

Alfred Rader

Kindertransport

Kindertransport - Kinder-  
LINK newsletter

1976-2016

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THE

KINDER



LINK

Published Quarterly/Spring 1996

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Vol. 6/Number 2

## Many Questions Remain

In spite of the fact that we have found some interesting facts and documentation concerning *Kindertransport* history in recent years, our knowledge remains quite incomplete and many questions can be raised. What follows is obviously subjective and one hopes that further questions will be asked by others in the future. The questions I raise at this time have to do with some of the events that touched me personally, that have arisen since studying some of my own files from the Central British Fund, or that have emerged from various records and archives.

1. Potentially, under the Guardianship Act, Lord Gorell, Chairman of the Refugee Children's Movement, was our guardian, if there was no other. How was his guardianship triggered and under what conditions?

2. The 3rd Baron Gorell's biography is evocative and interesting, as are the biographies of some of our other benefactors. But one wants to know much more about him as well as Leonard Montefiore, Neville Laski and others.

3. In reading the autobiography of Sir Samuel Hoare, one is left wondering why he did not mention Jewish refugees and all his efforts on their behalf? Does one conclude that the absence of any mention of refugees in that, and many other biographies, is due to the fact that their efforts were not popular or politically prudent, and that much had to be done with discretion? Prime Minister Chamberlain did a great deal for Jewish refugees, working closely with Herbert Samuel and others, but it was all done quietly and without publicity. One has to remember the 13% unemployed in Britain at the time.

4. Keeping that in mind, it is particularly interesting to probe into Cabinet minutes of that time. What was the Cabinet's position prior to the Parliamentary debate of November 21, 1938? What did they know of the Prime Minister's efforts?

5. What can we learn from the Home Office files?

6. What did Local Government authorities think of the refugees among them, positively or negatively? Wartime anti-Semitism in London's East End is well documented. What do we know about the Boroughs of Hampstead and Golders Green, for instance?

7. Voluntary organizations, many non-Jewish, did much for individual refugees in all parts of the country. It would be good to record some of their efforts. One hears of hospital bills paid anonymously for refugee children and insur-

ance companies that offered special hospital insurance for pennies weekly to refugee children who were employed on farms.

8. Many questions remain having to do with visits by Refugee Committee social workers. In that regard, much can be learned from our personal files.

9. How did members of the British armed forces react to our presence in their midst? How were refugees treated in the Service?

10. How many of us were visited by the police at the beginning of the war, and did they confiscate cameras, maps, atlases, etc.?

These ten questions only scratch the surface and many more can be added. If you have questions, or answers to the above ten, how about sending them to *The Kinder-Link*?

Ernie Goodman

## A New Feature

With this issue we are introducing a new feature in our newsletter: "A Picture Is Worth...." As the name implies, we are asking you to send us photographs that relate to the *Kindertransport* experience, or to life in England or pre-war Europe. With the photograph, we would like the story behind the picture. The example in this issue is by Robert Sugar, who came up with the idea. If possible, please let us keep the photograph to add to our archives. If you are loath to part with a picture, we could, with your permission, have a copy made for the archives.

We look forward to your submissions, and to the many interesting pictures and stories that will grace future issues of *The Kinder-Link*.

## Your Opinion, Please!

This issue of *The Kinder-Link* is set in a smaller size font than our past issues. The purpose of the change is to make possible the inclusion of more material in each issue (providing, of course, that such material is on hand).

I realize that none of us have the youthful eyesight we once had, and I am concerned with your reaction to this size font. Is it uncomfortably small for you? If a large number of *Kinder* have difficulty reading this issue, I will return to the former size.

Eva Yachnes

## Opinion

### In The Vast Scheme Of Things...

I went out for a walk after a winter snow fall, and though I was glad to be outdoors, I was at first too preoccupied to notice the world around me. I was filled with annoyance at one of my co-workers, who had spent the last few days making his own and everyone else's life miserable because he disliked the task assigned to him.

Gradually, however, my surroundings began to dissipate my bad mood. The snow had not lain long enough to become city-dingy with soot, it sparkled white like a froth of meringue over the landscape. The air had a fresh and clean smell, the sound of traffic was muted, and my footsteps crunched pleasantly as I walked. I looked up at the tree branches, each with its white coating gleaming against the blue sky, and I was suddenly happy. It seemed to me at that moment that thinking about the petty annoyances of work in the midst of such beauty was an enormous waste of time and emotional energy.

I can't help remembering that insight when I meet up with some of the trivial disagreements and easily hurt feelings that occasionally surface in the KTA. Here we are, in the last years of our lives, wasting time and energy that could be so productively used! We have set noble goals for our organization: To preserve the history of the *Kindertransports*, to help children faced with the kind of danger and need that we once faced, to educate the public about the Holocaust. Does it really matter who gets credit for what, or who had what idea, so long as our task goes forward?

In time, our individual contributions to the history of the Holocaust will surely be forgotten. If we work together, the history itself will be there to enlighten, and if we do our task well, perhaps to influence the future.

There is a wonderful freedom in keeping small things small, in looking past the petty and getting on with the task at hand. When we find ourselves with some complaint against a fellow *Kind* or the KTA Committee, let's stop and ask ourselves how much, in the vast scheme of things, our gripe matters. Let's keep a

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• • •  
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• • •  
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Anita Grosz, Vice-President Second Generation  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor

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Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.

Let's keep a sense of proportion—our time is getting short!

Eva Yachnes

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

### Claims for Reparation from Austria

Dr. Israel Miller, President of the Committee for Jewish Claims on Austria, called on Jewish Nazi victims in and from Austria—who have not as yet done so—to register for claims with a newly created Austrian National Fund. This National Fund will provide one-time payments of AS 70,000 (approximately \$7,000) to all surviving Jewish Nazi victims from Austria, as well as supplementary support to those in special need.

Jewish victims of Nazi persecution are eligible if they:

(a) were citizens of Austria and domiciled in Austria as of March 13, 1938, or

(b) had been permanently domiciled in Austria for a period of ten years as of March 13, 1938, or were born as children of such persons in Austria within that period, or

(c) before March 13, 1938, lost their Austrian citizenship or their place of residence of at least ten years because they left the country due to the imminent march of the German armed forces into Austria, or

(d) were born before May 9, 1945, as children of such persons in concentration camps or under comparable circumstances.

"Though, initially, this fund was intended as a hardship fund," Dr. Miller said, "the Committee for Jewish Claims on Austria succeeded in persuading the Austrian government to provide a payment to every surviving Austrian Jew."

Interested parties should request applications from the nearest Austrian consulate or directly from the Austrian government at:

Nationalfonds der Republik Österreich  
Parlament  
A-1017 Wein, Austria

### Kinder Seder

Last Passover Robert Sugar presented us with a proposed format for holding a *Kinder Seder*. The response we got from our members was very positive, with many of you showing an interest in using his idea. We would like to hear from members who followed through with having a *Kinder Seder* this year. Please write with a description of your Seder, and if possible send us a copy of the *Kindertransport* related material you used, if you did not use Robert's words.

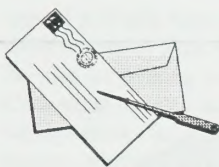
We hope to be able to publish descriptions of your *Kinder Seders* in the next issue of *The Kinder-Link*.

### Get Well Soon Eddy!

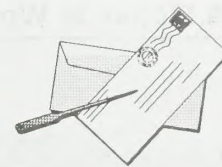
Eddy Behrendt, founder and President Emeritus of the KTA, suffered a severe heart attack on Wednesday, February 28, 1996. He is presently recuperating at home after being hospitalized in intensive care.

Eddy left New York after his retirement in 1993, and recently moved to Oregon with his wife Sarah. *Kinder* who would like to wish him well, can write to him at: 2554 Willona Drive, Eugene, OR 97408.

All of us on the Executive Committee wish him a speedy recovery.



## Letters To The Editor



Since I joined the KTA here in Florida, we receive the KTA Publication. After participating in one of those dinner get-togethers I realized that I did not know anybody of the whole group, and I felt a bit out of place.

So, in 1993 I started my own search, and with the article in the Jewish Journal (as attached) I was happy to get quite a number of replies. When at first my endeavor was to find classmates, I widened my list to schoolmates. By now I have a list of over 30 people.

I do not know if this is of particular interest to the KTA, but some of my respondents are *Kindertransport Auswanderer*. As can be seen from the write up, we are in process of organizing a *Mifgash* meeting in Israel in May 1996.

Not only this, there will be a Day Picnic here in Florida for all the former Berliners. This is organized by a lady named Gerda Hollander, Tel: (954) 427-5743 or (954) 572-5891. The picnic will be held on May 10, 1996 in Hollywood at the T.Y. park, Pavilion O. It starts at 10:00am. Everybody bring their lunches. (I have word there will be well over 100 people in attendance!)

Gad G. Hoffman  
Boca Raton, Florida

The following is excerpted from the article mentioned in Mr. Hoffman's letter. The author is Marlene Roberts.

The photograph of the young boys attending Kaiserstrasse, a Jewish boys school in Berlin, was taken in 1937. Three years later, in 1940, the school no longer existed.

Gad Hofmann, 68, attended the school until 1939. Hofmann is trying to locate classmates who survived the war. So far, he has found 20 people.

The following is an excerpt from an article by Rosemarie Gumpel about her reunion in November, 1995, with the Wintons and several other *Kinder*.

### A Washington Reunion

Reneé Achter (*Kind*) met me at Washington's Union Station, which was very kind of her. Since Nicky and Grete Winton were due to arrive in a short while we waited for them in the lobby at Union Station. They arrived with Janus and Kirsten Grosz, and what a lovely welcome it was! Reneé took us to a private room in a restaurant. Once there we chatted and got to know each other. We were joined by Reneé's husband Michael and Peter and Alice (*Kind*) Masters. At dinner Michael Achter proposed a toast and paid tribute to the Wintons.

The next morning Nicky, Grete, and I had breakfast to-

"The Senate of Berlin invites former Jewish residents of Berlin to come back and visit," Hofmann said. "My wife and I were invited for the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht in 1988. That's when I found out about a news magazine the government publishes dealing with subjects concerning ex-Berliners."

Hofmann saw that people used the publication *Aktuell/Berlin* to contact ex-Berliners, and Hofmann decided to use the magazine to try to find people from his past. In 1993 he published his school photo for the first time and in 1994 he published the photo again.

"To this point I have received 20 letters and telephone calls from schoolmates who either escaped [Nazi Germany] or survived Auschwitz," Hofmann said.

He has followed up with two letters that listed the respondents information about themselves. In the letter, he also included the photo and respondents who could identify themselves in the photograph. Now the group of Jewish ex-Berliners are planning a trip to Israel next spring.

A winter resident of Boca Raton, Hofmann believes there may be former students of Kaiserstrasse living in south Florida and hopes they will contact him.

I am enclosing a check for \$300.00 in recognition of the "Link" to English Social Security provided by *The Kinder-Link*. I found the Department of Social Security in Newcastle-upon-Tyne very helpful.

The program at the reunion in Ft. Lauderdale was very well planned. I hope there will be another reunion within the next two years.

Hedi Levenback  
Bronx, New York

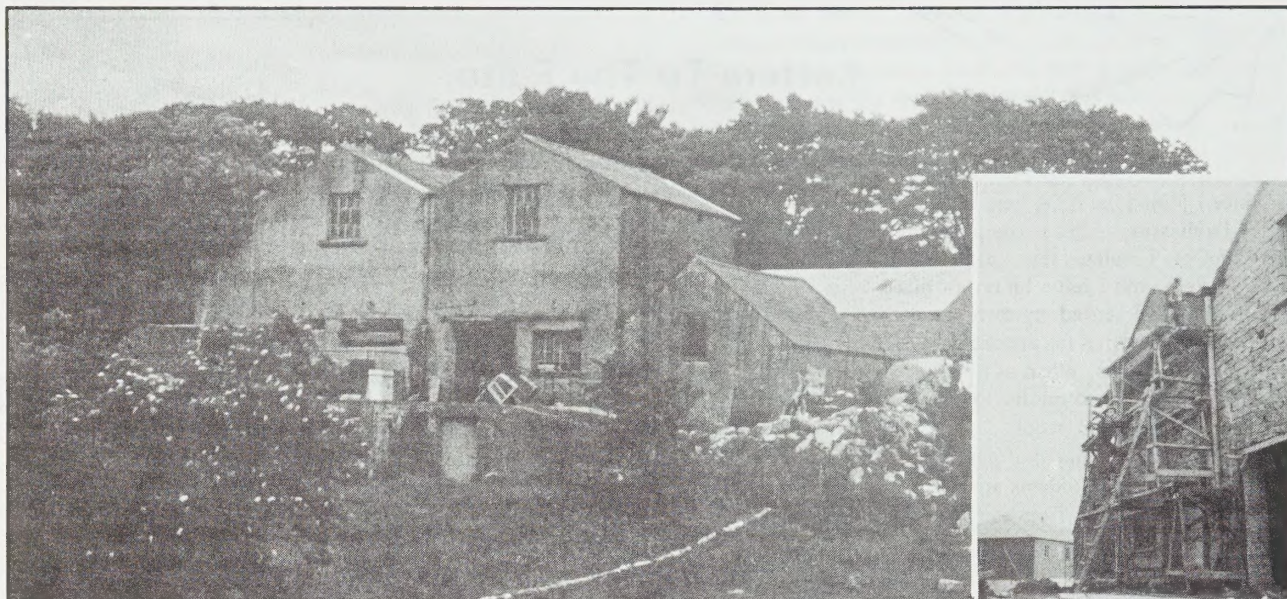
gether and then the Wintons were driven by Reneé to the Holocaust Museum where Nicky was being interviewed by a young archivist.

Later that day, Janus and Kirsten Grosz and I travelled to the Bethesda home of Alice and Peter Masters. The Wintons and Achters had already arrived. We were all fascinated by the art work and artifacts in the Masters' home. Alice prepared a sumptuous meal and we dined elegantly. Throughout the meal Peter regaled us with charming stories about his early experiences in England. It was a really lovely luncheon and I thank Peter and Alice most sincerely for all their hard work and gracious hospitality.

After lunch Nicky and Grete were driven back to the Holocaust Museum by Michael Achter while the rest of us stayed with Peter and Alice for a little while longer.

Continued on Page 6

## A Picture Is Worth...



Our house in 1989, Photo by David Sugar. Inset: Under construction, in 1941. Meyerstein, with hod, on ladder; Glans on scaffold.

## A Kinder Document of Stone

Speak of primary sources of history, and what comes to mind? Paper and celluloid: letters, diaries, documents, newspapers, photographs, and film—records made at the time from which future historians fashion their histories. But there are other, older primary sources from which we can learn much of the past—pottery, weapons, and of course buildings. Documents of stone. These are in fact the most powerful of documents—imagine Egypt without the pyramids; Jerusalem without the Western Wall! I herewith present you with a unique *Kinder* document of stone, relic of the vanished *Kindertransport* civilization of Britain. A great building which we built in 1941, pictured above, which still stands on the coast of Northern Ireland. It is more than a *Kinder* monument, it is the rarest of Jewish monuments in the Western diaspora, for it was designed by Jews, its stones (in actuality cinderblocks) were cast by Jews, and it was entirely built by Jewish hands. Not yet in true ruin, alone of all the historic markers that ring the coast of the beautiful island—the ruins of the Celtic round towers, Norman and Tudor keeps, Cistercian abbeys, ours is the only Jewish one. Here is where the children of Israel dwelt on the coast of Ireland, 1939-1948. This was the state of their art and technology. What did they do there? What happened to them? Where did they go?

The clever archeologist of the future will extract many answers from the building itself, provided of course that no one tears it down. Remains of troughs and stalls on the first floor will tell it was a farm building. This is where they kept their cows. The floor below ground (under the ramp) must have been a cold room, where this mysterious people stored their beets and potatoes. On the top floor, a room

under each gable. The one with the rusted hoist and tackle, and heavy-duty electric outlets will suggest a machine shop—which it was. The other room contains no clues. The archeologist will not be able to tell that here we kept our old suitcases—from Berlin, Vienna, Bremen, Munich, containing photos and last letters from home. It might well have been our museum had anyone then thought of museums. As for the architecture itself—yard thick walls for a cow-byre?—these were not local people, they must have been Germans. Carbon dating will establish the years: Ah yes, these were German Jews. Austrians perhaps. Refugees. How fascinating!

One can tell much from buildings and pictures, but memory and words too have their use. Fully told, the story of our house is the story of its builders, of all of us—since the fall of the temple! I, who was there, who witnessed the rise of our spectacular building, am currently attempting a larger, though not quite so ambitious piece. My story here for you is a brief interim report from a work in progress.

In the spring of 1939 a group of thirty orthodox Halutzim, mainly from Germany, took over the abandoned Gorman's farm, on the Irish Sea coast of County Down, near the village of Millisle, which had been leased for them by the Belfast Jewish Refugee Committee. In the summer a group of *Kindertransportees*, also around thirty, mostly from Vienna, joined the Halutzim. By September twenty or so middle-aged and older people from all over Central Europe had joined the children and pioneers. The eighty or so people on what we simply called "The Farm" comprised the majority of refugees in Northern Ireland. Where would so many live? We crammed into the existing run-down build-

ings of a family farm, white-washed stables and built wooden bunks. Still, we could not live like this for long. We had no running water, no flush toilets. The Belfast Committee decided to build a long wooden barracks, eventually named "the huts" (not to be confused with our great house), which would contain sleeping quarters, the synagogue, rec rooms, and bathrooms with hot showers. When the initial budget ran out Maurice Solomon of the Belfast Committee, de facto governor of the farm, wrote a letter of medieval Jewish precedent, as from one besieged community to another not yet, to the Jews of Dublin who had already contributed. Send us £1,000 more. In a report to the Home Office, in November '39, Solomon summarized Dublin's response:

They are willing to help us in this respect, provided we take over the 12 refugees which they are at present maintaining in Dublin....that it is in the best interests of the refugees that they be taken over by us....

A Ph.D. thesis is here, at the least. Why were the Jews of Dublin, generous, four times as numerous as Belfast's, in a country not at war, so anxious to send their few refugees North? My hypothesis: In 1939 the Catholic Free State was tilting towards the axis, Nazi U-boats were buying fish along the coast, and as for De Valera and his government and the saving of Jews, there beat the coldest hearts in Western Christendom. Colder even than Canada's. Of the twenty-five Jews all told who had somehow found temporary refuge in the Free State, twelve, among them Adolf Mundheim, the future architect of our great house, came north to Protestant Ulster. With the £1,000. I believe the Dublin Jews felt they would be safer with us, under British rule.

Engineer Mundheim, from Hanover: Ancient bachelor (at least sixty years old!), cloth cap, pipe in mouth, taciturn, gigantic hands and feet, enemy of foul-language (also of sex and sensuality), straight out of Thomas Mann. He practiced with a few smaller sheds. Then, in the Spring of '41 the great work began. Sammy Spielvogel, graduate of the Vienna Chajes gymnasium, an almost-*Kind* (technically a couple of years too old) drew the plans. Belfast volunteers had helped cast the blocks. Among the actual builders were the Halutzim Benno Zell and Willy Glans (*Zeev*); the *Kinder* Walter Köbchen and Erich Meyerstein—all right, it was not entirely a *Kinder* show! When the scaffold reached the second story Erich, daredevil, later war hero, from Göttingen, rode his bicycle on the planks in mute celebration. We, the smaller boys, played in the sandpiles near the site. My friend Harry, famed Vienna *Kugelbahn* (marble chute) engineer, designed his greatest works: Alpine tunnels, gravity defying jumps. Deep in our hearts, certainly in mine, we imagined the building that rose above us not a byre, but our bunker from which we'd fight the Germans if they came. We said even then it would be our monument, not because we had a view of history, but because its disproportionately thick walls looked as if they'd stand forever.

• • • •

After the London Reunion in 1989, which I knew was an historic event even as I was dying to get out, we sped over

to Ireland to see our house. With my wife and children, accompanied by the present owners of our farm, I stood on the sacred site, archeologist of my own past. Yes, it really had been. The house, empty and unused, in surface disrepair, stood sturdy as ever, the roof intact, the pebbled facing of the second floor, after fifty years of Ulster rain, still a different grey than on the first. Oh! had it only been something grander than a byre, our Temple perhaps, at the least a place we'd lived in, my love for this decrepit building would seem less strange. I felt I stood before the ruins of Zion.

"I said to myself," wrote Samuel HaNagid, poet, general, camping under the citadel he had captured for the Moorish King of Grenada, "Where are the people, those who lived here in years that have gone? Where are the builders...?" Where were our builders? Mundheim retired to Dublin where he died, never I imagine, regaining the glory of his days as master builder of the Farm. Körbchen, interpreter with the U.S. army in Germany, was killed shortly after the war in a car crash on the Autobahn. Willy Glans, a retired baker in New Jersey, reminisces about his many kind deeds for the young children of the Farm (true!), hardly on his work as a builder. Benno Zell, star singer in our synagogue, fought in Normandy, and at last lives on a kibbutz in Israel. Spielvogel, a city-planning consultant in Connecticut, says it was remarkable that we managed to get steel I-beams for its frame in the middle of the war; the building itself was nothing special. My friend Harry, the marble-chute engineer, is now Don Harry. A manufacturer in Columbia, he speaks Spanish again, like his Sephardic ancestors. Meyerstein, wounded in the D-day invasion, died in England since my visit to our house. In the army his name had been changed to Mason. As for myself in New York (call me Ishmael?), I am certain I'm the only one, anywhere, who recognizes in our abandoned byre on the coast of Ireland a great Jewish holocaust memorial. Strong as a fortress. Grey as grief. Empty inside as the Holy of Holies. Built by a few of the multitude it commemorates. With their own hands!

Robert Sugar

## New Donations To The KTA

We wish to thank Laura Gabriel, who worked so hard to find and set up the venue for our 1995 conference, for donating her professional fees to the KTA Charitable Fund.

The following *Kinder* have also sent in contributions since the last issue:

Peter Feistman  
Hannah Karg  
Ruth Knox  
Donald Kollisch  
Renee Torn  
Edith Wertheimer

The following sent contributions for the Quilt Project:

Lisa Saretzky  
Hans Weinman  
Liesa Fischer

## Local News

### Northern California

It was a very emotional experience Sunday, January 21, 1996, when about 50 *Kinder*, spouses, friends, and KT2s attended the Marin Theatre Company's production of *Kindertransport*. This was the West Coast premier of the Diane Samuels' play, first produced in London and now making the rounds of regional theater companies in the U.S. and Canada. Productions of the play are slated for this Spring in Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

The afternoon started with a bagel-brunch organized by Anita Cotton and Margo Goldberg, both of whom were accompanied by their grown children. Lee Sankowich, the play's producer, and members of the cast joined in and were delighted to meet the actual people whose story they were playing on stage. The play is very powerful and many of the audience were emotionally moved. During rehearsals KTA members Alfred Cotton, Alan Peters, and Ralph Samuel assisted the director and cast by providing background information and answering their questions.

At intermission and after the performance Nor Cal members socialized and mingled in the theater lobby which held an extensive collection of *Kindertransport* memorabilia including old photos, official documents and other mementos, some lent by KTA members Alice Boddy and Alan Peters. The KTA display panel designed by Robert Sugar, and on loan from the KTA, was also prominently displayed.

On Monday evening, January 29, the Marin Theatre Company presented a symposium entitled "The *Kindertransport* of 1938/39 Remembered—The Lives and Legacies of Those Who Rode the Trains to Safety." KTA members Alfred Battzdorff, Alan Peter, and Ralph Samuel were joined by KT2 Daniel Schoenholz on the panel of speakers.

Ralph Samuel  
Alfred Cotton  
Co-Chairs, Nor Cal

### Pennsylvania

The play *Kindertransport* will be shown in Pennsylvania from April 17 to May 5.

Location: The Cheltenham Center for the Arts.  
439 Ashbourne Road  
Cheltenham, PA 19012

Phone: (215)379-4027  
Tickets: \$17 to \$21  
Group rates are available.

Eva Abraham-Podietz  
Anne Fox  
Co-Chairs, Pennsylvania

### Save The Date!

The New York area will have an event, with speaker, on April 28, 1996 from 2 to 6pm at Congregation Habonim. If you have not yet received a mailing, please contact

Margarete Goldberger at (516) 938-6084 for details.

The *St. Louis Jewish Light* carried an article by *Kind* Hedy Epstein in its December 6, 1995 issue. The full page article recounted the history of the transports, as well as giving a description of our 1995 conference.

The *New York Times* ran an article about the Sundance Film Festival, in which the following appeared:

As in recent years, the documentaries seem in some ways more provocative than many of the dramatic features. Some that have stirred interest are... "My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the *Kindertransport*," about the escape of Jewish children from Germany during World War II....

*Heritage Florida Jewish News* carried an article about the 1995 conference in its issue of December 1, 1995. The full page article, illustrated by a charming photograph of *Kinder* Olga Drucker, Ruth Ultmann, and Erika Rybeck, was written by Jay Schleickorn, husband of *Kind* Marianne (Wendel). It dealt with both the history of the transports and the content of our conference, and concluded with the KTA mailing address for those wishing to contact our organization.

### Shoa Visual History Foundation

*Kinder* willing to be interviewed should contact the Shoa Visual History Foundation at 1-800-661-2092. Requesting an interview registers you as a survivor on a national computer data base with an organization that has the means to support a nation-wide interviewing project. *Kinder* who are unable to travel are interviewed in their own homes.

### Kinder-Link Deadline

The deadline for submissions to the summer issue of *The Kinder-Link* is May 17. The summer issue should reach members around the middle of July. For those thinking further ahead: The fall deadline will be August 16 for the issue due out in mid-October. Please! To insure that I will be able to read your entry, don't send hand-written material. If you have no way to get it typed, print clearly!

Washington...Continued from Page 3

That evening we all met at Kennedy Center for a concert. The main featured musical piece was Saint-Saens violin concerto which was beautifully played by Maria Bachman.

The next morning I had breakfast with Nicky, Grete, Kirsten, and Janus. We spent a pleasant hour and a half together before saying goodbye to the Wintons who were being driven to the airport by the Achters. I was sorry to say goodbye to Nicky and Grete and wondered when I would see them again.

It had been a lovely festive occasion. I want to express my sincerest thanks to Michael and Reneé Achter who organized these three days with great efficiency. I look back on this event with warm and happy memories.

Rosemarie Gumpel





## Search



**Peter Feistman** is searching for **Erich Steinitz** formerly from Munich and student at Altes Realgymnasium. He left for England in 1939. You can reach Mr. Feistman at:

2395 Delaware Ave. #61  
 Santa Cruz, CA 95060  
 Tel. (408) 429-1155

Seeking classmates at Berlin's **Prinzregenten Strasse School**, 1938, aged 10, teacher Fraulein Nehab. Please contact:

Ruth Wing (born Spanier)  
 65 Beaufort Mansions  
 Beaufort Street  
 Chelsea, London SW3, England

**Lilian J. Green** is trying to trace members of several families from Vienna. **Frostig: Moische (Moses), Betty (Elizabeth), Beile (Beile Hudes). Samuely: Rita and Samuel. Pachter: Julius.** Some of them may have ended up in Riga. She would also like to find a source to purchase the *Totenbuch* for Austria. Her address is:

Fairfax House  
 11 Hilltop Hale

Altrincham, Cheshire WA 15 0NJ  
 England

**Fred Weil** is looking for his first cousin, son of his father's sister. **Walter Martin Bloch** was born in Karlsbad on 5 May, 1928, and left on a *Kindertransport* from Prague. Contact Mr. Weil at:

40 Bradmore Way  
 Brookmans Park  
 Hatfield, Herts AL9 7QX  
 England

**Renate Hebauf** is seeking two brothers born in Schlüchtern, who left on a *Kindertransport* from Frankfort. **Hans May** was born in 1922. His brother **Norbert May** was born in 1928. They later joined their father's sister, **Irma Sichel**, in the United States. The last known address for Norbert was 11-15 45th Avenue, Long Island City, New York. Hans was last heard of from 229 Park Lane, Orange, California. Contact her at:

Gaußstrasse 14  
 D-60316 Frankfurt/Main  
 Germany

### Please add the following to your 1995/96 Directory:

**Regional Contacts:**

New York: Manhattan/ Westchester  
 Helga Shepard

Our sincere apologies for this omission.

**New Members**

Herbert Aronson                      Braunschweig  
 Forest Hills, NY 11375              718-896-7754

Ruth Cyzner                              Berlin, Germany  
 Huntington Bay, NY 11743              516-271-8703

Rosemarie Gumpel                      Prague  
 Bronx, NY 10463                      718-549-5966

John Heilbronner (Hans)  
 Walnut Creek, CA                      510-945-8982

Jack Hellman (Hans)                      Tann, Germany  
 Great Neck, NY 11020                      516-482-0532

Ted Helman                                  Vienna, Austria  
 Arlington, VA 22201                      703-522-8337

Keith S. Henley                              Hamburg, Germany  
 Ann Arbor, MI

Edgar Holton                                  Vienna, Austria  
 San Francisco, CA 94108                      415-398-8700

Jeffrey Karg                                      KT2  
 New City, NY 10956                      914-362-0412

Ruth Knox (Liebermensch)  
 W. Palm Beach, FL                      407-659-1281

Donald Kollisch                                  KT2  
 Hanover, NH 03755                      603-643-5572

Joseph Korngruen                              Vienna, Austria  
 Somerset, NJ 08873                      908-545-1395

David Leighton                                      KT2  
 Ottawa, Ont. K2H8E3                      613-726-6656

Terrence Leighton                                  KT2  
 New York, NY 10019                      212-307-5172

Elizabeth Pick (Bienenfeld)                      Pilzen  
 Edina, MN 55436                      612-935-1288

Else Dreels (Mark)  
 Sauquoit, NY 13456

John David Phillip (Werner Herman)  
 Hamburg, Germany

Deerfield Beach, FL 33442                      954-427-2656

Susan B. Vogelstein (Wolff)  
 New York, NY 10128                      212-289-4980

### Going Back

I'm in front Mullnergasse 14. The cabby tells me to get out—I'm numb and cold, but I obey. This is "my street," this is where I was born, this is where I left at thirteen, this is what I waited to see for sixty long years. I look up at the tall stately old European building: those huge carved iron front gates, the delicate balconies full of joyful wild-flowers! It all haunts me, like an evil giant who lures me in, only to devour me later. I see my family, I smell our sweat as we hug for comfort. I hear the leather-booted men, I see their perfectly pleated brown shirts, the crisp swastika on their left arm. It all rushes in: my childhood, the Nazis, the train with 500 Jewish children going to Holland, on to England—to safety and freedom and life.

My head pounds, I take a deep breath—the Vienna air is crisp, I smell *schnitzel* coming out of an open window. I start climbing up the pink marble stairs. Up, up, up, I've come too far to stop now. I stand in front of door number 21—my old apartment, I ring the bell....

Lisa Saretzky  
Sands Point, NY

### Speakers

Judging by your comments, and by the demand for our Speakers Kit, many *Kinder* are engaged in speaking to groups about the *Kindertransport* experience. We would like to know where you have spoken, and something about your audience: Was it a school class? If so, what age were the

students? What other kinds of groups have you addressed? What was the response, and what kinds of questions did you get? Please write to the KTA about your experience, your report may help to encourage others to speak.

We print the following in memory of Yitzhak Rabin; it was the song sung at the Peace Rally the night of his assassination.

### Song for Peace

Let the sun rise and give the morning light, the purest prayer will not bring us back.

He whose candle was snuffed out and was buried in the dust, a bitter cry won't wake him, won't bring him back.

Nobody will return us from the dead dark pit.

Here, neither the joy of victory nor songs of praise will help.

So sing only for peace, don't whisper a prayer, it's better to sing a song for peace with a big shout!

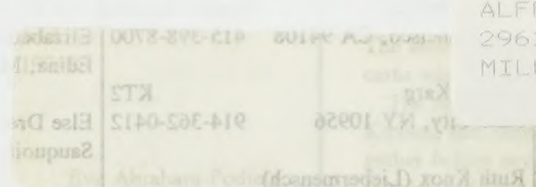
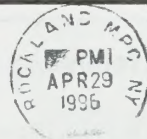
Let the sun penetrate through the flowers, don't look backward, leave those who have departed.

Lift your eyes with hope not through the rifle sights, sing a song for love and not for wars.

Don't say the day will come, bring the day, because it is not a dream.

And within all the city's squares, cheer for peace!

KTA  
P.O. Box 827  
Upton, NY 11973-0827



MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/96  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD  
MILWAUKEE, WI 53211



THE

KINDER



LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

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## Joint Conference With Other Holocaust Survivor Groups: Some Reflections

The Executive Board has decided to accept an invitation from NAHOS, a major Holocaust Child Survivor organization, to co-sponsor a conference over the Columbus Day weekend, October 11-14, 1996 at the Glenpointe Marriott in Teaneck, NJ.

The program of the conference will include well-known speakers, and about 200 small workshops. Our members will be admitted to any workshop (except ones which are, for example, specifically reserved for Second Generation or Spouses of survivors). KTA will set up some workshops, but will not have many exclusively for our own members. We do plan to have an "Open House" workshop where other survivors can come and learn about us, and a social event specifically for our own members. Details are still being worked out.

Why should we meet with other groups? Although we have our own, unique background, we also have much in common with other survivors, in particular the losses: parents, relatives, material possessions, and past. Furthermore, it broadens our and their understanding of the Holocaust, and the victims' reactions to the events. Also, as time goes by, our numbers will inevitably decline, and joining of forces may well be the key to group survival.

For a long time, many of us didn't really consider ourselves "survivors" at all. After all, we were among the "lucky ones", the ones, to whom "nothing happened at all", to use Dorit Whitemen's tongue-in-cheek expression. Can we really claim equality to those who went through the unspeakable horrors of concentration camps or trembled in secret hiding places, never going out by light of day?

One of our members who is responsible for some of our more creative endeavors, and who I greatly esteem, thinks not; that there is really no comparison between our suffering and theirs. I owe him the inspiration of making me think, and, upon reflection, I disagree.

There are two components to misfortune: the event itself, and the reaction to it. In the play, *Kindertransport*, there is a dramatic confrontation between seventeen year old Evelyn, formerly Eva, and her mother, Helga, who sent her to England at age eleven. Helga has finally and miraculously returned from concentration camps and wants her daughter to come to America with her. The daughter re-

fuses; "I'm Evelyn now, ... It's just that I've settled down," she explains. When she whines that her life hasn't been easy either, Helga retorts, "My suffering is monumental, yours is personal." It's a terrible line, overblown and out of character, but there is a kernel of truth in it. However, monumental or not, it is the victim's reaction to it, which shapes the future. Helga leaves, telling her daughter, "When you find Eva, send her to me."

Of the two women, it is Eva/Evelyn, the *Kind* who found a loving family, who is the most damaged. Helga goes to America, to her brother's family, and I can imagine her rebuilding her life. Eva/Evelyn shrivels up inside, and is obsessed with order, cleanliness, and keeping secret her German/Jewish past.

When I rejoined my parents in France after the war, a weekly visitor to our house was a Monsieur Pollack, who sold us black market butter, eggs and the like. One day my mother told me that his wife and seven children had been deported; he alone had survived. I was sixteen, and I imagine I said something like, "Gee, mom, that's too bad. I'm going to the cinema." Another time my mother told me that Monsieur Pollack has remarried and his wife was expecting a baby. I suppose my response was, "That's nice. I'm going out...." Decades later, with children of my own, Monsieur Pollack keeps popping up in my thoughts. How did he do it? How could his life continue after such loss, I wonder. But he did, and so, I imagine, it may have been with the fictional Helga. Suffering cannot only be measured by the horror of what has happened, but by the victims' reaction to it, and how they cope.

Back to the Conference: The more exposure each of us has to other facets of survivorship, and the experiences of others as well as from their own group, the more understanding, compassion, solidarity and healing can be accomplished. In addition, there is the possibility of socializing, and perhaps meeting a *landsmann*, or a friend.

Details of the conference will be mailed out as they become available, and I hope many of you will join us, NAHOS, other organizations, and the Second Generation.

Kurt Fuchel  
President, KTA

## Opinion

### What's In It For Me?

Around this time each year, you are asked to renew your membership in the KTA. And each year, some of you wonder what do I get for my \$20? One of our members, Vice-President Kurt Goldberger, has written some of the reasons that impel him not only to pay his dues, but to contribute many hours of work to the organization.

1. The KTA tells the history of a positive act by a government during the Holocaust, as well as of the many individual acts of courage and kindness that together saved all of our lives. Through the KTA, many of us have learned facts about the transports hitherto unknown to us.

2. It gives us the opportunity to exchange experiences with fellow *Kinder*. This exchange is not only of interest to us, and even therapeutic for us personally, but it helps us to piece together the larger picture of the transport movement as a whole, and perhaps answer some of the questions that remain open about the transports.

3. It acts as a disseminator of information effecting us, such as pensions, *Hilfsfond*, etc.

4. Through the second generation it will keep the world aware of the danger of discrimination.

5. Last, but not least, meeting some of the nicest people at our conferences and at local chapter meetings and other activities.

I would add to this list, that the KTA helps us to communicate our story to our children and grandchildren, as well as the world at large. And for those of us who feel the urge to pay back for the help we received as children, contributing something to the KTA charitable fund provides a vehicle for that urge.

In the renewal package that you will all have received by now, President Kurt Fuchel gave you his reasons for urging you to join us for the coming year. We hope that some of our arguments will have you reaching for your checkbook while you have it on your mind to renew. After all, where else will \$1.67 per month buy you so much?

Eva Yachnes

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Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus

Kurt Fuchel, President  
Kurt Goldberger, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Margarete Goldberger, Recording Secretary  
Ellen Bottner, Corresponding Secretary  
Robert Sugar, Member at Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President Second Generation  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor

Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee, or of the KTA.

## THE KTA IS STARTING SOMETHING NEW

We are accepting donations for special occasions (births, birthdays, anniversaries, deaths, etc.) and will send a card of acknowledgement to persons named.

If you are interested, please send your check made out to KTA and all pertinent information to:

Ellen Bottner  
251-48 61st Avenue  
Little Neck, NY 11362

### Spring 1996 Contributions

Due to the generosity of our members and the occasional profits made when running KTA functions, the Distributions Committee was again able to make some contributions to organizations which exemplify our goals to help needy children and refugees.

In March of this year, at the suggestion of several KTA members, we sent contributions to The Blue Card and to CARE. Most of you are familiar with CARE which helps needy people throughout the world. The gift was earmarked "For children in Eastern European countries."

The Blue card organization was formed many years ago to assist needy Jewish refugees who were victims of Nazi persecution. The organization now helps those elderly victims who now find themselves destitute and assists them when they need special care.

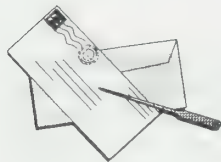
We think that you will agree that both of these organizations are worthy of our support. The Distribution Committee always welcomes your suggestions as to the disbursement of KTA charitable funds.

Margarete Goldberger  
Chairman

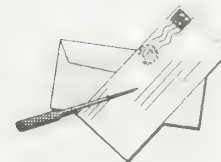
### A Gift To The KTA

We gratefully acknowledge the gift of a used computer from Alan Newman, son of our treasurer Helga Newman. Any donation of gently used office equipment will be greatly appreciated.

Please also keep in mind that we are still looking for a CPA who is willing to donate the gift of a few hours of time once a year. For information, contact Helga Newman.



## Letters To The Editor



My sincere appreciation to the Executive Committee for publishing the announcement of my heart attack in the *Kinder-Link*, and for their good wishes for a speedy recovery.

The announcement resulted in my receiving many cards, letters, and phone calls wishing me well and further good health. I am deeply grateful to every one of you who wrote to me, and only regret that I am not in condition to answer each of you personally with my words of thanks. It is a good feeling to know that Sarah and I have so many friends among the *Kinder* who still remember us.

Although slower than I would like, I am recovering nicely, and hope to be back in full swing before too very long. Thank you one and all.

Eddy Berhrendt  
Eugene, OR

At Bertha's home in London: It was *Shabbat* Eve, May 3, and after watching an excellent South African documentary about *Kindertransport*, including an interview with Bertha Leverton, it was time for a magnificent *Shabbat* Evening meal, followed by two hours of brainstorming. It was a privilege to be in her presence for a few hours and I learned much. Her dedication to ROK is as great as ever, her enthusiasm exemplary. She wishes to be remembered to her many KTA friends and sends greetings and warmest best wishes.

Ernie Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

We had a wonderful *Kinder* Seder in San Diego this year. I saved the article from last year and it was held at the home of Uri Berliner (son of Eva Kollisch) in attendance was Uri's wife Muffin, my husband Jeff Presseran and the K3 generation, Uri's son Benjamin and my daughters Mindy and Shelley.

A *Kinder* Seder was also held in NYC by my cousin Lisa Kollisch (daughter of Peter Kollisch) in attendance were Steve Kollisch (my father) with wife Betty and Peter Kollisch with wife Annie, and K2's Lisa, my brother Donald Kollisch, and his daughters K3's Anya and Sarah.

A suggestion—please reprint the *Kinder* Seder in your Winter or Spring issue prior to the Seder.

There was a Jewish Film Festival here in San Diego this year and *My Knees Were Jumping* was shown. Luckily it coincided with a visit from my Aunt Eva Kollisch who was visiting her son Uri. We took my daughters age 8 and 10 (Shelley And Mindy) so it is a way that the K3 generation is learning about the *Kindertransport*. It is a wonderful movie and I was amazed at the number of *Kinder* in San Diego who stood up after the movie to ask questions of the

director who was at the screening.

Nancy Kollisch  
Del Mar, CA

Last year Robert Sugar suggested in the *Kinder-Link* that we incorporate our own story into the family Seder. The previous Passover I had done just that. I wrote up the story in abbreviated form of my "Exodus" and that of my mother, two different stories. I wrote in small paragraphs and made copies for every one so that it could be read in turn by all present. This year we used it again. I find that it is particularly valuable for the grandchildren, who as they get older each year, will ask questions about it. It also is a way of remembering my mother. My family welcomed the addition.

Claudia Sisson  
New York, NY

Thanks Eva dear, my fav'rite *Kind*  
For adding extra lines of print.  
The *Kind* that is not satisfied  
Forgot the glass that magnified.

Submitted by a *Kind* who would prefer to remain anonymous.

Thank you, dear Anonymous, for your kind words. And to all of you who wrote less poetically, I am also grateful that you took the trouble to voice an opinion. So far, all the letters have been on the side of continuing with the smaller type.

At this time I want to make 3 comments:

1) That there is an electronic communications link on the Internet that discusses the play *Kindertransport*. The address is: <http://lafn.org/jjla/kinder.htm>

2) That you publicize the Austrian reparations claims for \$7,000, but you have never publicized a more important entitlement, namely Austrian Social Security. I have tried to obtain information about this program and find the Austrian Consulate extremely uncooperative in processing the applications.

3) I have tried to obtain information on Jewish children in Bosnia and have been unsuccessful. A question I would like to pose to KTA: is there an interest in programs for children in that country?

Ed Benedikt  
Brunswick, ME

More letters on Page 7

## Munificence By Proxy

My unexpected inclusion in one of the last *Kindertransports* to leave Germany was the beginning of a chain of good fortune based almost entirely on extraordinary coincidences.

I had not even been on any waiting list when an aunt, who worked with various Jewish organizations in Berlin, phoned that a girl, scheduled to leave on the next transport, had scarlet fever and I could take her place, if I could be ready in five days.

My mother was evidently in a state of shock because she outfitted me as if I would henceforth live among the landed gentry in England, now familiar to everyone through the relentless series of upper-class optimistic fiction featured on "Masterpiece Theater." We packed short and long white flannels for tennis and my father's tailor quickly made grey cord jodhpurs for me with matching sued patches on the inside legs—presumably for riding to hounds. Much of the rest of my wardrobe was equally superfluous and embarrassing.

Because of my hurried departure, I had not obtained the documents required by British authorities. The immigration officer at Harwich counted and recounted the children and the document packets and concluded that there was a discrepancy. I knew that I was the culprit because, as the train pulled out in Leipzig, my mother told me that I did not have papers and if I were sent back from England, I should jump off in Holland, where we had relatives. There was no point in returning to Germany.

The immigration officer asked each child to move to the other side of the deck as their name was called. With almost British imperturbability I waited during this roll call until only I was left on one side.

After lengthy discussion among the group of officials I was allowed to land and was put on a bus to Barham House near Ipswich, where the dress code for thirteen year-olds did not include white flannels or cord riding breeches.

One day in early November 1939 I happened to chat with the older boy who ran the camp post office. He had seen some caricatures that I had drawn, and he told me that he had just delivered a letter to Mr. Haybrook, the camp administrator, in which a wealthy Englishman offered to pay for the education and upkeep of two young refugee boys who had an interest in art. At the postmaster's suggestion, I immediately fetched my drawings and thrust them under Mr. Haybrook's nose as evidence of my artistic talent. Although even he must have realized that my talent was, at best, latent, he put my name forward together with that of another boy, George, whom I did not know.

Some weeks later, George and I were sent to London but were not very well briefed. We were met by a lady from Bloomsbury House who first took us to a Lyons Corner House which, after months of dreadful meals, seemed to us like the English version of *Schlaraffenland*.

We were then taken to a fine building off Oxford Street, walked through an elegant showroom and, although I did not know it at the time, were ushered into the Board room

of Arthur Sanderson & Sons, wallpaper manufacturers. Six or eight distinguished looking gentlemen sat around a large polished table and looked at us with benign curiosity.

George and I had no idea where we were, why we were there, who these men were, and since our knowledge of English was too limited to follow the proceedings, did not know what was going on. I assume, but have no recollection, that we were asked several questions which were translated and to which we responded with an urgent assist from the lady who had escorted us.

Eventually we discovered that our benefactor was Mr. Sanderson and that he had left it entirely to his Board of Directors to select the two boys; plan and supervise their education; provide for their financial needs; and decide their future in every detail. He did not participate in the interview in London.

Fortunately, George and I met with the Board's approval. We were sent to a boarding school of which Mr. Sanderson was a Governor, where we received an excellent education. We also were given an extravagant amount of pocket money—just a little less than a master's salary, as I discovered later. During the summer holidays we spent a few weeks each year as interns in Sanderson's main plant, moving through various departments since we were going to be offered to become management trainees when we had completed our education. The department heads treated us boys deferentially, because it was known that Mr. Sanderson was our guardian and because we lunched in the director's dining room and not in the Works Canteen.

There was nothing personal about the generosity that George and I enjoyed. We never received a birthday or Christmas card, let alone presents. We did well at school and both of us, in different spheres, won academic, artistic and athletic honors and even became prefects. But the Board, who were informed about our progress each semester, never communicated with us and never even inquired where we would go when the school was closed during the holidays.

When I volunteered for the army as soon as I was old enough, the Sanderson generosity continued. I regularly received parcels of luxuries sent by the Managing Director's secretary, and an account was opened for me at Foyle's in Charing Cross Road so that I could order any books I wanted while I was on active service.

We met Mr. Sanderson only once for lunch at his club after several years of his generosity. By that time we were fluent in English and could thank him in person but we did not find any topic of mutual interest to last through lunch.

I am not sure that he would have understood—or cared—why I felt his actions, although appreciated, struck me as munificence by proxy.

Fortunately, at the beginning of my school years, I met a wonderful family—again by coincidence—who gave me all the warmth, love and emotional support that anybody could wish for—but that is another story.

Guy Bishop

## To Liverpool Street Station We Must Go!

Both of us had misgivings about this trip. Yet we went—out of filial duty and helped by the knowledge that after the visit to Cambridge for the unveiling of Mother's stone, there would be a reunion with our cousins in Amsterdam. Thus fortified, we allowed ourselves to enjoy the plane trip and even be amused by the on-board movie.

Once in London, my sister Gabriele and myself, former residents and oft-time visitors there, confidently stepped into the underground. But we were no longer the fast-moving, energetic persons of yore, but two elderly women, weighted down by suitcases and carry-ons. And we had hit the rush hour! My sister, in her customary imperious way, decreed that we need to go to Liverpool Street Station for the fast train to Cambridge. I deferred to her judgement for two reasons: one, her knowledge of London was superior to mine, having lived there for a number of years and travelled from there to Cambridge many a time; second, I knew better than to challenge her under already trying circumstances.

What exactly were these conditions? First of all, we had to leave our suitcases by the door, this being the assigned place, and I knew that in England you played by the rules. Secondly, as we got closer and closer to the city, the train became so crowded you could barely move in your seat without touching another body or the various appurtenances of that body, be they newspaper, handbag, or briefcase.

Having gotten on at Heathrow airport, we were fortunate to have seats at least but it took some acrobatic maneuvers to follow the path of the train by the names of the stations as we slid past them. We tried to check them against the map we had, and realized to our dismay that we had to change trains at Holborn to get to the Central Line for Liverpool Street Station. There was another way, and I made a feeble attempt to point out to my sister that we could go straight to King's Cross and take the train to Cambridge from there. But Gabriele was adamant. The trains from King's Cross stopped at all the local stations, and didn't we want to be in Cambridge as soon as possible? Besides, she remembered that the facilities on the King's Cross trains left much to be desired.

In the meantime, my sister had discovered another source of worry. A turbaned gentleman had stationed himself right next to our suitcases, and this caused my sister's anxiety level to rise to unbearable proportions. "I can see our luggage from where I am sitting," I tried to reassure her. "Besides, how far could he get in this crowd? And after all, this is not New York City!"

Even so, I was a little uneasy myself and kept my eyes glued on the unfortunate man and his movements. We breathed a sigh of relief when he exited a few stops before Holborn, and left our suitcases behind, but this did not mean peace of mind for us. We now had to grapple with the next problem. On which side were the doors going to open in Holborn, and how were we going to get through the mass of bodies to our suitcases and then out onto the platform? Even getting out of our seats called for contortionist maneu-

vers, but thankfully, we found that English people were still helpful and we made it onto the platform *cum* suitcases.

The London Underground is a marvelous system. Maps tell you where you are and aid you in figuring out how to get to your destination. The only snag is that at a busy changing station like Holborn, this may mean transversing long corridors and going up and down any number of escalators. Such was our fate! My sister had brought along a luggage cart and my pullman case had wheels. Unfortunately, they were more of a hindrance than a help. Gabriele had to squeeze into a corner to strap on her two pieces of luggage and I tried valiantly to keep the wheels on the ground while a rush of humanity breezed past us. But, yes, there was the proverbial English gentleman offering to help me, an elderly lady, to cope with her luggage. While I accepted his offer, there was at the back of my mind the vision, imprinted by New York City, that he, being more nimble and knowledgeable of the twists and turns of the tunnel, could make off with the suitcase.

Finally—and breathlessly—we made it to the Central Line which took us to Liverpool Street Station. A sigh of relief, a less crowded car, and, since there were only a few stops, we stood at the door, together with our luggage.

Liverpool Street Station at last! But it was no longer the dingy place that we both remembered, but an immense expanse. British Railroads had done themselves proud. After a while we located a ticket office, all the time having to struggle with our luggage. We asked about the train schedule, only to be told that *all the fast trains to Cambridge now left from King's Cross!*

J. Nina Lieberman  
Woodstock, NY

### Book Talk

*My Heart In A Suitcase* by member Anne Fox has recently been published by Valentine Mitchell. In this memoir she has written about her childhood in Nazi Germany and her subsequent departure to England on a *Kindertransport*.

As a twelve-year-old girl she came to live with a Jewish family in London until the England entered the war, when she was evacuated to the countryside. Although she missed her parents terribly, her stay in the village of Swinehead in Berkshire was a happy one. Her village education came to an end when she turned fourteen, however, and she was sent to the Bunce Court Boarding School in Shropshire.

After graduating she worked in a Public Library in Cardiff where she met her husband, a soldier in the US Army. She came to America as a GI bride and has made her home there.

*My Heart In A Suitcase* sells for \$17.50, and should be in book stores now. It can be ordered from ISBS, 5804 NE Hassalo Street, Portland, OR 97213. Telephone: 503-287-3093 or 800-944-6190. Add \$4.00 for shipping. Anne Fox may have copies, she can be reached at: 51 Merbrook Lane, Merion Station, PA 19066. Telephone: 215-667-4725

## Local News

### Pennsylvania

The play *Kindertransport* had a very successful run in suburban Philadelphia. After the glowing reviews in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, There were no more seats available and it was extended by another performance.

Both Eva Podietz and I were asked to attend some of the rehearsals and give advice on the interpretation of the roles as well as pronunciation of the German in the play. Eva became the German coach and made herself available at all times. The mostly young actors gave a superb performance.

Eva and I took the opportunity to arrange for a meeting of the local KTA group at the theatre between the afternoon and evening performances on Sunday, April 21st. After adjourning to a near-by restaurant, we returned to the theatre where we had been asked to be on the panel of a discussion group following the evening performance. We also participated in the post-play discussion along with two other *Kinder* on May 1st.

Anne L. Fox

• • • •

### Florida

Almost 60 Floridian *Kinder* and their spouses and guests met for a luncheon get-together at Pete's restaurant in Boca Raton. As usual we had *Kinder* from Canada, as well as retirees from Europe who have vacation homes in the area.

Our speaker was a volunteer from the Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation. She expressed a particular interest to have the stories of the *Kinder* shared with other Holocaust survivors in what will become a complete record of victims of Nazism. She also showed a film describing the high-tech procedures being used to create archive material for schools, museums and other institutions. The world-wide project is a multi-million dollar effort and is largely funded by Steven Spielberg.

A large number of our *Kinder* signed up for these video interviews. There is no conflict between this effort and the great work of the KT2 members.

Walter Friedman

• • • •

### Queens/Long Island

The Queens/Long Island Group met on April 14th at Temple Torah; thirty-six people attended. The featured topic was social security and insurance. Anita Weisbord again urged the members to write their stories. We have a publisher in Berlin who is interested in publishing our stories and will translate them if they are in English. The group is looking for additional activities. They have made book presentations and a number of them have gone out on speaking engagements. It was suggested that they might plan visits to the Margaret Tietz home, a facility for elderly and infirm people, many of whom are from Germany and Austria.

Anita Weisbord

### New York

On April 28, a large group of *Kinder*, spouses, and KT2's gathered at Congregation Habonim in Manhattan to hear Dr. Andreas Reinicke from the German embassy speak on the topic of Holocaust education in Germany today. Dr. Reinicke, who is in his early forties, explained that while his generation was not taught about the Holocaust, the schools now do teach Holocaust history. Young Germans are aware of Germany's deeds during World War II, and the government is attempting to be proactive when racism rears its head.

A lively discussion, with many questions from the audience, followed Dr. Reinicke's talk.

### Memory Quilt

The Memory Quilt is well on its way. Many *Kinder* and their offspring (and grandchildren) have created a square with some aspect of their personal history to be part of the Memory Quilt. Working alone or together with their family members or friends, *Kinder* are forming a unique demonstration of their extraordinary history.

To join in this wonderful project you merely need to put together a visual illustration of an aspect of the past or present which you feel is related to the *Kindertransport*. Here are the criteria:

1. A square piece of fabric 10" x 10" for the image plus 1" to 2" for the seam allowance.
2. The fabric must be washed and ironed before being worked on to avoid shrinkage.
3. The materials must be colorfast.
4. The design, which should fit into the 10" square, should be related to the *Kind* or the *Kindertransport*. It may be, for example, about the transport, your family, your adopted family, your toys from home, or any experience as a *Kind*.
5. The design may be executed in any way desired embroidered, painted, pieced, photographs, or drawn. Just be sure that it is a permanent process.
6. Sign the square and write a short story (about 1 typewritten page) about what the design of the square means to you, and possibly something about yourself.

To help defray the cost of the hand quilting of the assembled squares, we ask for a voluntary donation made payable to "KTA—Memory Quilt Project."

Deadline for submitting squares: September 15, 1996. Call for information and send squares and donations to:

Kirsten Grosz  
7233 Lakeside Drive  
Indianapolis, IN 46278  
Phone number: 317-297-8061.

• • • •

Some examples of squares submitted are on Page 8.





## Search



On a recent trip to Argentina, member Anne Kelemen met **Kind Margot Stern (Rosenberg)**, who is seeking news of a mutual friend from their days at the Belsize Park Hostel. **Hanni Marx**, from Cologne, worked in the Ambulance Service. She emigrated to the US after the war, where she married and may have moved to the Mid-West. Margot Stern emigrated to Argentina after the war to be reunited with her parents and brother. Anyone with information is asked

to write to her at:

Amenábar 2482, 6° 14  
1428 Buenos Aires  
Argentina

• • • •

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of **Henni Bass (Sokol)**, formerly living in the Bronx, please contact **Ian Simons** in England at: 0116-271-0500.

Letters...Continued from Page 3

In the Spring issue of KTA Ernie Goodman's article and questions reflected some of my own thoughts, but #7 was of particular interest to me, since I have often pondered why there was little public recognition of the many acts of kindness, understanding, and deeds of non-Jewish individuals and organizations. I had to conclude that the responsibility lies with the recipients and that we have been remiss in keeping those memories to ourselves instead of giving well-deserved credit. We have told our stories in *I Came Alone* and in individual accounts, but I wonder whether we could not put together a book containing the stories of involvement of those who identified with our plight. Unfortunately many of these good people are long gone, but their heirs would, I am sure, be happy for belated recognition. Moreover it is, after all, part of our story and as such deserves publicity. What do you think of this idea? Is it viable, reasonable, practical? If so, we could make this a joint venture with *Kinder* from other parts of the globe.

In my case, an elderly couple, whom I had just met in the spring of '39, were deeply affected by the story of my parents' dilemma, who had tried, unsuccessfully, to emigrate for lack of visa or guarantee. As long-standing and respected members of the local Methodist church they called an urgent meeting and raised enough funds to underwrite a guarantee for them. They promptly filled out and submitted all necessary papers, even rented a flat. All was approved save for a single, last signature, when war broke out. The procrastination of one man became the death warrant for my parents. Needless to say I remained good friends with my mentors and am in constant touch with their grand- and great-grandchildren.

Edith Reimer  
Cherry Valley, NY

## Denial

"Where are you from?" they ask.  
A simple question, rating a frank reply.

I shudder—I've been down this path before.  
I agonize, then mutter through clenched teeth, "Hamburg."

"Ah, you are German!" they exclaim delightedly.

"No, no, not German, no not me, not I."

"But you just said...."

"No, no, not German. See, I'm Jewish."

"Nevertheless...."

"No, no, not German. New Yorker through and through, that's me."

"Well, just the same...."

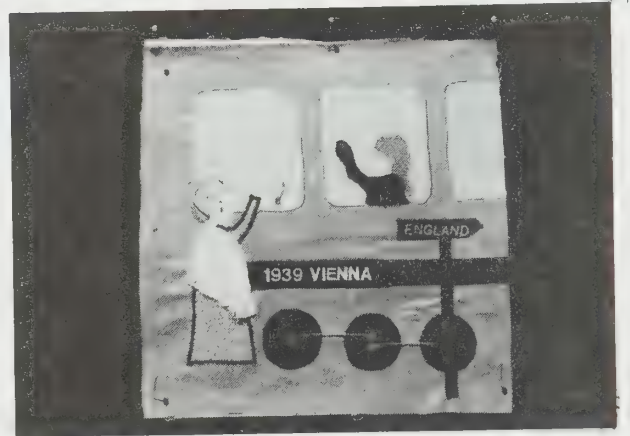
Next time they ask me "Where're you from?"

I swear I'll smile and drawl,  
"From Texas, pardners,  
Nice meetin' y'all."

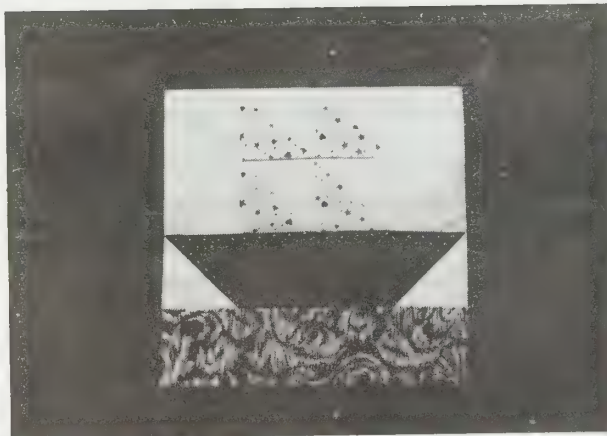
Stefanie Ruskin  
Bayside, NY

• • • •

We welcome poems, stories, letters, and art work from members. We would especially welcome more examples of "A picture is worth...." (see the Spring issue). The deadline for the Fall *Kinder-Link* is August 19, 1996.



Squares From The KTA Quilt



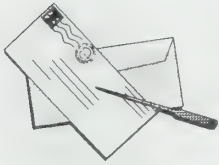
KTA  
 P.O. Box 827  
 Upton, NY 11973-0827



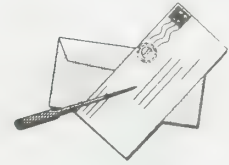
MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30  
 ALFRED BADEI  
 L. N. SHEPARI  
 MILWAUKFF. WI



ALWAYS USE



## Letters To The Editor



As I am reading through the latest *Kinder-Link*, I noticed a comment by Ed Benedikt of Brunswick, ME Regarding Austrian Social Security.

Seems, he has tried in vain to have the application processed via the Austrian Consulate.

My advice would be, to act like several relatives and friends of mine have done—namely to contact a lawyer in Austria, or better still, an office consisting of 2 or 3 lawyers, and let them handle the matter. No expense to the client is involved, as the lawyer(s) automatically deduct their fees, before forwarding the first cheque to the successful client. It all appears to be a long procedure lasting a year or even more, but is well worth the effort in the end. Also for these persons eligible to receive such considerable, monthly, life-long payments, money actually begins to accumulate for those eligible, from the day of the application (back-payments) and it is the biggest part of these back-payments that lawyers are fully justified to retain as their fees.

Dorrit Nash  
New Brunswick, Canada

• • • • •  
A note on Ernie Goodman's article "Many Questions Remain," Spring 1996 edition.

On the question to whom the credit should go for the existence of the *Kindertransport* program, I can offer the following answer:

I distinctly recollect that the letter approving my admission to the program came from "The Movement for the Care of Children" in Great Britain. It has therefore always been my assumption that this was the organization which convinced the British Government to authorize a program of bringing children to England.

I received the above-mentioned letter shortly before March 13, 1939 on which date I left Vienna for England. Since my U.S. Immigration Number did not "come up" until December 1939, i.e. *after* the outbreak of World War II, I probably would not have survived, had it not been for that letter from the Movement for the Care of Children.

Walter Fried  
Santa Ana, CA

• • • • •  
In response to "Many Questions Remain," I have a recollection that addresses question 10: "How many of us were visited by police at the beginning of the war, and did they confiscate cameras, maps, atlases, etc.?"

I was eleven years old in 1939, and remember hearing that the police had visited my father and mother, who were as a "married couple" in Kettleshill House, near Sevenoaks, Kent. I understood that the police had requisitioned my father's flashlight—torch as we called it in England—and any

ordinance (i.e. large scale) maps in his possession. I don't know if he owned either. He was, some weeks later, interned on the Isle of Man. Months later my mother had to remove from the job at Sevenoaks because it fell within the mileage from the seacoast that was then forbidden to German-speaking enemy aliens. My mother and I went to live in Guildford, Surrey.

Let me add two English recollections:

At the time of the fall of France, the Guildford Refugee Committee, consisting of several Church of England women and one Quaker, collected their refugee's papers into strong boxes and buried them in their gardens in case of a German invasion.

The County of Surrey granted me a full scholarship for my three years at Bedford College, University of London. The scholarship included all tuition. I was sent an annual questionnaire asking for a listing of my requirements for the following year: rent, heating, clothes, food, books, miscellaneous. It is my memory that I listed my needs with precision and that the sum that I had arrived at was promptly sent me. I got my degree in the spring of 1948 and immediately left to join the rest of my family in the Dominican Republic.

I have long wanted an opportunity to acknowledge that instance of England's extraordinary and elegant generosity.

Lore Segal  
New York, NY

• • • • •  
I came directly from Germany to the USA in August '41. I was 14 years old at that time. My parents were not able to come with me, and in fact died in Auschwitz. I also spent a few days in "protective custody" after *Kristallnacht*. My question is: Am I entitled to any kind of compensation, pension, or other type of benefit from the German government? If anyone within the KTA can help me, or if anyone knows of a competent attorney specializing in this type of case, please let me know.

Henry Rosenthal  
2425 N.W. 64th Diagonal  
Boca Raton, FL 33496

• • • • •  
Greetings

Rita Rosenbaum, who recently resigned as editor of the RoK Newsletter, sends her best wishes to all *Kinder* in the United States. For those of you who might wish to write to Rita, here is her address:

30 The Pantiles  
London NW11 6XX.

## A Picture Is Worth....



## Burying The Scriptures

These two photographs were sent to me in England by my mother in Danzig. On the back of the originals is written:

Danzig - 31.7.1939. These pictures are in remembrance of the holy scriptures and books being buried in the ceme-



tery in Danzig.

I have made several copies and will send these to *Yad Vashem* and to the RoK in London. There is no long story to these photos, but as my mother wrote on the back of the second photo, so long ago, "These pictures speak for themselves."

Lottie Nathan  
(Charlotte Sittenberg)

## Letters To A Kind: The First And The Last

Prague July 24, 1939

My Dearest Son:

You cannot imagine the pleasure we had with your cards and letters. For now it is our only consolation and you must continue to write us daily. They need not be long letters, only a few lines. Yesterday was Sunday and in the evening we sat and sadly remembered our rascal. Mama cried and so did I. Mutz misses you too. But it is a great fortune for your future. We were so pleased that you will be going to a high school. You are after all a talented boy and studying is better than becoming a tradesman. Bedrisku, just please study hard, in this way you will be helping us. Times are serious now and only if you have an education will you count for somebody in England. And of course only boys who are successful in school can then, as foreigners, continue with their studies. My son a doctor, I would be overjoyed. Bedrisku my darling, I beg you, in the beginning study even the whole day until your precious head hurts. As a foreigner you must study even harder than the others. I have confidence in you, I know that you are a bright guy, and that you will not disappoint your parents who know no other happiness than your success. I know well that you do not feel like studying, but only because you are too young to understand what a great fortune it is for you to study in England. The English University opens the door to the whole world. We are already very curious how you will like the school. Just take care of your things, keep everything in order. Clean your teeth and so on. Mama was overjoyed with your letter and was running all over Prague just so she

can say, "My son is a genuine English student and I am his happy mother." I too am proud to be the father of this noble Lord. This morning Mama travelled to Hradec Kralove and she will write to you tomorrow.

We are waiting impatiently for further news from our Bedrisek and we kiss him a million times.

Your Dad  
(Translated from Czech)

• • • •

In 1941 the only channel of communication left open between England and Nazi occupied Europe was the Red Cross through which messages of 25 words each could be exchanged.

• • • •

PRAGUE DECEMBER 16, 1941

YOU MAKE US HAPPY, STAY HEALTHY AND CONTINUE TO BE SO GOOD, PAPA'S GALLSTONES SUCCESSFULLY OPERATED, MUTZ HANS MARRIED, ALL ARE HEALTHY, HAPPY NEW YEAR, THOUSAND KISSES.

PARENTS, MUTZ  
(Translated from German)

• • • •

In February 1942 Arnost and Selma Abeles and their daughter Mutz, with her husband Hans Winter were deported to Terezin. In June 1942 they were transported to Auschwitz where they perished.

Benjamin (Bedrich) Abeles  
Princeton, NJ

## The Kindertransport Experience—Some Politically Incorrect Thoughts

The following comments are based on my experiences as a charter member of the KTA, a member of the London RoK, and a participant in two reunions: the London reunion in 1989 and the first Fallsview reunion in this country.

What impressed me most strongly in London was the general feeling of self-pity expressed by many of the speakers. Before going any further, let us accept the following as given: Being separated at a very young age from our parents, whom in many cases we never saw again, was an extremely traumatic experience, whose effects will probably remain with us for the rest of our lives. We have suffered a deep wound, which is not likely to ever heal completely. But it will certainly not heal if we keep picking at the scabs. And that is what many of us appear to be doing. There is one overwhelming fact that we must keep in mind at all times: We are alive and millions of our brothers and sisters are not. This alone should silence most of the petty complaints we hear and read about our lives in World War II Britain. After all, we had food to eat, clothes to wear, and a roof over our heads. Granted, the food was not always what we enjoyed or were used to, the clothes were not always in the latest styles, and the housing was not always in the most fashionable part of town. But vast numbers of British children who were evacuated also were separated from their parents and led lives not too different from our own. On the positive side, those of us who lived in hostels had more playmates than we ever had before and were able to form friendships which, in many cases, have lasted for over half a century. While many of us had to leave school at fourteen and take up some form of menial employment, some of us were even fortunate enough to get a good education.

In London, in particular, some of the speakers poured forth personal confessions that were more suitable for a psychiatrist's couch than a *Kinder* reunion. Many of us, including myself, had come to London to renew old friendships, but were given little time for this, as the reunion was relentlessly over programmed. The same was true, to a lesser extent, in the case of Fallsview I (I do not know what happened at subsequent reunions).

I believe that we *Kinder* should spend more time looking forward to the future than backward to the past. As a good friend of mine has put it: "Those who are always looking toward the past are presenting their rear ends to the future." This is not meant to criticize the valuable activities of Eddy Behrendt, Bertha Leverton, and others in lecturing to schools and other institutions about the nature and meaning of the *Kindertransport*, in the hope that this fate will not befall other children at any other time or place (although, of course, we have already had even worse horrors in Bosnia, Rwanda, and Burundi).

I have talked to several other *Kinder* recently and they all share my opinion that they are "all reunioned-out." Here are some of my own ideas for the program of the type of reunion I would gladly attend: After a brief welcome from the officers and organizers, a Friday evening service, at which

the names of *Kinder* who died since the previous reunion would be read out, followed by a moment of silence. Friday dinner, with a *good* guest speaker. Saturday morning service (optional), lunch, and an afternoon in which the participants would be broken down by hostels, *not* by city of origin, as was done at one of the sessions in London—after all, children from the same home town did not necessarily wind up in the same place in England. The grand finale could be a Saturday-night dance (preferably with 1940's type music) or, if we *Kinder* are considered too geriatric for that, some type of musical program. After breakfast on Sunday, we would say good-bye to each other, expressing the hope of meeting again at the next reunion—and silently praying that our names would not be among those read out at the next reunion's Friday-night service.

A comment about the *Kinder-Link*: I understand that the editor can only publish what is submitted to her, but I, for one, am getting pretty tired of the "My first return visit to (you fill in the city)" stories. Unless these are very well written, I put reading these (which I faithfully do) in the same category as being invited to dinner and then having to watch home movies of the host's vacation, or having to look at endless photographs of someone else's grandchildren. But perhaps this is merely a personal quibble and other readers find these articles of great interest.

I believe that trying to re-establish the close bonds that existed among many of us over fifty years ago is a vain effort. In those past fifty years, some have stayed in England, others came to the States, and still others went to Israel. There have been great differences in our careers and ways of life. Most of us are still Jews, but some have embraced other religions. The only thing that connects us is that, over fifty years ago, we were refugees in England. I believe that this connection is certainly sufficient for an annual (or biennial) reunion and a quarterly newsletter, but not much more, except on a one-to-one basis.

After complaining earlier in this article about *Kinder* who feel compelled to pour out their emotions and frustrations in public, I would like to close by committing the same sin myself: All my adult life I have been suffering from a profound sense of rootlessness. I do not consider myself an Austrian, an Englishman, or even, deep down, an American. I attribute this to the fact that I was uprooted twice, and believe that those *Kinder* who stayed in England, and were therefore uprooted only once, may not suffer from this problem—or at least, not to the same extent. Am I right?

Let me conclude by paraphrasing the words of Mark Alan Stamaty, the cartoonist who draws "Washington" for Time magazine: Opinions expressed in this article are not the opinions of *Kinder-Link*. If you agree with them, they are the opinions of Kurt Gingold. If you disagree, they are someone else's.

Kurt Gingold, Ph.D.  
Cos Cob, CT

## Local News

### New York Group

Members of the New York group have travelled to Europe and to Argentina, and will bring their news back to us. The next meeting of the New York group is on October 6, Sunday, at 2:00pm at the home of Helga Shepard, 375 West End Avenue, New York.

Any *Kind* is most welcome to attend.

### New Jersey

"An Evening of Hope and Remembrance," a *Kristallnacht* memorial, was held at the State House in Trenton, New Jersey on November 9, 1995. The keynote speaker was *Kind*

Erica Rosenthal, who told of her terrible memories of *Kristallnacht*.

### Queens/Long Island

The Queens/LI Chapter has had several very successful meetings at Temple Torah, and this location has proven to be very accessible for everyone. At our next meeting we expect to have a very interesting program. If there is anyone living in this area who has not joined us up to now, we would love to see you.

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, October 20, at noon. For information, call:

Anita (718) 347-5609,  
Rella (516) 921-0522.

### Austrian National Fund

A large and interested group of Austrian survivors filled two sessions in the auditorium of the Donnel Library on March 28, 1996 to hear Mrs. Hannah Lessing-Askapa, the *Generalsekretarin* of the National Fund of the Republic of Austria for the Victims of National Socialism. Mrs. Lessing-Askapa is the granddaughter of victims of the Holocaust. She spoke knowledgeably about this project. The projected individual payout of 70,000 Austrian Schillings is as follows:

<u>Date of Birth</u>	<u>Year of Payment</u>
1920 and earlier	1996
1921 to 1932	1997
1933 and later	1998

Mrs. Lessing-Askapa and her very small, dedicated staff have been deluged with more than 20,000 applications and have already processed 2,000 for the oldest survivors. She does plan to send acknowledgements of applications received within the next few months.

Peter Kollisch  
New York City

### Holocaust Museum

Anne Kelleman has submitted the following from the May issue of *Dateline: World Jewery*.

London's Imperial War Museum will have Europe's first comprehensive Holocaust Museum by 1999, and officials say it will emphasize how Britain might have done more to save Europe's Jews.

Britain failed to bomb the rail lines to the death camps, despite pleas from Jewish groups to do so, and—like most other countries, including the U.S.—accepted only limited numbers of refugees.

### Will You Be Included?

Is your name going to be in the 1996/1997 KTA Membership Directory?

Please check your mailing label to see if it says "Member y/e 6/30/97." This reflects dues received by September 10,

1996. If you have not yet paid, please send your membership dues to Helga Newman before November 30, 1996 to ensure that your name is included in the next directory.

Book Tour...Continued from Page 1

for girls. The corridors looked familiar, the classrooms. I sat at a modern desk and stared out the window, much as I would have done when I was ten. I walked around the back into the playground. No one was there, only the ghosts inside my head. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the tears began to flow. What long suppressed memories opened the flood-gates?

To my question: "Can it happen again?" the children's answer was almost unanimous: "No, We are a democracy now." Only one or two looked thoughtful. "We have to be watchful. We must be aware. There are still Neo-Nazis, Skinheads." Exactly the answer I wanted to hear. The same answer, I told them, that I demand from American kids in the U.S.A.

By the time I was eleven, I was going to a Jewish school, this other no longer an option for a Jewish kid. That was after *Kristallnacht*, the nationally organized pogrom of November 9/10, 1939. It was after that, while my father was in the Dachau concentration camp, that my mother got me on the *Kindertransport*. About 10,000 children were whisked to England, until World War II stopped the operation. Most of the kids did not see their parents again. Mine were some of the few who survived. They fled to New York in 1941. In our group of "former Jewish citizens" of Stuttgart, there were many such stories, some more fortunate, some much worse, all of them witness to a time of horror that must never be forgotten.

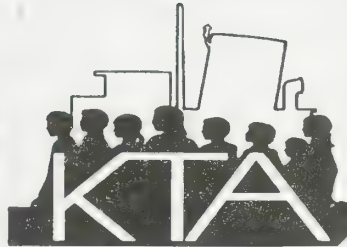
"I am not a Nazi!" cries the twelve-year old German boy. But the Bible speaks of the "sins of the fathers" which will be remembered "unto the seventh generation...." He bears the burden of his grandparents. Yet, hatred only begets more hatred. Fear begets more fear.

All we can do now is reach out our hands in trust and begin to build bridges.

Olga Drucker

THE

KINDER



LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION

Published Quarterly/Spring 1998

Vol. 8/Number 2

### From Archive To Exhibit

Since my general appeal for the archive, KTA has decided to go ahead with a major visual Kindertransport exhibit. (And guess what, I was elected!). So the appeal is now for a specific purpose. The exhibit will be organized (on large panels) by themes—departure, those left behind, arrival, work, army, internment, re-emigration and, as it's shaping up, it will become the

story of our journeys to North America—to where we are now. But it's an open-ended exhibit and will be shaped by what we actually receive from you.

**First the good news.** I've already received a number of other unusual (and moving) items from Paul Kuttner, Peter Masters, Alice Masters, Lillyan Rosenberg, Georgia Reisfeld, Laura Gabriel, Hanus Grosz, Ernie Goodman, Margarete Goldberger, Olga Drucker, Anne Kelemen, Juergen Strauss.... My (and KTA's) thanks to all.

**Last, the not so good news.** The glass is half empty. We have not yet received enough to go ahead. So, to your closets and attics! Dust off those old shoe boxes with your pictures, and send us the relevant ones. Documents and artifacts also. How about present reality—KTA reunions, picnics, parties? O Canada, California, we've gotten nothing from you at all. And KT2niks? You're part of the story too! An idea for all chapters: if you have no pictures, make some. Organize an outing to a landmark location—the prairie, Yosemite, the desert, Golden Gate Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, and take some pictures there. (KT2's skiing in Aspen or Tahoe?) The theme: "I will send those that escape of them unto the nations in the sea, and the islands far off" (Isaiah). Sounds way out, but actually it's not so difficult, and would be fun (of which, in my opinion, we have too little). Come to think of it, we'll all assemble in Washington in June! Note to myself: bring up photo op idea at next board meeting.

If you have any ideas for themes, I welcome your calls and letters.

Robert Sugar  
Member-At-Large

Umzugsgut des Auswanderers: Herbert Friedman XX, Charlestonburgstr. 611  
(Name) (letzte inl. Anschrift) 1/30

Lfd. Nr.	Stück	Art	Zeitpunkt der Anschaffung	Wert der nach l.l. 38 erworbenen Gegenstände	Bemerkungen
1	1	Ganze Anzüge od. Kleider			
2		Schürzen			
3	2	Pullover			
4		Weste			
5	3	Hosen			
6		Jacken			
7	2	Nachthemden			
8		Fyjanne			
9	4	Taghemden			
10		Handhosen			
11	6	Unterhosen			
12		Strümpfe			
13	6	Socken			
14	12	Taschentücher			
15	1	Mantel			
16	1	Mütze			
17		Regenmantel			
18	2	Schuhe			
19	2	Hausschuhe			
20	1	Arbeitsmantel			
21	1	Reisetasche			
22	1	Reisetasche			

*Zeitpunkt der Anschaffung: seit 1937*

*Wert der nach l.l. 38 erworbenen Gegenstände: 100,-*

*Bemerkungen: Defizienstelle Wien*

#### What Herbert Brought From Vienna.

This clothing list is only one of ten invaluable documents and artifacts that member Herbert Friedman of Norfolk, Virginia had the foresight to retain as a boy. Among others, instructions from the *Kultusgemeinde* on when, where, and how to board the train (December 10, 1938. 23:10. Hütteldorf-Hacking—if you pack prohibited items, you'll be left behind...), and Chief Rabbi Hertz's letter of welcome to Britain. Thanks Herbert, not only for keeping the documents, but for sending them to us for our archive.

We hope that many members will contribute to this project.

Reach Robert Sugar at:  
81 Sherman Avenue  
Mt. Vernon NY 10552  
Phone: (914) 667-6475

## Opinion

### Welcome New Members

We have a record number of new members this year; welcome to all of you! All of us on the Executive Committee and our members are delighted that you found us.

I would like to offer some suggestions for making your membership in our organization worthwhile; suggestions that apply equally to members who have belonged to KTA for some time.

Most importantly, what you get from us is pretty well dependant on what you put into the mix. So decide what you would like to have by way of activities, then help to bring about those activities that you don't find. Want to meet other members? The Directory included with this issue of the *Kinder-Link* has a listing of local contacts as well as members arranged by zip-code; call some of the members in your area and have a get-together. No *Kinder* near you? How about making some telephone friends or starting a letter writing circle?

Many of our members go into schools and other venues to tell our story as part of Holocaust history. If you are interested in this effort, we have a speaker's kit to help you get started; write to the office for one.

Remember that while we have much to offer our members, we are a small organization run by volunteers. Please keep your requests and expectations in line with our status.

So it's up to you. If all you want to do in KTA is to send in your dues and get the *Kinder-Link*, that's fine. But we hope that you will want more than that, and will join with us in many of our activities.

One of the most enjoyable ways to participate in our organization is to join us at our conferences. This year we will be getting together in Washington, DC. We are planning activities of interest to those of you who have come to many conferences, as well as those who will be coming to their first one. There will be plenty of time to relax and socialize, and you can take advantage of the special hotel rate to spend an extra day or two sight-seeing in Washington. We hope to have a large turnout, and look

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: (516)938-6084

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus

Kurt Goldberger, President  
Anita Weisbord, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Ruth Hanauer, Recording Secretary  
Ellen Bottner, Corresponding Secretary  
Robert Sugar, Member at Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President Second Generation  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.

forward to meeting many of our new members in person!

Eva Yachnes

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

## The Fourth Man

The *Kinder-Link* of Fall 1997 featured a picture on page 4 that showed an infantry section of the Coldstream Guards entering the town of Arras in Normandy. Here is more about the fourth man in that single file of soldiers, Archie Newman (Adolph Neuberger), not a "*Kind*" but a *Kind* nevertheless when he left Germany. Robert Sugar states quite correctly that Archie sustained a head wound at the end of 1944 and that he lives in England with his wife.

Throughout the 1930's only a handful of Jews lived in Archie's hometown of Dürrn, so his parents decided to send him to school in Esslingen. Leaving school at fourteen, the robust youngster went to sea as a deck-hand for the Jewish owned Lucy Borchardt Shipping and Towage Company of Hamburg. He worked on tugboats and harbor and seagoing vessels. Later he was transferred to the cargo ship "Lucy Borchardt", and together with two tugboats the small convoy made for Plymouth where the ships were registered by British authorities and now sailed under the Union Jack. It was 1939 and war was near. The non-Jewish members of the crew were sent back to Germany while the six Jewish ones, one of whom was Archie Newman, were interned as soon as war was declared. Archie was in Seaton, Canada and the Isle of Man, not to be released until 1942.

Archie's father was a successful businessman, owning and trading land, farms, forests, farm animals, and also operating an inn. After *Kristallnacht* all his property was confiscated and all his business activities ceased. In 1940 he was deported to the French concentration camp at Gurs together with other Jews from the area and neither he nor any of Archie's other relatives survived the ordeal.

I met Archie in 1942 when he was sent to a hostel at Princes Risborough where we worked on the land under the auspices of the Bucks War Agricultural Executive Committee. Later we went to their hostel in Newport Pagnell. We became fast friends, both of us soon enlisting in the army and training together in Glasgow and Northampton. One day, while at the infantry training camp in Northampton, representatives of the Brigade of Guards arrived, measured us, tested us, and studied our training records thus far, and within a few days Archie and I found ourselves at Pirbright Camp in Surrey to be assigned to the Coldstream Guards for a further period of special infantry and street fighting training as well as Guards drill.

Together we went to Normandy until I was forced to leave our platoon for a seven month military hospital stay after a "spot of bother" with the Germans in Belgium. After my recovery I spent two more years in the Guards at Wellington Barracks engaged in Public Duties and many hours of drill.

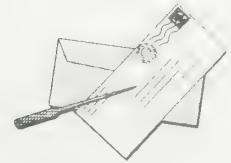
Archie, who was wounded some weeks after me, handles his injuries valiantly and gets about with the aid of a cane and even drives a car. And valiantly he battles the bureaucrats of the *See Krankenkasse* as well as the German Seaman's Union that have so far denied him what is his due and to which he is certainly entitled.

Ernest Goodman





## Letters To The Editor



In response to your moving article in *Kinder-Link*, my sister Erika (Fluss) Kahn, on her tape made for Steven Spielberg mentions a Frau Furst, who was the Principal of "Theodor Herzl" school on the Kaiserdam Williamsdorf, Berlin. This valiant lady escorted me and presumably many other *Kinder* to England, to return to ultimate imprisonment and death.

My sister tells of the school having approximately 400 Jewish students, who left one by one, until Nov. 9/10 when the school was destroyed. This was the end of her education. The last 25 students came that day, danced the *Hora*, cried, and left.

Erika was not a "*Kind*" but she was a *Kind* (13). She and this lady saved me.

Erwin Fluss  
Brooklyn, NY

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The reminiscences of Eva Yachnes under the title of "Our Unsung Heroes" (Volume 8, Number 1) brought more memories to the fore. I too remember the darkened train and the fears and anxieties we all experienced. Finally, we arrived in Holland, the train stopped and on the platform were ladies handing out chocolate drinks and cheese sandwiches. I believe my memory serves me well, it was without a doubt the best cheese sandwich I have ever eaten. On to Hoek van Holland and into the boat. I say "into" advisedly. It was dark, the cabin with its bunk beds was small and for the first time in my life I saw and tasted tea with milk. As the saying goes "it was not my cup of tea!"

The engines began to churn and in due course so did my stomach. We were in the belly of the ship and I became more anxious and more nauseated by the minute. The newly-found tea-milk concoction did not exactly help. In an attempt to ameliorate my condition I went upstairs on deck to get fresh air, only to discover that we were firmly anchored against the pier.

Rudi Kirschner, MD  
Phoenix, AZ

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With reference to the "Letter to the editor" by Hedy Epstein, regarding Pfarrer Hermann Maas, it will undoubtedly be of interest to her—and possibly to other readers to learn a little more about this Righteous Gentile.

I enclose a copy of a tribute paid Dr. Maas in 1951, by Rabbi Dr. Max Gruenewald.

Dr. Gruenewald was Rabbi of the Hauptsynagoge of Mannheim, 1925-1938. He served on the executive committee of the *Reichsvertretung der Juden in Deutschland*. He was president of the Leo Baeck institute in New York, an office he has held since its inception. He was the recipient

of many honors from the most prestigious institutions.

A tribute from an illustrious Rabbi to an illustrious Christian Minister.

Max Kaufmann  
Livingston, NJ

The following excerpts are from Dr. Gruenewald's tribute:

Reverend Maas is one of those rare individuals—rare among clergymen too—who live the word of God.

He did not turn his back on his Jewish friends, even at the height of the Hitler regime. He continued to preach the truth, ignoring the warnings sent to him by the Gestapo.

He hid Jews and helped them to escape. He assisted them with food and money, and set himself up as the lonely trustee of what he considered to be a sacred trust.

Reverend Maas had to pay a high price for what he did. He was deprived of his position, separated from his community. He endured the hardships of a labor camp; when he remained adamant he was condemned to death. The liberation by American troops saved his life.

Comparing him to so many other clergymen in Germany, one is inclined to revise a sentence in the New Testament and apply it to him. "Behold, a Christian without guile."

• • • •

I should like to get the reaction of members to the following incident.

The other evening a nice young man called, and asked if I would answer some questions for a survey, for a social agency.

I had the ten minutes to spare, so I agreed, and answered all the usual survey questions. One of the questions was "What is my ethnic background." I immediately answered "German." This left a bad taste in my mouth, so as soon as the survey was completed, I picked up my dictionary, and saw that my answer was correct.

What would you have answered?

Margot Supak  
Norwalk, CT

### Donors to the KTA Charitable Fund

New donations to the KTA Charitable fund have been received from the following members:

Ada Bergman, Arno Cahn, Walter Falk, Halperin Foundation, Peter Kollisch, Manfred Lindenbaum, Elizabeth Melamid, Ohio University, Ernst Philipp, Bert Romberg, Michelle Sanwick, Irene Schmied, Peter Schneider, Rachel Schramm, Edith Wertheimer.

Thank you all, past and present contributors, for your generosity.

## The Adventure

An errand took me to midtown; eager to walk I entered Central Park. The trees were extravagantly colorful: gold, green, maroon, and the tracery of the branches was graceful, they made me think of dancers. A favorite tree with many leaders and branches was huge and majestic, yet, bereft of all leaves, strangely delicate.

Suddenly, a woman spoke to me: slim, agitated, she said she needed the police. "What is wrong, what has happened?" I asked. Her daughter was lost, they had become separated. Recognizing her accent I asked, "Sind Sie Deutsch?"—are you German? and she was, so we continued in German. She was anxious; they were tourists staying at a hotel downtown and the Park appeared endless; a maze she felt trapped in; also it was beginning to get dark. Heading towards the restaurant at the Loeb Boathouse I asked how old her daughter was. When I heard that she was 13 years old, I said, "They are smart at that age, she will know what to do." The woman said uneasily, "But getting into a taxi, by herself, that is not right, that is not good."

When we got to the restaurant, I asked where a public phone was, fished for a quarter, then asked the woman, "Do you still want to call the police?" She said, "No, I want to call the hotel, here is the number" and read it off from a piece of paper. The operator answered, then tried the woman's room. The phone just rang and rang. Luckily, the operator came back on the line and said there was a voice mail. Quickly, I handed the phone to the woman. Her voice reflected anguish as she said, "Marlene! Marlene!" Then she listened and said, "A woman called, she is bringing my daughter to the hotel." I could see so much emotion in her face; her eyes gleamed with tears, but there did not seem to be relief. I took her in my arms; her body shook. I wondered where her imagination had led her.

She emerged from the embrace and asked for my address. I gave her a card and she peered at it, murmuring "therapist" to herself. Now the hotel and reunion with her child was the goal. We crossed the road and plunged down the grassy slope. "How is it you speak German?" she asked.

At once I knew I would skim emotion from the telling. "I was born in Berlin, before the Second World War, *ich bin Jüdisch*, my parents were Polish, they had no papers to leave. When what we call *Kristallnacht* happened, in November 1938, there was a response in England, and some children were allowed to go there. I was one of the lucky ones who got out." How to convey my transformation, at the age of six, from a child wrapped up in her family, torn from home and all that was my world, the hideous loss of love and identity, the catapult into being a refugee and a nuisance. "My father was put into Sachsenhausen."

Her face tightened, "KZ" she murmured, German initials for concentration camp. "My mother went to all sorts of officials: the Gestapo, Himmler himself, and she got him out. At once they left for Italy, en route for China, which accepted people without passports and visas." I reflected on my mother's odyssey: left behind in Genoa through a steamship line blunder, shorn of children, bereft of the husband

she had just rescued, without money or resources. A hunted being in war time, she was captured at a bus stop and swept into the French camp De Gurs; finally jumping off a train taking her to an extermination camp.

The woman looked ahead and said "In Germany people are stiff, they would not go out of their way to help," implying she might be one of them. Several times she had asked if I had the time to spend with her, and I did: there is a freedom to living alone.

After we parted, the questions began in my mind. What would my father have said about my helping a German? When he returned from concentration camp, he had lost fifty pounds in six months; goaded outdoors at 2:00 a.m. to do an hour's calisthenics in the snow, as well as brutality and starvation. In China, he started life over, without family, without knowing the language. After the war, he went to French, to start over once more, again without familiarity with the language. And my mother, what would she have said? I could not cope with the question, her losses had been too many, too cruel.

This German woman was a mother, as I am; helping her was instinctive. Plunging back into the park, on my way home, my mind was alive. My evening beckoned, my daughter was coming to see me.

Helga Shepard  
New York, NY

### Kind Receives Award

On June 1, 1997, Geoffrey H. Hartman was honored by an award in Contemporary Jewish Thought by the National Foundation For Jewish Culture. The Spring edition of *Jewish Cultural News*, the publication of the foundation, carried the following description of Dr. Hartman:

Geoffrey H. Hartman, our 1997 laureate in Contemporary Jewish Thought, has enjoyed a distinguished career as a leading academic in English and comparative literature. Dr. Hartman, who serves as Sterling Professor of English at Yale, was one of the "founding fathers" of the Yale school of literary criticism and has earned a reputation as one of the outstanding scholars in the literature of the Romantic Period.

But to the American and international Jewish communities, Dr. Hartman's contributions in the area of Holocaust studies are his legacy. Geoffrey Hartman was the co-founder and, since 1981, has been the project director of the Fortunoff Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies at Yale, a pioneering effort in the videotaping of the oral histories of survivors. Further, in the documentary films he created for public television, Dr. Hartman was amongst the first to bring survivor testimonies to the general American public.

Geoffrey Hartman was born in Frankfort, and was a child of the Frankfort *Kindertransport* to England in 1938. He was educated at Queens College in New York and at Yale, where he earned a Ph.D. Dr. Hartman is the recipient of numerous awards, and has himself been active in the

Continued on Page 5

## Orangienburg

We lived in Berlin and my mother was a beautiful lady with blond hair. She played the piano and went to the beauty parlor once a week. Sometimes she let me go with her. I wore velvet embroidered dresses and had a white fur coat, but my *kinderfraulein* used to hit me when I got dirty. She also didn't let my mother near me when I ate, as they said I could be sick at will. It was nice to be sick and to be in my mother's bed. She would ask what I wanted and it was always a teddy bear. When my father used to shout at my mother I used to cry and I would make him stop.

When I was seven I went with my two brothers and lots of other children to Scotland. I last saw my mother hiding behind a telephone booth so that I would stop screaming and get on the train. My older brother says I stopped crying as soon as the train left the station, but I don't remember that.

During the war I didn't like refugees. They tried to kiss you or when asked "How are you?" would give a long sad answer. They had accents and were very un-British. I hoped my mother would not be like them.

I stayed in other people's houses and many years later I learned I was a foster child. One day someone came to visit from the committee and said if I would call Mrs. Leonard "Aunt Dora" instead of not calling her anything at all I could see my cousin. I promised and tried very hard, but couldn't do it until I went to my next "foster home."

I used to have frightening dreams and one night I woke up screaming, insisting that I would never see my mother again. I became used to the idea and looked for other mothers to love and care for me. I didn't live with these people, but would visit their homes, practice on their pianos and eat their chicken soup and chocolate pudding. I adopted several families and at various times adopted their religious beliefs. I have been very Orthodox, a Zionist, an atheist and nothing at all.

When I was about thirteen or fourteen I saw a movie "The Blue Angel." The man in it looked a bit like my father and the woman, I was sure, was my mother. Yes, Marlene Dietrich the Whore Goddess was my mother. I saw her in lots of films and sometimes I got her mixed up with Marilyn Monroe or Lotte Lenya. She travelled all over the world and seemed to be having a good life. She was very beautiful and clever and she had to be to escape the horrors of Auschwitz and Buchenwald.

I had an aunt Grete in New Zealand whose name sounds like fish-bone in German. She learned to make biscuits before she left Germany and got a job as a cook for a rich Jewish woman in Auckland, and that's how she got out of Europe. My father's first job in Glasgow was as a night watchman. But my mother would rather have died than to give up her grand piano or to become a maid or a cook. What was all the fuss about anyway? Just because my school which was attached to a synagogue had been burned down; just because I was no longer allowed into the movies or my ice rink, did that mean we had to panic and leave everything behind? My father had written a song for us, "Mummy, Daddy, we're soon coming back," and my

mother firmly believed that. My father must have lost faith in his song, because five months after we left Berlin he also came to Glasgow. I could not forgive him for coming alone.

Shortly after the war, a group of boys arrived in Scotland. They were all in their late teens or early twenties but looked much younger. They had numbers on their arms and my friends and I were told not to ask them any questions. We did learn that they had been in concentration camps and before coming to Scotland they had spent a few months in the Lake District of England "being fed." We were told that the boys had looked like the human skeletons we had seen in some newsreels and I began to wonder if any of them had met my mother.

It's strange, but one day I could see my mother as Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again" and the next she would be the chosen courtesan of the camp director at Auschwitz. Sometimes she would fall from favor and would have to undergo experimental operations—some with anesthesia, some without. Sometimes she escaped, but often she was selected for instant extermination.

Many years later I learned that my mother was not at Auschwitz or at Buchenwald, but at Oranienburg near Berlin. Her official date of death is the last day of the war in Europe, May 8, 1945. This date was given to many for whom there was no exact record.

I've had trouble remembering the name Oranienburg and usually add a "g" and think of orange groves. I associate orange groves with Israel.

It's time to bury my mother. She must be old and tired. Maybe she didn't deserve all the good or bad things that happened to her. It's time I forgave her, it's time I forgave myself.

I visited Israel, land of orange groves, a few years ago. I inscribed my mother's name in the Yad Va'Shem. May she rest in peace.

Ruth Hirsch  
New York, NY

Hartman...Continued from Page 4

creation of Jewish Studies programs in American colleges.

Amongst Geoffrey Hartman's 21 books are three watershed volumes on Holocaust memory: *Bitburg in Moral and Political Perspective*; *The Longest Shadow: In the Aftermath of the Holocaust*; and *Holocaust remembrance: The Shapes of Memory*. Dr. Hartman's current research continues his explorations in this area, looking at the realm of culture in the inter-war period.

Jay Schleickorn, husband of member Marianne (Wendel) submitted this article to the *Kinder-Link*, and reminds us that Dr. Hartman addressed one of our Fallsview conferences.

## Generations

### The *Kinder Seder*

Last year we were asked to report on how the inclusion of the text of the "*Kinder Seder*" went. Here is my story.

I typed out the text and asked my mom and aunt—both of whom had left Berlin on a June 13, 1939 Kindertransport—to read it. They began, but could not finish it. My brothers, cousins, and I took over and read it for them.

It is important to remember the Holocaust during the Seder. And it is particularly important for the third generation to hear about their grandparents and great-grandparents and what they had to go through during the war. Each family can use the "*Kinder Seder*" text as a guide to writing its own personal recollections, thus making the story of the Exodus more meaningful.

George Fogelson, KT2  
Redondo Beach, CA

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### Struwwelpeter

Thank you for the article about *Struwwelpeter* in the last *Kinder-Link*. I'm glad that book wasn't around my house while I was growing up!

Recently, I've been reading a book by Alice Miller called *For Your Own Good*. Miller is a German psychotherapist whose purpose in writing the book is to seek to explain the Holocaust—how a whole nation of people could so unthinkingly commit and collude with so many atrocities, from a psychological viewpoint. She found the answer in German child-rearing methods from the past two centuries. According to her book it was not only common practice, but considered exemplary child-rearing, for German parents to beat, brutalize, and terrorize their children.

*Struwwelpeter*—especially the thumb-sucking story—seems to fit in part and parcel with this sort of culture.

It's been my experience, just from asking people I know, and at the One By One conference, that German Jews weren't nearly as brutal with their children as German Gentiles. Still, your article shows how we didn't completely escape from the larger German culture our parents grew up with.

Terry Fletcher, KT2  
Berkeley, CA

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I agree that severe punishment and mutilation seen as justified and funny sets up the mindset that people deserve what they get, no matter how horrible that punishment might be.

Helen Stayna, KT2  
Brooklyn, NY

• • • •

I was delighted to read the article about *Struwwelpeter* in the recent *Kinder-Link*. My late husband was so upset about this "book of horrors" that he refused to read it to our children, even though we had a copy. To him it represented the worst philosophy in child-rearing, somehow consistent with the German mentality on this subject. In Germany as a

young man, he obtained a book called *Anti-Struwwelpeter*, but I know nothing about it.

Ruth K. Heiman  
Queens, NY

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### June 1998 KTA Reunion

In June, the KTA is having another reunion, this time in the Washington, DC area. We invite all KT2s and their families to join in. It will be an opportunity to meet KT2s from around the country and possibly "fill in gaps" not obtained from one's own family. As in the past, we plan to set aside space for KT2s to conduct their own meetings and also videotape interviews of *Kinder* for the Oral History Project.

If you are a KT2 who is interested in the Oral History Project, please contact Melissa Hacker (212-255-5081). Any *Kinder* who wish to sign up in advance for interviews should also contact Melissa or write the KTA Office, Attn: Oral History Interviews. We will try our best to accommodate everyone.

I hope to see many of you there!

Anita Grosz  
Vice-President, Second Generation

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Submissions to Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47 St. 3B, New York, NY 10036, fax/phone 212-265-6610, email [davemarc@paniz.com](mailto:davemarc@paniz.com)

### Meet KTA's New President

I left Vienna with a *Kindertransport* in July of 1939, and went to a Hostel in Croydon. I was evacuated to Horsham, Sussex, and subsequently moved to Leicester to live with my mother who had come to England as a domestic servant. I worked in Leicester until March 1944, when I left for the United States, traveling on a freighter as part of a convoy, crossing the Atlantic in three weeks. In the United States we joined my father in Des Moines, Iowa, where I stayed for a little over a year.

In New York I joined the Fellowship Club which was composed of Austrian and some German young refugees. This is where I met Margarete and we were married in March, 1949. We have one daughter and a twelve year old grandson, living in California.

After working in various positions, I finally changed careers in 1967, when I became a professional in B'nai B'rith. For most of my time with that organization I was the director for Queens, Long Island and the Bronx.

Since my retirement, I have been active in various Jewish organizations, among them as the chairman of the B'nai B'rith Youth Organization adult board in Nassau-Suffolk. I served as Vice President of KTA for the past four years.

I am looking forward to a fruitful and rewarding term as president of KTA.

Kurt Goldberger

## Local News

### Northern California

It was the KT2s that organized this year's very successful Chanukah party. On Sunday afternoon December 14, 1997 about 25 *Kinder*, spouses, KT2s and KT3s came to KT2 Carole Goldberg's home in San Carlos to socialize and listen to Hugh Dubb, a member of the Bay Area Jewish Genealogy Society. In his presentation Hugh gave us very practical advice about how to research and produce a family tree, the different kinds of software available and the local resources that contain many helpful records, even obscure ones.

The *Kinder* were urged to join the KTA and attend the 1998 Conference in Washington D.C. In addition, on Sunday June 14, 1998 Bertha Leverton from London, whose efforts brought the *Kinder* together after 50 years, is expected to be in the Bay Area. NorCal KTA and the Holocaust Center in San Francisco are planning a program for that date.

On another matter, the State of California Department of Insurance has set up an insurance data-base to register claims of Holocaust survivors. If you would like to be included, please call Leslie Tick, Staff Counsel to the Department of Insurance at (415) 538-4190 and a questionnaire will be mailed to you. If you need information or assistance, please call Alfred at (510) 547-2694.

Ralph Samuel  
Alfred Cotton  
Co-Chairs

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### Florida

About 80 *Kinder* attended a luncheon reunion on Sunday, March 1, at the Rod & Gun restaurant in Delray Beach.

The *Kinder* once again proved the "stuff" they were made of. Our early experiences left us with 80 down to earth *gute leute*. The weather was lousy that morning. Many had difficulty driving from long distances, but everyone came in smiling and ready to enjoy the afternoon. The smiles never withered even though the food was not great and some had difficulty hearing the tape. What troupers! We promise in the future not to try your patience again and correct all the above.

It is so exciting that instead of our numbers withering as we had expected, at each meeting we have five or six people who are new to our group and are happy to find people with whom they can share like experiences.

At the luncheon we discussed the importance of speaking in the schools. Many *Kinder* were active in that regard and found the experience rewarding. A number of *Kinder*, who had never before spoken in the schools volunteered to visit schools in the future and share their stories.

The information on the two reunions, in Alexandria and

London was well received, and many of the group said they would attend one or both of these reunions.

Many of the group had been to the showing of the *Kindertransport* play that was held in West Palm Beach in November. The play has received many honors, and is another way for our story to be told. By getting the play to youngsters who had never heard of the *Kindertransport* and heard little about the Holocaust the entire story comes alive for them.

The play is going to be shown at the following venues, hopefully some of you can attend:

April 20 8pm West Palm Beach Theatre

April 23 7pm State Competition in Tampa

The play had been selected to go to Tel Aviv in an exchange program with the Tel Aviv Orchestra, however Saddam Hussein changed all that and the trip was cancelled. To make up for this loss the school is going to have the play taped in Tampa and attempt to be selected to go to the worldwide competition at the University of Nebraska in June. If they are selected for this competition 14,000 students and their advisors from all over the world will hear our story!

The students love going to all these out of town venues, however they must pay their own way. The school contributes nothing for the expenses. Many of the students find it difficult to raise the money for these trips. A raffle was started and I am proud to say we raised \$390 in raffles at the luncheon, in addition a \$500 contribution from a donation made to the Florida *Kinder* will also be added to the fund.

The Florida would like to have two get-togethers again next season. Perhaps a Chanukah party in December and then a luncheon in February. Any thoughts or ideas would be appreciated. Please call or write. Your comments and ideas are appreciated.

Aniya Hoffer  
Chairperson, Florida KTA

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### Southern California

More than forty *Kinder*, spouses and second-generation *Kinder* enjoyed a luncheon get-together at Santa Monica's Mosel Cellar on February 22.

Organized by Eddie Nussbaum and Michelle Freiler, the event was a big success and hopefully will be the first of many more annual meetings in the future.

Self-introductions by all the *Kinder* present helped to break the ice and renew friendships of many years standing. There was much interest in *The Big One* in 1999, and among those present many *Kinder* are planning to come to London.

Eddie Nussbaum

## A Kinder Seder

After the *Mah Nishtan-na*, the first paragraph of response to the four questions starts with "We were the slaves of Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Lord our God brought us forth from there..." and ends with these, or similar words, depending on your edition of the Haggadah:

And so, even if all of us were full of wisdom and understanding...we should still be bidden once more to repeat the story of the Exodus from Egypt, and he who delights to dwell on the liberation is a person to be praised.

Here add the following:

Living narrative is the life-blood of a people. Tonight as we retell the story of the Exodus of the Children of Israel from Egypt we add the story of our own miraculous escape from slavery, much greater than in Egypt, from terror, and from death. We were the condemned of Hitler in Germany, had we not been brought forth we would have perished; we would have had no husbands or wives; our children and our grandchildren would not have been born. We are the *Kinder*, The Children of Israel of 1939, our children, and their children. Together we represent the ten-thousand saved from the flames, and the hundreds of thousands of our generation who were not.

The burning synagogues of the November 1938 pogrom were our Pillar of Fire. The flames, seen in Britain, roused our fellow humans, Jews and gentiles, to save us few from our inhuman neighbors. They sent trains - transports - *Kindertransports*, to Berlin, Vienna, and Prague. Like the Children of Israel in Egypt we packed in haste, chanted as

we crossed the border, passed over the Sea dry-shod. Unlike Israel in Egypt who marched out, a whole people, fully armed, with great leaders, we marched out alone, unarmed, some as babies in the arms of children. Our parents stayed behind.

Our story is not one story, but ten thousand stories. How we endured. What we accomplished. How many of us, a second time, were deported from Britain, on prison ships to Canada and Australia. How many returned to fight in British uniforms to avenge us. How many went to Jerusalem, and fought for Israel. How many fell.

We scattered over the world. Also, miraculously, after fifty years we re-met to tell our story, which is ten thousand stories. Tonight, on the anniversary of the liberation from Egypt, on the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto revolt, **Let all, who are hungry to tell their story, come and speak** (if you do not intend to tell stories, end with: **We gather to celebrate our liberation**).

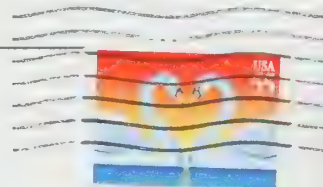
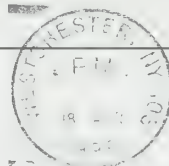
Here, those who wish to tell their stories do so. If you abbreviate the rest of the Haggadah, conclude with: When Israel went forth from Egypt, the House of Jacob from the midst of a barbarous people...(last paragraph before the blessings for the meal).

Happy Pessach from the Executive Committee!

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Many of you have requested this reprint of Robert Sugar's 1995 "Kinder Seder." If you use this idea, we would love to hear from you about your Seder.

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801



MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/98  
ALFRED BADER  
11 N. SHEPARD  
MILWAUKEE, WI 53211



# THE KINDER LINK



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## Memory And Memorials

We *Kinder* are growing older, and as we age we look back at lives that were unusually eventful. To many of us, this looking back has taken the form of participating in efforts to memorialize our journey to freedom and the plight of those who did not survive the Holocaust.

Walter Nachtigall from New Jersey writes: "As a *Kind*, I have been very involved in my Temple's project to create an important legacy of the Holocaust, with the Holocaust Memorial Garden...."

Yes, there is a museum in Washington DC and soon in New York City, but it is not enough. Every community must have a focal point that will allow our children and our children's children to remember—*Zachor*."

The Memorial Garden is at Temple Beth Shalom in Livingston, NJ, and in his description, Rabbi Azriel Fellner says "This Memorial Garden will not just commemorate the past. It will also be a link to the future. For at its center, the Holocaust Memorial Garden's tree with six branches, becomes an emblem of the six million murdered Jews. The branches emerge from the ground, and every spring renew themselves, a welcome sign and symbol of the revival of the Jewish nation, of its growth, and of its rejuvenation.

This Garden, especially, is for our children and our children's children; an enduring monument of a tragic period in Jewish life, and also an enduring testament to the values of Judaism and the preservation of memories too sacred to forget."

Gunther Abrahamson of Ottawa was one of a group of *Kinder* who were given homes in Selkirk, Scotland in the Priory. Not long ago they had a reunion in Selkirk, out of which grew an offer to make a contribution to the town in commemoration of their stay.

At the suggestion of John Guthrie, now in his nineties, who had befriended the children, the donation will go towards the replacement of the burgh flag in time for the millennium. As reported in the local paper, Honorary Provost Jim Newland who received their check at the annual dinner of the Selkirk Ex-Standard Bearers Association was clearly moved by the gesture. He said of the *Kinder*, "I suspect everyone here over 50 years old will have a good idea who these people are....Now in their declining years and spread throughout the world, they feel their desire to repay Selkirk by purchasing a new flag. We do not know their names but I suggest that the flag will know their names and that these

people will be remembered along with the great majority of names that our burgh flag already commemorates. In the Market Place on Common Riding morning there are a thousand unseen witnesses—when the new flag is cast in the year 2000, there will be a few more."

Other *Kinder* have reported on activities commemorating the fate of the Jewish populations by the present day citizens of their old home towns. Regina Selig, who last year visited Wiesbaden as a guest of the city, sent a description of the work of the Friends of an Active Museum for German-Jewish History in Wiesbaden. They preserve traces of Jewish life, keep an archive and library, and are active in teaching. Among their projects is the restoration of a small Jewish complex on Spiegelgasse which goes back to at least the sixteenth century.

From Dorli Neale we hear about the *Kristallnacht* memorial constructed in the city of Innsbruck. The memorial was initiated by college students in the Tyrol Youth Parliament who organized a design contest entered by fifty art students. The winning design, a tall menorah on a base of broken crystal, was by Mario Jorg, age eighteen.

During the dedication ceremony, speeches were interspersed with dramatizations by the students. Among these was the reading of the official report to SS headquarters on November 12, 1938, confirming that all Jewish homes and businesses had been raided, and detailing the destruction, deaths, and injuries that resulted.

Not least among our efforts to memorialize the past is the work being done to preserve the history of the Kindertransports. Two KTA quilts have been completed, thanks to the work of Kirsten Grosz, and they will soon be going on loan exhibition to museums and other venues. In the meantime, a third quilt is being worked on, so it's not too late to send in a square.

Our second generation group has already taped a large number of oral histories of KTA members, and that work should be resuming in the near future. They are still looking for the best place to deposit these tapes for future generations.

We also hope to produce a photo display to become part of a Holocaust museum exhibit. Robert Sugar is working on this project, and in this issue you will read his appeal for material. We hope that a large response will be forthcoming.

## Opinion

### Old Age Creeping Up

My 93 year old father-in-law has a favorite joke: "I asked my thirty-year old girl friend to marry me, but she turned me down, saying that she couldn't stand the thought of old age creeping up on her every night."

I've been feeling old age creeping up on me ever since I received my Medicare card in the mail. It's one thing to note the passing birthdays, the graying hair, and the little bodily twinges that seem to increase over time. I could lie about my age, dye my hair, ignore the twinges. But the Medicare card makes it really official: like it or not, I am now a Senior Citizen.

Like so many people, as I age I find myself thinking more and more often about the past. Not just my personal past, but the past that all of us have in common: the Kindertransport.

This is not looking back with nostalgia or even with regret. What I find myself thinking of most often is that this episode should be better known, and more celebrated. Many smaller efforts to save some of Europe's Jews are better known; many efforts that saved individuals and single families are justly memorialized. Why then isn't the saving of nearly 10,000 children given the prominence it should receive in the various Holocaust histories and museums around the world?

It is not for the sake of idealizing the British government that I want the Kindertransports to be better known. It is for the sake of the many people whose hard work led to the organizing of the transports; for those who accompanied us on the trains, only to return to danger themselves; for our parents who trusted us to the unknown in order to save us; for those who took us in when we arrived in Britain; and perhaps most of all for us, who triumphed over what was to have been our fate.

There are few enough stories of goodness and courage that come out of the dark times in human history. We need all of them, otherwise how shall we bear to think about so much evil? Without showing what goodwill and conscience

can do, how do we inspire future generations when they meet dangers that we cannot yet know?

Eva Yachnes

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

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Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.

## From Our History

### I Read It In The Times

Letters, January 5, 1939, Page 15.

Relief of the Refugees  
The Jewish Effort  
A Tribute from the Churches

Those were the headings of a letter to the editor of the Times. The letter set out to contradict the criticism, quite widespread at the time, of the Lord Baldwin Fund, "because the refugee problem should be considered a Jewish problem and that it is therefore incumbent upon Jewry to cope with it without seeking outside assistance." The letter writers believed, however, that such criticism were without foundation and wanted to show their support for the Lord Baldwin Fund, "believing that the misapprehensions that led to such criticism will be detrimental to the success of the Fund and result also in grave injustice to the Jewish community." They point out:

"(1) Since the year 1933 the refugee problem in Central Europe has never been purely Jewish. 'Aryan' and 'non-Aryan' Christians to the number of at least 100,000—and this is probably a gross under-estimate—are seeking asylum.

(2) Hitherto the greater part of the relief accomplished has been paid for out of Jewish funds without regard for the race of the recipients.

(3) The Jewish community has never asked for the assistance of Christian Churches; on the contrary, the present appeal came into being because the Churches felt that the time had come for them to play their part in the relief of this great volume of human suffering.

Finally, apart from the fact that so many of the sufferers are Christians, though this by itself should be enough, the refugee problem, by its very nature, makes the most insistent demand upon the charity of all Christian people.

Yours Faithfully,

Cosmo Cantuar [Signature of Cosmo Gordon Lang, the 95th Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England]  
Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster  
Robert Bond, Moderator of the Federal Council of the Free Churches of England  
James Black, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland."

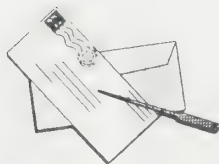
Ernest Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

### Speedy Recovery, Eddy!

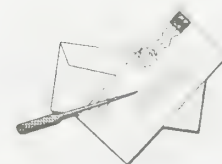
KTA founder and President Emeritus Eddy Behrendt recently underwent coronary artery bypass surgery. The members of the Executive Committee wish him a good recovery. If you would like to send him your best wishes, write to him at:

101 Rainbow Drive, Suite 8372  
Livingston, TX 77351





## Letters To The Editor



Under separate cover I am renewing my subscription to the KTA. I have noted its many activities, and while it may be helpful to recount experiences it should be recognized that we are the lucky ones and have to come to terms with the fact that we were spared the worst like Buchenwald, Theresienstadt, not to mention Auschwitz.

I am considering visiting some of these places of horror but would prefer to do so in the company of others who are equally "fortunate." While I cannot take the initiative in organizing such a trip (although "retired" I still work a very full schedule), there may be other *Kinder* who have a more relaxed time-table, and who might be interested in such a project.

Kieth S. Henley M.D.  
Ann Arbor, MI

• • • •

I am appalled at your (Alan Peter's) letter that appeared in the Summer issue of *Kinder-Link*.

You make sweeping statements such as "20% of the *Kinder* were Jewish...who are today alienated by the religious practices..." Your premise must be rejected as being your myopic outlook in the absence of quantitative facts to support your position.

Let me remind you that while many non-Jews perished in the Holocaust and others were displaced, it is a clear fact of history that the organized destruction of European Jewry by the Nazis knew no parallel.

How dare you admonish our policy makers as being "spiritual descendants of some people in 1939" who couldn't foresee the tragic events that would follow. Sadly, neither we nor our parents were smart enough to anticipate what was coming. Being a spiritual descendant is wearing a badge of honor.

More power to our leadership who value and respect our Jewish religious tradition. It is a pity if you have been discomforted by having to eat meals prepared under Jewish dietary laws. I know of no Christian dogma that would prevent you from eating kosher meals. respecting dietary laws and being tolerant of prayers for those who consider it important, would be a simple matter of courtesy on your part.

Acknowledging diversity, which is evidently important to you, does not mean shedding the Jewish heritage which is important to most *Kinder*.

Walter Nachtigall  
West Orange, NJ

### Journey

My husband has left me for a while.  
No, not for mistress or a tryst.  
He's gone to see the place where he was born,  
The town he fled so many years ago.

He says he needs to close a chapter in his life,  
To put to rest the shadows of the past.

I do not wish to join him,  
Nor exorcise the demons haunting me.  
I hug my hatred closely,  
Never to forget, forgive.

I will not close that chapter of my life,  
Nor put to rest the shadows of the past.

My husband has left me for a while.  
I understand, but cannot take that road.  
And so he had to go and I must stay.

Stefanie Ruskin  
Bayside, NY

### Notices

#### Video Available

*Forgotten Children of Berlin*, a video recording, is available on loan to your group for a handling charge of \$10. For information, contact Anita Weisbord at 718-347-5609.

• • • •

#### Suggestions Wanted

The KTA Disbursement Committee is looking for ideas for appropriate charities to receive our next contributions. Please send your ideas to the committee at: KTA, P.O. Box 827, Upton, NY 11973.

• • • •

#### Appeal For Material

Ms. Orly Selinger of Tel Aviv University, Israel, is looking for material written by children during the years 1933-1941, illustrating their experiences and ways of dealing with them.

If you have anything of the sort, she would like you to send copies (not the original documents) to her at:

Ms. Orly Selinger  
School of Cultural Studies  
Faculty of Humanities  
Tel Aviv University 69978 / Israel

## A Picture Is Worth...



**Return to Germany.** The first infantry spearhead of the Coldstream Guards, Guards Armored Division entering Arras, September 1944, in the British advance toward the Rhine. Of the five men shown, two are Jewish refugees from Germany. (*Daily Sketch* photo, September 4, 1944)

## Fighting Back

Ernie Goodman, staunch KTA member, sent us this photo. He writes: "I am the second man, the 'number two on the Bren gun,' soon to be number one when the first man was shot." The fourth man is Archie Newman (Adolph Neuberger), from Weinheim. It's a great war photo, not merely a great *Kinder* photo. Dramatic as a movie, we know it's real—no director could dream up the different expression and body language of each man facing imminent danger. Even if we did not know the men, I think, we would wonder who they were and what became of them. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, through Ernie we do know. Every man in the picture was either wounded, disabled or killed. Ernie, I'm happy to say is fully recovered, and now retired after a long, successful career as professor of political science, Oneonta, SUNY. (I know because just a few days ago I had smoked local trout and

wine with him and his lovely wife Betty in their lovely home in the lush green of Ostego County.) The sergeant behind Ernie, strutting as if on parade, older than the others, with a young family, suffered shell shock. And Archie who risks a second out to smile at the camera, and us, across time, too has a great story to tell. He came to Briton as cabin-boy aboard the Jewish-owned German freighter Lucy Borchard. The day war was declared the crew put into an English port and all were interned in Canada. This story has legendary possibilities, but I won't embellish fact with hearsay. (How did they decide to put into an English port?) Instead Ernie has written to the primary source, his friend Archie in England, to get the facts, and hopefully will tell us the full story in a future issue. Archie, unfortunately was not as lucky as Ernie. He is 100% disabled with shrapnel in his head.

A good photo, a work of art, is not only worth a thousand words, but tells more than one story and has more than

one meaning. For Ernie it carries a specific *Kinder* meaning: "I believe that we have to emphasize more than hitherto that those who were fit and of military age decided to fight back. We did not sit back to see others destroy the Nazis for us.... That too is part of the *Kindertransport* story. It barely received a mention by the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington but should not be neglected by the New York Museum." He feels that we ourselves should pay more attention to this chapter of our history.

## About Our Archive

Our "Picture is Worth" feature has already elicited a number of good stories but as a vehicle to collect photos the design had a flaw. Even if Eva receives one story per issue (which she doesn't) it would take us one year to collect four photos, two years to collect eight, and three years to collect...? Unfortunately I'm not good with such high multiplifications. I was thrown out of my dear old Alma Mater, in the Vienna Neustift Gasse, just when, in the second grade, we were getting to this. And when, a few months later, as if on the wings of an eagle, I was deposited in my next warm-hearted educational institution, a Public Elementary School in Belfast near Crumlin jail they were doing long division of pounds, shillings, and pence, to say nothing of farthings. The lessons were reinforced by the latest educational aides, a swinging bamboo cane and blood-curdling yells. I decided on the spot to give up higher mathematics and devote myself to the collecting of pictures instead. And about sixty years later I realized this ambition by becoming the archivist for KTA. To get back to how many photos in three years, some of you who were in a higher grade when you were kicked out will be able to figure it out. All I know it'll take us a *long time* to collect a decent archive. And so we've decided to appeal to you directly to send us photos.

### What Photos?

All *Kindertransport*-related photos—from then to now. In particular:

- Departure and arrival.
- You with your family.
- You, with your foster family.
- Hostels, camps, and farms (Wittinghame, Gwrych Castle, etc.)
- School, work, athletics.
- Evacuation to the country.
- Internment, deportation (the Dunera, etc.)
- Military service.
- Re-emigration (Israel, Australia, US)
- Recent local KTA activities, reunions, etc.

### How to Select

If you have many photos, choose photos with local color, such as your foster family in the village rather than just a portrait. Choose active photos. Choose pictures of good photographic quality. Choose photos which need as little explanation as possible and are interesting of themselves. If in doubt, please send a xerox and we'll let you know if we want the photo. Our criteria will be photographic only.

### Purposes

We intend to use these photos for KTA purposes—brochures, publicity, lectures, and exhibits. We intend eventually to place our archive with a larger established Jewish archive. We have not yet decided which. By sending us your photos you give us permission to do this. If your photos are requested by non-KTA agencies for commercial purposes—publishers, etc.—we undertake to get your specific permission for such use.

### Method

If you have historic photos, without negative, and do not (most likely) want to part with the original, send us a copy, or send us the original and we will copy it at KTA expense. For recent photos please send us a print. Tape a separate piece of paper to the back, and type: Your **name**, address, phone number; the photographers name if known; the location; the date; the known names of people appearing in the photo; any other important information. *Once again, when in doubt as to the general interest or quality of a photo send a xerox.* I promise to acknowledge all material upon receipt.

Please send to:

KTA  
P.O. Box 827  
Upton, NY 11973-0827  
Attn: Robert Sugar

With thanks, for all the great photos which I feel are already on the way!

Robert Sugar

## New Members

We are pleased to welcome the following new members to the KTA:

Lisa Fox (Jacobson) Suffern, NY, 10901	KT-2 (914)354-5829
Edgar Klugman Newtonville, MA 02160	Nürnberg (617)332-0695
Linda Gerber Leit Brooklyn, NY 11217	KT-2
Manfred M. Hein Kensington, MD 20795	Berlin (301)942-1250
Charlie Penner Ann Arbor, MI 48104	(313)769-7768
Ava R. Tevvs Santa Fe, NM 87505	Staargard (505)424-3885
Curt Marcus Burnaby BC V5H 4M9 Canada	Austria (604)451-9133
Edith Erlich Amherst, MA 01002	Vienna (413)253-3257
Greta B. Herz (Katz) Vestal, NY 13850	Wiesbaden (607)786-5964

## Generations

### One By One

In July I attended a Massachusetts conference of One By One, an organization made up of "descendants of the Holocaust and of the Third Reich." I wasn't sure what to expect, but came away feeling inspired, enlightened, and proud.

The part of the conference I went to was attended by about thirty people, almost all children of survivors or perpetrators or "bystanders." It was a fascinating, diverse group: the children of survivors included children of concentration camp and ghetto survivors, as well as children of those who had managed to "escape."

The children of survivors included several Jews who had grown up in Germany. Most of their parents were not German Jews, but had been liberated from camps in Germany, staying on to marry and raise children there after the war. There were also gentiles: a child of Polish Catholic camp survivors who never found out why they had been rounded up, and two whose mothers had resisted the Nazis (one had hidden Jews), gotten caught, and been put in camps.

The children of perpetrators and bystanders included everyone from German Gentiles whose families had disagreed with, but not actively resisted, the Nazis, to children and grandchildren of high-ranking SS officials who had been responsible for tens of thousands of deaths! (It was quite a shock to sit across from one of the latter at breakfast the first day!)

The conference included many presentations and discussion groups, plus plenty of time to make friends and enter into informal discussions. The most interesting group I went to was on cultural differences between the U.S. and Germany. At my suggestion, the group also took up the issue of similarities and differences between German Jews and German Gentiles, a fascinating topic!

Central to One By One's approach to promoting healing for both groups is to let each participant tell his or her life story, and be listened to with compassion and understanding. This is done through "Dialogue Groups," made up of equal numbers of children of survivors and perpetrators, that meet all day, every day, for a week. A dialogue Group was not offered at the conference, but a similar approach was used in all the meetings I attended. It proved useful and beneficial.

For the most part the stories were very painful: many children of camp survivors told stories of parents who were so damaged by what they went through in the camps that it was impossible for them to be good parents. Worse still, many of these parents had abused their children in ways that, the children felt, reflected the ways they had been abused in the camps. The most striking example came from the Gentile daughter of a camp survivor whose childhood punishment for misbehavior was to be sent to her room and given only one piece of bread to eat for the day!

The children of perpetrators also had painful stories: imagine having a Nazi for your father! The child of perpetrators who I got to know best was my breakfast companion

from the first day. Her father had been responsible for around 40,000 deaths. She told me harrowing tales of physical and sexual abuse at the hands of her father, who, after all, had to have been a very sick human being. She is in her fifties, but it was only recently that she found out anything about her father's Nazi past. After years of suicide attempts, she finally saw a therapist who recommended that she look into her father's role in the war. She told me, as did several children of survivors, that participating in One By One's dialogue groups was the best method of healing she had found.

I came away from the conference with new friends and connections and more understanding of my issues as a daughter of a survivor, as well as a great respect for One By One. For more information about this group, contact One By One, P.O. Box 1709, Brookline, MA 02146 (ph 617-424-1540; fx 508-440-8359).

Also feel free to contact me at 1626 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94703 (ph 510-549-1519; em tgfletcher@aol.com).

Terry Fletcher, KT2  
Berkeley, CA

## Local News

### Northern California Chapter

The Nor Cal Chapter is alive and well and on Sunday August 3 had a picnic at San Bruno Park on the beautiful San Francisco Peninsula.

Twenty-four *Kinder* and spouses, six KT2's and four KT3's enjoyed each other's company and reminisced. Rita Goldhor and Inge Muller discovered that they both were at the Belsize Park hostel. Chapter Treasurer Margot Goldberg was there with two of her daughters and all three grandchildren. KT2 Terry Fletcher was there and was congratulated for making the front page of the Spring *Kinder-Link*. Dr. Y.L. Wu, husband of Connie Ann, who passed away last June, was also there. Connie Ann, a *Kind* from Berlin, and Y.L. were married in Oxford in 1941.

Ralph Samuel gave a report on the KTA Leadership Retreat and there was much interest in the coming KTA conference in 1998 and the 1999 RoK reunion in London. The Chapter will be well represented at both meetings.

The next major Nor Cal function is being planned in connection with Bertha Leverton's proposed trip to the U.S. which is expected to include San Francisco in June '98. Further details will be mailed out as soon as they become available.

Ralph Samuel & Alfred Cotton/Co-Chairs

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### Chicago

We were pleased to hear from Margit Diamond of Riverwoods, IL, that a meeting of Mid-Western *Kinder* took place recently. Due to lack of space in this issue, we will carry a full account of the meeting in the next edition.



## Search



**Henry Lowenstein** is seeking a group of *Kinder* who were evacuated with him at the beginning of the war from London to Whipsnade, Bedfordshire: **Rudolph (Rudi) Kirchheimer**, who may have changed his name to **Kirk**, and who joined the British army; **Horst Singer** and **Herbert Strick** and his two sisters. He would also like to know if anyone has news of family friends **Walter Ash (Asch ?)**, his wife and children **Annemarie** and **Ulrich** who escaped Germany in 1939 and lived in Maida Vale, London. Contact Henry at:

244 Grant Street  
Denver CO 80203  
Phone: 303-777-5584

**Bonnie Karg** is seeking anyone who knew her late mother, **Hannah Lichtenauer Karg** in England. She writes:

Mom had talked about trying to contact any person who lived in the orphanage or children's home in Oxted, Surrey, and the young man who also came to live with Kate and Nat Sampson, her adoptive family in Oxted. Mom also worked at the children's home in Hemel, Hempstead for London's Jewish children. She worked as a children's nurse (like a nurse's aid) and grew attached to the children, although not overly fond of Matron.

Contact Bonnie Karg with any information at:  
280-B Branch Brook Drive  
Bellville, NJ 07109

## Donations

With our deep appreciation of the generosity of the following members, our thanks for charitable donations received as of August 15, 1997.

Benjamin Abeles, Rella Adler, Fred Alexander, Jan Aronson, Helen Ascher, Alfred Bader, Selma Barton, Hanni Baum, Erwin Bendorf, Anne Berkovitz, Kelly Bernard, Ernst Billig, Martin Birn, Benno Black, Alice Boddy, Rose Bonder, Harry Borgenicht, Ellen Bottner, Renata Bradley, Sidney Bratt, Walter Brian, Mark Burin, Ilse Camis, Susan F. Camis, Walter Clifton, Lottie Cohen, Alfred Cotton, Erich Davids, Leslie Diamond, Lise Donovan, Herta Drucker, Marietta Drucker, Olga Drucker, Hennie Edelman, Gisela Eden, Lee Edwards, Bertl Esenstadt, Wayne Estes, Walter Falk, Robert Feier, Liese Fischer, Vernon Fischer, Erwin Fluss, Anne Fox, Judy Frank, Michelle Freiler, Edgar Frenkel, Sofie Friedman, Elfi Frohlich, Gina Frommer, Jennifer Fuchel, Kurt Fuchel, Ilse Garfunkel, Peter Garfunkel, Joseph Garten, Ann Gelles, Ellen Gerber, Linda Gerber Leit, Hildegard Gersheimer, Marianne Gilbertie, Paul Glasner, Joanne Goldberg, Kurt Goldberger, Margarete Goldberger, Rita Goldman, Alexander Gordon, Hanus Grosz, Martin Grosz, Ben Hamilton, Margot Hanau, Ruth Hanauer, Ruth Heiman, Ruth Heinemann, Max Hessler, Berta Hertz, Inga Hirschfield, Adele Hochberg, Anita Hoffer, Marion House, Selmar Hubert, Peter Jacobs, Eric Jungermann, Ilse Kagan, Henry Kandler M.D., Marianne Kaufmann, Max Kaufmann, Gertrude Kissiloff, Lisa Klein, Walter Klein, Edgar Klugman, Ilse Kohn, Donald Kollisch, Eva Kollisch, Nancy Kollisch,

Stephen T. Kollisch, Lottie Kornfeld, Edith Kraemer, Liesel Krehan, Harry Krieger, Paul Kuttner, Karoline Laib, Raoul Landman, John Lang, Lucy Lang, Marianne Leibovic, Anna Leist, Dr. Charles Levenback, Hedi Levenback, Vera Levine, Eva Lewin, J. Nina Lieberman, Charlotte Litwin, Emmy Loeb, Harry Loeb, Rudi Lowenstein, Curt Marcus, Julie Marks, Ruth Marks, Walter Marx, Nellie McBurnie, Ruth Meador, Elizabeth Melamid, Ilse Melamid, Bert Mohl, Eva Moszner, Walter Nachtigall, Helga Newman, John Obermeyer, Mimi Alice Ormond, Ruth Ottenheimer, Martin Owens, Charlie Penner, Susan Perl, Trude Plack, Peter Plessner, Maggie Prost, William Rattner, Ruth Rauch, Irene Rehbock, Peter Reiche, Victor Reichenstein, Helga Relation, Michael Roemer, Frederick Rolf, Frances Rose, Fred Rosenbaum, Frederick Rosenbaum, Lillyan Rosenberg, Erica Rosenthal, Laura Rosenthal, Manfred Rosenthal, Ruth Rosenthal, Renate Rossmere, Anne Lisa Rotenberg, Justin Ruskin, Marietta Ryba, Erika Rybeck, Ruth Sadovnik, Eva Schaal, Rosa Scheck, Hans Schlamme, Marianne Schleichkorn, Henry Schmeltzer, Elizabeth L. Schmitz, Ruth Schwarz, Helga Schweitzer, Henry Seaman, Heinz Seckel, Ruth Segal, Regina Selig, Walter Selinger, Elizabeth Shamir, R. Gabriele Silten, Lotte Spaeth, Liesel Spencer, John Spier, Lola Sprinzeles, Helen Stayna, Karl Stayna, Hilda Stern, Tommy Strauss, Eva Suchmann, Robert Suchmann, Hanna Tauber, Ruth H. Terner, Howard Tichauer, Ruth Ultmann, Susan Vogelstein, Ruth Wachtenheim, Peter Wagner, Yvonne Wagner, Sigi Wasserman, Ernst Weinman, Hans R. Weinmann, Anita Weisbord, Ilse Wischnia, Marion Wolff, Eva Yachnes, Gunther Zernick, Hannah Zwang.

Continued on Page 8

Donations...From Page 7

A donation has been received from Madeline and Max Shiffman in honor of Michael Warton to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in this country.

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Jan Pitcher has made a donation in the name of Mulhasbas Hertzal Suna.

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A donation to the KTA History Project has been made by Bonnie Karg in memory of her parents, Hannah Lichtenauer Karg and Murray Karg.



## Book Talk

Wolfgang Hadda, husband of *Kind* Ilse Hadda, has recently published his autobiography: *Knapp davongekommen* (Barely got away). The book, written in German, describes the author's life in Breslau before and during the Holocaust, his emigration to Shanghai with his parents in 1941, and their eventual emigration to San Francisco in 1947. In the foreword, he writes "Although I had already written historic short stories, legends, as well as poetry for years, I refused to write an account of my own life which seemed to consist of trifles, despite a number of hints by different people that I should. My heart valve operation, however, pointed out unmistakably the necessity to come to terms with my life. In these memoirs, I have attempted to mirror the human, all too human, as well as the comicality in the midst of pedantic pettiness, atrocities, in short, the contradictoriness of life.

Though conscious of the fact that especially in the last years a number of Holocaust memoirs with very different experiences and viewpoints have been printed, I hope that my contribution will add yet another perspective."

For ordering information, you may contact:

Verlagsbuchhandlung Hartog-Gorre  
Säntisblick 26  
D-78465 Knstanz

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*The Holocaust: Hoax Or History?—The Book Of Answers To Those Who Would Deny The Holocaust* by Paul Kuttner. Dawnwood Press, 387 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016. \$19.95 hardcover.

Kuttner, former publicity director of the *Guinness Book of World Records* and also author of seven books of fiction and non-fiction, divides his detailed rebuttal of the Holocaust deniers into nineteen chapters, each one dealing with a particular point the deniers raise to support their kooky claim.

Within each chapter, Kuttner deals with particular facts or arguments the deniers raise with a rebuttal, using a Denial and Rebuttal format throughout the book.

Among the claims he deals with are: Anne Frank, *The Diary of a Young Girl* is a hoax; mass shootings and extermination camps are nothing but propaganda; since the war, the Jews have been just as guilty; the Poles had nothing against the Jews; gas chambers were never discussed at the Wannsee Conference.

In his rebuttals, Kuttner demonstrates an extraordinary knowledge of the circumstances and events involved, so that the reader learns a great deal that is beyond the general knowledge of this sordid aspect of World War II.

Paul Kuttner is a KTA member. He has written an important book. In view of the growing numbers of Holocaust deniers, this book is vital reading for any speaker who may be faced with questions from a non-knowledgeable audience, particularly of young people.

Margarete Goldberger

KTA  
P.O. Box 827  
Upton, NY 11973-0827

## Stop! Look!

Is this your very last *Kinder-Link*? Check your mailing label. If it does not say "Member Year Ending 06/30/98" this will be your last issue—unless you send this year.



THE

KINDER



LINK

Published Quarterly/Summer 1997

Vol. 7/Number 3

## National KTA Leadership Retreat

On a sunny but blustery weekend in May, the KTA Executive Committee and chapter leaders met in the New Jersey resort of Beach Haven. The meeting was attended by representatives from Northern California, Canada, Florida, Indianapolis, Pennsylvania, New York City, and Queens-Long Island. The purpose of the meeting was to determine the future direction of the organization, and discussions centered on a wide range of topics from communication, education, leadership, role and direction of KT2, to organizational structure. A complete report including recommendations will be sent to chapter chair people within a few weeks. The executive Committee will discuss implementation of some recommendations at its next meeting which will be reflected in the next *Kinder-Link*.

The discussions, under two professional facilitators, one of them our own KT2 member Lisa Kollisch, were fruitful

and focused. All of us realize that we are a totally volunteer organization and that occasionally there will be slip-ups in communication to chapters and members in areas outside the New York area. For this reason it was decided that the position of "liaison to the chapters" must become a permanent, voting member of the executive board. It was therefore decided that the "Liaison Officer" will become a newly created position on the board. He/she will be in touch with the chapters and can relate their ideas and concerns to the board.

A positive spirit of cooperation prevailed, in spite of some differences of opinion occasionally. I believe that all of us came away with a new sense of our common history and the importance of keeping it alive, as well as a feeling of camaraderie and friendship.

Margarete Goldberger



Some of the Retreat participants. Front row, from left: Ralph Samuel, Kurt Fuchel, Lisa Kollisch, Eva Abrahams-Podietz, Anita Weisbord. Next row: Laura Gabriel, Kirsten Grosz, Connie Fuchel, Tamara Meyer. Next row: Eva Yachnes, Anita Grosz. Standing, from left: Anita Hoffer, Hanus Grosz, Helga Newman, Ellen Bottner. Next row: Walter Friedman, Robert Sugar, Janet Sugar, Margot Goldberg.

## Opinion

### But Who Will Do The Work?

The recent KTA Leadership Retreat was very productive—mainly in the all-important area of communication. We heard each other's concerns, and for the most part, we listened with open minds and were able to come to an understanding on many matters.

What we were less able to do was to resolve that eternal question: who will do the work? Again and again, suggestions were made that will require somebody's time and effort; again and again we were unable to think of who to ask to do the actual work. Since this is a small organization, and all of the officers and other workers are volunteers, we have to be realistic about how much we expect of them.

Without wishing to embarrass any of you, I would like to ask you to think of the number of times that you have said, "The KTA should do...." Now think of the number of times that you have said, "I would be glad to help the KTA do...." It doesn't quite come out equal, does it?

You get the idea. We need more workers. If you live far from New York, but near to a few other *Kinder*, how about calling them and having a get-together? Gerta Ambrozek of La Jolla, California did just that, as you will read under "Local News." These small social gatherings give each other support, and have the potential for activities such as speaking to school groups and others as part of our Holocaust education effort.

If you live in the New York area, and feel you could give our organization some time and effort, please call any one of us. We would be glad to invite you to an Executive Committee meeting, so that you could get an idea of what needs doing. We are currently engaged in a "talent search" for members with leadership potential. We badly need new people to eventually take over the offices that we have held for such a long time.

Speaking of which, my position as Newsletter Editor is up for election this year. I don't see why anyone, in any part of the country (or Canada), couldn't do the job. All you need is a computer and a bit of writing skill. The rest can be done

by mail.

Think about it!

Eva Yachnes

KTA  
P.O. Box 827  
Upton NY, 11973-0827  
Telephone: (516)821-0104

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus

Kurt Fuchel, President  
Kurt Goldberger, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Margarete Goldberger, Recording Secretary  
Ellen Bottner, Corresponding Secretary  
Robert Sugar, Member at Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President Second Generation  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor

Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee, or the KTA.

### 60th Anniversary Reunion In England

Plans are going forward for a reunion in London to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the *Kindertransports*. Like the 50th anniversary reunion, it is being organized by Bertha Leverton, head of the British RoK (Reunion of *Kindertransports*). Anyone who has not yet mailed in a form, please contact the KTA office for a copy.

Authors of books about the transports please note that there will be a book stall, and authors are invited to bring copies for sale. They will have to be responsible for sales in person or by hiring someone.

In addition, there will be a souvenir book about the reunion, and members will be solicited for advertisements to defray the expense.

Bertha writes that, "One of the aims of this reunion is to celebrate not only our survival, but our achievements. Let us not hide our light under a bushel. We *Kinder* have not only taken from our adoptive countries, we have given. Let us proclaim it and be proud of it. Often, against all odds, many of us have made something of ourselves and after 60 years we are entitled to put it on record....I believe that all our members must have a record of our journey through life, from darkness to light. We remember the loved ones who sent us on our journey alone."

#### RoK Address

Please note the new address for the RoK:

Reunion of *Kindertransport*  
1 Hampstead Gate  
1a Frognal  
London NW3 6AL  
Tel. & Fax: 0171-431-1821

### Child Survivors Conference

The Hidden Children/Child Survivors will hold their annual Conference at the Crown Plaza Miami-Biscayne Bay on September 19-22, 1997. The registration fee is \$225 per person, which includes all sessions and some meals. If you are interested, contact Dr. Pierre E. Chanover, 6385 Brava Way, Boca Raton, FL 33433-8236.

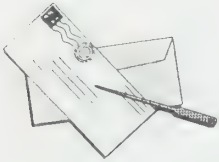
### Kindertransport Memory Quilt Update

One quilt is now completed. The second one will be completed within the next couple of months. There is a great interest in joining us in this unique project, and we already have several squares for a third quilt. Several museums have shown an interest in exhibiting the quilts. We will continue collecting squares.

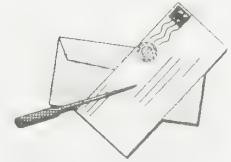
For information and instructions as to how to submit a square, please contact:

Kirsten Grosz  
7233 Lakeside Drive  
Indianapolis, IN 46278  
Phone: (317)297-8061





## Letters To The Editor



I have considered writing this letter for some time and was finally prompted to do so both by Dr. Kurt Gingold's "politically incorrect thoughts" published in the Fall issue as well as the recent survey to determine the future of the KTA.

I believe that one of the flawed policies of the KTA is its non-secular stance. It completely ignores the fact that 20% of the *Kinder* were Jewish by German definition only, who are today alienated by the religious practices and overtones which appear to govern our activities. By this I refer to the choice of meeting places, mandatory observance of dietary laws, occasional prayers, etc. While my personal experience is limited to the Northern California Chapter, I have heard similar comments from friends in the East and in London, who have attended just one meeting, never to return again.

While I personally do not belong to the above minority category, I find it distressing that our policy makers seem to be the spiritual descendants of the very same people who argued back in 1939 that it would be better to leave these children in Germany rather than expose them to non-Jewish environments in England. Happily for many of us they did not prevail.

As I age, I often think of family members who did not make it out and I remember, for example, my cousin Dolores, who went to Auschwitz, aged 13 and straight to her death, carrying a baby cousin, as observed by a surviving relative. I mention her specifically, because Dolores was a Roman Catholic (not many Jewish girls were so named!), due to some decision by a parent or grandparent. If she had been as fortunate as we all were, she would not have felt very welcomed at a KTA meeting and I think that's a shame.

I participate in the activities of the Holocaust Center of Northern California both as an interviewer for the Oral History project as well as a member of the speaker's bureau, so I am committed to keep the memory alive, more so than most, but I am also concerned about the lack of fairness and acknowledgement of diversity among us.

I would welcome any comments members would care to make to the *Kinder-Link* or to me directly. I can be reached via phone or FAX at (415)383-5388 or via E-mail at [alandiana@compuserve.com](mailto:alandiana@compuserve.com) or at 232 Reed Street, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

Alan Peters (Ernst Pfeffer, Vienna)  
Mill Valley, CA

Recently I visited Yad Vashem to inquire if Truus Wijsmuller Meyer has ever been honored as a righteous Christian. The office staff said "no." They want witnesses even though I explained (according to KTA brochure) that I

was one of the 80 *Kinder* she rescued May 14, 1940 from Amsterdam from the Burgerweeshuis. These children were put on the "Bodegrafen" bound for Wigan England.

In a Dutch book *Geen Tyd Voor Tranen* (No Time For Tears) she gave an interview in 1962. She has been credited with saving 10,000 children.

Anyone who could help me to give her long overdue honor at Yad Vashem please contact Ruth (Amster) Meador, 60 Whitman Avenue, Syosset, NY, 11791. Telephone (516)921-3013.

Ruth Meador  
Syosset, NY

On May 1, my wife and I were honored to be among the first visitors to Bertha Leverton's cheerful, bright and spacious new RoK abode. And what fun to see Finchley Road again! We came away inspired by Bertha's good natured and enthusiastic dedication to RoK and her belief in *Kindertransport* causes and member needs. She welcomed us as warmly as ever and fed us royally in her brand new office. She looks forward to her lecture tour of the U.S. in the fall when she hopes to meet many KTA members. She has a message for those who want to get the RoK newsletter regularly and information about the projected 1999 reunion in London: Become members of RoK! *I Came Alone* is now available in paperback.

Ernie Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

I was very impressed with the Spring edition of *The Kinder-Link*. Even though I attended the London reunion and sat on the Vienna (Austrian) table I found no one I knew and so lost interest in continuing membership. But on Passover I read "A *Kinder* Seder" and we were all deeply moved. So please continue sending me your newsletters. I will be 78 next month and do not think I will attend the 1999 meeting. Especially since I know no one there at all having lived with a cousin in London 1939-1940, now living in Toronto Can.

Marian Alflan (former Unger born Lang)  
Toronto, Canada

We welcome letters and manuscripts from members, but reserve the right to edit for clarity and length. We cannot return unused material unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Please type your submissions, or print clearly. The deadline for the next issue of the *Kinder-Link* is September 1, 1997. If submitting local news and meeting notices, please note that the next edition will not reach members until sometime after the middle of October.

## Generations

Welcome to Generations, a new section of *The Kinder-Link* devoted to what Eva Yachnes has dubbed the "younger voices" of the KTA. I encourage anyone who wishes to contribute to reach me at 306 W. 47., Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036 (email: davemarc@panix.com; phone/fax: 212-265-6610).

In this issue, I'm pleased to offer reflections on the recent KTA Retreat by the three KT2 members who attended it: Lisa Kollisch, KT2 Vice President Anita Grosz, and Tamara Meyer.

What was the Retreat all about? here's how one of its Lisa (one of its prime organizers) describes it: "In May, the KTA Leadership from New York City and various regions around the United States and Canada joined together for a weekend to determine future directions for the KTA and address some of the conflicts that have arisen in the organization. Specific objectives were to identify key issues and opportunities, clarify priorities, create action plans, and develop a more unified community."

Ever since this column was announced in the previous issue of *The Kinder-Link*, I've heard from KT2 members outside of New York who would like to attend meetings in their own localities. As someone who has benefitted greatly from attending KT2 meetings, I think this is great news. For guidance in arranging those meetings, contact Kim Estes-Fradis at 362 Central Park West #3L, New York, NY 10025 (email: fradismart@aol.com).

David Marc Fischer  
New York, NY

### Announcements

New York KT2 will meet September 21. The discussion topic will be "Anti-Semitism Today." Contact Anita Grosz (email: anushka888@aol.com; mail: P.O. Box 187, Scarsdale NY 10583; phone: 212-956-8366) for more information....The KTA Website is still looking for a good Internet Service Provider at a good price (free?). Anyone who can help should contact David Marc Fischer (davemarc@panix.com) or Alan Field (phone: 212-861-6291).

### (Reflections on the) KTA Retreat

I am the daughter of a *Kind*, Peter Kollisch, and the niece of two *Kinder*, Eva Kollisch and Steve Kollisch. Anita Grosz and I founded the KT2 when we held our first brunch for about twenty adult children of *Kinder* in my apartment in 1991.

I had both the honor and the responsibility to co-design and co-facilitate the KTA Retreat with a respected colleague and friend, Karen Davis, whom I invited to join me. What was special about this experience was that it gave me the opportunity to put my experience as a professional facilitator to work on behalf of the KTA.

The key issues that we discussed at the Retreat were the KTA Mission, organizational structure, the role and direction of Chapters, communication between Chapters and the

Board, the role and direction of KT2/KT3, Education/Speakers' Bureau/Quilt Project, the History Project, the next KTA national reunion, the Jewish nature of the KTA, German pension awards, collaborating with RoK and Bertha Leverton, collaborating with Jewish organizations, and Leadership/Talent search for the Board and Chapters.

We spent most of the Retreat conversing in a large circle, as a community, and spent some time discussing specific topics in smaller circles. (We chose the circle because it symbolizes family and the cycles of life and renewal that children represent.) We took time to build a foundation for our work by articulating our expectations, creating guidelines for the way we would work together as a community, and checking in periodically to find out how we were doing. We closed the Retreat with each participant stating one commitment that he or she was willing to make.

The Retreat was hard work. The hours were long and everyone needed to channel their energy in positive ways in order to move forward as a community. We also had fun, enjoying each others' company as we always do when we join together. I am pleased to say that thanks to the commitment of all involved, we met all our objectives. I expect that the KTA will be stronger for it.

Lisa Kollisch  
New York, NY

### At The KTA Retreat

Not long ago I returned from a relaxing weekend at the beach. No, wait a minute—that was some other weekend. This one was different: my first KTA board meeting as well as my introduction to the KTA as a whole. Even if it wasn't relaxing, it was a great weekend!

Throughout the weekend, we discussed the future of KTA, the role of the second and third generations, and the importance of oral histories—just to name a few issues. This was not a gentle discussion. Differences of opinion were expressed frequently and, sometimes, loudly.

But it was clear that we were there because of what we had in common. As one of the women at the Retreat said, "This is the first time I am sitting with a group of people who all speak with my accent." I had also never spent time with so many people who spoke with the same accent as my parents and relatives.

The similarities did not end there. We were all people who cared deeply about something that happened more than fifty years ago.

Although I had known Lisa and Anita prior to the meeting (it is through meeting Lisa last October that I found out about KTA), it meant a lot to me to spend more time with them and also to get to know many of the people who came from all over the country to attend the Retreat.

Thinking about those of my generation whom I have recently met and who share the legacy of the *Kindertransport*, I have come to realize that my experience is not unique.

Continued on Page 8

## From Our History

### I Read It In The Times

January 9, 1939

"Twenty-first list of The Refugee Fund" (The Lord Baldwin Fund) "total now 337,000." There follows a list of all the contributors.

. . . .

August 2, 1939.

The "Personal" column, page 1.

Two well brought up Czech girls, 10 and 11 search for a Guarantor for their coming to England. Goldschmidt, Weatheroak, Essex.

. . . .

Who will help? Will anyone guarantee the Maintenance of a little Hamburg girl aged 11 years of refined family. Urgent. For details write Box D 192 The Times E.C.4.

. . . .

August 12, 1939

The "Personal" column, page 1.

Will someone take a healthy, strong, 15-year-old well educated, perfect English speaking Jewish boy until his 18th year into their home? Letters invited to Ludwig Rauchwenger, Holzhaendler, Spinaka, Nova Ves, Slovensko.

. . . .

Is there an English family willing to receive an unlucky Jewish Vienna girl, fifteen years old, living alone and desolate in Austria, the daughter of a fugitive journalist. Inquiries to Mr. Max Frankenstein, 1, rue Bardon, Nice (France).

Ernie Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

### Did You Know...

That a quarter of the 22nd Parachute Company that jumped behind the German Coastal Defenses on the evening before D-Day was made up of German, Austrian, and other Jewish refugees?

That one quarter of the 21st Company that participated in the Arnhem battle, jumping to the Northern end of the Rhine bridge was also made up of refugees? They are said to have held their position for ten days, sustaining heavy casualties, until finally withdrawn.

That several of the 10,000 refugees in British military units distinguished themselves in all World War II battlefields, including Normandy, Monte Cassino, Arnhem, the Ardennes and many others?

Source: Peter Leighton-Langer, "Unter den ersten in die Normandy", Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, 14 October, 1996.

Ernie Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

### The Kindertransport In The New Yorker Of December 10, 1938

Like many *Kinder*, our editor Eva Yachnes and I share a fondness for The New Yorker magazine. We both spotted the obituary of Mollie Panter-Downes, in the February 2, 1997 Sunday edition of The New York Times. A long time New Yorker correspondent, she was originally best known for her wartime "Letters from England." The obituary describes how this writer, who lived with her family in a 15th century Tudor house on a pig farm 40 miles south of London, came to write for The New Yorker. It appeared that as the war loomed Harold Ross, the magazine's editor, was desperate for an "on-scene voice from Europe" and hired Mollie Panter-Downes on the strength of a piece on Jewish refugee children she had submitted to The New Yorker in 1938.

Eva and I decided to follow up in the Research Room of the Public Library on 42nd Street and found this item under "The Talk of the Town. *Notes and Comment*" The New Yorker, December 10, 1938, page 7:

"The two hundred Jewish children, none over seventeen, who left Germany last week were lightly burdened. The Nazi government permitted each one to take forty cents and whatever clothes would go into a small handbag. None of them will ever go back; most of them presumably, will never see their parents again. It is easy to think of them as the most harmless exiles who ever left a nation—two hundred homeless children with eighty dollars among them. The Nazis, however, who can take everything else, cannot take knowledge from even the youngest of them or even the power of conviction which will inevitably go with such innocent testimony. The children, in fact, won't need to testify at all. Their condition and the fact that they are being thrown on the charity of the world says almost all that has to be said about the Hitler regime. Telling nothing about the looted shops, the concentration camps, the father or brother dead (who knows how?), they may be more dangerous witnesses against the State than all the writers and scientists and men of practiced eloquence who went before them."

We were moved by these evocative and compassionate words written almost sixty years ago.

Hedi Levenback  
Bronx, NY

### The Charitable Fund

We thank the following members for their generous contributions to the KTA Charitable Fund:

Olga Drucker, Edgar Klugman, Linda Gerber Leit, Curt Marcus, NCJW—Jersey Hill Section, Charles Penner, Peter Reiche, Helga Schweitzer, Walter Selinger.

## Local News

### California

On the second of March 1997 a small group of *Kinder* gathered for afternoon coffee at our house in La Jolla, California. My idea for this event was prompted by receipt of the 1996/1997 KTA directory. I looked through the directory to see who else lived nearby, telephoned to some and we agreed to a spontaneous, informal meeting.

It was a most interesting afternoon. One *Kind* who left Austria at the age of five brought a diary his father had kept during the first year of the *Anschluss* and their escape from Hitler. Although it made interesting reading for us it is familiar material; it would be more important to publish it in Austria to remind people there how individual lives were affected and their belongings taken away just because they were Jews.

That afternoon during the exchange of memories we were all rather astonished to share the perception that although we had lived most of our lives abroad, at heart we felt European and that Austria remains our *Seelenheimat*. However, the Austrians of today should be reminded from time to time of what happened to so many of their former compatriots and schoolmates.

The Austrian Cultural Institute, 950 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022 publishes a bi-monthly newsletter that is mailed free of charge. Besides a list of events taking place in various regions of the U.S. it carries many articles on music, art, architecture, and literature. Many are written by emigres living abroad. It is published in English.

Gerta Ambrozek  
La Jolla, CA

• • • •

### Canada

The Toronto group had a Spring get-together on May 25th. The theme of the event was "Winter Sun—Winter Fun" with a slide presentation of affordable holidays by Senior Citizens Tour and Travel.

The 17th Annual Holocaust Education week will take place on Thursday, October 30, 1997 to Sunday, November 9, 1997. The Toronto group will keep members informed about a possible role for KTA members.

Pat Kingston  
North York, Ontario, Canada

• • • •

### Florida

On April 11, 1997, the Martin County Forum carried an article about *Kind* Olga Drucker, author of the book *Kindertransport*.

Headlined "No more refugees, prays child of war," the article by Jessica Armstrong outlined Olga's life before Hitler, and her experiences as a refugee in England, as well as explaining the *Kindertransports* to readers of the paper.

The Palm Beach Post of May 23, 1997 carried an article on its "Religion" page describing the experiences of both children who were hidden in Europe and those who escaped on *Kindertransports*. The writer, Steve Gushee, interviewed

members Anita Hoffer and Olga Drucker, and featured a quote from our President, Kurt Fuchel.

• • • •

### New York

An exhibition entitled "Forced to Flee: the Legacy of Austrian Jewish Emigrés" is on show at the Leo Baeck Institute, 129 East 73rd Street in New York City. Comprising manuscripts, publications, art work and photographs from the Institutes collection, the exhibit will be on display through September.

Anne Kelemen  
New York City

### About "A Diary For Susie"

Since this story had such an impact on so many people, as shown by the correspondence in the RoK and KTA newsletters, and by the several inquiries received by me, I would like to make some clarifications.

Some time ago Bertha Leverton mentioned the story of a girl who was adopted at age two, but did not know she had been born in Germany, until she was told by the sister of her adoptive mother after the mother's death. Bertha asked if anybody could help trace her whereabouts with the very little information available. I then remembered the story "Fuer Susie." This was in a book by Dr. Ruth de Albert, née Ehrmann, who worked for Bloomsbury House and was in charge of *Kinder* at the "Beacon" from September 1939 to about November-December 1939, at which time I happened to be there. At the end of the year she emigrated to Chile. In 1981 she published the book mentioned in the *Kinder-Link* article under the title *Kindergeschichten fuer Erwachsene* in Germany (in German) by Katzman Verlag in Tuebingen. She lived in Chile until her death at age 80 in 1989. She gave the book to a mutual friend, Mrs. W, who died a few years ago, and Mrs. W's daughter passed the book on to me because she knew it meant a lot to me.

Bertha is still trying to trace "Susie" but there seems to be no way of finding her.

One more thing—Werner could not have been sent on the *Arandora Star*, which sank in June 1940, since his last entry in the diary is dated August 1940 and he left some time after that.

Ruth Hertz  
New York, NY

### Correction

In the last edition of the *Kinder-Link* information for two members was incorrectly listed. The correct information follows:

Gisela Eden (Marx); Washington, DC 20037; Dülken; (202)342-1497.

Ilse Eden (Salomon); Berkely, CA 94707; Berlin; (510)526-7700.

Our apologies to both members for the error.



## Search



The whereabouts of **Jennie Korn** is being sought. Jennie was born in Bremerhaven, married a man called Herman (last name unknown), and once lived in New York City. She was also a friend of Hanni Marx of the Belsize Park Hostel; Hanni Marx (now Jeannette Grünberg) and Margot Stern (née Rosenberg) reconnected thanks to the KTA and the efforts of Anne Kelemen and Ruth Herz (née Krakauer). Anyone with information is asked to contact:

Margot Stern  
Amenabar 2482 614  
Buenos Aires 1428 Argentina

or in the U.S.A. contact:

Anne Kelemen  
137 E. 38th Street  
New York, NY 10016

• • • •

**Keith Henley M.D. (Kurt Henle)** writes: The movie *Kindertransport* brought back memories and a question. I recall one "Schwester Thekla" who was a benign *eminence grisse* in arranging the transports from Hamburg. Does anyone know what happened to her, and did she survive?

Also, is there anyone within reach of Ann Arbor and from Hamburg who left on December 14, 1938. Please contact:

Keith S. Henley  
307 Wildwood  
Ann Arbor, MI 48103

• • • •

**Leonore Tobin** seeks **Gertrude Lennihah (Ganzel)**, originally from Vienna. If you have any information, please call Leonore at (516)641-2543.

• • • •

**Mitch Levine** is searching for a relative of his mother-in-law, **Lisa (Elizabeth) Spott**. She was sent to Liverpool from Berlin on a *Kindertransport* by her parents, Benno and Rosa Spott. She lived with a family in Liverpool, and is believed to have married, but none of these family members are alive to provide information. If you have any information, please contact Mr. Levine at:

4626 Cathann Street  
Torrence, CA 90503  
Phone: (310)540-8400, Fax: (310)540-78881989.

## Austrian Exile Literature For Children And Young People

Of the 2,000 authors who went into exile 1933-38, around 100 wrote literature for children and young people. The preparatory work for the present *Austrian Archive for Exile Studies* project has brought to light around 100 Austrian authors and illustrators who were productive in exile literature for children, a field little researched to date. Because exile literature and literature for children and young people are both still being overlooked by cultural affairs today, these authors are doubly subject to oblivion.

This project forms the first exhibition on Austrian children's literature in exile. The inauguration is on December 4, 1997 at Literaturhaus, Vienna, Austria.

We would very much appreciate your help. As we prepare a section about childhood/youth in exile and children's reading in exile, we are seeking information on what kind of German books Viennese *Kinder* read before they left Austria, if they took books with them, if German books were sent to them by parents or relatives and which books they were.

Furthermore, did they continue reading German books or start reading literature from their country of asylum?

Did they know or read exiled children's book authors such as Felix Salten, Friedrich Feld, Anna Maria Jokl, Auguste Lazar, Alex Wedding, Hertha Pauli, or Adrienne Thomas?

Are there persons who remember theatre and cinema for children in exile, youth supplements in exile journals (Aufbau, Austro American Tribune)?

Letters in English as well as German are welcome.

Dr. Ursula Seeber  
Österreichische Exilbibliothek  
im Literaturhaus  
Seidengasse 13  
A-1070, Wien

## *Kindertransport*, The Play

The play *Kindertransport* by Diane Samuels was published by Penguin (Plume Books), 1995, and is available in paper-back at \$8.95.

*Kindertransport* has been produced in England, and in various cities in the United States and Canada, to critical acclaim.

Generations...Cont. from page 4

There is something about our parents' history that has become internalized and shared. Everybody in the KTA seems to share a strong belief that this history should not be forgotten and that it must somehow be instructive for future generations.

Tamara Meyer  
Maryland

• • • •  
**The KTA Retreat And KT2**

I went to the KTA Board Retreat with two questions on my mind: Would we be able to work together productively? Would we be able to generate support from the *Kinder* for the activities of the younger generations?

Over the past two years it was my impression that communication between Board and members, KTA constituents, and KT2 members was on a steady decline. Although the KTA has a stated mission, the road to actualizing it seemed murky. It wasn't at all clear to me what the Board and the membership-at-large were trying to accomplish. The lack of enthusiasm for proposed projects made involvement in the KTA a continual struggle. A lot of unproductive criticism had been thrown about. Attending Board meetings had become an unpleasant chore.

The exercises and structures created by the Retreat's facilitators vastly improved the dynamics among the Board members and other participants from around North America. We worked in novel ways to achieve understanding about how to solve our problems. We came to know one another beyond the surface and came to appreciate each other's hopes and frustrations.

Before going to the Retreat, I held two special meetings to get a sense of where KT2 members stood in regard to their desires for, and commitment to, the KTA. The results had been less than encouraging. But perhaps it was good for me to learn that my own hopes had to be tempered with reality: Most KT2 were interested in the continuation of the KTA and its projects but did not feel the obligation or desire to take an active role.

As we discussed this situation at the Retreat, the suggestion arose that the KT2 have its own retreat where we will

have an opportunity to meet each other and work together to create our vision of the KTA's future. There was unanimous support for this proposal.

A full report on the Retreat will be published separately. In the coming months, you will also hear more about the proposed KT2 retreat. As always, I look forward to hearing the opinions and suggestions of the membership-at-large. If anyone is interested in being involved in the committee to organize a KT2 retreat, please let me know. My email address is anushka888@aol.com. Anyone in North America can participate.

Anita Grosz  
New York, NY

**German Reparation Facts**

To represent Nazi war victims in their claims against the German government, the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany was created by 24 Jewish social service and religious organizations.

Some information about German Reparations:

- From 1952-65 reparations were governed by an agreement with the West German government. Only victims living in non-Communist countries were eligible.
- About 120,000 Jews around the world receive lifetime pensions; about 35 percent of them live in the United States, 45 percent reside in Israel. The rest are scattered around the world. In 1980, East Germany established a hardship fund primarily for people living in Communist countries in Eastern Europe.
- In 1992, a new agreement was reached, the so-called Article 2 Fund, aimed at giving compensation to those who had received only small amounts, or nothing, under the earlier programs. About 25,000 people throughout the world now receive reparations under this agreement.
- In February 1997, the German government and the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany agreed on a liberalization of the Article 2 Fund. About 7,000 Holocaust survivors worldwide who had received only a one-time payment of 10,000 Deutsche marks now will receive additional financial reparations. Claimants can write the Claims Conference at 15 E. 26th Street, New York, NY 10010.

KTA  
P.O. Box 827  
Upton, NY 11973-0827



THE

KINDER



LINK

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KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Vol. 8/Number 3

## The 1998 Kindertransport Association Conference

This year's KTA conference, held in the Washington, D.C. area, was both educational and enjoyable. Bertha Leverton, our "English Mum," was our guest of honor. She lit the candles and recited the prayers before dinner on Friday evening, and delivered the after-dinner address. She spoke with great charm and good humor about her activities and plans for the big 1999 London reunion. Space is definitely limited by the size of the hall, so if you haven't yet sent in your reservation, now is the time to do so! Bertha and her sister, Inge Sadan, are on a United States tour, and they left for the West Coast immediately after the conference.

Saturday morning's workshop, *Retribution and the War Effort*, was of great interest, since few knew about the *Kinder* who fought in the allied armed forces. The workshop was moderated by Robert Sugar, with panelists Hanus Grosz, Ernie Goodman, and Peter Masters. The motivations and feelings of the fighters were discussed, as well as the issue of anti-Semitism in the British armed forces. Several women members described their contributions to the war effort as workers in munitions and aircraft plants.

The second workshop, *Preserving our Heritage through Writing and Recording our Memoirs*, was moderated by Kurt Fuchel. Panelists were two of our published authors, Anne Fox and Eva Hamlet. Among the issues raised were the problems of gaps in one's memories of the past, and the universal one of all writers: getting published.

In the afternoon, two workshops were held simultaneously: *Search for Identity*, moderated by Helga Shepard with panelist Eva Yachnes, and *New Members Tell their Story*, moderated by Anita Hoffer with panelist Lucy Benedikt. These workshops were the most emotionally charged of the two days, touching as they did on issues at the very heart of who we are and who we were.

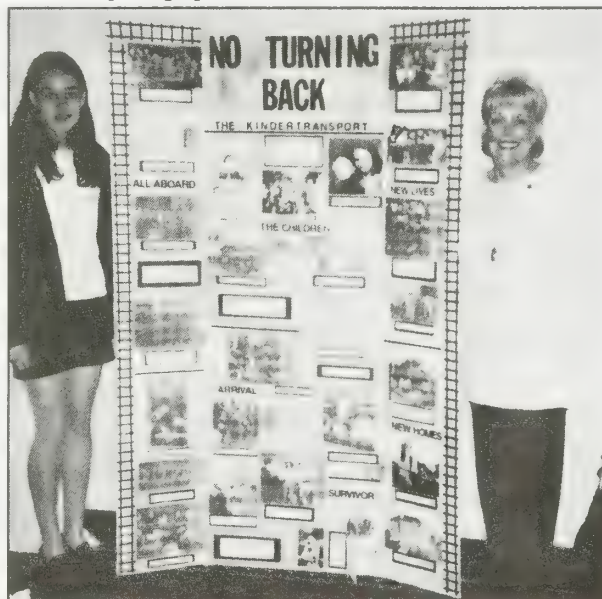
The last workshop, held on Sunday morning, was *Telling Our Story: What, to Whom, When and How*, moderated by Margarete Goldberger with panelists Eva Abraham-Podietz and Anne Fox. Experiences of speaking to various groups were discussed, and advice given on how to address different age groups. The KTA Speakers Kit, a Teaching Guide, and a soon-to-be published text book written by the two panelists were reviewed. At the same time as this workshop was going on, the second and third generation participants of the Conference held their own meeting.

Our meeting room was decorated by three exhibits: the KTA quilts made by Kirsten Grosz, the first panels of Robert Sugar's *Kindertransport* exhibit, and a panel created by *Kind* Arlene Rodman's granddaughter Kristin Stoddard for a school history project. All three spoke to us about their projects.

We also took time to relax and socialize. On Saturday evening, we had a wine and cheese party before dinner, and a Klezmer Band entertained us after dinner. We also immortalized the occasion with a group photograph, which will become part of a panel in Robert Sugar's exhibit.

A group of *Kinder* stayed for an extra day and visited the Holocaust Museum on Monday morning. Eric Bowes and Ruth Knox spent the morning at the German Embassy, where they had an appointment to discuss the issue of pensions for German *Kinder*.

Thanks to the efforts of KT2 member Tamara Meyer, we had a lot of publicity for our Conference. There was a TV interview; we were mentioned on radio; and the Sunday *Washington Post* and *Washington Times* carried large articles, with photographs.



Arlene Rodman and Kristin Stoddard with Kristin's exhibit. Photo by Ralph Samuel

## Opinion

### Carpe Diem

It was a beautiful Spring day in Washington, D.C. when a group of us who had been to the KTA conference decided to do some sight-seeing in Washington. As we walked along in the sunshine, I was overwhelmed by a feeling of gratitude to be alive, and to be with some of the wonderful *Kinder* who have become like members of my extended family. My joy in the occasion was heightened by the discussions we had just had about our past and the awareness of how close we came to not surviving our childhood.

As I age, I have become more conscious of the passage of time, and of all that remains to be done in my life. Not least among my obligations is that of keeping our collective history alive. When I visited the Washington Holocaust Museum and saw how little they had about us, I realized that we need to mount a campaign to rectify the matter.

The museum rightfully memorializes the efforts of groups and individuals to save Jews, but mentions the Kindertransports only in a small section devoted to children and the Holocaust. I believe that, since it was a large (perhaps the largest) rescue operation, an exhibit about the Kindertransport movement belongs in the area devoted to rescue efforts.

In a past issue of the *Kinder-Link*, a letter urged us to contribute our memorabilia to the British Imperial War Museum's planned Holocaust exhibit. While I applaud the suggestion, I feel that the members of the RoK should undertake to have their memorabilia go to this British institution, and that we should concentrate our efforts in the United States. Let's work together as an organization to get our story properly presented in the Washington museum.

Carpe diem! While we are still able to speak up, we should seize the day to do what we can to let the world know both the good and the bad of our history; what we witnessed under the Nazis, what happened to our families, and how we were saved.

And while we are about it, let's not forget to give thanks for being alive and having been rescued by enjoying the time that is left to us—let's enjoy the sunshine and the

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• • •

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Robert Sugar, Member at Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President Second Generation  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

• • • •

Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.

flowers,  
friends and  
family, music  
and jokes.  
Carpe diem!  
Seize the day!

• • •

The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

### Czech Kinder

*Kinder* who were on the Kindertransports from Czechoslovakia please contact Vera Gissing directly and let her know if you plan to attend the 1999 Reunion in London. Special events are being planned for this group and Vera is responsible for ensuring their registration for the Reunion. Vera Gissing: 2 White Cottages, Culham Lane, Upper Culham, Nr. Wargrave, Berks. RG10 8NP, England. Phone: 44-1491-575791.

If you are aware of any *Kinder* who came through Prague who have not received information about the Reunion, please let Vera know and she will send information. Finally, if you know of any such *Kinder* who are deceased, please let Vera know, since she is keeping a list of all the *Kinder* as well as updated information, when available.

### Holocaust Claims Office

The New York State Banking Division has opened a Holocaust Claims Processing Office to assist Holocaust survivors and their heirs in filing claims against Swiss banks where they know or have reason to believe that assets were deposited between 1933 and 1945. The office will also assist claimants in retrieving payments from unpaid insurance policies in effect during that same period. Claimants need not be New York residents in order to use the office.

The Holocaust Claims Office is located at 2 Rector Streets, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10006. Claims forms can be obtained by calling toll free at 1-800-695-3318, by writing to the office or by visiting its Internet website at <http://www.claims.state.ny.us> and printing out a copy.

### An Appeal from Association of Jewish Ex-Service Men and Women

AJEX Assistant Archivist, Martin Sugerman, is interested in the war experiences of *Kinder* who served with H.M. Forces, for their archives as well as for the Jewish Military Museum in London.

He wrote because he believes that KTA members have "loads of material to keep and research into for the coming generations." He writes: "Please notify KTA members asking them to send material to us—letters, documents of all kinds, photos, badges, autobiographies, etc." Of course he would like original photos but if not laser color photocopies would be acceptable. Black and white photocopies are not reproducible or suitable for display.

Mr. Sugerman's address:  
16 Benthouse Road  
London E9 6QG  
England

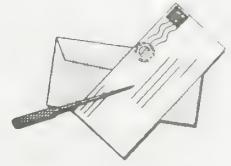
Some time in the future I intend to ask him for a special exhibit that deals with refugees in H.M. Forces in World War II. *So lets get cracking!* It depends on how many replies he receives from us. I know you would not like to have your children and grandchildren *schlep* through that museum and not find your name there.

Ernie Goodman





## Letters To The Editor



My granddaughter (age 21) started her essay with this paragraph. It was submitted for entrance to Law School. Almost every application was accepted, including Columbia Law and Berkeley Law:

I have always had a passionate sense of right and wrong and the fighting spirit to go with it. Part of this spirit comes from my sense of the wrongs that have been done to the Jewish people since the beginning of their history, and especially during the Holocaust. My grandmother is a Holocaust survivor. This fact has helped to shape my identity ever since I can remember. I have grown up with nightmare-inducing stories of the Holocaust, stories that perhaps should never be told to a young child. Then again, they speak of things that should never happen to a young child, as they did to my grandmother. These stories are a legacy to me—a legacy of pain, but also a legacy of pride and strength. The stories that my grandmother tells speak of her courage and determination to live and stay sane in a world of death and insanity. One of my favorites is that when she was on a train being transported out of Vienna, she refused to take off her silver Star of David necklace, even though wearing such a thing could be an instant death sentence. She tucked it under her shirt, and at age 13, she refused to bow entirely to the Nazis and what they stood for. Julie Richardson

Lisa Saretzky  
New York, NY

As usual, the Spring '98 *Kinder-Link* was magnificent. The day it arrives in my mailbox, all else gets dropped until I've read it from cover to cover. Then, and only then, does Rolf get to read it! Helga Shepard's "The Adventure" was especially good. Although she never says it, the story so poignantly implies the frantic feelings of a mother—any mother—when she is separated from her child. In the case of the German woman, it was fortunately for just a short time, by mistake. In the case of...well, you know!

I also agree with Robert Sugar that we need to lighten up and have more fun. How about a joke section in *Kinder-Link*?

Olga Drucker  
Sewalls Point, FL

The following letter was received by Anne Kelemen as part of a correspondence concerning thanking Great Britain for saving us; some *Kinder* objected on grounds of Britain's record of anti-Semitism.

...For better or for worse the world is not made up of black and white but of various shades of grey. People who do wicked deeds sometimes do acts of great kindness and the other way about is true as well. All we can do is thank people for the good they do, and condemn them for the bad. I suppose there is good and bad in us all.

I was in a hostel in Blackpool until I went on *hachsharah* and have been living in Israel since 1949.

Betty Lore Steinhart  
Petah Tikva, Israel

Re: Ernie Goodman's "Many Questions Remain" Spring 1996.

My dear friend in England from many years ago, wrote to Lord Gorell's son, when she heard of my *Kinder* story, to try to get some information about his late father, and he responded in part, as follows:

"...My father was Chairman of a Group formed in the 1930's called the "Movement of Care for Children from Germany"—mostly, but not all, Jewish refugees. And by Act of Parliament, he became their legal guardian in 1943. (If they had no parents, who was to consent to marriage under 18, for example). In all there were over 9,000 children.

"Whether my father handled your friend's case at all himself, I do not know, but as Legal Guardian, what was done would, of course, have been done in his name.

"There is a book *They Found Refuge* by Norman Bentwick, published by Cresset (?) Press in 1956, which tells the whole tale of Britain's work for Jewish victims of Nazidom. It is very good...."

Do we know how many *Kinder* in England received help with living expenses and toward their education through this "Movement" group? And, has there ever been some sort of official recognition by members of KTA in London or elsewhere?

Many questions remain...?

Michele Morrow-Freiler  
Los Angeles, CA

Let me share my reaction to the various letters you received regarding *Struwwelpeter*. The various replies to the original article made me sit back and think—if *Struwwelpeter* was bad—and I do agree—as were some of Grimm's fairy tales—I shudder to think of the influence our present day TV must have on our young generation. Unfortunately we can already see the results.

I see how my daughter tries against all the odds to shield our 6 year old from violence, guns, four letter words by teaching him that they are not acceptable in the house. This, however, does not prevent him from being exposed to all of that and worse by his peers.

And it seems we are so helpless vis-a-vis these facts.

Stephanie Rosenblatt  
New York, NY

## Generations

### Generations at the KTA Washington DC Conference

I was pleased to see the Second Generation at the Washington, DC Conference. KT2s came from all over the country, including California. It was great to see KT2s who were involved in the inception of our Second Generation group and meet many newcomers. It was particularly encouraging to have members of the Third Generation also present—I hope that they will continue to participate.

Since most KT2s and KT3s attended with their parents, much of our interactions were limited to hallways and workshops. However, on Saturday morning we organized a KT2 breakfast where several of us met and talked a bit about our common experiences. For several it was the first opportunity to meet kindred souls.

Publicity for the entire conference was artfully and skillfully coordinated by KT2 Tamara Meyer. Her impressive effort resulted in coverage from all forms of media—television, radio, and print—both local and national. We thank Tamara for making it possible for the Kindertransport story and our conference to be covered so thoroughly.

Melissa Hacker and I continued to videotape oral history interviews. We interviewed 14 people with the assistance of Sharon Goldberg and Tamara Meyer. This was extremely fortunate for several families, whose parents had been unable to speak to their children about their experiences. The interviews represented the first time their stories had been told so that they could be shared with the children, who are extremely interested in learning what has been unspoken for so long. Many other people requested interviews but could not be accommodated, so our efforts will continue as long as the support is there.

Melissa participated in a workshop on *Preserving our Heritage through Writing and Recording our Memoirs*, sharing her expertise in the film industry as well as years of experience in conducting oral interviews. I had the pleasure of organizing and running a workshop: *What Legacy Do We Wish to Pass Down To the Future Generations?* It was well-attended by KT2 as well as *Kinder*.

In the workshop, we tried to identify which aspects of the Kindertransport legacy were most important to us and future generations. We considered our knowledge of the consequences of being uprooted: feelings of rootlessness, the issues surrounding one's national and religious identity, and the possible loss of familial and national continuity. The ability of *Kinder* to move ahead in spite of obstacles and make lives for themselves was greatly attributed to "early" taught family values, such as self-reliance and resiliency.

People in the KTA are likely to be aware of how countries may act or fail to act in times of crisis, and how the actions of individual people and nations can make a profound difference. We are sensitive to the varying perspectives of child and parent when a child is sent away and the potential impact such an experience may have on future generations. We know that although people may have been

shaped by a common event, their stories are distinct.

One issue which became apparent was that we are still struggling to find a language with which to speak of our experiences, not only among family members but also with the outside world. There were a lot of thoughts about what role KTA could play in communicating the Kindertransport legacy. Some suggestions: improve public relations, foster inter-generational communication, inform institutions about the Kindertransport, encourage *Kinder* and KT2s to speak in schools, disseminate historical information to KTA members, build alliances with other organizations and institutions, maintain a centralized collection of Kindertransport-related resources, sponsor parties and events with good food, establish an Internet Committee to maintain a website and facilitate electronic communications, urge parents to sign up children as members so that they will receive *The Kinder-Link*, assist in academic studies of the Kindertransports and subsequent generations, encourage *Kinder* to contribute artifacts to an archive, and be assertive about telling the Kindertransport story and making it "mainstream."

Overall, the workshop was stimulating and represented the need and desire to continue discussion and dialogue in an effort to uncover the Kindertransport legacy for ourselves and for history.

Anita Grosz

Vice-President, Second Generation

### My Experience At The Conference

The DC reunion was my first KTA conference. My Dad, stepmother and one of my two brothers attended too.

It comforted me to meet other folks my age who have grappled with the dual message that many of their parents conveyed. On the one hand, many of us were told something along the lines of, "We are not survivors. So many others had it worse, Not much happened to us." On the other hand, many of us also discussed the profound discomfort many of our parents experienced in talking about the "not much," with the result being that in many families there was deep silence on this important period in the family's life.

I am very familiar with that silence. My Dad was sent from the Duisburg-Hamborn area at age four in 1938 by my grandparents. My grandfather, a decorated World War I veteran, had resisted sending my uncle and my father away, believing, like so many of our ancestors, that Germany was his country and that life under the Nazis had to improve. The incident that finally convinced my grandfather came when my father had to have his appendix out: my grandfather could find no doctor to operate on a Jewish baby.

My father and uncle lived in Southampton with a headmistress (a friend of my grandmother's cousin) for fifteen months before being reunited with my grandparents in New York. The family moved to Cincinnati and proceeded with the business of adjusting to life in the new country. My



grandparents never discussed the effect of their dislocation with my father, who in turn talked little to my brothers and me when we were growing up. As a child I hungered to know my father and felt frustrated when he would tell me that he remembered little from his time in Germany.

The conference provided me with a sense of community and a greater ability to contextualize my family's experiences. Before the conference I had never thought of my father as being *fortunate*. Conversations on Friday evening and listening to the indefatigable Bertha Leverton immediately assaulted my assumptions. Many Kindertransport children were older and had much less supportive English environments. The majority never saw their parents again.

I thrilled to the tales of *Kinder*, male and female, participating in the Second World War. I work for Facing History and Ourselves, a non-profit educational organization that instructs children about human behavior by looking at the Holocaust. Often, when I am teaching, I hear, "Why didn't Jews resist?" It warmed me to meet three veterans of the struggle and hear the range of reasons they brought to their service.

The Identity session on Saturday afternoon left me with three dominant impressions. The first one is the way in which, for many German Jews, talking about their experiences in the psychological language so many Americans now employ runs counter to their cultural training about appropriate social relations. This made me appreciate anew the wonder of those who have had the courage and strength to share what they have been through. The second is about the wide range of experience that the members of this group had on several significant variables—including age (6 months to 16 years), country of origin (Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland), experience in the United Kingdom (family or hostel living, good or bad treatment), and reunion with family. The third is the profundity of the experience of disruption and dislocation on these folks' lives and self-concept, and the ways in which their feelings have often been passed down through the generations.

Many people talked about always feeling like an outsider. One woman shared that she had been raised in an Orthodox Jewish home for five years, then in a highly religious English house for eight years ("I became English."), and then in America for the last forty to fifty years. "I can become whoever I have to become in order to make a life for myself," she concluded, her eyes brimming with tears.

I have always felt like an American; however, I have always had a visceral identification with the underdog, the "other," the oppressed. Hearing these folks gave me some insight into the basis of that identification within me. I left the Identity session dazed and overwhelmed. It is the one I found myself still chewing on when I think about the weekend.

Jeff Lowenstein. KT2  
Brookline, MA

Submissions to Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47 Street, Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036, fax/phone 212-26506610, email davemarc@panix.com

## Local News

### Northern California Chapter

The Nor Cal Chapter has been busy preparing for Bertha Leverton's appearances in the San Francisco area, immediately following the Washington, D.C. Conference. Bertha is currently scheduled to speak on Thursday evening, June 11 at Sonoma State University, Rohnert Park and on Sunday afternoon, June 14 at the San Francisco Presidio in connection with Bay Area Discovery Museum presentation of *Remember the Children—Daniel's Story* which is on tour from the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum.

Chapter members have also been busy at speaking engagements. Chapter Co-Chair, Ralph Samuel, spoke at Peninsula Temple Sholom in Burlingame and to the San Francisco and to the San Francisco chapter of Hadassah. Laura Rosenthal spoke to the Religious School of San Francisco Temple Sherith Israel. Alfred and Suzanne Batzdorff organized and spoke at the Yom HaShoa Holocaust Memorial Service at Sonoma State University, whose subject this year was *Kindertransport—Children's Rescue to England*. Nor Cal member Hilde Catz also spoke at the Service.

The Chapter is saddened to report the recent death of KTA member George Ehrlich of Redwood City. Our condolences to his family and friends.

Ralph Samuel  
Alfred Cotton  
Co-Chairs

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### New York City

An intrepid group of *Kinder* braved wind and rain to meet at Helga Shepard's house on March 8.

Robert Sugar, Member-at-Large of the KTA executive Committee, spoke about his on-going project to make a KTA exhibit and appealed to those present for material. The main speaker, Dr. Dorit Bader Whiteman, author of *The Uprooted*, gave a fascinating talk about her forthcoming book, *Abandoned in Tashkent*. In it Dr. Whiteman describes the journey of a group of Polish Jews Eastward to the Soviet Union, their tribulations in Siberia, and the eventual rescue of some 800 of the children from an orphanage in Tashkent on an arduous trip that finally reached Israel in 1943. This *Kindertransport* from the Soviet Union was one none of us had ever known about, and the story was truly spellbinding. We will let you know when the book is available.

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### Kindertransport Memory Quilt News

On February 11th the two completed quilts were shown at the Flanzer Jewish Community Center, Sarasota Florida. With it we had a panel of five *Kinder*: Jerry Fry, Sue Eldridge (both from Canada), Eva Schaal, Lenora Gumpet, Hanus Grosz (all from USA). Hanus gave a talk on what led up to and the development of the *Kindertransports*.

Anita Grosz, who was visiting from England, gave a talk on

Continued on Page 7



## Book Talk

*Striking Back: A Jewish Commando's War Against the Nazis*, by Peter Masters. Presidio Press.

Peter Master's fascinating book tells not only his personal story, but that of a little-known fact of World War II history: the British army had a commando unit made up almost entirely of Jewish refugees from Nazi Europe.

Kept a secret, this German speaking unit was invaluable as interrogators and intelligence operatives for other units. In addition, their knowledge and zeal made them ideal candidates for hazardous duty behind Nazi lines.

Born Peter Arany in Vienna, Mr. Masters fled to England after the *Anschluss*. He was interned as an enemy alien in 1940, and after his release joined the British army. By dint of repeated requests to join a fighting unit, he was finally allowed to leave the Pioneer Corps and train with the 3 Troop of the 10 Commandos.

In order to protect the men in case of capture, and to keep the true nature of the unit a secret, the young men were told to adopt British-sounding names, and all of their dog tags read "Church of England." They each had to come up with a cover story to account for their accents and knowledge of German.

Among the first to hit the beaches of Normandy on D-Day, the 3 Troop saw some of the worst battles of the war. The refugees were the most eager to volunteer for hazardous missions, probably because they knew better than anyone else what kind of enemy they were fighting, and the importance of the outcome to all mankind.

This book is highly recommended, not only to those with an interest in World War II history and tales of Jewish resistance to Nazi oppression, but to anyone interested in a fascinating and suspenseful story—a story which happens to be true.

Although not on a Kindertransport himself, Peter Masters is married to KTA member Alice Masters.

Eva Yachnes

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### John (Julius) Spier

We are saddened to hear of the death of member John Spier, who lived in the Bronx, New York. He was born in Holzhausen, Germany.

Mr. Spier was an industrial engineer, and at his death was still active in his field. Our condolences to his family.

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### The Mauerbach Fund

In October 1996, art-works that had been seized by the Nazis and whose former owners could not be identified, were sold on behalf of the Federation of Jewish Communities in Austria at the Mauerbach Benefit Sale. By law, 88%

of the proceeds will be used to benefit needy Jewish survivors of the Holocaust in and from Austria.

In order to benefit from the fund, you must:

1. have been a citizen and/or a permanent resident of Austria on March 13, 1938, or have lost your Austrian citizenship and/or permanent residency in Austria upon exiting the country prior to March 13, 1938, or have been born in a camp, ghetto or in hiding prior to May 9, 1945, as the child of such persons; and
2. have suffered Nazi persecution on account of your Jewish faith or descent; and
3. fall short of a minimum taxable income of approximately ATS 15,000 per month (approx. US\$ 16,000 per year).

If you feel that you qualify, write to the Mauerbach Fund for a form requesting such benefits. The deadline is December 31, 1998.

The Mauerbach Fund  
Federation of Jewish Communities in Austria  
Seitenstettengasse 4, A-1010 Vienna

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### KTA Charitable Donation

The following is an excerpt from a letter received by the KTA Executive Committee in response to our charitable donation:

Thank you for your generous donation of \$1,000 to Chabad's Children of Chernobyl. This gift gives hope, health and the chance to raise a family of their own to children who, because of their exposure to lethal radiation, might not otherwise be so blessed.

As a child of Holocaust survivors myself, and having a cousin who was part of the Kindertransport to England, I believe in 1939, I was very moved by your donation. The actual fact that the children saved by the Kindertransport have an organization, more than 50 years later, to help other children in need is very impressive.

Coming from an organization such as yours, this donation means all that much more. You, more than anyone else, can understand what the children and their parents are going through.

In the contaminated areas surrounding Chernobyl, the rate of thyroid cancer for children is already 600 times above normal. With your help, we have already rescued 1,571 Jewish children and brought them to Israel. But many more are waiting with steadily deteriorating health.

I am faxing your letter to Israel and will ask the staff there to tell the children about your organization and the help you have given them. I hope that this is something the children will remember. Hopefully, they might do the same to help others in need when they grow up. We hope that the education we are giving them will teach the children to help others in future generations.

Abi Raichik  
Executive Director  
Chabad's Children of Chernobyl



## Search



A few years ago I discovered that I was adopted but it was only last May (1997) that I found out that my mother, **Marietta Louise Weisz**, had been a gifted young pianist sent on the Kindertransport from Vienna and she gave birth to me on May 8, 1947 in London, England. At the time she was 23 years old and single with another small daughter called Jennifer. She was listed as living at Oxhey Farm in Watford, Hertfordshire which I found out was a temporary housing facility for pregnant girls rented by a Jewish Organization from London. She arranged for my adoption at birth and I was brought up by an orthodox Jewish couple believing that I was their natural born daughter. My adopted parents never mentioned any of this to me and are now dead. My birth mother married a German citizen living in England called **Hans Moeller** in the fall of 1948 and the last piece of information that I have is that the family went to live in Germany in the early 1950's. She may however have later come to the States on a music scholarship. So I am now looking for a **Marietta Moeller** who may be living in America or Germany and who would be about 74 years old today.

My search for my birth mother is very important to me not only to satisfy my curiosity on the circumstances of my birth and her life but also to try to acquire important medical information since my daughter is suffering from Hodgkin's Disease.

If you have any information, please contact:

Mrs. Linda Rubin  
742 Stimmel Court  
Delaware, OH 43015  
Telephone: (614) 363-8074

**Harry (Heinz) J. Meissner** is looking for anyone who was sent to Sweden on a Kindertransport. He and his sister were on a transport to Sweden in February 1939. Contact him at:

61 Goose Hill Road  
Chester, CT 06412  
e-mail: 105214.2362@compuserve.com

**Peter Laufer** was on a transport from Vienna on December 11, 1938. Because he was the youngest child on the train, newspaper photographers took a picture of him posed with a six year old girl. The photo is now on exhibition in the Washington D.C. Holocaust Museum. He is looking for the girl in the picture, who is not named, but who wears a tag with the number 123. He was number 388. Write or call him at:

10760 SW 120 Street  
Miami, FL 33176  
Phone: (305) 251-5985  
e-mail: plauffer@netrox.net

**Gerhard Levi** is searching for anyone with information or who worked on clearing burnt buildings and the cemetery's restoration in his hometown of Hanau am Main during the Spring of 1939. He would like the information both for himself and for the *Hanauer Geschichtsverein* who are working on Historic and Educational projects. Mr. Levi can be reached at:

29 Western Road  
London, N2 9JB  
England

Local...Continued from Page 5

the Second Generation. The *Kinder* on the panel gave their comments and then there were questions from the floor. The audience was very moved by the quilts.

Marianne Elsley from England, who has submitted a square for the *Kindertransport* Memory Quilt, came to see the finished quilts at our home in Sarasota, Florida. We had invited a few other *Kinder* the same afternoon. She found one of her friends in England was a cousin of one of the *Kinder* who was our guest. Also, she noticed on the quilt a square commemorating the Girls Hostel at 42 Heaton Road, Manchester. Marianne used to spend vacations there because her aunt was in charge of the hostel. I still need squares for the third quilt. If you need information on how to submit a square please call me at (317)297-8061.

Kirsten Grosz

### New Brunswick Internment Camp Museum

The Museum opened in June, 1997. It is dedicated to the history of all the World War II era Canadian internment camps. The first group of internees, from 1940-1941, were mostly German and Austrian Jews who had fled the Holocaust.

Kelly McKay, the Curator/Administrator of the Museum, is eager to work with the KTA members to gather artifacts, documents, photographs etc. pertaining to the camps. Any *Kind* who was interned in Canada is urged to contact Ms. McKay at the Museum, address P.O. Box 128, Minto, New Brunswick, E0E 1J0, Canada. *Kinder* travelling in that area will find the Museum well worth a visit.

## Help Us To Help You!

On June 8, 1998 Eric Bowes and Ruth Knox met with staff of the German Embassy in Washington. They were told that their request for pensions for those who fled Germany on *Kindertransports* would be forwarded to the German Foreign office.

If we want to succeed, we need to enlist the help of our members. Victor Comaras of the State Department advised us to go public with this matter. This is where you come in! We need to have you write to your Senators and Congress people. We suggest something like this:

Dear....

I am a member of the Kindertransport Association of North America. KTA was formed by former children who during 1938/39 fled Nazi Germany to England. I am asking for your support of our claim for pensions/restitution from Germany. We are now in our 60's and 70's and have been looking for a justifiable pension from Germany. Germany pays regular pensions to war criminals; even deposits these all over the world. We were once German citizens and lost all economical possibilities. Germany has not moved one finger to provide us with old age pensions or restitution.

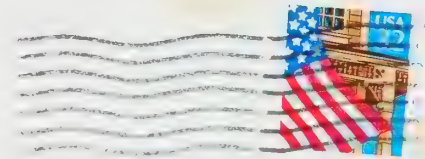
About 2,000 of us eventually emigrated to the United States, and are loyal citizens. Some of us have served in the U.S. Armed Forces during World War II. Unfortunately our members have no Swiss bank accounts to fall back on. We were anywhere from infants to 17 years old when we had to flee Nazi Germany with one suitcase. Most of us have never been able to get together with our parents and families again. They perished in the Nazi holocaust.

We are now working with our Department of State and Under-Secretary Stuart Eizenstat to have the matter raised and supported at the forthcoming International Conference to take place in Washington D.C. next November.

I suggest that you contact Mr. Eizenstat and make your position of support for our cause known to him. We need to be added as a Non-Government Organization to be permitted to work first on the agenda committee and later in November to participate as an organization at the conference. Our negotiators need support in order to be heard at the conference and the agenda meetings.

Members of the Kindertransport were some of the first victims of Nazi Germany. Please help us to obtain justice! May I count on your help?

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801



POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE  
KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION  
36 DEAN STREET  
HICKSVILLE, NY 11801



THE

KINDER



LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

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## My Knees Were Jumping

Melissa Hacker's documentary, "My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the Kindertransports," has finally made its New York debut. It played at the Anthology Film Archives from December 2, 1998 to December 13, 1998.

All four major New York daily newspapers reviewed the movie, the New York Times with an article by Janet Maslin on the front page of the December 2 Arts Section entitled "Children Were Saved, but So Much Was Lost." In her review, Ms. Maslin wrote, "From a child's-eye point of view, the speakers recall the destruction wreaked on Kristallnacht and experiences like going to school and finding it closed. The speakers also remember how their parents made the decision, as wrenching as Sophie's choice, to part with their children, possibly forever, on the eve of war."

Another article ran in the Saturday, December 5 Times and focused on Mellisa and her relationship with her mother, *Kind* Ruth Morley. Entitled "Wounded Hearts Find Each Other," with a sub-head "Lingering traumas of families split up by the Holocaust," this article by Stephen Holden went into greater detail than the first review about both the film and the history of the Kindertransports. Among other points, he explains how the film got its title: "The quirky title of Ms. Hacker's documentary refers to an incident Ms. Morley recounts in the film. On Kristallnacht, Nov. 9, 1938, she was hiding in a back room with her older half-sister, Lily, when Nazi officers stormed into the apartment, smashing furniture and arrested her father, a pharmacist. When Ms. Morley began to scream, Lily muffled her cries with a pillow.

After being held in prison for 10 days, Ms. Morley's father was brought home by two Nazi officers. Listening through the wall in the next room as one of them telephoned headquarters to inquire whether they should leave her father there or return him to prison, Ms. Morley fainted. In the film, she recalls feeling as though her knees were jumping out of her skin."

Several KTA members, including our president, Kurt Goldberger, attended the December 2 movie opening and reception. Melissa had arranged for a discussion period after each screening, and invited the help of KTA members in answering audience questions.

The premiere and opening night reception were sponsored by the Austrian Cultural Institute of New York and the

Braun Holocaust Institute of the Anti-Defamation League. At the first screening, nearly 100 KTA brochures were distributed. With all this publicity, many who had never heard of the Kindertransports before were made aware of this part of Holocaust history.

Because of the large audience turnout for all screenings of the film, Anthology Film Archives management has decided on a return engagement to run from January 25, 1999 to February 7, 1999. Any *Kinder* who will be in the New York area at that time and have not yet seen "My Knees Were Jumping" are urged to do so. For exact show times, call 212-505-5181.

For those who would like to own a copy of the documentary, the film is now available on tape for \$36 from:

National Center for Jewish Film  
Brandies University  
Lown 102 MS 053  
Waltham, MA 02254  
tel: 781-899-7044  
Fax: 781-736-2070

## Viennese Dormant Jewish Accounts

The following information may be of interest for *Kinder* and their families who come from Vienna:

The *Postsparkassenamt* (also known as the PSK) has recently released a report of assets of Jewish clients of the PSK, Vienna, Austria that were confiscated by the Nazis from 1938 to 1945. This report, as well as an alphabetical list of 7,000 names of holders of these dormant accounts can be viewed on the Internet. The PSK web site is: [www.psk.co.at](http://www.psk.co.at)

For further information please contact:

Oesterreichische Postsparkasse AG  
Ref: "Research Report"  
Georg Coch-Platz 2  
A-1010 Vienna  
Austria  
Fax +43 1 51400-1700 or 1762  
email: [research.report@mail.psk.co.at](mailto:research.report@mail.psk.co.at)

One can correspond in either German or English.

Susanne Perl  
Teaneck, NJ

## Opinion

### Vienna Revisited

Many thanks to all of you who expressed an interest in my reaction to my September, 1998 trip to Vienna. To begin with, let me say that I enjoyed myself very much, but that some of my enjoyment was tinged with sadness.

What made this trip easier than my first return was that I was sharing it with a friend; I was also not spending my time walking around the city looking for my past.

Any of you who have taken an Elderhostel course know that you are kept quite busy. Our lectures and field trips concentrated on the architecture of the city, with a good deal of the other arts and the history of Austria thrown in. We stayed in St. Pölten, with frequent trips to Vienna, as well as side trips to Baden and by boat up the Danube to Melk. Baroque overload!

Our site coordinator was Doris Sommer, a college student in her twenties. I realized how far Austria has come since my last visit when she answered a question from one of the Elderhostlers about Austria during World War II (by the way, I am always surprised at how little some Americans know about history, even the history they lived through). Doris said, "We were taught that not all Austrians were Nazis, but I think that most of them were."

Thirty or so years ago, I doubt that any Austrian would have spoken like that. Then, they avoided the topic, or insisted that they had been victims of the Germans. Now, the people we spoke to were more open and honest. More than one expressed a sense of loss for the Jews who were gone.

Among the hopeful signs, the Jewish cemetery in St. Pölten is being cared for by the local Catholic Youth Organization (there are only three Jews now living in the town). The Synagogue, an interesting Art Nouveau building, has been restored, and a young historian is working on a book about the Jews of Lower Austria. She has been trying to find the surviving Jews, and has traced many of them. On page 4 of this *Kinder-Link*, you will find another hopeful sign in the article by Lucie Benedikt.

I didn't spend any time retracing my past in Vienna, but my past caught up with me nevertheless—mostly in the form of food. We ate many meals that reminded me of my mother's cooking; while I en-

joyed tasting these dishes again, I also found myself missing her more than usually. Of course the Viennese music we heard, and the language spoken all around us were other bitter-sweet reminders of the past.

For any of you considering travelling, if you don't want to go on your own, let me recommend Elderhostel. If you like to learn about the places you visit, it's the most interesting way to go.

I'm glad I went on this trip, in spite of my initial doubts. Almost, I was able to do so like any other tourist—almost but not quite entirely—and that's as it should be. I wouldn't want to become indifferent to the past—mine or Vienna's.

Eva Yachnes

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The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

### Kindertransport Memory Quilt

On July 2, 1998 I gave a slide presentation of the Kindertransport Memory Quilts at the Art Museum in Ceske Budejovice in the Czech Republic. I had an interpreter and the talk was well attended.

From August 25, 1998 to September 25, 1998 the quilts were on exhibit at the School of Fine Arts Gallery, Indiana University Bloomington together with two exhibits, "The Perished and the Saved, Four Holocaust Artists" and "Written in Memory, Portraits of the Holocaust." In connection with the exhibit Hanus Grosz gave a talk on the Kindertransport. There is an interest from several places in exhibiting the quilts.

I still need seven squares to finish the third quilt; the deadline will be March 1, 1999 so I can finish the quilt for the June Reunion in London. I am also looking for a person who would make a square with the image of the KTA logo.

We still have Kindertransport memory quilt cards and posters. There are two card designs and two poster designs, one from each of the two completed quilts. The cost of the cards is \$1.50 a piece plus postage and handling of \$2.00 for up to ten cards.

The posters (Image size 12 x 9 3/4, overall size 17 x 11) cost \$5.00 each plus postage and handling of \$2.50 per order. All profits from the sale of the cards and posters goes to the KTA.

Please make your check to Kirsten Grosz, and mail to:

Kirsten Grosz  
1606 Stickney Point Road, Apt 101,  
Sarasota FL 31231.

For further information, call 941-922-6546 or email [halling@midlink.com](mailto:halling@midlink.com).

Kirsten Grosz  
Indianapolis, IN and Sarasota, FL

### Kinder-Link Deadlines

Local group leaders and others wishing to submit articles, please be aware of the following deadlines: For the Spring issue, March 1; for the Summer issue, June 20.

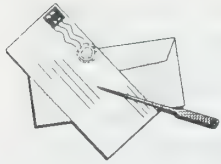
KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: (516)938-6084

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus

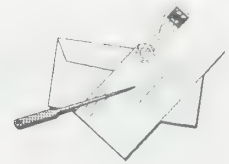
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Kurt Fuchel, Past President

Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source.





## Letters To The Editor



Re: House of Representatives bill H.R. 1531—*Kinder* pensions.

This is by far the greatest piece of Legislation ever. I sincerely hope that it will be passed quickly. I am in dire need of a German pension. I came to this country without a cent, my entire family perished in the Holocaust. I did not have an opportunity for a higher education having to work hard at minimum wage jobs in order to survive.

As a result my Social Security is minimum and at the age of 70 I struggle daily to pay my bills, especially the high medical costs not covered by Medicare and hundreds for medicines.

A pension from Germany would be a blessing for someone such as me. Please give this as much support as you can.

Bianca Lehman  
Lakewood, NJ

Very recently a book, in six small volumes, was published in German, called *Juden in Südthüringen—geschützt und gejagt* by Hans Nothnagel and Reinhard Schmidt. Hans is a young German Gentile, who became deeply interested in the history and fate of Jews of that area and has taken enormous care to verify all of his work. In fact he spent some time in Israel (often with my cousin) to interview survivors and access the *Yad Vashem*. It occurred to me that there might be some survivors hailing from that region who might be interested in it. I, myself, found it invaluable in genealogical research. The book may be purchased by writing directly to Hans Nothnagel,

Steinfelder Weg 45  
D-98529 Albrechts  
Germany

I am sure he would also only be too happy to answer any questions concerning the Jews of Thüringen.

Edith Riemer  
New York, NY

As a "*geborener Wiener*," your recent article "How Many Generations" in the KTA Newsletter certainly did strike home!

I have been back to Vienna many, many times (first with the victorious U.S. Army) and like you I had many ambivalent feelings—not whether or not there was any more anti-Semitism—I took that for granted—as I do in this country, where it is just under the surface—but I must say that in each return visit I experienced an excitement which is hard to explain. Even my wife could not understand it, especially when I showed her the sidewalk on Josefstädter Straße, where I, as a 14 year old had to scrub the floor on the day

of the *Anschluss*. I think perhaps one of the reasons we still experience the attraction of Vienna is the fact that Viennese culture (opera, concert, theatre, newspapers, etc.) owes so much to its Jewish influence that we feel at home. But, philosophy aside, I do think, Viennese attitudes have changed—note that this present Austrian government (actually the last *Bundeskanzler*) was the first to acknowledge that Austria shared the shame with Germany for the persecution of its Jews—even though it took fifty years—it is a first step.

Ernst A. Philipp  
Monterey, CA

Re: your Opinion column—my experience on the three trips I took back to Germany since my emigration in 1940 was just the opposite of yours. I went back for the first time with my American-born wife and young children in 1971, then with my wife and daughter for four months on business in 1980 and finally by myself at the invitation of the government for a few days in 1988. For reasons I have not been able to figure out, it became more and more difficult for me emotionally with each trip so that I decided that I will never go back again. This is despite the fact that I am still in touch with non-Jewish relatives and friends of my family who have always extended me a great deal of love. I will be interested in your reaction after your trip.

Martin Birn  
Seattle, WA

Recently, a blurb advertising Amy Zahl Gottlieb's book *Men of Vision, Anglo-Jewry's Aid to Victims of the Nazi Regime, 1933-1945*, came across my desk. Having worked from 1940 to 1946 in the Refugee Children's Movement office in Cambridge, England, I was privileged to come into contact with many fine women of vision dedicated to the cause of the charges under their care. As a matter of fact, I mention one of them, Greta Burkill, in the book *I Came Alone*. Earlier on, in London, I had met persons like the Marchioness of Reading, a very influential and dedicated woman in this endeavor.

Although in the description of its content, "men and women" are mentioned, I find the title of the book at best ill-advised, if not offensive. Perhaps future editions can correct this mistake.

J. Nina Lieberman, Ph.D.  
Woodstock, NY

Letters and articles are always welcome, and can be sent to the KTA office or directly to: Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Apt. 6E, Bronx, NY 10467.

## A Picture Is Worth....



### A Moment In Time, A Memory To Be Shared.

A year or two after obtaining my Swim Certificate, the doors of the *Halenseschwimmanstalt* would permanently close on us. *Juden* were no longer *erwuensch*t. Yet the atmosphere in the summer of 1936 was more urbane. The city was full of foreign visitors, Jesse Owens had become the star of the Olympics, and it was time for me to learn to swim, or so my parents thought. As for me, I was scared stiff of the water, and determined to resist aquatics of any kind.

The figure of Herculean proportions in the picture is not my father, but my swimming teacher. My struggles with him gave rise to good natured hilarity. The spectators on the wooden planks around the pools were amused by the spectacle. One onlooker, a professional photographer, shot a series of pictures, and sent them to my mother. She gave

them a place of pride in the family photograph album. Who would have thought that sixty years later, one of these pictures would appear in the *Kinder-Link*!

Not withstanding his good humor, patience, and forbearance, the *Schwimmeister* never did get me to release my grip on the rungs of the ladder. Only my lawyerly, middle-aged father was up to that task. One Saturday afternoon, he whisked me away from the steps and bore me on his back to the middle of the pool. That was the making of me as a swimmer, who even today can race the waves at Jones Beach back to the shoreline.

I have been back to Berlin twice. Neither time did I go to the Halensee Pools. Although I often rode past the place, I always left my swimming suit stowed away in my suitcase. Next time I may test those childhood waters again. Perhaps it is time to swim across the gulf between then and now. It becomes progressively easier to face the evil spirits of the past when one senses the presence of kindred spirits, such as those at the KTA.



Irene Schmied  
New York, NY

## The Neudegger Temple

In April, 1998, I and others from Vienna's 8th and 7th District were interviewed and videotaped by the Austrian film-maker Käthe Kratz. The theme was based on the fact that the burned and destroyed Neudegger Temple in the 8th District was a past reality for the residents of the Neudegger gasse, and they had voted to inquire who the people were who worshipped there. They found a plan and a picture of the Temple and voted also to build a temporary Temple facade.

They invited as many of the former residents as they could for a five week program beginning October 8th, and ending on November 9th—*Kristallnacht*. The program begins with our childhood, followed by the experience of the *Anschluss*, emigration, and ends in November. There are also musical and literary presentations.

The film-maker interviewed in Israel, all over the U.S.A., in Argentina, and of course in Europe. My own strong link to the Temple was with its Sunday School, *Bibel Schule*, and the Saturday afternoon Youth Services, *Jugendgottesdienst*. While many were interviewed (about 45

persons) not all could be included. Three KTA members are participants: Lore Segal, Ann Kelemen, and myself. Some of my friends from the Hammerling Park were also videotaped and I plan on a reunion with three of my friends from the first grade.

The title or theme of the program is "*Verlorene Nachbarschaft*" but it's like a time capsule of sixty years ago, or "*Verlorene Kindheit*."

Lucie Benedikt  
New York, NY

Generations...from page 6

thing for me had been to share my story and my mother's, and to be listened to and accepted by the group.

Terry Fletcher, KT2  
Berkeley, CA

Please send "Generations" material to: David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47th Street, Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036, fax/phone 212-265-6610, email [davemarc@panix.com](mailto:davemarc@panix.com).

## Vienna, 1938—A Child's View

"These are bad times," Mutti says. Papa doesn't go to work any more, but he doesn't say much. He plays with me, but he doesn't smile. I ask, "What is the matter? Was I bad? Did I make too much noise, did Frau Brandt come up again?" Papa tells me, "Times are Bad, but it will pass." In the evening, when I'm in my bed, I hear them talking quietly. They telephone a lot, they have important-looking papers on the table and the telephone book and a big map.

Mutti makes flowers out of cloth and wire until after I go to bed. She says it's to earn money because Papa doesn't work now. She heats funny looking tools in a small fire, and bends the cloth so that it looks like petals. Her flowers are pretty, but not as nice as the real ones, but I don't tell her that.

I'm not allowed to go to my old school with my friends any more, but have to take the tram all the way to the end and then walk through some woods. The school isn't a real school, but a house. The class is in Herr Buxbaum's living room. All the big people furniture is pushed up against the wall, and we sit on little stools in the middle of the room. There are only ten of us and we are all Jewish. Herr Buxbaum teaches everything, all mixed up. I enjoy the arithmetic best of all. I can add, subtract, and multiply. Frau Buxbaum is nice and makes us hot cocoa.

Today the tram conductor said a bad word. He pulled the bell on the wrong side of the tram, so that it rang in the back instead of the front. The trams used to run on the left side, now they run on the right. I talk to all the people on the tram and tell them the bad things Herr Hitler has done, like telling Papa he can't work in the bank any more.

A shop which sells chairs, mirrors and things has a picture of our living room in its front window! A real photographer with a big camera came and took the picture. He had big lights, and a big, skinny dog which sat next to my mother. I wanted to play with the dog, but the man said that he doesn't like little children and may bite me.

I can't go to school alone any more. People on the tram complained that I was saying bad things, so now Papa takes me to school and back home. We don't talk while we're on the tram, but when we walk in the woods he tells me that people will be very angry if I say bad things about Herr Hitler. "But he is a bad man," I say. Papa nods but doesn't say anything.

A lady comes to our house. She says she saw the picture in the store and wants to see the house. Her name is Frau Januba. She is very elegant with long blond hair. I think she looks a little like the photographer's dog.

Mitzi, our maid, is leaving us! She and Mutti are crying. Mitzi looked after me since I was born. I ask her why she has to go, and if it's because I pulled the table cloth and dishes off the table when I was angry. She says she doesn't want to leave, but she has to. She hugs and kisses me, and I cry too.

Frau Januba comes and shows Mutti and Papa a piece of paper. I see that it has on it the silly twisted cross and several stamps with pictures of a big bird, an eagle, I think.

Frau Januba says "This apartment is mine now." Papa is very angry with Frau Januba. He shouts, "How dare you take all we have worked for!" Frau Januba shouts, "If you say one word more, I'll have you sent to a concentration camp!"

I have been listening to all this and I run in and tell Frau Januba, "You are a BAD woman! You lied to us when you came last time!" Frau Januba shouts, "Take the child out of here!" Papa takes his coat and says, "I'm going to the Brown House." Mutti grabs his arm and won't let him go. "You'll just get into trouble—you know your temper," she screams, "I'll go!" I wonder what's so terrible about a brown house. Omama comes to stay with me. Papa goes out without saying goodbye.

Next morning when I wake up, there are suitcases on the floor. Papa tells me that we have to move and I can only take a few of my toys. "We'll send the rest to Uncle Alfred in North Africa, and he will keep them for you."

Our new home has only one room. I have to sleep in the big bed between Papa and Mutti. I like that, but I miss my toys.

Kurt Fuchel  
Rocky Point, NY

## Local News

### Washington, DC

I would like to give an accounting of the first meeting of the Metropolitan Washington KTA Chapter on September 13. In my opinion, and judging from the feedback so far, the meeting was a huge success. Of the 55 names provided to me, 26 responded; 16 *Kinder* and their spouses actually came (with a dessert), and two were KT2s.

As soon as the invitations were sent out, I learned that the meeting conflicted with Children of Holocaust Survivors. Some of the KTA members belong to the other group and would like to be part of both organizations. Had I known this in advance, a different date would have been chosen.

The group's identity as *Kinder* had several components. A few wanted to speak to schoolchildren about their achievements. Some had experience in establishing a kinship with the English families who opened their homes to KT children. A few want to learn how to write their memoirs. Others thought we should be reaching out to assist *Kinder* in need of help. The majority favored to start as a social group and evolve into some of the above activities.

The group decided to meet every three months.

Ralph W. Mollerick

• • • •

As chairperson of the chapters around the country, I am very happy that a new group was started. At our conference in Washington Phillis and Ralph Mollerick promised to start a chapter in the Washington area, and in a very short time organized the new group. We all wish them great success.

Anita Weisbord

## Generations

### A KT2 At The One By One Conference

The One By One organization brings together descendants of Holocaust survivors and descendants of perpetrators. At this August 1998 conference, I made a presentation entitled "Are Our Parents 'Real' Survivors?" There I presented information about the Kindertransport and showed part of my mother's Holocaust Oral History Project video.

My idea for the presentation came from issues that surfaced during the 1997 conference. I had sat in a room full of children of Holocaust survivors as we shared our individual stories. Most in attendance were children of concentration camp and ghetto survivors. I listened to the horror stories of what had happened to their parents, then to more horror stories of how their parents had treated them. I heard of parents so damaged by their experiences in the camps that they had nothing to give to their children, and of parents who had in some ways taken out the abuse they had suffered on their own children. (One woman told us that her childhood punishment for misbehavior was to be sent to her room and given only bread and water for the day.)

I felt awkward when it was my turn to speak, as if I had no right to be in that room. My mother had not been in a camp; I had not been abused as a child. Yet deep down I knew that my mother *was* a survivor and that her experience as a *Kind* had deeply affected my life. I also knew that there were others in the organization whose parents had escaped from Europe or lived in hiding. What were our common experiences? How had the Holocaust affected our lives?

I set out to answer these questions at the 1998 conference. I invited all One By One members, but stressed that the discussion would focus on children of non-camp survivors. A mix of people attended, including children of refugees, camp survivors, and Holocaust perpetrators. I began by presenting information on the Kindertransport and other details about my mother's childhood in Berlin. I then showed about 20 minutes of her oral history video, including portions describing *Kristallnacht*, and what it was like to be in the train station the night she left Germany.

People were profoundly moved by my mother's story. Many (including children of camp survivors) had tears in their eyes! My mother's attitude about her experience is that she was "lucky" and that "nothing Happened to her." Yet here was a group of people, each with a family experience of Holocaust trauma, who found her story significant and moving! This was, in turn, very moving for me.

After a break, I presented some thoughts about the issue of children of refugee survivors. My experience with the KTA had led me to conclude that most *Kinder* never mention their experiences to their own children, or if they do, they minimize them, as my mother did. (I realize that there are always exceptions.)

My mother had told me about her KT experience when I was a child. It sounded horrendous, yet my mother, in telling her story, seemed to act like it was "no big deal." For me, this set an impossibly high standard for what really was a big deal; I learned that I should be tough and take what-

ever came to me without noticing or showing my feelings.

Many refugee survivors, including *Kinder*, think of themselves as "lucky." But is it really good fortune to be sent away from one's parents, community, and country while loved ones who stay behind are killed? This can only be seen as "good luck" when compared to an event like being in Auschwitz. But should Auschwitz be the norm? My answer is no. If there is to be one, it should be what a child's life should be like. Compared to that, our parents are not lucky at all.

I challenged the group to stop comparing experiences and pain. What is the use of figuring out who had it "better" or "worse"? Each person's experience should be seen as unique. This is a big challenge for children of survivors, as we tend to compare our life experience to our parents'. In that context, nothing that happens to us can seem hard, scary, sad, or even important.

After presenting my thought, I asked to hear from children of refugee survivors. Nearly all described parents who would not speak of their experiences, though all had suffered and lost family. Others spoke of parents who tried to minimize their problems and even their children's. Also prevalent were parents who rejected Judaism and led assimilated lives.

Then I asked to hear from the others. Several children of camp survivors commented that their parents, rather than being reticent, talked of nothing but the Holocaust. One commented that she had been in a group for children of survivors whose members seemed to "brag" about how difficult their lives were, almost competing to see whose was most miserable. In contrast, children of refugees, like their parents, tend not to speak of their struggles.

Children of perpetrators commented that some of the patterns described by children of refugees also appeared in their families and might have something to do with German parenting styles. (Almost all the children of refugees were of German Jewish origin.) One example had to do with parents not accepting that their children were sick until their temperatures had reached a certain level, like 102'.

The presentation got very favorable feedback. Most appreciated my mother's oral history video. A German Gentile daughter of camp survivor (her mother was caught hiding Jews and sent to Ravensbruck) said that it brought back vivid memories of *Kristallnacht*. Someone else wrote, "This program left me with a lot to think about, especially in relation to my own odd attitude of 'Prussian Discipline' and hardness towards my children." Another remarked: "The getting away from comparing painful histories is vital. Listening and validating everyone's stories is the key here." Another: "Great opportunity to open up for many who are often silent."

The presentation was a great success. I had originally set out to find commonality with other children of refugee survivors, but I realized afterwards that the most important

Continued on page 4



## Search



**Martin Birn** would like to get in touch with those *Kinder* who, like himself, came directly to the United States without their parents, under the auspices of one of the Jewish children's charitable organizations. He was sponsored by the Association for Jewish Children, but there may have been other organizations. To reach Martin, write to him at:

7033-42nd Avenue NE  
Seattle, WA 98115  
email: mbirn@gte.net

**Henry (Heinz) Rosenthal** originally from Oeventrop i/Westf. Germany, was no longer allowed to attend school in his home town. He was forced to go to live in Cologne in the **Juedisches Kinderheim**. He would like to hear from anyone who was in the home between January 1939 until June 1941, when he lived there. Contact him at:

2425 NW 61 Diagonal  
Boca Raton, FL 33496  
Phone: 561-994-5670  
email: twxb73a@prodigy.com

**Harry Loeb** would like to hear from former students of the **Juedische Anlernwerkstatt** in Frankfort am Main, who attended from 1936 to 1939. Get in touch with him at:

P.O. Box 6071  
Port Charlotte, FL 33949  
Phone: 941-627-8713  
email: haremlo@peganet.com

**Prof. Dr. Med. Wolfgang Remmele** is writing a history of a family of well-known physicians, the Herxheimers, who lived in Wiesbaden and Frankfurt. In the course of these studies, he remembered a related family known to him in childhood, the **Berentzen** family. The father, who died in August 1938, was a general practitioner, the mother was Jewish and died in a concentration camp in 1943. They had three children, **Claus (Karl Hermann Werner)** born 4 Nov. 1929, **Karl (Walter Friedrich-Wilhelm)** born 20 April 1934, and **Hannelore (Klara Anita)** born 17 Aug. 1938. Records in Frankfurt state that the children had emigrated to "Dottington, England." Their last known German address was: An der Ringmauer 1, Frankfurt/M-Römerstadt. Prof. Remmele is particularly eager to locate the eldest son, whom he knew as a child. Anyone with any information is asked to contact him at:

Paul-Lazarus Strasse 5  
D-65197 Wiesbaden  
Germany

**Lilli Singer Nesbit** and her brothers arrived in the United

States on April 1, 1940 on a Kindertransport of ten children from Vienna, Austria. She is looking for the whereabouts of the seven other children on the transport. She can be reached at:

222 Penny Lane  
Sterling, VA 20164

The daughter of Holocaust survivors from Lodz and Warsaw has leukemia and is in need of a bone marrow transplant. Her best chance is among Jews of East European background, particularly Poland. The family names are Roth and Eisenberg (this too may help). You must be under 60 to donate, so that disqualifies most of us except for KT2s. The cost for the initial blood test is \$40, but these costs will be reimbursed for those willing to be tested. To volunteer, contact the National Marrow Donor Program, 1-800-526-7809, and say that you are responding to the need of Nancy Roth Bergen. You can also contact a family friend, Marian Levine, at 516-466-2804.

### KTA Charitable Fund

Donations received since the last *Kinder-Link*, through November 30, 1998:

Gunther Abrahamson, Lucie Benedikt, Daniel Benedikt, Mark Burin, Gabrielle D'Amato, Gertrude Dubrovsky, Vera Ericson, Wayne Estis, Michele Fanwick, Peter Feistman, Michele Freiler, Laura Gabriel, Jeffrey Garton, Ann Gelles, Hildegard Gernsheimer, Margot Giloni, Joanne Goldberger, Rita Goldman, Ernest Green, Ted Helman, Marion House, Hannah Jawetz, Charlotte Kapp, Thea Katz, Lisa Klein, Manfred Korman, George Kovacs, Paul Kuttner, Raoul Landman, John Lang, Vera Levin, Martin Lewis, Rudi Lowenstein, Tamara Meyer, Eva Moszer, Gretel Motulsky, Herbert Neuwalder, Anita Payson, Arno Penzias, Yhuda Petrover, Fred Rosenbaum, Henry Rosenthal, Irene Schmied, Henry Seaman, Ruth Segal, Elizabeth Shamir, Siegmund Silber, Karl Stayna, Ruth Wachtenheim, Peter and Yvonne Wagner, Hans Weinman, Walter Wertheim, Eva Wolfson.

The following organizations have received donations from the KTA Charitable Fund since our last report:

Boys Town of Jerusalem, \$500  
Children of Chernoble, \$1,000  
Children's Defense Fund, \$1,000  
Ethiopian Jews, \$1,000

We welcome suggestions from our members for future donations. Please send supporting information about the organizations you suggest, so that we can make a proper evaluation.

## News From The Child Survivor Federation

The KTA Board was kind enough to allow me to attend the Federation meeting in October as the KTA representative. Stephanie Seltzer, the dynamic President, asked the representatives of each chapter to arrive on Thursday for two days of Board meetings. Registration began on Friday, there were no programs till Friday night. There are over 50 chapters from all over the world. Thirty-five were represented at the Board meeting...it was amazing how well the Europeans, South Americans, etc. spoke English!

There were over 400 attendees at the Federation Conference and they came from all over the world. Unfortunately, only a few *Kinder* came. I believe that was because it was only four months since our own conference was held in the same area.

The program was similar to our own. The workshops were well run, the topics included a couple on teaching the Holocaust, growing older and how to handle it, continuing our legacy, remaining childless and workshops broken up by our age.

One of the main topics discussed continuously was the feeling that the huge publicity and interest on the Swiss and insurance money was overshadowing the tragedy of the Holocaust and the six million. I wanted to bring this to everyone's attention, thinking that this was something the KTA might also want to address.

My reaction to this group was favorable from the point of view that they represent all Child Survivors. The group is very energetic and I believe that pulling all the groups together we can accomplish more. I also believe that the KTA should have a stronger presence. I volunteered for two committees to that end. If anyone has the time and would like to get involved with the group, also, please get in touch with Stephanie at 610-527-8690 or email fedjcs@juno.com. Just one aside: I became friendly with the Florida group and will invite them to our next function.

Anita Hoffer  
Delray Beach, FL

## Financial Statement For The Year Ended June 30, 1998

Cash on hand July 1, 1997	\$ 10,179
Less: Prepaid items included below	<u>(5,966)</u>
	4,213
Income:	
Membership dues	\$9,292
Donations- Charitable	8,933
Oral History	1,611
Outreach	798
Memory Quilt	359
Quilt cards	94
Various fund raisers	2,328
Prepaid membership dues y/e 6/99	505
Exchange	202
Interest	190
On behalf of ROK	<u>81</u>
	24,411
	28,624
Expenses:	
Charitable donations	\$2,500
Professional fees	1,070
Printing, postage, stationary	5,813
Publicity	1,550
KTA Exhibit	1,214
Conference expenses	175
Memory Quilt	253
Misc. expenses (computer, phone, etc.)	638
Affiliation dues	<u>150</u>
	13,363
Cash on hand at June 30, 1998	<u>\$15,261</u>
* Analysis of prepaid items:	
Dues	\$ 485
Donations	5,165
Misc.	<u>316</u>
	\$5,966

Any member who would like a copy of the financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Helga Newman at 516-488-2358.

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/99  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD  
MILWAUKEE, WI 53211



# THE KINDER KTA LINK



KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring/1999

Volume 9/Number 2

## London, 1999

The London Reunion is fast approaching. By now all of you who are going have probably made your airline and hotel reservations. Bertha has sent out a list of activities for the conference; these includes a speech by Lord Richard Attenborough, a concert, group discussions, and seminars. On the last day participants will have a choice of several interesting outings, as well as a picnic lunch.

All this pre-conference talk and activity can't fail to stir up memories of the Kindertransports and our time in Britain, even among those of us who are unable to attend. It therefore seems fitting that much of this issue of the *Kinder-Link* is concerned with these memories. As you will see, even the Generations section delves into our past in Britain.

The very year, 1999, seems unusually appropriate for looking both forward and backward. This is the year, and the occasion, for remembering where we came from. It is a fitting time to think about our journey from home, and the sacrifices made by our families. No matter how painful the past, as we enter the new century, let's make the effort to come to terms with that past.

In saying this I am not advocating either forgiving or forgetting. We must never forget! As for forgiving, that's a much more complex question. There are those psychologists and theologians who say that you will never achieve peace of mind until you can learn to forgive those who harmed you. But does that come near to dealing with horrors like the Holocaust? Doesn't harm of that magnitude demand a different set of rules? This poem by *Kind* Stefanie Ruskin is a powerful evocation of this very question:

### Conflict

The new century is close at hand.  
Is it now time to turn the page of history,  
To start anew, letting old hatreds fade into the past?

The mind reasons:  
"Forgiveness and closure will bring you peace.  
It's so much easier to love than hate."

But the heart whispers:  
"Never forget, never forgive.  
Hatred will sustain you to the end."

Ghosts of the martyred drift across my inward eye.  
I ask them, "Is it time? Shall we forgive?"  
They do not answer, but shuffle unheeding to their doom.

My own feeling is that it's time to forgive the *present day* Germans and Austrians, the descendants of those who unleashed the great terror. I can't see the justice in visiting the sins of their fathers or grandfathers upon them, but I can't find any way to forgive the perpetrators themselves. Nor can I feel any charity towards those who are even now reviving the Nazi Party, whether they are in Europe or America, or those who commit the outrage of denying the very existence of the Holocaust, in the face of all the evidence and even while there are survivors who are alive to testify.

By all means, let us take the time at the London Reunion to hark back to our past. Let us pause to look at that past and what it did to us, before we go on with our lives. In looking back, let us not concentrate only on the bad, let us not forget to celebrate our accomplishments—they are as much a part of, and a product of, our past as the traumatic experience of the Kindertransport. We were homeless and dependant on the charity of others, but look what we managed to make of our lives!

Eva Yachnes

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## Attention Conference Goers!

By now everyone going to the RoK conference June 15 to June 17, 1999 should have paid the full fee. You will be getting a receipt from Bertha. Please hold on to this and bring it with you to London. The receipt is your admission ticket to all events.

A reminder: You must make your own flight and hotel arrangements! If you need help in the form of information or suggestions, you may contact the KTA office.

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## A Message

Dear *Kinder*, Dear Friends,

Child Survivors everywhere wish you a meaningful and enriching reunion.

Stefanie Seltzer, Chairperson,  
Federation of Jewish Child Survivors of the Holocaust

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## Reporters Wanted

I would like to ask that as many of you as possible take notes at the London Conference. I will be circulating among you, so that you can hand me the notes. I would like to devote the Summer issue of the *Kinder-Link* to as complete a description of the conference as I can. I will need to have material for that issue by June 20. Eva Yachnes, editor.

## Bulletins

### Norbert Wollheim

It is with great sadness that we inform you of the death of one of our heroes. Norbert Wollheim headed the Kindertransport effort in Germany. He organized and accompanied many trains, each time returning to Germany and personal danger. This was the stipulation under which he, and the other adults, were allowed to leave Germany. He was eventually sent to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

All of us who were at the first KTA conference in Fallsview remember his moving talk to us. It was the first time that most of us heard about the sacrifices made by those who took us to freedom.

Among his post-war activities were leading roles in the World Federation of Bergen-Belsen Survivors, the American Gathering of Holocaust Survivors, and efforts at getting indemnification for Holocaust survivors.

### Child Survivors

The Hidden Child Praha (Prague), with the support of the Federation of Jewish Child Survivors and the Hidden Children Foundation/ADL, invites all Jewish Child Survivors and their families to a conference in Prague, September 2-5, 1999.

There will be workshops and seminars for Child Survivors and for the Second Generation. Together, we will participate in a memorial Service in Terezin. For more information, please look at our website, <http://www.fjcs.org/prague.htm>. Information is also available by E-mail at: [ntk@vol.cz](mailto:ntk@vol.cz). By mail: Hidden Child Praha, Slavikova 6, 130 00 Praha 3, Czech Republic.

Flights and pre-conference optional trip to Poland arranged by Friendly Planet Travel. Telephone: 215-572-9594. The E-mail address is: [friendlyplanet@compuserve.com](mailto:friendlyplanet@compuserve.com).

### Documentary Film

A California film-maker is working on a documentary about the Kindertransports and is looking for material such as: indi-

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

Kurt Goldberger, President  
Anta Weisbord, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Ruth Hanauer, Recording Secretary  
Ellen Bottner, Corresponding Secretary  
Robert Sugar, Member-at-Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President, KT2  
Tamara Meyer, Member-at-Large, KT2  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter editor

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vidual stories, photos, diaries, letters, immigration papers, passports, etc. and documentation of British citizen's participation. Contact: Cayce Callaway, 8384 Yucca Trail, Los Angeles CA 90046. Telephone: 323-654-8122.

### Leo Baeck Institute

The Austrian Heritage Collection at the Leo Baeck Institute is looking for information from *Kinder* who came from

Austria. The aim of the collection is to preserve the history of former Austrians who escaped from Nazi persecution and are currently living in the US. To participate, contact Nikolaus Wahl, Leo Baeck Institute, 129 East 73<sup>rd</sup> Street, New York, NY 10021.

### The Mount Sinai Medical Center

The Mount Sinai Medical Center of New York seeks Holocaust survivor participants for a study of the lasting impact of trauma. Qualifying participants will get a free medical examination, and may be eligible for getting a letter towards reparation claims. To obtain more information, contact Susan Dolan or Ilana Breslau at 718-584-9000, ext. 6589 or 6567.

Also, at the same institution, there is a specialized treatment program for Holocaust survivors and their families who are suffering from anxiety/depression caused by memories of the Holocaust. If you are interested, contact Ilana Breslau at 718-584-9000 ext. 6567.

### Insurance Claims

If your family had insurance policies in Austria, Germany, or even some other European countries, whether business insurance or life insurance, there is a source of information on the Internet: [bnaibrith.org](http://bnaibrith.org). Click on Center for Public Policy. Information and claim forms are on this web site.

### KTA On Line

The KTA now has a web page. It is still under construction, and additional material is sought. The Internet address is: [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org). If you have any comments about the web page, or think that you have something to add to the page, contact Jennifer Fuchel, 617-354-6006, or E-mail her at: [jfuchel@acad.suffolk.edu](mailto:jfuchel@acad.suffolk.edu)

We also have an E-mail address for reaching the *Kinder-Link*. You can send letters to the editor and articles for publication to: [kinderlink@aol.com](mailto:kinderlink@aol.com).

### KTA Charitable Fund

Donations from the following members to the KTA Charitable Fund were received since our last issue went to press, up to February 23, 1999.

Dorothea Austin, Rev. Leonard Badia, Paul Basch, David Baum, Joel Baum, Eddie and Sonnie Better, Ralph Binder, Otto Decker, Frances Doniger, Peter Feistman, Jennifer Fuchel, Sylvia Griffiths, Anita Grosz, Joseph and Zita Hirschhorn, Sel Hubert, Fred Jentes, Nicolas Locke, Walter Mander, Erica Mansfield, Alice Masters, David Schlamme, Hans Schlamme, Susan Schreiber, Marion Strauss, Edith Wertheimer.

We thank each of you for your generosity. Your money will be used to help others who are in need, just as we once were.





## Letters To The Editor

Re: The Forgotten Kindertransport to Belgium and Holland.

We have been members of KTA since its inception in the US and belong to the many admirers of your *Kinder-Link*.

Kurt Goldberger "encouraged" us to write about our Belgian/French/Swiss experience but we are not very good at this. Also, would this be of interest to the UK *Kinder*? They must make up 99% of the membership.

We recently sent this letter to the Consul General of Belgium (Chicago) about the reunion of the La Halle *Kinder* in Wilmette and Chicago on July 12-14, 1998:

Dear Consul Vandemeulebroucke:

It was a great pleasure to meet you at the reunion organized by our mutual friend Walter Reed in conjunction with the Field Museum, Chicago.

On January 31 it will be 60 years that my wife, Ilse Wulff-Garfunkel and I left on one of the Kindertransport to Belgium and we would like to once again thank the Belgian Government for taking in some 500 Jewish children in those dark

days. Obviously, not all survived following the German invasion on May 10, 1940 and the same goes for the 500 children who had found refuge in Holland. The La Halle group has been the subject of several books and a German television documentary and there are some 45 of us in the USA, Israel, and other countries. Much publicity has been given to the 10,000 Jewish children accepted by the UK between November 1938 and August 1939 but the acts of humanity shown by Belgium and Holland have virtually been ignored. I tried to convey our gratitude on the occasion of our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary but did not get very far since there is only an Honorary Consul of Belgium in Boston. Kindly transmit this letter to your foreign ministry to formally thank your country on our behalf and all 500 children received by Belgium in 1938/39. May I also encourage you to obtain some documents giving background information on the Belgian rescue effort.

Peter and Ilse Garfunkel  
Newton, MA

## Local News

### Florida

A great time was had by all! Sunday, December 20, 1998 the Florida *Kinder* had their first (they hope 1<sup>st</sup> annual) Chanukah party, at the JCC of Boca Raton.

Almost eighty *Kinder* attended. We *schmoozed*, ate, lit the menorah, and even attempted to sing. It was a warm, friendly Holiday party; we all left the party in a happy mood.

Many *Kinder* befriended each other, but the hit of the afternoon was a surprise encounter—after fifty years—of Charlotte Kapp (nee Szereschewski), and Philip and Ruth Schimmel (nee Freund). All had been at the Youth Hostel on 92 Cazenove Road in London during their teenage years from 1940 to 1948. Charlotte and Ruth had been roommates. The memories came flooding back and they are now planning more reunions.

Golda Meir, in the person of Joan Wolfberg will perform at our annual lunch. She has appeared all over the country to smashing revues, and is doing a special performance just for us. Joan Wolfberg as Golda will entertain, educate, and inspire.

We are proud to report that many of our Florida *Kinder* are telling their (and our) stories at schools and organizations all across South Florida. Now, in contrast to just a few years ago, almost everyone one speaks to has at least heard of Kindertransport. Let's keep it up!

Hope to see you all in sunny, warm Florida or if not in (hopefully) sunny London.

Anita Hoffer  
Boca Raton, FL

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### Northern California

The Kindertransport have been much in the news lately in the San Francisco Bay area.

On Saturday, October 24, 1998, KQED channel 9, the local PBS television station, broadcast Melissa Hacker's film *My Knees Were Jumping*. This was immediately followed by a fifteen minute program at which *Kinder* Alfred Cotton, Edgar Holton, Alan Peters, Margo Goldberg and KT2 Carole Goldberg were interviewed at the KQED studios. Each of the *Kinder* shared some old photos of life in Europe and spoke very movingly about their experiences on the Kindertransport. Holton recalled how in December 1938 he and his brother were rushed to the Vienna station by taxi to take the place of two children who had decided not to go. Cotton remembered being in Hamburg on Kristallnacht.

Then on Sunday, November 29, 1998, the San Francisco Chronicle Sunday edition printed a major two-page story entitled "Flight From Hell" by staff writer Kevin Fagan. The story featured Edgar Holton, Alfred Cotton, Alan Peters, and Margot Goldberg plus KT2 Carole Goldberg and the one-year KT3 twins, Max and Emma Goldberg plus many pictures. It was Edgar Holton, who runs Art & Architecture Tours in San Francisco, who interested the newspaper in doing the story. The article is available on the web at [www.sfgate.com](http://www.sfgate.com) Select "Chronicle" and at FastFind type in: "flight from hell" and at Search Tip click on "all of the words."

The Chapter is continuing its activities in the New Year. The October 1998 showing of Melissa Hacker's film *My Knees Were Jumping* on PBS TV in the San Francisco Bay area brought forth several new *Kinder* not previously heard from.

Then on Saturday evening, March 20, the Chapter cosponsored the showing of Melissa Hacker's film, as part of the Contra Costa County Jewish Film Festival. Melissa was there to personally introduce her film, which was followed by a reception in her honor.

*Continued on Page 6*

## Generations

### Letters From My Mother

My mother, Marianne Levinsohn (nee Mosevius), was born in Berlin in April 1923. She left Germany on December 1, 1938 as part of the very first Kindertransport. She was probably in that group because of my grandfather's position as head of the migrant welfare and passport office for the Jewish congregation of Berlin.

Unfortunately, my mother did not live long enough to be involved in any Kindertransport reunions. She died in June 1975 (when I was 20 and she was 52), from injuries suffered in a car accident.

One of the many things I've always regretted about my mother's early death is that I never had the chance to talk to her as an adult about her experiences in Nazi Germany and England. When I was a child, we had many conversations about her experiences, usually while we looked through the suitcase of old family photographs her mother had brought from Germany. But although I learned the basics, my memories of what she told me are less a coherent narrative than a series of disjointed stories: how much the Germans adored Hitler (whom she saw on several occasions); the time she was walking in the Black Forest with several younger children and a member of the Hitler Jugend tried to drown them by throwing them in a stream; the time when she was still in a regular school and a Nazi who came to address the class pointed her out as a example of Aryan girlhood (much to his chagrin, he was later told my mother was a Jew); hating the food and absence of central heating in England; not being treated very well by the first family she stayed with after her arrival; being in London during the Blitz and getting so sick of running to the Underground when the sirens went off that she just stayed in bed and figured that if a bomb dropped on her head then so be it; her work experience as a "nurse" (mostly scrubbing floors in an insane asylum); sewing uniforms together (she was such an awful seamstress she hoped her lack of skill wouldn't result in a uniform falling apart in the middle of a battle).

My mother did save a collection of letters she wrote to her parents during the five years they were apart, but I didn't read them until long after she died. I started having the letters translated as a kind of tribute to my mother's memory after my son was born in 1990, realizing that he would never know her. To do the translation, I hired Monika Otter, a German graduate student, through the Columbia University Tutoring and Translating Service. After learning about plans for a KTA archive in an article about Melissa Hacker's film *My Knees Were Jumping*, I sent copies of those letters and other family mementos to Melissa for inclusion in that archive.

It's nice to know from *My Knees Were Jumping* that my mother wasn't the only one who complained about the cold cottages where the kids were initially housed. I also didn't realize how fortunate my mother was, given her advanced age of 15-1/2, to be "picked" right away and not have to stay there indefinitely.



One of the things that most surprised me was the newsreel of what was apparently the first Kindertransport—the one my mother was on. I watched The video frame-by-frame several times to see if I could glimpse her, but the images are so fleeting that I couldn't tell. There were one or two girls who looked like her, but it's probably just wishful thinking.

My mother lived in England for 5 years (with two different foster families and then on her own), until she was able to join her parents in New York in September 1943. Whatever complaints she had about England, she always considered herself extremely lucky to have escaped Berlin when she did. Despite comments in one of her letters about the English being anti-Semitic, I remember her being quite the Anglophile—she used to speak fondly of Churchill and sing the song that the English "never, never shall be slaves."

In contrast, my mother felt intense anger towards the Germans, even after more than 30 years. She had lost two grandparents, seven uncles and aunts, two first cousins, and innumerable more distant relatives. Occasionally she'd make remarks like "Germany is beautiful—except for the people." The one time she returned was in 1972, when we were in Switzerland and took a side trip to Baden to visit Sulzburg, the village near Freiburg where her mother grew up and the family had lived since before 1720. We went with her uncles Max and Bernard, and Bernard's wife Lily (all of whom she was seeing for the first and last time since a trip to France in 1939). I remember how difficult it was for her to be in Germany again: to have to speak German, to visit the house where her family had lived, to see the synagogue the Nazis had used as a stable (it has since been restored), to have to listen to an old woman who leaned out a window and talked about how well she remembered the village's Jews (or so it was translated to me).

Being in Germany wasn't easy for me either. I remember giving dark looks to everybody over 50, thinking about what they probably used to be. I'm curious as to whether other KT2s have had similar feelings on visiting Germany, and if anyone remembers my mother, I would love to hear from them.

Until I learned of *My Knees Were Jumping*, the thought never occurred to me that anyone else of my generation could possibly have an interest in such matters. Although I do not think my mother was a "Holocaust survivor" in the commonly-understood meaning of that term, the events of 1933-1945 were probably the central factor of her existence, and, in some way, of mine, since I was very close to her.

Donald M. Levinsohn, KT2  
594 Ridgewood Avenue  
Glen Ridge, NJ 07028.

Following are translations of two of Marianne's letters. The first, written to her parents upon her arrival in England, was dated December 2, 1938. DML

Friday, 2:30 pm  
Dear Parents!

I assume you must have received my postcard from Hannover by now. But let me start my description of the last two days from the beginning. The trip on Thursday was very nice. The kids in our train compartment were all first-rate kids, as are, by the way, 95% of all the kids. Dear Mutti, you gave me much too much to eat; like almost all the other kids, I was able to finish only about half the food I had with me. The border check at Bentheim functioned precisely and without problem for all of us. At about six pm we had a splendid reception in Holland. Huge train cars with warm, excellent food (a thick soup of beans, meat, and potatoes) with cold drinks and sweets were positioned right at the border. We were most cordially received by the committees. There were delegations at all train stations (Utrecht, Rotterdam), to force fruit and sweets on us, although we were already stuffed, and to wish us good luck. The people from the Dutch and English press kept pestering us during the entire passage through Holland, and even after that, with their constant flash photographs. In Holland we already had to set our watches back forty minutes. At Hoek van Holland, the Dutch checked our names, and then (at about 9 pm) we went on board. The ship was very nice (about 2000 tons). If we had wanted it, they would have served us another good dinner. We had two-bed cabins (second class). We left at 11. And this is the start of our barfing tragedy. The ship sailed for about 7 hours in very agitated water. During this time, only about three of the 200 kids did not get seasick. I wasn't one of those three. From 11 pm to 6 am, I didn't get a minute's sleep, because about every eight minutes I threw up. Throughout the ship you heard nothing except the crying, groaning, and gargling of people throwing up. We threw up in sickness bags that were provided. I personally used up 6 bags, plus the floor, the chamber pot, the bed sheet, and I staggered to the toilet three times, where I alternately threw up and had diarrhea. In the morning we were all examined by a British doctor and were given number tags. I have number 6013. — By the way, the blue blanket is priceless; without it I would have frozen to death on the ship, and here in the camp, too, it's unbelievably cold. — There were English people and press people already on the ship. I had a conversation with a very upper-class British Jew, who stared at us inquisitively and didn't speak a word of German. He said he wanted to take a German child into his home to keep his 16-year-old daughter company. He said he'd love to take me (He was impressed with my excellent English.) He wanted to know my age, education, plans for the future, my father's occupation, and provenance. He gave me his London address and told me to write a letter to his daughter, because he wanted to see if my written English was also good. I'll discuss the matter with the director of the camp today, and then, once I'm sure the man is honest, I'll write immediately. I asked this gentleman, among other things, whether he thought my plans for the Matric exam were realistic. He thought finishing my Matric by July 1939 would be feasible, but he didn't think I could become a teacher. Well, all right. They had sent our suitcases to Harwich; we didn't even have to touch them. We were driven to the camp in a bus. First of all, my address here:

Marianne Mosevius (room 16B)  
 Holiday Camp  
 Dover Court Bay, Essex  
 England

It's wonderful here!!! We arrived at nine o'clock, and we were immediately led to the living quarters (enormous, gigantic

hall; kitchens; lounges). They had set long, colorful tables with flowers. There was porridge, bread, butter, jam, and a hot milk drink. After that we were assigned rooms, and then we were allowed to do whatever we wanted until 1 p.m. The sleeping quarters are delightful one-story rows of cottages made of corrugated sheet metal and cardboard (they are really meant to be summer cottages). The bedrooms are on the ground level; you walk right into them as you enter. All the older people, including me, have little rooms of their own.

Everything is very cheerful and colorful: there are red curtains on the closet and bedside table; green door, green linoleum floor, green broom; a washbasin with running water, electric light, a mirror, a pretty folding chair, an armchair with green trimmings, and a bedside rug. The bed is as wide as a double bed, with only two thin blankets on it. No heat. I'm terribly cold. Food is good. I must close — post is leaving.  
 Marianne

[PS:] They are paying for my postage.

*The English gentleman, "Mr. E.," agreed to take in Marianne. But the E. family sent her away after 3 months. The main factor that led to the departure was probably a letter Marianne's father wrote in English to the family on Feb. 4, 1939. Most of the letter expressed gratitude for the family treating Marianne "as your own child," which is "the best comfort for parents abroad, who cannot help their daughter anymore," while another part of the letter emphasized how "necessary" it was for Marianne to start school as soon as possible—within six days. Marianne's response to her father is excerpted below. She was eventually sent to a Christian family that, while not as "well off," was considerably nicer to her. DML*

Dear Parents,

Well, just now, Mrs. E. called me in and told me, with a face that showed that there was trouble, that she got a letter from you which upset her very much. And then she read me your letter, which of course I knew already, with a furious voice. And I don't know why, but when she read the letter, suddenly all the words got turned around, and the letter didn't sound nice anymore at all, although it did sound nice when I read the copy. She said that I must have complained about the school business on the phone, and that I was ungrateful, etc. Well, of course I was flabbergasted; I really didn't complain, and I always write you how good I have it at the E.'s, and that everybody is doing their best to get me into school, and now this! She also had said that if she were in your and my situation, she'd be happy that her child is in good hands and that everybody is trying to get her into a good school, instead of writing schoolmasterly letters. She said that the letter was very impudent, especially the bit about the "six days" underlined, and she wasn't going to take that kind of thing from you. — Now, by sheer coincidence, the school called this morning and said that they were taking me, and I should be there at 9 tomorrow. Mrs. E. said that if the school hadn't called today that I should come, she would have sent me away — six days indeed! — and would have had me put up somewhere else, in a boarding house or something. — Well, I must say, you got me into a bad fix there! — It's not only that you have lost the E.'s favor for good, but you have made me look bad, too, and I don't think that I'll ever be able to break the ice that's now piled up several feet high between me and the E.'s. Well, you got us into a pretty kettle of fish! Of course I won't be able to do

Anything at all for Mutti now, either [to enlist the E.'s help in getting her out, perhaps as a domestic] Then again, Mrs. E. didn't lift a finger for Mutti anyway. She also said that Mr. E. would be very upset about the letter when he got back. That's very bad, because I like Mr. E. very much, I look up to him, and he used to like me a lot too, but of course now he won't like me anymore, either.

For God's sake, never write any letters directly to the E.s again Always send it to mw first so I can see what's suitable for the E.'s and what isn't. And moreover, you should get a decent translator for English letters, so you don't write such a faulty letter again. Your "full of gratitude" didn't please Mrs. E. either; she said she didn't need gratitude. Of course that's only a cliché, but you can see from that how mad she is at you and me, and how moody she is. You have to treat her like a raw egg.—Now, don't get unnecessarily upset over this letter; I'll be fine, as far as food, sleep, health, and clothing are con-

cerned. As for my intellectual needs, school will take care of that starting tomorrow, and love I get from your letters. Of course I'll continue to be as nice, amiable, helpful, and smart to the E.'s as I can, and I'll work like crazy to be somebody soon and stand on my own two feet, so that I don't have to depend on strangers. You can learn something good, and make something good, out of every disappointment if you want to, and I do want to!! I've learned to pull myself together and always seem friendly on the outside. That, plus first-rate English and some Hebrew, is the net gain of two months. So, although I didn't go to school, I didn't waste my time.

Kiss,  
Marianne

Send material for "Generations" to: David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47<sup>th</sup> Street, Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036, fax/phone 212-265-6610, E-mail dave-marc@panix.com

#### Local News... From Page 3

Many chapter members and supporters have already made their plans to be in London in June and the Chapter will be well represented at the reunion.

Ralph Samuel, Alfred Cotton  
Co-Chairs

• • • •

## New England

When they converged on Providence on Sunday, December 13, 1998, Edith Ehrlich of Amherst, MA and Lothar Frenkel of Lynn, MA met for the first time in almost 60 years! Edith and her husband Leonard, and Lothar and his wife Anita, were among 30 people, representing three generations, who participated in a reunion for KTA members now living in New England. The program was arranged by Selma Stanzler, President of the Rhode Island Holocaust Memorial Museum, Tara Liscaandro, its Executive Director, and Prof. Peter Wegner of Brown University, a former *Kind* who is New England regional coordinator of the KTA.

The program began with a luncheon hosted by the museum. This was followed by an open forum in which a panel moderated by Dr. Michael Ingall, professor of psychiatry at Brown Medical School, compared the experiences of former *Kinder* with those of Cambodian children orphaned and persecuted by the Khmer Rouge during the 1970's. The panelists included Wegner and Prof. Albert Silverstein of URI, another former *Kind*; Wayne Estes of Cranston, a KT2 who spoke of the effect of his mother's experiences on his own *Weltanschauung*; Cambodian Activist Arn Chorn-Pond, who recounted his horrifying experiences as a child under the Khmer Rouge regime that killed his parents and many others before his eyes; two members of the local clergy, Father Daniel M. Trainor and Sister Angela Daniels, who described their work with Cambodian refugees both in Thailand and in Rhode Island.

Following the program, the *Kinder* with their families gathered at the home of Judith and Peter Wegner to celebrate the first night of *Hanukkah*. The *Kinder* soon found themselves talking about shared experiences as though they had known each other all their lives. During these conversations, Edith Ehrlich and Lothar Frenkel recalled their last meeting as teenagers at an English hostel in 1940!

Peter Wegner  
Providence, RI

## KTA Elections

Better late than never—here are the results of the 1998 election to the KTA Executive Committee:

Vice-President: Anita Weisbord

Treasurer: Helga Newman

Recording Secretary: Ruth Hanauer

Vice-President, KT2: Anita Grosz

Member-at-Large, KT2: Tamara Meyer

Continuing members of the Board:

President: Kurt Goldberger

Corresponding Secretary: Ellen Bottner

Member-at-Large: Robert Sugar

Newsletter Editor: Eva Yachnes

Past-President: Kurt Fuchel

President Emeritus: Eddy Behrendt

Kurt Fuchel, Chairman, Nominating Committee

## Bertha Bracey

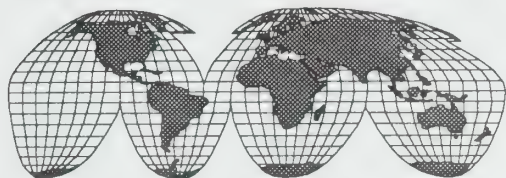
We have received an appeal from Lawrence R. Berry on behalf of a relative of his, Bertha Bracey. The late Ms. Bracey was one of those who, working through the Quakers, was active in getting us into Britain. To quote from her obituary:

"As a result of the Nazi's *Kristallnacht* pogrom in November 1938 Bertha, accompanying Lord Samuel went to the Home Secretary to secure Parliament's urgent consent to mount a special operation which helped to rescue some 10,000 German-Jewish children... In the early days of the Hitler regime Bertha was one of three or four British Friends who were able to exert pressure in order to secure the release of individuals in political custody."

Mr. Berry visited the Holocaust Museum in Jerusalem, hoping to find some mention of her work on our behalf, but there was nothing. He was later informed that testimony from at least one Jewish person who she had helped would be required.

If any of you remember Bertha Bracey, or have any evidence at all that could help to place her among the honored Righteous Gentiles, please contact Lawrence R. Berry, 375 Renoir Drive, Osprey, FL 34229, Telephone: 941-966-5222, Fax: 941-966-2808.

You can also deal directly with Dr. Mordecai Paldel, Director, Dept. for the Righteous, P.O. Box 3477, Jerusalem 91034, Telephone: 02-6751611, Fax: 02-6433511.



## Search

I am writing a history of a Kindertransport of 50 Viennese children which traveled directly to New York City from German, landing early in June, 1939. It was organized by a Philadelphia lawyer, Gilbert Kraus. After a summer at Hilltop Farm, the children were placed in foster homes in this country, and some were reunited with family. I hope many members will respond, so we can better understand this very rare Kindertransport to the United States.

A dozen of the Kindertransport members are known to each other because they organized a reunion, and those I have spoken with support my research. Through June, I will conduct archival research to discover how the Kindertransport's organizers found sponsors and gained bureaucratic support for the rescue. Through December, I will survey or interview the Kindertransport members about the period 1939-1950, or through naturalization or re-emigration.

My father and aunt were members of this Kindertransport, so personal reasons motivate my research. I am now completing a Ph.D. in legal history at University of Chicago, and will use my skills to link this Kindertransport to general historical themes about citizenship. I know the members' names from the passenger manifest of their vessel, and welcome inquiries from them or their relatives. My desire for their privacy exceeds all other concerns; therefore, I will keep all information confidential to the degree desired by each respondent.

Betsy Mendelsohn  
C/o Braun  
P.O. Box 724  
Fairfield, CT 06430

**Jacqueline McMakin** is looking for her second cousin, **Ruth Spanier**. Ruth was born in Berlin in 1928. She and her mother and father, Bella Schottenfels Spanier (b. August 30, 1899 in Aschaffenburg) and Benni Spanier (b. October 4, 1887 in Munich) lived at Wilmersdorf, Prager St. 14, Berlin.

Ruth was sent by her parents to England before World War II, probably on a Kindertransport. Her parents were sent to Theresienstadt, and thence to Auschwitz.

Ruth was seen in London in 1948. Family sources say that Ruth married twice, and went to Israel with her second husband. Ms. McMakin would like to know Ruth Spanier's current name, and address if she is still alive.

Contact Ms. McMakin at:  
1309 Merchant Lane  
McLean, VA 22101  
Phone: 703-827-0336  
Fax: 703-827-2289  
E-mail: cdmcm@erols.com

**Helga Shepard** asks if anyone knows the whereabouts of **David Kutner**, who was at Bunce Court in 1946/47. She believes that he went to South America. If you have any information, please write to Helga Shepard at:  
375 West End Avenue,

New York, NY 10024

**Betty Sassoon (McGowan)** is looking for a former school mate at the school in Kirkcudbright, Scotland. **Margit Hilsenrad** came to Scotland on a Kindertransport from Vienna with her sister Lucy who was placed in a hostel some fifteen miles away. Other *Kinder* in Lucy's hostel were Stefan Ruff and Gerd Ledermann. *Kind* Henry Wingar stayed for a short time with Joey Sassoon's family. Margit and Betty were fourteen when they were friends, but they lost touch when Margit went to Glasgow. Betty has long been hoping to meet her friend, of whom she has such loving memories. Write to her at:

12 Barrhill Avenue  
Kirkcudbright DG6 4BQ  
Scotland

**Anne Kelemen** is still looking for the following people:

**Susi Ringer**, a schoolmate from Vienna who came directly to New York in 1938 or early 1939.

**Lizzie Lindinfeld**, from Vienna born 1925, came to New York by way of England.

**Ilse Broll**, from Vienna born 1924, went to boarding school with Anne in Swanage, Dorset. Ilse went into nursing in England, and may have married a Dr. Honey in Australia. She had a sister Leise (Liese?). Ilse's cousin Sue Eldrich is also looking for the two sisters. If you have any information, contact Anne at:

137 East 38<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York, NY 10016  
Tel: 212-679-0963

### HIAS Location Service

One more avenue for finding someone with whom you have lost contact is the HIAS Location Service. For a fee of \$25, they will conduct searches both in the US and abroad. Write to them for a Location Form, at 333 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. Be aware that they require you to have certain information, such as birth date and birth place. Our thanks to Anne Kelemen for providing this useful information.

### Artifacts Wanted

A sculpture to commemorate the Kindertransports, commissioned by World Jewish Relief, is planned for the year 2000. It will be placed at the main entrance to the Liverpool Station. Part of the sculpture will be a large glass suitcase displaying original objects brought by *Kinder* from their homes. More items are needed to complete the suitcase. The objects will be protected for posterity by the best available art conservation procedures.

The sculptor will have a booth at the London Conference with information, photos, and models of the piece, and will collect items for the suitcase. You can also contact Flor Kent, 40 Vineyard Hill Road, Wimbledon, SW19 7JH

## A Picture Is Worth...

### Work In Progress



Waiting for the Kindertransport. I never saw my parents again. Lillyan Rosenberg.

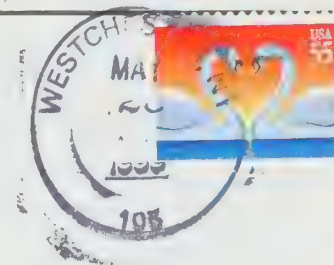
I am now working on the panel of the lost parents and families. This is a much more difficult task than preparing the others, for here I have to subject holy mementos to the design criteria one applies to any other work of art. I have a number of photos already, but need a few more, so if you want to participate please send me your photos of parents, siblings, grandparents. For the other panels I copied and usually enlarged the originals, but for this panel I want to use the actual photos sent, so they must be photos I can keep.

Lillyan's photo will probably be the center-piece of the parents' panel. It is the most unusual Kindertransport farewell photo I've seen. Parents were not usually allowed on the platforms; the hectic departures were often in the dark hours. Lillyan, who came from Halberstadt thinks the station was Hanover. That is, a loaded Kindertransport originating in Berlin, stopped there to pick her up. For one family the usual heartless rules seem not to apply. At first it looks like a pleasant, calm, sunny, ordinary day, not a swastika in sight, as if her father, briefcase in hand, would return to the office after seeing Lillyan off for the holidays. But if we look closer her brother (who later managed to flee to England) looks too somber, her mother too brave. It is a portentous, not an ordinary farewell. Lillyan smiles too guardedly, wearing the hat she would, sixty years later, donate to the Holocaust Museum in Washington. The railway tracks that run West for Lillyan, will run East for her parents.

If you have anything to contribute, contact me, Robert Sugar, 81 Sherman Avenue, Mount Vernon, NY 10552.

**KTA**  
**36 Dean Street**  
**Hicksville, NY 11801**

MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/99  
 ALFRED BADER  
 2961 N. SHEPARD  
 MILWAUKEE, WI 53211



Those of you who braved it to Washington in June, 1998—I wish there would have been more—can attest that the exhibit, for which I've used these pages to garner the pieces, is actually taking shape. I showed three panels of the planned twelve: one of the beginning of the story; one in the middle; one near the end.

**1. Dovercourt.** Under the quotation "In Dovercourt the winter sea/was like God's mercy, vast and wild..." from the poem by Karen Gershon, it shows the arrival of the children (us) in Harwich and at Dovercourt in the winter of 38/39.

**2. The Millisle Farm.** A Jewish refugee farm in Northern Ireland (my own experience) to show the agricultural work many of the children did on farms.

**3. Where we went.** Under a quotation from Isaiah: "I shall send those that escape of them to the nations of the sea." it shows the far flung places of our dispersal.

# THE KINDER KTA LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Summer/1999

Volume 9/Number 3

## It Was A Wonderful Reunion!

Bertha Leverton and her group of helpers really out-did themselves at the sixtieth reunion of the Kindertransport! In every way, this was a grand finally to a ten-year career devoted to the cause of the survivors of the Kindertransport. The meeting venue, the Logan Hall of London University, was very comfortable and conveniently located, accommodating some 900 of us in the main auditorium and the overflow in a next-door hall equipped with a closed-circuit TV system. Delicious meals were served in the Royal National Hotel, just across the street from Logan Hall. The logistics of feeding over 1,300 people were ably handled by serving large platters of excellent cold food. Seating was roughly by town of origin, so that meal times became opportunities for meeting and chatting with old and new friends. Even the weather cooperated, with London bathed in sunshine and warmth.

On the first day, we were welcomed by organizers David Jedwab and Bertha Leverton. David described the ceremony marking the gift of a plaque which thanked the British people for rescuing us, that was unveiled in Parliament on the 14<sup>th</sup> of June. The plaque reads: "In deep gratitude to the people and Parliament of the United Kingdom for saving the lives of 10,000 Jewish and other children who fled to this country from Nazi persecution on the Kindertransport 1938 - 1939." Our KTA President, Kurt Goldberger, was at the ceremony along with the originator of the idea Gen. Fred Rosenbaum, past president Kurt Fuchel, Bertha Leverton and government notables including Betty Boothroyd, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

David reminded us that there are still children in situations as perilous as ours, most notably in the Balkans. Bertha's warm welcome began with her usual upbeat "Hello Kinder!"

After a moving speech by Chief Rabbi Dr. Jonathan Sachs, a memorial service honoring our dead was held. Next, we were addressed by Lord Williams, Minister of State from the Home Office. Lord Williams spoke on the subject of racism, calling it "The beast that never dies." He too reminded us that sixty years after our rescue, there were again children without homes. As Lord Williams said, "In peaceful times, the beast is only sleeping."

Our next speaker was Lord Richard Attenborough, the award winning actor, film producer, and director. He spoke about his parents' work rescuing children from Spain during the Civil War, and from Europe after the Nazi rise to power. Their house was always full of children in transit, but one day

their parents called him and his two brothers into their father's study, and explained that two of the children, *Kinder Helga* and Irene, had no place to go; would they agree to taking on the responsibility of adopting them? With the boys agreement, the two girls became permanent members of the Attenborough household.

The morning ended with reports on their activities from group leaders from Israel, Canada, Australia, and the United States. Kurt Goldberger gave the report for the KTA.

After a break for lunch and socializing, we returned to Logan Hall for the afternoon's activities. A panel discussion, titled "Setting the Train in Motion," was first on the agenda. Moderated by Bea Green, the panel included historian Dr. Amy Gottlieb, Beth Shalom Holocaust Center director Stephen Smith, and rescuer Nicholas Winton. Dr. Gottlieb, who recently authored the book *Men of Vision*, related some of the facts about the transports and how they started. She stated that there was never a limit to how many children could enter Britain; the number was mainly determined by Britain's entry into the war, which effectively shut down the operation. She also touched on the fee of £50 per child that has been so often mentioned. This fee was at first demanded against our re-

emigration, but when it became evident that this would not be possible, the fee was dropped.

Nicholas Winton, who is now ninety years old, reminisced about how he became involved, almost by accident, in rescuing Czech children, when he joined a friend in Prague who was working to save older endangered Czechs. He was able to bring out about 700 children, both Jews and children of political activists. Winton made the point that remembering is not enough: the world must go back to the common roots of all religions, and live more ethical and honest lives.

Stephen Smith, in a moving talk, said that the world must understand us for future generations, that we

should be a lesson not *in* history, but *from* history.

After a brief break, Bertha Leverton and Susie Bechhoffer discussed how Susie, who along with her twin sister, had been raised by foster parents as Christians from the age of three years, discovered that she was half-Jewish and had been on a Kindertransport from Germany. Also present was Susie's husband, who stood by her during the difficult time when she tried to find the truth about her past.



Bertha Leverton and Bea Green

Continued →

## Opinion

### A Theme For The Future

Of the many ideas that I took with me from our grand reunion in London, perhaps the greatest is one that didn't come to me until after I returned home. One of the first articles about the reunion to reach me was a description of the meeting between war veterans.

I had barely had time to think about it, before the letters came protesting against the lack of recognition paid to our veterans. Now I must admit that, perhaps because I would have been too young to fight, it had never before occurred to me that we had a large number of *Kinder* in our midst who had not only escaped the Nazis, but had, at great risk, fought back.

It is an unbelievable act of courage for any young person to risk losing the life that is just opening before him by going to war. For a refugee from Hitler's Europe to do so takes an unusual amount of bravery. Most soldiers, if they were captured by the enemy, could pretty well rely on being treated reasonably decently, even by the Nazis. However, a Jewish refugee put himself very much in danger if his captors saw through the changed name and falsified religion in his documents.

Our young people had their knowledge of the evil they were fighting, gained by first hand experience, to inspire them to action. That very same knowledge might well have kept them from taking such extreme risks. We should indeed be proud of them. They not only enlisted, they often volunteered for the most hazardous duties.

Nor were they the only ones among us who helped the war effort. Many young women worked in the factories producing the materials needed to arm the allied troops. Others worked on the land, helping to keep the troops and the nation fed. We certainly didn't sit back in comfort waiting for others to do the job.

Lets make our theme for the coming year the recognition of the many ways that we former refugees have contributed to the world. The older ones did the best they could in war time,

and went on to build fine lives when peace came. All of us have made some contribution, great or small, to the countries where we settled.

In these days of anti-immigrant sentiment in this country, it is more important than ever that we let people know how much "foreigners" can contribute to any country.

Lets make sure that the world knows that we have given back many fold for the charity shown to us.

Eva Yachnes

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

•••  
Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

•••  
Kurt Goldberger, President  
Anta Weisbord, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Ruth Hanauer, Recording Secretary  
Ellen Bottner, Corresponding Secretary  
Robert Sugar, Member-at-Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President, KT2  
Tamara Meyer, Member-at-Large, KT2  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter editor  
David Fischer, Generations Editor

•••  
Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source. The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

Reunion...Continued from page 1

Following the discussion, the BBC documentary, *Whatever Happened to Susie*, which details her discovery of the identity of her Jewish mother and her Nazi father, and her search for her remaining family, was shown. Her meeting with her half-sister, her father's other daughter, and members of her mother's family was especially moving.

The evening was devoted to group meetings, including the *Kinder* rescued by Rabbi Schonfeld, Czech *Kinder*, hostel groups, and the KTA. At the KTA session Kurt Goldberger addressed himself to Americans who had until now not joined our organization. He emphasized that with the RoK about to shut down, the only way to keep in touch with other *Kinder* will be through the KTA. Quite a few in the audience took our brochures and membership forms. We hope that we will see many of them join our ranks.

The second day of the reunion was entirely devoted to a choice of individual workshops. With as many as fifteen simultaneous sessions, ranging over topics as varied as writing one's memoirs; racism today; Holocaust education; and Jewish roots, to name only a few, it was impossible not to find a topic of interest. While all the workshops were open to everyone, there were some that were of particular interest to the many second generation participants. Among these topics was dialogue between the generations; a poetry workshop; and one on lost Jewish identity.

In the evening we were treated to a Gala Concert. The Zemel Choir sang traditional songs in Yiddish and Hebrew. The leader of the choir, soprano Vivienne Bellos, also sang as a soloist.

Pianist Mona Golabek played Chopin's *Scherzo No. 2*; her sister Renée Golabek-Kaye, also a pianist, played Von Dohnanyi's *Rhapsody in C major*. The Golabek sisters are daughters of *Kind* pianist Liesl Golabek. Carrying on the family tradition at the piano, Michele, Mona's daughter, played Debussy's *Clare de lune*.

The Klezmer Swingers, led by Wally Fields, had us clapping enthusiastically and all but dancing in the aisles with their mixture of traditional and modern Klezmer and swing tunes.

The climax of the evening was the farewell speech by Bertha Leverton. She handed over the RoK membership to the Association of Jewish Refugees, who will include the British members in their social welfare programs. At the conclusion of her speech, presentations were made to Bertha: The RoK gave her an engraved glass bowl, the KTA a glass sculpture of hands. The evening concluded with the singing of the Israeli and British national anthems.

The last day of the reunion was open to several optional field trips: the Beth Shalom Holocaust Center; the Imperial War Museum; The House of Commons. The rest of the participants gathered for an informal picnic in Cannons Park, where food, speeches, and singing rounded out these three memorable days.





## Letters To The Editor

I was very moved when reading Generations, "Letters From My Mother" in the Spring 99 *Kinder-Link*. I could not help being struck by the similarities between Marianne's situation and mine, at that time. It seems that hers was not a "good match," compounded by a letter which Marianne's parents wrote to her English family. The letter, doubtlessly prompted by the parents despair in losing their child, was met with furious reaction by Marianne's new benefactors. And she, caught in the middle, turned her helpless frustration upon the people she loved most in the world. Marianne's own letter to her parents at that time is anything but loving!

I understood, having been there myself. My parents had advertised in English papers for a sponsor to have me come and live with them as an "Au pair." I was 16. Of the letters received, we picked the Dee family who lived in a pleasant house in the countryside and had a 5-year old daughter I was to help care for.

But it all started badly when our train arrived in London at 11:00pm, and there was no one to meet me. A kindly policeman directed me to a nearby convent to spend the night. I was shown into a small cell in total darkness (it was after the convent's "lights out" time). I was hungry and remember groping in my suitcase for an apple I had brought from home.

The following morning I staggered downstairs expecting breakfast. But there was none, since the nuns ate shortly after dawn. Starving, somehow by hook and by crook, on bus, train and hoof, I made my way to the Dees' countryside home.

Shortly thereafter, a letter from my parents arrived for the Dees'. Sixty years later, I still sense the hidden despair as my parents begged the Dees to be good to their child. But apparently the appeal did not strike a responsive chord in the Dees' hearts. I don't know if they ever responded to the letter.

And—true to form—I, being a teenager, was embarrassed by my parents' pleas and reproached them for having written.

Academic instruction for me had long since ceased, but at the Dees' I received topflight training in other skills. I learned how to kneel on the floor, applying a paste polish to the boards, letting it dry, then buffing it with a cloth or a brush to a high shine. Kitchen floors were also done on knees, with a bucket of hot soapy suds nearby. First a square of floor was scrubbed for dear life with a hard bristle brush. After careful rinsing, one then proceeded to the next square. My "lighter" duties included caring for the child, but the hours were long and weary until little Rosemary went to bed. Since she was a bed-wetter, it was my duty to check on her several times during the night. How I longed for a good night's rest!

After war was declared, Mr. Dee was inducted into the army. Mrs. Dee, fearing bombing attacks, decided to evacuate farther into the countryside. I was told to pack at a moment's notice, taking only the barest necessities.

Deep in England's green countryside, we boarded with a Mrs. White, and here, unexpectedly, I found real compassion and love. Mrs. White was a young married woman with a

baby, who stretched the family income by taking in boarders. Despite her busy schedule, this lovely lady showed me so much kindness and understanding that for the first time since my arrival on English soil I was happy. I still think of her with affection and gratitude.

Frances Nunnally  
Richmond, VA

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The London Reunion was moving, well planned and executed and it was a pleasure to be there. We owe grateful thanks to Bertha, Bea, and their whole team. But a glaring, unexplainable omission was noted by more than a few of us.

Why was the war effort not mentioned? We thank the British people, quite correctly and appropriately, but is it wrong to say that we fought shoulder to shoulder with them, that many died and many were wounded, some seriously? I did not see a paragraph or a line about it in our Souvenir Book, a fact that shocked many of us.

Thousands of us participated in the war effort and a great number (a good estimate is 2,000) *Kinder* confronted the Nazis on the battlefield. Not bad out of a total of approximately 9,400 in all.

As many others too, I fail to see the rationale for excluding the veterans among us and the war effort in general. Many of us made a conscious decision to volunteer for the armed forces, and that too is part of the Kindertransport story.

Ernie Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

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As a participant of the London 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary RoK Reunion, I would like to take this opportunity to commend the organizers of this, for us, historic event for their dedicated efforts to make this gathering the success it clearly was. For me it was wonderful to meet again some old friends and acquaintances as well as to make some new ones.

However there was one aspect of the reunion which was a serious disappointment to me as well as to many others like me. The leadership of the RoK and, I suspect, of the KTA seems to be oblivious of the *Kinder* who volunteered their services to the British and Allied forces, first in the Pioneer Corps and later in the fighting units when this became possible. Many of us gave years of our lives for this holy cause, many were wounded and some made the ultimate sacrifice in the fight to defeat Hitler Germany.

One wonders why this should be so? Is it a matter of gender, of age? A few years do make a tremendous difference in the kind of experiences one had, but surely such an event as the RoK reunion should have been all inclusive. We were not even found worthy of a footnote in the very extensive commemorative volume we all purchased.

I urge the leadership of the KTA to consider this issue and to discuss these concerns with their counterparts in the UK.

Alan Peters  
Mill Valley, CA

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Letters to the editor can be sent to the KTA office, directly to the Eva Yachnes at 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467, or by e-mail to kinderlink@aol.com

## A Picture Is Worth... Potatoes Didn't Interest The Gestapo



During my summer and winter school vacations in the 1930's I often traveled from Berlin to Hamburg to visit my grandmother, Marie Fraenkel (killed in Theresienstadt in 1943). Her husband, Prof. Dr. Eugen Fraenkel, had been Germany's most renowned pathologist and the discoverer of the "Gasbrand Bacillus" in World War I. He died in 1925. A street in Hamburg is named after him today and a large wall relief was created in his honor in that city's largest hospital, the Eppendorfer Krankenhaus.

While on my last vacation in Nazi Germany in 1938, when I was 15, I helped out (without pay, of course) in the local grocery store owned by Reinhold and Irma Bruhn as had been my habit for half a dozen years. In the mornings I carried the produce in baskets to the apartments of the neighborhood tenants who had ordered the groceries after Reinhold had earlier made his daily rounds to his customers. I handed the collected money for the food items they had purchased to the Bruhns and in the afternoons helped out selling the produce in their store.

Although the Bruhns knew I was not an Aryan I had become such a fixture at the store over the years that they loved having me work for them, especially since they trusted me with the money I collected and because of my dependability and diligence. Sometimes I also went with Reinhold to the

Hamburg fruit and vegetable market at 5:00 o'clock in the morning. Reinhold had hired a professional horse-coachman named Böttcher to bring the produce six mornings a week from the Hamburg market to his store. For years, all this went without hitch until the summer of 1938.

One quiet afternoon while I was in the store removing rotting tomatoes from the window display, Reinhold suddenly grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the dark potato storage room. In a few words he explained to me that I had to lie flat on the concrete floor there while he was frantically emptying several 50 pound sacks of potatoes over my body. He said he'd explain the reason for this frenzied action later and that I should under no circumstances move.

Seconds later I heard the agitated voices of Böttcher the horse-coachman and two other men in the store demanding to know where the *Judenbengel* (Jewboy) Paul Kuttner was. The Bruhns explained that I was not in the store that day, but the two men (later identified to me by the Bruhns as members of the local Gestapo), as well as Böttcher, paid no attention to Reinhold and started searching his adjacent apartment as well as the potato storage room where I lay hidden under a few hundred pound of potatoes. Even face down and hardly breathing I could see the beam of a small flashlight zigzag over the potatoes covering me. My heart was almost exploding inside my chest, but I did not budge. Finally the door closed behind them and I heard one of the Gestapo plainclothesmen tell the Bruhns that if they heard that the *Judenbengel* (Jewboy) Kuttner ever set foot in their place again to poison the customers they'd arrest the Bruhns and close their store.

With that warning the three men departed. Naturally I never could help the Bruhns again. Reinhold died around 1980, his wife Irma in the 1990's, and Böttcher was killed in an Allied air-raid on Hamburg during World War II.

Paul Kuttner  
Jackson Heights, NY

## Swiss Bank Settlement

The Federation of Jewish Child Survivors, an umbrella organization to which the KTA belongs, urges us to write to Judge Edward Korman about the disposition of funds from the Swiss Bank settlement. A suggestion has been made that some of these funds go to Jewish organizations. The Federation is strongly against this idea.

They feel that all funds should be distributed to survivors, many of whom live in desperate financial circumstances. They say that: "We appreciate the work of other Jewish organizations in and for the Jewish community, but none of these funds should go to them (unless the survivors themselves designate them as care-taker organizations)."

They further urge that the lawyers should receive only reasonable fees, not a percentage of the total monies obtained. Judge Korman is also asked to include the Child Survivors in the decisions regarding the distribution of the settlement with the Swiss banks. You can add your voice to those of other survivors by writing to: Judge Edward R. Korman, District Court Judge for Eastern District of New York, U.S. Court House, 225 Cadman Plaza East, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1818.

## More From London

### Meeting of Kinder War Veterans

Ernest Goodman of the KTA chaired an important and historic meeting of *Kinder* who had served in the armed forces of the United Kingdom in World War II, as well as the Jewish Brigade and the war-time army of the United States. More than forty veterans, and other interested parties, attended the meeting.

Judging by the interest shown in the stories "from the front" the therapeutic and historical value of the meeting soon became obvious. People spoke of their state of mind when joining up; some were reunited with acquaintances from 50-60 years earlier.

We were honored with the presence of the 2<sup>nd</sup> in command of the royal Logistics Regiment, Belfast, formerly the Pioneer Corps, who is also the regiment's historian. The material he gathered in two hours of listening was of great value to him and he will remain in touch with some of those who began their military service with the Pioneers.

Reporters from the British Forces Broadcast System were eager to hear from us, and their surprise was obvious when they heard of the great number of *Kinder* who volunteered for military service as soon as they were allowed to do so. The producers thought that it is a profound part of Kindertransport history that should be proudly emphasized. The broadcast that was heard by millions throughout the world was a true consciousness-raising event informing people on several continents of the Kindertransports and the contribution of *Kinder* to the war effort.

Stories heard at the meeting were frequently amusing but all in all of epic proportions when one considers that teenagers made a conscious effort to confront the Nazis on the battlefield, that many were killed or wounded, some seriously. No wonder that several found it difficult to part, and stayed together in very special fellowship for much of the afternoon.

The Whitemans' gracious Viennese hospitality was much appreciated and at their lovely tea party, several panel participants had another welcome opportunity to socialize.

All agreed that our contribution to the war effort and the destruction of the Axis powers is part of Kindertransport history that deserves a place among all the rest of the often-told tales of reminiscence.

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### Alumni Of The Goldschmidtschule Meet

The stage for the 1999 gathering of the Goldschmidtschule was set on a terrace overlooking the garden of Kenwood House. The performance ran from late morning to early evening on Saturday, June 19, and its setting was the Highgate home of Rudolph Goldsmith, the son of founder Leonore Goldschmidt. Under his baton, the caterer provided, and the guests feasted on a parade of delicious "Berlin" salads and a procession of *Torten*. The clinking of wine glasses and the repetition of old anecdotes and tall stories, made it seem more like a party than an official reunion.

Yet there were other strains in the air besides the old *Schlager* that Rudi strummed on the piano. The bitter-sweet

memory of the last years in Berlin when school became a refuge of learning and sportsmanship, re-emerged, and seemed to flow from the wise eyes of Dr. Goldschmidt as she looked down from her portrait on the drawing room wall. Also recent exits from our midst led to a feeling that this might be the final act, and gave still more poignancy to our reminiscences. But who knows?

During the last years there have been reunions in New York, Los Angeles, London, Jerusalem, and Berlin. Perhaps one of these cities will become the backdrop for a repeat performance before the final curtain falls, and it is time to shuffle away with our remembrance of a world that turned to dust some sixty years ago.

Irene Schmieid  
New York, NY

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### Peter Wegner Injured

The one sad note in our participation was a serious accident that occurred at the start. Peter Wegner, chairman of the New England KTA Chapter, was hit by a London bus. He sustained life-threatening injuries to his head.

Judith, Peter's wife, was with him in London, and their son Michael flew over to be with his parents. In addition, his nephew David and other family members have been spending time with him.

As of this moment, Peter's physical condition has shown some improvement. While it is too early to tell how far he will regain his mental functions, he is beginning to open his eyes and to respond to stimuli. His doctors are guardedly optimistic.

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### 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Souvenir Book

This 184 page Souvenir Book is beautifully printed and will be of interest to all *Kinder*, regardless of whether they attended the London reunion or not.

A picture of the plaque which was unveiled by the Speaker of the House of Commons, Betty Boothroyd, on June 14, 1999 graces the cover of the book. Inside are messages from Bertha Leverton (How It All Started), Bea Green (Survival And Achievement), Kurt Goldberger, Kurt Fuchel, and Inge Sadan (Greetings From Israel).

The book also contains a Timeline of the Holocaust, copies of important documents from the archives, a section devoted to rescuers such as Nicholas Winton, Henry Fair, Rabbi Dr. Solomon Schonfeld, and many others. The full program of the reunion is included, as well as brief biographies of speakers, and lists of donors and participants, and a list of German Jewish Nobel Laureates—25 of them! The final pages are devoted to a long (alas) "In Memoriam" section.

The book was available at the reunion for £10. It can be obtained by sending \$20 which includes surface mailing from London, and a self-addressed mailing label (not necessarily sticky) to:

Kurt Fuchel  
52 Suffolk Drive  
Rocky Point, NY 11778

## The Ladies from the Bakery

That last afternoon at home I sat cross-legged on the linoleum floor, sorting through a pile of books. Its lid still open, a little suitcase stood in front of me. It was already packed for tomorrow's journey on the *Kindertransport* to England. There was still room enough to fit one of my story books. Which should it be: the book about the pug dogs, with my favorite illustrations? Too big. One of the volumes of fairy stories? Too fat. Better for me to start putting the books back on the shelves, keeping friends together. I put Grimm next to Andersen, and the *Nesthaeckchen* books, a series of juvenile novels, side by side. In this way these books could talk to each other, and might not even notice tomorrow that I was no longer here.

The front door bell pealed. Who would come to call as if for afternoon *Kaffee und Kuchen*? Friends and family had either left Germany or were struggling to get out. I poked my head round the bedroom door. Voices floated towards me. My mother had taken the visitors, whoever they were, into the living room.

"Irene, come down stairs quickly." My mother called. "Guess who has come to see you." Who would it be?

A heavy-set lady was emptying a white bag of bite-sized cookies into glass dishes; another more slender lady had just placed a big round apple tart on the dining room table. A moment's hesitation, then I recognized them. They were *Frau Schmidt* and *Frau Bach* from the neighborhood bakery and pastry shop, the ladies who had given me the black and white kitten asleep in its corner in the pantry. *Frau Schmidt*, the older of the two sisters, wore her hair pinned in a thick coil around her head; but now a swath of it had come undone and dangled over her ear. *Frau Bach's* bobbed hair was wind-blown. Two pairs of similar gray eyes turned their gaze toward me. Their mouths were forming the unanswerable question. "Wieso? Warum?" (Why?)

"I'll just go and tell Luise to prepare some coffee." My mother moved towards the pantry door. "No, no" the ladies remonstrated in unison. They could not stay; they must get back to the store as quickly as possible. There might be an inspection, questions as to their whereabouts; one never knew these days.

I moved toward them to be enfolded in the softness of *Frau Schmidt's* bosom. A moment later, my hair was moistened by a dewy spray as *Frau Bach* kissed my forehead. Shaking their heads in unison, the ladies left the room without another word. My mother joined them in the hallway to see them out.

I moved towards the dining room table. Here stood the large, round apple tart, as yet uncut, there the big glass bowls filled with cookies. It made me think of the bakeshop on the Lentze Platz. On cold winter afternoons, such as today and particularly around Christmas, I would follow my mother into the shop, and be greeted by a gust of warm air filled with the scent of pine and fresh bread. Gingerbread cookies were dangling from the Christmas Tree. Colored icing gleamed on the Hansel and Gretel gingerbread houses. Rows of cakes were aligned along the counter. A glass cabinet filled with marzipan animals stood against the wall. Only last week we went there to buy the jelly donuts so typical of Berlin that they are called

"Berliners." That was when we had told the two ladies about my departure today.

I reached for one of the miniature crescents, made of ground almonds and flour, flavored with vanilla and bathed in powdered sugar. I bit into its succulent sweetness, and felt it turn to dust in my mouth. I could hardly bear to swallow it. A cold hand seemed to squeeze my heart. This was my last evening at home! Where would I be tomorrow, when would I see my parents again? I must get upstairs to my suitcase. Soon its contents would be all that I had in the world.

Bounding up the stairs two, three steps at a time, I rushed into the bedroom. Now I knew what book to put in my suitcase. It would be my new diary, still in its gift box, not yet written in. It would help to see me through from here to where ever I would be going, and I would sit down this very minute to tell it about the visit of the ladies from the bakery on the Lentze Platz.

Irene Katzenstein Schmied  
New York

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### 1939: Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Lacrimare

(It is sweet and proper to cry for your country)

Papa said only one small suitcase  
In my room I choose what to pack  
Which skirt, which blouse, which doll,  
which book...

Many of my friends from Hebrew school  
chose before me,  
packed before me,  
left before me  
for England.

Mama calls from downstairs  
To say goodbye to *Frau Schmidt* and *Frau Bach*,  
The ladies from the bakery on the Lentze Platz.  
They have brought cakes and cookies for me.

They fold me in their arms,  
Press me to the abundance  
Of their breasts,  
and they cry ....

Dedicated to three Germans, who were friends:  
*Irene Katzenstein*, *Hilda Schmidt*, and *Inge Bach*.

Stuart Connell  
Nottingham

From Volume Fifteen of the *Poet's Domain*, Collections of Works By Poets in Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the District of Columbia. This poem was inspired by the story "The Ladies from the Bakery" by Irene Katzenstein Schmied.



**Search**

**Gloria Gray (Gerda Sukman)** would like to hear from anyone who lived in Mödling (bei Wien) at the time of the *Anschluss*. Particularly, in an effort to recall (and re-tell) the horrendous incident, sometime between 1938 and 1939, when an order to rid the town of Mödling of all Jews, was almost carried out. So reminiscent of present-day ethnic cleansing, this bizarre incident occurred at night, and at gun-point. All Jews were marched to a central part of town, and loaded onto lorries, and dumped at the Wiener Bahnhof. She was about eight years old. The memory is both vague and vivid. Does anyone else have such a recollection? Please contact her at: 414 East 77<sup>th</sup> Street, Apt. 3A, New York, NY 10021; e-mail: ditto5@hotmail.com

**Herbert A. Lindow** is looking for **Bruno and Robert Goldschmidt**. Robert was born on May 19, 1925; Bruno, November 24, 1926 in Hamburg, Germany. Their father was Bartold or Bertold Goldschmidt, murdered by the nazis. I understand the brothers went to England via Kindertransport, subsequently leaving for other destinations. They may have gone to Nairobi, Kenya and then to Israel. A recent visit to Israel (the Diaspora museum in Tel Aviv and the telephone operator) did not turn up anything. He writes: "It is, of course, possible that the brothers have died; if so, I would still be very interested in knowing whether they had offspring, their names, addresses, etc. I have practically no living relatives or family, and certainly would be deeply appreciative in knowing whether such persons exist, even if they are distant relatives." You can reach him at: 4515 Willard Avenue, Apt. 706-S Chevy Chase, MD 20815, Tel: 301-652-9126.

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**Peter Laufer**, who left Vienna a Kindertransport on December 11, 1938, arriving in England on December 12, 1938, would like to know if this was the first transport out of Vienna, and if not, what was the date of the first one. Please send information to him at: 10760 SW 120<sup>th</sup> Street, Miami, FL 33176.

**Local News**

**Northern California Chapter**

On Sunday evening, March 20, the Chapter co-sponsored the showing of *My Knees Were Jumping* as part of the Contra Costa County Jewish Film Festival. Melissa Hacker was there to personally introduce her film, which was followed by a reception in her honor.

Many local *Kinder* and KT2s were there to congratulate Melissa including KT2 Vice-President Anita Grosz accompanied by KT3 Sophia Amelia, visiting from England.

This chapter was well represented at the London Reunion. About twenty-five members including two KT2s enjoyed the programs and camaraderie. Ralph Samuel was accompanied by his foster-brother Peter Epstein from Liverpool. After the reunion several NorCal *Kinder* went on to visit their birth-cities in Germany and Austria. The next major Chapter meeting will be in Fall '99 or Spring 2000 when we hope to show the video of the Reunion. Both chapter Co-chairs were interviewed for a forthcoming story about the reunion in the Northern California Jewish Bulletin.

Ralph Samuel  
 Alfred Cotton  
 Co-Chairs

A Chanukah party was enjoyed by all who attended, with lots of food and good discussions led by Herb Friedman from Norfolk, VA.

The next meeting was a potluck Purim brunch on March 7 at the home of Alfred Traum in Silver Springs, MD. It was a huge success, with about twenty-five attending.

Ralph Mollerick  
 Silver Springs, MD

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**A New Yorker in London**

Wednesday afternoon, after some workshops were full, Helen Bender, a psychotherapist with Child and Family Consultation found space and made a workshop around the theme of Changing Identity.

Two participants talked of being placed with Orthodox families, and the confusion, restrictiveness and mystery in meeting the tenets of Orthodox Judaism for the first time.

One woman told of the family she was with deciding abruptly that they did not want her. They gave her a ticket to London, the address of Bloomsbury House and one shilling. She arrived there at about five o'clock, and the people there said, "What are we going to do with you?" Finally they found a family and someone took her to Waterloo Station and told her to stay "under the clock." She waited and waited. Finally, a man walked up, said "Got to run" and they did so. He introduced himself to her on the train.

Another woman talked about the hostel that the Jewish Community in Middlesborough, Sunderland, near Yorkshire set up for twenty girls. The Community people were extremely caring and helpful. Someone took the girls to the seaside every Sunday. In 1942, the woman speaking moved out

Continued on page 10

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**Metropolitan Washington Chapter**

The Chapter has elected officers, with Ralph Mollerick as President, Eva Burger as Treasurer, Helga Fox as Recording Secretary, and Bertl Esenstad and Esther Starobin sharing the position of Program Director. Annual dues were set by vote at \$15 for *Kinder*/KT2 and spouse, \$10 for singles.

## Generations

### The London Reunion

I accompanied my parents—both *Kinder*—to the 60<sup>th</sup> Reunion of Kindertransport. I feel very fortunate that I was able to attend, especially as I think that all those present felt a sadness knowing that this would probably be the last event of its kind.

Sitting in an enormous auditorium of over 1,000 people, all there for the same reason, was a powerful experience. The sheer size of the group and the intensity of emotions were unforgettable. As I looked around the sea of faces, I imagined hundreds of stories of survival and determination, each with its own intricate details. Despite the differences, we were all bound together by the knowledge that our mere existence was made possible by a miracle called "Kindertransport."

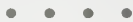
Being together with so many KT2s was incredibly validating. I had met with KT2s at the Washington conference, but this time there were more of us and a greater sense of urgency to make the story of the Kindertransport part of our own personal history. Our generation seems to be trying to understand the effect our parents' past has had on us, and what our responsibility to the future generations is. The many common threads of childhood memories united us as heads bobbed, confirming, "Yes, yes, it was like that for me, too." Hearing the stories of others resounded with familiarity, and I felt as if I had "come home."

A common theme I heard from the *Kinder* was that they were the "lucky ones"—they weren't in the camps, so who were they to complain? So many had denied their feelings, and didn't talk about their experiences because they felt "it wasn't a big deal." Now, sixty years later, they and their children are finding that it was, in fact, a very big deal.

On the closing night, when the wonderful concert and ceremonies had come to an end, we all stood, teary-eyed, for the Hatikvah. One cannot describe the enormity of emotion, the sense of pride, and the awe in knowing that we would not have been there singing together in unison had the parents of the *Kinder* not made their brave decisions.

A heartfelt "thank you" to Bertha Leverton for making this reunion possible and for helping to give us, the Second Generation, an identity.

Claudia Domb, KT2  
New Hyde Park, NY



### A British Second Generation Report

I am not a child of Kindertransport survivors, but I am married to the son of two *Kinder*, Gerhard and Herthel Drukarz. They came over from Germany separately at the age of fourteen, met when they were in Grwyth Castle, went out for seven years, and married at 21. They now live in Golders Green, London. Of their four parents, only one survived: my husband's paternal grandmother, Chava Drukarz, who survived Auschwitz and came to live with them in London.

My own father is a refugee from Austria. He lived just outside Vienna and fled to England via Switzerland with his

parents and brother when he was six. Other members of his family weren't so lucky. Many died in Auschwitz.

During my childhood, my grandmother would often tell me about what happened. I became fascinated and asked endless questions about it. After she bought me a copy of the *Diary of Anne Frank*, I read everything I could lay my hands on about the Holocaust, and watched all TV programs and documentaries on the subject.

When I first met my parents-in-law and my husband Dan told me about their experiences with the Kindertransport, I was fascinated all over again. On one occasion, they took us to the Castle and even remembered which rooms had been theirs. After they told me about the reunion, I asked whether I would be able to go with them. I attended on Wednesday, which Bertha Leverton told me would be the most interesting for the Second Generation. I did indeed find it an incredibly fascinating and moving experience.

Not knowing what to expect, I was very curious about the whole event. I knew that it would be emotional, but mistakenly thought I would be among very few "young people" there and hoped that I wouldn't stand out too much! So I was amazed when I saw that there were whole groups of Second Generation people there and even felt a bit of a fraud because I am not a KT2.

In the morning, I sat in on a general discussion led by Amelie Jacobovits, Elizabeth Maxwell and Nicole Davide. I thought that it was extremely good. I was particularly impressed with Holocaust historian Elizabeth Maxwell. She was very articulate, answering all the questions with patience and sympathy. I had actually heard Nicole Davide speak before at a discussion group that I had organized for young Jewish people in our community in Hendon. She had been amazing to hear—you could have heard a pin drop when she spoke about her experiences as a Hidden Child. This time was the same. She has that amazing dignity but you can sense a real sadness in her, too. Amelie Jakobovits, an expert on Holocaust education and World Jewry, is actually a relative of mine, since her husband, Lord Jakobovits' father, and my grandfather were brothers. (Work that one out!) She was as animated and full of warmth as ever.

There was one particularly moving moment when Amelie described her father, Rabbi Munk, who used to teach Hebrew to children. After her talk, one lady stood up and said that she remembered a Rabbi Munk teaching her Hebrew at school. She asked, "Could that have been your father?" Then she approached Amelie and they simply embraced.

I then went to have lunch at the Leipzig table with my parents-in-law and found the experience at least as fascinating. I tried to imagine all of these people as children coming to a strange country, not speaking the language, not knowing where they were going and, worst of all, not knowing when, if ever, they would see their parents again. My mother-in-law told me at that lunch that she could remember the day her parents took her to the train station as if it were yesterday. She had been quite excited about it all, thinking of it as an adventure, until the point when she looked out from the train and saw the expression of deep sadness on her mother's face, although her mother was trying desperately not to cry, so she wouldn't upset her daughter. I tried to imagine how that would

feel but simply couldn't—it was too terrifying. I asked my mother-in-law when she realized that she wouldn't see her parents again, and she said that it was when she heard that war had broken out.

At many points during the day I tried to think about how I would feel, having to make the decision to put my child or children on a train or boat, knowing that I would never see them again and not knowing what would happen to them. It seemed too dreadful to even contemplate.

My father-in-law has told me many times about how he arrived at Liverpool Street Station and sat there for someone to pick him up. No-one came, so, when he was the last one left, he simply got on a train. He ended up in Leeds, completely lost. He tells this story with humor but I keep thinking how terrifying it must have been to be a lost, frightened 14-year old who can't speak the language and whom no-one seemed to want. This thought keeps coming back to me, especially when I think about my own children, who are 9 and 6. They are so protected now that I don't think that they could cope in that situation. And neither, I should say, could I have coped if it had happened to me.

Looking around the book stalls after lunch, I saw Melissa Hacker's video and immediately bought a copy and had a chat with her. She was nice and extremely helpful. I was amazed, at the lunch afterwards, when I walked among the busy, noisy throng of people in the lobby, by how these *Kinder* had really made something of their lives. They had picked themselves up and just got on with it. Then I realized: it was because they had simply had to. There had been no choice.

In the afternoon, my parents-in-law wanted to go and sit in the park, catching up with some of their friends. They have spoken positively about their experiences even though so many of their family members died in the Holocaust, leaving them with an extremely small family. They have always said that their family was really the other children with whom they lived at the Castle, and with whom they have kept in touch over the years. Many of these *Kinder* were at the reunion. Some hadn't seen each other for many years, since they lived abroad.

I was keen to go to a Second Generation discussion run by Judith Elkan, a psychotherapist who was very soft-spoken and understanding. *Kinder* and KT2s were there—with me feeling like a fraud again! I found the whole discussion amazing. I simply hadn't realized the extent to which other people had suffered and, especially, how deeply it had affected their children for many years afterwards. There were KT2s whose parents had never been able to discuss it with them at all, and who had subsequently found that they felt rootless and didn't seem to know where they had come from or have their own sense of identity.

There was also a *Kind* there who had never talked about her experiences until that moment, and who suddenly burst into tears and couldn't talk anymore. I was amazed that was possible to keep something like that locked in for so many years. I also realized that many people had not had as positive experiences as my parents-in-law at the Castle. Each experience seemed more heartbreaking than the last.

And that is another impression that I came away with: everybody had a story to tell, however good or bad, and they had all carried it with them throughout their lives. One man started talking about how it was only at the Reunion that he and his

father had been able to start discussing his father's experience. Like me, he had also been struck by how awful it must have been to have to put your children on a train like that and let them go. He started to cry when he spoke about the talk he had with his father, who had been in Grwych Castle. I made a mental note to go up to him and swap names so that I could mention his father to my parents-in-law.

There was so much raw emotion present in that discussion group that I came away feeling in awe of how everyone had managed to survive, never mind going on to make something of their lives after such a shattering start. It also put my own problems into perspective—I felt silly having worried about my work the day before, my son playing up at bedtime, etc.

On the way home, I read through the official RoK brochure. I was stunned when I got to the memoriam section and discovered that my father-in-law had 6 members of his family, and that my mother-in-law had lost 8. I had never known this, and when I saw that their close friend Schmuell Geller, who had done a lot of work on computer for the Reunion, had lost around 60 members of his family, I wondered how one could carry on after such a terrible loss.

I told my husband all about the Reunion. He hadn't gone—he is a very busy lawyer, and I also find that the subject doesn't interest him as it does me. He says that he has grown up hearing all about the Kindertransport from his parents, and all about the Holocaust from his grandmother. My mother-in-law said that she has always been a bit upset that he wasn't more interested in hearing about what they had been through, but that she obviously couldn't force him to listen.

Interestingly, at one of the discussions that I had attended, a *Kind* had said that she had wanted to talk about her experiences with her son, but that he had absolutely refused to discuss the subject, upsetting her greatly. Someone in the group suggested that maybe this was because he didn't want to upset her by going over and over it, and that maybe he thought it would cause her pain.

I thought that perhaps this was a reason why Dan had never wanted to talk about it that much with his parents. When I asked him, he thought for a minute and then agreed that this was probably the case with him, too, although his parents had always spoken very positively about their Kindertransport experiences and how much they enjoyed their time at the Castle.

Since the Reunion, I have watched Melissa's video and thought it was incredibly good, very moving. The footage of the parents putting their children on the train helped to create a clearer picture in my head of what that must have been like. There was one woman Melissa had interviewed who had had a terrible time and had never seen her parents again, but had since got a large family of her own. I was struck by her intense sadness, even when she was smiling. It struck me that her experiences had completely affected her whole life. I have now passed the video on to my parents-in-law. I also want my children to see it, as I have told them all about my parents-in-law's experiences and about the day that I spent at the Reunion.

I have also read a book called *The War After* by Anne Karpf, which is all about how the terrible experiences of her survivor parents had affected her life and the way that she had grown up. It was incredible and really an extension of the experiences I had heard about at the Reunion. If you can get hold

of it in the United States, you should read it. She talks about how being a "child of survivors" was something she had to come to terms with. I started thinking about the difficult relationship that I had had with my father all through my childhood and teenage years, and wondered if the feeling I had always had of his being "closed off," cut off from emotion, and unapproachable was because of his experiences as a child fleeing Austria. I had never even thought about it in that way.

I had never thought of myself as a child of a survivor/refugee, but I definitely identified closely with some of the feelings of guilt and perfectionism and pessimism that Anne Karpf had described in her book. It opened my eyes to the way that this terrible event in our history has affected so many generations and continues to do so.

Lydia Drukarz  
Hendon, UK

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I am looking for records that would document my mother's participation in the Kindertransport. She left Vienna in June 1939. Has anyone researched a similar situation? I can be reached at 134 Spectator Lane, Owings Mills, MD 21117, phone: 410-356-5638; fax: 410-752-5042; e-mail: mengel@Gma-cpa.com

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Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47 Street 3B, New York, NY 10036 (Fax: 212-265-6610, e-mail davemarc@panix.com)

Local News...continued from page 7

of the hostel to be with her father. The Community got in touch with people at her destination, checked on it, and supplied furniture.

We thus heard about the two extremes *Kinder* met in Britain, from the very caring to the callous.

Helga Shepard  
New York, NY

• • • •

## Florida: Celebrity

We were not prepared for this at all! Sure, we heard that the play *Kindertransport* came to town. Before we could go and buy tickets however, we had a call from a lady of the Theater, telling us that she is holding complimentary seats for us. That was great. My *Kind* wrote the date on the crowded calendar in big letters, so that I wouldn't screw it up. So one day the telephone rang: "Is Eva there?" She wasn't.

"My name is Charlie Huisling from the Sarasota Herald Tribune. I would like to interview her."

"For what?" (One never knows these days!) "*Kindertransport* and the play!"

"Aha! She'll call you back."

He came. A real nice guy. We had a good time with him and my *Kind* told her story. He said that he couldn't promise anything. Society page?

"We are pushing for the front section, but they may not go for it"

Two days later the photographer. A picture? Eva says she gives terrible pictures. He calms her down. She is wearing

blue. Blue gives good pictures. We picked up the Sunday paper. The picture of my *Kind* and the one of Hanos Grosz are on the Front Page. Hanos and his wife Kristin are the famous people from Indiana. Kristen is the producer of the great Quilts. Holy smoke! The article was really good! (I knew Charlie was a nice guy) My *Kind* is a celebrity! The phone is wringing non stop! Everybody (who is anybody) called. How wonderful! What a celebrity! We'll save a copy! (By now we have enough copies to wallpaper our bedroom with) "Send it to your family. Thank you." Monday comes the request to have her speak in our Condo Association's "Current Events" evening. Eva speaks. Terrific! How wonderful says everybody. What a story! Again the telephone rings. (We have an Ad in the paper to sell our refrigerator. How can anybody call?)

One of the calls is Linda Carson from Channel 7 ABC News. "Is Mrs. Schaal there?" (Notice the Mrs. Schaal, not Eva. This is high class!) She wasn't there.

"We would like to interview her"

"O.K. she will be at the play to-night."

"I know that, but we want to come to your house!"

Television in our house! A whole crew. Linda, Camera man (also a nice guy) and a Student. Lights, Camera. This time the *Kind* wears red.

"Please tell your story."

" Well, I went to school in Germany Things began to be pretty bad..."

It was on the 6 o'clock news. She looked great. There was another *Kind* also, Henry Rosenthal. He was terrific too.

The phones started to ring off the hook again. "We saw you on television, how exciting! Congratulations!" Now we had to hurry. We had to pick up our tickets and therefore had to leave earlier.

Finally the Theater. At 8 o'clock the Assistant Director comes out on the stage. (Where was the Director? He was sitting next to us.) "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the Sarasota Premiere of the play *Kindertransport*. How fortunate for our community that we have among us to-night three survivors who came to England on this *Kindertransport*. I would like them please to stand so that you can all see them!" Three *Kinder* got up to a roaring applause! Hanos Grosz, Bertel Lubetsky (of Sarasota) and Eva Schaal.

The play was powerful and impressive. At the cocktail reception after the play we spoke to the actors and were surrounded by many who asked the *Kinder* lots of questions. I took my celebrity home exhausted.

It never ceases to amaze me what was happening here. We were after all refugees in England. Lucky to have been there and tolerated. We had to be careful not to speak German in the street in order not to annoy anybody. We were painfully aware of being "Stateless" and some of us "Enemy Aliens". Now we have "wonderful stories" to tell and are respected speakers! The *Kinder* have become Guests of Honor. What a World!

Frank Schaal  
Sarasota, FL

Visit our web site:  
[www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)



## Notes On Memoir Writing

Memoirs have become one of the most popular publications over the past few years; the book stores are full of them, and by no means all are written by celebrities. Just a few years ago an unknown English teacher in Brooklyn described in grim detail the poverty of his Irish childhood, and *Angela's Ashes* became a prize winning best seller.

Just what is a memoir? Is it like an autobiography? Well, yes,...and no. Autobiographies are usually written by persons of some distinction who want to get *their* version of the story out before the biographers get to tell the truth when the subject is no longer around. Autobiographies are supposed to be "factual," memoirs are more flexible. The story told lies in the realm of memory and emotions, both of which look at the world through warped and tinted glasses. In a nutshell, a memoir recounts events which may not have happened exactly as told. A memoir paints an emotional landscape, one which *rings* true even if the facts are otherwise. A memoir is *art*.

Memory does not work chronologically, so it is not necessary that a memoir be chronological. Anecdotal pieces, linked by narrative, are more interesting than a linear time frame. We get in touch with the people we write about through our feelings, and we write about "love affairs now kissed only in memory."

How do we get started? By writing! But first, we need to *know ourselves*. Here are some open-ended topics which will get you started:

- My life is like....
- It was a time when....
- I'll never have friends like the ones I had when....
- A Safe Place
- Before and After
- Encounter with Death
- Religion through Life
- Write a letter which will never be sent
- Why do I write?

Helpful tools: Keep a journal. Carry it with you at all times, especially when you take a long train or plane ride. Note in it daily events which are significant, ones which remind you of events past, private thoughts and feelings, interesting people you met, etc.

Construct a Timeline. What are the key events in your life? A Timeline lists important dates and events. For example:

### Timeline for Kurt Fuchel Major events in **bold**

- 1931 **Born in Vienna, September 11.**
- 1938 Persecution: we lose our apartment.
- 1939 (February) **Kindertransport:** put on a train bound for Norwich, England, home of the **Cohen Family**. Brief tutoring in English by elderly German, then enrolled at Uthank College. **September 3: war breaks out.**
- 1940 Blitz starts. Air raids, bomb shelters, gas-masks, rationing.
- 1946 **War ends; renewed contact with parents now living in France.**
- 1948 **Cohens take me to Paris where my parents meet me.**

What makes a good memoir? It has to be believable, carry the ring of truth. This can be accomplished by giving details: descriptions of people's appearance, what they wear, the tone of their voice, how they walk (brisk, hesitant, shuffling, erect, stooped,...), what they do.

Don't just say that Uncle Awful was a tight-fisted miser. *Show it*, by describing incidents you witnessed or heard about. Hearsay evidence is acceptable in memoirs; indeed it's often all we have about our early childhood. Don't just narrate what people said; have them *say it*—use dialogue.

Here are some more topics:

- Recreate a sensory experience.
- Holiday nostalgia: food, presents....
- How we played as children.
- A Place to Remember
- Private Language
- How did your parents show their love, or otherwise, to each other?
- Describe a conversation between adults which you overheard as a child.
- Experiences as an outsider

What voice will you use? Will you write as a senior citizen writing about events that happened sixty years ago, or will you write as the child you were? Using the present tense gives your story an immediacy, and highlights the drama of the event. However, be careful not to betray yourself by using long words and insights which come only after decades of experience.

Will you write in the first person: "I...me...?" Or will you use the third person: "he, she,....?" The first person, present tense gives your account immediacy and highlights the dramatic aspects.

Some writers find it easier to use the third person, and even use a pseudonym as if they are writing about someone other than themselves. This distances oneself from painful events.

Use *metaphors*: "Arms as withered and as soft as day old balloons...." Memoirs can be loosely connected, or even unconnected.

An ethical question: How much should you reveal about other? A good guideline is to reveal no more than you're willing to reveal about yourself.

Don't worry what other people think about what you write; they can always write *their* version of the events. Write to please yourself. What the children want to forget, the grandchildren want to remember. Have fun with your story!

Kurt Fuchel



This material is from the handout that Kurt Fuchel distributed to the participants in the workshop on Memoir Writing that he led at the London Reunion.

He credits much of this material to teacher Rosalind Kamholtz of the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

## Don't Forget To Pay Your Dues!

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**KTA**  
**36 Dean Street**  
**Hicksville, NY**



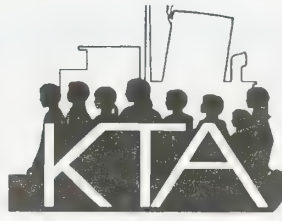
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THE

# KINDER KTA LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION



Fall/1999

Volume 9/Number 4

## Generations: After The Reunion

**M**y mother and I traveled to Germany after the June 1999 reunion. The ten days we spent in Berlin—her hometown—were among the most intense and exhilarating of my life. As the daughter of a Kindertransportee, I had always felt that I didn't have a family history from before World War II, that everything and everyone had been lost. So each discovery related to my mother's family history was a thrill.

We went through Berlin like detectives, searching for old addresses and landmarks. Berlin has been through a lot since the 30's, so few buildings were left standing. The only pre-war buildings we found were two Jewish Girls Schools my mother had gone to—one on Auguststrasse, the other on Joachimsthalerstrasse. We also visited the sites of two places where my grandmother had lived (one was right where the Wall later divided Berlin), the building where my grandmother had worked, the Jewish Orphanage where my mother had lived for three years (her mother, a single mom, was unable to work full time and care for her simultaneously), and her grandparents' house.

A highlight of Berlin was visiting the Center for Berlin Studies, which has microfiche copies of old address books that list the name, address and occupation of Berlin residents. Finding relatives in those old books was a revelation! It was as if characters I'd only heard about in stories had suddenly become real. It seemed to me that the Nazis had tried not only to wipe out all the Jews, but to wipe out any trace that we had existed. But here were my relatives' names, right there in the book! They were here! This was their city!

I loved Berlin from the start, especially my mother's old neighborhood near the Oranienbergerstrasse Synagogue. As part of the former East Berlin, it was less developed than other parts of the city, with a nice down-to-earth feel to it. There were few cars, lots of bikes and bike shops, kids playing in the streets, and very friendly, helpful people.

Before coming to Berlin, I had been bracing myself for bad experiences I expected to have with Germans. As early as the flight to London, I had had a run-in with a German who refused to let me tilt my seat back. And on the overnight ferry we took from Harwich to Hamburg, some German-speaking youths sat outside our cabin smoking, drinking beer, and talking loudly during the wee hours of the morning. When my mother asked them to respect people trying to sleep, they were extremely rude to her.

If these incidents had occurred between us and people from the U.S., England, China, or any country other than Germany, we simply would have thought of the individuals involved as rude people and not taken much notice of their nationality. However, these incidents were more worrisome for us because they occurred with Germans while we were

heading for Germany and nervous about our trip.

So it was a great relief to be treated well when we got to Germany. My mother, in her rapidly-returning German, told nearly everyone we met who she was and what we were doing there. Instead of the defensiveness, rudeness, and anti-Semitism I had feared, we got friendliness, kindness, and help. What impressed my mother most was the friendly and helpful attitude of the police who guard all Jewish establishments in Berlin. As she told me (and them), this was a big change from the bad experiences she had had daily with German police and other uniformed authorities during her childhood.

The most heartbreaking part of my time in Berlin was visiting the Holocaust memorial in the Grunewald, the train station from which Berlin's Jews were deported to their deaths. The tracks, though now unused, are still there; the platform has been transformed into a very long series of memorial plaques, one for each transport out of Berlin. I found the plaque of my great-grandmother's transport and looked around me, knowing that the sights I was seeing were the last she and thousands of others had seen of their hometown.

After my mother left Berlin, I took a train to Munich, where I met up with my partner Glen. We traveled together for the next month, starting with Rothenberg, a small town on the "Romantic Road." We'd heard it was a beautiful old medieval town, yet here, as in many other places we visited, we came face-to-face with the ugly history of Jewish persecution. A plaque on a cobblestone street informed us that we were in what had been the Jewish Quarter from 1371 to 1520. The town museum had a room dedicated to the town's Jewish history, including the details of a 14th century pogrom.

Alone in the museum, I cried when I saw a display of beautiful Hebrew gravestones from the 13th and 14th centuries. It was sad that those gravestones were not in a graveyard where they belonged, and that there was no Jewish community left to carry on and care for them. I felt a tremendous sense of how centuries of German Jewish life had been lost in the Holocaust. Still, I got from the gravestones the same sort of poignant thrill I got from seeing my relatives' names in Berlin phone books. Jews had really lived here. This was our country.

Continuing our journey, we were given a private tour of Ulm's former concentration camp from its caretaker, a wonderful German Gentile who has dedicated his life to preserving the memory of the Holocaust in Ulm.

The Ulm concentration camp was a 19<sup>th</sup>-century dungeon with no heat. (It was cold enough to make us shiver even though we were there on a sunny day.) As we read about the beatings, torture, starvation, and humiliation the prisoners suffered, the caretaker explained that often the Nazis would hold someone there for a few months, then release him back into

Continued on Page 4

## Opinion

### Moving Forward

In the last issue of the *Kinder-Link* I suggested that we take as a theme for the coming year the many contributions that we *Kinder* have made to the world since our rescue. In line with this thought, I would like to request that in place of the many articles about your experiences in Europe and on the Kindertransports, you send me some articles about your adult lives.

You don't have to be a great hero or a famous person of any sort for your story to merit publication. What interests me, and I'm sure others, is how we overcame the dislocation in our lives and went on to become the worthwhile people that we are.

For a start, how did you come to uproot yourselves again and come to this country? What was it like to start over once again? Many of you had the chance for a higher education taken from you, and had to go to work at a very young age. Has this left scars? Were you able to work your way to further education? Or were you self-taught and became knowledgeable in some area?

Interesting as our experiences on the Kindertransports are, I think that it's time to move on a bit. Let's hear about the war-time military service; the work in factories and other contributions on the home front; the post-war struggles and triumphs. So many of us overcame hardship, isn't it time to let the world, and each other, know about our accomplishments.

At this time of immigrant-bashing, we can make our voices heard by showing the world the many contributions that refugees can make to the countries that let them in.

Eva Yachnes

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### Opinions Wanted

This column is an open forum for all members to express their opinions, not just a podium for the editor. We would very much like to hear from our members. If you have something you want to get off your chest about either the KTA or the

world at large, if it has relevance to us we would like to print it. The more voices in this column, the better

Submissions can be sent to the KTA office, or directly to: Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place Apt. 6E, Bronx NY 10467, or by e-mail to [kinderlink@aol.com](mailto:kinderlink@aol.com)

We are looking forward to hearing from you!

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Hicksville, NY 11801  
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• • •

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### Austrian Claims Office Opens

We have been informed that the Federation of Jewish Communities in Austria has opened an office for Jewish Nazi victims in and from Austria, as well as their heirs. The Claims Office will document individual claims in an attempt to build a premise for the future restitution or compensation of Jewish property.

Despite the fact that the Austrian legislation does not currently provide for the recovery or compensation of Holocaust-era assets, the Claims Office is committed to support the restitution claims of Holocaust survivors and their heirs.

The address of the Claims Office is: Desider-Friedmann-Platz 1, A-1010 Vienna, Austria.

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### Austrian Postal Claims

You may recently have received a personalized form letter from the *Bundesverband der Israelitischen Kultusgemeinden Österreichs* informing us to contact the Österreichische Postsparkasse AG, Kennwart "Historiker Bericht," Georg-Coch-Platz 2, A1010 Wien, e-mail: [research.report@mail.psk.co.at](mailto:research.report@mail.psk.co.at) in order to obtain PSK's independent study identifying former Jewish Postal Bank accounts. The study has so far identified 7,000 such "closed" or cannibalized accounts.

Anne Kelemen writes: "Having just received the 129 page report with a most interesting and rather moving historical overview and statement of purpose, I urge every former Austrian to request this report. While, unfortunately, I found no record of my parents' names. I was able to identify six accounts for friends who had no knowledge that their parents ever had such an account, nor would have themselves written to the PSK, certain that this 'would be just another useless effort.'"

And, not least of all the thirty introductory and historical pages of this first interim report by Univ. Doz. Dr. Oliver Rathkolb, Institut für Zeitgeschichte, Universität Wien, commissioned by the PSK as a totally independent research project, are of great interest and introduce us to a new Austria, trying to come to terms with their Nazi past.

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### Yad Vashem

Israel's Yad Vashem has opened a publicity campaign to collect and commemorate the names of all Holocaust victims. About three million names have been collected so far at the "Hall of Names." People at Yad Vashem feel that this is the last historical chance to collect information from the aging survivors and others of their generation.

We urge any of you who have not yet done so to send in the names of family members who perished in the Shoah.

• • • •

The above items were all contributed by member Anne Kelemen of New York. We thank her for her constant concern for the welfare of our membership, as illustrated by her taking the time to send in these items even during a time of family grief.

Our sincere condolences to Anne on the death of her niece Kate, who succumbed after a valiant struggle against breast cancer.



## Letters To The Editor

I was not present at the London reunion of the *Kinder* as I had conflicting activities which I could not change. From the *Kinder-Link* description of the event it sounds like a great success, perhaps we should not wait another ten years before the next one but make it five instead.

I found the comment that there should be some reference to the many *Kinder* that joined the army and it should have received more mention in the program of the reunion. I arrived in London at the age of thirteen, and went to school for barely one year. Then the sponsors with whom I lived put me to work in their clothing factory. They used to manufacture ladies coats and costumes, but switched to making uniforms for the army.

The factory was bombed three times and we moved every time to a new and yet smaller building. I learned a great deal of the operation and even helped out in the office when the need arose. The two sons of the owner were drafted, and as they used to take care of the administration he found me very useful as he was of Russian origin and had very little education. Thus my *Gymnasium* background and writing skills after one year of [English] elementary school were of good use. Despite the fact that I had brought my books with me and had hoped to continue my higher education, they were not willing to spend money on allowing me to continue in school. At the same time I was also expected to work in the house. On weekends it was my duty to clean and always wash up after a meal.

Thus I spent the war years on war work living in London during the worst of the blitz and going into the city during the air raids either by bus or the underground and the bus travelling each day one hour both morning and evening. But I was young and did not think badly about it.

Gerta Ambrozek  
La Jolla, CA

• • • •

After returning from the RoK reunion in London, I received a telephone call from Denver. It turned out to be from a gentleman who had been to the reunion, Henry Lowenstein. He had seen my name in the reunion book, and wondered if I was a relative of Herman Lesser, originally from Berlin. Well, yes, I was in fact his sister.

My brother and Henry Lowenstein had been boyhood friends in Berlin, over 60 years ago. Henry had introduced my brother to the local Zionist organization, with the result that my brother went on to join the youth *aliyah* to Palestine/Israel. That left his place on the Kindertransport open. Our mother asked if I could take my brother's place instead. This was successful, and so I am here today (with all my children and grandchildren).

I put the two former friends back in touch with each other. They were delighted to find each other again. My brother, who now lives in Amsterdam, was utterly amazed that such a thing could happen. I faintly remember the boy Henry (then Heini)

coming to our house in Berlin. Henry told me that he and my brother taught me to ride a bicycle. I was then the small sister.

Kate Lesser  
Seattle, WA

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At dinner the night of the Reunion concert, I sat opposite an Edgar Mehl at the Hamburg table. The only person I remembered with the name of "Mehl" was Felicitas—and then only the name, not the person. As we talked, he said that this was his sister and that she now lives in Nottingham.

We were going the next day to the Beth Shalom Museum. He called Felicity, now called "Mitzi" late at night after the concert. When the bus arrived in Nottingham there she stood with her Nottingham-born husband!

We spent a couple of hours together and a young student interviewed us. Neither of us could remember exactly how we had originally met.

On my return home there were two more coincidences. I found letters that I had written to my parents from Northampton where I was evacuated. In one of them I mentioned that "I was going to meet Felicity this afternoon." Edgar had mentioned that they had also been evacuated there.

Then Jutta, a classmate of mine from Hamburg who lives in Silver Springs, sent me an article about her that her daughter had written for a newspaper. Jutta had kept a diary about her school-days in Hamburg. In it was an entry of her school-friends' birthday gifts to her. Amongst others: Felicitas Mehl and Eva Rosenbaum's (my) presents.

Memory is a strange thing—we had both forgotten this friendship! Because of the article two more classmates contacted Jutta, one of whom lives only a few miles away from her in Maryland. The three of us are now in touch again, as well as four other girls from that class.

Eva Abraham-Podietz  
Wynnewood, PA

## Semantics

We *Kinder* were the lucky ones,  
Transported to safety in the British Isles,  
Spared from the cattle cars and horrors of the camps,  
From man's inhumanity to man.

We *Kinder* were the lucky ones,  
Though cast adrift from family and friends,  
And set ashore among strangers  
Speaking an alien tongue.

We *Kinder* were the lucky ones.  
We did not starve till we were merely bones.  
We did not witness babes torn from their mother's breasts,  
Nor see the crematoria ash cloud out the sun.

Some call us Holocaust survivors,  
Although we have no numbers tattooed on our arms.  
Should we lay claim to such a name?  
Are we survivors, we the lucky ones?

Stefanie Ruskin

Generations...Continued from Page 1

his community. The people in his town would see a former political leader return emaciated, bruised, shaking, and broken. From that example, hundreds of Germans saw what would happen to them should they oppose the Nazis. I understand more why so few did.

Next, we came to the mountain town of Berchtesgaden to visit the nearby National Park and hike in the Alps. I was unaware of the town's history, but as soon as we arrived I began to feel extremely uneasy. The next day I found out that Hitler, Göring and other top Nazis had had their mountain homes nearby.

Visiting Hitler's "Eagle's Nest" retreat was the most disturbing part of my entire trip. It is a heavily visited tourist destination, yet at the site there was no historical information about who Hitler was and what he had done. The only information given was technical, about how the site was built, the materials used, etc. If I had been a neo-Nazi coming to pay homage to my Führer at his former house, nothing about the site would have disturbed my idealized viewpoint.

The entire town of Berchtesgaden gave us the creeps. We took a break by briefly visiting Italy, and then returned to Germany, spending more time in Ulm, and then about a week in Freiburg before moving on to Prague in the Czech Republic.

Before I made this trip, I only knew that my great-grandmother had been deported from Berlin to Theresienstadt, and that she had not survived. In Berlin I had been able to find out more details: that her transport to Theresienstadt had left on December 17, 1942, and that she had died not there, but in Auschwitz. In Prague, I went to an office of the Jewish Community Center which does historical research, and asked if they could give me any more information. (The staff there spoke no English, but I was able to communicate in the German I had picked up over the past month.) I entered a room full of card files and waited while a woman looked for my great-grandmother's name. She pulled out a pink card and made a Xerox copy of it for me. On it was my great-grandmother's name, birth-date, the date of her transport to Terezin, and the date of her transport to Auschwitz: May 16, 1944.

This knowledge hung over me like a deadly weight as we proceeded to Terezin that same day. While in Germany I had visited the Sachsenhausen and Dachau concentration camps and had felt nothing but numbness, but in Terezin I felt unbearably sad. Here, there were more than statistics and grisly pictures to confront me. Here, my own relative had been imprisoned and sent to her death.

I had always thought that Theresienstadt was a concentration camp, but I found this not to be true. It was a Czech town from which the Nazis had evicted all residents to turn it into a Jewish ghetto. When compared to concentration camps and even other ghettos, the conditions were not so bad. People kept their own belongings, and managed to create art, music and poetry; the death rate was "only" 25%.

Stranger still, Terezin is once again a functional Czech town. Buildings where Jews were imprisoned and allowed to die are now used as banks, restaurants, shops and apartments; there are also a couple of ghetto museums. I was angry and offended that people could live there as if nothing had happened, but once I remembered that the people who lived there

had been evicted by the Nazis I realized that it would only make sense to them to return after the war (though I don't know how many current residents are descendants of the same ones who had lived there before). Nevertheless, the town was far from bustling; it seemed eerily quiet, almost deserted. Perhaps it is under-populated.

Our hostess in Prague had suggested we visit Cesky Krumlov, a picturesque medieval town in the rolling hills near Austria. Here we expected to just be tourists, yet once again we were faced with the history of European anti-Semitism. While in the tourist information office our first day there, Glen picked up a historical pamphlet and read that the town's twelfth-century City Charter had prohibited Jews from residing within the city walls. Was there any place in Europe where Jews had not suffered discrimination, oppression, deportation, or murder?

We spent the night in Bayerisch Eisenstein, a town on the Czech-German border, and headed for Munich the next day. While I had enjoyed many things about the Czech Republic I was frustrated there by not knowing a word of the language. So in that respect, being back in Germany was a tremendous relief. I could understand signs, quiz waitresses, and arrange for a room in a pension without relying on others to speak English. For the first time, German seemed like an easy language! I realized—somewhat to my surprise—that I was happy to be back in Germany.

Learning German provided me with many other surprises. Before the trip, my German vocabulary had been largely limited to certain words and phrases I associated with Nazism: *ja voll*; *Führer*; *achtung*; *Anschluss* (of Austria), etc. On the trip, I found out that these expressions had quite benign meanings. *Ja voll* is something a waitress could say to you to show that she had understood your order. *Führer*, which simply means *leader*, is widely used in many situations. (For example, a *Reiseführer* is a *tour guide*.) I had thought *Anschluss* meant *invasion* or *annexation*, but learned that it simply means *connection*—a good example of the euphemisms the Nazis used. Every time I was on a German train that was about to pull into a station, I got to hear the conductor announce each *Anschluss* that was available from that station.

On the Lufthansa flight home from Munich to San Francisco, I sat next to an Italian-American who was returning from Italy with his wife and kids. He proudly told me of visiting his big extended family in Italy, and getting to show his kids something of their heritage and culture. It struck me that I had been on a similar kind of trip. Yet I realized with deep sadness how different my trip had been from his. I have no extended family in Germany; all left or were murdered. I can walk the streets and see the sights that they did, but their communities and way of life were brutally and suddenly destroyed. Neither I nor anyone else can ever return to them. I think I have never felt more profoundly the loss to the world that resulted from the Holocaust.

Like other KT2s, I have ambivalent and confusing feelings about Germany. How can I reconcile the fact that the country that perpetrated so much evil is also the country of my own ancestors? That the language of the Nazis is also my mother's native tongue? Spending time in Germany was an important step towards reconciling my conflicting feelings. Without for-

Continued on next page

Generations...Continued from Page 4

getting the pain of the past, I could see that the Holocaust is now over, that good people live in Germany, and that Jews can once again live and worship there without government persecution.

Terry Fletcher, KT2  
TGFletcher@aol.com  
Berkeley, CA

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## My Knees Were Jumping

The documentary film *My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering The Kindertransports* is being shown at many locations around the country. In most cases the filmmaker, KT2 Melissa Hacker, will be present to answer questions from the audience. She will be happy to have any of you present at the screenings join in the discussion.

Monday, November 8, 1999  
Jewish Community Center, Stamford, CT  
Phone: 203-322-7900

Tuesday, November 9, 1999  
Temple Beth El, South Bend, IN  
Phone: 219-234-4402

Saturday, November 13, 1999  
Center for Jewish Studies, 219 Karpen Hall  
University of North Carolina, Asheville, NC  
Phone: 828-251-6576

Sunday, November 21, 1999  
Long Beach Public Library, Long Beach NY  
Phone 516-432-7201

Sunday, February 20, 2000  
Florida Holocaust Museum, St. Petersburg, FL

Sunday, March 12, 2000  
Temple Beth El, West Hartford, CT  
Phone: 860-233-9891 for details

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Submissions for the *Generations* page should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 West 47<sup>th</sup> Street, Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036. Fax: 212-265-6610, e-mail: davemarc@panix.com

## Kindertransport Display

Robert Sugar has completed three panels of the Kindertransport exhibit that he is creating, and is close to the completion of six more. We are in need of a committee to help make decisions on how to set up and exhibit the panels, how much to charge for an exhibition, publicity, crating and shipping, insurance for the panels.

If anyone has expertise in these areas, please help us by joining the committee. Contact the KTA office by mail, or e-mail: margkurt@aol.com to volunteer. We are particularly hoping that some of our second generation members who are more up-to-date in these things will help. The panels are too good to languish for lack of know-how!

## Hitler And Me: Lights! Camera! Action!

In the summer of 1933, when I was ten years old, and in August 1937, when I was fourteen, I had brief encounters with the two top leaders of the Nazi regime: Hitler and Göring.

Through most of the 1920's—until his dismissal by Dr. Goebbels in the fall of 1933—my father, Dr. Paul Kuttner, was the doctor-in-residence at the world-famous UFA movie studios in Neubabelsberg outside Berlin. I often visited him there as a child during my school vacations and met a few of the stars, like Emil Jannings, Heinz Ruhmann, Conrad Veidt, Hans Albers, Willy Frisch, Lilian Harvey, etc.

One day, in June or July 1933, while I was watching an indoor scene being shot with actress Marianne Hoppe, a thunderous banging of fists on the huge sliding steel doors outside completely destroyed the shooting of the scene. Director and performers cursed the person responsible for this calamity since a flashing red light outside each studio building always indicated that a scene was being shot indoors.

A stagehand opened the doors and a second later about two dozen of the tallest SS men came storming into the studio, and formed a gangway by facing each other, arms akimbo, and joining arms. Even at this early stage of the Nazi regime the SS was feared by everybody. The angry muttering inside the studio had died down completely as everybody, puzzled and frightened, stared at the blinding sunlit summer scene outside. Within seconds the mystery of the disturbance was solved. A smiling Adolf Hitler, in a light-colored raincoat, came sauntering into the studio and the movie director rushed forward to welcome him.

I was scared out of my wits and looked for my father in order to join him. I saw him standing behind one of the SS bodyguards (*Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler*) on the other side of the free passage prepared for Hitler. Unthinking and immature, I ducked under the joined arms of two of the SS men and raced across the "corridor" provided by the black-uniformed giants for their *Führer*.

What I had not bargained for were the innumerable movie-camera cables snaking across the floor. Halfway across the free path made for Hitler I tripped over one of these cables and fell flat on my face in my Tyrolean leather outfit, about five yards from the Nazi dictator. Realizing that the movie cameras were focusing on him, he took this golden opportunity to rush forward and help me off the floor. I rose and apologized. Hitler, conscious of the propaganda value of showing the world how much he liked children, stooped to hug me for a second, asking if I was hurt. This gave me a chance to explain that I was okay and only visiting my father. Straightening up, he patted my cheek and went on his way to meet the movie crew.

This scene, of course, was shown in cinemas throughout Nazi Germany and made my life, thereafter, very much easier for me in the school I attended, Berlin's Bismarck Gymnasium.

Paul Kuttner  
Jackson Heights, NY

Look for the story of Paul Kuttner's encounter with Herman Göring in the next issue of *The Kinder-Link*.

## Local News

### Florida

It was so nice visiting with so many Florida *Kinder* in London! Everyone was enjoying the reunion, we have so much to talk about when we get together this Fall. For those of you who were unable to come we plan on reporting on *everything* at our Chanukah get together.

Since you have requested a showing of *My Knees Were Jumping* at the last luncheon, we are planning to show it. We have rented a large room in the South County Civic Center, Boca Raton, on November 12, 1999. As it is the week of Kristallnacht we thought it appropriate to have a candle lighting and perhaps a rabbi say a few words. We expect a number of *Kinder* will speak about their experiences and we will have a question and answer session following the movie. We haven't completed all our plans, but we wanted to advise you so that you save the date.

Rachel Schram has been kind enough to offer to do the publicity. We hope to reach many people in the community, who may not have heard of us before.

Our Chanukah party will be December 12. We plan to exchange gifts again, light the menorah, and sing. We sounded pretty good last year but let's practice up so we can be in even better voice this year. If there is anyone who plays a guitar, please let me know or perhaps we can rent a piano; it would be nice to have some musical accompaniment.

Walter Friedman and his Good and Welfare Committee is ready. If you have any news on that front please contact him.

A newsletter with all the details on the above will be sent in late September. Looking forward to seeing all of you very soon. Be well!

Anita Hoffer

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### Pennsylvania

Philadelphia Group Meeting, August 22

The weather was perfect, the food was delicious, and above all, the company was congenial. The idea was to gather the *Kinder* in this area who had attended the London Reunion while all of us were still glowing in the euphoria of pleasant memories.

Eight couples came to the "covered dish" picnic which took place in the Foxes large garden. The guests brought their photographs and mementos of the trip and shared experiences and adventures. Every one agreed that the reunion was a great success, well planned and organized; the event will stand out in everyone's memory. Many of us had their own reunions with old friends, surprise meetings with people from their past, or made new friends. Everyone agreed that the speakers were very moving and the workshops were interesting and well attended. There was ample praise for the closing concert which contained music for every taste.

Those of us who visited Stephen Smith's Beth Shalom Holocaust Memorial Centre had a very touching experience. Not only were we greeted with love and affection, but the museum, set in the countryside of rural England, proved to be a small replica of the much more extensive Holocaust Museum in Washington. However limited, it represents a personal ex-

pression of the brutality people suffered, and the determination to teach others about the horrors. I understand that many British school children pass through the exhibit and the beautiful gardens in the course of the school year.

Most of the American *Kinder* continued their journey from London to other parts of Europe. Many went back to their birthplace, often for the first time since leaving home, or they visited relatives they had not seen for a number of years.

Two of our area KTA members retraced their footsteps to the place of their evacuation and made contact with the children of their foster parents. In talking to other *Kinder*, I realized that there are quite a few who continue to be in touch with the families who gave them a home. They are eager to show their appreciation and gratitude for the hospitality they received during the war years. In many cases they invite their former families or their descendants to visit them in America. At least one foster brother (Ralph Samuel's) attended the Reunion, apart from Lord Attenborough who spoke so movingly about his extended family. As we grow older and our own children are maturing, we recognize the sacrifices our British hosts made in taking in total strangers for an unspecified duration, at a time when life was hard enough for the population.

The *Kinder* who met at our picnic are anxious to get together again, to continue to exchange experiences, past and present, in an atmosphere of friendship and understanding. It was decided to have a Chanukah celebration and viewing of the reunion tape on December 5<sup>th</sup>. For information, contact Anne Fox or Eva Abraham-Podietz.

Anne L. Fox  
Eva Abraham-Podietz

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### Denver

Member Henry Lowenstein was twice featured in the *Denver Rocky Mountain News* during this past year. In March he was one of the people interviewed about their Holocaust experiences for a major article titled "Children of the Holocaust" which ran in conjunction with the showing of the exhibit "Remember the Children: Daniel's Story" at the Denver Museum of Natural History.

In July, an article written by Lowenstein and his wife Deborah appeared in the same paper. The article is an account of the London reunion. In it, he describes the reunion, the dedication of the plaque in the House of Commons, and a brief personal history. Among those he met in London was his old friend and roommate Robert Kirk, with whom he had lost contact in 1947. The article ended with these heartfelt words: "Professors, business men, politicians, writers, artists, homemakers—so many distinguished careers, so many contributions to the world, all made possible by the help of concerned people who had saved us 60 years ago.

It brought home a strong message: every time we learn of the victims of ethnic cleansing, massacres and racial terrorism in any part of the world, we must remember that those who die so needlessly are lost to humanity—forever.

What might they have accomplished had they lived?"





## Search

**Peter Langford (Laufer)** would like to hear from any of the Austrian and German Jewish refugee children who in 1939/1940 lived in a hostel in Linslade (England) called "The Laundry." Their names were: **Ernst Caspari, Bernhard Goldman, Franz Oppenheimer, Bruno Berger, Wolfgang Zernik, Hannah Hirsch, and Marion Frischauer.** Please contact Peter at:

75 Quickswood  
London NW3 3RT, England

Or by e-mail to David Lewin: davidlewin@bigfoot.com

**Inge Franken** is looking for anyone who lived at the **Judische Kinderheim** at 92 FehrBellinerstrasse in Berlin, or who has any information about it. Please write to her at:

Gorresstrasse 25  
D12161 Berlin Germany

My father and his sister, **Felix (Ephraim) Rosenzweig** and **Ruth Wang (Rosenzweig)**, traveled on the Kindertransport of April 19, 1939 from Berlin. They were sponsored by a **Mr. Horowitz**. (My grandmother always thought that this Mr. Horowitz was a woman because of his beautiful penmanship.) After Mr. Horowitz suffered a fatal heart attack at a Kindertransport committee meeting, my aunt was sent to a wonderful family and my father was sent to a hostel, Sherrords.

Does anyone know anything about Mr. Horowitz? All we know is that he sponsored many children. Please address any responses to:

Toby Allenstein  
P.O.B. 23601  
Jerusalem, Israel 91236  
Phone: 02-586-8762  
Email: shalomal@netvision.net.il

I wish to contact **Ruth Marx** or **Marks** from Germany who stayed with the **Isaac** family in Erdington, Birmingham, England between 1938 and 1944. She married a Canadian and went to Canada. Please contact:

Richard Isaac  
75 Moorbell Street  
Tarragindi, Brisbane  
Australia  
Phone: 61 7 3397 4225, Fax: 61 384 78911  
Email: bibiaust@eisa.net.au

**Erika Aronstam (Meyer)** is looking for anyone of the ten children who came on a transport directly to the U.S. in June of 1938. She was taken in by a family in Fort Worth, TX, and one boy went to St. Louis. If you have any information, please contact her at:

1170 Ocean Parkway  
Brooklyn, NY 11230  
Telephone: 718-252-2587

I am a nurse researcher focusing on nurses in the Holocaust. I am interested in nurses who were involved in resistance efforts, particularly those who helped children, for example, during the Kindertransports. I would welcome the opportunity to speak with and possibly interview survivors with any memories of nurses. Some nurses may have been with organizations such as the Red Cross, others may have been involved individually. Please contact:

Susan Bakewell-Sachs, PhD, RN, CS  
School of Nursing, The College of New Jersey  
PO Box 7718  
Ewing, NJ 08628-0718  
Telephone: 609-771-2858  
e-mail: sbakewel@tcnj.edu

### HIAS Location Service

If your search through KTA and RoK has failed to bring results, and if you are looking for someone with whom you have lost contact, HIAS can conduct a search in the U.S. and abroad. They will need some basic information about the person you are seeking, such as first and last name, birth date and birthplace, country of emigration, and when last contact occurred. The fee is \$25 per search. To request information write to:

HIAS Location Service  
333 Seventh Avenue  
New York, NY 10001  
Telephone: 212-613-1409

### Charitable Contributions

Thanks to our many generous members the KTA Charitable Fund was able to make contributions to the following organizations: \$2,000 to Blue Card which helps older refugees; \$1,000 to Camp Simcha, a camp for children with cancer; \$500 to Project Hope—Child Survival Program which provides health care, training for local people, and supports disease control in poor countries.

If you have any ideas for organizations to which we should contribute, please send your ideas along with explanatory material to the KTA office. Mark your envelope "Charitable Fund."

### Reunion Video

Video tapes of the London Reunion are available. The cost of this excellent two hour tape, including postage from the U.K., is \$35. Kurt Fuchel is forwarding the money to London to save Bertha the trouble of dealing with many individual checks. If you would like to have a tape, send your check to:

Kurt Fuchel  
52 North Suffolk Drive  
Rocky Point, NY 11778

### To Our Members

Our members are so quick to pay  
It's rewarding being treasurer of KTA!  
Thanks to all who wrote a kind note  
Members of KTA you get my vote!

Helga Newman

## Donations To The KTA Charitable Fund As Of 9/1/99

Our thanks to the following members for their generosity in donating to the KTA Charitable Fund: Benjamin Abeles, Rella Adler, Gerta Ambrozek, Jan Aronson, Hanni Baum, Peter Baumgarten, Erwin Bendorf, Anne Berkovitz, Guy Bishop, Ellen Bottner, Candice Bradley, Sidney Bratt, Walter Brian, Lisa Brinner, Irene Jacoby Buchner, Eva Burger, Arno Cahn, Ilse Camis, Robert Camis, Susan F. Camis, Walter Clifton, Lottie Cohen, Theresa Cohen, Alfred Cotton, Gabrielle D'Amato, Erich Davids, Julie Debevoise, Otto Decker, Hannah Deutch, Leslie Diamond, Margit A. Diamond, Lise Donovan, Else Dreels, Herta Drucker, Vera Ericson, Erika E. Estes, Liese Fischer, Ellen Fletcher, Erwin Fluss, Anne Fox, Helga Fox, Ingrid Frank, Michelle Freiler, Edgar Frenkel, Lothar Frenkel, Elfi Frohlich, Ginna Frommer, Jennifer Fuchel, Kurt Fuchel, Margaret Furst, Laura Gabriel, Ilse and Peter Garfunkel, Joseph Garten, Gabriele Gatzert, Ann Gelles, Ellen Gerber, Marianne Gilbertie, Margot Giloni, Rita Glanz, Paul Glasner, Joanne Goldberg, Margot Goldberg, Kurt and Margarete Goldberger, Rita Goldman, Rita Goldshmid, Susan Goldsmith, Ernest Goodman, Erica Goodseit, Adina Gordon, Alexander Gordon, Anita Grosz, Hanus Grosz, Gale Halpern, Ben Hamilton, Margot Hanau, Ruth Hanauer, Diane Harab, Ora Hartwick, Ruth Heiman, Manfred Hein, Jack Hellman, Greta Herz, Inga Hirschfield, Anita Hoffer, Marion House, Lore Jacobs, Peter Jacobs, Fred Jentes, Erica Jesselson, Eric Jungermann, Margaret Kahn, Henry Kandler M.D., Bernice Karg, Thea Katz, Marianne Kaufmann, Max Kaufmann, Anne Kelemen, Gertrud Kissiloff, Lisa Klein, Walter Klein, Ruth Knox, Ilse Kohn, Susan Kohn, Donald Kollisch, Eva Kollisch, Peter Kollisch, Stephen T. Kollisch, Manfred Korman, Lottie Kornfeld, Ilse Koven, Edith Kraemer, Liesel Krehan, Paul Kuttner, Raoul Landman, John Lang, Lucy Lang, Dr. Charles Levenback, Hedi Levenback, Eva Lewin, David Lewinski, J. Nina Lieberman, Ilse Lindermeyer, Manfred Lindenbaum, Charlotte Litwin, Emmy and Harry Loeb, Rudi Lowenstein, Bertel Lubetsky, Clare Mahler, Julie Marks, Ruth Marks, Walter Marx, Nelly McBurnie, Ilse Melamid, Anna Meyer, Tamara Meyer, Ursula Meyer, Ursula Meyer, Edith Milton, Ralph Mollerick, Eva E. Moszer, Dorit Nash, Helga Newman, John Obermeyer, Charles Ohlenberg, Mimi Alice Ormond, Ruth Ottenheimer, Arno Penzias, Susan Perl, Trude Plack, Peter Plessner, Maggie Prost, Martin Radley, Ruth Rauch, Irene Rehbock, Peter Reiche, Victor Reichenstein, Helga Relation, Frederick Rolf, Bert Romberg, Frances Rose, Lore Rosen, Denise Rosenberg, Lillyan Rosenberg, Erica Rosenthal, Laura Rosenthal, Manfred Rosenthal, Ruth Rosenthal, Anne Lisa Rotenberg, Joseph Ruskin, Erika Rybeck, Ruth Sadovnik, Ralph Samuel, Rosa Scheck, Henry Schmeltzer, Elizabeth L. Schmitz, Erika Schoenfeld, Lore Schore, Susan Schreiber, Ruth Schwartz, Helga Schweitzer, Henry Seaman, Heinz Seckel, Ruth Segal, Eric Seif, Regina Selig, Elizabeth Shamir, Helga Shepard, R. Gabriele Siltan, Rita Singer, Renee Solomon, Lottie Spaeth, Esther Starobin, Tommy Strauss, Gerald Subak-Sharpe, Eva and Robert Suchmann, Ruth H. Terner, Ruth Ultmann, Susanne Van Dyne, Susan Vogelstein, Ruth Wachtenheim, Sigi Wassermann, Martin Weinberger, Ernest Weinman, Hans Weinmann, Anita Weisbord, Alice Winkler, Ilse Wischnia, Eva Yachnes, Gunther Zernick, Hannah Zwang.

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**36 Dean Street**  
**Hicksville, NY, 11801**



MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/99  
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**Visit our web site: [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)**

# THE KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Winter/2000

Volume 10/Number 1

## A Mirrored Image

Reading *The Kinder-Link* is like retrieving the stages of one's own life. The wrench of leaving parents and family one would never see again still pulls at one's soul after sixty long years. And the act of returning to the place of childhood and youth at some point, stirs up the cauldron deep within.

When I read Terry Fletcher's article about traveling back to Berlin with her mother, a *Kind*, I detected a mirror image. There, a daughter recounts impressions and experiences, her mother's and hers. Here, I muse about the trip my daughter and I took back to Vienna, my hometown, after fifty-five long years. Certainly being able to walk through the city with head held high, and looking into the faces of passersby without fear, brings satisfaction. But does it bring forgiveness? Peace?

Like Terry, who loved Berlin, my daughter Heidi unconditionally fell in love with Vienna. The glittering shops, wonderful food, pastry-laden cafes, music, and ambiance were fascinating for a young woman from middle-class United States suburbia.

I entered into the spirit and smiled. Together we admired towering palaces and gilt-encrusted imperial salons. But in my mind's eye I saw sinister courtyards and streets where darkness and treason held court, day and night. Memories of persecution, degradation, and pain—inflicted with utmost glee—were still powerful after more than half a century.

We did take time out from playing tourist to pursue the past. My daughter is not ignorant of the events of my youth, but learning and hearing about it can never take the place of having been there. Who can describe the anguish of looking down from the train window and seeing Mama and Papa with tears in their eyes? Papa, whom I had never seen cry before! That picture is etched into my soul for evermore.

We stood in front of the house where I was born and grew up. All around us street-cars clanged and people rushed about their daily business. I had envisioned a visit to the old hole to be flooded with sadness and memories. The numbness I felt was unexpected.

For hours we wandered around the Jewish section of Vienna's vast *Zentralfriedhof* (Central Cemetery). We finally found the grave where my father had been hurriedly buried in 1941. Using a knife and sharp stones, we cut the overgrowth to reveal a tiny wooden tablet, its wording long since gone. The stillness and loneliness were overwhelming. Simply, there was no one left to visit this place.

Back in the States, the past and the present curiously mingle. I gaze at today's young teens, their bright spirits and laughter echoing today's carefree style. Life revolves around school, the mall, a job, perhaps, and ever present "in" clothing fads. What were we like as teens, living under Nazi rule? We were silent. We were invisible. Wearing mother's downsized

skirts in blacks and browns. Eyes cast down when out in the streets. No jewelry, or even a bow in your hair. Nothing to attract attention. The mousier you looked, the more likely you were to return safely to your home.

School was forbidden. Parks, museums, swimming pools were forbidden. And, how we missed the, then, super treat of a young teenager's life: the movies! All forbidden. But uppermost in my memory are the benches on the Ringstrasse with their signs: "It is forbidden for Jews to sit here." My father, who had a bad heart, was forbidden to sit here for a few moments to catch his breath.

I really appreciate receiving *The Kinder-Link*. It keeps me in touch with others, whose young lives were forever changed. Many of us, who were allowed to escape, now have sons and daughters to carry on family lines once marked for eternal extinction. In a curious twist of fate, my younger son worked in Vienna during the mid-nineties, and there his little daughter Katie was born. Now, three years old, Katie continues the long line of my Viennese ancestors. She may never learn to speak the language of the country of her birth, but she is forever linked to the memory of her great-grandmother, shot by a Nazi firing squad in 1941.

Frances Nunnally  
Richmond, VA

## Tracing The *Kinder*

The October, 1999 issue of the AJR (Britain's Association of Jewish Refugees) newsletter carried a story about Hugh Levinson's efforts to trace the stories of a group of *Kinder* who had made a BBC radio broadcast from Dovercourt in 1939. He had been commissioned to produce a program for Radio 4, to be presented by Dr. David Cesarani of the Wiener Library. The only clues to their identities were their first names: Brigitte, Henrietta, Käthe, Lothar, Marianne, and Irene, and their former hometowns.

One identity was known already. Lothar is now Leslie Brent, a professor of immunology. Marianne had played the piano accompaniment to her brother's violin playing on the 1939 program. Now Marion Hess, she was found through the KTA to be living in Seattle.

The others were harder to locate. Advertisements were placed in publications all over the world. In the meantime Dr. Cesarani interviewed the two *Kinder* who had been found, as well as other *Kinder*, for the broadcast.

Only at the last moment the former Brigitte, now Gitta Rossi-Zalmans of South Africa was found through a notice at our London Reunion. The whereabouts of Henrietta, Käthe, and Irene are still not known.

## Opinion

### Restitution

The year 1999 was full of newspaper stories about restitution. There were the suddenly found Swiss bank accounts, the suddenly found insurance policies, the "unclaimed" Austrian Postal Bank accounts, and finally, in the last months of the year, the stories about proposed restitution for the survivors of slave labor in German factories. If one didn't know better, one might almost believe that the nations of Europe had found their conscience, at least in regard to the Jewish former victims of Nazi terror.

Of course we know better. This was not a case of conscience. Behind all of these stories were years of efforts by the former victims, their families, and many, many organizations. And even now, these matters have not all been settled.

While the parties haggle over amounts to be paid, and to whom the payments are to go, the ones who should benefit, those who suffered at the hands of the Nazis, are growing old and dying. How many have already died, often in need of the comforts that the disputed money could have provided? How many are even now in need?

Rather than having found their conscience, one wonders if the negotiators are not merely dragging the proceedings out until there is hardly anyone left to get the benefits. One also has to wonder at some of the Jewish organizations who are asking that part of the restitution money be given to them, rather than have all of it go to the victims. They may have the best intentions for any funds that they get, but is that the right thing to do with this money? Everyone seems to agree that no amount of money can compensate for the suffering endured under the Nazis, but does that mean that less money should go to the survivors? It would seem to me that the remaining survivors should get the funds—if they have the means, let them decide to make what contributions they wish to the organizations of their choice.

Let's support the efforts of the Federation of Jewish Child Holocaust Survivors, to which umbrella group the KTA belongs,

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

•••  
Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

•••  
Kurt Goldberger, President  
Anita Weisbord, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Ruth Hanauer, Recording Secretary  
Ellen Bottner, Corresponding Secretary  
Robert Sugar, Member-at-Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President, KT2  
Tamara Meyer, Member-at-Large, KT2  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor  
David Marc Fischer, Generations Editor

•••  
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longs, to have the cases settled quickly, and to have *all* of the restitution money go to the survivors. If you would like to know how to best direct your actions, contact the federation by e-mail at: fedjchsh@juno.com or write to P.O. Box 741, Conshohocken, PA 19428.

Eva Yachnes

## Information

The Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany has issued a booklet full of useful information for Holocaust survivors having a claim against the German, Austrian, or other European governments. In the booklet, *Guide to Compensation and Restitution for Holocaust Survivors*, the authors have collected all the information available at the time of writing.

There are sections on insurance policies, restitution for stolen real estate, compensation payments from governments, compensation for former slave laborers, and other funds that are now available or under negotiation.

Among the kinds of information in this booklet are addresses of relevant organizations and government bodies, and advice on United States tax regulations in regard to this kind of payment.

To get a copy of the booklet, write to:

Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany  
15 East 26<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York, NY 10010  
Telephone: 212-696-4944  
Fax: 212-679-2126  
E-mail: info@claimscon.org  
Internet site: <http://www.claimscon.org>

• • • •

### German Lawyer

We have received a recommendation from *Kind Guy* Bishop for a German lawyer:

Dr. Stephan Friedländer  
Sredzkistrasse 47  
10435 Berlin  
Germany

Mr. Bishop writes that through perseverance, ingenuity, and the highest professional skills Dr. Friedländer succeeded in a very complicated case where several other lawyers had failed.

### Ilse Fischer

We are saddened to report that *Kind* Ilse Fischer died on October 8, 1999 at her home in Brooklyn, NY. A native of Stuttgart, Germany, Mrs. Fischer had been incapacitated for some time by a series of strokes and cancer.

Surviving are her husband of fifty-two years, Peter Fischer, her daughter Robin, and a granddaughter Laurelle.

### Correction

In the last issue, we carried a search request from Toby Allenstein seeking information about a **Mr. Horowitz** who sponsored many children on the Kindertransports, including Toby's father, **Felix Rosenzweig**, and aunt, **Ruth Wang (Rosenzweig)**.

We would like to correct the name of the hostel where Felix Rosenzweig stayed. It was Sherrards, not Sharrords and it was near Welwyn in Hertfordshire. If you have any information, please write to Toby Allenstein: P.O.B. 23601, Jerusalem, Israel, 91236 or Phone: 02-586-8762, e-mail address: shalomal@netvision.net.il



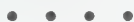
## Letters To The Editor

I have received your latest newsletter and was very moved by the nice write up you so kindly gave our Reunion and me personally. Of course a successful event can only happen if the many participants do their best and you certainly came up trumps with your large contingent and happy people. It was all over too soon but will never be forgotten. Hopefully, many of you feel the same as we did and the book and video will be a lasting reminder.

Please remember that I will be happy for anyone from your continent to ring me up and visit when in London. Just because I am retiring does not mean I will not be your friend in the future. The wonderful letters so many of you wrote will be treasured always. Inge too sends her love and best wishes. I saw her recently during Suckat and the Israeli *Kinder* made us a wonderful party and presented me with a framed certificate for 100 trees. So, with that on top of the sideboard, your wonderful ornament on one side and the great silver bowl from the British *Kinder* on the other side, not forgetting the book, video, stack of letters, and small personal mementos, I feel privileged to possess so many friends worldwide.

Lets keep in touch.

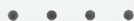
Bertha Leverton  
London, England



This is to let you know that I liked your "Opinion" piece in the latest newsletter. I have thought along those lines for quite a while now. So, I think your idea of moving on is a very good one. In fact, I would like to see us move on even further. We have some specialized problems of the older years—namely no other family or relatives than the family we have created ourselves. I find this especially acute—where are the cousins, aunts, and uncles, extended families etc. that ordinary Americans have? And of course, our children in most cases did not have grandparents.

Perhaps these items could be considered for the next meeting which might occur next year. I realize that these are again rather negative topics, as opposed to the positive ones you suggest in your column. So, perhaps we could deal with both.

Kate Lesser  
Seattle, WA



## We'd Love To Hear From You!

Letters and articles for *The Kinder-Link* can be sent to the KTA office, or directly to the editor: Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Apt. 6E, Bronx, NY 10467. You can also e-mail to [kinderlink@aol.com](mailto:kinderlink@aol.com)



## Book Talk

*Operation Pedro Pan—The Untold Exodus of 14,048 Cuban Children* by Yvonne M. Conde (Routledge, New York & London, 1999) is an in-depth account of a period in history within our own life times, that must strike a chord within the hearts of all who were on the Kindertransports. Yet again, in the history of man, notorious national politics caused the uprooting of the innocents, namely those countries' children. (The uprooting, sad to say, is still going on in different parts of the world.) In her prologue, Yvonne spells it out:

"We have witnessed several exoduses of children," she writes, "in the 20<sup>th</sup> century alone." For instance, she notes the flight of 20,000 Basque refugee children from the Spanish Civil War of 1936-1939, later to be dubbed the "Guernica Generation." The 1938-1939 Kindertransports came next, with its not quite 10,000 mostly Jewish children, of whom as you well know, some 9,000 were left orphaned after the Holocaust. Early in W.W.II, Yvonne reminds us, 5,000 British children were evacuated to the United States. Incredibly, during the Greek Civil War of 1944-1949, "more than 28,000 Greek children were forcibly taken away from their parents to live in camps throughout the Communist bloc," according to the author. She notes that the only such exodus by children in the Western Hemisphere occurred during the early 1960's, "a cautious trickling out of Cuba, on commercial planes, on a daily basis" of 14,048 children to the United States, later known as Operation Pedro Pan. What happened to these children, then and now, is the basis of the book. "I was one of [them]," the author explains.

This remarkably scholarly work, based on several interviews, laced with a thorough knowledge of history, and backed up with revealing photographs, reads like a spellbinding novel. We, the *Kinder*, have much in common, though there are notable differences as well. Yvonne Conde's book should be on all our shelves.

Olga Drucker  
Sewells Point, FL

## Experts Wanted

We are still in need of anyone who can help us make the best use of the wonderful Kindertransport panels that Robert Sugar is creating. These panels should play a major part in our efforts to publicize the history of the Kindertransports and will be a very effective teaching tool.

If you have any contacts with museums or similar venues, or if you can advise us about how to approach these people, and perhaps how to set prices for exhibition rights, please contact the KTA office. We also would like someone to help us with publicity for the panels once they are ready to be shown.

The Kindertransport panels can only fulfill their potential if we can get them out to the public. We know how effective they can be from our past experience with the smaller panel that Robert made for the first American staging of the play *Kindertransport*.

## Generations

### One Gift At A Time

She was waiting for us.

The familiar smell of mothballs wafted into the hallway as Dr. Ilsa Goldberg (nee Frank) unlocked the door and pulled it back slowly. Dad and I passed through the narrow lobby and entered her apartment. Everything was where it had always been: the pad of green-lined paper filled with checklists, the rickety stand on which she places her books, the old record player on which she plays the works of her beloved German composers, the stately chair beside the table where she conducts her life's business. Pictures lay sprinkled on the table and above the television: a 1903 shot of her as an infant with her parents in Mannheim, a 1931 photo of her and my great-uncle Eric on their honeymoon in the Swiss Alps, a 1960s photo of her and Eric at a colleague's wedding in Harlem.

"Sit down. Sit down," Ilsa said, ushering us to the two chairs next to the dining room table.

"I am so worried about her," Dad whispered to me as we watched her walk, rocking from side to side like a giant egg about to tip over and break. Her hair lacked its traditional dyed-brown color, and a sauce stain that had dried on her blue-and-white checked dress rested above her right breast like a brooch. Dad had told me that she hadn't left the apartment much since her fall in July.

But soon it was time to go outside. Ilsa took Dad's left arm after the elevator brought us to the first floor. They wobbled back and forth like a pair of tortoises from the Galapagos Islands. Dad, slightly stooped and totally grey, looked strangely like a father walking his daughter down the aisle. Ilsa stepped off the curb with indescribable effort and swiveled into the station wagon's backseat, her tights sliding down below her knees.

We closed the door and started driving.

"Where are we going? Not that I want to pay," she croaked, a wry smile crossing her face.

"WE'RE GOING TO LONDON LENNIE'S." Dad's response to Ilsa's hearing loss was to shout slowly at her like he had done with his father, who had gone deaf after his service in the German army during World War I.

"What?" Ilsa asked.

"LONDON LENNIE'S. WHERE WE WENT BEFORE."

"Good."

We arrived at the restaurant and sat at the table nearest the front door. She sat like a great horned owl, silent and unblinking, her blue eyes glowing with pleasure at being part of the outing. I smiled at her.

"You look like Jesus Christ," she said, pointing to my goatee.

"Thank you," I answered.

"My niece's daughter has a new connection." By "connection" she meant a romantic relationship. "He is a police captain." She paused. "And he is Irish."

"You must be very proud," I replied.

"Ach, terrible," she said, shaking her head in disgust. "Terrible."

We finished the meal and drove back to her building. "Be careful where you are going or we will end up in the ocean," she told Dad, who was behind the wheel. I gave her my arm after she got out of the car, and we inched down the thirty yards of sidewalk that stretched in front of us. She stopped six times.

"This is like a marathon," she said, breathing heavily after her third stop.

"I know, Ilsa. You're doing great."

We entered the lobby and rested on a smooth marble bench. Ilsa, Dad, and I sat next to each other, our images reflected back at us from a mirror across the room. I looked at the three of us—in our 30s, 60s, and 90s—and thought about the roads we had each taken to be with each other, about the family ties that bind us, and about the differences in historic circumstances and personal journeys that, at times, form enormous barriers between us.

Ilsa motioned toward the elevator with her cane. We made our way to her apartment, and sat down again at the dining room table.

"These are for you," she said, pointing to the bag on the table. I smiled, peered inside, and saw the carefully wrapped presents. I have visited Ilsa often in the thirteen years since my college graduation: gifts have greeted me every time.

Dad was four when he left Germany in May 1939. During my childhood, his silence about that time left me hungry to know more. I have visited Ilsa, who hosted my father after his arrival in the United States, to find out what I did not know.

For years I labored to have Ilsa give me "the complete family history," bringing video cameras, tape recorders, and lengthy lists of chronological questions to accomplish my goal. Only after a decade of frustrations did I realize that I would never get "the story" from her because there was not one but many stories. After my disappointment passed, I began to understand that Ilsa had actually been doling out her stories one gift at a time—here a series of letters about worsening conditions in Nazi Germany, there a pair of my uncle's suspenders inscribed with his college fraternity's motto.

Always dated and inscribed, these items have rewarded me for visiting, given me an incentive to return, and allowed me to weave a tapestry of our family's pre-war German existence that, though inevitably incomplete, is in many ways richer and fuller than her answers to my earlier questions about Weimar Germany.

This time I got a book about Judaism, but Dad received a pair of German binoculars that Eric's father had used.

"You can use them in your place in Rockport," she told him, referring to Dad's newly purchased home on Boston's North Shore.

"THANK YOU. THANK YOU VERY MUCH. WE WILL PUT IT NEXT TO THE LAMP THAT YOU GAVE US."

"What?"

"WE WILL PUT IT NEXT TO THE LAMP."

"Good." I couldn't tell if she understood what he said or if she simply wanted to end the interaction. We prepared to leave.

"Thanks a million, Ed," she said, as he bent over her to hug and kiss her goodbye. "Thanks, Jeffrey."

"I love you, Ilsa," I told her as I kissed her weathered face. She smiled and waved goodbye to us from her chair. We walked out into the hallway and let the door shut behind us, unsure if we would see her alive again. I lingered for a minute, waiting for her to lock the door and officially end the visit. Silence.

Dad and I looked at each other, walked down the stairs, and began our drive home.

Jeff Lowenstein  
Boston, MA

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## Calendar For My Knees Were Jumping

Screenings of Melissa Hacker's Kindertransport documentary will take place at the following locations:

Sunday, February 13, 2000  
Wexner Center for the Arts  
Ohio State University  
Columbus, OH

Thursday, February 17, 2000  
Altoona Federation of Jewish Philanthropies  
Altoona, PA

Sunday, February 20, 2000  
Florida Holocaust Museum  
55 Fifth Street South  
St. Petersburg, FL

Sunday, March 12, 2000  
Temple Beth El  
West Hartford, CT  
Call 860-233-9891 for details  
Filmmaker will be present

Monday, May 1, 7:00pm  
Suffolk JCC,  
74 Hauppauge Road  
Commack, NY  
Call 516-462-9800 for details  
Filmmaker will be present

Melissa can be contacted at 116 West 14<sup>th</sup> Street, Apt. 6S,  
New York, NY 10011. Phone/Fax: 212-255-5081, e-mail:  
kinderfilm@earthlink.net, web site:  
<http://home.earthlink.net/~kinderfilm> or

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Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47 St., Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036.  
Phone/Fax: 212-265-6610, e-mail: davemarc@panix.com

## Kind Wins Award

Israeli *Kind* Werner Loyal, member of the B'nai B'rith World Center's International Board of Governors, was among those winning the prestigious Worthy of Jerusalem award.

Loyal, a native of Bamberg, Germany, was on a Kindertransport in 1939. He eventually joined his parents in Ecuador

where he worked at an import-export firm, and later at the office of the United States military attaché. He also served as Time Magazine's Quito reporter. In 1954 he moved to the United States and served in the US Army in Panama.

After his army discharge, Loyal joined the Israeli foreign service serving in Israel's UN delegation and the economic department of Israel's Consulate General. During the next years, he served in various positions for the Israeli Foreign Ministry, including Israel's first embassy in Central America.

Upon leaving the Foreign Service, Loyal emigrated to Israel, where he founded that nation's largest real estate firm and involved himself in volunteer activities. He served as chairman of the Jerusalem Branch of the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel and chairman of its housing committee.

Loyal is a founding member of the Har El reform congregation in Jerusalem, where he served as its president for fourteen years. He also won an award for his service to Reform Judaism in Israel. Among the many civic, academic, and cultural institutions he has been active in are the Rotary Club, Hebrew University, and the Israel Museum. He has served on the B'nai B'rith World Center's International Board since 1997.

## Kindertransport Memory Quilt Update

The three quilts were exhibited at the Kindertransport Reunion in London in June 1999. We were pleased that the English submitters of blocks were able to see the final product.

We are very excited about friends of ours who have obtained a grant for publishing a book on the quilts. They are currently working on the project. We plan on having each block with the text shown separately. We will let you know when the book will be available.

In November, a slide talk on the quilts was given in Southfield, Michigan. In May 2000 the three quilts will be exhibited at the Indianapolis Jewish Community Center.

Also, at the end of March, the Center plans on putting on the play *Kindertransport*. I inquired if it was all right to sell books at this event. The Center does not have a shop, but authors may display a sample book with order blanks. The sample book would go as a donation to the Center's library. You may contact the following address in early March to submit books:

Mr. Bryan M. Cahen, Director  
Cultural Arts Department  
Arthur M. Glick Jewish Community Center  
6701 Hoover Road  
Indianapolis, IN 46260  
Phone: 317-251-9467  
Fax: 317-251-9493

The Kindertransport Memory Quilt cards are still available. The cost is: One card \$1.50 plus shipping, ten cards \$15.00 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling. For cards you may contact me at 941-922-6546 until March 1, thereafter at 317-297-8061.

Kirsten Grosz  
Indianapolis, IN

## Local News

### Northern California

In July the Jewish Bulletin of Northern California printed a lengthy story covering the London Reunion. Bertha Leverton was quoted extensively as were Nor Cal KTA Co-Chairs Alfred Cotton and Ralph Samuel.

In September and October, Friends of Gus, a theater group in Santa Cruz, California, performed the play *Kindertransport* to sell-out crowds and excellent reviews in the local press. Several local KTA members, including Chapter Treasurer Margot Goldberg, and KT2s Terry Fletcher and Carole Goldberg helped the cast with background material and took part in an after-performance discussion.

On Sunday afternoon December 12, about 40 *Kinder*, KT2s, and friends attended the Nor Cal chapter meeting co-sponsored by the Holocaust Center of Northern California, at whose offices in San Francisco the meeting was held. We watched an edited version of the video made at the London Reunion. The video was much enjoyed by the *Kinder* who were in London in June, as well as those who were not there. Several KT2s met for brunch before the meeting.

Thursday, December 2 Nor Cal members Norbert Nemon and Ralph Samuel attended the California Department of Insurance examination of several insurance companies for their compliance with a new state law requiring them to supply details of policies issued in Europe during the Holocaust era. Both Nemon and Samuel were quoted in the San Francisco Examiner and were interviewed on KGO Channel 7's six o'clock news.

Ralph Samuel  
Alfred Cotton  
Co-Chairs

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### Florida

On the anniversary of *Kristallnacht* the Florida *Kinder* and the Jewish Community Relations council of South Palm Beach County joined together to bring a program to the public.

We showed the film *My Knees Were Jumping* and followed the film with a short program. Anita Hoffer, President of the Florida group, introduced the film and acted as moderator.

Following the film, Walter Friedman spoke, telling the group about how his family had some meetings with Eichmann, and that Eichmann was responsible for Walter's being on a *Kindertransport*. (Probably his only humane act at that time.) Then Olga Drucker, author of *Kindertransport*, a book written mainly for a younger audience, spoke about her experiences with German schoolchildren in regard to her book.

A short question and answer session was followed by refreshments. Prior to the evening we had much publicity in all the local papers due to the efforts of Rachel Schram and the Council's publicity person.

The hall seating 400 people was filled to capacity and we had about fifty to sixty young people sitting on the floor.

The evening has resulted in many phone calls from the community asking about the program and some new *Kinder* joining our group, who had not known that The *Kindertransport* Association existed.

The Florida group held a Chanukah celebration on December 12 at the JCC in Boca Raton, and is planning a luncheon early in 2000.

Anita Hoffer  
Delray Beach, FL

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### Good And Welfare

The Florida chapter of the KTA is embarking on a new venture, the formation of a Good and Welfare Committee to provide support to Florida *Kinder* in times of need. They have sent a questionnaire to their members, probing their current living arrangements and support systems in an attempt to find out if members might be in need of help in matters such as home or hospital visits and transportation for non-drivers. They are also trying to line up volunteers to help out in such cases. In addition, the questionnaire asks if *Kinder* would like to publicize and/or celebrate good news with others in their area.

Other KTA chapters might wish to start similar groups.

### When Göring Forgot To Say "Heil Hitler!"

Almost exactly four years after I had my involuntary encounter with Hitler, I had a strange experience with the then-*Reichs Luftfahrtsminister* Hermann Göring.

In 1937, my father, Dr. Paul Kuttner Sr. of Berlin, had a stroke which incapacitated him totally, laming his entire right side. One of his best friends, Professor Gorbandt, an Aryan and the head surgeon of the Augsburg Sanatorium in Berlin, insisted that he be a patient in his hospital until he was halfway ambulatory again. I visited him in the hospital after school almost every day that summer, becoming quite familiar with the nurses and doctors.

Feeling that it would get him preferential treatment in this non-Jewish establishment, my father insisted on wearing his Iron Cross First Class (which he had won as a German regimental doctor in Belgium in World War I) on his pajamas. Being fourteen years old, I felt terribly embarrassed by this ridiculous display.

One day, when visiting my father, I noticed a huge crowd in front of the hospital. After worming my way through the enthusiastic mob I asked the elevator operator, who always took me to the fourth floor where my father had his private room, why there were so many people on the street. Before he had a chance to answer, hordes of people behind me started shouting "Heil! Heil!" I turned around and to my astonishment saw Göring in civvies—actually a dark green hunting outfit—smilingly enter the hospital with an SS aide by his side.

The two stepped into the waiting elevator where I was speaking to the operator, and we four were on our way up. Halfway up, fate would have it that the elevator got stuck between two floors. The operator broke into a sweat and furiously manipulated the old-fashioned crank. The elevator would not budge. The SS bodyguard also became a bit unhinged, not knowing how to react since there were no visible

Continued on page 7



## Ballot 1999-2000

Election of Officers for the Kindertransport Association.  
Vote for one person for each office; write-in names are permitted:

### President

- Kurt Goldberger

### Corresponding Secretary

- Ellen Bottner

### Newsletter Editor

- Eva Yachnes

### Member at Large – Special Projects

- Robert Sugar

### Liaison with Chapters

- Anita Weisbord

### Recording Secretary

- Ruth Hanauer

Cut out and return ballot to: **KTA, 36 Dean Street, Hicksville, NY 11801**  
Please write "BALLOT" on outside of envelope.

Göring...Continued from page 6  
enemies around. Being young, I started to giggle at this odd stroke of fate. Göring turned around, becoming aware of my presence. He asked me why I was here and I told him I was visiting my father. He informed me he was visiting his sick cousin and for a minute or so we exchanged harmless pleasantries while his aide and the elevator operator were cursing each other.

Suddenly the elevator gave a deep sigh; it started to move again, and as we got off at the fourth floor, Göring steered me by the shoulders ahead of him onto the corridor on which 20-30 nurses and doctors had lined up, giving the Nazi salute, facing each other. Like a newly-wed couple we walked under this "roof" of saluting medics until I reached my father's room. Göring's cousin rested in the room next door. I told my father breathlessly what had happened and suddenly, after a half hour or so, Göring stood in the open doorway to my father's room. He knocked and entered the room, telling my shocked father what a good son he had. It was only then that he noticed the Iron Cross my father was wearing on his pajamas.

Göring broke into a grin, telling my father that this was one piece of apparel on which he had never thought of wearing a medal. He shook my father's hand, wished him a speedy recovery, and instead of saying "Heil Hitler" my father said

"Auf Wiedersehen." Göring smiled, also said "Auf Wiedersehen," shook my hand and departed.

About six years later, my father died in the Theresienstadt concentration camp in Czechoslovakia.

Paul Kuttner

## London Reunion Book And Video

Bertha Leverton still has some Reunion books and videos for sale. The book is \$20, and the video is \$35. These prices include shipping from the U.K.

In order to make it easier for Bertha, we request that you include a self-addressed mailing label with your order.

Please send your check and label to:

Kurt Fuchel  
52 North Suffolk Drive  
Rocky Point, NY 11778

## Reunion 2000

Plans are underway for a reunion of the Kindertransport Association in the autumn of this year.

Since this will be the tenth anniversary of the KTA, we hope that our members will turn out in large numbers. The details are still under discussion, but we plan to present you with a lively and interesting program.

CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL. IF YOUR DUES ARE CURRENT AS OF DECEMBER 15, 1999  
YOUR LABEL SHOULD READ "MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/00"

YOUR KTA ELECTION BALLOT IS IN THIS ISSUE.  
PLEASE VOTE!

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**KTA**  
**36 Dean Street**  
**Hicksville, NY 11801**



MEMBER YEAR ENDING 06/30/99  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD  
MILWAUKEE, WI 53211

Visit our web site: [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)

# THE KINDER KTA LINK



Spring/2000

Volume 10/Number 2

## News From Austria

I am sure that all of us, whether we originally came from Austria or not, have felt a deep concern about the political situation in Austria. When we read the rhetoric of Jörg Haider, we shudder at the echoes of the Nazi past. Our fears are well founded. There have always been those espousing views similar to Haider's; the chilling fact is that his party was able to get 27 percent of the votes in the last election. Worse still, his Freedom Party is now part of the government coalition.

Lest anyone be fooled by Haider's resignation as his party's leader, The New York Times quoted a party member as saying that this move will allow him, in his position as governor of Carinthia, "to prove his capacities as a future chancellor." Haider has shown himself to be a consummate demagogue, appealing to worker's fears about immigrants, to entrepreneurs with a free-market line, and of course to extreme right wingers with his racist and revisionist talk.

Fortunately, the world has not remained silent while this has gone on. Austria finds itself attacked and ostracized by the rest of the European community, and most heartening, many in Austria itself have demonstrated against the government.

Two of our members who have contacts in Austria have written about the present circumstance. Anita Grosz, our second generation leader who now lives in England, writes: "I was discussing the situation with an Austrian friend. My friend feels that the present situation was inevitable and has been developing for a number of years. She sees two forces which have created the situation. The dominant being that Austria was never forced to apologize for its role in World War II and was able to ignore the existence of rampant anti-Semitism. This allowed for the sentiment to continue to exist. Secondly, the administration which existed prior to the present one failed to address a growing concern for 'foreigners' in their country. This has become more and more of an issue after the 'Wall came down.' Instead of a healthy debate and acknowledgement of people's concern, the previous administration just ignored it. This made the situation ripe."

Anita goes on to write about British organizations boycotting Austria by moving conventions to other sites. Her Austrian friend feels that this tactic will get results, since tourism is such a big business in Austria.

A young Austrian film maker, Florian Flicker, in a letter to Kind Anne Kelemen wrote from his heart about current Austrian politics:

"There are daily demonstrations and the solidarity with those 'leftist terrorists' who march through the streets increases. But is this enough?

"The uncaring rhetoric and ignorance is unbelievable. But everyone knows we must not let this happen, and in no event, allow it to become a small side issue. I hope that people in the

US also learn about the active opposition, which crosses all strata of society.

"I cannot yet even imagine that this government can succeed—but even one's imagination has its limits. Worse luck! Let me reassure you that there are many here who will not tolerate it.

"And what else? No one talks about anything else."

Anne Kelemen has written to her Senators asking them to urge United States support for the Austrian opposition to the Freedom Party. While you may not feel that America should interfere with Austrian internal politics, it would surely be a good idea to let newspapers and the Austrian embassy know how we feel. We lived through racial hatred, we know the danger of Haider's demagoguery. We should speak out in any way that we can—perhaps even as an organization!

Eva Yachnes

## Information

For those of you who might have missed this item in our last issue, here is a useful resource:

A booklet, *Guide to Compensation and Restitution for Holocaust Survivors* available from the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany. It contains sections on insurance policies, stolen real estate, compensation for slave labor, and other funds that are available or under negotiation.

The information in this booklet includes the addresses of relevant organizations and government bodies, and advice on United States tax regulations in regard to this kind of payment.

Copies of the booklet are available from:

Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany  
15 East 26<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York, NY 10010  
Telephone: 212-696-4944  
Fax: 212-679-2126  
E-mail: [info@claimscon.org](mailto:info@claimscon.org)  
Internet site: <http://www.claimscon.org>

## Articles Wanted

For a tenth anniversary issue of the Kinder-Link, articles are solicited from members. We would like to hear from you about the first KTA meeting in 1990 in Fallsberg, and your reaction upon meeting your fellow *Kinder*, perhaps for the first time ever. Members of all generations are asked to write about their outlook on the future of the organization.

Also, articles from the KT2 about the history of the KT2, the present status of the KT2, and the future of the younger generations organization.

Deadline for these articles is August 1, 2000.

## Opinion

### Jailed Immigrant Children

While everyone talks about Elian Gonzales, few people realize that every year about 5,000 unaccompanied children are detained by the US Immigration and Naturalization Service while their cases are being considered. Often, these children are held in juvenile jails, along with violent young offenders.

A recent article in the Miami Herald by Jo Becker, director of Children's Rights Advocacy for Human Rights Watch in New York City, told of their plight:

Although the average length of detention is 30 days, it is not uncommon for children to be held for six months or more. Cut off from their family and community, these children may become depressed or even suicidal. Their isolation is made worse by a lack of staff with appropriate language skills. This leaves children who can't speak English unable to communicate even basic needs, or subject to discipline when they are unable to follow directions that they don't understand.

She goes on to say that the children often don't find out what their legal rights are, and that they rarely have good legal representation. Human Rights Watch investigated conditions for children detained by the INS, and found that these children are frequently denied fundamental human rights. Though international law calls for children to be jailed only as a last resort, these children are routinely detained—even when they have relatives in this country willing to take them.

An article in the February 18, 2000 New York Times describes how the United Nations assigns full-time advocates for children to its peacekeeping operations abroad. Would it not be the humane thing to have child-welfare workers assigned to the INS? Unaccompanied children without family here should be placed in foster homes and their care monitored until a final decision on their case is reached. Children with families in this country deserve to be placed with family members. Even some kind of group home would be far better than detention with violent youth.

We know what it feels like to be uprooted and alone in a new land. Most of us at least had a refugee agency looking out for our needs. Mistakes were made, not all placements were good, but we weren't jailed. Even those of us detained in England as "enemy aliens" were not thrown in with violent criminals as these children are.

Eva Yachnes

KTA

36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

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Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor  
David Marc Fischer, Generations Editor

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## Legacy

We were a regular American family,  
Working like our neighbors  
To achieve the American dream.

Our children were regular American kids,  
Boy Scouts, Little League,  
Guitar lessons and ballet.

We acted like regular American parents,  
Family vacations in the mountains,  
Birthday parties and PTA.

Yes, we were a regular American Family,  
We were convinced.  
It was our cherished image.

But now our children tell us,  
It was not so.  
They felt distinctly different from their friends.

Our anxiety at separation cramped their style.  
No trips allowed without control,  
With strict boundaries drawn.

Teachers were revered,  
Education and discipline stressed,  
Two possessions no one could take away.

Our children missed an extended family,  
Grandparents who'd comfort and support  
In times of discord or distress.

They longed for large family gatherings,  
Chanuka at Grandma's house,  
Just like their neighborhood friends.

They wished for a family tree,  
But a dark silence filled the air.  
Questions went unasked, no answers volunteered.

They feared asking would bring us pain.  
We sheltered them from the legacy of our past.  
Or so we thought.

No, we weren't a regular American family,  
So we have learned.  
It was but a cherished illusion.

Stefanie Ruskin  
Bayside, NY



## Letters To The Editor

Elian Gonzales, a little Cuban boy, was unfortunately separated from his parents and landed in a strange country, as we *Kinder* were. Strangers took him in, and are giving him all the material things he needs, and more.

As a group representing *Kinder* who lost not only their mothers but also our fathers (in most cases), we should speak out with a strong voice to have Elian reunited with his father and grandparents, without delay.

Kelly Bernard  
West Palm Beach, FL

I read with great interest Olga Drucker's "Book Talk", about the uprooting of children, including KTA, during the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

This brought back many memories to me. During the horrible year of 1939, my parents put my siblings and me on the train for our Exodus. None of us showed any emotion, not wanting to upset the others. One might say, we were prepared. Six months later, at the outbreak of the war, I was once more to be transported, with my school, when we were evacuated to Welwyn, Herts. To me this was just one more disaster during that year. However, the English children and their parents were totally unprepared. There was hysteria at (either the railway station or bus—this I do not remember). Women and children were crying, screaming, and one child even fainted and had to be revived by one of the nurses who were present. Within a couple of months most of these children were back in London. I stayed for three years, from pillar to post with families who didn't want me. How did we ever get through this period? Were we "prepared?"

Margot Supak (Neustaedter)  
Norwalk, CT

I am writing in response to Stefanie Ruskin's poem "Semantics." Both my parents were *Kinder* from Germany. My father's parents perished at Auschwitz and my grandfather on my mother's side died in Buchenwald. My grandmother survived Riga. My mother was 14 and my father 13 when they were forced to leave Germany.

As a KT2 I truly feel that all *Kinder* are Holocaust survivors. There is a line in Stefanie's poem which says it all, "We did not witness babes torn from their mother's breasts." As far as I am concerned, that is exactly what happened to each and every one of you—you were all torn from your mothers and fathers, most of you would never see them or your extended families again. All the advice, encouragement and help which you have provided to my generation and my children's was denied to you. You had to learn how to love, trust, and give all over again on your own. I know that for some, it was impossible. A great many of you had difficult lives in England with little or no care giving and nurturing.

The second generation's psyche has been shaped by your experiences. Most of us feel that we are somewhat different from others in our same age group. We have no grandparents

or extended families—there is a gap both physically and psychologically.

I was born in England and owe the country a great deal—my parents' lives—but they gave back much. My father was in the RAF and my mother's brother was killed in action a month before the war ended while serving in the British Army. He was just eighteen.

Anyone who survived the war was "lucky." The *Kinder* are Holocaust survivors.

In closing, I also want to add that I have been to three reunions—New Jersey, Washington, and last June in London. I am so very proud of the lives and accomplishments which you have all forged and feel that I am "the lucky one."

Carole Borgh  
Toronto, Canada

In 1938 the Nachtigall family lived in Vienna, and as soon as the Nazis took over were subjected to harassment and terror.

November 9, 1938, Kristallnacht, my father Aron was arrested, sent to Dachau where he was shocked to also find his brother Gustav there, who also had been apprehended in Vienna.

Both were released after about three months. My parents, two brothers and myself managed to get to Scotland (with the help of the Kindertransport, Kitchener Camp, and Christian people) and eventually to the USA. My uncle, his wife and four children were able to emigrate to Buenos Aires.

Sixty years later: I received an invitation from one of my cousins to come to Buenos Aires for a get-together with the family. We did so—my husband and I made our first trip to Argentina and it was remarkable and wonderful. I found myself surrounded by about twenty family members, mostly Nachtigalls. They were warm, open, and most eager to establish our family connection again.

Also, Buenos Aires is a most interesting city, very European in flavor and much to see and do.

Gerti Nachtigall Kisseloff  
New York, NY

I am writing to you let you know about the death of KTA member Gerald Bieber. Jerry was a good friend of ours and his death leaves a void in our lives. He and I were together in the Russell School, Richmond, England, after arriving in the UK in 1939.

Helen Wertheimer  
Andover, MA

## Volunteers Needed

Survivors of the Holocaust are needed for a study conducted through Mt. Sinai Hospital in NYC. Participants will be interviewed about their past experiences during the Holocaust, their current health, and their relationships with their doctors. The purpose of this study is to increase physician awareness of the Holocaust Survivor and improve overall health care for the Survivor. Interviews may be done via telephone and will take about 15 minutes. If you are interested in participating or in learning more about this study please call and leave a message with Dr. David Barile at (212) 241-6010.

## Memoir Of A Transport *Kind*

My parents met in Vienna in the late 1920s. In 1931, they emigrated to the USSR—and that is how I came to be born in Leningrad on August 20, 1932. This was a time when many young Austrian Jews reacted to the rise of Nazism by espousing Communist ideology.

But in 1937, my father Leo Weiden, a journalist, fell victim to one of Stalin's purges. The KGB came and took him away one night and we never saw him again. After many unsuccessful attempts to discover his fate, my mother finally gave up, and in January 1938 returned with me to her native Vienna. Unfortunately, we arrived a few weeks before the *Anschluss*. Soon afterwards, being *persona non grata* as a Communist and as a Jew, my mother was forced to flee to safety in England, leaving me in the care of my grandmother.

On March 13, 1938, I recall looking down from the window of our apartment in the Praterstrasse at a huge military parade, headed (I didn't know this at the time) by Adolph Hitler himself and cheered by crowds of Nazi sympathizers lining the street. Soon afterwards, several men of my mother's family were arrested and sent away. They returned months later—from a place called Dachau—in such poor physical shape that I hardly recognized them. I myself was personally attacked one day when grandma took me to play in the park and a group of children chased me because they suspected that I was a Jew.

Then came *Kristallnacht*, when my school, attached to the local synagogue, was burned down. Next day, I walked with a relative in the nearby Prater park, where we saw Austrian police ill-treating Jewish women. In response to *Kristallnacht*, the British Parliament voted to give refuge to Jewish children between the ages of 3 and 17—provided their financial support was guaranteed. I was one of the lucky ones, because my mother, already in England, was able to get Marks & Spencer to sponsor me.

Thus it came about that on April 25, 1939, I found myself on a Kindertransport bound for London. My grandmother (whom I would never see again—she later perished at Auschwitz) saw me off in the early evening, when I and several hundred other children boarded the train, whose doors were then sealed for the 20 hour trip through Austria and Germany to Holland. Only when we reached the safety of the Dutch border were the train doors opened and its passengers let out onto the platform for a breath of air. Some local people served us hot drinks—the first act of kindness we had encountered on the trip.

That night we took the ferry from the Hook of Holland to Harwich, where we transferred to a train bound for London's Liverpool Street Station. There I was more fortunate than most of my companions, because I was reunited with my mother, who had come to meet the train. She took me to a house where she had found a job as a domestic servant. For the next two months I went to a neighborhood school which happened to be attended by a girl who would later become my wife!

The new school year that coincided with the outbreak of war found me enrolled in a boarding school in Kent, where I had been sent by the Jewish Refugee Committee because my mother's employers had no room for me. Bunce Court School

was directed by a noted educator, Anna Essinger, a refugee from Nazism, who had moved the school to England from the German city of Herrlingen in 1933; Bunce Court soon became home to a number of newly arrived Kinder like myself. I remained at the school for the duration of the war, during which we were evacuated to Shropshire for safety's sake.

In the summer of 1949, my mother died suddenly of a brain tumor just before my 17th birthday, (while I was hitchhiking around Europe). She was only 39 years old. Alas, she had told me little about my father's disappearance—perhaps because it was too painful for her to admit that he had been betrayed by the Communist system to which they had devoted their lives—and to this day I am not sure how much she actually knew. Almost half a century was to pass before I myself discovered the truth.

From 1948-53, I attended two London colleges: first the Regent Street Polytechnic, then Imperial College, where I graduated in mathematics. Then came 1953-1954 at Cambridge—an eventful year in which I gained a postgraduate diploma in computer science (one of the first three ever awarded); met Crick and Watson at the Cavendish Laboratory (where they were busy writing *The Double Helix*); and joined the Cambridge University Jewish Society where I met Judith, whom I would marry two years later.

In the years that followed, I became involved in teaching and research, first in Manchester, then at the Weizmann Institute in Israel, and finally in the United States, where I spent four years as an exchange visitor before returning to England in 1961 to teach at the London School of Economics. Three years later, Judith and I became part of the so-called European "brain drain" when we emigrated permanently to the USA. Short stints at Penn State and Cornell were followed by thirty years at Brown University in Providence, where I remained until my retirement in 1999.

Throughout these years I was unable to discover what had happened to my father back in 1937. But after the fall of the Soviet Union in 1989, the KGB files became accessible; and in 1993, an invitation to a conference in St. Petersburg enabled me to solve the mystery. Through the St. Petersburg Jewish Federation, I inquired about my father's KGB file. Three months later, I learned that my father had been charged with "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda," tried and convicted on November 19, 1937 and shot on November 24. He was only 34 years old.

The file further informed me that my father was not a native of Austria, as I had always assumed, but had been born "Lev Isakovich Weiden" in Parnu, Estonia in 1903. At a European computer conference in 1994, an Estonian colleague invited me to give a series of lectures at Tallinn and Tartu the following year. (I was presented as a virtual Estonian émigré who had made good in the United States!) My host insisted on driving Judith and me to Parnu, where we searched the old Jewish cemetery for Isak Weiden's gravestone—but to no avail. At the Jewish Community Center in Tallinn, we bought a copy of a newly-published book about the Estonian Holocaust, which gave details of the small pre-war Jewish

Continued on Page 5

Memoir... Continued from Page 4

community (mostly exterminated by local Nazis in 1941 just before the Germans marched in); here again, I could find no trace of my Veiden grandparents.

In 1997, a Viennese friend sent me a booklet listing the names of 150 Austrian Communists who had emigrated to the Soviet Union before World War II and were later tried on trumped-up charges and either shot or imprisoned for long terms. The entry for my father stated that after working for a time in the famous Putilov steelworks, he had served as Chief Librarian at the National Library of Science in Leningrad. (His stint at the steelworks explains why the name on my Russian birth certificate is not Peter but "Putilon!")

In June 1999, I flew to London to attend two reunions: the

60th anniversary of the Kindertransport attended by more than 1,000 former Kinder and their families, and a smaller reunion of Old Bunce Courtians. Alas, I never made it to either meeting; a serious altercation with a London bus incapacitated me for several months. While recuperating in two London hospitals, I was deeply moved by the constant stream of visitors, comprising not only relatives and international colleagues, but also many Old Bunce Courtians who had been my schoolmates half a century before. Even two of my former teachers, now in their mid-80s, came to visit me! Seeing so many childhood friends revived memories of my early life—which, in turn, prompted me to write this memoir.

Peter Wegner  
Providence, RI

## Financial Statement For The Year Ended 6/30/99

Cash on hand 7/1/98		\$15,261
Less: Prepaid items included below		<u>*9,927</u>
		\$5,334
<b>Income</b>		
Membership dues	10,473	
Donations: Charitable	10,598	
History project	1,977	
Outreach	1,114	
KTA exhibit	2,371	
Memory quilt/cards	314	
Interest	86	
Various fund raisers	313	
Prepaid memberships	610	
Payable to RoK	<u>2,722</u>	<u>30,578</u>
		\$35,912
<b>Expenses</b>		
Charitable donations	7,020	
Professional fees	1,665	
Printing, postage, stationery	5,811	
Misc. expenses (computer, etc.)	1,350	
Affiliation dues	1,000	
Conference expenses	<u>400</u>	<u>17,246</u>
		\$18,666
<b>*Prepaid items</b>		
Dues	505	
Donations	9,341	
Owed to RoK	<u>81</u>	
	<u>9,927</u>	

Any member who would like a copy of the financial statement prepared by our accountants please contact Helga Newman at 516-488-2358.

## Generations

Leah Thorn, who led a poetry seminar at the June 1999 Reunion, is a London-based performance poet and workshop leader who has appeared in theaters, galleries, schools, and festivals. Her mother, Laura Thorn, grew up in Erkelenz, Germany, and lived in London after in England on the Kindertransport.

The following excerpts are from Leah's multi-media performance piece *I Place My Stones*, which she performs with music.

### My Mother Tongue Isn't My Mother's Tongue

#### I always knew

When the television would go off  
Any hint of the German language  
Any images of wartime  
Any mention of the camps  
My father would pale  
Be on his feet  
Lunge at the on/off switch  
Whispering, "Shah! Your mother! Schweig!"

He wouldn't buy German goods  
He wouldn't talk to Germans on holiday in Marjorca  
Unless they moved the towel on his sunbed  
Then he let them have it for the Holocaust

He did his best to protect my mother from the past  
We all did  
but none of us could take away the pain  
The pain that couldn't be healed  
By being denied, by being ignored

The pain that terrified us  
The pain that we worked around

My mother, in answer to the question  
"Where do you come from? You don't sound English"  
always answered "France"

When she arrived here aged fourteen on the Kindertransport  
My mother forgot every word of German

Her parents had told her they would join her soon

They never did.

Sometimes I hear a knock on the door  
And I pretend it is you  
And there you stand  
Suitcases around your feet  
and I have grandparents  
and we do grand-parent-y things

sit in the front row at the pictures  
me translating between mouthfuls of popcorn  
days out at Southend-on-Sea  
steering clear of the cockle stalls

and my mother's orphaned eyes brighten  
and I hear German without flinching  
and the constant searching is for nothing

the day you knock

#### I'm a Holocaust Junkie

And I need my fix

Can't get no high  
Won't get no kicks  
Till I hear those stories  
Till I see those pics

Gimme gimme horror  
Gimme gimme gore  
Emaciated bodies  
Piles galore  
Stripey pajamas  
And eyes that implore

When the terror gets me, I blew a fuse  
It doesn't make sense what they did to the Jews  
So I read the books  
I watch the films  
No rest there  
So I sit and stare

Eyes go blank  
Body slumps  
Relive the horrors  
And I'm in the dumps

I'm a Holocaust junkie  
I'm sharp I'm hard  
Nothing gets me 'cos I'm on my guard

I wear only black and I crop my hair  
Monochrome resistance to the rage I fear  
Keep it all in keep it all down  
Rage that engulfs, feel it and I'll drown

I'm a Holocaust junkie  
See I'm alive  
Even if they didn't  
I survived

In honor of them  
I live my life  
Live my life

*Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47<sup>th</sup> St., Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036. Phone/Fax 212-265-6610, e-mail: davemarc@panix.com*





## Search

Lilly Rubenstein is looking for schoolmates from the school in Agnetendorf in the Riesengebirge. This was during the middle of the 1930s, when the school principal was Sarah Hoeniger. You can reach Lilly at 1241 Leisure Lane #2, Walnut Creek, CA 94595.

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Gabriele Schiff is looking for any *Kinder* who stayed at the hostel for refugee boys in Ilkley. Her mother, Louise Derenberg a refugee from Hamburg, was very active in running the hostel. Ms. Schiff believes that her brother, Carl Derenberg, was president of the hostel. Anyone who remembers Mrs. Derenberg is asked to contact Ms. Schiff at 108-50 71<sup>st</sup> Avenue, Forest Hills, NY 11375.

## Local News

### Pennsylvania

Eva Abraham-Podietz and Anne Fox have been keeping a busy speaking schedule in the Philadelphia area. In March they took part in the 23rd annual Youth Symposium on the Holocaust sponsored by groups such as the Jewish Community Relations Council and the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Students in the 10<sup>th</sup> and the 11<sup>th</sup> grades see a film, and have a group discussion with a leader and then with a Holocaust survivor. Eva and Anne have been doing this for ten years.

This was only part of their busy schedule, and they are equally booked for the rest of Spring.

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### New Jersey

Member Adele Hochberg authored an article about our London reunion that was published in the New Jersey *Jewish Voice*. In the article she gave a brief history of the Kindertransport and then described the London reunion.

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### Florida

Our annual luncheon was held March 25<sup>th</sup> in Boca Raton. After some problems with location, we landed at the Intermezzo Café, where we were served a delicious lunch in a *gemulich* setting. Everyone had a great time while we shared our stories.

A speaker from the Ruth Sales Jewish Service spoke regarding the various health programs offered to us, through a federal grant, as Holocaust survivors. Other areas might contact them if they are not aware of this special program.

The Boca Raton Jewish Community Council sponsors the Committee on the Holocaust; I have just been named to chair this Committee. One of our functions is to share information on the many Jewish programs run in our area and discuss reparations information. A website that has just come up in our discussions may be of interest. The site gives a partial list of unpaid insurance policies found: [www.icheic.org](http://www.icheic.org). The site will be updated periodically.

A Yom Hashoah program, is run annually by the Committee. This year the Kindertransport Association will participate in the program. The ceremony is attended by our State Senator Ron Klein and many other local officials and is of course open to the community. We hope that many of our *Kinder* will attend on Tuesday, May 2 at 5:00pm at the Jewish Community Center, Zinman Hall.

The play *Kindertransport* by Diane Samuels will be shown at the Curtain Call Playhouse, March 25, 26, and April 1 and 2 at the Pompano Beach Civic Center, 954-784-0768, and will move from there to the Sunrise Theatre.

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### Kinder Film

The film *My Knees Were Jumping* will be presented on May 1, 200, 7:00pm at the Suffolk JCC. The address is 74 Hauppauge Road, Commack, NY. Melissa Hacker, the film maker, will be present. For further information, call 516-462-9800.

Copies of *My Knees Were Jumping* can be obtained from The National Center for Jewish Film, Brandeis University, Lown 102 MS 053, Waltham MA 02254. Telephone 781-899-7044. The cost is \$36 if you mention that you are a member of KTA.

### More Charitable Donations

Additional donations for the Charitable Fund were received after our last edition from the following members: Achter, Renee; Bader, Alfred; Benedikt, D.Q.; Benedikt, Edmund; Benedikt, Lucie; Berrys, John; Binder, Ralph; Birn, Martin; Borgenricht, Harry; Bradley, Renata; Burin, Max; Chase Manhattan Bank; Engel, Mark; Esenstad, Bertl; Feier, Robert; Fischer, Harry and Liese; Frank, Judith; Fritzier, Geoffrey; Gernsheimer, Hildergard; Green, Ernest; Gruen, William; Handelsman, Lou and Carol; Heinemann, Ruth; Heisler, Max; Helman, Ted; Hirschhorn, Zita and Joseph; Hochberg, Adele; Klugman, Edgar; Kollisch, Nancy; Kuttner, Paul; Landsberger, Henry; Levine, Vera; Lowenstein, Edward; Maciejewski, Marietta; Mansfield, Erica; Marcus, Curt; Margulies, Fred; Neivert, Ilse; Oppenheimer, Deborah; Raab, Victor; Radcliffe, Lilly; Roemer, Michael; Rosenbaum, Fred M.; Rossmere, Renate; Schaal, Eva; Schlamme, Hans; Schmied, Irene; Schnitzer, Edmund; Silber, Merry; Smallberg, Robin; Stayna, Karl; Strauss, Marion; Tauber, Hanna; Wagner, Peter and Yvonne; Wertheimer, Walter; Wolfson, Eva; Wolfson, Shoshonah;

## A Kinder Seder

In 1995 Robert Sugar, our Special Projects board member, wrote an addition to the seder service especially for *Kinder*. We are reprinting it for those of you who are new members, and for those who might like to see it again.

After the *Mah Nishtan-na*, the first paragraph of response to the four questions starts with "We were slaves of Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Lord our God brought us forth from there..." and ends with these, or similar words, depending on your edition of the Haggadah:

And so, even if all of us were full of wisdom and understanding... we should still be bidden once more to repeat the story of the Exodus from Egypt, and he who delights to dwell on the liberation is a person to be praised.

Here add the following:

Living narrative is the life-blood of a people. Tonight as we retell the story of the Exodus of the Children of Israel from Egypt we add the story of our own miraculous escape from slavery, much greater than in Egypt, from terror, and from death. We were the condemned of Hitler in Germany, had we not been brought forth we would have perished; we would have had no husbands or wives; our children and our grandchildren would not have been born. We are the *Kinder*, the Children of Israel of 1939, our children, and their children. Together we represent the ten thousand saved from the flames, and the hundreds of thousands of our generation who were not.

The burning synagogues of the November 1938 pogrom

were our Pillar of Fire. The flames, seen in Britain, roused our fellow humans, Jews and gentiles, to save us few from our inhuman neighbors. They sent trains—trains—Kindertransports, to Berlin, Vienna, and Prague. Like the Children of Israel in Egypt we packed in haste, chanted as we crossed the border, passed over the sea dry-shod. Unlike Israel in Egypt who marched out, a whole people, fully armed, with great leaders, we marched out alone, unarmed, some babies in the arms of children. Our parents stayed behind.

Our story is not one story, but ten thousand stories. How we endured. What we accomplished. How many of us, a second time, were deported from Britain, on prison ships to Canada and Australia. How many returned to fight in British uniforms to avenge us. How many went to Jerusalem, and fought for Israel. How many fell.

We scattered over the world. Also, miraculously, after fifty years we re-met to tell our story, which is ten thousand stories. Tonight, on the anniversary of the liberation from Egypt, on the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto revolt, **Let all, who are hungry to tell their story, come and speak** (if you do not intend to tell stories, end with: **We gather to celebrate our liberation**).

Here, those who wish to tell their stories do so. If you abbreviate the rest of the Haggadah, conclude with: When Israel went forth from Egypt, the house of Jacob from the midst of a barbarous people... (last paragraph before the blessings for the meal).

**KTA**  
**36 Dean Street**  
**Hicksville, NY 11801**



Member y/e 06/30/00  
 ALFRED BADER  
 2961 N. SHEPARD  
 MILWAUKEE, WI, 53211

# THE KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Summer/2000

Volume 10/Number 3

## Touching Young Lives

To today's children, the Second World War and the events leading up to it might seem as remote as the Ice Age—until a Holocaust survivor tells them what it felt like to be a child living through those times. Then history comes alive, and the children begin to understand the personal impact of world events. The lessons to be drawn from the Holocaust are more deeply felt when its overwhelming numbers are brought down to more readily comprehensible dimensions, and the impersonal becomes personal.

Many of our members have been giving talks on the topic of the Kindertransport to audiences of all kinds, from synagogues to theater groups. Anita Weisbord has been speaking to young people at the elementary and middle schools in her area about her experiences prior to leaving Vienna, on the Kindertransport, and in England. That she has made an impression is attested to by the letters she has received from the children after her appearances. Here are some excerpts from letters that were written by students after she spoke at the Hericks Middle School in Albertson, NY.

When you told us about what happened in Vienna I was amazed. How could people go with Hitler's plan to exterminate Jewish people and to welcome him with open arms, when his plans are so cruel and inhuman. The saddening part about it was that Hitler was doing this to regular people just like anybody else except the fact that they were Jewish and that the world just stood by like bystanders.

It must have been very sad for you to leave your parents, especially the fact that you were older and understood what was happening. As I said before thank you for coming and telling us about this horrible experience, so that we know not to let hate and prejudice take over our lives and do something terrible like the Holocaust.

Sincerely,  
Danny Hower

I am in awe on how you managed to go through what you went through and yet survive. I put myself in your position, and I know I could never have been able to endure it. Instead of using the Holocaust as a downfall, you used it to get to the top. That alone teaches me values and is encouraging. The part that amazes me most on your survival was how you emotionally were able to leave your parents at such a young age....From hearing your experiences, I have learned not to take life for granted; once life is taken away from you, it never returns. When life's course changes, it never goes back to the way it used to be.

Cordially,  
Sara Kamali

I want to thank you for coming and enlightening us with your life story. What you are doing, by spreading this information, must be very emotional for you. I just want you to know that you are doing great acts, because one day Holocaust survivors aren't going to be around anymore and it will [be] up to us to share what went on, with our own children.

Sincerely,  
Stephanie Teitelbaum

You touched my heart by making me realize that real, normal families were torn apart, and just trashed during the Holocaust. I am grateful that you took time out of your busy schedule to share about your experience before it is too late. There would be no one telling the future generations of this tragedy.

Respectfully,  
Connie Shieh

How did you change my views about the Holocaust? All this time, even in Hebrew School I had known of only bad things happening in the Holocaust. The deaths, dehumanization, etc. Yes, your story is a tragedy. It shouldn't have happened to you or any of the other 10,000 children. But the Kindertransport was also a blessing, leaving your parents and home behind is the hard part. But you got a way out. 10,000 children were very lucky to get away from the deaths and starvation of the Holocaust....Our teachers have taught us to never forget, and your story won't be forgotten.

Sincerely,  
Stephanie Hernan

Those of you who have already spoken to groups will recognize these responses and have stories of your own to tell about the satisfaction of moving and informing others about this little-known aspect of the Holocaust. If you have not yet gone out to speak about your Holocaust experiences, reading these letters may inspire you to try. If you need help, the KTA has a speakers kit that will help you get started. Contact the KTA office for information.

### Exhibition Panels

Robert Sugar has nearly finished the arduous task of designing and making fifteen exhibition panels that tell the history of the Kindertransports. We now need a number of volunteers to research where to show the panels and to contact possible venues. If you can help, please get in touch with Robert Sugar directly at 914-667-6475.

# Opinion

## Let's Get Real!

We know what we want from the KTA: A dynamic organization, perhaps run by professionals, with no dues and lots of activities. A great newsletter (why not monthly?) written by everyone else, because we're too busy.

We'd like wonderful reunions, preferably in our own backyard (traveling is expensive, and it's so much trouble), with witty speakers and professional entertainers. Of course there shouldn't be much of a registration fee, if any at all.

We need to "spread the word" through good public relations, so let's have a web page, but of course almost nobody seems to have the time to help with it. Kirsten Grosz put together those beautiful Kindertransport Memorial quilts and had greeting cards made from them, how nice! But ordering the cards from her is so much trouble—easier to go to the store and buy cards there. Robert Sugar has made a wonderful exhibit, isn't that grand? He needs people to do the work of getting it shown? Oh well! Someone will do it.

Are you beginning to get the idea? We need more people sharing the load! For many years we have asked for a CPA to do our accounts once a year, but no one has come forward. We need people to work with Jennifer Fuchel on our web page—people knowledgeable in public relations, people who know history, and an editor. We need someone who knows Microsoft Access to help manage the database. We need one or two people to help Robert Sugar by calling and writing to museums so that the exhibit he has worked so hard to create gets shown to the public. We need people to work with Kurt Fuchel on the program for our coming reunion. We need people to write for the newsletter—not only memoirists, but correspondents at reunions and local meetings. And speaking of writing, when did you last send a letter to the editor?

We need people to run for office. Haven't you noticed that there's only one person running for each position when we have elections? It's not because the existing committee members want to have a monopoly on the jobs. Without a more

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•••  
Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

•••  
Kurt Goldberger, President  
Anita Weisbord, Vice-President  
Helga Newman, Treasurer  
Ruth Hanauer, Recording Secretary  
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Robert Sugar, Member-at-Large  
Anita Grosz, Vice-President, KT2  
Tamara Meyer, Member-at-Large, KT2  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor  
David Marc Fischer, Generations Editor

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active membership, the people who work to keep the organization going run the risk of getting burnt out and leaving more work for those who remain.

This is a volunteer organization; it works fine as long as people volunteer. We are fortunate in having had members who done the work over the ten years since the KTA's founding. They deserve our thanks, but most of all they deserve our help

in actions as well as words. It's fulfilling and often fun to volunteer when others share the load. Otherwise it gets to be a burden. How can you help?

Eva Yachnes  
David Marc Fischer

## KTA Conference

The Tenth Anniversary Conference of the KTA will be held from October 27-29, 2000 at the Holiday Inn in Scottsdale, AZ. The theme of the conference is "From History Into The Future." A stimulating program is being planned.

The total hotel cost for the conference is: Single occupancy \$328.54; double occupancy \$223.54 per person. This rate includes six meals, all taxes, and gratuities. A special rate of \$95 per room plus tax is available for three days prior and three days after the conference. The registration fee is \$45 for members; \$55 for non-members; spouse and/or children \$35. Children under age 16 are free.

There are many places of interest in the area: The Grand Canyon, Sedona, Bryce and Zion National Parks. We hope to see a large turnout, and look forward to meeting many of you!

## Quilts Spark School Project

The mother of an eleven year old student at Columbia Elementary School, Bakersfield, CA, saw the Kindertransport Memory Quilts in the *Quilters Newsletter*. She suggested to her child's teacher to use the story of the Kindertransport as a class project. They found our phone number on the Internet and set up a phone interview between the students and my husband (*Kind Hanus Grosz*). Nicky Winton was visiting us, so another interview was set up with a "Rescuer" a couple of days later. We received the following letter from Bill Jager, the principal of Columbia Elementary:

"Thank you on behalf of our History Day group. You will be pleased to know that our students were honored for their performance, receiving an 'Outstanding Overall Performance Award' and 'Best of Grade Level Award' at our Kern County History Day. They were not selected to compete at the state competition, but the entire experience was valuable to each child. Your help and those whom you helped us contact, including Mr. Winton, was invaluable to the children. First they learned a great deal about researching and secondly, they learned a valuable lesson about human rights that could only be understood through the efforts of you and the other *Kinder*. On behalf of my students I thank you for your extraordinary assistance."

Kirsten Grosz  
Indianapolis, IN

Kindertransport Memory Quilt greeting cards and posters are still available. There are two card and two poster designs, one from each of the first two quilts. The cards are \$1.50 each plus postage and handling of \$2.00 for up to ten cards. The posters (Image size 12 x 9 3/4, overall size 17 x 11) cost \$5.00 each plus postage and handling of \$2.50 per order. All profits from the sale of the cards and posters goes to the KTA. Make checks payable to Kirsten Grosz, 7233 Lakeside Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46278. For information call 317-293-4218.



## Letters To The Editor

The editorial in Vol. 9/No. 4 of *The Kinder-Link* was a good one, where you suggested that we "move on a bit." It would be good indeed to move beyond the few years following our arrival in the United Kingdom. Many of us were not adopted, evacuated, sent to schools or even placed in hostels. In many cases, depending on age, we were put to work on farms, in domestic service, in factories, in essential war work, later, in some cases, to volunteer for H.M. Forces.

How good it was, therefore, to read Peter Wegner's interesting memoir in Vol. 10/No. 2, in which, among much else, he describes his educational and professional development. It began at Regent Street Polytechnic, reminding me of 1946, when my future wife and I took a course at the same school under the auspices of the Royal Command School for H.M. Forces. It was there that we began the lengthy academic odyssey marked by repeated interruptions and changes of fortune.

It would be good to read how other *Kinder* fared and finally obtained the education that was interrupted far too early, and how they were able to enter the occupation of their choice. Were they confronted by obstacles due to their background and how did they overcome them? Do they believe that they were particularly well qualified for the opportunities they pursued? Until we tell the whole story, our history is not complete.

A year ago, at our great 60<sup>th</sup> reunion, in spontaneous and informal gatherings, we met remarkably diverse groups of *Kinder*. They told of sad good byes, the lonely train journey and the hard early months. They told stories of romantic adventures, resourcefulness and long back-breaking efforts to reach occupational and educational goals. We learned of the great reserves of strength that helped them finally to arrive where they are today. And many had served for a number of years with H.M. Forces during the war.

Let us not sell ourselves short, perhaps we can move ahead beyond our early Kindertransport experiences and "accentuate the positive." Each of us has a great tale to tell and a little thoughtful meditation about our achievements is in order before the creases on our foreheads get much deeper.

Ernest J. Goodman  
Oneonta, NY

## Information From Vienna

Those *Kinder* from Vienna who are trying to research the fate of family members under the Nazis might be interested in contacting a most useful source in Vienna: Gisela Wibihail at the Dokumentationsarchiv, Wipplinger Strasse 8, 1010 Vienna, Austria. You can also contact the archive by e-mail: [gisela.wibihail@utanet.at](mailto:gisela.wibihail@utanet.at)

Lilly Radcliffe informs us that she has received detailed information about her parents from this archive, to which she was referred by the *Kultusgemeinde* in Vienna. The archive has been working for six years on "Registration by Name:

Austrian Victims of the Holocaust," and they now have more information than the Jewish Community.

## Holocaust Era Insurance Claims

The International Commission on Holocaust Era Insurance Claims, located in the Netherlands, administers a process for filing claims on unpaid insurance policies. These are *not* property claims but rather life, education and dowry insurance. Parents of survivors from Central Europe (excluding the former Soviet Union) who were middle class often took out this kind of insurance to provide for their families.

To get the Claim forms call 1-800-957-3203 or use their website [www.icheic.org](http://www.icheic.org). It takes about two weeks to get these forms. Please note that not all major European companies are part of the process. However, the Commission can establish whether or not there was an insurance policy.

Lucie Benedikt  
New York, NY

## Attention Authors!

The Beth Shalom Holocaust Memorial Centre in England is opening its shop to the sale of books related to the Holocaust. All *Kinder* who have written books about the Holocaust are encouraged to contact the Centre directly (or ask your publisher to do so). It is also possible that certain books may be recommended for use by schools in their Holocaust education programs. Contact Mr. James Smith, Beth Shalom Memorial Centre, Laxton, Newark, Nottingham NG22 0PA. Mr. Smith's telephone number is +44-1623-836627, fax +44-1623-836647, e-mail [office@bethshalom.com](mailto:office@bethshalom.com). The Centre web page is [www.bethshalom.com](http://www.bethshalom.com).

Anita Grosz  
Berkshire, England

## New Kindertransport Film

*Into the Arms of Strangers* is due for release by Warner Brothers this autumn. Made in cooperation with the US Holocaust Museum, the film is an American documentary narrated by Dame Judi Dench, directed by Academy Award-winning documentarian Mark Jonathan Harris, and produced by KT2 Deborah Oppenheimer.

The film draws on interviews as well as archival footage, photographs, radio broadcasts, diaries, letters, and artifacts. Among those interviewed are novelist Lore Segal (*Other People's Houses*) and her mother Franzi Groszmann, who vividly recalls what it was like to put her daughter on the train to England; the late Norbert Wollheim, a Kindertransport coordinator in Berlin who helped to save thousands of children but was unable to save his own wife and child from Auschwitz; Nicholas Winton, the British rescuer of hundreds of Czech children; Alexander Gordon, who fled Germany as a teenager only to be interned as an "enemy alien" in England and then deported to Australia on the infamous "hell ship" the *Dunera*; and others whose stories are equally as compelling.

A companion book to be published by Bloomsbury Publishing will be released to coincide with the release of the film. The book contains a preface by Lord Richard Attenborough and a historical introduction by David Cesarani.

## Generations

### Regarding Elian

*The following remarks are adapted from an exchange about the Elian Gonzalez affair that took place in the Spring on the Internet mailing list for Kindertransport descendants*

I'm concerned that I haven't seen any comments from the Jewish community on what happened in Miami. My mom and I were in tears over this event, which reminded her too much of *Kristallnacht*. (She was in her house when the storm troopers broke in during the night.) Is the Jewish community too liberal to care? I don't understand why there isn't any outrage from Holocaust survivors.

Carole Goldberg  
San Carlos, CA

I had a very different set of feelings. I saw a child separated from his only remaining parent, with a lot of people in a foreign country telling him that he should forget about his immediate family and the place he came from and get on with a new life.

This made me think of my father's experience on the Kindertransport from Czechoslovakia. He was looked after by various people with whom he did not maintain contact afterwards. His parents and the rest of his immediate family did not survive. I would say that his experience of loss blighted his life, especially now that he is of an older age. He has had only intermittent contact with other relatives. He "returned" to Prague a few years ago, but could not settle there. After a fifty-year absence, his Czech was rustier than he wanted to believe, and he was overwhelmed by a hopeless search for the child he was and the roots he had lost. He now lives alone in Paris.

I was glad that Elian was reunited with his father, and furious at the relatives in Miami who abused their relationship to indulge in a media binge, which seemed to be very self-seeking. I felt especially sad for both grandmothers. I wondered how Elian would feel if he never saw them or his father again. I thought he would feel pretty much like my father did.

Any intrusion by armed people into homes upsets me. But maybe you should be reassuring your mother that on *Kristallnacht* the aim was not to reunite children with their parents.

Sue Lukes  
London, England

I deplore Janet Reno's use of armed soldiers to "rescue" little Elian. That said, although I generally agree with the idea that Elian should be with his dad, one of my patients who is originally from Cuba told me that things are not quite so simple or so "black and white." She told me that once in Cuba, Elian will be transferred (probably after the commotion fades) to a school far away from his dad where he will be "taught and brainwashed" along with other children his age. I don't know about the accuracy of this statement.

My patient's daughter, who is a social worker, also had great misgivings about having him return to Cuba since she knows the kind of life that awaits him there. There was an article in the *Washington Post* written by a woman who was

forced to give up her daughter to her ex-husband who had absconded with her young daughter back to England. Both she and the daughter, who is now 27, talked about the fact that a child really needs to be with people who love him/her unconditionally and can provide support to enable that child to grow and develop the interests, passions and skills for life regardless of who that person is. In some cases, unfortunately, this is not the parent.

Also, if I were teaching a course on media relations (we call it "spin" in Washington, D.C.), I would have my students take a look at the photo of little Elian staring down the barrel of a machine gun in obvious fright, tell them their assignment would be to have the American Public fall in love with Janet Reno in one week, and see what they would come up with.

Tamara Meyer  
Member-at Large, KT2  
Potomac, MD

Elián should be with his father. I have seen no evidence whatsoever that the "family" in Miami have Elián's best interests in mind. They have created a traumatic experience for him. They are responsible for blowing the whole thing out of proportion, especially when they refused to let Elián see his father.

The great-uncle of the "adopted" family in Miami has been charged with drunk driving six times. And both of his sons are in jail. That does not sound to me like an acceptable place for a child to live. In fact, from my perspective, the way they have treated Elián is called "child abuse."

Of course, we will never know who is the "better" parent, but from what I have seen, it certainly seems to be the father, stepmother, and sister.

Lisa Kollisch  
New York, NY

I am thrilled with Reno's actions! They were long overdue. Elián was kidnapped and freed. Finally!

Karen Leitson  
White Plains, NY

I think another important consideration vis-à-vis Elián is this: if his *father* had drowned and his *mother* was the parent living in Cuba, would this situation have gone on so long? I feel (and so does my mother, who's a *Kind*) that Elián belongs with his father, and that he would have been reunited with a surviving mother months ago, were this the situation.

Eleanor Kohn  
Teaneck, NJ

Having read many of the comments about Elián, the ones that were opposed to Reno's "methods" upset me most. If the situation were reversed, i.e. if it was his mother in Cuba who had been separated from her son, the boy would have been reunited with her already.

His mother took him on an obviously risky "boat ride" that killed her. On public radio's *Talk of the Nation*, they discussed

how his mom came here to be with her lover. The lover wanted her in the States and she wanted to be with her son. So what of the risk she took in taking the boy on such a ride? What if the boy had died and not her? Yes, this issue is about custody, but there are many issues involved.

It is not for us to judge the quality of life in Cuba. Cuba is not at war. How can someone choose "country" over "proper parental custody," choose "quality of life in America" over the closest bond you have as a human being—your mother and/or father? How arrogant for us to think that America will be so much better for him! Elia lost his mother and during the five months he might have been grieving with his father, he's been here in the States as a political pawn.

His extended family were told to give the boy back. Five a.m. is a harsh hour to experience three minutes of terror, but the family was even told by the President to give the boy back. I'd like to add that on CNN both grandmothers, living in Cuba, were interviewed and *both* were relieved and pleased about the boy's return to his father. In fact, Elia's maternal grandmother was quoted as saying that now her daughter can rest in peace.

Leave him alone now and let him live his life.

Ora Gordon Hartwick  
Jersey City, NJ

Thanks for your comments on the Reno issue—my mom read your messages and wanted to respond.

Carole Goldberg  
San Carlo, CA

See **Dear KT2s** below for Margot Goldberg's response.—Ed.

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*Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47 St., Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036. Phone/Fax: 212-265-6610, e-mail: davemarc@panix.com*

## Dear KT2s

Your responses have missed the point. My concern is not about who should have custody of Elia, or where he would have a better life, or about his Miami relatives or about his father. All of these can be debated, but that is not the reason for concern here.

Imagine, if you can, you are a small child, and in the middle of the night there is a knock on the door followed immediately by the breaking down of the door. In come the jack-booted storm troopers with drawn weapons. I can assure you from personal experience that when a person has a gun pointed at his or her face s/he does not take time to see if the safety trigger is on or off, and most people wouldn't know what to look for anyway. The invaders trash your house, and at gunpoint take with them your father. This is what happened in Germany in 1938, and another version of this happened in Miami in 2000.

I am horrified that this could happen in my beloved country. I see Elia's terrified face with a gun pointed at him by a snarling man in uniform and I remember my own terror when a gun was pointed at me by just such a man.

In 1938, the media in Germany glossed over this, people were told that it was a necessary action because the Jews were the root of all evil. Pictures of trashed Jewish businesses,

burning synagogues and torahs and prayer books going up in flames were praised as the "right" thing to do.

In the year 2000, the press is barred from covering Elia's present whereabouts. The pictures the media shows are the "right" ones, those deemed appropriate for us to see. Freedom of the press in Nazi Germany was the first thing to go, immediately in 1933.

Do we have a free press in the year 2000? Think about this.

I repeat, my horror has nothing to do with who should have custody, or where Elia should live. It's all about the barbaric way this action was carried out, and about the curtailment of the free press.

If you, as children of the Holocaust survivors, and grandchildren of Holocaust victims, don't care, who is going to care and prevent this type of action from happening again? Are you not afraid that this could happen to your own children? It could, you know—the door to this type of action has now been opened.

Margot Goldberg  
Palo Alto, CA

## A Trip To England

My husband and I just returned from a cold and rainy London. Although there had been a few warm days early in April, (or so we were told) I was glad I had taken my winter jacket. The reason for our trip was to attend my British sister-in-law's ninetieth birthday party. My brother passed away in 1984 and although she was seven years his senior, she is keeping well and active at a ripe age.

While in London I called Bertha who was preparing for her trip to Israel to celebrate Pesach with her family. She had recently returned from a trip to Germany which had been very successful. She sympathized with my dilemma: there would be no Seder with our children and grandchildren for us this year because the arranged birthday party fell on Easter and was to be celebrated at a very elegant hotel, formerly a stately home, near Maidenhead. To say the least it was a wonderful occasion! We had a chance to see our niece and two nephews whose home bases are in California, England, and Italy.

Apart from our plan to view some shows and attend some concerts, we intended to contact Mr. James Taylor at the Imperial War Museum to find out about the forthcoming Holocaust Exhibit. Someone at the Museum had called me in January to ask for my permission to use a picture of my brother, which was taken in the nineteen thirties, showing him as a teenager in running gear. At that time, he was a member of a Jewish sports club in Berlin who competed in short distance races. They had spotted this photo in my book *My Heart in a Suitcase* and asked for the original photograph.

We met Mr. Taylor and talked about the June opening ceremony which the Queen was to attend. He then told us about the many plans in the works. Already organizations and school groups in great numbers have booked to see the exhibit. I also showed him the lovely Quilt Book which hopefully will be available at their book store in the near future.

Then came the big question: was it possible that my husband and I have a preview since we could not return in June?

Continued on Page 6

London...Continued from Page 5

After about ten minutes Mr. Taylor came back with the good news that we had permission. We carefully threaded our way across wires and cables into the first chamber. This room containing pictures of Jews who had lived in Germany and Austria before the war introductions visitors to the lives of ordinary people before the Nazis came to power. What a lovely surprise to see my brother Gunter's picture in the center of the many photographs on the wall! Needless to say, I was touched and overcome by this reminder of my past.

From the portraits of life before Hitler, the exhibit continues to the rise of Nazism, the various occupations, atrocities, internment in ghettos and concentration camps. It is a progressive presentation with maps as well as various recordings accessible by phones, and videos. Although there were still many empty places to be filled, the workmen were engaged in their assignments and busied themselves with their tasks.

The Kindertransport occupied a corner to itself. An enlargement of the famous photo of the little girl and her doll was prominently displayed and several more photos filled the display case. I mentioned to Mr. Taylor that they should take advantage of the many *Kinder* in England and have special programs built around their personal experiences. He assured me that such educational sessions were in the works since they could not possibly touch on all aspects of the Holocaust.

It has taken four years to assemble all the artifacts on display, amongst them a boxcar mounted on one wall. We were grateful and touched to have been able to get a glimpse of the work in progress which is after all the first public Holocaust Museum in England aside from Mr. Smith's modest museum at Beth Shalom in the countryside.

Anne Fox  
Merion, PA

## Mimi Ormond's Story: How the Kindertransport Shaped a Life

I look upon my Kindertransport experience as an impetus for my life-long career as a pre-school educator. My profession has proffered me untold joys and satisfaction which I am sure would never have crossed my life's journey had I not grown up as a *Kind* in wartime England.

I was born in Marienbad (Marianske Lazne) in the Sudetenland. After the Germans invaded that region we escaped to Prague. I left in May 1939 as a thirteen-year-old *Kind* with a youth aliyah group on *hachsharah* in Great Engham Farm in South Kent. We were a group of about fifty teenagers working on Mr. McDougal's farm in the fields with one cow which we all tried to milk. We planned to go from there to Palestine. We tried to learn as much about farming as we could, taking Hebrew and English classes in the evenings and on weekends. We also had singing and drama lessons and all sorts of sports events. At first it seemed like a fun summer camp.

When World War II broke out in September, Great Engham Farm expanded to take in a few hundred more *Kinder* who had managed to get out of Europe at the last minute. Since the farm could not absorb all of these children we were housed in railroad cars that someone had donated. November and December are not exactly idyllic months in England. It was rainy, freezing cold, the railroad cars had no heat, and the mud was

so high that we had to clean out the rail cars with shovels. Many children got sick; it became imperative to find more suitable quarters.

Late in December, our group left for Llandough Castle in South Wales, not far from Cardiff. Llandough Castle, after months on that miserable farm, was like a dream come true. We had running water, electricity, indoor flush toilets, individual beds with blankets for everyone, a dining room, a music room: heaven on earth. Alas, all this did not last long. We were there for less than a year when we were bombed out.

We had to move again, and left from there for Gwrych Castle in Abergelee in North Wales. In the castle there was an already established Mizrahi orthodox group that did not welcome this new group of agnostic Socialist Zionists into their midst. We spent a whole year in this romantic 13<sup>th</sup> century castle, located in a most beautiful setting overlooking the ocean and the lovely wooded hills of North Wales. It was, again, overcrowded with no heat, no electricity, and no toilets, only latrines in the woods. The idyllic setting was lost on us because of the hostile living conditions there. We soon moved again, this time to Bydown, near Barnstable in Devonshire.

By then I had resided in England for three years, I still did not speak English, and had only a minimal education; but I had an uncle (my mother's brother) in Cheltenham, a lovely town in the Cotswolds. I asked my uncle and aunt if I could possibly stay with them and go to school in Cheltenham. I was a plucky kid, and even though my relatives were not particularly eager to take me in, they eventually relented and even arranged for a private tutor for me, Herr Professor Morgenthal, a refugee from Heidelberg University. The professor took me on as a student and opened the world to me, teaching me English, history, and philosophy. It was he who found out that there was a government sponsored program for nursery nursing in England for young girls who planned to work in their overcrowded and understaffed day care centers. I could join this program and enroll in college, free of charge, and work at the same time in the local day nursery.

I don't know how I passed the entrance exam with my limited knowledge of English, but I was accepted and so started my life-long career as an early childhood educator or "nursery nurse," as they called it in England. After two years of hard work I was awarded a diploma and became a "head nurse" in the day care center. During those same two years I met and fell in love with an American (Jewish) soldier stationed in Cheltenham.

My American soldier was not only with the US Army, but was also a musician, a violinist. He played for the 317<sup>th</sup> Army Band and was also part of the Cheltenham Spa Orchestra. He gave a violin recital to raise money for refugee children; that is where we met and began our romance. We were married, and when I came to the USA in 1946 as a GI bride we began to raise our own family. We had three wonderful daughters and our first home in St. Louis, MO, where my husband played in the St. Louis Symphony. As soon as our children reached pre-school age I went back to work in a half-day nursery school. I became the head teacher in a very prestigious private pre-school. I took courses at Washington University and became very active and involved in my profession.

Continued on Page 7



Mimi Ormond...Continued from Page 6

When my husband was invited by George Szell to join the Cleveland Orchestra we moved to Cleveland, and during our first year there, I worked in a cooperative pre-school until I was invited to become the director of Carol Nursery School, a well established non-profit pre-school much like the one I had loved so much and left behind in St. Louis. I accepted the position and stayed as director of that school for 24 years. We had many innovative programs. I became very active in CAEYC (Cleveland Association for the Education of Young Children) and was very active in the national association (NAEYC) and was eventually elected president of the Cleveland chapter.

I loved my profession and instilled that love in many young teachers, many of whom became leaders in the field. In the 1960's I became advisor to the new (and up and coming) Headstart program. Through the years I have had endless joy in my chosen profession and all this would never have happened had I not been a *Kind* in war-torn England.

I've been retired since 1984, and have traveled the world with my husband and the prestigious Cleveland Orchestra. As a matter of fact, in 1989 when we had our 50<sup>th</sup> RoK reunion in London, the Cleveland Orchestra played there that same week and I was there and enjoyed our reunion. One of my daughters and a grandson came along too, and after the reunion we all traveled back to Cheltenham and Llandough Castle, where we visited with the new owners. In their research of the castle they had been told "Oh yes, some Jewish refugee children lived there during the war and were bombed out."

Well, I was one of those Jewish children. If anyone reading this who shared my experience in either Great Engham Farm, Llandough Castle, Gwrych Castle, or Bydown, I would love to hear from you and find out what happened in your life. E-mail me at [edmim1@juno.com](mailto:edmim1@juno.com) or call me at 216-295-1405.

Mimi Ormond (Schleissner)  
Beachwood, OH

## Ethnic Cleansing—Austrian Style

Was it fists pounding on our door, or was it rifle butts? The balmy midnight of a 1938 small town near Vienna was suddenly rent by a torrent of insistent blows on the flimsy entryway. In the quiet autumn night, the sounds were unearthly, incongruous.

"Hush," my mother whispered, "Not a sound; perhaps they will go away." It was a few months after the *Anschluss*, and in the small Vienna suburb, Mödling bei Wien, the changes wrought by the Nazis were like a slowly creeping disease, encroaching with morbid insistence on our previously placid household.

In uniforms of authority, sporting gleaming SS insignia, the men at the door pushed inside anyway, rifles at the ready.

Torn from sleep, I stared in dumb amazement, incredulous and, actually, only a little frightened; almost, it seems, a little thrilled by this drama. I was, after all, barely six years old at that time.

They came with orders, papers, and clipboards. "All of you up, and come with us at once!" barked the commandant. My mother's protestations were waved away. "Take your documents, and put any valuables in this envelope," another—the bearer of papers and clipboard—bellowed.

"But we are on the verge of emigrating anyway, myself and my two children," My trembling mother pleaded. "See, we have tickets, permits almost completed—you can see I've been packing...."

"I'll go and inquire for you," the clipboard soldier retorted surprisingly, leaving his cohorts, still clutching their guns, to keep guard.

But nothing availed. "You must come. We have orders to take along all the Jews in Mödling. No exceptions."

For the six-year old, these events—my mother hastily bringing out some clothes, the hurried dressing and gathering up of sundry items, the few "valuables" on hand nervously deposited as ordered in the specially provided envelope—induced primarily a sudden urgent need to empty my bladder. "She has to go to the bathroom," my mother whispered on my behalf. "Well, one of our men must accompany her."

And indeed, one of the group, youngish and clearly of lower rank (and looking markedly uncomfortable) took up his post leaning against the bathroom door jamb. I was, of course, thoroughly embarrassed but also astounded with a budding but misplaced sense of self importance. Such untoward attention....

This over, my mother and we two children (My sister was eight) were ordered to proceed outside, and then marched, two soldiers in front and two behind, their rifles militarily in evidence, through the quiet streets of the darkened village.

I remember gazing around in amazement, peering at the many stars, at the glowing half moon, thrilled by the unaccustomed feel of darkness and a brilliant, crisp night sky. The rifles and boots notwithstanding, the darkness punctuated by a thousand stars made the most vivid impression on me. Born into a careful and protective European family, I had never before been permitted outside at such an hour.

Our little group was marched through the still and darkened streets, to come all at once to the town square. And oh, what a sorry sight greeted our eyes. There, milling about—many still in their night clothes—were several dozen people, young, old, and some markedly old. My feeling of adventure abruptly ended. The people gathered in the town square looked too pathetic, too bewildered, for any childish romantic fantasy notions to continue.

"Why are we here?" "Where are you taking us?"

"Some trucks will come; then we'll dump all you Jews in the Danube," one of the armed men guffawed. Our pitiful group seemed to shudder as one.

And indeed, trucks pulled up—coal trucks, actually. we were herded on board. The six-year old had once again to suppress, as too unsuitable by now, a fleeting sense of adventure, a macabre feeling, the open truck appearing to fly through the sky...the air rushing by....

Abruptly, the group was deposited at the Vienna *Banhoff*. "You must board the next train leaving for the border. Anyone who turns back will be shot!"

"But they won't let us in...we have no visas, no money,..." the straggly group protested.

"We have our orders—no Jews to remain in the town of Mödling when this night is over."

And there my memory falters. Only fleeting impressions of

Continued on Page 8

Ethnic Cleansing...Continued from Page 7

an interminable night, cold and miserable, resolving finally in a pink and chilly morning, remain with me. But suddenly, a hurried announcement out of the blue: "You can all go back to your homes now. *Mach Schnell!* The envelopes' contents will be returned to you on the presentation of your receipts."

Astounded murmurs of disbelief, and then a surge of relief. The assemblage dispersed rapidly. I recall only a sleep-drugged taxi ride home.

"It was the whim of a drunken senior officer," the explanation filtered through days later. He had wanted a "*Judenfrei*" Mödting by morning. Eventually, it appears, he must have sobered up.

For me, as a small child, and later, as a refugee in London, the incident became remote and shrouded in mist, yet with vivid periodic re-emergence. With time, I must admit, the incident became a tried-and-true subject for school assignments, always a sure winner and able to command the highest attention and top grade.

Gloria Gray Katz  
New York, NY



## Search

Margret Hofmann is looking for childhood friends Peter and Ruth Behrendt. They lived across the street from Margret in

Berlin Tempelhof. Peter was born around 1925 and left Germany in August 1939. Ruth was born around 1922. If you have any information, please contact:

Margret Hofmann  
2706 Nottingham Lane  
Austin, TX 78704  
Phone: 512-444-8877, e-mail: mhofmann@texas.net

• • • •

Bill Cohen is a World War II veteran who was stationed in Germany after the war where he met a young woman who had been on a Kindertransport. Her maiden name was Helga Treidel and she was then working for the American Civilian Censorship Division of the U.S. Army. She originally came from Berlin and her father was a doctor. Bill believes that she emigrated to the United States. Anyone who has information about her should call Bill Cohen at 516-483-3211.

• • • •

In the Fall 1999 issue we published a search for *Kinder* from the hostel called The Laundry. We are happy to report that one of them, Bernard Gould (formerly Bernhard Goldmann) has been found and reunited with Peter Langford (Laufer). The search is still on for the other five: Bruno Berger, Ernst Caspari, Marion Frischauer, Hannah Hirsch, Franz Oppenheimer, and Wolfgang Zernick. If you have any information please contact:

Peter Langford  
75 Quickwood  
London NW3 3RT, England  
Or e-mail: David Lewin, davidlewin@bigfoot.com

**KTA**  
**36 Dean Street**  
**Hicksville, NY 11801**



ALWAYS USE  
ZIP CODE



Member y/e 6/30/00  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD  
MILWAUKEE, WI, 53211

# THE KINDER KTA LINK



KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Winter/2001

Volume 11/Number 1

## The KTA 2000 Reunion

The KTA 2000 reunion held in Scottsdale, Arizona in October was attended by about 150 people. The program, organized by Kurt Fuchel, featured presentations by former *Kinder*, KT2 members, and others.

Friday night dinner, which commenced with an invocation and *Kiddush* by former *Kind* Rabbi Oscar Werner, was followed by a review of the KTA's first decade by President Kurt Goldberger. Awards, in the form of contributions to the Washington Holocaust Museum, were presented to Eddy Behrendt, founder of the KTA; KT2 Melissa Hacker for her film *My Knees Were Jumping*; Robert Sugar for his exhibit about the KTA; Kirsten Grosz for her Kindertransport Memorial quilts; Helga Newman for her dedicated work as KTA Treasurer, and Eva Yachnes for her work as newsletter editor.

Peter Wegner presented a brief report on a Holocaust Survivor conference held in London and Oxford during the summer, and Judith Romney Wegner delivered a keynote address presenting an outsider's view of the impact of the Kindertransport on the subsequent lives of the *Kinder*.

Vickie Russell, a second generation member sang a song, "Welcome Home," written by her and dedicated to her father, *Kind* John Obermeyer [see profile on Page 4].

Saturday morning's session featured an account by Robert Sugar of his creation of the Kindertransport panels; a presentation by Eva Abraham Podietz, Anita Hoffer and Margarete Goldberger on how to teach the Holocaust to children and adults; and a KT2-KT3 session conducted by KT2 members Melissa Hacker and Anita Grosz.

After lunch, Daisy Miller, member of the executive committee of the Federation of Jewish Child Holocaust Survivors, explained the work of that organization. Helga Shepard presented "Where Are We Now?"—an analysis of a wide-ranging survey of personal and family data of KTA members and their attitudes toward various matters; and Kurt Fuchel led a workshop on the techniques involved in writing *Kinder* memoirs. Kate Lesser and Eva Yachnes conducted a session entitled "Moving on: The Onetime *Kind* in America Today."

The excellent new Warner Brothers documentary, *Into the Arms of Strangers*, was presented on Saturday night and discussed in detail by its producer, Deborah Oppenheimer (herself a KT2) at a special session on Sunday morning. Deborah explained how she had worked with director Mark Jonathan Harris to produce this film for Warner Brothers, and spelled out the many ways in which the backing of Warner Brothers benefited the production and distribution. This film will raise awareness of the Kindertransport experience among the American public in general, and will also be shown abroad, in Germany and other countries, and the KTA will be able to use the film as a basis for teaching the world about the Kindertransport. A companion book by Oppenheimer and Harris augments the two-hour film in ways that will be useful to

teachers of the history of the Holocaust. The conference recommended that the KTA send a letter of appreciation to Warner Brothers, which could be used in helping to get the film nominated for an Oscar in the documentary category.

Finally, the conferees discussed proposals for future KTA activities aimed at promoting public awareness of the Holocaust in general and the Kindertransport in particular. The initiatives discussed included speaking to school audiences, writing memoirs, helping aging KTA members in practical ways, and organizing future KTA meetings.

Asked for their reactions to the conference program, many conferees commented that this reunion was a well-rounded and enjoyable experience; and everyone is looking forward to the next reunion, scheduled to be held in 2002.

Peter Wegner  
Providence, RI

### KTA Exhibit

*The Kindertransport Journey: Memory into History*, our KTA visual exhibit to which so many of you have contributed your photos and recollections is almost complete.

The opening will be on February 1, 2001; the exhibit will be up until the end of March at:

The Holocaust Memorial Resource Center of Central Florida  
851 North Maitland Avenue  
Maitland, FL 32751  
Telephone: 407-628-0555

We hope that those of you living nearby, or visiting, will go to see it. It is a traveling exhibit. We'll keep you informed of additional venues as soon as they are fixed.

### Dutch And French Restitution

Member Erwin Fluss has passed on information on restitution payments from the Dutch government, for the survivors of the persecution of Jews in the Netherlands during World War II. In the case of those victims who are deceased, their children are eligible for the payments. If any of your family members lost property or lost their lives in the Netherlands, you should contact Centraal Meldpunt Joodse Oorlogsclaims, Postbus 12969, 1100 AZ Amsterdam, The Netherlands. The e-mail address is [meldpunt@cjo.nl](mailto:meldpunt@cjo.nl)

We have also been informed that the French government is beginning to make payments for those deported from France to concentration camps. For full information, contact the French Embassy, 4101 Reservoir Road, NW, Washington, DC 20007-2176.

## Opinion

### Random Thoughts

Now that even the mathematical purists recognize that we are in a new millennium, does anyone still remember the panic about the Y2K bug? It was truly a case of ignorance not being bliss; the only people I knew who were preparing for the end of civilization as we know it were those who got their information from science fiction, not science. I've been wondering what they did with all the foodstuff and water that they stockpiled. I imagine that the idea of eating canned and dehydrated food palls pretty quickly when there is no emergency in sight. I hope some of those goods ended up being given to charity.

Charity reminds me of the holiday season just past, when charitable appeals arrived in every mail, and the sidewalk collectors were out in front of every department store and in every shopping mall. *The New York Times* ran its annual appeal for "The Neediest Cases," complete with stories designed to bring out the open-handed humanitarian in the reader. I couldn't help but contrast those appeals with the advertisements running alongside them. Luxury goods of every sort were touted: diamonds, furs, designer clothes that cost more than the ordinary person spends on many months' housing, and these weren't even the most expensive gifts that were given by the wealthy few to those who "have everything." A similar feeling of disconnectedness comes over me when I see a homeless person a few yards away from houses where apartments rent for thousands of dollars a month. Doesn't the contrast seem obscene to you?

Whatever millennium we live in, some things don't change. A recent newspaper article told about some of the workers in a New York hotel and in a laundry that washes the hotel's sheets. Among the people described were refugees like the man who sorts linen; he was a high school principal in Bosnia, and the young Kosovan who supports his parents by doing odd jobs in the hotel like pushing the laundry bins out to the truck; his parents owned a hotel in Pristina. As I read the story, I couldn't help remembering our parents, many of

whom were educated professionals who ended up in the same kind of menial jobs. We may be in the new millennium, but there are still ethnic wars and refugees giving up everything to reach a safe haven.

Eva Yachnes

Send material for the *Kinder-Link* to the KTA office or Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx NY, 10467.

E-mail address [kinderlink@aol.com](mailto:kinderlink@aol.com)

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

•••

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

•••

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Anita Grosz, Vice-President, KT2  
Tamara Meyer, Member-at-Large, KT2  
Eva Yachnes, Newsletter Editor  
David Marc Fischer, Generations Editor

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Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source. The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA.

## Financial Statement for the Year Ended June 30, 2000

Cash on hand at 7/1/99	\$18,666
Less: Prepaid items per below	<u>9,964</u>
	8,702
<b>Income:</b>	
Membership: KTA	\$9,997
Membership: KT2	800
Donations: Charitable	10,127
History Project	2,377
Outreach	1,124
KTA Exhibit	6,008
Memory Quilt	470
Various Fundraisers	484
Prepaid Memberships	3,895
Owed to RoK	<u>264</u>
	<u>35,546</u>
	44,248
<b>Expenses:</b>	
Donations: Charitable	6,500
History Project	1,540
KTA Exhibit	6,776
Memory Quilt	1,139
Printing, Stationery, Postage	6,692
Telephone	481
Computer Expenses	718
Publicity	74
Professional Fees	1,075
KTA Website	233
Miscellaneous	<u>111</u>
	<u>25,339</u>
Cash on hand, June 30, 2000	18,909
<b>Prepaid Items</b>	
Membership Dues	\$ 610
Donations	3,578
History Project	1,977
Outreach	1,114
KTA Exhibit	2,371
Memory Quilt	<u>314</u>
	9,964

To obtain a copy of the financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Helga Newman at 516-488-2358.

## Return To Berlin

A few days before departing for Berlin with a group of former Berliners invited to visit by the Mayor, *Kind* Lisa Klein got a phone call from Ellen Stein. Ms. Stein asked Lisa if she had run for her school, Adass Yisroel, in 1936. When Lisa affirmed that she had run, and won, Ellen said that they had been friends in those days. Although Lisa didn't remember Ellen, the two former friends met on the trip back to their childhood home.

On their return, Ellen wrote the following about the trip:

We were part of a group of more than eighty travelers—half of them, like me, born in Berlin and forced out as children, and their companions. We flew in from many countries—there were former Berliners from Israel, Australia, Sweden, Argentina, Brazil, the U.S., Canada, etc.

Continued on Page 5



## Letters To The Editor

In the Fall 2000 issue of The Kinder-Link, Ms. Olga Drucker eloquently expresses her fear of the increase of prejudice and intolerance among American children and she urges us "to do everything we possibly can to warn these American children of what can—what did—happen under disturbingly similar circumstances. . ."

Because I have long shared Ms. Drucker's concerns, I have supported the "Teaching Tolerance Program" of the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC), which reaches over 400,000 teachers and 70,000 schools with free Tolerance Education Materials. This program is one of the most promising ways to curb the alarming growth of bigotry and violence.

Among the SPLC's better known activities are the successful lawsuits that have bankrupted the Ku Klux Klan and, more recently, the Aryan Nations of Idaho.

Donations should be sent to the Center at 400 Washington Avenue, Montgomery, AL 36104.

Guy Bishop  
Newtown, CT

Your Anniversary issue is just great and the many articles are thoughtful and truly from the heart.

I have been a member of our group for these past ten years and have found the connection very meaningful and important to me. Unfortunately, I have lost my two brothers and can no longer share our mutual childhood so it is good that I can touch base with some in our group as we instantly have a common bond.

My husband and I are not able to attend the conference in Scottsdale but trust it will be most meaningful and look forward to hearing about it. Please extend my best regards to all—possibly somebody there will remember Gerti Nachtigall from Vienna who left on a transport for Scotland in 1939.

Gertrude Nachtigall  
New York, NY

I attended the movie *Into the Arms of Strangers* while on vacation in Chicago and was impressed with the film and the fact that it was showing at a major movie theater.

The audience was quite small, and at the end of the show I asked those present if there were any *Kinder* present. I got a response from two attendees and we had a nice chat in the lobby after the show. It turned out that they were the wife and daughter of a deceased *Kind*. What was also interesting was that they were not aware of the KTA, but were interested in joining.

This suggests that there may be many *Kinder* unaware of our organization, and if anyone attends the movie it is worthwhile standing up and asking the audience if they are interested in affiliating with the KTA.

Ed Benedikt  
Brunswick, ME

My thanks to the members of KTA for sending a donation to the Holocaust Museum in my honor; it is very much appreciated and greatly treasured.

While I am in the thanking mode I want to express my gratitude to Ben Abeles, without whose help our new database would not exist and who mentally held my hand over the telephone, telling me how to solve the many problems I came up with.

My thanks also to Ellen Botner, for all her help with the bookkeeping.

Also thanks to the members of the KTA for re-electing me as treasurer, without my having to do TV ads, make speeches, and suffer the agony of not knowing if I won!

Helga Newman  
New Hyde Park, NY

## Museum Request

The Museum of Jewish Heritage in New York City tells the story of 20<sup>th</sup> Century Jewish life from the perspective of those who lived it. Help us make the story of the Kindertransports visible. We are seeking original material for our collections and exhibitions including:

### Jewish family and community life from 1880 to 1930.

For example: Invitations and announcements for circumcisions, bar mitzvahs, and weddings; posters from cultural events; report cards, notebooks and diplomas from Jewish schools.

**Holocaust.** For example: *Kennkarten*, passports, ration cards and other documents marked with J; materials from Jewish self-help, educational, cultural and sports organizations; train and ship tickets and tags from Kindertransport journeys out of occupied Europe; farewell gifts or keepsakes taken abroad; drawings and crafts by Kindertransportees; diaries; letters to separated family members; religious literature produced for the use of Kindertransportees; documents issued by the British government for Kindertransportees; pamphlets from Jewish agencies in Great Britain; materials from children's homes.

If you have items that you would be willing to consider donating, please contact Esther Brumberg, Curator of Collections, Museum of Jewish Heritage, One Battery Park Plaza, New York, NY 10004-1484. Telephone: 212-968-1800 ext. 142. E-mail: ebrumberg@mjhny.org

## Kindertransport Memory Quilt Cards And Posters

Kindertransport Memory Quilt cards and posters are available from Kirsten Grosz. There are two card and two poster designs, one from each of the first two completed quilts.

The cards are \$1.50 each plus postage and handling of \$2.00 for up to ten cards. The posters (image size 12" x 9 3/4", overall size 17 x 11) cost \$5.00 each plus postage and handling of \$2.50 per order. All profits go to the KTA.

Make checks payable to Kirsten Grosz, and send to her at 7233 Lakeside Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46278. For further information call 317-293-4218.

## Generations

### Meet Vickie Russell



Vickie Russell's performance of her song "Welcome Home" was a highlight of the 2000 Reunion in Scottsdale.

"My father, John Obermeyer, is a *Kind*," writes Vickie. "He left Bad Salzuflen, Germany (near Hanover) without his family on July 4, 1939, when he was 10 years old. He arrived in London and went directly to a boarding school called Stootley Rough outside of London where he was very well taken care of and lived with other Jewish refugee children. In April 1945 he was sent to a youth hostel in Birmingham, England. There he became an apprentice machinist until he left to emigrate to the US in December 1946. Tragically, his parents and brother did not survive the war. He lived here with his uncle until he was drafted into the army in October 1950. He was stationed in Germany.

"My father never talked much about his childhood, and I didn't want to ask too many questions for fear of upsetting him, but I could always intuit the pain he felt about his experience. After visiting Germany and seeing his home, I wanted to communicate my feelings to him. Being a singer/songwriter by profession, I naturally express my feelings through my music and wanted to give my father a gift in the best way I know how to express, through song. I am so happy to have been able to give this song to my father. It was very touching as I watched him nod his head as he listened, confirming that I understood. I sing this song at all my shows in clubs and tell the audiences about the Kindertransport. I watch people who know nothing about the Kindertransport cry and relate in ways I never would have imagined. It is important for me to share my father's story with the world, so that his experience will not be forgotten."

"Welcome Home" is available as a single on cassette (\$5) and on CD (\$6). To order, send a check made out to Vickie Russell to P.O. Box 1160, New Paltz, NY 12561

## Welcome Home

By Vickie Russell, © 2000

I saw through his eyes  
When I traveled to his home  
He told me where he lived  
But I'd have to go alone  
Too painful for him  
With memories like knives  
My father's house  
Echoing with cries

I tried to imagine  
What it would be like  
For a 10 year old boy  
Riding his bike  
Pushed to the ground  
And be beaten by his friends  
Their young minds poisoned  
By bitter hateful men

Welcome Home to America  
Welcome Home the Land of the free  
Welcome Home to America  
It's the best place he could ever be

My heart is broken  
When I think of his pain  
As his parents placed him  
On a one way train  
Never again would he see their loving eyes  
A trusting young child  
Never questioning why

He was sent to a land  
Far across the sea  
A heart filled with hope  
An orphan refugee  
The years passed by  
And he made a new life  
He found his work  
He found a wife

\*Chorus  
As I walk through customs  
Home from the long flight  
I reflect on my freedom  
And the luck of my time  
I show my passport  
To the man in the booth  
He stamps my papers  
Words never rang more true

Welcome Home to America  
Welcome Home the Land of the free  
Welcome Home to America  
It's the best place I could ever be

## German Chancellor Applauds Into the Arms of Strangers

*Chancellor Gerhard Schröder delivered the following speech at the German premiere of Into the Arms of Strangers. The screening was attended by Time Warner CEO Gerald Levin, producer and KT2 Deborah Oppenheimer, Vice President of the Jewish Council of Germany Charlotte Knobloch, and Kinder Hedy Epstein and Ursula Rosenfeld*

Dear Mr. Levin, dear Ms. Oppenheimer, dear Ms. Knobloch:

I am very glad to see Ms. Hedy Epstein and Ms. Ursula Rosenfeld among us. They are witnesses of the events that are subject of tonight's film—we will share part of their lives.

The film *Into the Arms of Strangers—Stories of the Kindertransport* shows how Jewish children were rescued from National Socialist Germany, from Austria and occupied Czechoslovakia. It depicts National Socialist terror from the perspective of the victims. Those victims were the most defenseless of all, wanting help and protection: children who had to be rescued from racist persecution.

This film is the result of a great personal effort: biographies, documentary footage and photographs were researched in depth, countless men and women who had been saved by the Kindertransport to England were interviewed.

Ms. Epstein and Ms. Rosenfeld are able to join us today because during those barbarous times in Germany there were Englishmen who had the courage to remain humane.

This film recalls a time when in Germany all basic values were brutally rendered invalid. The values most affected were human kindness and human dignity. Recalling those authentic biographies means reestablishing part of that humanness that was crushed at the time, it helps rebuild part of victims' identities. They are no nameless victims, we recognize their faces. We learn about people of Jewish extraction who were children or juveniles when between December of 1938 and August of 1939 they traveled on the Kindertransport to the United Kingdom and to safety.

The events leading to the Kindertransport were one of the most heinous chapters in German history: the pogroms of November 8, 1938. Survivors remember how as children they witnessed their parents being arrested, tortured or killed. They witnessed Jewish shops being plundered, synagogues burning. Fearful, caring mothers and fathers sent their children to safety on the Kindertransport—to a future unknown and uncertain.

The children felt a pain that they still feel today—they lost their parents, their homes, their country, their language.

*Into the Arms of Strangers* visualizes the cruel process of alienation and annihilation of the Jewish population who were part of that culture—but by decree of the criminals ruling over National Socialist Germany they were to be liquidated.

*Into the Arms of Strangers* tells about what it means to become a stranger, a fugitive in your own country overnight.

In doing this the film emphasizes the obligation of the Federal Republic of Germany to offer shelter to refugees in our country—we cannot accept the alienation of people because of their race, ethnic background or creed.

We are ashamed and dismayed by the events depicted in this film. But there is reason to be grateful—the fact that thou-

sands of children could be saved. We are grateful to the government of the United Kingdom and to the host parents and families who welcomed Jewish children, protected them, offered them shelter and a home.

I am grateful that survivors of the Kindertransport and eyewitnesses are present among us today. We need their immensely important involvement in order to pass on their experiences to the younger generations. Our society could not do without those witnesses relating their biographies because today we are, again, challenged by violent rightwing extremists, and we have to resist them.

Obviously there are decisive differences between the events depicted in the film and those happening today. In those days murderers were ruling Germany, today state and society join together in opposing the neo-Nazi gangs.

But that does not mean we are exempt from our duty to remember. Nobody is asking those generations born after the war to feel guilty about our history. But still the young people should learn to deal with the present by understanding the past.

The testimony of the survivors helps our understanding immensely. Therefore I hope that films like this one will be seen by as many young people as possible.

Many thanks to producer Deborah Oppenheimer, to director Mark Harris and last, but not least, Warner Brothers Pictures who helped in producing this film.

*Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47<sup>th</sup> Street 3B, New York, NY 10036  
Phone/Fax: 212-265-6610, e-mail davemarc@panix.com*

### Return....continued from Page 2

Our trip was arranged to provide us with opportunities to meet Berlin's Mayor and leading members of the Senate. We were given time to ask questions and to talk about our feelings.

There was a day trip by boat on the Wannsee, site of the infamous Wannsee Conference, and a day trip to the Palace of Sans Souci. There was also a sightseeing tour by bus. We were taken to several very moving memorials to the Holocaust around Berlin, and to the new Jewish Museum. This museum was designed by the architect Libelskind, and is very affecting—it is designed to make one feel a threatening presence—all the walls slope inward, the floor is uneven, and the ceilings gradually descend to give one a feeling of uneasiness and fear. There are dark rooms with iron doors that clang shut.

My own feelings about Berlin were mixed—the memories of marching boots, broken glass, and blood in the streets will never go away—but I can see that the new Berlin, and the Berliners that we met, are very different from my memories and nightmares.

My friend Lester and I spent an afternoon as the guests of a young couple, Janne and Peter, who made us feel that there is a brand-new generation of Berliners that have no connection whatsoever with the anti-Semitic terror and brutality that I lived through.

I am glad I went and experienced the new Berlin and its citizens; nothing will make me forget, but I recognize that what was *then* is not there to haunt me anymore.

## A Royal Premiere

Since September, my life has been dominated by the Warner Brothers film *Into the Arms of Strangers—The Story of the Kindertransports*. Its producer, KT2 Deborah Oppenheimer, is also the producer of many Warner Brothers sitcoms, most recently, "The Drew Carey Show," and "Norm."

Debbie persuaded Warner Brothers to fund the project—a rarity since Warner Brothers is not known for documentaries. She also got the Oscar-winning director, Mark Jonathan Harris, to direct the film, and assembled a team of researchers, camera crews and support personnel. Debbie, Mark, and colleagues gathered in an isolated chalet for a week and watched hundreds of Spielberg's Shoah tapes of *Kinder* in order to choose a sample of those who had interesting and representative stories to tell and who came across well on screen. Filming of *Kinder*, rescuers, and the very few parental survivors began in London in 1999 at the 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion, and continued in the United States.

The major part of the film's budget was used to scour the world for authentic archival footage, mostly home videos or newsreels, almost all of it never seen before. Every scene is authentic; no "recreations" were used.

As the film neared completion, the Publicity Machine swung into high gear; WB decided on a mainstream release, and I was asked to join the Publicity "Junket"—not a pejorative term in advertising circles. The film had its premiere in Los Angeles in September. Thus my wife and I stepped out of our stretch limo onto fifty yards of red carpet and were greeted by a battery of cameras and microphones. Everyone tried to ask us a question, but no one offered to send us a copy of any of the pictures they took! We went on to premieres or Film Festivals in Toronto, the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, Chicago, Miami, Detroit, New York, and Boston.

At each stop, two film studios were set up in a hotel suite. A make-up lady did her best to hide the bags under my eyes, and to dull the shine of my head. A constant stream of interviewers and reporters, each allocated five minutes, flowed through our makeshift studios. Debbie and I sat in one studio, and Mark and Ursula Rosenfeld, a charming lady from Manchester, England, were in the other. Among TV reporters, beautiful blond women predominated. A few reporters requested lengthier interviews, and either took notes or used a pocket recorder. I much preferred these to the five-minute sessions, which gave me no chance to repair a defective sentence. Limos whisked us to and from NPR stations and TV talk shows.

Ursula and I were not WB employees; it is considered unethical to pay people for their testimony in a documentary film. However, it was permissible to treat us like, well, ... royalty. The hotels were the best, the support staff numerous and attentive: a limo took us to the airport; there a "handler" immediately swept us up to a semi-private lounge, took care of our baggage, and made sure that we got good seats on the plane.

Our final stop was London. Three days of publicity interviews culminated in the Royal Charity Premiere on November 8. Debbie, Mark, and the twelve or so people who appeared in the film, including Mariam Cohen, my foster mother, gathered in the theater mezzanine where we were to be presented to HRH the Prince of Wales.

I tried to recall the sheet of instructions we had been given: "When meeting HRH the Prince of Wales, he will offer his hand, which you should shake and greet him using the phrase 'Good evening, Your Royal Highness.' ... Ladies should 'bob' rather than curtsey, ... Gentlemen should incline their head slightly," ... and then the blanket advice, "Remember that if in doubt, good manners and common sense will carry the day." We need not have worried; HRH greeted us cordially, and chatted for a minute or two with each of us.

The audience filed in, and we took our seats in the theater. Then the Royal Party entered and took their seats. Four trumpeters, dressed in Beefeater costumes, marched in, lined up in front of the screen, and let loose with a loud and magnificent fanfare, followed by "God Save the Queen." The trumpeters withdrew, and *Into the Arms of Strangers* was shown.

When the film ended, we were instructed to stay in our seats until the Royal Party had left. The Prince started up one staircase to the exit, and found himself standing next to Mariam—and he engaged her in conversation for several minutes, before moving on. It certainly made her day! HRH is certainly charming and easy to talk to, we agreed. However, most of us could not remember what we or the Prince had said! It was as if we had experienced a sudden "memory clear."

Kurt Fuchel  
Rocky Point, NY

## Local News

### Florida

The Florida chapter, with the help of the Jewish Community Relations Council of South Palm Beach County, and the Holocaust Judaic Studies Department of Florida Atlantic University, held a Kristallnacht event at the University on November 9, 2000.

The evening was a huge success; about 450 people attended. Anita Hoffer introduced the movie, *No Time to Say Goodbye*, which is a BBC production that ran for about one hour.

The movie was followed by Herta Drucker and Susan Schreiber (KT2) telling their personal stories. The two speakers were excellent; few dry eyes were left in the audience.

We had so much publicity for this event that we received many calls to speak including one from a lady from the Unitarian Church in Miami; also a woman, Hannah Mandelbaum, who wishes to help *Kinder* publish their materials. I have yet to receive her credentials for making this offer.

We have publicized in the Florida area the help available through the Jewish Family Service. The Family Service received money from the Claims Conference to help needy survivors with some financial aid, and also to help with filling out the forms for claims to Germany and Austria. Apparently, this help is obtainable nationwide. Our local person, Mr. Marlon Weiss, at 561-684-1991 will give you the correct person to call. I was happy to hear from Mr. Weiss that he has received calls following our letter to the Florida *Kinder*. Please pass on this information.

Anita Hoffer  
Chair, Florida Chapter  
Continued on Page 7





## Search

I would like to find and establish contact with my two cousins, actually daughters of my late cousin **Elsa Flusser** nee Fried. I recently found out that the twins **Susie (Suzanne)** and **Liesel (Lieselotte) Flusser** came to England from Prague at the age of eleven with one of Mr. Winton's rescue transports of children from Czechoslovakia. The list of the children shows Edinburgh as their place of residence in 1995. I met Liesel once briefly during my visit to London in 1958, but we lost contact again. At the time she was living in London and was perhaps a nurse. Her sister Susie was somewhere in Scotland and was perhaps an officer in one of the armed forces.

Jan Rocek (formerly Kurt Robitschek)  
2636 Laurel Lane  
Wilmette, IL 60091  
Telephone: 847-251-1592  
E-mail: rocek@uic.edu

News of the film and book *Into the Arms of Strangers* has re-kindled memories of two German boys we had at school in Bourmouth, UK during World War II. I have photos of them in a school play in 1942 and should be pleased if you can offer news of them or refer me to another address which might help my search. The two boys were **Fritz Adler** from Stuttgart and **Gunther Saul** from Berlin. Fritz may have been lot at sea during the war

Paul Renwick  
8 Springfield  
Skeeby, Richmond  
North Yorkshire, DL10 5DY  
England  
E-mail: 101454.2465@compuserve.com

I am looking for information on any of the Kindertransport children who were cared for in our village. This information is to be included in the history being compiled to mark the Millennium.

Trench Hall, near Wem in Shropshire, hosted between 50 and 100 children. Some were housed in nearby cottages including Trench Hall Villa. There may have been a connection with the Bunce Court School

The closest village was Tilley, with a number of Black and White half-timbered buildings dating from the seventeenth century, that lay a short ten minute walk from the Hall, across a railway crossing

At some time during the war, a few of the children were playing with a bonfire that got out of hand and spread to a stack of loose hay. It is possible that the local fire brigade were called out with an old horse-drawn steam fire engine (This same one hundred year-old fire engine has just turned up in someone's shed!)

Alastair Reid  
Brook Farm  
Tilley, Wem

Shropshire, SY4 5HH  
England  
E-mail Lindsey@reidatTilley.freemove.co.uk

Can any readers help with my research? I am a doctoral student in England, undertaking a study of Miss **Eleanor Rathbone**, a non-Jewish member of parliament who became involved with the "refugee" issue in 1933. Miss Rathbone fought hard to aid those fleeing Europe, was a member of the Parliamentary Committee for Refugees, and set up her own National Committee for Rescue from Nazi Terror. She intervened in individual cases, but these are proving difficult to identify. Does anyone have any recollection of Miss Rathbone being involved on their case, and would they be willing to allow me access to their case file, held by the Central British Fund for World Jewish Relief? If anyone can help, please write to:

Susan Cohen  
Gothic Cottage  
Clifford Road  
Barnet, Herts. EN5 5NY  
England  
E-mail: susancohen@onetel.net.uk

**Eric Seif** is seeking anybody who was in the photo below, taken at the Baram House in September 1939. Eric is in the second row from the back, fourth from the right. If you would like a larger copy of the picture, contact Eric at 10425 Jellico, Granada Hills CA 91344. Telephone: 818-368-4682.



Local news...continued from Page 6

## Northern California

In October *Into the Arms of Strangers* was shown at the Mill Valley Film Festival (Marin County, north of San Francisco) where the film was introduced by Co-Chairs Ralph Samuel and Alfred Cotton, who also did a Q-and-A session afterwards. Subsequently the film played for three weeks at two commercial houses where it was seen by many local *Kinder* and received excellent reviews in the press

The next major NorCal event is being planned for Sunday, April 22, 2001 when the Chapter is cosponsoring *Silent Voices Speak*, an art exhibition and lecture series. More details to follow

Ralph Samuel and Alfred Cotton  
Co-Chairs, NorCal Chapter

What has been happening in your area? Let us know about your activities and upcoming plans. Deadline for the April issue is March 1, 2001

## Contributors To The KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund during the period from June 2000 to November 2000. Your generosity is appreciated!

Renee Achter, Rella Adler, Alfred Aronowicz, Jan Aronson, Dorothea Austin, Alfred Bader, Eveline Barnett, Paul Basch, Hanni Baum, Doris Baumgarten, Gina Becker, Lucie Benedikt, Daniel Benedikt, Erwin Bendorf, Anne Berkovitz, Martin Birn, Guy Bishop, Benno Black, Harry Borgenicht, Ellen Bottner, Renata Bradley, Sidney Bratt, Frank Brenner, Walter Brian, Lisa Brinner, Irene Jacoby Buchner, Eva Burger, Mark Burin, Arno Cahn, Robert Camis, Ilse Camis, Susan F. Camis, Walter Clifton, Lottie Cohen, Theresa Cohen, Alfred Cotton, Gabrielle D'Amato, Ruth David, Erich Davids, Julie Debevoise, Otto Decker, Leslie Diamond, Lise Donovan, Olga Drucker, Marietta Drucker, Herta Drucker, Inge Dux-Herman, Edith Ehrlich, Mark Engel, Hedy Epstein, Vera Ericson, Bertl Esenstad, Wayne Estes, Erika Estis, Robert Feier, Gane Fellner, Liese Fischer, Ellen Fletcher, Erwin Fluss, Anne Fox, Ingrid Frank, Michelle Freiler, Edgar Frenkel, Lothar Frenkel, Geoffrey Fritzier, Elfi Frohlich, Gina Frommer, Kurt Fuchel, Margaret Furst, Laura Gabriel, Ilse Garfunkel, Peter Garfunkel, Joseph Garten, Gabriele Gatzert, Rita Lynn Geiringer, Ann Gelles, Ellen Gerber, Linda Gerber Leit, Hildegard Gernsheimer, Marianne Gilbertie, Paul Glasner, Joanne Goldberg, Kurt Goldberger, Margarete Goldberger, Rita Goldhor, Rita Goldman, Ernest Goodman, Erica Goodseit, Alexander Gordon, Ernest Green, Hanus Grosz, Heini Halberstam, Gale Halpern, Ben Hamilton, Margot Hanau, Ruth Hanauer, Diane Harab, Ora Hartwick, Ruth Heiman, Florence Hein, Ruth Heinemann, Max Heisler, Jack Hellman, Teddy Helman, Inga Hirschfield, Josef Hirschhorn, Zita Hirschhorn, Adele Hochberg, Edgar Holton, Gerald Holton, Marion House, Selmar Hubert, Lore Jacobs, Peter Jacobs, Hannah Jawetz, Fred Jentes, Erica Jesselson, Eric Jungermann, Marianne Kaelbling, Margaret Kahn, Henry Kandler M.D., Bernice Karg, Charlotte Karp, Henry Karplus, Max Kaufmann, Anne Kelemen, Walter Klein, Lisa Klein, Edgar Klugman, Myrna Knepler, Ruth Knox, Ilse Kohn, Stephen T. Kollisch, Eva Kollisch, Nancy Kollisch, Peter Kollisch, Donald Kollisch, Manfred Korman, Lottie Kornfeld, Joseph Korngruen, Edith Kraemer, Liesel Krehan, Paul Kuttner, Irma Landau, Raoul Landman, Lucy Lang, John Lang, Celia Lee, Hanny Leitson, Dr. Charles Levenback, Vera Levine, Eva Lewin, David Lewinski, Martin Lewis, J. Nina Lieberman, Charlotte Litwin, Emmy Loeb, Harry Loeb, David Lowe, Rudi Lowenstein, Edward Lowenstein, Henry Lowenstein, Erica Mansfield, Curt Marcus, Fred Margulies, Julie Marks, Walter Marx, Alice Masters, Nelly McBurnie, Ruth Meador, Greta Meier, Ilse Melamid, Anna Meyer, Ursula Meyer, Eva E. Moszer, Herbert Neuwald, Helga Newman, John Obermeyer, Deborah Oppenheimer, Mimi Alice Ormond, Ruth Ottenheimer, Arno Penzias, Susan Perl, Marianne Phiebig, Trude Plack, Peter Plessner, Nurit Prag, Maggie Prost, Victor Raab, Lilly Radcliffe, Martin Radley, William Rattner, Ruth Rauch, Irene Rehbock, Peter Reiche, Victor Reichenstein, Helga Relation, Michael Roemer, Frederick Rolf, Bert Rosenberg, Frances Rose, Lore Rosen, Frederick R Rosenbaum, Fred M Rosenbaum, Lillyan Rosenberg, Denise Rosenberg, Suse Rosentstock, Laura Rosenthal, Ruth Rosenthal, Erica Rosenthal, Manfred Rosenthal, Renate Rossmere, Anne Rotenberg, Joseph Ruskin, Marietta Ryba, Erika Rybeck, Ruth Sadovnik, Ralph Samuel, Eva Schaal, Hans Schlamme, Henry Schmeltzer, Irene Schmied, Elizabeth L. Schmitz, Edmund Schnitzer, Erika Schoenfeld, Lea Schreiber, Herman Schreiber, Helga Schweitzer, Heinz Seckel, Ruth Segal, Eric Seif, Regina Selig, Charles Selig, Walter Selinger, Helga Shepard, R. Gabriele Silten, Robin Smallberg, Stephanie Smith, Renee Solomon, Lottie Spaeth, Liesel Spencer, Lola Sprinzeles, Steven Spronz, Esther Starobin, Karl Stayna, Susan Stayna, Tommy Strauss, Marion Strauss, Gerald Subak-Sharpe, Eva Suchmann, Robert Suchmann, Hanna Tauber, Sonja Tebrich, Ruth H. Terner, Howard Tichauer, Susan Vogelstein, Ruth Wachtenheim, Peter Wagner, Yvonne Wagner, Marion Walter, Sigi Wassermann, Irene Watts, Helga Weber, Doron Weber, Peter Wegner, Felix Weil, Martin Weinberger, Hans R. Weinmann, Anita Weisbord, Oscar Werner, Walter Wertheim, Alice Winkler, Ilse Wischnia, Marion Wolff, Eva Wolfson, Shoshanah Wolfson, Eva Yachnes, Hannah Zwang,

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# THE KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring/2001

Volume 11/Number 2

## One Thousand Children

The non-profit organization One Thousand Children, Inc. (OTC) is working with international organizations to find approximately 1,000 people who were sent to United States foster families as children fleeing the Nazis in World War II. Some came directly to the United States. Others came by way of England, China, Russia, and other countries.

OTC is documenting the experiences of children, aged one to sixteen, who came to the United States between 1934 and 1945 to escape Nazi persecution. Working with a number of Holocaust-related and other organizations, OTC is planning to: Locate and communicate with as many of the surviving one thousand as possible; assist OTC Children to find and communicate with each other; continue research into the political and social context of the time; produce scholarly papers and articles in popular periodicals; produce a documentary; develop and manage an interactive web site; organize a first reunion; publish memoirs and related educational information; maintain an archive of OTC-related materials; organize traveling exhibitions.

The recent documentary *Into the Arms of Strangers: Stories of the Kindertransports*, and other similar films and related books, have successfully raised the awareness of the public regarding the plight and rescue by Great Britain of almost 10,000 unaccompanied children during the Holocaust. By comparison, there is no such public familiarity with the experiences of the approximately one thousand unaccompanied children brought by a variety of organizations and individuals to America before and during World War II to stay with foster families. Most of their parents perished in the Holocaust. America's response to the calamity of the Holocaust, especially as it relates to children, as well as the experiences of these one thousand children and the people and organizations who made their escape from persecution possible, remains to be told. It is a story of courage and sacrifice unknown by most Americans and many scholars.

OTC was founded by Iris Posner and Lenore Moskowitz who are OTC's President and Vice-President respectively. For more information, contact One Thousand Children Inc., P.O.

Box 4710, Silver Spring, MD 20914-4710, telephone 301-622-0321, fax 301-622-0363. The organization's e-mail address is [contact@onethousandchildren.org](mailto:contact@onethousandchildren.org)

*The Washington Jewish Week of February 15, 2001 carried an article about One Thousand Children, from which the following is excerpted*

Using the documents of U.S. groups involved in the rescue effort, including the American Friends Service Committee, Hebrew Immigration Aid Society, German Jewish Children's Aid and the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, OTC has identified 1,045 unaccompanied children who were brought to the United States in the 1934-1945 period and placed in foster homes. She [Moskowitz] believes there were about 125 more children who have yet to be found.

It was primarily a private-sector effort, says Posner, with those charitable organizations raising money and providing logistic support—especially escorts who accompanied the children on ships to their new homes. (Posner says records show that some dedicated people spent long periods of time accompanying small groups of children from Europe to America and then getting on another ship to return to Europe to escort another group.) Before 1941, the children arrived in small groups. There was hostility to letting foreigners enter the country during the Depression, and therefore the sponsors wanted to avoid drawing attention to their charges, Posner explains. The children came in on quotas of their countries of origin.

After that, hostility lessened as word spread of the treatment of Jews, and the children came in larger groups. In 1941 and '42, some 250 Jewish children in southern France were brought to the United States in larger groups after their parents were deported. To find American foster families for all the children, appeals were made to synagogue congregations and Jewish organizations.

OTC's mission is to interview the survivors about this rescue effort, without being intrusive and maintaining survivor confidentiality for those who want it.

### Austrian Compensation

Member Anne Kelemen informs us that the Nationalfond of the Republic of Austria, (Parliament, 1017 Vienna telephone 1-43-4081263, fax 1-43-4080339), has been charged with distributing the sum of \$7,000 to anyone who was forced to flee and leave their apartment because of Nazi persecution. This sum is to compensate for the lost property.

Beginning in March forms will be sent to every person whose name is already in their computers, thus everyone who had received the one-time payment of AT\$70,000 will auto-

matically receive this simple form.

The Nationalfond assures us that the disbursement will be effected with a minimum of bureaucratic delays, and recommends that anyone who believes that they are not listed should contact them at the above address by letter, telephone, or fax

### News Flash!

The film *Into the Arms of Strangers: Stories of the Kindertransports*, produced by KT2 Deborah Oppenheimer, won the Oscar for Best Documentary of 2000.

## Opinion

### Grassroots Organizing

I have watched with a great deal of pleasure the recent progress toward a functioning Midwest KTA group. While there have been occasional meetings in that vast area, there has been nothing on the scale of the event about to take place in Indianapolis. The work that went into organizing the three day meeting will undoubtedly lead to further events; in fact it has already led to the establishment of a Midwest register for *Kinder* willing to speak to groups of schoolchildren.

All of this is the result of the thinking and the hard work of one member, Eva Hamlet, who decided that the only way to get KTA activities going in her area was to do it herself. And truly, that is the only way to set up local groups. The Executive Committee can't do it for you, nor would you like to be dictated to from the New York area. You're the ones who live there, and you know best how to do things in your part of the country.

Anita Weisbord, the Local Groups coordinator, can help you by providing mailing lists and helpful advice. We also provide cash to help defray costs.

This kind of grassroots organizing has been the basis of our NorCal group, our Florida group, our Pennsylvania group, and more recently our Washington area group. If you miss having *Kinder* activities in your area, how about doing something about it? Remember, all it takes is one energetic and determined person!

### Notice

I have been producing this newsletter for more than ten years now, and I have decided that at the end of this, the eleventh year, I will not run for the office of *Kinder-Link* editor. The fall issue will be my last one.

I think that it's time for a different way of doing things, time for another person's point of view, and time for me to move on.

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
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•••  
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David Marc Fischer, Generations Editor  
•••

Publications are welcome to use material from *The Kinder-Link*, but are requested to credit the source. The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Committee or the KTA

The person who takes over need not live in the New York area; there is no reason for the editor to be a voting board member. All that is needed is a computer and familiarity with a word processing program.

Eva Yachnes

Send material for the *Kinder-Link* to the KTA office or to Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467. E-mail [kinderlink@aol.com](mailto:kinderlink@aol.com)

### A *Kinder Seder*

In 1995 Robert Sugar, our Special Projects board member, wrote an addition to the seder service especially for *Kinder*. We are reprinting it for those of you who are new members, and for those who might like to see it again.

After the *Mah Nishtan-na*, the first paragraph of response to the four questions starts with "We were slaves of Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Lord our God brought us forth from there..." and ends with these, or similar words, depending on your edition of the Haggadah:

And so, even if all of us were full of wisdom and understanding...we should still be bidden once more to repeat the story of the Exodus from Egypt, and he who delights to dwell on the liberation is a person to be praised.

Here add the following:

Living narrative is the life-blood of a people. Tonight as we retell the story of the Exodus of the Children of Israel from Egypt we add the story of our own miraculous escape from slavery, much greater than in Egypt, from terror, and from death. We were the condemned of Hitler in Germany, had we not been brought forth we would have perished; we would have had no husbands or wives; our children and our grandchildren would not have been born. We are the *Kinder*, the Children of Israel of 1939, our children, and their children. Together we represent the ten thousand saved from the flames, and the hundreds of thousands of our generation who were not.

The burning synagogues of the November 1938 pogrom were our Pillar of Fire. The flames, seen in Britain, roused our fellow humans, Jews and gentiles, to save us few from our inhuman neighbors. They sent trains: transports: *Kindertransports*, to Berlin, Vienna, and Prague. Like the Children of Israel in Egypt we packed in haste, chanted as we crossed the border, passed over the sea dry-shod. Unlike Israel in Egypt who marched out, a whole people, fully armed, with great leaders, we marched out alone, unarmed, some babies in the arms of children. Our parents stayed behind.

Our story is not one story, but ten thousand stories. How we endured. What we accomplished. How many of us, a second time, were deported from Britain, on prison ships to Canada and Australia. How many returned to fight in British uniforms to avenge us. How many went to Jerusalem, and fought for Israel. How many fell.

We scattered over the world. Also, miraculously, after fifty years we re-met to tell our story, which is ten thousand stories. Tonight, on the anniversary of the liberation from Egypt, on the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto revolt, **Let all, who are hungry to tell their story, come and speak** (if you do not intend to tell stories, end with: **We gather to celebrate our liberation**).

Here, those who wish to tell their stories do so. If you abbreviate the rest of the Haggadah, conclude with: When Israel went forth from Egypt, the house of Jacob from the midst of a barbarous people...(last paragraph before the blessings for the meal).

Robert Sugar  
Mount Vernon, NY

## CONFRONTING MY PAST

The small village of Cronheim in Southern Germany, where I was born and raised, officially invited my wife Hilda and me last Spring to return there for a special visit. We were asked to be guests of honor for the dedication of a newly created museum-exhibit about the Jewish congregation that had flourished there for over 300 years before it was completely eliminated at the end of 1938. I was even invited to speak publicly without any constraints at the special ecumenical service being planned.

After much soul-searching and many e-mails, we finally decided to go and grasp the hand that was extended in friendship, not knowing what was in store for us or how we would feel and react there.

Upon arrival in Cronheim, we were greeted warmly by the mayor and by Ralf Rossmessl, the young Christian historian who had conceived and created the exhibit, and with whom I had corresponded by e-mail for some time. "Shalom," he said as we embraced, furthering a feeling of kinship that grew even stronger as he explained why and how he created this exhibit. As he guided us through it, he told of months of intensive research in the village that gradually yielded stories, items and pictures about the past that were fascinating and sometimes shocking. Some villagers had offered up Jewish artifacts "found or acquired" years ago. Some eventually contributed financially to the exhibit.

The size of village had changed very little. It still had only about 500 inhabitants as it had in 1938—only now the population consisted mostly of post-Holocaust second and third generations who had little or no knowledge about the past Jewish presence. We learned with some satisfaction that the notorious local Nazi tormentors of my childhood had either died or been killed during or after the war.

The exhibit itself was housed in a room of the renovated local 12<sup>th</sup> century medieval castle that was the center of the weekend ceremonies. A large tablet on the wall listed all the Jews who lived there just before the war, when they were born, and what happened to them. Thirty-four had perished in the Holocaust. Many sacred artifacts were displayed that had somehow come to light after all these years. Among the rediscovered treasures that had once adorned Jewish homes and our synagogue were a brass Shabbos lamp, Mezuzahs, a Torah crown, and the Eternal Light from our synagogue.

There were pictures of my parents and other family members and also of my sister and me, who were listed as the sole survivors of the Jewish community of 1938. There even were samples of the "Judenpass" (complete with a large "J," official Nazi stamp and fingerprints) carried by all Jews. Four were the originals of my father, my mother, my sister, and me. My hand trembled as I touched and held them when they were later presented to us as a gift.

An elderly couple greeted us warmly—the man identified himself as the grandson of our family's live-in maid. He had heard we were coming and traveled by train with his wife to meet us. He told us that he and his father had secretly provided food and shelter to my parents prior to their deportation from Augsburg in 1941.

The evening ceremonies began with welcoming speeches including the senior county executive of the area, who had personally phoned me at home weeks earlier to urge us to come. He solemnly acknowledged his country's responsibility for the atrocities and crimes committed by the Third Reich against the Jewish people, ending his remarks by reciting the Havdalah blessing in German. This gesture touched me deeply.

The next morning, a beautiful Sunday, the courtyard was packed with about 500 people who had formally marched in earlier led by a band followed by officials and flags and banners—a typical festive German "Umzug" (procession). An altar on the stage had been arranged for Kiddush, with wine, silver Kiddush cup, spice box, candle sticks with burning candles, and two Challahs. This was a remarkable gesture considering that no Jews had lived in that village in 61 years! The Protestant minister, a young woman, gave an amazing sermon on why and how Jews celebrate the Sabbath so that the attendees, especially the young ones, could learn something about the Jewish religion. Then the Catholic priest also spoke about how the Sabbath signifies rest and peace, and how its values could show a way for all peoples to come together. And then it was my turn. If Hilda had not been there with me I don't think I could have done it. I faced this huge throng and gave my speech in German that I had carefully crafted at home.

I wanted them all to know exactly who was standing before them that morning! I told them who I was, that I had been born and raised in Cronheim, that I had been kicked out of school and abused by villagers because I was Jewish, that the Nazis had smashed into our house on Kristallnacht and arrested my father and sent him to Dachau, that we along with all the Jews were physically thrown out of the village at the end of 1938 to make it *judenrein*, and that my sister and I had escaped separately to England on the Kindertransport just weeks before the war broke out but that my parents, who remained, were later deported and murdered in the Holocaust. I emphasized that we do not know how or where they died or where they are buried—if they had been buried at all.

But I also wanted them to know that I had come in peace and that I wanted this to be a healing process. I thanked them sincerely for creating this meaningful exhibit, which honored my parents and the lost Jewish population of Cronheim. I urged them never ever again to tolerate or take part in the kind of prejudice and hatred that had wiped out our community. I then strongly encouraged them to visit the museum and learn first hand of the terrible consequences that prejudice and hatred can bring about.

Then the moment that I had sought and dreaded for so long finally arrived. Mustering all the inner strength I had, I asked everyone to rise. Then I recited Kaddish in Hebrew in a slow and deliberate but strong voice which broke only slightly once or twice as everyone stood with heads bowed, reading the German translation in their programs. It was a very difficult and emotional moment for me, and apparently also for some

Continued on Page 5

## Generations



### The KTA Family: An Interview With Melissa Hacker

*An important event at the 2000 Scottsdale conference was the election of longtime KTA member Melissa Hacker to the position of Second Generation Vice-President. Melissa was also honored for her efforts on behalf of the KTA, especially her groundbreaking work as creator of the award-winning film My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the Kindertransports (1996).*

**Melissa, your familiarity with the board and the general membership of the KTA gives you a unique insight into the organization. What are some of the fundamental ways that the KTA serves its members?**

The KTA continues to help long-lost childhood friends find each other and provides a supportive community for *Kinder* and their families. For KT2 members, the KT2 meetings have often been the first place where we have spoken deeply and openly of our parents' pasts. These meetings have led to greater communication between the generations when KT2s ask our parents the questions we have wanted to for years but couldn't. And, in turn, the meetings have led our parents to finally be able to speak without fearing that we did not really want to listen. And as KT2 members have children of our own, we talk about how to tell them about, and involve them in, the Kindertransport story.

**Is there a less positive aspect of the KTA?**

Overall, the KTA is a loving, family environment. But like all families, it also has its generational differences. One important area to consider is how the second-plus generations are involved in the process and direction of the KTA. Many KT2s feel quite preoccupied with their lives (such as our parents were until they got closer to retirement age) and find there is

not sufficient time or energy for active involvement in the KTA. And although two KT2 board positions exist, there is still tremendous ambiguity over the role of the second generation in the organization. To add to this, there is a "generation gap" reflected by frequent dismissals of the second generation perspective at board meetings.

**Can you provide a specific example?**

Yes. The KT2 launched the KTA Oral History Project six years ago, when Spielberg's Shoah project had not even recognized the unique issues involved in interviewing *Kinder* and other child refugees. On our own, we collected over 120 videotaped Kindertransport interviews that reflect our familiarity with the subject. To do this, members of the KT2 donated our time and whatever supplies we could get, and we have raised money through selling t-shirts at reunions. Yet the project is not quite self-supporting. In the early days of the Oral History Project we were helped by a line on the KTA membership form where one could earmark donations to the Oral History Project, but the KTA Board took that line away with no discussion with KT2 members and also announced that the KTA would provide no funding to support the Oral History Project.

**Is there any way to get past the problem areas?**

I hope that more open communication from the KTA board, the general membership, and the KT2 can break through such difficulties. We have the same interests at heart. We need to remember that, hear each other, and work through the difficulties in a supportive and inclusive way.

In terms of KT2 membership, KT2s qualify to join the KTA for a reduced membership fee, which can also be paid by *Kinder*. I continue to encourage *Kinder* to sign up their children as KTA members even if they feel their children "are not interested." They may be pleasantly surprised. I would also have information on how to sign up for the Generations discussion group on the Internet sent out to every new 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> generation KTA member.

**What is the Generations discussion group?**

Two main goals of the KT2 have been keeping the second generation informed of the existence of the KTA, and providing related information, support, and friendship. At one time we sent out a quarterly mailing to all the KT2s on our database, regardless of their membership status in the KTA. We try to keep the database updated so we can inform as many KT2s as possible of things as they arise, but now much of the communication takes place via the Generations column in the *Kinder-Link*, and via the Generations discussion group, which uses e-mail for group discussion. This online discussion group has members in the United States, England, Israel, South Africa, and elsewhere. All KT2 and KT3 should feel free to contribute to the Generations column and participate in the discussion.

**From your contacts with the KT2, where do you think the greatest amount of KT2 interest lies?**

Several ideas for future activities came out of the KT2 meeting at the Scottsdale Reunion. There was, for example, interest in being more involved in the 2002 KTA Conference,

perhaps offering a series of workshops and intergenerational activities and discussions.

Many of the KT2s want to get the Kindertransport story better known throughout the world and incorporated in educational programs. We feel that the Kindertransport story should be an integral part of Holocaust education. While this is in large part due to our personal family awareness and involvement, and our desire to honor our parents and their lives, we feel that there are also clear and more "objective" reasons why the Kindertransport story can be used in schools. It is a story that children can relate to in a very direct way, and it shows how people can take action in the worst of times and save lives.

The KTA already has an active Speaker's Bureau and a Speaker's Kit that is used by *Kinder* to support the presentation of their personal stories and Kindertransport history in school. We spoke of putting together a similar package for KT2 and KT3 to use in the same way.

Another concern is the inclusion of the second generation in discussions about the future of the KTA. Such thoughtful discussions have taken place at every major reunion. Out of the Washington DC reunion came the KTA website and the evolution of the Generations online discussion group. There are more discussions to be had. Indeed, it would be good to actively invite participation beyond the reunions.

And while we have created a valuable resource in the KTA Oral History Archives, there is much more we need to do with it. The collection must be logged, transcribed, a few interviews must be translated from German, and we need to make arrangements for a permanent home in a Holocaust museum or research institute. Of course this, and the ideas discussed at the Scottsdale reunion, need volunteers and fundraising.

#### Confronting My Past...Continued from Page 3

others judging by their demeanor. After I had finished and caught my breath, the local school children sang "Shalom Aleichem" and "Heveinu Shalom" to us in perfect Hebrew and presented me with a framed signed picture of their class. That concluded what was one of the most moving and memorable mornings I have ever experienced.

Later we visited my former house. In the corner of the living room ceiling there still protruded the hook that once held our Shabbos lamp, but now a cross hung just below it. The staircase near the front door still bore distinct marks from the Kristallnacht break-in. I went upstairs and stood in what was once my room and my parent's bedroom as precious memories flooded my mind.

Our former synagogue building contained no trace of what it once was, except for the mikvah in the cellar. People greeted us everywhere but I really could not remember anyone. It had been too long, and I had come from another world. After visiting the graves of my father's parents and grandparents we left that afternoon, completely drained emotionally and exhausted physically.

For Hilda and me, our visit to Cronheim was a truly uplifting and deeply satisfying positive experience, full of emotional challenges and high drama. It was something I really wanted and needed to do, to pay tribute to my parents there in the village where they had lived and where they gave me life. No grave or gravestone will ever mark the place where I could

Anyone who has time, interest, or expertise should please contact me at my e-mail address, [kinderfilm@earthlink.net](mailto:kinderfilm@earthlink.net). We especially need help with fundraising.

#### What do you see as your role as Second Generation Vice-President?

I see my role as one of facilitator, advocate, advisor, and occasional organizer, helping the organization include the KT2 and KT3 and consider their needs and concerns. I attend KTA Board meetings, so I would very much like to hear from KT2 members what issues, concerns, and ideas they would like to present to the Board.

Also, as a KTA Board member, I strongly encourage all KT2 members to take the initiative in arranging meetings and other activities in their localities. All it takes is one person to host a meeting and put out notices, either through the Generations discussion group or by phone or actual mail (expenses will be covered by the KTA). Once your living room, community center, restaurant or office is filled by a few KT2 members (we've held New York meetings in all sorts of places), there will be plenty to talk about.

**Editor's Note:** Kindertransport *descendants*, KT2 and KT3, can join the Generations online discussion group by sending a blank e-mail to [ktgenerations-subscribe@yahoo.com](mailto:ktgenerations-subscribe@yahoo.com). All *Kinder* can join a general discussion group by sending a blank e-mail to [ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoo.com](mailto:ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoo.com). Neither discussion group is officially affiliated with the KTA.

*Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 W. 47<sup>th</sup> Street, 3B, New York, NY 10036. Phone/Fax: 212-265-6610; e-mail [davemarc@panix.com](mailto:davemarc@panix.com)*

say Kaddish and find closure, but on that memorable day in Cronheim last June, I had come close to that long sought goal.

#### Postscript

This past November 19, Cronheim's observance of Germany's official Memorial Day for its war dead from both World Wars was also noteworthy for its sensitivity. During the solemn service for all fallen Cronheimers, the names of its thirty-four Jewish Holocaust victims were read and added to the village honor roll. After moving tributes were paid to them by three prominent officials, Kaddish was recited once more, this time by a special representative from the Israeli consulate in Munich. Then thirty-four trees were dedicated to be planted in Israel in their memory. All this was organized entirely by those local leaders who created and supported the museum exhibit which continues to thrive. It has attracted thousands of visitors and considerable media attention.

What happened in Cronheim last year has had a profoundly positive impact on me and on all who have been touched by its genuine spirit of introspection, outreach and reconciliation. I believe it deserves proper recognition and support so that it can become an example that other towns and villages in Germany and Europe may want to follow.

Sel Hubert  
Rye Brook, NY

## Local News

### Metropolitan Washington

We called it a Chanukah party, but it could have been a *latke* party. It was a few days before Chanukah and two of our *Kinder* baked over 100 *latkes*. To augment the luncheon, each *Kind* brought a coordinated dish. Following the meal, several *Kinder* spoke of experiences they encountered over the summer.

It is not surprising that many Holocaust survivors say that they would not return to the towns and cities of their birth. Every once in a while, however, someone returns from their hometown with amazing experiences to tell. Here are three such stories:

In 1995 Bertl Rosenfeld Esenstadt of Silver Spring, MD returned to her hometown of Adelsheim. She recently went back again with her sister, Esther Starobin, also of Silver Spring. They went to attend a commemoration of the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the deportation of Adelsheim's Jews. Bertl and Esther, along with two other siblings and one other woman, were the only known Jewish survivors from the tiny town's prewar Jewish population of 10 to 15 families.

The recent commemoration was held in Senneld, whose Jews formed one community with the Jews of Adelsheim. The synagogue is now a museum, its main floor devoted to the history of the area's Jews, and the upstairs balcony devoted to artifacts of prewar life. People spoke about the deported Jews as individuals. The experience felt like the closest thing to a funeral that her parents had.

Ralph Mollerick of Silver Spring was back in his German hometown of Wolfhagen in 1995. The German government allowed him to erect and dedicate a gravestone in memory of his parents in the town's Jewish cemetery. It became the first stone to be placed there since 1937.

On November 9, 2000, the anniversary of *Kristallnacht*, Ralph was invited by the mayor of Wolfhagen to be part of a ceremony to dedicate a monument to all the town's Jewish families. The monument listed the names of 29 families that once lived there before the Holocaust.

It was an awesome experience. It was a frigid cold and starry night in the center of town where the ceremony took place. The monument stood prominently on top of a hill in a newly designated park. There was a young crowd of about 33, ranging from toddlers to middle-aged men and women born after the war. The children carried lanterns, which swayed to the solemn music of two Klezmer musicians.

The memorial included prayers, the reading of Psalm 130 in both Hebrew and German, the reading of the family names, and the recitation of *Kaddish* by Ralph and the only other survivor. The school's headmaster, who spoke about the indifference, dishonesty, and denial of most of Wolfhagen's non-Jews to the suffering and destruction of the Jews, gave the keynote speech. "Most of our parents and grandparents looked aside," he said, while it was happening and maintained their silence afterwards. The younger generation, he added, were also guilty for allowing the traces of Jewish life in Wolfhagen to become more and more invisible and their victims nearly forgotten. "Late, almost too late, the act of remembering has begun," he said.

Dianne Harab, KT2, of Potomac, MD traveled to England last summer in search of information on her father's Kindertransport records. She wanted to know where he lived and whether records still existed. After several days of searching she was directed to Amy Gottlieb at the Central British Fund, Drayton House, 30 Gordon Street, London, where she was able to find her father's records. Dianne now feels that at least she has some background of her father's early childhood.

Ralph Mollerick  
Silver Spring, MD

### Florida

The Florida *Kinder* had a lovely Chanukah party in December. We lit the menorah, sang Chanukah songs, and ate delicious food. It was an afternoon filled with warmth and laughter.

We have found that some *Kinder* who come to our affairs are not KTA members. In order to encourage membership we added \$2.00 to the price for non-members and made a pitch at the luncheon to join this worthwhile organization. We felt that we were successful, since eight people asked for membership applications at the end of the party.

The Florida *Kinder* will be part of a *Yam Hashoah* program on April 19 at the Boca Raton Jewish Community Center at 5:30pm.

Anita Hoffer  
Boca Raton, FL

### The Midwest Region KTA/KT2 Meeting

A Midwest regional meeting is scheduled for April 20 to April 22 at the Double Tree Suites Hotel in Carmel near Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Children's Museum of Indianapolis has put up a rather good display of the Kindertransport story, creating enormous interest in teachers, children, and citizens around our town, districts of Indiana, and surrounding states in the Midwest.

I agreed that we would spend two to three hours on Saturday, April 21 at the museum, talking to visitors as "survivors," relating our individual experiences during the Holocaust. I hope that you will agree that this will be an important part of our meeting.

A repeat showing of Warner Brothers film *Into the Arms of Strangers* has been scheduled in a general cinema facility in Indianapolis on April 20 through April 22.

Additional agenda for the meeting: Joseph Haberer, retired academic from Purdue University, Director of Jewish Studies, will lead us in a program of "Reflections on the Kindertransport Experience."

Keith Henley, University of Michigan Education, will lead us in a discussion on "A Good German: a *Kind* and the Vietnam War."

Anyone needing last minute information, please call 317-574-9858.

Eva Hamlet  
Carmel, IN





## Search

Seeking **Edmund Beow** who was in a foster home in London's Palmer's Green for two years with **Millie and David Rosenberg** and their two sons. He had to be returned to his parents, who had arrived in England, when the Rosenbergs decided to leave London during the blitz. Millie Rosenberg is now 94, and can't get Edmund out of her mind. She very much wants to know what happened to him. If you have any information, please contact her niece, Mrs. Maren Lauder, 70 Siskin Close, Bushey, Herts., WD23 2HN, UK, e-mail address [maren@hewitts-it.co.uk](mailto:maren@hewitts-it.co.uk)

**Prof. Yaere Yadede** is trying to reestablish contact with his two brothers who were on the same Kindertransport from Berlin in 1939. One brother's original name was **Hanno Freund**, later Anglicized to **Frey** or **Fry**, who was born on April 20, 1924, and is believed to have worked as a physicist for the Dutch firm Phillips and to have two daughters. The youngest, a half-brother called **Rainer Pineas** was born on July 26, 1930. He was married to a woman named Charlotte and is believed to have been living in the New York area and working in the field of education. The last contact Prof. Yadede had with his brothers was here in the United States about fifty years ago. If you have any information about these brothers, write to Prof. Yadede at 5841 North Jersey Avenue, Chicago, IL 60659 or e-mail him at [haizly@mc.net](mailto:haizly@mc.net)

The organization Search and Unite is trying to locate **Elizabeth (Lisa) Julia Spott** born February 23, 1922 in Berlin. Her parents were Benno or Benjamin Spott, born August 11, 1887, and Rosa Spott nee Epstein born July 12, 1885. She also had a brother, Peter Spott, born October 27, 1920. These family members did not survive the war. If you have any information, contact David Lewin by e-mail at [davidlewin@bigfoot.com](mailto:davidlewin@bigfoot.com)

Seeking **Ann Steiner** who was on a Kindertransport from Vienna with her younger siblings **Polly** and **Sam**. Ann was about fourteen years old at the time. If you have information, contact Evelyn Joseph, 17 Oak Brook Lane, Merrick, NY 11566; e-mail address [falasadad@juno.com](mailto:falasadad@juno.com)

**Ilse Piel** of Germany seeks news of **Roy Owen (Rudi Östereicher)** who was on a Kindertransport. He subsequently was a sergeant in the British army stationed in Germany, during which time he lived with Mrs. Piel. If you have any information, please contact her son, Norbert Piel, e-mail address [norbert.piel@gmx.de](mailto:norbert.piel@gmx.de)

**Naomi Hoben** is seeking a missing cousin, **Bairish Lober**, parents Hersh and Feiga Lober. He was sent to a friend in the small Polish town of Ozierany when he was nine. Since then, there has been no information about his fate. Ms. Hoben can be reached at [jonah@webpc.dellnet.com](mailto:jonah@webpc.dellnet.com)

## Grandchildren of Austrian Kinder

The Department of Contemporary History of the University of Graz is partner in an academic project focusing on memories in society and their transformation. They wish to produce a video that shows the specific memory of grandchildren of Jewish Austrian emigrants, their family stories and their relationship to Austria.

Interviews will be done in New York between May 1 and June 30, 2001. Interviewees should have one Austrian grandparent and be at least 18 years old.

If you are interested, or for further information, contact Andrea Strutz, e-mail address [andrea.strutz@kfunigraz.ac.at](mailto:andrea.strutz@kfunigraz.ac.at) or Manfred Lechner, at [manfred.lechner@kfunigraz.ac.at](mailto:manfred.lechner@kfunigraz.ac.at)

### Hedi Levenback

The small New York group mourns the death of our co-founder Hedi Levenback.

An extraordinary woman, she rose high in her profession, becoming Acting Chief in the Division of Day Care of the New York City Department of Health.

Hedi was charming, full of life, interested always in other people and ever ready to be of help.

She leaves her husband Robert, and two children, Charles and Elizabeth, as well as grandchildren.

Helga Shepard  
Chair, New York Group

### Website Callout

KT2 Jennifer Fuchel, who is webmaster for the KTA website [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org), welcomes submission of articles and images for display on the site. She is particularly interested in pairing "before and after" photos of *Kinder* as youths and as adults, with captions summarizing each *Kind's* experience.

Word documents and jpg and gif images that are 72 dpi can be e-mailed to Jennifer at [jfuchel@acad.suffolk.edu](mailto:jfuchel@acad.suffolk.edu). Individuals who wish to contribute to the website as writers, editors, historians, or publicists may contact Jennifer at that address, too.

### Short Version of *Kinder* Film

Melissa Hacker's film, *My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the Kindertransports* is now available in a twenty-minute school version.

As a special offer to KTA members, the short version can be bought for \$26, the full length video for \$36. To order the twenty-minute version, send a check to:

Melissa Hacker  
116 West 14<sup>th</sup> Street #6S  
New York, NY 10011

On the web: <http://home.earthlink.net/~kinderfilm>  
E-mail: [mykneeswerejumping@yahoo.com](mailto:mykneeswerejumping@yahoo.com)

The full length documentary is available from the National Center for Jewish film, telephone 781-899-7044, or fax 781-736-2070.

## Life Or Theatre: A Meditation On Love And Art

The recent exhibition of Charlotte Salomon's art work, "Life or Theatre," must have proved a magnet for prospective memorialists, confirmed art lovers, psycho-therapists of diverse persuasions, and the informed public, such as the KTA membership. The 400 gouaches, first exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, were part of the larger *oeuvre* that the twenty-three year-old artist painted in the still unoccupied war-time Riviera. The themes focus on a Berlin family's past history of suicide, in particular the death of Charlotte's mother, and on Charlotte's intense love affair with an older man against the background of the growing Nazi threat. The cast of this "*Singspiel*" (as Charlotte called it) were Berlin members of the *Jüdischer Kulturbund* that came into being after 1933. At first superimposed on tracing paper and later fitted into notebook sized paintings, the written narrative, mainly in dialog, is informative, psychologically acute, and witty, often ironic. Integrated into this *Gesamtkunstwerk* are musical cues, mainly Schubert Lieder from the repertoire of Paula Lindberg, a famous contralto. She was to become Charlotte's adored stepmother after her marriage to Dr. Albert Salomon, a distinguished surgeon and university professor.

Created between 1940 and 1942, the work is punctuated by inner anguish and outer stress. Her Grandmother's suicide in Nice in 1940 forced Charlotte to confront the true nature of her mother's death. The Vichy regime's treaty commitment to register all the German nationals (including Jewish refugees) with the German authorities in Paris undermined her safety. In a desperate effort to hold on to her sanity and to defy the persistent fear of deportation, Charlotte turned towards the sea, the Mediterranean, outside her hotel window in Cap Ferrat, and conjured up images of her past, above all the figure of her former mentor, possibly her first lover.

Alfred Wolsohn—an ever bespectacled voice therapist and inveterate philanderer—is the principal character of the work's main part. By clinging to Wolsohn's belief in her art, and abiding by the concepts on creativity as expressed in his writings on the Orpheus myth, she drew together all her energy to give life to the characters, stories, and scenes that once filled her Berlin childhood and adolescence.

Despite some rawness, her style is uniquely her own, making it difficult to read the influences on her art. Munch and Chagall are the most obvious; so is the Blue Rider School of German Expressionism. Touches of Modigliani and Van Gogh appear. Happy early childhood scenes resemble Persian miniatures. Inspired by Wolsohn's belief in film as a new means of opening up the soul, she turned to storyboard montages of time and space. Her use of continuous narration foreshadowed future artists such as Jules Pfeiffer.

It is unbearably tragic that Charlotte's supreme effort at spiritual redemption through art was made in the face of Nazi barbarity. Life would give her no further chance to fulfill her promise. "*C'est toute ma vie*" were her words on giving the work to a friend for safekeeping. In September 1943 the Gestapo apprehended Charlotte—only recently married—and Alexander Nagler, her husband. Upon her arrival in Auschwitz, Charlotte, four months pregnant, was sent to the gas chambers. Her father and stepmother survived the war in Holland, as did Wolsohn in England. When the Salomons came to the Riviera to look for their daughter, they found only her work. Now in the possession of the Jewish Historical Museum in Amsterdam, *Life or Theatre* has finally been sent out into the world. A Greater New York KTA group visit took place on March 20, five days before the exhibition closed.

Irene A. Schmied  
New York, NY

### KTA

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# KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION

Summer 2002

Volume 12 / Number 3

## Kindertransport Association Meets in Philadelphia

It was sixty-three years ago that we left our homes and boarded the Kindertransport that took us to England, away from the Nazi terror and the impending Holocaust. On Friday, June 7th - Sunday, June 9th, the *Kinder* celebrated their survival. One hundred and thirty-five of us, spouses, children and grandchildren met at the Double Tree Hotel in Philadelphia. They came from as far away as Oregon and California to be with others who shared similar experiences and made their home eventually in America. The founder and organizer of the Kindertransport Reunions, Bertha Leverton, traveled from England to be with us. We refer to her as "the Mother of all *Kinder*" since she first organized the 50th reunion (RoK) in London in 1989 and subsequently the 60th in 1999. The KTA was founded after the first reunion and has now seven hundred and fifty members.

A lot of planning and hard work went into arranging for a convention in the "City of Brotherly Love" by the Philadelphia Chapter under the chairmanship of Eva Abraham Podietz. "REMEMBERING THE PAST; EMBRACING THE FUTURE" was chosen as the theme. After much discussion, the following workshop titles were chosen: "COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS," "CAN WE FORGET AND FORGIVE?" "WHO ARE WE TODAY?" and "WHAT HAVE WE ACHIEVED AND WHAT IS OUR LEGACY?" Every workshop had a moderator, who, in turn, chose a panel. So that no one would feel left out and everyone's voice could be heard, the floor at each workshop was open to all those present.

The Philadelphia Chapter undertook the task of providing local publicity. It was my job to send press releases to two local newspapers, one of which, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, sent a reporter and photographer to my home to interview Eva and me and take our pictures. Consequently a very fine article appeared the day before the convention in the Magazine section. One of the editors learned about Kindertransport this way and attended the conference. The newspaper also followed up with a reporter and photographer who interviewed several *Kinder* for the Monday edition. In addition I had contacted the

Philadelphia Electric Co. and asked them to display a notice of our meeting in lights above the city at the time of our meeting.



Ann L. Fox, Eva Abraham Podietz, President Kurt Goldberger, and State Senator Allyson Schwartz

The *Shabbat* ceremony was meaningfully presented by Eva Podietz and Sid Moszer. The keynote address was given by Pennsylvania State Senator Allyson Schwartz who is a child of survivors. It was a good choice since Sen. Schwartz could empathize with the *Kinder* and stressed the value of the European education she received which led her to work actively for health and welfare of children as well as survivors.

Bertha Leverton was our Saturday evening dinner speaker and we enjoyed her account of her travels in Germany accompanying the film "Into the Arms of Strangers." She spoke with humor and appreciation of the German people who showed her kindness and respect in a country where so many atrocities occurred. Bertha feels that there is little danger of the country reverting to a period of Nazism again. This remains to be seen. The other speakers during the conference were Eliyu Kovner, Vice President at Selfhelp Community Services in New York City, and Stefanie Seltzer, Chairperson of the Child Survivors of the Holocaust, an organization that includes KTA.

Saturday night entertainment came from a talented folksinger, Phyllis Chappell. With her lovely voice and personal charm, she entertained with songs in Hebrew, Yiddish, English and Portuguese. These were enthusiastically received.

Sunday was devoted to business discussions and reports of the various chapters of KTA. The financial report was read noting the different charities that KTA is committed to support. A few contentious moments enlivened an otherwise harmonious meeting. The present slate of officers was unanimously reelected with Ellen Bottner succeeding Helga Newman as Treasurer.

After a hearty lunch (everybody agreed that the meals were excellent) it was time to say farewell to old and new friends. The conference was felt to have been a success; even the weather had been good.

ANNE L. FOX

Opinion

What's to a Memoir

During the last decade I have become addicted to creative writing workshops. I approach every first class with a creeping sense of shame, as if my writing didn't really count, as if I carried the wrong baggage to be a real writer. Whether I hear it or just imagine it, people seem to imply that Holocaust era writing is not literary, not creative; that its only use is to preserve a record of horrendous external events. The narrators, victims of circumstance beyond their control, are uninteresting as characters, and inexperienced as writers. So it is with great interest that I turn to three recent memoirs published by KTA members. Would they reveal a real story of conscious inner awareness or just record a set of external, albeit incredibly tragic, misfortunes?

"My Heart in a Suitcase" by Anne L. Fox (London, UK: Valentine Mitchell & Co., 1997) dwells largely on the narrator's English wartime experiences between 1939 when she, a *Kind*, leaves Hamburg on the SS Washington and 1946 when as a GI bride she boards the ship again on her way to America. The voice is that of an older woman, who has come into possession of the correspondence carried on through intermediaries between her parents in early wartime Berlin and her now deceased older brother in Britain. It is truly a probing of those interstices of the heart that Proust writes about. She talks of her teen-age struggle to be a person in her own right. There are long flashbacks to Berlin family background, and the concluding chapters focus on later family trips back from America to the camps where her parents perished. She writes good straight

expositional prose intermingled with some lovely descriptive passages, but she eschews the fictional techniques now used in creative non-fiction writing.

Not so with the wry, feisty protagonist of "Farewell to Prague" by Miriam Darvas (San Francisco, Cal.: McAdam/Cage Publishing, 2001). Not quite a Kindertransportee, Darvas is one of the many KTA members who were never to see their parents again. The vibrant dialogue, clever shaping of the scenes and evolving interaction between the characters bring out the inner feelings of the writer as a child in Nazi Germany and as an adult alone in and often at

odds with the world. No need here for background or historical explanations; the quality of writing contains it all. Almost fictional in character is the story of her family's narrow escape from Nazi Germany to Prague, the tragic brevity of renewed life there, her own flight from the occupied Czechoslovakia to Poland and eventually by boat from Sweden to Southampton, her wartime experiences in England, and her postwar stint in Berlin as a translator for the U.S. Army. As do all good memoirists, Miriam knows how to reinvent the truth and mold the facts in such a way as to bring out hidden emotional truths.

The teenager and young adult portrayed in Eva Kollisch's memoir, "Girl in Movement" (Thetford, Vt: Glad Day Books, 2000) is a searcher after truth, friendship, love. Because Eva and her brothers were reunited with their parents here in 1940, this is more of a Staten Island "coming of age story" than a holocaust era memoir. Yet the threadbare melancholy of refugee life and the resulting need for other connections and emotional outlets are palpable. At first these lie with her Trotskyite comrades whom she embraces as friends, mentors, and lovers, even as future husband. Her devotion to the cause of a better world through revolution will eventually fade. Using an array of fictional techniques, Eva uses a succession of dialogue-filled scenes to bring across the evolving and changing relationships, yet never relinquishes her own now passionate, now reflective voice. The revelations that follow the war, the loss of close family left behind in Austria, and the growing need to take control of her own life lead her to a break with the "movement." She embarks on a new course towards a greater sense of autonomy and new forms of intellectual and emotional fulfillment.

These books show that Kindertransportee writing can be literary, and as in the two latter cases can gain critical acclaim. Independent in spirit and always emotionally aware, such writing is modernist. It arises out of the inner transformation and overcomes the impositions of outwardly prescribed forms of experiencing life. I know now that if I too can attain such a voice, I need no longer feel an "outsider" in writing class.

IRENE KATZENSTEIN SCHMIED

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Submissions for future issues of *Kinder-Link* should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 E. 79th St., Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021 or e-mail to <Kinderlink2002@aol.com> or fax to 212-570-0495. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

Nicholas Winton and the Rescued Generation

Muriel Emanuel and Vera Gissing

192 pages 2001

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## Letters to the Editor

Ordinarily I would not respond to letters about my opinion pieces in *Kinder-Link*, but Robert Sugar's blatant distortion of what I said really calls for a reply. I clearly stated that my reasons for leaving the editorship were firstly that I felt that eleven years were quite long enough for one person to do the job; that it would be good to have another point of view shaping the publication. Secondly, I felt that my ideas were not in sync with the majority of our membership, and that I hoped that our new editor would better reflect your views. Neither of these reasons were intended as an insult to the membership as Robert seems to imply, merely a statement of my feelings.

Robert Sugar's reply only emphasizes the truth of my statement that many in the KTA have no patience with members who they feel are Jews, but who do not themselves feel a Jewish identity. Since no one seems able to agree on the question of who is a Jew, it's rather hard to address the issue of whether I should feel that I am a Jew, and that this identity should be of utmost importance to me. I can only say that the fact he raises that I was persecuted as a Jew only makes me feel that my persecutors are not the ones who are going to shape my identity.

My opinion piece may have been too emotional; it was written very soon after September 11. However, even at this distance from that event, it seems to me that the world would be a better place if all people could honor each other's common humanity. Surely those who were the victims of that blast, and those who have been the victims of the suicide bombings in Israel would have been better off if the perpetrators had not demonized their victims.

As far as the rest of his long diatribe is concerned, he extrapolated from my few words to reach conclusions about my so-called "universalist" position that I never uttered and that have nothing to do with my views. I have no intention of countering these statements, since they are entirely his invention. It's easy to erect a straw man and then knock him down, but it's a game that I don't care to play.

EVA YACHNES  
Bronx, N.Y.

Robert Sugar's experience of the turmoil of the twentieth century has led him to advocate the KTA's support of Jewish causes. My life has spanned the same period and the same countries. In spite of differences, the similarities are clear. Yet I have formed a very different view of the world. I see Hitler's terror against Jews before the war and their mass murder during the war as part of an universal phenomenon that occurs when humans define themselves primarily in terms of race (or ethnicity or nationality) and religion. Conflict results which tends to become extreme when race, nationality, and religion

are all involved. If there is a way out, it must lie in reducing their importance.

I don't deny Sugar the right to think as he does, and many points he makes are worth considering and debating. But the KTA is an association of and for people who, many years ago, had experiences similar to Sugar's and mine, and in this context, his letter is divisive.

HANS SCHNEIDER  
Madison, Wisc.

I read with great interest the controversy that the former editor of *Kinder-Link*, Eva Yachnes, has kindled by her resignation (*K-L*, Fall 2001). Her message, and perhaps her motive for resignation, sadly is, as I understand it, that the KTA has become too sectarian as in too Jewish. She describes our membership as having little tolerance or understanding for those who do not feel a sense of Jewish identity. How can this be? This sends chills through my every bone.

The controversy is well challenged by the very excellent editorial of Robert Sugar (*K-L*, Spring 2002). I must agree with Mr. Sugar, that what came out of the Holocaust was indeed the Kindertransport. The very nature that Hitler's War Against the Jews was to expunge our very name from history, as the writer mentions, gives credence to the argument that we are dealing in the realm of sectarianism. As much as the former editor abhors this notion, it nonetheless is recognized by mainstream *Kinder*.

I feel saddened at the idea that an excellent editor places such high stakes in the ideology that we should recognize and extol our common humanity before our particular ethnicity or religion. How could I explain this to our children knowing what our dear parents, grandparents, and, yes, great-grandparents, and so many other relatives, went through as they were tortured, persecuted, humiliated, stripped of all human dignity, and left to perish, at the hands of the Nazi regime. We remember that it was for no other reason than that of our Jewish identity.

What, then, is the KTA's identity? Are we not standing for a People who suffered over centuries? Can survivors of the Holocaust not hold their heads high and be counted as Jews, half-Jews, or friends aligned to our identity? Shall we not be ever grateful to the British government for having the moral dignity and foresight to foster a rescue mission saving Jewish children and the like, known as the Kindertransport?

How do you vote?

RALPH MOLLERICK  
Silver Springs, Md.

With sadness I read Robert Sugar's lengthy "position paper" letter in the Spring edition of *Kinder-Link*. My response was generated in large measure by the fact that *Kinder-Link* printed such a lengthy adversarial posture and that it was presented under the "Letters to the Editor" banner. Such a

(Continued on Page 4)

## Letters to the Editor (continued)

policy seems counterproductive. It also affords the sense to its readers that this is the position of the Board of the KTA.

As is evident throughout the world there is tension between the secular and the religious, and our small organization is no exception. However, regardless of the emotional needs of some members or potential members, the KTA was founded on the basis that it was a secular organization open to all with some connection to or interest in the Kindertransports. This, as Robert acknowledges, includes non-Jews and Jews alike, as well as encompassing children identified as Jews only under the Nuremberg laws despite parents or grandparents having converted to Christianity. There are numerous organizations which are "Jewish" organizations and can cater to the needs of individuals desiring clear identification with being Jewish, and many KTA members belong to some of these in addition to their membership in the KTA. Does the KTA need to join those ranks in order to be an important organization?

The Kindertransports were an event in Jewish and non-Jewish history. The Kindertransports from Czechoslovakia were organized by an individual who considered himself a Christian, even if his mother, who was a practising Christian, was Jewish by birth. Individuals on the Kindertransports were of non-Jewish and Jewish background. And, as is well documented, there are numerous individuals participating in the Kindertransport programs who were not Jewish and without their contributions the movement would not have been successful.

As for the second generation, the KTA is able to play a role in our lives in large part because there is no religious overtone and it invites all, regardless of religion or belief, to join in. In England I have spoken with numerous second generation who felt uncomfortable with ROK events largely because of the religious – Jewish overtones. In the USA, it has been possible for Jewish and non-Jewish alike to participate jointly in KTA events and gatherings.

Certainly the KTA has always tried to be sensitive to the needs of more religious Jews – providing Kosher meals at conferences, providing prayers, avoiding sponsored activities on *Shabbat*, etc. However, I do not see the necessity of making a declaration that we are a Jewish organization, when in fact we are a secular group which has many Jewish members and roots in Jewish history.

ANITA GROSZ  
Berkshire, England

I wish to express my full support of the letter by Robert Sugar regarding the resignation of Eva Yachnes as editor. While I have read her articles with interest and often agreed with her views, I am totally opposed to her idea of describing the KTA as "too Jewish." It was as Jews that we were declared "non-citizens" of Germany, Austria, and other countries conquered by the Nazis. While there may have been a handful of "non-Aryans" among us children at that time, our religious

beliefs did not play a role in our status but our Jewish identity did!

No matter how universal a person may feel, he or she is still identified by their heredity. These days it is brought home again that anti-Semitism exists just under the surface of many countries. We may have different opinions regarding the problems our world faces, especially in Israel, but we are seen as Jews, no matter how we feel or where our sympathies lie.

I therefore feel that KTA cannot and should not disassociate itself from its original background, as a primarily Jewish organization, though of no particular affiliation.

RUTH HEIMAN  
Flushing, N.Y.

In reply to Robert Sugar's lengthy letter, I would like to ask why he thinks that the KTA should declare itself to be a Jewish organization? There are innumerable such organizations already. The KTA is quite different; it is based solely on our common and particular history. Now nearing the age of 80, I no longer claim to be a *Kind*, but what makes Robert Sugar assume that the intervening years have made me more Jewish than I was in 1939 when I lived with my non-Jewish hosts in London.

It should be incumbent on us to honor the gentiles who helped us when we were in danger not in order to save the life of a Jew, but for purely humanitarian reasons. Therefore our organization should strive to be inclusive, to be color blind and open to all ethnic and religious differences!

I think there is no harm in the KTA being merely a social group, where we reminisce about our common past and give support and friendship to each other as we age.

However, if we aspire to any long-term aims, it should be to support a universalist society, where we don't always have to assess who suffered the most and whose cause is the more worthy. Instead, we would be ready to help the disenfranchised whoever they are, whatever their religion or ethnic group.

Robert Sugar asserts that those in the KTA who are not Jews will "not begrudge us our moment." Possibly not, but it would mean excluding them and all those whose sense of identity is not circumscribed by their Jewishness.

If one would like to be known only for being a member of the human race and hopefully for my humanity.

MARGARET LOWE  
Merrick, N.Y.

Mollerick's story (*K-L*, Winter 2002) reminds me of my own similar experience as a *Kind* in England.

In the Summer of 2001 I had contacted the local Red Cross who had agreed to undertake a search for my foster parents for part of my stay in England from 1938 to 1942. By August, I had not received any information, so I decided to go to England and do my own research.

But all the searching of archives led to dead ends. I even

(Continued on Page 5)

## Letters to the Editor (continued)

got the voters' registry of the last city I had contact with them and found entries to 1945 only. I did manage to find one family that had been my host when I was evacuated from London to a farm in Devon and I had a nice visit with the wife and her two daughters.

This February I was astonished to receive a phone call from my foster parents' son in Canada. He had been contacted by the British Red Cross and they wanted to know if he was interested in making contact. The son had been living in Canada and the U.S. since 1956 and he and his mother had tried searching for me in 1962 but had an outdated address and the wrong spelling of my last name. It had never occurred to me over the years to try searching for them in North America.

We had a wonderful meeting this March and of course have renewed our friendship.

ED BENEDIKT  
Brunswick, Maine

The death of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother should not go unnoticed by us, the 10,000 children she helped to save. The Queen and King George VI should be remembered because they and their country were willing to grant sanctuary at a time when other lands were closing their eyes and borders. The Queen was well aware of what her country was doing to save young lives. At the time I was in England in early 1939, the children in our group home were invited to Windsor Castle to meet her daughters, then-princesses Elizabeth and Margaret.

A year ago, in wishing the Queen Mother a happy 100th birthday, I called her attention to the film, "Into the Arms of Strangers," which so movingly demonstrated the hospitality shown by England to us refugees. I included in my letter an article I wrote for *The News Journal* in Wilmington, Del., in which I told of my own Kindertransport experiences and the difficulties my parents and I experienced in getting to the United States. A reply from her lady-in-waiting stated that the Queen Mother had read my account with "interest and sympathy."

I mention this not because I was pleased that she had taken the time to read the column but to emphasize that until her very last days, she remained keenly alert to the events of the day and of the past. I don't know what the Kindertransport Association has done to express our gratitude to the royal family but I think it is important the organization send a resolution of sympathy on her death and gratitude for granting us sanctuary.

HARRY THEMAL  
Ardentown, Del.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*

Visit the Kindertransport Association home page on the internet at <<http://www.kindertransport.org>>.

## Notices

**Kirsten Grosz** informs that the Kindertransport Memory Quilt book has just been reprinted. The cost is \$15. plus \$3. handling and shipping. Please contact her at [hgrosz@iupui.edu](mailto:hgrosz@iupui.edu) or at 317-297-8061.

A happy coincidence. **Margaret Lowe** informs that her son and daughter-in-law, the newlyweds, David J. Lowe and Dr. Susan Mann of Brookline, Mass., both have parents who landed in England on April 20, 1939. Could those three Kindertransportees Margarete Pappeneimer (later Mrs. Lowe) the late Kenneth Lowe (then Kurt Lowenstein) and Kurt Zuckermann (later Curtis Mann), have then imagined that sixty years later their children would be joined in wedlock!

**Melissa Hacker**, KT2 VP, is currently in Kathmandu, editing short films for the United Nations' World Food Program. She regrets not being able to attend the Philadelphia Conference, but sends her greetings. She looks forward to meeting KT2 members in Berlin at the Conference on the Kindertransport, during which her film "My Knees are Jumping" will be shown.

J.P. Morgan Chase gave a Community Grant of \$1,000 to K.T.A. It was earned by **Irene K. Schmied**, a Chase retiree, for her hours of volunteer work as *Kinder-Link* editor.

At the invitation of Hillel, **John Obermeyer**, a KTA member, spoke about his KT Holocaust experiences at the State University (SUNY) in New Paltz on April 2, 2002.

Stories are sought for a proposed documentary of the best selling memoir "**The Inextinguishable Symphony, a True Story of Music and Love in Nazi Germany**," by Martin Goldsmith. If anyone you know was a *Kulturbund* musician or if you or your family attended their concerts, please contact Gail Prensky at [kulturbund@yahoo.com](mailto:kulturbund@yahoo.com) or send a letter to her at 4000 Cathedral Avenue, NW #505B, Washington, DC 20016.

The first national reunion of and conference about the only unaccompanied children rescued from Nazi persecution by America will be held in Chicago June 30 - July 2, 2002. This gathering of the surviving children, now in their 70's and 80's, is a unique historical event. For further information, please visit the OTC web site <[www.onethousandchildren.org](http://www.onethousandchildren.org)>, call 301-622-0321 or e-mail [contact@onethousandchildren.org](mailto:contact@onethousandchildren.org).

**Anne Kelemen** submitted the article on Anti-Semitism written by the prominent Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci for the April 18, 2002 edition of *Panorama*. Anne emphasizes that this article gave rise to much discussion and a great deal of controversy. Oriana minces no words and takes no prisoners. Some will undoubtedly ask if she is a Jew. She is not. She can be reached at [thankyouoriana@yahoo.com](mailto:thankyouoriana@yahoo.com).

## Generations

### Postcards to the Past

My mother Hilde and her sisters Eva and Dodi left Germany on the Kindertransport. During a recent visit to Aunt Eva, I found myself inspecting her stamp collection, most of which she had brought from Berlin. As many of the stamps were still on their original envelopes and postcards, I found that the correspondence was often more interesting than the stamps.

Two postcards related to the sisters' Kindertransport journey. One card, written by my grandparents, was addressed to their daughters after they had left for the SS *Europa*, the ship that would take the girls to England. The other card, which included a picture of the ship, was written by my mother to her parents on the night before she sailed away.

My grandparents wrote their card after saying goodbye to their daughters at the train station. It was mailed from the station before their return home. The card read:

June 12, 1939 Berlin

My dear three – We saw your train pass by, but could not see you. Was the backpack very heavy? Are you healthy and well behaved and happy? We had a midday meal with Hans and now I will go home to wait to hear news from you. Stay healthy and write if possible. Hearty greetings. Mutti.

We are sending you a telegram with paid reply. Have a healthy trip and be in good humor. Papa.

My mother's card, written from Bremen on June 13, read:

Dear Parents: I am here in bed in a very fancy hotel. We are sleeping with four children together, even a six-year-old sweet child. They are all double beds. Only I am sleeping alone. Eva is with Eva Krans and Dodi with Gretel, a very nice girl of 12 years old. She was in the same train as us.

Best greetings and good nite. Hilde.

Packed between the two postcards were the sisters' neatly typed packing lists for the transport and the school rules from the *Goldschmidtschule* that the girls had attended.

Curious as to whether their transport was mentioned in the press, I looked in the *London Times* (June 15, 1939) and read:

#### CHILD REFUGEES IN HOSPITAL

Forty-six child refugees from Germany, who landed at Southampton yesterday from the liner *Europa*, were taken to the London Fever Hospital immediately on their arrival in London. One of the children was suspected of having scarlet fever and was isolated at Southampton. Three other girls — aged about 15 — who shared the sick girl's quarters, are now being carefully watched at the Fever Hospital. All 46 children are there purely as a precautionary measure. None of them is ill. If their guarantors will take them the children will be allowed to go, otherwise they will remain at the hospital until the incubation period is over.

I would be interested in hearing from anyone who remem-

bers this June 12-15 transport or who knows what happened to the children my mother mentions in her card.

Also, in the *London Times* index for 1938-39, there were 16 other articles directly related to the Kindertransports. (Clearly, their existence was widely reported.) Here are a few headlines: "Jewish Children from Germany, First Party of 200 Land at Harwich" (December 3, 1938); "600 Jewish Children Leave Vienna, New Homes in England and Holland" (December 6, 1938); "Refugee Children from Danzig, Arrival in England Next Week" (April 25, 1939).

If any *Kinder* would like copies of any of these articles, please let me know. I have donated the precious family documents to the U.S. Holocaust Museum to help keep the story of the Kindertransports alive for future generations.

GEORGE FOGELSON

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### Book Excerpt: *The Children of Willesden Lane*

*Syndicated radio host and KT2 Mona Golabek is the co-author (with Lee Cohen) of The Children of Willesden Lane (Warner Books). This recently published book recreates the experiences of Mona's mother, Lisa Jura, after she left Vienna on a Kindertransport hoping to pursue her dream of becoming a concert pianist. In May, Mona blended readings from the book with a piano performance before a standing-room-only crowd at the Barnes & Noble bookstore near Lincoln Center in Manhattan.*

The Westbahnhof station was overflowing with people; Lisa had never seen it so crowded. Hundreds of desperate families rubbed shoulder to shoulder in panic and confusion, and pushed belongings of all shapes and sizes toward the waiting train. At the door to each car Nazi soldiers in long brown coats shouted into bullhorns as they inspected suitcases and documents.

When the crowd became too dense, the Jura family stopped for their final good-byes. It had been decided that Rosie, Sonia, and Abraham would say good-bye first, then Lisa's mother would walk to the train. Abraham had been carrying the small suitcase for his daughter. When he stopped and handed it to her, Lisa could only clutch the handle and stand frozen. She felt that if anyone moved from her side, she would fall to pieces like a broken China figurine.

Abraham put his arm around Rosie, easing her toward Lisa, and the two sisters embraced. "Don't forget to take the window seat so we can see you," her beautiful older sister shouted above the noise. "We'll all be together again soon, be brave for us."

Next, Abraham gently pushed his youngest daughter forward. Lisa kissed her, reached into her pocket, and slipped Professor Isseles's tiny gold charm around Sonia's neck. "Close your eyes and picture all of us together soon...and keep this for me until I see you again..."

(Continued on Page 7)



## Generations (continued)

Then Abraham took Lisa in a hug so tight that neither one could breathe. He was crying, something she could never remember seeing him do before, not even on *Kristallnacht*. Finally, Malka took her hand and guided her through the crowd toward the platform.

*Submissions for Generations should be sent to David Marc Fischer, 306 West 47 Street, Apt. 3B, New York, NY 10036. Phone/Fax: 212-265-6610, e-mail: davemarc@panix.com*



### Nicholas Winton: A Man for All Seasons

Nicholas Winton is a hero "in my book" and in this book. Yet he and the authors cannot but agree that many other valiant men and women stood by his side, in particular the parents of the *Kinder*. Now this story has finally been told, not just for us, but to be read by everybody. Perhaps that could have been better achieved with a title such "How Nicholas Winton saved 669 children from Hitler." Unwieldy perhaps, but then the story itself inevitably gets a bit unwieldy. That might have been improved by editing the two authors' parts together into one jointly authored book, rather than two separately at times overlapping narratives. An index would have proved helpful.

Vera Gissing, in her part, runs into the obvious difficulty of trying to tell the stories of hundreds of rescued children, deciding which to include and which to leave out. So many fascinating and often heartbreaking stories! A tough call facing her in this second part of the book.

In Muriel Emanuel's first part we learn the background of that courageous, enterprising young man, Nicholas Winton. Modest to a fault, he said: "I am trying to play the whole thing down as much as I can. It didn't take any particular genius to do what I did."

All of us who have suddenly had to face an emergency face one overriding concern: to take immediate action or it may be too late. And here is where the genius which Winton denies does come emerges in the recognition that if WE didn't do what needed to be done right away, maybe nobody would. "Let's roll!" shouted a heroic resisting passenger on that doomed 9/11 plane. "Let's roll" is what Nicky Winton did.

The record of what he and his fellow volunteers so gallantly did at that time lay hidden away in an attic for years. Now it has seen the light of day again and its heroes can become role models for future generations.

That a young man of thirty had the idealism, the determination and persistence to do what he accomplished, when he could have been comfortably sitting at his city desk in a London bank, is admirable. Unhesitatingly he plunged into the lion's den, faking the authority he needed, using unconven-

tional methods with great originality and imagination. Belatedly, he has received some recognition. Pity he couldn't also be praised as the Righteous Gentile he must have felt he was. But since his parents were baptized Jews, he did not qualify. Certainly nobody could have been more righteous. Although technically Jewish, he could not have been more English. Despite his German-Jewish background, he had a thoroughly Christian upbringing. Notwithstanding his agnosticism, it is as such that he is defined.

This tempts me to reflect for a moment on the familiar assimilation problem of Jewish immigrants, endeavoring to become perhaps more British than the British. I well remember the time when we were told: "You may become British, but you can never become English!" (Why not actually?) To secular or agnostic Jews the temptation to belong to a nation with all that pink territory on the map of the world "and to start from scratch" if only for the sake of the children's careers and future was an understandable temptation, even a century ago. Winton's mother, the German-born former Barbara Wertheimer, might have agreed, though this did not deter her from supporting her son's rescue efforts and participating hands on.

The threat of the Nazis in Europe caused baptisms for a more urgent reason, the illusion that it might be lifesaving. Vera Gissing and her sister were baptized as children in Czechoslovakia, as was Madeline Albright, for their protection. Yet both their families' names are on that synagogue wall of the murdered in Prague.

In closing, allow me to be repetitive: I am delighted that Nicholas Winton's as yet unsung deeds are celebrated in this book, for him, for us, and for future generations. Vera Gissing mentions on page 132 that Winton was warmed by what I was not aware many spouses of *Kinder* tell him, when they met him in recent years. It is verbatim what I told him when he visited us in our Bethesda, Maryland, house: "Thank you for my wife!"

PETER MASTERS

*The reviewer is the author of Striking Back - a Jewish Commando's War Against the Nazis, (Presidio Press, Novato, Cal., 1997 and Greenhill Press, London, 1997, and, in German translation, by Schneekluth, Munich, 1999).*



### Search

Rachel Herz and her father, Walter Richard Herz, are urgently searching for news of their cousin, **Irene Herz**. A *Kind*, who was born in Aachen in 1928 and raised in Duesseldorf. Irene was sent to London to live with the Gottstein family. Her married name was Bergenthal. Please contact Rachel at zreh-@yahoo.com or write to her father at 2306 Heritage Drive, San Jose, CA 95124 or at 408-269-4164 if you have any clues.

Chapter News

FLORIDA

Anita Hoffer - AGH49@msn.com - reports as follows:

Our annual Yom Hashoah memorial service was held at the Boca Raton Jewish Community Center. It was a beautiful service attended by over 400 people from the community, and of course many of our *Kinder*. The program was a traditional memorial service followed by a simulcast from the 92nd Street Y of a talk by Dr. Ruth Gruber. She recounted the fascinating story of her involvement in the top secret rescue of 1,000 WWII refugees.

On April 15 the Florida *Kinder* held a Student Awareness Day in the Odyssey Middle School in Boynton Beach. The "day" was sponsored by a \$5,000 donation by Salomon Smith Barney. This donation made it possible for us to give the school the video "Into the Arms of Strangers" and a class set of "Kindertransport" and "Ten Thousand Children." Help with the program came from the West Palm Beach JEC in the form of a pretest on WWII and Kindertransport for the students. Then Anita Hoffer introduced "Into the Arms of Strangers" and ended up by telling her story. Guided group discussions followed led by Rella Adler, Walter Clifton, Otto Drucker, and Gerty Graber. The program finished with a post-test by the students and an evaluation. We all felt the program was well received and we plan on repeating it in schools next semester.

Many of our speakers have been busy this season speaking

to students in the Palm Beach County area. The last event of the season will be on June 13 when Anita will speak at the teachers' training session held annually at Florida Atlantic University.

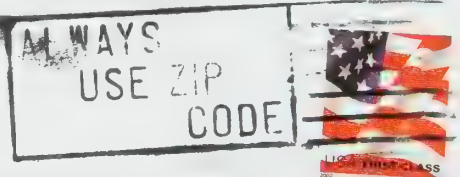
Our plans for *Kristallnacht* are underway. Florida Kindertransport and the Boca JEC are planning to run a two day Holocaust film festival in 5-6 different venues in this area with a speaker in each. This will be a fundraiser for the March of the Living.

MIDWEST

Eva Hamlet sent in the program of the Third Midwest KTA conference on the theme "Telling the Kindertransport Story." Hedy Epstein, Henry Karplus, Ruth David, Professors Joe Haberer and Michael Geyer were among the speakers of what seems to have been a classy, academically and culturally stimulating event. The 2003 Midwest group meeting will be in Madison, Wisc. The following resolution was passed by the Midwest KTA membership: "The KTA membership shall be inclusive not exclusive. An important function is to focus on the rescue of children in danger wherever they are, regardless of race, religion and ethnic composition."

Other Chapter heads chose not to give their news now but to keep it for the relevant meeting at the Philadelphia KTA Reunion. Salient points of their reports then and there will appear in the next issue of *Kinder-Link*.

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801



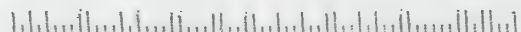
FIRST CLASS MAIL

OXYMORON

Mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Who's that woman old and small?  
Who drew lines and wrinkles on her face,  
Those age spots Retin A will not erase?  
What leached the luster from her hair,  
That Clairol color can't repair?  
Who stole the firmness from her breast?  
The muscle tone from all the rest?  
Where did those extra inches slip?  
Ah, yes, I see, they're on her hip.  
And life, the cruel jester, grinned,  
"Behold an oxymoron - an aged *Kind!*"

Stefanie Ruskin

Dues paid to 6/30/2002  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211



# KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION

Fall 2003

Volume 13 / Number 4

## “Für Das Kind,” London, 16 September 2003

**S**TUNNINGLY BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT streamed past the glass and steel structures surrounding the Liverpool Street Station Piazza, affording only a few shaded relief from the unusu-

ally warm 75°F day. The crowd of around 400 carefully selected and screened observers and over 100 security, police, and courtesy personnel were well in place when I arrived with Sir Nicholas Winton and Vera Gissing through an eerily quiet street



*The giant glass suitcase displaying the actual objects that traveled to Britain and the bronze cast of a child of today.*

guarded by police armed with clipboard and list of admissible license plates. It was a few minutes to 11 a.m. on Tuesday, September 16th, and we were attending the unveiling of the Kindertransport commemorative statue “Für Das Kind” at Liverpool Street Station.

Sir Nicholas breached security with his presence and arrived at the front of the crowd only to be swooped on by the press, consisting of about 25 photographers, radio and miscellaneous film people. Moments later, the Home Secretary, David Blunkett and his seeing-eye dog, arrived amid additional security, and took his place beside Bertha Leverton, Sir Nicholas Winton and Chief Rabbi Dr. Jonathan Sacks at a fortuitously shaded table. Proceedings at this carefully orchestrated event started around 11:10 a.m. — close to being on time.

Being too busy photographing and observing to find my place in the crowd, I took a seat in the front row (opposite Sir Nicky) next to Lord Alfred Dubs — a Czech *Kind*, who noted “not bad — four decent speeches in a row.” In fact the speeches weren’t too long and contained a diverse emphasis in commemoration of the event. The most personal presentation was Bertha Leverton’s reflection on arriving at Liverpool Street Station and clearly remembering that nobody met her and her sister, but that they were fortunately helped by a Jewish taxi driver who fed and boarded them for the night and returned them to the station the following day, as well as her

humorous anecdotes on becoming “English,” and her expression of thanks to the British people. David Blunkett, speaking without notes, commented on the need for continued appreciation of those in need and the importance of making it possible for those who are threatened, abused, tortured, etc., to find safe haven in Britain, especially the children who were innocent and often overlooked victims of consequence. He also noted the immense contribution to Britain made by the *Kinder*. Rabbi Sacks reminded us of the importance of reaching out to assist others and how so many *Kinder* had dedicated their lives to helping others either professionally or through volunteer work. Nigel Layton, Chairman of World Jewish Relief, gave a historical perspective of the WJR and its continuing role worldwide.

Then came the moment of the unveiling. There were two objects draped in blue cloth with black pull strings on the sides. On the brick wall of the station was a plaque commemorating the UK’s role in the Kindertransports and identifying the statue, which was about 20 meters away toward the street side of the Piazza, from now on



*Sir Nicholas Winton, Anita Grosz and the Fuchels in front of the just-unveiled commemorative plaque.*

to be known as Children’s Square. As the German Ambassador noted to me, it would take some persistence by an observer to find the plaque to learn about the statue; but this problem has already been solved by installing video monitors throughout the station describing the statue and its purpose. The unveiling went seamlessly. Without rehearsals, Sir Nicholas, together with *Kinder* Harry Heber and Erich Reich, effortlessly pulled the black strings and revealed the commemorative plaque, with the following opening lines:

*Continued on Page 2*

**“Für Das Kind” Continued**

*“Für Das Kind” (For The Child) by Flor Kent. In deep gratitude to the people of the United Kingdom for saving the lives of 10,000 children who fled to this country from Nazi persecution on the Kindertransports in 1938-9.*

It concludes with the following explanation:

*The sculpture behind you includes personal items carried by children who arrived at Liverpool Street Station from Europe on the Kindertransports.*

The same trio then pulled the black strings, tugging the blue cloth away from the large statue (approximately 3 meters tall and long) revealing a large glass multi-tiered case with various objects (such as rucksacks, family photos, toys, items of clothing) and a bronze girl standing beside it, appearing composed and gazing forward. Then came the surge of photographers with their demands of who should stand, where to stand and where to look.

As the audience continued to surround and examine the sculpture, the loud speaker announced the arrival of the coaches for transport to the reception. For me, it was too beautiful a day to take a coach for the short walk to our next destination, Bloomberg LP at Finsbury Square. Sir Nicholas and Vera Gissing hopped in their assigned car service vehicle, which almost headed back out of town if it weren't for Vera Gissing staying alert.

Bloomberg LP (a major contributor to ancillary aspects of the sculpture), of N.Y.C. Mayor Bloomberg fame, is located in a large white 18th century building situated on a beautiful large grass and tree covered square. After passing through security one enters a completely modern interior, with glass walls, large glass vases, projected lighting and media equipment everywhere, and the dull

tone of some sort of continual broadcast. We were each issued pre-printed badges and directed to a large reception atrium, reached by descending a modern wood banister/glass partitioned staircase. Black suited men with faux silver trays abundant with Kosher sandwiches and various hors d'oeuvres, wove through the crowd. The energy was high and, as there was sufficient space in which to mingle and still gaze ahead; people were working the room with great ease. I ran into old friends from the U.S.A. and Scotland and reconnected with acquaintances, chatted with the Polish, Czech and German Ambassadors (five ambassadors attended the event), met many new peo-

ple (*Kinder* and the press), and observed the ease of the child model (a third generation *Kind*) navigating the room while gently touching her mother's arm for reassurance. It was a friendly hour. But then it was time for more speeches.

We were directed discretely but firmly into the adjacent conference room. Large, wall-mounted, video monitors were situated in various parts of the room providing clear viewing of the speakers. After hearing from Linda Rosenblatt (WJR Vice Chair), who had played an instrumental role in organizing the event, we heard from the sculptor.

Flor Kent, speaking with a strong Venezuelan accent, briefly described her experience in creating *Für Das Kind*, the Kindertransport commemorative sculpture. After working on her master's degree in site specific sculpture in London, she took on the challenge to create this piece as her thesis. Much to Flor's surprise, her call for objects to be included in the sculpture resulted in an overwhelming response, much of which she has not been able to use due to limited space. As described by Prof. Jack Lohman, Director of the Museum of London, the piece is making use of new technology. The glass casing is filled with argon gas in which the objects will be given archival permanence while still being in the open and exposed to sunlight, enabling pedestrians to casually enjoy historic material. The Museum of London is responsible for the maintenance and monitoring of the work, and finds the challenge an opportunity for new exhibition methods.

Austrian Ambassador Alexander Christiani spoke of Austria's contribution to the sculpture. Tapping into two funding sources, the Ambassador reflected on the significance of their participation and contribution. And then came the final speech by Hermann Hirschberger, Chairman of KT-AJR. He recounted his experiences of the Kindertransport and his gratitude to the British. Then it was over. Except of course the offerings of more food (fruit, vegetables and some sweets) and more drink.

Finally, Sir Nicholas was ready to leave. We stepped back into the beautiful sun-lit afternoon and 2003. Our car driver was waiting patiently. With no deadline to meet, we drove along the Embankment (by the River Thames) to get back on the M4. As we arrived back at Nicky's house in Maidenhead, he remarked, "It's amazing how tired I am when all I have done is sit in a car, walk to a chair, sit in a chair, pull a few strings and talk to a few people." I agreed, and I had done even less. It was now time to pick up my child from school. "For the Child" will continue to be seen by passersby. I hope that they will stop and reflect, as did the rescuers, on how important our children are for the future generations.

ANITA GROSZ  
Berkshire, England



**Notices**

**The web site for *Kinder* from Czechoslovakia is <Wintonschildren.org.uk>.**

The Jewish Museum in Sydney, Australia, is interested in donations of documents and artifacts for a future display on the Kindertransports. Interested parties should contact the curator, Jane Wesley, at Sydney Jewish Museum, 148 Derlinghurst Rd., Derlinghurst NSW 2910, Australia.

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## Letters to the Editor

I am the spouse of a *Kind* . . . but I missed getting on a transport as I was too old. I did however end up at the Kitchener Camp in the UK, as one of the youngest campers in August 1939.

I am on the mailing list of the Israelitische Kultusgemeinde (IKG) in Vienna, and noted in their last newsletter a report about a memorial erected in the Main Synagogue in the Seitenstetten Temple. This memorial is for the 65,000 Viennese Jews deported to Poland who perished in the Holocaust.

I sent an e-mail to Vienna and received a prompt response that indicated that the names of my parents and my sister are listed there. I am planning – probably next spring – to visit Vienna and the memorial in the Main Synagogue.

For those of your readers who might be interested to find out about the memorial or wish to contact the IKG, here are details: Dr. Ariel Muzicant, President, Israelitische Kultusgemeinde, Desider Friedman Platz 1, A-1010 Vienna (Wien), Austria or his assistant, Dr. Sabine Kiesling. E-mail <s.kiesling@okg-wien.at>. You can contact the IKG in Vienna in either English or German.

EDGAR GRANT  
New York, N.Y.

As Jewish children lost their right to attend German public high schools in 1935 and 1936, a number of private boarding schools were established in Germany and in some other countries. The dedicated faculty and administration of these schools provided the students with an opportunity to study and to live in a reasonably free academic and cultural environment. I was a happy camper at three such schools but I am unable to recall the names, home towns and present locations of any of my former fellow students. Since I am trying to fill a few blank pages of my life, I am wondering whether any of my former fellow students have survived and are now members of KTA or their friends.

Between April '37 and November '38 I attended the following three institutions, and in recent years I have revisited all three locations: Schule am Mittelmeer, Recco, Italy (this is now a French owned vacation center); Monte San Vigilio, near Merano, Italy at a 4500 foot elevation (now private homes); Herrlingen, near Ulm, Germany (now partly a nursing home & partly private residences; a brass plaque identifies the school's location and a small shed contains pictures remembering the school. One house within the former school complex became the last residence of Feldmarschall Rommel).

I would be very interested in hearing from or about any alumni of these schools. E-mail <ebertharryw@aol.com>.

HARRY W. EBERT  
135 Kingston Court, Madison, NJ 07940

I wish to thank my fellow *Kind* Lucie Benedikt for her kind comments about the recent Symposium on Jewish Communities in the Former Habsburg Monarchy at the Leo Baeck Institute, which I had helped to organize. The omission of the Jewish communities supported by the Esterhazy family in Burgenland was unfortunate, but unavoidable in view of the vastness of the subject matter.

Ms. Benedikt reports that her interest in the event was piqued by the "woodcut of a Jewish chapel" in Moravia that appeared on the Symposium invitation. That illustration is actually a pen and ink sketch which I made a few years ago of the cemetery chapel in Podivin (formerly Kostel). That small town in Moravia is only five miles from the Austrian border and is the cradle of the Eisingers, once the most common name in town. Many of the ancient headstones have now been "recycled" but this beautiful old chapel has been lovingly restored as a memorial to the now extinct Jewish community there.

When I first visited Podivin in the 1970s, then still under Communist rule, nobody was willing to answer me when I asked (in German) where the Jewish cemetery was. I had almost given up when I spotted two old ladies sitting on a bench by the side of the road. They, too, were wholly unresponsive until I thought of telling them my name, whereupon they both stood up, clapped their hands and exclaimed: "An Eisinger san' Sie!!" Their knowledge of German quickly returned and they directed me to the person in charge of the key to the cemetery. Later I met a number of excellent Podivin citizens who helped me re-set my grandparents' headstones and with whom I then shared several bottles of fine Moravian wine.

JOSEF EISINGER  
New York, N.Y.

I have just received my summer issue of KINDER-LINK. Northern California Chapter News mentioned that Inge Muller saw "Into the Arms of Strangers" and recognized Hedy Epstein, a former room-mate in London, which resulted in an hour long phone call and a wonderful reconnection. I had the same experience some time ago. Hedy and I were room-mates and worked together for the Nuremberg trials in Germany for two years. After returning to England, she continued to the U.S. and I stayed in England for the next two years. We lost contact. After seeing the documentary, I recognized her picture as a young girl and also the photo at the Nuremberg trial. I am also in that photo (page 242) sitting at the table (left side) in front of Hedy. I received her address from Debby Oppenheimer and we have reconnected and are in constant touch. We are hoping to get together soon.

DORIT FLOWERS  
Marshfield, Mass.

In KINDER-LINK Summer 2003, Marion Walter expressed a great idea. I feel strongly that we should support her efforts to find a way to say "thank you" to the people of Holland for their kindness to the *Kinder* passing through their country by train.

The idea of a plaque appeals to me in view of the fact that I played a part in the process that led to the affixing of a plaque to the building in Vienna that now stands at the site of the former synagogue. The efforts of a "group of neighbors" – who spent years in trying to bring alive the memory of former Jewish fellow citizens – led to an unforgettable six week commemorative event.

Depending on membership response and once contact with the appropriate Dutch organizations has been established, it will be necessary to start the process of soliciting funds for such a plaque. I hope KTA and the Board will support Marion and her work on this project.

ANNE KELEMEN  
New York, N.Y.

## Generations

*The following excerpt is from Chapter 9 (J'Accuse) of The Deserters, a novel currently under submission. In this scene, Daniel Belmont, an American Jew, arrested for spying for Israel, meets with his defense attorney, Rita Caldwell, in the prison interview room.*

**O**KAY, RITA. Tell me, are you Jewish?" Caldwell pushed a strand of hair off her forehead. "I don't see that my religious . . ."

Danny made a long, comical face. "What did you say about trust?"

"Okay, fine. My daddy was a Methodist, my momma Baptist. But I don't go to church."

"Nor I to synagogue. Only you don't need to worry about the dual loyalty charge."

"Maybe 'cause I didn't *spy on my country*?" Caldwell rejoined. "Right now Dan, no one I know, Jewish or not, has any sympathy for you. You appear to have betrayed your country for money. That didn't make you a prize client, not for me or Herb or anyone." She gave a chesty laugh. "You couldn't fill a phone booth with the number of Americans supportin' your action."

"Really?" Danny said. "How about the Reverend John Sinclair, head of the Christian Concern? Four million paid-up members and more who watch his TV show . . . That's right, amidst all the hate mail, I received a warm letter from Sinclair. On official stationery. He calls me a hero for defending the Promised Land when the U.S. abdicated its obligation to Israel."

"I'd like a copy of that," Caldwell scrawled a note, "but you must see Sinclair's agenda? He's using your case to criticize the government. This stuff's red meat for the Fundamentalist Right."

"Listen, Rita, everyone has an agenda. Including you. At least Sinclair recognizes the value of what I did. And he's not afraid to speak out about it. Which means a lot to me right now. I'm very isolated in here and everyone's slamming me – especially the Jewish community." Danny made a brave face, and then he exploded.

"There's not a *single* Jewish organization or leader, not one Jewish figure of any kind in the entire United States who's had anything *positive* to say about me! At best, they're maintaining an excruciatingly embarrassed silence. Most are trying to curry favor by denouncing me and distancing themselves from my case. Jews of every stripe – left wing, right, orthodox, reform, lapsed . . . We're beyond ideology and affiliation, beyond religion. It's tribal panic – shame before the Gentiles, Diaspora disease, fifth-column phobia, Amalekitism, whatever you want to call it!"

"Who ever thinks the Jews loom so powerful in this country should look now. They're all terrified and running for cover, scrambling for an alibi. 'We're not like that, we're good little Jews' and 'He's not one of us, we disown him.' They want to lock me up and throw away the key, they want to *nullify* me. As if I never existed and what I did never happened . . . Let's face it: I am the worst nightmare of American Jewry come true! For this they would like to kill me . . ."

Danny paused. His hands shook, his dark eyes flamed as if other voices, other spirits, had taken him over.

Caldwell watched the transformation. Had her client broken down, or was he trying to tell her something? She kept her voice

low. "Don't they have a right to be angry?"

Danny's eyes flickered. He hit the table. "*No more hiding* behind the facade of success, fame, influence. Or the illusion of complete and unfettered assimilation. Because if true, why the professed shock and outrage at my deeds? Many Americans before me have spied, and continue to spy, for known *enemies* of the U.S., including our superpower rival. Whereas I only helped a *close friend and ally* of my country defend itself against regional Arab and Soviet threats. Not only didn't my actions weaken America, but I believe they *strengthened* the U.S. . . ."

"Don't you think that's a stretch?" Caldwell tried to slow him down.

"No," Danny cried, "the outcry over this case reflects the precarious status of American Jewry as it perceives, or misperceives, itself! It's as if the Jews now feared the 'real Americans' would ask to see their identity cards. As if they didn't have every right of equal citizenship!"

"But just who are these true Americans, Rita, and where'd *they* come from? The so-called WASPs, to whom I'm sure you're related? All these colonists, our founding fathers and mothers, were nothing more than an amorphous group of immigrants from Northern Europe who sailed over in the 17th and 18th century."

"Well guess what? The Hendricks side of my father's family, Dutch Jews who first went to Holland from 13th century Spain, also voyaged to the New World in the 17th century. They landed in New York, where my great grand-uncle designed the best musket loader of his day – of course the patent went to his partner, Otis Merriwether . . . we've lived here over three hundred years. Long as anyone, except for the Native Americans. We shed our blood in the American Revolution. And every war since. And we're still paying taxes. We helped *build* this nation."

"I think we can mention that," Caldwell said. "Most people don't know . . ."

"For all the good it's done us!" Danny went on angrily. "Or the other Jews, who mostly arrived from the mid-19th to the early 20th centuries. Despite our outward success, we remain here on sufferance, still tiptoeing around lest we offend, or draw undue attention. How else explain why my father's generation of American Jews – so educated, prosperous and pusillanimous! – abandoned the Jews in Europe during the Holocaust? *Their own relatives*, in some cases! Where was the American-Jewish community then, and why didn't they *fight* to rescue these refugees? Tens, maybe hundreds, of thousands of Jewish lives could have been saved, among them my murdered aunts and uncles, my grandfather and his whole family . . ."

Caldwell, listening closely, taking notes, stopped him. "Several leading historians have challenged this argument about abandoning the Jews, including your father if I'm not mistaken. Didn't he write this big, prize-winnin' book extolling FDR's virtues?"

"My father," Danny smiled darkly, "ranks as a leading apologist for American history in the 20th century. A subtle, scholarly apologist. Hence his success, both academic and popular."

Caldwell noted the son's strong feelings. "Regardless of all this, Dan, right now we need to focus your energy on *acceptin'* blame, not castin' it. No judge will grant you leniency, an' no prosecutor will cut us a deal, unless we come completely clean about what *you did*."

*Continued on Page 6*

## Identity Crisis

LONG BEACH, N.Y., AUGUST 8, 1945

Dear mama and papa,

... Long Beach is very nice, and my little charge, Stevie, is a good little boy. We have so much fun. His parents are very kind to me. They are getting ready now for the Jewish New Year. I have never heard of this before, have you? It seems strange to celebrate New Years at the end of summer. They will spend the whole day praying in their synagogue, and are not allowed to eat anything at all. Not even drink a glass of water! But I am supposed to stay home with Stevie, and Mrs. Horowitz said I can eat if I want because I told her that I have never fasted in my life. She was very surprised about that . . .

I have mixed emotions about this new discovery – the discovery that Jews observe New Years, their Holiest of Holy Days, at the end of summer. They don't wear funny hats, throw confetti, drink champagne. Instead, Mrs. Horowitz explains, they pray all day. Then, ten days later, there is another Holy Day – even holier – to end it. You are supposed to fast from sundown to sundown. I have some very serious thinking to do. Am I also a link in that chain? Am I expected to follow their example? Because I too am a Jew?

"It's called Rosh Ha Shanah and Yom Kippur. What? You never heard of it? That's hard to believe. I thought you are Jewish too." I can tell that she is bewildered. But not half as bewildered as I am.

"Yes," I admit. "I am Jewish. But no one ever told me anything about this part of it. I've never even been inside a synagogue."

How does that slip out of my mouth? I'm afraid I have told her too much. I stop my chatter before I say any more. Nothing can make me tell her about how the Nazis burned down virtually all synagogues in Germany and Austria, including Stuttgart, on *Kristallnacht*, Crystal Night, back in November 1938. I was there. No way can I tell her that it was that night when Papa was forced out of his bed and schlepped to Dachau concentration camp, where he remained for eight bitterly cold, miserable weeks. And how can I possibly admit to her that once upon a time we had a Christmas tree in our house and when I was small, I sang "*Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*" under its branches? Then, after Papa was taken to Dachau, Mama found an old brass Hannukiah in our attic. The two of us lit the candles of the little menorah for eight nights and sang the songs I had just learned at my new Jewish school, because Hitler's new laws said I was no longer allowed to go to my regular school. And I remain silent about how, right after that, my mother decided to send me away to England on a Kindertransport, a rescue operation hastily set up by Jewish and Christian organizations to send children away from their homes, unaccompanied. By war's end, 10,000 children – including me – had been saved by this Kindertransport. Sadly, 9,000 were left orphaned. Nor can I bring myself to talk about my six long years there, waiting for my parents, while the war was being fought literally over my head. And about my parents waiting to get out of that Hell and go somewhere, anywhere else. Or how, for a long time, they couldn't find a place that would let them in until it was almost too late. Something stops my tongue from telling the religious Mrs. Horowitz anything about this. Why? I don't know.

I am mad at myself that I have told her that I've never been

inside a synagogue. What if she invites me to come with her? Would I want to? "But you are Jewish, aren't you?" she asked me. Is she accusing me? But of what?

Oh, how can she possibly understand that nothing in my short experience has ever taught me to feel proud of being Jewish. Quite the other way around. I can't explain to her, nor can she understand, that being Jewish in Germany only meant one thing to me: to feel unworthy, to feel no better than a disgusting worm that needs to be stepped upon – exterminated. And not just me. Had not all the signs in the shop windows screamed out the warnings? "No Jews Need Enter Here!" "No Jews allowed!" "*Juden sind hier unerwünscht!*" Even my school rejected me and my best friend, Miriam who, when she met me on the street, crossed to the other side without saying hello at all. And what about those rousing marching songs sung by a hundred enthusiastic young men in gleaming boots and smart brown uniforms, informing the admiring throngs cheering from the sidewalks that "*everything will go twice as well when their knives are oiled with Jewish blood.*"

I was born into such a time as this. Mama and Papa were careful to keep my Jewishness away from me. They meant me no harm. They meant only to protect me. How proud Mama always was of my blue eyes, small nose, blond hair. "You don't look Jewish." Even our family name was changed some years earlier to sound less Jewish. "For business reasons." So the proud ancient Jewish name, the name of the biblical Tribe of Levy, is discarded. In the end it makes no difference. It does not fool our murderers. I was ten at the time of *Kristallnacht*. I don't remember any time when life was "normal."

Such thoughts, hardly articulated in my own seventeen-year-old head, are impossible for me to explain to Mrs. Horowitz – whom I hardly know. Even less can I tell her about my joyful participation in England, going to church with my Christian benefactors who have, after all, saved my life. She can never understand! And what would she make of the fact were I to tell her about me, her little boy's summer nanny, giving eagerly my all to their God; believing that my soul also needs to be saved for all eternity? Or what would she make then of how, within this last year only, I have seriously begun to question this line of my behavior? Of how I am still, even now in 1945, wavering between two great religions? Of doubting religion altogether? If there is a God then where was He during that terrible time? I am still unaware that my coming to America will be the beginning of my long journey towards understanding my roots; understanding my Jewish soul and making a choice where, indeed, there never was a choice in the first place. And I can't talk about it with little Stevie's good Jewish mother.

"There is ravioli in the refrigerator. You can heat it up on the stove for Stevie and yourself. And after lunch and his nap why don't you take him to the beach, OK? See you later." She kisses her small son and runs to catch up with her husband, to join her co-religionists – and mine.

And so I write to Mama and Papa about my discovery of a Jewish New Year. I know they are waiting to hear from me. It never crosses my mind how they might feel to read such a letter from this strange young girl who is suddenly their daughter.

OLGA DRUCKER  
Sewall's Point, Fla.

## Summer Wedding

**M**Y OLDER DAUGHTER MET A YOUNG MAN last year. He is Joe Fields, a professor at a New Haven college. Soon they were spending their weekends together. They grew sad whenever it was time to part, so they moved in together and planned to get married.

As mother of the bride, I set myself two criteria: offer expertise and then get out of the way so as to let the couple reach their own decisions. First I started with books – books on planning a wedding. They wanted an outdoor ceremony in a New Haven park. They picked the date, and chose a central hotel for the guests to stay. The invitations were handmade. Minister, dress and place for the reception were all found.

But photographer? Quick, think! Yes, there is a *Kind* in New Haven, Irmgard Wessel. When I phoned her, she was competent and helpful. Then I introduced her to my daughter and let them talk things over, Irmgard also providing names for flower shop and bakery.

My son and his family are Conservative; they would arrive on Friday for the Sunday ceremony so as to avoid driving on Saturday. Again Irmgard was helpful. She found a congregation for services within walking distance and suggested places to take the children.

Sunday dawned clear and bright, a magnificent day for an outdoor wedding. Edgerton Park is part of a splendid estate given to the city. White chairs were set up under immense, majestic trees. Classical music was playing as people waited for the wedding party to assemble. Slowly they all came together: flower girls and tiny ring bearers; bride and groom, each escorted by their parents. They read their vows to each other under the *chupah*. The ceremony ended with laughter as the groom stepped on the glass. It was the essence of a wedding: a public declaration of love in a completely natural setting.

And thanks to the Kindertransport for letting it all happen in this way.

HELGA SHEPARD  
New York, N.Y.



## Generations *Continued*

"Think people want to hear my story?" Danny asked sarcastically, then shook his head. "Know whom I identify with now? It's Captain Albert Dreyfus, a talented, ambitious Jew in turn-of-century France. I know exactly how that noble fellow felt when they accused him of treason, stripped him of his rank, humiliated his family and shipped him in chains to Devil's Island."

Caldwell shot Danny a severe look. "Dan, wasn't Dreyfus an *innocent* man framed by anti-Semites in the French Army for a crime committed by *another man*?"

Danny hitched the waistband of his brown prison trousers. "That's correct . . ."

"You mean to suggest you've been *framed*? That you did not spy for Israel, that it was *someone else*?" Caldwell paused. "Or you tryin' to tell me there is a 'Mr. X'?"

Danny turned his stark, handsome profile to Caldwell. "I feel a strong affinity with Dreyfus. Draw your own conclusions."

DORON WEBER  
New York, N.Y.

## Autobiographical Narratives – The Kindertransport Workshop in Brighton

**I**T IS A TRIBUTE TO DR. TIMMS, Professor of German Literature at the University of Sussex, a "red brick university," that this university has developed a Center of German Jewish Studies, and obtained a grant to research the Kindertransport. "Red Brick Universities" were established after WWII when higher education was made available to the masses. The Workshop was organized by Andrea Hammel, Research Administrator.

For me, the most memorable presentations at the Kindertransport Workshop on June 12 and 13 were:

The difficulties of writing a reliable history of the Kindertransport: "oral histories" are not history – they are subjective memoirs. They most often end on a happy note. This reminded me of the oral histories which I recorded. They ended on a positive note, and in retrospect, do not paint the whole picture. The current Harvard study also will focus on interviewing people whom they consider "successes" (I believe). We may have been "successes" in the eyes of the world, but how have we reacted emotionally to our losses? As Claudia Curio pointed out in her paper, for a true history we need more factual information which is difficult to find.

A presentation by Iris Guske on Family Papers as a Polysemic Resource, which discussed the adaptation of a brother and sister (Martin Michaelis and Ruth Barnett) to the Kindertransport experience, with notes by a psychoanalyst (Bernard Barnett, the husband of the sister), was very illuminating. Michael, who was older, coped by minimizing and suppressing the trauma; Ruth questioned more and felt more traumatized, leading her to delve into her psyche. To me, the psychoanalyst's most meaningful comment was his hypothesis that what enabled the brother and sister to cope was that they had a bond of a mutual personal history. As a clinical social worker, I have often marveled at clients' abilities to cope – and this adds another piece to the puzzle.

The third paper presented by Michael Krüger, the publisher of W.G. Sebald's novel "Austerlitz," discussed how writers, and especially Sebald, approach writing. Sebald collecting information, such as newspaper articles, posted them on his office walls, used them as inspiration, and then wrote. Susi Bechhofer, protagonist of "Whatever Happened to Susie" alleged that Sebald violated her copyright by using her story, as told in that BBC documentary. She had researched her story with the aid of the BBC. Sebald used a similar situation, but disguised it, in "Austerlitz." So is use of what has become public information infringement of copyright?

The conference was successful and meaningful in raising many issues about which one can continue to think and debate.

ILSE M. EDEN  
Berkeley, Cal.



The "New Synagogue Berlin-Centrum Judaicum" Foundation is preparing an exhibit on "Rescue of Jewish Children from Nazi Germany: Recha Freier and Käte Rosenheim." For further information on this project or to submit relevant personal data on Youth Aliyah to Palestine (1933-1945) or Kindertransport to the U.S.A. (1934-1941), please contact: Dr. Gudrun Maierhof (curator of the exhibit), tel. +49-30308935, fax +49-30-282-11-76.



## Invitation to Visit Berlin - Aug. 20, 2002

AS IT TURNED OUT, I HAD NO PERSONAL MEMORIES whatever of my birth city, Berlin. What I had was a trove of distilled stories and reminiscences which my mother had shared with me over the years leading to her death at age 93 in 1996.

She talked often of meeting friends at Kempinskis or the Kranzler for coffee and luscious desserts, of strolling through the Tiergarten with my father, enjoying outstanding plays and the performances of famous actors/actresses at the Schauspielhaus, boating on the Spree, and watching the 1936 Olympics from a box within view of Hitler's angry reaction to Jesse Owens' triumphant victory. The names of so many streets and districts were indelibly imprinted on my aging mind: Unter den Linden, the KuDamm, Kaiserdamm, Potsdamer Platz, Prager Platz, Charlottenburg, Wilmersdorf, Grunewald, and on and on. All so familiar to me, and yet so utterly foreign.

I had attended a Jewish Kindergarten for a brief time, the name of which I failed to ask my mother. She did tell me that the owner's Nazi affiliation was eventually exposed, when someone discovered a swastika button under her jacket lapel!

My father, Rudi Pollak, was the Warner Bros. representative for Northern Germany, managing and then owning several movie theaters in and around Berlin: the Noack *Lichtspiele* (Brunnen Str.), Hohenzollern *Lichtspiele* (Steglitz), *Lichtspielhaus* Reinickendorf, and the Alhambra in Spandau. I searched and researched, but all these structures had either taken on new forms and uses, or they had just disappeared into history.

My father died suddenly of natural causes in Vienna in 1936, at the age of 35. He was Austrian birth and, because he thought we might be safer in Vienna, we had moved there a few months earlier. Little did he know! Because my mother had not been able to cope with that tragedy in a manner that would have allowed me, an only child, to process this trauma in a healthy and appropriate way, my father was rarely spoken of again. Consequently, my mission in Berlin was to try to reconstruct his life, to find some small space that had in some way been touched by his presence. I needed evidence that he had indeed ever existed.

I searched in vain through old municipal records and directories. The only residential address I had, was that of the last apartment in which the three of us had lived - Prager Str. 17. This very short street was now under reconstruction, and there was no longer such a number. I gazed intently at the building's exteriors and, using my own logical numbering system, picked one that might well have been ours. I rang the bell. The ancient lady who came to the door listened patiently to my story, and then told me she had lived there since 1940, but did not know who had lived there before her. I craned my neck to peek into the living room through the open door. The place was old and was furnished accordingly; I allowed my imagination to wander. The ghosts were everywhere.

The administration at the Charlotten *Gymnasium* on Leibnitz Str., which I understood had been a technical college, insisted that it had always been a girls' school. The *Handelsakademie fuer Sprachen und Buchfuhrung* was non-existent. The Getrauden Krankenhaus on Paretzer Str., to which my father had been admitted in 1935 with gunshot wounds, claimed they only maintain records for 50 years. Who would have predicted that such a wide open city as Berlin, could harbor so many dead ends!

One afternoon, while on a bus tour down the Potsdamer Str., I caught sight of a very contemporary building housing the Film Museum Berlin. I immediately decided to try one more time to fulfill my mission, and made plans for my husband, son, and myself to do some research there the next day. We entered a very resplendent foyer. Hearing about my father's involvement in the film industry, the pleasant and sympathetic receptionist telephoned the archivist several floors up, and suggested we meet with her right away. After introductions, and explanations of my obvious frustration, this very helpful woman pulled out one narrow, shallow indexed drawer after another (somewhat similar to bank safe deposit boxes), while I in- and exhaled deeply trying to quiet my anxiety. "The name is Rudolf Pollak, is that right?" "Yes, yes, yes," I shrieked. This magic drawer contained documents recording my father's purchases and sales of the theaters, with names, addresses, and prices. There was also one program flyer for a film shown in one of his theaters in 1934. My father's address was listed as 17 Prager Str. I told the archivist how excited I was to have this information, and she replied "but it's such a small thing." I explained as best I could that, for me, this was huge; it was my 'mission' accomplished. The photo of my astonished but joyful facial reaction will forever attest to this. I had finally made contact with my father in Berlin.

MARION WOLFF  
San Luis Obispo, Cal.



## Chapter News

### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

The NorCal Chapter is very enthusiastic about the 2004 national conference being held in the San Francisco area. The chapter has organized a conference committee including Alfred Cotton, Ralph Samuel, Margot Goldberg, Helga Newman and KT2's Terry Fletcher and Marilyn Goldberg who have already discussed ideas for the conference and contacted possible speakers and workshop leaders.

The committee welcomes ideas and suggestions for the conference from all KTA members.

On Sunday, August 3, Helga Newman hosted a tea for local *Kinder* at her home in Sunnyvale. The *Kinder* were very happy to have the next conference here and had some excellent ideas for speakers and subjects.

On their recent visit to London Alfred and Anita Cotton met with Bertha Leverton who continues to be the guiding light for promoting our history. The Cottons attended the monthly *Kinder* Luncheon meeting at the Day Center in West Hampstead and met many of the 50 *Kinder* who attended. The guest speaker was Rev. Bernd Koschland who spoke about Josephus Flavius, the famous Jewish historian.

Alfred Cotton, Ralph Samuel, Co-chairs

On the occasion of the New Year 5764, I extend my best wishes for a healthy, peaceful and joyful year.  
May we find peace in the world.

KURT GOLDBERGER  
President

**Notices**

**Hanukkah Party 2003** will be held on December 28th at the Brotherhood Synagogue, 28 Gramercy Park South in Manhattan. Brunch will begin at 12 noon. Price \$18.00 per person.

**The 2004 KTA conference** at the Doubletree Hotel, near the San Francisco airport, will be held October 22-24. The special room rate will apply to the days before and after the conference. The Northern California chapter will schedule some sightseeing tours in the area.

**The Kindertransport History Exhibit** created by Robert Sugar was shown, in conjunction with the play "Kindertransport," at the Lyric Arts Main Stage Street Theatre, in Anoka, Minn. The exhibit will travel to various high schools throughout the state of North Carolina.

The North Carolina Council on the Holocaust has rented said KTA exhibit for showings in public schools throughout the state with the 2003-2004 school year. (The Council's website can be viewed at <[www.ncpublicschools.org/holocaust](http://www.ncpublicschools.org/holocaust)>.

An expression of sympathy goes to **Ralph Mollerick**, the Washington, D.C. chapter head, on the loss of his son, Jeff. The funeral on July 25 was attended by several of KTA members.

**A group Bar Mitzvah** in London is being planned by Bertha Leverton. Peter Wegner already promised to participate. Further information can be obtained directly by e-mail from <[andreagoodmaker@ajr.org.uk](mailto:andreagoodmaker@ajr.org.uk)> at the Association of Jewish Refugees, Jubilee House, Merrion Avenue, Stanmore HA7 4RL, UK. Tel: +44(0)20 8385 3091.

**The Kindertransport quilt cards** are now available and can be ordered from KTA, 36 Dean St., Hicksville, NY 11801. The 5" x 7" folders feature a color reproduction of the quilts on the cover and a blank inside for that special message. The cost is US\$15.00 for a minimum order of ten cards and envelopes, plus \$2.00 postage per order.

**The Kindertransport quilt books**, a perfect holiday gift, should be ordered from Kirsten Grosz, phone: 317-293-4218. US\$15.00 plus postage.

Professor Gerald Holton, Harvard University, points to the publication of the *Schlussbericht der Historikerkommission der Republik Oesterreich: Vermoegensentzug waehrend der NS-Zeit*. (Final Report of the Austrian Republic's Commission of Historians: Seizure of Property during the NS-Period.) Edited/authored by Clemens Jabloner et al. Oldenbourg Verlag, Vienna, Munich 2003. Sections of the book might also be available at <<http://www.historikerkommission.gv.at>>.

Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 East 79th Street, Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021 or e-mail to <[Kinderlink2002@aol.com](mailto:Kinderlink2002@aol.com)> or fax to 212-570-0495. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

Visit the Kindertransport Association home page at <<http://www.kindertransport.org>>

**KTA and KT2 Members:**  
To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <[ktaidiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktaidiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)>

**Kinder Descendants:**  
To subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <[kigerations-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:kigerations-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)>

(\*These groups are not officially associated with KTA.)

Member y/e 6/30/2004  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211

FIRST CLASS MAIL



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Hicksville, NY 11801



## Talking About the Holocaust

I HAVE BEEN A SPEAKER ON THE HOLOCAUST, and particularly the Kindertransport, for almost ten years now and it has brought me into schools, colleges, synagogues and other locations. I have addressed children in elementary schools in rural areas and inner city, in middle schools and high schools, in public and private schools, college students taking courses in Holocaust and have spoken to congregations, sisterhoods and war veterans.

I shared many of these speaking engagements with Eva Podietz, since we could divide up our presentation and augment each other. I would give a short introduction to the events leading up to Hitler's rise to power and Eva would follow with personal experiences of living in Nazi Germany. Most children – or adults for that matter – had never heard of the Kindertransport, nor of the many escape routes Jews took in order to get out of the country. The fifth graders could identify with leaving parents and friends behind and going to a foreign country to unknown caretakers. We stressed discrimination and tolerance to the younger children and we urged them to apply these lessons to their own classroom, stressing differences and similarities of people although there was often little or no integration in the rural settings. In the inner city, the opposite was found and we had to overcome an initial reluctance to accept our presentation.

In two of the schools we visited, the younger classes were asked to choose and write about one of the *Kinder* in the book "Ten Thousand Children" by Eva and me. They were delighted to meet us in person and sign their work. The teacher encouraged them to write cards to us of appreciation. All of the colorful cards expressed thanks for learning about the Kindertransport. Two of the children were going to interview their grandfather in the summer. On the photographs of our visit the 6th grade teacher wrote, "Your presentation has provided us with another opportunity to help our children to become more aware of injustice and how each individual can make a difference."

Speaking to 7th and 8th graders we found the reactions a little more sophisticated: "Never in a million years could I imagine being torn away from my family and living with strangers." Another girl admitted that she did not believe that the Holocaust existed until she met us. She wrote: "Now when my children ask me if the Holocaust really existed I can tell them your story and about the Kindertransport."

Their teachers wrote to let us know how much they appreciated our coming and hoped that the children would gain in compassion and knowledge and realize how fortunate they were in their lives. Above all, our presentation encouraged them to think.

The older groups, 8th and 9th grades of an all-boy private school, stated: "I understand more clearly what the Holocaust was and what the true meaning of survivor is." "Learning about this event is very important so that nothing like it can ever happen again." "This was the first time I heard actual survivors of the Holocaust speak in person." "I will always remember you and share your stories with my kids and friends." "Having a first person account is so much more meaningful than reading it out of a book." "Thank you both for giving me

*(Continued at right)*

## The Best Cup of Chocolate

FOR SIXTY YEARS I HAVE DEBATED WITH MYSELF whether it is best to leave bittersweet memories untold and untouched or to air them freely. The psychiatrist encourages emotional catharsis – a laxative for the mind. Historians tell us that those who forget history are doomed to repeat it, and yet every day we see those who have not forgotten it repeat it just the same.

Six hundred of us, as it turned out ten thousand in all, were beginning our journey. We gathered at Masaryk Railroad Station in Prague in the then euphemistically called "Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia," when in all actuality it was German occupied Czechoslovakia. A leased train was about to embark diagonally across Germany to eventually, England.

We sat on wooden benches, some of us still clutching the white linen handkerchiefs with which we had waved good-bye until our loved ones were out of sight. We sat with little conversation for usually rather vivacious youngsters. We all seemed to think similar thoughts. Where to, how, what, who? You name the interrogative; it was on our minds.

The journey seemed endless, punctuated by occasional slow-downs as we rode through semi-deserted railroad stations, with swastikas – the logo of evil. On and on it went when finally the swastika flags changed, to standards never before seen by us. The train slowed down and eventually came to rest at a station where many people ran busily back and forth. We were urged to open the windows and immediately handed warm chocolate and cheese sandwiches. We were in Holland! The best chocolate drink I'd ever tasted! The best cheese sandwich ever! This food tasted good! Dutch cheese and hot chocolate have forever remained a favorite food of mine, forever linked to bittersweet memories. The journey resumed to Hoek van Holland, on to Harwich, England, and "into the arms of strangers."

RUDI KIRSCHNER, M.D., Phoenix, Ariz.



a new look on life, freedom and family." "You showed the whole school that there was a ray of light out of the entire killings in Germany." "It is important that people that have been in or were affected by the Holocaust talk to the new generation so things like this don't happen again." "... So that young adults some day tell their children and preserve these memories." "... When the next generation comes along there will probably not be too many Holocaust survivors left. Our generation are the ones that need to keep the Holocaust alive and not let others think that this never happened." "I am glad that some escaped to tell everyone about the horrors of the Holocaust." "It was an eye-opening experience."

All the reactions Eva and I received stressed repeatedly how grateful they were that we told them our stories. We visited a high school not far from Philadelphia a few years in a row, where we were among a group of survivors with varied experiences. The staff and students treated us with respect and caring. We had our photographs taken which along with our biographies were then put into a scrapbook for their collection.

*Continued on Page 5*

Leaving . . .

I LEFT BERLIN ON A KINDERTRANSPORT to England in January 1939. On my last evening at home I roamed through the rooms of the house and touched the walls, bade them farewell, telling them that I would remember them, even if I were never to come back.

I did remember them and the cherry tree in the garden, the pattern of large flowers on the sofa in the living room, the picture of a girl walking down a country street in the dining room. I did go back to Berlin several times, but returned only once to that Bauhaus villa on its outskirts.

Over 50 years later I once again found myself sitting on the terrace where I had played as a child. My husband and the present owners talked over afternoon *Kaffee und Kuchen*. They did not quite understand my need. I looked out on the garden, searching the smooth green lawn for the long uprooted fruit tree, for my sand pit. The air, laden with the scent of watered lawns and the sound of children at play, brought with it the old, familiar sense of dread. The neighbors had long gone – emigrated, deported or killed in action. The house had changed during World War II. Its walls were no longer the same, they did not remember me. Here a corridor had been drawn, there a door had been inserted, here a window where none had been before. Only memory backed by imagination could reveal that house as it had once been or rather as it had seemed to me.

I left England with my mother in 1947 to join my father in Santiago, Chile. I knew I would be back. And so I was . . . often and long, but never to live there again. I revisited the English friends, who had become my family during my wartime separation from my parents. I sat in the same chairs, drank tea out of the similar china cups. Honeysuckle still grew on the hedges along the road, primroses and blue bells hid in the wooded shade along the lanes. A patchwork of fields in varying shades of green and populated by cows here and sheep there stretched out along the Downs towards the horizon. It all filled me with wonder as it had done during my adolescence. But it was not the same. Our ways of life had diverged. Only our reminiscences were still the same. The smell of wisteria filled me with melancholy. Had there been something missing in those years of tea parties and country walks, and polite behavior, even in the passionate girlhood friendships at boarding school? A real sense of belonging, or of home perhaps?

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I left Chile, where I had lived with parents, and then alone with my mother, for over 10 years. There I was at home with my family again, and yet never quite so. The many years of separation had left their mark. From being English, I turned to becoming Chilean. Again it was the landscape that drew me in. Under a blue sky, rugged snow-peaked mountains pushed their foothills toward the city. The smell of eucalyptus trees stung the air. In winter, high up in the *cordillera*, skis sliced through the snow. The nearby ocean shoreline strung out its necklace of rocky bays, steep inlets and sandy beaches. There was poetry, Pablo Neruda and Gabriela Mistral; magic realism

steamed out of the coffee cups of the writers meeting in downtown *espresso* bars. I drank the wine, taught English, kept at my writing and talked passionately about politics. Friendship was more part of my life than ever before or since. And yet I left – after all I was 27 years old, still single, ever writing, and New York beckoned.

I came to New York. No one was waiting. Thrilling at first, it soon became desolating. No one cared, but I stuck it out. Work as a translator and writing, a love affair or perhaps two, helped. After my mother moved from Chile to London and was financially secure once more, I wrapped the supportive mantle of year-long, weekly psychotherapy around myself, and returned to the university – a BA, then an MA. There was marriage, even if a late one, a failed pregnancy, above all a home, and finally time to write.

You lose some, you gain some. I no longer drink wine; I take pills. I no longer miss intimate friendships; I am a joiner; I eschew arguments about politics, and fall in with the latest psycho-sociological jargon. But I have come to love Manhattan.

Brooklyn Bridge with its gothic arches and steel webbing glimpsed through office windows rose up as guardian of my years of office work in the canyons of Wall Street. The skyline that traces the graph of its restless spirit in the sky still makes my spirits soar. Above all water everywhere – Hudson, East River, New York Bay – brings my ever galloping mind back to rest.

I will never leave New York even if I go off in search of past and new selves. As I write here at my desk of an evening, the lights from the windows of the surrounding high rises wink at me. I see others like me sitting at their computers, moving round their kitchens. They are people I do not know but I feel at one with them. We are all part of a city where I belong and am at home.

IRENE K. SCHMIED  
New York, N. Y.

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**Financial Statement** July 1, 2002 to June 30, 2003

Cash in Bank at July 1, 2002	\$20,875.00
<b>RECEIPTS</b>	
Membership - KTA	\$ 12,785.00
Membership - KTA 2004	150.00
Membership - KT2	1,460.00
Membership - KT2 2004	30.00
Donations - Charity	5,440.00
Education Panels	2,763.00
Hanuka Party	<u>1,627.00</u>
Total Receipts	\$24,255.00
<b>EXPENSES</b>	
Donations	\$5,360.00
Education Panels	1,400.00
Hanuka Party	1,488.00
Stationery, Printing, Postage	7,060.00
Telephone	20.00
Website	179.00
Miscellaneous	110.00
Professional Fees	2,160.00
Conference - Other	<u>1,140.00</u>
Total Expenses	\$18,917.00
Cash Balance at June 30, 2003	\$26,213.00

If you have any questions or would like a copy of our financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Ellen Bottner at 718-428-5564 or e-mail at [botbjb@aol.com](mailto:botbjb@aol.com).

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Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 East 79th Street, Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021 or e-mail to <[Kinderlinknow@verizon.net](mailto:Kinderlinknow@verizon.net)> or fax to 212-570-0161. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

## Generations

### LOVE HAS NO BOUNDARIES.

I am a member of the Second Generation. I never knew that my father Joseph Pick (who died in 1967) was Jewish. One day I showed an old family photograph to a friend and learned that the languages engraved on the tombstone of my grandfather – also Josef who died in 1912 – were in Czech and Hebrew. That is how I discovered who I really was.

Until then, I only knew that my father had been injured after his escape from Vienna and that he had eventually arrived in England, and that he had lost his entire family. As a child, I would hear my father scream in the night. I learned not to ask him any questions because that made him very sad. This sense of profound sadness was passed on to me – never understanding why.

My father was meticulous at keeping records. I have recently found many letters documenting his searches for his three youngest siblings, Vera Violette Pick, born April 4, 1925, and twins Herbert Walmar Pick and Dolly Carmen Pick born February 1, 1933. My father believed that the twins might have been placed in hiding in Holland and because they were so young, they would no longer remember their past. I thought that they may be living somewhere not knowing who they really were and I started searching for them. During my search I found that many years ago, my father had made the same enquiries as I have done.

My grandparents managed to send some crates of their belongings to England before the outbreak of war. These included photograph albums. During the years, I have looked at the photographs many times. I knew who my grandparents were, as well as my father's sisters and brother and I saw how I resembled them. My father had added my baby photograph to this collection. I wondered what it would be like to have been part of his family.

I have now discovered that my father was a chemist in Vienna and that he fled from the Gestapo into Czechoslovakia from where he did his utmost to bring his parents, siblings and other family members out. He went back and forth across different borders several times and on his final crossing into Poland, he was so seriously injured that he was left for dead.

I contacted the KTA in the hope that Vera, Dolly and Herbert whom I thought were last known to be in Holland, might have been sent to England, or perhaps they might have survived in hiding in Holland, possibly under other names. I was wrong. The documents and correspondence I now have show that my grandparents had their three youngest children return to Vienna in the hope that they would all emigrate to the USA together. Instead, they were deported to Modiborczyce in March 1941. My grandfather died at Methuen. I am still trying to find out what happened to my grandmother, Irene, who was my father's eldest sister, and the three youngest children. I am searching for surviving or second or third generations family members who are still living.

My father never revealed anything that might upset me. At times we had some conflicts. In the 1950's I was selected to represent Britain in gymnastics and also in net-ball competitions in France, Holland and Germany, but he would not let me go. I was angry at his decision but now I know why. He did not want me to go to Germany. He was still afraid that what had happened to his family could happen to me. He wanted to protect me.

Even though I did not know what my roots were, I always had lots of Jewish friends. Was this a coincidence? Or has there always been an invisible bond? I will never be able to explain this. Once I discovered the Jewish part of my identity, I was nervous because I did not know about the Jewish way of life and what it meant to be Jewish. Since my search began, I have received so much support and kindness.

My father left many documentary clues for me. I now understand that he knew one day I would want to find out about his family, about my grandparents, about his eldest sister Irene who had stayed with my grandparents in Vienna, and also about Vera,

Herbert and Dolly. I regret that I started searching so late in life – I feel I have wasted so much time. The information that is now reaching me shows that the three siblings probably could not have survived. Even so, part of me will always be looking for them. It is through my search for them that I discovered who I really am. Even though I never knew my family, I know and I feel, that I am part of them. I have at last found who I really am through the love I feel for my family and the love I know they would have felt for me.

JULIE JONES (nee Pick)  
Burlington, Ontario



## Letters to the Editor

With the years flying by and our ranks steadily thinning, our hopes for the future turn to our children and grandchildren. In our old age, we have time to philosophize. What if – we muse. How can we keep our story alive, and also assure that the past is remembered, we ask.

I think of my mother. A pretty woman, a good woman. A lady who sewed long into the night to help Papa put food on the table. The years between the two wars were hard and cold.

The S.S. came for Mama one November night and took her away from the home where she had lived all her married life long. She was bundled off to the "Sperlschule" in Vienna, to await deportation with hundreds of others. A couple of postcards smuggled out from there told of her hunger and need. "There is little to eat here," she writes, "breakfast, a piece of bread not until 10 o'clock. An 'empty' soup for lunch. We all sleep on the floor. If you have anything to spare to eat please send it to me . . ." Long after the war the postcards found their way into my hands. Mama was deported to Minsk on November 28, 1941. She was shot on arrival by a firing squad.

Papa, mercifully, died in Vienna ten days before his scheduled deportation. He was buried in the city's vast "Zentralfriedhof." When finally, after 55 years, I was able to return to the old town for the time, my daughter and I searched the deserted cemetery for his grave. When my old feet gave out, my daughter went on. As I rested on an old tombstone, the cemetery around me was silent as a grave. No one was left to visit parents and grandparents buried here long ago. Finally, old photos and landmarks helped us to locate the overgrown spot that was Papa's grave. A small wooden sign identifying him was long gone, battered by the snows and rains of 55 years.

Today a modest tombstone marks the spot. I am now too old to travel, but my daughter Heidi recently visited Vienna and again went to the grave of the grandfather she never knew. As before, the cemetery was totally deserted, except for the birds flying from their nesting places, probably surprised at the unfamiliar sight of a human being. Then it was Heidi's turn to be surprised when a large deer stepped out from behind a tree.

This lonely, melancholy place has now become a refuge for wild creatures. But we, who know its history, keep it in our hearts and pass the stories on to our children to keep them alive for generations to come.

FRANZISKA NUNNALLY  
Richmond, Va.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor and signed articles are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*

## Reunion in Mödling

**W**E ARE BACK HOME NOW – ALL THIRTY OF US – each one of us probably trying to come to grips with the significance of the experience just past.

We thirty, former *Buerger und Buergerinnen* of the little town of Mödling-bei-Wien, had gathered, at the invitation of the Town Council, for a reunion of the Jews who had fled the Nazis here in '38 and '39. This picturesque medieval town was in the course of celebrating its 1,100 year anniversary and the presence of the invitees was to acknowledge some of the harsh realities of this town's history.

Our group consisted of a varied lot: of participants from England, Australia, Israel and the States; older folk, and a smattering of younger, second generation participants made up our company. We followed an activity-packed and interesting program during our four-day stay.

The re-constructed Mödling Jewish cemetery – originally almost totally destroyed by the Nazis – was a moving experience, particularly when one of our participants discovered the gravestone of his forebears. A tour of underground museum, housing medieval artifacts of a Jewish presence in fourteenth century Vienna was fascinating. Our stay was enlivened by visits to schools and by a theater performance, with some – *Heuringen* – and memorable dinners thrown in. The high point was the dedication of a memorial sculpture, a *Denkmal*, at the site of the former Mödling Synagogue. At this ceremony, this writer was interviewed (thank Heavens in English) by some friendly highschool youngsters.

Our group's experience of these events was doubtlessly as varied as our lives have been. For me, to be honest, the sense of detachment, of lacking any feeling of connectedness to the geography, to the physical places we viewed, even to the language (I spoke only a rudimentary German) pervaded the trip. Even a visit to the very school, and to the building in which I had lived until the age of eight, found no resonance in me. It is probably a feeling shared by some of the others in the group. Is it an attempt still to block painful memories? But what of happy times that made up one's early childhood? These are questions without ready answers for me.

GLORIA KATZ  
New York, N.Y.



## Childhood in Salzburg, Austria

There were no school buses  
we walked  
slipped on ice in wintertime  
smell of roasted chestnuts hang in air  
snow-sledding on hill  
whee! down we came

Untersberg, snow for months  
and months and months and months  
snow

Spring-fog on river  
Candleblossoms on chestnut trees  
dawdling on way home

Salzburger Festspiele  
Saw *Jedermann* peeking through stone arches  
Saw *Faust* peeking through crack in fence  
Saw foreign ladies in beautiful long dresses  
Wondered where they are from

Played violin  
Read forbidden books hidden in unheated room  
Yes, there were no school buses  
Walked by river under chestnut trees

GABRIELE MARGULES, Kingston, N.Y.



## Recent Kindertransport Books

Sara Paretsky, **Total Recall** (a V.I. Warshawsky novel). Delacorte Press, 2001, 414pp., \$25.95. ISBN 0-385-31366-7. Paretsky is probably the most well-known American female detective writer. This is her 11th novel featuring her famous sleuth. One of the major characters is a *Kind* now living in Chicago. As the book-jacket tells it, "For V.I., the journey begins with a national conference in downtown Chicago, where angry protesters are calling for the recovery of Holocaust assets. Replayed on the evening news is the scene of a slight man who has stood up at the conference to tell an astonishing story of a childhood shattered by the Holocaust – a story that has devastating consequences for V.I. cherished friend and mentor, Lotty Herschel [who is a *kind*]." The author tells us that for background research she used the "archives of letters and audiotapes in the Imperial War Museum, London [which] are an important source about the Kindertransport, England's generous acceptance of ten thousand Jewish children from central Europe in the years immediately before the Second World War."

Wolfgang Benz, Claudio Curio und Andrea Hammel, **Die Kindertransporte 1938/39: Rettung und Integration**. Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 2003, 253pp., €12.90. ISBN 3-596-15745-5. A group of British and German scholars from a variety of disciplines presented papers at a conference on the Kindertransport held at the *Zentrum für Antisemitismusforschung* of the Technische Universität of Berlin in December 2002. The conference was co-sponsored by the University of Sussex. Autobiographical and other materials are also included. Since this volume is published by the Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag is clearly directed at a larger audience, and hopefully will be read widely.

Ruth David, **Child of Our Time: A Young Girl's Flight from the Holocaust**, I.B. Tauris & Co. Ltd., 2003, 170pp. ISBN 1-86064-789-8. "You have asked me for the story of my childhood and I promised to write it as honestly as I could. It is the truth as I remember it from yesterday and perceive it today," writes the author in her moving dedication to her two children. "Because mine was not a normal childhood, I never wished to burden you with my sadness as you were growing up. Therefore, I told you little. Because you are thoughtful and sensitive, you did not persist in questioning me. Perhaps we were at fault in this suppression. I now feel I should have spoken more; this would have helped me come to terms with feelings of hatred and resentment. It might have been good for you too and others to hear from me how my life was . . ." I heard Ruth Miller speak earlier this year at a Holocaust Conference at Millersville University in Pennsylvania where she paid special tribute to the extraordinary role that the Quakers played in saving children during the Kindertransport era.

JOSEPH HABERER  
West Lafayette, Ind.

The US Holocaust Memorial Museum has issued a questionnaire on the Kindertransport as designed by Claudia Curio, a Ph.D. candidate from Berlin and a current USHMM Research Fellow. KTA member participation in this particular project is important. She can be reached at <ccurio@ushmm.org>.

## The Alphabet of Gratitude

**K**TA WAS BORN TO EXPRESS GRATITUDE. But man, or woman, cannot live by gratitude alone and soon after our founding we also began to engage in more fulfilling activities. We began to rescue our almost lost history and most of all, we provided a social and cultural home for many, who up to then had felt they had no history, belonged nowhere, and were alone. We provided the place where everyone knew your name. Not a small thing!

I came aboard the good ship KTA – the one on our logo, with the hatless children – soon after its launching. And, as my colleagues will attest, I busied myself from the beginning in pitching excessive and misdirected gratitude overboard. I did not try to scuttle real gratitude to fine people, who were still alive to receive it – just abstract gratitude, to vanished governments. It's true at first my agenda was partially political. Britain, which saved us, soon thereafter, along with the United States, deliberately abandoned the Jews of Europe – our own parents, and brother and sisters – and so I thought our gratitude was overdone. However my concern was not with the recipients of our gratitude – like most of us I greatly admired British culture and fortitude. My concern was with our culture of gratitude – with the idea there was something wonderful and admirable in itself, about being grateful. How come, I wondered, there was such unanimity about the need to express gratitude among so many people, some of whom had been treated wonderfully well in Britain, and some of whom had been abused? It didn't make sense. I kept pitching. Bales of the stuff bubbled away in our wake and nobody missed any of it. Our ship rose in the water.

There was plenty left. We gave to charity in gratitude for what was done for us. We thanked several good people who helped save us. We planted a plaque of gratitude in the House of Commons, which put us into history. And quite recently we supported the construction of a Kindertransport memorial in London – the most complicated and questionable of our acts of gratitude. The plan for this project – beginning with the collection of artifacts – had been around for some time, but I believe no one paid attention to its full implication. I certainly didn't. World Jewish Relief in London had engaged an artist to design a conceptual glass suitcase, filled with *Kinder* artifacts; it would stand in Liverpool Street Station to commemorate our rescuers, and of course, to thank Britain. In the completed installation the plaque which conveys this information is positioned far from the monument itself. Anita Grosz, reporting on the unveiling ceremony in the last KINDER-LINK, quotes the German ambassador among the invitees, to the effect – it would take some persistence by an observer to find the plaque and learn about the statue. (Video monitors have been installed to correct this.) The plaque speaks of 10,000 children – not Jewish children. The title of the project is in German: "*Für das Kind*." To the casual passer-by then, it will appear we were German children. The monument itself is not a memorial to the rescuers. The suitcase, filled with the toys and books given us by our parents, with the bronze cast of a little girl standing next to it, can only be taken as a memorial to the children of the Kindertransport. It is a memorial to us – the living survivors – when no monument stands to our martyred parents who put us on the trains to save our lives; to our brothers and sisters who gave us their places. Speaking of gratitude, I am truly grateful this well-meant but ill-conceived monument stands far away, in a foreign railway station and not in Grand Central Station where I might just walk by it, by accident, and have it ruin my day, or week, or year!

I don't know when gratitude was invented, but it certainly is learned behavior. The well-tamed, good child says thank you and gets another cookie. The untamed child gets the boot. So what is it that we really want? I distinguish, as I have all along, between heartfelt gratitude to real people – love – and pious, public gratitude to governments and institutions. Do we want to be loved, even though we are Jews? Do we just want to be recognized? Or

is it the debt we owe to respond actively to the great crimes committed against us and our People? But since we have resolutely turned away from any political activity in form of vengeance against the murderers, we have chosen instead, to thank our rescuers with a vengeance. Till they beg for mercy!

Our not-so-long-ago ancestors, after similar deliverance, would have thanked God. We secularists have chosen instead to turn our gratitude to long ago governments into a form of religion. We confess our gratitude publicly the way religious Jews confess their collective sins on Yom Kippur. In this regard Rabbi Yitzhak of Vorki, a follower of the Baal Shem Tov, the mystical Master of the Good Name, offers relevant guidance:

Rabbi Yitzhak was asked: "Why on the Day of Atonement is the confession of sins arranged in alphabetical order?" He replied: "If it were otherwise we should not know when to stop beating our breasts. For there is no end to sin, and no end to the awareness of sin, but there is an end to the alphabet."

We exhausted the alphabet of gratitude long ago. And if we cannot live without an alphabet, I propose the alphabet of liberation, which begins with the end of gratitude.

ROBERT SUGAR, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



## Talking About the Holocaust *Continued*

The students I talked to were 9th and 10th graders and they had the following comments: "I believe that this experience allowed me to question many things in my life and to be grateful." "Your story made me think about my life and made me appreciate life a little more." "You are a very special person and God loves you and I love you for changing my life." "It was a fascinating learning experience." "I am grateful for my freedom." "This experience allowed me to question many things in my life and to be grateful." "You made me appreciate life a little more."

Six years ago, while visiting Berlin, the city of my birth, I was asked by a German High School teacher to visit her history class and talk about my life. I obliged although I was not sure if I could deal with the German language. The class was composed of young people 16-17 years old, many immigrants from Turkey and Yugoslavia who lived in a working class neighborhood. Their knowledge of the period was solely from history books and they were quite impressed with meeting someone who had lived during that time. This is a translation of some of their comments: "Personal remembrances are more informative than history books." "Such personal information brings the story of the Jews closer than all accounts." "I am moved by the German history which makes us a pretty unpopular people as one often notices when one is abroad, and it makes me feel ashamed." "Oral histories say a lot about people telling them." "I find it good to inform young people of these terrible times." "Hearing personal experiences will stay longer in the mind of the Germans making them realize that this was the fate of many." "Although it is quite a while ago since the fall of Nazi Germany, I feel that this is the foundation of today's Republic. As much as it hurts me to say that we are building on the fallen Germany, I feel that it is true. I hope that you don't misunderstand me. I believe that in time the world could be freed of racial, fascist and national socialist theories. It is only a question of time. To listen to someone and speak to someone who has experienced something in 'long ago' times, gives me hope. Much has changed already and much more can be changed."

The German students presented me with a big bunch of flowers in appreciation of my visit and my less than perfect German.

Wherever you choose to speak, be it in a run-down inner-city school or a well equipped suburban building, a synagogue, or a non-Jewish group, your presentation can make a difference in the lives you touch.

ANNE L. FOX, Merion, Pa.

## Notices

Nina Lieberman reports that on September 17th an exhibit entitled "Jews in Salzburg" opened at the Leo Baeck Institute in New York City. The artifacts had been brought over from Salzburg by Dr. Albert Lichtblau and Dr. Helga Embacher, head of, and professor, respectively, of the Institute of History at the University of Salzburg. The exhibit had been shown at the local museum before being brought over to the United States. The Austrian Consul General and the Cultural Attaché at the Consulate addressed the crowd of some 200 people as did two former residents of Salzburg, Ms. Gabriele Margules and Dr. J. Nina Lieberman, daughters of the last rabbi in Salzburg before the *Anschluss*. Ms. Margules read a poem which is reproduced in this issue, and Dr. Lieberman read her article "Mozart and Me: The Salzburg Connection" which had previously been printed in KINDER-LINK.

Charitable contributions – particularly to children in need – are made by the KTA every quarter. Members wishing to have contributions made to legitimate non-profit organizations that they hold dear should get in touch with Laura Gabriel (Contributions Chairperson) at 201-836-9038 or <keynotel@msm.com>. Substantiating documentary information will be required. Ellen Bottner, Treasurer/Corresponding Secretary.

The Rocky Mountain Group of Holocaust Child Survivors, an affiliate of the World Federation of Jewish Child Survivors of the Holocaust, will host the 2004 WFJCSH Annual Conference in Denver, Col., over Labor Day weekend, September 3 to 6, 2004.

Calling HM Forces: To mark its 80th anniversary, AJEX, the Association of Jewish Ex-Service Men and Women, is inviting all of Jewish faith who served in HM Forces from 1939 to 1960 to answer a questionnaire by providing a summary of their and their family's service details (including those now disabled or deceased). Replies will be inscribed in a special book as a comprehensive record of the contribution made by Jews to the defence of the realm.

Following World War I a *British Jewry Book of Honour* provided details of those who served during that conflict. It is posted on the "Moving Here" website <www.movinghere.org.uk>. A record of those who gave their lives in World War II has already been published by AJEX.

For further details on how to register please contact AJEX House, East Bank, London N165RT - tel. 0208 800 2844.

The video of the Kindertransport commemorative sculpture unveiling ceremony is now on sale. The 1'10" video includes the ceremony at Liverpool Street Station under the presence of Sir Nicolas Winton and Home Secretary David Blunkett; the reception at Bloomberg with all the speeches; interviews with *kinder*. There is a limited quantity. Please reply ASAP to secure your copy, which will then have to be converted to U.S. format. Please enclose (per video) US\$13.00 in cash and a label with your name and address and send to Bertha Leverton, Attn: Liverpool St Video, 8 Cannons Park Donnefield Avenue, Edgware Middlesex HA8 6RJ. Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

Prompt registration is essential for the Bar Mitzvah Ceremony organized by Bertha Leverton. As part of our 65th anniversary celebration any male *Kinder* (including second generation), who forewent their Bar Mitzvah through no fault of their own, are invited to participate in a collective ceremony (reciting the blessings together) on Thursday morning, June 3, 2004, at the Stan-

more and Canons Park United Synagogue, Stanmore.

Professor Judith Wegner is entrusted with devising an appropriate program for the women attending.

Rabbi Dr Jeffrey Cohen will officiate. Catering will be by Simon Kalman, caterer at our previous reunions. A reception, luncheon, and presentations in the Synagogue Hall will follow. No cost to the new Bar Mitzvah boys. Guests, family members, and any other *Kinder* will be expected to book in with the usual party cost of £12.50. For further details, contact Bertha Leverton ASAP at 8 Canons Park Close, Donnefield Avenue, Edgware, Middlesex HAS 6RJ, England - phone 020 8952 4280.

A book of memoirs, "Don't Wave Goodbye. The Children's Flight from Nazi Persecution to American Freedom," edited by Philip K. Jason, Ph.D. and Iris Posner, President of One Thousand Children, will be published in 2004. To order, please contact the publisher at <www.greewood.com> or e-mail <contact@onethousandchildren.org>.



## Chapter News

### NEWS FROM NORCAL

*Learning from the Past - Teaching for the Future* is the title of the next KTA national conference to be held October 22 to 24, 2004 in San Francisco.

Ralph Samuel, Chapter Co-chair, met with Dr. Walter Kohn, in Santa Barbara in October. Professor Kohn, a *Kind* from Vienna and the 1998 Nobel Laureate in Physics, has agreed to speak at the conference on "From Kindertransport to the Nobel Prize."

Members of the Conference Committee include Alfred and Anita Cotton, Ralph Samuel, Margot Goldberg, Helga Newman and KT2's Terry Fletcher, Robin Smallwood and Marilyn Goldberg. We are working diligently on the 2004 program and welcome ideas and suggestions from all KTA members.

On November 25th members of the Conference Committee met with Kurt and Margarete Goldberger at the DoubleTree conference hotel to inspect the rooms and meeting facilities and discuss the program. In addition to Dr. Kohn, a speaker on the Jews of the California Gold Rush and a DJ for Saturday night have already been contacted.

Please put the dates on your calendars and we hope to see all our members and families here.

NorCal chapter was saddened to hear of the death of longtime member Laura Rosenthal on December 8. Laura, originally from Karlsruhe, will be sorely missed by her children, grandchildren, and many friends. The Chapter made a donation to Laura's preferred charity.

Alfred Cotton and Ralph Samuel, Co-chairs

### MIDWEST CHAPTER FORMED

As Joe Haber reports, *Kinder* and *Kinder2* from the Midwest area first met in an informal way in the early 1990s in the Skokie, Ill. area. Subsequently, a more formal meeting/conference was held in Indianapolis in 2001, followed by one in Chicago in 2002, and in the Spring of 2003 in Madison, Wisc. Each of these meetings included presentations, workshops, visits by KTA officers, some cultural events, (films, music, etc.) and, in general, the stimulation associated with meeting our peers from the Kindertransport years.

Reflecting on and sharing our experiences, led, among other things, to discussing ways in which that experience has relevance for the plight of refugee children in today's world. Also of considerable concern has been the need to encourage, include and in-

*Continued on Page 8*



## Contributors to the KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund along with their 2004 dues as of December 15, 2003. Your generosity is appreciated!

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It is never too late to make a contribution to the KTA Charitable Fund. Please make your check payable to The Kindertransport Association and mail to Ellen Bottner, Treasurer, 251-48 61st Ave., Little Neck, NY 11362

**Chapter News** *Continued*

volve not only our own generation, but more importantly, that of our children and grandchildren, i.e. KT2s and KT3s.

At the Madison meeting earlier this year, a number of factors led to two recommendations that were enacted by the unanimous consent of the attendees. First, that our meetings were to be bi-annual, so as not to take place in the same year as the national KTA meeting. It was decided, therefore, to hold our next Midwest meeting/conference in the Spring of 2005, again in the Madison area. Second, a decision to form a Midwest KTA Chapter was made. An interim Chapter Board has been set up and will function until an election can held in 2005. This Board consists of the following: Joseph Haberer (Chair) <habererj@purdue.edu> (765-463-2772); Eva Hamlet (Secretary/Treasurer) <ehamlet983-@aol.com> (317-574-9858); Hans Schneider <hans@math.wisc.edu> and Keith Henley (Co-Chairs) <kshenley@earthlink.net>.

Eva Hamlet has contacted via the internet or regular mail all those *Kinder* or *KT2* in the Midwest area from lists of postal and/or e-mail addresses that were available. The response to date has been very encouraging. We heard from about 25 *Kinder* that we did not have on our mailing list. Undoubtedly there will be individuals whom we were unable to reach. We ask anyone who has not been reached, and who would like to be on our regular and e-mail mailing list to contact Eva. Since the Midwest area covers a wide and dispersed area, we want between meetings to find ways to keep in touch, to form as vibrant a chapter as possible, and explore ways to enhance the *Kinder* experience. Midwest *Kinder* can do their share by encouraging their children to become involved. Give us the postal and/or e-mail address of anyone you know who is not on our list. Please feel free to share your ideas and concerns with the interim officers and with each other.

**NEW YORK/NEW JERSEY/QUEENS CHAPTERS**

Helga Shepard reports that the K.T.A. held a Chanukah party at the Brotherhood Synagogue in New York City on Sunday, December 28th, chaired by Anita Weisbord. Over 60 people attended, including Alex Gordon, one of the *Kinder* whose story was told in the film, "Into the Arms of Strangers."

Lunch consisted of bagels and cream cheese and other foods, finishing with babka and rugelach.

Sadly, the scheduled film, "Perhaps I Was Lucky," by an Austrian documentary maker, could not be shown as the signal from the VCR to the projector did not transmit. But it turned into a congenial occasion. Kurt Goldberger spoke of the Conference to be held in San Francisco in October.

Helga also reports that Dr. Howard Moser, a survivor of the SS St. Louis voyage in 1939, will address the group in the Spring..

**FLORIDA CHAPTER**

Anita Hoffer reports the Florida *Kinder* met December 22nd at the JCC for a Chanukah party. We all enjoyed a delicious lunch, lit the menorah and sang Chanukah songs. We exchanged claims stories and gave each other information on how best to make them. Peter Reiche read a delightful poem written by Bertha Leverton for her 80th birthday. As always the party would not have come together without the untiring work of Walter Clifton. We also have to thank Rella Adler for her help. Anita informed the group of the sad news that Walter Friedman had passed away this summer. Walter had been president of the group and also very active in the KTA for many years and will be missed. The FAU Holocaust Studies Dept. has assured us that our education panels will be shown in January to Boca Raton's schoolchildren.

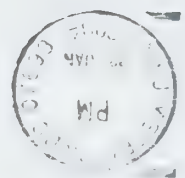
Our annual luncheon is Sunday, March 14 at Pete's Restaurant in Boca Raton and we hope we see you all there!

MILWAUKEE WI 53211  
2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
ALFRED BADER  
Member y/e 6/30/2004

Visit the Kindertransport Association  
home page at  
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# KINDER KTA LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Winter 2005

Volume 15 / Number 1

## KTA Conference in San Francisco a Huge Success

THE 2004 KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION NATIONAL conference took place on October 22 through 24 at the DoubleTree Hotel and Conference Center in Burlingame close to San Francisco International Airport.

It got off to a good start with the Friday night *Kabbalat Shabbat* Service led by Susanne and Alfred Batzdorff. Friday evening *Shabbat* dinner commenced with Bertha Leverton from London leading the blessing and President Kurt Goldberger and NorCal Conference Program Chair Ralph Samuel welcoming approximately 150 attendees. After dinner Fred Rosenbaum, a Berkeley-based historian, gave a fascinating account of the Jews involved in the 1848 California Gold Rush and the German-Jewish influence in the founding of San Francisco.

Saturday was Second and Third Generation Day. *Shabbat* Morning Service was again led by Susanne and Alfred Batzdorff who had brought prayer books and a Torah from home.

Two concurrent workshops then began. The workshop for *Kinder* was led by Eva Maiden, a therapist and child survivor, and Anne Grenn Saldinger, director of the Bay Area Holocaust Oral History Project. It dealt with better ways of communicating stories to children and grandchildren. The KT2 workshop was led by Marta Fuchs Winik, a psycho-therapist and child of survivors, and KT2 Anita Grosz.

The next workshop for *Kinder* was chaired by Leslie Kane, director of the Holocaust Center of Northern California, and *Kinder* Ann Fox and Ralph Samuel who urged the audience to speak about their experiences in the schools. The next workshop for KT2s was moderated by Lissa Schuman, director of the Speakers Bureau of the Holocaust Center of Northern California, and Jim McGarry, Holocaust educator from Mercy Catholic Girls High School in San Francisco, urging KT2s to tell their parents' and grandparents' stories to schoolchildren.

At lunch the Hon. Tom Lantos (D., San Mateo), now in his 12th term and the only Holocaust survivor in Congress, gave a fiery address. He spoke of his fight for passage of legislation, opposed by the State Department, requiring the Department to set up an office to "monitor and combat" global anti-Semitism

and to report on anti-Jewish trends annually. The President signed the bill the previous Saturday.

After lunch it was the turn of Dr. Walter Kohn, a *Kind* from Vienna to give the sometimes heart-breaking – sometimes humorous – account of his coming to England, being interned and sent to Canada as an "enemy alien." In 1998 Dr. Kohn, a physicist, won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry.

Later, Dr. Harry Cornbleet of the Judah Magnes Museum in Berkeley gave a fascinating slide presentation "When Hatred Reigns: A Chronicle in Art."

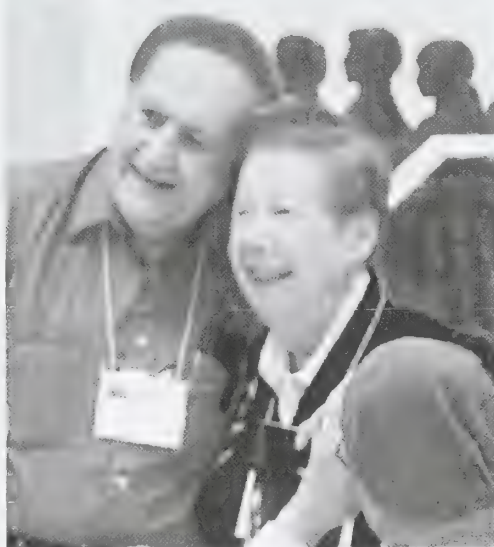
"Communication Between the Generations," a workshop for *Kinder* and KT2s led by Eva Maiden and Marta Fuchs Winik, was very well attended and enabled parents and their children to discuss their concerns. A special get-together for local chapter leaders discussed successes and problems in organizing local chapters. The KT2s also had an informal get-together led by Anita Grosz, Lisa Kollisch, and Terry Fletcher.

Continuous film showings throughout the afternoon were well attended. Anita Cotton coordinated the presentation of "Nicolas J. Winton - the Power of Good," a documentary by Matej

Minac; "Vielleicht Hab Ich Glück Gehabt" ("Perhaps I Was Lucky"), a film by Käthe Kratz, and a short film on the London Reunion of 1999.

Dancing to DJ Alex Cosper, who played music for everybody's taste, followed Saturday night's excellent dinner.

The Sunday program started with a panel discussion on "Anti-Semitism - Our Response as Survivors and Descendants." The panel was led by Victor Silverman from the history department of Pomona College, Martin Goldman from the U.S. Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C., *Kind* Margarete Goldberger, and KT2 Terry Fletcher. Their presentation led to a very heated discussion on anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism. Afterwards there was a general Business Meeting and chapter reports. After lunch Bertha Leverton gave a spirited account of *Kinder* happenings in England and Israel.



President Kurt Goldberger and Bertha Leverton, Founder of RoK, at the closing ceremonies of the 2004 Conference. Photo by Paul F. Halpern

Continued on Page 3

### The Editor's Opinion

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED since my first Opinion piece (Winter 2002 KL Vol. 12, No. 1). It's time for an overview. So here goes:

The over-all response sounds favorable. Readers seem to approve of the combination of current notices, search items, chapter reports, personal recollections, books reviews, and reports on relevant events. This also extends to bits and pieces of information on cultural events that relate to our story and connect it to larger cultural issues. KL no longer has just has an "in house" circulation. It is in demand at many – not exclusively Jewish – cultural and academic institutions here and overseas. Appearances are deceiving, and I sense, or perhaps only imagine, some rumblings of dissatisfaction among the KTA readership. These seem to coalesce around the following points:

1. A need for more emphasis on individual member news, particularly as the membership ages, faces health, loneliness, social isolation, and other age-related problems. Fair enough! To me, this seems to be more of an issue on the local chapter level, where it is easier to extend a neighborly helping hand – warmer than the printed word.
2. An interest in finding more information on topics of vital importance to the membership such as insurance and housing issues, Austrian restitution, German pensions, etc. To me, it would appear that specialized publications in print and topic-specific web sites as well as official organizations such as consulates, pertinent Jewish community organizations, are more reliable sources of information.

3. Another complaint is, or might arise, that by bringing so many personal recollections, KL is too focused on the past. A glance at the present issue will show that this is not true. Most of the material — much of it focusing of the 2004 KT conference — is concerned with the here and now, including a report on recent Austrian restitution issues..

A related demurrer and potential fire in the underbrush is – or so I perceive it – that this editor is too much of a *Yekke*, a

cultural assimilationist, and that more celebrations of Jewishness are called for. I have a reply to that too – a reply based on the uniqueness of our particular trans- and inter-cultural refugee experiences, and specifically what we *Kinder* can contribute to the general discourse on the different times, places, and historical moments through which we lived. I'll leave further elaboration thereof for another time.

4. It has been proposed that KL bring more policy related declarations from the President, Treasurer, and other members of the Board regarding the

overall KTA "road map" into the future, thereby opening up a debate on underlying organization and its ideology as reflected – *inter alia* – in KINDER-LINK. But how long is the road ahead for many of us? At this point in life, most of us are just happy to have an organization such as KTA and its members to fill the increasingly empty places in our lives. That may be why most KL readers seem more interested in stories by and about the life and times of people they have recently met, knew in the past, or have always wanted to know.

The statement from my first editorial – Our stories need to be told in as original way as possible – is one I still adhere to. So many *Kinder* kept diaries to help them overcome the trauma of separation. I certainly did! Some of us are now trying to make sense of our lives by going back to this earlier material, and adding to it, rounding it out. Such reworked diaries and letters are the source of so many of the pieces appearing in KL. Some of the writers are even able to give a more thickly woven, highly personal look – often ironic and questioning – at the total fabric of life. They do this not only as *Kinder*, or witnesses and Holocaust survivors, but as journeymen through life in search of meaning and deeper understanding. That is why I am now investigating the possibility (perhaps through Xlibris) of bringing out an anthology, possibly to be called "Kinder-Links." It would consist of a selection of memoir pieces, and essayistic letters from KINDER-LINK.

IRENE K. SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.



### Financial Statement July 1, 2003 to June 30, 2004

Cash in Bank at June 30, 2003 .....	\$26,212
Receipts	
Membership - KTA .....	\$13,540
Membership - KT2 .....	1,800
Donations - Charity .....	5,282
Education - Panels .....	11,921
Hanukah Party .....	1,174
Quilt Cards .....	835
San Francisco Conference .....	1,015
Total Receipts .....	\$35,567
Expenses	
Members - Chapters .....	\$ 605
Donations - Charity .....	8,575
Education - Panels .....	3,596
Quilt Cards .....	383
Hanukah Party .....	1,331
San Francisco Conference .....	676
Printing, Postage, Supplies .....	3,467
Telephone .....	285
Website .....	180
Professional Fees .....	1,110
Conferences and Dues .....	700
Miscellaneous .....	35
Total Expenses .....	\$20,943
Cash Balance June 30, 2004 .....	\$40,836

If you have any questions or would like a copy of our financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Ellen Bottner at 718-428-5564 or e-mail at <bottjb@aol.com>.

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Hicksville, NY 11801  
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## Lech Lecha

Talk Delivered at Shabbat Morning Services  
at the Kindertransport Reunion October 23, 2004

**E**VEN YOU *YEKKES* WILL KNOW ENOUGH YIDDISH to understand the word *besheit*. For those who have a doubt, I can give you a perfect example: our Kindertransport reunion coinciding with Shabbat *lech lecha*.

Our weekly reading starts with the sentence “*va-yomer adoshem el-avrom lech lecha meartzecha u-mimoladtecha u-mibet avicha el haaretz asher arecha*” (G-d said to Avram: Get out of the country, and from your family and from your father’s house [and go] to a country which I will show you).

Some of you may wish to argue a bit about the relevancy of each word of the text, but the parallel with our own experience is unmistakable. I have always felt that the very notion of the Kindertransport was divinely inspired. So, while G-d may not have directly spoken to Avram (and anyway, how many of us carry the name Avram?), He was in the hearts and minds of those who created the Kindertransport. The very fact that it took no more than 20 days from *our* day of infamy, November 9, 1938, until the first Kindertransport crossed the English Channel, no more than 20 days to introduce legislation in Parliament, debate the issue, pass it into law, and build the infrastructure on both sides of the Channel, i.e. to implement that unprecedented plan. This was indeed nothing but a miracle.

We all left our families and our parents’ houses and went to a land which, while G-d had not directly *shown* it to us, He seems to have opened the doors for us.

There are a number of events in the Jewish calendar which always remind us of our own past. “*Zecher letziat mitzrayim*” (remember the exodus from Egypt), wherever and whenever it occurs, in the *Kiddush* or elsewhere in our liturgy, it always makes me think of my own “*mitzrayim*” and “*letziat*,” which indeed was the Kindertransport. The reading of the *haggada* is, of course, the major annual reminder, and *Tisha b’Av* and *Yom Hashoah* never fail to remind us of the fate we escaped.

Of course, not every sentence of the *sidra* is relevant, for, after all, it is the story of Avram, not of the Kindertransport; Hashem left that for Bertha Leverton to complete. Yet, there are other passages worth pointing out.

For example, in Verse 2, we read that G-d promises to “make us a great people and bless us and make our name great.” While this is what indeed happened to the Jewish people after the war, for whoever would have been able to predict the creation of a Jewish state, we *Kinder* have not insignificantly contributed to the rebirth of our people. Many of us have made a name for ourselves – Bertha will proudly point to the fact that there are two Nobel Laureates amongst us – we have all excelled in the tasks we pursued. Many of us have been able to find a partner and to create families, which in many cases include fourth generation offspring. Is that not a “*goy gadol*,” a great people?

In England we found our refuge, and, whether we had a good experience or a not-so-good one, none of us fell victims to the Hitler death machine. The Brits did not *have* to do this, but they *did*. They were a blessing to us, and, as the *sidra* says, “I will bless them that blessed you” and, after much struggle, England was indeed blessed with victory; and the sentence concludes with: “and those who curse you, I will curse” – and

that, too, came true.

In conclusion, I will do what we call nowadays, a “fast forward” to Chapter 12:5. Here we are told of Avram’s change of name to Avraham. It is, indeed, remarkable how many of our *Kinder* followed suit.

And one more reflection: when I look at my audience of fellow-Kindertransport-alumni, who still like to refer to themselves as *Kinder*, and then read in Verse 3 of our *sidra* that Avram was 75 years old at the time G-d commanded him *lech lecha*, I think he, too, could qualify as a *Kind*.

ALFRED BATZDORFF  
Santa Rosa, Cal.



## Speaking in Scranton

**I**N JULY, KURT AND MARGARETE GOLDBERGER received a request for speakers to address the schools in Scranton, Penn. The schedule for two days of speaking was set up by Tova Weiss, director of Holocaust Studies at the Jewish Federation, in conjunction with the “Scranton Reads” program, which this year focused on the book “The Children of Willesden Lane” by Lee Cohen and Mona Golabek. So the four of us – the Goldbergers, Anita Weisbord and Helga Shepard – were picked up by a driver. In Scranton, we stayed at the former train station, now remodeled into an impressive hotel. At dinner that night we met Tova Weiss and the other organizers.

After breakfast the next morning, each of us was taken by our individual drivers to the specific school where we were to talk. Against some background history, we all spoke of our individual experiences. After lunch, there was picture taking at a high school and later at the library, where hundreds of copies of the “Willesden Lane” book were on display. Local papers brought out a lot of publicity and Kurt appeared on television. In the evening, all four of us spoke together at the college to teacher Chris Mazino’s class.

The next day the same schedule was followed at high schools and a Catholic prep school, and, in the afternoon, our driver took us back to New York through the beautiful countryside. It had been a thoroughly satisfying experience to revisit our past in front of students and teachers, and to bask in the VIP treatment. And we hoped that we had woken some spirits with our message of learning from our stories to practice tolerance and understanding of other people.

HELGA SHEPARD  
New York, N.Y.



## KTA Conference in San Francisco a Huge Success

*Continued from Page 1*

President Kurt Goldberger together with *Kind* Nelly McBurnie and KT2 Robin Smallberg brought a wonderful conference to a close.

In the evening several *Kinder* met for dinner at Sinbad’s Pier 2 Restaurant on San Francisco’s waterfront to end the weekend on a high note.

ALFRED COTTON and RALPH SAMUEL  
Co-chairs

## Notices

Donation of \$3,600.00 to the Sudanese Children's Fund. As already mentioned in the Fall issue of KINDER-LINK and stated in a letter to Eva Hamlet, KT leader in the Midwest, Marla Schmidt of the Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service in Baltimore expressed her heartfelt thanks to the Midwest Chapter in particular, and to the KTA in general for this donation.

The Coordinator for Asylum and Detention Project, Women's Commission for Refugee Women and Children, responded to an inquiry from Anne Kelemen, KTA Membership Secretary, by sending her information on the plight of unaccompanied minors detained in the U.S.A. Further action on this is pending.

Dr. Bernadine Healy's resignation as President of the American Red Cross has brought a tragic end to her valiant struggle against the International Federation of the Red Cross and the Red Crescent to reverse its long-standing opposition to accepting the Magen David Adom as Israel's equivalent of the Red Cross. Texts urging further protest on this matter were sent in by Anne Kelemen.

Two essays by KINDER-LINK editor, Irene K. Schmied – contractually accepted and already remunerated – will appear in an anthology to be published by the British Council in 2005.

Mary-Ann Wachsner created wall hangings depicting synagogues destroyed by the Nazis, sewn on *talitot*. They are to be donated to synagogues or holocaust museums. Telephone 818-788-2603.

"Children Became Letters: Rescuing Jewish Children from Nazi Germany" – an exhibition in the historic rooms of the Neue Synagoge Berlin through 31 January 2005.

The multimedia exhibition concentrates on the children's organized escape from Germany to Palestine and the U.S.A. between 1933 and 1941. Using personal life stories, it shows the opportunities and difficulties of emigration. In addition to tracing the different paths taken by the children, it portrays the work of Jewish aid organizations by focusing on the biographies of two major figures – Recha Freier and Käthe Rosenheim. With these thematic focal points, the limits and opportunities of rescue work are examined. By the time German Jews were banned from emigration in October 1941, some 12,000 children and young people had gone overseas or emigrated to Palestine or other European countries. Even so, thousands of Jewish children could not be saved. Between 1923 and 1941, more than 4,200 Jewish girls and boys from Berlin alone were deported to concentration camps and murdered there. A film installation entitled "*Inner Landschaften*" (Inner Landscapes) explores the experience of escape, departure, and life in a foreign land.

The exhibition and the accompanying publication have been funded by the program "Youth for Tolerance and Democracy – Against Rightwing Extremism, Xenophobia and Anti-Semitism" (initiated by the Federal Ministry for Family

Affairs, Senior Citizens, Women and Youth). Additional funding has been generously provided by the German Foreign Office and the Federal Ministry of the Interior. For information: Stiftung Neue Synagoge Berlin – Centrum Judaicum, Oranienburger Str. 28-30, 10117 Berlin. Tel: 030/88028 368, e-mail: <aus-kindern-wurden-briefe@cjudaicum.de>.

Lore Segal reports The New Press is reissuing "Other People's Houses" with a foreword by Cynthia Ozick, and "Her First American" with a foreword by Stanley Crouch. Chapters were originally serialized in "The New Yorker." "Other People's Houses" might be of particular interest. It includes a chapter called "The Children's Transport."

"The Flight of the Children" is a 72 minute video by the German film maker Heidi Sieker. Seven former Kindertransportees from Berlin and Kassel are interviewed. They share their stories. The film is intersected by scenes from the "Kindertransport" play by Diane Samuels. For now, available in German only, with English passages. English version forthcoming. To order, contact <heidi-sieker@web.de>.

A memoir "The Salzburg Connection: An Adolescence Remembered" by Dr. J. Nina Lieberman has just been published by Vantage Press, New York, N.Y. Nina uses her deep psychological understanding to show what it was like to grow up there before and after the *Anschluss*. To order, call 313-736-1767.



## Searches

My late mother, Sara Koenigsbuch, had relatives in Hamburg. Their two sons, Rolf Simon Koenigsbuch (b. 1929) and Kurt Max (b. 1931,) were on the Kindertransport and through the Association of Jewish Refugees we got their address in Birmingham until 1948. From the archives in Hamburg we understand that Kurt Max has changed his name to Max Harper and that he lived in Toronto, Canada, in the early 1960s. Rolf lived in the early 1960s in New Jersey and even responded to an ad in *Aufbau* in New York in 1969 and met briefly with a cousin from Buenos Aires. Contact was lost with him ever since. Lisa Collier in Toronto does not recall any of them. If you have any information, please contact Jacob Rosen, 82, Derech Hahosh, Ramot B, Jerusalem 97278. E-mail <abuwasta@yahoo.com>.

Guenther Selig of Ocala, Florida, e-mail <gs85@earthlink.net>, a non-member of the KTA, is looking for his cousin from Hamburg, who came to England via the Kindertransport. Her maiden name was Selig, her married name is Cooper. She worked at the Hammersmith Hospital in England. Submitted by Eva Hamlet, Carmel, Ind.

## The KTA Conference: A KT2 Report

THE 2004 KTA CONFERENCE WAS ATTENDED by about 30 KT2s and at least three KT3s this year. Of the KT2s, a majority came from Northern California, with smaller numbers from Southern California, Washington State, the East Coast, and England. It was particularly important and useful that the Saturday of the conference was designated as "KT2 and KT3 Day." Most of the workshops focused on generational or inter-generational issues and KT2s and 3s were allowed to register for just that day at a reduced price.

On Saturday morning, the KT2s and 3s attended an excellent workshop led by family therapist Marta Fuchs Winik, herself the daughter of Holocaust survivors. Some controversy ensued when several *Kinder* showed up at the KT2/3 workshop. Marta professionally insisted that as KT2s and 3s, we needed to be able to discuss our concerns out of earshot of our parents, and eventually all the *Kinder* left. Marta took this opportunity to explain that learning to create boundaries is an important part of becoming an independent adult and that this experience probably mirrored what goes on for some of us in our own lives. As the short time allotted for this workshop ended, we agreed to meet again in the afternoon with Marta, and during that time we had a very productive discussion of the effects of our parent's experiences on our own lives. It was extremely valuable to have a facilitator who was both professionally able and understood issues of Holocaust survivors, and yet was not a KT2 so she could remain objective and unattached.

Also on Saturday morning, we had an inspiring presentation by Lissa Schuman from the Holocaust Center of Northern California and Jim McGarry, a Catholic High School teacher, on telling our parents' and grandparents' stories in the schools. Their presentation was followed by a lively discussion of how to relate the Holocaust to other past and present-day issues that may be relevant to today's high school students, such as slavery, the genocide of the Native Americans, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, and the war in Iraq.

On Saturday afternoon, we had a workshop for *Kinder* and KT2's on the subject of communication between the generations. It was led by Eve Maiden, who'd led an earlier session for the *Kinder*, and Marta. This workshop went very well; it was evident that the work Marta and Eve had done with the KT2s and *Kinder* in separate sessions that morning had paid off, as the different generations were able to make appreciative comments about each other and the session was free of conflict and rancor. My highlight was when Eve Maiden asked the *Kinder* what legacy of theirs they'd like the next generation to continue many of the *Kinder* replied that they wanted us to continue the fight against intolerance, injustice, and war, as well as to support Jewish communal organizations.

At the end of the day, the KT2s and 3s came together one last time with Marta Fuchs Winik. Using large sheets of paper and markers, we each drew a picture of what it meant to us to be a child of the Holocaust. We drew very different images and then looked at and talked about what we had drawn. There was lots of good learning and insights from this and it was a great way to integrate all that had occurred during the day.

The highlight of the conference for me was being able to speak on the Sunday morning panel entitled "How We Survivors and Children of Survivors Should Respond to Anti-Semitism."

I had thought that my remarks about the need for Jews to improve our relationships with African Americans, Arabs, and Moslems would be controversial, but instead another speaker's assertion that any criticism of Israel was anti-Semitism provoked more argument and controversy from the *Kinder* and KT2s who attended. Especially important was that differing opinions of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and the then upcoming presidential election were expressed civilly and without the rancor that all too often comes up when these subjects are discussed. (If you want a copy of my remarks, please e-mail me at <tgfletcher@aol.com>.)

KT2s Lisa Kollisch, Robin Smallberg, and Anita Grosz provided and put up beautiful decorations in our meeting rooms, which contributed a lot to the friendly and convivial atmosphere at the conference. Lisa Kollisch's expertise as a professional facilitator was very useful, as her excellent suggestions greatly increased opportunities for full participation. And though certainly more could be done in this area, I felt that the organization has made some progress in including and respecting KT2 voices.

TERRY FLETCHER  
Berkeley, Cal.



## *Kinder*, Can You Help?

THE MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE – A LIVING MEMORIAL to the Holocaust, located in New York City, is planning an exhibition on the theme of Jewish Resistance during the Holocaust. The exhibition will open in our special exhibitions gallery in the spring of 2006 for about a year, after which it will travel to venues in the United States and Israel. "Resistance" aspires to impart a deeper and more nuanced understanding of the varied spectrum of manifestations of Jewish Resistance – from defiance, to spiritual to military.

The Kindertransport rescue story is an important element in the exhibit, which presents the Jews as active "subjects" within the historical drama and not merely as passive "objects" being acted upon.

Do you have any artifacts or other materials related to our project? We are looking for objects that children took along: suitcase, stuffed animals, family portraits, notes given by the parents, clothes packed in the suitcase.

We are also looking for materials relating to the *Reichsvertretung der Juden in Deutschland* in Berlin and the *Kultus-gemeinde* in Vienna who facilitated the Kindertransport.

These materials will be supplemented and enriched with films that will use oral history to tell stories of individuals and groups. If you have such items, or know of others who have such material, please contact us by calling, writing, or e-mail.

IRENE LEHRER SANDALOW  
Exhibitions Assistant, Museum of Jewish Heritage  
36 Battery Place, New York, NY 10280  
Tel. 646-437-4360 - Fax: 646-437-4372  
e-mail <isandalow@mjhny.org>

A fascinating film, "Desperate Hours: Turkey and the Jews," was shown at the New York City KTA Chanukah party. More information on the same to follow.



## Letters to the Editor

The Susan Perl story [Fall KINDER-LINK] was well written. It says that Otto Perl escaped from Dachau and Buchenwald, and got to England.

I would like to hear the blow-by-blow story of the escape. Actually, I find escape stories fascinating; I mean escape from a prison – not Kindertransport “escape” and weeping parents on railroad station platforms. There has been an overkill on that. Let’s have some exciting writing.

Hans O. Leistina “Hans aus Wien”  
Burien, Wash.

The Fall 2004 issue 2004 of KINDER-LINK arrived in the mail today, and, as always, it’s a winner! I’d like to fill you in a bit about the latest from this wind-blown Florida *Kind’s* life in recent times:

Before hurricane Frances disrupted normal life in the Sunshine State, my daughter Alice, her 11-year-old son, Andy, and I flew for an all-too-short week to England this past August to help my foster mum, Mariana Woolley, celebrate her 96th birthday, with all the family. When my older daughter, Jane, came with me two years ago, Mariana still cooked a gourmet duck dinner for six in her own house. This time the occasion seemed to call for less strenuous but grander celebration. The guest list, all family – including the three of us – consisted of 48 people, ranging from 18-month-old Eleanor, Mariana’s latest great-granddaughter, to Mariana herself. She even got up during the festive luncheon and made a short speech. In essence what she said was: “Welcome everyone. I love parties!”

A week later, Hurricane Frances blustered across this part of the world, the now famous Sewall’s Point, destroying all in her path, disrupting our orderly lives, leaving without apology to do mischief somewhere else. We evacuated for four days and nights to our friends’ shuttered house, listening to what was going on outside but not seeing it. But our house still stood. Our electricity was out for eight days, i.e. no lights, no air-conditioning, no fridge, no computer, no phone – back to the dark ages, literally. For two nights, at least half a million frogs partied all over the neighborhood. You have never heard such carrying on! We lay awake through the dark, sultry, steaming nights. Came the third night, and – silence! Where were the frogs? I confess, I came close to missing their atonal cacophony. Then, Friday night the lights came back. The house cooled off. The fridge started to hum again. We got ice cubes.

Rolf and I have lived in our dream house in Florida since 1996. Exactly eight years! Well, it’s just a house. The things we love inside it are just things. I need to keep my perspective, I told myself, as I listened to Frances’s roar.

There’s a big mess in front of our dream house now. All the debris from our lovely garden. Someday it will be picked up and *schlepped* away and forgotten. The trees will come back or be replaced. The pool water will be clean again, and our drinking water safe. We will talk about Frances, The Hurricane of 2004, until our grandchildren will scream with bore-

dom: “Oh please! Not again, Grandma!” And we will remind them again of the Children of Israel and the Ten Plagues, and of the Frogs, one item on their list, and of determined survivors of other catastrophes throughout our history, especially the children on the Kindertransports. And we will put everything into perspective and be thankful that once again we survived.

One last note: I read with great interest the letter by Ilona Penner Blech from Silver Spring, Md. I think I was on the same Kindertransport, on March 3, 1939, though originating from Stuttgart. One or two details still live in my memory. On the train to Hook of Holland, I had to go “*aufs Klo*.” I was, I remember, wearing a royal blue knit dress with underpants to match. When I came out, my dress was caught up in the underpants. The children, one and all, pointed their fingers at me and laughed. Well, maybe not one and all. Maybe just some. Maybe one or two. But I was hot with shame and fury! And I remember sharing a cabin on the ferry to Harwich with an “older” girl. I was eleven. She might have been thirteen or so. I think she must have understood more than I did at the time. She slept in the lower bunk (or was it the upper?) and cried her eyes out. That got to me. I, too, began to cry – finally I lived, by the way, in England for six years, in six different homes. My older brother was by himself in London. My parents escaped to New York in 1941. I joined them in 1945, my brother two years later. If you wish to know more, read my book, “Kindertransport,” published by Henry Holt in 1992, and still available in paperback.

OLGA LEVY DRUCKER  
Sewall’s Point, Fla.

I appreciate the publication of my letter (except my name is Edgar Grant, not Edward!). Should any of your readers need more information about the Holocaust Memorial in the Vienna City Synagogue, or whether family members are listed, may I suggest contacting Dr. Ariel Muzikant, President, Israelitische Kultusgemeinde (IKG), Seitenstettengasse 4, A-1010 Wien, by mail or e-mail <h.weiss@ikg-wien>.

EDGAR GRANT  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Kurt, Margarete, and All My Friends,

Just a short letter to thank you all for a wonderful time spent with you. Also to Alfred and Susanne Batzdorff for hosting me beforehand. I thought your programme was varied and went so well throughout, and the input from KT2 was so interesting. I wish we had a KT2 here. The speakers were so good and all of us were wholeheartedly participating. Thank you all for welcoming me so warmly. It is wonderful to be among so many friends, having known most of you since 1989. I had the same experience in Israel before I met you and hope you will publicise the messages I gave you from them. Hopefully we will meet again at future Reunions. Don’t forget to contact me, should you find yourselves in England. With my warmest regards,

BERTHA LEVERTON  
Edgware, England

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



### Bruderhof Welcomes KTA

**M**EMORY INTO HISTORY" WAS THE THEME of a recent exhibit at the Bruderhof Museum in Rifton, New York, where our Kindertransport panels were prominently displayed.

On a picture-perfect Sunday in October, the public was invited to a reception at the Museum for a guided tour, dinner, and a performance of the children's opera "Brundibar."

The Bruderhof movement began in 1920 in Sannerz, Germany, as a non-denominational Christian communal society. Under the Nazi regime they were expelled because of their pacifist beliefs and established a community in the Cotswolds in England. After Britain entered the war they were considered enemy aliens and were forced again to flee, this time to the only country which would accept them, Paraguay. A few remained in Britain presumably to clear up their financial details, but the movement continued to gain adherents there.

After a twenty-year stay in Paraguay, the community moved in 1954 to rural Ulster County, N.Y., where they live not unlike the Mennonites (although they have adopted modern farming and manufacturing methods) and the *Kibbutz* movement in Israel. Their products are sold world-wide by catalog and include innovative wood children's toys and furniture, and a wide variety of assistive devices for handicapped children.

Lotte Berger Keiderling flew in from England to speak at the opening ceremonies of the exhibit. As a seven-year-old she was one of five Kindertransport children who were taken in by the Cotswold Bruderhof. Although her father survived the concentration camps, she elected to remain with the community and raised a family of thirteen children and nineteen grandchildren.

A communal dinner, preceded by the singing of *Havenu Shalom Aleichem*, was served in the open air in a magnificent setting reminiscent of a those peaceful bucolic movies of so long ago. The hills were indeed "alive with the sound of music." Kurt Goldberger, president of KTA, shared some of his memories, along with Lotte Berger. KT2 Vickie Russell, daughter of *Kind* John Obermeyer, entertained with her original song "Welcome Home to America," honoring her father's childhood story and her appreciation of the freedom she treasures in America. Other KTA members present were Laura Gabriel, Margarete Goldberger, Helga Shepard, Martin Weinberger and Anita Weisbord.

Following dinner, members of the Bruderhof commune from the Pittsburgh area presented "Brundibar," a children's opera written in 1938 and performed by inmates at the infamous Terezin concentration camp. Elsa Weissberger, one of the only one hundred survivors of the over fifteen thousand children imprisoned there, introduced the performance. She had played the Cat fifty-five times before her liberation from the camp and joined the performers onstage in a moving reprise of their closing number.

MARTIN I. WEINBERGER  
Fort Lee, N.J.

Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 East 79th Street, Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021, or e-mail to <ireneschmied@verizon.net> or fax to 212-570-0495. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

### Action Alert: Attention Ex-Austrians

**T**HE AUSTRIAN RECONCILIATION FUND had, in the past, sent out claim forms for Slave Laborers. Most of us, luckily, did not qualify; so we discarded these forms.

Now it appears that the Fund will reimburse anyone who had been forced by the Nazis to scrub streets and/or do other demeaning work, and will also cover children who had witnessed a member of their immediate family being so abused.

There are no lengthy questionnaires to complete, no documents to submit. The staff at the Fund is most helpful and eager to help. All you need to do to qualify, is to submit your name, your former name, your current address and phone number and to state whether you or a member of your immediate family (mother, father) had been victimized.

Claims may be submitted to the Austrian Reconciliation Fund, POB 44, 1011 Vienna, Austria. (Walk-in address: Rotenturmstrasse 16/18, 1011 Vienna. Tel. 011/43/1/513-6016.)

Please note that while, officially, all claims had to be submitted by December 2003, claims coming in through December 2004 from applicants who also have had a claim with the Austrian National Fund are being considered. *Applicants may continue to file their claims into 2005 and the Reconciliation Fund will endeavor to process them.*

Furthermore, the Austrian Parliament will pay Austrian Jewish victims of Nazi persecution an additional \$1,200 in Holocaust restitution from the Austrian National Fund for loss of rental apartments, household belongings and personal values. This payment will total approximately \$22 million. The payment comes in the wake of calls by the Claims Conference for Austria to make advance compensation payments from another fund that has been stalled due to legal technicalities. [Austrian National Fund phone: 011/43/1/408-1263.]

ANNE KELEMEN  
New York



### Chapter News

#### WASHINGTON, D.C. CHAPTER

On December 12 the Washington, D.C., Chapter welcomed a special guest speaker, Martin Goldsmith, who spoke about his book "The Inextinguishable Symphony" and his parents' role in and memories of the *Kulturbund* in Berlin. Menorah lighting took place before the meeting.

RALPH MOLLERICH



### Conference Notes

I was delighted to present plaques to three individuals for their outstanding effort on behalf of the Kindertransport Association: Irene Schmied, editor extraordinaire of KINDER-LINK; Martin Weinberger, business manager K-L, directory publisher, and all-around good guy; and Jack Hoffmann, who was instrumental to have our exhibit shown throughout North Carolina at middle and high schools in the 2003-4 school year, as well as at a museum in Charlotte.

Additionally, I again wish to thank the NorCal committee for arranging a superb program at the recent conference. We can all take pride in their accomplishments and look forward to another fruitful and successful year.

KURT GOLDBERGER  
President

Missing the Boat

A CRUISE AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES THIS SUMMER was a highlight for Phyllis and me, both of us members of the Washington, D.C., Chapter. The cruise started and ended at Harwich, England. For me, this was a moment of remembrance. It was at this port where I and many of the Kindertransport children arrived some sixty-five years ago. Curiosity got the better of us, and with the help of a taxi, we found Dover Court, the camp site where we initially stayed.

The town is small and walkable. The aroma of fish and chips hit us right away. The lines were long, the quality was the best in town, and the wait was worth it. They stopped serving fish and chips in newspaper cones, and, instead, are required to use plain wrapping paper.

We walked several miles on the road parallel to the beach and inquired where the summer camp was located where the refugee children stayed prior to the war. Several old-timers recalled that it became a holiday place and then developed into a housing project. There was no visible sign of the camp. Sad and disappointed, we headed back to the ship.

Following the cruise, we spent additional time in London. We wanted to see the Liverpool Street Station Kindertransport Monument, dedicated on 16 September 2003. As one comes out of the station, there stands a gigantic glass suitcase exhibiting a variety of personal items: a small suitcase, clothing,

boots, books, photos, and a doll. The exhibits are on a raised stone, just the right height for one to sit. At one corner is a metallic statue of a girl.

People were sitting on the stone enjoying the pleasant sunshine. Some were eating a sandwich, while others were having a cold drink. We waited for people to leave in order to view the exhibits. As one person left, another sat.

It was a popular spot. At last, enough people vacated so that a few pictures could be taken. I inquired what the history is behind the statue and the exhibits. To my surprise, no one knew. One person thought that it was dedicated to the orphans who came to the country. Close, but no cigar!

The monument lacks a plaque. We were not able to find an explanation as to its meaning or history. In one of the show-cased exhibits, there is a small note explaining that these personal items belonged to typical Kindertransport children.

It appeared to me that the opportunity to explain that this exhibit represents a stand the British government took, in the months prior to WWII, to absorb children from Nazi-torn countries who were in danger of persecution, was not to be found. There is no explanation of the Kindertransport saga, nor does one know that these children came without parents and were placed in English foster homes and hostels.

I felt disappointed. How could they have missed the boat?

RALPH MOLLERICK  
Washington, D.C.

Because of the volume of material submitted for this issue it was necessary to postpone publishing the list of donors to the KTA Charitable Fund which ordinarily appears at this time as well as articles submitted by our members. As space permits they will be published in coming issues.



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# KINDERLINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring 2005

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*The following article appeared in the Jewish news weekly of Northern California on February 25, 2005, and is reprinted verbatim with their permission:*

## Conference on Kindertransport Gives Urgency to History

**M**Y 7-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER plays with the little blue flashlight I've just given her, a token from the conference I've attended. She wants to know where I've been and what the "KTA" letters on the flashlight mean.

"Kindertransport," I say. "'Kinder' means children in German, but the kinder are now 70 and 80 years old."

"What were the names of the people?" she asks.

"Well, there were lots of people. Some named Kurt and Ilse and Bertha," I tell her. "And Oma [my mother, her grandmother] was there, too."

"What did Kurt and Ilse say?" she presses on.

I'm not exactly sure what I can tell her. Maybe something about the children with their suitcases on the train, and when they crossed the border into Holland, the Dutch women passed dolls and apples and chocolates through the open windows. The happy parts of the story, the part that evokes a big smile on the faces of those who retell it.

I've been to the first West Coast Kindertransport Association Conference, held in Burlingame. I'm a Kindertransport second generation – a KT2 – and until last month I didn't even know there was a name for what I was. When asked about my heritage, I usually say I'm a first-generation American, that my mother escaped Nazi Germany, and that's generally about as far as I get before the questions begin. My mother left Germany on the Kindertransport, the journey made famous by the Academy Award-winning movie "Into the Arms of Strangers." This rescue mission saved nearly 10,000 children from the Nazis, by relocating them to foster homes in Great Britain. Most of their parents were not so lucky.

I checked the KT2 box on my registration form and it's also on the badge the smiling grandmotherly woman wrote out for me. The first generation, understandably, was happy to see so many second-generation offspring there, sons and daughters, like me, who came to learn more, and for some, because it's getting close to our turn to step forward to speak as descendants of survivors. As Lissa Schuman – who coordinates speakers for the San Francisco Holocaust Center and who spoke to the second-generation group at the conference – warns, there aren't so very many survivors left.

My daughter is the same age that some of the Kinder were when they left their homes. "I had just turned 7," one woman said, as she recounted her story, and as I held my tears at bay, I couldn't erase the image in my head of me packing a suitcase for my child and having to say an uncertain goodbye.

As trite as it sounds, here's the simple truth – I wouldn't be here writing this if it hadn't been for the Kindertransport, which saved the lives of my mother and her sister and thousands of other Jewish children, whose offspring could be writing these very same words.

I went to the conference with few expectations. I had hoped to meet some of the kinder from the film. I felt I knew them, their stories, their families of origin and their foster families too. Bertha Leverton, who started the Kindertransport reunions almost two decades ago, was there, all the way from England. Although I didn't recognize the others I was surprised at how familiar they seemed to me. Here were so many who shared my mother's survival story. It was comforting to find this connection among strangers and discover a sense of strength in not feeling so alone in our bit of shared history that has either been a footnote or completely absent from the broad picture of Holocaust history.

Now my own daughter is asking me all about the conference. She's always had an affinity for the older generation, so I'm not surprised at her interest in Oma's friends at the meeting. "What else did Ilse and Kurt and Bertha say, Mommy?"

I think about their stories, details my daughter is still too young to hear, and then I remember something I can tell her. I wrap my arms completely around her tiny body. "They said to always tell you how much I love you."

"Oh Mommy, you already do that," she says, grinning.

And if I'm lucky, I'll be doing that for a very long time.

by Joanne Catz Hartman  
Oakland, Cal.

<jc\_hartman@comcast.net>



## REMEMBERING PETER MASTERS

Peter Masters, a good friend of KTA and husband of Alice Masters, a *Kind*, died of a heart attack March 21st while playing tennis. He and his wife often attended KTA functions and bi-annual conferences. His memoir, "Striking Back: A Jewish Commando's War Against the Nazis," was published in 1997. Having arrived in the U.S. on a Fulbright Fellowship after the war, he later had a distinguished career as a designer at – among other positions – the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington, D.C. Condolences can be sent to his wife and family at 8508 Burning Tree Road, Bethesda, MD 20817.

## Lunchtime Interlude

**I**MAGINE THE OVERCROWDED COURT CAFÉ at the Art Institute of Chicago and watch me as I search for a seat at one of the overfilled tables! Not only am I carrying a heavy tray loaded with soup and several bottles of sustaining mineral water, but I almost stumble because my mind is still distracted by thoughts of the just completed Midwest Conference, and by an intense need to start making notes for this essay.

So many interesting topics were raised in Madison; so many meaningful topics have of late cropped up on the KTA Online Discussion Group! While precariously keeping my lunch tray aloft among a throng of people, I vainly try to sort out my ideas on topics such as KTA's nature, future, mission, legacy, and on plans for a more proactive KT2. I almost give up hope of ever finding a table to sit down at here in this overcrowded cafeteria. It is filled with what seems to be the entire membership of the Chicago Lyric Opera Society, many of whom look like potential KTA members and all of whom are attending – as I am – this day-long conference on Wagner. It is being held as an accompaniment to and an elucidation of the week-long performance of "The Ring" cycle.

The lady in front of me during the half hour queuing period now beckons me to a free seat at her table. Yes, I think, as I move towards her, it is good that KTA is ever in constant throes of self definition, all the more so now that KT2 members feels motivated to carry the organization forward into a future that many of us will never know. What about all those proposals on the KTA Online Discussion Group aimed at clarifying its nature, defining its purpose, and setting up its long term goals?

Of course, much of this concerns the preservation of our stories, I think, as I join my acquaintance and her two friends, who had planned their meeting and made their reservations for "The Ring" cycle over a year ago. They bid me welcome and inevitably ask where I am from. Usually reluctant to talk about my background, I am yet impelled to hint at my story, partly

because of the thoughts swirling through my mind, largely because of the ladies' friendly interest. Two of them had recently been to Berlin (from where they rightly guess that I come) and were deeply moved by their visit to the Jewish Museum, by its off-balance, haunting architecture. Soon I find myself telling them about KTA, activities and membership, and about the films that have been made and the books written. These ladies – none of them Jewish, all three of them educators – are fascinated. Knowing the historical background, they want to know more of the actual Kindertransport

experience. As they scribble down names of the films, of the books, web sites, and addresses, I come to realize the extent to which KTA has already achieved its mission.

Now back in New York and finally writing my essay while rereading some of the more recent KTA Online Discussion Group comments, I wonder whether such raising of public awareness (under the most worthy banner of Holocaust education) be enough, whether more should not be done by KTA and KT2, the National Office and the Chapters, to preserve our own, very specific legacy. It would be that of perpetuating the tradition of help that we – children at risk – received in World War II Britain by people of so many of different persuasions. In this way, we refugee children were able to grow up quite safely (except for the bombs) in England, a fact that in many ways disqualifies us from meriting the description of Holocaust victims. At the Midwest Conference (which will be reported on in full in the summer issue) much concern was expressed for the comparable plight of children at risk today in the Sudan and Rwanda, and as refugees or illegal immigrants in the U.S.A.

To get back from these legitimate concerns to that pleasant lunch time moment at the Art Institute a week ago: as I parted affectionately from new friends, I felt grateful that "our KT story" is so well received today, that it is no longer overlooked or treated with indifference. With these thoughts in my mind, I followed the crowd back into the auditorium for another lengthy verbal exercise in plumbing the darker depths of Wagner's questionable character and a short concert at which for one of the first times in my life, I allowed myself to soar into the lyrical heights of his music.

IRENE K. SCHMIED  
Editor



## KT2 Report on the Washington, D.C. Chapter

**O**N SUNDAY, MARCH 6TH, A SURPRISE PARTY was held. Our chapter president, Ralph Mollerick, who founded the D.C. chapter here in 1998, is leaving. We are sad to see him go. After a catered lunch came the presentation of a beautiful clock. Ralph expressed his thanks for the surprise party and the gift.

The D.C. chapter holds four formal meetings per year. Usually, the telling of a life story is followed by a film or speaker and a discussion period. A pot luck lunch is always included; what would a meeting be without food? This past year, at our first meeting, Fred Traum told us of arriving in England with his sister, feeling tremendous gratitude for finding safe haven with a non-Jewish family only to have to face a difficult dilemma when the 1948 War of Independence broke out in Israel and he was expected to report for national service in England. After struggling to reach Israel and fighting for its independence, he returned to England to serve in the British Armed Forces as a tank commander in Germany.

The following meeting, John Obermeyer and his wife Joan had just returned from his native city in Germany and shared the experience with us. At the next meeting, my mother, Ursula Meyer, showed the film "Across Time and Space." It tells the story of the Bondy family and the school they founded

*Continued on Page 7*

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## KTA Contributes to Tsunami Relief

THE WORLD HAS BEEN SHOCKED by the reports of the tsunami and the terrible devastation it caused. We, in the Kindertransport Association, immediately wanted to respond by sending a donation to an organization which would help the many thousands of children affected by this natural disaster. We chose "Save the Children" and sent a donation of \$1,500.00.

We were further shocked to hear that three family members of Lord Richard Attenborough were victims. You may remember that he so eloquently addressed us at the 1999 60th reunion in London. His family had taken in two Kindertransport children, and helped many others. It was decided to send our contribution in memory of his family members. A condolence letter was also sent, and Lord Attenborough sent a sincere personalized thank you.

KURT GOLDBERGER, President



## Shofar Features the Kindertransport

A SOMEWHAT SHORTENED ENGLISH VERSION of the German volume of *Kindertransport*, edited by Claudia Curio, Dr. Wolfgang Benz, and Andrea Hammel, and published by Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag in 2003, has just been published as a special issue in *Shofar: An Interdisciplinary Journal of Jewish Studies*, Vol. 23, Number 1, Fall 2004. The 210 page issue contains eleven of the twelve papers that were given at the Kindertransport Symposium organized by the *Zentrum fuer Antisemitismusforschung* in June 2002 at the *Technische Universitaet*, Berlin. A short section called "Erinnerungen" which appeared in the German edition is not included.

Here are the articles as they appear in *Shofar*: "Emigration as Rescue and Trauma: The Historical Context of the Kindertransport" - Wolfgang Benz; "Child Exiles: A New Research Area" - Marianne Kroeger; "Kindertransport: History and Memory" - Rebecca Goepfert; "Class as a Factor in the Social Adaptation of the Kindertransport *Kinder*" - Susan Kleiman and Chana Moshenska; "'Invisible' Children: The Selection and Integration Strategies of Relief Organizations" - Claudio Curio; "It Is Usually She: The Role of British Women in the Rescue and Care of the Kindertransport *Kinder*" - Sybil Oldfield; "Integration and Formation of Identity: Exile Schools in Great Britain" - Hildegard Feidel-Mertz; "Traumatization through Separation: Loss of Family and Homes as Childhood Catastrophes" - Ute Benz; "The Acculturation of the Kindertransport Children: Intergenerational Dialogue on the Kindertransport Experience" - Ruth Barnett; "Bracelet, Hand Towel, Pocket Watch: Objects of the Last Moment in Memory and Narration" - Mona Koerte; "Representation of Family in Autobiographical Texts of Child Refugees" - Andrea Hammel.

*Shofar* is published by the Purdue University Press. Single issues are available for \$18.00 in the U.S.; \$28.00 elsewhere. All orders should be sent to Shofar, Purdue University Press, POB 388, Ashland, OH 44805 or call 1-800-247-6553 or fax 1-419-281-6883 or <Emailorder@bookmasters.com>. Make checks payable to Purdue University; credit cards accepted.

The original German edition is still in print: *Die Kinder-*

*transporte 1938/39: Rettung und Integration*. Edited by Wolfgang Benz, Claudia Curio and Andrea Hammel. (Fischer, Taschenbuch Verlag, 2003) 253pp. ISBN 3-596-15745-5 €12.90.

JOSEPH HABERER  
West Lafayette, Ind.



## Questions from the Wall: A KT2 Report

AT THE 2004 KINDERTRANSPORT REUNION a committee of KT2s, Lisa Kollisch, Anita Grosz, and I worked on decorating the meeting rooms. We were looking for ways to make a typical hotel conference room feel warmer, as well as ways to facilitate more opportunities for interaction among the participants. One idea was to post questions on several large sheets of paper on the walls of the main meeting room where people could post answers and read the comments of others. Here are some of the questions and answers:

*What brought you here this weekend?*

To look for old friends and find new ones.

To find answers to longtime riddles in my childhood.

To be part of the meeting to connect with others who had similar experiences in their youth.

To connect with other KT2s to see what they felt about growing up as children of *Kinder*.

A need to find out more context for my mom's experience. Not the food!

*What would you like to receive this weekend?*

Share memories about England.

First-hand accounts and personal connections.

Inspiration for my talks with high school students.

How our *Kinder* life affected the lives of our children.

Understanding of how KT2s upbringings were different from others or the same as other children of their generation.

I want to better understand how my father's KT experience has shaped me and my life.

*What would you like to offer or give this weekend?*

I offer deep listening.

Laughter and fun.

An ear for the younger generation and an open heart.

*Imagine it's the year 2030, what gift or gem would you like to offer?*

That people can view each other as human beings regardless of their religious beliefs.

To be human is not enough; learn to be humane also.

I would like to give a world with no religion. If there were such a world, then perhaps there would also be no more wars.

From an octogenarian, all I can hope for is a state-of-the-art motorized wheelchair.

Peace, real peace.

The conference, which was reported on in the last KINDERLINK, was a real success. I think many of these issues were addressed throughout the weekend in the workshops and in personal interactions. I hope the connections between the *Kinder* who were present, the understanding between the generations, and the continued participation of the many KT2s attending will continue long after the conference is over.

ROBIN SMALLBERG  
Oakland, Cal.



## Letters to the Editor

When I left Berlin in late August 1939, I said goodbye to my classmates at the Joseph Lehmann School, before I left on the Kindertransport for England. As I seemed to be the only one who left (at least in my memory), I spent my subsequent life thinking that I was the only one who had made it out alive. It was very rare for me to meet anyone who had been born in Berlin. For many, many years no one talked about his/her early life. In this vacuum I figured that I was indeed a rarity. When I talked in schools I would say that I was the only child who made it out of my school in Berlin.

I was particularly struck by the thought at this most recent meeting of the KTA that quite a few of the people there had been born in Berlin, and that we would likely have been friends and neighbors, had the world been different and peaceful. Our parents would have known one another most likely. This was quite a new realization for me, and a thought that I treasure.

KATE LESSER  
Seattle, Wash.

What a well put together issue of KINDER-LINK the latest (Winter '05) publication is! The S.F. Conference was so well covered, and all the items reported are sensitively and thoroughly presented.

I was particularly struck by the Editor's insightful opinions and on-the-mark-retorts regarding possible (perhaps imagined) demurrers to the nature and shape our newsletter takes under her guidance. Her points are well taken, and it appears, to this writer at least, that her approach gives the publication the broad scope and appeal that we, the members, appreciate and benefit from.

It was, I believe, here in our KINDER-LINK that we first heard of Austria's latest add-on to the slave labor compensation possibilities.

GLORIA KATZ  
New York, N.Y.

I was upset and offended by the word *yekke* which appeared not once but twice in separate articles (Editor's Opinion and Alfred Batzdorff's *Lech Leche*) in the Winter edition of KINDER-LINK. The term *yekke* to refer to a German Jew is as offensive and derogatory as calling a person of Italian descent a *dago*, a Spaniard a *spic*, or a Jew a *kike*. I am sure neither writer intended to offend anyone, but a better choice of words would have been preferred. It is interesting to note that most people who use the repugnant word *yekke* have no clue as to where it originated. I will not go into detail here, but it did not, as some people falsely believe, start in Israel; rather it began in Poland, when German Jews came to do business in their short jackets (*Jacke*) as compared to the long, black coats worn by Polish Jews.

On a different matter, I wonder whether there is a *Kind* who, like me, lived in the B'nai B'rith hostel called Rowden Hall School in the seaside town of Margate. The hostel was located in what one would call prime real estate, overlooking the English Channel. Unfortunately, we saw a few ships hit mines, sink, and then watched sailors rowing ashore to safety.

Eventually, as the war grew fiercer, the *Kinder* were evacuated to Northern England. Would love to hear from anyone who might have been there. E-mail <AudrieY@aol.com>.

WERNER ROTHSCHILD  
Boynton Beach, Fla.

I am writing primarily to ask you to remove my husband's name from your mailing list as he died a few days after the San Francisco Reunion which he was regretfully unable to attend. His name was Alan Peters, formerly Ernst Pfeffer, *aus Wien*, Austria. He went to England on the Kindertransport in May 1939 to live with a family of three spinsters and their father in Oxford. After good schooling and graduating from Manchester University with a degree in engineering he joined the British Army, as an officer, in order to repay Britain for saving his life. He emigrated to Canada in 1949 and to the U.S.A. in 1953 after meeting and marrying me in Montreal in 1951.

We lived for almost 50 years in the San Francisco Bay area where, during the last 12-15 years, he was very active in the Holocaust Center there both as a recorder of many of the people for the Oral History Project under Lanny Silver, and as a teller of the Kindertransport story in many classrooms. He also attended most of the meetings of the local chapter of the Kindertransport with Arthur Cotton and Ralph Samuel.

I miss him.

I am sending a small donation in his memory to the KTA Charitable Fund to help other unfortunate children throughout the world.

A. DIANA PETERS  
Bainbridge Isle, Wash.

On 14 February 2005, I received notification from the Austrian Reconciliation Fund that the fund for "slave laborers" compensation has terminated taking applications on 31 December 2003, therefore my application dated 24 January 2005 was invalid.

Why then would you publish a letter in the January 2005 KINDER-LINK stating that applications can still be submitted into 2005, and that the compensation criteria has been expanded to include child witnesses of family members subjected to abuse?

As you must be aware, processing such claims is a very traumatic experience, and I think in the future, you should verify such statements before publishing.

EDMUND BENEDIKT  
Brunswick, Me.

[Editor's note: KINDER-LINK assumes no responsibility for erroneous information that members submit.]

My wife's mother, maiden name Margaret Pickering, aged 77, who lives in Cheshire, England, is trying to contact a childhood friend who benefitted from the Kindertransport from Germany. Her name is (was) Inge Markoff and she was relocated to Northwich, Cheshire. After the war it was learned that Inge's parents had survived and escaped to the U.S.A. Inge was sent to meet them and contact was lost.

I have been doing some research and I have discovered that Ingrid F, birth name Inge M, born in Nuremberg Dec. 17,

*Continued on Page 5*

**Letters to the Editor** (Continued from Page 4)

1928, was interviewed in N.Y. (Interview No. 5982). Margaret is keen to make contact with Inge. Could you tell me if this is the same childhood friend? If so, is she still alive? Does she want to communicate with Margaret?

If you cannot help in this matter, please direct me to any organization that may help me to discover the whereabouts of Inge so that contact might be made.

I don't know if you are aware of the national coverage of the 60th anniversary here in England. I am not Jewish, but I teach the grandson of a lady that benefitted from the Kindertransport. She came to address the whole school and as she spoke I could not stop the tears. I have been so touched by the dignity of all those that speak of those times that this mission to reunite my mother-in-law with her childhood friend makes me feel that I am doing something, although in the enormity of it all, it seems pathetically little.

I live in Canterbury, Kent, the seat of the Church of England, and I teach at The King's School, the oldest public school in England, that is sited in and around the Cathedral Precincts.

Thank you for your help.

KEITH MARTIN  
Canterbury, Kent, UK

Mr. Leistina, from Vienna, would like to see more "exciting writing" in KINDER-LINK.

I would suggest that he become acquainted with Peter Leighton-Langer's book, unfortunately so far only published in German, entitled "*X-Steht fuer Unbekannt*," that was reviewed in AJR Information of January 2000. I would also recommend one of Walter Laqueur's recent books, "Generation Exodus." The chapters "Escape" and "Resistance" alone are worth the purchase price of the book. The exciting story and inspiring message of Kindertransport history is the fact that we fought back and rose above it to lead successful lives. In that connection one would like to hear from the 6,000 or so refugee women, many of them *Kinder*, who served in the ATS and WAAF during the war years.

Where did they go? What did they do? How were they treated? We know far too little about them and their service. Pathos and sentimentality alone are not enough and lead to things like the strange creation in Liverpool Street Station, which only puzzles the crowds that rush by. Some people are reported to believe that it advertises sundry merchandise imported from Germany. We can do better! And Hans Leistina can certainly find plenty of excitement in Kindertransport history even if some of it has yet to be told.

ERNEST J. GOODMAN  
Oneonta, N.Y.

I feel I must reply to Hans O. Leistina's letter in Winter KINDER-LINK. He wishes for more exciting writing, such as escapes from "real" prisons, not for reading about children escaping from Nazi Germany, with weeping parents lining the platforms.

My suggestion is that he visit his bookstore or local library and check out the literature of his choice. There he'll find shelf upon shelf of escape and adventure stories.

I feel that there is no more soul-stirring event than sending a young, helpless child off on his own. Will he have enough to

eat? A place to sleep? Who'll comfort him when he cries or is sick?

The tears wept upon Europe's railroad platforms were often the parents' last goodbye. These stories can be told over and over again without ever losing poignancy,

FRANZISKA NUNNALLY  
Richmond, Va.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*

**Chapter News****NORCAL CHAPTER**

The NorCal Chapter was pleased to welcome so many KTA members and supporters to the national conference last October in the San Francisco area.

On Sunday afternoon, January 30, several NorCal *Kinder* enjoyed a chamber music concert at the Friedman Center in Santa Rosa sponsored by long-time NorCal members Alfred and Susanne Batzdorff. The string quartet was composed of members of the Santa Rosa Symphony and the program included the Beethoven String Quartet No. 1.

The Douglas Morrisson Theatre in Hayward is presenting Diane Samuels' play "Kindertransport." On February 15 KTA members Ilse Eden, Rita Goldhor, and Ralph Samuel met with director Jackie Black and the entire cast. We briefly told our stories and answered many questions. On Sunday, April 3, NorCal members put on an introduction to the play and answered questions from the audience.

We are sorry to announce the passing of longtime KTA member, Alan Peters, formerly Ernst Pfeffer. Originally from Vienna, Alan went on a Kindertransport in May 1939 to live with a family of three spinsters and their father in Oxford. After good schooling and graduating from Manchester University with a degree in engineering he joined the British Army as an officer. He emigrated to Canada in 1949 and to the U.S. in 1953. He and his wife Diana lived for almost 50 years in the San Francisco Bay area where he was very active in the Holocaust Center of Northern California. He frequently told the Kindertransport story in schools. He will be sorely missed.

ALFRED COTTON, RALPH SAMUEL, Co-chairs

**MIDWEST CHAPTER**

Eva Hamlet reported on the large audiences that attended her talks. Members of churches and clubs, who bring along teenagers, are especially interested in Kindertransport history. Through articles in *The Indianapolis Star*, and thanks to her interviews with its staff, the Kindertransport story is getting across.

**NEW YORK CHAPTER**

Winter has been a cold and snowy season. This coming Spring we are booked for a visit to the Jewish Museum show, "The Power of Conversation; Jewish Women and their Salons," on Thursday, May 5th. Notices will go out in early April. Please set the date aside.

HELGA SHEPARD, Chair

## Re-establishment of the Lieben Prize, the Austrian Nobel Prize

MANY COMPLEX AND VARIED REASONS led my wife Isabel and me to decide in 2004 on the refunding of the Lieben Prize for the next thirty years. This prize was the first privately funded award in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Others, such as the Baumgartner Award, followed.

Established in 1862 by the wealthy Viennese banker Ignaz Lieben, a Jew, the prize was to be given to an able young scientist. Until the Nobel Prize some thirty years later, it was the most prestigious prize in the Monarchy. The element Meitnerium was named after the first woman awardee, Lise Meitner, and four other awardees later won the Nobel Prize. The original award was administered by the Austrian Academy of Sciences as is the new award.

The original sum of 6,000 *Gulden* given to the Academy was increased by the Lieben family in 1898 by 36,000 *Kronen* and again in 1908 by an additional 18,000 *Kronen*. We wonder whether they chose these sums because in Hebrew 18 stands for *Chai*, and 36, twice *Chai*. This is certainly the reason why we chose \$18,000.00.

The capital for this award and all others administered by the Academy was lost in the great inflation of 1923. However, the Lieben family gave 1,000 Austrian Schillings annually to continue the Lieben prize until 1938 when it was stopped by the Nazis. Heinrich Lieben, who made the last donation to the Academy in 1937, died in Auschwitz in 1944.

Nothing much is known about Ignaz Lieben, but his son, Adolf Lieben, was a brilliant organic chemist. After studies in Heidelberg and Paris, he was invited by Stanislao Cannizzaro to the chair of Chemistry in Palermo. Then he moved to Turin. Eventually, he became the first Jew to hold chairs in Prague and Vienna.

When I first returned to Vienna after the war, the idea of establishing an award for Austrians was unthinkable. Whom ever I met in Austria older than myself, born in 1924, I wondered what that person had done in 1938. Yet most of the old Nazis have died, and I sense that the younger generations are better people.

Now that the Czech Republic, Slovakia, and Hungary are joining the European Union, Vienna will again be the true center of Europe. So, an award to a scientist in a country of the old monarchy, again with the 18, *Chai*, connection, seems really fitting.

Although I share no family ties with the Liebens, we share a common fate – that of being driven out of Austria by the Nazis. There are also strong personal reasons for our re-establishing the Lieben Prize. *Muttili*, my father's sister who was my loving mother-by-adoption, often spoke of the *Guten alten Zeiten* before World War I. She was inordinately proud of her father, my grandfather, Moritz Ritter von Bader, who was knighted by Emperor Franz Josef. She was proud to be an Austrian, refused to leave Vienna and died in Theresienstadt. And my mother, born a Hungarian countess, spoke of our direct ancestor, Count Franz Gabriel and his brother Johann Karl Serenyi, one of the defenders of Vienna against the Turks in 1683. He held the imposing title of *Generalfeldwachtmeister und Vize-Oberbefehlshaber der Streitkräfte in Wien*. Mama took me several times to St. Stephen's Cathedral to show me the plaque thanking Count Serenyi for his efforts against the

Turks, and to listen to the second mass on Good Friday, praying for the infidel Jews. This always troubled me, brought up a Jew by my caring *Muttili*.

Under Hitler, many Austrians treated Jews worse than the German did and they have made restitution more slowly and less generously. There were decent Austrians, some of whom I know well – just not enough. But the past is behind us; my roots are in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the Lieben Prize will go to able young scientists, the very people we want to help.

DR. ALFRED BADER  
Milwaukee, Wisc.

[Editor's note: Further information on Dr. Bader's career as a chemist, industrialist, and art collector can be found in his autobiography "Adventures of a Chemist Collector" (London, UK, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1995)].



## Notices

**Austrian Holocaust Survivor Emergency Assistance Program.** Selfhelp Community Services is pleased to announce that there is a new source of emergency finance assistance available for Jewish Austrian victims of Nazi persecution. For further information call or e-mail Selfhelp: 212-947-8760, <gerhard@selfhelp.net>.

"Desperate Hours, The Story of Turkey and the Holocaust" was the much applauded film shown at the KTA Hanukkah Party on December 26, 2004. It was produced by The Berenbaum Group LLC, 1124 South Orlando Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90035, tel. 323-930-9325. For a copy at \$22.95, contact <Michael@Berenbaumgroup.com>.

Excerpt from an article on the expanded research facilities at Yad Vashem published in *The Baltimore Sun* on December 24, 2004, and submitted by Rella Adler of Boynton Beach, Fla.:

With most remaining survivors now elderly, Yad Vashem and other research centers are racing to collect their stories as well as photographs and diaries, believing that the best way to interest future generations is by promoting personal connections with victims of the past.

To fill out a Page of Testimony or to volunteer to assist or for more information, Rella suggests contacting George and Rochel Berman at 561-391-3239, or toll free 866-853-1410, or e-mail <florida@yadvashemmusa.org>.

Anne Kelemen regrets that contrary to her indications, the Austrian Reconciliation Fund did not extend the deadline for handling Slave Labor Claims beyond December 31, 2004. She will report further on this and related matters.

Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 East 79th Street, Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021, or e-mail to <ireneschmied@verizon.net> or fax to 212-570-0495. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.



## KTA Website

THE KTA WEBSITE IS ALIVE and changing, although slowly. Take a look at it by googling "Kindertransport" and you will find it as the first item that comes up. You can also visit the site at <<http://www.kindertransport.org>>.

Since July 1, 2004 over 8,000 people have visited the site; that is more than a thousand "hits" a month – not bad at all, but no grounds for complacency either. With this many visitors we want to provide the best kind of KTA page that our skills and budget allow.

Promoting the various missions of the KTA, and enabling people to understand the Kindertransport experience is the broad objective of this website. The KTA website needs to be user friendly, informative, up-to-date, interesting enough so that it will be revisited. Users include KTA members, *Kinder*, KT2s and KT3s who are not members, teachers, students and others doing Holocaust/Kindertransport related projects. The wide use of web-pages by virtually all organizations in the universe means that this tool is increasingly the primary portal through which organizations are seen and through which they spread their message to the wider world.

However, webpages are not made in heaven. They need a web-master and others able and willing to work on the webpage. To become a more sophisticated vehicle of education and information, an improved webpage will also need some infusion of cash, probably not a great deal, but some necessary nonetheless.

Recently there has been a flurry of discussion about the webpage and other interesting matters on the KTA discussion list. The KTA discussion list, which is independent of the KTA, has about 70 people on it. Participants are from all over the world. The list-owner (that's the jargon for the person in charge of the list) is David Fischer. To join the group, contact him at <[davemarc@panix.com](mailto:davemarc@panix.com)>.

Jennifer Fuchel created the webpage about six years ago, and continues to be the web-master. If you are interested or know of a KT2 or KT3 likely to be helpful in improving the website, and providing some technical know-how, contact her at <[jfuchel@suffolk.edu](mailto:jfuchel@suffolk.edu)> and Joseph Haberer at <[j.haberer@insightbb.com](mailto:j.haberer@insightbb.com)>. Now is the time to bring the site to a new level of excellence!

JOSEPH HABERER  
West Lafayette, Ind.



## Finding a Friend

IN DECEMBER '04 THE KTA OFFICE RECEIVED a letter from Walter Flandrak in England. He stated that in the early 1940's he was a close friend of Paul Kuttner's, and asked whether we know Paul. They had not been in touch since that time. Paul is a member of KTA, and we forwarded the letter to him. He responded to us immediately, and stated how pleased he was to hear from Walter.

Paul is now writing his ninth book and was just editing a chapter in which he mentioned his friendship with Walter when he received the letter. Of course he will contact him. So, KTA is once again reuniting old friends.

MARGARET GOLDBERGER  
Hicksville, N.Y.

## KT2 Report on the Washington, D.C. Chapter

(Continued from Page 2)

in Germany to teach children life-long lessons in democracy and tolerance only to be forced to flee the Nazis and then be confronted with segregation and anti-Semitism in the U.S.

For our final 2004 meeting which was also our Hanukkah party complete with the requisite fried food (we do our best to keep it healthy), Martin Goldsmith, long time classical music host for NPR and a 2G, spoke about his book "The Inextinguishable Symphony." It is about his parents and their relatives, some who were fortunate to get out of Germany and others who were caught on the ill-fated "St. Louis." His parents, both musicians, survived Nazi Germany at first playing in the *Kulturbund*. Martin and I, friends for many years, have only recently discovered that his parents and my mother and aunt were close friends in Berlin. His parents performed at my grandparents' house for my aunt's last birthday party in Berlin before she and my grandparents escaped in 1941.

Many of us go to concerts together, visit museums, and do volunteer work such as bringing food baskets to needy Jewish Russian immigrants. We help the Jewish Federation of Group Homes with their wish list. Solace and support are frequently brought to those in hospital and in mourning.

Recently, John Obermeyer and Ralph Mollerick became instant radio celebrities after speaking on Linda Greenberg's WNAV, 1430 AM show. The station received so many calls that they were invited back the following week and may have to return a third time. First Linda Greenberg, then Oprah!

Here in the D.C. area, we are often invited to special events at the Holocaust Museum and other national expressions of remembrance of the Shoah. This past year, we gathered in the Capitol rotunda with other Holocaust survivors. As a long time Washingtonian, it was wonderful being ushered in past all the tourists and then very moving to hear speakers such as Elie Weisel, Ruth Bader Ginsberg, Daniel Pearl's father, and others. The ceremony concluded with a display of the flag being brought in by a highly choreographed group of army officers in full military finery.

Our many social events inevitably include going out for a bite to eat because what would a concert or special event be without a great meal? Our group consisting of thirty to forty regular attendees has become a family – *Kinder*, spouses of *Kinder*, some KT2s and KT2 mates, and the occasional grandchild. Newcomers are always welcome, and we look forward to a wonderful year ahead. We have all promised to visit Ralph and Phyllis in Florida and plan to arrive the same day – all forty of us. I'm sure they'll be happy to see us. We also expect him to return for our meetings in the coming years.

TAMARA MEYER  
Potomac, Md.



## FROM THE ONLY CENTENARIAN KTA MOTHER

The following gracious message from Franzi Groszman, Lore Segal's mother, accompanied a pretty "thank you" card. The lettering may not be hers but the signature certainly is. "To the KTA Association with great surprise and gratefulness for having remembered my birthday. I was then the only living mother and still keep it up. I am moved that you sent the Holocaust Memorial Museum a contribution in my name."

### Kibbutz Lavi Planning Kindertransport Museum

THE IDEA OF ESTABLISHING A PERMANENT CENTER, which would adequately describe and suitably portray the story of the Kindertransport, has lately occupied the minds of many of us and it is not really surprising that the relatively large group of *Kinder* that live in our Kibbutz have taken the initiative to realize this vision.

Particularly during the last few years, we have found that several of our *Kinder* were frequently requested to go out and speak to mixed audiences, mainly to youngsters and students but also adults, telling them about that chapter in our history that is not really well known – even in Israel. In addition, since a great number of guests and foreign tourists visit our Kibbutz-hotel, we invariably find their interest aroused when, whilst hearing about the general structure and life in the Kibbutz they also learn about the history of the founder members, many of them *Kinder*, who established the Kibbutz 56 years ago.

We were then allotted this rocky Galilean hill for the sole purpose of ensuring the safe passage of travelers on their way between Tiberias and the rest of the country but little thought was given to the rather important fact of how to scrape a living out of this stony soil. However, after many years of trial and error we succeeded in developing our agriculture and later also the hotel and furniture factory. Today one can say that this small group of former “refugee children” has finally established a new and permanent settlement in their own homeland. For all of us here, and this includes our third and fourth

generations, we naturally feel triumphant having thwarted the Nazi’s wish to destroy us forever.

In the early fifties, when we started growing mainly wheat and barley, a big silo was constructed to store the harvested grain and for many years this remained a dominant structure in the Kibbutz. However, later more efficient methods for handling grain were evolved and the silo became redundant. In the meantime, the authorities declared this rather unusual building a “structure of historic value” – namely to be preserved and not to be torn down.

That gave us the idea to convert the silo into a museum. After consulting with architects and hopefully being able to construct three floors, we believe that we will be able to portray the Kindertransport story by showing the sequence of the various stages: childhood in Germany, the beginnings of persecution; leaving home, the journey, the arrival, relocation, adopted families; finally, the return to *Eretz Israel*, establishing new roots and creating future homes and communities .

We feel that this could become a significant contribution for groups of school children and others who undoubtedly would benefit from such visits particularly when guidance and explanations would be given by *ex-kinder* themselves.

From encouraging reactions that were received so far, we have the feeling that *Kinder* anywhere would gladly support this project and we are looking forward to hearing your comments and suggestions. E-mail <hestern@lavi.co.il>.

HENRY STERN  
Kibbutz Lavi, Lower Galilee, Israel

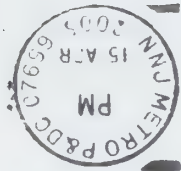


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Member y/e 6/30/2005  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211

Visit the Kindertransport  
Association on the Internet at  
<http://www.kindertransport.org>  
.  
*Kinder*: To subscribe to a free  
general discussion group\* about the  
Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to  
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@yahooogroups.com>  
.  
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discussion group\* for Kindertransport  
descendants, send a blank e-mail to  
<ktgenerations-subscribe  
@yahooogroups.com>  
(\*These discussion groups are not  
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# KINDER KTA LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Winter 2006

Volume 16 / Number 1

## "My Heart In A Suitcase" - A New Play for *Kinder* about the Kindertransport

**T**HAT DIDN'T HAPPEN, DID IT? Sometimes when the subject of the Kindertransport or even the Holocaust is brought up with some young people in America today, it is sadly too often greeted with indifference or even worse – doubt.

When it is brought up in school (if it is brought up at all) it can sometimes only be presented as a dry set of facts in history. So since ArtsPower is in the business of writing and then touring plays for young people across America, we knew we wanted to find a story to adapt to the stage that would make the terrible tragedy of the Holocaust come humanly alive for students, their teachers, and their parents.

Gary and Mark Blackman are the producers of the touring live theatre company ArtsPower National Touring Theatre, based in the New York City metro area with its home offices in Montclair, N. J. I am the Artistic Director. The Holocaust was a subject we had always wanted to address, so we had been searching for years for the right story. You see, the right story for us had to be one told from a young person's point of view.

That's why I was so thrilled when I first came across "Ten Thousand Children" by Anne Lehmann Fox and Eva Abraham-Podietz. Here was a whole book of short stories about how children dealt with escaping the Holocaust on the Kindertransport. As I read, I noticed that one little girl named Anne Lehmann Fox had two stories to tell. One story was the sad separation from her parents when she got out of Nazi Germany at the age of twelve on the Kindertransport, never to see her parents again. The other story told of Anne's best friend in Berlin – Dorit – a young Protestant girl who, because of their religious differences, almost pulled them apart as friends. On further investigation we found that Anne had written out her full story in her autobiography, "My Heart In A Suitcase."

Gary, Mark, and I traveled down to Philadelphia where Anne and her husband Frank live. Anne gave her approval for our idea, even supplying us with more details of life in 1938 Berlin with letters written by her parents.

I wrote the one act play over the spring and summer of 2005. Before any play of ours is actually performed before the

public, we always do what is known as a workshop rehearsal period here in New York City where the play is first staged to see if what we have is correct. Thus, actors to play Anne, Dorit, Mutti, and Vati (Mr. & Mrs. Lehmann), were hired;

scenery was built; and music was written. We always invite some people to see the play and give us any feedback. So for our invited audience, Anne suggested that we call the Kindertransport Association. As president, Kurt Goldberger arranged to have some local KTA members attend a performance in Manhattan on September 4, 2005. What a wonderful experience! The warm response from Anne and Kurt and the other attending *kinder* was truly gratifying. Seeing the play performed and having actual *kinder* in the audience made the whole experience so meaningful – an unforgettable afternoon.

So now the play "My Heart

In A Suitcase" is ready to start its tour of schools and theatres across America in 2006.

At the discussion following the play, many talked of how special it would be to have other *kinder* across the country to also come and see the play – special also for the young audiences members to actually meet Kindertransport survivors. Thus we sincerely hope that more members of KTA will come to see the play as it tours the country this year. It's exciting to think that with *kinder* members at other performances, young audiences could have that same unforgettable experience we all felt at that first New York showing. It would be pretty hard for any young person after that to say, "That didn't really happen, did it?"

For more information about ArtsPower, view our website at <<http://www.artspower.org>> and for information about the play's performance schedule call Gary or Mark Blackman at ArtsPower National Touring Theatre at 888-278-7769.

We invite all KTA members to be our guests at any show – and, if willing, possibly speak after the show, or at least be acknowledged from the audience.

GREG GUNNING

Playwright and Artistic Director of ArtsPower



The cast of ArtsPower's production of "My Heart In A Suitcase" with author Anne Lehmann Fox (center) and cast (l to r) Lynne Bowman Mahone (Mutti), Candace Alfonso (Anne), Lori Gardner (Dorit), and Andrew Dawson (Vatti). Photo courtesy ArtsPower

## Women at Work!

THE 15TH INTERNATIONAL, INTERDISCIPLINARY symposium of the AG "Frauen im Exil" of the "Gesellschaft fuer Exilforschung e.V." was held at the Alice Salomon Fachhochschule in Berlin from Friday, October 28 to Sunday, October 30. One of my reasons for attending was to write this report for KINDER-LINK; another that KTA member Ilse Eden would be giving the first presentation. Ilse had recently donated the letters from her great-aunt, the pioneer social worker Alice Salomon. My own worry was whether or not I fit in? Did I – only a ten-year-old in 1939 – qualify as an "exile," a word associated with more illustrious members of the older generation such as Alice Salomon? The theme of the conference "Exile and Persecution, as Experienced by the Mothers, and as Processed by the Daughters" also perplexed me. Which generation of mothers, which generation of daughters? The more engrossing the program became, the less any of this mattered.

What struck me was a difference in intergenerational perception. Ilse – in her wry, low key manner – spoke of leaving home in Berlin and living as a refugee child in London in the home of – albeit sympathetic – strangers. Jennifer, her daughter, could not bear the thought of either any mother facing such a decision, or of any children sharing similar fate. As presenter Maria Kublitz-Kramer of the University of Bielefeld proved, East German novelist Barbara Honigmann's book on her father, "A Love Out of Nothing," and her more recent book on her mother, "Ein Kapitel aus meinem Leben," are more reflections of the author's perceptions on than an account of her parents' experiences. In another case presented by Sonja Hizinger, it is the daughter, Cornelia Edvardson, author of the memoir "Burnt Child Seeks Fire," who blames her mother, the well-known Catholic novelist-poet Elizabeth Langgässer, for the distorted picture of Cornelia's Auschwitz experience that she gave in her last novel.

That this difference in perception can be reconciled through a process of layering or of an interweaving of multi-

generational experiences came across in the final scene – a moment of healing and rejoicing – of the film IMA by Caterina Klusemann. This film interweaves a three-generational family's conflicting attitudes toward the Holocaust experience into a rich tapestry of shared understanding. What had been a subject of persistent dispute and tension is transformed into closeness and interpersonal understanding. It all hinges on the film-maker's ability to overcome her grandmother's determination not to reveal anything of her Jewish past and her experiences in Poland during the Holocaust.

A similar process is contained in the art work by

Monica Weiss, exhibited at the conference and for the general public under the title of "Lange Schatten," also in her address at the conference. On emigration documents from Nazi Germany, pages of the mother's girlhood diary, and old family photo and letters, Monica's heavy brush strokes place related or contrasting objects, either reminiscent of the Nazi era such as stray shoes, or a tumbling of boots, coats sliding off hangers, or lighthearted items such as toys or ice cream cones connected with the artist's childhood in Buenos Aires. What results is a palimpsest that fuses distinct generational perceptions of her family's emigration experience into works of art.

As explained by Bettina Ramp, a historian from Graz, the exhibition "Adele Kurzweil's Suitcase" was created for an exchange program between the French town of Montauban and Austrian students from Graz. Born in Graz as a member of a social democratic Austrian Jewish family, Adele and her parents were deported to Auschwitz from Montauban in 1942. Some fifty years later, the family's suitcases turned up. By means of the now retrieved photos, the exhibition "Der Koffer der Adele Kurzweil" traces Adele's life from her early childhood in Graz, through the years of exile in Paris and her final days of freedom at school in Montauban. The active participation of cultural and social historian Hannah Papanek, a girlhood friend of Adele's from their time together in a refugee children's home in Montmorency provided an additional layer of understanding.

Professor Papanek's readings from her soon-to-be-published book, "In Search of Exile: The Participatory History of

Continued on Page 5



## Financial Statement July 1, 2004 to June 30, 2005

Cash in Bank at June 30, 2004 .....	\$40,836
Receipts:	
Membership - KTA .....	\$13,345
Membership - KT2 .....	1,830
Donations - Charity .....	7,622
Donations - Florida .....	5,856
Education - Panels .....	2,180
Hanukah Party .....	1,098
Quilt Cards .....	290
2004 Conference .....	5,276
Total Receipts .....	\$37,497
Expenses:	
Members - Chapters .....	\$1,400
Donations - Charity .....	8,447
Education - Panels .....	660
Quilt Cards .....	400
Hanukah Party .....	1,243
2004 Conference .....	6,893
Printing, Postage, Supplies .....	5,190
Telephone .....	124
Website .....	180
Professional Fees .....	1,100
Conferences and Dues .....	570
Miscellaneous .....	182
Total Expenses .....	\$26,398
Cash Balance June 30, 2005 .....	\$51,935

If you have any questions or would like a copy of our financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Ellen Bottner at 718-428-5564 or e-mail at <botjtb@aol.com>.

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## Yellow Crocuses in Enniskillen - The Journeys of the KTA Exhibit

THE ORIGINAL AND TWO FACSIMILES of the exhibit "The Kindertransport Journey" are currently on tour in the United States, as well as overseas.

The original was shown in the Scranton (Pa.) Public Library in September, and at Seton Hill University, near Pittsburgh, Pa., in November along with the play "Kindertransport," and the two KT movies. It is booked for Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton for April 2006.

Facsimile 1 was given a festive opening at the Light Factory in Charlotte, N.C. ('04) and is still, for the third year, traveling through the school system of North Carolina.

Facsimile 2 is currently in Northern Ireland (part of the UK), and, as creator of the exhibit, I add a brief explanation. I spent nine of its ten years on the Millisle Refugee Farm (1939-48) - named after the local village, Millisle - on the Ards Peninsula of County Down, a predominantly Protestant region of N. Ireland. Of the eighty or so refugees, *halutzim*, older folk, thirty were Kindertransportees, and I made the first photos for the exhibit, there, in 1944! At the time of the first London reunion we (I, my wife, and two children) went back there to meet the present owner of our farm, to see the unique buildings the farm people built there, and to explore the possibility of their historic preservation. Others heard of our visit; and, over the years, one thing led to another. The government of N. Ireland sponsors an annual Holocaust Memorial Day (HMD). In 2004 the First Minister's office leased our exhibit. Of its seventeen panels one is of the Millisle Farm, and this was shown in the city of Londonderry on HMD, in January '05. Our complete exhibit will be shown in January '06 in the Museum of the city of Enniskillen, capital of County Fermanagh (far from Millisle), in conjunction with the HMD commemoration there on January 22, 2006. I've been invited to Enniskillen by the First Minister's office, and to the Belfast synagogue by the Belfast Jewish Community, which had sponsored the farm in 1939, and continued to lend its support till 1948. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the children of the Millisle village-school, inspired by an exceptional teacher, recently made a wonderful DVD, recapturing the memory of the farm children who attended their school sixty years ago. Linda Patterson, the teacher, has been appointed principal, and received approval to create a Holocaust Memorial Garden at her school. Furthermore, there is talk of twinning the village of Millisle with Kibbutz Lavi, to which many of the farm *halutzim* went after the war. I don't know the final outcome of the Lavi proposal but the idea came about - like the DVD and garden - as residue of the good feelings between the people of the village of Millisle and of the Jewish Millisle Farm, which now, after sixty years, is morphing into a local legend.

The organizers of HMD write: "We have distributed a total of 5,000 yellow crocus bulbs to 47 primary schools in the Enniskillen area. The idea is that year 5 and year 7 pupils will plant a yellow crocus bulb in early November to remember a child who was killed in the Holocaust. The crocus bulbs, which are yellow to remember the yellow star which Jewish children wore, should be in flower by the end of January in time for the HMD commemoration day."

Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 East 79th Street, Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021, or e-mail to <kinderlink2005@nyc.rr.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

Those of you who have seen and perhaps read the exhibit may remember I dedicated it to my first three childhood friends in Vienna, who had not been able to come with us on Kindertransport - Erika, Felix, and his little sister Meta. They will be among the yellow crocuses in Enniskillen.

ROBERT SUGAR  
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



## A Doll Called Horst

RECENTLY I RECEIVED A CALL from the Moses Mendelsohn *Akademie*, Halberstadt, asking me whether I had ever known a man called Horst Hesse. I thought for a while, but no!, the only Horst I could remember was Horst, my boy doll.

It happened that the real Horst, after whom the doll had been called, had found me on-line under the name "Lilly Cohn, Halberstadt, once Lillyan Rosenberg, a tour guide in N.Y." He was then able to contact me through the N.Y. Tour Guide Association.

"*Bist Du die kleine Lilly mit der ich gespielt habe*" is how he greeted me when we finally got in touch by phone. Some sixty-five years ago, apparently yes! Horst Hesse told me that our parents had been friends and had made an agreement that if my parents were forced to leave home, the Hesses would keep all valuables in safekeeping. At that very moment, he had paintings in front of him that had been painted by my mother, a very good artist. All the Jews from Halberstadt had been deported. Who would have thought that after more than 65 years, precious items from my parents' home were about to be restored to me?

My husband Jerry and I decided to meet with Horst and Hannah Hesse in Halberstadt in July 2005. Jutta Dick of the Moses Mendelsohn *Akademie* made arrangements for the official return at the Behrend Lehmann Museum. Our two sons, Steve and Ralph, daughter-in-law Susan, and three grandchildren, Jake, Julia, and Miranda, joined us for this historic event that was publicized all over Germany.

The meeting with Horst and Hannah was a heartwarming experience. The Hesses brought the two large oil paintings, a small marble figurine, and yet another unexpected surprise, a huge collection of my parents' silverware, marked with "C" for Margarete and Ernst Cohn.

Described as the return of property to the rightful owner, Lilly Cohn of Halberstadt, the event was televised and more than one hundred newspapers reported on it. One of the newspapers quoted me as saying, "I hope that there are other good Germans who will return Jewish belongings to their rightful owners before it is too late." In this way, Horst Hesse kept his promise to his late father that he would not rest until he had found a member of the Cohn family. For me and my family, this was a never imagined event. The paintings, the silver, and the statue will remain in our family for generations to come.

LILLYAN ROSENBERG, *née* LILLY COHN  
Beechhurst, N.Y.

## ELECTION RESULTS

Following are the results of the recent mail ballot:  
Vice-President.....Anita Weisbord  
KT2 Vice-President.....Anita Grosz  
KT2 Vice-President.....Melissa Hacker  
Corresponding Secretary.....Lucie Benedikt  
Officer-at-Large.....Laura Gabriel



## Letters to the Editor

I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoyed your reviews of the opera about Walter Benjamin and the book about Primo Levi, which moved away from personal histories to an analysis of social questions. Your interesting discussion suggests that more articles about Holocaust victims and survivors should be included in future issues as a complement to autobiographical articles.

I also enjoyed Anita Hoffer's article about Kibbutz Lavi, where, on a recent visit, I met old Kindertransport friends who have lived there for over fifty years. I was impressed with their plan to create a Kindertransport Museum, and look forward to contributing to this initiative.

Your report about Bertha Leverton's OBE award was also interesting. Bertha and I often get together on my visits to London, where I was privileged to participate in the recent *Kinder* Bar Mitzvah ceremony. In Jerusalem, Judith and I have visited Bertha's sister Inge Sadan who chairs the Israeli KTA and has put me in touch with *Kinder* now living there.

Thank you for doing such a good job of editing KINDER-LINK.

PETER WEGNER  
Providence, R.I.

On a recent visit to Boston, my son David took me to Lowell, Massachusetts, to view the Kindertransport quilts. They were on exhibit there at the New England Quilt Museum. As we purchased our entrance ticket, David mentioned that I was a *Kind* and had contributed a square on Quilt #1. By the time we reached the second floor exhibit we were greeted by the curator. She introduced us to the exhibit and was very interested in my personal story. I was also able to explain the background behind some of the other squares by Henry Kahn, Olga Drucker, Lee Fischer, and Alexander Gordon.

The three quilts were very nicely displayed in a separate viewing space with one quilt on each wall. The space was open on one side, exposing the alluring display to visitors in the main hall.

The display was part of the larger special exhibit of war-time American quilts, 1939-1945. It was very rewarding to see the genuine interest the quilts generated in our story.

MARGARET LOWE  
Merrick, N.Y.

I fell in love with the quilts when I went to live near Omaha, Nebraska. My husband was a Medical Officer in the Royal Air Force and was sent on an exchange posting to Offut Air Force Base, the headquarters of Strategic Air Command. It was there that I made my first quilt, and became a quilt collector. I'm better at collecting than quilting!

Since then my collection has grown, and includes antique and modern pieces from many countries. I also now talk to women's groups, showing my quilts and raising money for charity. It was at the end of one of those talks that a most memorable thing happened.

I had recently seen a TV programme about Nicholas Winton and the work he did with the Kindertransport, and had shed tears during it. When Helen Boswoth (a cousin of Anita Grosz) came up to me and said, "My father was one of those

children," I could scarcely believe it. The programme had almost moved into my life! She told me, too, that her mother had survived Auschwitz. Films I'd seen about the liberation of such camps, books I'd read after the war all flashed through my mind. She went on to tell me about the quilts that had been made by survivors of the Kindertransport, or by their descendants. I borrowed the book, and read it all night long. More tears at the sadness and bravery of it all! Now, of course, I include the quilts of the *Kinder* in all my talks.

More quilts exist because of World War II. The Changi (Singapore) quilts were made by civilian women internees, who were then allowed by their Japanese captors to pass them to the men's camp so that they'd know who's survived. I also have a simple, but very special Canadian quilt made by the Red Cross volunteers. 12,000 of them made the Atlantic crossing against fearful odds. They were given to the Salvation Army for distribution to families who had lost everything when their houses were destroyed by bombing. Long may all these quilts survive to remind us of the reasons why they exist, and of the women (and men) who made them.

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON  
Buckden, PE19 5TT, U.K.

We at the KTA were notified that the Hardship Fund is now also eligible for Austrian survivors who have not previously received compensation from Germany. Survivors from Austria who have received payments from the Austrian National Fund or who are in receipt of an Austrian Social Security pension are entitled to apply.

The address of the Head Office of the Claims Conference, and the Hardship Fund is: Sophienstrasse 26, 60487 Frankfurt a/Main, Germany. Phone: 49-69-970-701-21. FAX: 49-69-970-701-40.

In the U.S. contact Mr. Henry Grodin at Hardship Fund Claims Conference, 535 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10018; phone 646-485-2112.

In Israel: Hardship Fund Claims Conference, 18 Gruzenberg Street, POB 29254, Tel Aviv 65251. Phone: 972-3-517-9247. FAX: 972-3-510-0906.

You will be sent a form of several pages (probably yellow) together with instructions. Do not be dismayed (as I was) because "Austria" is not mentioned anywhere in these forms; nor should you construe "hardship" to mean physical or financial hardship. Hardship is defined also as having lived under Nazi occupation, as having to leave our homes and our parents, living as refugees in England and/or various parts of the world and, in too many cases, the death of our parents in concentration camps.

Incidentally, I learned that survivors from other Western countries, Holland, Belgium, France, Liechtenstein, etc., are also eligible to apply. Please share this information with as many people as possible.

ANNE KELEMEN  
New York, N.Y.

Please mention my forthcoming book, "Jews in North Devon During the Second World War," in your newsletter.

The book may be of interest for two reasons. Firstly, it has two chapters on those from the Kindertransport and Zionist groups in North Devon during the war (including those who came on agricultural permits and stayed at Bydown House). Secondly, some Kindertransportees actually enlisted in the

*Continued on Page 5*

**Letters to the Editor** *Continued from Page 4*

British Forces, often by first passing through the Pioneer Corps. The book can be ordered from Halsgrove Direct, Tiverton, Devon EX16 6SS or at <sales@halsgrove.com>.

DR. HELEN FRY  
London

I first met Eddy Behrendt in 1941. We were both at the same school, Stootley Rough School, in Haslemere, Surrey. As long as we were there we were in the same class. When my 11th birthday came I was surprised to get a present from an actual boy. That boy was Eddy. It was an atlas. I still have that atlas on my bookshelf today. After the war we all drifted apart, most to the U.S.A. Eddy and I lived one block apart in New York City. I lived on 73rd Street, and he lived on 72nd in Manhattan. We never knew each other there. He worked for American Home Products, and returned to visit England quite a bit. It was not until the KTA started, and I saw his name, that I inquired whether he was the same boy I had known as a child. From then on we became friends again. He visited me in Seattle, and I visited with his wife Sarah and him in Eugene, Ore. They had gone to live there after trying out other places to live in the U.S. while traveling in an RV. They enjoyed living in Oregon. It saddens me that his life is over

KATE LESSER  
Seattle, Wash.

As a result of a casual contact at the Chanukah party with Marty Weinberger, who was kind enough to look up his name, I was reunited with a boy with whom I was evacuated in England and who lived across from me in the village sixty-six years ago. We had a long phone conversation, and he e-mailed me a picture of our elementary school class. What a wonderful reunion! Thank you.

KARL E. BUCHHOLZ  
Little Neck, N.Y.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*

**Women at Work!** *Continued from Page 2*

a Political Family, 1880-2000," emphasized that is not enough to be a "Zeitzeuge, a living witness of persecution and exile." Personal experiences must be tested against other sources: official records, letters, newspaper reports, and then shared in writing and discussions. The way in which "the political becomes social," i.e. how political events of the time affect personal lives, inevitably become clear. It was then that I knew that I was not a bystander. My story and that of my family were thus marked. I, too, belong to the generation of exiles.

KTA members who wish to share this experience at a future conference should contact Prof. Dr. Inge Hansen-Schaberg, Birkenweg 15, 27356 Rotenburg, or consult the web site <www.exilforschung.de/frauen>.

IRENE K. SCHMIED  
Editor



**Strudel, anyone?** Keep the skill of baking strudel alive! Do so by instructing Lore Segal. Call her at 212-663-1524.

**ADVANCE NOTICE  
2006 NATIONAL CONFERENCE  
NOVEMBER 3-5, 2006**

SHERATON MEADOWLANDS CONFERENCE CENTER  
East Rutherford, N.J.  
12 miles north of Newark Liberty Airport; 8 miles west of N.Y.C.

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR AND PLAN TO ATTEND**

**Franzi Groszmann, 100, Dies:  
Sent Daughter From Nazi Lands**

**T**HUS READ THE HEADLINE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES obituary on Sunday, October 2, 2005, twelve days after Mrs. Groszmann's death, already reported in Fall 2005 KINDER-LINK.

According to the article, her death was officially announced to The Times by Deborah Oppenheimer, producer of the Academy Award-winning documentary "Into the Arms of Strangers," featuring Franzi Groszmann. Deborah recognized her as the last surviving mother of the *Kinder* sent to safety in Great Britain, who had herself been able to escape and see her child again. The Times article also mentions that Franzi and her daughter Lore Segal (author of the classic autobiographical novel "Other People's Houses") had appeared in Melissa Hacker's 1996 film "My Knees Were Jumping."

On Sunday, October 23rd, a memorial for Franzi Groszmann was hosted by Lore's friends, Alfred and Jacqueline Shapiro, in their Manhattan apartment. Franzi's plucky and lively spirit was a vibrant presence in a room filled with Lore's wine-sipping literary friends. Her love of music, life-long pluckiness in the face of adversity, and, of course, her ever-delicious Viennese cooking were fondly recalled. Beatrice and Jacob, Franzi's grandchildren, poignantly remembered the role their grandmother had played in their upbringing. Anne Kelemen of the KTA added a few touching words.

I only knew Franzi by sight from the 1990 Fallsview KTA Reunion and so felt honored to be present in my role as KINDER-LINK editor, and perhaps also as one would-be writer summoned to attend by a more highly skilled and experienced practitioner of the art.

IRENE SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.



**In Memoriam - Eddy Behrendt**



KTA is saddened by the passing of our founder and first president, Eddy Behrendt. Each one of us owes him our gratitude for having the perseverance to start our organization in 1990. His guidance and leadership set the direction for KTA.

Eddy was dedicated to bringing the history of the Holocaust and the Kindertransports story to the American public and became a speaker not only for KTA but for the educational group "Reach and Teach" which he established.

Eddy succumbed after a lengthy illness. We express our sincere sympathy to his devoted wife, Sarah.

KURT GOLDBERGER  
President



## Book Reviews

***Tiger in the Attic, Memories of the Kindertransport and Growing Up English*** by Edith Milton. Praised for its literary merit and reviewed in papers such as the New York Times, Newsday, and Library Journal, this memoir, or collection of autobiographical essays, is notable for its style, wit and thoughtfulness, and for its great descriptions. The next issue of KINDER-LINK will contain a more thorough review of the book within the over-all context of memoir writing on the Kindertransport and wartime life in Britain.

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***Gegen das Vergessen, Erinnerungen an das Juedische Kinderheim, Fehrberliner Strasse, Prenzlauer Berg*** by Inge Franken can be obtained from <Ingeborg.Franken@klar-a.de>. She is continuing this research, particularly into the Children's Home in Pankow, and would be interested in hearing of relevant *Kinder* experiences.

## Notices

Lest we forget, a citizens' project in Vienna's 9th District, is seeking eye-witnesses, photographs, mementoes, and documentary evidence of events for our project – *Servitengasse 1938* – the fate of those who disappeared: a project commemorating our Jewish neighbours. If you can help us to bring our hidden history to light and raise public awareness, please e-mail <servitengasse1938@gmx.at>. Post address: "Servitengasse 1938" c/o Agenda 21 am Alsergrund, Liechtensteinstrasse 81/1/1, 1090 Wien, Austria.

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KTA has received a communication from the *Bundesarchiv* (State Archive) in Germany asking our help to locate data on Jews who lived in Germany between 1933 - 1945. The federal government will establish a "Foundation Remembrance, Responsibility and Future" and is setting up a data base. This data base will also facilitate identification of insurance claims not yet paid out. Archives in other places, i.e. *Yad Vashem*, will also assist in this endeavor. The letter mentions particularly Jewish children who left Germany on Kindertransports. Personal data such as date and place of birth is asked for. Contact Dr. S. Rogge-Gau at Bundesarchiv, Postfach 45 05 69, 12175 Berlin, Germany, or <s.rogge-gau@barch.bund.de>.

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"One by One," a non-profit organization created by Christians and Jews, is devoted to exploring the Legacy of the Holocaust and of the Nazi Regime. It can be accessed at <www.onebyone.org> or phone 617- 424-1540.

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*Stiftung Zurueckgeben* promotes the work of women artists and scientists for renewal of Jewish cultural and intellectual life in Germany. E-mail <info@stiftung-surueckgeben.de>. Internet <www.stiftung-zurueckgeben.de>.

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Eva Abraham Podietz deeply appreciated the many gestures of sympathy from so many Kindertransport members at the sudden death of her beloved son, Daniel.

## Chapter News

### NORCAL CHAPTER

On Sunday afternoon, November 20th, some fifty *Kinder*, spouses, children, and grandchildren joined Kurt and Margaret Goldberger at the Holocaust Center of Northern California in the Jewish Community Federation Building close to San Francisco's historic Ferry Building.

The documentary movie "Nicholas J. Winton - The Power of Good" by Matej Minac was shown. After the movie, Ruth Kagen, who was brought to England by Nicholas Winton, answered questions. She talked about her experiences and told us that her cousin was in the movie.

President Goldberger gave the latest news on the KTA and on next year's proposed conference. He asked for a moment's silence in memory of Eddy Behrendt, founder and President Emeritus of the KTA, and Franzi Groszmann, believed to have been the last Kindertransport parent to pass away.

ALFRED COTTON and RALPH SAMUEL, Chapter Co-chairs

### NEW YORK / QUEENS / LONG ISLAND CHAPTERS

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Approximately 70 members and guests enjoyed the annual Chanukah Party which was held at the Brotherhood Synagogue on Sunday, December 18th. Ela Weissberger, the guest speaker, was one of the only two children who appeared in the children's opera "Brundibar" at Theresienstadt who survived the camp. A documentary, "Paint Me a Picture," was also shown, and a light supper was served. Anita Weisbord led the lighting of the menorah and introduced the speakers.

Sylvia Schneider, a New York *Kind*, died this past June. Born in Cologne, she was on the last Kindertransport train from Gdansk, was sent to the Beacon Hostel and eventually emigrated to the U.S. in May 1947. She leaves her husband Milton and daughter Melanie.

HELGA SHEPARD, New York City Chapter Chair

### FLORIDA CHAPTER

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The Florida *Kinder* had a great time at the Chanukah party on December 19th at Robb and Stuckey's. The furniture store was kind enough to, again, allow us to use their activity room, even providing coffee. The room was only to hold 50 but we had 68 reservations and had no intention of leaving anyone out! We sat "tusch to tusch" for over two hours of lighting candles, singing, eating a wonderful buffet, and kibbitzing.

We discussed our upcoming season, including a trip to Whitwell, Tenn., to see the origin of the movie "Paper Clips" on March 27th to be chaired by Peter Reiche.

Our annual luncheon at Pete's will be on March 5th. We expect to need many of our *Kinder* to speak at F.A.U. as they display the panels to (we hope) hoards of schoolchildren.

ANITA HOFFER, Florida Chapter Chair

### WASHINGTON, D.C. CHAPTER

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The Chanukah party was held at noon on December 18th at the Traum home. Elections to the Board took up much of the time. Alfred Traum and I were elected co-chairs; Ingrid Gunther and Phyllis Mollerick, co-recording secretaries; Bretl Esenstad, treasurer; Helga Fox, newsletter. Entertainment was provided by KT2 members.

RALPH MOLLERICK, Washington, D.C. Chapter Co-chair



## Contributors to the KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund along with their 2006 dues as of December 1, 2005. Your generosity is appreciated! It is never too late to make a contribution to the KTA Charitable Fund. Please make your check payable to The Kindertransport Association and mail to Ellen Bottner, Treasurer, 251-48 61st Ave., Little Neck, NY 11362.

Benjamin Abeles	Linda Weil Foster	Robert Kaufman	Lawrence Pick	Robert Sugar
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GENERATIONS COLUMN

My Holocaust

Mine is a holocaust survivor family, centered on the life raft of the new world children. All hopes, driven by loss.

But this is not why they, my mother, my father fled to America's refuge. Here, we should not suffer; Yet, they do, And I with them. What if we were to stop this? What would my mother do then? Always there to still the pain; always there for that searing yawning, screaming hole shouting into the void sinking, being buried alive. Such pain, such torment, endurances cracked, tossed aside, as so much organic waste matter,

Stuck there in between my grandmothers, both of them, my only grandmothers swallowed in the mass grave.

Lost to me except in photographs, silent stares and vacant patches between my parent's talking. Holes in my life everywhere, wounds unclosing, so alive, those wounds shaping and binding, their lives, mine, my children's. How many generations are there to fill with so much suffering of the unspeakable, inviolate contents of lives sealed away in the dark doom of living in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong identification? Straight nosed, fair haired grandmothers lost to us, in one word exterminated.

My tears well up from all my leavings. I cling to my own life raft now, Crying, in search for their remains, in my mother's eyes and recollections, in my father's hands and recollections. Tears and terror seizing as I plow this past, wondering, How am I like Grossmutter Klara? Bearing her name between mine and my father's.

Do I have her eyes, her breasts, the corner of her nose? Is my fiery optimism, my love singing out, is this inherited from her?

Then dark shadows fall, her voice is lost. She was taken to Auschwitz. She must still be there.

Shadow people in bleaching photographs, unfamiliar family, strong people, victims in myself, a stranger in the foreign land of following currents without a name, washing over spellbound days when I roll in the clouds and dance in the sun, loving organisms and chocolates, music, my body waving through the water, shouting joy before the shadows creep in again.

Cry with me, shout with us, honor my tears, Grosstante Mitzi, my survivor muse, together all of us, never again never ever again!

ELIZABETH FRISCHAUF, M.D. New York, N.Y.

Visit the KTA Website: http://kindertransport.org

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Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at <http://www.kindertransport.org>  
Kinder: To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>  
KT2: to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <ktegenerations-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>  
(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
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Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER KTA LINK



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## "Kindertransport Stories" - A Multi-disciplinary, Historical Dance Performance

CHOREOGRAPHED BY MARLA EIST, "Kindertransport Stories" is an original contemporary dance work inspired by the experiences of European children rescued prior to World War II by the British Kindertransport program. The work premiered as part of CHUTZ-PAH! 2006: The Lisa Nemetz Showcase of Jewish Performing Arts at the Norman Rothstein Theatre, JCCGV, in Vancouver, British Columbia, this March.

Roughly two years ago, I saw a documentary on Kindertransport. The documentary was "Into the Arms of Strangers" and it blew me away. I was vaguely aware of a children's exodus to Britain, but certainly did not know of it by name or magnitude. At first I was overwhelmingly moved as a parent. I have a little girl and couldn't imagine having to give her up in order for her to survive. I needed to learn more about Kindertransport and I needed to talk about it. As a dance artist, the way I communicate best is through dance. Deeply moved and fascinated by the *Kinder's* stories, I started researching. I spent a year delving into written material, photos, and documentaries on Kindertransport and two years developing and work-shopping movement material for my piece.

But most inspiring was meeting and working with two phenomenal Kindertransport survivors living in Vancouver. Both of these women left Berlin as girls on Kindertransport. They were interested and supportive of my project and made tremendous contributions to my work. We had several interviews/chats and I left each meeting with hope and admiration. Irene N. Watts, award-winning playwright, author, and director, contributed a narrative and voice-over to my piece from her well-regarded trilogy, "Goodbye Marianne," "Remember Me," and "Finding Sophie." My other contributor stressed the importance of my researching the social climate leading up to the Holocaust, and the fact that little research had been done on this.

Even if I knew I couldn't begin to duplicate or fully repre-

sent these women's personal stories, I hoped to communicate some of the powerful emotional journey, feelings, responses gleaned from personal histories and survival stories of the *Kinder* and their families in a meaningful way. This included a

powerful fusion of memory, cultural history, and movement.

A primary objective of the work is to enhance the educational and cultural awareness of Kindertransport and its ethical implication for society. The stories and experiences of the children from the Kindertransport movement need to be shared and communicated before they are lost. These themes need to be addressed so that history continues to educate us.

An original artistic work on these themes has the potential to reach new and different audiences in a more personal and profound way. Dance is a universal language which provides an immediate visceral response. Though fleeting like historical events, it can help us experience the past, present, and future on another level and, for some, a much deeper level. The educational mission of the project is to combat discrimination, racism, and bullying, to contribute to an on-going social discourse about

the Holocaust and its continuing historical relevancy, to honor and celebrate the individual *Kinder* and their families, some of whom live in British Columbia, to celebrate diversity, and to promote compassion and respect for diversity by deepening our understanding of Holocaust history. I hope this work will open up a dialogue around Kindertransport and its relevancy today.

Supported by a wonderful team of artists, including professional dance artists Karissa Barry, Amber Funk Barton, Shannon Moreno, and Vanessa Goodman, along with the support of Mary-Louise Albert, Artistic Director of the Norman Rothstein Theatre, the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre (VHEC), and two vibrant *Kinder* survivors, I created a 40-minute multi-



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## Liebermann at the Jewish Museum

WE AMERICANS, OF WHATEVER GENERATION WE BE, all want to ride off together into the golden sunset, vast expanses of as yet unseen land unfolding to either side. Yet in our back pack, we carry that bundle of pain and hurt, even of occasional joy, which is the Kindertransport experience. Like other emigration experiences, it has its roots in that European past that one would so often like to peel off as an old, worn-out skin.

Because of the interest in all aspects of the Holocaust era, "Where We Came From" (to paraphrase the title of Helen Epstein's book about her mother) is becoming relevant again. The exhibition at the Jewish Museum, New York, of the paintings of Max Liebermann (1847-1935) – until now was almost unknown here – conjures up that world in its full complexity. It examines his life as painter and cultural leader, as Jew and as German or perhaps vice versa, within the changing political climate in Berlin from the late 1870s up to 1933.

For me personally, the guided tour that I recently took on my second visit to the exhibition was a deeply moving experience. It was as if a piece of my own past had come alive among those paintings and in the supportive presence of the docent and other viewers. I left with tears in my eyes. The engravings by Liebermann that my father collected as well as the talk about Liebermann (an icon of culturally assimilated German Jewry) had been constants in my childhood. Later, all but one of those graphics would all go astray. Here at this exhibition I was able to gain that sense of continuity with the past that helps one – or at least me – to make sense of one's life.

Yet the very way this exhibition is organized and the analytical essays in the catalogue promote a critical, rather than nostalgic, approach. Seen objectively, some of the early, realistic paintings such as "Girl Sewing with Cat – Dutch Interior" border on genre painting. The later impressionist

paintings such as "Cabbage Field 1923" never quite achieve the poetic distillation of French impressionists such as Monet and Cezanne. The rise of German expressionism after World War I led to a certain distancing from the Berlin Secession that Liebermann had helped to found. He was too wedded to "Bildung," and had possibly become too bourgeois to care for painting of such unfettered subjectivity. From then, his paintings would primarily concentrate on the park-like garden and the studio of the Wannsee mansion that he himself had designed. Some two decades later, this house would provide accomoda-

tion for some of the participants at the 1942 Wannsee Conference.

That Liebermann was a masterful painter is shown by paintings such as the still life "Table With Pieces of Meat" (1877) and by "At the Swimming Hole" (1875-77). In the context of Wilhelmine Germany and its sponsorship of a heroic, nationalistic style, he was an innovative and courageous artist. His early realistic paintings such as "Workers In the Turnip Field" (1874-1876) give an unembellished view of working class life. At first, they were officially derided as "ugly," ultimately to be accepted and admired. His espousal of impressionism both as an artist and as a cultural leader broke down old barriers. His portraits such as that of the famous surgeon Dr. Sauerbruch are marvelously insightful; his many self portraits as painted over the decades are self-revealing. The exhibition at the Jewish Museum brings across the sheer beauty and power of much of his work. It also shows the fascinating and ultimately tragic complexities of his life and time, and proves their continued relevance in the here and now of life in New York City today.

IRENE K. SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.



## A Kindertransport Story

"Nightmare's Fairy Tale: A Young Refugee's Home Fronts – 1928-1948" by Gerd Korman (University of Wisconsin Press 2005).

Gerd Korman and his brother were on a Kindertransport from Poland at a time when their father had managed to return to Germany from where he would embark on the St. Louis and its ill-ventured trip. Meantime their mother was struggling to get out of Poland and return to Germany to work on her and her family's emigration to America.

Eventually the family would be reunited in New York and Gerd would go on to become a professor of American History. As such, he would use the understanding gained from his family's deportation experience to and in Poland to draw parallels between Black African slavery in the U.S.A. and Jewish slavery in the concentration camps.

His nuts and bolts way of telling the story also brings across also the reality of refugee experience here in East New York in the early forties. In its next issue, KINDER-LINK hopes to bring a further review of his book.

## KINDER-LINK EDITOR RESIGNS

Call for new Editor of KINDER-LINK, the newsletter of the KTA, or team of two or more editors as of the Fall 2006 issue.

Interested KTA and KT2 members, residing anywhere in Continental North America, should contact Irene K. Schmied, the resigning editor, at <kinderlink2005@nyc.rr.com>, KTA President Kurt Goldberger at <margkurt@aol.com> or production manager Marty Weinberger at <martyw3818@aol.com>.

Official election to the position as editor and therefore as a new member of the KTA Board would presumably follow at the national meeting in November 2006.

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## Vienna's Lost Daughters

**W**IEN'S VERLORENE TOECHTER" (Vienna's Lost Daughters)" is the title of an exciting new documentary in the final stages of production. The project started when Lisa Juen, the stepdaughter of a dear childhood friend, living in Vienna, sent me an e-mail asking if I would be interested in taking part in a film portraying Jewish women who as young girls were forced to leave Vienna and now live in metropolitan New York. Lisa's interest in the Holocaust developed when her stepfather related stories about the underground and his fighting with the partisans to defeat Hitler.



Seated, left to right: Suzy Orne, Susan Perl, Dorit Whiteman, Anita Weisbord, Hennie Edelman; standing: Rosalie Berezow, Lizzy Winkler, Eva Yachnes.

Lisa and her colleague Sonja Ammann, who work for Austrian TV (ORF), found the story of my escape via the Kindertransport very interesting. They wanted their audience to understand and hear the life stories of those who were forced to leave Vienna as children and then came as refugees to America. Lisa and Sonja wanted to interview several former Viennese women. I strongly suggested two friends of mine, Dorit Whiteman and Suzy Orne, who also suffered under Hitler. I also advised them to contact our KTA president Kurt Goldberger for additional names. Through him Eva Yachnes, Hennie Edelman, Anita Weisbord, Lizzy Winkler, and Rosalie Berezow got to participate.

The movie will show how we all have struggled with our memories and personal feelings about the transition we had to make in leaving our respective homes. It will especially focus on the uncertainties we originally dealt with and whether we've made peace with our situation.

In July 2004 Lisa and Sonja came to the States, interviewed the eight women and wrote a script about us. After their return to Vienna they contacted the *Mobilefilm* Company who showed great interest in the documentary project. By August of 2005 an Austrian film crew was in the States filming in our homes, the homes of our children, places we socialize at, and our former places of business. Having contact with young Austrians is very important. I felt that there was a real change in their attitude and approach from that of the older generation. They showed a true interest in our lives.

Miriam Ungar is the director for this project which is now in final edit. The funding for the documentary comes from *Oesterreichisches Filminstitut*, *ORF* (television), *Filmfonds*

*Wien*, and *Mobilefilm*. Hopefully this documentary will open people's eyes.

SUSAN PERL  
Teaneck, N.J.



## Herta Souhami

**W**HO WAS HERTA SOUAMI? What was her connection with the Kindertransport? I had never heard her name. Much has been written about the organization of the Kindertransport by the British side but little is known about the set-up in the countries of origin.

A recent issue of *KINDER-LINK* mentioned the exhibition in Berlin entitled "*Aus Kindern wurden Briefe*." A book was also published by this title. The contents address mainly the more than 4,000 young people from Germany who went with the Youth Aliya to Palestine from 1934 on. At the same time limited groups of children were sent to Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, France, and Switzerland. In many cases these transports were referred to as *Kindertransporte*, in spite of the fact that they often consisted of less than 100 children. German children left for America already in 1934 and continued to emigrate until 1941 in small numbers. In 2000 Iris Posner located 1,000 of them and published a book last year entitled "Don't Wave Goodbye." The Kindertransport to Britain was not elaborated on, the author(s) claiming that lately a few books had appeared in Germany on that subject. A strange omission since our numbers exceeded all other transports.

The next to last chapter of the book cited an interview with Herta Souhami conducted in March 1967 for the Oral Archives of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. It stated that she was employed, from April 1938 - June 1939, along with Käte Rosenheim, by the Department of Child Emigration of the State Representation of Jews in Germany. She was named the administrator of this office that was renamed "Aid to German Jewish Children." Her first responsibility was preparation of the many documents and certificates that were required by the American Committee in New York who undertook the placing of children into suitable families. These forms required detailed information, practical as well as psychological, so children could be matched with families. After *Kristallnacht* her work focused on the children sent to England. Initially, only those who could count on the welcome of families were considered, but later children were registered regardless. There was close contact with Bloomsbury House and transports of 100-150 children were sent out regularly. Apparently no number was set. The office in Berlin was swamped with applications and Souhami stated that it was physically impossible to process all of them. In her estimation about 4,000 children were sent prior to the outbreak of war. Teachers or youth leaders were trained to accompany the trains. All left from a designated railway station in Berlin. Souhami confirms that parents were not allowed on the platform and had to follow Nazi instructions as to luggage and valuables.

According to Souhami there was little communication with the Vienna Office who took care of registrations. She stated that they worked differently than the Berlin office.

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## Letters to the Editor

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*

In a recent issue of KINDER-LINK there was a sort of lukewarm report about the mayor's invitation program for ex-Berliners. I was afraid that this might have a negative effect on *Kinder* contemplating whether or not to accept the invitation. My own experience was so overwhelmingly positive that I felt the need to tell any Berlin *Kinder* who have not yet been to Berlin to accept the invitation. You will have a great time and will come back with the feeling that the current population really tries hard to make up for the sins of their parents and grandparents. This subject is almost a preoccupation of the younger generation. You might be able to catch a new documentary at the Goethe Haus called "*Winterkinder*" in which the filmmaker asks his mother whether his grandfather was a Nazi.

PETER REICHE  
New York, N.Y.

Professor Papanek is cited in Ms Schmied's article in the KINDER-LINK Winter 2006 issue to have emphasized in her readings of her forthcoming book "that it is not enough to be a living witness of persecution and exile" and that "personal experiences must be tested against other sources: official records, letters, newspaper reports, and then shared in writing and discussions."

Well, I am glad that she had access to all these documentary supports, but I must take issue with her rather categorical dismissal of the value of those experiences that so many, perhaps most of us, have lived and which in the chaotic unlawfulness of the times can never be properly documented. Go to the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, *Yad Vashem*, *Shoah*, and a number of university archives and you will find oral records of what happened to thousands of us and to our families. Given that some testimonies might contain some details that may not be perfect in accuracy, those oral statements were collected with great effort because of their overwhelming historical importance. Both documented and undocumented historical accounts will rightly provide the material for future historians. In the past documentary evidence has often been augmented by personal accounts in letter form, etc. In our age of high technology taped accounts often take the place of written statements.

As the last surviving member of my family, I happen to have reams of documentary evidence of the unlawful seizure by a Nazi of my father's business, one of the largest wine cellars in Vienna. We took the perpetrators to court, won a moral judicial victory though no money (they had run the business to ground). But there is no documentary evidence of my parents' defiance in the face of Nazi aggression, or my brother's act, who as a member of a Jewish group in the Brit-

ish army – he volunteered from Palestine to where he had fled – helped rescue dozens of Jews held by the Gestapo in Northern Italy and return them to the care of an American military camp in Rome which had recently been liberated. Being the person he was (he died in 1987) he unfortunately never bothered to document their action.

The casting of a shadow of questioning over these actions is to be deeply deplored.

HENRY SCHMELZER  
Somerset, N.J.

I am saddened by Henry Schmelzer's letter about your report on my presentation at the "Women in Exile" conference in Berlin and must protest against his remarks about "casting a shadow of questioning about these actions." Nothing could be further from the truth. Perhaps it results from your use of the words "must be tested against other sources." That is a misunderstanding of what I said at the conference. I never used the word "must" or discounted what people remember. Quite the contrary. Thousands of books, articles, films, videos, and other records of personal memories of the events of the *Shoah* show us their depth and extent. I have no wish to challenge any of them.

In my work, I was lucky enough to find many documents in archives about my extended family, lucky also to interview the three survivors of my Jewish father's family in Latvia, and to learn more about the bravery of my mother's non-Jewish family in Berlin who hid a Jewish friend for three years during the war. What I found in the course of a ten-year search confirmed much of what I remembered from my childhood but also told me things I never knew. I was lucky that my mother had saved so many family letters and that my father had held on to so many documents in the course of his four exiles. My mother sent them in small parcels from wartime France to friends in the U.S. and so they survived our illegal border crossings. My father's newspaper articles survived in several archives.

In my book I have combined personal memories with as many letters, archival documents, my own interview transcripts, my father's newspaper articles, family photographs, etc. as I could manage to fit into an account of the shattered lives of a large and varied family and some of our friends. I call this "participatory history" – combining personal memories with other sources, to involve the "keeper of memories" in an active search for additional materials. I am constantly amazed at how much one can find once one starts looking!

My main concern today is to involve as many people as possible in recognizing the importance of personal memories through finding other sources that supplement them. This is illustrated at our group's conferences in Germany, where we make sure that both younger generations and older participants in the events come together and share their knowledge of what should not be forgotten. Younger people can search for evidence about individuals and families who perished but whose papers, letters, and photographs have survived in often unexpected places. I also work with a group of researchers in France who are retracing the history of the children in several

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**Letters to the Editor** *Continued from Page 4*

OSE Children's Homes (I was in Chateau Montintin) through the collaborative work of local teachers, retirees, and students using local records in city halls and police stations. All these activities honor the memory of those whom we have lost and keep their names alive.

HANNA PAPANEK  
Lexington, Mass.

[Editor's response: Obviously I never meant to underestimate the uniqueness and significance of personal memories of persecution. It's just that personal records can change one's understanding. Recent rereading of war-time letters from my father in Chile to my mother and me in England gave me a deeper insight into the causes of our seven year separation.]

The article on the play "My Heart In A Suitcase" by Greg Gunning, Playwright and Artistic Director of ArtsPower, on the front page of your last KINDER-LINK prompted me to find out where I could see this play. I made reservations for myself, my husband, and my daughter to see the performance in Boston just one hour from our home. As the article suggested, all KTA members are invited to be their guests and, if willing, possibly speak after the show, or at least be acknowledged from the audience.

My experience was a memorable one which I will never forget. The play moved me deeply and brought back many old memories of a very similar experience. I would encourage all *Kinder* to try and see this play, go on the stage and answer questions from the young audience as I was asked to do. I was surprised at how many little hands went up in the air and how interested the children were in finding out more about my own experience of the Kindertransport and my life in England. As I left the stage, I was bombarded with more questions from the children as well as from some of the adults. One little boy even asked me for my autograph.

DORIT FLOWERS  
Marshfield, Mass.

**"Kindertransport Stories"** *Continued from Page 1*

disciplinary contemporary dance work that includes a combination of dance, storytelling, video montage, and music. The "Kindertransport Stories" performances during the CHUTZ-PAH! Festival was followed by talkback sessions addressed to high school students, their teachers, and community-at-large. *Kinder*, survivors, I myself, and the VHEC sat on the panel.

MARLA EIST  
Choreographer, Performing Dance Artist,  
and Associate Professor of Dance - Simon Fraser University,  
School for the Contemporary Arts, Vancouver, BC, Canada



"Forgiving Dr. Mengele" dramatizes an explosive moral debate: the film chronicles a Holocaust survivor's quest for healing. It opens in New York at the Two Boots Pioneer, 155 East 3rd Street (at Avenue A) on Thursday, May 18th.

**2006 NATIONAL KTA REUNION****NOVEMBER 3-5, 2006**

SHERATON MEADOWLANDS CONFERENCE CENTER  
East Rutherford, N.J.  
12 miles north of Newark Liberty Airport; 8 miles west of N.Y.C.

We are planning a diverse and exciting program with a mix of presentations, workshops and artistic expressions of the Kindertransport experience. We want to meet the needs of *Kinder* and spouses from all regions and we will make a special effort to meet the needs of KT2s and their children.

What would make this an event that you would not want to miss?

If you have any ideas, suggestions or would like to get involved in any aspect of the program, please contact the Program Committee. We look forward to seeing you there.

Anita Weisbord, Committee Chair - 718-229-0204  
Lisa Kollisch, KT2/3 Liaison - 610-660-0236,  
<<Lisa.Kollisch@earthlink.net>

**PLEASE MARK YOUR CALENDAR AND PLAN TO ATTEND****Notices**

In the election for Officer-at-Large held last year, the official tally, not available at presstime for Winter KINDER-LINK, was 153 valid votes cast. Laura Gabriel received 85 votes, Joseph Haberer 68.

The play "My Heart in a Suitcase" (based on the memoir by KTA member Anne L. Fox) as composed and produced by the traveling theatre company ArtsPower will be performed at specific locations in Connecticut, Florida, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, and Virginia during the months of April, May and June 2006. For exact dates and local venues, please consult the KTA website <<http://kindertransport.org>>. *Kinder* are invited to attend any of these performances. Call Gary Blackman at 888-278-7769 for an invitation to the performance of your choice.

With regard to the information on the Hardship Fund as previously supplied by Anne Kelemen in the last issue of KINDER-LINK, please note that the New York contact is Henry Gordin at Hardship Fund Claims Conference, 15 East 26th Street, Rm 906, New York, NY 10010. Phone: 646-536-9100; Fax: 212-679-2126. General inquiries: <[info@claimscon.org](mailto:info@claimscon.org)>.

Year Book 2005 of the Leo Baeck Institute contains a memoir about the Dr. Leonore Goldschmidt Schule (1935-1941) by Gertrud H. Thompson, the founder's daughter. This may be of interest to KTA members who were students there.

Remembrance and Reunion: A Celebration of Life. 18th Annual Child Survivors' Conference from August 25-28 in Detroit, Mich. For more info <[Holocaustchild@comcast.net](mailto:Holocaustchild@comcast.net)>.

## Chapter News

### FLORIDA CHAPTER

Over fifty Florida *Kinder* enjoyed a lovely lunch at Pete's restaurant on Sunday, March 5. The discussion was lively regarding the many things planned for this season as well as the changing by-laws. I explained the by-laws were in the midst of being revised and one of the issues of contention was the word "Jewish." Currently it is not mentioned. The reaction was immediate and volatile. Members want it in so as to make clear that we, as children, were Jewish or we would not have been displaced and/or lost our families and friends.

The *kinder* panels will be displayed at the Florida Atlantic University library for the month of April. The plans have not yet been made regarding the classes that will be viewing the exhibit; however, three events are planned at FAU's Live Oak Pavilion:

April 4th - "Into the Arms of Strangers" movie will be shown attended by high school students and their teachers, followed by three *kinder* stories told by Otto Decker, Herta Drucker, and Anita Hoffer.

April 24th - eacher Training Workshop - with a dialogue between a psychologist and Walter Clifton and Anita Hoffer on the aftereffects of the Kindertransport.

April 25th - *Yom HaShoah* event - short clips will be shown of various *kinder* films followed by Gerty Graber, Rella Adler, and Anita Hoffer telling their stories. Open to the public with refreshments served. *Kinder* will attend the events including John Philips, Ruth Heineman, and Hanna Jawetz.

Paper Clips trip - Rella Adler, Henry Rosenthal, Beatrice Sussman, and Anita Hoffer are planning a trip to Whitwell, Tennessee, the home of "Paper Clips." They will speak to the middle school students at the school, have lunch with the students and teachers, and then view the exhibit. All are looking forward to the trip.

ANITA HOFFER, Florida Chapter Chair

### WASHINGTON, D.C. CHAPTER

The spring gathering of March 26, 2006, previewed a new documentary, "About Face." This film belongs to Alice Masters, a *Kind*, who encouraged the viewing of this not-yet-released video of "Jewish Refugees" who served in both the British and American armies. We learned of the stories they encountered, and especially those of her late husband, Peter Masters.

The Chapter opened the meeting with a moment of silence in memory of *Kind* Renee Achter, who passed away on January 25, 2006, after a long battle with cancer. Renee was regarded as a most gracious, cultured, and elegant lady. She had a wonderful sense of humor and loved the arts. Renee will be missed by all who knew her, and may her memory be as a blessing for all of us who shared her strengths and courage in life.

RALPH MOLLERICK, D.C. Chapter Co-Chair

### NORCAL CHAPTER

Eight KT2s, one young KT3, and one "significant other" met for tea and snacks on the afternoon of March 12, 2006, in Oakland.

We had a great time sharing our experiences. Among other topics we discussed were our Jewish identities and attitudes towards religion, both growing up and in the present and, of

course, how the Kindertransport experience impacted our parents' and our lives. All of us were children of German *Kinder*; we got out an atlas and looked up and showed each other our parents' home towns in Germany. We also talked about getting German citizenship, how much German our parents spoke at home, and how German cultural traits affected our upbringing. We plan to have a KT2 *shabbat* dinner gathering within the next few months. For more information about Northern California KT2 events, contact Robin Smallberg at <Rsmallberg@aol.com>.

TERRY FLETCHER



## A Chapter from the Past

LOOKING THROUGH SOME OLD PAPERS, I came across a diary written in the months after my arrival in England in 1939. In that time of crisis, there were hundreds, if not thousands, of teenagers just a bit too old to be accepted for a Kindertransport. Through ads placed in English newspapers, many of us found "sponsors" who would "take us in," usually in exchange for housework, child care and cooking duties.

There were no "Unions," no rules nor regulations on how such arrangements would work. The hours were long, often from early morning to late at night, especially when the care of babies or small children was added to all the other work.

My diary reports: "I rise at 7:00 A.M. and dress quickly, then rush into the kitchen to prepare the tray with hot water for Mrs. Dee. Then I lay the breakfast table and begin my work in the parlor. I dust and polish the furniture, polish the linoleum floor and clean the carpets. At around 8:30 the breakfast, cooked by Mrs. Dee, is ready. I usually have a cup of tea with 2 or 3 small pieces of bread with butter and marmalade. Then I walk Rosemary to school. On returning, I clean the dining room, wash up the breakfast dishes, and then start on the cleaning of the upstairs rooms, the stairs and the hallway. I then rush from the house to pick up Rosemary at school. After lunch, I wash the dishes, then . . ."

After the day's work was done, there was always a basket filled with stockings to be darned and clothes to be mended. Often we did not get enough sleep. There were no set hours or days off. Without Kindertransport officials to speak for us and being neither old nor mature enough to speak for ourselves, we just swam along with the tide. Just as it was for the *Kinder*, our homesickness and longing for the parents we would never see again was intense.

What's more, we worked without pay, and only for food and a bed to sleep in. Being totally without money was difficult. An entry in my diary shows that my black shoes from Vienna were wearing out and that I had no money to have them resoled.

Well, somehow those times passed. We grew up and things changed. And we survived and went on to lead our lives and have families of our own. Yet, as we age, the distant past seems closer than ever!!!

FRANZISKA NUNNALLY  
Richmond, Va.



"*The Heart Has Reasons: Holocaust Rescuers and Their Stories of Courage*" by Mark Klempner (Pilgrim Press, April 2006, \$24.00). The author juxtaposes his own personal search for meaning with the tales of Dutch citizens who risked their lives to save Jewish children during World War II. The result is a book that explores the very essence of moral existence.





## Searches

My name is Judy Goldstein and I live at 21 Clareville Crescent, Toronto M2J 2B9. Recently I was in contact with a **Jacob Rosen** of Jerusalem.

He is looking for his cousin, **Kurt Max Koenigsbuch** (born 1929) who was on the Kindertransport with his brother **Rolf Simon Koenigsbuch** (born 1931). Apparently Kurt Max changed his name to **Max Harper** and, since Harper is such a common name, I reasoned that going through the phone book would be too onerous a task.

Can you advise me how to go about looking for these two men? Thank you for any help you can give us. You could respond to me or to Jacob Rosen at <abuwasta@yahoo.com>.

Bunce Court School - my mother, **Josephine Wilson** (maiden name), went to this school. Anyone with information on **Ruth Weingarten, David Muller, Claus Eilemberg, Gunter and Martin Heinz (twins), and Frank Arbach**, please write to <corrithellwall@hotmail.com>.

**Ilse Woolf** went to Jewish school in Stettin with my grandmother **Ruth Isaac**. Ilse left on Kindertransport to Holland, my grandmother and twin to London. What became of Ilse? Information, E-mail: <Devorahsam@aol.com>.

**Hilda Seftor** would like to get in touch with any of the children from **Dovercourt Camp** in 1938 who were transferred to **Whittinghame Farm School** outside Edinburgh. They were mainly teenagers, and there were approx. 165 there. Her parents were mainly instrumental in setting up this school, and she would so appreciate it if she could put in touch with any organization and/or individuals that might help her. E-mail <hseftor@cox.net>.

**Martin D. Lewis** would like to hear from *Kinder* who knew him when? Mail: 343 Pioneer Dr., Unit 1502E, Glendale, CA 91203; Phone: 818-548-9242.

## A Painful Memory Revived

**M**Y FAMILY AND I LIVED IN BRESLAU, GERMANY. When it became apparent that we would no longer be able to stay in Germany, my parents contacted our relatives in the U.S.A. for affidavits. As my father was under the Polish quota it would have been a long wait. My parents were more hopeful of obtaining a permit to emigrate to Australia. Sir John Monash, a very popular general in the Australian army during WWI, was a first cousin of my grandmother's. He had died in 1931. My mother wrote to his daughter and her husband in the hope that they might have some influence with the Australian government in obtaining a permit. This was never to be.

Now some 65 years later I am in touch with an archivist at Monash University in Melbourne, Australia. She has an avid interest in the general's life and his extended family, and is planning a library for his papers, letters, our family tree, etc. Rummaging through some papers at the Australian National

Library in Canberra, she came across a photo of my mother as a teenager. It had been given to the general when he, with his wife and daughter, had visited my grandparents in Breslau in 1912. After finding eight letters my mother and father wrote to the general's daughter, the archivist mailed copies of them to me. Reading these letters so many years later was interesting, but also sad and disturbing. I still remember my mother writing some of these letters in English, a language that I then did not understand. The first letter was dated July 1938. With each succeeding letter they became more desperate. The relatives had agreed to sponsor us, but it was necessary to obtain a permit from the Australian government. When my parents finally came to realize that they were getting the runaround, they sent me to England via the Kindertransport. The last letter was dated August 1939. It was written by my father, saying "We are obliged to leave Germany, but we have nowhere to go. Benno has been sent to England; so now there are just the two of us. Please ask Canberra to expedite the permit." Apparently governments work very slowly as the permit was not issued in time. Both my parents perished in the Holocaust.

BENNO BLACK  
Minneapolis, Minn.



## Remembering Sophie Friedlaender

Sophie Friedlaender died in her home in London on February 20, 2006. She was 101 years old. A creative teacher, who taught at the *Landschulheim Kaputh* and at the *Hoehere Schule der Juedischen Gemeinde* in Berlin. Sophie emigrated to England in 1938. In recent years the German progressive education movement became very interested in her work and published some of it. In England, Sophie received Kindertransport children at camps such as Dovercourt and subsequently, with her friend Hilde Jarecki, was in charge of hostels for refugee girls in Birmingham and Reading. She then taught Geography and History at an English girls' school. All her life Sophie kept in contact with the many young people she had taught and cared for. Up to the time of her death, they visited her regularly. In the last fifteen years, I visited her every year. I loved her dearly.

ILSE JACOBSON HENRY  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I lived at St. Mary's Vicarage Hostel in Birmingham for two years under Sophie's and Hilde's supervision, and grew up under their tutelage. They encouraged me to get my brother out of foster care and into Bunce Court School in Shropshire. I saw them last in London during the 1999 KTA Reunion, living in a small apartment. They loved visitors.

LUCIE BENEDIKT  
New York, N.Y.



## Herta Souhami *Continued from Page 3*

Souhami herself managed to accompany 150 children in June 1939 and remained in England.

No doubt she is no longer living. The book states that she visited her former associate, Käte Roisenheim, in California in 1967, the same year the interview was conducted by Rivka Bannit for the Oral History Department of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Anne L. Fox  
Philadelphia, Pa.

GENERATIONS COLUMN

An Open Letter to Steven Spielberg

Dear Mr. Spielberg:

Like so many devoted movie goers, we have enjoyed your creative work from Jaws on, and in classics like ET, Close Encounters of the Third Kind and Jurassic Park you have presented works of such vivid imagination that they seem a new reality. Like so many members of the extended Holocaust Survivor community, however, this melding of reality and movie-making can be troublesome – if not truly irresponsible – when dealing with historical fact.

To the millions of viewers who knew nothing of the horrors of the Holocaust, your film of Schindler's List was perceived as a work of history rather than a work of art. Now in Munich, based on an event in which innocent Israeli athletes were slaughtered, you again present a work of art in such a way as to be confused with historical fact. For an artist of your stature and influence to present the perpetrators of this slaughter in such a sympathetic light is to do a disservice to those who were killed, to those who struggle even now to protect Israel's survival, to Jews everywhere; and – perhaps most importantly – to your audience.

The world closed its eyes to Kristallnacht, and such indifference emboldened the Nazis to go forward with the Final Solution. We say "Never Again."

The Allies stood by as the freight cars sped their cargo to the death camps along unbombed railroad tracks. We say "Never Again."

Israeli athletes were slaughtered in Munich. The only response was not to turn the other cheek. It is shout loudly, "Never Again."

The Iranian President now calls for the extermination of Israel. We repeat once more: "Never Again." Silence will only be viewed as weakness.

Mr. Spielberg, you are a great artist, and your creation of the Shoah Foundation is a unique contribution to the memory of mankind. Through the Foundation, survivors have recorded their memories and thoughts for generations to follow. I implore you to use your creative powers to ensure the survival of the Children of Israel, and not to fan the fire of hate and intolerance that exists for our people.

Sincerely yours, MICHAEL D. LISSNER, ESQ. New York, N.Y.

Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, editor, 501 East 79th Street, Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021, or e-mail to <kinderlink2005@nyc.rr.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

Visit the KTA Website: http://kindertransport.org

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Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at <http://www.kindertransport.org>
Kinder: To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <ktdiscussion-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>
K12: to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <ktgenerations-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>
(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

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# KINDER KTA LINK



KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Summer 2006

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## Whittingehame Farm School: A Memoir

**I**N 1939 LORD TRAPRAIN OFFERED HIS HOME and estate in Whittingehame, East Lothian, Scotland, for use as a training centre for girls and boys who had escaped from Hitler's Germany. Lord Traprain, Robert Arthur Lytton Balfour,

Viscount Traprain, came from a distinguished line of aristocrats and government leaders dating back to the times of Queen Elizabeth I. His uncle, Arthur James Balfour, had been Prime Minister of Great Britain and had authored the Balfour Declaration which expressed British approval for a Jewish homeland in Palestine, then under British Mandate granted by the League of Nations. A. J. Balfour was prompted in this by Chaim Weitzman, whose research into acetone and its use in explosives had greatly advanced Britain's arms capabilities in World War I. A. J. Balfour was created an earl in 1922 and became Earl Balfour of Whittingehame and Viscount Traprain, both titles taken from locations on his estate in Scotland. On his death his estates and titles went to his brother, whose son became Viscount Traprain, and it was he who offered his ancestral home as a haven for refugee children.

The offer was made to the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation, a small Orthodox Jewish community. A Board of Governors was formed to administer Whittingehame Farm School, which would be run like a *kibbutz* in Palestine. Fundraising was actively pursued throughout the Jewish communities in Britain, and the mansion was readied for occupancy by about one hundred and sixty boys and girls and a staff of ten or twelve. The children were to be between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. In addition to a state approved curriculum, including Hebrew, the students would be trained in farming, horticulture and poultry keeping. The agricultural side of their education was under the supervision of Mr. Malcolm, Lord Traprain's factor (bailiff), and other estate employees. The kitchens were to be kosher and *Shabbat* and Jewish holidays were to be observed.

The staff at the school included Mr. Maxwell (Scottish) the Headmaster, later to be followed by Bernard Cherrick (a Jewish clergyman), Miss Laquer (German) the Matron, Mr.

Drew (English) English teacher, Mr. Gilboa from Palestine taught Hebrew, Miss Strauss (German) the cook, and Miss Mundy (English) the school secretary. Mr. Maxwell delighted the students when he wore Highland dress, and Mr. Gilboa,

who had worked with the Ohel Company in Palestine, had interesting stories to tell about his experiences on the stage.

Many important people either served as governors of the school or otherwise gave their support. The Traprains were tireless workers for the school; Lady Traprain, or Lady Jean as she was called, was often to be found helping in the kitchen, or working in the garden, usually wearing a sun bonnet. A House Committee, chaired by my mother, Mrs. L. J. Cohen (Ettie), herself a Governor of the school,



and a member of the Scottish National Council for Refugees, supervised all domestic concerns and dealt with problems. She was especially instrumental in seeing to the personal needs of the young people. But Miss Laquer, the Matron, ran things smoothly, and with great expertise. Vera Weitzman, the wife of Chaim Weitzman, was an active fund raiser. I often accompanied my father, L. J. Cohen, to the school. He was a Governor of Whittingehame Farm School, and the school treasurer

By September 1939 Britain was at war, and all the children, plus some staff members, became enemy aliens. In the early 1940s, all the boys at the school over the age of sixteen were interned and sent to a camp in England.

Strict blackout and air raid precautions came into force. Red Cross classes were held, and squads were trained as stretcher bearers and first aid specialists. I remember being there one night, filling in for Matron who was away for a short vacation. A band from the R.A.F. station came to entertain the children, and soon after they left, an air raid alert was sounded, and we could hear enemy planes. Then we heard anti-aircraft fire and an explosion. A bomb had landed on the base causing casualties. Flowers were sent from the school, and all mourned the loss of friends.

*Continued on Page 3*

## Seafield, 1940

**D** ID I ALMOST BECOME BRITISH during those wartime years in England from the age of 10 and 17? Recently a few words over the telephone made me realize that I have always been part of the same odd place, German Jewish "refugeeland," wherever it might be. True, my mother, when she came to visit me at the Muirheads, my foster family, or at boarding school, and then only after having obtained the appropriate "friendly enemy alien" travel permit, would ask me to add a few lines to her letter to my father. But I wrote what she told me to write in English. I felt little connection to the letter or my father so far away. At boarding school, I barely skimmed through the long weekly letter, full of advice, that my mother wrote me, and put aside, sometimes lost, the letters in now incomprehensible German from my father in Chile. My parents, the past seemed to have no relevance to my new "English" life.

On the telephone the other day with Michael Lissner, an attorney and KT2 member, I asked him where in the UK his late father, a *Kind*, had lived.

"Chislehurst," he said in a way that made me feel I should never have heard of the place.

"Chislehurst," I echoed. "but that's where my mother once helped to run a hostel."

A few days later Michael called to tell me that Leo Lambek, his father's only surviving friend, did indeed remember my mother at Seafield, the name of the Chislehurst hostel. To me, it all brought back memories of the spring and summer of 1940.

Because I was a girl even if only eleven years old, it was felt proper that I not sleep at the hostel during my allotted stay. So for that week, I lived with one of the Hostel Committee members – an elegant lady in a large house, who dressed for dinner and whose cocker spaniel became my play mate. But I also remember meeting the boys at meal time. I still see their faces, hear their voices.

By the summer holidays, most of them had been interned as had the head of the hostel. Only my mother and a younger boy, Hans Stefan, were left. He taught me to ride my bicycle on the Chislehurst Common. Later on we cycled to Camden Place, the stately mansion where Napoleon III had spent his exile, and in the evening we watched people from London stream into the Chislehurst Caves for a night without bombs.

Several of the internees perished when their boat was torpedoed on the way to Australia. I well remember one of those boys. His name was Fritz Weidenbaum. When I

heard of his drowning and remembered how he had tried to entertain me in the living room at Seafield, it struck me as nightmarish – inconceivable. So I dedicate this – my final – essay as Editor of KINDER-LINK to those boys. Had they lived, they might have become part of today's resurrected Kindertransport Movement.

IRENE K. SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.



## To the Future Editor(s)

Before I bow out as editor of KINDER-LINK, I would like to express how meaningful this experience has been for me. In contrast to my former 9 to 5 working life, I was finally able to choose my own time-schedule for work that I really enjoyed and for which I felt qualified. Of course it would barely have been possible without the help of Martin Weinberger, so-called "production manager" but really much more. His technical expertise was invaluable to a mechanical moron such as I am. His encouragement and advice were always helpful. KTA President Kurt Goldberger was ever generous in giving me a free hand. He let me turn KINDER-LINK into my own version of "The New Yorker" – literary, full of reminiscences, strong on irony, eschewing excess pathos – or perhaps, more aptly, into my own version of *Aufbau* in that every word echoed an awareness of our past history and of our sense of obligation to justify our survival through our own lives and work. Even if some slight differences in personal philosophy may eventually have emerged, it has continued to be an enriching experience for me up to the very end. Now emboldened by this, I want to return to my own writing before it is too late.

My best wishes go to the new editorial team. I will stand ready to help them in any way they may want. It's time to thank the KINDER-LINK readership for the helpfulness and courtesy shown me. I would just hate to lose touch with it all, and above all with the real friends I have made along the way.

IRENE KATZENSTEIN SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.



## Rage

I rage against the brutal genocides,  
Of man's inhumanity to man.

I rage against deniers of the Holocaust,  
The revisionists of our history.

I rage against life's great injustices,  
The bloated rich, the starving poor.

I rage against young soldiers' deaths,  
In wars begun by blundering old men.

I rage against the righteous sermonizing,  
Of zealots who proclaim their only truth.

I rage against the willful devastation,  
The violation of our sacred mother earth.

I rage against my utter impotence,  
My futile railings blowing in the wind.

But most of all I rage against our fleeting stay,  
In our imperfect, yet so glorious world.

STEFANIE RUSKIN

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## Florida KTA Chapter Visits Whitwell Middle School

AT A NOVEMBER BOARD MEETING of the Florida Chapter, Peter Reiche suggested we get a group to visit the Whitwell, Tenn., Middle School, the home of the movie "Paper Clips," and tell our *kinder* story to the current students. The suggestion was met with enthusiasm.

I called Mrs. Hooper, the principal, who was extremely cordial; made the date of March 27, 2006. She suggested one person speak to the school at an assembly, then break up into classes, where the smaller groups can hear the other *kinder* speak and follow up with questions. She told me we should fly into Atlanta and then rent a car for a two hour ride, stay overnight in the Holiday Express in Kimball, Tenn.. From Kimball the trip to the school was only twenty minutes. She also gave me two caveats: the first was that the Monday we were coming was the first day of school after spring break, so the students might be restless; the second, that they have many sudden snow storms and the school may be closed. Great!



Anita Hoffer speaking to a Whitwell School class.

Sadly, the original enthusiasm did not result in reservations and, after I had wrangled a great rate for six rooms in Kimball, the group became Rella Adler and myself. I picked up Rella at the Atlanta airport, along with my daughter Andrea (she took the day off from work to join us on this trip). Our two hour trip ended up taking 3-1/2 hours due to traffic. The week's big event in Kimball was a Corn Festival, to give you an idea of the lay of the land.

We arrived at the school and were greeted by Mrs. Hooper and a few other teachers. We recognized them from the movie. I had been informed the assembly was not to be, but the students in two classrooms were awaiting our arrival. The students were all Caucasian, with the exception of two Afro-Americans. They listened attentively and asked good questions. We were told that there is a group of students that are specializing in the Holocaust; they seemed the most interested in asking questions and they act as docents to the exhibit. Two of these students took us to the railroad car and memorial, which were located beside the school.

The railroad car, as you may remember, was one of the actual cars used to transport the Jews to the camps. The car was donated by the German government, but the expense of shipping was born by two German citizens. One side of the car was filled with 11 million paper clips. They were including all Holocaust victims, not only the Jews. The other side was mementos. The outside area was decorated with butterflies made of mosaics and wire. Beside the railroad car was a memorial, also filled with another 11 million clips! What struck

us was that the area is open 24/7; anyone can enter at anytime without being seen and in the five years the exhibit is open there has been no vandalism in this all white, Protestant (or Catholic) town.

The school library walls were decorated with pictures of notables from around the world who had dedicated the pictures and sent paper clips. They had received over 30,000 letters, each one had been carefully ensconced in a notebook. We were told all but about 100 were complimentary; the other 100 were hate mail. One said "Here's your paper clips," turning it over, the clips had been formed into swastikas!

We left feeling proud that a school in this area away from immigrants, legal or not, having no connection to anyone outside of their immediate undiversified world would take the trouble to make and keep up this wonderful exhibit, and hope that these students carry this story with them for life.

ANITA HOFFER  
Boca Raton, Fla.



## Whittinghame Farm School (Continued from Page 1)

At the end of World War II, most of the children at Whittinghame were either able to join families or friends, or were settled in Israel. The remaining children were moved to a smaller facility in Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, and stayed there till a permanent home for them was found. For the record, Whittinghame House later became a Borstal – a boys' reformatory.

FAY COHEN STEIN  
Cincinnati, Ohio



## Chapter News

### FLORIDA CHAPTER

Anita Hoffer, Florida Chapter Chair, is planning for a regional chapter head meeting to exchange ideas.

### WASHINGTON, D.C. CHAPTER

A meeting was held on Sunday, June 25, at noon, at the Homecrest House in Silver Spring, Md. It was a "Spouses" meeting at which they told their stories. KT2s expressed their thoughts on how differences in their parents' stories – even if both were former refugees – affected how they were brought up as their children.

RALPH MOLLERICK, D.C. Chapter Co-Chair

### NEW ENGLAND CHAPTER

A KT or KT2 volunteer is sought as chapter co-ordinator now that Peter Wegner has resigned. The New England region could be split up into a "Boston area" and a "Hartford area" if this is felt to be more manageable and provided that there is enough interest in the membership for keeping this important KTA chapter going.

### PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER

Anne L. Fox reports members' participation in the Symposium sponsored by the Jewish Federation and the Diocese of Philadelphia and at the Mercer Museum in nearby Doylestown where children reenacted the Kindertransport in dance.



**Letters to the Editor**

I am enclosing a poem by my brother's granddaughter, Laura Halupowski, when she was twelve years old. It was written as a tribute to American veterans of World War II and to commemorate Veteran's Day. The poem [see Generations Column at right] is about her grandfather and my brother Rolf Decker, who, together with me, left Germany on the Kindertransport from Frankfurt A/M in March 1939.

The feeling and insight with which she imbues the words of the poem, and her understanding of what happened to us and our parents are truly amazing for a 12-year-old, living in New Hampshire. As long as we have children like Laura (third generation) to transmit the message of the Holocaust and Kindertransport, we can be confident that these experiences will not be forgotten.

Thank you for keeping us old *Kinder* so well informed on subjects of great interest to us all.

OTTO DECKER  
Boca Raton, Fla.

Thank you for again letting me be a voice in KINDER-LINK. I am not technically a *Kind*. My older brother Poldi worked so hard to get me on a Kindertransport, but I was just a few months over the age limit.

Poor Poldi! Very soon after the war I learned about my parents' fate: mother deported to Minsk and shot on arrival; father died just a few days before his deportation. But Poldi?

During the next sixty years or so, I wrote numerous letters to archives and search committees. His last letter was dated November 10, 1940, and came from St. Cyprien, a refugee camp at the foot of the Pyrenees.

Over the next several decades, bits and pieces about Poldi drifted in. He had been spotted at Auschwitz. Later I learned from the archives in Vienna that Poldi had been on Transport Nr. 70 from Drancy to Auschwitz. There were 609 men, 416 women, and 109 children on it. Only 152 survived. The Germans were good record keepers.

My daughter Heidi has recently found a plethora of information on the Internet. Mauthausen/Gusen, Mittelbau-Dora, Flossenberg/Groeditz - Poldi passed through all of these camps. His name and prisoner number are listed there. Heidi is continuing her search in every possible way.

I understand that you will be retiring from KINDER-LINK to pursue other interests. I am truly sorry to see you go.

FRANZISKA (FRANZI) NUNNALLY  
Richmond, Va.

The November 2006 National Conference is fast approaching. The planning committees in the past certainly have done a fabulous job in bringing interesting programs to the meetings. The food has always been enjoyable, and those with dietary needs have had their requests met.

*Continued on Page 5*

**GENERATIONS COLUMN**

**I Am Here**

Only little boys  
Living in Germany,  
Only little Jews,  
Living in a world of hate.  
No more school,  
No more walking down the street . . .  
Without getting beat.

Rocks were thrown  
Pelting Jewish skin,  
Guns were fired  
Breaking Jewish hearts.

They did not have Christian skin or  
Hearts,  
So they were penalized.  
Jews were being sent away,  
The little brothers couldn't stay.  
So Mom and Dad sent them off  
Only little boys as they said goodbye,  
Young men as they met again.

Oh how you have grown,  
It has been so many years,  
Their mother says,  
Her eyes filling with tears.  
Many, many years they spent away in a  
Strange place,  
With luckily a friendly face.  
Mom had been in a place of terror,  
A concentration camp,  
A place of hate . . .  
A large one.  
Then the Nazis were defeated.

And here this woman stands,  
Looking at her children,  
That are now strangers.  
She wouldn't speak a word  
Of what was done to her.  
So many terrible things,  
Jews were considered animals,  
It is so unfair; it makes me want to  
Scream.

From that day,  
They each lived a wonderful life,  
Each a wife and children,  
A thriving soccer career.  
But that memory still rose in their  
heads,  
And still does today.

I hear stories,  
I feel pain, I feel pain in my  
JewishHeart  
Only my grandfather,  
Only my uncle,  
Now elderly men,  
They are strong Jews,  
Who have lived to tell the tale,  
Of unfortunate events.  
When the US forces and many  
others  
Defeated the Nazis  
They saved my great grand-  
mother,  
And thousand of others  
From being killed because they  
were  
Different.

I am so thankful  
I am a free Jew.  
There are no rocks pelting my  
skin,  
No bombs shattering my life.  
Like millions of other people.  
Blacks, Whites, Muslims, Chris-  
tians and More . . .  
I am free to light nine candles,  
I get presents eight nights in a  
row,  
I am Jewish.  
We are different . . .  
But the same.  
Thank you, veterans, I am here  
Because of you.

LAURA HALUPOWSKI  
Intervale, N.H.

**Submissions for the Fall issue** of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Irene Schmied, 501 E. 79th St., Apt. 2G, New York, NY 10021, or e-mail to <kinderlink2005@nyc.rr.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

**Nominations of Officers.** A request has been mailed to members for nominations of officers to be elected at the 2006 Reunion. Please note that nominations must be post-marked no later than September 1st.



## Searches

Louisa Kleiman is looking for information on children who were sent to Parranporth, England. Her e-mail address is <lureg4@yahoo.com>.

I would like to hear from anyone who left Prague on May 27, 1939. All I remember is that it was the last time I saw my mother. Born in Vienna, I left from Prague, almost accidentally I joined my father in England, but was sent to Mansfield College in Hove almost immediately as he had to work. Spending six years in Pentrefoelas, North Wales, the entire school was evacuated there. Is there anyone else still out there who remembers any of these years? Before emigrating to the U.S. in 1949, I attended St. Martin's School of Art.

SUSI (DEUTSCH) VAN DYNE  
PO Box 277, Harkers Island, NC 28531



## Letters to the Editor *Continued from Page 4*

If it is agreed, that for the most part, the Conference has lived up to expectations, then what else is there that could be missing? For one thing, I miss time for *schmoozing* with other *Kinder*. Getting to know what brings us together helps in understanding what a special group of people we are. And once in a while we discover that our paths crossed in those early years while living in England. Perhaps, a two-hour time period scheduled for this purpose may satisfy those desires.

Secondly, there are chapters with a variety of experiences that bring vitality to the group. A workshop is needed that can explore ideas on motivation, programs, and skills in developing leadership among our chapters. The single most important task our conference can bring to the table is how we as an organization can maintain vitality in an ever-aging membership.

Thirdly, the Conference is a time to focus on the future. There is concern that continuity cannot be presumed and that some time needs to be set aside for exploring ways to smooth paths that establish the plan. Our younger generation, KT2 and KT3, should receive greater visibility to exercise a role at our conferences.

I proposed at our DC Chapter, that the KT2s should consider developing a cookbook of survivor recipes along with a short story of the survivor. Then, whenever the recipe is used, the host has the story to read at the table about the survivor. This project could be considered at the National level to where plans could culminate in a book, and with profits going to a worthy cause. It may be a great way to give our younger generation a worthwhile project and at the same time look to the future in influencing their participation in a productive way.

RALPH W. MOLLERICK  
Eldersburg, Md.

In writing my memoirs, I have come across a puzzling discrepancy. According to my traveling papers I left Vienna on

the Kindertransport on July 11, 1939. According to the "Schedule of *Kinder* leaving Vienna, Austria 12/38-8/39" the number of children traveling on my train on that date was listed as 102. The number tag I wore and also as shown on my traveling documents was #113. Is there a *Kind* who could explain that discrepancy? Were there more children on that train than the documents indicated?

The Schedule shows as follows for July 1939: July 4 - 102 *Kinder*; July 11 (my train) - 102; July 16 - 38; July 25 - 49 for a total of 291 *Kinder*.

I would appreciate a factual explanation for this discrepancy that some member of our organization may have.

My memoirs are about being sent to England as a 12-year-old *Kind*. At age 15 I was able to rejoin my parents in Quito, Ecuador. I was one of seven *Kinder* traveling to various parts of South America. The trip entailed a voyage on the "Dunster Grange," a merchant vessel of Scottish registry, which joined a wartime naval convoy to Argentina. From Buenos Aires we traveled by train to Mendoza (that was as far as the train was completed in those days) and from there on to Valparaiso where I had to wait for a boat to Guayule. My father met me in Guayule and we finally reached my mother and sister in Quito by Autocarril, a bus on rails. The trip took 49 days. Quite an experience!

Please contact me at 733 Marina Point Dr., Daytona Beach, FL 32114. E-mail <yankeedoodle@mpinet.net> or phone 386-252-2308.

RENATA F. BRADLEY, nee Wolf

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



## Notices

To all *Kinder*, their Children and Grandchildren:

The KTA is a small but far-flung organization. We, the original *Kinder*, are getting on in years, and our ranks are thinning.

To keep the organization vibrant, and the story of the Kindertransports alive, we need an active and committed Second and Third Generation to carry on, share their ideas and stay involved.

Won't you please send us the names and addresses of your children and grandchildren so that we may contact them directly and invite them to join us, and share in making the KTA's future a meaningful one.

MELISSA HACKER, Vice-President, Second Generation  
KURT GOLDBERGER, President, KTA

## Sister Rose Thering, Nun Dedicated to Bridging Gap with Judaism Dies at 85.

Under the above heading, the New York Times of May 8, 2006, announced the death of "Sister Rose," who had battled anti-Semitism within the Catholic Church and contributed to the historic Vatican declaration of 1961 that Jews were not collectively responsible for the death of Jesus.

She was a professor at Seton Hall University, where she founded the Institute of Judeo-Christian Studies.

## "My Heart in a Suitcase" at Symphony Space

ON MAY 10, 2006, AT 10:30 A.M., Gertrude Marker and I went to see the play "My Heart in a Suitcase," based on the same-named fascinating book by KTA *Kind Anne* L. Fox. It played at the Symphony Theater on Broadway and 95th Street in Manhattan; KTA members were invited for free.

I have Anne's book at home and quickly reread it with great pleasure. I was curious how a playwright would approach these memoirs.

When we got to the auditorium we were overwhelmed by the noise of nearly 500 children from public schools, ages 8-12. We couldn't hear our own voices and I was tempted to turn around and go home. But then a few other KTA members arrived including Peter Kollisch.

The playwright and Artistic Director of ArtsPower, Greg Gunning, used the first part of the book, dealing with family life in Berlin. How the Jewish families suffered under the incredible and devastating anti-Semitic laws of the Third Reich. This is a family of three: the father, mother and daughter, and also the daughter's best friend who lived in the same building.

As the play developed, the noise of 500 voices diminished, and suddenly it was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. The children were totally involved in the family drama that developed on stage before their eyes. The struggle of the father, who had lost his arm in WWI, and who was a bitter and unhappy man, trying to stay in control of his family, seemed to hit home with the audience.

Two scenes were particularly well-chosen to show the atmosphere of fear, resentment, and humiliation created by the Nazis.

With only the prop of a bench, the play created this atmosphere. Every Sunday, the father demanded of his reluctant daughter to go for a walk with him in the park and then sit down on the bench for a while. Suddenly the sign of "*Juden Verboten*" appeared. The father defiantly sat down, his daughter overcome with fear. The gentle mother had to cope with this stern husband and to try – in vain – to convince him that they must leave.

The young audience seemed to understand the family drama. It was astonishing to me how they were so totally absorbed and sympathized with what was happening.

The scene where the daughter's girlfriend comes running to her Jewish friend to proudly show her the new BDM Nazi outfit she was wearing with the Swastika on her arm was well done. It moved all of us. It showed the corruption of faith and friendship that apparently even our young audience understood. Again you could feel the interest and sympathy of those young school children. When the daughter leaves on the *Kindertransport*, even we KTA children had moist eyes.

After the play, we *Kinder* had to stand up and say hello to the audience. Then Peter Kollisch was called to the stage and held forth about some of his experiences. There was time for one or two questions by the children even though many hands went up.

It is certainly worthwhile to see this charming, moving and well-acted one-act play not only for children but also adults.

LISA KLEIN  
New York, N.Y.

## I Remember . . .

SITTING COMFORTABLY IN AN EASY CHAIR in the lobby of a Hilton Hotel awaiting the arrival of a prospective employer, I became fascinated by a painting of a seascape hanging on the wall. A ship was perched on the apex of a mountainous wave, the stern projecting into the air ready to plunge into the deep vale of the seemingly bottomless ocean. The present receded and the past came into focus of my inner eye. Once more I was in the deckhouse of the *Clarksburg Victory* filled with awe and terror as our heavily laden freighter was lifted high into space only to be shattered into the trough of the constantly moving mountains. The view alternated between breathtaking distance and frightening closeness. The changing panorama was augmented, and reality intensified by the sounds of the thundering waves crashing against the hull, and by the moaning and creaking of the rivets and beams straining to preserve the ten thousand ton toy of nature.

Neither the crew nor the thirteen passengers dared to mention it, but it obviously was in everyone's mind: "Will we make it?" We were more than half way across the Atlantic on our way to the United States. If our ship reached its destination, Camden, N.J., we should have finally arrived in the country about which I had been dreaming for more than a decade. My emotions of happiness and fright, of confidence and of doubt, were chasing each other kaleidoscopically. The future looked strange. It appeared to me like a pea soup fog with a huge question mark reaching from the sky to the ground. I was 23 years old. Of course I had read a great deal about my new country, but America is immense and I knew not where I was going to live or what I was going to do. I had no trade and had experience in little more than a few lucky breaks. If luck would stay with me, there would be nothing to be concerned about, but . . . another breaker flooded the decks and I was thrown to the other side of the room.

Gradually the high pitched note of the wind whipping the superstructure became lower; the intervals between walls of water pounding the steamer lengthened, signs that the fury of the storm had abated. Slowly the vertical distances shortened until it was almost comfortable to walk around.

Someone switched on the radio on the medium wave length. An advertisement for Super Suds greeted us. The static had finally given way to actual broadcasts from the mainland, indicating that we were about sixty miles from the North American Continent. My private fog began to lift. I had established the very first direct link with my new homeland. A day later at noontime a faint dark line showed itself at the far end of the visual field. As we churned towards it, the line separating the sky from the ocean thickened, became irregular and eventually the colors of vegetation and the silhouette of the coastline emerged. That evening we docked on terra firma after a month at sea is a strange sensation. The earth under one's feet seems to be rolling in spite of the realization that it cannot be. Yet, I had no time to be concerned about this phenomenon. I was ready and eager to experience the adventures which were awaiting, me still hidden in the mist.

"Paging Henry Kahn," blared the public address system. At once I was fully aware of my surroundings: the painting, the lobby, the people. Another fateful hour had arrived; another fog was ready to be lifted.

HENRY H. KAHN  
Bethesda, Md.





## Book Reviews

***And Then There Were Four: Berlin Memories - 1930s and Beyond*** by Ellen Stein, Marcelle Robinson, Daisy Roessler and Lisa Klein (Xlibris Corporation, 2006).

A poignant evocative memoir by four women, now in their 80s, who lived in Nazi Berlin in the turbulent 1930s, this narrative centers on four "little girls" – surviving and remembering.

Now they decided to share and write separate accounts of their experiences and to tell how each of their families coped with the devastating anti-Semitic laws and threat of extermination.

Their individual stories take the reader from Berlin to England, to the USA, to the Dominican Republic and Israel. They show how their parents struggled to get them to a safe haven, and how each of the four of the narrators adjusted to strange lands, strange languages and new ways of life. Three of them went to school together in Berlin; two were together on one of the Kindertransports, and two met in London during the war. Their friendships still endure!

The book can be ordered by e-mail <Orders@Xlibris.com>; by fax 610-915-0294; by mail: XlibrisCorp., International Plaza II, Suite 340, Philadelphia, PA 19113 or by phone: 1-888-795-4274, ext. 479. It is also listed with Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Borders.

●

***The Greatest Invention of the Leitz Family: The Leica Freedom Train.*** by Frank Dabba Smith, a California-born rabbi, currently living in England.

The story of the secret 1937-38 Leitz anti-Nazi underground railroad tells of relocating Jewish and anti-Nazi non-Jews out of Germany to foreign lands which were not accepting additional refugees after official quotas had been filled and closed. The success of this deception, namely of moving as many as 20-30 refugees at a time, was withheld for years at the family's request. As late as 1963, the family feared anti-Leica reaction by remaining Nazi sympathizers both in Germany and abroad. Their heroism was finally revealed (as promised) after the death in the 1980s of the last of the Leitz team members who had spearheaded the deception. The story is now being made into a film.

The book can be obtained for US\$5.00 from the American Photographic Historical Society, 1150 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10034. (From information submitted by Bertel Hertz, Valley Stream, N.Y.)



### ***Kinder Family Recipe Cookbook***

Ralph Mollerick of Washington, D.C., suggests that we put together a cookbook of family recipes. This is a wonderful way to honor our families. Please gather your family recipes and stories and either bring them to the November 3-5 Reunion and/or mail to Tamara Meyer, 11725 Devilwood Dr., Potomac, MD 20854 or e-mail <TamaraMeyer@aol.com>.

### **Kindertransport: Lisbon-New York 1943**

THERE ARE MANY STORIES. Some seem similar, even overlapping, but they are all different. These stories live within our inner landscape and as time goes on and as our perceptions change, so can they. Yet there remains a kernel – a part of me – which shapes the person I am, even if I am no longer the child who wore the yellow Star of David, the one that my mother sewed on the upper corner of my navy blue coat when I was seven years old.

In 1941 in the Bavarian city of Bayreuth, where my mother and I were born, I still walked the streets alone. I did not understand when one of the three local women stared at my yellow star and said loudly, "I didn't know she was one of those, too." One of those? One of who? I knew then that I was different and that knowing has always been with me. I no longer wear a yellow star on my blue coat but one of a different sort. Soon after I meet anyone new, I need to let them know that I am a Jew.

In September of 1941 in the middle of the night I left Bayreuth with my parents for Berlin and, according to what my mother later told me, the train from there across the Pyrenees was legal but locked. We spent several nights in a hotel in San Sebastian where I was mesmerized by a huge sparkling chandelier in the lobby. I felt abandoned when my parents were not in the room with me, their overwhelming fear having made them oblivious to my fear.

In Barcelona life became even stranger. The three of us lived in a hotel room, my parents for two years and I for a year and a half. Like many other refugees, we were stuck in a port city waiting for passage on a ship and owning nothing for we had lost everything. Even so, we were still alive though we didn't know for how much longer.

Jewish, Catholic, and Quaker organizations were helping us, and my mother worked as a governess for a wealthy Spanish family even if refugees were not allowed work permits. My father, with a typical German work ethic, became angry and depressed due to his unstructured life.

There was still much poverty and unemployment among the Spanish people since they were recovering from the Civil War; also much kindness from many of these people. The owners of our hotel said they would convert and adopt me in the event that Hitler would invade Spain. That was what my parents feared. What would become of the Jews? Franco had no love for Hitler. Neither was he an anti-Semite but he was a fascist.

When my parents heard of a Kindertransport they decided to put me on a train to Lisbon where I stayed with good nuns in a convent by the sea. After two weeks we were put on a ship which crossed a heavily mined Atlantic for the U.S.A. My parents arrived some six months later and we started a new life in Chicago.

I tell my children that it is a miracle that I survived to give them life. I don't feel "bad" any longer thinking that was why my parents sent me away.

I do not need to be near the sea to hear the surf that I heard at the convent in Lisbon. It is a part of my inner landscape.

VERA K. SELIG  
Orinda, Cal.

**“Remembering the Past . . . Shaping the Future”**

**2006 National KTA Reunion  
November 3-5, 2006  
Sheraton Meadowlands Conference Center  
East Rutherford, New Jersey**

Arrangements have been made with the hotel which is located 12 miles north of Newark Liberty Airport and 8 miles west of New York City for a week-end package including room and six meals for \$346.00 including taxes and gratuities per person, double occupancy. And a reduced room rate will be available for members wishing to stay two days before or after the reunion to enjoy the wonders of the New York area.

Our next KTA Reunion will be a dynamic and meaningful event that includes *Kinder*, spouses of *Kinder*, children of *Kinder* and grandchildren of *Kinder*.

We will look back at our history, share what is going on for us today and project our dreams and hopes into the future. It will be an opportunity to tell stories, to enjoy artistic presentations and to be stimulated by interesting speakers and interactive workshops.

Full details and registration forms for the Reunion will be sent out in mid-summer.

**Highlights of the KTA 2006 Reunion**

■ “My Heart in a Suitcase,” a play adapted from *Kind Anne Fox’s* book. Veteran actors will do a dramatic reading of the play and Gary Blackman, the producer, will talk with us about how ArtsPower is traveling all over the United States perform-

ing this play for thousands of school children.

■ “Kindertransport Stories,” a multimedia combination of dance, storytelling, video montage, and music that made its debut in Vancouver at Chutzpah! 2006: The Lisa Nemetz Showcase of Jewish Performing Arts. Marla Eist, choreographer and dance professor, will give a video presentation and talk about the production.

■ Inspiring speakers such as Joel Kaplan, President, B’nai Brith International, and Gerd Korman, a Polish *Kind*, Professor Emeritus, Cornell University, and author of “Nightmare’s Fairy Tale: A Young Refugee’s Home Fronts, 1938-1948.”

■ A presentation on the research and documentation activities of the Leo Baeck Institute.

■ Keeping our legacy alive: An opportunity for us to explore ideas for the future of the Kindertransport Association . . . what has the KTA meant to us? . . . what has been the role and activities of the KTA since it was founded in 1989? . . . what do we want the KTA to be and do in the future? . . . and how?

■ Workshops for *Kinder*, Spouses, KT2s and KT3s.

Please let Lisa Kollisch know as soon as possible if you will bring children. We will provide childcare if we know in advance the numbers and ages of the children.

If you have ideas or would like to get involved, please contact the Program Committee. Anita Weisbord, Committee Chair - 718-229-0204 or Lisa Kollisch, KT2/KT3 Liaison - 610-660-0236 or e-mail <LisaKollisch@earthlink.net>.

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR AND PLAN TO ATTEND**



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**FIRST CLASS MAIL**



Member y/e 6/30/2006  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211

Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at <http://www.kindertransport.org>  
•  
*Kinder*: To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>  
•  
KT2: to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <ktegenerations-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>  
(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

**KTA**  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION

Winter 2007

Volume 17 / Number 1

## The Kindertransport Association 2006 Conference



Bertha Leverton



Vickie Russell



Anne Fox

THE KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION held its biennial conference in East Rutherford, N.J., on November 3-5, 2006. Counting the two London meetings, this was the eleventh time that we have met. As usual, we had a good turnout, with over a hundred people attending. Happily, a good number of the second and third generation attended and took a very active part in our program.

The conference started with registration and dinner on Friday. Bertha Leverton, the mother of our movement, lit the *Shabbat* candles, and Alfred Batzdorf said *Kiddush* before dinner. We were welcomed by President Kurt Goldberger and Anita Weisbord, Conference Program Co-Chair. Bertha greeted us with the familiar "*Hello, Kinder!*" without which it wouldn't seem like a *Kinder* conference.

Messages from New Jersey's senators Lautenberg and Menendez were read, as well as from Bertha's sister, Inge Sadan, the founder of the Israeli Kindertransport group.

Our evening program began with a beautiful song composed and performed by KT2 Vickie Russell, and concluded with a presentation called *Kindertransport Stories*, a multimedia combination of music, dance, and story telling.

Saturday morning began with *Shabbat* morning service led by Alfred Batzdorff. The morning program, led by KT2 Lisa Kollisch, was entitled "Keeping Our Legacy Alive: Issues and Opportunities." To answer the question of how the KTA has evolved, a timeline of the organization was created. Partici-

pants then identified topics that arose out of the general theme of the workshop, after which they broke up into small groups to discuss the issues raised.

Among the many topics these groups discussed were: Continuity; Using our stories as a tool against discrimination; How to interest our children and grandchildren; Money to keep the organization going; Darfur – can we rescue 10,000 children? The program ended with each small group reporting back to the entire gathering.

Our luncheon speaker was Joel Kaplan, president of B'nai B'rith International, talking on the topic of "Jewry Around the World." Lunch was followed by a choice of three programs: "Where We Are Now: Perspectives on Getting Older," led by *Kind* Helga Shepard; "Your Home is an Archival Treasure," led by Dr. Frank Mecklenberg of the Leo Baeck Institute; "KT2 and KT3 Gathering," led by Lisa Kollisch and Anita Grosz.

In the late afternoon, everyone was invited to a session of "Personal Reflections," brief readings by *Kinder* of their own writings about the Kindertransport experience, moderated by Irene Schmied, followed by a pre-dinner social hour.

One of the highlights of our gathering was the performance after dinner of the play "My Heart in a Suitcase," based on *Kind* Anne Fox's autobiography. The one act play, which is

*Continued on Page 2*

**2006 Conference** *Continued from Page 1*

performed to school groups, was presented by ArtsPower National Touring Theatre. A lively discussion between *Kinder* and the actors followed the hour-long production.

We wound up our conference on Sunday morning with a presentation by a panel consisting of Margaret Goldberger, Anita Weisbord, and Anita Hoffer on the topic "Continuing Our Legacy – Your Turn to Speak." The panelists recounted their experiences speaking about the Kindertransport to groups of both school children and adults, and took questions from the floor.

This was followed by a business meeting which included the election of President, Treasurer, and Recording Secretary. Unfortunately again this year all the positions were uncontested, and the incumbents remain in office with the exception of Ruth Hanauer who resigned the recording secretary position which was taken over by Ruth Heiman. Reports by the various Chapters as well as the Website and By-Laws Committees concluded the business agenda.

After lunch we had a closing ceremony led by Conference Co-Chairs Anita Weisbord and Lisa Kollisch; then we disbanded, hopefully to meet again at our next conference in two years.

EVA YACHNES

With additional material supplied by Lisa Kollisch



**Movie Update**

I WROTE AN ARTICLE about the Austrian-produced film *Wiens Verlorene Tochter* (Vienna's Lost Daughters) which previously appeared in the Spring 2006 issue of KINDER-LINK. It is a documentary about eight women who were forced to flee Vienna in 1938-1939 because of our Jewish origins. At present we live in or near New York.

The film depicts what it was like for us. Having survived Hitler, what memories do we have and still struggle with? How do we live now, think and feel?

It is a portrait of eight former girls from Vienna – Rosalie Berezow, Hennie Edelman, Suzy Orne, Anita Weisbord, Dorit Whiteman, Lizzy Winkler, Eva Yachnes, and myself – who found a new home in the U.S.A.

The editing stage of the film is complete. It is in English and German with subtitles. Before it is shown in Europe, and hopefully across the U.S., it will be sent to different worldwide film festivals for ratings, which is very important.

KTA - Kindertransport Association  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

•

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus\*  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

•

Kurt Goldberger ..... President  
Anita Weisbord .... Vice-President  
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KINDER-LINK

Eva Yachnes ..... Editor  
Adrienne Behrendt, Generations Editor  
Martin I. Weinberger .... Prodn Mgr.

•

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At this time the film was sent to the Sundance Film Festival (initiated by Robert Redford), to the San Francisco Jewish Film Festival, the Toronto Jewish Film Festival, and "Berlin Ale" in Berlin.

In May 2006, there was a memorial in Vienna, on the *Wiener Stephansplatz*, presented by an organization called "A Letter to the Stars," a project for students which was initiated in 2003. To this day more than 25,000 pupils and their history teachers have researched thousands of life stories of victims and survivors of the Nazi regime. On the evening before the memorial took place, a ten-minute movie trailer of our documentary was shown on a large screen on the *Stephansplatz* and the reaction by the crowd and in the Jewish press was very positive.

I am in regular contact with Lisa Juen and Sonja Amman who wrote the script for the movie and are now in charge of the publicity. I will keep you informed about future developments through KINDER-LINK.

SUSAN PERL  
Teaneck, N.J.

Submissions for KINDER-LINK can be sent to <KLeditor@aol.com> or Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Apt. 6E, Bronx, NY 10467. Send submissions for the Second Generation page to Adrienne Behrendt, POB 2044, New Britain, CT 06050; e-mail <behrendtk2@yahoo.com>

No handwritten manuscripts longer than a brief letter or announcement will be accepted. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

EVA YACHNES

**Financial Statement** July 1, 2005 to June 30, 2006

Cash in Bank at June 30, 2005 .....	\$51,935
Receipts:	
Membership - KTA .....	\$12,495
Membership - KT2 .....	1,812
Donations - Charity .....	7,099
Education - Panels .....	3,877
Hanukah Party .....	1,354
Quilt Cards .....	17
Total Receipts .....	\$26,654
Expenses:	
Members - Chapters .....	\$ 935
Donations - Charity .....	11,170
Education - Panels .....	4,257
Hanukah Party .....	1,681
2006 Conference .....	6,000
Printing, Postage, Supplies .....	6,108
Telephone .....	360
Website .....	180
Professional Fees .....	1,100
Conferences and Dues .....	2,323
Miscellaneous .....	135
Total Expenses .....	\$34,249
Cash Balance June 30, 2006 .....	\$44,340

*If you have any questions or would like a copy of our financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Ellen Bottner at 718-428-5564 or e-mail at <bottjb@aol.com>.*



**Letters  
to the Editor**

Perennially, I have experienced the burden of a debt unpaid towards England for saving our lives. This time I decided to do something about it, in order to get it off my mind. As a result I wrote a note to Queen Elizabeth. Because I did not expect a reply I did not bother to keep a copy of it. Surprise, surprise, when I received the attached letter.

KARL E. BUCHHOLZ  
Little Neck, N.Y.



BALMORAL CASTLE

24th August, 2006

*Dear Mr. Buchholz,*

The Queen wishes me to thank you for your kindness in writing to express your gratitude to Britain for offering shelter to you, your sisters, and to thousands of other Jewish children prior to the War.

Letters like yours give Her Majesty great pleasure, and I am to tell you that The Queen was touched to learn of your affection for England.

Her Majesty was most grateful for your kind words, and thanks you very much for writing as you did.

*Yours sincerely,*  
*Susan Hussey*  
Lady-in-Waiting

Mr. K. Buchholz

I would like to share this with members of the K.T.A.  
Our family had planned a trip to Israel in September. Due to the Aug./ Sept. war we were undecided whether to cancel our trip. We did not. We decided not to cancel. We visited Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa as well as Herzliya. Our son Ralph goes to Israel every year to pray at the wall, so we had a great guide.

We stayed at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. I noticed signs reading "Head of State Visitor Arriving Today." Seeing all the British flags together with the Israeli flags as well as the American flag made me feel very much at home. I decided to write a short welcoming letter to Prime Minister Tony Blair. I commented that had it not been for Britain who rescued 10,000 children and bringing them over on the Kindertransport, I would not be here today. I thanked him for the 10,000 children and wished him luck upon his political journey.

Next morning I received a call from his secretary Katie, who said that the Prime Minister was very moved by my letter and he would like to meet me and, of course, our family. We had a very pleasant meeting and he told me about the plaque in Parliament and how happy he was to meet a child of the Kindertransport. We took many photos and I was happy to represent all of us.

LILLYAN ROSENBERG (nee Lilly Cohn Halberstadt)  
Beechhurst, N.Y.



*The Rosenbergs meet Prime Minister Tony Blair in Jerusalem. From left: Dr. Hilda Slivka Rosenberg, Dr. Ralph Rosenberg, Prime Minister Tony Blair, Lillyan Rosenberg, Jerry Rosenberg*

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



**ORATORIO TEREZIN**

*Oratorio Terezin*, a work for orchestra, chorus, and soloists by the composer Ruth Fazal, will be presented on February 7 at the Tilles Center for the Performing Arts on Long Island, and on February 8 at Carnegie Hall in New York City.

This powerful work premiered in Toronto in 2003, and has been performed in Europe and Israel, always to critical acclaim. The words of the oratorio intertwine poems by children written in Terezin with texts from the Hebrew scriptures.

For special "survivor" tickets call the Hidden Child Foundation/ADL at 212-885-5859.

I would like to thank all the KTA members for the wonderful and kind words spoken about my father. It was a hard and emotional weekend for me and I want to thank those who try to comfort me through it. It was bitter-sweet hearing all of you sharing with me your memories and experiences with him.

Most of all I would like to thank all of you who made me feel welcome and comfortable during a difficult time. I know my father would have enjoyed the reunion if only in spirit.

I hope all of you enjoyed and found it as helpful and memorable as I did and come to future reunions.

ADRIENNE BEHRENDT  
New Britain, Conn.

[Editor's Note: Please note Adrienne's correct e-mail address: <behrendtk2@yahoo.com>.]

## GENERATIONS COLUMN

## Tears of Joy

**M**Y MOTHER, FRANZISKA HUPPERT NUNNALLY, and her best friend Mimi Brand grew up together in Vienna, Austria, in the years before Hitler annexed it. After *Kristallnacht*, Mimi disappeared. My mother was just beyond the age limit to get on the Kindertransport, but within six months my mother had obtained a sponsor in England and her parents sent her off from the *Westbahnhof*.

Several months later my grandfather died of heart failure and my grandmother was deported to Minsk where she was shot on arrival.

My mother eventually made her way to America, where she settled down in Richmond, Virginia, where she still lives. Mom often thought about Mimi over the years and wondered what happened to her, assuming Mimi had perished at the hands of the Nazis.

Mom didn't talk much about her childhood or the war when I was growing up, until we took a weekend trip to the Shenandoah Valley about 20 years ago. It just happened to be the weekend of November 9-10. As we drove up the scenic Skyline Drive, my mother revealed for the first time what happened during the "Night of Broken Glass." She and my grandmother Irma took a stroll on the evening of November 9, 1938. They came home and walked up the spiral staircase to their third-floor apartment. Later, as the family slept, they had no indication of the violence taking place throughout the city as the *Kristallnacht* pogrom began.

The next day, my grandmother was up early making plum dumplings for the family's mid-day meal. There was already fresh bread on the table when my mother woke up. The Gestapo came knocking on the door and the family was told to get out. Finally allowed to return after two weeks, there on the table lay the lunch that Irma had prepared, bread and dumplings hard as rocks. Their home had also been ransacked and stripped of linens, crystal, paintings and jewelry.

I couldn't believe my ears as my mother described the scene. A number of years went by and the subject was discussed only minimally. Then, about three years ago, on the anniversary of *Kristallnacht*, I was doing some Internet research on the subject when I came across my mother's best friend's name. My heart began to race as I discovered that Plater Robinson, a Holocaust Research Specialist for the Southern Institute for Education and Research at Tulane University, had interviewed Mimi in the late 80's. After several months of correspondence with him and letters sent to the Austrian government, my mother received a phone call. It was Mimi, alive and well in Vienna.

Mimi thought my mother had died in the war too. They spoke for some time; Mimi revealed how she and her mother escaped to Poland, only to get caught up in the Russian occupation before finally ending up in Russia for many years before returning to Vienna.

Mimi happily told my mother, "You are my childhood. You are my youth." They had finally reconnected after 65 years! Although age and health have prevented them from seeing one another, they have kept in touch ever since.

I went to Vienna later that year to meet Mimi. When we greeted each other, it was as if we had known each other forever, and we both cried tears of joy as we embraced. While we visited, Mimi shared her memories of my mother as a

young teenager, and showed me photographs from their childhood.

Mimi's expression of love and gratitude has stayed with me since that meeting. Even though the events of *Kristallnacht* bring to mind painful memories, my mother can now think of more joyful times with one of her only remaining links to that time.

HEIDI M. NUNNALLY  
New York, N.Y.



## Eva Hamlet

**E**VA HAMLET, 82, PASSED AWAY on September 26th, 2006, in Carmel, Indiana. Eva was born in Magdeburg, Germany, to Else and Julius Riese. She lived with her family until the day she was sent to England, at the age of 13, on a train of the Kindertransport to save her from the concentration camps where her parents eventually lost their own lives.

Eva began her life alone in England where she met her husband and soul mate, Egon (Eddie) Hamlet. They were married at a young age in Manchester, England, where their daughter Ruth was born, and eventually made their way to New York City to begin the rest of their lives – as survivors, as parents, and as a family.

Eva was a tough and well-respected businesswoman who worked her way to a successful career as a merchandise buyer. After losing her husband in 1991, she spent the latter part of her life talking with local groups, students of all ages, and teachers around the Indianapolis area about the Holocaust and her own experiences. Eva was determined to make the Kindertransport relevant to the present, and in doing so, touched the lives of many. She spent time writing about her life, making sure it is remembered.

Eva was secretary/treasurer and a co-founder of the Midwest Chapter of the Kindertransport Association, volunteered at the Indianapolis Children's Museum and Conner Prairie, and supported several charities and organizations, among them Brooke's Place, the Jewish Community Center, and the Indianapolis Arts Chorale. She was a member of the Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation.

Eva is survived by her daughter, Ruth (Richard) Willency of Noblesville; three grandchildren, Marc (Colleen) of Denver, Joel (Jill) of Indianapolis, and Jennifer Willency of Minneapolis; and three great-grandchildren, Jack, Sam and Max Willency of Denver.

Memorials/contributions may be sent to the Midwest Chapter of the KTA, c/o 106 Wilshire Court, Noblesville, IN 46062 or to Brooke's Place, 6100 N. Keystone Ave., Suite 657, Indianapolis, IN 46220.

RUTH WILLENCY  
Noblesville, Ind.

The Deadline for the Spring issue of KINDER-LINK is March 1st. Sending your items as e-mail attachments or as e-mail messages is greatly appreciated by your Editor.



## Searches

I am writing in the hope that you may be able to help me locate Gertrude Wolfgang, probably from Germany (possibly Austria) who escaped to Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales, and was for a time living with the Black family.

Her childhood friend in Newport, Heather Johnson, remembers that after the war, Gertie learned that her father had been shot, but that her mother had been liberated from a concentration camp by the Americans, and sent to the U.S. for rehabilitation and convalescence. Gertie joined her mother in the U.S.. Heather corresponded with Gertie for some years afterward, but eventually lost touch. I promised to try to locate or find out what happened to Gertie for Heather, who would very much like to be put back in touch with her. Please e-mail <GothamPH@aol.com>.

PHILIP J. HAMMOND

Klaus Bregler, Tischbeinstr 2, 69121 Heidelberg, Germany, phone 06221-8935275, e-mail <Klaus.Bregler@t-online.de>, former teacher at the *Odenwaldschule* in Oberhambach near Heppenheim/Bergstrasse in Hesse, Germany, would be very interested in obtaining information on some 450 former Jewish students at the school for the biographical project he is working on. He has a list of relevant names for the period from 1910 to 1934, but still needs to know what happened to these students under National Socialism.



## The Hard Road to a Medical Career

AT ABOUT AGE NINETEEN while working in a chemical laboratory in London and attending night school to prepare myself for medical school, I began to realize the chances of a money-deprived Jewish foreigner to get into an English medical school was rather slim. More pragmatically: impossible. I had applied to all British schools without success. Shortly after World War II the American Army was looking for interpreters to go to Germany. I applied for this, by standards of that day, well-paid job and was accepted and assigned to Berlin.

After about two years' service the Colonel in charge of our office asked if I had ever thought about coming to the United States. Yes, I had thought about it but without a sponsor and appropriate affidavit this was not possible. He offered to do both. Back to England to await the necessary administrative necessities I finally received the appropriate entry permit eight months later. The Colonel, a New Yorker, suggested that I go to Texas where he thought eventual entry into medical school would be easier.

Why Texas? He had a friend there who was a professor at the University of Houston. A lengthy period of full time work and full time study followed. Even at the risk of being accused of hubris I eventually was admitted to medical school. "Eventually" is used advisedly, because there were three years' worth of rejections, not because of poor grades

*Continued on Page 6*

## Chapter News

### FLORIDA CHAPTER

"My Heart in a Suitcase" was shown at the Kravitz Theatre in West Palm Beach on October 5th. Anita Hoffer gave a short presentation after the play. A few days after the play was presented the Palmetto School in WPB called to find a speaker who would answer questions about the Holocaust and the Kindertransport.

Dr. Rose Gaten, FAU Holocaust director, and Anita Hoffer went to the school. Anita told her story to the 100 fourth graders in attendance. The twenty-minute speech was followed by over an hour of questions, which was only stopped because the principal said we had run out of time. The students then surrounded Anita for a group hug (and some individual hugs). Anita called Dr. Gaten the next day and asked why she thought we had had this reaction from the students. The questions were thoughtful and showed the students had carefully listened to the play and the presentation. She felt that the play was well done and just the right length and content for the students to understand; following the play with a live person really made it come alive; taking the students on a bus from their school environment to an actual theatre completed the picture.

We both felt that the impact on this mainly Spanish audience is something that should be repeated as often as possible all around the country.

The Goldring Woldenberg Institute of Southern Jewish Life has again asked Anita Hoffer to fly to Mobile, Alabama, to speak to two schools following the "Power of Good" movie. This organization is very actively keeping Jewish education alive in the scattered Jewish communities in the South.

The December 12th date for the Florida Chanukah party was a little early, but it did not dampen the group's enthusiasm. We entered to the lovely music of Cantor Courte, lit candles and sang Chanukah songs, ate a delicious meal and caught up on the news from the past year.

Luncheon was followed by our usual animated discussion on many topics. The discussion went on and on, with everyone saying as they left that they are looking forward to meeting again on March 4th at Pete's for our annual luncheon.

ANITA HOFFER, Florida Chapter Chair



*Kindertransport Exhibit opens in New Mexico to wide acclaim. From left: Werner Gellert, president and founder of the New Mexico Holocaust Intolerance Museum, Margaret Goldberger, Ruth Segal of Chicago, Celia Lee of London, Kurt Goldberger, KTA president.*



## Book Reviews

Peter Leighton-Lanaer, *The King's Own Loyal Enemy Aliens. German and Austrian Refugees in Britain's Armed Forces. 1939-1945*. Published by Valentine Mitchell, 2006. \$37.50 Paperback, with a foreword by the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Peter Selby. Illustrated, with 26 pictures.

In all the considerable literature dealing with World War II, one matter has so far been all but ignored. It is the story of those German and Austrian refugees, mostly Jewish, who served as volunteers in all branches of the British military.

Now there appears in English a work hitherto published only in German, by Peter Leighton-Langer, who, with great industry, brought out the same book, largely in translation, but with some important chapters added to the original work. The author himself served with the Royal Artillery.

It is a monumental work of 400 pages mentioning hundreds of names and the experiences, mostly in their own words, of members of H.M. Forces. The book begins with those who joined some units of the Pioneer Corps and the many who gradually transferred to fighting units. The author mentions the great influx of those who had arrived in Britain by the Kindertransports and how thousands of them, young men and women, volunteered for service, mostly at the end of 1943.

There are plenty of adventure stories and some new chapters throw light on general concepts and attitudes. An excellent read and a classic to add to refugee as well as military history and literature.

ERNIE GOODMAN  
Oneonta, N.Y.

### GERMAN JEWISH RECONCILIATION

This is to inform you about a new book which has just been published in the U.S. by RoseDogbooks, Inc., of Pittsburgh, Pa. I believe this work would be of special interest to all American Jews, but especially those who were expelled from Europe by the Nazi government.

As a former Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany, my sister, now living in the UK (a member of AJR) and myself, the author, now resident in Brisbane, Australia, came from Berlin to England in March 1939 on the Kindertransport. In September 2000 we were invited by the Berlin Senate and the Jewish communities to revisit the capital under the auspices of the German/Jewish Reconciliation Program.

Out of this unforgettable week in Berlin has developed a 215-page book with almost 100 illustrations, some dating from the prewar period. The book is published under the title "*Tears Are Not Enough*," with the subtitle "*The German/Jewish Reconciliation Program faces the truth about the Nazi Holocaust*." It can be purchased from myself, the author, at approximately US\$32.75 (depending on the US/AUD exchange rate) or from the American publisher at <[www.rosedogbooks.com/index](http://www.rosedogbooks.com/index)> for \$21.00 plus postage and handling.

TOM FORRES  
<[tforres@optusnet.com.au](mailto:tforres@optusnet.com.au)>

### STUDY OF CHILD REFUGEES

Many of us were contacted by Gerhard Sonnert and Gerald Holton to participate in a study entitled *What Happened to the Children Who Fled Nazi Persecution*. Their study is now completed, and the book is on sale from Palgrave Macmillan at \$69.95 (\$45.47 for study participants).

Nobel Prize winner Eric Kandel wrote about the book. "This is an extraordinary book. As a child who fled Nazi persecution, I was fascinated to learn from this important study how the European culture of our origin (our cultural capital) merged with the freedom and academic opportunities of our newfound homeland, the United States, to give my generation of émigrés a distinctive set of capabilities, ambitions, and opportunities for a remarkably productive and enjoyable life despite the traumatic uprooting of our childhood."

Lore Segal, KTA member and the author of "Other People's Houses," wrote, "This unique book an inquiry in the nature and complexity of success – uses both wide-ranging interviews and quantitative methods to explore why so many of the children who fled Nazi persecution to the U.S. did so well in their careers."

The book can be ordered by mail from VHPS, 16365 James Madison Hwy (Rte. 15), Gordonsville, VA 22942; by phone from 1-888-330-8477; or on line at <[www.palgrave-usa.com](http://www.palgrave-usa.com)>.



### Donate Your Documents

DR FRANK MECKLENBERG of the Leo Baeck Institute, speaking at our conference, urged us to donate our documents to an institution that will properly preserve them. It is less important which institution, Dr. Mecklenberg told us, because all institutions catalogue their acquisitions and make them available to all bona fide scholars.

Therefore I urge all *Kinder* to seriously consider donating any documents and photographs pertinent to our lives and families in pre-war Europe, and those items that relate to the Kindertransport and our post-rescue lives that might be of scholarly interest.

EVA YACHNES



### The Hard Road to a Medical Career

*Continued from Page 5*

(I had a 3.8 average). While beginning my studies on a PhD the long sought and fought for acceptance arrived.

The road of studies and work was hard and arduous; it was followed by two years in the United States Air Force and finally a successful private practice.

This relatively short vignette covers a period of about thirteen years accentuated and interspersed with many ups and many downs, many highs and many lows and not without help from many kindhearted, sympathetic and compassionate people.

RUDI KIRSCHNER, M.D.  
Phoenix, Ariz.

Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>



## Contributors to the KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund along with their 2007 dues as of December 1, 2006. Your generosity is appreciated! It is never too late to make a contribution to the KTA Charitable Fund. Please make your check payable to The Kindertransport Association and mail to Ellen Bottner, Treasurer, 251-48 61st Ave., Little Neck, NY 11362.

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### The Kindertransport Association Wants You . . . To Volunteer!

The KTA could use a few good volunteers to work with the **website committee**.

As we prepare for a redesign and re-launch of the site, we could use people who want to be involved a little bit . . . or a lot. We could use people with technical experience – IT knowledge, project managers, administrative assistants. And we could use people with absolutely no technical knowledge to create content for the site – writers, editors, historians, and researchers.

For members of the second and third generations in high school or college, this volunteer work can be an internship taken for school credit. It could help build a resume or a college application.

If you are interested, please contact Melissa Hacker at <kinderfilm@earthlink.net>.

#### For other KTA volunteer opportunities:

To help with the **KINDER-LINK newsletter** contact Eva Yachnes at <KLeditor@aol.com>.

To work with the **Speakers Bureau** contact Margaret Goldberger at <margkurt@aol.com>.

To help with **fundraising and development** contact Anita Grosz at <anita@patrol.i-way.co.uk>.

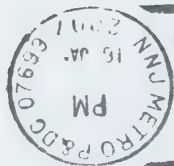
Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Eva Yachnes, editor, Apt. 6E, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467, or e-mail to <KLeditor@aol.com>. Submissions for the Second Generation page to Adrienne Behrendt, P.O. Box 2044, New Britain, CT 06050 or e-mail to <behrendtkt2@yahoo.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>



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**Kinder:** To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <kiadiscussion-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>

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(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
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Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER KTA LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

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## An Ambassador of Remembrance

**A** VERY WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED RECENTLY. The first group of Ambassadors of Remembrance, thirty young representatives of *A Letter to the Stars*, arrived in New York on April 10, 2007. Each had a pre-assigned partner with whom s/he corresponded, and whom s/he interviewed. As representatives of the fourth generation of Austrians since WWII, they were to learn from contemporary witnesses about the realities of the Nazi occupation; of the fates of those of us who survived, and those who did not; of how Austria was not "the first victim" and how actively Austria had participated in the disaster that shaped our lives.

Kersten Oberhauser had asked for me as her assignment. She had seen Kaethe Kratz's two films, in which I had participated, and had read the book *Verlorene Nachbarschaft* (Lost Neighborhood), so when my name came up she asked for me as her assignment. That was lucky, I think, for both of us!

Kersten and I spent essentially two days together. She is a wonderful fifteen-year-old girl who, in the three and a half weeks before coming to America, immersed herself in my history and that of my parents, and the history of Austria, this time not as victim but as perpetrator.

She created a wonderful memorial book for me, and brought little keepsakes, meaningful because she had not only seen the two films in which I appeared and read the book, and thus knew many things about my life, but most of all, she really understood what had happened. I think it was as great an encounter for the thirty young people who were the first group of Ambassadors of Remembrance to go abroad as it was for me.

Kersten made and brought with her a number of photographs, including one of 18 Porzellangasse, the Jewish ghetto house from which my parents were deported. It was the first time that I had seen the house. In all my visits to Vienna, it seems, I had carefully avoided it.

I did not know of the project *A Letter to the Stars*; I did not know that thousands of balloons had been sent into the ether with letters attached; I did not know that 80,000 white roses had been placed in the houses where Jews had lived, and from where they were deported. Kersten took a picture which shows the entrance of the Porzellangasse house, with the two white roses for my parents with their names attached, secured to the entrance door.

Before the roses were distributed, the vases containing those 80,000 flowers were placed in a huge city square, and the names of the Jewish Holocaust victims were individually projected on a screen; she brought me two photographs with the names of my parents floating above the flowers.

Each of us received individually addressed letters from the President of the National Assembly and the Mayor of the city

of Vienna. Both of them are very clear about the responsibility of their country for the events of the Holocaust, and how important it is that the stories of the survivors be made known to this, the fourth generation, who will be carrying it forward with the hope that "never again" will really come true.

ANNE KELEMEN  
New York, N.Y.



## A Letter to the Stars

**L**ATE LAST YEAR I FIRST HEARD ABOUT the Austrian student program, *A Letter to the Stars*, when I was contacted by Betsy Anthony, a former employee of the Washington, D.C., Holocaust Memorial Museum. She now lives in Austria and is one of the organizers of this 40,000 strong student movement. Betsy and a colleague attended our New York area KTA Chanukah party and familiarized us with this unique "Ambassadors of Remembrance" program. In Austria, public events have been held in Vienna and other cities. Thousands of balloons were released in memory of the Austrian Jewish victims of the Holocaust, at another event thousands of names written by students covered the street in front of the synagogue on Seitenstettengasse. Students write letters to those who were murdered, released in a book *Letters to Heaven*.

Their task is also to contact survivors and hear their stories and to learn from them. In the spirit of that effort, thirty high school and university students visited New York this April. Those KTA members who volunteered to be paired up with a student were assigned to one of the visitors. I met Lilly M., a very bright fifteen-year-old, who was most eager to hear my history and the story of the Kindertransports. My wife, Margaret, and I took Lilly to a kosher restaurant, a very new experience for her, where we sat for hours and talked, and Lilly took copious notes. Amongst the gifts she brought were letters from the mayor of Vienna, and the Austrian chancellor, as well as a letter from her father thanking me for meeting with his daughter. I expect to stay in touch with Lilly and her family.

While the group was in New York, they met up with other survivors and special events were held. Several KTA members attended the very meaningful program at the Museum of Jewish Heritage in downtown New York. It included greetings from a number of dignitaries and an excellent film, *A Letter to the Stars – Ambassadors of Remembrance*. If the young people we met are indicative of their peers, there is hope for the future and mutual understanding of Jews and Austrians.

KURT GOLDBERGER  
President, KTA

Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>

Opinion

Whose Money Is It?

WE HAVE ALL SEEN TV PROGRAMS and read newspaper accounts about the many millions of dollars in reparations that various organizations have gained for the victims of the Holocaust. So the remaining Holocaust survivors should be able to live out their lives in comparative financial security, right? Wrong!

On June 14, 2007, a very disturbing op-ed article in The New York Times by Professor Thane Rosenbaum outlined the plight of many of the survivors and what actually did happen to too much of the reparations.

The Jewish Demography Project of the University of Miami estimates that fewer than 900,000 survivors remain, and the numbers are dropping every day, since most of them are in their eighties and nineties. Of those who live in the United States, over half exist on incomes below the poverty level, and the situation is no better worldwide. Why, then, are the billions of dollars gained in the name of the survivors not being used to insure that the survivors' final years are spent in reasonable comfort?

At least part of the reason is that none of the organizations appointed to gather restitution had any survivors on their boards, and that all decisions were made by other than Holocaust survivors. In one instance cited by Rosenbaum, a federal judge in Brooklyn ruled that only four percent of the money from the Swiss bank settlement go to destitute survivors in the United States, although about twenty percent of the survivors live here. In another case, the federal judge overseeing the case of the Italian insurance company Generali ruled that less than five percent of the insurance policies sold to Jews in the pre-war period be paid in restitution, and that the names of the policyholders need not be disclosed, thus preventing many policyholders or their heirs from suing the firm.

Even the Jewish Claims Conference, which has done much

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Martin I. Weinberger . . . . . Prodn Mgr.

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good work for many of us, has billions of dollars in assets including not only cash, but also real estate and recovered art work, that it is sitting on. Why has this wealth not been given to the victims in whose name it was collected? Worse still, why is this money being squandered by the Claims Conference? Last year some \$32 million dollars was used by them for research, documentation, and education, including \$700,000 given to one consultant who couldn't tell a reporter for The Jewish Week what he had been consulted about. By the way, he just happened to be a friend of the president of the Claims Conference!

Even documentation about the Holocaust has become the property of scholars rather than the victims themselves. Instead of making the newly received Bad Arolsen documents from Germany available on the internet, the Washington Holocaust Museum is only making them available to scholars.

What can we do about this appalling situation? For one thing, we can lobby Congress to pass the Holocaust Insurance Accountability bill, which would force insurers to publish the names of policyholders and allow them to negotiate for settlements, bypassing any organizations. We can urge our legislators to require that all assets gathered by any organization be returned to their rightful owners if traceable, with the rest distributed among the remaining needy survivors. And we can demand that all archives of documents be open to the general public so that survivors and the heirs of those who perished can have access to the knowledge needed to make claims – and to trace the history of lost family members.

If you are unsure who your legislators are, go online to <www.congress.org>, enter your zip code to find the names, or ask your public library.

If you wish to write to the Jewish Claims Conference, you can e-mail them at <www.claimscon.org>, or write to them at 15 East 26th Street, New York, NY 10010.

As Rosenbaum says in his article, "In focusing on the past in order to prevent history from repeating itself, we have forgotten those who are the direct casualties of this crime. Amid all the Holocaust hoopla the survivors have become secondary."

EVA YACHNES

Please note the change in the email address for KINDER-LINK submissions. Send articles to <eyachnes@verizon.net>.

Submissions for KINDER-LINK can be sent to <eyachnes@verizon.net> or Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Apt. 6E, Bronx, NY 10467. Send submissions for the Second Generation page to Adrienne Behrendt, POB 2044, New Britain, CT 06050; e-mail <behrendtkt2@yahoo.com>

No handwritten manuscripts longer than a brief letter or announcement will be accepted. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

EVA YACHNES



There Is No War in America

**I**SAT ON MY SUITCASE in Paddington Station, clutching my teddy bear and listening to the sounds overhead: the stuttering sound of the German planes, the drone of the RAF planes, and the barking of the anti-aircraft guns defending London. When I looked up through the station's glass roof, I saw searchlights crisscrossing the dark night sky. Occasionally, the dull thud of a bomb dropping close by caused me to hug my teddy bear even closer. I told myself that it was Teddy who was afraid, but I knew that the German planes were trying to hit the station, and I was very frightened.

I was eight years old, and my mother and I were on our way to Glasgow to take a ship to New York. I wasn't sure that I wanted to go. I had been uprooted once, now after two years in England I would have to get used to another new place. At

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## Letters to the Editor

My father, Jerry G. H. Lissner, was one of the fortunate children who were able to flee Germany on the Kindertransport and he then spent about six months in a Quaker home for refugees outside of London. In 1950 he founded a law firm. My father never forgot the good fortune that enabled him to escape the Holocaust and, perhaps for that reason, much of his early practice was devoted to assisting both those who had been fortunate enough to escape Europe before the *Shoah*, and the less fortunate who had at least survived.

I read each issue of the KINDER-LINK eagerly, as the articles continue to inform me directly and indirectly, of what a unique experience the Kindertransport was and how lucky my father was to be on it. I know that my father would be proud to be part of a community whose members, like him, want to assist the world's less fortunate (and here I refer specifically to the issue of Darfur which the 2006 Conference addressed).

My wife, Barbara, and I are now the partners in my late father's law firm and, continuing his dedication to his community, we still represent many clients who were victims of Nazi persecution, as well as their families.

MICHAEL D. LISSNER  
Cresskill, N.J.

A few days ago I was asked to address a fourth grade class in the depths of Brooklyn, following Arts Power's excellent presentation of the play *My Heart in a Suitcase* based on Anne Fox's book of the same name. Anne Fox is a *Kind* and the book is available for sale.

The teacher, Suzanne Berger, must have done an outstanding job of teaching her class about the Holocaust and preparing them for the presentation of the play.

There was not one white, nor a Jewish child among her students from whom I received really stirring letters – beautifully illustrated: hearts, flowers and *Mogen Davids* abounded, and one black suitcase containing a red heart.

ANNE KELEMEN  
New York, N.Y.

In the May 2007 Kindertransport Newsletter (UK), Bertha Leverton reports that "The U.S. committee declined to undertake the actual work (and expense) of printing and mailing" the Kindertransport survey initiated, like most worthwhile Kindertransport activities, by Bertha Leverton and her associates in the UK. Postage amounted to \$4 each as against 63¢ if mailed in the U.S. Bertha graciously and, to my mind superfluously, acknowledged that the KTA at least supplied the address labels for the U.S. members.

In the absence of an explanation by the KTA it seems extraordinarily mean spirited and inappropriate to miss this rare opportunity to show our appreciation and to assist the UK organization for yet another project that benefits all *Kinder*.

GUY BISHOP  
Newton, Conn.

Kurt Goldberger, KTA President, responds to the above letter:

When the KTA was first apprised of the AJR/KT survey, we were asked to mail it within a week to ten days. We notified the AJR/KT that we would not be able to do the mailing that fast. After some e-mail exchanges, we indicated that we could do the mailing some time later, as we would have to get volunteers to undertake that task, after having the thirteen page survey printed, collated and stapled. We then received an e-mail from Hermann Hirschberger, President of the KT of Great Britain, that AJR agreed to mail the surveys to our members. KTA depends entirely on volunteers to do all the necessary work, whereas AJR has paid staff. The expense for this mailing is not just the 63¢ postage, but would also have included the above mentioned printing, etc.

For years, the KTA has financially supported projects undertaken by KT Great Britain and in addition welcomed Bertha Leverton as our guest at the biennial conferences.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*

[Correction: In the last issue of KINDER-LINK we published a letter from Lisa Asnis. Her maiden name was incorrectly given as Lisa Paul. Her name was Ilse Paul, nicknamed IIschen.]



## Chapter News

### WASHINGTON, D.C., CHAPTER

We meet four times a year. At our Spring get-together in March our guest speaker was Herman Taube, the noted poet and author. His works are principally about the Holocaust and World War II. He was with the Polish/Russian army serving as a medic. As the army advanced and concentration camps were being liberated, Herman was on the constant lookout for Jewish survivors. At one of the camps he met a young woman, and they married. Her name is Susan.

At our Summer meeting in June Susan Taube was our guest. We were fortunate to have them both share their very personal recollections of a most difficult time in their lives. It also made us reflect on how fortunate we were to have parents who had the fortitude and strength to send us on the Kindertransports.

We discussed the recent survey that was received by us all. There were some mixed feelings about the nature of the questions and what they propose to do with all the data. Nevertheless, I think we all agreed that to try and find out what happened to all of those 10,000 children is a worthwhile endeavor.

The idea was raised of creating a book (loose leaf 8.5" x 11") comprising all of our chapter members. Each person should give a synopsis of their lives, where they were born, their experience in the U.K., and how they eventually wound up here in the Washington area. There should be some interesting reading. We ask that people limit their writing to one page (both sides) and enclose a small photograph. We have set in motion a small group to kick off the idea. The project was enthusiastically received.

Our next meeting is scheduled for September. Hopefully we will have made significant progress on our new project.

ALFRED (FRED) TRAUM  
Chapter Co-Chair

## Home for Memory Quilts

**A**N AGREEMENT HAS BEEN REACHED to display on a permanent basis the Kindertransport Memory Quilts at the Holocaust Memorial Center (HMC) in Farmington Hills, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit.

The quilts will be completely encased in a transparent plastic box and hung on a wall adjacent to the International Museum of the Righteous, which is part of the HMC. Each square of each quilt will have an accompanying short essay on the meaning of the square or about the life of the originator as taken, in part or fully, from the pages in the *Kindertransport Memory Quilt Book*. The essays will either be displayed in adjacent plastic cases or presented orally, coordinated to each square, using either the voice of the originator or, most likely, a child's voice.

The three quilts are now at the HMC. Each of the twenty squares is being reviewed for signs of deterioration, since they are over ten years old. Before being placed inside a Lucite box for display any needed restoration will be done with the assistance of a professional restorer from the Detroit Institute of Arts.

The addition of a Children's Museum, presenting the Holocaust in the eyes of children, is currently under consideration by the HMC management, encouraged by a recent \$10 million private donation to the HMC. Should this materialize the quilts will be moved to that location.

The HMC opened its doors in 1984 in West Bloomfield, Mich., a suburb of Detroit, as the first Holocaust museum in the United States in its own freestanding building. In 2002 it relocated to a newly constructed building, designed specifically as a Holocaust museum, in a commercial section of Farmington Hills. All funds for the original and new building and its contents are obtained from private sources. The Center consists of three museums: the Museum of European Jewish Heritage, the Holocaust Museum, and the International Institute of the Righteous. It also includes a library of books and videos which is considered one of the finest in the world, with over four hundred video interviews of Holocaust survivors, eyewitnesses, rescuers, and liberators.

The primary forces for bringing the quilts to the HMC are Mrs. Gail Kaplan, a well-known local artist, and Mrs. Merry Silber, a nationally recognized quilt expert who has been involved in the quilt world for over forty years as a lecturer, appraiser, and competition judge, and as the curator of thirty-two quilt shows in the U.S. and Canada.

For more information about the HMC, go to the web site <[www.holocaustcenter.org](http://www.holocaustcenter.org)>.

HANS WEINMANN  
W. Bloomfield, Mich.



### N.Y. CHAPTER NEWS

Recently I heard Sonja Geismer talk about her experiences as a passenger aboard the S.S. St. Louis during the ship's voyage to Cuba and return to Europe. Along with a documentary film, this was an interesting event.

Sonja is willing to address the N. Y. Chapter and I am hoping that Stephen Wise Synagogue will give us space but final resolution depends on the Rabbi and Cantor who are presently on holiday. The proposed date is October 14. I will let you know the outcome.

HELGA SHEPARD, N.Y. Chapter Chair

### The threat of war

In the 1930s the rise of Nazism was a growing threat to peace in Europe. Britain began to prepare for the possibility of another war.

It was feared that air raids and gas attacks would pose the greatest risk to civilians, and detailed plans for Air Raid Precautions (ARP) were drawn up. The Munich Crisis in the autumn of 1938, when war seemed imminent, hastened activity. Air raid shelters were distributed to householders, a night time blackout was planned and 38 million gas masks were issued. Arrangements were put in place for the evacuation of children from cities.

Britain became a safe haven for some 4,000 "Niños," children caught up in the fight against fascism in Spain, and for nearly 10,000 Jewish children from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, who were sent by their parents on "Kindertransport" from December 1938 to escape Nazi persecution.

*Introductory panel to the Holocaust exhibit at the Imperial War Museum in London.*



### Announcements

The KTA is looking for a new treasurer. If you are interested in filling this position, please get in touch with Kurt Goldberger, at <[margkurt@aol.com](mailto:margkurt@aol.com)> or phone 516-938-6084.

At this time KTA is seeking nominations for the following officers whose terms will expire this year: Vice President, Two (2) Second Generation Vice Presidents, Officer-at-Large, and Corresponding Secretary. Please send nominations to the chair of the Nominating Committee: Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Apt. 6E, Bronx, NY 10467. Nominations must be postmarked no later than September 1st and must include the assent of the nominee.

Adrienne Behrendt is still accepting poems for her book. She is also looking to include short bios of all the members of the KTA, past and present. Anyone can send bios about *Kinder*, especially family members, spouses and friends. Contact her at P.O. Box 2044, New Britain, CT 06050, or by e-mail at <[behrendtkt2@yahoo.com](mailto:behrendtkt2@yahoo.com)>.

**Membership Renewal.** If you have renewed your membership and you notice that the date on your mailing label has not been changed to reflect this, don't panic! We are a bit behind in updating the labels, but be sure that by the next issue the labels will be corrected. If you have not yet renewed, please do so that we can continue to send you KINDER-LINK and keep you informed of events in your area.

## GENERATIONS COLUMN

## Welcome to Our World

THIS IS THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF STORIES ABOUT THEIR LIVES  
WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF THE SECOND GENERATION.

**M**Y MOTHER ESCAPED THE NAZIS on a Kindertransport from Hamburg, Germany, in February 1939. Her younger sister and brother left a week earlier, but her papers were not in order and she was not permitted to leave.

She arrived in England a week later and when she woke up the next morning she was greeted with the wonderful news that her sister and brother were there as well. She stayed with a family in Oxford and had some problems there.

She went back to Germany after the war as a civilian with the American Army to try and find her parents. Her parents were evacuated from Hamburg in 1941 on a transport to Minsk and as far as she knows did not survive. My mother emigrated to the U.S. (Oxford, Ohio) in 1947. She married my father, who was a refugee from Czechoslovakia. He escaped in 1938 with his parents and brother, and they hid out in Hungary. All four of them managed to come to the U.S. in 1942. He and his brother joined the American Army. After the war, he went to college on the GI bill at Ohio State University and my parents met at the Hillel Society in Columbus, Ohio.

They moved to Ithaca, N.Y., where he attended graduate school at Cornell University. They thought Ithaca would be a good place to raise a family and they were right. They had two daughters. My father and his brother were native speakers of Esperanto (maybe the only ones in the world). He spoke six languages fluently and eventually became a professor of Spanish and linguistics at SUNY Cortland. He died in 1988. My mother taught German at Cornell University. My parents spoke German at home, but both my sister and I refused to speak it. We understood German very well, but answered only in English.

My mother's sister married an American soldier and came to the U.S. as a war bride. She and her husband have retired in Virginia and have two children. My mother's brother stayed in England, married an English woman and they have two children. My mother, her sister and brother are all alive and in their 80s and all are doing well!

I live in Ithaca where I am a professional classical harpist and harp teacher. I recently completed a graduate degree in landscape architecture. In my "spare time" I am also a human rights activist and have recently served as an NGO representative to the United Nations where we have just completed drafting the new Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities.

I am divorced and have two grown children. My personal life has been very traumatic, but I am also a survivor.

My sister is an international management consultant working primarily with non-profit corporations and she, too, lives in Ithaca.

MYRA KOVARY  
Ithaca, N.Y.

**M**Y MOTHER WAS BORN IN LEIPZIG. Her mother had been widowed several months before my mother's birth. She and my mother were thrown out of Germany on October 28 into Krakow, Poland. After six weeks there my

grandmother put my mother on a Kindertransport. They never saw each other again.

Her experience in England living with a "host" family was dreadful. She lived at first with a woman who was quite mean to her. The husband was weak and could do nothing to help her, and their only child was at best indifferent. When children were evacuated out of London, my mother was sent with them. She lived with a succession of families that had never seen a Jewish person before. After two years she returned to London where, at the age of fifteen, she met my father. They married when she was seventeen and I arrived eleven months later. We all came to the U.S. when I was three.

My life was fine growing up. I have three wonderful children and four grandchildren. I live in Huntington, Long Island; I am a family educator and religious school teacher.

My motivation for writing now is two-fold. It is that time of the year again when the events of the *Shoah* and war are all over the media, and I thought it was a nice idea to share my story with everyone.

BRENDA REISS  
Huntington, N.Y.

**M**Y MOTHER LEFT BERLIN on a transport June 12, 1939, and lived first in a boarding school in Broadstairs and then was taken in by a vicar and spent a year attending the village school. In 2001 my mother took me and my older brothers to Berlin for the opening of the Jewish museum. Afterwards we went to Sussex; I had prearranged to visit the vicar's former home. We were shown around and my mother said how safe and comforted she felt living there. A highlight was showing me a window seat on the stairs where she would read for hours, enjoying the rays from the sun.

I first heard of the Nazi horrors when I was about eight. I would spend summers with my *Omama* who would show me family photos from Schlawe in Pommern, and Berlin. I would then write on the reverse side the names of who they were. Time and again she instructed that I write "Killed by the Nazis" or "Killed under Hitler." I wasn't sure what it meant then.

A year or so later she showed me a framed photo of her mother who died in Theresienstadt and told me about her life. How she was brought up in Koenigsberg and was from an upper class family, and was even chosen to greet the Kaiser and present him with flowers when she was a small girl. The sash she wore to that event was among her most prized possessions and kept until she was deported. My uncle in Munich who survived the war (he was a *mischling*) recalled seeing my grandmother being deported when the Nazis came to her house. They lived upstairs from her. They were told when she was going to be deported, so they would be standing across the street. My grandmother never lost her dignity; she left dressed in fine clothes and tipped her hat to the family as she was being led away to the waiting Nazi trucks.

I heard about the Kindertransport when I came across a postcard that my mother wrote on the Kindertransport from Bremenhaven. She mentioned that she was put in charge of a little girl about three by the girl's father. When she came into her compartment the father asked that my mother make sure

*Continued on Page 6*

## Welcome to Our World *Continued from Page 5*

she crossed the Channel safely. My mother said that the Nazis came into their compartment and opened their suitcases and dumped everything on the floor. My grandmother spent hours neatly packing the suitcase so everything would fit in. My mother helped the girl repack her suitcase and often wondered what happened to her. She did see that the girl was safely met in London.

I am amazed at the number of items my mother still had from the Kindertransport: her accordion that she brought, a telegram her cousin received on the boat, etc. I have donated all of these to a Holocaust museum.

My mother was joined by her parents in 1940 and they took a convoy to Nova Scotia where they then took a bus overland to Los Angeles, where my grandfather, a one-time clothing manufacturer, started life over as a chicken farmer.

GEORGE FOGELSON  
Redondo Beach, Cal.



## Archive at Vienna's Jewish Museum

**A** NEWLY DISCOVERED CACHE of documents concerning the Nazi era in Austria went on display at Vienna's Jewish Museum on July 3, 2007. The documents were discovered when the *Israelitische Kultusgemeinde Wien* (Jewish Community Vienna) was about to sell an unoccupied building in 2000. Workers discovered a stack of 800 boxes in one of the apartments in the building.

Contained in the boxes were thousands of pages of documents about the Jewish community during the Holocaust. After seven years of work, sorting, preserving, and microfilming the archive, with the help of the United States Holocaust Museum, the documents were officially unveiled to the world.

The Vienna cache, when combined with material previously sent to Israel, constitutes one of the largest Holocaust archives of any Jewish community. Not only will this material be of immense use to scholars, it will help families trace the fate of perished family members.

Some of this material can already be viewed on microfilm at the Holocaust museum in Washington and at the Central Archives for the History of the Jewish People in Israel. Plans made before Simon Wiesenthal's death for a proposed Vienna Wiesenthal Institute for Holocaust Studies will bring together Mr. Wiesenthal's Nazi-hunting files and the Jewish Community files in one place. This will serve as a research institute and a place for themed exhibits.

Lothar Hölbling, the chief archivist for the *Kultusgemeinde*, and Ingo Zechner, director of the *Kultusgemeinde* Holocaust Victims' Information and Support Center worked tirelessly on organizing the archive material. The noteworthy thing about these two young men, both in their thirties, is that neither of them is Jewish. Nor are most of the staff of the *Kultusgemeinde*. Mr. Zechner said that the involvement of non-Jews is at least partly due to the new openness about the role of Austria during the Holocaust that came about after the revelations about the Nazi past of former Austrian president Kurt Waldheim.

**Closing date for submissions for the Fall issue is September 1st, but please do not wait until the last minute**

## Peter Leighton-Langer

**T**HOUSANDS OF AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN refugee veterans of the Second World War sadly note the passing of Peter Leighton-Langer, retired CEO of Bata Shoes, Germany, and author of two painstakingly researched books and numerous articles in German and English about His Majesty's own loyal enemy aliens. Born in 1923, Peter died on the 10th of May of this year in Bensheim, Germany, where he, his wife, and some of their family made their home. He called shortly before his death to tell me of some recent diagnosis of his condition and to say goodbye.

Though Peter Leighton-Langer is now beyond the reach of all earthly honors and rewards, his books will be a true and lasting memorial to that great man who worked with tireless dedication. He was a true friend to many who were enriched by his warm friendship and inspired by his keen mind.

Sponsored by the YMCA, as were many among us, he left Vienna and went to England shortly before the Kindertransports officially began, and worked on a farm until joining the Pioneer Corps. He received a commission later in the Royal Artillery and saw action in the Far East. His father, Paul Langer, perished in Auschwitz.

Peter's last book, in English, entitled *The King's Own Loyal Enemy Aliens* is still available in paperback.

RIP

ERNIE GOODMAN  
Oneonta, N.Y.



## The KTA Speakers Bureau

**T**HE ACTIVITIES OF THE KTA SPEAKERS BUREAU over the past few months have been quite outstanding. It appears that more and more people are becoming aware of the rescue operation known as the Kindertransport. Much of this awareness can be attributed to our website. Inquiries have come from diverse parts of the U.S. and Canada. The most recent ones were from Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Manchester, N.H.; Florida; Syosset, N.Y.; Purchase, N.Y.; Skokie, Ill.; Dix Hills, N.Y.; Bloomington, Ill.; Ontario; Glencoe, Ill.; Bronx, N.Y.; and Brooklyn, N.Y.

Whenever possible local members are asked to fill these speaking engagements. Additionally, the Speakers Bureau often answers questions from students who are doing research about the Kindertransports. The following is an excerpt of a letter from a fifth grader in Illinois where Kurt and I were invited to speak at her school:

"Thank you so much for coming to Hunting Ridge School. The Holocaust was such a terrible thing to do to people. People in this world are equal and they are all humans. I learned so much, like the night of broken glass, what the Nazis did in concentration camps, and the things that the Germans did in that time to see which people qualified to be in the master race . . . I hate that they would do terrible, disgusting, and horrible things to the Jews. Thank you for the information and your time. Sharon W."

We know that many of our members speak in schools in their geographic area. Let's hear from you so that we can keep a record of your activities. All of us who fill these engagements are doing an important educational job.

MARGARET GOLDBERGER  
Chair, KTA Speakers Bureau



## There Is No War in America *Continued from Page 2*

least this time I was traveling with my mother. We were joining my father and my paternal grandparents, who had all been brought to America by my grandfather's brother Bernhardt. It was also due to this great-uncle that my mother and I could go to America. He had put up the \$500 bond required for each person being brought into the United States. What a wonderful thing it was to have a rich uncle in America!

We had already been waiting for a considerable time before the train pulled in. Once in the train and finally under way, I slept with my head on my mother's lap.

We reached Glasgow the next morning and went straight to the dock. There, our papers were checked and our luggage was searched.

The last step before we boarded the ship was to give up our gas masks, which were dumped into a huge crate next to the gangplank. I was indignant! How could these adults be so reckless of our safety as to send us off without the protection of gas masks?

"It's all right," my mother assured me. "There's no war in America. You won't need the gas mask there."

It was growing dark by the time we entered the ship and found our way to our cabin below deck. This would be our home for the next ten days. We were part of a convoy sailing together for protection against German U-boats. The ships would take the shortest route across open international waters, then hug the coast of North America until we reached New York.

My mother put me to bed in the lower berth. I was asleep when our ship left the harbor. When I woke up the next morning we were well under way, and my mother was in the grips of the seasickness that would plague her for the remainder of the trip. Our stewardess tried to make her comfortable by giving her sips of ginger ale and some plain dry biscuits to eat, but nothing really helped, so the stewardess took me to the dining room for breakfast and showed me to my table.

"This is Eva, she'll be eating with you. Her mother is too seasick to leave their cabin," she explained to the couple already at the table. They promised to take care of me, and I had the first of many meals without my mother. I was greatly impressed by having a menu from which I could order whatever I wanted.

That morning there was a lifeboat drill. A stewardess showed me where to go, and I had the satisfaction of being given a life vest that I was told to carry with me when I went outside my cabin. This not only made me feel secure, it also made a handy seat on deck. Meanwhile, my mother worried that if there were a U-boat attack on the ship she would be in no position to help me.

I enjoyed my time on the ship without worrying about U-boats. I spent my days exploring the ship with my new playmate, a boy of about my age who was also traveling with his mother. Under her watchful eye we ran around the decks and up and down stairs.

Meals on board were wonderfully luxurious for an eight-year-old. I felt very sophisticated choosing hors d'oeuvres while the waiter solemnly held the platter for me, just as he did for the adults. There didn't seem to be any food rationing aboard ship; at the end of every dinner, there was dessert, even ice cream was often on the menu. Of course I ordered it whenever I could!

One night the ship ran into a storm. I woke up to the queasy

sensation of the ship pitching up and down. I didn't get up, prepared to spend the day being seasick along with my mother in our cabin. Our stewardess was having none of this. She assured me that the fresh air would cure my mild case of seasickness. "Come along," she ordered when I was dressed. Up to the deck we went. "Now then, let's have a little brisk walking." After a few turns around the deck, I felt well enough to eat.

It was now too late for my regular breakfast seating. The stewardess took me to the dining room, where a waiter seated me at a table with a lone older gentleman who regarded me with some trepidation. I felt called upon to summon up my best boarding-school manners so as not to offend this very proper-looking man. I ate as I had been taught in school: elbows held close to my body, mouth closed when I chewed, napkin frequently used to keep my mouth and fingers clean. My table mate seemed to relax as I ate. When he left the table I heard him tell the waiter that I was "a delightfully well-mannered little girl." I left the dining room feeling rather smug.

All the days spent roaming the ship by myself or with my friend, eating the meals that I ordered by myself, made me feel very adult. I never realized that many people were keeping an eye on me: our stewardess, my friend's mother, the people at my table in the dining room. They all saw to it that I came to no harm.

Ten days after we started the trip, the ship began to approach New York harbor. The water became calmer, and my mother was able to get up and get our things packed for the landing. I ran up on deck to watch, and soon came running back down to tell my mother, "I saw the Statue of Liberty!"

Too excited to stay down in our cabin for long, I went running back up see more. Evening was falling as we steamed up the Hudson to our berth. Down I ran again to tell my mother about the marvels I had seen.

"Mommy, the buildings are so tall. They look just like a picture post card!"

Before we were allowed to land, American immigration had to check everyone's papers. We were near the end of the line. As it grew later and later, and there was still no sign of us, my father, who was waiting for us on the pier, became increasingly worried. He was told that if we were not processed that day we would be taken to Ellis Island for the night, and would not be processed until the next day.

Eventually it was our turn and we were free to enter the United States. We walked down the gangplank, and there was my father, running toward us to hug and kiss my mother and swing me up into his arms.

He then bought me a box of Malomars. My first American food! Carrying our suitcases, he led the way to a taxi. I looked around in wonder at the tall buildings all lit up in the darkness. "Look Mommy!" I cried out, "There's no blackout here! There really is no war in America!"

EVA YACHNES  
Bronx, N.Y.

*[We would like to have more of your stories about the voyage to America. Did you arrive here as a child? Did you come here as an adult after living in other countries? How did you feel about the second uprooting? Send your typed manuscript to Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467, or by e-mail to <eyachnes@verizon.net>.]*

### The Kindertransport Association Wants You . . . To Volunteer!

The KTA could use a few good volunteers to work with the **website committee**.

As we prepare for a redesign and re-launch of the site, we could use people who want to be involved a little bit . . . or a lot. We could use people with technical experience – IT knowledge, project managers, administrative assistants. And we could use people with absolutely no technical knowledge to create content for the site – writers, editors, historians, and researchers.

For members of the second and third generations in high school or college, this volunteer work can be an internship taken for school credit. It could help build a resume or a college application.

If you are interested, please contact Melissa Hacker at <kinderfilm@earthlink.net>.

#### For other KTA volunteer opportunities:

To help with the **KINDER-LINK newsletter** contact Eva Yachnes at <eyachnes@verizon.net>.

To work with the **Speakers Bureau** contact Margaret Goldberger at <margkurt@aol.com>.

To help with **fundraising and development** contact Anita Grosz at <anita@patrol.i-way.co.uk>.

Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Eva Yachnes, editor, Apt. 6E, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467, or e-mail to <eyachnes@verizon.net>. Submissions for the Second Generation page to Adrienne Behrendt, P.O. Box 2044, New Britain, CT 06050 or e-mail to <behrendtk2@yahoo.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>



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Member y/e 6/30/2007  
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2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211

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Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at <<http://www.kindertransport.org>>

**Kinder:** To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <kadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com>

**KT2:** to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <kgenerations-subscribe@yahoogroups.com>

(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER KTA LINK



KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION

Winter 2008

Volume 18 / Number 1

## Refugee Veterans Honored by the Imperial War Museum

ON SEPTEMBER 4TH, THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM in London honored some of the surviving refugee veterans of the Second World War at a special event to which I was invited as guest and speaker. Some of the invited guests spent the morning being interviewed by reporters from all the English daily newspapers, the BBC, and the world's news agencies. On September 5th they found themselves featured in half-page reports with plenty of pictures.

The afternoon was spent in the Museum's cinema where a film about the Pioneer Corps was shown and three speakers then told the stories of their wartime service. That part of the program was opened by Field Marshal Lord Brammel, former Chairman of the Museum's Board of Trustees, who was also actively involved in the creation of the impressive Holocaust Exhibit. He thanked the veterans, "all volunteers, who did not have to serve but did so with distinction."

My speech followed. I thanked Britain for saving the lives of 10,000 children who went to England with the Kindertransport.

By the way, to the Brits we were "evacuees" from Germany and Austria and the newspapers also described us as "evacuees." I found it a bit odd and mentioned that fact to a couple of reporters and to the staff of the Museum. But are we still "evacuees?" And to the press we are Germans and Austrians, not refugees. Perhaps they find it more dramatic.

I then stated that "Britain's efforts on behalf of the persecuted by the Nazis and the decision to give so many thousands of refugees shelter was the noblest episode in those terrible years and our desire to fight shoulder-to-shoulder with the British people was our most ardent desire." I also said, "The uniform helped greatly in the construction of a new identity and to legitimize our integration into British society." Of course I felt honored to be there for the one-day event and I was the only person in attendance who had come from abroad. The number in attendance was strictly limited by space considerations. But had I known very much earlier who among KTA

members had served in H.M. Forces I would have submitted their names last spring. I did submit four names of those I knew personally but only one, besides me, received an invitation. Unfortunately he could not make the trip.

The event concluded with a social hour; refreshments and food were served.

The special event also served to launch the new book by

Dr. Helen Fry, "*The King's Most Loyal Enemy Aliens.*" She ends her book with my words and the September event was officially closed with the same words: "We fought for the redemption of the human race and to give history another chance."

Attendance at the event was excellent in spite of yet another "Tube" strike and the difficulty of finding a cab because people used them to go to work. The weather was brilliantly sunny and warm all week.

If you go to England take

plenty of money. Everything is sinfully expensive and the exchange rate is devastating.

Finally an appeal:

It would be very good indeed if we knew those KTA members who served with H.M. Forces in the Second World War. Please send your names and branch of the service in which you served to the KTA c/o Kurt and Margaret Goldberger. In that way we will know how to notify you should there be another event that requires your presence.

ERNEST J. GOODMAN  
Oneonta, N.Y.



2008

KTA REUNION IS COMING

SEE BOX on PAGE 2

Daily Mail, Wednesday, September 5, 2007

## The Germans who fought for Britain

Salute to Helmut and Horst who fled Nazis and took up arms against them



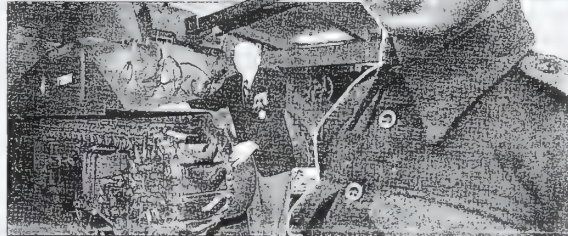
Paul Harris reports

THEIR names could hardly sound more British - Harry, Geoffrey and Sid, Ernest, Willy and Eric. In their uniforms they looked just like any of their chums, united in warlike against the common enemy of Hitler's Germany.

But this is a sinister, fascinating secret. For this are an amazing army of fugitives who fled to a "neutral" land for Britain during the war - some from Horst, Helmut and Eric - betrayed their former allies.

Yesterday, most still proudly bearing the same gun as names they acquired in blood in all three years ago - they came together for the first time in a unique meeting - the part they played in Britain's victory over Germany.

They are the 100 surviving men and women who joined British forces in the liberation of Europe. The event coincides with the publication of a book, *The Nazis*



NOW 82, Ernest Goodman was born Ernst Guttman in Breslau (now Wrocław in Poland) and evacuated to England in 1939. Mr Goodman, pictured left at the Imperial War Museum yesterday and above as a young soldier, served with the Coldstream Guards, and was on the front line through France, Belgium and Holland. He was wounded during the assault on the Rhine.

**Opinion**

**Moving On**

I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO PERSUADE some of you memoir writers to send me articles about how and why you came to the United States. Even after publishing my own piece about my voyage from Glasgow to New York, and my feelings about being uprooted once more, all the new memoirs that I have received from you continue to focus on your Kindertransport experience. Those who have written at all about coming here have mostly made the trip to the United States a sort of post-script to the Kindertransport story.

Can it be that you don't want to move forward with your life stories? Are you stuck at that particular point in your lives? Or do you feel that this one experience is the only outstanding thing that needs to be said about you? I can't quite believe that! I know that many of us have interesting stories to tell about our later lives.

What brought you to this country? Did you come as a child or as an adult? Were you a war-bride? Did you come to the United States directly from Great Britain or did you live in another country first? What were your emotions about this new uprooting, which must have affected you, no matter how willingly you came here. It seems to me that all of these stories are just as interesting, if not as traumatic, as the Kindertransport stories.

Or is your failure to send memoir pieces that move beyond the Kindertransport experience an indication that you do *not* want to move on in these pages? Perhaps you feel that this one event is what we have in common, and that you don't care to read any other memoirs in the KINDER-LINK. Perhaps you don't feel that the trip to the United States is a particularly interesting topic, or you don't care to read memoirs at all.

I ask these questions because I am eager to publish items that interest you, the readers of our publication. I would appreciate hearing from you about whether you would like me to

continue publishing all the Kindertransport stories that come in, no matter if they seem a bit repetitive. After all, each life is a bit different, so each story has its own slant on our common experience.

EVA YACHNES

*[We would like to have more of your stories about the voyage to America. Did you arrive here as a child? Did you come here as an adult after living in other countries? How did you feel about the second uprooting? Send your typed manuscript to Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467, or by e-mail to <eyachnes@verizon.net>.]*

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Publications are welcome to use material from KINDER-LINK, but are requested to credit the source. The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Executive Board or the KTA. \*Deceased

**The Smile Train**

*Recently the KTA received the following letter from the charitable organization called The Smile Train to which we had made a donation. The Smile Train repairs cleft palates and cleft lips of children in Third-World nations.*

Dear Kindertransport Association:

I came into work this morning and on my desk was a letter with a note that read, "Aliza, thought you'd be interested in this." I am personally touched by this letter and was specifically asked if I can take time out to respond to this beautiful donation.

As a grandchild of a Holocaust survivor this donation and letter touched my heart. My grandfather, *Zayde* Irving, had thankfully survived the concentration camps but his baby sister (whom my sister was named after) was not lucky enough to survive, or to be part of the special group of children who were rescued from the Nazi regime.

To go through something so unimaginable as the Holocaust and then become part of a group that stands for giving to others is incredible and shows a tremendous amount about individuals like yourself. The members of this committee are true heroes in my eyes.

My supervisor Michele returned from Nigeria where she visited some of our poorest patients. Their parents often earn less than \$2 a day. No matter how long they saved, they would never be able to afford the surgery their child needed to live a healthy normal life.

The families come to the hospital hoping for a miracle and they left with hope in their hearts. They asked Michele a lot of questions but the one she heard most frequently was, "Why do you care about us?" She told them about people like you, who have big hearts and want to make a difference in the world. Now, that is something we can all smile about!

On behalf of the children in Nigeria and all over the world, thank you for creating little miracles. Working together, we can change the world, one smile at a time.

With Sincere Appreciation,  
ALIZA GOLDOFSKY  
Donor Relations Associate

**PLAN to CELEBRATE  
the 70th ANNIVERSARY  
of the KINDERTRANSPORT**

**ADVANCE NOTICE**

**2008 BIENNIAL REUNION  
OF THE KTA  
WILL BE HELD IN ORLANDO  
OCTOBER 24 - OCTOBER 26, 2008**

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR and PLAN TO ATTEND**

**WATCH FOR DETAILS IN THE COMING MONTHS**

## Berlin Jewish Museum

I RECENTLY VISITED THE JEWISH MUSEUM in Berlin where I had an appointment with the archivist. I brought her letters, documents, and photos of interest, and Kurt and I spent several hours with her.

In a subsequent e-mail she requested that we publicize the fact that the museum is looking for documents, photos, and objects about German-Jewish family life, not just in pre-war Berlin but throughout Germany.

Also, regarding the Kindertransports, the museum has very little material and would like to receive items in connection with the Kindertransports. She points out that often the next generation does not know what to do with such items, and frequently they are destroyed.

If material is sent, the museum will mail an official document to the contributor which has to be signed, allowing the museum to place the material in its archives, and/or to display it.

Please send material or inquiries to Leonore Maier, Kuratorin fuer Alltages und Familiengeschichte, Juedisches Museum Berlin, Lindenstr. 9-14, D-10969 Berlin or e-mail: <l.maier@jmberlin.de>.

MARGARET GOLDBERGER  
Hicksville, N.Y.



## Death of Rudolf Goldsmith

Dr. Leonore Goldschmidt, founder of the famous Berlin *Goldschmidt Schule*, had one son who died recently in London. He was 82 years old. Survivors include an older sister Gertrud (Tutta) and his three sons and two daughters. The funeral was December 17, 2007, in London.

KTA members who were alumni and attended the 1999 London reunion may remember Rudi from the *Goldschmidt Schule* reunion which he hosted at his London home.

Rudi's oldest son David, a writer, is married to the daughter of a *Kind*.

Rudi was a friend since the hostel days at The Rectory in Birmingham in 1943. He was loyal, clever, funny, musical, and a successful businessman.

He will be missed by all who knew him.

LUCIE BENEDIKT  
New York, N.Y.



## Kinder-Link Deadlines

Here is a schedule of the deadlines for future issues of the KINDER-LINK and the approximate publication dates, although occasionally the publication date will vary. Please keep this so that your time-sensitive material can reach us before the deadline for the relevant issue.

Spring: March 1 for mid-April publication.

Summer: June 1 for mid-July publication.

Fall: September 1 for mid-October publication.

Winter: December 1 for mid-January publication.



Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>

## Kristallnacht Commemoration

EVERY YEAR, ON THE ANNIVERSARY of *Kristallnacht*, I wish I had a chance to talk about that awful day and night I experienced in Frankfurt am Main, and show the movie *Into the Arms of Strangers*.

Finally an opportunity presented itself this year to show the movie and talk about *Kristallnacht* to the Lawrence High School in Nassau County, N.Y. It was to be my first experience to speak to children directly. I was most graciously received by the Principal of the High School and the head of the Social Studies Department who were delighted to show the movie, planning it for November 8th, and were much impressed with the Warner Brothers Study Guide, as well as the two KINDER-LINK issues I brought (including the German Chancellor's and Prince Charles's comments) – copies to be given out as “hand outs.”

Approximately ninety social studies “advanced students” filled the auditorium. In attendance were the School Chancellor, the Principal, and three teachers, who repeatedly gave me their sincere thanks for this happening. The movie was preceded by my brief introduction, and the attentive and moved audience offered applause at the end, as the “Question and Answer” session followed. These demonstrated remarkable insight and feelings by the students. It was a most gratifying experience.

BELLE (BERTHA) SILVERSTEIN  
Far Rockaway, N.Y.



## Announcements

The 2007/2008 catalogue of Yad Vashem Books contains a large number of old and new books dealing with the Holocaust. For information, persons can write to: Yad Vashem Publications, P.O. Box 3477, Jerusalem 91034, Israel.

To purchase books through the on-line store:  
<[ecom.gov.il/yadvashem/homepage-en.aspx](http://ecom.gov.il/yadvashem/homepage-en.aspx)>.

MARGARET GOLDBERGER



American Friends of the Czech Republic (AFoCR) will distribute 17,700 copies of the U.S. edition of Matej Minac's *Nicholas Winton's Lottery of Life* translated and expanded by Peter A. Rafaeli.

This 320 page book was originally published in Czech for use in schools in the Czech Republic where it is distributed free to students. A German language edition was published several years ago.

The English language edition will be distributed to educational institutions approved by AFoCR. For further information or to make a tax deductible contribution to AFoCR contact: AFoCR - Nicholas Winton Educational Project, c/o Harleysville National Bank, 1804 North Broad Street, Lansdale, PA 19446.



The U.S. Congress passed a resolution in mid-September honoring the work of Sir Nicholas Winton, who, at the outbreak of World War II, helped save 669 Jewish Czech children from the Nazi death camps. Winton, now 98, funded and arranged the transportation in 1939 of eight separate trains of Jewish children from Prague to London.

From *Dateline World Jewry*  
Sent by Anne Kelemen

GENERATIONS COLUMN

Welcome to Our World

THIS IS THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF STORIES ABOUT THEIR LIVES  
WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF THE SECOND GENERATION.

MY FATHER WAS BORN IN COLOGNE and left in 1939 on a Kindertransport to Dovercourt. Ultimately, he was deported along with other German youth on the Dunera to Melbourne, Australia. He was conscripted into the Australian Army. I have obtained documentation that he was on the Dunera (the ship's manifest) and of his time in England and Australia. He died in 1974 when I was eighteen and really didn't talk much about his experiences while growing up. I know that the British government was quite humiliated after they identified these Jewish refugees as potential security threats and had them exiled. A movie "The Dunera Boys" recounts the infamous incident, about how they were badly mistreated, kept in steerage among criminals in utterly filthy conditions. The ship was often fired upon by German U-boats.

My grandparents and aunt (his sister) were able to leave Germany because they received sponsorship from then New York's Governor, Herbert Lehman. He was a distant relative of my grandmother. My grandfather was a metallurgist and ended up in Detroit as did, miraculously, my father. I grew up there and now live in Chicago where I am a physician (endocrinologist) at the University of Chicago.

For several years I have tried to engage my aunt, the only living relative of my father, to provide details about their life in Germany. She is not willing to discuss it. I have been to the archives at the U.S. Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C., and have not been able to find much. To the point . . .

I am interested in researching the details leading to my father's departure from Germany, travels to England, and then to Australia. I have photos and some documents but need professional help to piece it together. I live in Chicago with my wife and children.

DAVID EHRMANN, M.D.



The more I read and share these stories with you, it is all too evident that we, the 2nd generation, know so little of our parents, grandparents, and other relatives. Many of us have grown up with huge gaps in our family histories, and the missing people in our lives can never be replaced, only fragments of them remain, pictures and stories we are told is all we have to try and remember them by. The more our parents and family members don't tell us their stories and experiences the harder it is for us to share it with future generations, especially our children. It's hard enough trying to explain to them why they have so few relatives. When they ask why, we can only sit there in silence and wonder.

ADRIENNE BEHRENDT  
*Generations Editor*



Painful Memories

I RECENTLY TOOK MY MOTHER to her first ever KTA event. The N.Y. Chapter was showing a movie about the voyage of the S.S. St. Louis, a true story of more than 900 refugees from Germany trying to get into Cuba, only to be turned away because their entry papers were not valid.

My mother Lore (Feldmann) Behrendt is not a *Kind*, but still a Holocaust survivor who escaped Germany with her mother at the age of nine years. Getting to the U.S. she said was a long and very scary experience. First they went to France, then Spain, Cuba, and finally the U.S. in 1941. Her father got to the U.S. in 1940 because his aunt sponsored him. They saved enough money to start their own businesses and did very well in this country. My mother is a professional photographer, painter, and sculptor. Her work has been shown throughout the tri-state area.

During the movie and after it when Sonja spoke of her and others' experiences, I could see the color leave my mother's face. The subject of extermination and concentration camps throw my mother into her darkest memories, ones she never confronted or came to terms with.

My grandfather died a very angry and bitter man, he could not forgive or forget. His hatred ate him alive. My grandmother never spoke of her past except during the weeks leading to her death, when she screamed and cursed during the night in German, crying for all her family members gassed at Auschwitz till her last breath. I believe she thought she was back in Germany. She completely stopped speaking English. That was one time I wished I didn't understand German. I went on the emotional roller-coaster ride with her, many times having to leave the room because I couldn't breathe.

I could see the flashbacks going through my mother's mind as she drifted off into deep thought. Often I tapped her on her arm to bring her back to the present time, before she started to cry. My mother has done everything to avoid her past, not going to Holocaust museums, reading about it, watching film clips, etc. That is why I was surprised she agreed to come with me to this event.

On the ride home she said one thing to me, "You must learn, remember, and pass on the history of the Holocaust to future generations; you must continue your father's legacy." Drifting back into her own world and memories.

ADRIENNE BEHRENDT



LETTER TO THE GENERATIONS EDITOR

I received the latest issue of the KINDER-LINK and just wanted to say thank you for including my story. What a surprise it was to see my mother's letter as well! I feel honored. It was my mother who encouraged me to send something to the newsletter.

Being second generation, I grew up in a household where very little was said about what happened in those long ago dark times. Mom wanted us (my two older brothers and me) to grow up normal kids and spoke very little about the Holocaust. The only thing I ever knew was that my grandmother was in a concentration camp. As a young girl, I didn't know what that meant. And it's only been in the last few years that my mother has opened up about what happened to her and her family.

I work in downtown Manhattan and was there when 9/11 happened, witnessing it firsthand. My mother was the first person I called when I finally walked in to my apartment six miles away. When she answered, I told her what had happened and she said, "Now you know." Those three little words

*Continued on Page 5*

### New York City Turns Its Lights on Berlin

**I**MAGES FROM THE FILM "Berlin, Symphony of a City" ran through my mind as I emerged from Zankel Hall after the first afternoon program of the recent "Berlin In Lights" festival at Carnegie Hall. Was I back in those city streets, as so often in my dreams? No, I was walking along the outstretched arm of West 57th Street past the liveried doorman guarding the entrance of the Russian Tea Room, toward the lights of Fifth Avenue. True, the wind was chilly on this early November evening, but it was not the cold gust from the past that had assailed me on my first return visit to Berlin.

Later that evening, as I moved the clocks back one hour, time seemed to be folding back upon itself. By the next afternoon and under the glittering chandeliers of Weill Hall, the memory of those Berlin streets, through which writers Geoffrey Eugenides and Peter Schneider were wandering, came back to me. The smells from the *Hinterhoehe* in Prenzlauer Berg where they now live, the Berlin intonation of the voices they hear, the layout of the run-down – sometimes still balconied – apartment buildings were as familiar to me as to them. A sense of continuity with the past swept through me. How good that Carnegie Hall was holding me firmly in its embrace, making me feel the heart-throb of the life I had created for myself in New York, giving me the sense that from now on it would be safe to pull all the different chapters – all the disparate strands in my life – together. It has not always been so.

In January 1939 the Kindertransport had taken me from Berlin to London. Gradually a fence crept up between my first ten years in Berlin and the self I would become. I wanted to disown my background – to be like every one else. Life at home now was in a family of British academics and at an all-Gentile boarding school, and so brought the need to seem as "English" as possible, to banish all memories of the past to the nether regions of the unconscious, where they lay untapped for years. Later, when I lived with my mother again, there was the imperative to build up a new way of life. As she grew older and circumstances improved, my mother – once a journalist in the Berlin of the giddy nineteen twenties – turned again to the stories of her earlier days. I listened impatiently. It was all about her city. It had nothing to do with the life that I was striving to create for myself.

Now as I grow older, I too tend to turn back, particularly as I work on my memoir. It is still easier to write of growing up in England – of the smell of wisteria along mottled stone walls, about the tea parties on the lawn, and long walks along South Downs, and passionate school friendships. Perhaps it was the growing awareness of all that happened *over there*, of what might have happened if we had not left in time, that kept the earlier past sealed away for so long.

Even my mother's stories have of late become relevant to the post 9/11 art scene, perhaps to the mood prevalent in New York. "Spring Awakening," the once banned shocker of her youth and now a successful rock musical on Broadway, promises to run on for years. The musical "Love Musik" about Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya also won a Tony and was well reviewed, even if short-lived. The exhibition *Glitter and Doom: German Portraits from the 1920's* ran at the Metropolitan Museum of Art from November 2006 to February 2007. The fractured soul of those times came across in The Neue Galerie's exhibition of expressionist art and its recent exhibition on Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. My mother – who passed away in 1982 – would certainly have gone to the recent *Berlin*

to *Broadway* showing of etchings at The Morgan Library and she might even have taken a jaunt down to The Spiegel Tent on Pier 17 to the *Weimar, New York* cabaret show. For me, this early November 2007 festival – backed by prior and possibly posterior events – may be a turning point. It is helping me to open up to the past and to fuse it with the present.

IRENE KATZENSTEIN SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.



### Letter to the Generations Editor

(Continued from Page 4)

bonded us and have since unlocked the door to a wealth of fascinating information about her family. From learning about other relatives who were in concentration camps to the subsequent reunion we had with her childhood friend Mimi ("Tear of Joy" Vol. 1, No. 1). My mother continues to amaze me.

HEIDI M. NUNNALLY  
New York, N.Y.



Submissions for future issues of KINDER-LINK should be sent to Eva Yachnes, editor, Apt. 6E, 3555 Kings College Pl., Bronx, NY 10467, or e-mail to <eyachnes@verizon.net>. Submissions for the Second Generation page to Adrienne Behrendt, P.O. Box 2044, New Britain, CT 06050 or e-mail to <behrendtkt2@yahoo.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.



### Financial Statement

July 1, 2006 to June 30, 2007

Cash in Bank at June 30, 2006 .....	\$44,371
Receipts:	
Membership - KTA .....	\$12,210
Membership - KT2 .....	1,450
Donations - Charity .....	9,045
Education - Panels .....	6,385
Hanukah Party .....	1,157
2006 Conference .....	5,341
Quilt Cards .....	128
Miscellaneous .....	124
Total Receipts .....	\$35,840
Expenses:	
Donations - Charity .....	\$6,150
Education - Panels .....	3,890
Hanukah Party .....	1,139
2006 Conference .....	4,372
Printing, Postage, Supplies .....	6,138
Telephone .....	360
Website .....	600
Professional Fees .....	1,200
Conferences and Dues .....	1,000
Miscellaneous .....	53
Total Expenses .....	\$24,902
Cash Balance June 30, 2007 .....	\$55,309

If you have any questions or would like a copy of our financial statement prepared by our accountants, please contact Michael Lissner, Treasurer, at <mlissner@lissnerlawfirm.com >.

## Escape from Berlin

**M**Y HUSBAND WAS BORN IN BERLIN and at nine years old he and his thirteen-year-old brother were taken by their parents to the train station with one suitcase, given tickets to Holland, and told to get over the border into Holland on their own. The advice they received was not to come back to Germany. They were told that their parents would follow them as soon as possible; they never saw them again.

After crossing the border into Holland and being returned by the Dutch border guards twice, the two boys eventually managed to smuggle themselves into Nijmegen. They had had to leave their suitcase behind, so they arrived in a strange country with no possessions and without speaking the language.

The Dutch Jewish Agency had sent representatives to various depots where refugees were arriving and someone did meet the boys and took them to a place of safety. Eventually after being housed in a convent and an orphanage where their heads were shaved and they were dressed in striped uniforms, by a miracle, out of hundreds of boys, their names were called and they were taken to a ship that was waiting in the harbor. It was full of children: these were the children of the Kindertransport. My husband and his brother joined this group and arrived in England on January 29th, 1939.

Since that time, after minimal schooling, but being fed and housed in various hostels, my husband has managed to live a full and successful life. Possibly owing to his lack of roots he has become the proverbial "Wandering Jew," having lived since Germany in Holland, England, U.S.A., Australia, Israel, and now Canada. In his travels he managed to find me, his English wife.

We have been married for 55 years, have three highly successful daughters, all graduates, and seven beautiful grandchildren, six of whom are presently in university and the youngest in high school.

Our proudest moment has been when our daughters promoted a book about my husband's story that is being launched this November at the Jewish Book Fair in Toronto. This book will be distributed, free of charge, to schools all over Canada. They have expressed a desire to visit their father's place of birth and so the three girls are going together to Berlin at the end of October.

In spite of his extremely hard life my husband has been a warm, caring husband and father, and we all admire him for his strength and ability to succeed. He did not receive lessons in "English as a Second Language" or any psychological help in settling down in a foreign country and becoming orphaned, which some refugees receive today.

I know that Ben finds it difficult to express his feelings and that is the reason I am writing this. He is thankful for the life he has been given owing to the Kindertransport and the British Government for accepting the 10,000 unaccompanied children. What is amazing is the number of *Kinder* who have become so successful in this world without any parental help and who have achieved honors and awards world-wide.

RITA HAMILTON  
(on behalf of Benno Wisen)  
Toronto, Canada

Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>

## Chapter News

### FLORIDA CHAPTER

A good time was had by all who attended the KTA Chanukah party on December 10th at Robb and Stucky in Boca Raton.

The food was delicious, we sang to the music of Jan Courte and her guitar accompaniment; but best of all was the camaraderie among the group. Each person told their name and took a moment to tell of their background. We discovered that the group of forty *Kinder* left their birth homes when they were between the ages of 3 and 17, went to the UK, Belgium, Dominican Republic, and Israel, two served in the British army and one in U.S. army.

Each person took only about three minutes but their stories were so fascinating that we promised to bring a recorder and tape these stories next year and perhaps also at our annual luncheon.

Anita mentioned that the Palm Beach schools are doing a wonderful project. Each school took an age at death from among the 1.5 million children who died in the Holocaust, wrote their names on a triangular piece of paper then sold these triangles for \$1 each. The money collected will be sent to help the children in Darfur. In other words, Honor Holocaust Victims while you help save Darfur today! Of course, our kindhearted *Kinder* helped this cause.

Pete's Restaurant, our luncheon home for the past seven or eight years, has been knocked down for even more condos, so we are in the market for a new place. Any suggestions welcomed.

I am so excited about our 70th anniversary conference in Orlando, October 24 to October 26, 2008. Suggestions for speakers and programming are coming in from *Kinder* as well as from our 2nd and 3rd generations . . . keep them coming! Please e-mail me if you are interested in working on the conference; we will need all the help we can get . . . you, too, 2nd and 3rd generations.

We recently became aware of a Jewish Adoption and Foster care home, JAFCO, in Sunrise, Florida. Walter Clifton and I went to see the home and hear about its efforts to help Jewish children. We attended a meeting at which they showed a video of the many ways JAFCO has helped hundreds of children (they do take in some children not of the Jewish faith). The grounds and facilities are lovely; they have thought of everything to make these children comfortable while finding adoptive or foster families. We were so impressed we made a donation from the Florida *Kinder*.

ANITA HOFFER  
Chapter Chair

### NEW YORK CHAPTER

On October 14, the New York Chapter, in cooperation with the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, hosted the showing of a documentary about the voyage, in 1939, of the S.S. *St. Louis*, from Europe to Cuba and its return. Sonja Geismar, a passenger on the ship, spoke about her experiences after the film was shown. There were many questions for her to deal with afterwards and it proved to be a popular subject.

Approximately 85 people attended, *Kinder*, Stephen Wise congregants, as well as people from the neighborhood.

HELGA SHEPARD  
Chapter Chair



## Contributors to the KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund along with their 2008 dues as of Dec. 15, 2007. Your generosity is appreciated! It is never too late to make a contribution to the KTA Charitable Fund. Please make your check payable to The Kindertransport Assn and mail to Helga Newman, Fin. Secy, 745 S. Bernardo Ave., Apt. 271D, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

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Anne Fox	Hannah Jawetz	Alice Masters	Irene Schmied	Eva Yachnes

### Dorrit Nash

**D**ORRIT NASH WAS BORN IN VIENNA, AUSTRIA, on October 30th, 1923, the only child of Alfons and Irma Hacker. Her early carefree years were soon marred by the invasion of Nazi troops. Her father escaped to Israel, her mother to England, and eventually Dorrit left through the Kindertransport.

In England, Dorrit watched her mother take menial work to survive, and to help keep her young teenaged daughter in clothes and in school. Dorrit became a cashier in a cafeteria where often Canadian soldiers would come for a meal. Friday nights always meant dance contests. Food was rationed, and the prize of a turkey or a ham in a dance contest meant food for a week.

So when a handsome man in uniform invited Dorrit to a dance, she accepted. And when they won a dance contest that weekend, it seemed they were destined to keep on dancing. They did indeed, for 57 years. They married in London, where Diane was born. Then off to Canada went the new family, to Grand Lake, the home of husband Hedley's nine brothers and two sisters, and a host of aunts, uncles, and cousins who would more than make up for the family Dorrit had lost.

Two more children, Denise and Deby, were born. By now, the family had moved to Fredericton. Hedley worked at the

Chestnut Canoe Factory, while Dorrit raised their daughters. She watched them grow and leave Fredericton to follow their own dreams.

Hedley and Dorrit looked forward to visiting Montreal, Ottawa, and even the Bahamas, where they knew a daughter would be waiting at each destination, so very happy to see them. The trips to the Bahamas in particular soon became an annual event, especially after Hedley retired.

After his death, Dorrit continued to winter in Nassau in her apartment.

In the last five years of her life, Dorrit became even more of herself. She socialized more, she traveled more, and she laughed more. When youngest daughter Deby moved back to Fredericton, the two became a regular sight in any given restaurant around lunchtime.

Dorrit had her first surgery ever this year, at the age of 83. Afterwards, the woman who had for a lifetime traveled only by bus, car, boat, or train, told friends and family maybe it was time to try flying, for the first time ever. Impatient to the end, she decided to leave early. Dorrit died on August 7, 2007. She is indeed flying now, free, and at peace.

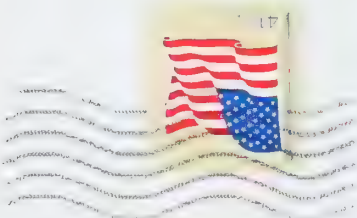
DIANE, DENISE, DEBY  
DORRIT'S DAUGHTERS

MARK YOUR CALENDAR and PLAN TO ATTEND  
2008 BIENNIAL REUNION OF THE KTA OCTOBER 24 - 26 in ORLANDO  
WATCH FOR DETAILS IN THE COMING MONTHS



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Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at <<http://www.kindertransport.org>>

**Kinder:** To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <[kta@yahoogroups.com](mailto:kta@yahoogroups.com)>

**K12:** to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <[k12generations-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:k12generations-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)>

(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER KTA LINK



KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring 2008

Volume 18 / Number 2

## Loitering at Liverpool Street Station, London

**D**URING MY SEPTEMBER VISIT TO LONDON I decided to spend some time at Liverpool Street Station for the purpose of seeing the new Kindertransport monument. I was surprised to see the stunning work by Frank Meisler, a *Kind* from Danzig and a master metal sculptor with a workshop in Jaffa. The monument is beautifully executed in dra-



*New Meisler sculpture at London's Liverpool Street Station*

matic bronze showing girls and boys with their belongings as well as a short length of railway track on the base. I stood before it wondering what to do next, whether to say a prayer of thanksgiving in praise of Great Britain? A few moments of silent contemplation were in order.

It was 12:30 p.m. when a lady approached with a large packing case that she proceeded to unpack possibly for the purpose of selling some merchandise from the monument's base. She saw me with my camera and moved on. Another lady approached and asked me, with a smile, whether I intended to steal her place to which she came every weekday at exactly the same time to eat her "little cheese sandwich." She did not know what the monument represented and, when I read from the plaque at the base of the monument to her, she said, "Oh, I had no idea."

A lady who I approached in the station's main concourse to ask where I might find the monument to some children who found refuge in Great Britain during the war, she very politely directed me saying that I would find it quite easily and that the memorial monument was to remind us "what we did to bring little Belgian children to the safety of Britain during the Second World War or was it during the Great War." She just was not sure which war.

When I returned to the memorial I watched a lunchtime group sitting on the base of the monument, noting a power bar wrapper, some small pieces of Cornish pastie and a small plastic lunch bag all discarded on or under the memorial. Soon a couple of workmen appeared with lunch pails and bottles of pop or beer to join the lunch party on that beautifully sunny Friday afternoon in September.

I stole a last look over my shoulder at that beautiful memorial at the busy railway station.

I left pensive and sad. How does one commemorate an event of so long ago, so sad and meaningful only to us . . . only to us!

ERNEST J. GOODMAN  
Oneonta, N.Y.



## Adrienne Behrendt

**W**E SADLY ANNOUNCE THE DEATH of Adrienne Behrendt. Adrienne was the daughter of KTA founder Eddy Behrendt. She had lately become a very active member of the KT2, and was the editor of the KINDER-LINK Generations Page.

Adrienne died suddenly of a massive heart attack. She was only forty-three years old. We are all greatly shocked by her unexpected death. Our condolences to Adrienne's mother.

We ask that any KT2 member who sent submissions for the KINDER-LINK to Adrienne please resend them to Eva Yachnes at either <eyachnes@verizon.net> or to 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467.

Has your address, phone number or e-mail address changed since the 2006-2007 Membership Directory was published? Please inform the KTA office to keep our records current.

**70th ANNIVERSARY of the KINDERTRANSPORT  
and the 2008 BIENNIAL REUNION of the KTA  
ORLANDO OCTOBER 24 - OCTOBER 26, 2008  
MARK YOUR CALENDAR and PLAN TO ATTEND**

## Opinion

## The Future of KTA

THERE SEEMS TO BE A FACTION in the second generation of the KTA that is critical and disapproving of the present KTA leadership. The underlying principle of this disapproval appears to be that the Board Members have been in office too long. This seems to be a valid criticism only if the present leadership is not fulfilling its duties in a manner required by its mission statement or is not serving to the satisfaction of its members.

As I understand it, the KTA was founded to keep the story of the Kindertransport alive by educating the second generation and general public by promoting lectures, talks, seminars, films, books, exhibits, etc. It is also to arrange national conferences and report on local chapter meetings. Thirdly, it is responsible for the disbursement of monies to needy children. The KINDER-LINK keeps us informed of its activities.

If the Board Members do not carry out these duties in a manner satisfactory to the membership, they can be voted out at the next election. As far as I know, no other candidates volunteered at the last election. Board Members are volunteers with no monetary rewards, so I assume they work as hard as they do because they want to keep the KTA alive.

If KT2 members have valid criticism of the performance of the present leadership, or if they have creative ideas to improve our organization, they should have a platform to express their views. However, I feel strongly this platform should not be at the upcoming national conference in Florida. The antagonistic exchanges at the Philadelphia conference should not be repeated. An exchange of ideas between the KTA and KT2-3 leaderships should take place in a courteous and productive atmosphere, at a private committee session, with each side listening to the other. The results can then be made public in the KINDER-LINK.

We all want the KTA and the KT2-3 to function together in harmony. There is no

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## KINDER-LINK

Eva Yachnes . . . . . Editor  
Martin I. Weinberger . . . . . Prodn Mgr.

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question in my mind that for us to survive we need the second and third generations to participate and lend their expertise. New blood and new ideas have to be infused into the organization. But let's work together and not dismantle a structure that has worked well so far.

STEFANIE RUSKIN  
Bayside, N.Y.

Visit the KTA Website:  
<http://www.kindertransport.org>

Join the KTA  
Discussion Group.  
(See Box on Page 8)

## My Voyage to America

WORKED AND ATTENDED SCHOOL in London to prepare for entry into medical school, but was devoid of funds to do so and did not realize at the time that as a Jew and a foreigner my chances were practically nil.

I then heard of the American Army needing interpretation by "friendly aliens" to go to Germany (1945). I applied at the American Embassy in London with the idea in mind of working with the American Army, a very well paid job by standards at that time, and to save enough money to return to England to try again to get into medical school.

The Officer-in-Charge of the section of the Army I worked for in Berlin suggested I come to the United States instead. An affidavit was needed and he was willing to furnish such for me. My work in Berlin with the American Army was a most gratifying experience. We lived as officers of the occupying forces and with that introduction to American life I accepted his offer most eagerly.

Back to England after two years, a few months of waiting for the legal maneuvers of immigration and then by boat to New York and on to Texas as my sponsor thought – and correctly so – that my chances of getting into medical school would be better there.

Work – school – work – school – and eventually into medical school and the rest is previously reported history.

RUDI KIRSCHNER, MD  
Phoenix, Ariz.

◆ ◆ ◆

## Ruth Segal

FIRST MET RUTH WASSERMANN in a B'nai B'rith sponsored hostel in Hackney, London. We were evacuated together with other hostel girls to a small village, Cockley Cley, in Norfolk. In that little village school Ruth showed some talent for drawing.

We became close friends over the years. Ruth had an older sister who was far more worldly than we were, and influenced us in much of our thinking and opinions. When we returned to London, both of us felt the necessity to help the war effort, and found work in the same munitions factory. We lived together in another B.B. sponsored hostel, and eventually joined the same youth organization.

Ruth rejoined her mother in the U.S. in 1946, and eventually married Paul Segal. She developed her artistic talents and became an excellent painter. The early paintings depicted social concerns, eventually they evolved into musical themes and beautiful floral scenes. Ruth had a green thumb and enjoyed gardening. Her paintings were in several exhibitions in the Chicago area where she lived. Quite a number of the paintings were bought by people who loved her art. We own a number of them which grace our walls.

When KTA was searching for a name for our newsletter, it was Ruth's creative mind that came up with the name KINDER-LINK, so appropriate since it links all of us.

We remained close friends over the past 68 years and saw each other as often as possible. Ruth had three daughters, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Sadly, Ruth passed away this February after a long illness.

MARGARET GOLDBERGER  
Hicksville, N.Y.



## Letters to the Editor

While reading the Winter 2008 issue of the KINDER-LINK, I was struck by an ironic juxtaposition. On the one hand, there was Eva Yachnes' editorial urging *Kinder* to "move forward" by writing about something other than their Kindertransport experiences. On the other hand, there were the stories in the Generations column lamenting that our parents and other relatives have not told us nearly as much as we want to know about their experiences.

I was shocked by the harsh, haranguing tone of Yachnes' editorial, which suggested that the desire of *Kinder* to write about their Kindertransport experiences reflects some sort of inability to "move on."

I don't think there are any *Kinder* who have not moved forward with their lives. They have had no choice. They swallowed their pain and loss, nearly all completed their studies, went to work and college, raised families, and had successful careers. It is only now, in their later years, that anyone has asked to hear their stories, or that a forum such as the KINDER-LINK has been available for them to be heard. Writing and publishing their stories is a form of healing from the trauma all *Kinder* experienced; I would hate for the KINDER-LINK to stop providing that forum or to make *Kinder* feel as if there were something wrong with them for wanting to tell those stories.

I read the KINDER-LINK cover to cover every time it arrives. I have never gotten bored or tired of reading about the lives and experiences of the *Kinder*. Each unique story has given me a better understanding of history in general as well as of my own family's history and dynamics. I am happy to continue to read whatever stories the *Kinder* themselves want to tell. Please don't harangue or guilt-trip them into writing something other than what they feel is most important for the rest of us to hear.

TERRY FLETCHER, KT2  
Berkeley, Cal.

Is it possible for the *Kinder* to write about their present-day lives and accomplishments rather than dwell on the past? We all have different stories to tell but basically they are all the same. We all escaped from the Nazis by Kindertransport and the British people saved our lives. We are all "wandering Jews" (in my case only six countries), and my family lives all over the world.

Perhaps after more than 60 years we can write about interesting events and accomplishments and not dwell on the unhappy period of our lives.

MAGGY PROST  
San Mateo, Cal.

I was saddened to hear the news about Adrienne Behrendt's passing. Last year I corresponded with Adrienne after something I wrote appeared in the KINDER-LINK newsletter and, later, I met her and her mother at the New York Chapter's event about the S.S. St. Louis. She seemed to care deeply about the organization and encouraged me to keep writing. It

is hard to fathom that a dedicated Second Generation member has now slipped from the world's grasp.

Not only do we need to remember the *Kinder* who survived so many years ago, we should remember our Second Generation and their efforts to keep the history alive. Adrienne's efforts will remain alive in the minds and hearts of her fellow KT2 and the *Kinder* whose history she tried to preserve. My condolences to her family and to the Kindertransport organization. She will certainly be missed.

HEIDI M. NUNNALLY  
New York, N.Y.

The question you ask in your last Opinion piece points to the overemphasis on the Kindertransport experience or journey in contributions to KINDER-LINK. Why not write about other life story experiences such as the move to the U.S.A. or other destinations during and after the war?

I have been debating this question with myself for the last five decades or so, or ever since I tentatively took an initial writer's workshop at the New School. There was so much else I wanted to write about – refugee life (and, of course, my own youthful experiences) in Santiago, Chile, during my ten years there, life on my own in N.Y.C., even childhood memories from Berlin. At that time, such material did not resonate. I was soon to find that the way for me to get my instructor's attention, and for him to appreciate my work, was to resuscitate my "English" background, namely the fact that I had grown up in the Sussex countryside in the home of a well-known Scottish philosopher. It was as if the English atmosphere and the academic WASP setting were casting a veneer of sophistication and charm on tawdry refugee experiences, almost turning them into "Masterpiece Theatre" episodes.

Sure, the situation has changed over the last decades. Exile literature is "in," so is World War II; writing about Holocaust experiences is encouraged. Even so, perhaps out of my own insecurity, out of my fear of not being accepted, I still tend to emphasize those same "Brit" experiences. Although I am now trying to see them more objectively and to blend them in with other aspects of my life story, I still feel that it is this material that is most appealing to potential readers or listeners. Added to this is the fact that no other journey can match the irresistible appeal of the "Kindertransport" journey with its imminent danger, heartache, joys, and ultimately happy ending.

It would be interesting to hear how other writers in our midst feel about this issue. It would have helped to have a "KT Writers' Group" (at least in New York City) to work these issues out creatively before time runs out.

IRENE KATZENSTEIN SCHMIED  
New York, N.Y.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



### CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL

If the date on your mailing label reads y/e 2006, this will be the last issue of KINDER-LINK you will receive. Please renew your membership today by contacting Helga Newman, Financial Secretary, at <helganew@sbcglobal.net> or phone 408-481-9902.

## Announcements

### BERLIN INVITATION

*Kinder* and others who were either born or lived in Berlin prior to their emigration can participate in the Berlin Senate's invitation program sponsored by the mayor. Individuals who have not previously taken advantage of all or part of the program can contact Senatskanzlei, Berliner Rathaus, Rathausstraße 15, 10178 Berlin, Germany. Ask for an application for the *Einladungsprogramm*. Currently there is a waiting list for inclusion in the program. Excluded are persons who have previously participated as companions or have taken advantage of the partial program without the airfare.

PETER REICHE  
Elmhurst, N.Y.

### BRITISH SOCIAL SECURITY

Many Kindertransportees who worked in Great Britain during their stay there may be entitled to U.K. Social Security benefits, now termed "State Pensions," based on their contributions and those of their employers.

These benefits would be in addition to their U.S. or Canadian Social Security benefits. For detailed information and application forms, those interested may write to: International Pension Centre, Tyneview Park, Whitley Road, Benton, Newcastle Upon Tyne NE98 1BA, England.

Alternatively, they may visit the following website at which they will find a wealth of information, including a downloadable application form, as well as the facility for applying online: <<http://www.thepensionservice.gov.uk/>>.

ELLEN R. and FRED ALEXANDER  
Flushing, N.Y.

### KT2 HELP WANTED

The editor of the KINDER-LINK is seeking a member of the second generation to edit the Generations page. The position involves preparing submissions from KT2 members for the press, and requires a good knowledge of English usage. It would also be helpful if the Generations editor comes up with ideas to prompt submissions from our 2nd and 3rd generations.

The person in question can live anywhere, since all work can be done over the Internet. Past experience is not necessary. Since this is a quarterly publication, the number of hours needed to do the job is not too onerous.

If you are interested in this post, please contact Eva Yachnes at <[eyachnes@verizon.net](mailto:eyachnes@verizon.net)>.

### FILM FINANCING NEEDED

The Israeli film maker Amir Har-Gil and the producer Eytan Tel-Tsur are making a film about Wilfrid Israel to be shown in the Wilfrid Israel Museum at Kibbutz Hazorea.

Wilfrid Israel was one of the German organizers of the Kindertransport, as well as helping needy Jews escape to other countries. The material in the film will be based partly on material in the book *Wilfrid Israel, German Jewry's Secret Ambassador* by Naomi Shepard, and also on material in *Yad Vashem*.

The film makers have raised part of the needed financing, but are in need of further funds. If you can help, please contact Amir at: Kibbutz Yakum, Israel 6097; by telephone at 972-9-9524697; by e-mail at <[amirhar-gil@yakum.co.il](mailto:amirhar-gil@yakum.co.il)>.

## Chapter News

### FLORIDA CHAPTER

Our annual Florida Chapter luncheon was held on Sunday, March 2, at Le Pavilion restaurant in Delray Beach. Over fifty *Kinder* enjoyed a delicious lunch and an interesting program. We usually only see one another twice a year, but the camaraderie is obvious.

Sandra and Don Hirshhorn gave a presentation, each with their own expertise. Don spoke about *Yad Vashem* and urged the *Kinder* to list the relatives they lost in the Holocaust in their archives so that they are not forgotten. He has followed up with an invitation to his home to meet with someone from there to help do the paperwork.

Sandra's main interest is the Genealogical Society, which meets in Delray Beach. One of the Society's functions is to help find living relatives. If these relatives have submitted a page of testimony to *Yad Vashem* the Genealogical Society may find them for you. For instance, her cousin, who she hadn't seen in 60 years, listed his parents who died in a concentration camp. She searched the Society's computer for anyone with her maiden name. Her cousin's listing came up and they were reunited!

If you are interested in finding information on relatives who lived in Belgium before or during the Holocaust, Joe Garten mentioned that the information can be garnered from a Belgian archivist, who has volunteered his time and expertise, pro bono. E-mail <[Louis-Philippe.archive@dofi.fgov.be](mailto:Louis-Philippe.archive@dofi.fgov.be)>.

Ben Hamilton, a Florida *Kind*, related his and his brother's, both pre-teenagers, brave tale. They left their parents in Berlin and crossed over the German Dutch border by themselves. They connected with authorities, who got them onto a Kindertransport to England. Their interesting story was written by his daughters, who were able to have it published through B'nai B'rith.

Rita Hamilton gave us tips on having our own stories published.

ANITA HOFFER  
Chapter Chair

### NORCAL CHAPTER

The NorCal Chapter is alive and well, and on Saturday evening, February 23, over 200 people met at the Friedman Center in Santa Rosa, California, for a musical tribute honoring long-time KTA members Alfred and Susanna Batzdorff who were presented the 4th Benny Friedman Community Recognition Award for their dedication to the Santa Rosa community for the past 25 years. The Batzdorffs have been active in the Jewish Film Series, the Yom Hashoah Commemoration, the Absolute Music concert series, the Sonoma State University Holocaust Studies Center, and many more.

On Sunday afternoon, March 9, the NorCal Chapter met at the Holocaust Center of Northern California to watch the film *Tijuana Jews*. This 2005 documentary by Isaac Arntstein tells the story of some of the thousands of European Jews who sailed to Mexico to escape the Holocaust. A small group made their way north to the border town of Tijuana. The movie is a personal exploration of this community that blended Jewish and Mexican cultures and customs in an unlikely place and time, just across the border from San Diego.

ALFRED COTTON and RALPH SAMUEL  
Co-chairs

## A Fateful Meeting

IT IS SPRING, THE SUN IS SHINING, and here I am living in Ottawa, Canada, a long way from Vienna where I was born. These days, though, my thoughts often return to the past . . .

Another sunny Spring day in 1939. I had unpacked the few things I had brought with me on that long journey from Prague. There was also a box of chocolates and I thought of offering some to my new guardian I just met for the first time. I went downstairs where he was reading a book and held out the open box. I spoke no English and could not invite him to take one. He misunderstood my gesture, said thank you, took one and closed the box prior to putting it in a cupboard thinking they were a present for him. I was horrified and so frustrated at not being able to say anything. As the days passed I would sneak downstairs and steal one or two chocolates, hurry back upstairs and feel guilty.

Bournemouth, England, in 1942, and another sunny Spring day. I was filled with excitement as one of the girls told me that there was an Austrian boy in her engineering class, and asked me whether I wanted to meet him. Of course I did, and this was the day! I wore my favorite dress and hoped he would like me. It had been a while since I had the opportunity to speak German and share some of my experiences since arriving in England.

The arranged meeting took place in the lower level of the Bournemouth Municipal College, which gave introductory instruction in many disciplines. Going down the stairs that day with a thumping heart, I saw a tall boy with dark rimmed glasses wearing bright blue corduroys. It was a moment in time I will never forget.

We stood there and exchanged bits of information, such as my question to his age. This he answered with a question as to how old I was. I never noticed that he did not tell me his age until I confessed to being 17 and he claimed that that was his age too. Actually, years passed and I discovered he was a year younger than I, and even his family was sworn to secrecy. When I found out, it did not matter any more.

Standing and chatting in the corridor, I decided to invite Tom to my home, which was some twelve miles away. I was one of the lucky ones having arrived on a 1939 Kindertransport with a private home to go to. My guardian was an Englishman, a retired analytical chemist, who lived outside Christchurch, five minutes away from the South coast. He had been married, never had any children and was suddenly faced with the prospect of having a fourteen-year-old girl in his home, who did not speak a word of English. It worked out, though it got even more complicated when the constant bombing necessitated the evacuation of children from nearby Southampton. Three school-age boys were suddenly sharing the spare bedroom and I was the eldest child in the house.

By the time Tom was introduced to my guardian, the evacuees had returned to their parents and peace had been established in my home. Tom and I had a pretty similar background and were so happy to meet, as at that time there were no "enemy aliens" over 18 years of age residing within a given distance from the coast, hence we were the only ones. He often cycled out to visit and we went for walks in the New Forest and on the beach, singing songs in German and speaking of our families with whom we could not communicate.

Time passed, our ways diverged, but we kept in touch. In 1947 we married and a year later came to Montreal, Canada,

with our new baby.

My guardian was a lovely man and we visited him often after leaving England. My daughter thinks of him as her grandfather.

SUE ELDRIDGE  
Ottawa, Canada



## Austria Honors Kindertransporters

ON MARCH 14, 2008, the Austrian Minister of Transport, Werner Faymann, unveiled a statue at Vienna's *Westbahnhof* (Western Railway Station) commemorating the Kindertransporters, along with a plaque in honor of Britain for taking us in.

The commemoration honors various rescuers, including Rabbi Solomon Schonfeld, as well as groups such as the Quakers.

After the commemoration at the *Westbahnhof*, the ceremony moved to the Vienna Synagogue, where a special Friday evening service was held. The synagogue is the only one in Vienna to survive the Nazis.

Two days earlier, Parliament marked the 70th anniversary of Nazi Germany's takeover of Austria with a joint session addressed by Chancellor Alfred Gusenbauer and President Heinz Fischer. Barbara Premmer, president of the lower house, spoke about Austria's shared responsibility for the atrocities committed under the Nazi regime. The head of the upper house, Helmut Kritzingner, stated that "The Nazis didn't just come from the outside."

An announcement was made by Mr. Gusenbauer that the government will build a Simon Wiesenthal Center to honor the late Nazi hunter. The building will serve as a center for research on the Holocaust and a "memorial for all that shall never be forgotten."

An announcement was also made that this year the Austrian government will take over the chairmanship of an international Holocaust task force for research, remembrance, and education. The Czech Republic was the previous chair of the task force which was established in 1998.

Later that evening people gathered in the *Heldenplatz* (Place of Heroes), the large square where Hitler was welcomed by the Nazis. In contrast to that gathering, this "Night of Silence" solemnly remembered the 80,000 victims of the Nazis by lighting a candle for each person who perished.

Excerpted from an article in *The Jerusalem Post* by

JOE RUSKIN  
Bayside, N.Y.



## Erica Jesselson

KTA MEMBER ERIKA JESSELSON (née Pappenheim) died on March 12, 2008, at age 86. She was born in Vienna, and escaped on a Kindertransport with her sister Lucy.

Mrs. Jesselson and her late husband Ludwig founded the Yeshiva University Museum in Manhattan and donated hundreds of Jewish historical artifacts to it and to other museums.

Among the items that the Jesselsons gave to museums here and in Israel were a transcript of a 1478 trial of Jews falsely accused of slaying a Christian infant in Trent in north-

*Continued on Page 6*



## Book Review

Helen Fry: *The King's Most Loyal Enemy Aliens – Germans Who Fought for Britain in the Second World War*. Sutton Publishing, September 2007

Dr. Helen Fry's book was launched on the occasion of the Imperial War Museum's reunion celebration to honor veterans for their military service. The book is a collection of stories refugees tell of their lives as members of H.M. Forces. Their stories are indeed dramatic, beginning with the Pioneers and continuing with the famous 3 Troop 10 Commando unit, Special Operations with SOE and SAS, Armoured Units, the Infantry, Royal Navy, RAF, various Infantry Regiments, women in the ATS, the WAAFs, etc.

All the dramatic stories are set against the bigger picture of the experience of enemy aliens in Britain during the Second World War. It is a very readable book and Helen Fry pays warm tribute to the late Peter Leighton-Langer whose vast research into the same topic served to spark interest in the story that is not widely known in Britain. Dr. Fry began to consider the story while researching and interviewing for her book *Jews in North Devon During the Second World War* (2005). In the process she discovered the fact that one in seven of Britain's German and Austrian refugees enlisted in the British Forces during the war.

The figure she cites of thousands who returned in uniform to rebuild Germany is a bit high. While there were professional opportunities for German speakers, few stayed behind. Many soldiers had no intention ever to return to Germany, no longer seeing it as their homeland. Walter Laqueur covers the matter well in his book *Generation Exodus*. More than a few returned to assist in building Walter Ulbricht's Soviet style society in East Germany only to be disillusioned as most of them were always under suspicion of being agents for the West.

In the West some soldiers left their units to assist local politicians but their numbers were relatively small too.

Helen Fry's book should be read for a great deal of information about the activities of refugees who assisted heroically in the world's urgent endeavor to prevent it from being thrown into the darkness. She is to be commended for her dedication in telling the story in an attractively presented book.

ERNIE GOODMAN  
Oneonta, N.Y.



### Erica Jesselson (Continued from Page 5)

ern Italy, and the First Nuremberg Haggadah illustrated and inscribed by Joel ben Simeon in about 1449. They also donated many sculptures, paintings, tapestries, and other works such as an 1818 letter on religious freedom by Thomas Jefferson.

Beside the museum donations, the Jesselsons financed a synagogue in Haifa, a religious girl's school in Jerusalem, and a rabbinical scholarship at Bar-Ilan University in Tel Aviv.

From the New York Times obituary

## NYU Students Perform "Kindertransport"

IT HAS BEEN 14 YEARS since Diane Samuels' play "Kindertransport" was first performed at the Manhattan Theatre Club in New York. Last month, however, the NYU Steinhardt School of Culture, Education, and Human Development presented a new production of this play at the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village over a two-week period. The actors and crew are graduate students in the Music and Performing Arts Professions Program in Educational Theatre.

On the second day of rehearsals, eight KTA members visited the Provincetown Playhouse at the invitation of the director and cast, in order to share with them our stories and insights into the Kindertransport experience and how it impacted on our childhood and adult lives. We spent three hours with these remarkable young actors and it was a heartwarming and fascinating experience for everyone.

Participating in the session were Ben Abeles, Laura Gabriel, Margaret Goldberger, Kurt Goldberger, Peter Kollisch, Heidi Nunnally, Helga Shepard, and Martin Weinberger, all of whom were given credit in the program.

In addition, those of us who attended that day were asked to participate with the cast in "talk-backs" with the audience after each show. At several of these performances, the audience was comprised entirely of schoolchildren – mostly 8th grade to high school. Their reaction to the play was riveting – their questions well thought out, making it evident that, although they had studied the Holocaust, the Kindertransport story was new to them and surely, as youngsters, one they could relate to on their level.

Although I had seen the play when it was first produced in 1994, I must say that this outstanding production touched me more – perhaps because it was in a more intimate setting and because I had become acquainted with its fine and talented young actors who made the play so poignant.

LAURA GABRIEL  
Fort Lee, N.J.



## Questions

Young people ask

*What, where, when, how and why.*

I tell them the *what, where and when:*

Six million Jews were murdered in a civilized country,  
When your grandparents were your age.

But I can't explain *how*

It happened to us in the land of Beethoven and Goethe,  
The center of culture and enlightenment.

And *why*

Ordinary people followed a madman seeking our destruction,  
Gladly goose-stepping in his wake.

I recite them the usual socio-economic platitudes,

That are meaningless in explaining the horror of the camps.

No, I don't know the answer to the *how and why.*

STEFANIE RUSKIN  
Bayside, N.Y.



## My Trip from Glasgow to New York

FIRST, A FEW WORDS ABOUT MY TRIP TO ENGLAND. My Bar Mitzvah took place on March 11, 1939, in the auditorium of the *Philantropin*, as all the synagogues in Frankfurt had been destroyed in the previous November. In the middle of the afternoon of that day I received a telegram from a cousin in England which simply stated "*Familie gefunden.*" This meant to me (and my mother) that a family was found which would take me in. Thus, on April 19, 1939, I became a *Kind* on the Kindertransport. I have no recollection how I was chosen to make the trip, and can only surmise that my mother must have seen to it that I got a place on the Transport.

We took the train from Frankfurt to the Hague, and then a ship from Hague to Harwich. Then another train to London, where I expected to be picked up. Only that did not happen – the family which was to take me in thought I could take the train from London to Birchington. In due course I was deposited on a train to southeast England, where the conductor was trying to tell me something – three attempts and then he gave up. My knowledge of English was quite limited and I did not understand what he was trying to tell me. A fellow passenger finally got me to understand that I was on the wrong train, that I needed to change trains (I had no idea what the word "change" meant). In due course I arrived in Birchington where I met the Jacksons who greeted me with "Where have you been?"

In August 1939 my mother was able to get out of Germany to England where she had a job as a domestic. Previously, in the summer of 1938, my mother had applied for an immigration visa to the United States, but instead received a letter that gave her a number, and estimated that it would take five years to reach that number. With the outbreak of the war, the German quota was not being used. Accordingly, my mother and I were able to leave from Glasgow to New York on the S.S. *Cameronia* on September 1, 1940.

The S.S. *Cameronia* did not travel in a convoy, but relied on her speed to outrun the U-boats. Her luck was good for that trip but later in the war she was sunk.

I remember the food on the ship, as it was excellent, not like the strictly rationed food we were used to in England. I remember being seasick on the second day out. I also remember a gathering of German Jewish teenagers on the ship. They were older than I, and much more sophisticated. I remember passing through the Narrows (that was before the bridge was built), and being disappointed in the Statue of Liberty, as I had imagined it to stand across the Narrows.

I was 14 years old when I made the trip to the U.S. I did not have any feelings of being "uprooted." Coming to the United States was like coming on an adventure. My mother and I were met by a cousin, and we spent a couple of weeks in New York. Then we took a Greyhound Bus to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where we joined my brother who had lived in the United States since 1938.

CURTIS L. MANN  
St. Louis, Mo.



Submissions for future issues of *KINDER-LINK* should be sent to Eva Yachnes, Apt. 6E, 3555 Kings College Pl., Bronx, NY 10467, or e-mail to <eyachnes@verizon.net>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.

## Train of Remembrance

AN EXHIBIT TELLING THE STORY OF CHILDREN and adolescents who were deported by the Nazis is currently touring Germany. It is housed in a train that makes scheduled stops for a few days at railroad stations where local volunteers join the traveling docents.

This project has been organized and is supported by the "Network for Democracy and Courage" (NDC), a German activist group against "anti-Semitism, xenophobia and national megalomania." The German railroad and German government refused to support this effort.

During the first few weeks more than 40,000 visitors came to railroad stations in Frankfurt am Main, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Tübingen, Saarbrücken, Fulda, Kassel, Göttingen, and Leipzig.

Additional stops are planned throughout Germany for a total of 3,000 kilometers and, ultimately, all the way to Auschwitz.

The exhibition made a deep impression on the target audience of schoolchildren and university students who could relate the impact of the Holocaust on their own age groups.

GUY BISHOP  
Newton, Conn.



## Just a Hug!

Your arms reach out, but I'm not there,  
Your arms reach out, and nobody is there.  
How brave you were, you gave so much,  
Your courage, your love, your life.  
I miss your hugs; we all miss your hugs,  
If I could only have one more hug, mama,  
If I could give you one more hug, papa,  
Just one more hug,  
Just one more hug.

WALTER KLEIN  
Liberty, N.Y.

Last summer *The Towne Crier*, a newspaper published in Sullivan County, N.Y., featured an article about Walter Klein. Headlined "Kindertransport Memories," the article described how Walter was sent on a Kindertransport at the age of three years in the care of his four older brothers and sisters. After the war, his eldest brother returned to the family home in Bad Neustadt, Germany. There the brother found that a Gentile family friend had saved a group of letters written by their parents before their deportation to concentration camps. In addition to the letters, there was a watch for Walter's Bar Mitzvah.

Walter and his siblings returned to visit Bad Neustadt in 2001, where they met a teacher who was working to have a memorial to the 44 deported Jews of Bad Neustadt erected. When the memorial was unveiled in 2006, Klein and some of his family returned to see the monument. In addition to the names of the deported Jews, a line from one of his mother's letters is engraved on the monument; "Pray for us and remember us. Tell your children that we were tormented to death."

In addition to Walter Klein's story, the article provided readers with an excellent account of the history of the Kindertransport, as well as contact information for the KTA.



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- **Gary Kutlowitz**, Jewish Family Services: Services they can provide to Holocaust survivors nationwide
- **Speaker to be announced** - Washington Holocaust Museum: How they found Vienna archives, how conditioned, how to preserve your archives

**WORKSHOPS**

- Experiences of veterans of British and U. S. armed forces
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- KT2/3 private session with professional facilitator to discuss growing up in home of immigrant parents
- South and Central American countries saved these *Kinder* - what was it like?
- Author-led discussion on books reflecting on impact of Holocaust on 2nd generation
- How to translate European values to American ways

**PANEL DISCUSSIONS**

- **Speaker training** - Mitchel Bloomer, Education Director, Holocaust Memorial Resource Center: Importance of speaking, training on speaking and use of Power Point
- **Return trips to Europe**, how it felt, what they saw
- **KT2s discuss their careers and accomplishments** - reflect on how their parents led them to their career path
- **How to keep memory of KTA experience alive** for the future while remembering the past.

**SERVICES**

- Friday evening and Saturday morning led by Sue and Alfred Batzdorff
- Children's Room
- Side trip to Holocaust Memorial Center
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*Kinder*: To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <[ktaidiscussion-subscribe@yahooogroups.com](mailto:ktaidiscussion-subscribe@yahooogroups.com)>

*KT2*: to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <[ktgenerations-subscribe@yahooogroups.com](mailto:ktgenerations-subscribe@yahooogroups.com)>

(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER



# LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring 2009

Volume 19 / Number 2

## 70th Kindertransport Celebration

Sunday, November 23, 2008, at the Jewish Free School, Kenton, Harrow, England

WHEN MELISSA HACKER AND I took the Jubilee Line on an icy cold Sunday morning, we spotted some familiar faces and some others who were obviously also heading towards the conference. The London tube was, as almost always, in trouble so more and more of us gathered outside Wembley Park Station, hoping for a bus or a cab to take us to Hendon. While trying to organize a transport, we gathered and the generations started talking, beginning an impromptu sidewalk reunion. Finally and unexpectedly, the trains started running again, and then a friendly bus driver took us from Kingsbury straight into the school compound where the 70th Kindertransport Celebration Conference would take place.

An audience of about 560 people – *Kinder*, second and third generation, journalists and researchers – was seated in a large auditorium and listened with great interest and concentration to the ambitious list of speakers and musicians who were to present during the day. The conference was opened by a remembrance service after which Chief Rabbi Sir Jonathan Sacks was the first speaker. 10,000 lives saved, he said, seemed so little compared to the 1.5 million children who perished in the Holocaust. “But Kindertransport is not little, Kindertransport is a symbol for how we can build a better world.” In the same spirit was Lord Jenner’s address: “Don’t forget what happened in the past and help to avoid that history repeat itself.”

“One must” – was Jonathan Sacks’ answer to why British families had taken in Jewish children from Germany and Austria. “One must” – that was always a reason why people from all religions, all classes, all political directions, had taken in children from the Kindertransport: Martin Gilbert’s family, Margaret Thatcher’s family, and Richard Attenborough’s family, and so many other unnamed and unknown people. In a very moving speech, Richard Attenborough remembered his father assembling his sons into his study to tell them that they will take in two girls from Germany. “The holidays will be shorter now, buying new clothes will have to wait longer, but the two girls will need even more love than you as they have nobody,” their father had explained. The two girls, Lord Attenborough recalled, were like sisters to him for the years to come.

British historian Martin Gilbert gave an overview of the historic circumstances which led to the operation Kindertransport. “Today, we celebrate your life and your stories,” he finished, but also reminded the audience of all the painful stories of children who had never seen their parents again. Before he left the stage, he read a letter of good wishes from the British Prime Minister, Gordon Brown.

Melissa Hacker introduced herself as a representative of the KTA, and shared greetings from the KTA.

Lunch was then served in the sunlit and friendly dining hall. A hot soup was urgently needed, not only because of the freezing temperature, but also as a consoling element. The lunch break offered the possibility of chatting, meeting, and searching for old friends.

After lunch, a Klezmer concert was followed by a brief panel discussion, but everyone – including the organizing committee – was nervously awaiting the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. And everyone – probably even the most convinced republicans among the audience – was highly impressed by how polite, friendly, warm-hearted, eager and interested Prince Charles was in talking with and listening to *Kinder* as he walked through the dining room, sitting at several tables. At the end of this very informal tour which took about an hour, Prince Charles gave a very moving speech in which he stated how proud he is that the *Kinder* (those now living in the UK) are British today. Considering how difficult it must have been for most of the *Kinder* who felt as refugees rather than immigrants, I think this statement makes it clear for once and for ever: *Kinder* can be glad to have been saved by Great Britain in a very dark period, but Britain can be most grateful now for what the country received through the Kindertransport!

Prince Charles said: “That’s one reason why I wanted to be with you today because my grandmother would have approved.” She had taken in a Jewish family when she was living in Athens during the war, and Prince Charles added he was “incredibly proud that a member of my family did the right thing . . . I think it is something we always need to remember on these occasions. What is the right thing to do?”

The answer to this is: “One must.”

REBEKKA GÖPFERT  
Berlin, Germany



Eva Yachnes’ e-mail address is <eyachnes@optimum.net>. Mail submissions to my name, Eva Yachnes (not to the Editor of *KINDER-LINK*), 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467. Mail submissions for the Generations Page to Heidi Nunnally, 325 West 51 St., Apt. 3C, New York, NY 10019, or e-mail to <hnunnally@nyc.rr.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations

## Winton Train

**T**HE WINTON TRAIN ASSOCIATION together with Czech Railways will dispatch a historic train from Prague to London on September 1, 2009, to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the rescue of Czech children from the Nazis, and especially to commemorate the thousands of children who perished in the concentration camps of World War II. Czech Railways also supports director Matej Mináč's film project *Nicky's Family*.

During his last visit to Prague, Sir Nicholas Winton said: "If my health is good enough next year I will meet the train at Liverpool Station like I did in 1939."

We are convinced that this story has not lost anything of its topicality after 70 years, and that in today's turbulent world it still speaks urgently to the young generation. Hence we would like our project to especially inspire young people. We launched Winton Train – a project unique not only in its humanistic message but also because of its international reach – in May of last year. We gave students at numerous European film and arts schools an opportunity to take part in the project by actively searching in today's world for inspiring stories of personal courage and goodness. We firmly believe that there is a need to promote personal courage especially among young people in order to continue the never-ending struggle for the universal values of freedom, democracy, and peace around the world.

We would like to invite "Winton's children" to take part along with one or two family members in this symbolic journey from Prague to London on September 1-4, 2009. Transportation expenses connected with the journey by train from Prague to Hoek van Holland, by ferry to Harwich and again by train to Liverpool Street Station in London will be fully covered by the Winton Train Association, a

non-profit organization. Other expenses, such as travel to Prague, accommodation in hotels along the way, meals, and the trip from London back home, will have to be covered by the participants themselves.

It is our great wish that all interested parties have the opportunity to participate in the Winton Train project, without regard to their financial situation. In this connection, we would like to ask for your help. Should you know of an organization or civic association that would be willing to assist in covering part or all of the expenses associated with the Winton Train journey, we kindly request that you put us in contact

with them.

If you are interested in traveling on the Winton Train, please contact us at <info@wintontrain.eu>. You can find more information at <www.wintontrain.eu>.

EDUARD MOTYČKA  
Winton Train Executive Director



## The Future of the KTA

**I**HAVE PUT OFF WORKING ON THIS partly because of lack of time and partly because I am not certain how to approach this important project. As you may remember at the 2008 conference we had a long discussion about the future of our organization.

I believe the consensus was that we want to keep this organization going "as is" and not connect with another organization (the forms filled out after the conference were 100% in favor of continuing).

The things that are most important to our future as I see it are:

1. Getting the second and third generation involved – how do we do this?
2. Continuing the KINDER-LINK, which is our most important link. Perhaps we could find a KT2 editor to help Eva and to get KT2s to add to this wonderful paper, perhaps have a page of their own? [*Editor's Note: We already have a KT2 editor, Heidi Nunnally, producing a Generations Page in each issue.*]
3. A monthly e-mail "get together" among the groups around the country exchanging ideas.

These are my first thoughts. I know it's not much but it's a beginning . . . please give us yours. Also, if you know anyone with ideas who would like to join us let me know.

ANITA HOFFER  
Boca Raton, Fla.

Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>

## KTA Reunion 2010

As many of you know, the 2008 reunion in Orlando was a resounding success. The only problem was that there were only 80 in attendance.

Before making any definite plans for the 2010 Reunion which would take place in the Northeast in the fall, we need to know which of you and how many are planning to attend. Unless we are able to guarantee a minimum number of hotel room nights, the cost would become prohibitive.

Therefore, if you are in favor of another Conference and are thinking of attending, please e-mail me at <KEYNOTEL@msn.com> or call me at 201-836-6772 (my office).

Thank you.

Laura Gabriel  
Conference Coordinator

KTA - Kindertransport Association  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
Telephone: 516-938-6084

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus\*  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President

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### KINDER-LINK

Eva Yachnes . . . . . Editor  
Heidi Nunnally . . . . . Generations Editor  
Martin I. Weinberger . . . . . Prodn Mgr.

Publications are welcome to use material from KINDER-LINK, but are requested to credit the source. The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Executive Board or the KTA. \*Deceased



## Letters to the Editor

About the dedication of the quilt in Farmington Hills, Michigan, October 2008, which I also attended with my family who reside in Ohio. We were three generations and, needless to say, I was very proud that my two daughters and their families, totaled eleven members who wanted to be part of the Kindertransport Association.

I'm retired, and flew in from Florida. Gale Kaplan put a great effort into this project, trying to get the much needed money to make this a success. The dedication was very well attended, and the Kindertransport Memory Quilt Booklet, which contains the replica of the three quilts, was on sale that day, and it was suggested to the four parties present, one from New York, another from Indianapolis, and another from Canada, as well as myself, to autograph each one as they were sold.

I also have a fifteen-minute video from that afternoon and I promised our president Anita Hoffer to show it at our next meeting in March, here in Florida.

MIRIAM WETZLER  
Boca Raton, Fla.

I've been reading articles in German in the "Juedische Zeitung" Berlin, regarding that fantastic WWII episode (the Kindertransports). I live in Brazil, Sao Paulo, and my deceased husband, Fritz Freudenheim, always tried to locate a childhood friend, Kurt Hamburger, who was saved thanks to the Kindertransport. But we never found K.H. in spite of dozens of enquiries.

But today I am writing you for a different reason. Many of the Kindertransport children obviously lost their parents, grandparents, and sometimes siblings in the ovens of Auschwitz, Treblinka, and the like. There is this British Bishop, Richard Williamson, who denies – as you all certainly know – that there were even gas ovens and that millions of Jews were murdered in cold blood by the Nazis.

Since this is absolutely revolting, coming from an Englishman obviously old enough to know better, wouldn't it be possible to send hundreds (or even thousands) of testimonies written by Kindertransport children or their descendants, to this despicable bishop with copy to the Pope, who, by the way, is behaving very well in this episode.

Certainly many of the Kindertransport survivors are no longer living in the UK, but in the U.S. and Israel, for instance, like Frank Meisler, the sculptor.

IRENE G. FREUDENHEIM (76 years old)

I missed the 60th Anniversary – did not know about it until it was over.

Friends called and said "Let's go to the unveiling of the quilts on Sunday. It's happening right down the road at the Holocaust Center in Farmington Hills (in Michigan near where I live in the summer months)." We went and I felt very emotional to be there, and listen to the speakers. I was

glad I went.

I almost missed the 70th Anniversary, too. My brother, who still lives in England, wrote to me that he and his family members were going to attend. I took that opportunity to visit my family in England and attend the 70th Anniversary. When I met some of the officials over there, I wondered aloud that their communications were missing the boat somewhat. I'm glad I went. That Saturday evening we went to Liverpool Street Station for the dedication of the memorial sculpture. The sculpture is wonderful. It was a very cold evening and thankfully the service was short. That sculpture is something to see.

My brother Walter and I (former name Hans Rosenbaum) left Germany on March 15, 1939. We were very lucky on two accounts. In London we lived at the "Sainsbury" house. We were very well treated. One week before the outbreak of the war, our parents were able to come to London. They lived there for the rest of their lives. Our father lived to be 87. Our mother lived to be 95.

The 70th Anniversary was very nice. I even met one man who had been at the Sainsbury house with us, as little boys 70 years ago. In my opinion, the real heroes were the parents who sent away their children to safety, knowing that their chances of survival were slim. We also feel indebted to the Sainsbury family and all the other English people who opened their homes to the refugee children. At the 70th Anniversary I learned that among those who took in children were Margaret Thatcher's family and the parents of the famous actor/producer Sir Richard Attenborough (who was there in person). There is also a link with the English Royal Family (via their Greek family) and there was great excitement at the presence of Prince Charles who seems to be interested in the *Kinder*, and contributions they have made in their lives in England.

I'm glad I went.

JOHN H. ROSEN  
Highland Beach, Fla.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



## An Introduction to iVolunteer

iVolunteer is a New York City based dynamic visitation program that sends volunteers to the homes of Holocaust survivors, providing them with companionship and much-needed assistance. Volunteers are carefully matched with survivors who live nearby and share common interests. Through weekly visits, volunteers build rewarding and enduring friendships with survivors. The inter-generational bonds that inevitably form ensure the experience of the Holocaust will not be forgotten. KTA members of the 1st generation are encouraged to contact iVolunteer (in complete confidentiality) if they, or someone they know, are interested in having a volunteer visit, and KTA members of the 2nd and 3rd generations are encouraged to contact iVolunteer to volunteer. For more information, call Sheva Tauby, Co-Director iVolunteer at 646-461-7748, or take a look at the website <[www.ivolunteerny.com](http://www.ivolunteerny.com)>.

## GENERATIONS COLUMN

## Letters to the Generations Editor

I HAVE RECEIVED WITH THANKS responses regarding the Stolpersteine, including a letter from Sylvia Irwin, who was also kind enough to inform me that the documentary "Stumbling Stone/Stolperstein" was shown at the New York Jewish Film Festival at Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center on January 28, 2009. In German with subtitles, the 75-minute documentary follows artist Gunter Demnig as he prepares and installs his "stumbling stone" memorials in several European countries to those lost in the Holocaust. The movie includes touching interviews with several people whose families were memorialized as well as giving an intimate look inside the enormous process Demnig has undertaken.

HEIDI M. NUNNALLY  
Generations Editor

Have you ever thought to search the Internet for the names of your loved ones who perished in the Holocaust? Most of us have searched the Yad Vashem database or even that of the Claims Conference, but I never searched the web. When I went to Hedderheim, the suburb of Frankfurt that my family came from, the Internet did not even exist, and afterwards I never thought about it. This past summer, however, my son, a K3, went to Frankfurt. He asked if there was anything in particular that I would like him to look at, so I named the usual sites of interest and also included the cemetery and the former site of the synagogue in Hedderheim. He asked for further information, and surprisingly I found quite a bit about the synagogue on the Internet – including the names of my grandparents and family members. Amazed, I then Googled those names, and, much to my surprise, I found out about a project to memorialize victims of the *Shoah* that I was completely unaware of.

Artist Gunter Demnig, born in Berlin in 1947, started a project called "Stolpersteine" (German for "stumbling blocks") to memorialize those deported and killed by the Nazis. "*Ein Mensch ist erst vergessen, wenn sein Name vergessen ist*" ("A person is only forgotten when his name is forgotten"), said Demnig. In order to remember the victims, after appropriate substantiation, Demnig fabricates a concrete cube covered in brass, which he then places in the pavement in front of the victim's last known place of residence. The brass is engraved with "*Hier wohnte . . .*" ("Here lived . . .") and the person's name, date of birth, and fate. The project was begun in Cologne in 1994 and has now expanded to over 300 cities in Germany, as well as cities in Austria, Hungary, and the Netherlands. Over 13,000 Stolpersteine have been placed, and more are currently being placed. A German language documentary has also recently been produced about Demnig and the Stolpersteine.

Frankfurt has a website devoted to the city's Stolpersteine Initiative. Even more to my surprise, I found that the last known residences of my grandparents and other relatives had Stolpersteine placed in front of them, and that there had been a ceremony commemorating them and for the placement of their Stolpersteine in October 2006.

There was even a biography of the family members associated with the plaques containing information I never knew.

The cost of the Stolpersteine is underwritten by donations from communities, schools, and organizations, as well as private individuals. At a cost of 95 Euros, anyone can memorialize their loved ones. Inquiries can be made at: <info@stolpersteine.com>. For further information see: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stolpersteine> and <http://www.stolpersteine.com/>.

SYLVIA IRWIN  
Nutley, N. J.

After reading your request for the names of people memorialized with "Stolpersteine," I would like to submit a story of my aunt and uncle, Meta and Max Strauss, for whom such a tribute was made. They both lived in Karlsruhe, Baden/Wuerttemberg, were deported in October 1940 to Gurs, France, and from there were sent to Rivesallt and Les Milles, France, and on to Drancy with a final destination in Auschwitz. One of their daughters, my cousin, Margo Strauss Walton, living in Highland Park, Illinois, was in touch with a volunteer/historian in Karlsruhe who saw to it that her and her sister's parents were thus memorialized.

Both girls went to Gurs with their parents, but were separated from them after Rivesallt when the O.S.E. tried to help children by placing them in homes where they were always one step ahead of the oncoming Germans. They were ultimately sent to friends of their parents in Annecy, France, where they were joined by our grandmother who had been in an internment camp in Noe, France, and was rescued by the same family in Annecy. The three survived the war with false identity papers and came to my family in New York at the end of 1946. When the war was over, they learned that their parents had been killed. They ultimately married, became American citizens, and led normal lives with their spouses and children.

I and my brother escaped Germany on a Kindertransport to England but we had the good fortune to be reunited with our parents after a relatively short time and were able to come to the United States shortly thereafter.

HELEN WERTHEIMER  
Andover, Mass.

◆ ◆ ◆  
CALL FOR STORIES

I would like to include stories about the KT2 and KT3 for upcoming issues of the newsletter. Please send stories about your lives, your accomplishments, your activities.

◆ ◆ ◆

NOTICE

Please note that the e-mail address for the Generations Editor has changed to <hnunnally@nyc.rr.com>. All submissions for the Generations Page should be submitted to me at this e-mail address or by mail to Heidi Nunnally at 325 West 51st Street, Apt. 3C, New York, NY 10019.

## My Life in America

WHEN I LEFT BERLIN, GERMANY, in 1939 at the age of eleven years, my parents had made arrangements with friends in America, that they would take care of me should my parents not survive. My first few years after leaving Berlin were in England through the Kinder-transport, where I was very lucky to live with a kind and caring family for ten years. I went to school and had a fairly normal life, as normal as it could be in wartime with air raids every night.

After hearing from relatives that my parents had died in a concentration camp, I set out for America in 1947 to stay with the above mentioned friends.

It was difficult getting a passage so soon after the war but I managed to do so on a ship called the De Grasse. I was met in New York where I stayed overnight and the next morning continued by train to Boston, Mass., to stay with my friends.

Everything was very different from England, so much larger: houses, gardens, cars, and, of course, all the food! Having lived on rations for so many years this was heaven.

I decided to learn a trade and enrolled in a "Hair Dressing Academy" which meant traveling daily to Boston since we lived on the outskirts. After I had been in the States for a few weeks a relative of my friends came to visit. He was a young man who they had not seen since Germany. During the war he flew for the American air force out of England. We found out that our parents had also known each other.

Together, we went sight-seeing around Massachusetts, and about a year later we were married. We had three children, all now married, and we had seven grandchildren. Life has been good; although both of us lost our parents and most of our families, we started a new life. Working hard, my husband always had a job, and then his own business. I owned two beauty parlors and later on a bridal shop; all of them did very well.

We were married for fifty-five years; sad to say, my husband passed away three years ago. Our family has always been very close and still is. I keep myself busy volunteering at the animal shelter in town as I love animals, and helping my children and grandchildren now that I am retired.

GERDA (LEVY) LOWENSTEIN  
Brick, N.J.



*[Editor's Note: Many thanks for the stories about coming to America. Please keep on sending material about how you came to this country, as well as articles about what you did during your adult life. It's wonderful to read about the many things our members have accomplished. Our lives can truly be an inspiration to our children and grandchildren, as well as to others who have been uprooted as we were.]*



Please notify the KTA office if your e-mail address or phone number has changed since the 2006-2007 Membership Directory was published. Help keep our membership records current by reporting promptly any change of address.

## Poems

### Youthful Years In England

Youthful years I spent with you  
Amongst your forests and fields I grew  
Many memories can I recall  
Of grass so green, and trees so tall  
My mind wanders back, to those youthful years  
And from my eyes do roll the tears  
For over me it has cast a spell  
This England that I knew so well.

Youthful years, that have gone so fast  
Youthful years, that are in my past  
Now as a man, I span those years  
And with a hand, do wipe my tears  
For over me it has cast a spell  
This England that I knew so well.

### To Be An American

Proud were they who raised their hand  
Proud to be here in this promised land  
And they all did speak with one accord  
With voices mightier than a sword  
"I pledge allegiance to the flag"  
And with these words, came that priceless tag  
To be an American.

Faces that had seen the toils of life  
Of hunger, terror, and of strife  
Burst forth in light so bright  
That it dimmed the past, and all in sight  
And unto the heavens, their eyes did lift  
In praise to the Almighty, for this wondrous gift.  
To be an American.

WALTER SOBEL  
Bronx, N.Y.



### Kindertransport Quilt Exhibit

A VIRTUAL TOUR of the Kindertransport Memory Quilts Exhibit has been created and incorporated into the Farmingham Hills (Mich.) Holocaust Memorial Center's website. Log on to <[www.holocaustcenter.org](http://www.holocaustcenter.org)> and click on KINDERTRANSPORT QUILTS in the menu on the right side. This website will enable anyone all over the world who has access to the Internet to see the exhibit and to view and hear the story of each of the 65 squares that make up the quilts. It also provides information on how to obtain the associated book which contains more detailed information about each square, the contributor's background, as well as on the Kindertransport itself.

HANS WEIMANN  
West Bloomfield, Mich.



Visit the KTA Website:  
<http://kindertransport.org>

## Another Army Story

WITH GREAT INTEREST I READ Martin Weinberger's letter relating to Gerty Graber's "Armed Services Veterans" workshop at the KTA's 2008 reunion. Like Gerty, I am a veteran of the A.T.S., the British equivalent of the American W.A.C.

I had missed being on a Kindertransport by a hair. At age 17, I was considered "too old." So my desperate parents advertised in the English newspapers for a family to take me in and were able to obtain a "domestic" permit for me.

I spent my first year in England as a combination nanny, house and kitchen maid, then lived in a London Refugee Hostel before enlisting in the A.T.S. in 1941. There, I served alongside many Kindertransportees.

We all had big dreams: Drive a lorry, decode secret messages or work on anti-aircraft guns. But, being technically "Enemy Aliens" the only jobs we were allowed to perform were in the mess-halls and cookhouses, feeding the troops. We served vast vats of stews and suet puddings, scrubbed scores of mess-hall tables squeaky clean and swilled cookhouse floors the size of a football field.

It was hard work! We rose at dawn to light the cookhouse fires. Curfew was at 10:30 p.m. and woe to us if we were even one minute late checking in. When the bugler blew his "Lights Out" on the parade ground outside, we were tucked into bed, with greatcoats piled atop blankets, for our barrack rooms were unheated during even the coldest winter months.

But we wore the British Army uniform with pride and formed friendships that lasted a lifetime. After some 63 years I still correspond with Kindertransportees in Canada and Australia.

Viva la Kind!

FRANCES NUNNALLY  
Richmond, Va.



## Chapter News

### NOR-CAL CHAPTER

The NorCal Chapter is alive and well. We are saddened by the recent news of the passing of Laura Ruth Katz, one of the original members of the chapter. She was born in Frankfurt, came to England, and stayed for the next seven years graduating from high school and nursing school. After coming to America to join her mother and sister, she went on to graduate from University of California San Francisco to become one of their first Nurse Practitioners.

On Sunday afternoon, March 8, 2009, longtime chapter members Alfred and Sue Batzdorff were honored on their 65th wedding anniversary with a chamber music concert at the Friedman Center in Santa Rosa. Local musicians including members of the Santa Rosa Symphony and faculty members from Santa Rosa Junior College played a delightful program including Schubert's Trout Quintet, one of Alfred and Sue's favorites. At the conclusion they invited everybody to their 70th anniversary celebration in 2014!

NorCal Chapter decided to contribute to the Holocaust and Genocide Memorial Grove Project at Sonoma State University near Santa Rosa. The contribution is in the form of a brick to be added to the project.

RALPH SAMUEL and ALFRED COTTON, Co-chairs

## Launch of the New KTA Website

AS SOME KINDER-LINK READERS MAY KNOW, I have spent the past many months working on a redesign and re-launch of the KTA website. I am happy to announce that the new Kindertransport Association website is now live online. Please go to <[www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)> to take a look.

You will see design changes and new features – more photographs on the home and other pages, the Kindertransport quilts, including a "quilt square of the day" feature, a searchable resources list, a downloadable flyer so that you can easily promote the Kindertransport exhibit in your community, news, and more. I would especially like to invite KTA members to look at the "Voices of the Kinder" page, and to think about submitting your own writing to add to this growing collection of online Kindertransport histories.

MELISSA HACKER  
Vice-President, KT2



Our thanks and deep appreciation to all of the volunteers and paid consultants who helped to bring the website to its current state. Among them were KT2 Jennifer Fuchel who created and maintained the original site. KT2s Emily Hacker, Rob Jenson, and David Fischer all contributed to the effort, as did KTA members Joseph Haberer and Irene Schmied. "Friends of the KTA" who helped, with and without pay, are designer Teresa Raymond and technical consultants Myra Wong and David Ruderman, and the company Pixel Marsala Web Design.

In this age of computers a website is often the first source of information for those seeking to know more about any given topic. It is therefore imperative to have a well-designed website for our organization. The individuals who worked on our website have done an admirable job.



## Charitable Contributions

For the members' information the following contributions were recently approved:

In September: Israel Special Needs Kids Fund, Shelter Our Sisters (domestic violence victims), American Jewish World Service.

In October: Mogen David Adom.

In January: National Masonic Foundation for Children, Reach Out and Read (books for needy children).

If any member would like to suggest a non-profit organization which benefits children for future contributions, please send the information to me at <[bottjb@aol.com](mailto:bottjb@aol.com)>, or by mail to 251-48 61st Avenue, Little Neck, NY 11362. Your suggestion will be presented to the board for consideration.

ELLEN BOTTNER  
Contributions Chairperson



Visit the KTA Website: <http://kindertransport.org>



*This is a letter received by KTA member Gunther Abrahamson from the directors of a documentary film now in production.*

### The Berlin Jewish Cemetery

**A** FULFILLING AND BUSY YEAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE. We would like to take this opportunity to express our special thanks to you for your interest in and support towards our film project about the Jewish cemetery in Berlin-Weissensee. We'd particularly like to tell you about our filming and let you know how our work is progressing further.

To our great pleasure and surprise, more than 300 people from all corners of the world wrote to us after seeing our article in the May 2007 edition of "Aktuell" – from Argentina to Canada, from South Africa to New Zealand. Beautiful as well as sorrowful memories, sad reports of experiences and exciting accounts, useful evidence and astonishing pieces of information reached us, which became the basis for our work on the documentary. The meanwhile twelve folders of correspondence, which consists largely of photographs and original documents, will be archived in the New Synagogue Berlin – "Centrum Judaicum Foundation." We're working closely with this organization, and also with the Jewish Museum Berlin, the German Resistance Memorial Center, and other institutions for our documentary about Weissensee.

Through the numerous photos that you all sent us, we not only had the chance to look into the faces of the people that were hidden behind the names on the gravestones, but we were also able to make connections right up to the present day.

A good six months ago, on May 20th, 2008, we started filming at the cemetery. Since then, we have been able to record some very different destinies. We accompanied, amongst other people, an American who came to see his grandmother's grave for the first time – she is the only person from his family who has a gravestone. All the other relatives of this generation were exterminated in concentration camps. We also filmed a man who, like many other youths at the beginning of the 1940s, at the age of 14 was forced to work at the cemetery. However, the cemetery was also a place of shelter for him, which he associates with many lovely memories: he played there, took part in sport and even learnt to drive there.

Alongside the many destinies from the past, of which we show a few selected examples in the film, we're also interested in daily life at Weissensee. For despite the thoughtful and peaceful feeling there, the largest Jewish cemetery in Europe is anything but a deserted place.

We accompanied a class of schoolchildren, who, fitted out with cameras and pads of paper, made notes of their own guided tour around the cemetery so that they will be able to make sense of the terrible occurrences during the time of National Socialism. We filmed German Bundeswehr soldiers, bathed in sweat in the grey, wet autumnal weather, voluntarily tidying the neglected fields and putting up commemorative stones for each of the dead who up until now didn't have a gravestone. We observed the cemetery staff felling trees and unearthing overgrown mausoleums, and we filmed stonemasons who with the support of the

Landesdenkmalamt (regional office for the preservation of listed monuments) restored valuable graves.

We have already been able to capture three seasons in pictures, and have over and over again discovered new, fascinating and unusual facets of the dead city. We expect to still be filming and conducting various interviews at the cemetery until the end of April 2009 and, amongst other things, accompanying an ornithologist who registers the offspring of the hawk that has been nesting for many years at the cemetery. The history of the cemetery after National Socialism and during the time of the GDR will also play a role in the second part of our filming.

Along with this, we are concentrating on research in international photographic and film archives. In the summer of next year, all the material will be put together and made into a documentary for the cinema, which will be of approximately 90 minutes in length. With the technical reworking that follows, we want to be finished in December 2009 so that the film will hopefully have its premiere in Berlin shortly afterwards.

Even if only a small selection of the many destinies that you all told us about and only some of the many photographs and documents that were sent to us end up finding a place in the film, we would like to put many of the submissions in a book which we intend to publish to accompany the film. This book will supplement the stories in the film and explain just how much many people from all over the world are still connected with the cemetery in Weissensee.

Looking back, this was a year rich in insights, unbelievable and captivating life stories as well as unique pictures. Without your trust and openness a film like the one we're wanting to make would be unimaginable. For this, we would like to thank you all most sincerely and warmly. We wish you, your partners and families a happy and peaceful holiday time, a wonderful Hannukah Festival, a great 2009 and, above all, health!

With best regards,

Britta Wauer (director)

Jana Westmann (assistant director).

GUNTHER ABRAHAMSON  
Ottawa, Ont., Canada

◇ ◇ ◇

### An Exhibit in New York

Currently showing: *Escaping the Boundaries, The Children of Theresienstadt*, at the Anne Frank Center, U.S.A. Gallery, 38 Crosby Street, 5th floor, between Grand and Broome Streets, New York City, from March 12 to June 12. Monday to Friday 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., and first Sundays 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. For directions and reservations: 212-431-7993, e-mail: <education@annefrank.com>.

KURT GOLDBERGER  
KTA President

◇ ◇ ◇

**Closing date for the Summer issue is June 1st,  
but please do not wait until the last minute  
to submit your material.**

THE KINDERTRANSPORT ASSOCIATION

IS PLEASED TO INVITE YOU TO

Dr. Ken Hanson's Dynamic Presentation of Pastor Martin Niemöller

Dr. Ken Hanson, assistant professor of Judaic studies at the University of Central Florida, performs as Martin Niemöller, the renowned German theologian who authored the famous saying "First they came for the Communists..."

Changing costumes onstage, Dr. Hanson becomes Martin Niemöller. More than a lecture, it is a dramatic presentation.

Dr. Hanson was a featured speaker at the 2008 reunion of the KTA in Orlando, and repeats his outstanding performance for KTA members in the New York Metropolitan area.

WHEN: Sunday, April 26 at 2:00 p.m.

WHERE: Stephen Wise Synagogue 30 West 68th Street, New York City

ADMISSION: \$10 payable in advance

REFRESHMENTS

Please mail your check for \$10 per person payable to Kindertransport Assn to Helga Shepard, 375 West End Ave., Apt. 12B, New York, NY 10024

For further information, contact Helga Shepard at 212-877-4498

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Member y/e 6/30/2009  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 N. SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211

Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at <http://www.kindertransport.org>  
Kinder: To subscribe to a free general discussion group\* about the Kindertransport, send a blank e-mail to <kidiscussion-subscribe@yahogroups.com>  
K12: to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <ktgenerations-subscribe@yahogroups.com>  
(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

FIRST CLASS MAIL



KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring 2010

Volume 20 / Number 2

## 2010 Conference Excitement

**W**E ARE SEVEN MONTHS AWAY from an exciting and unique KTA Conference in Arlington, Va., and counting down to a fabulously planned event from October 15-17, 2010. As a highlight, we will be announcing several informative and scholarly speakers with workshops to interest all *Kinder* and our KT2/3 next generations. This is an invitation for an all-inclusive membership experience.

Our theme, "*The Kindertransports' Enduring Impact*," will take a change in format encompassing several theme-related topics, in addition and separate from our speakers, which will permit each participant to engage in discussion by responding in writing up to 300 words per topic. All members have the option to respond on any topic or all of them as they may apply.

There are 18 topics to choose from and here are two examples: "What has the Kindertransport meant to me?" and "Describe how you, as a KT2/3, have brought up *your* children compared to your own upbringing experience."

There is a possibility to bind these responses into a booklet for distribution or sale to our members. Too frequently, we leave the Conference without a memoir of our experience. This approach will give our members who cannot attend the gathering an opportunity to be inclusive to the KT organization and its generations at this Conference.

We need you and want your participation at this Conference. Further information will be forthcoming in the mail.

**Reserve the date and stay tuned.**

THE COMMITTEE

## A GI Recalls the Occupation of Germany

[*Editor's Note: The following is Part 1 of an article submitted by Kind Harry W. Ebert of Madison N.J. It has been condensed for space considerations and Part 2 will appear in the next issue of KINDER-LINK.*]

**T**O START WITH, LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. This explains why my experiences are quite different from those experiences by most other GIs.

I was born in Germany into a well situated family in Mannheim. My father and grandfather were practicing attorneys and had earned Doctor of Law degrees. During WWI, my father was wounded twice while serving in the German army. I had a happy early youth. I enjoyed a happy family, good friends and sports such as swimming and skiing. Since I am a non-Aryan, the good times diminished after Hitler came to power. After the fifth grade, I was no longer permitted to attend public schools and swimming pools and at times I was attacked on the street. Then my parents were able to send me to private schools in Italy that were located at the Riviera and in the Dolomites. Due to Nazi pressure these schools were closed and I had to leave Italy. On 1 October 1938 I took the train over the Brenner Pass into Munich. All stations displayed flags because Mussolini had taken the same route on the way to the Munich Conference. Then I attended a boarding school in Herrlingen which had to close after *Kristallnacht* in November 1938. Years later, the boys' dormitory was con-

verted into Field Marshal Rommel's residence. During *Kristallnacht*, my father received thanks for his WWI service by being incarcerated for several months in the Dachau concentration camp. Upon his release, he was able to flee to the UK. In January 1939 I was able to escape to Holland on a Kindertransport where I was well treated and received some schooling in a hospice in Gouda. One month before the invasion of Holland, my father, my sister and I were able to emigrate to the U.S.

In the U.S. I found a new homeland. After one year I graduated from high school with good grades the week of my 16th birthday after I had attended twelve schools in eight cities and four countries. I was considered too young to get a worthwhile job, but after Pearl Harbor I got part-time jobs which made the start of my university studies affordable.

After the fall of Paris, my mother and her aging parents were deported to the Gurs concentration camp. My grandfather did not survive, but my mother and grandmother did and later came to the U.S.

At the age of 18½ I was drafted into the U.S. Army. After basic training, I was sent the Military Intelligence Training Center in Camp Richie, Md., to receive training as interrogators of POWs and civilians. This involved an interesting and intensive schooling dealing with the German military, the Nazi party officials, and the German civil service. All attendees were fluent in German; many had

*Continued on Page 2*

## A GI Recalls... *Continued from Page 1*

fled from the Third Reich; some had learned from family members. The best known attendee was Henry Kissinger, but he completed the program a few months ahead of me.

I was lucky in the timing since my course ended the week of VE-Day. Our group boarded the HMS Queen Elizabeth I, the largest ship of that time, which had been converted into a troop transport. After stops in the UK and France, we reached the MI replacement center in Bad Schwabach, Germany, but we did not have to fight. From there we were sent to many units which had a need for our linguistic and political knowledge.

My first duty station was in Dachau. During the fighting, U.S. troops occupied the Weimar area and at the same time the Buchenwald concentration camp. Many of the SS guards and administrators and many documents were evacuated to Dachau before. According to the Yalta Conference, Thüringen became part of the Soviet zone of occupation. Since Buchenwald was in the Soviet zone, Yalta required that they try the persons who worked there. My group, which consisted of U.S. lawyers and German-speaking GI investigators, was tasked to review the documents and SS persons for an orderly transfer to them. However, the Russian refused to accept these items since they did not want to create bad feelings among the Germans in their zone. This was one of the earliest examples of the Soviet not following their treaty obligations and it happened before Churchill spoke of the "Iron Curtain." The Buchenwald trial was conducted about two years later in an American military court in Dachau, and I participated.

Another interesting assignment was in Essen as a member of a joint UK-US group that worked in preparation for the first international war crime trials in Nuremberg. Our target was Gustav Krupp who was one of the 24 indicted

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persons. Based upon our findings, he was not tried since he had been retired and had no responsibilities when that firm used slave labor.

In Essen I had extensive contact with the local population and their problems with housing and food. I also met a lovely telephone operator with whom I am happily married since 1947. Even when we went to local night-clubs, I never experienced any anti-U.S. incidents, but when she went alone to municipal offices, some gave her a hard time. However, when I accompanied her in uniform and with side arm, the paperwork went smoothly.

*To be continued...*

## Notices

If you or any of your friends who are survivors have children who are suffering from eating disorders, please ask them if they are willing to take part in a study by Lee Doric-Henry, MEd ATR Art Therapist. She can be contacted at <leearththerapist@yahoo.com>. She is a graduate student and is doing this study for a doctorate in clinical psychology.

Waveney District Council in Suffolk, England, wishes to mark Holocaust Memorial Day with a commemoration of the Kindertransport arrival in the town of Lowestoft in 1939.

In doing this, we would be delighted and honored to hear from anyone who was brought to Lowestoft, or indeed even knows someone who was.

Therefore we would be extremely grateful for any guidance or publicity you could provide for our endeavor.

I look forward to hearing from you and would be very happy to speak further about this with you. Contact <www.waveney.gov.uk>

PHIL HARRIS

Communications Manager, Waveney District Council

**DO YOU HAVE A WEBSITE?** If you have a website, please e-mail the URL to Melissa Hacker at <kinderfilm@earthlink.net> so that a link can be added to our KTA website.

**MARTIN I. WEINBERGER** has been appointed by the KTA Executive Board as Officer-at-Large to fill the unexpired term of Laura Gabriel who passed away in December 2009.

**MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY.** Because of the many changes since the last directory was published, please contact the KTA office if you are having trouble locating a KTA member.

**ERICH REICH KNIGHTED.** KTA is pleased to extend congratulations to Erich Reich, chairperson of the British Kindertransport organization, who was recently knighted. This honor was bestowed in recognition of his charitable work, as well as his untiring work on behalf of the Kindertransport group.

Eva Yachnes' e-mail address is <eyachnes@optimum.net>. Mail submissions to my name, Eva Yachnes (not to the Editor of KINDER-LINK), 3555 Kings College Pl., Bronx, NY 10467. Mail submissions for the Generations Page to Heidi Nunnally, 325 West 51 St., Apt. 3C, New York, NY 10019, or e-mail to <hnunnally@nyc.rr.com>. Manuscripts may be edited to fit space limitations.



## Letters to the Editor

In addition to the book on Jewish doctors in Berlin described by Henry Lowenstein in his Letter to the Editor (KINDER-LINK, Winter 2010), a book on Jewish doctors in Hamburg has recently appeared called *Mit aller Kraft verdrängt. Entrechtung und Verfolgung 'nicht arischer' Ärzte in Hamburg 1933-1945*. The book was published by Dölling und Galitz Verlag in 2009 and may be of interest to members and friends of the KTA. My father, Dr. Berthold Hannes, was one of the "non-Aryan doctors." He survived the Nazi era, and, after the war, directed the Israelitische Krankenhaus in Hamburg until his death in 1955. I left Hamburg on a Kindertransport in 1939 at the age of 10 and was raised and educated in England until 1950 when I came to the United States as a nurse, married, and became a U.S. citizen.

RUTH HANNES DOSWALD  
Blacksburg, Va.

In response to your article in the Winter 2010 KINDER-LINK, I want to add to the many tributes to the Quaker organization which I hope you [Peter Kurer] are receiving. I have always known that they, the Quakers, were very much involved in helping us, though I never really knew in what ways.

I arrived in Harwich, England, on March 3, 1939, on a Kindertransport, and remained in the UK for the next six years. Part of that time I lived in a girls' boarding school in Norwich, Norfolk (1939 -1940), and when vacations rolled around, as with all holidays, the question always came up: what to do with Olga? Sometimes a generous teacher would take me home with her, sometimes the brother of my head mistress, who lived with his family in Wellingborough, Northants. I had become friendly with her niece, who was also a student there.

But this time, my first, I was sent to the headmistress's friend's family, who happened to be Quakers. (Today I wonder if "happened to be" is correct.) I shall always remember these particular holidays with a smile. The parents were wonderfully kind, their children (younger than I) treated me as if I was one of their own. Which I surely was not! Small for my eleven years, skinny, very unsure of myself, and knowing practically no English at all, I must have been a sorry customer.

But the little boy, who loved building cities in his sand box, let me help him without reservations. I wonder what became of him and his older sister? Did he become an architect? A city planner? Does the little girl, surely a grandma now, as am I, remember me? The father owned an orchard, and gave me my first paying job ever. Some pennies? A whole shilling? I happily climbed up and down a ladder on his peach trees (or were they apples?) and was taught how to handle the fruit with great care so as not to bruise it. Which is surely how they handled me too. They

also took me to Meetings on Sunday mornings. I have been to several Friends Meetings since, and have always found them meaningful, even calming.

OLGA LEVY DRUCKER  
Sewall's Point, Fla.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



*Do you have a story about your first days in America? We would like to continue bringing stories about your second uprooting in the KINDER-LINK. Send in manuscripts as e-mail attachments (preferred) to <eyachnes@optimum.net> or typed manuscripts to Eva Yachnes, 3555 Kings College Place, Bronx, NY 10467.*



## Inquiry

**I** WORK FOR RDF TELEVISION IN THE UK. We are currently making a feel good, prime time documentary for BBC1 with a strong social-historical context. We have assembled a team of professional people-finders who will be using their expertise to track down and reunite people with their loved ones.

We are currently searching for possible cases to feature in the programme, and we are really keen to feature a story regarding the Kindertransport operation that was carried out in the war time. Ideally we would like to be able to reunite a Jewish refugee with the family – perhaps a similar aged sibling – with whom they lived in England at the time. Or alternatively, reunite them with the children they may have met in hostels and farms they worked on together.

I understand you may be busy with other things at the moment, but do hope you are able to assist in some way – ideally by putting me in contact with someone who would be keen to trace the family they lived with whilst in the UK.

If this is something you think you may be able to help us with, or you know of anyone whom it may be of interest to, then please do contact me at 0044 207 013 4060 or e-mail <lucie.richards@rdftelevision.com> as soon as you can. I'd love to hear from you as I think a story like this would really provide a strong, emotive feature in our show, and bring Kindertransport to the attention of the Great British public.

Please note any information I receive would be treated in total confidence.

LUCIE RICHARDS  
The Trackers Team, RDF Television



Please notify the KTA office if your e-mail address or phone number has changed since the 2006-7 Directory was published. Help keep our records current by promptly reporting any changes.

**Closing date for the Summer issue is June 1st**

## A Visit to London

I HAVE WRITTEN BEFORE about the great experience which my husband and I had in London some three years ago, when we were invited to visit the new Holocaust part of the Imperial War Museum; in fact, it was for the day prior to the Queen's opening it, even though there was still much work going on, i.e. wiring being fixed, polishing and cleaning, etc. However, we were made most welcome, and allowed to walk around freely. When finished, we were given a most cordial send-off, after about two or so hours of visiting.

We have now returned from another visit to see the finished section, and truly thought that it is a very clear and complete history, much easier to negotiate, and even understand, particularly by youngsters, and those who were not even born during that particular time.

The museum was very crowded, mainly with school children, and, while I was looking at the VI and VII rockets, one of the teachers approached me, wondering what I knew about them, and I could indeed be of help for both. The conversation led to my country of origin, the Holocaust, and, of course, the Kindertransport. The teacher gathered her class; they were rather knowledgeable, asked many good questions, and were eager to hear what I had to say – it was a very uplifting experience.

That same night, my husband and I were so lucky as to get once more into the Royal Opera House, and sat next to a very nice couple, middle-aged, and she turned out to be a school teacher. She was most adamant that all children must be taught about the Holocaust and Kindertransport, as a "most important part of our history." This was truly gratifying to hear.

When she found out that I had served in the National Fire Service, she simply hugged me, and thanked me most profusely for "doing," though I made sure that she understood that we all are most grateful to the British for having rescued us. Her reply: "Not at all, not enough."

SUSI PODGURSKI  
Baltimore, Md.



## Dr. Amy Gottlieb

DR. AMY Z. GOTTLIEB, author of "*Men of Vision*" subtitled: Anglo-Jewry's Aid to Victims of the Nazi Regime, and other books, passed away in 2009, at the age of 90. Dr. Gottlieb devoted much of her life to helping survivors after WW II. Among other organizations, she worked with the Joint Distribution Committee. She was instrumental in saving some of the Kindertransport files which were about to be destroyed some years ago. Those in the New York City area may remember Dr. Gottlieb's visit at one of the KTA meetings. Friends celebrated her life as truly extraordinary at the memorial service.



Visit the KTA Website:  
<http://kindertransport.org>

## Workshops at the Berlin Jewish Museum

IN JUNE 1939 MY THREE SISTERS AND I left on a Kindertransport to England. In October 2009 I returned to Berlin to take part in workshops sponsored by the Jewish Museum in Berlin. I spoke two afternoons to high school students. They were 18-year-olds and also 16-year-olds. They had to do research at the Museum on different topics: Jewish schools during the Hitler time, *Kulturbund*, Kindertransport, and emigration and adjustment to U.S.A., particularly by chicken farmers.

I commented on all subjects and there were many questions for me. Both groups asked how do I feel being in Berlin? Do you hate the Germans? Do you have nightmares? I told them I feel bitter sweet about my stay in Berlin. The city is beautiful, but the memories are not so good. I do not hate the Germans now, you were not alive when all of this happened, and I do not have nightmares, but sometimes am disturbed by my memories. I agree with Wiesenthal who said: Stop being angry. If we pardon this genocide it will be repeated not only on Jews; if we don't learn this lesson then millions died for nothing.

There are many memorials to the Holocaust all over Berlin. I saw the memorial sculpture by Lisa Schaefer for the Kindertransport at the Friedrichstrasse train station, entitled *Trains to Life and Trains to Death*. Five children represent all the children who were sent to the camps and two children, a boy with a suitcase and girl with a doll, face westward toward Britain. This memorial was very meaningful to me.

Another interesting memorial can be found in front of homes from where people were deported to the camps. They are called *Stolpersteine* and family members can have them put in front of the homes. It is done by the Jewish community and also the German government. At the Klopstockstrasse where my grandma and aunties lived there are these markers, giving their names and to where they were deported. This of course was very moving for me, as I loved my grandma very much. The students were interested in my life in the U.S., and they asked how my parents adjusted to such a different life. My mom and dad worked very hard on the chicken farm in Van Nuys and I also had to help after school, but we were free and very happy to be together. My son, daughter-in-law, and granddaughter went with me and my granddaughter thought it was wonderful that I tell this generation about what happened over 70 years ago. All in all it was a memorable trip.

HILDA FOGELSON  
Studio City, Cal.



## CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTIONS recently approved:

In October: SOS Children's Village, International Children's Rescue Committee, Jewish Women International Children's Home, Smile Train

In January: World Jewish Relief for Haiti Earthquake

The Board is currently investigating a suitable memorial project for the contributions sent in memory of our late Officer-at-Large, Laura Gabriel.

ELLEN BOTTNER  
Contributions Chairperson

## GENERATIONS COLUMN

**I Want to Go to Germany . . . My Side of the Story (Part I)**

*Editor's Note: The following is Part I of a two-part story (Part II will appear in a future edition). It remains mostly unedited to retain the author's voice and the story's charm. Effy Stern was born in Israel in 1957 to parents who emigrated from Romania. According to his wife, Jennifer, "Effy is extremely supportive of my compassion of researching both of our family lines. He has an enormous sense of humor and is extremely bright. He is a loving father to Adam and Ilan and, of course, a loving husband."*

I WANT TO GO TO GERMANY.... I want to go back to where my father was born.... I want to go to the cemeteries...." I have been hearing these lines for the past two years.

It all started with Adam and Eve.... No matter how much genealogy information is available – we cannot go there, but we can go as far back as we can since we all had grandparents and they had families and we can keep going back as far as we can.

In 2006 my wife Jennifer started creating a family tree. Slowly but surely the tree grew and expanded more and more. The more she found, the more she wanted to find. She became fascinated by the amount of information she was able to obtain.

From different genealogy sites on the Internet to others who have shared the same information and research, she was able to put together her family history and connect people who no one knew were family or related.

One of the sources of information was Hajo. He went and took pictures of the graves (both sides) in the Jewish cemetery. From the pictures and from what we were able to make out from the old stones, Jennifer connected the names, the dates of birth and towns they came from. Who is this Hajo?.... I will get to that later in my story.

For two years we have been putting off going to Germany. It was always a different reason. One time it was going to Israel, one time it was a cruise. There was always something else. In March of 2009 Jennifer told me – "This is it!!!! I want to go to Germany."

On Saturday, September 12, 2009 (Jennifer's birthday), I made her wish come true. We were heading to Germany. First five days of our trip in Marburg and the last two days in Frankfurt. We arrived at Frankfurt airport early in the morning, picked up our rental car and Jennifer drove while I was giving her the directions. We drove along the country side making our way to Marburg. I was looking out of the window wondering to myself.... What happen here over 60 years ago? How can this beautiful place been a gravesite to 6 million of us – just because we were Jewish...????

We arrived at our hotel. We could not have chosen a better home for the next four days.

The Villa Vita – Rosen Park Hotel was located near the mountain with the Lain River along the side. Five stars all the way with red roses and the fresh air of the mountain.

About an hour after our arrival Hajo came to meet us. After three years of e-mails, letters and phone calls, Jennifer finally got to meet the person who was one of her infor-

mation sources. There was a click between us all right away. He told us to sleep at home.... Funny that he is !!! He took us on a four-hour tour by foot to see the City of Marburg.

As tired as we were, we were fascinated by the city of Marburg. Homes that are still standing from the 1800s. The architectural of the old buildings, homes and of course the castles and the churches. After a short coffee stop (ok, so I had a piece of apple strudel as well. After all we are in Germany and this is a vacation.... And on a funny note – this business with "ok, so we are in Germany and on vacation"... cost me 10 lb). We continued to break our feet and walk the town. We arrived at the Jewish synagogue of Marburg. Hajo told us to wait here and he ran back to the hotel to bring his car. The next part of our trip will be the country side driving tour... Thank God – as our feet were screaming Help!

While he was gone we walked into the synagogue. The members are all Russian Jews. We didn't go into the sanctuary since they had a function going on but we stopped and looked at the bulletin board and looked at the old pictures. There was a table with a guest book and a *tzedaka* box (donation box). We made a donation and wrote in the book that it is in memory of all the family who never got out of Germany alive.

Hajo came back and we drove down the beautiful country side. The view was amazing and you could smell the fresh clean air. He took us through the towns that Jennifer's family came from and showed us around. We stopped for dinner in a small local restaurant where they never get to see American tourists. The conversation around the table was flowing and Hajo had some questions for Jennifer. I also had questions for him. You see, Hajo is Protestant and I wanted to know what made him get involved with researching the life of the Jewish people in Marburg and the surrounding towns. Why is he fascinated by this research?

Growing up, Hajo never knew about his father's past and when he asked questions, he was brushed off. After his father's death he found pictures of his dad in army uniforms and only then he was told by his mom that his father was a guard at a working camp.

Hajo works for the Marburg courts and is also a publisher of a local magazine. A few years ago he decided to write an article about *Kristallnacht*, the night the Germans started burning the Jewish synagogues. Following writing this article he did get some angry remarks from readers as to why is he going there again.

The more he wrote – the more information he found and his research happen to be around the Spier family... those were Jennifer's Omi and Opa – those she never got the chance to ever meet.

Hajo was the first and the only one to ever point to pictures, homes or streets and say to Jennifer, "This is where you Omi and Opa came from – this is where your father grew and played as a child."

I was looking at Jennifer from the side. After being married for 27 years, I can read her face expressions like a

*Continued on Page 6*



## Recent Books of Interest

***An Endless Struggle, Reminiscences and Reflections***  
by Paul Kuttner; 702 pp. Vantage Press, New York, \$26.95

How to put the events of one's whole life, the memory of those one loved and of those one met on one's way, as well as a historical sense of one's time into one single book is what is at issue in "*An Endless Struggle*," a just published autobiography.

Paul Kuttner is able to do this because he knows how to pull a good story. The book is a cornucopia of cleverly written, often entertaining, episodes, whether they be about his boyhood in Berlin, his wartime life in Britain, his adventures in Hollywood, or about the life that he creates for himself in New York. Of the latter, I liked and chuckled over the tale that he spins about his first interview at the publishing firm where he was to work for over three decades. The scene between his future boss and secretary rise to heights of Dickensian comedy. Other reminiscences are wrenchingly touching, particularly the one on the passing away of his beloved sister, who – unlike his parents – had been able to survive the war in hiding.

The book is essentially a collection of anecdotal stories. There is little linkage between the pieces; the only continuity and sense of development is provided by their arrangement in an overlapping chronological order.

The reflective comments that mark the beginning of each piece are appropriately succinct and pithy. The lengthier reflections that follow at the end of each section and fill the final chapters tend to be less cohesive. The array of personal views plus factual information, historical data and full-scale explanations struck this reader as overwhelming. But of course this is the author's prerogative. It is his autobiography, and he wants the reader to know how he thinks and feels.

Many of the stories are cleverly woven around celebrities – be they Nazi bigwigs and Hollywood greats. The walk-on appearances of numerous others struck this reader as distracting, particularly when unconnected to the course of the author's life. Even so the more benign of these celebs seem to act as benevolent spirits hovering over the writer's "*Endless Struggle*," and helping him not to give up. The almost indescribable pain that he still feels at the loss of his parents in the Holocaust and at the early death of his sister echoes throughout the book. In many ways the book is a labor of love in their memory.

Because the rich variety of reminiscences and their vivid presentation, the book will certainly find a large readership here and abroad. It will be valuable addition to bibliographies on the Holocaust and Twentieth Century History, the KTA bibliography among them.

IRENE K. SCHMIED

***Little Holocaust Survivors and the English School That Saved Them***

by Barbara Wolfenden, ABC-CLIO, Inc., publishers

As Europe prepared for war, the newly-founded Stootley Rough School began to shelter hundreds of traumatized Jewish children fleeing (usually alone) from Nazi persecution. "*Little Holocaust Survivors*," based on dozens of original interviews, tells their stories, and the stories of the teachers and benefactors who created this refuge in a country house on a hillside in Surrey, donated by its philanthropic owner. Struggling against constant money problems, war-time deprivation, the occasional suspicion of locals and unfamiliarity with the English language, teachers and pupils endeavored to hold their educational establishment together. As the Luftwaffe bombed London forty miles away, the inhabitants of Stootley Rough did their best to focus on the values of equality, tolerance, music appreciation and hard work.



## I Want to Go to Germany . . . My Side of the Story

*Continued from Page 5*

book. I could see her emotions going up and down like a rollercoaster. Growing up she has seen pictures of "THE HOUSE." For the past 3 years, she has seen pictures of graves and different sites. But now, now it was real. We were standing in front of the house her Omi and Opa came from – the fields her dad and his brothers Martin, Alfred, Walter and the sister Edith walked going to school.

It was real.... It was there.... It was what she had envisioned for years.

While walking in the city of Marburg we came across the Judengasse (the street of the Jews). The word alone sends chills to my body. After all, you will not find in any town a street with the name Catholicgasse or Protestantgasse. But you found a Judengasse in every town. The street was short and in the middle of it was an enclosed *mikvah* (Jewish women's bath) that was found and preserved by the city.

Walking the streets we came across homes that use to belong to Jewish families who were taken out of the home and sent to concentration camp. Family members have return to reclaim their memories and a small bronze plaque 4 inch by 4 inch with the engraving of the names, the date taken out of the house and sent to the camps they got killed at (*Stoplersteine* memorial). The plaque is on the sidewalk right in front of the entrance to the house. How many people walk and step on their memory on a daily basis???? But, it is there to remind each and every one of those people that this house has a meaning.

EFFY STERN  
Brooklyn, N.Y.



All submissions for the Generations Page should be submitted to <hnunnally@nyc.rr.com> or mail to Heidi Nunnally, 325 West 51st Street, Apt. 3C, New York, NY 10019.



Visit the KTA Website:  
<http://kindertransport.org>



## Contributors to the KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund along with their 2010 dues as of March 31, 2010. Your generosity is appreciated! It is never too late to make a contribution to the KTA Charitable Fund. Please make your check payable to The Kindertransport Association and mail to Helga Newman, Financial Secretary, 899 East Charleston Road, Apt. H305, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

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### A Child Touches the Holocaust

AS ONE OF MY END-OF-YEAR GIFTS, I had sent a contribution to the Animal Legal Defense Fund, with a cover letter stating that it gave me much pleasure to send my check in support of their important work, and "to honor the memory of my parents, Sandor and Kaethe Kelemen, who perished in the Holocaust, and that of my late partner, Dr. Thomas Robitscher."

In response to my gift, I not only received the appropriate acknowledgment, but the following letter from Janiec Gutierrez:

"I am sorry to learn about your parents. My knowledge of the Holocaust came to me when I was a young girl. I was flying alone on a plane and a nice older man was sitting next to me. He knew I was alone and was talking to me to keep me company. He was wearing a shirt with the cuffs rolled up and I remember seeing a series of numbers tattooed on his arm. I reached out and slowly touched them, and asked what they meant. Although I was only nine years old, I knew that I had touched on something profoundly deep and painful.

"I sensed the sadness wash over him, and he was silent for a long moment. I honestly don't remember the words he spoke to me afterwards - I do remember his sad smile and the way he patted my hand as if to tell me it was OK that I asked. How do you explain such a horrific event to a nine

year old? What I was left with was a feeling that embedded itself deep in my heart, a knowing without words. It wasn't until I was in high school studying the war and the Holocaust that I consciously realized what those numbers meant, and where his sadness stemmed from. I still think of him today, and wish I could talk to him now and tell him, with words this time, how very sorry I am."

ANNE KELEMEN  
New York, N.Y.



### Kindertransport Survey Completed

THE AMBITIOUS PROJECT to create an archive and a database of the Kindertransportees' experience, and the historic act of rescue of 1938/39 is now complete. Much effort has been put in over recent months to improve many details of the statistics, to ensure the maximum integrity of the completed database, which is run on Microsoft Excel. We are now ready to go public. The database can now be viewed in the Kindertransport section of the AJR website alongside a full description of the project at <www.AJR.org.uk/kindertransport>. In order to view the database, you must have the Microsoft Excel program or a spreadsheet program allowing Excel to be opened on your computer.

### Plan to attend the KTA 2010 Conference • October 15-17 • Arlington, Virginia

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K12: to subscribe to a free discussion group\* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to <ktgenerations-subscribe@yahooogroups.com>  
(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
36 Dean Street  
Hicksville, NY 11801

# KINDER LINK

KINDERTRANSPORT  
ASSOCIATION

Spring 2014

Volume 24 / Number 2

## One Day, Two Events, Two States . . .

World Kindertransport Day on December 2, 2013, was a great success. There were events in New York, New Jersey, Florida, California, Chicago, Maine, England, and Australia to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the first transport that eventually brought approximately 10,000 Jewish children to freedom in England. The day was also noted by media coverage on NPR, the BBC, and CNN, as well as many newspapers and blogs. The story of the Kindertransport is an extraordinary story and the *Kinder* themselves are extraordinary.

I was privileged to attend events in both New York and New Jersey. The New York event, which was packed to capacity with a waiting list, featured a luncheon complete with watercress sandwiches, a reminder of the meals the *Kinder* had while in England. As everyone entered the building, they shared the date of their transport. The program itself was packed with film clips, speakers, candle lighting (it was Hanukkah), a reading of the British Parliamentary debate deciding to accept *Kinder*, and an opportunity to share thoughts and experiences. There was barely enough time to allow everyone to talk, but we heard from *Kinder*, KT2 and even KT3s! Despite the obvious hardships, there was an outpouring of gratitude and pride that was a delight for everyone attending.

In the evening I raced to New Jersey to be a part of a three-generation event consisting of my dad, Manfred Lindenbaum, my 16-year-old daughter, Nina, and me. The original plan was an event that would feature my dad speaking. I was surprised to receive a phone call suggesting that I and perhaps one of my children join my dad. As always, I learned something new from my dad as old memories rose to the surface and he blended his recollections of himself, a six-year-old, and his brother traumatized with the loss of their world as they knew it with a powerful message about how we can all make a difference. My daughter blew us all away with her description of her "Zayda" who has such a profound impact on her and who is tireless in his efforts to make both his world and our world a better place.

The impact of the Kindertransport is not just its extraordinary story of the British government's decision, or the families who sheltered these children, or the many people behind the scenes, or even the *Kinder* themselves who share their story with us. As evidenced by the day, the Kindertransport impacts each one of us who hears the story and so it becomes "our story."

KAREN LINDENBAUM, KT2  
KTA Board Member  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## St. Petersburg, Florida, 75th Anniversary Commemoration of the Kindertransports

Close to 500 guests attended the Florida Holocaust Museum's annual "To Life" fundraiser in St. Petersburg on February 27. This year's event commemorated the 75th anniversary of the Kindertransport. The Honorary Chairs were Marietta Drucker and myself, Lisl Schick. We were both *Kinder* from Vienna.

The program featured Grammy nominated American concert pianist Mona Golabek performing her award winning show based on her *Kind* mother's story as told in the book "The Children of Willesden Lane." There was also a video of Marietta and Lisl, in which they recounted their experiences.

I was born Lisl Porges, and remember *Kristallnacht*: we lived on the fourth floor, we walked down the stairs, we opened the front door to the apartment house, and I will never forget the sight that I saw. It was absolutely horrendous. There was broken glass everywhere, all along the pavement.

I was so horrified, and I remember looking at my father, who I felt could fix everything, and I remember saying, "Can't you do something?" And he just shook his head, and he said, "There's nothing I can do."

I was eleven years old when I boarded the Kindertransport on April 25, 1939, with my 7-year-old brother, Walter. We arrived two days later in London.

"You have to take care of your brother," my mother told me before we boarded the train.

My brother cried for most of the trip. He was on my lap. I did not cry. My mission was to take care of my little brother. I recall Nazis looking through suitcases at the German border. Then, we crossed into Holland, and some lovely ladies gave us cookies and hot chocolate.

Marietta Drucker, born Marietta Sobel, was ten years old when she was put on the Kindertransport in January 1939, but recalls nothing of the journey. "I just have no memory of it," she said. About the only thing she does remember was carrying a small suitcase with just a few possessions.

Marietta's mother managed to get papers approved and came to England, finding work as a cleaning woman. Then, very shortly before the war broke out, her father's papers were approved to England as well. He learned that the Gestapo had his name on a list of people to be picked up the next night and fled illegally to Belgium, all the while helping smuggle a small boy hidden in his suitcase to the child's relatives. In England he was sent to an internment camp.

Continued on Page 3

## This Edition's Challenge

With the mystery of Malaysian Airline Flight 370 looming large in the news as we go to print with this edition of the KINDER-LINK, a question comes to mind for the *Kinder*. Are there any *Kinder* receiving this newsletter who never received a firm confirmation about what happened to a beloved relative or friend? Is this more difficult than knowing exactly what happened when the fate was a very painful one to hear?



## Kinder-Link Submissions

Please send all submissions for KINDER-LINK to [kinderlinkeditor@aol.com](mailto:kinderlinkeditor@aol.com).

Generations Page submissions should be sent to the Generations editors, Jennifer Fuchel or Shoshanah Wolfson at [kt2editor@gmail.com](mailto:kt2editor@gmail.com).



## Do We Have Your Current Information?

Do we have your correct home address, e-mail address, and phone number? If any of these have changed and you haven't previously reported the change, please e-mail your corrections promptly to [helganewm@yahoo.com](mailto:helganewm@yahoo.com).

Visit the KTA Website:  
[www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)

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(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)



Visit  
the KTA Website:  
[www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)

## Australia's Kindertransport Association Commemorates 75th Anniversary with Moving Presentation

The theater at the Sydney Jewish Museum was full as *Kinder*, 2nd, 3rd and one 4th generation KT's came together to commemorate World Kindertransport Day. Among those present were the Austrian consul and many board members of the Australian Association of Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Descendants who helped organize the event with Janet Merkur, Vice President of the Australian chapter of the Kindertransport Association.

Dr. George Foster, President of the Australian Association of Jewish Holocaust Survivors and Descendants, welcomed the audience and a PowerPoint presentation followed. In it Ms. Merkur interwove facts and images of the Kindertransport with the details of her mother's journey from Vienna to London.

JANET MERKUR, KT2  
whose mother was a *Kind* from Vienna  
Sydney, Australia

*Editor's Note:* Ms. Merkur notes that nearly 100 people attended the commemoration. She adds that she expects to speak in Australian schools about the Kindertransport as part of Holocaust studies which have been initiated in the country's National Curriculum.



## Honoring a Woman Who Helped Persuade the British Parliament

Bertha Bracey (1893-1989), a Quaker, who was honored in 2001 with a statue erected in front of the Quaker Friends House in London, on Eusten Road, was very influential in persuading the British Parliament to pass a law in 1938 to accept 10,000 refugee children. The Quaker community in co-operation with Jewish organizations were thus able to rescue nearly 10,000 children between December 1938 and September 1939, when the outbreak of war put an end to the effort.

Two current residents, myself being one of them, at the Quaker-run Foulkeways Retirement Community, Gwynedd, Pa., were thus saved. Ilse Sakheim, née Oschinsky, boarded the train in Marlin. Margaret Lowe, myself, née Puppenheimer, boarded in Munich. Both of us were bound for Hock van Holland where we boarded a boat bringing us to England. We did not know each other then and only recently discovered that we were on the same Kindertransport.

The sculpture can be viewed online at <http://www.quaker.org.uk/quakers-and-kindertransport>.

MARGARET LOWE  
a *Kind* from Munich  
Gwynedd, Pa.

Closing date for the Summer  
issue is June 1st



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Friends,

Earlier in 2013, when my 98-year-old sister Karin's house was recently sold, we found more than 100 of my mother's paintings. It is a remarkable collection of her work.

The paintings were displayed as a retrospective exhibit at the Knoll Gallery, Denver, opening on November 15, 2013. Additional paintings and memorabilia were also exhibited concurrently at the Beck Archives, Special Collections, University Libraries at the University of Denver, as well as at Su Teatro, just a couple of blocks from the Knoll Gallery.

My mother, Maria Lowenstein, first studied art at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, Russia, before World War I. She was a part of the roaring 1920s art scene in Berlin when she married my Jewish physician father. My mother was a well-known artist and had quite a following in Denver until her death in 1982.

For additional information on the history of the Lowenstein Family, see the Lowenstein Family online exhibit at <http://digital.library.du.edu/librariespresents/exhibits/show/he-lowenstein-family>.

HENRY LOWENSTEIN  
a *Kind* from Berlin, Denver, Co.

*Editor's Note:* Maria Lowenstein's work has also been featured on PBS, Channel 6, KRMA, Denver.

*The opinions expressed in Letters to the Editor are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the KTA.*



## Request for Your Thoughts

Hey, KT2s and KT3s, we would like to hear from you. What are you doing, learning, thinking in relationship to the experience of our parents and grandparents? Do you have something to say? Have you written an academic article? Poem? Expository essay? Send it in to either Kinderlink editor@aol.com or kt2editor@gmail.com.



## KT2 Solo Show to Be Featured in Off-Broadway Theater in July

The Off-Broadway theater company, Primary Stages, will present KT2 Mona Golabek in her solo show at the Duke Theater on 42nd Street, New York, in early July. Ms. Golabek's performance, adapted and directed by Hershey Felder, recounts her mother's experience of survival during the Holocaust.

## Searching for Information on Buttenhausen, Germany, Immigrants' New York Get-togethers

Between the 1930s and 1970s, the Jewish immigrants from Buttenhausen, Germany (State of Wurttemberg), in New York City used to have monthly get-togethers. I am wondering whether there might be some record of their meetings, the programs, the participants, etc. The last secretary, in 1976, was Sel Norma Levi. We think there might be some records about the meetings. Maybe someone who reads the KINDER-LINK can shed some light on this, such as where those records might be now and how it would be possible to access them.

We believe that the members of the get-togethers were a generation older than the *Kinder*, so it's possible *Kinder* might be too young to shed any light on this. If you have any information, please contact me at [l.prag@verizon.net](mailto:l.prag@verizon.net).

LORE PRAG  
a *Kind* from Stuttgart, Germany  
Somerville, N.J.



## Late Applicants Can Still Apply for Claims of East German Properties

The Claims Conference (The Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, Inc., 1359 Broadway, Room 2000, New York, NY 10018) has established a Late Applicants Fund ("LAF") of \$50 million to accept applications from certain heirs of former Jewish owners of properties and assets located in the former East Germany for which the Claims Conference received proceeds as Successor Organization under the German Property Law of 1990.

If anyone has *not claimed* for property in former East Germany, there is still time to apply. If you need assistance in seeing if your family name is on the list or completing the application please contact KT2 George Fogelson at [fogelson@alum.calberkeley.org](mailto:fogelson@alum.calberkeley.org) or 310-540-4853. Deadline to submit a claim is December 31, 2014.



## The Kinder-Link Seeks New Editor

If you have experience in the editing and/or writing field and are interested in the position of KINDER-LINK editor, please contact the current editor at [Kinderlinkeditor@aol.com](mailto:Kinderlinkeditor@aol.com).



## St. Petersburg, Florida (Continued from Page 1)

The Kindertransports saved not just two lives, but many more for generations to come.

The evening was a huge success and will long be remembered by all those who attended.

LISL SCHICK  
a *Kind* from Vienna  
Largo, Fla.

## Notes from the President

December 2nd, 2013, was World Kindertransport Day. This commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the first Kindertransport was marked by events organized by KTA members which you can read about in this special issue of the KINDER-LINK. I give special thanks to David Meyerhof who proposed this at the November 2012 conference and worked steadfastly to see it through to wonderful fruition!

A special mention also goes to Karen Lindenbaum, who traversed three states on December 2nd: at noon she participated in the New York City event, in the afternoon she drove to Philadelphia to pick up her daughter, and in the evening she spoke in New Jersey, together with her father and her daughter.

I want to share a few of the emails I've received: From KT2 Vera Wurst, who attended the N.Y.C. event, "It was a wonderful program for very special people. Thank you for all that you do to keep the organization living!! It was my pleasure to be part of the commemoration."

KT2 Julie Salamon, the President of The Village Temple, our host in New York, wrote "It was a really beautiful event and I was glad to be there. Thank you for inviting me."

Kind Lisl Malkin, originally from Vienna, wrote "Congratulations! The World Kindertransport Day held at The Village Temple was a great success. The presentations were interesting, the movie of Lord Attenborough was touching, the atmosphere was warm, and everybody seemed to have a good time meeting old friends and making new ones."

KT3 Elizabeth Rothschild who read excerpts from the 1939 Parliamentary debate at the New York City event wrote, "I can't TELL you how meaningful it was for me. REALLY. I feel SO SO grateful you gave me an opportunity to participate and be there to hear everyone. I've been trying to do research through Yad Vashem to find out more about my great-aunt as she never spoke about her experience though she was on a Kindertransport and was lucky enough to be reunited with family in the U.S. later."

KT2 David Meyerhof wrote, "It struck a chord deep inside me, and I will forever be moved into action on behalf of all Holocaust survivors and the lessons and memories which must never be forgotten."

To see photographs of these events, please go to the Kindertransport Association website ([www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)), launch the "Events" section and choose either the "past events" page or the "In the News" page and the Kindertransport Association Facebook page ([www.facebook.com/pages/The-Kindertransport-Association/130230110499705](http://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Kindertransport-Association/130230110499705)).

And now to future events: The New York City chapter spring lunch will be held on June 22, 2014, and invitations will be sent in May. If KTA members from out of town plan to be in New York that weekend, please join us! Contact Anita Weisbord at 718-229-0204 in order to RSVP.

The next World Federation of Jewish Child Holocaust Survivors and Descendants conference will be in Berlin, Germany, from August 24-27, 2014.

The Claims Conference will be negotiating this summer

with the German government in regards to the possibility of new reparations for child survivors. To help them gather information, I ask that all *Kinder* please send me by email or regular mail a note with your name and date of birth.

You can reach me at [info@kindertransport.org](mailto:info@kindertransport.org), or P.O. Box 1444, New York, NY 10113.

MELISSA HACKER, KT2  
President, KTA



## Southern California Commemorates World Kindertransport Day

On December 2, 2013, in Burbank, California, World Kindertransport Day was commemorated in the Burbank Mall with nearly 100 attendees. All were focused on the *Kinder*'s stories and the dignitary recognition of the 75th anniversary of the saving of 10,000 Jewish children. My mother, Susi Goldsmith, was on the first transport leaving Vienna. She, along with David Meyerhof, a KT2, whose mother left on a Berlin transport, coordinated this moving and educational program. Of the 100 people in attendance, seven were *Kinder* and at least ten were KT2 and two were KT3!

David and Susi prepared storyboards representing their own families, and my mother shared that this physical representation gave her permission to recall and embrace this part of her life. More questions of my mother's family came to light as she and I realized the good fortune of her attorney father and his ability to save both family and belongings, that were re-assembled in San Francisco.

David took proud ownership of his family's accomplishments in Germany, including a Nobel Prize to his grandfather in the sciences. His mother left Berlin within a month of *Kristallnacht* and in England she lived in a boarding school and later studied with Anna Freud

A Chanukah lighting was facilitated by Rabbi Mark Sobel. Burbank Mayor Emily Gabel-Luddy presented a proclamation from the city of Burbank. The event was also formally recognized by other local and state dignitaries and proclamations.

We hope this is the foundation for a local chapter, as the need and interest were clearly evident from the success of the program. Please contact either David Meyerhof at [dmeyerhof@yahoo.com](mailto:dmeyerhof@yahoo.com) or me, Ellen, at [ergy@aol.com](mailto:ergy@aol.com).

ELLEN GOLDSMITH, KT2

Daughter of *Kind* Susi Goldsmith from Vienna  
Seal Beach, Cal.



## German Radio Program on the Internet Speaks of the Kindertransports

Anyone who speaks German may wish to go the website <http://www.wdr5.de/sendungen/lebenszeichen/zuginsungewisse102.html> to listen to German radio WDR5's "75 Years after the First Kindertransport to England" radio program which ran December 26, 2013. WDR5's background text on the Kindertransports is also on this web page.

## Florida Chapter Commemorates the 75th Anniversary of the Kindertransport

On Sunday, March 16, Florida *Kinder* met at the Delray Beach Club to commemorate, again, the 75 years since we were rescued by the British. Anita Hoffer, Florida Chair, greeted the group. One *Kind* was an infant when sent to the UK and the oldest at the luncheon had been sixteen years old at the time of the Kindertransport.

Anita reminded the group that at our December Commemoration Deputy Mayor Susan Haynie had proclaimed December 2, 2013, World Kindertransport Day. She introduced British Consul-General Kevin McGurgan, who told the group interesting stories of British diplomats stationed in Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere, in 1938, who saved many Jewish lives by issuing visas to Britain and Palestine in the last year and months before World War II.

Mr. McGurgan mentioned that when one of the British diplomats had heard about Dachau he immediately went there, spoke to the Nazis, and was able to get 300 Jewish prisoners released.

Each participant received a copy of the book "Beyond the Call of Duty," by Martin Gilbert, a prolific writer on the Holocaust.

*Kind* John Philips, who lives in London but spends the winter in Florida, recounted his experience at Prince Charles' castle this summer. He felt that the Prince had treated the *Kinder* graciously, shaking each person's hand and listening, with great interest to everyone's story.

Olga Drucker, who also attended the London event, also spoke of her experience at the event.

Walter Clifton, our treasurer, gave us an update on the notes from *Kinder* who were unable to attend the luncheon.

ANITA HOFFER, a *Kind* from Berlin  
Chapter Chair, Boca Raton, Fla.



## UK Prime Minister Receives Kindertransport Story

In 1938, Max Lichtwitz of Berlin, a widower, made the heartbreaking decision to send his only child, Heinz, to the United Kingdom as part of the Kindertransport to save him from the growing persecution of the Jews. Heinz was placed with a childless Jewish couple in Wales, Morris and Winnie Foner, who raised him as their own. Max wrote dozens of colorful and loving postcards to his son, eventually in English as young Heinz forgot his German, until the onset of war made direct communication impossible.

Young Heinz last heard from his father in 1942, via the Red Cross. Max died four months later in the Auschwitz gas chambers.

On March 12, 2014, Heinz - now Henry Foner and living in Israel - was at Yad Vashem when U.K. Prime Minister David Cameron visited and was presented with the book, "Postcards to a Little Boy: A Kindertransport Story." The book, published by Yad Vashem, comprises scans of the original postcards and letters with their translations as well as historical information about the Kindertransport. Winnie Foner had saved and assembled the correspondence in an album for her foster child.

## Memories of a *Kind* from Germany

My name is Werner Neuburger and my life was saved by a Kindertransport in 1939 when I was 12 years old.

I was born in 1926 in a small village in Germany. My family, that is, my ancestors had lived there according to records since the early 1700s. My father had a modest general store which occupied the first floor of our house, and we lived on the second floor. The first six years of my life were normal, and I enjoyed life with my family and the kids in the neighborhood.

In 1933 everything changed. Hitler came to power and at his instigation antisemitism spread and things got progressively worse. I was beaten up frequently by gangs of Hitler youth and my father's customers stopped coming due to intimidation and storm troopers standing in front of our store with derogatory signs.

Without customers there was no income and the situation was pretty much the same all over Germany. So my parents came to the reluctant decision to emigrate. This was in the mid-1930s.

But where to?

Because of the worldwide depression, most countries closed their borders to permanent immigrants who, if admitted, would take jobs away from natives. The United States, with its heritage of immigration, but also in the grips of the great depression, limited immigration with quotas. The quota for Germans was about 25,000 immigrants per year. However, Germany had about 500,000 Jews anxious to get out, so a waiting list was established. My father was put on this list.

It was our family plan to have him emigrate and once he was established, the rest of the family would follow. In the meantime antisemitism grew worse. Our family was subjected to frequent harassment including the gathering of Nazis in front of our house, chanting profanities and worse, and throwing stones at our windows. I still recall the frightful sound of glass shards hitting the wooden floor. We had windows broken almost every week.

My father feared for the family's safety once he was gone and approached the police for protection. Instead of protection, he was taken into custody. (They called this procedure *Schutzhaft* - in English this means "preventive arrest" or "preventive detention.")

Some time later he was released, and came home sick. The next morning he was dead. This calamity happened in September 1937. After a horrible funeral scene, made so by the Nazis, my mother, sister, and I at the recommendation of relatives moved to the city of Frankfurt in the spring of 1938. That year every Jewish person had to take on an additional name. Males had to add the name Israel. Women had to add the name Sarah. On my father's waiting list position the letter "I" was inserted in his name.

(To be continued in the Summer issue)

WERNER NEUBURGER  
a *Kind* from Battenberg, Germany  
West Nyack, N.Y.

*Editor's Note:* Mr. Neuburger is the author of "Dark Clouds Don't Stay Forever," Publish America, 3/20/2006

## GENERATIONS PAGE

**Diversity Kindertransport Dialogue and Kindertransport Association Facebook Pages**

Three years ago when six of us were planning the upcoming Kindertransport Conference of 2012, I started a Facebook page with the idea of getting the word out to those who may not have heard of the KTA nor be aware of our biennial conferences. The response was immediate and we quickly had people joining our page from far-flung Australia, Europe, as well as throughout the U.S. As a result, many who had never attended a conference before registered to come and we began connecting with one another before we even met in Los Angeles. When we arrived, an unexpected pleasure was that many of us recognized and felt that we knew one another already. We had seen each other's photos and shared stories on Facebook.

Our *Kindertransport Dialogue* Facebook page has been and continues to be a vehicle for connecting and for education. Most members are 1st, 2nd or 3rd generation Kindertransport survivors or educators interested in teaching this chapter in history. Personal stories, news items, documents, and photos have all been shared and some amazing connections have been made. For example, my mother was reunited with a woman she had not seen for 75 years as a result of two posts on our page.

Social media is a wonderful way to reach out and educate people throughout the world and our *Kindertransport Dialogue* page continues to do that. Now, in addition, we have the *Kindertransport Association* page that features up-to-date news items and information associated with the KTA. To clarify, the *Kindertransport Association* page only disseminates information; the *Kindertransport Dialogue* page is open for discussions and sharing.

Please feel free to "like" the *Kindertransport Association* page and join the *Kindertransport Dialogue* page. If you are concerned about privacy issues, you can easily set privacy controls. Our *Kindertransport Dialogue* page is a "closed group" meaning that only those who are members can see content that is posted. Please email me (tamara.meyer@aol.com) if you need help setting up a Facebook account or creating privacy settings that suit you.

To join Facebook go to: [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com). For the *Kindertransport Association* page go to: The Kindertransport Association or: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Kindertransport-Association/130230110499705>. For the *Kindertransport Dialogue* page go to Kindertransport Dialogue or <https://www.facebook.com/groups/125530980899536/>.

TAMARA MEYER, KT2  
whose mother was a *Kind* from Berlin  
Potomac, Md.

**Notes from a KT2**

Elsewhere in this newsletter is my mother's story about the pivotal support of the Quaker community. Another interesting piece of her Kindertransport story is that she met

my father (Kenneth Lowe, née Kurt Löwenstein) in Birmingham two years after seeing him get on the same Kindertransport train that rolled her toward safety in England.

My mother was restless (then as she still is now) and would get up at each stop and see who got on. After the stop in Düsseldorf, she noticed my father standing in the hallway. Two years later, they met at a political and social Jewish German Youth group, Free German Youth (FDJ), in Birmingham where they both lived. She remembered seeing him on the train that fateful day of departure.

She recounts in her auto-biography: "One day I heard about a Seder being held in a Jewish center in Birmingham. There I met a young girl who told me of a German Jewish group called *Freie Deutsche Jugend* which met every Sunday afternoon at the Digby Institute.

"The first person to welcome me was Wolfgang Klapstock, Wölfchen, later to become Bill Bostock. It was nice to be amongst Jewish friends. We had discussions, mostly about left-wing politics, and sang songs. One day a new boy came and Wolfgang said to me to go and talk to him because he is new and does not know anybody. It was Kurt! Kurt was shy. When we sat around, some of us knitting, he brought his worn socks and we darned them. Of course all the girls were eager to help."

It is one of many amazing stories from the era in general and from the German-Jewish community specifically. It is one that keeps on giving. In 2000, I entered the world of JDate, the popular online dating community (that has since been emulated by other distinct cultural segments of society). There, I met my wife of the past nearly 12 years, Susan Mann. She lived a town or two away in another Boston suburb. We began dating; we got along great and our dogs got along great, so the relationship progressed. Somewhere along the way, I learned that her father, Curtis Mann, née Kurt Zuckermann, also escaped on the Kindertransport.

Eventually, it was time for Susan and my mom, Margaret Lowe, née Gretel Pappenheimer, to meet. Over lunch, Susan asked, "When did you leave Germany?" "April 18th," my mother replied. Susan thought that her father left in April too. She pulled out her phone and called him. Sure enough! Not only had three of our four parents been among the 10,000 who survived thanks to the Kindertransport program, they all had shared a fateful train ride together!

We had to get married!

An interesting side note, I also met your Generations Page Editor, Jennifer Fuchel, through a random encounter on a footpath when I first moved to Boston and after talking a while we discovered our common heritage too. Our parents already knew each other through KTA!

DAVID LOWE, KT2, Brookline, Mass.  
whose mother was a *Kind* from Munich,  
father a *Kind* from Düsseldorf,  
and father-in-law, a *Kind* from Frankfurt



## Contributors to the KTA Charitable Fund

Our thanks to the following KTA members who contributed to the KTA Charitable Fund along with their 2014 dues as of March 1, 2014. Your generosity is appreciated! It is never too late to make a contribution to the KTA Charitable Fund. Please make your check payable to The Kindertransport Association and mail to Helga Newman, Financial Secretary, 899 East Charleston Road, Apt. H305, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

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### Holocaust Survivor Conference Scheduled for June in Long Island, N.Y.

The Holocaust Memorial and Tolerance Center, Long Island, is hosting an extraordinary conference honoring survivors and victims of Nazi persecution. It is being co-sponsored by, and held at, Hofstra University (Hempstead, N.Y.) in the Adams Playhouse and Breslin Hall. The date of the event is Sunday, June 8, 2014, from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m.

The conference, *From Generation to Generation -- The Legacy Continues*, will celebrate holocaust survivors, liberators, righteous among the nations, and the second and third generations of these groups. It is open to the public and will include renowned speakers, panel discussions, workshops, survivor reunion rooms, and films.

We currently have about 75 organizations supporting and promoting this event. These include the Ghetto Fighters House Museum (Israel), the Jewish Foundation for the Righteous, Generations of the Shoah International, the American Jewish Committee, the Museum of Jewish Heritage, the Anti-Defamation League, the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors and their Descendants, the New Jersey Commission on the Holocaust, the National Association of Jewish Child Holocaust Survivors, the Kindertransport Association, various Holocaust centers from Maine to Florida, the Roma Woman Organization, Jehovah's Witness communities, and a myriad of World War II Veterans' associations.

This conference is unprecedented for the East coast. We expect 1,000 participants.

For more information, please contact: Beth Lilach, Senior Director of Education and Community Affairs at [bethlilach@holocaust-nassau.org](mailto:bethlilach@holocaust-nassau.org) or 516-571-8040 ext 105.

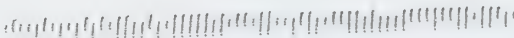


### Maine Kind Shares His Story

In commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the first Kindertransport, I shared my recollections of being on the 2nd Kindertransport rescue operation in December of 1938, from Austria to England when I was not quite 8 years old. I described my experiences and answered questions at the Holocaust Human Rights Center's weekly public luncheon program at the University of Maine at Augusta. The talk and discussion period lasted one hour. As far as I could tell, the people in attendance were not students. One attendee was the son of a non-Kindertransport escapee. Some were state government employees. There were numerous questions and I was well received by the public attendees.

The Center was pleased to sponsor the event, and I was pleased to make the presentation.

ED BENEDIKT, a *Kind* from Vienna  
Bath, Maine



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(\*These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA)

KTA  
P.O. Box 1444  
New York, NY 10113

## Sir Nicholas Winton, My Friend (1909 - 2015)

For the past few months, driving home from London on the M4 past Exit 8/9 always brings a spasm in my chest. That was the fastest route to Nicky's home. Take the exit up the A404 and then get off at Exit 2B for Maidenhead/Pinkneys Green. Sir Nicholas Winton (Nicky) died July 1st after five days in Wexham Hospital, Slough. That morning was going to be my turn to sit with Nicky at the hospital. I was on my way to the hospital when I received a call from his daughter, Barbara, telling me the news. Fortunately, my family and I had been able to spend quite a bit of time with Nicky in the days prior to his death.

For me, Nicky's life was similar to the River Thames, starting from its ancient source of wisdom, through tributaries of effectual engagement and life-giving energy, concluding with an incredible impact on individuals and society beyond expectation and Britain's borders.

My life entered this flow as a result of Nicky's actions in 1939. My father, Hanus Grosz, and his brother came to England in April 1939 on one of the Kindertransports from Prague. They never saw their family again.

I jumped into Nicky's world in 1990, when my brother and I visited Nicky as part of a quest to put together the pieces of our father's early life, a sparsely structured story of a childhood in exile. We sought out this mysterious person my parents had met the year before at the 1989 Kindertransport Association reunion. With a borrowed car, we made our way to Pinkney's Green where we were escorted into the living room by Grete, Nicky's wife, who graciously served us tea and biscuits. Our first encounter with Nicky was more complicated. Before we were permitted to ask any questions, with curtness (which I rarely saw again) and gentleman civility (his general composure) Nicky wanted to know if we had done our homework and read the scrapbook. This meant nothing to us. He then thrust into our reach two inches of bound paper filled with copies of letters, photos, documents, and lists of names.

**"I, with my American minimal filter and curiosity, and Nicky with his British reserve..."**

While I was leafing through the pages of unrecognizable images, my brother started chatting with Nicky about Czechoslovakia, where my brother had been living for a while. He asked Nicky if he knew Ruth Halova, a *Kind* who had taken my brother under her wing when he moved to Ceske Budejovice. Immediately the atmosphere changed. Ruth was one of the keys to unlock the shield Nicky had erected to protect himself from the numerous inquiries he received after his exposure on the Esther Rantzen show.



Sir Nicholas Winton and KT2 Anita Gross, May 2013.

In addition to the thrill of meeting and chatting with Nicky, the scrapbook was a goldmine to us. Here were actual documents authenticating the events to which our father was a beneficiary. Although puzzled by the request, Nicky agreed to make some copies and send them to the USA. He also agreed to consider coming to the next Kindertransport Association reunion in the USA at which he and Grete were our guests, including a post-conference stay with my parents in Sarasota, Florida. He and my father had perfectly matched humor and similar interests, and my mother and Grete were both from Denmark. Nicky visited my parents in Florida on one other occasion after Grete died.

Nicky's existence and willingness to participate in our reunion was such an exciting possibility for me. The larger German/Austrian Kindertransport movement was the exclusive story of the day; the Kindertransport movement from Czechoslovakia had been a silent event. The recognition of Nicky gave validation and depth to my heritage. And Nicky had the unenviable burden of being its source.

Nicky and Grete invited me over shortly after my move from the USA to Wokingham in 1997 and took me under their wings. Initially, Grete created many of the social opportunities, but Nicky couldn't resist making connections which he loved to do, introducing me to the Czech Kindertransport world, his friends and his family. I am forever grateful for these friendships that continue to be part of my life.

Much has happened for Nicky in connection with the Kindertransport. He is now recognized in Britain as well as being adored in the Czech Republic. As a result he has received adulations, recognitions, and awards such as knighthood by the Queen. My father died in 2001, missing all these events which could have given him more resolution and pride about his past, possibly setting aside the guilt that had haunted him.

**SEARCHES**

**Searching For Former Students of St. John's Open Air School**



Mirjam Bait Talmi, née Szpiro, is interested in contacting anybody who was in St John's Open Air School, Manor House Convent, Chigwell, at the same time as her brother Otto. Mirjam, her sister Edith, and her brother Otto (born in Duisburg, Hamborn area, Germany, on December 3, 1928) were on the last Kindertransport in May 1940 from Holland and were sent to Manchester. Otto was subsequently separated and in December 1943 Mirjam was told that he had died. We have recently learned that he died in Chigwell. He is buried in the East Ham United Synagogue cemetery but we don't know when he was sent there or anything about his experiences there.

Anyone who remembers Otto from Chigwell should please contact Mirjam in Kibbutz Zikim in Israel at [atbaitalmi@zikim.org.il](mailto:atbaitalmi@zikim.org.il). She can also be reached at 972-8-6746477 (phone) or 972-52-8741832 (mobile). We are now erecting a gravestone for Otto. Mirjam and I will be coming over for the unveiling when that takes place.

David Shamgar  
Rehovoth, Israel

**Non-Profit Assists Holocaust Victim Heirs in Finding Lost Assets Bought in Israel Prior to War**

Hashava, also known as the Holocaust Restitution Company of Israel, has a list of assets which are in Israel, bought by European Jews before the Holocaust and then lost to their heirs because the purchasers of these properties, etc., were killed during the Holocaust.

Zionist ideology which spread throughout Jewish communities in Europe before the Second World War motivated many Jews to purchase assets and invest in Israel in order to leave a mark on the homeland. Some even intended this to be preparation for future Aliyah. Sadly, over the years, many of them would find their deaths at the hands of the Nazis, and those victims did not survive to realize the rights to their assets. Following the tragedy, funds, real estate and land that remained unclaimed were held in trust by various organizations, and were not transferred to their legal inheritors.

The Holocaust Victims' Assets Law enacted in 2006, brought about the establishment of the non-profit Company for Location and Restitution of Holocaust Victims' Assets (Hashava). The organization was registered as a private "company" and the State of Israel is the only shareholder. Its activities are dedicated to doing justice for the owners of assets who died during the Holocaust by locating the assets themselves and returning them to their rightful owners. Assets whose owners cannot be traced are utilized to aid Holocaust Survivors in Need, and to help fund educational institutes and projects aimed at commemorating the Holocaust, clearly giving top priority to aid for Holocaust survivors. As part of its mandate, this organization has been authorized to locate only assets located in Israel whose owners were most likely Holocaust victims.

If you are a Holocaust survivor, descendant or relative and you have information regarding assets in Israel belonging to relatives or acquaintances that died in the Holocaust, please visit Hashava's website at [www.hashava.info](http://www.hashava.info) to see if any of these family members or friends are listed. You may apply for lost assets through the Hashava website. If necessary, Hashava will assist you with research. In the U.S. call 800 475-1049, or call the Tel Aviv office at +972-3-516-4117.

**Kinder-Link Submissions**

Please send all submissions for *KINDER-LINK* to [kinderlinkeditor@aol.com](mailto:kinderlinkeditor@aol.com). **Generations Page** submissions should be sent to Generations editor, at [kt2editor@gmail.com](mailto:kt2editor@gmail.com).

**CALL FOR KINDER ARTICLES:** We would like *Kinder* to write some short paragraphs summing up their lives - telling what careers they went into, families, and what they are doing now. What has become of us *Kinder*?

**Closing dates for issues are: March 1, June 1, September 1, December 1.**

**Do We Have Your Current Information?**

Do we have your correct home address, e-mail, and phone number? If any of these have changed and you haven't previously reported the change, please e-mail your corrections to [helganewm@yahoo.com](mailto:helganewm@yahoo.com).

**Visit the KTA Website : [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)**

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\* Deceased

**KTA Discussion Groups:**

**Kinder:** To subscribe to a free general discussion group \* about the KTA, send a blank e-mail to [ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)  
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\* These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA.

**KTA - Kindertransport Association**  
**P.O. Box 1444**  
**New York, NY 10113**

## Letter from the President

The year 2015 has been a year of travel for me: from seaside Florida, to Havana, Cuba, to Oysterville, Washington, to Los Angeles. I am very happy to be settled back on the East Coast since early August, especially as we are now in the midst of organizing the upcoming KTA Conference - *Generations Together: Our Heritage and the Future*. If you have already registered, thank you. If you haven't yet, please join us! We will be accepting and welcoming new participants until Saturday morning October 10 at the conference at the registration table in the lobby of the Westin Southfield Detroit Hotel. I look forward to seeing old friends and meeting new ones.

We are still developing the schedule, but I can share a few details: We will have a panel presentation on current Kindertransport research, and one on International Kindertransport Association Projects. Stephen Goldman, Executive Director of the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Farmington Hills, Michigan (home to the Kindertransport quilt exhibit and KTA archives) will be our keynote speaker, his talk, on balancing Holocaust studies with his belief that there is a bright future for Jews and the world is titled *Chaos Theory and the Holocaust or Where Would We Be if We Were Not Here*; Michele Gold, whose book on the Kindertransport, *Memories That Won't Go Away*, will lead a workshop on memoir writing; and Karen Franklin, director of the Family Research Department of the Leo Baeck Institute, NYC, will lead a workshop on family history research.

There will be workshops on intergenerational communication, and we are excited to offer a workshop on using StoryCorps to record and share Kindertransport stories, and support the StoryCorps mission to "archive the wisdom of generations."

At the moment I'm surrounded by stacks of notes; on my desk, and in my computer, but I'm confident that everything will come together in the next weeks, and we will host a meaningful, engaging, and memorable KTA Conference 2015.

In other KTA news, it is time for our annual election for members of the KTA Board of Directors. You will see the candidate statements in this issue. Please take the time to vote. You will also notice that we are missing a candidate for Officer at Large. If you are interested in becoming more involved with the KTA, becoming the Officer at Large would be a fabulous way to do that, and it would be a great help to us, so please contact Ralph Mollerick at [prmollerick2@gmail.com](mailto:prmollerick2@gmail.com) if interested.

In New York City, Austrian born *Kinder* were invited to a reception at the Austrian Consulate on August 27 to meet the President of the Austrian Parliament. You can see photos on the Kindertransport Association facebook page and the KTA website.

I wish all of you a Gut Yontif and Gut Yor. I can be reached at [info@kindertransport.org](mailto:info@kindertransport.org) or PO Box 1444, New York, NY 10113  
Melissa Hacker, KT2  
President, KTA

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*Continued from page 1 – Sir Nicholas Winton, My Friend (1909 - 2015)*

My relationship with Nicky changed dramatically after his wife died. I realized that Grete had been the buffer between us, and now we were left to redefine our friendship. And this we did, each with our own cultural mores – I, with my American minimal filter and curiosity, and Nicky with his British reserve and generosity.

Over the years Nicky became a close friend. I could discuss almost anything with him. He remembered where we left off with a story, always inquired about my family and friends, would call and check up on me if I were ill, and would indulge me with my creative efforts, even coming to all my exhibitions.

We always greeted and parted with kisses, something not part of my upbringing. When Sophie started full-time education, Nicky and I could go on adventures, sometimes scheduled but usually spontaneous. Of course, these often included a meal at a pub somewhere in the countryside.

Although Nicky has died, I find it difficult to alter my reflexes which include him in my day to day life. I still think "Oh, I'll have to show this to Nicky" or tell him about the latest with my family or chat about the latest developments in global politics. He always commented on any changes in my hairstyle or attire and even asked me on his 106th birthday where I got the bright green dress.

Although I knew that one day this day would come, I couldn't see the other side of it. Now we are here. I have so much nourishment from Nicky and his world that he will live on in my heart and I will be forever grateful for having known him.

Anita H. Grosz, KT2,

whose father, Hanus, was a *Kind* from Brno, Czech Republic  
Wokingham, England

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## What Has Become of Us *Kinder*?

As a child in Vienna, I loved going to school. I wanted to be a teacher when I grew up, but those childish fantasies were put to rest when the Nazis entered the country in March 1938.

Soon after my arrival in England as a teenage refugee, I learned that I now had a living to earn. School and education were faraway dreams. The library down the street seemed the only way to acquire additional knowledge. In 1911, I joined the British army and served until the end of the war.

Following my arrival in the United States in 1950, I found a job with an organization that helped needy children throughout the world. I worked for them for 42 years!

Now in my 90s, I have been married to my husband for 62 years. I cared for him at home when Alzheimer's disease claimed his spirit and health. He now resides in a veteran's home.

Back at the house, adult children provide assistance and – yes – some company but loneliness and poor health are ever-present. "What has become of us *Kinder*?" We were alone then and now, again, we are alone.

Franziska Nunnally, a *Kind* from Vienna  
Richmond, Va.

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## Peter Kollisch Memorial

A Memorial at 2:00 p.m. on November 14th to honor Peter Kollisch's memory and celebrate his life will be in the Community Room at 711 Amsterdam Avenue between 94th and 95th Streets on the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

Lisa Kollisch, [liskollisch@gmail.com](mailto:liskollisch@gmail.com)

## Kind is Remembered Fondly for Her Words and Deeds

On the 50th anniversary of Ruth Sofie Sellers' arrival in England, she wrote the following:

*Imagine, as you are getting ready for your Christmas festivities, a railway station somewhere in Germany on the 12th December 1938.*

*Mothers and fathers looking anxiously around, waiting for the 9.54 a.m. train to the Hook of Holland and on to England. They are there to send their children into freedom, away from Nazi persecution. One small suitcase each and lots of tears.*

*The train pulls in – a scene of sorrow, fear, and unhappiness, but we must be on the train because there may never be another chance. Will we ever see our parents again?*

*The train moves off. No time to wave goodbye because the Nazis accompany us onto the train, open our suitcases and take anything of value and throw our clothes about. We say nothing, re-pack and sit terrified.*

*After many hours we reach the Dutch border and with great joy we see the Nazis depart, shouting "Heil Hitler" and abuse.*

*The wonderful Dutch come onto the train and give us hot chocolate, hugs and kisses.*

*The relief is unbelievable, how little they know that their country is soon to suffer in war.*

*We step onto the ship "Amsterdam" and eventually we arrive in Harwich at the Dovercourt reception centre. We live in wooden huts, it is very cold but who cares – We are free!!*

*Thank you England for giving us a chance to survive. I can forgive but I cannot forget.*

*Ruth.*

Ruth Sofie Sellers née Hirsch was born on February 1, 1922 in Karlsruhe, Germany, to a Jewish father, Max, and an Aryan mother, Lina.

Her wonderful happy childhood, involving trips to the Black Forest in Max's open Fiat, filled with children and aunts and uncles, was cut short as schooling, piano lessons, skiing (which Ruth loved), travel, trams, and almost everything else were then forbidden for Jews. She witnessed *Kristallnacht* first hand and this prompted her father to find a way for her (aged 16) to leave Germany. Her younger sister, Judith, was thought too young to accompany Ruth.

She left Germany on December 12, 1938 on the 2nd Kindertransport and arrived in Dovercourt, Harwich. From there she eventually went to a school in Poole as a maid. She thought she was going as a student!!!

Later she went to Cambridge where she joined the Land Army. Here her social life blossomed and her work among the pigs and goats put her in contact with Kenneth, a veterinary surgeon.

Ruth married Ken Sellers in 1944; his was a "reserved occupation" which he relinquished to join the Royal Marines.

On the day her first child, John, was born in 1945, she received news that her parents and sister had survived the war; but it was another four years before she managed to visit them in Germany.

In 1956, Ruth and Ken and their three sons settled in the small village of Stock, in Essex. Ruth threw herself into village life, joined Committees of Parish Council, Women's Institute, Village Hall, bowls club, and floral and choral societies; work which made up the fabric of her adopted British society. She was a determined raiser of funds, kindly accepting proposals for any charity. Tenacious and generous, often battling against resistance, she raised funds to build not one, but two new Village halls, as the village outgrew the older buildings.

**"Thank you England  
for giving us a chance to survive."**

In 1971, the Animal Health Trust Centre where Ken was the Director closed down and Ken went to Ibadan, Nigeria, as Professor of Veterinary Pathology at the Ibadan University. Ruth followed him there in early 1972.

In Nigeria, she became very involved in helping a school for the deaf. Ken was made an honorary chieftain (The Akorede of Eruwa which translates to "Do-er of Good Deeds") in reward for his and Ruth's work in the community.

On returning to England in 1977, Ruth was unstoppable in her hard work for the village. She unselfconsciously organized protests regarding the dangerous main road which resulted in the installation of a pedestrian crossing which improved safety for the adjacent primary school, where she was a frequent helper. She was an active grandmother, and coped with the loss of her husband and eldest son John.

Ruth's last few years in a residential home near her sons was blighted by confusion and forgetfulness; she died peacefully after a short illness.

She is survived by her younger sister Judith, sons William and Tom, and by grand and great-grandchildren.

Tom Sellers  
Kettering, England

**Closing date for the  
Winter issue is December 1, 2015**

**Please do not wait until the  
last minute to submit your material.**

We would like to include stories about the KT2 and KT3 for upcoming issues on the *KINDER-LINK*. Please send stories about your lives and activities.

All submissions for the Generations Page should be submitted to Shoshanah Wolfson at kt2editor@gmail.com

## Austrian Consulate Visit

It was with pleasure that a number of NYC and nearby *Kinder* and KT2 visited the Austrian Consulate in Manhattan on August 27. These KTA members were invited due to their close proximity to the Consulate and their Austrian background. The evening gathering with wine and hors d'oeuvres was hosted by the President of the Austrian Parliament Frau Doris Bures. In Frau Bures' welcoming speech she indicated a strong desire to help heal old wounds of the Jewish people formerly from Austria and affected by the horrors of the Holocaust.

*Editor's Note: The following is a letter from KTA Founding Board Member Anne Kelemen, a Kind from Vienna, to the Very Reverend Fr. Mamigon Kiledjian of St. Vartan Cathedral written April 2015:*

**Dear Reverend Fr. Mamigon Kiledjian,**

On the occasion of Holocaust Day, as a survivor of Nazi Holocaust, and as a Founding Board Member of the Kindertransport Association, I would like to express my deepest sympathy to you and your congregation, and all the survivors of the Armenian Holocaust, at this 100th Anniversary of the Armenian Holocaust being remembered this year in this country and the world over by Armenians everywhere.

When doing research on Hitler's plans for the extermination of all Jews, we learn that he was well aware of the Armenian Holocaust and based on the non-action of the world, felt certain that "No one would care about the extermination of the Jews, and no world power would intervene as, indeed, no one had intervened on behalf of the Armenians." Thus the Holocaust was born – and succeeded.

When still at home with my family in Vienna, Austria, in 1938 as a thirteen year old girl, I read – as had everyone in my family – Franz Werfel's "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh." I could not comprehend such cruelty and remember repeatedly asking my mother whether these events had really occurred, which she sadly

“... at this 100th Anniversary  
of the Armenian Holocaust ...”

confirmed. Little did I imagine that only four years later my own parents and – by the end of the war – millions of others would perish in Hitler's concentration camps.

The fate of your people is, unfortunately, analogous to that of my people.

Again, my very best wishes to you and to the members of your congregation, and the many Armenians who, like the Jews, carry the burden of memory and endless suffering.

Very sincerely yours,  
Anne Kelemen, a *Kind* from Vienna  
New York, NY

## Son Remembers *Kind* with Deep Admiration

On Feb. 8, 2015 my father, *Kind* Edmund Benedikt, passed away. Because the KTA was so important to him I hope I can write a few words about him. My Dad and my aunt, Lucie Benedikt, had the opportunity to be on the first Kindertransport from Austria to England in December 1938. Because he was less than 9 years old, his slightly older sister additionally took on the responsibility of looking over his care.

In 1943, he and his sister were brought to NYC to reunite with their parents who had managed to emigrate to the US. Here again, all was due to the generosity of near strangers: the parents of a child who was a casual acquaintance of his sister Lucie acquired the significant financial guarantees needed for someone to be allowed to emigrate to the USA. My father spoke very happily of his time in England, and the several places that he stayed. Much later (perhaps 20 years ago) he was able to reconnect with a boy who had been with him and to travel to England to revisit his boarding places.

On the ocean voyage from England to the US, my father was intrigued by the ship. Officers and members of the crew responded to his questions and took him all over the ship from the bridge to the engine room. This initiated an interest in ships that led to my father's lifelong career as a successful naval architect.

In my Dad's 84 years he accomplished many things, including a 55-year marriage with three children. Throughout his life, his strong commitment to social justice never wavered. He was involved in the KTA as well as many other groups, including his local synagogue (where at times he was the Treasurer and President). He became an effective environmental activist and contributed his technical expertise and countless hours of hard work for local and regional environmental protection. He also served in the Maine State legislature.

I am a KT2. I find inspiration and strength in the stories of the *Kinder-Link*, and am a great believer in the mission of the organization. The legacy of the KTA and of my Dad that I value most, and will try hardest to emulate, is his commitment to people in need, and to improving their lives. I thank the KTA for its efforts helping him to do this.

D Q Smith Benedikt  
Cincinnati, Ohio

**Dear Editor,**

I was born in Buer (Westphalen) near Gelsenkirchen, Germany, on December 5, 1930. I left Germany on March 15, 1939 with my brother Walter on the Kindertransport. I lived for approximately 6 months in a home in Putney sponsored by the Sainsbury family. We went to school after approximately 3 months.

On August 26, 1939 our parents arrived in London and proceeded to their "domestic" jobs. After the declaration of war against Germany, all the "Sainsbury children" were evacuated to Reading. I stayed in Reading until the end of the war when I returned to London to live as a family again with my parents and brother.

After graduating from school, I had several clerical jobs until 1952 when I decided to immigrate into the United States where I had an uncle in New York. In 1954, I was drafted into the US army

for 2 years. I served in administrative positions in the New York area.

After leaving the army, I took a sales job in a firm providing advertising services. After being promoted to District Manger, I moved to Detroit to serve the area in Southeastern Michigan and Ontario, Canada.

I left my job and started an advertising agency in my home which later expanded to a regular office in a Detroit suburb. It was a small business, like many others in the U.S. I continued in advertising until I retired at the age of 65. Now I spend half my life in Michigan and the other half in Florida.

John H. Rosen (formerly Hans Rosenbaum)  
a *Kind* from Buer, Germany  
Highland Beach, Fla.

## GENERATIONS PAGE

**Kind Leaves Legacy as Promoter of Peace Award to Students in Germany**

It began with a private journey of family returning in 2012 to my father's hometown near Essen, Germany, but it has evolved during the past three years into a forum for public healing and an honoring of young people and adults committed to tolerance and justice.

In early 1939, my father, Edward Lowenstein, left his hometown of Duisburg-Hamborn on a Kindertransport. Not yet 5 years old, he went just weeks after having his appendix removed in an emergency surgery. His father, Max Lowenstein, a World War I veteran who had lost part of the use of his right arm fighting for Germany, took his younger son from doctor to doctor in the town where our family had lived for close to 150 years.

None would operate on a Jewish child.

Eventually, Papa Joseph, the family patriarch and my namesake, found a non-Jewish colleague who performed the operation on Joseph's kitchen table.



*Edward Lowenstein greeting a young German student in 2012*

Dad followed his older brother Ralph to a rural area near Southampton, England. There they lived under the dutiful and loving care of Ruth Stern, a single, Jewish, Cambridge-educated headmistress of a small elementary school.

In late 1940, the brothers left England for the United States. Once there, they reunited with my grandparents who had escaped after the war began through Genoa, Italy.

The family settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, where they began the arduous work of setting up life in a country where they had neither language nor advantage.

Although they received reparations from Germany years after World War II ended, and had helped others do the same, my grandparents never returned to their hometown. Dad didn't, either. He even declined in 1965 to get off when on a train that stopped there.

As a child growing up, his silence and inability to remember his childhood left me with a hunger to know him and that time. For years I dreamed of going back with Dad to Essen.

We talked about it a number of times, and even got to the point of planning the booking of plane tickets, but Dad felt that it had nothing to do with his life and we didn't go through with the plans.

That started to change in the fall of 2011.

That's when I heard from Gabriele Thimm, a remarkable German teacher fiercely dedicated to the idea that her students know the truth about their country's history.

Gabriele read an article I had written about traveling to Essen in 2004 to see sites of family significance. She contacted me and explained that she was organizing a memorial ceremony for the town's Jewish community.

One of the stops would be at Papa Joseph's home. Did we want to come, she asked?

We wrote back, saying that we would not be able to attend but we sent a statement and family photographs. We also expressed the desire to meet them in person soon.

The following May, we did just that. We spent a near magical week in Essen.

During that time we went to Dad's former apartments, met a non-Jewish family that had held our family Bible for years with whom we had exchanged decades of correspondence, and visited the Jewish cemetery. We also attended a pair of ceremonies organized by Gabriele and the students.

The first was held at the former Great Synagogue, the second at the middle school where Gabriele taught. In each of the events, the students talked about the history of the Jewish people, the history of Jews in Essen, our family's history and what happened after Hitler came to power. Dad spoke at each ceremony, too.

In a clear, firm voice he answered the students' questions. Why did you return? They asked. What do you think of Germany?

Germany is a country where some of the worst atrocities in human history have taken place, he answered. But it's also a nation that has done more to confront its murderous past than nearly any other in human history.

Dad also announced that we had spoken as a family and decided to create an award in our family's name to recognize young people whose actions and writing revealed a commitment to tolerance and justice. The next year we went back again for the first conferring of the awards.

Under the direction of the art teacher, students at the school had created a mural with the words "Tolerance" and "Justice" painted. Dad spoke again, this time at the school's tenth birthday celebration, before shaking hands with the winners.

"You, the young people, are the future", he said.

Thanks to Gabriele's indefatigable efforts, the project has expanded each year. We have now honored three groups of young people as well as several adults from Essen who are working for peace.

We are working to expand the project to other schools.

From our perspective, this is needed more than ever, given the resurgence of anti-Semitic activity throughout Europe.

Proceeding with urgency, we also feel profound gratitude that what once seemed tantalizing yet impossible has not only come to fruition, but has merged into something larger and more enduring than we had ever anticipated.

Jeff Lowenstein, KT2

Evanston, Illinois



## KTA Election Notice

In accordance with the by-laws of the Kindertransport Association, Inc., election will be held for the following offices for a two-year term: Executive Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary, Officer-at-Large, and Vice-President Generations. Note all candidates are running unopposed for their respective offices.

**Please mark the ballot below and mail this entire page (photocopies will not be accepted) to Ellen Bottner, 251-48 61st Avenue, Little Neck, NY 11362. Ballots must be postmarked no later than October 31st.**

### Candidates' Statements

#### **Kind ANITA WEISBORD**

*Candidate for election as Executive Vice President*

I left Austria in 1938 on the Kindertransport. I left England and came to the United States in 1945 with my husband. I joined the KTA in 1992 and went to the second reunion which was at the Fallsview Hotel. I have been head of the Queens-Long Island Chapter of the KTA and Vice President for many years. I am also very involved with the Glen Cove Holocaust Center and the Queensboro Community College Holocaust Center.

Douglaston, N.Y.

#### **KAREN LINDENBAUM**

*Candidate for election for KT2 Vice President*

It has been my pleasure to serve on the Kindertransport board for the last 4 years. I have always believed that being the daughter of a *Kind* has shaped my life and the life of my family in profound ways, but it has only been recently that I have learned that each generation and each individual has a unique perspective on the legacy that we have inherited. I have noticed that there is much variation in how we view and process our legacy both as individuals and as generations. I joined the board hoping to see more involvement of both second and third generations and I believe we are making significant progress in this area.

Karen Lindenbaum,  
whose father Manfred was a *Kind* from Danzig, Poland  
Philadelphia Psychologist

#### **ORA GORDON**

*Candidate for election as Corresponding Secretary*

I would like to serve as corresponding secretary in order to contribute my time to this organization which was so very important to my father. Without the Kindertransport, my father would not have survived WWII; the KTA became a second chapter where he met others like himself - lucky survivors of a brutal war. By participating, I will have an opportunity to discuss with my children what the KTA is about, how it affects me and them, how their grandfather's history is one they must learn from and cherish, and what the real tangible results were of a country willing to open its doors to child refugees. Also, to be mindful, always, that somewhere in the world there is a child in need of help.

Ora Gordon, KT2, whose father, Alexander Gordon (born Abrascha Gorbulski), was from Hamburg  
Manhattan Beach, Cal.

#### **OFFICER-AT-LARGE**

The incumbent, Ralph Mollerick, will be traveling much of the next year, and has made the decision not to run for re-election. He will, however, stay on until a new interim Officer at Large is found, or until the end of the year. We are seeking candidates, and if you are interested, please contact Ralph Mollerick [prmollerick2@gmail.com](mailto:prmollerick2@gmail.com). The Officer at Large is the liaison between the KTA Board and the KTA chapters. The workload is not excessive, and the Officer at Large can live anywhere since much of the communications can be conducted by telephone or email. Ralph has attended quarterly KTA Board meetings via speakerphone for several years. The Board invites candidates from all generations!

**MARK THIS BALLOT AND MAIL COMPLETE PAGE BY OCTOBER 31st**

**FOR VICE-PRESIDENT**

ANITA WEISBORD

**FOR CORRESPONDING SECRETARY**

ORA GORDON

**FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, GENERATIONS**

KAREN LINDENBAUM

## Inherited Payments No Longer Social Security "Income" if Placed in a Trust

Through the diligence of KT2 Attorney Michael Lissner and his wife, Attorney Barbara Lissner, the U.S. Social Security agency has recently agreed to no longer include payments to Holocaust survivors (in the form of reparations, property settlements, pensions, lump sum settlements or any type of payments that were received as a result of an individual being a victim of Nazi persecution) inherited by their children as "countable assets" (if placed in a trust) when these heirs are attempting to qualify for any federally or state funded program(s).

If placed in a "Trust for Inherited Payments to Victims of Nazi Persecution," these funds belonging to survivor's beneficiaries will not be included as "assets" should long-term health care assistance or other government funded program be needed.

The new development directly impacts children and heirs of the victims of Nazi persecution, and is a "very exciting and recent development in the law," says Mr. Lissner.

In 1994 Congress passed the **Nazi Victims Eligibility Statute** enabling direct survivors (including *Kinder*) of Nazi persecution to place restitution funds in a "Victim of Nazi Persecution Restitution Trust" which then allows these funds to be overlooked when the survivor is attempting to obtain state or federal program benefits which otherwise might not have been available to them due to their assets. Ask your own attorney for advice or the Attorneys Lissner can be contacted for additional information at (212) 307-1499 or by email at [bhlissner@lissnerlawfirm.com](mailto:bhlissner@lissnerlawfirm.com)

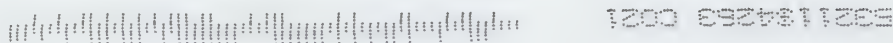
## KTA Conference 2015, October 9-11

Please join us at the 2015 KTA Conference **Generations Together, Our Heritage and the Future**, October 9-11, Columbus Day weekend, in Southfield, Michigan.

This is the last opportunity for the KTA Family to gather on our own to connect with old friends, meet new ones, and explore our Kindertransport legacy.

We will have many great workshops: These will include workshops for the second and third generations as well as for the *Kinder*. Some workshops will mix the generations and some will be just for a specific generation. Workshops will include (but not limited to) discussion on how the second and third generation can continue the legacy of teaching about the Kindertransport; on how the Kindertransport experience has affected *Kinder* throughout stages of their lives; and on how being part of a Kindertransport family has affected the lives of the next generations. We will also have an opportunity to see two theatrical presentations: on Saturday night An Evening with Daniel Cainer, a British singer songwriter who has written a moving Kindertransport song and on Sunday afternoon, immediately following the conference, KT2 Mona Golabek's "The Children of Willesden Lane". To register: <http://kindertransport.org/conference.aspx>

**KTA Conference, Southfield Michigan  
October 9 – 11, 2015, Register Today!**



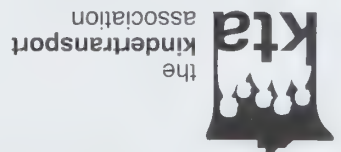
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Visit the Kindertransport Association on the Internet at [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)  
**KINDER:** To subscribe to a free general KTA discussion group, send a blank e-mail to [ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)  
**KT2:** To subscribe to a free discussion group for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to [ktagenerations@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktagenerations@yahoogroups.com)  
 \* These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA.

P. O. Box 1444, New York, NY 10113



## KTA Conference 2015 Reflections from a KT2

"I have never seen your mother so happy," I said to fellow KT2 Terence Moll when I saw him two days after the end of the KTA Conference 2015 at a supermarket in Los Angeles. Terence found his mother, Ruth, a *Kind* from Stuttgart, Germany, in another aisle, and asked me to repeat what I had just told him.

"Yes, I was happy," Ruth affirmed "because it is so wonderful to see the KT2s, like you, like Melissa, getting involved. It's not just us old folks anymore."

"Well, I was thrilled to be there," I said. It was the truth. Seeing Ruth, who also worships at the same synagogue in Los Angeles so engaged and animated, was a real pleasure.

I find it ironic that my first KTA conference was the last independent conference the KTA plans to have. While remaining a separate organization, future KTA conferences will be merged with the annual conference of the World Federation of Jewish Child Survivors of the Holocaust and Descendants. In perhaps another irony, it was at the WFJCSHD conference in Las Vegas in 2013 that I first met Melissa Hacker and began to be involved in the KTA.

It was about 1 p.m. on Friday when I noticed Rebecca Steiner and Lawrence Willem from the Holocaust Memorial Center (HMC), Farmington Hills, Mich., setting up the check-in table. I started speaking with other people who were waiting to check in. It was delightful to be able to put faces and personalities with people I had been in email or telephone contact with. I especially enjoyed my conversation with Janet Merkur, who had traveled from Australia, adding a week or so in England, to attend the conference.

The conference formally started with a delightful Friday night service. It was fun to sit and sing some of the Friday night prayers with the KTA group. Opening the conference with a Prayer Service helped create a very valuable sense of family.

The highlight for me during dinner was meeting Edith Manniker. She is a *Kind* who lives in the Southfield area and volunteers at the Holocaust Memorial Center. I introduced myself as a friend of her daughter Marci, another KT2 in Los Angeles. Edith said, "Well, if you are a friend of Marci's, let me give you a hug." Not only was that an exceptionally warm greeting, but it was also the kind of thing my own mother, Anne Rubin, a *Kind* from Coburg, Germany, would have said.

Stephen Goldman, Executive Director of the HMC, addressed the group in an address entitled "*Chaos Theory and the Holocaust or Where Would We Be If We Were Not Here?*"

Saturday was full of programming at the hotel. A few of the panel presentations were very impressive. I was moved by Sky Bergman's presentation on her interviews with elderly people who have a positive attitude. She spoke on the topic of "What does it mean to have a 'Life Well Lived?'" I was also impressed by my fellow afternoon panelist, Jeff Lowenstein, who presented how his family had developed an award for "Respecting Each Other and Human Rights" which is given to students at a public high school in Jeff's father's birthplace of Essen, Germany. The prayer for *Kinder* that KT2 Janet Merkur read, as part of her presentation, written by Lord Jonathan Sacks, also moved me.

I presented my project "A Plan for a Kindertransport Tour of Europe." I was pleased by the number of people who took a copy of my tour brochure with them. (Editor's Note: For more details on this tour, please see Page 5 in this issue of the Kinder-Link.)

On Saturday, I attended two workshops that I will think about for a long, long time. One, by Austrian graduate student Lilly Maier, was about the history of the Kindertransport. While I know that my mother was in the lucky minority of *Kinder* in that she reunited with her parents soon after her arrival in England, Lilly taught that 40% of *Kinder* did indeed reunite with at least one parent before or after the war. She also taught about how *Kinder* were housed after arrival in England, not only in adoptive families but also in group homes, schools, and hostels.

The other workshop that gave me much to ponder was called "Holocaust Education in the 21st Century" presented by Robin Axelrod and Stephen Goldman of the HMC. Robin talked about the iWitness educational program out of the USC Shoah Foundation. I am familiar with that program. It uses specific video clips from the Shoah Foundation Visual History Archive (these are the recorded interviews that Steven Spielberg funded and compiled after "Schindler's List") in lessons that any student with internet access can use. Stephen Goldman then presented the next and newest step in Holocaust education. The USC Shoah Foundation is currently filming and recording (in 3-D) a few select survivors answering over 3000 questions each over a 4 to 5-day interview process. The recording technology creates holograms of these survivors. The hologram is able to respond to student questions in the same way that Siri answers questions on an iPhone. The idea of survivors giving testimony as holograms, perhaps even after their deaths, is uncomfortable for me. I fear it will put the Holocaust survivor in the same realm as fantasy or science fiction. Another view is that it will enable students 30 or 40 years from now to have a virtual conversation with a Holocaust survivor.



*Kind* Alfred Batzdorff leading the Friday night service. (photo by Paul Halpern)

## Volunteers Needed

The staff of the Kinder-Link currently has openings in various editorial positions. Please contact editor Nurit Baron at [kinderlinkeditor@aol.com](mailto:kinderlinkeditor@aol.com) if you have writing/editing experience and are interested in serving as a volunteer.

## Memories from the 2015 Conference



Top left: KT2 Janet Merkur and *Kind* Ralph Mollerick; Top right: KT3 Reuben Gottesman; Lower left: KT2 Lisa Kollisch with KT2 VP Generations Anita Grosz; Lower right: KT2 Jeff Kelly Lowenstein and wife Dunreith Kelly Lowenstein (Photos courtesy of Paul Halpern and Jon Lowenstein)

### Closing date for the Spring issue is March 1, 2016

Please do not wait until the last minute to submit your material.

We would like to include stories about the KT2 and KT3 for upcoming issues on the *KINDER-LINK*. Please send stories about your lives and activities.

All submissions for the Generations Page should be submitted to [kt2editor@gmail.com](mailto:kt2editor@gmail.com).

## Request For Help With Research

I am currently studying history at Canterbury Christ Church University, Kent, England. I am searching for *Kinder* who could help me with information regarding their experience of the Kindertransport for my dissertation.

If you think you could possibly assist me I would be extremely grateful for any help. You can contact me via post, at 87a St. Stephens Road, Canterbury, Kent, CT2 7JW, or email [bsbwhits@aol.com](mailto:bsbwhits@aol.com) or [n.toman129@canterbury.au.uk](mailto:n.toman129@canterbury.au.uk) or by phone on 07514387535.

I look forward to hearing from you soon and I thank you in advance for your time.

Natalie Toman  
Kent, England

## 2015 Election Results

All nominees were unanimously elected: *Kind* Anita Weisbord was re-elected Executive Vice-President; KT2 Karen Lindenbaum was re-elected as KT2 Vice-President; KT2 Ora Gordon was elected as Corresponding Secretary.

Incumbent Officer-at-Large Ralph Mollerick continues to serve on an interim basis since there were no nominees for that office. We are seeking a successor. Anyone wishing to serve as Officer-at-Large should contact Ralph at [prmollerick2@gmail.com](mailto:prmollerick2@gmail.com).

Ellen Bottner  
Nominating Committee Chair

## Kinder-Link Submissions

Please send all submissions for *KINDER-LINK* to [kinderlinkeditor@aol.com](mailto:kinderlinkeditor@aol.com). **Generations Page** submissions should be sent to Generations editor, at [kt2editor@gmail.com](mailto:kt2editor@gmail.com).

**CALL FOR KINDER ARTICLES:** We would like *Kinder* to write some short paragraphs summing up their lives - telling what careers they went into, families, and what they are doing now. What has become of us *Kinder*?

Closing dates for issues are: March 1, June 1, September 1, December 1.

### Do We Have Your Current Information?

Do we have your correct home address, e-mail, and phone number? If any of these have changed and you haven't previously reported the change, please e-mail your corrections to [helganewm@yahoo.com](mailto:helganewm@yahoo.com).

## Visit the KTA Website : [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)

Edward Behrendt, President Emeritus\*  
Kurt Fuchel, Past President \*  
Kurt Goldberger, Past President \*

Melissa Hacker . . . . . President  
Anita Weisbord . . . . . Vice President  
Anita Grosz. . . . . V.P. Generations  
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### KINDER-LINK

Nurit Baron . . . . . Editor  
Jennifer Fuchel . . . . . Design & Layout  
Martin Weinberger . . . . . Circulation

Publications are welcome to use materials from *KINDER-LINK*, but are requested to credit the source. Views expressed in this publication are those of the writers, and do not reflect official policy of the KTA Executive Board or the Kindertransport Association..

\* Deceased

### KTA Discussion Groups:

**Kinder:** To subscribe to a free general discussion group \* about the KTA, send a blank e-mail to [ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)

**KT2:** To subscribe to a free discussion group \* for Kindertransport descendants, send a blank e-mail to [ktagenerations@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktagenerations@yahoogroups.com)

\* These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA.

**KTA - Kindertransport Association**  
P.O. Box 1444  
New York, NY 10113

## Letter from the President

The KTA Conference *Generations Together: Our Heritage and the Future* took place October 9-11, in Southfield, Mich., and it was wonderful. Months of planning came together to create a memorable weekend. I arrived Friday evening, moments before the opening dinner as I spent the previous two days in Houston, Texas, at the Executive and Governing Board meetings of the World Federation of Jewish Child Survivors of the Holocaust and Descendants where I represent the KTA. While this made for a very full week, it was especially important that I attend because in 2016 the KTA will be joining the Federation at their next annual conference, which will take place November 2-4 in Los Angeles.

The 2015 KTA Conference was our last independent conference after 25 years and 13 conferences held throughout the USA, including in Ellenville, NY (the heart of the Jewish Catskills); Burlingame, California; Scottsdale, Arizona; Philadelphia; New Jersey; Washington, D.C., and I want to make very clear two important points:

While this was our last KTA Conference, we will from now on be an integral part of the annual World Federation conferences. The KTA will continue as an organization, we just won't host another national conference.

There is more coverage of the conference elsewhere in this issue, but I do want to highlight a few things that were meaningful to me. There was a workshop on how to use the free *StoryCorps* app - a project of National Public Radio aimed at "archiving the wisdom of the generations," to create audio interviews, or conversations, that will be accessible online at <https://storycorps.me> and archived at the American Folklife Center in the Library of Congress. Creating these interviews is a wonderful intergenerational activity - for example, grandchildren can speak with *Kinder*

grandparents, and we will be expanding the "Voices of the *Kinder*" section of the KTA website to link to **StoryCorps** interviews. One important detail is that you must enter the word "Kindertransport" as a keyword, so that interviews can be easily found. For more info and to download the app go to <https://storycorps.me/>. To listen to an interview: <https://storycorps.me/interviews/lucky-zayda/>.

Visiting the KTA quilts, which are part of the permanent exhibition at the Holocaust Memorial Center (HMC) in Farmington Hills, Mich. was a very moving experience, especially as several *Kind* and *KT2* quilt-makers were present and spoke about the meaning of the squares they contributed. The lovely book and cards can be purchased from the HMC's museum shop.

Lastly, at the dinner on the first night of the conference, I was presented with an award and plaque recognizing my work with the KTA. I thank the KTA Board for this. (They kept it secret while planning, so it was a surprise.) It is an honor to serve as President of the KTA.

As you can read in this issue, Rachel Rubin-Green, *KT2* in Los Angeles, is booking the European tour *Pathways to Life; Tracing the Kindertransports* for July 2016. Please contact Rachel if you have any questions.

**KTA Classifieds:** We are seeking a new Kinder-Link editor and a Generations Column editor. All Generations are welcome! Please contact editor Nurit Baron at [newsletter@kindertransport.org](mailto:newsletter@kindertransport.org)

I can be reached at [info@kindertransport.org](mailto:info@kindertransport.org) or PO Box 1444, New York, NY 10113

Melissa Hacker, *KT2*  
President, KTA

*Continued from page 1 - KTA Conference 2015 Reflections from a KT2*

Sunday morning the conference continued with a visit to the HMC which is about 30 miles outside Detroit. The center houses the KTA Kindertransport quilt among many other exhibits. I recognized several names of people I had met at the conference. I was very impressed with the museum. It is a stunning building and contains many powerful exhibits. In addition to the KTA quilts, another unique item is a currently small but growing tree made from a cutting of Anne Frank's tree near the home where she was hidden in Amsterdam.

The conference formally ended with lunch on Sunday at the HMC. However, most of us continued to the Jewish Community Center to see a performance of "The Pianist of Willesden Lane" by Mona Golabek. It is Mona's tribute to her mother, Lisa Jura Golabek, a *Kind* from Vienna. The play is exceptionally moving.

One of the three movies shown during the Saturday afternoon of the conference was a film by Mona's niece, Sarah Golabek-Goldman. The film focused on Sarah's journey to the hometown in Poland of Mona's father, Michel Golabek. Seeing the film gave me some additional insight into the Golabek family background.

I met some really fantastic people, I learned a lot, had some wonderful conversations, and completely enjoyed the experience. As I said to Terence that afternoon at the supermarket, I was grateful to have been there.

Rachel Rubin Green,  
whose mother was a *Kind* from Coburg, Germany  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## KTA Conference 2015 Impressions

Detroit: Ask most New Yorkers and they will tell you about the economic decline, desolated neighborhoods and bankruptcy.

While all this may be true, looking down from the 72nd floor we saw a city laid out with radial avenues to the east, south and west, emulating Washington D.C., along with the Ambassador Bridge connecting Detroit with Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

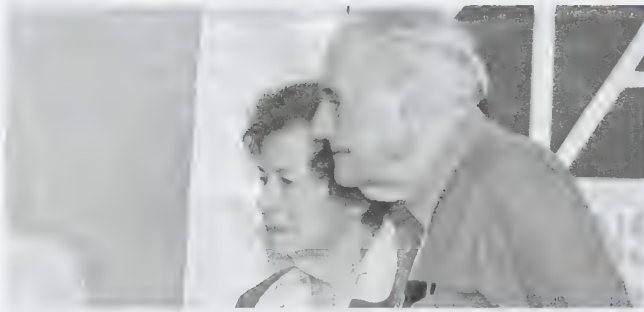
We saw sports grounds and civic areas serving its approximate 700,000 population. We looked down onto a plaza, a key stop for runaway slaves along the underground railroad.

We saw beautifully maintained highways leading to our splendid Westin hotel in Farmington.

We were told that the Jewish community consists of about 100,000 souls, served by at least 40 synagogues. The impressive Holocaust Memorial Center is considered the foremost of its kind in the United States. Our conference coincided with one of the busiest weekends in Detroit due to the University of Michigan homecoming football game, three weddings and a bar mitzvah in our hotel. Most guests were handsomely dressed African-Americans; many of our *Kinder* were dwarfed standing next to the athletes that mingled at the hotel.

There were some emotional moments as the conference attendees recalled their experiences, made new friends and bade each other goodbye for now.

Ilse Melamid, a *Kind* from Vienna  
New York, NY



Margaret and Kurt Goldberger in 2010

## Sadness Over the Death of Kurt Goldberger

It is with great sadness that I have to tell you that our immediate Past President Kurt Goldberger passed away recently. I knew Kurt for 50 years. We first met through B'nai B'rith and became fast friends. He was a professional there and we never talked about our background. When I went to a reunion at the Fallsview Hotel, we looked at each other and said "What are you doing here?"

When Kurt took over as the president of the Kindertransport Association, he brought all of his expertise to the job. He was our president for 14 years and passed on our history to the general population. Whatever Kurt did, he did it with all his heart and to perfection. The world was a better place with Kurt in it. I know he will be greatly missed by all who knew him. He had a good and productive life with Margaret and daughter Ruth by his side.

Shalom my friend. You will always be in my heart.

Anita Weisbord, a *Kind* from Vienna  
Executive Vice President of the KTA  
Douglaston, N.Y.

## Otto's Toy Train Car

Now that I am far too near to 90 years old (86), I have been writing a few memories of my life in case my children/grandchildren or great-grandchildren are interested.

Although I have never forgotten Otto and his locomotive, this is the first time I've written about it. It was probably in 1939 that he came to stay for a short time in our house in Letchworth, Hertfordshire. Accompanied by two ladies who presumably could speak German, he clutched a toy engine to his chest. I think he came from Austria and was en route to the USA where I believe he had relatives or at least connections. He wore very old-fashioned looking knickerbockers and looked very solitary. We had had firm instructions not to comment on his size, for although he was 13, he was shorter than us because "his family had not had enough food." There was no danger of us saying anything as we had not one single word of German! I was consumed with envy on seeing the beautifully made locomotive. We, my brother, sister and I had been given tinny clockwork ones the previous Christmas.

I'm not sure how long he stayed, but on the day of his departure, one of the ladies looked down at him and saying there was no room for it in his little suitcase and these English children could play with it, she took the locomotive from him. I was appalled. I can still feel the horror of it today; the last connection with home and family gone. In my young mind I knew that what had just happened was wrong. I hope Otto had a happy life.

Ann Donnelly  
Petersfield, Hampshire

## A Review of "Sunflowers; Erna Isaac's Story – Surviving the Holocaust"



This is a special book that is a tribute by Janet Merkur to her aunt Erna Issac and her family. Janet tells Erna's story in her own voice, complete with family photographs and chapters on different family members, some of whom were able to escape and others who perished in the Holocaust.

The book not only recounts the history of this family but there are also photographs and a brief history of pre-war Poland, the concentration camps, and other events that put the stories of this brave family in a historical context. There is a bibliography that lists books, articles, websites, and DVDs related to the Holocaust.

Of particular interest to me was the chapter on Erna's youngest sister Regina, who went on the Kindertransport to England. It was incredibly moving to see copies of the actual letters sent between Regina and her parents and to read their translations. It was wonderful to see all the pictures of *Kinder* and to read a synopsis of the Kindertransport, which explained more about who the *Kinder* were, how families found out about it, and that the Kindertransport Association conferences continue to help *Kinder* from all around the world meet and share their experiences.

Erna Isaac was an extraordinary woman who refused to wear the yellow star and who, without papers, was still able to escape to Poland and ended up there in prison. She managed to escape to Czechoslovakia, worked in a coal mine in Russia, and eventually ended up on a farm processing sunflowers. Other family member stories were equally as remarkable. Although many in the family suffered a terrible fate Janet reminds the readers of their happier times and tells about the survivors and how they were able to build new lives for themselves after the war. Janet Merkur achieves what she set out to do with her family's story; she gives a voice to all those who perished. Their stories stand as a testament to courage and resilience.

Helen Stayna, whose father is a *Kind* from Vienna  
Brooklyn, NY

## NorCal Chapter News

The KTA Conference in Detroit was attended by NorCal KT2s Terry Fletcher and Robin Smallberg as well as *Kinder* Alfred Batzdorff with his wife Susanne and Co-chair Ralph Samuel.

The chapter is saddened by the passing of Past President Kurt Goldberger. Kurt and Margaret moved to Oakland about a year ago to be near their daughter. Co-chair Alfred Cotton and his wife, Anita, attended Kurt's funeral; the service was held at Congregation Shir Ami in Castro Valley, Calif.

Margaret Goldberger would like to hear from her friends. She no longer uses email but her postal address is:  
11889 Skyline Blvd., Oakland, Calif. 94619

Ralph Samuel and Alfred Cotton, Co-chairs

**The Kinder-Link staff  
wishes you a  
healthy and happy 2016!**

## Exploring Our Legacy: Kindertransport Tour 2016

As Kindertransport Association members, we value our shared heritage of having been *Kinder* or being their descendants. The "Pathways to Life: Tracing the Kindertransports" tour of Europe is a one time only opportunity to explore where and how this rescue effort that is integral to our identity occurred. Travel on this intimate tour with other Kindertransport families (limited to 12 - 40 participants) as we explore the departure cities of Vienna, Prague, and Berlin, the rail route to the Hook of Holland, the Ferry from Holland to England, and the places of reception in Harwich, Dovercourt, and London.

The tour will start on Sunday, July 24, 2016, in Vienna. An optional Shabbat in Vienna tour extension is available. We will see sights of Jewish interest including the Stadttempel, the Vienna Jewish Museum, the Judenplatz memorial, and a walking tour of Leopoldstadt (the old Jewish neighborhood). Participants with family history in Vienna will have an opportunity to look at records at the Jewish Community Offices. We will visit the recently opened Kindertransport museum, "Für Das Kind." While tiny, it is the only such museum in the world. There will also be time for some general sightseeing in Vienna.

On Tuesday, July 26, we travel to Prague. Here, we will tour the many old synagogues of the Josefov quarter and also see the cemetery where Rabbi Loew of Golem fame is buried. We will learn about the work of Sir Nicholas Winton and other rescuers of the Czech Kindertransports. An optional tour of Terezin, an hour outside of Prague, is available.

Next stop is Berlin, where we will tour the Daniel Liebeskind Jewish Museum of the 1000-year history of Jews in Germany, the Holocaust memorial, Checkpoint Charlie, etc. We will be in Berlin for Shabbat, giving participants a chance to independently explore

the Jewish resurgence and modern community in Berlin and its array of synagogues or to explore Berlin's wealth of museums as each participant chooses.

On Sunday, July 31, we will follow the route of the Kindertransports as closely as possible, taking the train to the Hook of Holland. We then take a bus to Amsterdam, where we will spend the next two nights. We will learn about the Dutch role in the Kindertransports, tour the Jewish Museum, the Portuguese Synagogue built in the 1600s and still lit by candle filled chandeliers, the Anne Frank house, and the Jewish Quarter.

On Tuesday, August 2, we return to the Hook of Holland to see the monument to the Kindertransports and the "Children of Then/Children of Now" project. We then take the overnight ferry to Harwich.

Next, we visit the camp at Dovercourt, where many newly arrived *Kinder* were housed. We continue to London, where we will see the Imperial War Museum and Churchill's War Rooms and have a special guided tour of the Weiner Library for the Study of the Holocaust. We will also have an opportunity to search the archives of the World Jewish Relief organization's records of the *Kinder*. We hope to have a meeting with our British counterparts at the Association of Jewish Refugees. The formal tour ends in London on Friday, August 5. An extension for Shabbat in London is available.

Please join with your fellow KTA members in this profound exploration of our shared history. We can share moments of triumph and sorrow together. Reserve your place on this historic tour at <http://www.ayelet.com/Kindertransport2016.aspx>. Registration closes March 1, 2016.

KT2 Rachel Rubin Green

## Jewish "Enemy Aliens" Suffered Under Their World War II British Imprisonment

On July 10, 1940, the British placed 2,542 "enemy aliens" on board the HMT *Dunera* at Liverpool and sent them to Hay, Australia. The intention had been to segregate those who might pose a risk to security from those who were neutral or who had fled to Britain while escaping the Nazis. But in a wave of xenophobia such distinctions became lost. In what Winston Churchill later regretted as "a deplorable and regrettable mistake," they were all suspected of being German agents, potentially helping to plan the invasion of Britain (Operation SeaLion). A decision was made to deport them. (One of these deportees was KT2 Ora Gordon's father.)

Of the 2,542, 200 were Italian prisoners of war and 251 were German prisoners of war, several dozen were Nazi sympathizers. The remainder consisted of mostly Jewish refugees. The detainees included doctors, lawyers, business men, actors, musicians, entertainers, errand boys and laborers, farmers, clerks and many other trades and professions. Some had already been to sea on the *Arandora Star* which had earlier been torpedoed with great loss of life. In addition to the detainees on the *Dunera*, 309 poorly trained British guards as well as seven officers and the ship's crew were on board, creating a load almost twice the *Dunera's* capacity as a troop carrier of 1,600.

The *Dunera's* 57-day voyage was made under the risk of enemy attack, but it was the physical conditions and ill-treatment that were most deplorable. The ship has been described as an

overcrowded "Hell-hole." It was an unholy mix, made worse by the massive overcrowding. The guards were a motley mix of soldiers recruited from the Pioneer Corps and reservists from various regiments, according to Alan Parkinson, a British scientist whose family had befriended one of the "*Dunera* Boys" before he was deported.

Many men had to sleep on the floor or on tables. There was only one piece of soap for twenty men and one towel for ten men. Water was rationed, and luggage was stowed away so there was no change of clothing. As a consequence, skin diseases were common.

The *Dunera* was to have been the first of three ships to transport "enemy aliens." In the end the other ships never were launched.

As passengers embarked on the *Dunera*, their possessions were taken and thrown into a heap on the dockside. Pilfering by the soldiers was rife even before the journey started. One soldier tried to pocket a small box of jewels taken from one of the men. An officer was called, and he said he would look after them – they were never seen again. The 'guards' were nothing better than looters and this went on in front of officers, even with participation by the officers, writes Parkinson.

Toilet facilities were far from adequate. Sewage flooded the decks. Dysentery ran through the ship. Blows with rifle butts and beatings from the soldiers were daily occurrences. One refugee

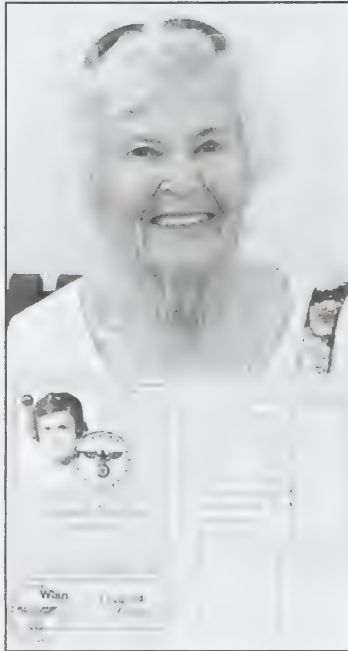
*Continued on page 7*

GENERATIONS PAGE

Daughter Remembers *Kind* Mom

It is my sad task to tell you that my mom, Lisa Kamilla Saretzky (née Rubin), passed away on October 14. She died peacefully in her sleep at age 90.

My mom was a *Kind* who left Vienna in 1939 on a Kindertransport. She was taken in by the Tishes, a Jewish family in London. They had two daughters who were both a little younger than my



mom, who was 14. Until the end of her life, my mom and Sylvia, one of her "English sisters," kept in touch by visits and then by phone as age made travel impossible.

My mom was one of the lucky ones who was reunited with her family only 9 months after arriving in England. Her mother, Martha Rubin, and brother, Hans Michael Rubin, had made their way to America and sent for her to join them in Boston. Later, my mother's father, Leopold Rubin, was able to escape as well. So many helping hands and miracles played a part in this outcome. My mother never stopped

feeling grateful and feeling the pain of those who were not so fortunate. She graduated from Simmons College in Boston, became a dietician, and worked at Brooklyn Jewish Hospital in New York, where my father worked as a doctor. They actually met at Yom Kippur services at a temple close to the hospital. One of the highlights of that period of her life was being the dietician for none

other than Albert Einstein when he was a patient. She introduced herself to Einstein by saying, "Ich bin ein Landsmann." That and the applesauce he loved that she made sure to get for him sealed their brief friendship.

After my father, Bernard Cappe, died at age 50, my mother's path crossed with an old, refugee friend from her days in Boston. Simon Saretzky, who had helped make her own father's departure from Vienna possible, came back into her life. They married and spent 39 years together. When Simon died in 2007, she moved full time to Florida. Ever since the birth of the Kindertransport Association, she had been an active member. Her connection with other *Kind*er was one of the greatest joys of her life. Connecting with others who had shared that experience was so meaningful to her. Throughout her life she told her story at schools, synagogues, churches, workplaces, and wherever and whenever she was asked. She felt it was her duty to tell her story so that those who survived and those who did not would never be forgotten.

My mom was very active until the very end of her life. She volunteered for many years teaching art to kindergarteners, was active in her synagogue and participated in their writing group, their knitting group, and the lectures and discussions hosted by the rabbi. She was devoted to her family who were scattered all over the country. She managed to call each one almost every day and keep us all closely connected. Everyone came to visit her often. She had a gift for making friends and keeping them. She kept in touch; she gave little gifts; she always cared; she touched people in a very special way.

During the last year and a half of her life as her health declined, she lived with my husband and me in Tracy, California. She was a joy to have. She made friends here. She had visitors almost every day. Her phone rang all the time. She wrote and received letters as she continued to stay connected with her wide circle of family and friends. Of all her many accomplishments and experiences, the core of her was always that she was a *Kind* on the Kindertransport. It defined her. It motivated her. It is her legacy.

Susan Richardson  
Tracy, Calif.

Children's Movement

*The leader must admit that there is a certain grace to it, albeit a frenetic one, she finds  
A worried, wide-eyed collection of children stream*

*in to the train station  
in haste*

*A half-twirl in place, an attempted pirouette  
The children hurry to the train platform in the capital city  
in Germany  
in '38*

*They are a well-dressed lot, some in buckles  
They are a well-pressed lot, some with bows  
These children stumble into their crowded positions: "Places, places everyone!"  
These children collect at the crowded platform  
Today is the day of the first shuffle  
of the first children transported out of the capital city  
out of Germany*

Vanessa Waltz  
Saint Paul, Minn.

(Ms. Waltz is not a KT2, nor is she related to a *Kind*. She is a writer with an "active interest" in this history and the people involved.)



## Protestant Pastor Risked It All to Help German Jews Including *Kinder*

Pastor Hermann Ludwig Maas (1877-1970) stood closer to the Jewish community of his city than any other Protestant pastor during the Nazi period and helped thousands of Jewish people escape from Germany during his years at Heidelberg's Holy Spirit Church. In the absence of rabbis in Heidelberg and Mannheim, he visited the Jewish elderly, and conducted Friday evening services in Hebrew. Rabbi Fritz Pinkuss, after he escaped to Brazil, described his Lutheran pastor friend as the de facto rabbi of Heidelberg. In the thirties and early forties he helped people make Aliyah and to get to safety in England and other countries. He helped desperate parents in southwest Germany find places for their children on the Kindertransport trains.

In 1933 Women's International Zionist Organization (WIZO) and the German Pro-Palestine Committee sent Maas, who had become a shekel-paying, tree-planting, Ivrit-speaking Zionist in 1903, to Palestine for three months to investigate ways in which European Jews could make a living in Israel. When he returned to Heidelberg from that trip, the local Nazi party tried to silence him, but he was able to outwit them and help Jewish people until 1943. His parsonage had a mezuzah at the front door. "My Jewish friends need to know they are safe here," he said.

In spite of constant Gestapo surveillance and harassment, Maas found jobs for them, got them visas, distributed groceries and shared his own food ration card. He intervened with local Gestapo officials. After Reichspogromnacht he helped get men out of the Dachau and Buchenwald camps. After the October 1940 deportation of 364 Heidelberg Jews to Gurs, France, Maas provided food for the internees, and worked with offices in Switzerland and France to get people out.

We have details of some of the *Kinder* he helped. Walter and Julius Durlacher, Rolf and Ernst Kaufmann-Bühler, and Hedwig Bazniski were children of Heidelberg school teachers. Maas also helped Martha Rosenzweig from Altleiningen, and Ursula Michel of Ludwigshafen get to England. He certainly helped more *Kinder*, but records were purposely destroyed, so historians are dependent on memoirs of the survivors. Maas was the southwest German representative for Büro Grüber in Berlin; many of the 900 Kindertransport children from Baden, Württemberg, and the Palatinate made it onto the trains because of his work behind the scenes.

In 1943, the Gestapo put pressure on the Church to force Maas into absolute retirement. In 1944, they drafted him to dig ditches in France. In spite of beatings and disease, he survived and spent the next twenty-five years in a ministry of reconciliation: reconciling Germans to Jews, Jews to Christians, and Israel to West Germany. He persuaded Germany to invest in Israel's infrastructure and make financial compensation for illegally confiscated property.

Hermann Maas died in his sleep September 27, 1970.

Anyone with a personal story to tell about Hermann Maas may send it to Prof. Theodore N. Thomas at [tinthomas@milligan.edu](mailto:tinthomas@milligan.edu). All submissions will be passed it on to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. Thomas is writing the first book in English about Pastor Maas.

Theodore N. Thomas  
PhD Professor of Humanities, History and German  
Milligan College, Tenn.

*Jewish "Enemy Aliens" continued from page 5*

tried to go to the latrines on deck during the night – which was out-of-bounds. He was bayoneted in the stomach by one of the guards and spent the rest of the voyage in the hospital.

Some of the pale, emaciated refugees were disembarked in Melbourne, the remainder were kept on the vessel and docked in Sydney. Then crowded onto four steam trains and transported through the night to the small town of Hay in the centre of New South Wales, 750 km west of Sydney.

The treatment on the train was in stark contrast to the horrors of the *Dunera* – the men were given packages of food and fruit, and Australian soldiers offered them cigarettes. There was even one story of a soldier asking one of the internees to hold his rifle while he lit his cigarette, according to Parkinson's research.

Back in Britain, relatives had not at first been told what had happened to the internees, but as letters arrived from Australia there was a clamor to have them released with heated exchanges in the House of Commons. Colonel Victor Cazalet, a Conservative MP said, on August 22, 1940, "Frankly I shall not feel happy, either as an Englishman or as a supporter of this government, until this bespattered page of our history has been cleaned up and rewritten."

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in 1941, the prisoners were reclassified as "friendly aliens" and released by the Australian government. Hundreds were recruited into the Australian army and about a thousand stayed when offered residency at the end of the war. Almost all the rest made their way back to Britain, many of them joining the armed forces there. Others were recruited as interpreters or into the intelligence services.

There is now nothing left of the camps in Hay, but the road alongside is named *Dunera* Way and a memorial stone has been erected close to the site. This plaque marks the 50th anniversary of the arrival from England of the 1,984 refugees from Nazi oppression, mistakenly shipped out on the *Dunera* and interned in the camp there.

Those supposedly in charge on the *Dunera* faced court martial for allowing the atrocities on board. The Manchester Guardian of October 1, 1940 records that "The total value of the property stolen or destroyed was about £35,000 and the property recovered was something like £100." The findings of the enquiry were never published – and some deem that there was a cover-up. We do know that Lt Col Scott, the senior officer was "severely reprimanded" as was Sgt Helliwell. RSM Bowles was reduced to the ranks and given a twelve months prison sentence and then discharged from the Army.

Belatedly, the British government paid £35,000 in compensation to the *Dunera* victims.

Submitted by Gunther Abrahamson, a *Kind* from Berlin  
Ottawa, Ontario



Amazing conference attendee portraits by Jon Lowenstein View photos at [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)

## Kind Gravestone Plaque Update

The KTA Board looked into the merits and possibilities for bereaved family members to recognize deceased *Kinder* in gravestone plaques and agreed that this is a wonderful idea. Such plaques, attached on the gravestone may be inscribed with a personal expression at time of burial, at the unveiling, or years later. An alternative also discussed by the board was that an inscription be added to the gravestone in lieu of a plaque at the time the gravestone is consecrated for the deceased by the funeral home or by the monument company. The second approach may not be as timing-flexible as the plaque, but may be simpler in logistics and less costly.

The Board considered creating plaques to distribute to KTA members upon request, but concluded that as this is a very personal decision, and as monument makers may have individual technical or practical requirements the Board would not create the plaques. The Board would like to suggest that bereaved families of *Kinder* be encouraged to develop an inscription for the deceased for the funeral home or monument company to include on the gravestone or on an attachable plaque.

Board suggested inscriptions are: "Rescued by the *Kindertransport* {date of *Kindertransport*, if known, or year}," "A Holocaust survivor by the *Kindertransport* - 1938 to 1939" or "In honor and memory of a *Kindertransport* survivor whose journey will be remembered in the hearts and minds he/she touched".

## Florida Chapter News

On Sunday, December 6, the Florida group held their Chanukah party at the Westchester Country Club. We began, as usual, lighting the Menorah and attempting to sing Chanukah songs. Walter Clifton kept us up to date on our finances and donations. The Florida chapter donated to both the Neve Michael Children's Village, which is a home for at risk children in Israel, and to the Sun Sentinel's fund for Florida Holocaust education. Incidentally, Florida is one of only 34 states where Holocaust education is mandated.

Charlotte Kapp, a professional photographer and one of our *Kinder*, had lined the walls with easels showing her wonderful photos of many well known people. The highlight of the exhibit was a picture of Eleanor Roosevelt!

The story Charlotte told about this picture was fascinating. Charlotte was in a hostel in England as a child and received a pair of donated shoes. Inside the shoes was a note wishing her well from the first lady.

Many years later, as a photographer in 1959, Charlotte took a photo of Mrs. Roosevelt at a Democratic campaign stop for Adlai Stevenson where Mrs. Roosevelt was speaking. Charlotte told Mrs. Roosevelt about the shoes and offered a copy of the photo for free. Today, the picture, autographed by Mrs. Roosevelt, is in contention for a place on the \$10 bill to replace Hamilton with a woman's picture. We have a celebrity in our midst!

Anita Hoffer, a *Kind* from Berlin, Florida Chapter Chair



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FIRST CLASS MAIL

Member y/e 6/30/2016  
ALFRED BADER  
2961 SHEPARD AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211



\* These discussion groups are not officially associated with KTA.

[ktagenerations@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktagenerations@yahoogroups.com)

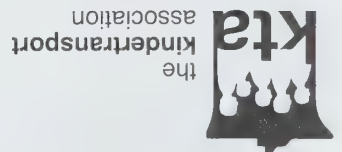
**KT2:** To subscribe to a free discussion group for *Kindertransport* descendants, send a blank e-mail to

[ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:ktadiscussion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)

**KINDER:** To subscribe to a free general *KTA* discussion group, send a blank e-mail to

Visit the *Kindertransport* Association on the Internet at [www.kindertransport.org](http://www.kindertransport.org)

P. O. Box 1444, New York, NY 10113





Weg der Erinnerung  
durch die Leopoldstadt 4. Teil





## WEG DER ERINNERUNG DURCH DIE LEOPOLDSTADT

Station	Adresse	Thema der Station	Station	Adresse	Thema der Station
1	Leopoldstädter Tempel	Projekteingangstafel	11	Gr. Schiffgasse 8	Tempel "Schiffschul"
2	Praterstr. 36	SchauspielerInnen	11a	Floßg. 10	HausbewohnerInnen
2a	Praterstr. 26	HausbewohnerInnen	11b	Schiffamtsg. 10	HausbewohnerInnen
3	Praterstr 33	Kaffeehäuser	12	Karmelitermarkt/ Eing. Leopoldsg.	Arsierte Stände
3a	Praterstr. 25	Rolandbühne	13	Leopoldsg. 29	Tempel "Polnische Schul"
4	Zirkusg. 22	Türkischer Tempel	14	Leopoldsg. 26	Schulverein Beth Jakob
4a	Zirkusg. 30	HausbewohnerInnen	15	Leopoldsg. / Im Werd	Gerechte und "U- Boote"
5	Schmelzg. 9	Sammelwohnungen	15a	Leopoldsg. 16	Sammelwohnungen
6	Taborstr. / Ecke Karmeliterkirche	Jüdische Vereine	16	Leopoldsg./ Malzg.	Mädchenschule und Sammelager für Alte und Kranke
6a	Taborstr. 21a	HausbewohnerInnen	17	Malzg. 16	Jüdische Knabenschule
7	Lilienbrunnung. 18	Bethaus der Belczer Schul	18	Ob. Augartenstr. 48	Bänke für Juden verboten
7a	Kl. Sperlg./ Lilienbrunnung.	Steine der Erinnerung	19	Gr. Sperlg. 41	Verein „Mathilde“
7b	Lilienbrunnung. 3	HausbewohnerInnen	19a	Gr. Pfarrg. 8	HausbewohnerInnen
8	Kl. Sperlg. 2c	SchülerInnen	19b	Gr. Sperlg. 37a	HausbewohnerInnen
9	Kl. Sperlg. 2a	Sammelager	20	Gr. Pfarrg. 5	Leopoldskirche

Station	Adresse	Thema der Station	Station	Adresse	Thema der Station
9a	Hollandstr. 9	HausbewohnerInnen	21	U-Bahnstation Obere Augartenstr.	Haschomer Hatzair
10	Krummbaumg. 8	Suppenküche	22	Taborstr. 44	Poale Zion
22a	Gr. Mohreng. 39	Wandtafel Hausbew.	41a	Czerning. 3	HausbewohnerInnen.
22b	Glockeng. 15	HausbewohnerInnen	42	Ferdinandstr.23	Jüd. Einrichtungen
23	Novarag. 8	Rechtsschutzverband jüd. Hausierer	*	Ybbsstr. 5	HausbewohnerInnen
24	Pazmaniteng.6	Pazmanitentempel	*	Ybbsstr. 22	HausbewohnerInnen
24a	Heinestr. 20	HausbewohnerInnen	*	Laufbergerg. 4	HausbewohnerInnen
25	Heinestr.4	Jura Soyfer und Dichter	*	Schüttelstr. 15	HausbewohnerInnen
25a	Heinestr.2	HausbewohnerInnen	*	Schweidlg. 13	HausbewohnerInnen
26	Konradg. 1	Sammelwohnungen	*	Rembrandtstr. 32	HausbewohnerInnen
26a	Taborstr. 59	HausbewohnerInnen	*	Obere Augartenstr. 2	HausbewohnerInnen
27	Augarten (Eingang Klanggasse)	Parks für Juden verboten	<b>Stationen Mai 2009</b>		
28	Castellezg. 35	Sammellager	3b	Zirkusg. 3-5	Bew.Gemeindebauten
29	Taborstr. 71	aris. Fabrik Brill	5a	Johannes von Gottplatz 2	HausbewohnerInnen
30	Vereinsg. 21	Jüd. SchülerInnen	6a	Taborstr. 21a	HausbewohnerInnen
30a	Vereinsg. 19	HausbewohnerInnen	6b	Negerleg. 8	HausbewohnerInnen
31	Volkertplatz	„Straße der Erinnerung“	7c	Manes Sperberpark	Bew. Lilienbrunnegasse
31a	Volkertpl. 5	HausbewohnerInnen	7d	Hammer Purgstallg. 7	HausbewohnerInnen
31b	Darwing. 21	Bethaus Jeshuat Achim	7e	Hammer Purgstallg. 6	Bew. Hammer Purgstallg.
31 c	Darwing. 33	HausbewohnerInnen	11c	Hermineng. 8	HausbewohnerInnen
32	Nordbahnstr. 50	Nordbahnhof	11d	Franz Hochedlingerg. 26	HausbewohnerInnen
33	Heinestr. 35	Czortkower Rebbe	11e	Floßg. 9	HausbewohnerInnen
34	Heinestr. 30	Verbrannte Bücher	11f	Floßg. 4	HausbewohnerInnen
34a	Gr.Stadtgutg. 34	HausbewohnerInnen.	11g	Ob. Donaust. 69	HausbewohnerInnen
35	Praterstern 1	Jüd. Bildungseinr.	12a	Leopoldsg. 45	HausbewohnerInnen
36	Tegethoffdenkmal	Straßen waschen	12b	Haidg. 1	Wandtafel HausbewohnerInnen
37	Praterstr. 60	Jüdische Geschäfte	22c	Odeongasse	Bew. Odeongasse
38	Praterstr. 50	Sammelwohnungen	23a	Novarag. 19	HausbewohnerInnen
38a	Kirche St. Johann Nepomuk	Gedenktafeln der Kirche	30b	Pazmaniteng. 14	HausbewohnerInnen
39	Czerning. 7a	HausbewohnerInnen	35a	Heinestr. 40	HausbewohnerInnen
39a	Praterstr. 42	HausbewohnerInnen	38b	Praterstr. 43	HausbewohnerInnen
39b	Czerninpl. 2	HausbewohnerInnen	40b	Czerning. 21	HausbewohnerInnen
40	Czerninpl. 4	Verein „Esther“	43	Ferdinandstr.	Bew. Ferdinandstr.
40a	Czerning. 23	HausbewohnerInnen	*	Försterg. 3	HausbewohnerInnen
41	Czerningasse 6	Jüd. SeelenärztlInnen	*	Rembrandtstr. 34	HausbewohnerInnen

\* die unnummerierten Stationen liegen außerhalb der Wegstrecke

## 100 Stationen auf dem Weg der Erinnerung

### Vierter Teil des Weges

Die Leopoldstadt war traditionell ein Bezirk, in dem viele jüdische WienerInnen lebten. Vor der Machtergreifung durch die Nazis lag der jüdische Bevölkerungsanteil bei vierzig Prozent.

1938 wurden diese Menschen über Nacht ihrer Rechte, ihrer Würde und ihrer Habe beraubt. Viele jüdische Männer, Frauen und Kinder, auch aus anderen Bezirken Wiens, aus Niederösterreich und dem Burgenland wurden gezwungen, hier in eine der vielen „Sammelwohnungen“ zu ziehen. Die Menschen, die nicht flüchten konnten, wurden deportiert und ermordet.

Der „Weg der Erinnerung“ führt zu vielen für das frühere jüdische Leben in der Leopoldstadt bedeutsamen Orten und er macht die Geschichte der Vertreibung und Ermordung der jüdischen Bevölkerung sichtbar. Er berührt den Alltag des jüdischen Lebens und gedenkt beispielhaft der vielen Menschen, die hier gelebt haben.

Wir eröffnen jetzt im Mai 2009 die 100. Station auf dem Weg der Erinnerung. Das Interesse an unserem Projekt ist so groß, dass es weitere Eröffnungen geben wird: Von unserem Verein im Herbst, von der evangelischen Pfarrgemeinde am Tabor, die anlässlich des 100jährigen Bestehens am 5. Juni auch eine Gedenktafel für die jüdische Bevölkerung anbringen wird und von der SPÖ Leopoldstadt, die eine Station für jüdische PolitikerInnen plant.

Für das kommende Jahr sind bereits zahlreiche Anfragen bei uns eingelangt.

Auch in diesem Jahr ist es für viele der Angehörigen so wichtig, ihre Vorfahren durch Steine der Erinnerung zu würdigen, ihnen einen symbolischen Grabstein zu setzen, dass sie aus der ganzen Welt nach Wien anreisen: aus Australien, den USA und sogar aus Afrika. Einige der Angehörigen können leider auf Grund gesundheitlicher Probleme diese Reise nicht auf sich nehmen. Fast alle haben einen Beitrag für diese Broschüre geschrieben. Wir können daher auf viele Fotos und Lebensgeschichten zurückgreifen, die in dieser Broschüre enthalten sind.

Diese Eröffnung ist eine besondere. Nicht nur wegen der 100 Stationen, sondern auch, weil 7 Stationen von jetzigen HausbewohnerInnen initiiert worden sind. Das zeigt, dass unser Projekt in der Bevölkerung verankert ist. Unter dem Motto „Glänzende Metallplatten statt dunkler Flecken“, wie es einer der Hausbewohner formuliert hat.

Der Verein „Steine der Erinnerung“ dankt allen Menschen und Institutionen, die unser Projekt unterstützen. Ohne sie wäre der „Weg der Erinnerung“ nicht zustande gekommen. Sie werden in unserer nächsten gedruckten Broschüre namentlich erwähnt werden.

Ein besonderer Dank gilt Peter Mlczoch und Hannes Guschelbauer von der Gebietsbetreuung Stadterneuerung im 2. Bezirk, die unsere Arbeiten von Beginn an mit gestaltet und unterstützt haben. Allen WegbegleiterInnen, die ehrenamtlich und mit viel Engagement verschiedenste Aufgaben übernommen haben – z.B. die wöchentliche Wartung der Stationen – ein großes Dankeschön.

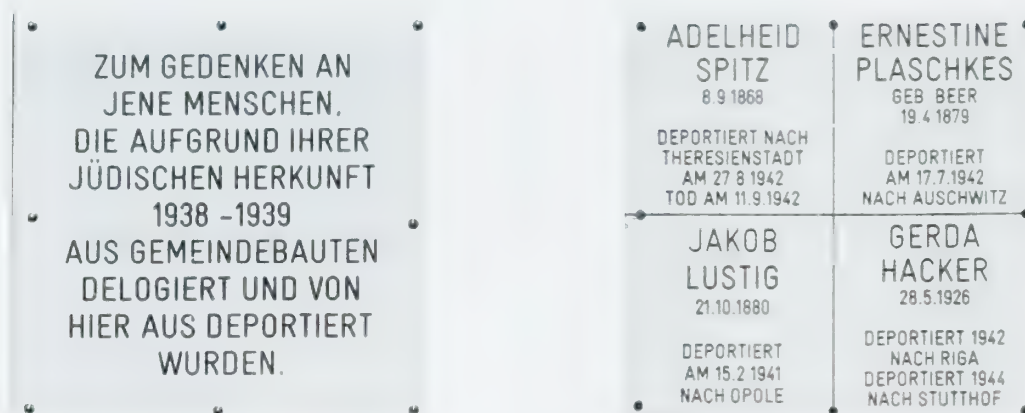
Unser Ziel ist es, den öffentlichen Raum so zu verändern, dass ein Stück Wiener Vergangenheit reflektiert und bewältigt wird. Unser Wunsch ist es, durch unsere Beispiele die Erinnerung an das jüdische Leben in der Leopoldstadt wach zu halten und symbolisch den von hier vertriebenen und ermordeten jüdischen EinwohnerInnen wieder einen Platz in ihrem Heimatbezirk zu geben.

Auf diese Weise hoffen wir, zur Heilung dieser tiefen Wunde beizutragen.

Elisabeth Ben David-Hindler  
Karl Jindrich  
Vally Steiner  
Zahava Hindler  
Ernst Fitzka

Verein Steine der Erinnerung an jüdische Opfer des Holocausts

## Station 3b: Zirkusgasse 3-5 Kündigungsgrund Nichtarier



Die Station befindet sich im Eingangsbereich der Bücherei in der Wohnhausanlage Zirkusgasse 3-5 (Julius Bermann-Hof).

Im Jahr 2005 zogen wir mit unserer damals sechs Monate alten Tochter Luna in den Julius Bermann Hof. Hier wohnten wir unter einem Dach mit re-immigrierten jüdischen Familien, Überlebenden der Shoah, türkischen, polnischen und albanischen ÖsterreicherInnen und vielen anderen MigrantInnen verschiedenster Generationen. Ein Berg weißer Rosen vor dem Gebäude machte uns bewusst, dass viele Jüdinnen und Juden hier ihre letzte Wohnadresse hatten. Es war eine Aktion des Projekts „A letter to the Stars“ im Jahr 2006.

Im Wien der 30er-Jahre spürte auch der größte Hausherr Wiens, die Gemeinde, den Wohnungsmangel. Es war daher ein fataler Opportunismus, tausende Menschen aufgrund „nichtarischer Abstammung“ aus Gemeindebauten zu delogieren und damit direkt die Deportationsmaschinerie der Nazis zu unterstützen. An Stelle des heutigen Gemeindebaus befanden sich 1938 mehrere Wohnhäuser (Adressen: Zirkusgasse 3-7, Große Mohrengasse 14, 16, 18, Komödiengasse 2, 4, 6), die so genannte „Sammelwohnungen“ beherbergten. Das Gebäude, das 1975 fertig gestellt wurde, ist mit Julius Bermann nach einem politischen Opfer der Nazis benannt. Er war SPÖ-Gemeinderatsabgeordneter und Vorkämpfer im MieterInnenschutz. Diese Steine der Erinnerung setzen wir daher für jene Menschen, die aufgrund ihrer so genannten „nichtarischen Herkunft“ aus Gemeindebauten delogiert wurden und in einer der Sammelwohnungen, die sich einst hier befanden, ihren letzten Aufenthaltsort vor der Deportation hatten.

Aufgrund der großen historischen Schuld, welche die Vorgängerorganisation von Wiener Wohnen auf sich geladen hat, luden wir Wohnbaustadtrat Dr. Michael Ludwig ein, die Finanzierung dieser Station zu übernehmen. Dieser erklärte jedoch mehrfach, keine budgetären Mittel für diese Art von Erinnerungskultur zu haben. Wir danken daher privaten SponsorInnen, die es ermöglichen, dass wir unseren mittlerweile zwei Kindern, Luna und Noah, in Zukunft an dieser Stelle ein trauriges Kapitel aus der Geschichte ihres Heimatbezirkes erzählen können.

Marianne Windsperger und Florian Müller

Quelle:

EXENBERGER, Herbert/ KOß, Johanna/ UNGAR-KLEIN, Brigitte:

Kündigungsgrund Nichtarier. Die Vertreibung jüdischer Mieter aus den Wiener Gemeindebauten in den Jahren 1938-1939. Picus Verlag. Wien 1996.

## Station 5a: Johannes von Gottplatz 2

an dieser Stelle befand sich früher das Haus Große Mohrengasse 22

### Gedenken an ein Mädchen

HIER MUSSTEN 91  
JÜDISCHE MÄNNER,  
FRAUEN UND KINDER  
AUF ENGSTEM RAUM  
IN SAMMELWOHNUNGEN  
LEBEN, EHE SIE VON DEN  
NAZIS DEPORTIERT  
WURDEN.  
NUR 5 VON IHNEN  
HABEN ÜBERLEBT.

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN EIN MÄDCHEN,  
DAS IM 2. STOCK  
GEWOHNT HAT UND  
DESSEN NAMEN WIR  
NICHT WISSEN

Im Frühjahr 1942 bekamen wir in diesem Haus 1. Stg/1. Stock/ Tür 4 eine 2 1/2 Zimmer Wohnung zugewiesen.

Mein Vater hat sie besichtigt, fand fast 10 cm hohen Staub, Papier und Unrat vor. Er musste erst das Größte wegräumen.

Im Frühsommer zogen wir ein. Ich erinnere mich, dass im Wohnzimmer eine Jugendstillampe hing, dass es entlang der Küche eine Holzleiste zum Aufhängen der Kleider gab und dass ein Kachelofen vorhanden war.

Meine Eltern werkten herum und schickten mich in den Hof. Da gesellte sich ein Mädchen zu mir, dessen Mutter uns vom Fenster zusah; drei bis viermal trafen wir in kurzer Zeit aufeinander.

Eines Nachts riss uns heftiges Stiefelgetrampel, brutales Treten an die Tür und Gebrüll, diese endlich zu öffnen, aus dem Schlaf. Danach herzerreißendes Flehen und Weinen, dann war es still. „Ich glaube, man hat ihnen nicht einmal Zeit zum Anziehen gelassen“, sagte mein Vater.

Ich hätte sehr gerne den Namen des Mädchens gewusst und habe lange versucht, ihn herauszufinden. Es ist mir leider nicht geglückt.

In meiner Altersklasse kann sich niemand erinnern; die Leute meinen, die nachfolgende Partei habe schon immer dort gewohnt.

Dann traf ich den Sohn unserer ehemaligen Nachbarn, der um ca. 3 Jahre älter war als ich. Er staunte über mein Erinnerungsvermögen, denn damals war ich erst vier Jahre alt. Er weiß auch nicht mehr ihren Namen und was aus ihnen geworden ist, nur dass die Frau Schneiderin war und für die Uniformfabrik in der Zirkusgasse gearbeitet hat.

Ich habe auch eine 75 jährige Frau aus dem Haus Schmelzgasse 7 befragt. Sie hat gesehen, wie Juden aus den umliegenden Häusern getrieben und wegtransportiert wurden. Diese Tatsache und Gelesenes wären für mich schon ausreichend gewesen, mich an ihrer Aktion zu beteiligen.

Anna Kukla



## Station 6A: Taborstraße 21A

### Bernard (Baruch) and Clara (Gittel) Gruenberg



Clara und Bernard Gruenberg

During the winter of 1915, the Czarist Russian Army penetrated deeply into Galicia, then part of the Habsburg Empire. The Jewish population in those parts had good reason to be terrified of falling into Russian hands. Many took refuge by fleeing to Vienna, among them was my great-uncle Bernard Gruenberg with his wife and daughter. They came to join his elder brother Heinrich (Hersch) Gruenberg –my maternal grandfather- who had migrated from Stanislau to Vienna some decades earlier under more peaceful circumstances.

Bernard Gruenberg managed to salvage enough of his assets to purchase a flat in the Taborstasse. But being a middle-aged refugee and not well versed in German he found it difficult to make a living. Rather he became engaged in the concerns of his Landsmannschaft which had a small prayerhouse also in the Taborstasse. It fell to his wife Clara and daughter Carola to eke out a living by working as needlewomen crafting trousseaux to order, or elaborate embroidered goods then in fashion. Through great industry the two women managed to meet the outgoings of the treasured flat and to keep the wolf from the door. Not that Tante Clara was a mean cook: her honey-cake – when she could afford to bake one - was the best in the land!

Soon after the Anschluss, Carola married and she and her husband succeeded in making their way to Palestine. For Clara and Baruch Gruenberg their one treasured asset – their flat at 21a Taborstrasse - became their doom: in February 1941 they were among the first to be cruelly dispossessed and to be transported to Kielce, effectively to their death.

Carola and her husband lived out their lives in Israel, where they are survived by a daughter and a granddaughter.

Otto F. Hutter, England

## Station 6b: Negerlegasse 8

### Die letzte Adresse

IM GEDENKEN AN DIE  
94 JÜDISCHEN MÄNNER,  
FRAUEN UND KINDER,  
DIE IN DIESEM HAUS  
IN DEN JAHREN 1939-1942,  
ZUSAMMENGEFÜRCHT IN  
"SAMMELWOHNUNGEN",  
AUF IHRE DEPORTATION  
IN DIE LAGER DES TODES  
WARTETEN

UND ES VERDUNKELT IN MIR SICH MEIN GEIST.  
IN MIR ENTSETZT SICH MEIN HERZ. PSALM 143/4

<b>MORITZ FOLKMANN</b> 21.9.1883 DEPORTIERT AM 15.2.1941 NACH OPOLE	<b>SARA FOLKMANN</b> 18.8.1891 DEPORTIERT AM 15.2.1941 NACH OPOLE
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Negerlegasse 8/19 . Diese Adresse steht auf den letzten Meldezetteln meiner Großeltern Lazar und Mina Chary und meiner Tante Margarete Chary vor ihrer Deportation in den Tod. Die Adresse Negerlegasse war nur der Schlusspunkt einer ganzen Reihe von Demütigungen. Meine Angehörigen lebten von 1915 bis 1938 in der Oberen Augartenstraße 2. 1939 mussten sie ihre schöne Wohnung im obersten Stockwerk verlassen und im gleichen Haus eine kleine Wohnung mit anderen Leidensgenossen teilen. 1940 wurden sie nochmals zwangsweise umgesiedelt, in eine Sammelwohnung in der Castellezgasse 12, wo sie ein ganzes Jahr verbrachten. In der Negerlegasse, der letzten Station in Wien vor der Deportation, blieben sie eineinhalb Jahre. Das sind trockene Fakten. Alles andere kann ich mir nur vorstellen – mit Schauern.

Text von Inge Svoboda

## Station 7c: Manes-Sperber Park

### BewohnerInnen der Lilienbrunnngasse

ZUM GEDENKEN AN  
493 JÜDISCHE  
FRAUEN, MÄNNER UND  
KINDER, DIE IN DER  
LILIENBRUNNGASSE  
GELEBT HABEN UND VON  
DEN NAZIS DEPORTIERT  
WORDEN SIND.  
NUR 23 VON IHNEN  
HABEN ÜBERLEBT.

<b>FISCHEL KATZ</b> 12.9.1878 DEPORTIERT 1942 NACH IZBICA VON DEN NAZIS ERMORDET	<b>PERL KATZ</b> 29.6.1884 DEPORTIERT 1942 NACH IZBICA VON DEN NAZIS ERMORDET
<b>HERMINE KATZ</b> 18.12.1927 DEPORTIERT 1942 NACH IZBICA VON DEN NAZIS ERMORDET	<b>JOSEF KATZ</b> 17.11.1927 DEPORTIERT 1942 NACH IZBICA VON DEN NAZIS ERMORDET

Diese Station wurde von Otto F. Hutter initiiert, der vor seiner Flucht mit einem Kindertransport im Haus Lilienbrunnngasse 3 gewohnt hat.

## Station 7d: Hammer-Purgstallgasse 7

### GISELA AND KATARINA HACKER

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN DIE 31 JÜDISCHEN  
FRAUEN UND MÄNNER  
UND DAS KIND,  
DIE IN DIESEM HAUS  
GELEBT HABEN  
UND VON DEN NAZIS  
DEPORTIERT UND  
ERMORDET WORDEN  
SIND

<b>GISELA HACKER</b> 25.9.1875 DEPORTIERT 1941 NACH LODZ VON DEN NAZIS ERMORDET	<b>KATHARINA HACKER</b> 5.3.1905 DEPORTIERT 1941 NACH LODZ VON DEN NAZIS ERMORDET
<b>MAX STEINER</b> 8.3.1861 DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT ERMORDET 1944 IN AUSCHWITZ	<b>MARIE STEINER</b> 13.3.1886 DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT ERMORDET 1944 IN AUSCHWITZ



Gisela Hacker

To this day, we know very little about our grandmother and aunt, Gisela and Katarina Hacker, other than their fate as innocent victims of Nazi atrocities. Hugo Hacker, and his brother, Frank, rarely, if ever, mentioned them, both to protect their children from the horrors of the past and to avoid opening a floodgate of unhealed wounds, conflicts, and emotions. Leaving their mother and sister behind in Vienna in 1938, Frank, and later Hugo, escaped to Uruguay and then the United States. Emil, the older brother, fled on foot to Switzerland, where he remained until after 1950. Eventually, Emil joined his brothers in the United States. The sons' survival and their inability to save their mother and sister burdened them throughout their lives. Consequently, we have few preserved memories of our lost family members. We have pieced together a few sparse details about our grandmother and aunt and their history. Gisela Hacker was the second wife of Samuel Hacker, our grandfather. She arrived in Lackenbach, Burgenland around 1900, spoke Hungarian, and bore three of Samuel's four children: Frank, Katarina, and Hugo. The older half-brother was Emil.

Samuel, who suffered a stroke and lay incapacitated for almost a year, died around 1930 and Gisela and the children moved to Vienna within the next two or three years, settling in the 2<sup>nd</sup> district. It is not clear that they all lived together, because Frank had earlier begun his medical studies at the university in Vienna.

Over the years, we picked up only a few hints about Gisela and Katarina's personalities. Both were traditional women who worked to maintain their households and family. They were kind and patient, generous to strangers, quiet, and unassuming. Our aunt, Katarina, monogrammed handkerchiefs for her brother when he left Vienna, part goodbye gift and part remembrance. The remnants of those handkerchiefs rest now in her nephew's (George) bedroom dresser.

We also learned that Christian friends of our family did their best to help Gisela and Katarina after the sons had escaped Austria. They supplied food, stored their property during the war, and kept in touch with our fathers as best they could for as long as they could. We will always remember and thank the Albrechts – Heinrich and Willi – for their loyalty, decency and courage. But they could not save our family.

The stones we set today consecrate the memory of our grandmother and aunt, innocent and loving, decent people whom we never got to know. They sanctify a memory that we hope will endure with the children, grandchildren, and future generations of our families, who have even a far more tenuous connection with their lives than we. But most of all, we hope these remembrances serve as steady reminders of a dark and sinister past and as lessons for a future in which vicious hatred and discrimination founded on fear and ignorance vanish in the course of human history.

George Hacker, Peter Hacker,  
Susan Soeiro, Henry Hacker



Katharina Hacker



Samuel und Gisela Hacker

## Station 7e: Hammer Purgstallgasse 6

### EinwohnerInnen der Hammer Purgstallgasse

ZUM GEDENKEN AN  
257 JÜDISCHE FRAUEN  
UND MÄNNER UND AN  
19 KINDER, DIE VON DEN  
NAZIS AUS DER HAMMER  
PURGSTALL-GASSE  
DEPORTIERT WORDEN  
SIND  
NUR 4 VON IHNEN  
HABEN ÜBERLEBT.

Im Herbst 2008 bin ich im Zusammenhang mit den Gedenkveranstaltungen betreffend das Pogrom der sogenannten „Reichskristallnacht“ im Jahr 1938 im Bezirksblatt Donaustadt auf eine Liste der damals zerstörten Synagogen gestoßen. Dabei ist mir der Straßename Hammer-Purgstallgasse ins Auge gestochen, denn da befindet sich das Büro des Raiffeisen-Revisionsverbandes, dessen Geschäftsführer ich bin. Die großen Synagogen und Tempel im 2. Bezirk waren mir bekannt, aber ich war überrascht, dass es auch in der Hammer-Purgstallgasse 5 ein Bethaus mit dem Namen Agudas Achim (Vereinte Brüder) gab, welches damals

zerstört wurde. Da unser Büro direkt gegenüber liegt, ergab sich die Idee, bei unserm Haus einen Stein der Erinnerung an die aus der Hammer-Purgstallgasse deportierten Mitbürger anbringen zu lassen, von denen nur vier überlebt haben. Ich freue mich, dass dies nun so rasch umgesetzt werden konnte. Die Erinnerung an das, was damals geschehen ist, mag vielleicht verblassen, aber all dies ist endgültig eingeschrieben in das Buch des Lebens und damit zu unserer eigenen Geschichte geworden - für immer! Wir tun gut daran, uns immer wieder neu zu erinnern und Gelegenheiten zu schaffen, diese Erinnerung zu ehren, wie eben den „Weg der Erinnerung“.

Text von Dir. Mag. Johannes Leitner  
Raiffeisen-Revisionsverband Nö-Wien

## Station 11c: Herminengasse 8

### Our family in Vienna

IN DIESEM HAUSE WOHNTE	<b>OSIAS SIMON GRAF</b> 31.1.1872  DEPORTIERT AM 23.10.1941 NACH LODZ
<b>GOLDE GRAF</b> GEB. JUST 13.12.1894  DEPORTIERT AM 23.10.1941 NACH LODZ	<b>HERTA GRAF</b> 7.4.1921  DEPORTIERT AM 23.10.1941 NACH LODZ

Osias (Osjasz) Simon Graf was born on 31 January 1872 in Oleszy Poland (formerly Galicia) to Jakob Greif and Malke Bock. His first marriage produced four children – Mela, Joseph, Leopold (Itzche) and Fanny. Following the death of his wife, he married Golde Graf, who was born on 13 December 1894 in Potylicz, Ukraine (formerly Galicia) to Abraham Just and Jutte Ruchel Graf.

Osias and Golde married in Vienna and lived at Flat 10, Herminengasse 8 in the 2nd District. They produced four children – Selma, Jimmy, Hertha and Annie

Osias was a scribe, who worked from a small shop at Grosse Schiffgasse 10 adjacent to the Schiffschul synagogue at Grosse Schiffgasse 8. The family lived a very religious Jewish life, as did all of the residents at Herminengasse 8. There was a shtibl

on the first floor. They celebrated Shabbat and festivals, and every year established a sukkah in an open area on the ground floor of Herminengasse 8. Annie remembers taking the cholent to the bakery prior to shabbas (forgetting to add water on one occasion) and taking her mother's sheitels to the hairdresser.

Selma recalls attending Hashomer Hatzair and working in manufacturing at „Bruder Seidler“. Jimmy sang in the synagogue choir and celebrated his bar mitzvah in Vienna.

Selma and Annie remember the Nazis coming to their flat, tearing the feather pillows and throwing out furniture from the window. Selma was dragged by her hair to the Karmelitermarkt and forced to fill up a bucket of water and scrub the ground for an hour.

Osias and Golde managed to arrange escape for Annie and Jimmy on the 1<sup>st</sup> Kindertransport in December 1938. They waved to their children from the train platform, never to reunite. Selma, who was too old for the Kindertransport remained in Vienna until sponsorship was arranged to work as a housemaid in England. Hertha was both too old for the Kindertransport and too young to get a job as a housemaid.

Osias, Golde and Hertha were forced to leave their flat at Herminengasse and moved to 5/17 Grosse Schiffgasse, (home of Mela and her husband David). They remained there until they were deported to Lodz ghetto (Litzmannstadt) Poland on 23 October 1941. Osias, who was Transport Prisoner Number 732, lived in the ghetto at both Sulzfelder Strasse and Flat 2, 15 Kelm Strasse where he worked as an author. He died in Lodz ghetto on 29 April 1943. Golde, who was Transport Prisoner Number 733, lived in the ghetto at several addresses in Sulzfelder Strasse. Her date and place of death is not documented but is confirmed on a List of Lodz ghetto inmates found in the Lodz Names - List of the ghetto inhabitants 1940-1944.

Hertha, who was born on 7 April 1921, was transported at age 20 as Prisoner Number 734 with her parents. She lived in the ghetto at both Sulzfelder Strasse and Kelm Strasse, where she was an office worker. Hertha died in Lodz ghetto on 30 June 1944.



Osias Simon Graf



Herta Graf



Golde Graf

## Station 11d: Franz-Hochedlingergasse 26

### Amalia und Moritz Fischbach

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN DIE 57 JÜDISCHEN  
MÄNNER UND FRAUEN  
UND AN DIE 6 KINDER,  
DIE IN DIESEM HAUS  
GELEBT HABEN  
UND VON DEN NAZIS  
DEPORTIERT UND  
ERMORDET WORDEN  
SIND

<b>MORITZ FISCHBACH</b> 20.2.1882  TOD IN FRANKREICH AUF DER FLUCHT	<b>AMALIA FISCHBACH</b> GEB. SCHWARZ 2.7.1884  DEPORTIERT 1942 VON DRANCY NACH AUSCHWITZ ERMORDET 1942
<b>JAKOB SCHWIFCZ</b> 15.4.1871  DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT ERMORDET 1942 IN TREBLINKA	<b>MINA SCHWIFCZ</b> 23.12.1868  DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT ERMORDET 1942 IN TREBLINKA

Die Fischbachs lebten mit ihrem Sohn Leopold in der Franz-Hochedlinger-Gasse 26 im 2. Bezirk.

Amalia Fischbach wurde am 20.7.1885 in Losiac, Galizien, geboren. Sie war Mitglied einer großen jüdischen Familie. Ein Teil der Familie lebte in Villach.

Moritz Fischbach ist am 20.2.1882 in Nizkort Novi, ebenfalls Galizien, geboren. Er heiratete seine Cousine Amalia (Mali) und ist mit ihr nach Villach gezogen, wo sie ein kleines Geschäft hatten. Später zogen sie nach Wien und Moritz Fischbach arbeitete im Unternehmen von Adolf Schwarz, einem Verwandten, der auch aus Losiac stammte. Sie lebten in sehr bescheidenen Verhältnissen.

Zu Beginn des Jahres 1939 versuchten sie zusammen in die USA zu flüchten.

Leopold Fischbach, Sohn von Moritz und Amalie Fischbach, berichtet in Briefen über das Schicksal seiner Eltern:

„Ich selbst habe Wien am 15. September 1938 verlassen und habe gleich nach meiner Ankunft in den USA einen Kredit von US \$ 1 000,- aufgenommen, damit ich Visas nach Kuba bezahlen konnte. Meine Eltern schifften im April 1939 ein. Das Schiff, die ‚ST. Louis‘, wurde später ‚Schiff der Verdammten‘ genannt. Die Kubanische Regierung hatte die Visas nicht anerkannt und ließ die armen Menschen nicht landen, auch Amerika nicht. Sie mussten zurück nach Europa, wo meine Eltern nach Südfrankreich gelangten. Mein Vater wurde kurz darauf in Gurs interniert. Nach seiner Freilassung war meine Mutter bereits im nazibesetzten Gebiet. Er starb im Mirabeau-Spital im Alter von 51 Jahren. Meine Mutter wurde im Jahre 1941 nach Auschwitz verschleppt und ist in den Gaskammern umgekommen.“

Aus den Aufzeichnungen der Nazis sind erstaunlich genaue Informationen zur Deportation von Amalia Fischbach bekannt: Sie wurde am 6. November 1942 um 8 Uhr 55 von Bourget / Drancy mit anderen 999 Juden nach Auschwitz transportiert und dort ermordet.

Der Sohn Leopold (Poldi) Fischbach lebt heute 97jährig in Florida.

Text von Peter Schwarz

## Station 11e: Floßgasse 9

### Rachel Fiderer

IN DIESEM HAUS  
MUSSTEN 163  
JÜDISCHE MENSCHEN  
AUF ENGSTEM RAUM  
IN SAMMELWOHNUNGEN  
LEBEN. EHE SIE VON DEN  
NAZIS DEPORTIERT  
WURDEN.  
NUR 10 VON IHNEN  
HABEN ÜBERLEBT.

<b>RACHEL FIDERER</b> GEB. APFELBAUM 28.9.1896 DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT ERMORDET 1944 IN AUSCHWITZ	<b>KARL BRUMLIK</b> 2.11.1887 DEPORTIERT 1941 NACH LODZ
<b>ALICE HAHN</b> 28.10.1907 DEPORTIERT 1942 MALY TROSTINEC ERMORDET AM 15.6.1942	<b>OTTO HAHN</b> 17.6.1931 DEPORTIERT 1942 MALY TROSTINEC ERMORDET AM 15.6.1942

My mother was always cheerful, in spite of a very difficult life.

My parents were divorced when I was still very young and money was always a problem. I don't think she had a steady job. She occasionally did readings at Jewish cultural meetings in Yiddish or German., poetry recitals or literary readings. Sometimes she took care of older people. She always made sure that I had books to read. A visit to lending library was a weekly ritual. My fondest memories are of us singing together, Yiddish, German or Hebrew songs. She was fluent in Polish, German, Yiddish and Hebrew, probably also French and Latin. The apartment we lived in, No 26, on the top floor was shared with another tenant.

#### Erinnerungen

Ich kann mich noch an die Hausbesorger erinnern, die hießen Weiss. Mit deren Tochter die in meinem Alter war und Herta hieß war ich befreundet. Wir haben oft zusammen gespielt. Nach dem Anschluss konnte sie nicht mehr mit mir spielen. Ich selbst bin in die Sperlschule gegangen, die, glaube ich, noch immer in der kleinen Sperlgasse ist. Es war damals wenig Verkehr und wir haben oft auf der Straße Fußball und anderes gespielt. Außer den Mietern waren, glaube ich, auch zwei Bethäuser im Haus. Ich glaube, die Hausbesorgerin hat den Pöbel in der Kristallnacht nicht ins Haus gelassen, denn die zwei Bethäuser wurden damals nicht zerstört.

Texte von ihrer Tochter Shulamith Locker



Rachel Fiderer

## Station 11f: Floßgasse 4

### Jacques und Wilhelmine Pollak

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN DIE 25 JÜDISCHEN  
MENSCHEN, DIE HIER  
GELEBT HABEN  
UND VON DEN NAZIS  
DEPORTIERT UND  
ERMORDET WORDEN  
SIND SOWIE AN DIE  
ZWEI SCHWESTERN, DIE  
SELBSTMORD BEGINGEN

UNIV.PROF. DR. JAKOB (JAQUES) POLLAK 12.1.1872 DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT TOD AM 3.8.1942	WILHELMINE POLLAK GEB. BLOCH 29.9.1900 DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT TOD AM 7.9.1942
KORNELIA LOPATER 5.3.1905 DEPORTIERT 1942 NACH RIGA	YVONNE LOPATER 22.10.1936 DEPORTIERT 1942 NACH RIGA

Die Station wurde auf Wunsch von Richard Riess, einem Verwandten von Jacques und Wilhelmine Pollak, gesetzt.

Jacques Pollak war Professor für Chemie an der Universität Wien. Am Chemischen Institut würdigt eine Gedenktafel seine bedeutenden Forschungsarbeiten über organische Farbstoffe. Sie erinnert daran, dass er, wie viele andere, von der Universität verwiesen wurde und dass er nach Theresienstadt deportiert worden ist, wo er (bald nach seiner Ankunft) gestorben ist.



## Station 11g: Obere-Donaustraße 69

### Marcus und Hinda Rosenfeld

HIER WOHNTEN	
<b>MARKUS ROSENFELD</b> 3.3.1890  DEPORTIERT AM 19.10.1941 NACH LODZ	<b>HINDA ROSENFELD</b> GEB. REISLER 14.12.1893  DEPORTIERT AM 19.10.1941 NACH LODZ
<b>LEIBISCH ATLAS</b> 10.5.1867  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW OPATOW	<b>HILDEGARD ATLAS</b> 26.5.1910  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW OPATOW

Als Urenkelin der Familie Rosenfeld schreibe ich diese Zeilen, um einen kleinen Einblick in unsere Familiengeschichte zu gewähren.

Im Jahre 1913 flohen Marcus Rosenfeld und Hinda Rosenfeld als junge Menschen mit der Familie von Hinda Rosenfeld, geb. Reisler, von Lemberg nach Wien. Am 03. September 1923 erblickte ihr einziges Kind Edith das Licht der Welt. Die Rosenfelds waren eine moderne jüdische Familie. Sie waren aufgeschlossen und lebten in Wohlstand; sie genossen ihr Leben - bis zur Machtergreifung Hitlers. Fortan durfte Edith die Schule nicht mehr besuchen, die Straßenbahn war für Juden nicht mehr zugänglich und sogar die öffentlichen Parkbanken und Toiletten durften sie nicht mehr benutzen. Am 10. November 1938 wurde ihre Wohnung in der Oberen Donaustr. 69 vollkommen zerstört, die großen Werke von Goethe, Schiller zerrissen und die im Erdgeschoss liegenden vermieteten Gebetsräume wurden angezündet. Aber nicht nur das geschah an diesem Tag! Marcus Rosenfeld wurde nach Dachau deportiert. 4-5 Monate lang war sein erster Aufenthalt im Konzentrationslager und als gebrochener Mann verließ er es. Im Jahr 1939 entschloss sich Edith, Wien zu verlassen, da sie mit 16 Jahren hätte Kriegsarbeit leisten müssen. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt organisierte die Israelitische Kultusgemeinde Wien die legendären Kindertransporte nach Großbritannien. Mitfahren durfte aber nur, wer einen Aufenthaltsort nachweisen konnte. Edith stellte über das Telefonbuch einen Kontakt zu einer Familie namens Bruce in Illford/ Essex her und diese waren so hilfsbereit ein junges jüdisches Mädchen aufzunehmen, obwohl sie selber gar keine Juden waren und Edith auch nicht kannten. So ließ sie alles hinter sich, die geliebten Eltern und Verwandten. Mit ihren Eltern hielt sie Briefkontakt, jedoch kamen eines Tages keine mehr, so dass sie wusste und gespürt hatte, dass auch sie deportiert und getötet wurden.

Dank der Familie Bruce, die ihr ermöglichte Wien zu verlassen und ihres enormen Überlebenswillens hat Edith diese fürchterliche und nie zu vergessende Zeit überlebt. Aufgrund der prägenden Erlebnisse und der damit verbundenen Angst hat Edith weder die österreichische noch die deutsche Staatsangehörigkeit angenommen, sie ist Britin.

Als Urenkelin und Enkelin bin ich dankbar, dass diese Steinsetzung vor unserem enteigneten Mietshaus erfolgt und wir als Familie damit immer einen Bezugspunkt nach Wien und die damit verbundenen Erinnerungen haben.

Viktoria Fiebich



Hinda, Marcus und Edith Rosenfeld

## Station 12a: Leopoldsgasse 45

Diese Station wurde auf Initiative von Dr. Peter Peitl gesetzt, der seine Praxis im Haus hat.

HIER WOHNTE	
<b>LIEBE NADEL</b> 1.11.1873  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW-OPATOW	<b>JOHANNA HAHN</b> 21.7.1907  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW-OPATOW
<b>PAUL HAHN</b> 14.3.1926  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW-OPATOW	<b>ROBERT HAHN</b> 17.2.1927  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW-OPATOW

## 12b: Haidgasse 1

### Sara Stella Kubs

<b>SARA STELLA KUBS</b> GEB. LERNER 27.1.1912  TOD IN AUSCHWITZ DURCH HERZVERSAGEN AM 31.12.1942	<b>BESSIE DIAMANT</b> 28.12.1897  DEPORTIERT AM 2.11.1941 NACH LODZ	<b>JAKOB KRAMER</b> 27.1.1891  DEPORTIERT AM 20.10.1939 NACH NISKO
<b>JOSEF DRACH</b> 12.3.1883  DEPORTIERT AM 19.2.1941 NACH KIELCE	<b>SIEGFRIED WELEMIN</b> 13.5.1894  DEPORTIERT AM 12.3.1941 NACH LAGOW-OPATOW	<b>WALTER NOWAK</b> 6.11.1894  DEPORTIERT AM 20.10.1939 NACH NISKO

ZUM GEDENKEN AN DIE JÜDISCHEN FRAUEN UND MÄNNER, DIE HIER GEWOHNT HABEN UND VON DEN NAZIS DEPORTIERT UND ERMORDET WORDEN SIND

Unsere geliebte Mutter Sara Stella Kubs, verheiratete Lerner, wurde am 27.01.1912 geboren. Aus Ihrer Ehe mit Friedrich gehen zwei Kinder hervor:

Trude, geboren am 25.03.1934

Peter, geboren am 08.02.1939

Wir waren eine ganz normale Familie, bis am 12.06.1941 die Gestapo erschien und unsere Mutter anhand von Anzeigen einiger Hausparteien, Auslandssender zu hören, verhaftet hat.

Diese Hausparteien waren so genannte „Freunde“.

Zu dieser Zeit war Peter ein Jahr und Trude sechs Jahre alt.

Unsere Mutter wurde am 16.09.1941 verurteilt und kurz darauf nach Auschwitz deportiert, wo sie am 31.12.1942 durch Gas zu Tode kam.

Dadurch hat sich unser Familienleben grundlegend geändert. Wir kamen in Kinderheime und unser Vater musste bald darauf einrücken.

Unsere Mutter hat versäumt, ihre Kinder und Kindes-kinder aufwachsen zu sehen. Unsere Familie besteht heute aus: Zwei Enkelkinder: Anita und Gaby  
 Drei Urenkel: Sabine, Christian und Sascha  
 Drei Ururenkel: Denise, Lukas und Marc  
 Stella wird bis heute von Ihrer Familie, die sie nie kennen lernen durfte, die sie aber immer im Herzen trägt, sehr vermisst.

Du fehlst uns sehr!

Text von ihrer Tochter Trude Nowak, geb. Kubs



Sara Stella Kubs

## Station 22c: Odeongasse

Die Station befindet sich vor dem Denkmal für Alexander Zemlinsky

### My parents and my uncle

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN 272 JÜDISCHE  
MÄNNER, FRAUEN  
UND KINDER, DIE  
AUS DER ODEONGASSE  
DEPORTIERT  
WORDEN SIND.

NUR 13 VON IHNEN  
HABEN ÜBERLEBT.

<p><b>MAX BERES</b> 7.12.1881</p> <p>DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT TOD IN THERESIENSTADT</p>	<p><b>ROSA BERES</b> GEB. GOLDENSTEIN 10.7.1898</p> <p>DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT DEPORTIERT 1944 NACH AUSCHWITZ</p>
<p><b>SIGMUND BERES</b> 24.9.1877</p> <p>DEPORTIERT 1942 MALY TRÖSTINEC ERMORDET AM 9.10.1942</p>	<p><b>JULIE PLATSCHER</b> 5.8.1858</p> <p>DEPORTIERT 1942 THERESIENSTADT TOD IN THERESIENSTADT</p>

My father Max Beres worked for an import-export firm and when he was dismissed, for the Kultusgemeinde. My mother Rosa Beres was a housewife. My uncle, Sigmund Beres, was a bachelor, was a lawyer. We lived in a flat. My uncle lived with us. I went to a school nearby.

We had no relatives abroad and my parents never managed to get a visa. I managed to write to my parents through the Red Cross and suddenly it ended.

text by Ilse Hyman, daughter, who fled from Vienna at the age of 13 with a Kindertransport



Max Beres



Sigmund Beres



Rosa Beres

## Station 23a: Novaragasse 19

### Eine glänzende Messingplatte ist besser als ein dunkler Fleck

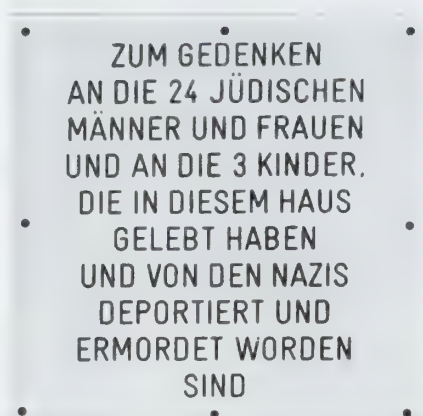
AUS DEN  
SAMMELWOHNUNGEN  
DIESES HAUSES  
WURDEN ZWISCHEN  
FEBRUAR 1941 UND  
OKTOBER 1942 FÜNFZIG  
JÜDISCHE ERWACHSENE  
UND ZWEI KINDER  
DEPORTIERT. NUR EINE  
FRAU HAT ÜBERLEBT.

Dunkle Flecken arbeiten, wurmen, belasten. Egal, ob als Täter, Opfer, Zuschauer oder als Zugereister: Allein das Aussprechen, Festhalten und Außer-Streit-Stellen einer historischen Wahrheit wirkt befreiend. Vor drei Jahren bin ich auf die Mazzes-Insel gezogen. Die Steine der Erinnerung sind Puzzle Steine für eine unaufgeregte Auseinandersetzung mit der Frage, woher wir kommen, wer wir sind, wo wir wohnen und wozu der Mensch in der Lage ist. Als ich vorige Woche, spät in der Nacht und völlig unerwartet, den Stein vor meinem Haus sah, erfüllte mich ein Gefühl von Freude und Genugtuung. Eine glänzende Messingplatte ist besser als ein dunkler Fleck.

Text von Christian Kniescheck

## Station 30b: Pazmanitengasse 14

### Steine der Erinnerung gegen das Vergessen



Wien 2, Pazmanitengasse 14, ein gewöhnliches Haus, in dem ich 1941 geboren wurde und 20 Jahre wohnte, bekam auf meine Initiative einen „Stein der Erinnerung“ vor das Tor gesetzt.

Das Leben im Haus war dem eines Dorfes vergleichbar. Jeder kannte jeden, Kinder wuchsen gemeinsam auf, spielten miteinander. Man half einander in der Not der Nachkriegszeit, borgte einander Lebensmittel, Wolle um Socken zu stopfen, schenkte ein paar Erdäpfel einer Familie, wo Kinder hungerten oder ein Stück Kohle, um einen Raum zu wärmen.

Aber daran soll der „Stein“, tatsächlich eine Messingplatte, nicht erinnern.

In diesem Haus wohnten, schon bevor meine Eltern im Herbst 1938 einzogen, Familien wie eben beschrieben. Doch an einem Tag im März 1938, schlich sich der nicht legitimierte Bundeskanzler mit den Worten „Gott schütze Österreich!“ davon, um Herrn Hitler Platz zu machen.

Und da geschah Unvorstellbares. Auf einmal gab es „Arier“ im Haus, die sich Christen nannten, doch nie eine Kirche betreten hatten und Juden, manche getauft, andere, die nie in einer Synagoge waren. Und schon am nächsten Tag führte der Hausbesorger, plötzlich in SA-Uniform, die Nichtarier zum Waschen der Gänge durchs Haus. Sie durften die Waschküche nicht mehr benutzen und den Hackstock im Hof. Und den anständigen Christenkinder wurde verboten mit dem Judeng’sindel zu spielen. Und da spuckte man sie halt an, die Spielkameraden von Gestern.

Zwei Tage waren vergangen, normale Menschen waren zu Sadisten geworden. Eine einfache Frau, „Arierin“(?), kaufte weiter bei ihrem Greissler ein. Zwei Rotzbuben, Nachbarskinder, hängten ihr eine Tafel mit dem Spruch um: „Arisches Schwein kauft bei Judensau ein!“ Damit führten sie sie um den Häuserblock. Es war eine Riesenhetz.

Dann wurden die Juden „umgesiedelt“, jetzt war man unter sich. Nach dem Krieg hörte man von Gaskammern. Man konnte es nicht glauben. Da waren doch so freundliche und hilfsbereite Nachbarn dabei, die sollen ermordet worden sein?

An alle freundlichen oder weniger sympathischen Menschen, welche die „Umsiedlung“ nicht überlebten, soll der Stein erinnern, damit die Taten der nicht Umgesiedelten und jene der Anstifter nicht vergessen werden. Zieht euren Hut, wenn ihr dort vorbeigeht! Im Geiste mache ich einen Kniefall vor dem Stein, vor diesem gewöhnlichen Haus in der Leopoldstadt.

Herbert-Ernst Neusiedler

## Station 35a: Heinestraße 40

### Lina Frey

HIER WOHNTE

LINA FREY

GEB GERBER  
2.2.1872

DEPORTIERT 1942  
THERESIENSTADT  
ERMORDET  
IN TREBLINKA  
AM 23.9.1942

OTTILIE  
FISCHER

24.3.1886

DEPORTIERT  
AM 19.2.1941  
NACH KIELCE

Lina Frey, geb. Gerber, kam als junges Mädchen aus der CSR nach Wien. Dort heiratete sie Ignatz Frey. Sie führten ein glückliches Leben mit ihrer einzigen Tochter, Bettina, meiner Mutter.

Nachdem meine Mutter heiratete, zogen sie und ihr Mann auch zu meinen Großeltern. Also lebte ich mein ganzes Leben in Wien zusammen mit den Großeltern, auch nachdem mein Großvater 1935 starb. Es ist ihm viel erspart geblieben.

Meine Großmutter war eine sehr liebevolle Frau und sie war für diese Zeit sehr modern. Ich erinnere mich an sie mit der Zigarette im Mund und ihr ständiges „Kaffeetscherl“ nahebei. Sie hat viel gelesen und zitierte Heine, Goethe und Shakespeare. Sie stand ganz früh auf, ging einkaufen,

hat dann gekocht und gebacken, nicht nur für uns, sondern auch für die vielen Bekannten und Freunde, die ständig zu uns zur Jause kamen. Ihre Großzügigkeit war ganz enorm.

Sie liebte Wien, so wie auch meine Familie, und fühlte sich dem deutschen Kulturkreis zugehörig.. Mein Großvater und mein Vater kämpften im Ersten Weltkrieg, mein Vater erhielt die Goldene Tapferkeitsmedaille, da er sein Regiment rettete und dann als Kriegsgefangener 4 Jahre in Sibirien verbrachte.

Das Bild meiner Großmutter ist an dem Tag aufgenommen, als meine Eltern und ich nach Amerika flüchteten. Wir wollten sie bald nachkommen lassen, aber es ist anders gekommen. Bald nach unserer Abreise kam sie in eine Sammelwohnung, von dort nach Theresienstadt und schließlich nach Treblinka, wo sie und viele andere unserer Familie dasselbe fürchterliche Schicksal erlitten.



Als einziges Kind und einziges Enkelkind war ich meiner Großmutter immer sehr nahe. Noch nach 70 Jahren vergeht kaum ein Tag, an dem ich nicht an ihr tragisches Ende denke.

Eva Bregman, geb. Polifka

Lina Frey

## Station 38b: Praterstraße 43

### Gisela Reich

#### My mother by adoption



My mother by adoption, Gisela Reich, sister of my father Alfred Bader, was one of the kindest persons I have ever known. She was proud of her father, my grandfather, Moritz Ritter von Bader (1841-1893), often thinking of the “guten, alten Zeiten” under Emperor Francis Josef. Her husband, Sigmund Reich (1869-1922) left her a large fortune, but the terrible inflation and her complete lack of financial knowledge led to her having practically nothing when I left on the first Kindertransport from Vienna on December 10, 1938.

No beggar was ever turned away empty handed and even late in 1938 we saved some Groschen to throw to the violinists playing in the Hof.

There is an old Hebrew saying “Secher Zadik livrocho” – the memory of the righteous is a blessing” - and I think of Gisela every day – truly blessed by her goodness.

Text by Alfred Bader



Mother, Gisela Reich, (née Bader), Painting by Tom von Dreger, 1917

## Station 40b: Czerningasse 21

Diese Station wurde von mehreren BewohnerInnen dieses Hauses initiiert.

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN DIE 34 JÜDISCHEN  
FRAUEN UND MÄNNER  
UND DIE 2 KINDER,  
DIE IN DIESEM HAUS  
GELEBT HABEN  
UND VON DEN NAZIS  
DEPORTIERT UND  
ERMORDET WORDEN  
SIND

## Station 43: Ferdinandstraße

ZUM GEDENKEN  
AN 606 JÜDISCHE  
MÄNNER, FRAUEN UND  
KINDER, DIE AUS DER  
FERDINANDSTRASSE  
DEPORTIERT UND  
ERMORDET WORDEN  
SIND UND AN VIER  
MENSCHEN, DIE HIER  
SELBSTMORD BEGINGEN

<b>JOSEFINE BERNSTEIN</b> 16. 4. 1891  DEPORTIERT AM 17. 7. 1942 NACH AUSCHWITZ	<b>ZITA ROSENBAUM</b> 6. 10. 1911  DEPORTIERT 1944 VON WESTERBÖRK NACH THERESIENSTADT ERMORDET IN AUSCHWITZ AM 8. 10. 1944
<b>MORDKO LACHS</b> 7. 5. 1885  DEPORTIERT AM 15. 5. 1942 NACH IZBICA	<b>EDIA LACHS</b> 3. 3. 1888  DEPORTIERT AM 15. 5. 1942 NACH IZBICA

Die Station befindet sich Ecke Ferdinandstraße - Aspernbrückengasse neben dem Versicherungsgebäude

Frau Regina Krakowitzer hat sie für zum Gedenken an die Mutter und an die Schwester ihres Schwagers initiiert.



Zita Rosenbaum



Josefine Bernstein

## Förstergasse 3

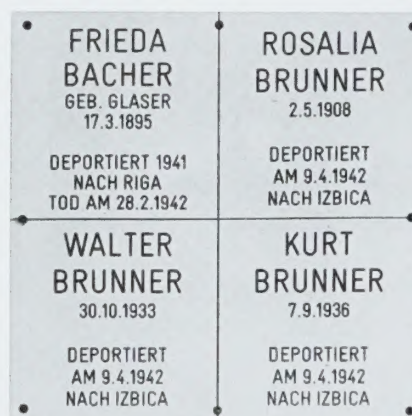
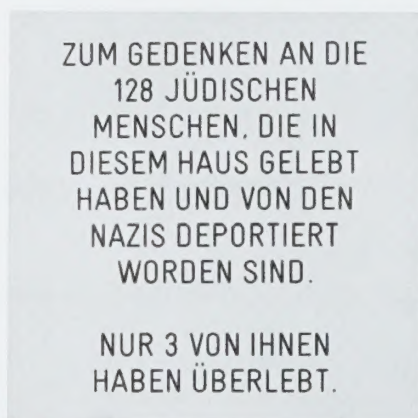
### Pessie Chary



In der Förstergasse 3, Hochparterre, Tür 4 lebte viele Jahre meine Großtante Pessie Chary (Tante Pepi). Das Schicksal hatte es von Anfang an nicht gar so gut mit ihr gemeint. Sie hat nie geheiratet, gründete keine eigene Familie, konnte sich nicht selbst erhalten - ein altes Mädchen. Ihr einziges Vergnügen bestand darin, am Fenster angelehnt in die Förstergasse zu schauen. So lebte sie mit ihren alten Eltern bis zu deren Tod in der Förstergasse. Als es die Eltern nicht mehr gab, sorgten ihre jüngeren Geschwister für Tante Pepi. 1941 wurde diese Ärmste aus der Förstergasse (eine Umsiedlung innerhalb von Wien war ihr erspart geblieben) deportiert und ermordet.

Inge Svoboda

## Rembrandtstraße 34



Diese Station wurde von Susanne Schönbrunner für ihre Verwandte Frieda Bacher initiiert.



## **Orte der Deportation**

Alle Informationen beim Dokumentationsarchiv des Österreichischen Widerstands unter [www.doew.at](http://www.doew.at)

### **Izbica, Modliborzyce, Opole und Wlodawa**

Orte in Polen im Distrikt Lublin

### **Kielce, Lagow-Opatow**

Orte in Polen im Distrikt Krakau. In all diesen Orten- sie hatten einen großen jüdischen Bevölkerungsanteil - wurde von den Nationalsozialisten ein Ghetto errichtet. In diese Ghettos wurden in den Jahren 1941 und 1942 jüdische Männer, Frauen und Kinder aus Österreich und dem sogenannten Altreich verschickt. Im Zuge der „Aktion Reinhard“ wurden die Ghettos 1942 liquidiert und alle Menschen aus dem Distrikt Lublin in den Vernichtungslagern Sobibor, Belzec und Majdanek ermordet. Die Juden aus dem Distrikt Krakau wurden in Treblinka ermordet.

### **Kowno/ Kaunas**

Ort in Litauen. Alle dorthin Deportierten wurden sofort nach ihrer Ankunft erschossen.

### **Lodz/Litzmannstadt**

Das Ghetto von Lodz war eines der größten in Polen. Im Herbst 1941 wurden 5000 österreichische Juden nach Lodz deportiert. Sehr viele Menschen starben an den unerträglichen Lebensbedingungen. Im Jahre 1942 wurden die meisten Überlebenden in Chelmno vergast.

### **Majdanek**

Konzentrations- und Vernichtungslager in Polen

### **Maly Trostinec**

Gut in der Nähe von Minsk. Es war der Ort, an dem die meisten österreichischen Juden ermordet wurden. Die Deportierten wurden sofort nach Ankunft in Gruben erschossen. Ab 1942 wurden auch Gaswagen eingesetzt.

### **Minsk**

Hauptstadt Weißrusslands, in der ein Ghetto errichtet wurde. Ab 1941 gab es dort Mordaktionen.

### **Nisko**

Die 1939 nach Nisko deportierten Männer wurden durch Abfeuerung von Schreckschüssen über die deutsch-sowjetische Grenzlinie gejagt. Dort kamen sie zumeist in Zwangsarbeitslager.

### **Riga**

Hauptstadt Lettlands, in der ein Ghetto errichtet wurde. Die meisten der aus Österreich Deportierten kamen bei Mordaktionen oder durch die furchtbaren Lebensbedingungen ums Leben.

### **Theresienstadt**

Ghetto, von dem aus der größte Teil der Menschen in Vernichtungslager deportiert wurde

### **Auschwitz, Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka**

waren Vernichtungslager in Polen

### **Drancy**

Lager in der Nähe von Paris, aus dem die Flüchtlinge in 40 Transporten nach Auschwitz deportiert wurden.

### **Westerbork**

Judendurchgangslager in den Niederlanden. Von dort wurden die Juden nach Auschwitz, Sobibor oder Theresienstadt deportiert.

### **Dachau, Buchenwald, Ravensbrück, Stutthof**

Konzentrationslager in Deutschland

### **Mauthausen**

Konzentrationslager in Österreich

### **Zasavica/Sabac**

Ort in Serbien. Im Rahmen einer „Sühneaktion“ wurden dort 2.100 Männer erschossen.

## Informationen:

### Broschüren zum „Weg der Erinnerung“

Weg der Erinnerung Begleitbroschüre	4,00 €
Weg der Erinnerung Begleitbroschüre 2	5,00 €
Weg der Erinnerung Begleitbroschüre 3	4,00 €
Weg der Erinnerung Begleitbroschüre 4	4,00 €
Path of Remembrance Part I	4,00 €
Straße der Erinnerung	2,50 €

Diese Broschüren können Sie bei uns anfordern oder in folgenden Buchhandlungen erhalten (die ersten beiden liegen unmittelbar auf dem „Weg der Erinnerung“).

Literaturbuffet Lhotzky Wien 2, Taborstraße 28 (Eingang Rotensterngasse); 01/276 47 36

Cafe Sperlhof Wien 2, Große Sperlgasse 41 täglich geöffnet; 01/214 58 64

Book Shop Singer Wien 1, Dorotheergasse 11; 01 / 512 45 10

### Führungen „Weg der Erinnerung durch die Leopoldstadt“

Walter Juraschek, staatlich geprüfter Fremdenführer

Ort: 2, Tempelgasse 5

Zeit: Jeden Sonntag um 14 Uhr

Kosten: 12,- €

Sprache: Deutsch und Englisch

Führungen finden ab 5 Personen statt

Gruppen nur nach Anmeldung bei Walter Juraschek:

Walter Juraschek@chello.at, Mobil: 0699/ 1925 15 24

### Mit Ihrer finanziellen Unterstützung können auch Sie zum Weg der Erinnerung beitragen:

- Patenschaften (€ 120,- ) können Sie für einen Menschen ohne überlebende Angehörige übernehmen. Natürlich können Sie auch Steine für Ihre ermordeten Verwandten setzen.
- Bausteine (18,- €, 36,- € oder 72,- €) finanzieren die Erklärungs- und Wegtafeln.

ErsteBank BLZ: 20111, Kontonr: 28641890700

### Stationen der Erinnerung im Alsergrund

Unser Projekt im Alsergrund umfasst 10 Stationen (Mai 2009).

Eine Broschüre dazu können Sie bei uns anfordern.

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Wien, Mai 2009

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