted, the rooms bare. In the basement, in a dusty corner on the floor, she found an old ledger in which the watchmaker had recorded some transactions. She scooped it up, put it in her pocket. She went back upstairs, stood in the center of the empty room, walked to the front entrance and kissed the mezuzah still fastened there on the doorpost. "*Sh'ma Yisrael...*" "Hear, O Israel, the Lord Our God, the Lord is One."

Carefully, she removed the contents. And then, holding the parchment in her hand, she walked away from her father's house forever.

Only a few days before she died, we strolled together through a furniture store in Bala Cynwyd. A large print on the wall caught her attention, a rust-hued rendering of tall grass swept by a breeze. I went closer, examined the print. When I saw the title, I asked her to come look, too.

It was called "Wind."

We looked at each other, struck by our discovery. "I would like to have that," she said.

After she died, I returned to that store and bought the print. It now dominates the living room of my parents' house near Wilmington.

There's another print in that room. My mother saw it one day in a department store and bought it. A small boy with a baseball glove is looking down a sewer grate for his ball. "Lost Forever," is the title. She said it made her think of me, looking for her past.

One wall-hanging holds a prominent spot

in the dining room of my parents' house, where it has hung for as long as I can remember. "*Sh'ma Yisrael...*," it says in Hebrew. It is the parchment my mother removed from the mezuzah in her parents' house in Turka. My father mounted it on burlap and framed it many years ago.

There are other memorials. Because of my mother's efforts, the Christian sewer worker who took the responsibility to save Jews from death is forever enshrined at Yad Vashem Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Authority, the Jerusalem institution dedicated to remembering. On May 23, 1978, Leopold Socha and his wife Magdalena were accorded Yad Vashem's highest honor. Righteous Gentiles.

And, a year before she died, my mother saw to it that Socha and Wroblewski were among a handful of Christians honored in the Garden of the Righteous in front of Wilmington's Jewish Community Center. It is the only memorial outside Jerusalem to Christians who saved Jews.

On March 1, my mother's birthday, I drove with my father and sister through the rain and cold to the Jewish Community Cemetery near Wilmington. There, alone in a new section, in a roughly patched plot still without a gravestone, the survivor lies facing the generations of dead Jews of Wilmington, as if teaching that entire class.

Of the four of us, only she was prepared for us to spend her birthday that way, or to spend this Mother's Day without her. One day soon we will place a simple, unpolished stone there. Only hours before they wheeled her into the operating room, my mother told me what it should say:

Halina (Zipporah Wind) Preston
1922-1982
Holocaust survivor



Halina Wind Preston at the unveiling of a plaque in front of a tree planted for Leopold Socha.

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COVER STORY

They gather to search, remember

Thousands come to first USA meeting; T-shirt asks: 'Have you seen my sister?'

By Rich Schein and Chuck Raasch, USA TODAY

Tues. April 12

Kozminski, of Beverly Hills, Calif., a wax... came here looking for others th... who survived the 12-year period, during... low Jews lost their lives.

"They found each other Monday in a... hallway and embraced. Like many othe...

Please see COVER

OTHER VIEWS ON THE HOLOCAUST

Comment from newspapers across the USA

Journal and Courier (Lafayette, Ind.)

It is more imperative than ever to learn from the Jewish Holocaust in Nazi Germany, because signs already are being found of a huge holocaust destroying thousands of the "disappeared" in Argentina. To those who say it can't happen again, the message is, it . . . is happening.

The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press

During the terrible years of Nazidom's tyranny in Europe, millions of people were tortured and murdered for little more than [illegible] conform to the regime's [illegible] made in this century's histo... than the Holocaust.

TORONTO, CAN. CANADIAN JEWISH NEWS

FEB 17 1983

Hundreds of Canadians to attend Holocaust meet

April 11-14

By TAMMY KAROL

WASHINGTON — several hundred Canadians are expected to participate at the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors scheduled from April 11-14 at the Washington Convention Center.

Ruth Resnick, director of the Holocaust Remembrance Committee of the Canadian Jewish Congress, Ontario Region, reported last week that some 200 Torontonians alone will be attending the 4-day convocation.

An estimated 10,000 survivors and children from North America will be at the gathering. Canadians who have already registered include Nathan Leipziger, chairman of the Holocaust Remembrance Committee of CJC Ada... Committee of CJC and Ruth Resnick.

According to Resnick, Alan Gottlieb of the Canadian ambassador to the U.S. is expected to be involved in opening ceremonies at the gathering.

In addition, she said, Toronto participants will hold a screening next month to discuss events scheduled for the gather...

There will also be ceremonies at the Lincoln Memorial and Arlington National Cemetery, films and educational exhibits, workshops, seminars and panels sponsored by the Second Generation — children of Jewish Holocaust survivors).

The gathering will be transformed into a "survivors' village" — one 24-hour most poignant activities will be trying to reunite people who left Europe after being liberated from Nazi ...

Warsaw ghetto uprising, the historic symbol of Jewish spiritual and armed resistance to Nazi oppression.

Key organizers of the gathering are New York... Benjamin Meed, a survivor of the Warsaw ghetto; Sam E. Bloch, an active member of the Bergen-Belsen associa... Ben Meed; Menachem Z. Rosensaft, a chairperson for the international organization of children of survivors, and Wiesel, chairman of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council.

More than 650 homes with 1,000 beds have been made available to participants by Washington, D.C. community.

Many Toronto participants will be staying at the budget-priced Best Western Hotel in mid-town Washington and Montrealers are expected to stay at the Holiday Inn-Thomas Circle.

But transportation and air flights are being booked for participants through the Canadian Jewish Congress and travel agencies.

The gathering takes place during the "Days of Remembrance" (Yom Hashoah) of the victims of the Holocaust, mandated by the U.S. Congress.

In addition to a national civic ceremony sponsored by the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council, there will be local observances in the District of Columbia, Virginia and Maryland.

For further information on registration and program call Ruth Resnick in Toronto at 977-3811.

USA TODAY

COVER STORY

Children claim their heritage

Continued from 1A

wearing a T-shirt with a red-lettered message: "Have you seen my sister? ... her sister's last known address in ... Hena Milch, perhaps the only one o... Kozminski's seven sisters and one brother who survived, was reported seen in Poland in 1946. "I hope to meet somebody who knew her or went to school with her," Kozminski said.

The chance of finding lost friends or families has, organizers say, drawn 9,000 here, the largest gathering of its kind since the Allies liberated the concentration camps in 1945 — and the first to be held in the USA.

But survivors and their families have also come to make certain the world still remembers that human life triumphed even in a dark hour, and to share memories so others may be spared their pain.

President Reagan told the group Monday night: "We must see to it that the immeasurable pain of the Holocaust is not dehumanized, that it is not examined clinically and dispassionately, that its significance is not lost on this generation, or any future generation."

On Wednesday, Vice President Bush will turn over keys to two buildings, to house a memorial and museum. But Monday was a day for reunions. Thousands gathered in a convention hall, some toting signs, others waving scribbled notes — looking for links to mutual pasts. Said Lazur Schachter, of Memphis, Tenn., "I'm here now, I wish I'll find somebody, but I'm — a wave of the hands, meaning "I'm not sure."

A computer containing the names of 25,000 Holocaust survivors assisted registrants in their search. A memory of a shared bunkhouse at a concentration camp or a month on a trench-digging detail in Russia brought strangers together, often glued by tears, hugs and smiles. They came from Israel, Europe, South America, Canada, 50 states.

Hadassah Rosensaft is here from New York City with her son Menachem, born after the war in a refugee camp at Bergen-Belsen. Her parents, sister, first husband and five-year-old son, Benjamin, died in the gas chambers of Auschwitz.

"Each of us can write a book, and a tragic book, but nevertheless we are manifesting life," she said.

... then close my eyes and I don't believe that all this happened; that there was life before the war and that I had a family before the war and that I went through ... [illegible] ... and cries.

... Kozminski points to her left ... where her Auschwitz number ... is tattooed, and says, "When th... [illegible] ... I'll tell my children in the ... in the headstone for people in the pr... [illegible] ... to come to see what happen... won't happen again."

Boston Globe

We are now learning that American officials acted ... accessories after the fact in aiding Nazis who took part in the slaughter of millions of innocent people. No moral rage is commensurate with that crime. All we can ... insist on knowing the full truth about the past, so that ... can say to our present leaders: Never again.

New York Times

Describing the death camps that housed the ... children, their parents and those few who lived ... them witness, Nelly Sachs wrote, "Sleep may ... here." Neither should it ever be allowed to ... world's memory.

Baltimore Sun

The fact that Poland is essentially Juden... and that most of central Europe is "clean" of ... population — is a chilling reminder of ... ught. It is reason enough why those who ... camps alive feel a compulsion to tell their ... are silenced by the passage of a norm... many others were cut down in life's p... wish mission never to let the world fo...

MINNEAPOLIS, MN AMERICAN JEWISH WORLD

MAR 25 83

First in US

Holocaust gathering expects 10,000

By Dorothy B. Goldberg

Special to the Chronicle

WASHINGTON — The hundreds of Holocaust survivors ... for the April 11-14 meeting of ... American Jewish Holocaust ... can expect to see ... sentiment that is far from con... unequivocal.

"There will be none of the usual black-tie dinners or dances common to the national conventions ... Washington Convention Center will bring together more than ... survivors ... the purpose ... politicians ... this ... gathering, which is expected to attract 10,000 American Holocaust survivors and their families, is to reunite friends and relatives separated by time ... miles and war.

The American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors is sponsoring the event, with ... other Jewish organizations ... representatives ... from Washington ... and Baltimore ... will be signed ... the Washington area ... the visitors ... Jewish ... Center registry of survivors ... their children ... 10,000 names ... Participants ... the registry will ... the names ... days of the ...

Looking Behind the Scenes At the Survivors Gathering

By WOLF BLITZER

JTA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON — Hadassah Rosensaft was there. She was at the places where the black smoke that poured into the sky came from humans. The places where evil blacked out even the most human of gestures, where bones all-everyone a skeletal texture.

She was at Auschwitz for 18 months; at Bergen-Gelson for half a year. Trained as a surgeon-dentist, she stayed at Bergen-... the time. But we must leave memories for those who weren't there, for those who weren't born. In spite of all that has been said and all that has been written, not many people really know what happened. We must try, somehow, to let people know the truths."

Rosensaft is one of the 65 members of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, a quasi-governmental agency that has been planning a museum on the Nazi ... years. During the ... Holocaust Sur... om April 11 to 14, ... to take on a physi... deral government ... council two build... er the years, the ... gs have been us... olities and offices ... encies. They are ... orage. The build... tted and rebuilt ... luled to open in ...

BALTIMORE JEWISH TIMES

Planning A Holocaust Museum

It will be built in Washington, but what should be its scope and theme?

BY ARTHUR MAGIDA

Assistant Editor





Barely 400 feet from the Washington Monument, the Holocaust Museum will be housed in two century-old buildings. Eventually, they will be entirely renovated. For now, though, their long halls and filthied exteriors are evocative of the Nazi death camps.

THE WASHINGTON POST, MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1983 A11

WOLF BLITZER

(Continued from Page 1)

world. At that time, there were all sorts of so-called revisionist historians who were claiming that perhaps stories of the Holocaust were greatly exaggerated, that perhaps that Jews and Zionists simply fabricated the whole thing.

"It's hard to refute that kind of witness testimony of thousands of survivors," Meed said.

The fear of course is that their personal accounts of the Holocaust may be lost forever, and precisely another purpose of the National registration is to ensure that proximately ... survivors around the ... delighted that ... ing to Washington ... and attend ... You be ... an emotional ... minals ... perhaps ... may not ... still alive ... aspects ... What ...

(Continued on Page 5)

who want to participate ... day event register ... provide the necessary ... computer banks.

At first, Meed ... joined by Elie Wiesel ... and Sam Bloch ... Washington's ... the Kennedy ... would be to ... multi-media ... tremendous ... and then ... country ... enough ... The ...

The Washington Post STYLE 4/11/83

The Arts/Television/Classified B1



Charles Fenyvesi

Holocaust: A Survivor's Thoughts

At night I fight back. But the Nazis are again more numerous, and once more I am a child on the run—with forged papers, another identity. Capture is a matter of time. Death is a release—what else can they do to me? Besides, after nearly 40 years, the nightmare is familiar. But will it ever go away? Am I stuck with the memory for the rest of my life?

When will I overcome my anger with my children for leaving food on their plates? Will I stop resenting people who never knew real hunger—that dull nonstop toothache in the stomach? And, damn it, must a whiff of smoke from the far end of a lovely meadow remind me of the crematoria?

I must not react to individuals I dislike with conjectures about how they might behave if ordered to shoot people. Even for a moment it's ridiculous to think of my best Gentile friends as the kind of people who, if such a need ever arose, would surely hide my family in their attics. I didn't choose them as friends because of that. Or maybe I did. I [illegible] ... ing. Patiently, objectively. Writing a story on the Pentagon shipping back Nazi war art to Bonn is just another assignment. The war is over. I don't wince when crowds of demonstrators shout "Hitler" or "Sieg Heil" at Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan. This is another continent, another generation—a new world. The swastika is recycled as a punk button; Auschwitz is a metaphor. And Holocaust is a series on TV.

I am courteous w... [illegible]

"It's ridiculous to think of my best Gentile friends as the kind of people who, if such a need ever arose, would surely hide my family in their a... them as friends because of that.

Debrecen, my mother offered God a deal: she would keep the Jewish law only if her mother came back alive. My grandmother didn't return from Auschwitz, and my mother stopped saying ...

Thousands Expected to Arrive Today For Gathering of Holocaust Survivors

By Carole Murphy

Washington Post Staff Writer

Jews from all over the country began arriving in Washington yesterday for the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors that opened yesterday at the Washington Convention Center. Organizers of the four-day event said that about 2,000 people showed up on the first day of registration.

Almost 10,000 people have preregistered for the gathering and most of those are expected to arrive today, the first day of official events. President Reagan and Jewish writer Elie Wiesel will be the keynote speakers at an assembly tonight at the Capital Centre.

Most of the arrivals yesterday are survivors of Adolf Hitler's death camps. Many speak with only East European accent and some, like Henia Ring, a Polish woman in the Washington Convention Center with handwritten cards showing the names of the towns they lived in before the war.



By Dudley M. Brooks—The Washington Post

find people she knew during the Holocaust.

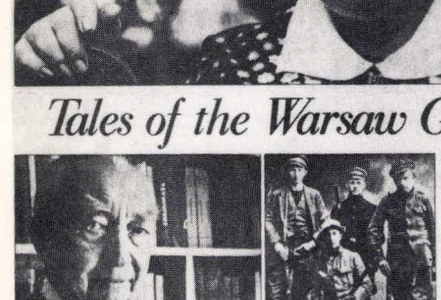
orate the deaths of six million Jews during the Holocaust. "Am Ma'Amin", a mournful song about the coming of the Messiah that was chanted by Jews as they went to the gas chambers, was sung during the lighting.

Wiesenthal, who was at another function in Baltimore, was unable to attend the dinner held in the Sheraton Washington's Cotillion Ball-room. Rabbi Abraham Cooper of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles accepted the award in his behalf.

The new organization of survivors was founded two years ago by Lee Breuer of Oxon Hill, who envisioned it as "a living memorial" of the Holocaust. "We are a unique group in history; we want us to be the conscience of the world," said Breuer, who is a survivor of Auschwitz. It has about 3,500 members, Breuer said.

Washington Post staff writer Joanne Ostrow contributed to this story.

Tales of the Warsaw Ghetto





Remembering, 40 Years Later

By Lawrence Meyer

The most important thing—the dream of my life—has come true. Jewish self-defense in the Warsaw Ghetto has become a fact. Jewish armed resistance and retaliation have been realized. I have been the witness of a splendid, heroic struggle by the Jewish fighters.

—Communication from Mordechai Anielewicz, commandant of the Jewish Fighting Organization, from the Warsaw Ghetto, April 23, 1943.

Barbara Steiner, nee Ruth Zyskind, was 14 when the Second World War started. She remembers it clearly, along with a great many other things that some people would rather forget.

She was on her way to a store to buy books for school, which would start Sept. 1, 1939. She remembers seeing planes overhead. "I thought, 'They must be ours.' " She was mistaken. The following day, Warsaw was bombed.

We are accustomed now to hear... [illegible] ... it as merely an element in a plan far larger, even universal, aimed at all victims everywhere? Such opinions have merit. Not all victims were Jewish. But all Jews were victims. The universality of the Holocaust lies in its uniqueness. Those who seek to universalize it are dejudifying it in the process. If everybody was a victim, then no one was. If everybody endured as much as the Jews, then it means that the Jews' suffering had no special significance: that is how it would be perceived by the public.

Is the public interested at all? Apparently it is. The Holocaust has turned out to be the latest attraction; it is "in," as far as show business is concerned. There are docu-dramas, plays, musicals: Adolf Eichmann? An unoffensive officer with courteous manners. Hitler? Crazy. The butcher of Rome, Herbert Kapler, is to be pitied: a man with a keen sense of duty, he converts to Catholicism. All of a sudden, the emphasis has shifted from victims to their executioners. They are being analyzed, dissected, explained; they are being shown to be "human," sensitive to art and ideas; everything is done to make us understand them.

As for the victims, they recede into the background in supporting parts only. The Jews? Pitiful characters, usually. Eternally afraid, wrapped in sentimental, melodramatic; at times, even irritating. "They are not the only ones who suffered," seems to be general comment about them. Some go even further, saying, "Others suffered more than Jews." While in Auschwitz, has she been run into Jewish prisoners? It seems to me that she has been put there so as to illustrate something that "universalists" have been claiming all along, namely that "others" have also witnessed agony in Auschwitz. In a recent play, homosexuals were shown as worse off than Jews, in the death-camps.

Am I too susceptible, too sensitive? I belong to a dying minority: The last survivors. The last witnesses. If we remain silent, our attitude will be interpreted as acquiescence. Not to challenge the false, sentimental clichés would be to support them.

This, then, is our problem: how to reconcile stark honesty with necessary tolerances.

Any writer may, if he so chooses, deal with the subject of the Holocaust. This area is not limited to survivors alone. In this respect, there are no taboos. Nelly Sachs and Paul Celan were spared the experience of death-camps and yet their poetry stands authentic. John Hersey's "The Wall" mirrors life and death from inside the Warsaw ghetto: any novelist may, if he or she feels up to it, try and follow in his footsteps. For, in one way or another, the theme concerns us all. The fact of being born in Great Britain or the United States ought not to eliminate or disqualify practitioners of literature. If a novelist believes himself capable of imagining the unimaginable, so much the better for him. In a way, it may even be easier for an outsider to deal with the subject matter: survivors feel inhibited. They know that Auschwitz defies imagination and perception; it submits only to memory. It can be communicated by testi-

'Between the dead and the rest of us is an abyss no talent can comprehend.'

mony, not by fiction. A novel on Majdanek is either not a novel or not about Majdanek. Between the dead and the rest of us there exists an abyss that no talent can comprehend.

How does one convey the anguish of a child on his way to the mass-graves? how capture the despair of his father who has been rendered at the same time wise and weak and powerless? how retell that which escapes language? The survivor will forever be haunted by such questions. How he or she chose to speak of what happened and at the same time not to speak of it? Our survival compels us to bear witness but we are unable to do so. We need to invent a new vocabulary, a new form of communication. All that remains is compromise which, some say, is "better than nothing". I am not so sure.

The Holocaust experience demands something better and something different: it requires an attitude of total honesty. Since we are incapable of revealing the Event, why not admit it. And so the admission itself becomes an integral part of testimony. This is what I have been doing in my own work. I write to denounce writing. I tell of the impossibility one stumbles upon in trying to tell the tale. I need only to close my eyes for my words to desert me, repudiate me.

I no longer recognize myself in the person I was, over there, long ago. I see myself even less in others' fictional characters. The situations in their books and films and plays seem distorted to me. It's not their fault. They don't know. It's impossible for them to know. Those who never lived that time of death will never be able to grasp its magnitude of horror. Only survivors of Auschwitz know what it meant to be in Auschwitz.

I realize that what I say here is troubling, even disgusting, but I do not have the right to conceal it. In spite of all the movies, plays and novels about the Holocaust, it remains a mystery, the most terrifying of all times.

But then, what are we to do? Retreat from the world? Cease to bear witness? Our future depends on our testimony. To forget Auschwitz is to justify Hiroshima — the next Hiroshima. It's a paradox: only Auschwitz can save the planet from a new Hiroshima. This is why survivors often overcome their fear and trembling and speak up. For the sake of our children and yours, we invoke the past so as to save the future. We recall ultimate violence in order to prevent its reoccurrence. Ours then is a twofold commitment: to life and truth.

This is why we watch television programs and we say: "Sorry, but it isn't it." And when we are asked: "But what is it?", we find ourselves unable to respond. What we really wish to say, what we feel we must say cannot be said.

Thus this feeling, so ambiguous, so ambivalent, that motivates all our decisions and moves. We are grateful to anyone who takes interest in our past and is determined to transform it into art, but at the same time, we are angry with him for speaking in a manner, a tone, that inevitably cannot be ours.

Well, we survivors are complicated people, even difficult, annoying, inscrutable, never satisfied and yet eternally thankful. We read, we laugh, we admire our writers, we enjoy movies and literature, and yet, there is always this strange feeling that accompanies us: the feeling of some final, irreplaceable loss. ■

Does the Holocaust Defeat the Artist?

Elie Wiesel is an author and Andrew Mellon Professor of the Humanities at Boston University.

Holocaust Gathering became oblique aid for Israel

By WOLF BLITZER

WASHINGTON — As far as Israel was concerned, two historic events were unfolding in Washington last week: the Reagan administration's reception to Jordanian King Hussein's refusal ... at least for the time being ... to join the U.S.-sponsored peace process and the massive Holocaust Gathering of Holocaust Survivors. The two events were supposedly unrelated. But their close connection quickly became apparent to reporters trying to cover both stories.

Organizers of the Holocaust Gathering were always careful in their public statements to characterize it as a non-political event. But from the start, those involved in the operation fully recognized the automatic political spillover for Israel the event would have in the U.S. capital — and indeed around the world.

Israel, after all, was born out of the ashes of the Holocaust. Many of Israel's citizens are themselves survivors of the Holocaust during those four years — as have been their children. In fact, almost all of those six million Jews would not be alive today if not for the existence of Israel. Only the most sympathetic and anti-Israel advocates could fail to appreciate the relationship.

At the same time, however, there has been a deliberate effort not to go overboard in making the connection. In fact, many survivors have resented raising the question of the Holocaust to justify every Israeli policy. Such sentiments, it has been said, merely cheapen the Holocaust and the memory of those who died in it.

Organizers of the Gathering did not have to use a sledgehammer to press their point for strong U.S. backing for Israel. It was always understood. They could simply let the men and women were met privately by their constituents, and senators were met privately by their constituents among the survivors. Invariably, the subject of Israel arose.

Thus, without such advertisement and fanfare, Israel's case was automatically received a major boost. Israeli diplomats were very well aware of this fact — as was Deputy Minister Dov Shilansky, who was Prime Minister Menahem Begin's personal representative to the Gathering.

Hussein's announcement on the day before the event opened — that he would not represent the Palestinians without the approval of the PLO — further enhanced Israel's status. The Arabs, for a change, were perceived by official Washington as the current obstacle to peace. Israel was at least temporarily off the hook.

For weeks, U.S. officials had said Israel could not be expected to support Reagan's Sept. 1 peace initiative without Hussein's direct involvement. Once again, the mass of complicated Arab politics had paralyzed Arab actions, resulting in Arab intransigence. Moderates were held hostage to extremists.

The Reagan administration, instead of blaming Israel for the impasse, lashed out against "radical elements" of the PLO and others in the Arab world.

IN HIS SPEECH BEFORE the survivors, Reagan did not dwell on Israel, although he certainly reaffirmed U.S. support. His political station would have been out of place at the Holocaust Gathering. The direct link between the Holocaust and Israel was made by the survivors themselves. "The security of your people is the security of Israel, will never be compromised," That statement drew a lengthy standing ovation.

Even if only U.S. officials wanted to balance their criticisms of the Arabs with almost angry policy, they probably have the Holocaust Gathering. It

tiniana to take "bold and courageous" new steps in the search for peace.

Secretary of State George Shultz, who held one of his rare news conferences on April 12 did not mention the Holocaust during his lengthy response to questions on the Middle East. But he too was said to have been further reassured by the media's focus on the Holocaust. The event generated in the U.S. news media, which ran major stories on it every day. U.S. television networks also devoted considerable time to the Gathering. Front-page stories on the Gathering were run by The New York Times, The Washington Post and The Los Angeles Times.

Some speakers at the Gathering made the connection between the Holocaust and Israel explicit. Elie Wiesel, the Holocaust survivor who was thunderously applauded by 15,000 survivors, Koch, was thunderously applauded by 15,000 survivors, Koch, was thunderously applauded by 15,000 survivors, Koch, was thunderously applauded by 15,000 survivors, their children and other Jews as he called for strength of the Washington Monument when he called for strength of the support for Israel and "Jerusalem, its undivided capital." He condemned the PLO as terrorists attempting to finish what Hitler started. Koch was criticized by Koch for having seemingly differentiated between various elements of the PLO — some radical and others more moderate. The fact that everyone in the PLO wants to destroy Israel. But Koch's tough remarks went further than most others during the conference.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Gathering, meeting April 14, unanimously adopted a resolution which declared: "We are mindful that our time is precious and our responsibility is great and that we have a unique role to play. The document also said: "Our allegiance to the people of Israel is unshakable, and we must evidence that support."

Reagan, Shultz and their aides, meanwhile, are now grasping for some new steps to salvage their peace initiative, which is clearly in deep trouble without Hussein's involvement. A question has already been put to the administration that may result in a less ambitious plan. The administration has indicated that the Reagan plan is not dead, but merely deferred. In the short run, that may mean a less ambitious plan. The administration has indicated that the U.S. diplomatic offensive launched by Reagan last September will continue. This may be a case of "two steps forward, one step backward" in the Middle East. But times when it seems to be moving backward, the administration may just let the PLO and Arabs who oppose peace with Israel do the talking. It is still too early to tell whether Reagan's speech to the survivors, although not extraordinary phrasing, will be seen as a step forward. But it was clearly not a step backward. It was not a step that will be criticized by Israel or by the Jewish community in the U.S. Reagan's speech was not going to

The New York Times

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1983

A18 THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1983

Capital to Get Museum To Honor Nazi Victims

By BERNARD WEINRAUB
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, April 13 — In a ceremony on the Capitol steps, Vice President Bush and Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., today presented a symbolic key to a memorial commission building dedicated to victims of the Holocaust.

"It will be a place, Mr. Speaker, for the survivors of the Holocaust, and for their children and grandchildren, to come and remember," Mr. Bush said. And it will be a place for all Americans to learn the lessons of this terrible time."

Mr. Bush said, "We must never forget what can happen when an individual or a government loses sight of the fact that all men are created equal."

Mr. O'Neill, who is Irish-American, said, "I have to teach my children and my grandchildren that we have been lucky," the senior said. "What can I answer when they ask me, 'why weren't our military bombers used to destroy the concentration camps earlier?' Why didn't the Allies bomb the railroads going to Auschwitz?' ... Ask us and we will tell you," Mr. O'Neill said. "In their hearts, they already knew the dreadful truth. If they had known of the killings, at least ten thousand people would have lived and day after."

The gathering ended tonight near the Washington Monument with a candlelight procession led by Mayor Koch of New York City and Benjamin Meed, a New York lawyer, a Czechoslovak Democrat who was a leader in the Hungarian underground in World War II.



Some of the participants in the national gathering of Holocaust survivors attending a ceremony yesterday on the steps of the Capitol in Washington.

Remembering Death and Life in the Holocaust

Reunion of Agony

Survivors of the Nazi death camps assemble to keep alive their memory of the Holocaust—and the world's.

They might have been a muster of America's immigrant achievers—appliance salesmen from Brooklyn, electricians from Minnesota, auto dealers from California. In fact, they were members of the world's darkest fellowship, the last survivors of the Nazi extermination camps. More than 11,000 survivors gathered in Washington last week, the largest such reunion since they had emerged from the Holocaust in their teens. Many came to testify for the dead, to ensure that history would appreciate their sacrifice. Many were still searching for fragments of their own past. Ghosts were everywhere.

Thousands of Nazi victims now living in the United States chose to stay home rather than endure the painful memories in Washington. Those who did attend fed names into a computer, hoping for the miraculous discovery of a missing brother or cousin. They jostled each other urgently at the microphone for a chance to amplify their appeals throughout a hall in the Washington Convention Center. Frieda Pertman of Baltimore was once more Frajda Szarfsztajn of Wolyn, Poland, calling to her sister Etka. Irving Brezin, 67, of Fair Lawn, N.J., became Izaak Brzezinski, summoning his brother Josek, his sister Fajga—or anyone in an extended family of 150 lost Polish Jews.

Libby Rosenzweg of St. Paul, Minn., found Cesia Tau of Brooklyn for the first

Last witnesses: Three survivors find their own faces in a 1945 photo of Auschwitz.



NEWSWEEK APRIL 25, 1983

2A · THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1983 · USA TODAY

NEWSMAKERS

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH PEOPLE IN THE HEADLINES

Congressman finally faced up to Holocaust



By Tim Dillon, Special for USA TODAY

GAJDENSON: "We have survived, and not just physically."

It was a legacy that Rep. Sam Gejdenson grew up with, but one that his family seldom talked about on their small dairy farm near Bozrah, Conn.

He knew that his mother, Jessie Lieberman Gejdenson of Vilma, Poland, had lost her husband and a child in the Holocaust; that his father, Selesin, of Parafjanow, was the only member of his family to survive a Nazi execution squad; that he was born in a [illegible] camp in [illegible] parents did [illegible] times, they [illegible] to the children [illegible]

[illegible] the tension has been released. We can look back without thinking it will destroy us. We have beaten the Nazis."

The survivors recalled goodness amid the evil; acts of individual courage by gentiles.

"I wouldn't be here today if it weren't for a non-Jewish woman who had the courage to hide one Jew — my father," the congressman said.

The woman hid Selesin Gejdenson, knowing that she and her eight children would be killed if he were found.

"Think of the incredible courage it took for that one woman to do that," he said.

[illegible] Council with a symbolic key to the surplus federal building that will be the site of a Holocaust Memorial.

Gejdenson addressed the crowd in fluent Yiddish, to his listeners' delight, and ended his talk with the universal plea of the grieving: "Bring a Jewish man, I could not leave without fulfilling my parents' request. Like everyone else, I keep hoping ... to find an aunt, an uncle, a grandparent."

And then he recited his mother's motto, his father's name, and the names of his grandparents and their villages.

Wolf Blitzer's

Capital Commentary

Hats off from survivors to Ben Meed

WASHINGTON — Hats off to Ben Meed.

That's because he — almost single-handedly — has been the driving force in putting together the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors scheduled for April 17-14 here in Washington. It promises to be a truly historic event.

Perhaps as many as 20,000 survivors and their children will converge on the nation's capital to recall the Holocaust and its implications for all of us today.

Ben Meed, a tax lawyer, was 60s, survived the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising which occurred exactly 40 years ago. Since coming to the United States after World War II, he, like so many other survivors, has managed to establish a new and successful life. During an interview the other day, he said that one important reason for the gathering in Washington was to express the appreciation of survivors to the United States for giving them this second chance at life.

These survivors are tough. By definition, they do not give up easily. [illegible] believe it [illegible] to be [illegible] even [illegible] match o[illegible] em spot [illegible] known e[illegible] is was a[illegible] [illegible] personal [illegible] al is th[illegible] particip[illegible] spirit o[illegible] [illegible] ness [illegible] ks. He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Washington Post

Commemorating the Holocaust

Survivors Give Thanks, Honor Dead

By Caryle Murphy



Arthur Lee Wiesel addresses Holocaust gathering

A10 MONDAY, APRIL

TIME

APRIL 25, 1983 $1.50

An Exclusive Report

Spokesman For the Elderly

"They deserve much — and need much."

Congressman Claude Pepper



Former concentration camp inmates display their tattooed numbers: "A special obligation"

Forty Years After Warsaw

In Washington, Holocaust survivors gather and remember



Jews wept at Arlington ceremony honoring men who died fighting the Nazis.

Lessons of the Holocaust

By Caryle Murphy

The Washington Post

A historic gathering of more than 14,000 Holocaust survivors and their relatives ended yester...

against a recurrence of a Holocaust.

"Never again in the history of man will we allow human rights to be so viciously abused," Bush said, adding, "The Holocaust me... will house this

The Washington Post

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

The Obligation to Remember

IT IS NOW 38 years since the defeat of Hitler's empire and the Allied armies' relief of the death camps. Anyone who survived those camps is now well into middle age; most are elderly. That is the reason for the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors here this week. It is preparation for a time when there will no longer be living witnesses to those events.

Some of those who died in the camps were gypsies, and some were intellectuals. Some were Christians whose consciences made them disruptive influences in Hitler's New Order. But a very great majority of them were, of course, Jews sent there in the empire's attempt to destroy a faith together with all who hollowed it and their entire families. In Europe that attempt nearly succeeded. The Holocaust will necessarily have a special meaning for Jews, but it would be deeply wrong to let the memory of the death camps be consigned to an exclusively Jewish heritage. The message of the Holocaust deserves the most careful consideration of everyone of any religion or none at all.

Even in 1945, in the heat of war, the significance of the Holocaust transcended national politics. It was correctly taken as evidence of the presence of a militant and purposeful evil, in the sense in which the word. There had been optimistic times in the 18th and 19th centuries when enlightened people often thought of evil as a condition that of living and improved education cure. That brave thought collapse of the present century. The death creation of people who were hi the world's standards, with hol and an elevated culture. The 19 brought the demonstration that t ness does not lie in the upper re otic or primitive place, but much the most "advanced" of societies. stand in our history as profoun certain dangerously easy ass human nature. The camps cons tary not simply on Nazi Germany mind and spirit that can be fo well.

It is more pleasant not to t things, and to keep the conversa ments in history that show the best. But at the other extrem camps, still within the memory this city, conveying their own te That is the point of the gatherin

A14 ...

Museum Set Up: Gathering of Survivors Ends

HOLOCAUST, From A1





These two buildings in the 800 block of 15th Street SW are designated to be the US H...

ROCHESTER, NY JEWISH LEDGER WEEKLY

MAR 10 1983

An Historical Gathering

The 15,000 survivors of the Holocaust who, along with their children, will meet in Washington will be together not as a collection of remainders of a past generation, but as one large "Mishpocha." The people who will assemble for the Gathering of Survivors April 11-14 will turn the Washington Convention Center into a ... Survivors Village.

By this, the organizers of the event, Benjamin Meed, a survivor of the Warsaw Ghetto and president of the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors, and Elie Wiesel, chairman of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council, mean that the Center will be ... with the sights, sounds and smells of the Holocaust. ... Gathering, the first in the United States, will ... memory of the Holocaust.

First, the many delegations will bring witness to the Holocaust and ... They will also put on display the relics of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising ... the Holocaust and put to rest the myth that the Jews went to their ... there was a sign of resistance to the Nazis. Each delegation will ... other to the west and Holocaust survivors from the United States will ... The survivors will also display the relics of the Holocaust ... to withstand the rigors of the U.S. winter. Many will wear their ... help illustrate the journey to the U.S. and their life in the ... Thursday, April 14, the survivors will march from the Washington ... Mall to the Capitol, a distance of two miles. The march will be one of the ... many to tell."

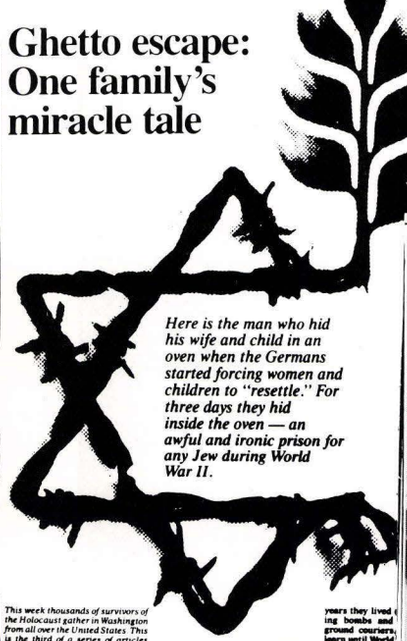
Survivors Eager To Get Together, Oversubscribe American Gathering

WASHINGTON — With more than 8,000 regis... trants and some 2,000 applications still awaiting pro... cessing, Benjamin Meed, president of the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors, to be held here from April 11 to April 14 ... announced that no more applications are being accepted.

"We have reached a point beyond our best ... tations," Meed declared. "Wh... we would ...

dozen scheduled events which include opening ceremonies at the Capitol Center with 20,000 persons in attendance, Capitol steps, Lincoln Memorial, Arlington Cemetery, Constitution Hall and the Wash... vention Center, which it ...

Ghetto escape: One family's miracle tale



Here is the man who hid his wife and child in an oven when the Germans started forcing women and children to "resettle." For three days they hid inside the oven — an awful and ironic prison for any Jew during World War II.

This week thousands of survivors of the Holocaust gather in Washington from all over the United States. This is the third of a series of articles about some who lived to tell their stories.

By Jane Sims Podesta

They knew the sound of death approaching on the polished boots of German soldiers, stomping through the Vilna ghetto in search of hidden Jews. The footsteps brought a breath holding ... to the hideout that ...

her skirt. Just as the footsteps passed, Katz turned to them — her Jewish comrades — and whispered, "Let me out, let me out. I will not murder my child." She cradled her child in her arms and found her way out of the hideout, minutes before German soldiers bombed the building.

•••

This is the Katz' war story, one of thousands being exchanged this week during the American Gathering of Holocaust Survivors in Washington. Forty-one years ago Betty and her husband, Charles (Charni) smuggled their three-year-old daughter Shirley (She... the Vilna ghetto. ...

years they lived ... ing bombs and ... ground couriers, ... years until World ... Shirley had been ... railroad tracks ... baby was discov... Polish Catholic ... house.

"If I had not ... wouldn't believe ... believe it. How ... sometimes wond... Sometimes I pond... in the ghetto, "... way, we cannot li... how to live."

Betty Katz is ... daughter, Shirley ... 43, in Katz' Super... ville. They are bo... almost unbeliev... rvival. They hid ... ven for three d... mans once by ...

ver KATZ, pag...

Letters To The Editor

THE JEWS WERE HEROES AGAINST NAZI TYRANNY

The Editor:

On Thursday, March 3, 1983, we plan to introduce a Senate Joint Resolution to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising. It would authorize and request the President to proclaim the week of April 10-16, 1983, as a national week of remembrance. We hope you will join us in cosponsoring this resolution.

As you know, in April 1943, the Jewish inhabitants of the Warsaw Ghetto rebelled against the Nazi occupiers of Poland. Tremendously outnumbered and facing insurmountable odds, they nevertheless held the Nazis at bay for nearly a month. The ... of the struggle against the 40,000 who ... the ashes of ...

celebration (Hi Jewish Herald 1/21/83).

I was very impressed by the detailed and comprehensive reporting of my speech. You certainly captured all the highpoints. The article has made the rounds in our National Headquarters and I have had many requests from my peers for copies of that speech.

Sue Plastrik,
Member, National Board NCJW

JEWS ARE THE SCAPEGOATS!

Dear Editor:

The N.Y. Times devoted five full pages to the Israeli role in the Beirut massacre of several hundred by Christian Phalangist militia. This is typical of the media's overstress on the culpability of Israeli officials. How much space did the media devote to the genocide of 300,000 Blacks in S. Sudan by the Northern Arabs; to Iraq's massacre of Kurds; to the 10,000 PLO ... killed by Jordan; to 8000 dissi... slaughtered by their own ... to the extermination of ... Iraq) in Lebanon by ... destruc...

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Panels from a prison camp, a sculpture by survivor Alfred Fiber. How can others be made to understand?

A Very Personal Report



SAN FRANCISCO, CA JEWISH BULLETIN

FEB 25 1983

Information Meeting Arranged For U.S. Survivors' Gathering

An information meeting on the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors will take place Tuesday, March 1 at 8 p.m. at Congregation Sha'ar Zahav, 290 Noriega St., S.F. The American Gathering, which is scheduled for April 11-14 in Washington, D.C., will be hosted in the theme "From Resistance to Revival." Focusing on Jewish resistance in Nazi Ger... many ...

The significance of the first as...

Celebrating Survival

Baltimore resident Rubin Steier survived anti-Semitism in pre-war Poland, survived Bergen Belsen, survived the diseases that swept the death camp after liberation. With thousands of others, he will attend the mass gathering of Holocaust survivors in Washington in 10 days.

BY ELSA A. SOLENDER
Associate Editor

Casual passersby might have thought that they were looking in on a Jewish cousins club party. Seventy people in their late fifties and early sixties, gathering at a Florida hotel with some of their spouses and children. Balloons decorating the hotel banquet room. Speeches. Skits. Singing. People with each other stories of ... memories.

"Do you remember — ... would begin, remin... about an incident 4... ago.

One woman's reme... ever, was a clue that ... py gathering was ... what it seemed.

"If Hitler had ... us, he'd have dre... she said.

Klobuck is ... southwest Po... kow and the ... 1942, its po... of whom 1... year was ... Jewish com...

It was the year Dem... of the Jews there were dep... ed to the Bergen Belsen con... centration camp. The old and the very young had already

NEWSWEEK/APRIL 25, 1983

Mone... principal ...

A Newsman Views The Gathering

Rich Newberg

Life is a bigger story than death. Auschwitz survivor Charles Rosen helped me to understand this when he showed me the numbers tattooed to his forearm. In what has become a ritual for the sake of the curious, Mr. Rosen added up the numbers aloud, one by one. They added up to 18. "Eighteen is 'Chai' in Hebrew, which means 'life.' When they gave me this number, I knew I was going to live . . ."

Anna Post sang for me in Polish a simple tune of "picking flowers in a meadow . . ." It was a tune she shared with others inside her Auschwitz barracks as a means of keeping the dreams of life's simple pleasures alive, even during the darkest moments.

"The darker the night, the brighter the stars," survivor Gerda Klein told me. "And when it gets really, really dark, that's when you see their true brilliance." Mrs. Klein, now an accomplished author and lecturer, survived a death march of nearly a thousand miles, promising her dying friend Ilse to "go on for one more week." Mrs. Klein was liberated a week later almost to the exact hour of her promise. Her liberator is now her husband.

This was my introduction to the Holocaust, through the eyes of survivors; and as our eyes met during their testimonies, a television camera also recorded these life stories of survival, so that other eyes might be opened.

These interviews, which began a year before the Gathering, awakened in me a new sense of Jewish pride and identity. The testimonies became part of a documentary that aired in Buffalo on Yom Hashoah, 1983, one day before our journey to the nation's capital. On boarding the plane with a delegation of survivors from Buffalo, the newsman in me was often overshadowed by my feelings and what this group seemed ready to share with one another and the rest of the world. I knew, though, that others like myself who grew up in the shadow of the Holocaust would have the same yearning to understand the tragedy in human terms, and, more importantly, the lessons survivors could teach us. I would help convey their words and emotions to a world ready to listen, a world that had remained silent so long, perhaps in part, because the survivors themselves had remained silent.

Even before the plane landed, survivors were eager to tell me their stories. So open was their trust, I felt like a grandson privy to a piece of family history that they had never before shared, even with their children. Other times I felt like a father, and they the children, telling me their nightmares after decades of sleepless nights, finally confronting the horrific images they had carried alone for so long. As names and places were recalled, anticipation grew as to what might lie ahead. Would, by some miracle, a relative be found or would there be word of a loved one? I had carried a copy of atrocity film footage used in early government documentaries about the Holocaust. There were no names attached to the bull-dozed bodies or emaciated souls captured by the camera during the days of liberation. These were the images of the Holocaust I had grown up with, along with the number "six million." I was now hearing names of people whose lives had in some way touched the lives of those with whom I was speaking. During my reports of The Gathering I never found it necessary or appropriate to use the atrocity film footage. A new chapter was being written with every event, every interview with survivors. It was a chapter filled with hope, courage, and love.



The initial impact of seeing thousands of survivors at the Washington Convention Center almost had the same numbing effect as dealing with the Holocaust and its victims through numbers alone. The computer and large screen projecting the names of lost relatives became a focal point for my first report, until one of the greatest human dramas unfolded before our camera. The paths of two women who had not seen each other in almost forty years, crossed before us. They had grown up together in the same Polish town, and had survived Bergen-Belsen together. In a spontaneous outburst of affection, they wept, embraced, and touched each other's faces, without letting go. Later Elie Wiesel would tell me: "I would like (the Holocaust) to become a human experience, not an inhuman experience. I would like this experience to bring people together, not to set them apart. I would like to oppose violence, not to increase it . . ." Vividly, that one moment of reunion remains fixed in my memory. Somehow the Convention Center was no longer an impersonal exhibition hall, but rather the first meeting place for the Gathering.

It was during the day set aside for the second generation when I first met Benjamin Meed, the organizer of the Gathering. I found him weeping in the arms of his son Steven after learning that someone may have known the whereabouts of his brother. "For forty years I live his life," said Mr. Meed whose brother volunteered in his place to test false documents in Nazi occupied Poland. He was never seen again. "I named my son after him." Steven consoled his father as I wondered how much history other survivors shared with their children, and how much support the children could give in return. On stage a child of thirteen sang a song of loneliness and hope, directed at her father who survived Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Backstage, Mr. Meed soon learned that his brother had been mistaken for someone else. How quickly hope had turned to disappointment, how deep the emotional response. How many similar stories had surfaced for others? How many still searched for clues? I thank God now that my parents and grandparents were spared this agony, that I grew up knowing my grandparents, sharing the love they had to give.

The most inspiring moment for me as a Jew, a journalist, a human being, came at the close of the Gathering, under the Washington Monument. The shofar sounded and Ernest Michel declared to the thousands of survivors holding *yahrzeit* candles: "We shall not live with hate . . ." Suddenly two men began a Hassidic dance, as the orchestra and choir filled the night with song. Benjamin Meed lifted his wine glass at the foot of the stage. Something was happening, bigger than any one human being. The soul of a people lay open for a few precious moments in history. The dance that the two men had started was now a dance of hundreds, changing form, with all hands interlocking, moving in circles, widening with every second. As I moved among the celebrants, some shouted to me the names of camps they had survived. I felt very proud to be a Jew, and very glad to be alive.

Rich Newberg is a reporter for WIVB-TV, the CBS affiliate in Buffalo, New York. He covered the Gathering for his station and for all affiliates through a CBS network syndication service. His documentary entitled "Survivors Of The Holocaust" has become part of the Buffalo public school curriculum and is being distributed nationally by the Anti-Defamation League. "Thanks to you and your . . . peers . . ." said Elie Wiesel after viewing the work, "survivors must feel less alone . . ."

SURVIVORS – PARTICIPANTS

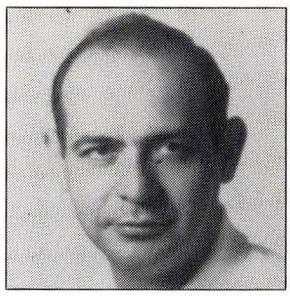
Many of the participants in the American Gathering in Washington D.C., and members of their families, supplied us with their photographs and personal data, which are reproduced in this section. For some participants, photographs were not available as we went to press and, therefore, they are listed at the end.

In the captions accompanying the photos, we attempted to adhere to a certain standard by also listing the name before the war, or maiden name, in parentheses. The second line indicates the place of birth or residence before the war, while the third line lists places of incarceration or liberation. The last line lists present residence.

The reader should note that this section makes no claim to representing all the survivors and their children who attended the Gathering in Washington.



Adams, Dorothy (Czarny)
Warsaw, Poland
Warsaw, Poland
Great Neck, NY



Adams, John (Adamowicz)
Lodz, Poland
Ebensee
Great Neck, NY



Adamski, Gisela (Sachs)
Oppeln, Germany
Kurzbach
Kew Gardens, NY



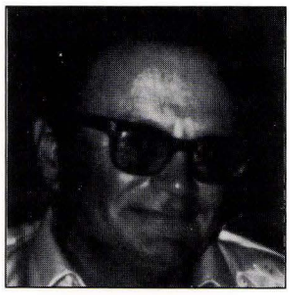
Adamski, Severyn
Warsaw, Poland
Russia
Kew Gardens, NY



Adler, Dr. Eva
Cluj, Rumania
Bergen-Belsen
Haworth, NJ



Adler, Ella (Gisela Elbinger)
Krakow
Lichtverden-Freudental
Phoenix, AZ



Ain, Isaac Daniel
Bialystok, Poland
Auschwitz
Shreveport, LA



Akst, Abbie
Plock,Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Cleveland, OH



Akst, Malka (Gips)
Bodzanow, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Cleveland, OH



Albeck, Isabelle (Biseau)
Second Generation
Toulon, France
Newton, MA



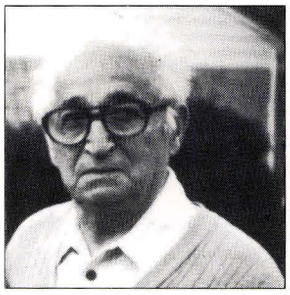
Albeck, Joseph H. MD
Second Generation
Schwandorf, Germany
Newton, MA



Albeck, Lonia (Goldfeld)
Warsaw, Poland
Poniatow
N. Miami Beach, FL



Allweiss, Elizabeth Suzanne
Second Generation
West Bloomfield, MI



Allweiss, Herman
Jaslany, Poland
Jaslany, Poland
Chicago, IL



Allweiss, Irene (Farkas)
Deciosemarton, Rumania
Chicago, IL



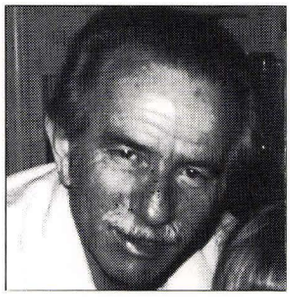
Allweiss, Irene
Second Generation
West Bloomfield, MI



Allweiss, Irma (Burg)
USA
West Bloomfield, MI



Allweiss, Zyga Heller
Jaslany, Poland
Biasiatka, Poland
West Bloomfield, MI



Allweiss, Salek (Zavel)
Jaslany, Poland
Jaslany, Poland
Farmington Hills, MI



Anolik, Charles (Motele)
Kaunas, Lithuania
Dachau
Des Moines, IA



Altusky, Sarah (Cender)
Lodz, Poland
Terezin
Flushing, NY



Altusky, Hirsh
Warsaw, Poland
Terezin
Flushing, NY



Arbus, Isak
Warsaw, Poland
Dachau-Ganacker
New York, NY



Arbus, Rose (Jampulski)
New York, NY
New York, NY



Arnel, Jack (Aronowitz)
Wilno, Poland
Dachau
North Woodmere, NY



Arnel, Sheila (Kaplan)
Brooklyn, NY
North Woodmere, NY



Aronowicz, Fay (Bawarska)
Podbrodzie, Poland
Quaizendorf
Los Angeles, CA



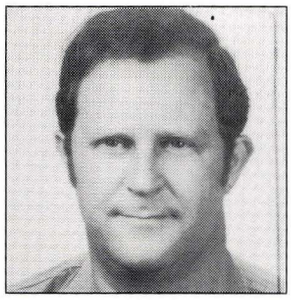
Asher, Leo
Sokolow, Podlaski
In Hiding
University City, MO



Asher, Pearl (Lon)
Sokolow, Podlaski
Koserow near Pinemunde
Univesity City, MO



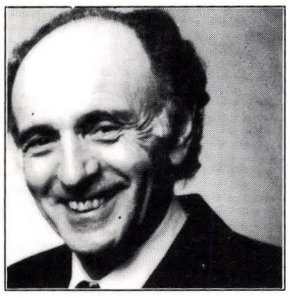
Auerbacher, Inge
Kippenheim, Germany
Terezin
Jamaica, NY



Bachner, Fred
Berlin-Germany
Dachau
Hartsdale, NY



Bachner, Ruth (Wallach)
Vienna, Austria
In Hiding in a cloister
Hartsdale, NY



Baerman, Henry
Simmern, Germany
Buchenwald
Skokie, IL



Baerman, Margrit (Kohlman)
Wesel, Germany
Stutthof
Skokie, IL



Balkin, Paula R. (Grunbaum)
England
England
Poway, CA



Balsam, Helen (Rosenblum)
Bendzin, Poland
Mauthausen
Riverdale, NY



Balsam, Irving
Praszka, Poland
Mauthausen
Riverdale, NY



Banach, Shirley (Plawner)
Strzemieszyce, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Bridgeport, CT



Bankhalter, Sam
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald
St. Paul, MN



Barabas, Ferenc (Klein)
Hungary
Mauthausen-Gunskirchen
N. Brunswick, NJ



Barabas, Gizella (Frischman)
Hungary
Auschwitz, Bromberg
N. Brunswick, NJ



Bardach, Jean (Fogelman)
Radomsko, Poland
Primerwald
North Hollywood, CA



Bardach-Relis, Rachela (Relis)
Lwow, Poland
Lwow-Janow, Poland
New York, NY



Barshak, Regina (Winder)
Paris, France
Drancy, France
Brookline, MA



Baryshnik, Morris
Wilno, Poland
Stuttgart
Willowdale, Ont. Canada



Baryshnik, Sonia (Gordon)
Wilno, Poland
Mitdorf
Willowdale, Ont. Canada



Baskin, Regina (Davidowitz)
Sighet, Rumania
Bergen-Belsen
Farmington Hills, MI



Basner, Dora (Taits)
Riga
Siberia
Long Beach, CA



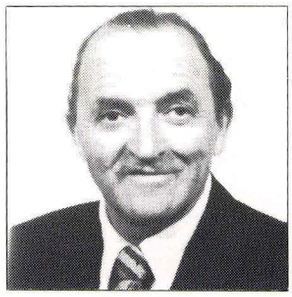
Basner, Yakob
Riga, Latvia
Theresienstadt
Long Beach, CA



Bass, Frances (Applebaum)
USA
Philadelphia, PA



Bass, Harry
Bialystok, Poland
Auschwitz
Philadelphia, PA



Baum, Fred
Slupia Nowa, Poland
Mauthausen
San Francisco, CA



Baum, Helen (Wiesel)
Sighet, Rumania
Saltzwedel
San Francisco, CA



Left:

Beck, Helen (Brzeska)
Proszowice, Poland
Brinlitz, Czechoslovakia
Poughkeepsie, NY

Beck, Kuba
Krakow, Poland
Brinlitz, Czechoslovakia
Poughkeepsie, NY



Becker, Mania (Silberstein)
Lodz, Poland
Lenzing Ober Donau
Hauppauge, NY



Beder, Albert Avrom
Kaunas, Lithuania
Dachau, Germany
Milwaukee, WI



Beder, Ruth (Turner)
Milwaukee, WI
Milwaukee, WI



Beigelmacher, Chaim
Sosnowiec, Poland
Flossenburg-Kaufering
Brooklyn, NY



Beigelmacher, Felice (Langfus)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Bekerman, Adam
Warsaw, Poland
Buchenwald
Syracuse, NY



Bekerman, Anna (Nadel)
Krakow, Poland
Leipzig
Syracuse, NY



Bell, Jeanette (Unger)
Lodz, Poland
Chicago, IL



Bell, Ralph S.
Bialystok, Poland
Ebensee, Germany
Chicago, IL



Beller, Jean (Bryl)
Lodz, Poland
Camp in Germany
Chicago, IL



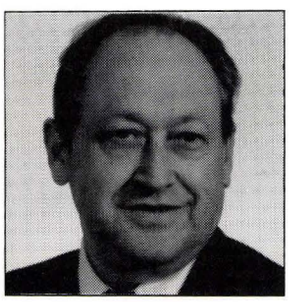
Benardot, Dr. Leon C.
Salonica, Greece
Ebensee
Malone, NY



Benes, Dr. Joseph H.
New York, NY
Fort Lee, NJ



Benes, Shoshana (Merin)
Bendzin, Poland
Bergen, Belsen
Fort Lee, NJ



Bergman, Moses
Kalisz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Dayton, OH



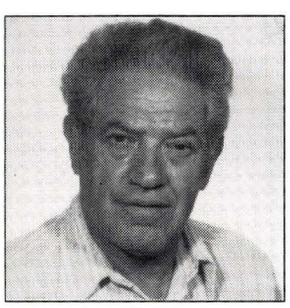
Berke, Rozalia (Nowak)
Lodz, Poland
Stutthof
Columbus, OH



Berkenwald, Ben
Lodz, Poland
Auschwitz
Bayside, NY



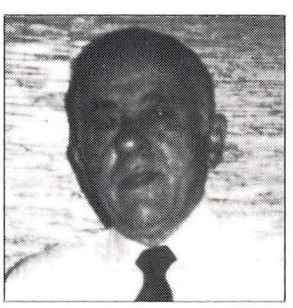
Berkenwald, Rose (Zylberberg)
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Bayside, NY



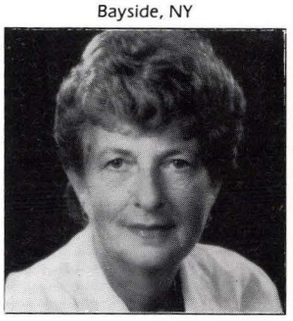
Berkowitz, Meyer
Kretchiv, Rumania
Gunzkirchen
Flushing, NY



Berkowitz, Zelda
New York City
Flushing, NY



Berkowitz, Morris (Berkovic)
Drahovo, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Berkowitz, Sarah (Bick)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Berman, Berta (Katz)
Kisvarda-Hungary
Liberated by Russians
Vestal, NY



Bernheim, Beate, (Kott)
Beuthen, Silesia
In hiding in Poland & Ukraine
Croton-on-Hudson, NY



Bernsteen, Helen (Silberstein)
Grudziondz, Poland
Mauthausen
Bayside, NY



Biel, Esther (Gold)
Pinczow, Poland
Rockford, IL



Biel, Phillip (Feiwel Bielawski)
Wengrow, Poland
Forests in Poland
Rockford, IL



Bielski, Alexander Zisel
Nowogrodek, Poland
Nowogrodek
Brooklyn, NY



Bielski, Sonia (Boldo)
Nowogrodek, Poland
Nowogrodek
Brooklyn, NY



Bien, Carole (Griebel)
Nowy Sacz, Poland
Aryan Papers Warsaw
New York, NY



Bien, Joseph
Przemysl, Poland
Przemysl
Deceased



Bienenstock, Hela (Spiewak)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Birnbaum, Mira (Laudon)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Langenbielau
Waban, MA



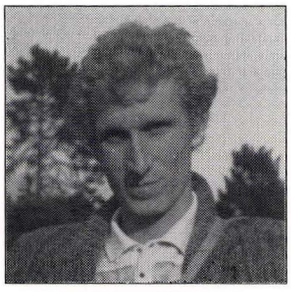
Birnbaum, Jacob
Dombrowa Gornicza, Poland
Langenbielau
Waban, MA



Birnbaum, Connie (Spear)
Second Generation
Minneapolis, MN
Newton Highlands, MA



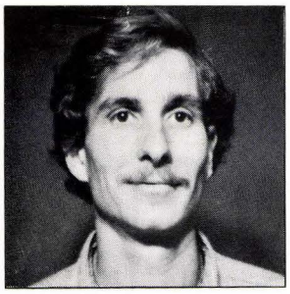
Bisk, Miriam (Noyman)
Second Generation
Nicosiya, Cyprus
Elkins Park, PA



Blair, Doniphan L.
Second Generation
New York, NY
San Francisco, CA



Blair, Irene Bowles
Third Generation
San Francisco, CA
San Francisco, CA



Blair, Nicholas A.
Second Generation
New York, NY
San Francisco, CA



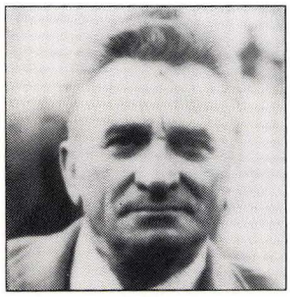
Blair, Tonia (Rotkopf)
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
New York, NY



Blair, Vachel L.
Cleveland, OH
New York, NY



Blank, Chaja Sara (Kozlik)
Rowno, Poland
Bogdanowicz, Russia
Southfield, MI



Blatt, Thomas
Izbica, Poland
Sobibor
Santa Barbara, CA



Blau, Leslie
Budapest, Hungary
Glasshouse Budapest, Hungary
Brooklyn, NY



Blau, Sara (Kutner)
Bonyhad, Hungary
Krohne Prison
Brooklyn, NY



Bleiweiss, Eddie
Miedzyrzec, Poland
Essen, Germany
Houston, TX



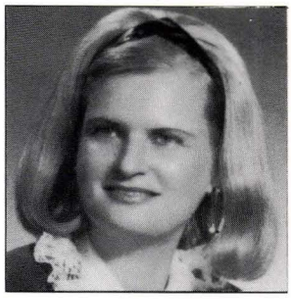
Bielweiss, Sophie (Grunberg)
Tarnobrzeg
Stuttgart, Germany
Houston, TX



Bloch, Henry
Hallandale, FL



Bloch, Stefe
Hallandale, FL



Block, Margot (Brenner)
Berlin, Germany
Oberaltstadt
West Hempstead, NY



Blum, Boris
Warsaw, Poland
Staltach, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Blum, Frania (Bratt)
Czenstochowa,Poland
Dachau
Brooklyn, NY



Blumberg, Aviva F. (Finkelstein)
Warsaw, Poland
Lowicz, Poland
New York, NY



Blumenfeld, Isak
Lodz, Poland
Neukeln, Germany
Flushing, NY



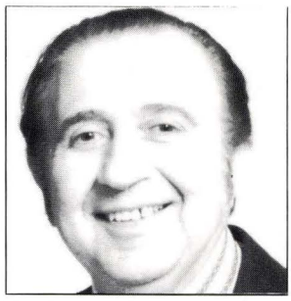
Blumenfeld, Rachela (Wigdorczyk)
Lodz, Poland
Ravensbruck
Flushing, NY



Blumstein, Alexandre (Blumsztejn)
Grodno, Poland
In Hiding
Chelmsford, MA



Bogan, Bernice B. (Holeman)
Lodz, Poland
Weisswasser
Buffalo, NY



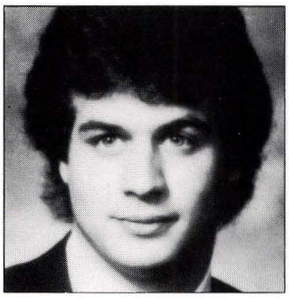
Bogan, Saul Z.
Lodz, Poland
Kaufering
Buffalo, NY



Bolton, Rachela (MAC)
Second Generation
Innsbruck, Austria
Bennington, VT



Brainin, Joanne (Starkopf)
Warsaw, Poland
Ghetto Warsaw
Highland Park, IL



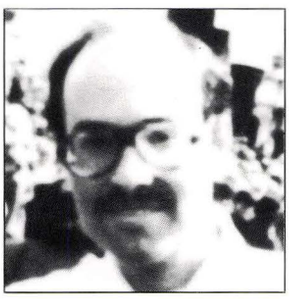
Brainin, Ricky Aarick
Second Generation
USA
Highland Park, IL



Brainin, Rohanna
Second Generation
Chicago, IL
Highland Park, IL



Braksmajer, Frieda (Sprung)
Rawa Ruska, Poland
Ludwigshafen
Brooklyn, NY



Braksmajer, Michael Y.
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Bram, Aron
Kolo, Poland
Dachau
Brooklyn, NY



Bram, Lonia (Zylberberg)
Rawa Mazowiecka, Poland
Geisenheim-Alach
Brooklyn, NY



Brandel, Dina (Kornreich)
Tylicz, Poland
Glever
Flushing, NY



Brandman, Mark
Gura-Humora, Rumania
Murafa, Transnistria
Briarwood, NY



Brandman, Sylvia (Brender)
Czernowitz
Tulcin, Transnistria
Briarwood, NY



Bratstein, Dorka (Trawinska)
Lodz, Poland
Stolb
New York, NY



Bratstein, Henry (Brajtsztajn)
Lodz, Poland
Hanover
New York, NY



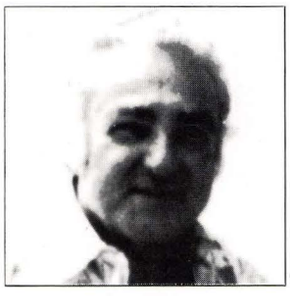
Braun, Alice (Landesman)
Michalovce, Czechoslovakia
Bad Kudova
Riverdale, NY



Braunhut, Berta
Bochnia, Poland
Auschwitz-Pszczyna
Tel Aviv, Israel



Brenner, Dr. Ira
Second Generation
Wilmington, DE
Rosemont, PA



Brenner, Leo
Berlin, Germany
Buchenwald
Wilmington, DE



Brenner, Marion (Bronfin)
USA
Wilmington, DE



Brinstein—Strzelczyk, Anna (Kaplan)
Bialystok, Poland
In Hiding
Jackson Heights, NY



Brojges, Abraham
Dzialoszyce, Poland
Czenstochowa-Hasag, Poland
Harrisburg, PA



Brojges, Rosa (Libeskind)
Lodz, Poland
Leipzig, Germany
Harrisburg, PA



Bronkesh, Manasha
Ryki, Poland
Demblin, Poland
Bridgeton, NJ



Bronkesh, Miriam (Kotlan)
Lodz, Poland
In Hiding
Bridgeton, NJ



Brooker, Max Joseph (Brukier)
Siemiatycze, Poland
With partisans, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Bross, Gabriel (Brzostowski)
Dombrowice, Poland
Buna
Union, NJ



Bross, Sophie (Osser)
Gdansk, Poland
In Hiding
Union, NJ



Brown, George (Braun)
Mateszalka, Hungary
Ebensee, Austria
Los Angeles, CA



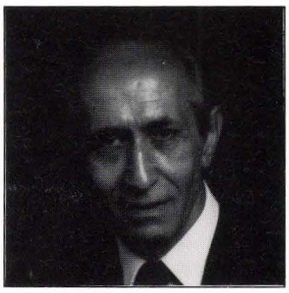
Broza, Rachel (Rozman)
Schaki, Lithuania
Laenburg, Germany
Marlboro, NJ



Broza, Solomon (Brzoza)
Warsaw, Poland
Soldau
Marlboro, NJ



Buchinger, Gizella (Schwartz)
Ketergeny-Uzhorod
Auschwitz
San Diego, CA



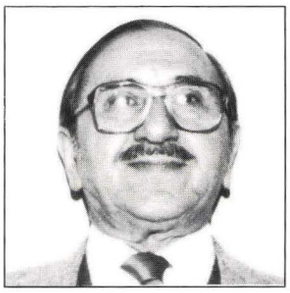
Buchinger, Zoltan
Semerovo, Czechoslovakia
Gunzkirchen
San Diego, CA



Burstyn, Adela (Zysman)
Warsaw, Poland
Russia
Miami Beach, FL



Burstyn, Efraim
Wyszkow, Poland
Russia
Miami Beach, FL



Cala, Elias
Dobrzyn, Poland
Flossenburg
Beechwood, OH



Calka, Rose (Halpern)
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Paterson, NJ



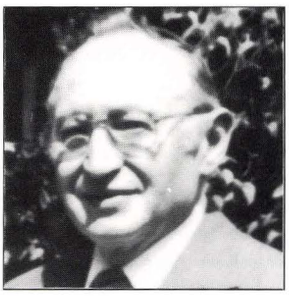
Calka, Soloman
Warsaw, Poland
Auschwitz
Paterson, NJ



Calvert, Larry (Kalwo)
Vienna, Austria
Gleiwitz
Suffern, NY



Calvert, Trude (Boehm-Kornfeld)
Vienna, Austria
Oederan
Suffern, NY



Cappell, Charles, (Kapelusznik)
Brussels, Belgium
Belgium
Forest Hills, NY



Cappell, Paula (Klein)
Brussels, Belgium
Belgium
Forest Hills, NY



Carr, Richard
Second Generation
Velzen, Germany
Fort Lauderdale, FL



Carr, Stella (Krim)
Lwow, Poland
Lutter am Barenberg
Clearwater, FL



Catz, Seindel (Faerstein)
Jassy, Rumania
Jassy, Rumania
Silver Spring, MD



Cela, Ida (Rutman)
Radom, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
White Plains, NY



Cela, Mayer
Kielce, Poland
Buchenwald
White Plains, NY



Celnik, Ann (Kalina)
Warsaw, Poland
Warsaw, Poland
Bayside, NY



Celnik, Saul
Warsaw, Poland
Warsaw, Poland
Bayside, NY



Cerev, Eva (Lipschitz-Weiss)
Presov, Czechoslovakia
Auschwitz
Beverly Hills, CA



Chadajo, Leon
Thessaloniki
Mildorf-Wald
Hyde Park MA



Chadajo, Renia (Olender)
Wloclawek, Poland
Turkheim-Alach
Hyde Park, MA



Chaikin, Sol
Wilno, Poland
Buchgraben By Danzig
North Miami Beach, FL



Chalutra, Faye
Second Generation
USA
Atlanta, GA



Chalutra, Miriam (Nowotna)
Zdunska Wola, Poland
Mauthausen
Atlanta, GA



Chalutra, Sidney (Halutra)
Zakrzowek, Poland
Mauthausen
Atlanta, GA



Chari, Anatol "Tolek"
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Newport Beach, CA



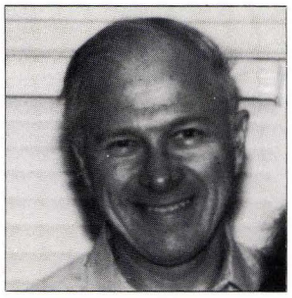
Chazan, Rose (Peltz)
Izbica-Lublin
Tarzyniechy
Bayside, NY



Chazan, William
Worniany, Poland
Hiding in Woods
Deceased



Chernoff, Allan
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Chernoff, Benjamin
Brooklyn, NY
Brooklyn, NY



Chernoff, Helen
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Chernoff, Rena (Margulies)
Tomaszow Mazowiecki, Poland
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



Chernoff, Martha (Friedman)
Munkacz, Hungary
Terezin
Flushing, NY



Chewel, Anna (Zylberberg)
Warsaw, Poland
In Hiding
Forest Hills, NY



Chorowski, Mina (Rucko)
Wilno, Poland
Magdenburg, Germany
Long Island City, NY



Chorowski, Paul
Zabludowo, Poland
Dachau, Germany
Long Island City, NY



Cinger, Mary
Szydlowiec, Poland
Oberalstadt
Vineland, NJ



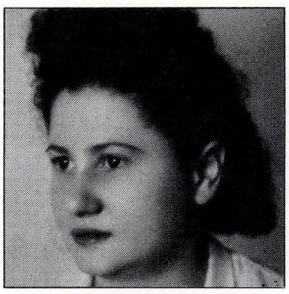
Cintz, Adam
Warsaw, Poland
Auschwitz
Palo Alto, CA



Cintz, Genia (Wysocka)
Lodz, Poland
Heynechen
Palo Alto, CA



Clayman, Martin
Krasnik, Poland
In Hiding
Trenton, NJ



Clayman, Ruth (Cukier)
Warsaw, Poland
Auschwitz
Trenton, NJ



Clipper, Fred
Vienna, Austria
Bergen-Belsen
Long Beach, NY



Clipper, Regina (Rosenzweig)
Radom, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Long Beach, NY



Cooper, Ester (Kron)
Stryj, Poland
USA
West Hartford, CT



Cudzynowski, Alter
Dzialoszyce, Poland
In Hiding in Podgaje, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Cudzynowski, Sonia (Goldenberg)
Warkowicze, Poland
In Hiding in Kurdyban, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



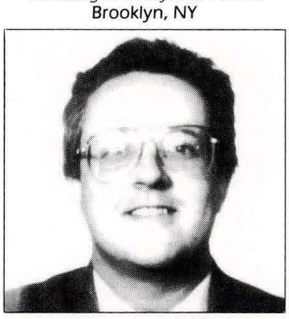
Cukier, Iser (Cukrowski)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Zawiercie, Poland
Kansas City, MO



Cukier, Tola (Gottlieb)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Ravensbruck
Kansas City MO



Cymrot, Annette
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Brooklyn, NY



Cymrot, David
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Cromwell, CT



Cymrot, Joel
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Brooklyn, NY



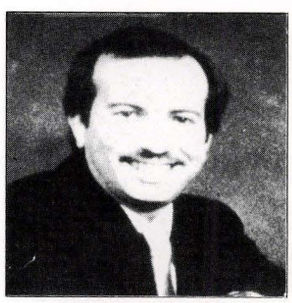
Cymrot, Leon
Kielce, Poland
Sachsenhausen
Brooklyn, NY



Cymrot, Nachema (Levkov)
Wilno, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Cynamon, Celia (Kerszenblat)
Warsaw, Poland
In Hiding
Roslyn, NY



Cynamon, Dr. Harry A.
Second Generation
New York, NY
Galveston, TX



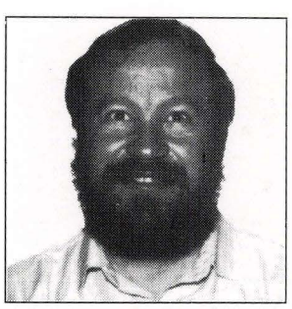
Cynamon, Victor
Lublin, Poland
Theresienstadt
Roslyn, NY



Cyzner, Abraham
Chrzanow, Poland
Nordhausen
Forest Hills, NY



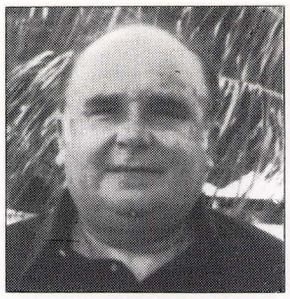
Czuch, Jack (Czuchowicz)
Hrubieszow, Poland
Gusen II
Forest Hills, NY



Daitch, Robert A.
Second Generation
Santa Monica, CA
Venice, CA



Daniel, Betty (Helfer)
Chrzanow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
N. Hollywood, CA



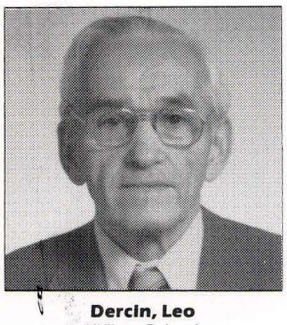
Daniller, Harry
Riga, Latvia
Buchenwald
Baltimore, MD



Daumann, Lea (Hecht)
Krakow, Poland
Rezow Bei Berlin
Kew Gardens, NY



Deitch, Jolan Hornstein (Petrover)
Nyiregyhaza, Hungary
Budapest, Hungary
Los Angeles, CA



Dercin, Leo
Wilno, Poland
Stutthof
Brookline, MA



Dercin, Liza (Slocki)
Wilno, Poland
Klooga, Estonia
Brookline, MA



Desperak, Ruth (Infeld)
Lodz, Poland
Saltzwedel, Germany
Delray Beach, FL



Desperak, Sam
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald Annen-Viten
Delray Beach, FL



Deutsch, Berta (Erbs)
Bogdan, Czechoslovakia
Mauthausen
Los Angeles, CA



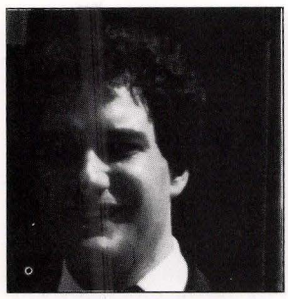
Deutsch, Mendel
Craciunesti, Rumania
Bobrujsk, Russia
Los Angeles, CA



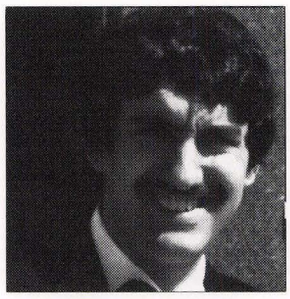
Deutsch, Frieda (Rozenblat)
Lublin, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Flushing, NY



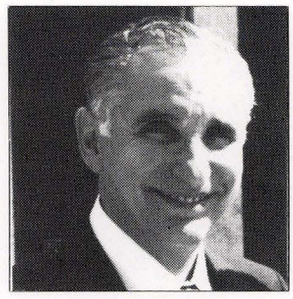
Deutsch, Madeline Mady (Fischer)
Berehovo, Czechoslovakia
Peterswaldau
Sugar Land, TX



Deutsch, Mark R.
Second Generation
New York, NY
Sugar Land, TX



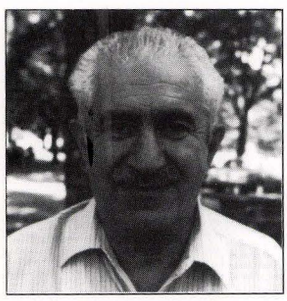
Deutsch, Robert D.
Second Generation
New York, NY
Sugar Land, TX



Deutsch, Tony
Baia Mare, Rumania
Gunzkirchen
Sugar Land, TX



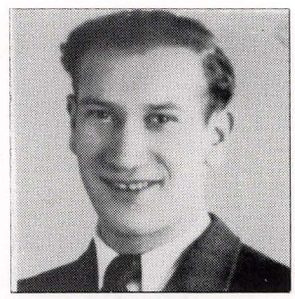
Diament, Henrietta (Leszczynska)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Germantown, TN



Diament, Stefan
Lodz, Poland
Flossenburg
Germantown, TN



Diamond, Julius (Diamantstein)
Seredne, Czechoslovakia
Gunzkirchen
Williamsville, NY



Diamond, Karl
Tarnow, Poland
Langenbilau
Memphis, TN



Diamond, Ruth (Mam)
Bialystok, Poland
Bergen Belsen
Memphis, TN



Dichter-Rabinowicz, Anna (Mandel)
Boryslaw
In Hiding
Brooklyn, NY



Doliner, Beatrice Asia (Schaffer)
Stanislawow, Poland
Spandau
Daytona Beach, FL



Doliner, Joseph
Stanislawow, Poland
Daytona Beach, FL



Domansky, Harry
Podembice, Poland
Auschwitz
Manhasset Hills, NY



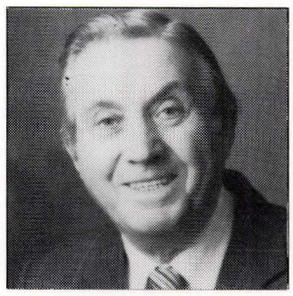
Domansky, Sophie (Birke)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Manhasset Hills, NY



Domba, Michael
Kaunas, Lithuania
Dachau
Newton, MA



Dombi, Ernest
Prague, Czechoslovakia
Theresienstadt, Gross Rosen
Tenafly, NJ



Dombrower, Morris
Warsaw-Praga
Uchta, Russia
Bronx, NY



Dombrower, Regina (Eckhaus)
Warsaw
Russia
Bronx, NY



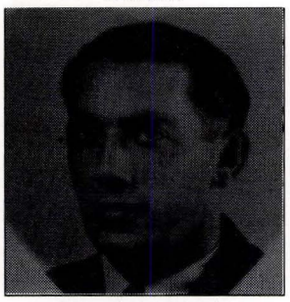
Dorfman, Rose (Malcman)
Cmielow, Poland
Czenstochowa
Nutley, NJ



Drabkin, Judith (Levin)
San Francisco, CA



Drabkin, Julius
Riga, Latvia
Stutthof
San Francisco, CA



Droblarz, Henry
Sosnowiec, Poland
Leonberg, Allach
Central Village, CT



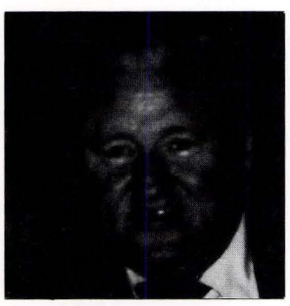
Droblarz, Susanna
Second Generation
Central Village, CT



Duering, Renee L. (Kramer)
Cologne, Germany
Leipzig
Daly City, CA



Ebenstein, Benjamin
Kolomyja, Poland
Stanislawow Ghetto
Ramat Gan, Israel



Eckert, Bernhard
Berlin, Germany
Mauthausen, Austria
Bayside, NY



Eckert, Victoria (Zelmer)
Krakow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Bayside, NY



Eckstein, Lillian (Mendelsohn)
Nyzny Verecke, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Rego Park, NY



Egan, Leo (Zglerski)
Lodz, Poland
Gleiwitz, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Eger, Albert
Presov, Czechoslovakia
Partisans
El Paso, TX



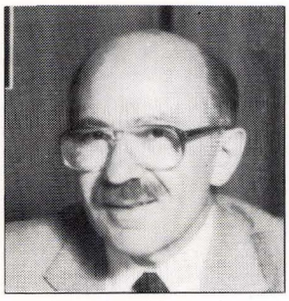
Eger, Dr. Edith Eva (Elefant)
Kosice, Czechosolvakia
Gunzkirchen
El Paso, TX



Ehrlich, Jeannette
Myszkow, Poland
Escape to Palestine
Mays Landing, NJ



Ehrlich, Meyer
Tomaszow Mazowiecki, Poland
Flossenburg
Mays Landing, NJ



Ehrmann, Alexander
Kralovsky Chlumec,
Czechoslovakia
Feldafing
West Bloomfield, MI



Ehrmann, Judith (Denes)
Budapest, Hungary
Satoraljaujhely, Hungary
West Bloomfield, MI



Eisenstein, Jacob
Tomaszow-Maz, Poland
Kaufering Lager II
Houston, TX



Eisenstein, Rose (Obarzanek-Rozka)
Tomaszow-Maz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Houston, TX



Elenko, Stuart S.
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Bronx, NY



Elkan, Mary (Stawska)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hassag, Peltzery
Atlanta, GA



Elstein, Ester (Kerner)
Kalusz, Poland
In Hiding
Mount Vernon, NY



Elstein, Jacob
Luniniec, Poland
In Hiding
Mount Vernon, NY



Elster, Olga (Klein)
Berehovo, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Northboro, MA



Endrei, Lilly (Manovill)
Budapest, Hungary
Budapest, Hungary
Basel, Switzerland



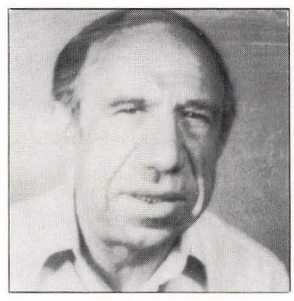
Enisman, Abe
Sosnowiec, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Forest Hills, NY



Enisman, Helen (Terkeltaub)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Forest Hills, NY



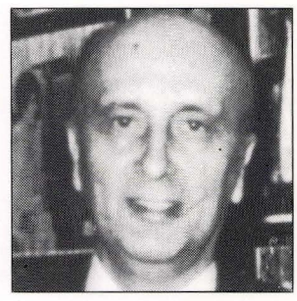
Ernst, Regina (Faller)
Sambor, Poland
In Hiding
Chicago, IL



Estrach, Joel
Stanin, Poland
In Hiding
Flushing, NY



Ettinger, Lillian (Landau)
Przemysl, Poland
In Hiding
Watchung, NJ



Ettinger, Samuel
Przemysl, Poland
In Hiding
Watchung, NJ



Federman, Ann (Warshawski)
Bendzin, Poland
Parshnitz, Czechoslovakia
Leawood, KS



Federman, Isak
Wolbrom, Poland
Bergen Belsen
Leawood, KS



Felerman, Hy
Zdunska Wola, Poland
Flossenburg
Cleveland, OH



Felerman, Rose (Altman)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hasag-Pelcery
Cleveland, OH



Felgenblatt, Ray (Langbort)
Bialystok, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Fein, Celina (Eisenberg)
Warsaw, Poland
False Papers in Wittlich
Houston, TX



Feinberg, Florence (Diamond)
Second Generation
New York, NY
Melville, NY



Feinsilver, Isaac (Fainzylber)
Tomaszow Mazowiecki, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Kansas City, MO



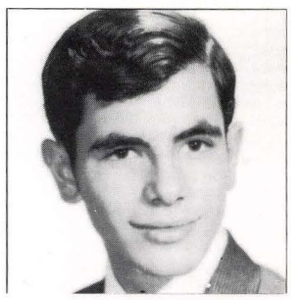
Feinsilver, June (Rubinstein)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Kansas City, MO



Felt, Betty (Kahan)
Viseul, Rumania
Torgau
Flushing, NY



Felt, Irving J.
Rudnik, Poland
Leipzig-Schonfeld
Flushing, NY



Felberbaum, Edward David
Second Generation
Cliffside Park, NJ



Felberbaum, Leslie
Nyirmada, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Cliffside Park, NJ



Felberbaum, Marta (Moskovits)
Uzhorod, CSR
Czenstochowa, Poland
Cliffside Park, NJ



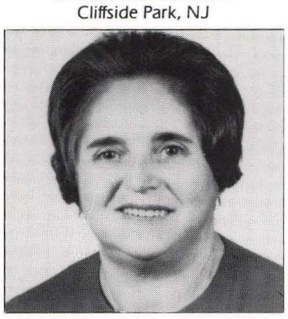
Feldman, Nicholas
Mukacevo, Czechoslovakia
Janina, Poland
Woodbridge, NJ



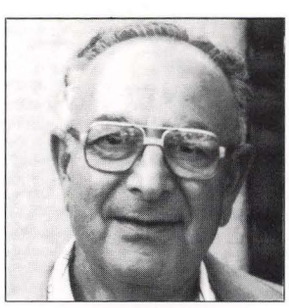
Feldman, Margit, (Buchhalter)
Tolcsva, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Bridgewater, NJ



Feldman, Mendel
Sokolow Podlaski, Poland
Russia
South Bend, IN



Feldman, Frieda (Altman)
Sokolow Podlaski, Poland
Russia
South Bend, IN



Felsenthal, Eric
USA
Long Beach, CA



Felsenthal, Ruth (Spangenthal)
Kassel, Germany
Lavenburg, Prussia
Long Beach, CA



Felton, Stephen M. Ph.D. (Feldstein)
Warsaw, Poland
In hiding
Princeton, NJ



Fenstermacher, Fela (Jakubowicz)
Brussels, Belgium
Brussels, Belgium
San Antonio, TX



Fenves, Steven J. (Fenjves)
Subotica, Yugoslavia
Buchenwald
Pittsburgh, PA



Ferber, Joseph
Nowy Soncz, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Norwich, CT



Ferber, Sara (Brojges)
Dzialoszyce, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Norwich, CT



Fettman, Annette (Sherman)
Chicago, IL
Omaha, NE



Fettman, Leo
Nyiradony, Hungary
Durnhau
Omaha, NE



Feuerberg, Abe
Skala, Poland
Auschwitz
Lincoln, NE



Feuerberg, Rose (Srebrnik)
Warsaw, Poland
Auschwitz
Lincoln, NE



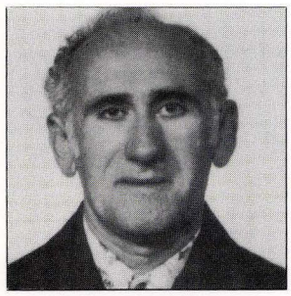
Field, Alex (Felberbaum)
Nyirmada, Hungary
Auschwitz and Labor Camps
Fresno, CA



Finder, Renia (Ferber)
Krakow, Poland
Brinnitz
Framingham, MA



Findling, Helen (Szafman)
Brzeziny Lodzkie, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



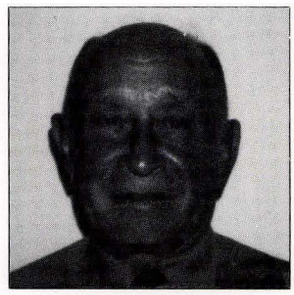
Findling, Max
Zmigrod, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Finger, Dorothy K. (Kraushar)
Chodorow, Poland
Hiding in Forest Near Przemyslany, Poland
Wilmington, DE



Fink, Esther
Second Generation
Chicago, IL
Chicago, IL



Fischbein, David
Tiszadada
Russia
West Palm Beach, FL



Fischelberg, Leo (Poldek)
Krakow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Stony Brook, NY



Fischer, Anna (Lipszyc)
Lodz, Poland
Weinsberg, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Fischler, Marie (Adler)
Paris, France
Drancy, France
Brooklyn, NY



Fischman, Rabbi Joseph
Brodrogkeresztur, Hungary
Ludwigslust
Brooklyn, NY



Fischman, Rachel (Weinberger)
Csepe, Czechoslovakia
Ludwiglust
Brooklyn, NY



Fishel, David
Bendzin, Poland
Langerstein
Des Moines, IA



Fisher, Rachel "Rae" (Kupershtein)
Dvinsk, Latvia
Riga Kaiserwald
North Miami Beach, FL



Fisherowitz, Jana (Rydell)
Second Generation
Kansas City, Mo
Overland Park, KS



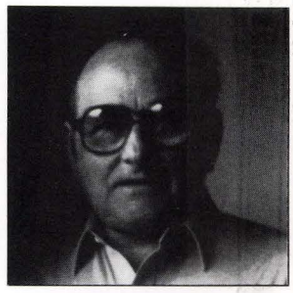
Fishman, Linda (Ryngermacher)
Szydlowiec, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Des Moines, IA



Fiszlewicz, Emma (Birger)
Minsk, Russia
Smolensk, Russia
Dayton, OH



Flumenbaum, Paul
Zwolen, Poland
Buchenwald
Vineland, NJ



Fogel, Benjamin
Opatow Kielecki
Theresienstadt
Whitestone, NY



Fogel, Rose (Dajch)
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt
Whitestone, NY



Fogel, Frieda (Rapaport)
Zawichost, Poland
Labor Camp, Germany
Bayside, NY



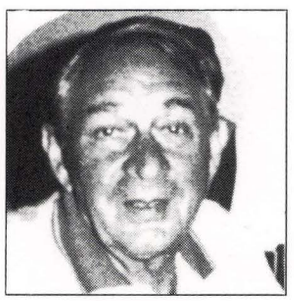
Fogel, Sam
Jarmi Hungary
Gunzkirchen
Bayside, NY



Fogelman, Eva
Second Generation
Kassel, Germany
New York, NY



Fox, Hilda (Goldberg)
Starachowice, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Miami Beach, FL.



Fox, Sol (Fuchs)
Plonsk, Poland
Auschwitz
Miami Beach, FL



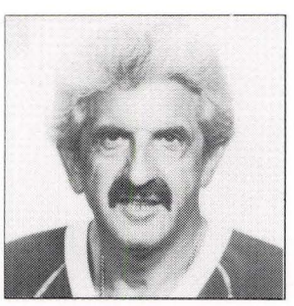
Fralman, Chaim
Krakow, Poland
Mauthausen
Brooklyn, NY



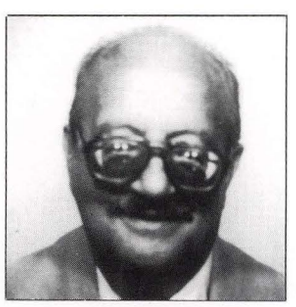
Fralman, Rose (Sternberg)
Krakow, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Frank, Esther (Gelbart)
Klobuck, Poland
Langenbilau
Pepper Pike, OH



Frank, Herman
Lodz, Poland
Bergenelster
Pepper Pike, OH



Frank, Henry (Frankenstein)
Berlin, Germany
Hof in Beiern
New Milford, NJ



Frank, Irene (Silberstein)
Berlin, Germany
Merzdorf
New Milford, NJ



Frank, Reinhard
Leipzig, Germany
Gleiwitz
Cambridge, MA



Frankel, Leon
Podhajce, Poland
Podhajce Ghetto
Cleveland, OH



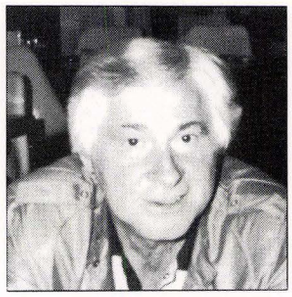
Frankel, Nina (Zwerdling)
Zloczow, Poland
Lackie Arbeitscamp
Cleveland, OH



Frankel, Neftali
Tarnow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Lomas Chapultepec, Mexico



Frankel, Marie-Jeanne (Polak)
Antwerp, Belgium
In Hiding in Ghent & Namur
Livingston, NJ



Frankel, Solomon J.
Lodz, Poland
Auschwitz
Livingston, NJ



Freeman, Elias
Staszow, Poland
Cadiz, OH



Freeman, Regina (Szydlowska)
Proszowice, Poland
Cadiz, OH



Freeman Judy (Beitscher)
Uzhorod, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Allentown, PA



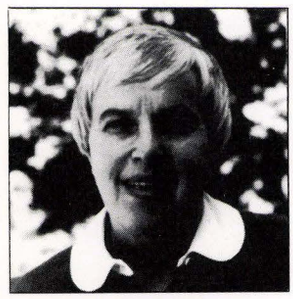
Freeman, Lou (Fried)
Uzhorod, Czechoslovakia
Russia
Allentown, PA



Fried, Judy (Kopman)
Second Generation
Manchester, CT.



Friedman, Henry
Brody, Poland
In Hiding Suchowola, Poland
Mercer Island, WA



Friedman, Hildegard (Tausig)
Prague, Czechoslovakia
Buchenwald
St. Louis, MO



Friedman, Regina (Akerman)
Wengrow, Poland
In Hiding—Aryan Papers
Woodcliff Lake, NJ



Friedman, Arnold
Warsaw, Poland
In Hiding—Aryan Papers
Woodcliff Lake, NJ



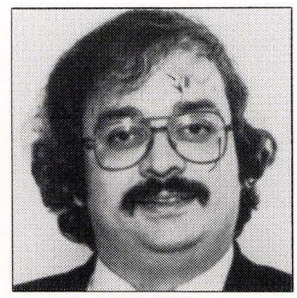
Frydenberg, Bernie
Demblin, Poland
Theresienstadt
Meriden, CT



Frydman, Jean
USA
Flushing, NY



Frydman, Sol
Lodz, Poland
Flushing, NY



Funk, Paul
Second Generation
Celle, Germany
Brookline, MA



Funk, Pola (Zynger)
Starachowice, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Bayonne, NJ



Gabor, Georgia M. (Gyorgyi)
Budapest, Hungary
Budapest, Hungary
Sierra Madre, CA



Gelzhals, Ben
Krakow, Poland
Gross Rosen
New Hyde Park, NY



Gelzhals, Esther (Zucker)
Lodz, Poland
Auschwitz
New Hyde Park, NY



Gelber, Joseph
Czenstochowa, Poland
Nordhausen, Germany
North Miami Beach, FL



Gelber, Rose (Czarny)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hasag, Czenstochowa
North Miami Beach, FL



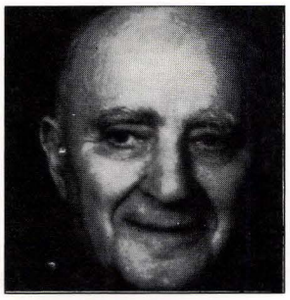
Gelissen, Rena (Ryfka Kornreich)
Tylicz, Poland
Neustadt Glever
Norwalk, CT



Geller, Elka (Fuksman)
Warsaw, Poland
With Partisans
Los Angeles, CA



Geller, Jacob
Kleck, Poland
With Partisans
Los Angeles, CA



Gershwin, Dr. Nahum (Girschowitz)
Kowno, Lithuania
Dachau
Springfield, NJ



Gershwin, Miriam (Lichtenstein)
Memel
Stutthof
Springfield, NJ



Gershwin, Faye Bodenstein
Second Generation
Summit, NJ
Edison, NJ



Gershwin, Zelman M.
Second Generation
Munich, Germany
Livingston, NJ



Gerstle, Eve (Wertheimer)
Wiesbaden, Germany
Stutthof
La Mesa, CA



Gildener, Bertha (Ebenfeld)
Boryslaw, Poland
Boryslaw, Poland
Bethesda, MD



Ginsburg, Adi
Third Generation
Haifa, Israel



Ginsburg, Amir
Second Generation
Haifa, Israel



Ginsburg, Hava (Szasz-Erzsebet)
Abaujszanto, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Haifa, Israel



Ginsburg, Taly
Second Generation
Haifa, Israel



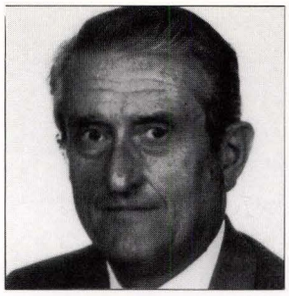
Ginsburg, Tamar
Second Generation
Haifa, Israel



Gipsman, Fela (Fiszel)
Bendzin, Poland
Schaclau by Trautenau
Los Angeles, CA



Gipsman, Natan
Bendzin, Poland
Sakenheim by Magdeburg
Los Angeles, CA



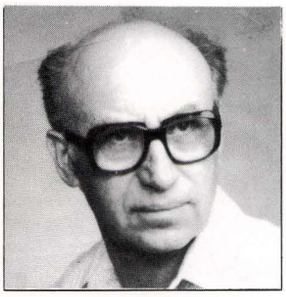
Gladstone, Dr. L. A. (Glattstein)
Munkacs, Hungary
Mauthausen
El Paso, TX



Glass, Annie (Glatt)
Starachowice, Poland
Ravensbruck, Leipzig
San Francisco, CA



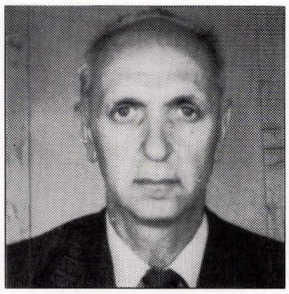
Glass, Charles
Chrzanow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
San Francisco, CA



Glattstein, Dan
Presov, Czechoslovakia
Czenstochowa
Louisville, KY



Glauben, Max
Warsaw, Poland
Flossenburg
Dallas, TX



Gluckman, Moris
Suceava, Rumania
Moghilev, Transnistria
Alexandria, VA



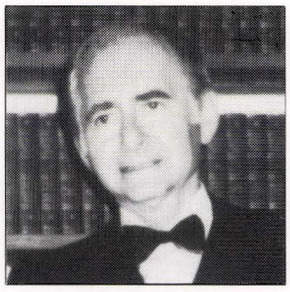
Godin, Jack
Wilno, Poland
Wilno-Woods
Silver Spring, MD



Godin, Nesse (Galperin)
Shavel, Lithuania
Chinov
Silver Spring, MD



Goetz, Dr. Gertrude (Kopfstein)
Vienna, Austria
Castilenti, Italy
Los Angeles, CA



Goetz, Dr. Sam
Tarnow, Poland
Ebensee/Mauthausen
Los Angeles, CA



Gold Erica (Fuhrman)
Czernowitz, Rumania
Bratslav
Santa Barbara, CA



Gold, Isidore
Czernowitz, Rumania
Bratslav
Santa Barbara, CA



Goldanski, Israel
Wilno, Poland
Buchenwald-Dachau
San Francisco, CA



Goldberg, Anna (Postan)
Chervien, Russia
Russia
West Hartford, CT



Goldberg, Louis
Sochaczew, Poland
Ghetto Sochaczew
West Hartford, CT



Goldberg, Helen (Shapiro)
Sarny, Poland
Japan
Sun Valley, ID



Goldfarb, Aron
Bialobrzegi, Poland
Sucha, Poland
Bayside, NY



Goldfarb, Ester (Disman)
Warsaw, Poland
Warsaw, Poland
Bayside, NY



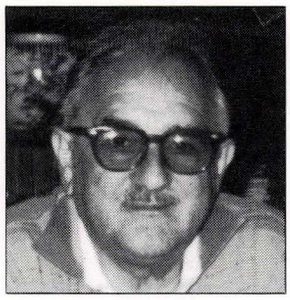
Goldfarb, David
Wlodzimierz Wol. Poland
Ghetto Wlodzimierz Wol.
West Hartford, CT



Goldfarb, Solomon
Kock, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
New Orleans, LA



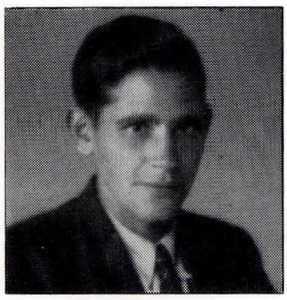
Goldfarb, Stella (Koenig)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
New Orleans, LA



Goldstein, Isaac
Bialystok, Poland
Auschwitz
Wilmette, IL



Goldstein, Rochelle (Najman)
Stopnica, Poland
Begen, Belsen
Wilmette, IL



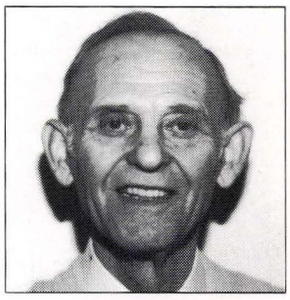
Goldstop, Ben
Ciechanow, Poland
Auschwitz
Rochester, NY



Goldstein, Sabina (Weinstock)
Warsaw, Poland
Camp Czenstochowa
Brooklyn, NY



Goldstein, Samuel
Kozienice, Poland
Camp Czenstochowa
Brooklyn, NY



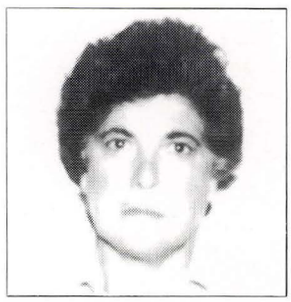
Goldstein, Sidney Zoltan
Komjati, Hungary
Theresienstadt
Indianapolis, IN



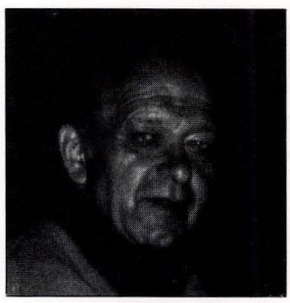
left:

Goldstein, Stanley
New York, NY
Hallandale, FL

Goldstein, Karla (Gantz)
Czernowitz, Rumania
Czernowitz, Rumania
Hallandale, FL



Goldwasser, Tauba (Zylberman)
Warsaw, Poland
Novosibirsk, USSR
Brooklyn, NY



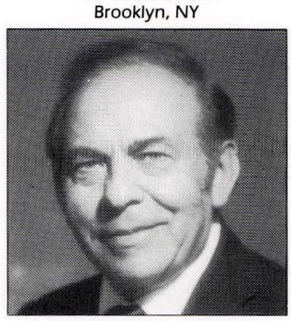
Golowner, Aron
Swierze, Poland
In Hiding
Bethpage, NY



Golowner, Charlotte (Kohn)
Mukatchevo, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Bethpage, NY



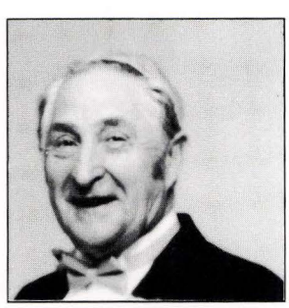
Goodfriend, Betty (Grossman)
Vilkija, Lithuania
Stutthof
Atlanta, GA



Goodfriend, Isaac
Lodz, Poland
In Hiding
Atlanta, GA



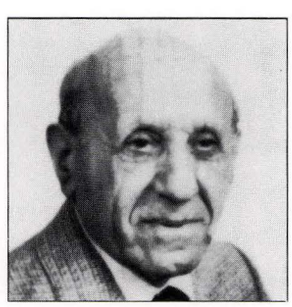
Gordon, Gloria (Gerson)
Oklahoma City, OK
Denison, TX



Gordon, Jack
Iwie, Poland
Partisan
Denison, TX



Gorko, Alexandra (Paley)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Philadelphia, PA



Gorko, Anatole
Lodz, Poland
Friedland
Philadelphia, PA



Goschalk, Julie (Cederbaum)
Second Genereation
Braunschweig, Germany
Newton, MA



Gottlieb, Guta (Herszbaum)
Lodz, Poland
Salzwedel
Tamarac, FL



Gottlieb, Henry
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt
Tamarac, FL



Gottlieb, Helena
Kosice, Czechoslovakia
Oberaltstadt
Bronx, NY



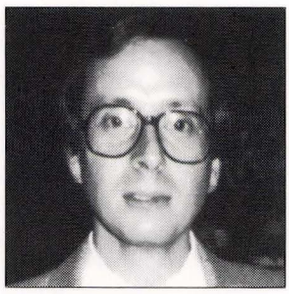
Gottlieb, Sandra
Second Generation
Bronx, NY
Bronx, NY



Green, Eva
Satu-Mare, Rumania
Theresienstadt
New York, NY



Greenbaum, Gale Judith (Zaentz)
Paterson, NJ
Potomac, NJ



Greenbaum, Ronald F.
Second Generation
Washington, DC
Potomac, MD



Greenbaum, Rose Norma (Hilf)
Kunow, Poland
Rockville, MD



Greenbaum, Zachary
Wierzbnik, Poland
Wilno Ghetto-HPK
Rockville, MD



Greenbaum, Teddy (Grunbaum)
Cmielow, Poland
Dachau
Englewood Cliffs, NJ



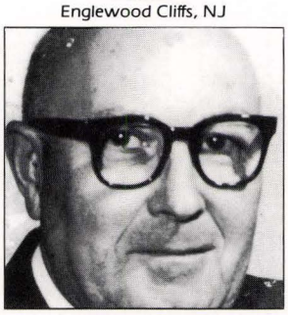
Greenberg, Abe
Lodz, Poland
Coal Mine
Chesterfield, MO



Greenberg, Helen (Lesky)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Chesterfield, MO



Greenfield, Dr. David S.
Second Generation
Braunau, Austria
Newton, MA



Grey, Benjamin
Plock, Poland
Wilno, Poland
Los Angeles, CA



Grinblatt, Max
Wodzislaw, Poland
Buchenwald
Columbus, OH



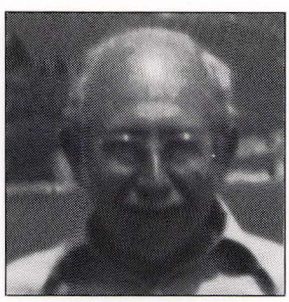
Grinblatt, Sala (Kuperberg)
Szczekociny, Poland
Gabersdorf
Columbus, OH



Gronsky, Alex (Alter Groncki)
Lodz, Poland
Barth
Hallandale, FL



Gronsky, Saba Sharet (Laufer)
Lodz, Poland
Saltzwedel
Hallandale, FL



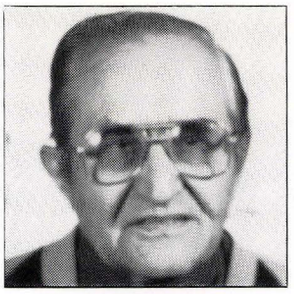
Grosner, Paul L. MD
Vienna, Austria
USA
Hackensack, NJ



Gross, Alex
Palanok, Czechoslovakia
Buchenwald, Germany
Atlanta, GA



Gans, Erna (Reicher)
Bielsko, Poland
Ghetto Lwow
Northbrook, IL



Garber, Dan
Wilno, Poland
In woods
Peoria, IL



Garber, Liza (Glezer)
Wilno, Poland
In woods
Peoria, IL



Germain, Sophia (Sonya Geerman)
Kharkov, USSR
Slavuta, Russia
Atlanta, GA



Gerszonowicz, Bernard
Lodz,Poland
Kaufering, Allach
Houston, TX



Glick, Myer (Icek Galek)
Blonie, Poland
Mauthausen
Vineland, NJ



Glick, Nella (Distenfeld)
Zloczow, Poland
In Hiding
Vineland, NJ



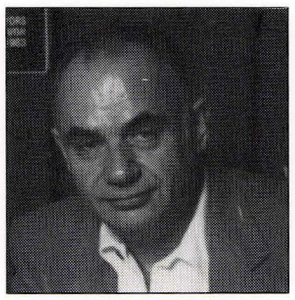
Goldenberg, Anna (Trojb)
Warkowicze, Poland
In Hiding
Brooklyn, NY



Goldenberg, Szloma
Warkowicze, Poland
In Hiding
Brooklyn, NY



Goldfarb, Ester (Jacubowicz)
Czeladz, Poland
Helmbrecht
Louisville, KY



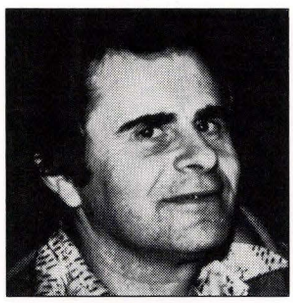
Goldfarb, Melvin
Pruzany, Poland
Helmbrecht
Louisville, Ky



Goldfischer, Phil
Lwow, Poland
In Hiding
North Miami Beach, Fl



Goldkind, Helen (Lebowitz)
Volosianka, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Kensington, MD



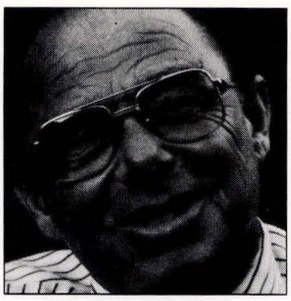
Gorme, Frank (Falik Goldstein)
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald, Fleeceburg
Houston, TX



Gross, Irene
Nyirgespuszte, Hungary
Long Island City, NY



Gross, Miklos
Szabolcs County, Hungary
Gunskirchen
Long Island City, NY



Gross, John (Grosz)
Budapest, Hungary
Mauthausen
Salinas, CA



Gross, Ted (Tolek)
Kielce, Poland
Dachau
Bayside, NY



Gross, William
Mukacevo
Buchenwald
Youngstown, OH



Grossberg, Bernice (Krel)
Chepatofka, Russia
In Hiding
Huntington Valley, PA



Grossberg, Van
Dubnow
In Hiding
Huntington Valley, PA



Grossman, Erica
Topolcany, Slovakia
Budapest, Hungary
Bronx, NY



Grossman, Joe
Seredne, Czechoslovakia
Dachau
Bronx, NY



Gruber, Marianne (Basch)
Waldenburg, Germany
Ventnor, NJ



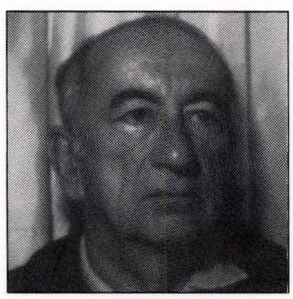
Gruber, Shlomo
Kowel, Poland
Majdanek, Lublin, Poland
Ventnor, NJ



Grubman, Sally
Lodz, Poland
Ravensbruck
Canton, OH



Grubman, Simon
Auschwitz
Deceased



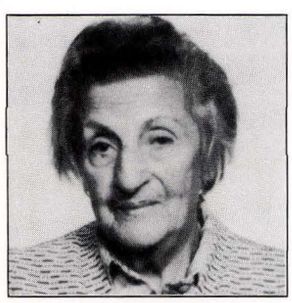
Grubner, Otto
Geberlin
Ebensee
Detroit, MI



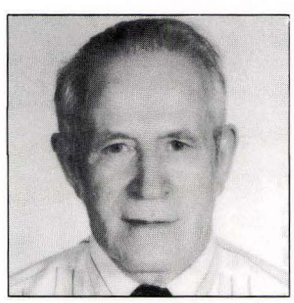
Gruenwald, Gladys
Second Generation
Stuttgart, Germany
New York, NY



Grun, Esther (Welsz)
Satoraljaujhely
Czechoslovakia
White Plains, NY



Gruner, Frances (Rosenzweig)
Ostrowiec Kielecki, Poland
Escaped
New York, NY



Grunfeld, Armin
Odessa, Russia
Mittenwald, Germany
Bronx, NY



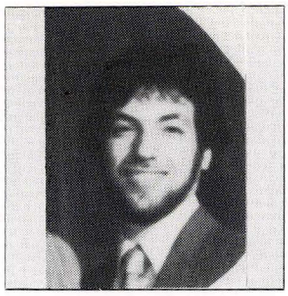
Grunfeld, Olga (Sternbach)
Satu-Mare, Rumania
Goerlitz, Germany
Bronx, NY



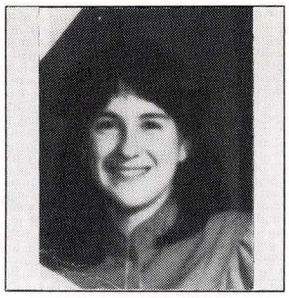
Grunfeld, Lili
Hat, Czechoslovakia
Bramberg
Fort Lee, NJ



Grunfeld, Max
Turc, Rumania
Nizni Tagil, Russia
Fort Lee, NJ



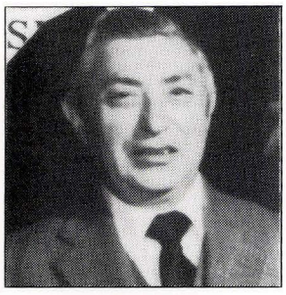
Grunseld, Dr. Fred
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Grunseld, Dr. Sherl
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Grunseld, Manny
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Grunseld, Mark
Podkamien, Poland
Zwangsarbeitslager Podkamien
Brooklyn, NY



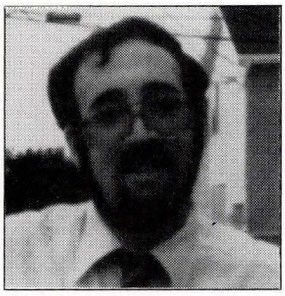
Grunseld, Paula (Gottesman)
Galatz, Rumania
Brooklyn, NY



Gurdus, Dr. Luba K. (Krugman)
Warsaw, Poland
Majdanek, Poland
New York, NY



Gurdus, Jacob J.
Warsaw, Poland
British Army
New York, NY



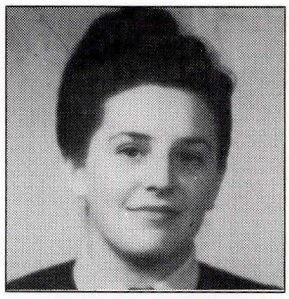
Guterman, Dr. Howard
Second Generation
USA
Staten Island, NY



Gutman, Ewa
Warsaw, Poland
Forest Hills, NY



Gutman, Jonas
Radom, Poland
Ebensee
Milwaukee, WI



Gutman, Rachela (Zollman)
Bendzin, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Milwaukee, WI



Gutterman, Morris
Dabrowa Gornicza, Poland
Braunsweig, Germany
St. Louis, MO



Gutterman, Toby (Broner)
Zwolen, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
St. Louis, MO



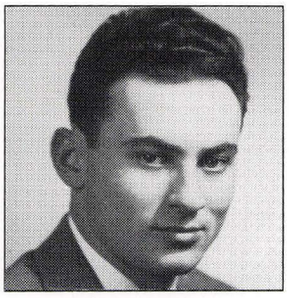
Guttman, Alexander
Rzeszow, Poland
Allach
Lewittown, NY



Haas, Stephen
Budapest, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Bayside, NY



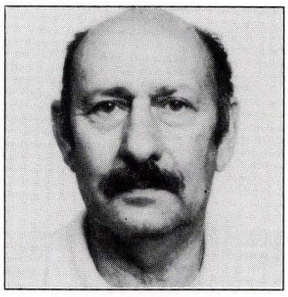
Haas, Vera (Fodor)
Miskolc, Hungary
Allendorf
Bayside, NY



Haber, Alfred
Oswiecim, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Williamsville, NY



Haber, Rachel (Luftman)
Tel-Aviv, Israel
Williamsville, NY



Hacker, Ernst
Wiener Neustadt, Austria
Buchenwald
Beverly Hills, CA



Haeusler, Henry
Gelsenkirchen, Germany
Buchenwald
Deceased



Haeusler, Lilo (Auerbach)
Germany
England
Minot, ND



Halbreich, Ruth (Kramarz)
Warsaw, Poland
Catholic Convent, Forced Labor Camp
Beverly Hills, CA



Halbreich, Siegfried
Katowice, Poland
Nordhausen
Beverly Hills, CA



Halpern, Arie
Chorostkow, Poland
In Hiding
Union, NJ



Halpern, Eva (Krenkel)
Chorostkow, Poland
In Hiding
Union, NJ



Halpern, Gladys (Landau)
Zolkiew, Poland
Zolkiew, Poland
Hillside, NJ



Halpern, Sam
Chorostkow, Poland
Lager Kamionka
Hillside, NJ



Handler, Sam
Opoler
Tutzing
Far Rockaway, NY



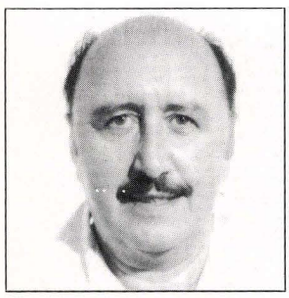
Handler, Sara (Ajdelsztein)
Urzendow
Libow
Far Rockaway, NY



Harchik, Abram (Harczyk)
Kolo, Poland
Dachau
North Miami Beach, FL



Harchik, Malka (Minski)
Lodz, Poland
North Miami Beach, FL



Hart, Sigi (Hartmayer)
Berlin, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Beverly Hills, CA



Hartenbaum, Gloria
Bixad (Szatmar)
Schtaltach



Hasenberg, Werner
Berlin, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Washington, DC



Hass, Dora (Cynamon)
Lublin, Poland
Nowa Wies, Poland
Hollywood, FL



Hass, Robert (Hasfogel)
Lublin, Poland
With Partisans Near Lublin
Deceased



Hecht, Eta (Levin)
Second Generation
Kovno, Lithuania
Pottstown, PA



Heinfling, Fela (Birke)
Lodz, Poland
Lodz Ghetto
Manhasset, NY



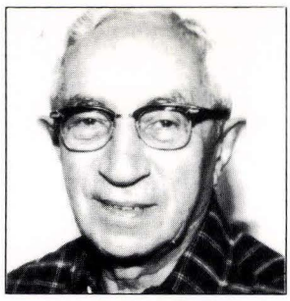
Heinfling, Jack
Lodz, Poland
Elsnig-Torgau
Manhasset, NY



Helberg, Bella (Poremba)
Zombkowice, Poland
Peterswaldau
Wilmette, IL



Helberg, Joe
Bendzin, Poland
Richenbach
Wilmette, IL



Heller, Henry MD (Hirsz)
Zlotniki, Poland
Buchenwald
Laguna Hills, CA



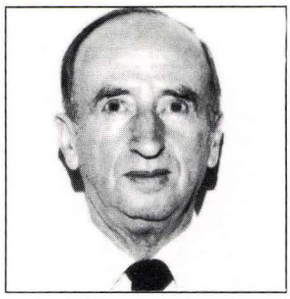
Helman, Henry
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hasag, Czenstochowa
Fresh Meadows, NY



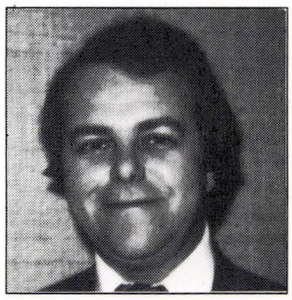
Helman, Lola (Rotbard)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hasag, Czenstochowa
Fresh Meadows, NY



Henenberg, Frances (Reifer)
Wadowice, Poland
Domazlice, Czechoslovakia
Forest Hills, NY



Henenberg, Hyman
Chrzanow, Poland
Langenbilau (Sportschule)
Forest Hills, NY



Hennenberg, Michael Chaim
Second Generation
Pepper Pike, OH



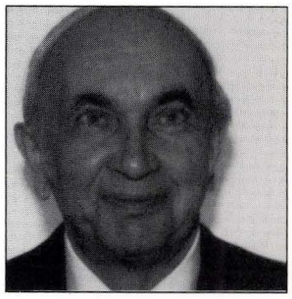
Hennenberg, Susan (Spitz)
Second Generation
Pepper Pike , OH



Left:

Hennenberg, Hildegard (Hohenleitner)
Munich Germany
Beachwood, OH

Hennenberg, Jacob
Auschwitz, Poland
Wiesa-Waldenburg
Beachwood, OH



Henson, Abraham
Leningrad, Russia
Oklahoma City, OK



Henson, Leah (Werber)
Radom, Poland
Neustadt-Gleiwitz
Oklahoma City, OK



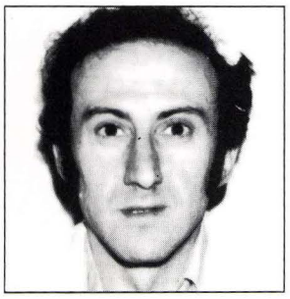
Herman, Burt
Third Generation
Framingham, MA
Santa Barbara, CA



Herman, Leonard
Third Generation
Framingham, MA
Santa Barbara, CA



Herman, Monica (Gold)
Second Generation
Bucarest, Rumania
Santa Barbara, CA



Herman, Morris
Second Generation
Siret, Rumania
Santa Barbara, CA



Hershkowitz, Frank
Rosavlia, Rumania
Buchenwald-Dora
Brooklyn, NY



Hershkowitz, Hanka (Schudmak)
Chrzanow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Sunnyside, NY



Hershkowitz, Israel
Tarnow, Poland
England
Sunnyside, NY



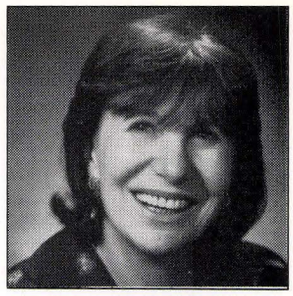
Herskovic, William
Antwerp, Belgium
Brussels, Belgium
Encino, CA



Herzog, Julius
Illingen/Saar
Muhldorf
Rosedale, NY



Herzog, Mila (Mandelbaum)
Trzebinia, Poland
Parschnitz
Rosedale, NY



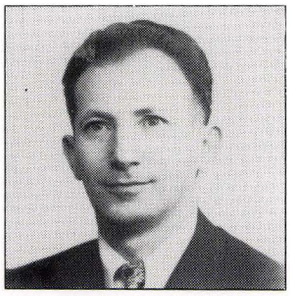
Heyman, Sulamita (Szarf)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Scarsdale, NY



Hochman, Bernard
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Youngstown, OH



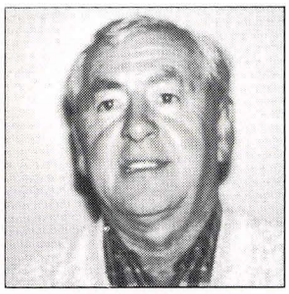
Hofman, Frank
Mogielnica
Partisan
Miami Beach, FL



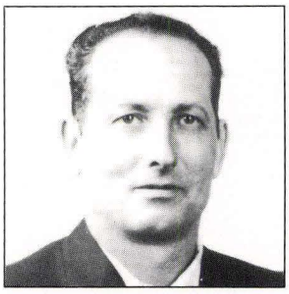
Hofman, Samuel
Mogielnica
Partisan
Bronx, NY



Holland, Chaja (Belsman)
Warsaw, Poland
Russia
Lakewood, NJ



Holland, Irvin
Baranowicze, Poland
Baranowicze, Poland
Lakewood, NJ



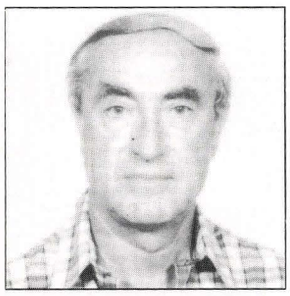
Hollander, Murray
Tarnow, Poland
Debica-Postkow
Belle Harbor, NY



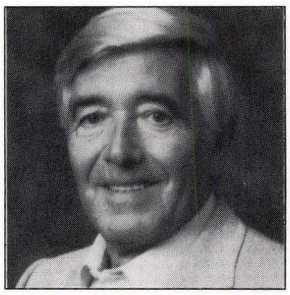
Hollander, Rose (Leser)
Krakow, Poland
In Woods-Dulcza Mala
Belle Harbor, NY



Horn, Irving (Isachar Herszenhorn)
Radom, Poland
Dachau
Potomac, MD



Horn, Leon (Hirschhorn)
Krakow, Poland
Spahingen
Brownsville, TX



Horne, Isadore (Gorenshtein)
Trohenbrot
In Hiding
San Diego, CA



Horne, Betty (Ostrzega)
Milosna
In Hiding
San Diego, CA



Horowitz, Alice
Second Generation
New York, NY
Brooklyn, NY



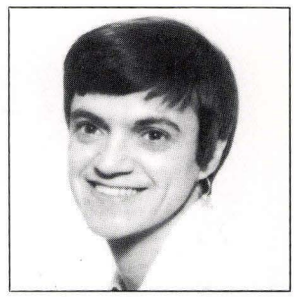
Horowitz, Carl
Lwow, Poland
Plaszow, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Horowitz, Irene (Mandel)
Boryslaw, Poland
Boryslaw, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Horwitz, Rena (Lis)
Second Generation
Great Neck, NY



Hunt, Gittel Ruth (Jaskulski)
Berlin, Germany
Theresienstadt
Des Plaines, IL



Hyman, Diana L. (Cynamon)
Second Generation
Dix Hills, NY



Irwin, Frances (Oksenhendler)
Konskie, Poland
Lenzing
Brooklyn, NY



Irwin, Rubin
Wloclawek, Poland
Mauthausen
Deceased



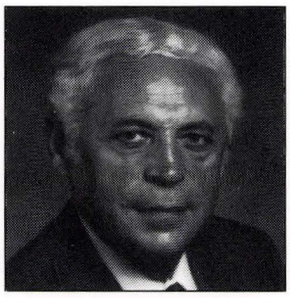
Israelski, Sam (Matczak)
Wloclawek, Poland
Stutthof
Lake Success, NY



Israelski, Sherry (Pollak)
Petroseni, Rumania
Lake Success, NY



Jacobs, Michael (Jakubowicz)
Ostrowiec, Poland
Gusen-II
Dallas, TX



Jaffe, Paul S. (Szymon Joffe)
Lodz, Poland
Lodz, Poland
Rockville, MD



Janiszewski, Bronislaw
Wilhelm Griebel
Lwow, Poland
Warsaw, Poland
New York, NY



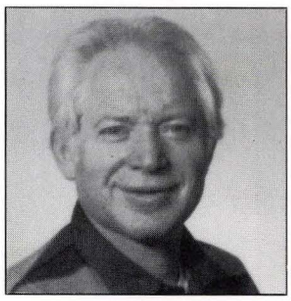
Josephson, Dora
Wilno, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



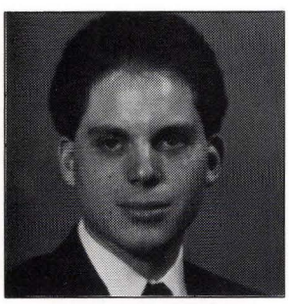
Josovitz, Florence (Wallo)
Toms River, NJ



Josovitz, Helene Leslie
Second Generation
Toms River, NJ



Josovitz, Herman
Voloskoe, Czechoslovakia
Wassenburg
Toms River, NJ



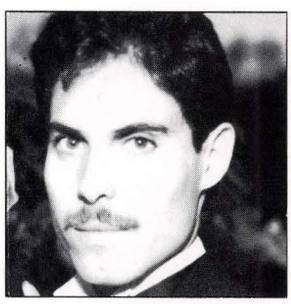
Josovitz, Kenneth
Second Generation
Toms River, NJ
Toms River, NJ



Josovitz, Michael Shawn
Second Generation
Philadelphia, PA



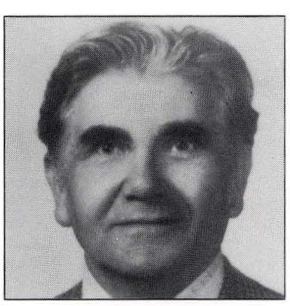
Josovitz, Sheri L. (Coopersmith)
Second Generation
Forest Hills, NY



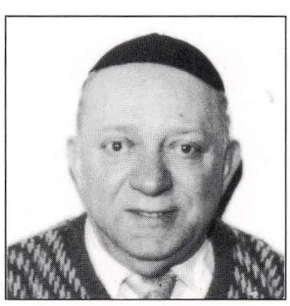
Josovitz, Stephen L.
Second Generation
Miami Beach, FL
Forest Hills, NY



Jurysta, Helen (Rozenek)
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Vineland, NJ



Jurysta, Saul
Chmielnik, Poland
Dachau
Vineland, NJ



Juskowicz, Alter Chaim
Sosnowiec, Poland
Allach
Brooklyn, NY



Juskowicz, Cecilia (Slomovitch)
Visk, Czechoslovakia
Georgethal
Brooklyn, NY



Kahn, John H.
Bamberg, Germany
France
Cincinnati, OH



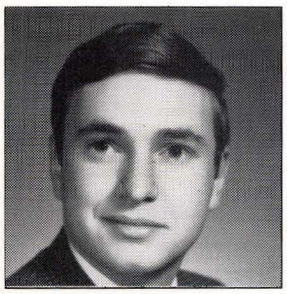
Kahn, Marlene Z. (Zederman-Sprintz)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Parschnitz, Sudetenland
Cincinnati, OH



Kahn, Regina (Moskovics)
Hungary
Malchow
Flushing, NY



Kaiser, Edith (Samson)
Amsterdam, Holland
Hiding in Holland
Tiburon, CA



Kaiser, Jack I.
Second Generation
Amsterdam, Holland
San Francisco, CA



Kamenetsky, Alison
Third Generation
Morristown, NJ
Parsippany, NJ



Kamenetsky, Andrea
Third Generation
Morristown, NJ
Parsippany, NJ



Kamenetsky, Esther (Reichman)
Second Generation
Paterson, NJ
Parsippany, NJ



Kamion, Evelyn (Rudnicka)
Wolomin, Poland
Wolomin, Poland
Houston, TX



Kamm, Ben
Warsaw, Poland
Partisan in Poland
Studio City, CA



Kamm, Elly (Diament)
Riga, Latvia
Stutthof
Studio City, CA



Kamm, Mala (Schlussel)
Tarnow, Poland
Neustadt-Gleve
Jackson Heights, NY



Kamor, Manuele (Kamornik)
Szczercow, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Atlanta, GA



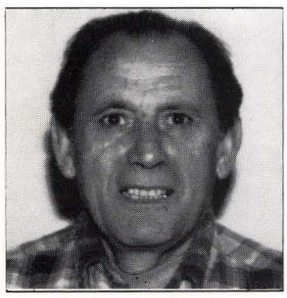
Kamor, Regina (Judkowicz)
Pabianice, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Atlanta, GA



Kane, Bernard (Kanenglesser)
Sp. Podhradie, Czechoslovakia
Hiding in Forests in Lower Tatra Mts.
Corpus Christi, TX



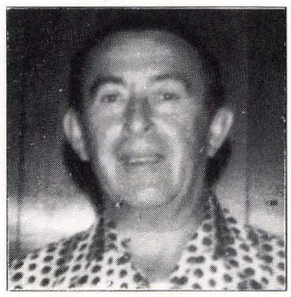
Kapelushnik, Lea (Kojner)
Grodno, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
New City, NY



Kapelushnik, Zelig
Radom, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
New City, NY



Kaplan, Nina (Rusman)
Kowel, Poland
Aryan Papers
Hallandale, FL



Kaplovitz, Henry (Kopolowitz)
Nelipano, Czechoslovakia
Ebensee, Germany
Cleveland, OH



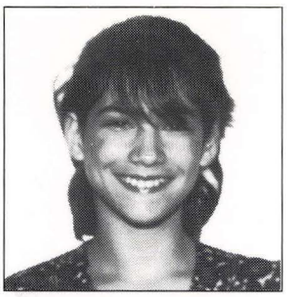
Kaplovitz, Rose (Saks)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Oberaltstadt, Czechoslovakia
Cleveland, OH



Kaplowitz, Anita
CT, USA
West Hartford, CT



Kaplowitz, Sol
Smorgony, Poland
Kochidar, Lithuania
West Hartford, CT



Karchmar, Dorian
Second Generation
New York, NY,
New York, NY



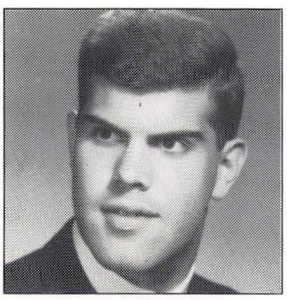
Karchmar, Lara
Second Generation
New York, NY,
New York, NY



Karchmar, Sylvia (Morgens)
Lodz, Poland
Olsztyn near Czenstochowa
New York, NY



Karp, Henia (Konopko)
Lida, Poland
Partisans Belesky Group
Brooklyn, NY



Kashub, Edwin D.M.D.
Second Generation
Trenton, NJ
Mapleglen, PA



Katz, Philipe E.
Kisvarda, Hungary
Liberated by American Army
Montreal, Canada



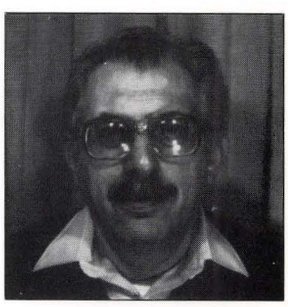
Kaufman, Alice (Bloch)
Freiburg, Germany
Camp De Surs, France
Staten Island, NY



Kaufman, Edith (Falk-Schoenberger)
Mainz, Germany
Camp De Surs, France
San Francisco, CA



Kaufman, Helena
Czenstochowa, Poland
Ravensbruck
Hallandale, FL



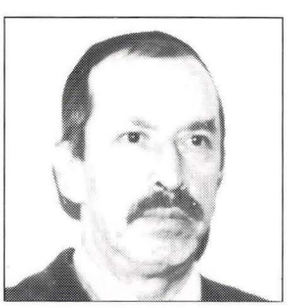
Kaye, Karl (Kazimierski)
Bendzin, Poland
Scherzingem
Brooklyn, NY



Kaye, Rachel (Rozenwald)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Oberaltstadt, Czechoslovakia
Brooklyn, NY



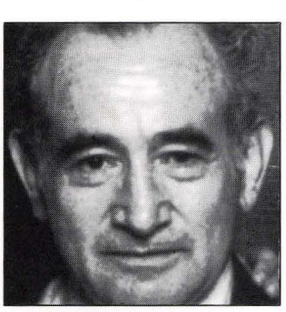
Keller, Lea (Kreindler)
Chust, C.S.R.
Bydgoszcz, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Keller, Marcel
Stara Lubovna, C.S.R.
Mauthausen
Brooklyn, NY



Kenigsberg, Rosita Ehrlich
Second Generation
Steyr, Austria
North Miami Beach, FL



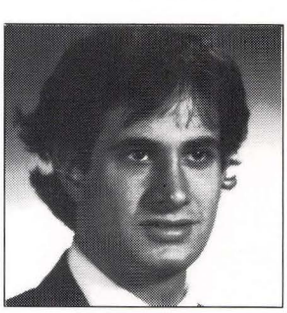
Kent, Roman R. (Kniker)
Lodz, Poland
Flossenburg
Stamford, CT



Kent, Susan
Second Generation
New York, NY
Denver, CO



Kent, Hannah (Sztarkman)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Stamford, CT



Kent, Jeffrey
Second Generation
New York, NY
Stamford, CT



Kent, Barbara (Grunwald)
Kisvarda, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Sh. Mission, K S



Kent, Hanka (Sajkiewicz)
Chelm, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Tarzana, CA



Kent, Marcia
Second Generation
Atlanta, Ga
Tarzana, CA



Kent, Shirley (Budgor)
Oshmiana, Poland
Stutthof, Germany
Oceanside, NY



Kerson, Alina (Boruchowska)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Germany
San Francisco, CA



Kessel, Ida (Felgenbaum)
Bilgoraj, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Elizabeth, NJ



Kessel, Moses
Chelm, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Elizabeth, NJ



Kessner, Cheri (Wilner)
Second Generation
New York, NY
Irvine, CA



Kesten, Esther (Spiegel)
Munkacs, Czechoslovakia
Torgo
Los Angeles, CA



Kesten, Louis (Kestenbaum)
Munkacs, Czechoslovakia
Rehmsdorf, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Kiefer, Estelle (Goldberg)
Frankfurt a/M Germany
Underground, Warsaw-Vienna
San Francisco, CA



Kierzenblat, Gittel (Rottenberg)
Paris, France
Drancy, France
Los Angeles, CA



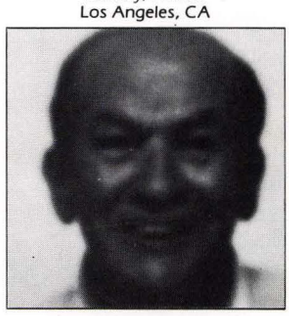
Kierzenblat, Maurice (Kirchenblatt)
Paris, France
Paris, France
Los Angeles, CA



Kerson, Daniel (Kirchenblatt)
Paris, France
Drancy, France
Los Angeles, CA



Kinas, Edith (Kaczka)
Lodz, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
West Hartford, CT



Kinas, Harry
Lututow, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
West Hartford, CT



Kinast, Dorka (Stern)
Lodz, Poland
Ravensbruck
Miami Beach, FL



Kinast, Morris
Second Generation
Malmo, Sweden
Canton, OH



Kingston, Cesia (Rozental)
Lodz, Poland
Gdynia, Poland
Studio City, CA



Kingston, Marylin
Second Generation
Menlo Park, CA



Kingston, Morrie (Kenigsztajn)
Lodz, Poland
Poland
Studio City, CA



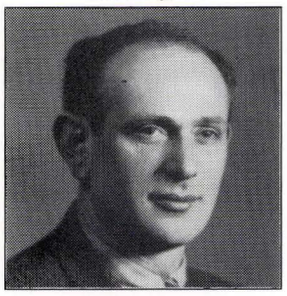
Kirsh, Anna (Garbarska)
Ciechanow, Poland
Auschwitz
Philadelphia, PA



Kirsh, Hyman
Ciechanow, Poland
In Hiding
Philadelphia, PA



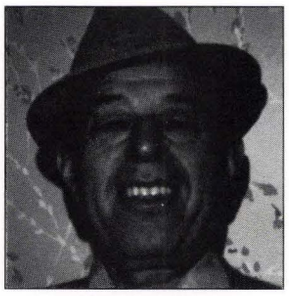
Klajman, Helena (Rubin)
Konskie, Poland
Malchow
Newark, NJ



Klajman, Jakub
Lodz, Poland
Russia
Newark, NJ



Klapholz, Genia (Flachs)
Wisnicz, Poland
Auschwitz
Philadelphia, PA



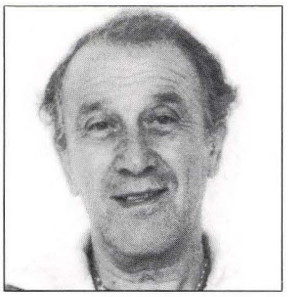
Kleid, Herman
Sarnaki, Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Kleid, Minna (Grunseid)
Podkamien, Poland
Hiding in Woods
Brooklyn, NY



Klein, Alexander
Bena Okr Berehovo
Mauthausen
Fairfield, CT



Klein, Morry (Burschi)
Gura Homorolui, Rumania
Sargorod
San Diego, CA



Klein, Rebeca (Sommer)
Radutz, Rumania
Sargorod
San Diego, CA



Kleinbaum, Henry
Krosniewice, Poland
Buchenwald
South Euclid, OH



Klin, Mendel
Piotrkow, Poland
Theresienstadt
St. Louis, MO



Knaster, Rebecca
Second Generation
New York, NY
New York, NY



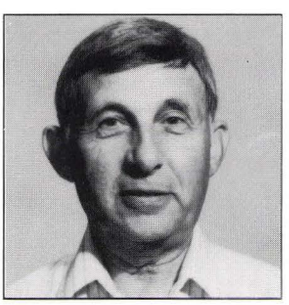
Kober, Hilda (Berlin)
Strzegowo, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Silver Spring, MD



Kohane, Akiva K.
Katowice, Poland
Mauthausen
New York, NY



Kohane, Tobias
Tuchow, Poland
Theresienstadt
Jamaica, NY



Kohn, Abraham
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Fort Worth, TX



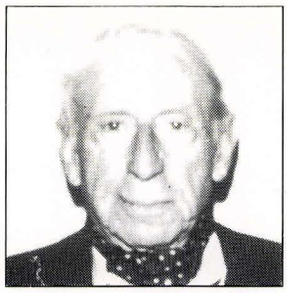
Kohn, Rabbi Dr. Murray J.
Ciechanow, Poland
Theresienstadt
Vineland, NJ



Kolodner, Dr. Berko
Krynki, Lithuania
Stutthof
Deceased



Kolodner, Riva (Chazan)
Kaunas, Lithuania
Dachau
Brookline, MA



Kooper, Al (Koper)
Warsaw, Poland
Lublin, Poland
Forest Hills, NY



Kooper, Jean (Halwer)
Brooklyn, NY
Forest Hills, NY



Kopelman, Binem
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Malmo, Sweden



Kopelman, Renia (Kniker)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Malmo, Sweden



Kopman, Helen (Mordzinska)
Warsaw, Poland
Auschwitz
Manchester, CT



Korenblit, Joan (Bravo)
Oklahoma City, OK
McLean, VA



Korenblit, Michael
Second Generation
Ponca City, OK
McLean, VA



Korewa, Fanny (Hochman)
Nizni Verecky, C.S.R.
Freudental, C.S.R.
Philadelphia, PA



Korewa, Zalman
Raciaz, Poland
Auschwitz
Philadelphia, PA



Kornberg, Morris (Moisze)
Przedborz, Poland
Buchenwald-Treglitz
Waldorf, MD



Kornblit, Diane
Second Generation
Hamilton, OH
Ponca City, OK



Kornblit, Manya (Nagelsztajn)
Hrubieszow, Poland
Lichtenwerden
Ponca City, OK



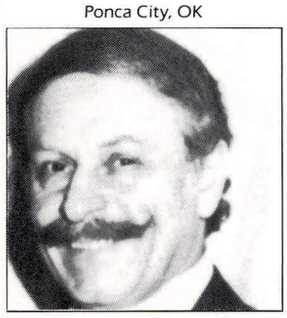
Kornblit, Meyer
Hrubieszow, Poland
Flossenburg
Ponca City, OK



Kornblit, Sam
Second Generation
Munich, Germany
Ponca City, OK



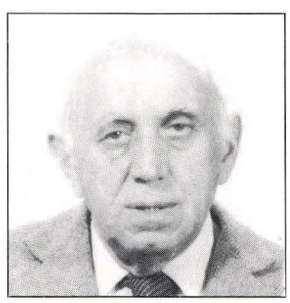
Korzenik, Bruce R.
Second Generation
Hartford, CT



Korzenik, Joseph
Gorlice, Poland
Flossenburg
Hartford, CT



Korzenik, Ruth (Spalen)
Hartford, CT
Hartford, CT



Koslowski, Leon
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald
San Francisco, CA



Koslowski, Rose (Szaldajewska)
Lodz, Poland
Kemnice
San Francisco, CA



Kowal, Jack
Wloclawek, Poland
Buchenwald
Framingham, MA



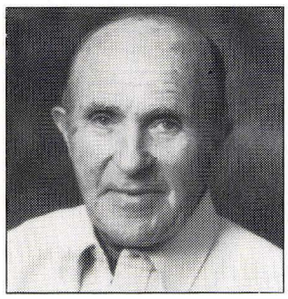
Kowal, Sophie (Steinwurzel)
Lwow, Poland
Gera, Germany
Framingham, MA



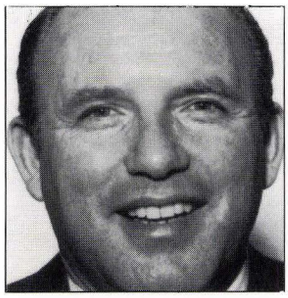
Kozak, Sol (Kozuch)
Bendzin, Poland
Dernau, Germany
Woodland Hills, Ca



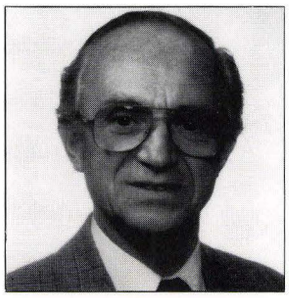
Kozin, Dora (Cygan)
Bialystok, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
San Diego, CA



Kozin, Leon (Kozinski)
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
San Diego, CA



Kozminski, Ike
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Chelsea, MI



Kozuch, Menachem (Maniek)
Dombrowa Gornicza, Poland
Blechamer
Philadelphia, PA



Kozuch, Tola (Weinstock)
Warsaw, Poland
Langenbielau
Philadelphia, PA



Krakinowski, Miriam (Shumacher)
Trashkun, Lithuania
Ghetto Kowno, Lithuania
Poughkeepsie, NY



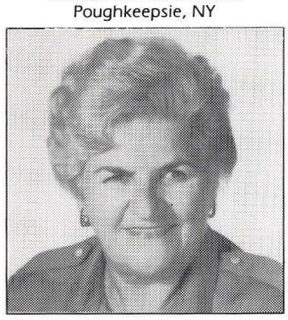
Krakinowski, Moshe (Morris)
Kaunas, Lithuania
Kowno, Lithuania
Poughkeepsie, NY



Krakow, Bernard
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Kirtland, OH



Krakow, Suzanne (Anikstein)
Brussels, Belgium
Kirtland OH



Kramer, Clara (Schwarz)
Zolkiew, Poland
In Bunker in Zolkiew
Elizabeth, NJ



Kraus, Fanny (Szabo)
Bergerovo, Czechoslovakia
Kauffering, Lager 4
Evanston, IL



Krause, Esther (Silberstein)
Lodz, Poland
Mercdorf
Savannah, GA



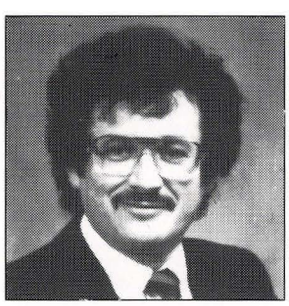
Krause, Jerry
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt
Savannah, GA



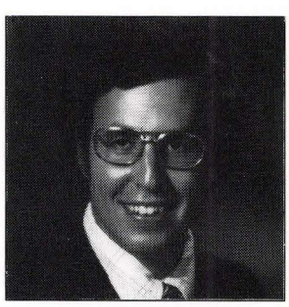
Krauss, Armin
Ujpest, Hungary
Buchenwald
Whitestone, NY



Krauss, Margaret (Schlesinger)
Bilke, Czechoslovakia
Meltover
Whitestone, NY



Krell, Robert
Second Generation
The Hague, Holland
Vancouver, B.C. Canada



Kress, Dr. Philip I.
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Irvine, CA



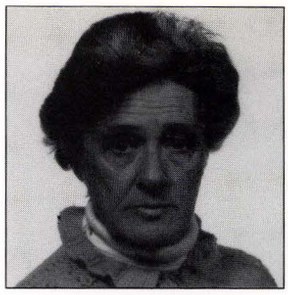
Kress, Henry (Krzesiwo)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Auschwitz
Irvine, CA



Kress, Mary (Leszczyk)
Czenstochowa, Poland
KZ Malchow
Irvine, CA



Krongold, George
Radom, Poland
Ostrowiec
Hope Valley, RI



Krongold, Lili (Malewanczyk)
Grudziondz, Poland
Ostrowiec
Hope Valley, RI



Krotowski, Abram
Kalisz, Poland
Dachau
Floral Park, NY



Krotowski, Dr. Mark H.
Second Generation
Lawrence ,NY
Lawrence, NY



Krotowski, Ewa (Smietanska)
Szadek, Poland
Szadek, Poland
Floral Park, NY



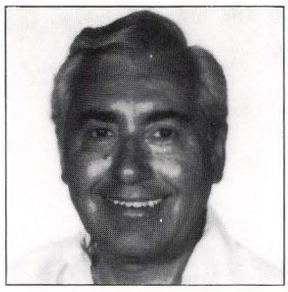
Krotowski, Harry
Second Generation
New York, NY
Floral Park, NY



Kuczynski, Ber
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Brighton, MA



Kuczynski, Sala (Grundman)
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Brighton, MA



Kuechel, Alexander
Berlin, Germany
Langenbielau
Studio City, CA



Kuechel, Lilo (Bernstein)
Berlin, Germany
In Hiding
Studio City, CA



Kunofsky, Miriam (Kronisch)
Zborow, Poland
Zborow, Poland
Waterbury, CT



Kuperman, Claire (Rosenzweig)
Philadelphia, PA
Phildadelphia, PA



Kuperman, Jacob
Katowice, Poland
Buchenwald
Philadelphia, PA



Kuperstock, Chaim
Janow Lubelski, Poland
Flossenburg
Reading, PA



Kuperstock, Esther (Lang)
Janow Lubelski, Poland
Theresienstadt
Reading, PA



Kurnitz, Michael (Kurnendz)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Buchenwald-Dora
Bronx, NY



Left:

Kushner, Rae
Nowogrodek, Poland
Poland
Hillside, NJ

Kushner, Joseph (Berkowitz)
Koralicze, Poland
Nowogrodek with Partisans
Hillside, NJ



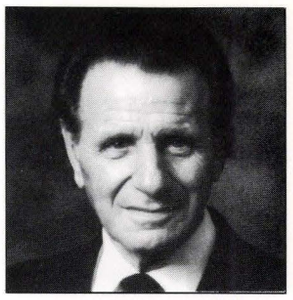
Kantorowitz Moshe
Shereshow, Poland
Auschwitz
St. John, Canada



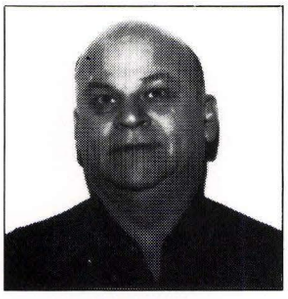
Kuszerman, Chaim
Lodz, Poland
Blechhamer, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Kuszerman, Frieda (Kuszerman)
Wolanow, Poland
Rechlin
Brooklyn, NY



Kwiatek, Mordechai
Lomza, Poland
Ghetto Lomza
San Diego, CA



Lan, Leonard
Kovno, Lithuania
Bergen-Belsen
Randolph, MA



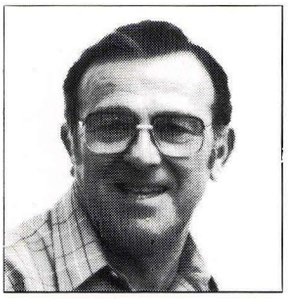
Lane, Berny C. (Werner Levi)
Frankfurt a/M, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Ft. Lauderdale, FL



Lansky, Karen Ray
Second Generation
Atlanta, GA



Lansky, Lola (Borkowski)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Atlanta, GA



Lansky, Rubin (Zychlinski)
Ozorkow, Poland
Buchenwald
Atlanta, GA



Larsen, Zezette
Belgium
Leipzig, Germany
Newton, MA



Laskowski, Leah (Russ)
Lodz, Poland
Stutthof
Berkeley, CA



Lasky, Aron (Lacki)
Lida, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Lasky, Helena (Gottesman)
Dolina, Poland
Stryj, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Lasoski, Helen (Przechadzki)
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
New Orleans, LA



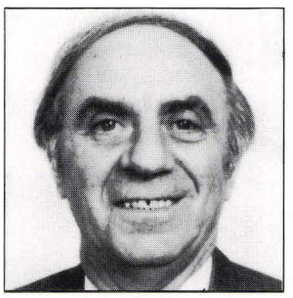
Lasoski, Henry
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt
New Orleans, LA



Lasoski, Jack C.
Second Generation
Wartenberg, Germany
Paducah, KY



Lasoski, Milton Ch. Ph.D.
Second Generation
New Orleans, LA
Fort Lyon, CO



Laufer, Leo
Lodz, Poland
Ohrdruf
Dallas, TX



Lazar, Lilian (Guzenfiter)
Warsaw, Poland
Czenstochowa
Yonkers, NY



Lazar, Anthony
Sigat
Neuburg Von Wald
Yonkers, NY



Lazan, Marion (Blumenthal)
Bremen, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Hewlett, NY



Lazinger, Fanny (Deutsch)
Kalo-Shemen, Hungary
Auschwitz
Bridgeport, CT



Lazinger, Nathan
Pilica, Poland
Gross-Rosen
Bridgeport, CT



Lebovitz, Shirley
Kralovo Nad Tisou
Bydgoszcz, Poland
Phoenix, AZ



Lebzelter, Gerda (Berger-Lowy)
Prague, Czechoslovakia
Maerzdorf
Bayside, NY



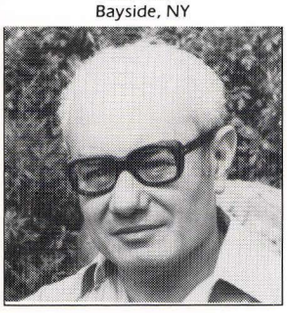
Lebzelter, Kuba
Stanislawow, Poland
Lwow, Poland
Bayside, NY



Lee, Barbara (Schwartz)
Chrzanow, Poland
Ludwigsdorf-Gorlitz
Los Angeles, CA



Lee, Bernard (Lieberman)
Pabianice, Poland
Dachau
Los Angeles, CA



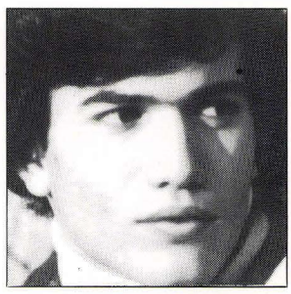
Leitner, Irving A.
New York, NY
Riverdale, NY



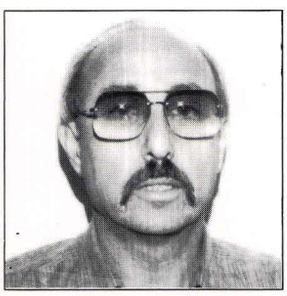
Leitner, Isabella (Katz)
Kisvarda, Hungary
Eastern Germany-by Russians
Riverdale, NY



Leitner, Peter Eban
Second Generation
New York City, NY
Riverdale, NY



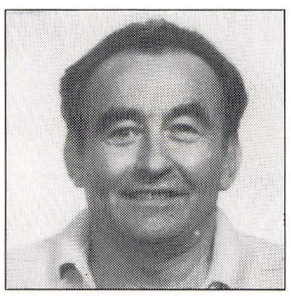
Leitner, Richard Andrew
Second Generation
New York Ctiy, NY
Riverdale, NY



Lesser, Larry (Lolek Lejzerowicz)
Warsaw, Poland
In Hiding
Columbia, MD



Lester, Irma (Rechnitzer)
USA
Los Angeles, CA



Lester, Larry (Lipovecky)
Ilosva,Czechoslovakia
Mildorf, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Levenstein, Isak
Krakow, Poland
Plaszow, Poland
Hillside, NJ



Levenstein, Sally (Banach)
Krakow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Hillside, NJ



Levin, Rachel (Abromovitch)
Visokedvor
Stutthof
Pottstown, PA



Levin, Rafael
Kovno, Lithuania
In Hiding in Woods
Pottstown, PA



Levy, Jonit (Stessel)
Second Generation
Levy, Dov
Third Generation
Brooklyn, NY



Levy, Daphne Miranda
Third Generation
Dobbs Ferry, NY
Dobbs Ferry, NY



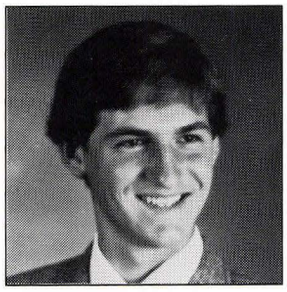
Levy, Joan Esther (Ungar)
Second Generation
Queens, NY
Dobbs Ferry, NY



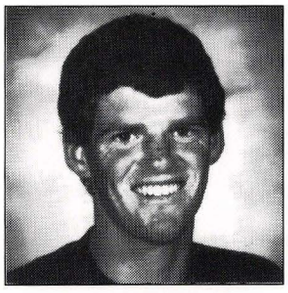
Levy, Melanie Heather
Third Generation
Dobbs Ferry, NY
Dobbs Ferry, NY



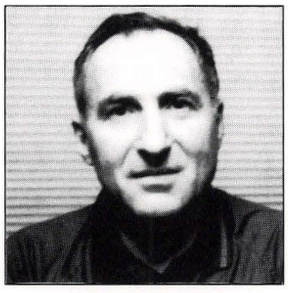
Lewin, Anne (Morgens)
Lodz, Poland
Olsztyn near Czenstochowa
Corte Madera, CA



Lewin, David
Second Generation
New York, NY
Corte Madera, CA



Lewin, Matthew
Second Generation
Madison, WI
Corte Madera, CA



Lewin, Nathan PhD.
Lwow, Poland
Lwow, Poland
Corte Madera, CA



Lewis, Shirley (Sheinbek)
Second Generation
Bensheim, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Libitzky, Eva (Gerszt)
Lodz, Poland
Oederan
Manchester, CT



Libitzky, Martin (Libicki)
Lodz, Poland
Friedland
Manchester, CT



Left:

Lichtbroun, William (Lichtbraun)
Velky-Kopona
Mauthausen, Gunskirchen
North Miami Beach, FL

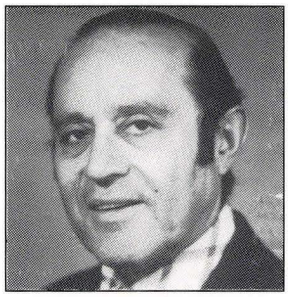
Lichtbroun, Helen (Katz-Ryba)
Krakow, Poland
Leipzig, Germany
North Miami Beach, FL



Lichtenstein, Charles H.
Oberwesel, Germany
Gleiwitz
Deceased



Lichter, Ire
Lwow, Poland
Russia
North Miami Beach, FL



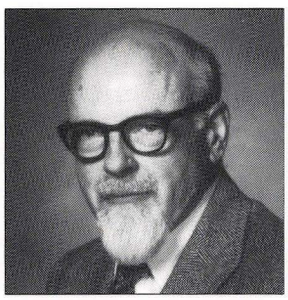
Lieberman, Joseph
Sosnowiec
Dachau
Trenton, NJ



Lieberman, Rose (Cukier)
Warsaw, Poland
Beuthen, Germany
Trenton, NJ



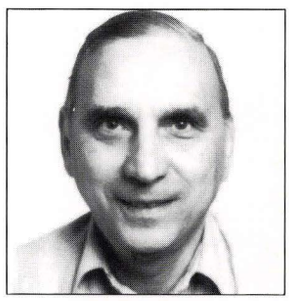
Lieblich, Boruch
Chrzanow, Poland
Dachau
Merrick, NY



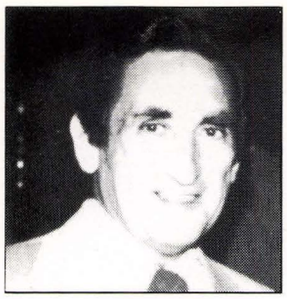
Lifschitz, Yehoshua
Lodz, Poland
Gross Rosen
Southfield, MI



Lipshitz, Rene (Welgrin)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Camp Rechlin
Skokie, IL



Lipshitz,Charles
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Skokie, IL



Lipson, Alfred (Lipszyc)
Radom, Poland
Dachau-Vaihingen
Bayside, NY



Lipson, Carol (Frenkel)
Radom, Poland
Auschwitz
Bayside, NY



Lipson, Lola (Goldberg)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Amherst, NY



Lipson, Morris (Lipszyc)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Amherst, NY



Lipton, Leonard
Brooklyn NY
Atlantic Beach, NY



Lipton, Sonia (Habler)
Eschwege, Germany
Torun, Poland
Atlantic Beach, NY



Lis, Kalman
Slomniki
In Hiding
Cape Town, South Africa



Lis, Pesia (Lowenstein)
Kosice, Czechoslovakia
In Hiding
Cape Town, South Africa



Literman, Luba (Moncznik)
Stopnica, Poland
Leipzig
Williamsville, NY



Literman, Rubin
Plock, Poland
Theresienstadt
Williamsville, NY



Littner, Joseph
Bielsko, Poland
Underground
Yonkers, NY



Littner, Mira (Heinsdorf)
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Yonkers, NY



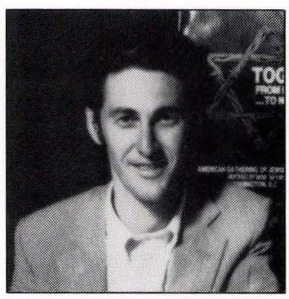
Littner, Sidney
Trzebinia, Poland
Garmisch-Partenkirchen
Valley Stream, NY



Littner, Sylvia (Zeug)
Radziechow, Poland
Gorlitz
Valley Stream, NY



Livingston, Esther (Kac)
Michaliszki, Poland
Laundburg-Chinow
Los Angeles, CA



Livingston, Stanley
Second Generation
USA
Los Angeles, CA



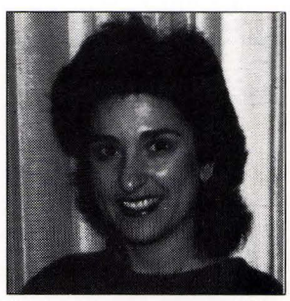
Liwerant, Herschel
Radom, Poland
Birkenau
New Orleans, LA



Loeb, Evelyn
Second Generation
Philadelphia, PA
Rhinebeck, NY



Loeb, Ilse (Morgenstern)
Vienna, Austria
Hiding in Holland
Monsey, NY



Lowenstein, Susan (Loeb)
Second Generation
Bronx, NY
Succassuna, NJ



Lowy, Edith (Pickova)
Poruba, Orlova, Czechoslovakia
Oschatz
Silver Spring, MD



Lowy, Roslyn (Newman)
Vis De Sus, Rumania
Gergental
Forest Hills, NY



Lubka, Felix
Lodz, Poland
Auschwitz
Deceased



Lubka, Sofia (Rozencweig)
Pabianice, Poland
Auschwitz
West Hartford, CT



Lubliner, David
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Sunrise, FL



Lubliner, Helen (Laznowska)
Pabianice, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Sunrise, FL



Lubow, George (Ostaszynski)
Nowogrodek, Poland
Nowogrodek, Poland
Arcadia, CA



Lustman, Jacqueline Donnenfeld (Aumann)
Paris, France
Santo Domingo, Colombia
Flushing, NY



Lyon, David Hollander M.D.
Second Generation
San Francisco, CA
San Francisco, CA



Lyon, Gloria Hollender (Hollander)
Nagy Bereg, Czechoslovakia
Ravensbruck
San Francisco, CA



Lyon, Iris (Messica)
Tripoli, Libya
San Francisco, CA



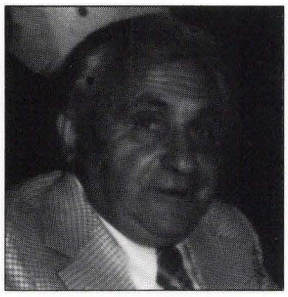
Lyon, Jonathan Victor
Second Generation
San Francisco, CA
Berkeley, CA



Lyon, Karl D.
Buehl, Baden, Germany
San Francisco, CA



Mac, Israel
Second Generation
Innsbruck, Austria
Rutland, VT



Mac, David
Radom, Poland
Dachau
Rutland, VT



Mac, Sally
Second Generation
Rutland, VT
Waltham, MA



Mac, Sonia (Bebelski)
Tarnow, Poland
Auschwitz
Rutland, VT



Maislis, Toni (Plonsky)
Lodz, Poland
Stutthof
N. Miami Beach, FL



de Majo, Genja (Steinbuch)
Demblin, Poland
Vienna, Austria



de Majo, Robert
Vienna, Austria
Vienna, Austria



Makowsky, Joseph
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Kansas City, MO



Makowsky, Regina (Leszczynska)
Ozorkow, Poland
Thersienstadt
Kansas City, MO



Maier, Samuel
Frampol
In Hiding, Frampol
Baltimore, MD



Mandel, Judith (Kalman)
Hatvau, Hungary
Dachau
Yonkers, NY



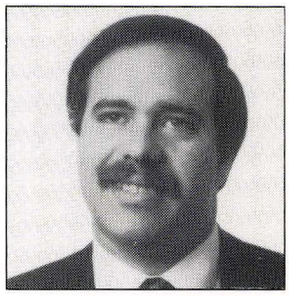
Mandelbaum, Doris (Saffran)
New York, NY
Boca Raton, FL



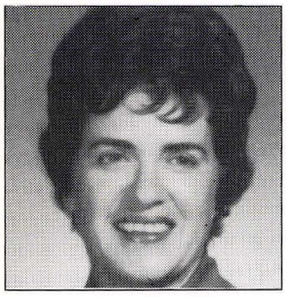
Mandelbaum, Samson
Szczakowa, Poland
Russia
Boca Raton, FL



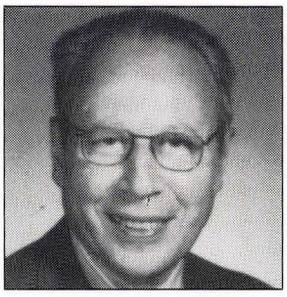
Mandelbaum, Lola (Kleiner)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Cleveland, OH



Mandelbaum, Syd
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Cedarhurst, NY



Mandler, Erica (Raab)
Vienna, Austria
Woods of Eastern Slovakia
Chillicothe, MO



Mandler, George MD
Ostrava, Czechoslovakia
Woods of Eastern Slovakia
Chillicothe, MO



Margules, Edward
Lodz, Poland
Germany
Riverdale, NY



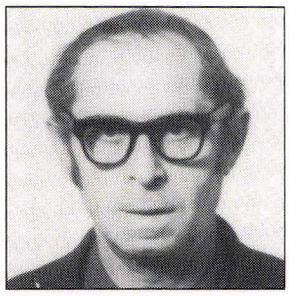
Margules, Lily (Mazur)
Wilno Poland
Crumau
Riverdale, NY



Margules, Lucy (Kronisch)
Zborow, Poland
In Hiding Zborow
Brooklyn, NY



Margules, Zygmunt
Grodzisko, Poland
In Hiding Zborow
Brooklyn, NY



Margulies, Michael (Leizer)
Jaslisko, Poland
Mauthausen
Deceased



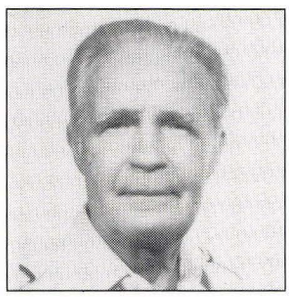
Margulis, Rae (Wainman)
Odessa, Russia
In Hiding
Philadelphia, PA



Margulis, Sam
Dubnow, Poland
In Hiding
Philadelphia, PA



Markovits, Andrei S.
Second Generation
Timisoara, Rumania
Cambridge, MA



Markowitz, Erwin
Uzhorod, Czechoslovakia
Mauthausen
Brooklyn, NY



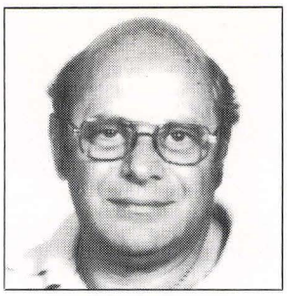
Markowitz, Tobie (Weiss)
Kerecke, Czechosolovakia
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



Marshall, Lotte (Isaak)
Mannheim
Marseille, France
New York, NY



Marx, Hanna Lore (Simons)
Riga, Latvia
Stutthof
San Diego, Ca



Marx, Henry Helmut
Hagen, Germany
Wulkow
San Diego, Ca



Marx, Judy Ester
Second Generation
Chicago, IL
San Diego, CA



Marx, Susanne Deborah
Second Generation
Chicago, IL
San Diego, CA



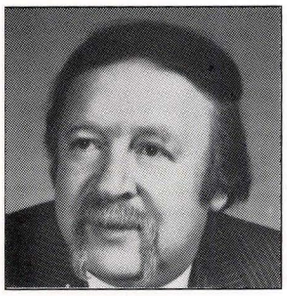
May, Mariana (Zadikow)
Prague, Czechoslovakia
Teresin
Pine Bush, NY



Mayer, Elizabeth (Kahan)
Berehovo, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
New York, NY



Mayer, Herman
New York, NY
New York, NY



Mayer, Leon
Zaleszczyki, Poland
Tluste, Poland
Lawrence, NY



Medine, Sara M. (Feldberg)
Zwolen, Poland
Fort Lee, NJ



Meed, Dr. Steven David
Second Generation
New York, NY
New York, NY



Meed, Rita (Goldwasser)
Second Generation
Lodz, Poland
New York, NY



Meister, Frima (Pak)
Dubno, Poland
Russia
Baltimore, MD



Meister, Morris
Dubno, Poland
Russia
Baltimore, MD



Melamed, Bluma (Norman)
Smorgon, Poland
In Hiding
Brooklyn, NY



Melamed, Nachman
Kowel, Poland
In Hiding
Deceased



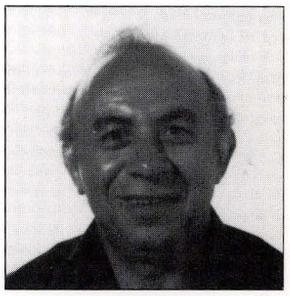
Menche, Ann (Maizels)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Menche, Herman
Podembice, Poland
Buchenwald
Brooklyn, NY



Mendler, Joan (Pretter)
Pittsburgh, PA
Latrobe



Mendler, Robert R. (Reibelsen)
Nowy Targ, Poland
Pocking, Germany
Latrobe, PA



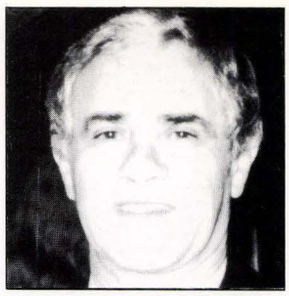
Merin, David
Slomniki, Poland
Krakow, Plaszow
West Hartford, CT



Merin, Dorothy (Goldberg)
Springfield, MA
West Hartford, CT



Mermelstein, Mel
Munkacs, Hungary
Buchenwald
Huntington Beach, CA



Merrick, Leon S. (Kusmirek)
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald,
Silver Spring, MD



Merrick, Nina S. (Szuster)
Rokitno, Poland
Partisans
Silver Spring, MD



Meth, Rose (Fruchter)
Szeget, Rumania
Bergen-Belsen
Kew Gardens, NY



Meyers, Rose (Lewkowicz)
Siemianowice, Poland
Schatzlar
Kenmore, NY



Meyers, Yale
Buffalo, NY
Kenmore, NY



Michalow, Henia (Kandel)
Sokolow Podlaski, Poland
Malchow
Bayside, NY



Michalow, Louis
Lenin, Poland
Schweringem
Bayside, NY



Michel, Ernest W.
Mannheim, Germany
Buchenwald, Berga
New York, NY



Mietkiewicz, Adela (Kohn)
Podembice, Poland
Dachau
Deceased



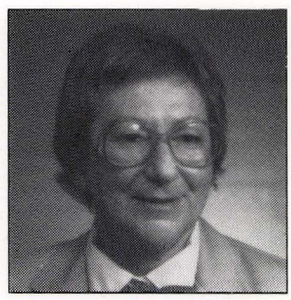
Milch, Bernard
Kozowa, Poland
In Hiding In Woods
Lawrence, NY



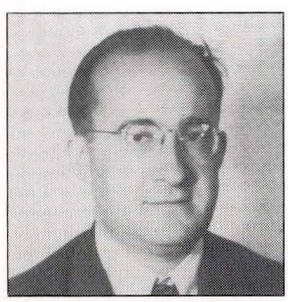
Milch, Lusia (Rosenzweig)
Skalat, Poland
In Hiding In Woods
Lawrence, NY



Milchiker, Abraham
Wilno, Poland
Wilno, Poland
Cleveland, OH



Milchiker, Celia (Chajet)
Wilno, Poland
Wilno, Poland
Cleveland, OH



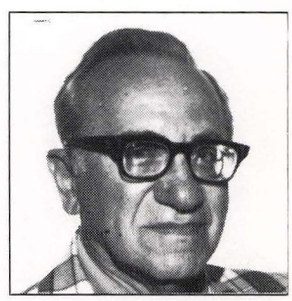
Miles, Henry (Chmielnicki)
Warsaw, Poland
Aukstelkija, Lithuania
Forest Hills, NY



Miller, Bola (Friedler)
Boryslaw, Poland
Auschwitz
Montvale, NJ



Millich, Edzia-Frymet
Lodz, Poland
Ravensbruck, Germany
Beverly Hills, CA



Mincberg, Dr. Isaac
Kielce, Poland
Blechemer
Boynton Beach, FL



Mincberg, Helen (Wurman)
Ostrowiec, Poland
Goergenthal
Boynton Beach, FL



Mitchell, Bina (Wald)
Brzeziny, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
San Francisco, CA



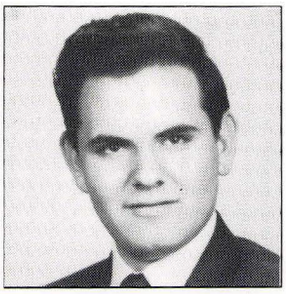
Mitchell, Celia
Second Generation
Bergen-Belsen
San Francisco, CA



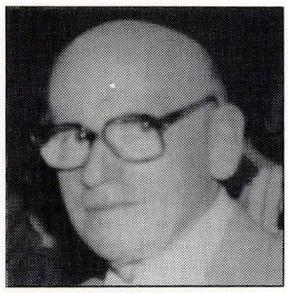
Mitchell, Neal (Michlewicz)
Tomaszow Maz, Poland
Russia
San Francisco, CA



Mitgang, Celina (Neuhaus)
Lodz Poland
Aryan Area in Lublin
Brooklyn, NY



Mitgang, Dr. Charles A.
Second Generation
New York, NY
Cedarhurst, NY



Mitgang, Sol
Radzanow, Poland
Theresienstadt
Brooklyn, NY



Mittelman, Dr. Harry
Pilica Poland
Poland
Atherton, CA



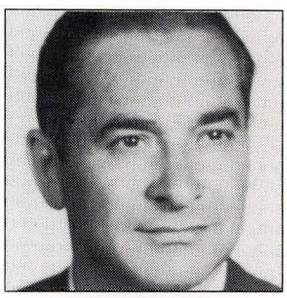
Modenstein, Ann (Idels)
Kowno, Lithuania
Stutthof
Lincoln, NE



Modenstein, Eli
Mlawa, Poland
Gleiwitz
Lincoln, NE



Morgens, Marie (Minc)
Lodz, Poland
Olsztyn near Czenstochowa
New York, NY



Morgens, Frank (Morgenstern)
Lodz, Poland
Olsztyn near Czenstochowa
New York, NY



Montag, Rega (Seidenbeutel)
Warsaw, Poland
Riesen-Geburg, Germany
Flushing, NY



Morris, Miriam (Friedman)
Second Generation
Petach, Tikva, Israel
Pomona, NY



Morris, Serena (Weisz)
Cholmetz, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Pittsburgh, PA



Morrison, Hudes (Lepek)
Izbica Kujawska, Poland
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



Morrison, Sol L.
USA
Brooklyn, NY



Moser, Rachel Suzanne
Third Generation
New York, NY



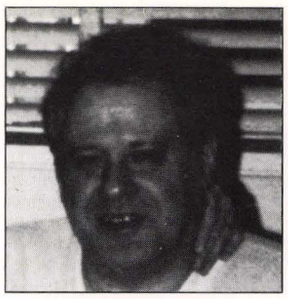
Moser, Rita (Ungar)
Second Generation
Queens, NY
New York, NY



Moskowits, Gertrude
Kuzmino, Czechoslovakia
Ravensbruck, Germany
Bronx, NY



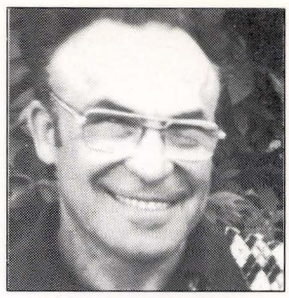
Moskowitz, Louis
Kuzmino, Czechoslovakia
Ebensee, Germany
Bronx, NY



Moszenberg, Leon
Lodz, Poland
Ludwigslust
Flushing, NY



Moszenberg, Minia (Wasilkowska)
Ozorkow, Poland
Dachau
Flushing, NY



Mueller, Albert (Miller)
Bendzin, Poland
Gross Rosen
Greenfield, IN



Muler, Bernice
Tomoszow Lubelski, Poland
Russia
Dayton, OH



Muler, Benjamin
Wilno, Poland
Russia
Dayton, OH



Muller, Elizabeth R.
Presov, Czechoslovakia
Bratislava, Czechoslovakia
New York, NY



Munn, Ben (Moncznik)
Lodz, Poland
Goerlitz
Boston, MA



Munn, Grete (Samson)
Aurich, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Boston, MA



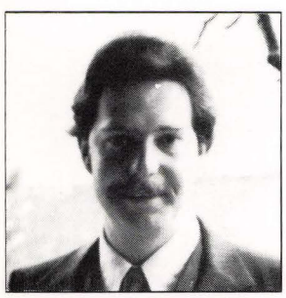
Murawnik, Paula (Ruppell)
Kaunus, Lithuania
Keiserwald
Des Moines, IA



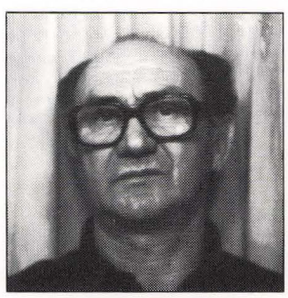
Neiman, John
Santa Monica, CA
Encino, CA



Neiken, Halina
Krakow, Poland
Near Dresden
Cambridge, MA



Neiken, Les Daniel
Second Generation
Krakow, Poland
Cambridge, MA



Netzer, Kalman
Mielec, Poland
Lebenow Bei Laufen
Silver Spring, MD



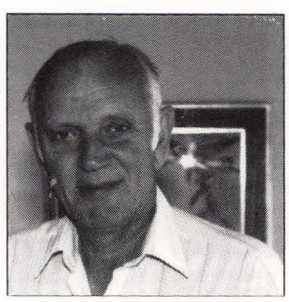
Neufeld, Jack
Wolbrom, Poland
Wistegensdore, Grojec
Toledo, OH



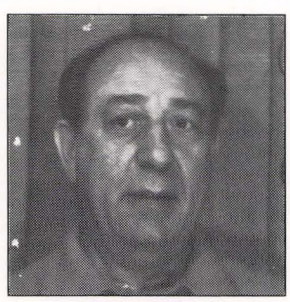
Neuhaus, Chana (Streicher)
Lodz, Poland
as Aryan in Lublin area
Brooklyn, NY



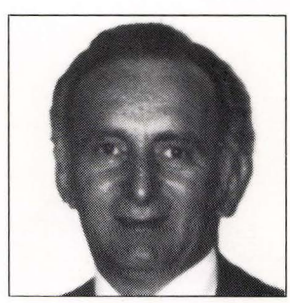
Neuman, Frances (Gelbart)
Klobuck, Poland
Langenbielau
Trenton, NJ



Neuman, Stanley
Volove, Czechoslovakia
Theresienstadt
Trenton, NJ



Neuman, Nathan
Danzig
Ebensee
Tucker, GA



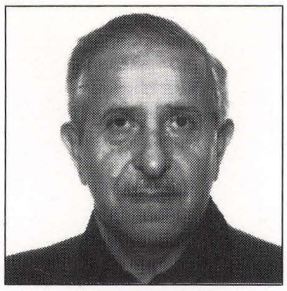
Neustadt, Joseph
Riga, Latvia
Keizerwald
Canoga Park, CA



Newman, Edie (Egerman)
Nowy Sacz, Poland
Ravensbruck-Malchow
Philadelphia, PA



Newman, Rita (Kupfer)
Nowy Korczyn, Poland
Czenstochowa-Hassag
Skokie, IL



Newman, Samuel
Hukliva
Bergen-Belsen
Skokie, IL



Niederman, Leslie
Patroha, Hungary
Dachau
Englewood Cliffs, NJ



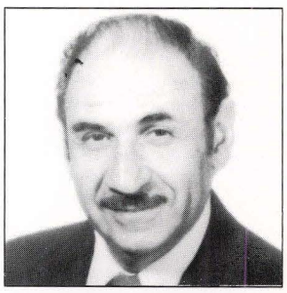
Niederman, Susan
Benedikovce, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Englewood Cliffs, NJ



Nissenbaum, Bernard
Lodz, Poland
Birkenau
West Palm Beach, FL



Nitzberg, Mildred
Newark, NJ
Hollywood, FL



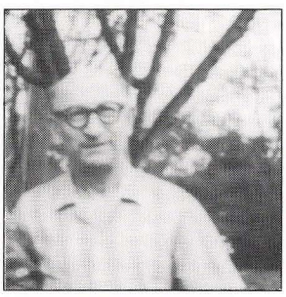
Nitzberg, Saul I. M.D.
Pruzany, Poland
Kaufering
Hollywood, FL



Novak, Margaret (Marketa)
Berezovo, Czechoslovakia
Melteuer
Beverly Hills, CA



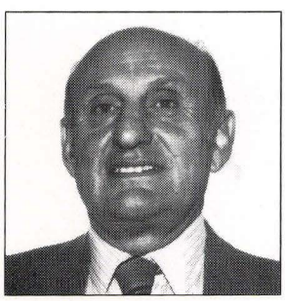
Novotny, Chil G.
Zdunska Wola, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Atlanta, GA



Nower, Joseph Dr.
Rozwadow, Poland
Saratow, Russia
W. Palm Beach, FL



Nower, Leah Dr. (Baum)
Deceased



Nussenbaum, Isidor
Bautzen, Germany
Rueben
Irvine, CA



Ohrenstein, Bernard
Krakow, Poland
Sachsenhausen
Sarasota, FL



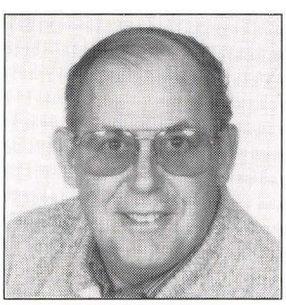
Ohrenstein, Helen (Ikka-Zukowski)
Brzeziny, Poland
Sarasota, FL



Okon, Eli
Bialystok, Poland
Dachau-Kaufering Lager 11
Philadelphia, PA



Okon, Marta (Liquornik)
Budapest, Hungary
Landsberg/Lech
Philadelphia, PA



Oppenheimer, Herbert J.
Berlin
Gusen #1
Skokie, IL



Oppenheimer, Margret (Hoffman)
Oeide, Westfalen
Stutthof
Skokie, IL



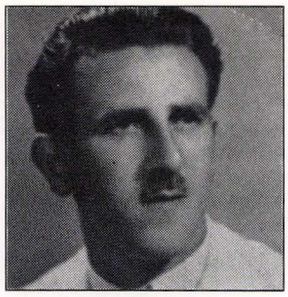
Orbach, Laurence (Lothar)
Berlin, Germany
Buchenwald
Union, NJ



Orbach, Richard B.
Second Generation
Newark, NJ
New York, NY



Orbach, Ruth (Geier)
Berlin, Germany
Union, NJ



Osinski, Stanley (Ofenheim)
Warsaw, Poland
Aryan Papers
Fairlawn, NJ



Oster, Bernard (Ostrowiecki)
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia
Fort Lee, NJ



Oster, Miriam (Ostrowiecka)
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia
Fort Lee, NJ



Ostroff, Ella (Weisz)
Satoraljaujhely
Ifildorf-Staltach
Portland, OR



Pack, Miriam (Portnoy)
Taurik, Lithuania
Dachau, Germany
Far Rockaway, NY



Pagelson, Edith (Herz)
Worms, Germany
Stutthof, NoweMiasto
Somers, NY



Pantirer, Louise (Lorber)
Rozwadow, Poland
Russia
Hillside, NJ



Pantirer, Murray
Krakow, Poland
Brinetz, Czechoslovakia
Hillside, NJ



Pass, Hyman
Plonsk, Poland
Blechamer
Brooklyn, NY



Pass, Sarah (Fryman)
Zakroczym, Poland
Gleiver
Brooklyn, NY



Pasternack, Mayer
Radom, Poland
Veihingen/Enz, Germany
Hollywood, FL



Pasternack, Sonia (Zlotnik)
Radom, Poland
Polish Side in Warsaw
Hollywood, FL



Pasternak, Eva
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
New York, NY



Pearlstein, Cecilia (Jaget)
Bobrka, Poland
Bialy Dwor, Poland
New City, NY



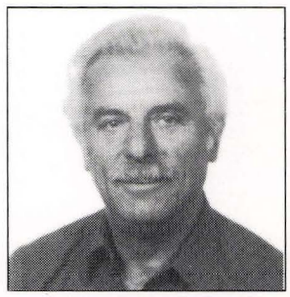
Pelman, Jack
Sosnowiec, Poland
Buchenwald, Germany
Milwaukee, WI



Peltz, Hania (Brod)
Lezajsk, Poland
Taucha near Leipzig
Flushing, NY



Peltz, Philip
Izbica-Lubelska, Poland
Underground Lublin
Flushing, NY



Peltz, Walter W. (Pelc)
Warsaw, Poland
Dachau
Mequon, WI



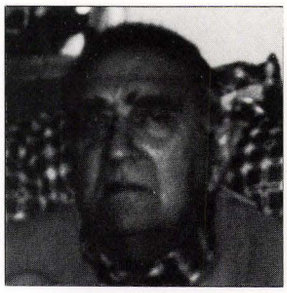
Perel, Mania (Frydman)
Radom, Poland
Ravensbruck, Germany
Philadelphia, PA



Perel, Rafael
Zamosc, Poland
Jewish Partisans
Philadelphia, PA



Perel, Nat
Kowel, Poland
Creve Couer, MO



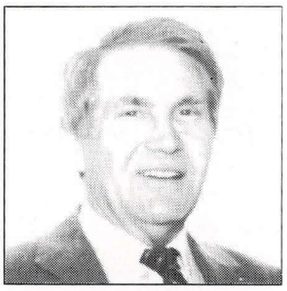
Perlin, Meyer
USA
USA
Falls Church, VA



Perlin, Selma (Schulman)
Berlin (Maccabi-Bar Kochba)
England
Falls Church, VA



Perlis, Fay (Kurctag)
Warsaw, Poland
Siberia, Russia
Boca Raton, FL



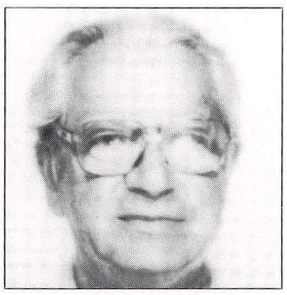
Perlmutter, Michael
Opatow, Poland
Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia
Morganville, NJ



Peters, Irving
Beverly Hills, CA



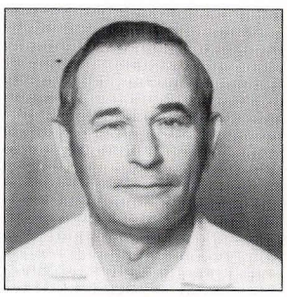
Peters, Jean (Gurewitz)
Beverly Hills, CA



Peters, Harry (Paturski)
Wilno Poland
Schamberg near Stuttgart
Los Angeles, CA



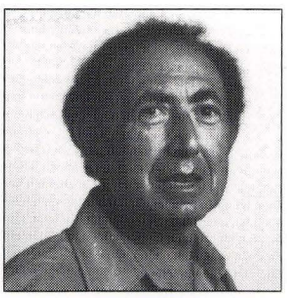
Peters, Liza (Dushytz-Matus)
Wilno Poland
Stutthof
Los Angeles, CA



Pfeffer, Leon
Bursztyn, Poland
In Woods
Jackson, NJ



Pfeffer, Molly (Erdstein)
Bursztyn, Poland
Assumed name in Germany
Jackson, NJ



Pila, Max
Fort Worth, TX



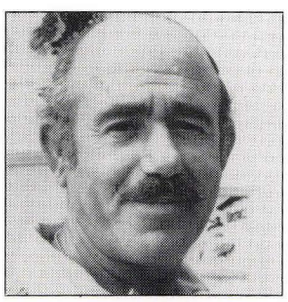
Pila, Rose
Fort Worth, TX



Plaisner, Nathan
Jawornik, Poland
Russia
New York, NY



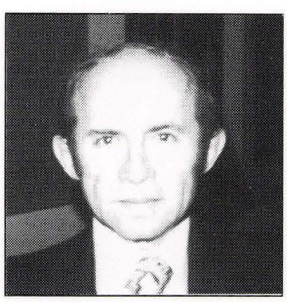
Plonsky, Vera L. (Kaufman)
Zborov, Slovakia
Swedish Red Cross
Upper Montclair, NJ



Polak, Sidney
Bialystok, Poland
In Woods, Russia
Hollywood, FL



Popper, Wolf A.
Baron Wolfgang Alexander
Popper von Podhragy
Vienna, Austria
Czechoslovakia
New York, NY



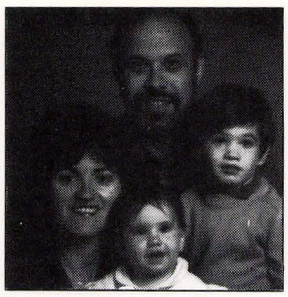
Polonecki, Joe
Tarnow, Poland
Schreichingen
North Woodmere, LI, NY



Pomerantz, Ruth (Wasserman)
Radzyn Podlaski
Siberia, Russia
Los Angeles, CA



Pomerantz, Zelig
Radzyn Podlaski
Mouslovitce (Sudeten)
Los Angeles, CA



Left:

Porter, Miriam (Almuly)
Santa Maria, Ca.
Newton Highlands, MA

Porter, Jack N. Dr.
Second Generation
Rowne, Poland
Newton Highlands, MA

Children:

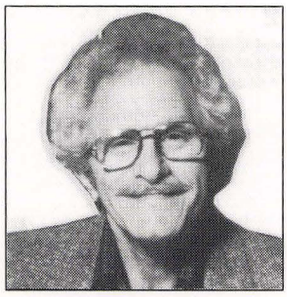
Gabriel and Danielle Porter



Posmantier, Harry
Bendzin, Poland
Allach-Staltach, Bavaria
Skokie, IL



Posmantier, Ruth (Katz)
Warsaw, Poland
Germany, Aryan Papers
Skokie, IL



Posner, Louis (Posener)
Berlin, Germany
Auschwitz
Los Angeles, CA



Posner, Sylvia (Smialy)
Second Generation
New York, NY



Praw, Maurice
Lodz, Poland
Neuburg Von Wald
Los Angeles, CA



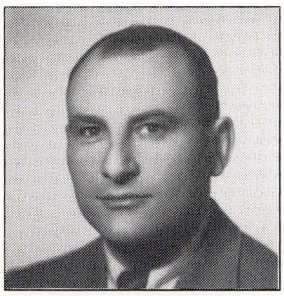
Praw, Tamara (Rosenblat)
Lodz Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Los Angles, CA



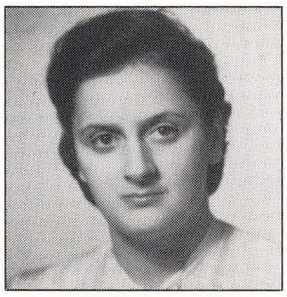
Pressman, Judith N. (Entelis)
Warsaw, Poland
Lubitsch-Stutthof
Tampa, FL



Prevost, Katharina (Goldstein)
Budapest, Hungary
Dachau
Wantagh, NY



Prosaw, Peter (Proszowski)
Lodz, Poland
Auschwitz
Hollis Hills, NY



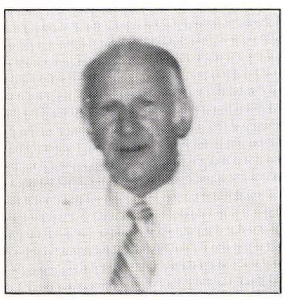
Prosaw, Phyllis (Grunwald)
Lodz, Poland
Mehlteuer
Hollis Hills, NY



Rabinek, George
Budapest, Hungary
Ludwigslust, Germany
Baltimore, MD



Rabinek, Helen (Wachtenheim)
Budapest, Hungary
Budapest
Baltimore, MD



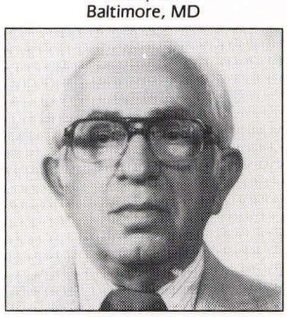
Raboy, Aron
Berezno, Poland
Russia
Braintree, MA



Raboy, Irene (Portnoy)
Yorbarkas, Lithuania
Burberg, Germany
Braintree, MA



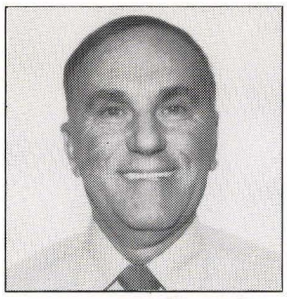
Radasky, Frieda (Bursztyn)
Warsaw, Poland
Dachau, Germany
Metairie, LA



Radasky, Salomon (Radoszynski)
Warsaw, Poland
Dachau, Germany
Metairie, LA



Rapaport, Lea (Spodek)
Jozefow, Poland
Russia
Brookline, MA



Rapaport, Mark H. Dr.
Piotrkow, Poland
Buchenwald
Brookline, MA



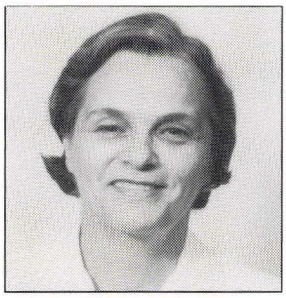
Rapp, James H. (Rapaport)
Poland
Buchenwald, Germany
Scarsdale, NY



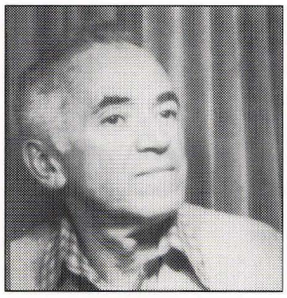
Rappaport, Anita (Finder)
Second Generation
Salem, MA
Upper Nyack, NY



Ratchkauskas, Jechezkel
Serei
Kaunas, Lithuania
Sewickley, PA



Ratchkauskas, Ruchama (Keidansky)
Kaunas, Lithuania
Kaunas
Sewickley, PA



Reba, Henry
Ostrowiec, Poland
Buchenwald
Milwaukee, WI



Reba, Susan (Schumacher)
New York, NY
Milwaukee, WI



Reich, Elizabeth
Cluj, Rumania
Zwickau
Brooklyn, NY



Reich, Ismar
Berlin, Germany
Underground-Berlin
New York, NY



Reich, Jack
Pogon, Poland
Zwittau
Skokie, IL



Reich, Lydia (Rychner)
Gleiwitz, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Skokie, IL



Reichman, Avive Arlene
Second Generation
Paterson, NJ
Fall River, MA



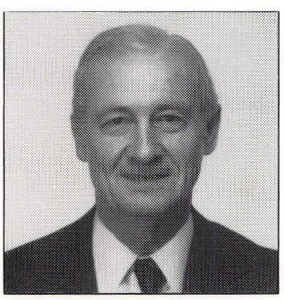
Reichman, Doris (Mietkiewicz)
Pabianice, Poland
Dachau
Wayne, NJ



Reichman, Joseph
Piotrkow Tryb, Poland
Theresienstadt
Wayne, NJ



Reischer, Erna (Reich)
Trzebinia, Poland
Oberaltstadt, Czechoslovakia
W. Palm Beach, FL



Resnick, Abe (Resnikowitz)
Kovno, Lithuania
KZ Kovno—Russian Army
Miami Beach, FL



Left:

Resnick, Sonia (Walter)
Sienkiewiczowka, Poland
In Hiding
Brooklyn NY

Resnick, Morris
Boremel, Poland
In Hiding
Brooklyn, NY



Reznic, Genia (Miedzyrzecki)
Warsaw Poland
Warsaw, Poland
Tel-Aviv, Israel



Reznicki, Zalman
Ruzana Grodzienska, Poland
Lancut Camp
Deceased



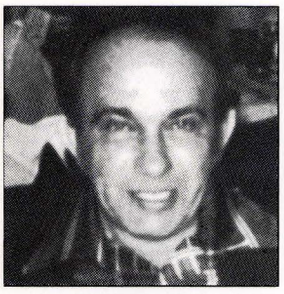
Rich, Linda Sue
Second Generation
Encino, CA
Costa Mesa, CA



Riemer, Edith G. (Lefor)
Ludwigshafen, Germany
England
Cherry Valley, NY



Ringel, Clara (Herc)
Leipzig, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Bronx, NY



Ringel, Emil
Przemysl, Poland
Deceased



Ripp, Evelyn (Romanowsky)
Lachwa, Poland
In Forest
Tenafly, NJ



Ritter, Margot (Elias)
Piotrkow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Peoria, IL



Ritter, Siegfried (Rittlewski)
Piotrkow Tryb, Poland
Buchenwald
Peoria, IL



Robzyk, Clara (Czlegler)
Mandok, Hungary
Holisov
Brooklyn, NY



Robzyk, Saul (Rozenheck)
Rachov, Czechoslovakia
Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Rogozinski, Abram
Ozorkow, Poland
Buchenwald, Germany
Revere, MA



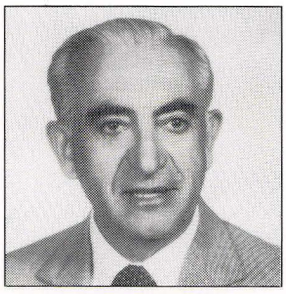
Rolter, Esther
Second Generation
U.S.A.
Brooklyn, NY



Roling, Rita (Sved)
Second Generation
Czechoslovakia
Philadelphia, PA



Ron, Bilha (Zehori)
Ravava, Israel
Canton, OH



Ron, Samuel (Rakowski)
Kazimierza-Wielka, Poland
Oranienburg, Germany
Canton, OH



Rose, Hana (Steinbuch)
Demblin, Poland
Czenstochowa
Hollywood, FL



Rosen, Erik (Rosenzweig)
Nice, France
Janina Grube
Woodbury, NY



Rosen, Esther (Machtey)
Stolpce, Poland
Omsk, Russia
Amherst, OH



Rosen, Samuel
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hasag-Czenstochowa
Amherst, OH



Rosen, Fanny (Meerbaum)
Czernovitz, Rumania
Copeigorod
San Diego, CA



Rosenbaum, Andrew
Uzhorod, Hungary
Gunskirchen-Linz
Beverly Hills, CA



Rosenbaum, Hana (Landau)
Uzhorod, Hungary
Mauthausen
Beverly Hills, CA



Rosenbaum, Ben
Gelsunkien, Germany
In Hiding, Belgium-France
Brooklyn, NY



Rosenbaum, Gertrude (Podhalcier)
Vienna, Austria
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



Rosenbaum, Beverly (Block)
Second Generation
New York, N.Y.
Forest Hills, NY



Rosenberg, Alex
Zakrzowek, Poland
Buchenwald
Los Angeles, CA



Rosenberg, Bertha (Jegendorf)
Onut, Rumania
Borszczow, Poland
Los Angeles, CA



Rosenberg, Celia (Welsz)
Gegeny, Hungary
Ravensbruck, Bart
Brooklyn, NY



Rosenberg, Saul
Tokaj, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen, Bart
Brooklyn, NY



Rosenberg, Esther (Freidenreich-Sroda)
Lodz, Poland
Saltzwedel
Brooklyn, NY



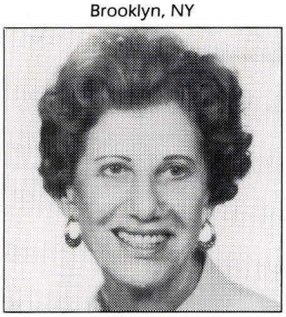
Rosenberg, Sol (Salek)
Warsaw, Poland
Dachau
Monroe, LA



Rosenberg, Tola (Barron)
Lodz, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Monroe, LA



Rosenberg, William
Czenstochowa, Poland
Ostnabriken Germany
New Haven, CT



Rosenblat, Gertrude T. (Talchman)
Skaryszow, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
New Orleans, LA



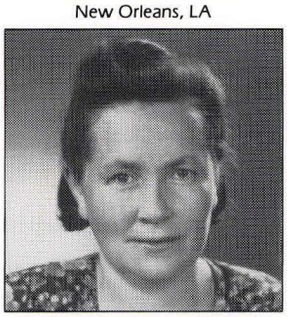
Rosenblat, Ralph
Radom, Poland
Russia
New Orleans, LA



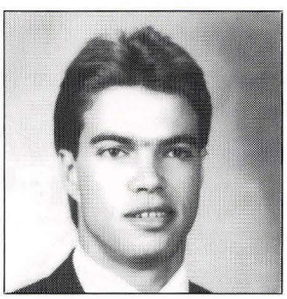
Rosenblatt, Henry
Siewierz near Bendzin
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



Rosenblatt, Mira
Sosnowiec, Poland
Greenberg Schloss
Brooklyn, NY



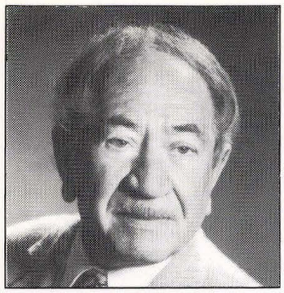
Rosenblatt, Sara (Goldman)
Warsaw, Poland
Uhnin
University Heights, OH



Rosenblum, Barry
Second Generation
Lakewood, NJ
Farmingdale, NJ



Rosenblum, Clara (Parness)
Skalata, Poland
Russia
Farmingdale, NJ



Rosenblum, Morris
Podwoloczyska, Poland
Russia
Farmingdale, NJ



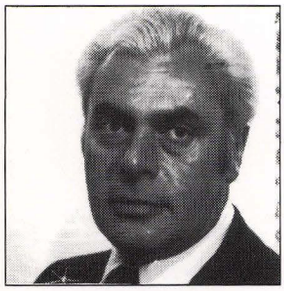
Rosenman, Beverly
Second Generation
Syracuse, NY
Fairfax, VA



Rosenson, Olga (Jakubowitz)
Irsava, Czechoslovakia
Gelsenkirchen, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Rosenthal, Irmgard (Ehrlich)
Mosbach, Germany
Hartsdale, NY



Rosenthal, Richard
Jasina, Czechoslovakia
Buchenwald
Hartsdale, NY



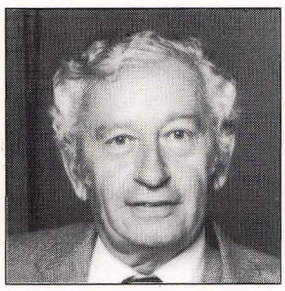
Roser, Adela (Eisenberg-Lehman)
Warsaw, Poland
Ravensbruck -Malchow
Miami Beach, FL



Roser, Gregory (Rosenkranz)
Kaunas Lithuania
Dachau
Miami Beach, FL



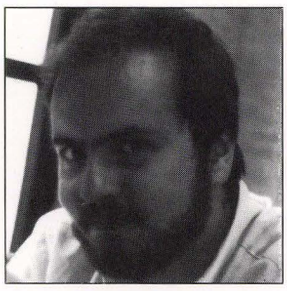
Rosman, Flora (Pfefferman)
Targu-Mures, Rumania
Beverly Hills, CA



Rosman, Romy
Cluj, Rumania
Zittau, Germany
Beverly Hills, CA



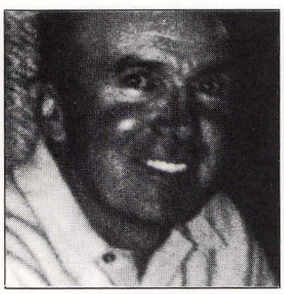
Ross, Nat (Rosenberg)
Pultusk, Poland
Blechamer
Flushing, NY



Rotbart, Dean I.
Second Generation
Denver, Colorado
New York, NY



Rotbart, Harley A. Dr.
Second Generation
Denver, Colorado
Denver, CO



Rotbart, Max (Motek)
Klodowa, Poland
Theresienstadt
Deceased



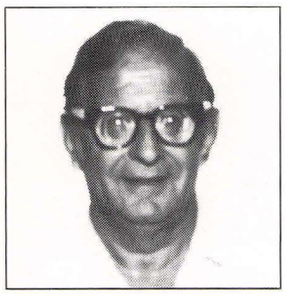
Roth, Elizabeth (Ehrlich)
Mukacevo, Czechoslovakia
Bydgoszcz, Poland
Buena, NJ



Roth, Samuel
Belebova, Czechoslovakia
Mauthausen
Buena, NJ



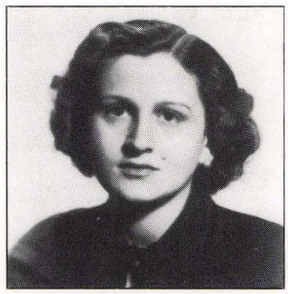
Roth, Pirry (Fried)
Uzhorod,Czechoslovakia
Luberstadt, Germany
Allentown, PA



Rothstein, Abe
Sokolow Podlaski, Poland
Hidden in woods
North Miami Beach, FL



Rothstein, Malcia (Stock)
Skala Podolska, Poland
Skala Podolska, Poland
North Miami Beach, FL



Rotmayer, Gabriele (Markiewicz)
Warsaw, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Detroit, MI



Rozencweig, Ahuvah (Salamon)
Ujfeherto, Hungary
Vurcen, Germany
Baltimore, MD



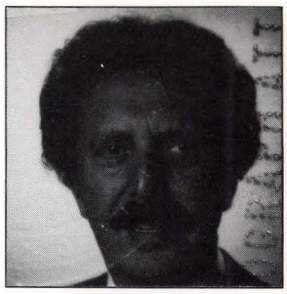
Rozencweig, Jacob
Budapest, Hungary
Dachau, Germany
Baltimore, MD



Rozenek, Alfred
Kazimierza Wielka, Poland
Buchenwald
Los Angeles, CA



Rozenek, Lola (Hajman)
Staszow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Los Angeles, CA



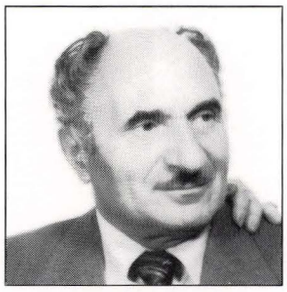
Rubin, Arthur
Derecske, Hungary
Ravensbruck
Cedarhurst, NY



Rubin, Felicia (Frankel)
Second Generation
Mexico, DF
El Paso, TX



Rubinfeld, Bluma (Allerhand)
Chrzanow, Poland
Russia
Beverly Hills, CA



Rubinfeld, Rubin
Rymanow, Poland
Russia
Beverly Hills, CA



Rubinstein, Esther (Majtek)
Kielce, Poland
Auschwitz
Skokie, IL



Rubinstein, Meyer
Kielce, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Skokie, IL



Rudner, Charlotte (Jakubovic)
Kosice, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Rockville Center, NY



Rudner, Moses
Tzyczyn, Poland
Fernwald
Rockville Center, NY



Rusheen, Vernon (Ruschin)
Berlin, Germany
Talheim
Woodland Hills, CA



Rusin, Jack
Czenstochowa, Poland
Tampa, FL



Rusman, Michiah (Plotnicka)
Kowel, Poland
On Polish Papers in Germany
Hallandale, FL



Rybak, Esther (Dudman)
Lida, Poland
Partisans
North Miami Beach, FL



Rybak, Nathan
Lida Poland
Partisans
North Miami Beach, FL



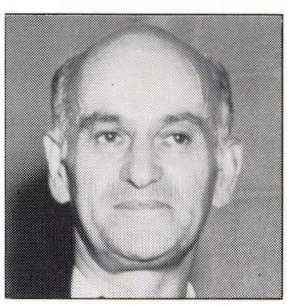
Rybal, Izaak (Rybalowski)
Bialystok, Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Rybal, Molly (Goldberg)
Bialystok, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Rydell, Goldene (Gottlieb)
Kansas City, MO
Kansas City, MO



Rydell, Milton (Rydelnik)
Bendzin, Poland
Buchenwald
Kansas City, MO



Salsitz, Amalie (Petranker)
Stanislawow, Poland
As gentile in Krakow, Poland
Springfield, NJ



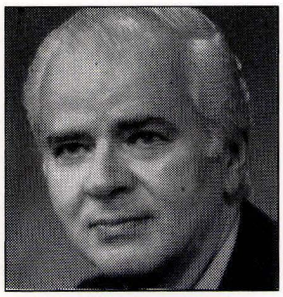
Salsitz, Norman (Saleschutz)
Kolbuszowa, Poland
Partisan in woods
Springfield, NJ



Salzberg, Anna S. (Dafner)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Auschwitz
Beverly Hills, CA



Salzberg, Jack
Zloty Potok,Poland
Funfteichen
Beverly Hills, CA



Salzmann, Raphael (Hermann)
Berlin, Germany
In Hiding
Scarsdale, NY



Samuel, Faiga (Simon)
Copalnic Manastiur
Boitzenberg Elda
Baltimore, MD



Samuels, Joseph
Tomaszow-Maz, Poland
Kaufering
Forest Hills, NY



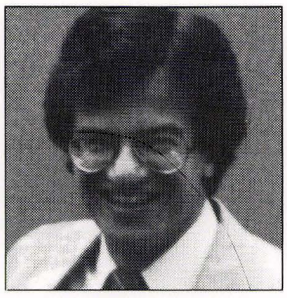
Samuels, Sophie (Warzecha)
Tomaszow-Maz, Poland
Theresienstadt
Forest Hills, NY



Sandler, Eliane (Adamski)
Second Generation
Paris, France
Stamford, CT



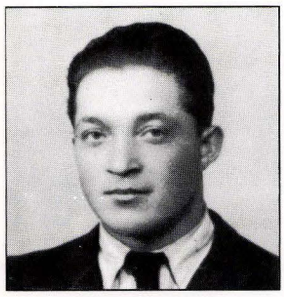
Sattler, Henry
Krakow, Poland
Dachau
Bridgewater, NJ



Sauvage, Pierre
Le Chambon, France
Hiding in Le Chambon
Los Angeles, CA



Schachner, Edith L. (Ludmer)
Vienna, Austria
New York City
Forest Hills, NY



Schaffer, Irving
Chust, Czechoslovakia
Landsberg
Littleton, CO



Schapiro, Lucia (Iber)
Warsaw, Poland
Zwietow
Elberon, NJ



Scheib, Rochelle, MD
Second Generation
Windsor, NC
Washington, DC



Scheib, Sam
Przemyslany, Poland
In Hiding, Lwow
Windsor, NC



Schwarzberg, David
Kozienice, Poland
Buchenwald
River Vale, NJ



Schiff, Anna (Klempner)
Grodno, Poland
Underground
Sherman Oaks, CA



Schiff, Charlene (Perlmutter)
Horochow, Poland
In Hiding
Alexandria, VA



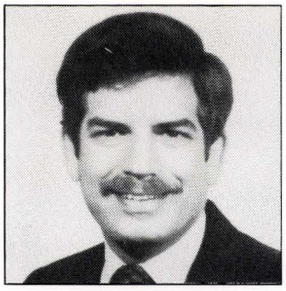
Schiff, Henia (Ring)
Krzepice, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Duncan, OK



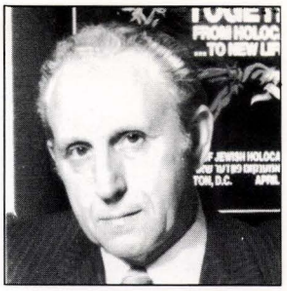
Schiff, Max M.
Oklahoma City
Duncan, OK



Schiff, Sandra B.
Second Generation
Duncan, OK
Houston, TX



Schiff, Steven H.
Second Generation
Duncan, OK
Washington, DC



Schlesinger, Alexander
Baia-Mare, Rumania
Stutthof
Brooklyn, NY



Schlesinger, Carl
Breslau, Germany
Dachau-Allach
West Roxbury, MA



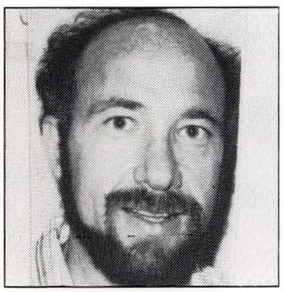
Schlesinger, Eva (Horovitz)
Debrecen, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
West Roxbury, MA



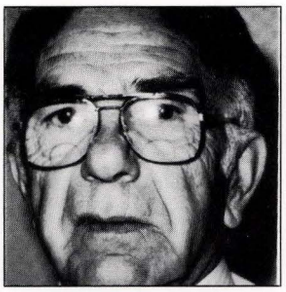
Schlesinger, Doris (Rachelson)
Wallerstein, Germany
Auschwitz
Los Angeles, CA



Schneider, Ellen (Seidner)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Ludwigsdorf
Cincinnati, OH



Schneider, Henry
Second Generation
Cincinnati, OH



Schneider, Joseph (Sznajder)
Krakow, Poland
Ludwigsdorf
Cincinnati, OH



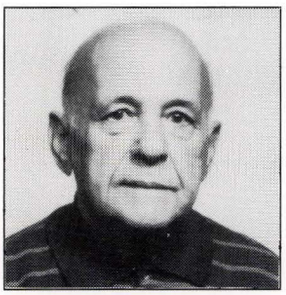
Schneiman, Libby
Second Generation
Landsberg, Germany
Forest Hills, NY



Schneiman, Rose (Weingarten)
Krakow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Forest Hills, NY



Schneiman, Tobias
Bendzin, Poland
Buchenwald
Forest Hills, NY



Schnitzer, Bernard
Krakow, Poland
Reichenbach, Germany
Rego Park, NY



Schnitzer, Shosha (Brzoza)
Warsaw, Poland
In Hiding, Warsaw
Rego Park, NY



Schonthal, Joseph
Chrzanow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Savannah, GA



Schonthal, Nadja (Katz)
Chrzanow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Savannah, GA

Photo
not available

Schulder, Esther (Kushner)
Second Generation
New York, NY
West Orange, NJ

Photo
not available

Schwarcz, Audrey M.
Second Generation
New York, NY
Far Rockaway, NY

Photo
not available

Schwarcz, David R.
Second Generation
USA
Far Rockaway, NY

Photo not available

Schwarcz, Deborah L.
Second Generation
USA
Far Rockaway, NY



Schwarcz, Dr. Theodore T.
Szikszo, Hungary
Dachau, Germany
Far Rockaway, NY



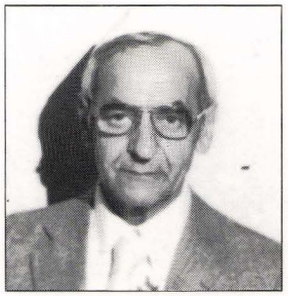
Schwarcz, Frieda (Dublinski)
New York, NY
Far Rockaway, NY

Photo not available

Schwarcz, Judy
Second Generation
USA
Far Rockaway, NY

Photo not available

Schwarcz, Steven W.
Second Generation
USA
Far Rockaway, NY



Schwartz, Abe (Szwarc)
Krosniewice, Poland
Erbendorf-Waiden, Germany
Columbus, OH



Schwartz, Renia (Scharf)
Bendzin, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Columbus, OH



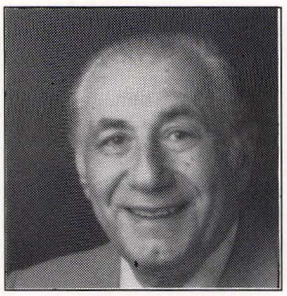
Schwartz, Max Mandel
Konskie, Poland
Landsberg
Oceanside, NY



Schwarz, Irene (Anis)
Krakow, Poland
Mecklenburg, Germany
Rego Park, NY



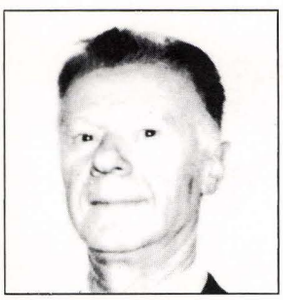
Schwarz, Sima (Golub)
Krewo, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Richmond, VA



Schwecher, Charles
Bialystok, Poland
Theresienstadt
Bronx, NY



Schwecher, Rose (Liperman)
Krakow, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Bronx, NY



Schwimmer, Jack
Mukacevo, Czechoslovakia
Dachau
Jersey City, NJ



Seals, Henry C. (Silski)
Szydlowiec, Poland
Mauthausen, Austria
Ft. Worth, TX



Segal, Erna (Klahr)
Vienna, Austria
Berlin, Germany
Denver, CO



Segal, Manfred
Vienna, Austria
In Hiding in Berlin
Englewood, CO



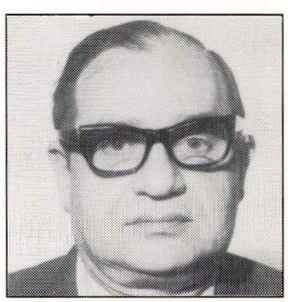
Seidner, Alex
Sosnowiec, Poland
Neustad Gleive
Cincinnati, OH



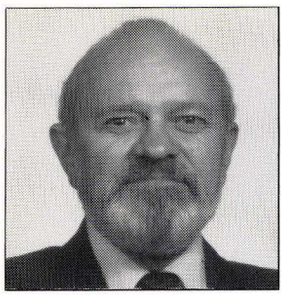
Seidner, Rose (Mlynarska)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Neustad Gleive
Cincinnati, OH



Self, Rosetta (Levie)
Rotterdam, Holland
Theresienstadt
Paterson, NJ



Self, Sigmar
Bocholt, Germany
Brunlitz-Briesau
Paterson, NJ



Shapiro, Irving
Miedzyrzec Podlaski
Neustadt-Holstein
Gering, NE



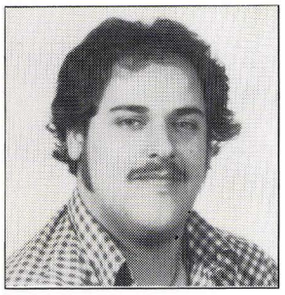
Shapiro, Meir
Wilno, Poland
Buchenwald
New Rochelle, NY



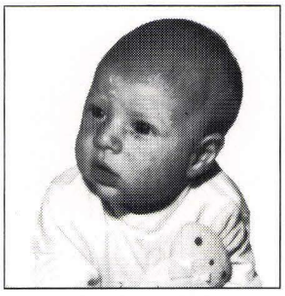
Shapiro, Yetta (Klein)
Wilno, Poland
Stutthof
New Rochelle, NY



Shargel, Shmaryagu (Yunclo)
Janow Tarnopolski, Poland
In Forest Near Tarnopol
Brooklyn, NY



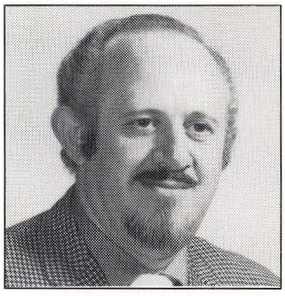
Shaw, Andrew
USA
Haverford, PA



Shaw, Jacob D.
Third Generation
Haverford, PA



Shaw, Ruth (Littner)
Second Generation
Yonkers, NY
Haverford, PA



Shay, Arnold L. (Szyjewicz)
Bendzin, Poland
Kaufering Lager II
Philadelphia, PA



Shay, Henry (Szaja)
Zgierz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Deceased



Shay, Regina (Rozenzaft)
Lodz, Poland
Halberstadt
Jamaica, NY



Shelley, Gabriela
Second Generation
San Francisco, CA
San Francisco, CA



Shelley, Lore PhD (Weinberg)
Luebbecke, Germany
Ravensbruck
San Francisco, CA



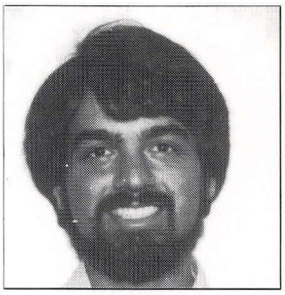
Shelley, Sucher
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
San Francisco, CA

Photo
not available

Shenkar, Miriam (Stessel)
Second Generation
USA
Brooklyn, NY



Shenker, Ben (Szenker)
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Ormond Beach, FL



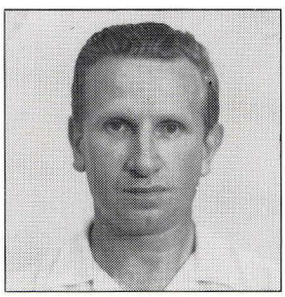
Shenker, David
Second Generation
USA
Brooklyn, NY



Sherron, Samuel (Oscherowitz)
Sweksna, Lithuania
Muhldorf Waldlager
Harrisburg, PA



Shloss, Felicia (Tajch)
Lodz, Poland
Salzwedel
Oak Park, MI



Shloss, Roman (Szlosbajtel)
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Oak Park, MI



Shuch, Basia (Korduner)
Wlodzimierz Wolynski, Poland
Wlodzimierz Wolynski, Poland
West Hartford, CT



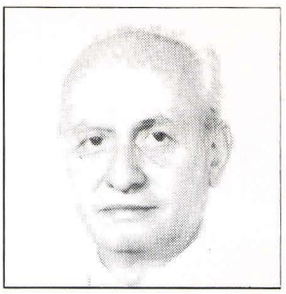
Shuch, Moshe
Wlodzimierz Wolynski, Poland
Wlodzimierz Wolynski, Poland
West Hartford, CT



Shwarzstein, Dora (Gold)
Rohatyn, Poland
Poland
Forest Hills, NY



Sifflnger, Ruth (Schneider)
Kosow, Poland
Stutthof
Belle Harbor, NY



Silberberg, Isaac
Lodz, Poland
Ebensee
North Miami, FL



Silberklang, Boruch
Zamosc, Poland
Siberia, Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Silberklang, Rywka (Senderowska)
Poland
Naliboker Forests
Brooklyn, NY



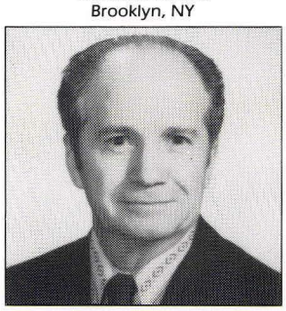
Silberkleit, Nicole B. (Bernheim)
Strasbourg, France
Auschwitz
New York, NY



Silbiger, Lilli (Haber)
Auschwitz, Poland
Bolkenheim
Buffalo, NY



Silten, Ruth Gabriele
Amsterdam, Holland
Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia
Pomona, CA



Silver, Bernard (Silberschatz)
Jedrzejow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Wallingford, CT



Silver, Esther (Biro)
Budapest, Hungary
Kaunitz-Westfalen
Wallingford, CT



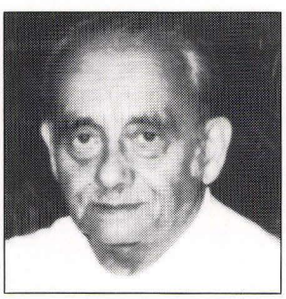
Silver, Charles M.D.
Radom, Poland
As child In Hiding-Poland
New Orleans, La

Photo
not available

Silverberg, Alan Dr.
Second Generation
Montreal, Canada
Philadelphia, PA



Silverberg, Mary (Baran)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Philadelphia, PA



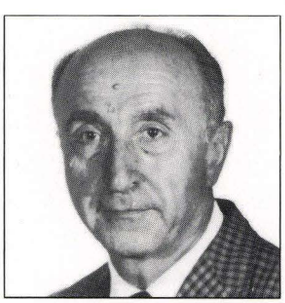
Silverberg, Solomon (Zylberberg)
Lodz, Poland
Blechamer
Philadelphia, PA



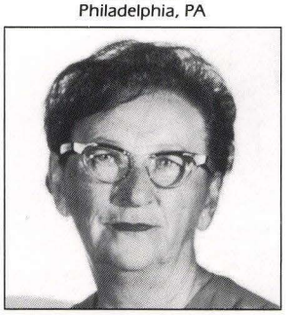
Silverstein, Charlotte (Migdal)
Lodz, Poland
Halbstadt, Czechoslovakia
Fresh Meadows, NY



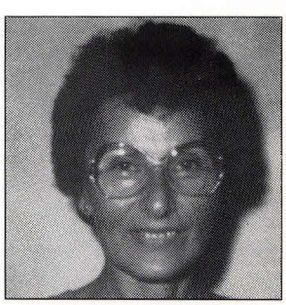
Silverstein, Jack (Silberstein)
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald, Germany
Fresh Meadows, NY



Silverstein, Henry (Zylbersztajn)
Kielce, Poland
Vienna, Austria
Daytona Beach, FL



Silverstein, Pepi (Doliner)
Stanislawow, Poland
Vienna, Austria
Daytona Beach, FL



Simon, Henny Markiewicz (Rosenbaum)
Hannover, Germany
Sonderlager Korben
Colchester, CT



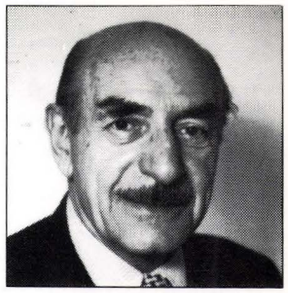
Simon, Irving (Sajewicz)
Wilno, Poland
Dachau
Rochester, NY



Singer Flora M. (Mendelovicz)
Antwerp, Belgium
In Hiding
Potomac, MD



Singer, Jack
New York, NY
Potomac, MD



Singer, James
Nowy Targ, Poland
Manila, Philippines
Boca Raton, FL



Singer, Rose (Blum)
USA
Baca Raton, FL



Slomovits, Eva (Lax)
Zarica, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Slomovits, Louis
Riskova, Rumania
Buchenwald
Brooklyn, NY



Sloshower, Filo
Hamburg, Germany
Dachau
Miami, FL



Sloshower, Herta (Kaufmann)
Mannheim, Germany
Riversaltes
Miami, FL



Smialy, Hena (Ingber)
Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Smialy, Szloma
Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Smith, Vivien Haya (Orbach)
Second Generation
Newark, NJ
Wilton, CT



Smulowitz, Helena Fay (Langer)
Katowice, Poland
Gross-Rosen, Germany
Chevy Chase, MD



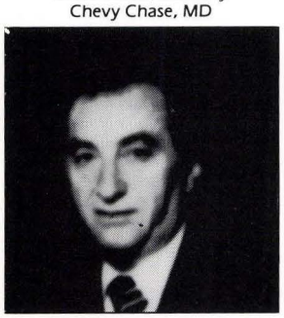
Snyder, David (Sznajdower)
Losice, Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Snyder, Norma (Borowska)
Losice, Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



Solarski, Cilli (Gross)
Munkacs, Czechoslovakia
Czechoslovakia
Philadelphia, PA



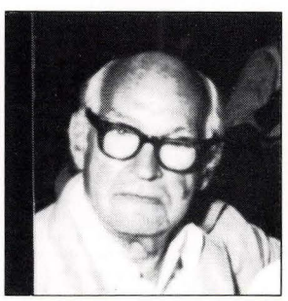
Solarski, Erwin
Mlawa, Poland
Auschwitz
Philadelphia, PA



Solnik, Bella (Urbach)
Zdunska Wola, Poland
Dachau
Atlanta, GA



Solomon, Irene (Oransky)
Kiev, Russia
New York, NY



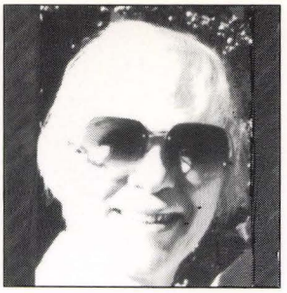
Solomon, Nathan
Sambor, Poland
New York, NY



Sommer, Genia (Gries)
Krakow, Poland
Leipzig, Germany
Hollidaysburg, PA



Spanjaard, Barry
Amsterdam, Holland
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Canyon Country, CA



Spanjaard, Bunnie (Jurmain)
Winthrop, MA
Canyon Country, CA



Spear, Bonnie
Second Generation
Minneapolis, MN
Minneapolis, MN



Spear, Fleurette R. (Maslow)
Minneapolis, MN
Minneapolis, MN



Spear, Harold Wm. (Szpiro)
Praszka, Poland
Neustadt-Holstein
Minneapolis, MN



Spector, Gershon J. Dr.
Rowne, Poland
Russia
St. Louis, MO



Spector, Nechama (Tushman)
Rowne, Poland
Russia
Baltimore, MD



Speisman, Rose (Montag)
Lwow, Poland
In Hiding-Aryan Side
Tamarac, FL



Speisman, Zelig
Radom, Poland
Dachau
Tamarac, FL



Sperber, Barbara (Kinas)
Second Generation
Feldafing, Germany
West Hartford, CT



Sperber, Gerald Leslie
Second Generation
New York, NY
West Hartford, CT



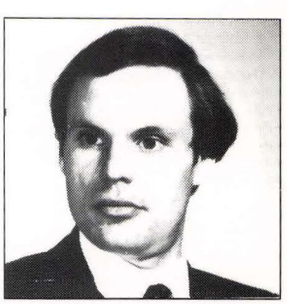
Sperber, Frances (Hallemann)
Drohobycz, Poland
Plaszow, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Spielmann, Diane Ruth
Second Generation
New York, NY
Flushing, NY



Spielmann, Elias
Berlin, Germany
Stutthof
Flushing, NY



Spielmann, Lee Abraham
Second Generation
New York, NY
Flushing, NY



Spielmann, Walli (Mischkowski)
Berlin, Germany
Ravensbruck
Flushing, NY



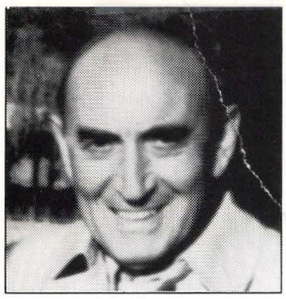
Spiewak, Frieda (Wieder-Herstig)
Borsa, Rumania
Salzwedel
Brooklyn, NY



Spiewak, Joseph
Czenstochowa, Poland
Hasag, Czenstochowa
Brooklyn, NY



Spiro, Marc
Kielce, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Randolph, MA



Spitzer, Alexander
Sevlus, Czechoslovakia
Akbulak, Russia
Los Angeles, CA



Spitzer, Pola (Fogelman)
Radomsko, Poland
Gustrow, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Spitzer, Katarina (Weiss)
Kosice, Czechoslovakia
Ludwigslust
Flushing, NY



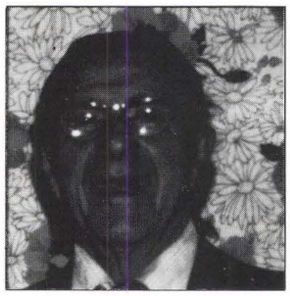
Stahl, Aron
Kolomyja, Poland
Russia
Brooklyn, NY



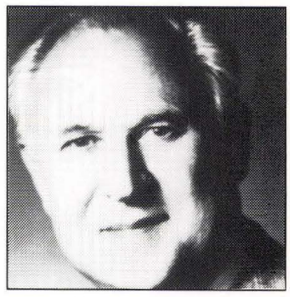
Stahl, Luba (Bodgas)
Pruzany, Poland
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Stain, Hinda (Szaniak)
Zdunska Wola, Poland
Feldafink
Brooklyn, NY



Stain, Isaac
Partziv
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



Starkopf, Adam
Warsaw, Poland
Bialki n. Siedlce
Chicago, IL



Starkopf, Pela (Miller)
Warsaw, Poland
Bialki n. Siedlce
Chicago, IL



Starr, Esther
Second Generation
Fair Lawn, NJ



Starr, Marilyn (Friedman)
In Hiding
Fair Lawn, NJ



Stein, Betty (Szejnerman)
Wilno, Poland
Stutthof
Los Angeles, CA



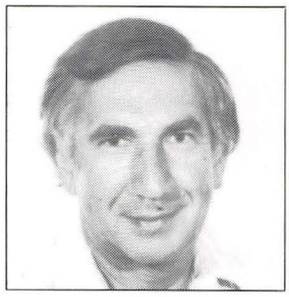
Stein, Melinda (Mandelbaum)
Second Generation
Brooklyn, NY
Savannah, GA



Stein, Arthur Asher, PhD
Second Generation
Encino, CA



Stein, Mila (Spira)
Niepolomice, Poland
In Hiding
University Heights, OH



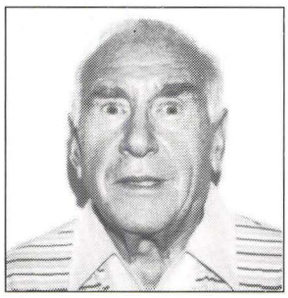
Steinberg, Samuel
Tomaszow Maz, Poland
Auschwitz
Beverly Hills, CA



Steinberg, Selma (Rubinstein)
Vienna Austria
Beverly Hills, CA



Steiner, Felice (Bornstein)
Krakow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Delray Beach, FL



Steiner, Solomon
Nowy Sacz
Langenbielau
Delray Beach, FL



Stern, Anne C. (Gati-Grunberger)
Szeged, Hungary
Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia
Beverly Hills, CA



Stern, Bart R.
Uzhorod, Hungary
Auschwitz-Birkenau
Beverly Hills, CA



Stern, Ben
Kielce, Poland
Dachau-Allach
Columbia, SC



Stern, Jadzia (Szklarz)
Wloszczowa, Poland
Columbia, SC



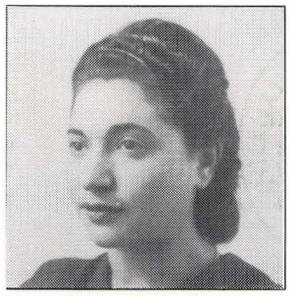
Stern, Denise (Ungar)
Second Generation
Queens, NY
Albany, NY



Stern, Eli
Petrova-Stramtura, Rumania
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Sping Valley, NY



Stern, Helga (Honig-Zauderer)
Belgium
Malhoff, Germany
Spring Valley, NY



Stern, Cesia (Karp)
Lodz, Poland
Salzwedel
Philadelphia, PA



Stern, Leslie F.
Second Generation
Perth Amboy, NJ
Albany, NY



Stern, Klaus
Berlin, Germany
Auschwitz, Flossenburg
Seattle, WA



Stern, Paula (Schaul)
Arnstadt, Germany
Ravensbrueck-Malchow
Seattle, WA



Stern, Pinkus
Transylvania, Rumania
Kaufering
Phoenixville, PA



Sternbach, Magda (Burger)
Nyireghhaza, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Bergenfield, NJ



Sternbach, Martha (Fendrich)
Szerencs, Hungary
Auschwitz
Cliffside Park, NJ



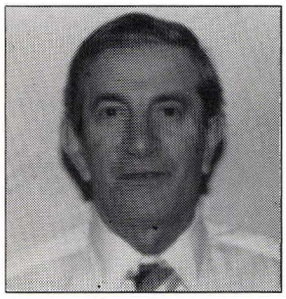
Stessel, Meier
Bethlen, Hungary
Dachau, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Stessel, Zahava (Katalin)
Abaujszanto, Hungary
Markleberg, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Stiefel, Frank
Vranov N/Toplou, Czechoslovakia
In Partisans
Hillsdale, NJ



Stine, Abraham (Sztajnic)
Zabkowice, Poland
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Dayton, OH



Stine, Judy (Suss)
Tarnow, Poland
Potsdam n. Berlin
Dayton, OH



Stoeger, Emil S.
Krakow, Poland
Gleiwitz-Blechhammer
Delray Beach, FL



Stoeger, Janet (Landau)
Sadowa Wisznia, Poland
Gleiwitz
Delray Beach, FL



Stokes, Felice Zimmern
Walldurn, Germany
Chateauroux, France
Teaneck, NJ



Storch, Jack
Ozorkow, Poland
Flossenburg
Atlanta, GA



Storch, Janina (Tschoudnovsky)
Paris, France
Atlanta, GA



Strauss, Shirley (Schiff)
Second Generation
Duncan, OK
Richardson, TX



Strick, Florence (Zeltner)
Bialystok, Poland
Malchow
St. Louis, MO



Strum, Ellen (Hendel)
Radom, Poland
Auschwitz
San Diego, CA



Strum, Joe (Wasserstrum)
Zwolen, Poland
Auschwitz
San Diego, CA



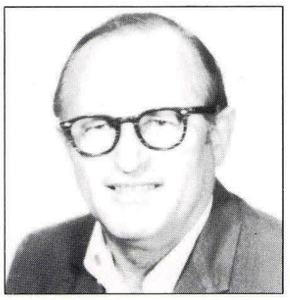
Sucher, Philip
Lodz, Poland
Auschwitz-Friedlad
North Woodmere, NY



Sultanik, Leib
Kozlow, Poland
Buchenwald
Brooklyn, NY



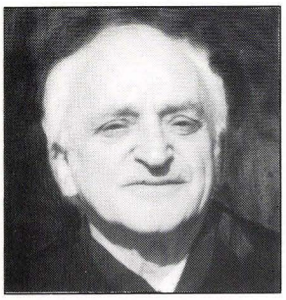
Sultanik, Sala (Malinowicer)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Malchow
Brooklyn, NY



Suss, Joseph
Dombrowa, Poland
Buchenwald-Altenburg
Sunnyside, NY



Suss, Sally (Nudelman)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Bernsdorf
Sunnyside, NY



Sutton, Leon (Szmuszkowicz)
Lodz, Poland
Flossenburg
Forest Hills, NY



Sutton, Felice (Laufer)
Lodz, Poland
Salzwedel
Forest Hills, NY



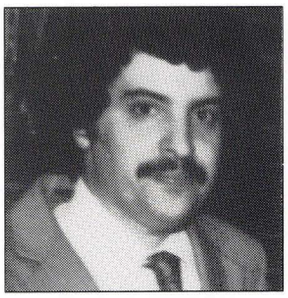
Sved, Betty (Ickovitz)
Chust, Czechoslovakia
Reichenbach
Philadelphia, PA



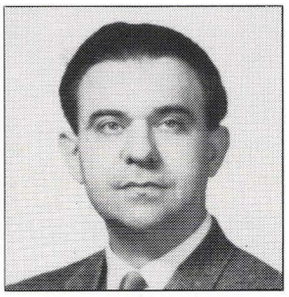
Sved, Ira
Second Generation
Philadelphia, PA
Philadelphia, PA



Sved, Sol
Cerny Ardov, Czechoslovakia
Czechoslovakia
Philadelphia, PA



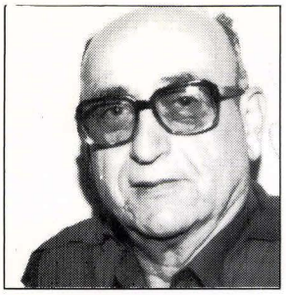
Sved, Stanley
Second Generation
Philadelphia, PA
Philadelphia, PA



Swimmer, George R. Dr.
Pecs, Hungary
Budapest, Hungary
Tucson, AZ



Swimmer, Klara (Maisls) Dr.
Mohacs, Hungary
Kaunitz
Tucson, AZ



Szabo, Bernard
Male Hutova, Czechoslovakia
Border Austria-Czechoslovakia
Fayetteville, NC



Szabo, Shirley (Fine)
Fall River, MA
Fayetteville, NC



Szekely, Suzanne
Budapest, Hungary
Pestszenterzsebet, Hungary
Los Angeles, CA



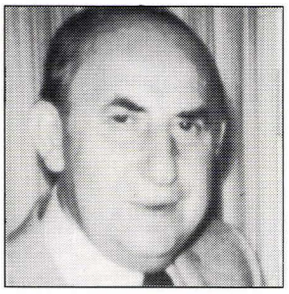
Talbot, Jack P. (Tannenbaum)
Frankfurt a/Main
Mauthausen
Miami, FL



Tananbaum, Dorothy
Second Generation
New York, NY
New York, NY



Tau, Cesia (Dafner)
Niwka, Poland
Bernsdorf, Czechoslovakia
Brooklyn, NY



Tau, Samuel
Podkamien, Poland
Lager Podkamien
Brooklyn, NY



Tauber, Ingrid Dr.
Second Generation
Washington, DC
San Francisco, CA



Tauber, Joseph M.
Radom, Poland
Dachau
Baltimore, MD



Tauber, Regina (Zylberberg)
Radom, Poland
Auschwitz
Baltimore, MD



Taylor, Michael (Teuschneider)
Brussels, Belgium
Paris, Partisans
Paramus, NJ



Taylor, Rita (Feller)
USA
Paramus, NJ



Taylor, Shannon
Second Generation
USA
Paramus, NJ



Teitelbaum, Anita (Stawska)
Warsaw, Poland
Saska Kepa, Warsaw
Miami Beach, FL



Teitelbaum, Arie
Krakow, Poland
Mauthausen
Forest Hills, NY



Teitelbaum, Irena Czarnecka, MD (Grob)
Vienna, Austria
Auschwitz
Forest Hills, NY



Left:

Temkin, Max
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald
Douglaston, NY

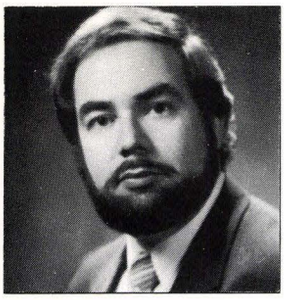
Temkin, Steffi S. (Braun)
Ozorkow, Poland
Saltzwedel
Douglaston, NY



Temkin, Rachel Leni (Strenger)
Sanok, Poland
Krakow
Port Jefferson Sta., NY



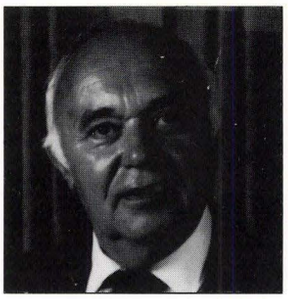
Tencer, Guta (Zynger)
Starachowice, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Fair Lawn, NJ



Tencer, Stephen
Second Generation
Bergen-Belsen, Germany
Fair Lawn, NJ



Tenenbaum, Gerda (Landau)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Erie, PA



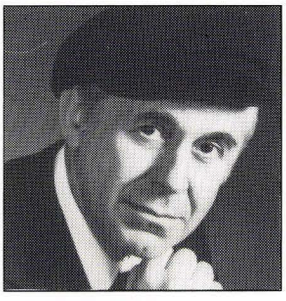
Tenenbaum, Henry
Krakow, Poland
Mauthausen
Flushing, NY



Tenenbaum, Lola (Gelzhals)
Krakow, Poland
Auschwitz
Flushing, NY



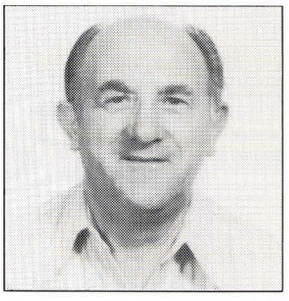
Tito, E. Tina (Vogelman)
Second Generation
Great Neck, NY



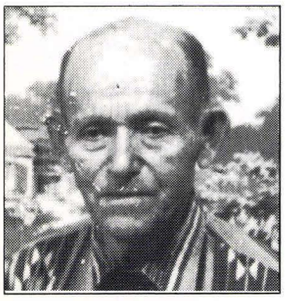
Topas, George
Warsaw, Poland
Flossenburg, Germany
Lakewood, NJ



Travis, Josephine (Scharf)
Vienna, Austria
Los Angeles, CA



Travis, Martin (Terz)
Warsaw, Poland
Blechamer
Los Angeles, CA



Trybuch, Elias
Stolpce, Poland
Polesie Forest, Partisans
Altamonte Springs, FL



Trybuch, Sarah (Ozerowitch)
Konin, Poland
Polesie Forest, Partisans
Altamonte Springs, FL



Tschirhart, Alison
Third Generation
Detroit, MI



Tschirhart, Esther (Allweiss)
Second Generation
Detroit, MI



Tschirhart, Richard
USA
Detroit, MI



Tuller, Alex S.
Kowel, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Tycon, Henry
Lodz, Poland
Mildorf
Bronx, NY



Tycon, Paulina (Boskes)
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Bronx, NY



Tykocinski, Joseph
Warsaw, Poland
Ravensbruck
Forest Hills, NY



Tykocinski, Lilly (Butnik)
Zawiercie, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Forest Hills, NY



Unikel, Fela (Guterman)
Warsaw, Poland
Russia
Passaic, NJ



Ullman, Emily (Konyn)
Amsterdam, Holland
Amsterdam, Holland
Port Washington, NY



Ullman, Franz Leo
Utrecht, Holland
Amsterdam, Holland
Port Washington, NY



Ungar, Florette Dorene
Second Generation
Queens, NY
Rehovot, Israel



Ungar, Jerry (Schweitzer)
Wife of Survivor
New York, NY
Great Neck, NY



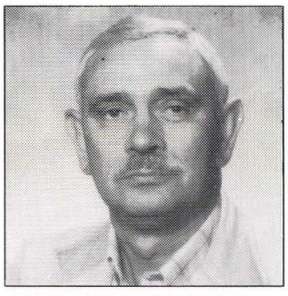
Ungar, William
Krasne, Poland
Lwow, Poland
Great Neck, NY



Vegh, Maurice
Rachova, Czechoslovakia
Buchenwald
Long Beach, NY



Virshup, Cheryl (Kolska)
Kalisz, Poland
Stutthof
Bronx, NY



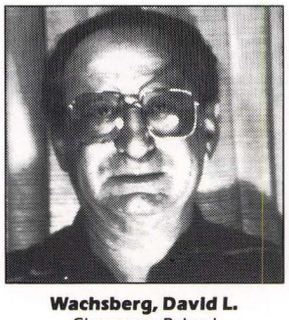
Vogel, Jack (Kernberg)
Lwow, Poland
Camp Plaszow, Krakow
Bloomfield, CT



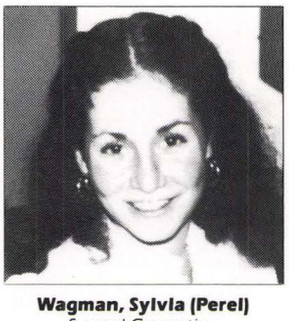
Vogelman, Ernest
Serock, Poland
In Hiding
Great Neck, NY



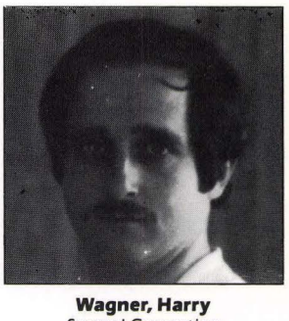
Vogelman, Eugenie (Schnur)
Lwow, Poland
In Hiding
Great Neck, NY



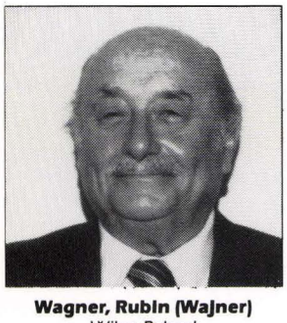
Wachsberg, David L.
Chrzanow, Poland
Reichenbach
Houston, TX



Wagman, Sylvia (Perel)
Second Generation
Montreal, Canada
Wilmington, DE



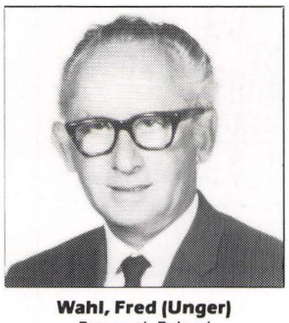
Wagner, Harry
Second Generation
Heidenheim, Germany
Melville, NY



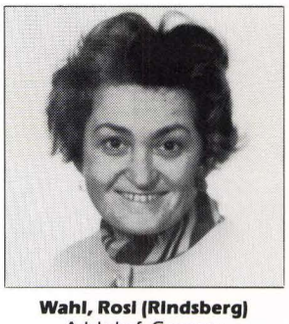
Wagner, Rubin (Wajner)
Wilno Poland
Stutthof
North Hills, NY



Wagner, Sima (Benoscher)
Wilno, Poland
Stutthof
North Hills, NY



Wahl, Fred (Unger)
Przemysl, Poland
USA
Denver, CO



Wahl, Rosi (Rindsberg)
Adelsdorf, Germany
Muchhadam, England
Denver, CO



Wajsman, Mindelle (Gurner)
New York, NY
North Miami Beach, FL



Wajsman, Sender
Wilno, Poland
H.K.P. Camp
North Miami Beach, FL



Walker, Fay (Rosenbluth)
Kanczuga, Poland
Stutthof
Deerfield Beach, FL



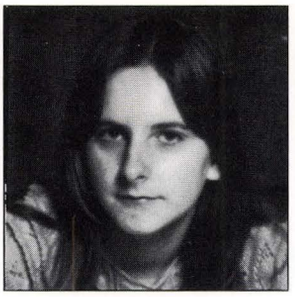
Walker, Joseph
Berlin, Germany
Stalowa Wola, Poland
Deerfield Beach, FL



Wallach, Leah (Krys)
Lask, Poland
Salzwedel
Brooklyn, NY



Walter, David M.
Third Generation
Mansfield, OH
Mansfield, OH



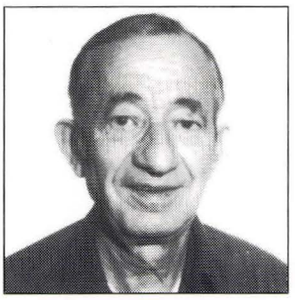
Walter, Debbie L.
Third Generation
Mansfield, OH
Mansfield, OH



Walter, Gisele (Neumann)
East Germany
Berlin, Germany
Mansfield, OH



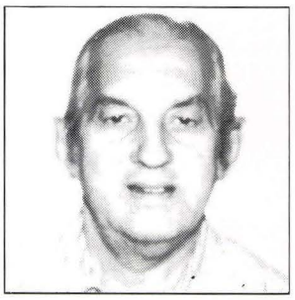
Walter, Hans
Berlin Germany
Ebensee, Germany
Mansfield, OH



Warschau, Anschel
Lodz, Poland
Theresienstadt
Sheboygan, WI



Warschau, Fela (Jakubowicz)
Ozorkow, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Sheboygan, WI



Warszawski, David
Sosnowiec, Poland
Dora bei Nordhausen
Howard Beach, NY



Warszawski, Sophie (Brajtsztajn)
Lodz, Poland
Halberstadt
Howard Beach, NY



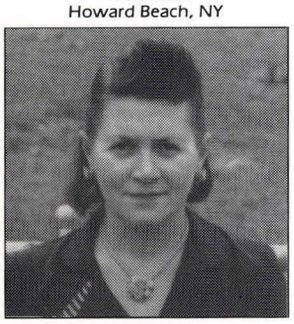
Waxberg, Sol J.
Chrzanow, Poland
Theresienstadt
Houston, TX



Waxman, Linda (Sifinger)
Second Generation
Displaced persons camp, Germany
Roslyn Harbor, NY



Weber, Celine (Kaplan)
Kalisz, Poland
In Hiding
Los Angeles, CA



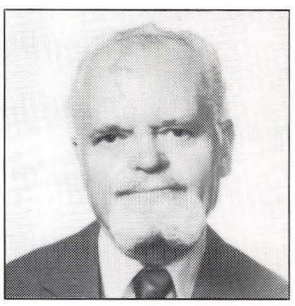
Welcenfeld, Glenia (Hirsch)
Czenstochowa, Poland
Germany
Miami Beach, FL



Welcenfeld, Jacob
Lublin, Poland
Poland
Miami Beach, FL



Welder, Rosalie (Daumann)
Second Generation
Stuttgart, Germany
Brooklyn, NY



Weinberg, Harry
Ungvar
Mauthausen-Gunskirchen
Elmhurst, NY



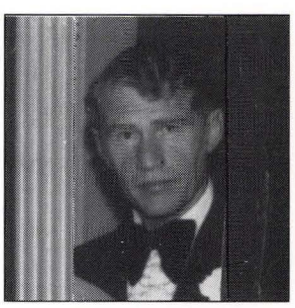
Weinberg, Lola (Kindman)
Kalusz, Poland
Siberia, Russia
Bayside, NY



Weinberg, Wolf
Bursztyn, Poland
Russia
Bayside, NY



Weinberger, Eva (Wechter)
Simapusta, Hungary
Bromberg
Lawrence, NY



Weinberger, William
Ungvar, Hungary
Blechamer
Lawrence, NY



Weinblatt, Abraham
Rika
Demblin Lager
Hallandale, FL



Weinblatt, Fay (Steinbuch)
Demblin, Poland
Hallandale, FL



Weiner, Miriam
Los Angeles, CA
New York, NY



Weinreb, Adam
Krakow, Poland
Linz III
Elizabeth, NJ



Weinreb, Dina (Segal)
Krakow, Poland
Plaunen, Saxonia
Union, NJ



Weinrib, Abram (Weinryb)
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Columbus, OH



Weinstein, Herman
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Fair Lawn, NJ



Weinstock, Bluma (Pelman)
Radomsko
Bergen-Belsen
Milwaukee, WI



Weinstock, Pincus
Wolbrom, Poland
Landsberg, Germany
Milwaukee, WI



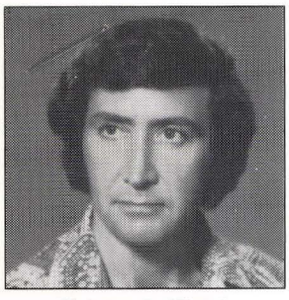
Weintraub, Eva (Gussinoff)
Berlin, Germany
Vittel, France
Bayside, NY



Weintraub, Leah (Szwarcbard)
Myszkow, Poland
Parschnic Sudengau
Lakewood, NJ



Weintraub, Solomon
Zarki, Poland
Buchenwald
Lakewood, NJ



Weintraub, Mietek
Lodz, Poland
Mauthausen
Morton Grove, IL



Weisband, Dorothy (Horowitz)
Brooklyn, NY
Bayside, NY



Weisband, Leon
Zwolen Poland
Buchenwald
Bayside, NY



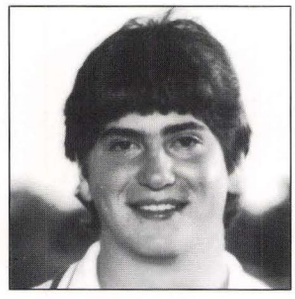
Weiser, Hershel A.
Second Generation
New York, NY
Brooklyn, NY



Weiser, Sherry (Wieder)
Sighet, Hungary
Bergen-Belsen
Brooklyn, NY



Weisman, Murray
Lodz, Poland
Buchenwald
Dayton, OH



Weisman, Neal
Second Generation
Dayton, OH



Weisman, Rebecca
Second Generation
Dayton, OH



Weisman, Lisa
Second Generation
Dayton, OH



Weissman, Leo
Hamburg-Altona, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Sunrise, FL



Weissman, Sonia (Rubin)
Warsaw, Poland
Neustadt-Gleve
Sunrise, FL



Weissman, Miriam (Pomerantz)
Rozana, Poland
Auschwitz
Brooklyn, NY



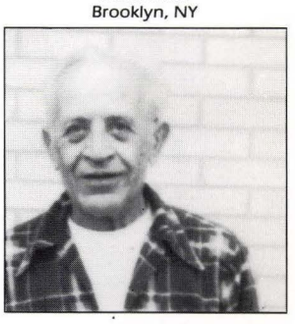
Weisz, Zoltan
Baia Mare
Nagybanya
Indianapolis, IN



Weksler, David M.
Zgierz, Poland
Russia
Wantagh, NY



Welbel, Elaine L. (Mortkovicova)
Vranov N/T, Czechoslovakia
Ravensbruck-Malchow
kokie, IL



Welbel, Leon
Luna, Poland
Mauthausen-Gusin
Skokie, IL



Weltman, Miriam (Feder)
Warsaw, Poland
Czenstochowa, Poland
Whitestone, NY



Weltman, Sol
Czenstochowa, Poland
Terezin, Czechoslovakia
Whitestone, NY



Werthaiser, Erna (Mandelbaum)
Auschwitz
Peterswaldau
Cincinnati, OH



Werthaiser, Pinkus
Konigshutte
Peterswaldau
Cincinnati, OH



Weiss, Gerda (Segal)
Vienna, Austria
In hiding in Berlin
Baltimore, MD



Widawski, Max
Lodz, Poland
Dachau
Rochester, NY



Wigodsky, Esther (Krzesiwo)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Whittier, CA



Willinger, Magda (Weisberger)
Kralovo Nad Tisou, CSR
Bydgoszcz, Poland
Phoenix, AZ



Wilner, Mitzi (Bleich)
Lwow, Poland
Boiberik
San Diego, Ca



Wimmer, Joachim
Wieliczka, Poland
Langenbielau, Germany
Fort Lee, NJ



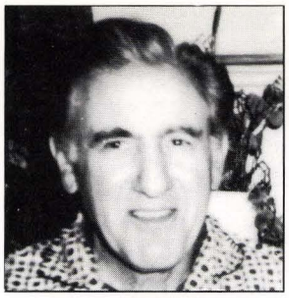
Wimmer, Sally (Drexler)
Dabrowa Gornicza, Poland
Langenbielau, Germany
Fort Lee, NJ



Winard, Arno I. (Winogrodzki)
Radom, Poland
Dachau
Fort Washington, MD



Winard, Roslyn (Grand)
New York, NY
Fort Washington, MD



Winder, Max (Motek)
Radom, Poland
Guzen II, Austria
Baltimore, MD



Winder, Rose (Lipszyc)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Auschwitz
Baltimore, MD



Winreb, Paula (Budgor)
Osmiana, Poland
Quazendorf
Los Angeles, CA



Winreb, William (Wajnryb)
Modrzejow, Poland
Dachau, Germany
Los Angeles, CA



Wischkin, Etta (Fischer)
Braslaw, Poland
In hiding
Fairfield, CT



Wischkin, Max
Dubino, Poland
Partisans
Fairfield, CT



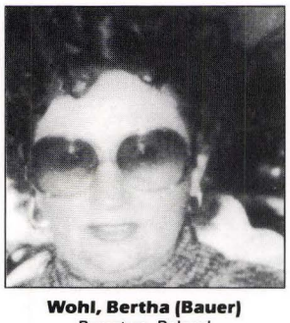
Wisel, Leo
Zawiercie, Poland
Buchenwald
Brooklyn, NY



Wisnicki, Joseph
Czenstochowa, Poland
Innsbruck
Flushing, NY



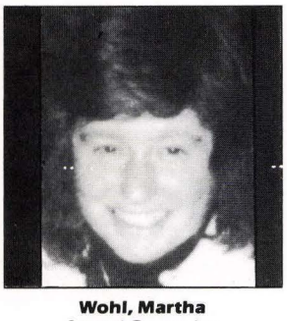
Wisnicki, Lorraine (Justman)
Lodz, Poland
Innsbruck
Flushing, NY



Wohl, Bertha (Bauer)
Bursztyn, Poland
In Forest near Brzezany
Flushing, NY



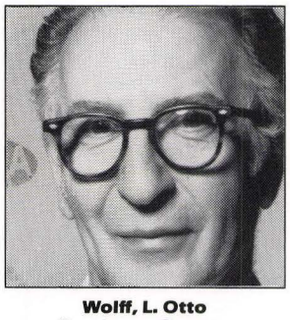
Wohl, Herman
Rohatyn, Poland
In Forest
Deceased



Wohl, Martha
Second Generation
New York, NY
San Francisco, CA



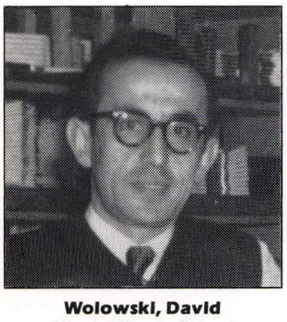
Wolf, Irene (Wolff)
Cologne, Germany
Bergen-Belsen
Bergenfield, NJ



Wolff, L. Otto
Honningen, Germany
USA
Bergenfield, NJ



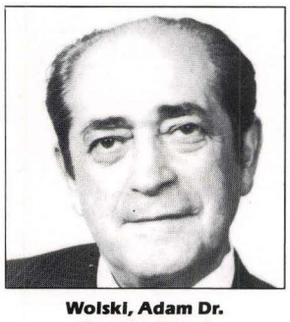
Wolfgang, Terry (Horowitz)
Second Generation
New York, NY



Wolowski, David
Ujazdy Wesola, Poland
Buchenwald, Germany
Kansas City, MO



Wolowski, Gitla (Warszawski)
Bendzin, Poland
Parschnitz by Trautenau
Kansas City, MO



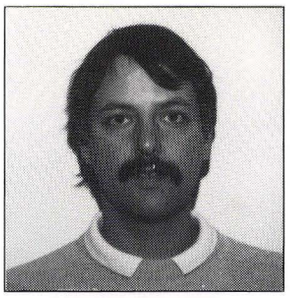
Wolski, Adam Dr.
Slomniki, Poland
Russia
Houston, TX



Wolski, Janina Dr. (Paluch)
Krakow, Poland
In Hiding
Houston, TX



Wornian, Edith (Affenkraut)
Leipzig, Germany
Hidden In Convent
Glendale, NY



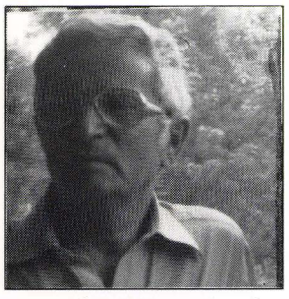
Wornian, Larry
Second Generation
New York, NY
Oakland, CA



Wrobel, Eta (Chast)
Lukow, Poland
Lukow, Poland
Flushing, NY



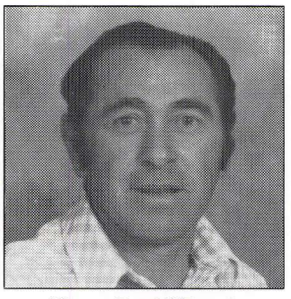
Wrobel, Henry
Lukow, Poland
Lukow, Poland
Flushing, NY



Yaver, Jack (Jawerbaum)
Miedzyrzec, Poland
Russia
Skokie, IL



Yaver, Mignon (Rabinowitz)
Miedzyrzec, Poland
Russia
Skokie, IL



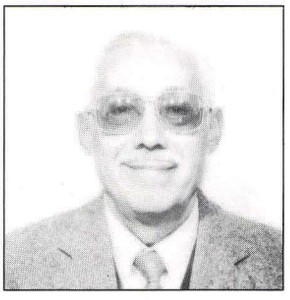
Yeger, David (Ducy)
Rina, Rumania
Flossenburg
Lakewood, NJ



Yeger, Nancy (Kanczuker)
Zbaraz, Poland
In Hiding
Lakewood, NJ



Young, Eva (Miodecka)
Lipsko nad Wisla, Poland
Oshatz, Germany
New York, NY



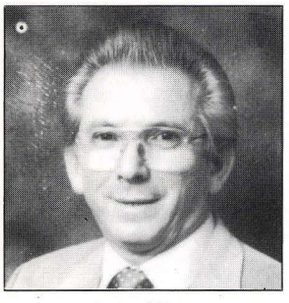
Zajc, Aron
Bialystok, Poland
Hiding
Brooklyn, NY



Zajc, Malka (Rosenman)
Warsaw, Poland
Malchow
Brooklyn, NY



Zaks, Gussie (Unglik)
Klobuck, Poland
Klobuck, Poland
San Diego, CA



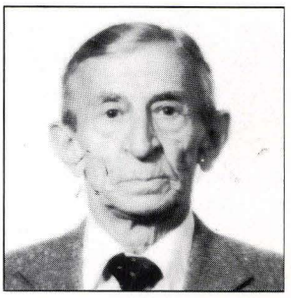
Zaks, Mike
Klobuck, Poland
Klobuck, Poland
San Diego, CA



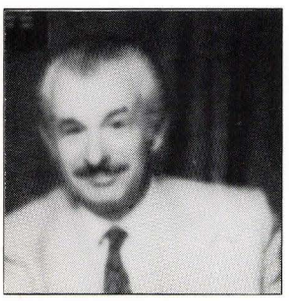
Zaks, Henry
Czenstochowa, Poland
Theresienstadt
San Diego, CA



Zaks, Renata (Rosen)
Chicago, Ill
San Diego, CA



Zalcberg, Sam
Poland
Poland
San Antonio, TX



Zansberg, Harry
Belzyce, Poland
Flossenburg
Fair Lawn, NJ



Zansberg, Trudy (Maier)
Frankfurt, Germany
Fair Lawn, NJ



Zapletal, Margit (Weiss)
Nitra, Czechoslovakia
Kurzbach, Auschwitz
Woodside, NY



Zapletal, Martin
Nitra, Czechoslovakia
Sered, Czechoslovakia
Woodside, NY



Zaretsky, Elliot
Cinkevich, Poland
Lotva Ghetto
Bayside, NY



Zeleny, Jolly (Rothman)
Uzhorod, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Fairfield, CT



Zemboch, Marilyn (Schneider)
Second Generation
Cincinnati, OH



Zielinski, Chaim
Przedec, Poland
Auschwitz
Deceased



Zifzider, Chana (Gopstein)
Wilno, Poland
Brooklyn, NY



Zifzider, Tova E.
Second Generation
Moscow, Russia
New York, NY



Zigmond, Helen (Gancz)
Velky Bockov, Czechoslovakia
Bergen-Belsen
Cheyenne, WY



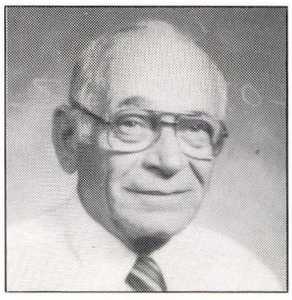
Zimerman, Irene (Glattstein)
Presov, Czechoslovakia
Czenstochowa, Poland
Louisville, KY



Zitler, Sasha
Wilno, Poland
Stalag 8A, Germany
New Orleans, LA



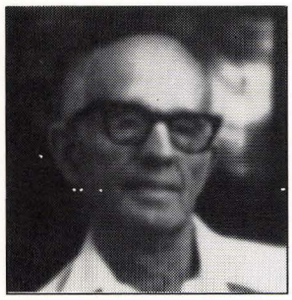
Zlotowicz, Adele (Wozek)
Ciechocinek, Poland
Partisans
Waco, TX



Zlotowicz, Simon
Warsaw, Poland
Partisans
Waco, TX



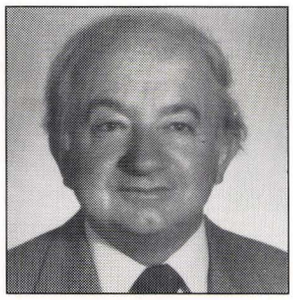
Zoller, Cheryl
Second Generation
Los Angeles, CA
Los Angeles, CA



Zuchowicki, Aron
Partisan in Russia
Deceased



Zuchowicki, Sara (Polonski)
Kossow Poleski, Poland
Sweden
Cincinnati, OH



Zuckerman, Abraham
Krakow, Poland
Mauthausen, Austria
Hillside, NJ



Zuckerman, Mina (Mark)
Humniska, Poland
In Hiding
Hillside, NJ



Zuckerman, Charles A. (Cuklerman)
Olkusz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Flushing, NY



Zuckerman, Tola (Grinstein)
Zarki, Poland
Peters Waldau, Germany
Flushing, NY



Zugman, David B.
Sokal, Poland
Sokal, Poland
Hollywood, FL



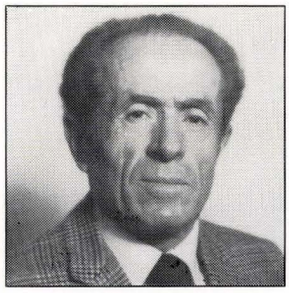
Zugman, Jean (Cohen)
New York, NY
Hollywood, FL



Zwany, Sheina (Oszmian)
Wilno Poland
In hiding
Woodside, NY



Zytcer, Molly (Knol)
Hrubieszow, Poland
Freed by Soviets
Cherry Hill, NJ



Zytcer, Sol
Zamosc, Poland
Freed by Soviets
Cherry Hill, NJ



Jerison, Irene (Landkof)
Lodz, Poland
Wittenberg
Santa Monica, CA



Meed, Benjamin
Warsaw, Poland
Warsaw Underground Movement
Bronx, New York



Meed, Vladka
Warsaw, Poland
Warsaw Underground Movement
Bronx, New York



Jacobs, Leon (Jankiewicz)
Warsaw, Poland
Russia
Flushing, N.Y.



Jacobs, Julia (Rapaport)
Bendzin, Poland
Auschwitz
Flushing, N.Y.



Abelson, Norman
Malden, MA
Concord, NH



Abelson, Dina (Dorka Lipszyc)
Radom, Poland
Auschwitz
Concord, NH



Rosenstein, Mira (Lipszyc)
Radom, Poland
Auschwitz
Forest Hills, NY



Rosenstein, Carol
Second Generation
New York
Forest Hills, NY



Frishman, Boruch
Szydlowiec, Poland
Auschwitz
Dallas, TX



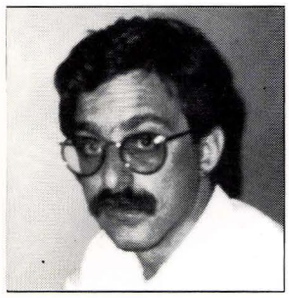
Frishman, Channa (Minor)
Suwalki, Poland
Russia
Dallas, TX



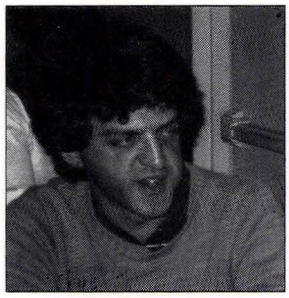
Levy, Henry S.
Thessaloniki, Greece
Munich, Germany
West Hartford, CT



Levy, Ida (Sack)
Vienna, Austria
Bergen-Belsen
West Hartford, CT



Sutton, Paul J.
Second Generation
New York
Brooklyn, New York



Sutton, Steven E.
Second Generation
New York
Brooklyn, New York



Zaidenweber, Jules (Israel)
Radom Poland
Vaihingen, Dachau
Minneapolis, MN

Zaidenweber, Dora (Eiger)
Radom Poland
Auschwitz
Minneapolis, MN

NO PHOTOS

Brown, Avrom S. Dr.
Second Generation
USA
Elkins Park, PA

Baskin, Michael
Stolin, Poland
Russia
Farmington Hills, MI

Cala, Ethel (Lieberman)
Trebusany, Czechoslovakia
Beachwood, OH

Fried, Maike K. (Lichtbrown)
Second Generation
Wilkes-Barre, PA
Monsey, NY

Friedman, Phyllis K. (Lichtbrown)
Second Generation
Brno, Czechoslovakia
Monsey, NY

Goldberg, Henry
Lodz, Poland
Bergen-Belsen
Houston, TX

Goldberg, Ruth (Zins-Heinemann)
Berlin, Germany
Houston, TX

Haneman, Eugenia
Second Generation
Bronx, NY
Albany, NY

Herskovic, Maria (Maschkivitzan)
Antwerp, Belgium
Brussels, Belgium
Encino, CA

Kent, Stewart V.
Oceanside, NY

Kent, John
Second Generation
USA
Pittsburgh, PA

Kushner, Murray
Second Generation
USA
Livingston, NJ

Kushner, Charles
Second Generation
New York, NY
Livingston, NJ

Landau, Samuel J.
Warszawa
New York, NY

Lipton, Carol Gail
Second Generation
Atlantic Beach, NY

Lipton, Leslie Mark
Second Generation
Atlantic Beach, NY

Lane, Kathy (Schenk)
Salisbury, NC
Fort Lauderdale, FL

Laulicht, Linda (Kushner)
Second Generation
Italy
West Orange, NJ

Laulicht, Murray
West Orange, NJ

Laulicht, Laurie
Third Generation
West Orange, NJ

Lichtbroun, Alan S., M.D.
Second Generation
Reading, PA
Old Bridge, NJ

Loeffelholz, Ruth (Rosenblat)
Second Generation
Stuttgart, Germany
New Orleans, LA

Mosberg, Edward
Krakow, Poland
Mauthausen, Linz
Union, NJ

Mosberg, Cecile (Storch)
Krakow, Poland
Mauthausen
Union, NJ

Miles, Renee (Ringel)
Krosno, Poland
Hiding
Forest Hills, NY

Polkow, Dr. Melvin
Second Generation
New York City
Oradell, NJ

Polkow, Linda (Schiff)
New York City
Oradell, NJ

Reiter, Ruth H.
USA
Silver Spring, MD

Roschwalb, Robert
Second Generation
USA
Plainview, NY

Roschwalb, Adena M.
USA
Plainview, NY

Rosenblat, Henry
Second Generation
New Orleans, La.
New Orleans, La.

Schoenfeld, Oscar
Mukacevo, Czechoslovakia
Hungary under assumed names
Beverly Hills, CA

Schoenfeld, Alice
Presov, Czechoslovakia
Debrecen, Hungary
Beverly Hills, CA

Schweitzer, Harry
Second Generation
Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany
Brooklyn, NY

Shajnfeld, Saul
Second Generation
New York City
Rego Park, NY

Shopper, Moisy, M.D.
St. Louis, MO

Shualy, Israel
Bnei Brak, Israel
Baltimore, MD

Silverman, Saba
Second Generation
Atlanta, GA

Springer, Irwin
Bendzin, Poland
Los Angeles, CA

Springer, Sally (Rafalover)
Sosnowiec, Poland
Los Angeles, CA

Spitzer, David
Kosice, Czechoslovakia
Sachsenhausen
Flushing, NY

Spitzman, David
Second Generation
Providence, RI
Newport, RI

Vogelhut, Mark M., M.D.
Second Generation
New York City
Tallahassee, FL

Vogelhut, Rhea (Adelman)
Second Generation
New York City
Tallahassee, FL

Volski, Molly
Second Generation
Augsburg, Germany
Alexandria, VA

Wolhendler, Jacob
Zawiercie, Poland
Breslau, Germany
Pittsburgh, PA

Zapletal, Paul
Second Generation
Zilina Czechoslovakia
Scarsdale, NY

Zapletal, Peter
Second Generation
Legnica, Poland
Jackson, MS