



Holocaust Memorial Miami Beach Holocaust Survivor Memoir Lesson Plans

<p>HIGH SCHOOL Lesson Objectives Comparing & Contrasting two survivors:</p> <p>Alex Gross & Fred Mulbauer</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FL State Standards Correlations</p>
<p>Estimated time of the Lesson: Film clip 4 min. lesson 45 minutes for High School (9-12) Recommended for 10th grade</p>	<p>SUBJECT: SOCIAL STUDIES</p> <p>Strand: SS.6.W World History</p>
<p>1. Students will be able to identify events of the Holocaust by listening to the accounts of survivors of the Holocaust.</p>	<p>Standard 1: SS.6.W1: Utilize historical inquiry skills and analytical processes.</p>
<p>2. Students will identify the locations of the various places in which the Survivors mention in their accounts.</p>	<p>Strand: SS.8.G: Geography</p> <p>Standard 2: SS.8. G.2: Understand physical and cultural characteristics of places</p>
<p>3. Students will focus on their lives before they were taken prisoners and what the changes were after their capture.</p> <p>4. Students will compare the stories of the two survivors in terms of their lives before, during and after their capture.</p>	<p>SUBJECT: SOCIAL STUDIES</p> <p>Strand: SS.6.W World History</p> <p>Standard 1: SS.6.W1: Utilize historical inquiry skills and analytical processes.</p>

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<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. Students will recognize that it is 75 years since the end of WWII. 6. Students will be able to follow the journey of each of the survivors and recognize the different paths that they took. 7. Students will recognize and understand the concept of what Eli Wiesel meant when he said, <i>“Listening to a witness, makes you a witness.”</i> 	<p>Subject: ELA</p> <p>Strand LAFS.8.SL: Standards for Speaking & Listening</p> <p>Cluster 1 LAFS.8.SL.1: Comprehension & Collaboration</p> <p>Benchmark – LAFS.8.SL.1.3 Evaluate a speakers point of view, reasoning & use of evidence & rhetoric</p>
MATERIALS:	
<p>Map of Europe that includes Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany, Sweden DVD Player, screen, Worksheets</p>	
<u>SUGGESTED PROCEDURES</u>	
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Worksheets will be distributed to all students. (Blank worksheets as well as a blank Venn Diagram) 2. Students will be asked to take notes and fill in sections of the worksheets that are pertinent during the presentation. 3. Students will view 4 minute clip: <i>“The World Before”</i> https://holocaustmemorialmiamibeach.org/journey/en/panel/the-world-before.html 4. Two Designated students will read the accounts of the survivors indicated above (Hall & Gross) 5. Students will use worksheets to take notes based upon the presentations. 6. Using a map of Europe teacher asks students to identify where all of the countries are that the Survivors addressed. 7. Teacher asks students to indicate vocabulary that they didn’t understand (kapo, ghetto) 	<p>Strand: SS.6.G: Geography Standard 1: SS.6G.1 Understand how to use maps and other geographic representations tools and technology to report information.</p> <p>Subject: ELA</p> <p>Strand: LAFS.8.RI: Reading Standards for Informational Text –</p> <p>Cluster 2 LAFS.RI.2: Craft & Structure Benchmark: LAFS.RI.2.4 Determine the meaning of words & phrases as they are used in a text, including figuration, connotation and technical meanings; analyze the connotation’s impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone.</p>

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	<p>Standard LAFS.68.WHST: Writing standards for Literacy in History/Social Studies/Science/ & Technical Subjects.</p> <p>Cluster 1 LAFS.68.WHST.1: Text Types & Purposes</p> <p>Benchmarks: LAFS.68.WHST.1.2: Write informative/explanatory texts, including the narration of historical events, scientific procedures/experiments, or technical processes. ...</p>
<p>8. Teacher poses questions for students to respond:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> a. Name two attributes of Gross and two of Mulbauer that helped them to survive (from your worksheets). Be specific referring to their biographies. b. What emotions do you sense from the passages read? c. What might have been some of the feelings of isolation and imprisonment that Mulbauer and Gross felt? d. What are some of the similarities of the two survivors in growing up, before the war came? What are some of the marked differences of this time that you note? e. Between Mulbauer and Gross, which one do you think might have suffered the most? Be specific. f. Gross was 11 and Mulbauer was 10 when the war started. How did their ages impact on how they survived their experiences? g. How does Alex Gross survive the dangers posed by the camps, the Nazis, other prisoners? h. How does Fred Mulbauer survive the dangers posed by the camps, the Nazis, other prisoners? i. Cite at least 2 examples of survival in each account. Why are they so important? What might have happened if they made a mistake? 	<p>Subject : ELA</p> <p>Strand : LAFS.68.WHST</p> <p>Cluster 3.LAFS.68.WHST.3 : Research to build and present knowledge</p> <p>Benchmark: LAFS.68.WHST.3.9 Draw evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection and research.</p>
<p><u>CLASSROOM ACTIVITIES</u></p>	
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Teacher teams up students in twos/threes and instructs students to compare and contrast the various aspects of the Survivors' testimonies on a Venn Diagram. 2. Students called upon to share various elements of their Venn Diagram. 3. What were the distinct different experiences? 	<p>Subject: ELA</p> <p>Strand LAFS.8.SL: Standards for Speaking & Listening</p> <p>Cluster 1 LAFS8.SL.1: Comprehension & Collaboration</p>

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<p>4. Teacher introduces Eli Wiesel’s premise “<i>Listening to a witness, makes you a witness.</i>” Ask students to explain the phrase.</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">a. Do you think hearing these stories can make you a witness? How so?</p> <p>5. Teacher has students write a thought that they would like to share with either survivor, incorporating Eli Wiesel’s theme.</p> <p>6. OR HW assignment (optional): Teacher invites students to write a letter to one of the two Survivors sharing how they received his story and their perspective on his survival. <i>e.g. Dear Mr. _____, After hearing your story, I...</i></p>	<p>Benchmark – LAFS.8.SL.1.3 Evaluate a speaker’s point of view, reasoning & use of evidence & rhetoric</p> <p>Strand: LAFS.8.RI: Reading Standards for Informational Text</p> <p>Cluster 2 LAFS.RI.2: Craft & Structure Benchmark: LAFS.8.RI.2.4 Determine the meaning of words & phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative, connotation and technical meanings; analyze the connotation’s impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone.</p>
<u>Wrap Up</u>	
<p>Experiences varied for people in camps depending on a number of factors. The stories of the two people that we examined today are just two of countless different experiences. How did these survivors maintain a sense of hope and humanity? Give two examples from today’s lesson.</p>	<p>Subject: Social Studies</p> <p>Strand SS.6.W: World History</p> <p>Standard 1 SS.6.W.1: Utilize historical inquiry skills & analytical processes.</p>

Survivor	NAME:	NAME:
Birthplace		
Type of pre-H childhood: Describe type of life survivor had before		

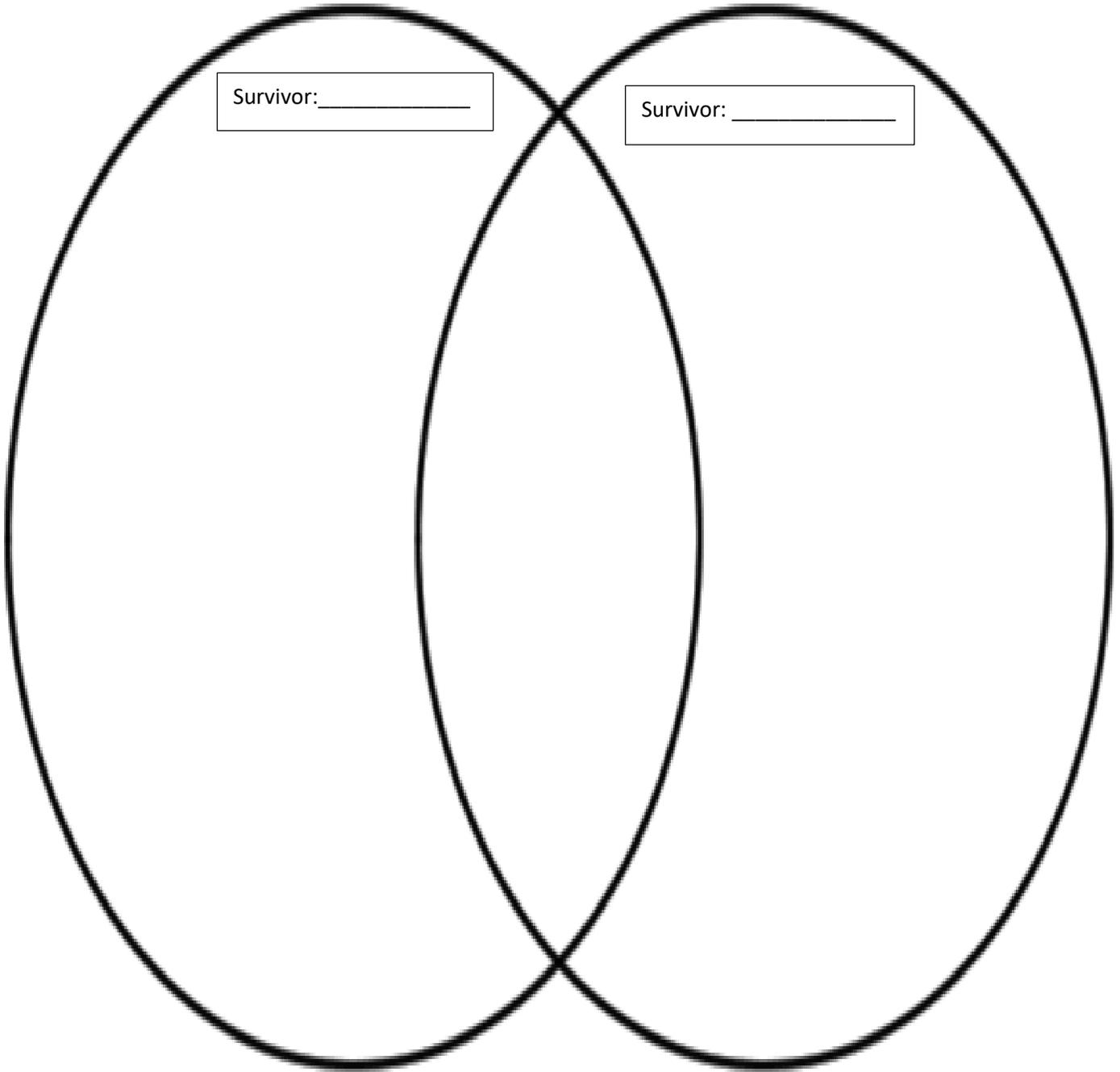
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<p>s/he was captured – school, family, religiosity, activities</p>		
<p>Age during Holocaust</p>		
<p>Camps/Situation</p> <p>Describe the types of situations in which the Survivor found him/herself</p> <p>Camps, hiding, escape</p>		

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Worst part of his/her account		
Best part of his/her account during the Holocaust		
Post Holocaust life: Describe the Survivor's life after s/he was liberated.		
USA/CANADA: Describe how they ended up coming to America		
75 years later: Describe the survivor's perspective celebrating these many years since the war.		

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Survivor	Alex Gross - From his book – <i><u>Yankele: A Holocaust Survivor's Bittersweet Memoir</u></i> as told to Bobbie Kaufman and summarized for the purpose of this Lesson by R' Dr. Leon Weissberg
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Location	I was born in Polanok, Czechoslovakia which was annexed to Hungary then conquered by Germany.
Type of pre-H childhood	I was raised in a poor family. We lived in a mud brick house with no indoor plumbing and no electricity. My siblings and I bathed in the river. All of father's workers (10) slept in the same house with the family wherever they could find a spot. I was one of 7 siblings. I grew up in a democracy where every ethnic group enjoyed equal status. Most of my relatives emigrated to the USA but father didn't want to leave his business. I went to public school where several age groups were bunched together in a small building. We grew up with 50 Jewish families in the village in an orthodox setting. I sang in the synagogue choir and played the mandolin.
Age during Holocaust	11-15 years old
Camps/Situation	Transport, Birkenau (Auschwitz II), Buna/Monowitz (Auschwitz III), Gleiwitz, Buchenwald

Survivor	No Longer a Boy- Not Yet a Man: Fred Mulbauer's Memoir of the Holocaust as told to Bobbi Kaufman and summarized for this lesson by R' Dr. Leon Weissberg
Location	I was born in the small village of Stavna, in the Carpathian Mountains area of Czechoslovakia on December 28, 1929. My Jewish name was Efraim. My sister, Lily, was born in 1926. My brother, Isidore, was born in 1921.
Type of Pre-Holocaust childhood	Our town was very small. Our house was on the main street that led from one town to another. I don't think we had an address. Our two room home was made from logs. One of the rooms was my father's shop and our kitchen, the other room was a bedroom for all of us. Between the two rooms was a foyer where our oven was. We had no electricity and no bathroom in the house - we had an outhouse. We had a big tub and once or twice a week we heated up some water and took turns washing.

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Age during Holocaust	10 -14 years old
Pre-Holocaust Situation	<p>My father was a tailor. I learned how to sew on the machine. I knew how to make a pair of pants when I was twelve years old. My mother was educated: she could read and write in Czech and Hebrew. My father took care of making a living and my mother did everything else. She planted vegetables, cared for the chickens and goats, and milked our cow every day. On Pesach, she even painted our house inside and out. On Fridays, she would get up at four o'clock in the morning and bake bread for the whole week. Our evening meal was mainly vegetables, sauerkraut and beans, and potatoes, except for Friday night and Saturday when my parents would manage to have chicken or meat.</p> <p>We were an observant family. We kept the Sabbath and had only kosher food in our home. I had side-locks, I wore <i>tzitit</i>, and I had my head covered. The synagogue was the center of the whole Jewish population. It had just two rooms: one was used for praying and the other for schooling. My life mainly consisted of going to public school from about 8 o'clock until 1:30 and then directly to Hebrew school. Where we lived, we had snow five or six months of the year. In the winter, we went to school on skis. School was about a mile away. We played soccer in the street, but our main fun was skiing, downhill and cross-country. I really liked downhill even though we had to walk back up the hill. Once a year, a guy would come to town with a big tent and show movies. I remember one was a cowboy movie. I loved it! I wanted to be a cowboy, an American cowboy. To be in America, to us, was like you were talking about flying to the moon. My grandparents had a lot of horses and a general store where they sold all kinds of farm and horse equipment. They even had an expensive sleigh with seats and bells that my uncle would attach to the horses and take for rides. The horses were their business; they were horse merchants. My grandmother and grandfather perished in Auschwitz.</p>
Holocaust Experience	<p>In 1939 the area of the country where I lived was occupied by Hungary. Anti-Semitism intensified greatly under the Hungarian regime. I experienced increased anti-Semitism in school, in the stores, everywhere. It was rampant. I used to be beaten up. I was hit by rocks. I was constantly called names like 'Dirty Jew.' They used to throw rocks at our house. After a while, my father had some shutters made just to keep the rocks out. We also had shutters on the front door because we had glass panels in our front door. We were constantly afraid. We heard stories about what was happening in Poland. It was against the law to listen to radios. We knew trouble was coming but we didn't think there was anything we could do about it. Things were so bad, but we didn't see any way out. We just didn't know what to do except hope that God would help and nothing bad was going to happen. We couldn't go any place; there was no place to go.</p>

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On April 15, 1944, at two o'clock in the morning Hungarian gendarme, along with many drunken Hungarian peasants, were banging at our door. They said, "You have fifteen minutes to get ready and to leave." We started getting dressed. My parents started putting some suitcases together. We couldn't take much at all. The minute they took us out of the house, we could see the peasants running into the house like vultures, taking our furniture, our clothes, everything. They couldn't wait for us to leave. Three days later, after a train ride, we found ourselves living with twenty-five or thirty thousand people in a converted brick factory with walls but no roof. We slept on mats on the floor crammed next to one another. The food was mostly soup made from green vegetable leaves. The Jewish prisoners were the ones working in the kitchen. I volunteered to help out in the kitchen so I would keep busy. I was running errands.

We were in the ghetto for approximately a month. The rumor was that we were going to be shipped to very pleasant camps in Germany to work. My family was on the first transport to be shipped out from the ghetto. We traveled by cattle car with approximately eighty or eighty-five people locked into the car. There was not enough room to sit or lay down. We were like trapped animals. There was a little window, about one foot wide, with wire on it. There were two buckets in the car - one was for water, the other was for body functions. The waste bucket overflowed many times over; it was never emptied. There was human excrement all over the floor. The stench was unbearable. People were dying and there was not a big to-do about it. Nobody even tried to resuscitate them. People were crying, people were praying, "God, what are you doing to us?" For four and a half days we had no food and no water. We did not know where we were going or what was to be. For four and a half days the doors never opened. Then we heard screams and dogs barking. We arrived at Auschwitz in the middle of the night. All of a sudden, the doors of the cattle car opened up and big spotlights came shining at us. Dogs were barking, Germans were yelling, "*Out! Out! Out! Raus!*" Whoever wasn't fast enough they beat with sticks. Dogs jumped on us - big German shepherds. It was bedlam. This was when my mother got in trouble. When the train doors opened, this lady couldn't carry all her children, so my mother grabbed one of the children to help her. Eventually every woman with a child was to be sent to the gas chamber. Everyone was instructed to get into two lines; women and children, and men. I was 13. I didn't know which was better - to go with my mother or with my father. First, I was with my mother. A person who was in the camp for a long while said to my mother, "*Tell him to go with his father.*" So she said, "*Go to your father.*" I got to my father and he said, "*You go with your mother.*" My father thought that if I went with my mother, I would be given easier tasks. They both wanted to save me. I just kept on running between my mother and my father. As long as we didn't pass Dr. Mengele, we could go from one side to the other. I was with my father when time ran out; my father was at the front of the line where Dr. Mengele

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was standing. Mengele sent my father to the right. I followed my father without waiting for the doctor to look at me and decide. Mengele yelled to me, "*Come back! Come back, you dog, you hund!*" So I stopped. He looked in my face and said, "*Go, go.*" Then he hit me on the back of my head with a riding stick that he always carried. Because my mother was carrying this other women's child, they just sent her straight to the gas chamber.

The first thing we had to do after the selection was get undressed and go to take showers. We were sent in one entrance and we came out another entrance. All our possessions were left at the first entrance. When we came out, they gave us clothes that were left by somebody else. They were just throwing clothes at us, pants, shirts and mostly striped pajama type outfits. When my sister came out of the showers, they threw a dress at her. It was my mother's dress. My mother had been gassed already by that time. My sister was eighteen. We were so naive until my father walked over to one of the old prisoners and said, "My wife was taken away. Can you tell me where she is?" He answered, "You see this door? This is where she went in. See this chimney? This is where she went out." For a minute I didn't know what he was talking about. I was not tattooed. Instead, I was given a dog-tag with the number 8342. It was made of a hard piece of cloth. I hung it around my neck on a piece of plain string. My father's number was 8341.

At Auschwitz, we would get up at four or five o'clock in the morning, and stand in line on an open field for as long as three or four hours until somebody came and counted us. Then we would be assigned to our duties. We were in Auschwitz for maybe six weeks. We arrived April 20, 1944 and we were shipped out in May or June.

My father and I were shipped out to a camp called *Wüstegiersdorf*, not far from the Polish/Russian border. It was a very rough camp. I saw people commit suicide there. They cut their wrists with glass. I saw one man commit suicide in the latrine. The camp commander was the most ruthless person I ever saw. He was a big, rough guy. When he wanted to beat up someone, he would bring them into the kitchen where I would see him beat up people every day for no reason. He thrived on beating up people. He used something like a riding whip, but when he got really mad he used a lead pipe. Many people died. We used to call him "The Butcher."

Just off the kitchen was a warehouse where the food was kept. The same guy guarded that door every night. By midnight, he was always drunk and always snoozing. I would go into the warehouse and throw the cheese out over his head to one of my co-workers. I was the only one who went into the warehouse. I was the gofer, the little guy. I would take bread, and I even took a handful of butter and put it in my pocket. It was like having a pocketful of diamonds! I gave the food to my father. I was the youngest one in the camp, I was soon given a job to be a kitchen boy. If I hadn't gotten that job I probably would not have survived. I worked in the kitchen where they prepared the food for the Germans. One of my jobs was to keep the fires

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burning. I would also carry in water and wash the dishes and the pots. Sometimes, we had to go into town to pick up cheese and I was always sent. We would go out to work at five AM and come back at eight PM. We had no clothes other than our thin, striped uniforms. In the winter we learned a trick using the bags the cement came in. We made clothes out of those paper bags. We would put them under our striped pajama jackets and we wrapped them around our shoes. Otherwise we would have frozen to death. We worked every day including Saturdays and Sundays, so to me, one day was the same as another. We tried to pray together but we couldn't make any noise in the camp. There was little conversation; we were afraid even to talk. They started shooting at us if they heard any noise. But on one holiday, I think it was *Yom Kippur* in 1944 - we went outside and we started praying very loudly. The Germans turned away and didn't do anything. It was like a miracle.

When they took my father away, I made a friend, a Greek boy Nicki. We would go out at night to look for food in the garbage cans. One night I was sick and Nicki wanted to go out alone to get food. I begged him not to go but he said, "*You are sick, you need food.*" Nicki was shot and killed that night. I cried and cried.

In December 1944, when the Russians were coming close, the Germans decided to take us on a death march to another camp. When I saw a guard throwing a gray sweater in the garbage I asked if I could take it. He said yes. It was so full of lice. However, without that sweater I would have frozen to death. My father's friend, Mr. Schrieber, had been asked to take care of me. For the first few days of the march, he didn't let me fall behind. He made sure that I kept up. If I was falling behind, he grabbed me and pulled me. Anybody who showed any tendency to be tired or lagging behind was shot immediately. As we marched, we were joined by prisoners from subcamps along the way. There must have been fifteen or twenty thousand people. We marched on the roads passing through towns. We marched in the freezing cold; it was snowing the entire time. We would stop along the way and they would give us something to drink - I don't know what was in it. Luckily, I still had my bowl from Auschwitz. Sometimes we slept in a barn, sometimes outside in the snow. The regular German soldiers were all fighting at the front, so our guards were all very young guys. They were eighteen and nineteen years old. They enjoyed killing. It was like a sport to them. Every time they shot someone they would laugh. If they shot someone and he was still alive they would say, "Look at that dog. He is still alive." And they would shoot him again. I happened to turn around one time and saw the road was solid red, from the blood. The death march lasted about three weeks. Mr. Schreiber did not survive.

Finally, we arrived at a camp named Flossenburg. There were some Jewish prisoners who had already been there for a long time and who had become as ruthless as the Germans. They were well-fed and well-clothed. They did the dirty work for the Germans. These *kapos* would beat us for no reason. I was beaten up something terrible by a young Jewish kapo who told me he was a

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	<p>rabbi's son. He beat me with a very hard rubber hose. He broke my skull - it was bleeding something terrible. I can still feel the spot today with my hand. He was wearing beautiful boots - like a German. We were in Flossenburg from the end of December, 1944 until the beginning of 1945. All we did at Flossenburg was clean up the grounds and wait to be transported. The only food was hot water that was called vegetable soup, and some dried grass. There was very little bread.</p> <p>From Flossenburg, we were shipped in open cattle cars to Bergen-Belsen. This transport lasted a couple of days. It was winter. It was snowing. We were in the open day and night. It was snowing on us day and night. Many prisoners died from the cold. By this time, I didn't think I could go on, so somehow I gave up hope that I would survive. It didn't make any difference to me if I was cold. Bergen-Belsen was a very big camp. They used it to bring all the prisoners together. In my section, there were only men. Many of them were Greek Jews. In another section, there were women. There was no place to go, no place to sleep. At first the only food was beets, then there was nothing. People were sleeping on top of bodies. I saw a person whose ear was missing, another whose nose was crushed. Everybody was bleeding. Everyone was covered with lice. Everybody was like a zombie. Bergen-Belsen looked like a Hollywood movie after a nuclear holocaust. At Bergen-Belsen, I couldn't wait to die. I didn't know if I was alive or if I was dead. I was fourteen years old and all alone. There was no one to comfort me, no one to talk to. I just wanted a familiar face. There were thousands of bodies lying everywhere, so the Germans built bonfires to burn the bodies. They didn't have enough strong people to bring the bodies to the fires. It was a problem. They offered the newly arrived Russian prisoners, who were still strong enough to work, a piece of bread for each body they brought to the fire. As I bent down to relieve myself, I fainted. I was completely out. Two Russians grabbed my legs and began to drag me to the bonfires. I was not fully conscious, but I felt like something was hitting my head. My head was banging on the ground as they were pulling me. I had no strength to say "<i>Let me go!</i>", but I did have some strength to move my leg. One guy said, "<i>This guy is still alive.</i>" The other guy said, "I pulled him this far, I want to get the piece of bread. I'm going to take him to the fire." I was trying to scream, but I couldn't. Nothing came out. I was pulling my leg, pulling my leg. Finally he let out a curse word and dropped me. I crawled away.</p>
<p>Post-Holocaust Life</p>	<p>The British arrived at Bergen-Belsen on April 15, 1945, exactly one year since I was taken. Among the liberators, was a brigade of Jewish soldiers who had joined the British Army. When I saw a soldier with a Star of David on his sleeve. I spoke to him in Yiddish. He said that he was from Palestine. I was as excited as I could be under the circumstances. When they opened up the gates of the women's and the men's camps, I figured I would see if there may be anyone who knew anything about me. I pulled myself from barrack to barrack yelling out, "<i>Anybody from Stavna? Anybody from Volosanka?</i>" After about fifteen times someone said, "<i>Yes. There</i></p>

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are two sisters from Volosanka.” I discovered that they were my first cousins Helen and Sylvia! I found them and we held each other and we started crying. My cousins had a little brother who was sent to the gas chamber. He had the same name as me, so we decided we would say I was their brother.

Anne Frank was in the same camp. She was about the same age as me, which is why I feel very, very close to her. We were the same age, we were in the same camp, and we had the same sickness. She died very close to liberation. After giving us showers to cleanse ourselves, the British wanted to feed us. However, they made an unfortunate mistake by giving us army rations to eat. Many people died from eating the rations because their bodies could not handle the food. I was five-foot-six inches tall and weighed 69 pounds. As soon as they could, the British took all the survivors to army barracks and then they burned the whole camp down. I was deteriorating rapidly from typhus. When they took me to the hospital, I was unconscious. I was in a coma for a couple of weeks. When I woke up everything was white. I was positive I had died and I was in heaven. I thought the nurses were angels. I was in this British hospital for a few months.

Soon, the Swedish Red Cross came to take the younger children who were sick to Sweden. We all went to Sweden. When they asked my name, I said Lebovics because that was my cousins’ name and I had said I was their brother. We went to Sweden as brother and sisters. When we got there, all the sick children were in quarantine for about a month. They gave us all new clothes and pajamas. Sweden was a lovely country. The Swedish people were extremely nice to us. When we got out of quarantine, the town people would take us to their houses to stay for weeks. The doctor who took care of us in quarantine took me to his house to stay for a while. I stayed for about two months. He had a home in the city and a summer home on a lake which I enjoyed the most. Going from a concentration camp to a beautiful home like that, a serene environment like that, was indescribable. He had a son and a daughter about my age. He was thinking about adopting me, and I was almost willing until I started thinking that he wasn’t Jewish and I was a Jew. I went through so much being Jewish, I decided I would take my chances. All us recovering children were moved to a hotel in Helsiniborg, which was converted into a place where people could live for a long time. We were about two or three boys in each room. Most of the boys were around my age. They sent us to special schools. They wanted us to be on par with what fourteen-year-old boys should know. We learned algebra, science, languages. They were planning for us to grow up and stay in Sweden.

While I was living at the hotel I was diagnosed with tuberculosis and was sent to the Solbaken Sanitarium. I didn’t feel very sick, just a little weak. The sanitarium was very, very nice. I was very happy there. I was there for about a year. People from Palestine had come to Sweden to try to get us to go to Israel. They even built a kibbutz in Mykleby, Sweden, where we could

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	<p>practice for when we got to Israel. I spent several months living on the kibbutz and was planning to go to Israel. A girl I knew in Sweden did go back to Czechoslovakia, where she met my sister and told her where I was. My sister sent me a telegram saying she and my brother were alive and she was hoping to go to America. So, I decided not to go to Israel and would instead try to go to America to be with my sister. Trying to get a visa to the United States was very difficult. I needed a sponsor. I finally came across an Uncle who had arrived in the US in 1920. I contacted him and he agreed to sponsor me and got me a visa. My brother's wife did not want to leave her family, so they did not leave. Once the Iron Curtain came down, my brother was trapped there for 25 years. At first, we would write to each other but then my brother became afraid to write to the United States from Russia. Finally, I took a trip to visit him in 1977. When I got there, I decided I had to bring him to America. It took me two years. I worked on all the documents, the papers, and was eventually able to bring out 48 people including my brother's wife, his family and his in-laws. My late wife found apartments and furniture for all of them.</p>
<p>USA/Canada</p>	<p>I went to live with my Aunt Rose and Uncle Samuel Muhlbauer in Brooklyn, in Bedford-Stuyvesant. My uncle was a machine operator. They were very poor. I never dreamed that people in America could be so poor. I thought that all people in America were very, very rich. My aunt and uncle were very nice to me and cared for me as best as they could. I still did not feel well. For about ten months I was too weak to do anything. My aunt took me to doctors but she really couldn't afford it. Even buying food for another person was not easy for them. Then my aunt found out that the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) could help. She went to HIAS and they gave her some money every month to help take care of me. HIAS tried to find work for me that was not strenuous. They felt I could be a watchmaker. They sent me to study watchmaking and after a year I got a job in NY working on watches for the Tissot Watch Company. I wanted to meet other young Jews in NY and joined Zionist groups. In 1948 when the <i>Hagenah</i> needed workers on ships carrying contraband supplies to Israel, <i>Habonim</i> recruited me and a couple of other boys. I was assigned to a ship the <i>Hagenah</i> leased from a Greek company. We sailed from New York to St. John, Newfoundland, where we loaded on weapons packed in crates marked, "farm equipment." When we arrived in Israel, I joined The American Friends of Hagenah as a volunteer. I was assigned to a battalion that supplied food to soldiers who were on the borders fighting the Arabs. I went from one border to another bringing food to the soldiers during the daytime and going on missions at nighttime. Wherever they sent me, I went. I heard from my sister that she was finally coming to America. I cut my stay in Israel short and returned to the United States because I missed my sister. I was waiting at the dock to meet her ship.</p> <p>I went back to work at Tissot, but after a while I wanted to change jobs. I got a job at a firm that had stores in different cities. When the Korean War began, I was drafted into the Marines 3rd Division and sent to Parris Island, South Carolina. I was drafted and given American citizenship. I was assigned to a department fixing instruments. When I let everyone know I was a</p>

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watchmaker, the officers would bring their watches and their wives' watches for me to fix. They wanted to keep me there, so I didn't have to go to Korea. I served for about twelve months.

Then I went back to my job in New Jersey. The fellow I worked for asked me if I wanted to meet a nice young lady. I was always ready to meet a young lady. She lived in Washington Heights in Manhattan and I still lived in Brooklyn. My courtship with Edith Stein was about four weeks. I was looking for a family in the worst way. She had very lovely parents and when I first met them, I fell in love with them too because they were people like my parents used to be. It was nice to have a family I belonged to. Edith and I had two daughters. Our first daughter we named Diane, Faiga in Jewish, after my mother. Our second daughter, Michelle (I call her Shelly), was named for my wife's relative. We spent every weekend visiting with Edith's big, close family. We traveled for two weeks every year- we especially loved cruises. Edith and I had a wonderful life together. I eventually bought the store in Montclair. It was a very nice jewelry store. I was buying diamonds wholesale on 47th Street, the diamond district. I did a lot of business with engagement rings. I was very successful, but after 35 years I sold the store. When I sold the store, I started dabbling in some other businesses. I did some real estate, some mortgages, I was building houses for a while - just to keep busy. It was difficult to become religious again. But the longer I was in America, and especially after I got married, I started observing more. When I had my store, I worked on Shabbos; after I sold my store I began to go to synagogue every Saturday. My wife passed in May, 2001 from a brain aneurysm. I suffered for quite some time at her loss. Finally, one day my brother-in-law suggested I come to Florida for a break and see what life is like there. So I packed up my stuff and came to Florida. He had a lot of friends and invitations to dinners every night - and they included me. I started feeling better. There was some life in me. So, I decided I was going to buy a condo in Miami Beach. After a while I began dating. In 2008, I met Elaine Brown. She is a very good-hearted lady. She is so good to my children and grandchildren. I am enjoying my life with her very much. I am very close with my children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and with many of my nieces and nephews. I speak with my children every day and see them several times a year.

I am grateful I have a very loving family. I hope they will never know the troubles I had and what I went through. I hope no person in the world will have to go through what I went through. Everybody should have the right to live a normal life. I ask the question of myself many, many times - Why did I survive? Why me? Why did God choose me to survive? There is no answer to it. I suppose it is written in the stars.



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