

The Newsletter of the *Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre*

50 - 950 West 41st Avenue  
Vancouver, BC V5Z 2N7  
tel. (604) 264-0499  
fax (604) 264-0497

# Zachor

"Remember"

Number 3  
September 1997



**Open Hearts  
Closed Doors**

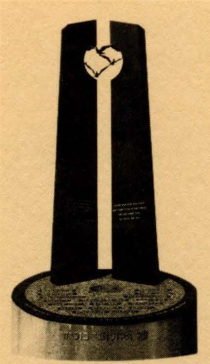
An Exhibit Marking the  
50th Anniversary of the Arrival of  
1,123 Jewish War Orphans in Canada



## ANNOUNCEMENTS AND UPCOMING EVENTS

### High Holidays Memorial Service

1:00 pm, Sunday October 5th  
4 Tishri 5758



The Vancouver Holocaust Centre Society  
invites family and friends to join them in  
remembering.

Schara Tzedek Cemetery  
2346 Marine Drive, New Westminster

### Request for Volunteers

For almost 20 years Rob Krell and Peter Suedfeld have been involved in research pertaining to Holocaust survivors, their spouses, and their children. Rob and Peter are also interested in understanding the impact of the Holocaust on the Jewish communities and individuals who were not themselves subjected to it – that is, on Jews who lived in Canada, Latin America, the United States, or elsewhere outside Europe, during the war. They are interested in how the Holocaust may have influenced your life, and may still influence your life. They are also interested in other aspects of your life and opinions.

Rob and Peter are seeking your help to participate in their study, which consists of filling out a short questionnaire. The questionnaire should be filled out by Jewish men and women, who were born no later than 1944; so the minimum age for participating in the study is around 53-54. There is no upper limit. Participants should have spent the period between 1930-1945 in a country that was not under the domination of Germany and its allies, nor under military attack.

If you would be willing to fill out a questionnaire, or know someone who would like to, please phone Peter Suedfeld at 822-5713, or the project coordinator, Erin Soriano, at 822-6666.



*Annual Commemorative Evening Program*  
Sunday, November 9 at 8:00 pm  
Beth Israel Synagogue

**MONEY & THE HOLOCAUST**  
*The Role of the Holocaust in German  
Economic and Military Strategy,  
1941-1945*

a lecture by  
Dr. Rudy Vrba

### War Orphans 50th Anniversary Reunion

A group of Winnipeg Jewish war orphans – survivors of the Holocaust – are planning a reunion May 15 to 17 1998 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their arrival in that city. Organizer Frank Weinfeld would like to hear from former "Winnipeggers" who were among the war orphans. He can be reached at 204-339-3390.

### "From Ashes to Rebirth"

The Jewish National Fund proudly announces a tribute dinner in honour of Vancouver's Holocaust Survivors. This JNF dinner will be a gala evening to honour the numerous contributions to our faith, people, community, and Israel, made by Vancouver's Survivor community. The dinner will take place April 26th 1998, and survivors and their families are invited to participate in this long overdue tribute. For further information please call the Jewish National Fund, 257-5155.

### In This Issue...

Jewish War Orphans in Canada - Special Feature	3
Book Reviews	7
No Longer Alone	10
Cards & Donations	14
From the Board & Staff	16

**Zachor** "Remember"

Tel. (604) 264-0499  
Fax (604) 264-0497  
The Newsletter of the Vancouver Holocaust Centre Society 50 - 510 West Mall, Vancouver, BC V6Z 2B7 October 1997

Editor: Roberta Kremer  
Layout & Design: Leanne Nash  
Copy Editor: Graham Sharpe



## SPECIAL FEATURE: Jewish War Orphans in Canada

### Open Hearts - Closed Doors

Special Opening Reception  
Sunday, November 16th  
from 3 - 5 pm  
at the Holocaust Education Centre

An exhibit developed by the  
Vancouver Holocaust Education  
Centre to mark the 50th anniversary  
of the arrival of 1,123 Jewish war  
orphans in Canada.

This September marks the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the first of what would be over 1,123 Jewish youth orphaned by the Holocaust to immigrate to Canada between 1947 and 1949. The project, known at that time as the European Youth Project, was unique in the history of Canadian immigration and in the role of Canadian Jewish Congress, its affiliated agencies and of the commitment of Jewish communities across Canada.

This exhibit *Open Hearts - Closed Doors* celebrates the efforts of Congress, the work of communities and agencies, and the lives of these children, who against all odds built new and successful lives in Canada. These Jewish war orphans were permitted to come to Canada after the war only through the committed efforts of Canadian Jewish Congress which led to a special Order in Council. The exhibit recounts the

perilous and difficult journey of these children through the war years, the loss of family and homeland, to reaching a safe haven in Canada and the possibility of a new life. The exhibit focuses on the personal experiences of many of these orphans as they faced the challenges and hardships of making their way in Canada.

Under the auspices of the Jewish community some 1,123 youth were brought to 38 communities across Canada. More than 790 settled in

---

***"My siblings Henri, Jacques, Mariette and I all decided to come together to Canada. We were all sent to different homes. I felt very let down because I had been told that we would all be together."***

---

Montreal and Toronto another. Manitoba received 131. In Saskatchewan, 9 youths went to Regina, 2 to Hoffer and 1 to North Battleford. In Alberta 15 children went to Calgary, 12 to Edmonton and 1 to Vegreville, while 38 in total came to British Columbia; of those, 37 came to Vancouver with 1 going to Port

Alberni. Canada was one of but a few choices open to these stateless and homeless refugees.

*"Members of the Canadian Government and Canadian Jewish Congress representatives came to interview us and to ask us if we wanted to come to emigrate to Canada. Ruth, my big sister, encouraged me to go to Canada (she went to the United States). We had a number of choices, of course there was Israel, and there was also Australia and the United States, but my brother Henri and I decided together that it would be best to go to Canada. My siblings, Henri, Jacques, Mariette and I all decided to come together to Canada. We were all sent to different homes. I felt very let down because I had been told that we would all be together."* Esther B.

The task of settling these youths, and the challenges that they themselves had to surmount, were enormous. Most had experienced terrible losses and hardships; many had been forced to live under false identities to stay alive. Most foster parents were expecting children of a young age, preferably little girls. But of the 1,123 only 37 were aged 10 or younger. The majority ranged in age from 11 to 18 and as 18 was the cut-off age for immigrating many had stated that they were younger than they were in order to qualify. For 24 of the children no age or country of origin was listed.

*Continued on page 4*





## SPECIAL FEATURE: Jewish War Orphans in Canada

Besides age there were many other restrictions in immigrating to Canada.

*"Getting into Canada was tough. The process was a very lengthy one and you had to be absolutely healthy. Wearing glasses was enough to disqualify you. I had trouble getting*



Mrs. Rose at the wedding of David and Regina Feldman

*approval because I had low blood pressure. I had repeated blood tests and had all but given up hope when I finally got a letter accepting me into Canada."*

Halifax was the major point of entry for all Jewish Displaced Persons including the war orphans. Members of the Halifax Jewish community met the ships to welcome the newcomers and help them navigate the immigration procedures. Frequently, temporary homes had to be found in Halifax for these youth from anywhere to ten days to several weeks, until homes could be found in other Canadian cities. Not surprisingly, several chose to stay in Halifax.

*"There was much excitement at seeing Newfoundland. We all became incoherent. We landed in Halifax on February 14, 1948. We all stood in line in this huge hall for passport control. They still had to look at us and approve us. I remember being a bit frightened because of all the authority figures around us and knowing that once again, we had no papers. By the time we were put on the train we were all rather wild. Some of the children just got off wherever they wanted to. I*

*insisted that Sylvia Ackermann stay and go on with me to Regina as we had been told."* Celina L.

In Vancouver, Congress's efforts on behalf of these children were headed by Charles Walfish, Esmond Lando, Paul Heller and Moe Cohen. It was 1948 before the first group arrived in Vancouver; Hy Altman and Mrs. Jean Rose were there to meet them. Eventually the group which found their way to Vancouver would number over 48. Mrs. Rose became "surrogate parent" to many of this group, attending their weddings and other simchas.

Communities across Canada attempted to find them suitable employment, yet by 1956 only half had found permanent jobs. Many were forced to move to other locations in order to find suitable housing or employment, and approximately 75 to 100 found their way into the United States where they continue to reside. Community agencies were responsible for finding housing, foster homes and providing training and employment for the orphans settling in their area. Many had been promised housing, education, and to be part of a family once again. For many this promise was unfulfilled, while for others it became the life line to a renewed life. Much depended on the same luck their survival had – happenstance, their wits, and fate.

Despite all the difficulties, the unequivocal success of most of this group defies all expectations. John Hirsch who came to Winnipeg at 17 became internationally known for his work in the theatre. Both John Hirsch and Vancouverite David Ehrlich were "adopted" by Alexander and Pauline Shack in

Winnipeg. Others went on to build happy families and successful careers and businesses.

We regret being unable to include the stories of all 1,123 in this exhibit. We have found only a small number of even those who came to Vancouver. If you can help us to identify others, or were part of this group yourself and have not been contacted, please call the Centre at 264-0499. We wish to honour all those who were part of this group at the opening reception on November 16th – please plan to join us.

It is the hope of the HEC that the exhibit will travel to other communities across Canada. The exhibit has been designed to be flexible allowing each site to personalize the exhibit by incorporating the stories of their own war orphans group into the exhibit. The exhibit has been co-curated by author Fraidie Martz, who wrote *Open Your Hearts* a book about the war orphans project. Assisting with the interviews have been Frieda Miller, Theresa Ho, Michelle Gumprich and Susan Rome. Exhibit designed by David Cunningham and Susan Mavor Bourns, with research assistance by Stephanie Crosby.

Sponsorship for this exhibit has come from The Christopher Foundation, Stephen Gunther and Miriam Wosk, Lucien and Carole Lieberman, an Anti-Racism and Multiculturalism Program Grant from the BC Ministry Responsible for Multiculturalism and Immigration and a Multicultural and Citizenship Grant from Canadian Heritage (pending). *PS*



"Where are our parents?"



## SPECIAL FEATURE: Jewish War Orphans in Canada

### A Suitcase and a Photo Album

By Frieda Miller

Imagine an old suitcase, carefully stored away and unopened for fifty years. In it are some yellowing documents, a few photographs and odd bits of paper including a two inch metro ticket for Gare St. Lazarre, Paris from the year 1948. At first glance one could be excused for wondering why these things would be of interest to anyone or for that matter to the Holocaust Education Centre. Even the owner of the suitcase, Robbie Waisman wondered why we would want to see "those old things." But the suitcase and Robbie's reflections on its contents are at the very heart of what it is we are trying to accomplish with the exhibit *Open Hearts – Closed Doors*. It is about the way in which artifacts can be used as a bridge to understanding history.

Upon closer examination, it became clear that Robbie's suitcase and its contents represented a snapshot of his experiences from the time of his liberation from Buchenwald as a fourteen year old orphan until his arrival in Canada in 1948. When Robbie first opened his suitcase the contents and their power to evoke memory and emotion surprised us both. Robbie explains:

*I had put all these papers into an old suitcase and it was just there. As I moved, the suitcase came with me from place to place, unopened. I knew I had to keep it, that it was important to me and that it was a part of my past. And yet in all those years, I never felt that I wanted to look inside. Just knowing it was there was enough. I never let my wife Gloria see it either. Recently when I was asked to show these papers and photographs, I was surprised to see what I had kept. My only regret is that I do not have any*

*photographs of my family. I am always envious of people who have a picture of their parents.*

Robbie is not alone in having held on to such minutia as a metro ticket. For what seems to be an ordinary ticket, easily discarded, represented something far more to him. It signifies the first leg on his journey away from Europe and its painful memories. Others from this first group of 1,123 orphans permitted into Canada, also saved remarkable fragments from this post-war period.

Celina Lieberman cherishes an old photograph album that traces her first steps out of hiding towards a new life. This is clearly not the keepsake of an ordinary teenager. Her meticulously inscribed notations throughout imbue it with moving testimony. An ordinary photograph becomes transformed with the knowledge that it was taken in a DP camp, and through Celina's insights:

*The Swiss Red Cross gave us clothes. Mine consisted of a pale blue skirt, a jacket and the first pair of shoes that fit and that I could call my own. During the war, I had only Helena's shoes.*

At the end of the war Celina was fourteen years old. Hidden on the remote farm of a Polish Catholic woman, Celina believed that she was the only Jew to have survived the Holocaust. Not until her best friend Bronka came and found her, did she begin her journey through displaced persons camps to Calgary, then Vancouver. One cannot help but be moved by the determination and resilience of these two young girls.

Children like Robbie and Celina who found themselves orphaned by the Holocaust discovered that liberation did not bring an immediate end to their ordeals. For most it was a while before the enormity of the Holocaust and the extent of their losses could be fully comprehended. As these children emerged from the camps or from their hiding places, they embarked on a quest, first for family and then for a country that would take them in. Some like Robbie were gathered up into orphanages, while

others like Celina, set out on their own on a round of DP camps.

Nothing represents these orphans' poignant experiences better than their own words. However, in putting together an exhibit, words are not always enough; other ways of presenting this history have to be found. The artifacts, letters, documents and photographs kept in survivors' closets or in our archives are the sort of visual-tactile materials that have the power to engage a museum visitor, to draw them in closer and challenge them to learn more.

Our job as museum educators is to help others see the extraordinary beneath the surface of the ordinary. And it is the survivor's revelations



Celina (left), in DP Camp Bad Salzschlirf, 1947

about their artifacts that enhance a viewer's understanding. Celina's photograph on board the SS General Sturgiss might be assumed to be that of any young girl embarking on an adventure. But as Celina explains,

*"For those of us who had experienced so much during the war, going across the ocean was not such a big adventure, the big adventure had been our survival."*

As museum educators we display

*Continued on page 6*



## SPECIAL FEATURE: Jewish War Orphans in Canada

### Ausweis — Certification.

Herr **Wajsman Romek**  
Mister

geb. am **2.2.1930** in **Skarzysko Kam.**  
born at

zuletzt wohnhaft **Skarzysko Kam.**  
last domicile

**Podjazdowa 28.**

wurde vom **1942** bis

in nationalsozialistischen Konzentrationslagern gefangen gehalten und vom Konzentrationslager Buchenwald bei Weimar in Freiheit gesetzt.

was kept in captivity from **1942** to

in Nazi-German concentration camps and was liberated from the concentration camp of Buchenwald.

Unterschriften und Stempel  
signatures and stamps

Allied Expeditionary Force  
Military Government

Lagerkomitee  
Camp-Committee

Lagerkommandant  
Campcommandant

Military Government Officer

Weimar-Buchenwald, am

### Provisional identification card for civilian internee of Buchenwald.

Vorläufige Identitätskarte für Buchenwälder Zivilinternierte.

Current number **19608** Internee number **117098**  
Laufende Nr. Häftlings-Nr.

Family name **Wajsman**  
Familiennamen

Christian name **Romek**  
Vorname

Born **2.2.1930.** at **Skarzysko Kam.**  
geboren in

Nationality **Polish**  
Nationalität

Address **Skarzysko Kam. Podjazdowa 28.**  
Adresse

Fingerprint:  
Fingerabdruck

Signature:  
Unterschrift

**KOMITET POLSKI**

Weimar-Buchenwald, am **30.4.1945.**

Robbie's Buchenwald ID card, April 30, 1945

objects quite consciously, recognizing the inherent authority of a museum setting. We know that the simple act of displaying a survivor's artifact in a museum, imbues it with significance that it might not otherwise have. In much the same way, the photographs and documents reproduced in this newsletter are elevated in our awareness.

Simply displaying objects however does not guarantee that they will be appreciated or fully understood. Artifacts may be enigmatic or difficult to "read." Part of an educator's task is to remove the barrier between viewer and object. Didactic labels help achieve this at the most basic level as they translate documents and explain the use and provenance of an artifact. In this way a didactic label for Robbie's Buchenwald ID card might read as "received by the bearer, attesting to his internment in Buchenwald from 1942-1945." A viewer could do a quick mental calculation, subtract Robbie's

birth date from the issue date and deduce that "the bearer" was a child at liberation. This entire exercise, though valuable, does little more than expose the first layer of meaning behind an object.

Subsequent layers of meaning are revealed by making a survivor's connection to the object explicit. Survivors and their artifacts are inextricably linked and to sever the relationship is to lose meaning. The distinction is one between outsider meaning and insider meaning. An educator's role is to share insider meaning by letting viewers and students in on the discussion, as it were. Consider how much more meaningful the Buchenwald ID card becomes if you can share Robbie's insider experience of it.

*This was the first time in so many years that anyone bothered to ask me what*

*my name was. Not since I was taken by the Nazis in 1941 had I been asked, who was my father, where was I from. I was thrilled to have this card because it was the reverse of what had happened when we got into camp. These cards gave us back our humanity.*

Transmitting the power of artifacts is our challenge. Last year the Holocaust Education Centre produced the Discovery Trunk, *Outside the Attic Walls*, which made use of facsimile artifacts to extend students' study of Anne Frank. This classroom resource has been in much demand by teachers across the province. To reflect the immigration themes associated with *Open Hearts - Closed Doors*,

another discovery trunk is being developed which will contain facsimiles of such things as; DP registration cards, steam ship tickets, travel documents and Canadian immigration correspondence. Our hope is that this will provide teachers and students with the kind of hands-on documentary evidence needed to support their learning about the aftermath of war and immigration.



Celina on board SS General Sturgiss



### OPEN YOUR HEARTS: The Story of the Jewish War Orphans in Canada, 1947-1949

By Fraidie Martz

Montreal, Vehicule Press, 1997, 87 pages

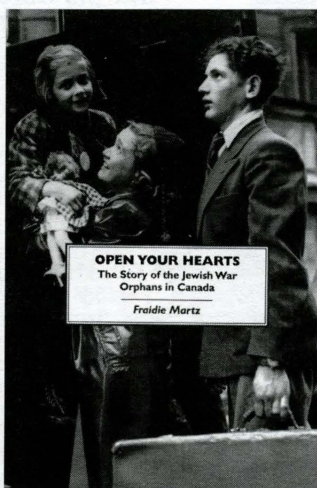
Reviewed by Enid Elliot

**Y**ears of work with children and families has given me reason to be astonished at the strength and complexity of people. *Open Your Hearts*, by Fraidie Martz, gave me one more reason to marvel at children's resilience and the generosity and open-heartedness of which each of us is capable.

After World War II, there were 4000 Jewish orphans in Displaced Persons' camps, children who needed homes. Some, usually the older ones, had managed to survive life in the camps, while others had been hidden with families. Under the leadership of the Canadian Jewish Congress, there was a mobilization of Jewish communities to find homes and resources for approximately 1000 of these child survivors. Fraidie Martz makes it clear that the largest obstacle which faced both the communities in Canada and the children in Europe was government bureaucracy.

Bureaucracy and politics were formidable challenges and Fraidie Martz honours the men and women who patiently and stubbornly found space in Canada for the Jewish war orphans. Child welfare was a new concept and immigration policies were still based on the idea of labor resources. There was also a fear on the part of the social work community and the politicians that the children had been irreparably damaged by their experience during the Holocaust and would never become stable citizens.

*Open Your Hearts* not only tells the story of men and women who found ways around the rules, regulations and pessimism, but gives the history of one of the first



international relief organizations, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency. The commitment of the adults is matched by the determination of the children to make a new life. The transition from Europe to their new homes in Canada was not easy, but most of them adjusted and created fulfilling lives for themselves. As an infant and toddler specialist, I paid close attention to the memories these young survivors had of their families and early lives. A consistent theme is illustrated by Larry Rotenberg, who at age eight lost his parents and brother: "The unequivocal warmth and affection which marked those early years were undoubtedly the most important in sustaining me through the bad times. The richness of my early life, its predictability, its mosaic-like fabric of continuity and clear

expectations, laid a foundation for faith in the universe which even the harshest experience could not totally obliterate."

With the war over and some stability back in their lives, these young people set about gaining the skills needed to become contributing members of society. Eventually they found ways to put the war at a distance. Many found families who rose to the challenge of these young survivors and provided the warmth they needed to flourish. Others found mentors in school or the communities who were sponsoring them. Each found his or her own path, by going into business, medicine, theatre, raising families or teaching. Canada has been enriched by their contributions.

There is a lot to be treasured from this little book. One is left wondering about the fate of other orphans that today's wars or government policies have created. The stories Martz recounts remind us that commitment to a cause can move mountains, generosity and love can be a simple human act, and that young people can have within them deep strength. ∞

### Call for Volunteer Docents

#### Docents are needed for the *Open Hearts - Closed Doors* exhibit

Guided tours of the Holocaust Centre for school groups are led by a very special group of people – our docents. These volunteers attend a training workshop and also read and educate themselves further on the topic of the exhibit. Docents will have the opportunity to help young people understand how orphans of the Holocaust, deprived of everything considered essential for normal development flourished and became productive Canadian citizens with the support of community – an experiment which holds lessons for current immigration policy in Canada. Help us challenge young people to learn and wrestle with the issues of responsibility towards the world's refugees.

Docent training will be held in October – date to be announced.

Previous docents will receive a mailing shortly. New volunteers are always welcome. Any commitment of time you can offer is appreciated. If you are interested in this opportunity please call Frieda Miller, Education Coordinator, 264-0499.



### The Boys: Triumph Over Adversity

By Martin Gilbert

Vancouver/Toronto: Douglas & McIntyre  
1996, 511 p.; maps, glossary and index

Reviewed by Manuel Erickson

**S**even hundred and thirty-two Jewish child survivors, aged twelve to twenty-one, were found by the Central British Fund in 1945 and flown from Prague and Munich to Britain. Only "about eighty" were girls because the Nazis had sent most of them to the death camps with their parents. Those who survived the war had hidden for up to three years.

Martin Gilbert's daunting book is a multi-faceted description of these survivors' lives before, during and after the war. Gilbert, a prolific chronicler of history and especially of the Jews, has tackled subjects from Churchill to Shcharansky. "The Boys" is a formidable book to read, let alone to review. For me it was painful, as it must be for almost any Jew, regardless of the place of upbringing.

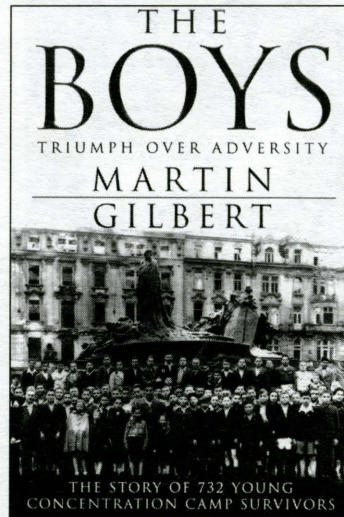
Gilbert is a master craftsman. Live people fairly pour off these pages. Readers who allow themselves to become immersed will experience an extinct way of life: they will hear the words of the rebbe and the sounds of the shtetl. Tears may come to their eyes. For those, like me, who did not live in Europe during that terrible time, Gilbert evokes empathy as for a close sibling. Having said that, it is important to note that Gilbert, who maintained an intimate correspondence with many of the boys, allows them to tell their stories in their own words, sometimes pages of them.

The book is roughly divided into two sections: the first ten chapters deal with life and events leading up to the war's start, the last twelve with the lives of the boys in Britain and the founding of the '45 Aid Society, and a transitional middle chapter discusses the liberation.

Caught in that crisis, one never knows in advance how one will behave. Would I have screamed and stamped my feet, or taken advantage of what few opportunities there were? One of the boys, Ben Helfgott, recalled his father's great strength of character while they lived in the Piotrkow ghetto, near Lodz: "There were many times when I was ... terrified; but I had a great belief in my father. He would not allow any situation to get the better of him ... he always seemed to have presence of mind and courage and resourcefulness. If I wouldn't have had that confidence, and my father's support, I'm absolutely certain I wouldn't be here today."

For some, that lack of resourcefulness was manifested as a lack of decisiveness. Arek Hersh, another boy, wrote to Gilbert, "Thousands of Jews and Christian Poles made the journey [to other cities in Poland or into the area occupied by the Soviet Union and comparative safety before the new German-Soviet border was closed in November 1939], but my father failed to make the decision quickly enough ... [I now believe that] when an opportunity arises, it should be taken quickly. My father ... trusted in God, he

did his duty towards his religion, his family and his country. Perhaps, in spite of the history of persecution of the Jews, he could not envisage the evil which was to be unleashed."



Indeed. Of the 2.25 million Jews who lived in German-occupied Poland, only 250,000 escaped eastward before the border closure.

It was with some relief that I reached the middle of the book and could start reading about the liberation. I had had enough of the murders, death marches, sudden executions and horrors of the death camps, together with graphic descriptions of living Jews who once had flesh on their bones but were now the walking dead. That is the most negative thing I have to say about Gilbert's book, for he slams the reader with grisly facts, none of which can be doubted. It is necessary to do this; after all, more than fifty years have passed since the end of the great pogrom, and many memories are too short.

The transitional chapter relates an episode that provides stark contrast with the present which is a time of revenge and counter-revenge. A boy had been liberated and had met some American soldiers and two SS men who might have been guards in the concentration camp where he had been interned. One of the Americans invited the boy to "beat up" the Germans, but he told the American that "I was far too weak to beat up an SS man and, moreover, even if he were lying defenceless on the ground, I would not wish to beat him up. I was grateful that my father brought me up in this way."

Americans were not, of course, the only liberators of the camps. Abraham Goldstein wrote to Gilbert, "Were it not for the fact that I was liberated by the Russians just in time, I would have shared the fate of all those millions of Jews who perished in the Holocaust." Michael Novice wrote, "Had the war lasted another week I would not have survived. Once liberated, I was placed in a sick-bay. There, Russian army doctors and nurses nursed me."

Today there are thousands of Germans who are genuinely horrified at their nation's recent bloody past. In spite of that, a passage in the final chapter of Gilbert's book shows that the horror can never be erased. "Barbara Stimler," Gilbert writes, "who had been deported from the Lodz ghetto to Auschwitz, and both of whose parents, Jacob and Sarah Krakowski, had perished, wrote fifty years later: 'If ever a cataclysm were to befall this world, and I was to be the victim, I would be happy in the knowledge that the German nation has been wiped off the face of this earth.'" I empathize with this strong sentiment, for I was born and raised in Toronto's safety and suffered nothing.

A motto used to be popular when I was younger. The graphic showed an arm raised to the sky, clenching a rifle. The words said, "Never to Forgive; Never to Forget."

Gilbert has written a testimonial of the highest value. It surely belongs on the shelves of every library and of every compassionate person. ✎



## The Complete Maus by Art Spiegelman

CD-ROM, Voyager, New York

Reviewed by Aaron Willinsky

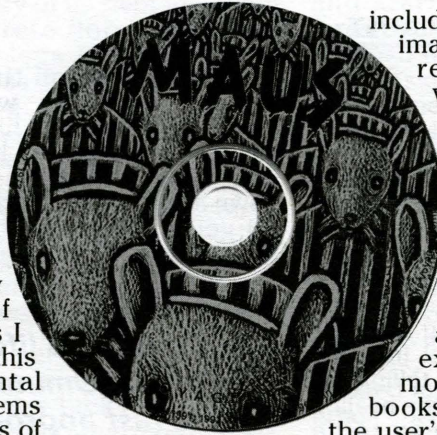
What amazes me about the Maus books is how Art Spiegelman is able to tell such a powerful, engaging story so effectively in the comic book format. Spiegelman tells his father's story of survival in the concentration camps by using the images of mice and cats to represent the people involved. This has given rise to many arguments as to the seriousness and genre of Spiegelman's books, but after reading through Maus I have found it to be as serious as any biography, only this biography has images to emphasize the monumental nature of the story. Although Spiegelman had problems dealing with his father's memory, all the basic elements of his story actually happened to him and his family. I am intrigued by how narrowly Vladek escapes death in the story as he is given countless life threatening decisions; yet every time he picks the one of the two courses of action that does not get him killed.

I have clicked my way through the countless photographs, digital movies, audio recordings, and text pages included in *The Complete Maus* CD-ROM, and I have found that Spiegelman has orchestrated his mass of information into an effective interface. The motif of the interface is reflective of the early 1940s, right down to the strangely cheery music at the program's startup, which is also like the early Mickey Mouse cartoons.

Using point-and-click navigation buttons and recognizable icons standing for such things as the author's commentary and his father Vladek's interview, this program utilizes the power of the computer to tell a Holocaust survivor's tale with more depth and complexity than was found in the original Maus books. A good feature of *The Complete Maus* interface is how it loads quickly, especially with the digital movies and the long audio recordings, which play on my quad speed CD-ROM drive without any skipping or stuttering.

Spiegelman talks in the CD-ROM about the problem he had converting a length-wise comic onto a width-wise screen. This could have been solved a number of different ways, some not as resourceful as the rest, but Spiegelman decided to use the simple but effective method of a scrolling image. To control the scrolling of the comic book pages Spiegelman could have easily used the much overrated and often frustrating scrollbar, but rather implemented the clever and easily used grab-hand page scroller.

Although Spiegelman himself was a bit disappointed about the amount of information that a CD-ROM can hold, he has still managed to



include an astonishing amount of images, video clips, and audio recordings. And of course, with complexity comes a urgent need for order. He had to somehow organize countless informational pieces into a workable infrastructure, which he did by basing his program around a main index. From there you can go off into interview excerpts, author narrations, process explanations, research demonstrations, and the Maus books themselves. To enhance the user's experience while reading, Spiegelman lets the user click on recognizable icons to look at either clips of home movies, Spiegelman's narration, or Vladek's interview which correspond with the certain page of the Maus comic that the user is reading.

For the artistically inclined or the curious, the user can click on a frame on a virtual page setup for the current page of the comic to see Spiegelman's sketches for that frame. But *The Complete Maus* CD-ROM interface is not without fault. Though Spiegelman was obviously working toward a point-and-click, navigational icon button, graphic interface, I find myself dependent on the pull-down menubar that's hidden at the top of the screen. In fact, if the user is unaware that there is a menubar hidden at the top, as I was at first, they would find themselves stuck in some part of the archive without an idea of how to escape.

I found the program's main screen and it's corresponding information screens to be surprisingly dull in comparison to the comic. I find that with their light and dark beige coloured backgrounds, large empty spaces, and the redundant mouse-head button, the information screens seem to be too great a contrast from the visually stunning comic pages and don't seem a worthy showcase for display.

When I first heard that the Maus books had been put into a CD-ROM, I figured the transformation probably had distorted and pixelated the images leaving it half the quality of the book. But as I should have known, Spiegelman went to real professionals who utilized the abilities of Windows to make a pretty decent digital reproduction. When dealing with that part of a comic book page where clarity is essential, even the slightest distorting of letters makes them hard to read. But with all things considered, Spiegelman and his publisher Voyager have ensured that *The Complete Maus* CD-ROM has superb picture quality.

For all the navigation buttons, scroll bars, and resolution measures, the important aspect of *The Complete Maus* is the story of Vladek Spiegelman. The narration of this historic tragedy is extremely engaging, and informing. Vladek takes us through his experiences of the many horrors of the Second World War for the Jewish people trapped in Europe. From the front line of the Poland/Germany battle to a Nazi prisoner of war camp and on to Auschwitz itself. Through one man's story I gained a very well-rounded sense of what happened in Poland during the Holocaust. I'd recommend "reading" the Maus story in any form for the purpose of personal interest or just as much for research into the tragedy of the Holocaust. ☆







### CHILD OF THE HOLOCAUST

By Jack Benisz

"Would you write a story for us in "No Longer Alone" about your Holocaust experience?" Louise Sorensen asked me some time ago. Louise is President of our Child Survivor Group, and I hesitated for many weeks before telling her "I will." I'm a private person. I'm not given to revealing in print about my unwilling descent into the bowels of hell. But perhaps telling my story now in print will help the healing process. Believe me, I need to be healed.

#### Early years

I was born in the very religious city of Esterгон during the summer of 1938. Estergon is about 40 km outside of Budapest. When I was three years of age, my dear mother died of leukemia. Her funeral was the first event I remember of my childhood. But after that, I recall nearly everything. I can recall the good moments and the countless horrific ones. Even today I often think of my papa, or "papushka" as I called him, with love and affection.

Moritz Benisz was in charge of Jewish funerals in the Estergon area. He was a tall lithe man, who was bald and had a small mustache. He was a highly decorated soldier, who had fought in the Austro-Hungarian forces during the First World War. He had lost part of both feet fighting on the Russian front. He was a stern man but a kind person. Above all, if someone had asked me back then "who was or is your hero?", I would have instantly replied: "my father." I tried to imitate his every movement from the way he snapped his fingers to the funny way he walked. He was a devoted father. We spent countless hours together. Sometimes he would say to me: "Let's go fishing." Off we would go with our fishing poles and spend hours sitting on the riverbank waiting for the fish to bite. Or we would spend hours

raising pigeons on the roof of our house. Generally we were just together. I followed him everywhere he went. Sometimes he'd say: "just stay away from me now." I'd break down and cry my crocodile tears until I'd get my way and be allowed to follow him around again.

---

***But this ideal life didn't last long. Ominous clouds were fast approaching. The Gestapo or S.S. ... marched into our area of Estergon.***

---

I was five years old when he remarried. While he was away on his honeymoon, I was sent to another city to live with a male relative. This man was a monster. I'll never forget the way he abused me. "Come here!", he'd yell at me. Then he tied me to the foot of his big bed while he beat me about my face and hands. I hope he got his just reward.

When I returned to Estergon, my stepmother greeted me with hugs and kisses. For both of us it was love at first sight. Boy, did I need her affection!

Alas, I didn't have much time with my family, for there were huge forces and events happening that I could not understand. My paternal grandmother moved in with us. She, too, was a loving woman. With my new "mamushka" or mother, and my "bubba" or grandmother, I felt totally secure. But this feeling didn't last for long.

Suddenly, the German army occupied the city. We billeted a number of German soldiers. They seemed decent men. One day my father, in his wise way said to my mother and I: "you'll have to move to another part of the city, and live with my cousin Pauli Benisz." Pauli had married a Christian and had converted. Once again I was on the move, but it didn't bother me. The time I spent with this family was wonderful. They had two sons, perhaps five to ten years my senior. My fondest memories were of Pauli's wife. She would bathe me in a wooden tub. She held me close and dried me after bathing me. Then she

would run her fingers through my curly golden hair, saying: "Oh what nice hair you have Janos." At night I slept in a huge quilted bed alongside her two sons. I was happy. Pauli's family were church-going Catholics. It was decided that my mother and I should become Catholics as well, however temporary this would be. So off I went to church. I recall a priest placing a wafer on my tongue, and I sipped wine or grapejuice.

But this ideal life didn't last long. Ominous clouds were fast approaching. The Gestapo or S.S. (I can't remember which force) marched into our area of Estergon. Their harsh faces and goose-stepping army scared us. They were like a plague of locusts descending on our town to pick us dry. People locked their doors and remained in their homes.

Events unfolded quickly after they arrived. On a Sunday morning my mother and I were leaving for church. Suddenly, members of the notorious Hungarian police known as "The Nilosh," or "The Arrow" in English, were on our doorstep. "You must come with us," one of the Nilosh men told my mother, and we were whisked away.

Somebody told me later that one of our neighbours had supplied information about us to the authorities. It was not unusual for Gentiles – I won't call these people Christians – to turn Jews in. I guess they told themselves "If I can get these Jews deported, I can get their house."

The Nilosh marched us past our house as if to mock us. Our house was marked by a yellow star. Then to my horror I saw two bodies, wrapped up in white sheets, lying on the road. These were the bodies of my father and grandmother. My father had been killed while trying to protect his mother from the attacks by the Nilosh. You can't begin to imagine what a shock it was to a six year old boy like myself to see my dead father and grandmother. This event so traumatized me that I had no memory of it for the next forty years.

My father had eight brothers and sisters. Only three survived the Holocaust. Two of these spent the war years in the USA and my father's brother, my uncle Joe or "Jossi" as he

**The Child Survivor Page "No Longer Alone" welcomes submissions. Send to the Editorial Committee: Louise Stein-Sorensen, Irene Kirstein-Watts & Lillian Boraks-Nemetz,  
50 - 950 W. 41st Ave.,  
Vancouver, BC V5Z 2N7**





was known, looked so much like an Aryan that he was conscripted into the Hungarian section of the German army. That is how he survived. Jossi was some kind of a guy, a real character. Others didn't speak so kindly about him though: "He was a rogue that guy." He was a happy-go-lucky man, but an eternal sadness lived deep within him. We had that in common. He lost his entire family, all of them killed by the people he was fighting to protect.

But back to Esterгон of 1944. As we were being marched to a station, we were joined by dozens of other Jews who had lived in the town and the surrounding areas. All of them, like my mother and myself, had been rounded up by the Fascists. As we marched along, non-Jews lined up along the road. "You lousy Jews" someone shouted at us; "Get out of here!" somebody else yelled. Others threw stones at us and jeered us. As we walked and walked, our column swelled. The sick and the elderly could not keep up with us. Fascist guards shot them dead and moved on, leaving their bodies lying in ditches. As I recall, my mother held my hand throughout the march. In about two days we reached our destination. It was a small concentration camp, either in Hungary, or in what is now called Slovakia.

The camp may have been small by the standards of Auschwitz, but it was just as deadly for Jews. It was situated on a hill, surrounded by forest. Once upon a time it had been a military barracks and it was made up of five or six huge buildings. One of these buildings sat at the camp's edge and it was nicknamed "the slaughterhouse." Those who entered its doors never came out alive. If you wanted to wash and go to the toilet, you had to go outside the big buildings, but not too far outside. For everywhere you looked there was barbed wire surrounding the camp.

### Life in the Camp

One day I was washing myself outdoors. A bitterly cold wind swept through the camp, chilling me to the bone. A Kapo, or guard, watched me as I scrubbed my shivering flesh. "You are washing yourself with Jew's soap," he remarked. Some years later I learned what he had meant. That remark still chills me to the bone like the wind that blew through me on that long-ago day.

Fifteen or twenty of us slept in a room on cold concrete floors. We used each other's legs as pillows and blankets. To this day I wash my hair each morning and night, for I remember how I was covered with head lice in that camp. Food, or the lack of it, occupied our every thought. I still do not know why I didn't starve to death. But I must have looked like the walking dead. I had terrible bowel problems, I was wracked with pain, and blood turned up in my stools.

Fall, winter and part of spring passed. Then one day a miracle of miracles happened. I was lucky enough to escape. This amazing event took place during the last stage of the war. One dreadful day, the Kapos came and herded fifty or sixty of us inmates into the place known as "The Slaughterhouse." They sealed the doors and windows and then pumped smoke in. We began to suffocate. "It's all over," I thought, as my breath got heavy. But I was near a window that for some reason or other had not been properly sealed. People

---

### *Even at such a young age I had an overwhelming urge to survive ...*

---

were starting to panic as smoke poured into this death trap. But one wonderful man yelled: "children, out of here!" He proceeded to lift us children out of the window. I found myself in the campground. I began running at once toward the barbed wire fence, full of fear and anticipation. Even at such a young age, I had an overwhelming urge to survive. Again, an incredibly lucky thing had happened. When I reached the fence, a huge boulder sat in the place where there should have been barbed wire. The fence, it seems, had been damaged, either by Allied bombing or in a previous escape attempt. I hesitated an instant before jumping over the boulder. As I hesitated, a shot rang out. "Good heavens," I may have cried out, "the guards are shooting at me." The fired bullets missed me, but the rock splintered and a fragment entered my right knee, causing me to wince with pain. But I cleared the rock, and rolled down a steep hill onto a bombed-out dugout that was covered by grassy overgrowth. Then I either fell asleep or passed out, because when I woke up it was dark. I got up

and started walking through the forest that surrounded the camp. As I tramped through the woods, a young voice asked me in Hungarian from the darkness: "How are you doing?" It was a Jewish youngster. Through him I met other Jewish and Gypsy children. (Note: I have used the word "Gypsy" here for the sake of clarity, although this is a racist term. The correct term is "Roma," since this is the term these people use to refer to themselves). These children had spent weeks, and in some cases months, surviving there. They cleaned my leg as best as they could. I then spent the next few weeks living with them. Some of the children spoke Hungarian, while others spoke other languages. What we had in common besides our youth was our will to survive. As darkness fell over the forest, we emerged from our hiding places. We begged or stole food from the farmers in the neighbourhood. Older boys would catch fish in the nearby river. I was in hiding for only a short period, before we were found by the advancing forces of the Russian Red army. God bless them. One of their doctors came one day and looked at my leg. He took time to clean and bandage my wound. The Russians captured the camp without resistance. Most of the Kapos laid down their arms and fled. The Kapos who were captured were immediately executed by the Russian soldiers.

Suddenly I was reunited with my mother. She was alive and that in itself was a miracle. But she looked like a zombie. What I didn't realize at the time was that she had suffered a complete mental breakdown. She never recovered. However, we started to go back to Estergon. The journey seemed to stretch out forever. My mother started to walk back and I dutifully followed. In fact, we at first walked in circles. We ate tiny amounts of food that was given to us by kind-hearted farmers. At night we slept in dirty haylofts, with chickens, pigs and mice as our constant companions. Soon we arrived in Estergon. "We have come to reclaim our property," we told the Gentile residents of our house. They moved out and we were back in our own place again. Only one thing remained to be done to turn things back to the way they used to be: with great anticipation I awaited the return of my "papushka" and my grandmother. But alas, this was a seven-year-old's futile charade.

*Continued on page 12*



## Life After the Camp

At an outdoor market, myself and a group of Gypsy children wait while one of us catches the attention of the stall owner, by asking him a question or bothering him. Then, while he looks the other way, another of us grabs some vegetables and runs. The owner catches on to what we are up to. "Come here you urchin!" he yells at the fleeing child. "I'll beat you, you little jerk!" But the thief has fled, scurrying down some side street, and the owner of the vegetable stall gives up the chase. If he doesn't, we pilfer more of his produce while he chases our buddy. In either case we are lucky: we eat. When I don't hang out with this gang, I beg in the streets or at our neighbours for food. In this way, for six or seven months after returning home, I provide for myself and my ill mother. I also vividly recall the weekly trips to uncle Jossi's home in Budapest to get one, or sometimes two loaves of bread. I felt ashamed, having to go to my uncle and literally beg for bread.

But then, in the winter of 1946, some people came to my home. "You can't live here anymore," they said. They removed me and placed me in a Jewish orphanage in Budapest. The

---

***I spent time in two or three orphanages ... But once again, events were taking shape that I didn't understand.***

---

trauma of being taken away from my mother remained with me for years. I was bitter at my uncle, for he had orchestrated this separation from my mother. But years later he explained why he did this: "when a doctor operates," he said compassionately, "there is some pain. But it is better in the long run". I spent time in two or three orphanages in various parts of Hungary. But once again, events were taking shape that I didn't understand. A Jewish agency resettled many orphans in various cities of France. So off we went to France. In the orphanages there were groups of twenty-five or thirty of us. Unknown to me at the time, France was but a brief stopover of six months in our journey to permanent relocation in North or South America. We were called "the Redeemed Children," and were to find redemption in Canada.

On a winter's day, the ship we were on sailed into Halifax, Nova Scotia. For seven days the ship had ploughed through the vast gray space of the Atlantic Ocean. A week before the ship had left Le Havre in France. Now, cold, seasick and hungry I set foot on Canadian shores. With my first Canadian dollars I bought chocolate bars, ice cream and oranges. This was food I had learned about but until now had never tasted. On dry land again, all of us children said our tearful good-byes to each other. Then we went our separate ways, some to Montreal, others to Toronto, and I went to Winnipeg. Even today I have fond memories of my fellow orphans: the late John Hirsh, Erica, Magda, Robbie, Steve (Kacha), to name a few.

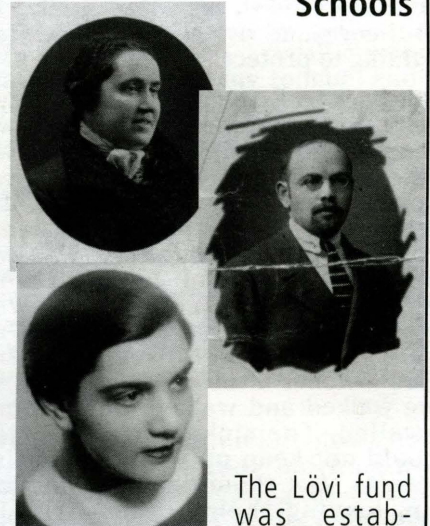
In Winnipeg I lived with eight different families while growing up. It was a forgettable experience. I could not bond with any of them. It was not my fault nor theirs. A huge gulf of experience lay between me and them. Obviously the events I lived through before coming to this wonderful country had shaped my psyche. I was the Holocaust, and the Holocaust was me.

But meanwhile, I was growing up in the North end of Winnipeg. I fitted in well with its ethnic diversity. I formed friendships there that have lasted almost half a century. After completing my studies I entered the field of journalism and worked for half a dozen newspapers around the country. I loved writing with a passion. There was never a dull moment at the papers I worked at. I went from being a copy boy, a sports columnist, to covering the law courts, and finally I became a writer on politics.

Just as my journalistic career was winding down, I got married. I fathered two boys, whom I love dearly, though I don't see them enough. I have never told them about my life and my times during those awful years. I wanted to protect them from the pain and sorrow I suffered. But now I am ready to tell my story to all who will listen, young and old. For those who don't heed our serious warnings are likely to become either oppressors or victims in a future Holocaust. ♡

*Janos (Jack) Benisz is a Vancouver businessman.*

## Maté Family announces new Lövi Fund initiative to support Holocaust Education in the Jewish Schools



The Lövi fund was established by John Maté in honour of his grandparents, Anna (Abrahamsohn) Lövi and Dr. Joseph Lövi and his aunt Dr. Marta Lövi. In keeping with the intention and resources of the Lövi fund, special grants for the Jewish Schools to initiate projects in Holocaust Education will now be available through the Holocaust Education Centre.

Small project grants will be awarded to Jewish schools in the lower mainland to fund special projects on Holocaust remembrance and education. Teachers, librarians and principals of each school will be notified in September that they can apply for a grant from the VHCS's Lövi Fund for seed money to support Holocaust education projects which enhance, initiate or support a deeper understanding of the Holocaust among students.

For an application form, please contact Frieda Miller at the HEC, 264-0499.



---

## NEW AND AVAILABLE FROM OUR BOOKSTORE

### In Memory's Kitchen: A Legacy from the Women of Terezin

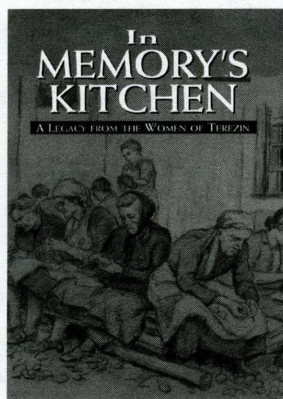
edited by Cara de Silva

1996, Jason Aronson Inc.

hardcover, \$29.50

HEC members get a 10% discount

"Written by undernourished and starving women in the Czechoslovakian ghetto/concentration camp of Terezin (also known as Theresienstadt), the recipes give instructions for making beloved dishes in the rich, robust Czech tradition. Sometimes steps or ingredients are missing, the gaps a painful illustration of the condition and situation in which the authors lived. Reprinting the contents of the original hand-sewn copybook, *In Memory's Kitchen: A Legacy from the Women of Terezin* is a beautiful memorial to the brave women who defied Hitler by preserving a part of their heritage and a part of themselves."



## A LEGACY FROM THE WOMEN OF TEREZIN TO THE WOMEN OF VANCOUVER

Sunday, January 4th at 7:30 pm in  
The Norman Rothstein Theatre

Cara de Silva, editor of *In Memory's Kitchen: A Legacy from the Women of Terezin*, is coming to Vancouver. Ms. de Silva is an award-winning journalist and author. She will present the story of the women's cookbook, produced in 1939 by women interred in the Terezin Camp.

A reception will follow the lecture with food prepared from the recipes in this unique book.

It will be prepared by women from various Jewish organizations in Vancouver. This is both an informative and a commemorative event.

### Advance notice to our membership:

Tickets will be on sale soon for this exciting community-wide program. Watch for more information in the next issue of *Zachor*.

---

## Generous Donations To Our Library

**Sobibor: The Forgotten Revolt** written and donated by Thomas Blatt

**Puppe's Story** by Hiroki Sugihara, donated by Susan Bluman

**Alicia: My Story** by Alicia Appleman-Jurman, donated by Myriam Bayerthal

**The Holocaust Museum in Washington** by Jeshajahu Weinberg & Rina Elieli, donated by Robert Diskin

**Lost Childhoods: Stories from the Holocaust** (cassette), donated by Mariette Doduck

**Daniel's Story** (Video), **Strangers In Their Own Land** by Peter Sichrovsky, **The Holocaust Kingdom, Fighting Auschwitz** by Jozef Garlinski, **Stolen Years** by Sara Zyskind, **When Evils Were Most Free** by George Gabori, **The Jews of Germany** by Marvin Lowenthal, donated by Ruth Hess-Dolgin

**Victims of the Holocaust** (CD), donated by Cissie Eppel

**I Wish it Were Fiction** by Elsa Thon, donated by Gloria & Don Hendin

**Milena** by Margarette Buber-Neuman, **Little Eden: A Child at War** by Eva Figes, **Abandonment of the Jews** by David Wyman, donated by Roberta Kremer

**Cartea Neagra** by Matatias Carp, **The Boys: Triumph Over Adversity** by Martin Gilbert, **French Children of the Holocaust** by Serge Klarsfeld, donated by Robert Krell

**Yizkor Book**, donated by Celia and Irvin Lerner

**The Obsession** by Meyer Levin, donated by Lucien Lieberman

**The Trial of Adolf Eichmann** (video), **What Was it Like in the**

**Concentration Camp at Dachau?** by Johannes Neuhausler, donated by Craig McAdie

**Dobryd** by Ann Charney, **The Hidden Children** by Jane Marks, donated by Fraidie Martz

**Kristallnacht** (CD), donated by Richard Menkis

**Klaus Barbie: His Life and Career** by John Beattie, **Oradour:**

**Village of the Dead** by Philip Beck, **Russia at War 1941-1945** by

Alexander Werth, **Betrayed at the Vel d'Hiv** by Levy and Tillard, **Ist Das Ein Mensch?: Erinnerungen an Auschwitz** by Primo Levi, donated by Joseph Sher

**I Will Die Tomorrow, But Not Today** written and donated by Bernard Shuster

**There Is A Place On Earth** by Guiliana Tedeschi, donated by Dan Sonnenschein

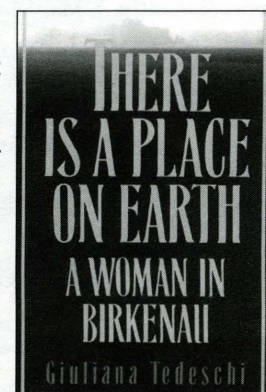
**Terezinska Pametni Kniha** (Terezin Memorial Book), donated by Eric Sonner

**Maus: A Survivor's Tale** by Art Spiegelman, **Yad Vashem Exhibit Catalogue**, donated by Ronnie Tessler

**Belsen in 1953** (slides), donated by Major T.D Woods CD ret'd.

**Rasky: To Mend The World** (video) donated by Ellen Yackness

**Return To Life: Curriculum Set**, donated by Susan Quastel





# Cards & Donations

RECEIVED FROM MARCH 22 TO AUGUST 31

## Donations

Frank & Vera Hochfelder, Judy Maté, Mitchell & Tova Snider, Michelle LaFlamme, Odie Kaplan, Claire Osipov, Nomi Kaplan, Jody Dales, Vera & Josef Slyomovics, Chaim & Aliza Kornfeld, Langley Secondary School, and Burnaby South Secondary.

In honour of Bernard Schuster from Dr. & Mrs. R. Mermelstein.

In Memory of Mary Simon, and in Memory of Henry Hister, from Art Hister & Phyllis Simon.

## Speedy Recovery

Miriam Argamany, from Joe & Ina Auerhahn, Ida Kaplan, Esther Kaufman, David & Regina Feldman, Gail & Elan Heller.

Ina Auerhahn, from Rita & Ben Akselrod, Helen Berger, Don & Rachel Levine, Harold & Bella Silverman, Regina Wertman, VHCS Board & Staff.

Tibor Bergida, from VHCS Board & Staff, Norman & Sheila Archeck, Helen Berger.

Dr. L. Fratkin, from Leo & Jocy Lowy.

Martin Hector, from Jody & Harvey Dales, Leo & Jocy Lowy.

Gail Heller, from Agi & Tibor Bergida, Miriam Eisner, Ben & Rose Folk, Ida Kaplan.

Mrs. M. Kaplan, from Ida Kaplan.

Solly Kaplinski, from VHCS Staff, Gaynor, Ivor, Samantha & Marc Levin.

Gerri London, from Hymie & Fay Davis, Ronnie & Barry Tessler, Lyliane & Larry Thal & Esther Kaufman.

Cantor Nixon, from Ida Kaplan, Leo & Jocy Lowy.

Pola Nutkiewicz, from Yolanda and Mark Babins, Ida Kaplan.

Rubin Pinsky, from VHCS Board & Staff, Barney & Ruth Vinegar.

Paul Radman, from Ariv & Mark Wolak.

Mrs. Betty Rice, from Marilyn Moss.

Dr. Michael Wolochow, from Odie & Sherie Kaplan.

Henry Zimmerman, from Rita & Ben Akselrod, David & Regina Feldman, Ben & Rose Folk, Leon & Evelyn Kahn, Joseph & Rose Lewin, Leo & Jocy Lowy, David & Grace Ehrlich, Chaim & Susie Micner.

## Mazel Tov

Rita Akselrod, On Your Being Awarded the YWCA's Woman of Distinction, from Norman & Sheila Archeck, Elissa Checov, Ted & Shirley Cohn, Hymie & Fay Davis, Mark & Corrine Gelfer & Family, Robert & Marilyn Krell & Family, Frieda & Danny Shapiro, Susan Quastel, Ronnie & Barry Tessler, Irma & David Zack.

Rita & Ben Akselrod, On Your Grandson's Bar Mitzvah, from VHCS Board & Staff.

Mathew Ames, On Your Graduation, from Lyliane, Larry, Todd & Rickie Thal.

Helen Berger, Happy Birthday, from Rita & Ben Akselrod, Agi & Tibor Bergida, Helen Venio.

Mrs. Judy Breuer, Happy Birthday from, Ellen, Barrie, David and Cathy Yackness.

Mrs. Pat Brotman, Happy Birthday, from Rose & Jackie Brook.

Myron Calof, Happy Birthday, from Gerri, Mark, Dana & David London.

Maryanne Cantillon, Happy Birthday from Art Hister & Phyllis Simon.

Karl & Sabina Choit, In Honour of Your Wedding Anniversary, from Mark, Debbie, Barbara and Rachel Choit.

Charlie and Dora Davis, Happy 55th Anniversary, from Lyliane, Larry, Todd & Ricki Thal, Saul & Sheryl Kahn, Betty & Louis Averbach, Doba & Archie Baker, Saul & Ethel Gelfand, Mindel Kagna.

Ben Dayson, Happy 90th, from Ida Kaplan, Marilyn & Robert Krell.

Louis & Marion Eisman, Congratulations on the Birth of Your Grandchild, from Lyliane, Larry, Todd and Ricki Thal.

Chris Friedrichs, Congratulations on Your Award, from Susan Bluman, Susan Quastel.

Rene Goldman, Congratulations on Your Marriage, from Louise & Ike Sorensen.

Gina Goldman, Happy 80th Birthday, from Mrs. Gallia Chud.

Harry Greenhut, Happy Birthday, from Herb & Evelyn Loomer.

Dr. & Mrs. Earl Hardin, On Your Wedding Anniversary, from Perry & Marilyn Ehrlich.

Paul Heller, Happy Birthday, from Mort & Irene Dodek.

Sarah Kader, Happy Birthday, from Susan & Joe Stein & family.

Simone Krell, On Your Graduation, from Lyliane & Larry Thal & Family.

Kit Krieger, Congratulations On Your Appointment as President, from VHCS Staff & Education Committee, Odie Kaplan, Louise & Ike Sorensen.

Lucien & Carole Lieberman, On Marcie's Graduation, from Ronnie & Barry Tessler.

Gerri & Mark London, Happy Anniversary, from Larry & Lyliane Thal & Esther Kaufman.

John Maté, Happy Birthday, from Frieda Miller & Danny Shapiro, Joy & Jerry Shapiro.

Sol Meyer, Happy Birthday, from Paul Meyer.

Tyla Meyer, In Honour of Your Birthday, from Paul Meyer.

Michel Mielnicki, Happy Birthday, from Morton & Irene Dodek, Joyce & Barry Silverman.

Earl & Adele Moss, On Your 50th Wedding Anniversary, from Daniel & Vera Wollner.

Rabbi Wilfred & Phyllis Solomon, In Honour of Your Retirement, from Robert & Marilyn Krell & Family, Susan Bluman.

Lisa Tessler & Randall MacNair, Congratulations on Your Marriage, from Brian & Roberta Mickelson.

Mr. David Reed, Wishing you a Good Trip, from Alex & Colette Buckman.

Michelle Robin, On Your Graduation, from Larry & Lyliane Thal & Family.

Eeta Rolingher, On the Birth of Your Grandchild, from Susan Bluman.

Olga & Eugene Schwartz, In Honour of Your 60th Wedding Anniversary, from Robert & Susan Kemeny.



# Cards & Donations

Dr. & Mrs. Cecil Sigal, On Your 40th Anniversary, from Diane Cooperband Friedman & Sonny Superstein, Philip & Gladys Adilman, Norman & Sheila Archeck, Roberta & Morley Beiser, Morton & Irene Dodek, Harry & Jeanette Greenhut, Nomi Kaplan & Gerry Growe, Yale & Carole Malkin & Family, Mike & Deborah Nelson, Abe & Leyla Sacks.

Ruth Sigal, Happy Birthday, from John & Goldie Sigal.

A.J. Silber, On Your Graduation, from Lyliane and Larry Thal and Family, Irvine Wolak & Susan & Joe Stein.

Bronia Sonnenschein, In Your Honour, from Rita Rothstein.

Louise Sorensen, On Your Retirement, from VHCS Board & Staff.

Ronnie & Barry Tessler, On the Marriage of Your Daughter, from Gloria & Don Hendin.

Danny Wollner, Happy 70th Birthday, from Michael and Gail James.

Harold Zlotnik, Happy 75th Birthday, from Robert & Marilyn Krell & Family.

## Thank You

Perry Ehrlich, Thank You, from Adrian, Marc & Joan Pinkus.

Dr. Jack Sicherman, Thank You, from Juli & Shelden Smollan.

Stan Winfield, In Honour of Your Work and Support of the Holocaust Centre, with Many Thanks, from Susan Quastel.

## Thank You To Our Recent Volunteers

Special Projects: Susan Rome, Ann Krieger, Irit Sorokin, Teresa Ho, Arlene Kaplinsky, Ruttie & Sid Akselrod, Daniel Fromowitz, Susan Bluman

Library, Clippings File and Teacher Resources: Ruth Fraser, Craig McAdie, Romy Ritter

## In Sympathy

Mark & Frances Altow & Family, In Memory of Your Father Ben, from Reena Baker & Stan Taviss, Pamela Wolfman & Brad Freedman.

Nadine Apple, In Memory of Your Mother, from Larry & Lyliane Thal.

Ron & Brenda Appleton, On the Loss of Your Father, from Robert & Marilyn Krell.

Vera Bakonyi and Family, In Memory of Your Beloved Husband and Father Peter, from Ben & Rose Folk, Jack & Karen Micner.

Irene Behr, In Memory of Your Husband Kurt, from Ronnie & Barrie Tessler.

Hilary Benson & Family, In Memory of Willy, from Lyliane, Larry, Ricki & Todd Thal and Esther Kaufman.

Maurice and Nancy Benyaer, On the Loss of Your Mother, from Esther Kaufman, Rosa & Elie Ferera.

Hanna Bild & Family, In Memory of Bela Bild, from Marion Friedberg & Miriam Cassier.

Mrs. Mania Birnberg, On the Loss of Your Husband Joseph, from Joe & Ina Auerhahn.

The Braun Family, On the Passing of Les, from Lyliane, Larry, Todd & Ricki Thal, Esther Kaufman.

Aaron Eichler, On the Loss of Your Brother, from Robbie & Gloria Waisman.

Nurit Fox, On the Loss of Your Father, from Susan Bluman.

Leonore Freiman, In Memory of Helen Ehrlich, from Wendy Fouks.

Mrs. Robyn Gelfer & Family, In Memory of Gerald Levey, from Rachel & Herschel Wosk.

Cathy Golden, On the Loss of Your Cousin, from VHCS Board & Staff, Ethel Kofsky & Rome Fox.

Dr. Tessa Gordon, In Memory of Your Father Max Miller, from Irvine Wollak, Susan & Joe Stein.

Rachel Goresht, On the Loss of Your Sister Anne, from Robbie & Gloria Waisman.

Joe & Beth Gubbay, In Memory of Your Mother, from Ben & Rose Folk, Joseph & Rose Lewin.



Mr. Sam Gunn, On the Loss of Your Wife, from Marilyn, Neri, Barbara & Jessie Moss.

Lola Haber, In Memory of Your Sister-in-Law, from Ben & Rose Folk, Joseph & Rose Lewin.

Fay Peraya & Henry Bialoglowsky, In Memory of Mr. Abraham Bialoglowsky, from Esther, Joe, Jacob & Jedidiah Blumes, Mr. Samuel Kornfeld.

Benak Herman, In Memory of Sina Herman, from Bronia & Dan Sonnenschein.

Leonard Hyman, On the Loss of Your Wife, from Alex & Gina Dimant.

Dr. Murray & Susan Isman, On the Loss of Your Mother, from Ben & Rose Folk, Rose & Joe Lewin.

Mrs. Israel & Family, In Memory of Your Beloved Husband, Father & Grandfather, from Anette & Michael Altman, Jack, Gloria & Joanna Altman, Michael, Anette, Adena & Jared Altman, Allison, Aza & Matter Reshef.

Gloria Levi, In Sympathy, from VHCS Board & Staff.

Mr. Marvin Lyons & Family, In Memory of Evelyn, from Gerri & Mark London.

Jack Margalit, On the Loss of Your Brother, from Susan Bluman.

Mrs. Stella Mattuck, In Deepest Sympathy, from Susan Bluman.

Tea & Zarco Ninkovitch, On the Passing of Your Father, from Debby Freiman & David Shwartz.

Dr. Herbert Ptack & Family, In Memory of Your Father, from Dr. Walter Pilutik.

Bernice Schacter, In Memory of Your Husband Joe, from Leo & Jocy Lowy.

David Shafran, In Memory of Lil, from Ted & Linda Zacks, Rhoda Golick.

Dr. Stanley Sunshine, On the Loss of Your Mother, from David Shafran & Family, Ruth & Cecil Sigal.

Larry & Lyliane Thal and Family, In Memory of Your Father Myer Thal, from David and Regina Feldman, Aaron & Terry Szajman, Lola Apfelbaum & Family.

Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Sorry For Your Loss, from Ben & Rita Akselrod, Frieda Miller & Dan Shapiro.

Gwen Yacht, On the Loss of Your Father, from Lyliane & Larry Thal & Family.



## FROM THE BOARD & STAFF

### In Memory: Knud Peter Nielsen

The Vancouver Holocaust Centre Society lost a friend when Knud Peter Nielsen died on December 30, 1996 at the age of 61.

As a representative of the Danish community of Vancouver, Knud Peter was a member of the steering committee for the exhibition "Resistance and Rescue: Denmark's Response to the Holocaust" that appeared at the Holocaust Centre from March 26 to May 10, 1995.

Knud Peter was literally instrumental in the opening ceremony of the exhibit. With unbounded enthusiasm he organized and conducted the orchestra and made arrangements for the Danish Choir of Vancouver to appear under the directorship of Janet Mowatt. Knud Peter's arrangement of four Jewish patriot resistance songs from Vilna was a stunning and moving tribute. His contribution to the collection of artifacts in the exhibition was highly significant. Throughout the planning and course of the exhibit his energy was contagious and he inspired all to set the goals higher than what was originally envisioned. The success of the exhibition may well be measured by the numerous lower mainland schools and visitors that attended the exhibition.

Knud Peter Nielsen was born in Copenhagen and excelled as a musician, linguist, scholar and businessman. He moved to Canada in 1968 and, at the time of his death, was President of Arch Western Real Estate Ltd. He was active in the Scandinavian Chamber of Commerce, the Danish Lutheran Church as well as other associations and societies.

The VHCS extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Ruth Nielsen and family.

### The HEC bids farewell to Leanne Nash and wishes her well, as we welcome Deborah Charrois

From Leanne Nash

Most of you know by now that I have left regular employment with the Holocaust Education Centre. My decision to leave was not easy. However, I am working on a Master's degree in Publishing at Simon Fraser University and this final year, leading into a four month internship, will be more demanding of my time.

I want everyone to know how grateful I am for the kindness, graciousness, and warmth given me throughout my time here. As an outsider to a very tight community, I was welcomed and came to feel part of a very important, strong, and dynamic family. For all the pain and horror that is behind the existence of the Holocaust Education Centre, working for the people and for the cause has always been worthwhile and truly rewarding. I hope I can continue to be involved with the Centre in the future. It is not an easy place to leave.

From Deborah Charrois

I am very pleased to be the new Administrative Assistant at the Holocaust Education Centre. Everyone has been extremely helpful and forgiving as I become comfortable in my new position. My educational background consists of a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Canadian Studies and a Post Baccalaureate in Ethnic Relations and Intercultural Communications from Simon Fraser University. My previous work experience has been focused in the area of Public Relations (in the non-profit sector) and market development. I look forward to meeting as many members as possible and using my educational and work experience to benefit the Centre.

### ***You are invited to attend a talk on Primo Levi & a Special Presentation***



On Wednesday, October 8, at  
7:30 pm in the Holocaust  
Education Centre, Professor  
Alfredo Luzi, will give a talk on  
Primo Levi.

A special presentation will also  
be made this evening. The  
Italian Government is giving the  
Vancouver Holocaust Education  
Centre a portrait of Primo Levi,  
painted by one of Italy's  
foremost artists, and cousin of  
Primo Levi, Stephano de la Torre.

*For more information please call  
the HEC at 264-0499*

### VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST CENTRE SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (work) \_\_\_\_\_ Fax \_\_\_\_\_

#### 1997 - 1998 Membership Dues

Family .....\$36.00

Individual .....\$25.00

Student / Teacher .....\$18.00

Visa \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_

MasterCard \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

*If paying by credit card, please fill out information above. If paying by cheque, please make payable to Vancouver Holocaust Centre Society and mail with this application to #50 - 950 West 41st Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5Z 2N7*

**"Remember. For there is, there must be, hope in remembering" — Elie Wiesel**