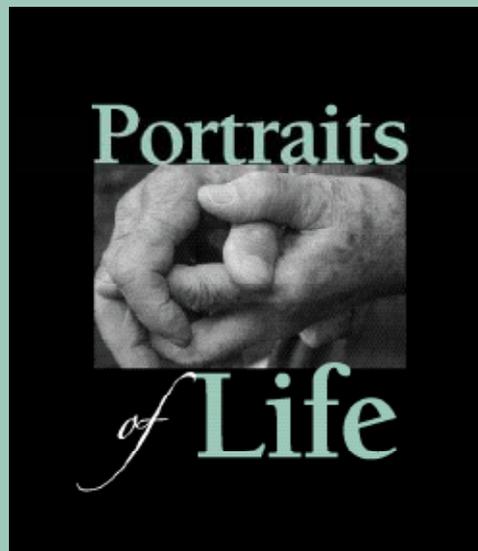


# Portraits *of* Life

Holocaust Survivors  
of Montgomery County

Montgomery College  
A photography exhibit and tribute





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*Photo on cover by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Foreword

The “Portraits of Life” exhibit is a valuable educational program aimed at reaching audiences nationwide. As a Montgomery College project designed to enhance classroom teaching and learning, “Portraits of Life” provides community college students with direct experience on a professional project; creates collaborative professional opportunities for talented Montgomery College faculty and students; reaches out to underserved segments of the population in a meaningful and historically significant way; and identifies contributions that different groups have made individually and collectively to the community.

At Montgomery College we change lives by providing important academic opportunities. The care and quality with which we do so is evident in “Portraits of Life”; the process of its development was nothing short of transformational. In fact, this became our theme at Montgomery College. The messages of tolerance, understanding, the importance of knowledge, and the inherent value in hard work and perseverance profoundly changed each and every one of the students, faculty, and staff on the project. As a result, Montgomery College envisions the development of new “Portraits of Life” projects. This truly significant educational tool changes lives, makes a difference, and has an impact.

Dr. Brian K. Johnson  
President, Montgomery College

## Introduction

This is an exhibit that was a faculty/student photography project with a powerful story—  
“Portraits of Life: Holocaust Survivors of Montgomery County.”

In 2004 the Paul Peck Humanities Institute wanted to mount a photography exhibit of Holocaust survivors in and around Montgomery County. I saw Montgomery College faculty and students working together on a professional project, I saw the humanities and arts in collaboration, I saw a process to archive and tell the stories that are unique to Montgomery College and Montgomery County. What we couldn't have anticipated was the tremendous amount of attention the exhibit received when it opened on April 21, 2005. In our gallery, community members, students, and staff visited daily. It was as though we were introducing ourselves to one another in a very unique way: in the gallery, survivors met with other survivors they hadn't seen in years; community members and students recognized persons they knew; the stories provided quiet reflection and I would like to believe left us all a little more knowledgeable about—and tolerant of—one another in the end.

What makes “Portraits of Life” an important project of lasting value? Simply, it is its process of development. As an educator, I have always been intrigued with the process of learning, transformative pedagogies, cohorts of faculty and students following paths of individual inquiry while supporting one another on real life projects. Far more than the product we would create, I wanted our students to have a profoundly moving academic experience.

“Portraits of Life” seeks to examine history and memory through the humanities and arts. Through the visual image, personal story, and history, “Portraits of Life” is a model that can be replicated to tell the stories of Montgomery College and Montgomery County residents who identify with other groups that have overcome persecution and tyranny. With its unforgettable images of Holocaust survivors, “Portraits of Life: Holocaust Survivors of Montgomery County” depicts a rich tapestry of lives lived in Montgomery County, their stories, lessons, and legacy without idealized overtones.

Perhaps more important, “Portraits of Life” reminds us that though the persons in our exhibit went through amazing horror, the people you see live normal, productive lives—they stand in front of you at the grocery store or behind you in line at the post office. If you passed one another on the street, you would never know. Yet, if we believe there is value in exploring the possibility that there may be abiding truths that transcend class, race, gender, and perhaps culture—then it is our responsibility to know—it is our responsibility to “never forget.”

Judith W. Gaines  
Director, Paul Peck Humanities Institute

## Description

**M**ontgomery College, located outside Washington, D.C., with campuses in Germantown, Rockville, and Takoma Park/Silver Spring, Md., introduces “Portraits of Life,” a new student/faculty educational project created to tell the stories of lives lived in and around Montgomery College and Montgomery County.

“Portraits of Life: Holocaust Survivors of Montgomery County,” the first in a series of collaborative social documentary projects, is a free-standing and traveling digital photographic exhibit created by Montgomery College faculty and student photographers.

Consisting of 36 24" x 36" panels, the exhibition provides visual imagery and personal histories of Holocaust survivors, each pictured in an 8" x 11" dominant portrait with three to four subordinate photographs of children, family members, and the horror and misery of complicated stories of lives lost.

*“There are photos of men framed by family pictures; photos of women surrounded by Holocaust survivor awards; photos of old photos, of young daughters hugging mothers whom they never saw again; portraits of girls with their brothers and sisters who were stolen away by the Nazis, then murdered en masse. But more important, there are photos that tell the stories of those who witnessed evil, then turned their backs on it and somehow survived—becoming our neighbors.”*

*The Washington Post, April 28, 2005*

## Portraits of Life

### Holocaust Survivors of Montgomery County

While we remember those who died in the Holocaust, we also celebrate the lives of those who survived. We are especially proud to recognize the Holocaust survivors who move in and around Montgomery County. They are your neighbors—fellow community members. You pass them in the grocery store or at the post office. Never would you imagine the unspeakable horror they endured.

This is “Portraits of Life”—pieces of an extraordinarily complex story.

### A Brief History

The years between 1933 and 1945 were cataclysmic. They were the years of Hitler’s war against the Jews—the Holocaust.

In 1935, Nazi Germany passed laws that isolated Jews and denied them citizenship. Eventually, Jews in Germany and the rest of occupied Europe lost their legal right to go to school, earn a livelihood, own property, use public parks, and participate in the daily routines of civic and social life. The Nazis humiliated and brutalized them. They herded Jews into crowded, unsanitary ghettos, where they were starved, beaten, and forced into slave labor units. Ultimately, they deported them to concentration camps to be worked to death and gassed. In Eastern Europe, the Jews were rounded up and shot. Although there were several protests against Nazi policy, there were too few, too late. The major ghettos and camps, however, were backdrops of resistance movements and uprisings.



Hitler murdered two-thirds of Europe’s Jews—six million people. Among the six million were one-and-a-half million children. The victims came from all parts of Europe, all walks of life, all profes-

sions, and all political inclinations. Many were talented artists, scientists, intellectuals, writers, teachers, jurists, athletes, musicians, journalists, doctors, linguists, businessmen, bankers, carpenters, architects, and engineers. Others were farmers, theologians, craftsmen, dressmakers, and chefs. Others had not yet found their calling. In the Nazi mind, all Jews were unworthy of life and subject to the “Final Solution.”

On May 5, 1945, the U.S. 11th Armored Division liberated Mauthausen, Austria. All the camps were liberated by Allied troops by May 8, 1945—Victory in Europe Day. The war was over.

*“There is one thing that one of the survivors said that stuck with me. After telling us his story he told us that he had done his job and that by us listening to these stories it was now our responsibility to tell their stories to others.”*

—Rachelle Simon, Montgomery College student in Literature of the Holocaust



*Joseph I. and Sonia S. Herson at the exhibit and lecture at the Jewish Community Center of Greater Washington in Rockville, Maryland where they received the Building Common Ground Award*



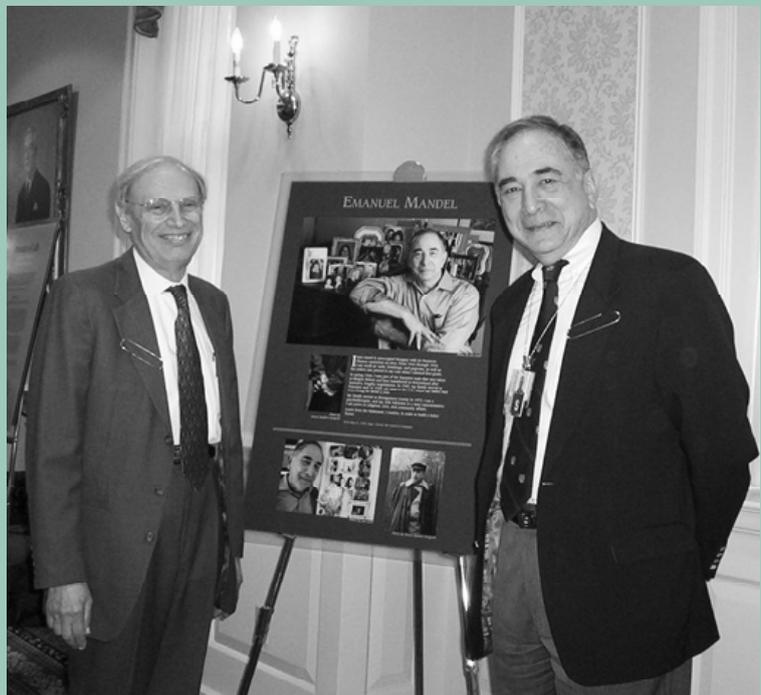
*Exhibit at the Montgomery County Executive Office Building*



*Yona and Isaac Dickmann at the exhibit and lecture at the Jewish Community Center of Greater Washington in Rockville, Maryland*

*"I had not counted on how this exhibit would change me. I had not counted on the fact that, although I was a child of the Holocaust, I would be so profoundly affected by its message and the dignity of the survivors in the exhibit. My family's history spoke of pain and humiliation and suffering. 'Portraits of Life' spoke of embracing life with love and joy and hope for the future. My life is now in better balance because of the lessons I learned from these heroic people who live right in our community."*

—Jane Knaus  
Creative Director



*Former Maryland State Senator Leonard H. Teitelbaum and Emanuel Mandel at the state capital exhibit in Annapolis*



*Exhibit at the Maryland Humanities Council in Baltimore, Maryland*

*Photo by Rollin Fraser*

*“Susan Stregack, a student who has several pictures in the exhibit is nearby, aiming the soft box light. Laura Waggoner, another student, is taking pictures elsewhere in the house. I change position, pick up a smaller camera, and begin to take close-ups. The surface of the table now has several of Mr. Greenbaum’s pre-war family photographs, and I’m thinking to myself, here we are taking pictures, and Mr. Greenbaum’s pictures show family members in formal poses. They sat before a photographer more or less like he is doing now, 70 years ago. Their eyes reach into me across time.”*

—Jon Goell, faculty photographer  
Photography session with Henry Greenbaum

*“I could go on and on about many things that I have learned, but one thing I do know for sure, these people inspire me to do better in life because even though they went literally through hell and back, today they are very successful, happy people who never gave up on themselves.”*

—Linette Granado  
Montgomery College student





*The exhibit has traveled to numerous sites, including Carroll Community College*

*“I am convinced that we are part of a ‘mission’ that must communicate to individuals who are not exclusively Jewish. I understand, now, that this will be a project of life changing proportions for me... I want the younger members of our group to prepare themselves for this task. This is not an exercise in setting up lights and pointing cameras.”*

—Brian Jones, faculty photographer



*Exhibit opened at Montgomery College on April 21, 2005*

*“From 13 to 17 I lived through the most horrible time. I survived mostly by the kindness of Jewish women who shared a piece of bread with me when I cried from hunger, wrapped me in straw when I was cold, picked me up from the ground when I was beaten so severely. They told me, ‘Live an extra day.’ They told me to pray for them, but also to tell the world what happened.”*

—Nesse Godin, a survivor who has devoted her life to teaching others about the Holocaust



*Exhibit at the Maryland Humanities Council in Baltimore, Maryland*

*Photo by Susam Maldon Stregack*

## About the Survivors

The survivors in this exhibit came from major cities, small towns, and farms; from Belgium, Lithuania, Poland, Germany, France, Romania, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. Among the area survivors are those who were deported to labor camps, concentration camps, or death camps; those who were hidden by non-Jews, or “righteous gentiles”; those who lived in the forest among partisans; those who “passed” as Aryans (non-Jews); and those who survived concentration camps, hiding, and suffering other unimaginable hardships. Most spent the war years as children and as teenagers.

They have made new lives by building new families, forming businesses, and pursuing education and professions. As a group, they are distinguished by their devotion to helping others, as well as their activist approach to human rights and fighting ignorance, poverty, and oppression. We have been inspired by their energy, good humor, integrity, and generosity.



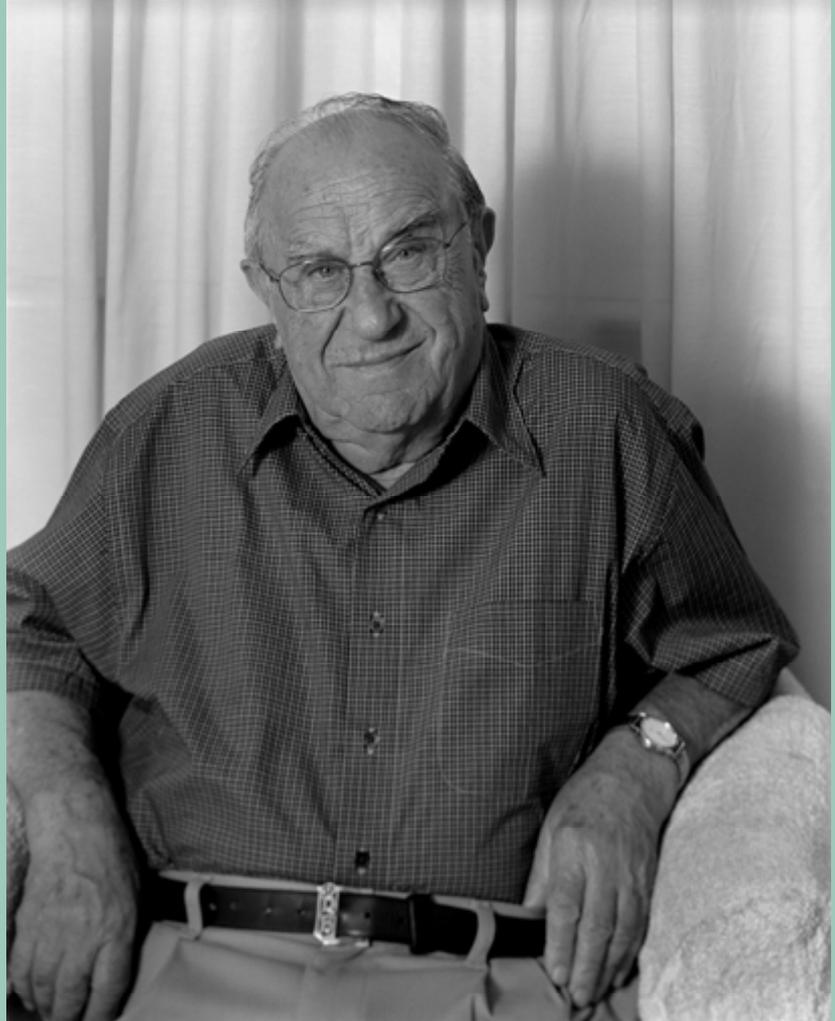
*College and community members view the “Portraits of Life” exhibit at the Montgomery College gallery in Rockville, MD*

## David Bayer

**I**n 1940 my family was forced to move to the Kozenice ghetto where I was conscripted to dig irrigation canals. In 1942 the ghetto was liquidated and my family was transported to the Treblinka killing center. Late in 1944 I was deported to Auschwitz. After two years in the Fohrenwald displaced persons camp, I immigrated to Panama. In 1948 I left Panama to fight in the Israeli War of Independence, and in 1955, I immigrated to the U.S. With no surviving relatives, I moved to Montgomery County to be close to my friends who were survivors. I owned a store in Washington, D.C. and later volunteered at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum.

I want others to remember—never forget—as it can happen again. In the words of Teddy Roosevelt, “Speak softly and carry a big stick.”

*Born September 27, 1922, Kozenice, Poland*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*



## Evelyn Torton Beck

**W**hen I was five, my father was taken from our home and sent to Buchenwald and Dachau. We were evicted from our house and shipped off to the ghetto. Miraculously, after all the borders were closed in 1939, my father was released and we escaped to Italy.

In 1940, just before the Italian border was closed, we received affidavits to immigrate to the U.S. from the children of distant relatives who had moved there years ago. We took up residence in Brooklyn.

In 1984 I moved from the University of Wisconsin to the Washington, D.C. area to become chair of the Women Studies Department at the University of Maryland, College Park. I met my life partner in Maryland, and our home has become a place where our blended families gather.

It is important to speak out and work actively against injustices. Being a member of one minority doesn't mean you are immune to prejudices against other minorities. If we do not work together, we will not change the world.

*Born January 18,  
1933, Vienna, Austria*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*

## Bella Mischkinsky Bermanis

In December 1939 my father and I left Lodz to find refuge for my mother and sister in the Soviet Union. We first went to Warsaw, but soon headed east with a small group of Jews. My father and I were separated while we fled.

I found myself in Oshmiany where I worked as a cleaning woman. I saw my father one more time before he disappeared again.

In September 1943, I was deported to a series of concentration camps—Kaiserwald, where I met and married my first husband, Stutthof, and Magdeborg, where my husband and I escaped by sneaking across the Elba to join the Americans.

I earned my bachelor's degree from Queens College and am proud of getting my education in spite of a very late start. When I talk with schoolchildren about my experiences, I tell them not to hate, never to hate.

*Born September 1922, Lodz, Poland*



*Bella Mischkinsky Bermanis, right,  
with her sister, Irene Glassberg*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*

## Eva Rich Blumberg

In 1942 after my father was killed by the Nazis, I ran away and was sheltered for approximately six months by nuns in a convent. When they could no longer keep me, I wandered and hid in the forest.

I was then imprisoned in the Majdanek concentration camp from which I later escaped. I ended up in a farm in Bavaria where I worked until I was liberated by the Americans. I arrived in the United States on the Marina Fletcher in 1946. I married my liberator who attended Georgetown University.

I have raised three wonderful boys in a place where I was given the opportunity to start my life again.

*Born April 14, 1924, Kowel, Poland*





*Photos by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Beatrice Carasso

In the fall of 1941, my family was evacuated to the camps of Transnistria in the Ukraine. That winter, my father and his mother (my paternal grandmother) died of typhus and were thrown into a mass grave. We were liberated by the Russians in the summer of 1944, and made our way back to Romania, and then to New York, where we arrived on Thanksgiving in 1949.

Even in the harshest times, we received kindness and help from strangers and from friends who, in spite of very real danger to themselves, continued to support and rescue us.

We lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico and later moved to Montgomery County where my husband worked at NIST. My mother continued to live with us in Gaithersburg, until she died 14 years after we moved here.

Although my childhood was sad, I've concluded: live and enjoy life fully and appreciate what you have. Treasure your family, and tell them that you love them, often. Do not waste time hating, even those who have done or would do you harm. Hatred is a destructive, corrosive emotion—it doesn't solve anything.

*Born shortly before World War II broke out in Czernowitz, capital of Bucovina, Romania*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*



## Isaac Dickmann

In September 1939 my hometown was occupied by the Soviets. In June 1941 the Germans attacked the Soviet Union. Also in that month, I departed for the Soviet Union to volunteer in an army hospital. As a former Polish citizen, I joined the Polish Army while in exile in the Soviet Union. I left the Polish Army in the Soviet Union in 1943 for the Middle East to Palestine, where I was discharged. In 1948 I was mobilized to the Israeli Army. I married in Israel and lived there until 1959. Since all my family was exterminated by the Nazis, I found my aunt—my mother's sister—in New York. In July 1959 my wife and I arrived in America. Since I practiced dentistry in Israel, I got a job in a dental laboratory in Washington, D.C. After all the hard times in the Soviet Union and Israel, I have found peace and happiness in this country.

*Born November 19, 1919, Stryj, Poland*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*

## Yona Wygocka Dickmann

In 1939 my hometown was occupied by the Germans. The occupiers formed a ghetto for the Jews. In 1942 they made a selection, and sent most of my family to the extermination camp in Chelmno, with the exception of my father, my sister, and me.

In the Lodz ghetto we suffered hunger and disease. In 1944 the ghetto was liquidated and they sent me and my younger sister Blumka to Auschwitz. They separated us and took her away, and I never saw her again. I guess they took her to the gas chamber. From there I was sent to Freiburg in Germany, where I worked in the Messerschmitt factory. From Freiburg they transferred me to Mauthausen, where I was liberated in May 1945 by the American army.

In July 1959 I came to the United States from Israel. My husband and I traveled to the Washington area where my cousin resided. I worked as a nurse and later helped my husband in a dental laboratory. I also volunteered at the Hebrew Home.

I suffered a lot in my life. I believe we must be tolerant of others, and to speak up when an injustice is done. Speak up and be counted.

*Born March 15, 1928, Pabianice, Poland*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Erika Eckstut

In 1940 the Soviets occupied the Romanian province of Bukovina, where we had moved to be with my grandparents. A year later, Romania allied with Germany against the Soviets. Mobs carried out bloody attacks on the town's Jews.

We fled to Czernowitz and were forced into the ghetto. I was always hungry and scared. In 1943, my sister and I escaped the ghetto to the Soviet Union where we posed as Christians. After the war, we returned to Czechoslovakia and were reunited with our parents. I married a Czech soldier and raised a family.

After 15 years of appeals to Khrushchev, I was permitted to immigrate to the U.S. with my two children. My husband died in 1957.

What I learned from my father is that I cannot hate.

*Born June 12, 1928  
Znojmo, Moravia, Czechoslovakia*



*Photo by John Hoover*



*Photo by Brian V. Jones*

## Eva Ehrlich

Until 1944 when the Nazis occupied Hungary, I led a normal life. My father was the chief rabbi of the Dohany Street synagogue. I attended University, but after the occupation, all Jewish students were banned from college. On D-Day, I received the best birthday present ever—hope for survival. On October 15 my mother and I went into hiding. To find shelter, we moved from place to place.

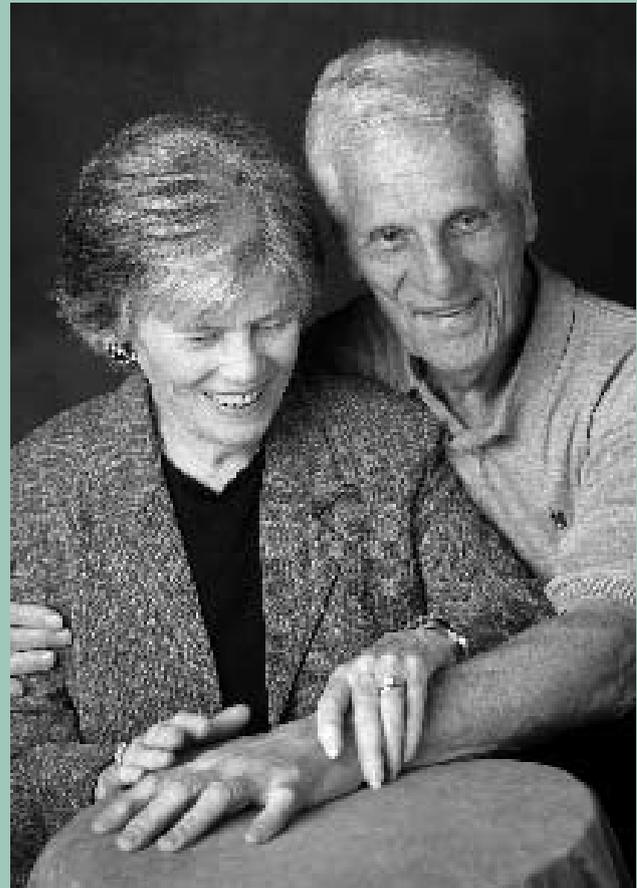
While working as a researcher at the Library of Congress, I met my husband of 55 years. In 1972, I became a real estate agent. In 1984, I attended interior design classes at Montgomery College.

I feel that tolerance and understanding starts with the education of young children. Teach them to love and let live instead of giving them guns to play with.

*Born June 6, 1924, Budapest, Hungary*



*Photos by Jon Goell*





## Manya Friedman

In 1941 I worked in a shop producing military uniforms for the Germans. By 1943 the entire shop of workers was deported to Germany. For a while I worked in a factory. Later the SS sent me to a sub-camp of Auschwitz, where my hair was cut, I went through showers, submitted to inspection, and had my arm tattooed. My parents and two younger brothers perished in Auschwitz. I was left all alone.

It took five-and-a-half years to obtain a visa to the United States. When my husband passed away, I moved to Montgomery County to be closer to my children and grandchildren.

I believe that carrying around hate does not eliminate one's pain. Try to be tolerant, and teach others the same. Take each day, and make it the best.

*Born December 30, 1925, Chmielnik, Poland*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*

## Irene Glassberg

In 1939 my father and sister left to find a new home, and my mother and I lost contact with them. We barely survived in the Lodz ghetto until its end in August 1944. From the ghetto, we were transported to Auschwitz, where we were sent to a work camp instead of the gas chamber. We were lucky.

After the war, my mother and I returned to Lodz, only to learn that my father had been killed, but that my sister Bella might still be alive. In October 1945 I found my sister in a displaced persons camp in Germany.

Today, my husband and I enjoy the snow-bird life between Florida and Maryland. We enjoy attending cultural functions at Montgomery College and the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C.

Sometimes you need a lot of luck, but a spirit of wanting to live is a huge ingredient.

*Born November 3, 1930, Lodz, Poland*





*Photos by Brian V. Jones*

## Fritz Gluckstein

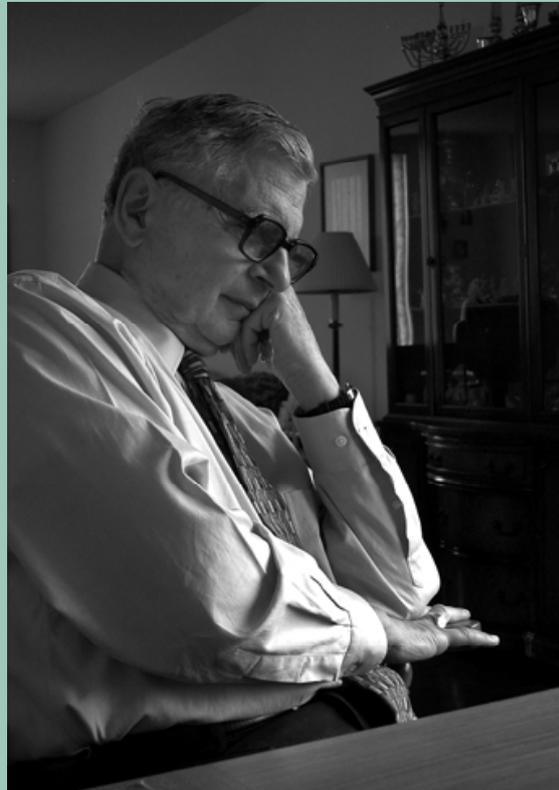
In 1942, my Jewish school was closed and I was sent to work in the Jewish cemetery, a factory, on clean-up crews for air raids, and on building crews. In February 1943, I was taken, along with other Jews, to the Rosenstrasse, a collection center that had belonged to the Jewish community before Hitler took over.

While we were held at the Rosenstrasse, several hundred non-Jewish women demonstrated outside for the release of their [Jewish] husbands and children, defying the Gestapo and the SS. It was the only public challenge of authority that took place during the Third Reich.

I worked as a veterinarian for the U.S. Department of Agriculture and transferred to Washington, D.C. I am retired from the U.S. Public Health Service. I volunteer at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum and am active in providing bioterrorism awareness education to the public.

I urge others to do it now! Make that visit, write that letter, make that phone call, and when you have two bottles of wine, drink the better one first.

*Born January 24, 1927  
Berlin, Germany*



*Photo by Jon Goell*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Jon Goell*

## Nesse Godin

In June 1941 the Germans occupied Shauliai. SS killing units and Lithuanian collaborators shot about 1,000 people in the nearby forest. In August we were forced into the ghetto. In November 1943 my father, along with countless others, was taken away to the Auschwitz concentration camp where they all were killed in the gas chambers.

In 1944 the Germans deported us to the Stutthof concentration camp. From there, I went to four labor camps. In January 1945, I was sent on a death march. In March of that year, I was liberated by the Soviet Army in Chinow.

I spent five years in the displaced persons camp in Feldafing, Germany. I came to the U.S. in 1950, where my husband and I raised three wonderful children and dedicated our lives to teach what hatred can do. I hope that my sharing memories will teach everyone to make a better world for all the people of the world.

*Born March 28, 1928, Shauliai, Lithuania*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Hanna Green

**S**hortly after war broke out, my husband and I, newlyweds, fled Germany for Russia. We were arrested by the Russians, placed in a harsh labor camp in Siberia—and eventually relocated to Jalabod, Khyrgistan. The circumstances there were unbearable—we suffered scorpion bites, contracted malaria, lived with hunger, and always in constant fear. We returned to Germany and lived in a displaced persons camp for four years until 1949.

We came to America not knowing the language, and in poor health. I worked very hard as a seamstress and tailor—12 hours a day, six days a week.

Always remember to cherish family, since we lost so many. Teach children to respect and appreciate other religions and races, and learn the value of hard work and perseverance.

*Born February 15, 1916, Kalisch, Poland*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*



## Henry Greenbaum

Between the ages of 12 and 17, I was in a ghetto and slave labor camp in my town. From there, I was sent to Auschwitz, then to Buna Monowitz, and later to the Flossenburg concentration camp. Finally, I was sent on a death march.

I arrived in the U.S. after my sister, who was living in Washington, D.C., sent for me. I held various jobs until 1954, at which time I went into the dry cleaning business with my brother. I retired in 1997.

I want future generations to remember to practice kindness toward all human beings. Never judge people, regardless of their differences.

*Born April 1, 1928, Starachowice, Poland*



*Photo by Laura Waggoner*



*Photo by Jon Goell*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Jon Goell*

## Max Amichai Heppner

When I was only eight, my family and I fled our Amsterdam home to hide from the Nazis. We moved from place to place until we found safety in a chicken house, where “righteous gentiles” sheltered us for three years.

In November 1946 my mother and I reached the U.S., along with my only other surviving relative, my mother’s sister. Earning a master’s degree in agricultural journalism, I found work at the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C.

Since retiring, I have been writing a memoir for children, *I Live in a Chicken House*, based on a series of drawings I did in hiding. These drawings are featured in “No Child’s Play,” an exhibit at Yad Vashem, in Jerusalem.

I currently support a group of Marrano families in Vera Cruz, Mexico. I live by the principle of helping others: teach children to do something good for someone in need. Doing good always feels better than doing harm.

*Born October 15, 1933, Amsterdam  
The Netherlands*





*Photos by Jon Goell*

## Ruth S. Horwitz

**M**y sister, parents, and I left Germany on November 7, 1938, one night before the infamous Kristallnacht. After waiting for two years for a visa from the American Consul, we were fortunate to leave our unbearable life where we were not permitted to attend public school, conduct the family business, or live without fear of being “picked up.”

One of the last families to leave Hamburg, we came to the U.S. to join uncles who had immigrated earlier. I recall the trauma of not knowing the language, of being lonely, and living in near poverty. We were grateful, though to be together and happy to live in freedom. I think my awareness of my good fortune has made me optimistic.

*Born March 23, 1930, Hamburg, Germany*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Rosette Konick

Until June 1941 when the Germans broke their treaty with the Soviets, Malinsk was occupied by the Soviets. My family and the few other Jews in Malinsk were sent to do forced labor in the overcrowded Berezno ghetto. We escaped under cover of dark, occasionally sheltered by peasants, and stealthily moved east to find a partisan group to join.



*Photos by Jon Goell*

Sustained by dreams and good luck, we found refuge deep in the Branski Forest with a well-known Russian partisan group led by Dmitri Medvedev.

In fall 1943 I was flown to safer surroundings in Moscow to be an ammunitions factory worker at the Center for Partisans. In spring 1944 my mother brought me back to Poland. We celebrated the end of war in Rovno, after which we moved to Lodz, and then Paris.



In 1949 we joined my mother's sisters in Washington, D.C. I graduated from Montgomery College and the University of Maryland, and worked as a translator for the Library of Congress. I married Bernie in 1950 and enjoy our two children and five grandchildren.

*Born 1929, Malinsk, Poland  
(near Rovno)*

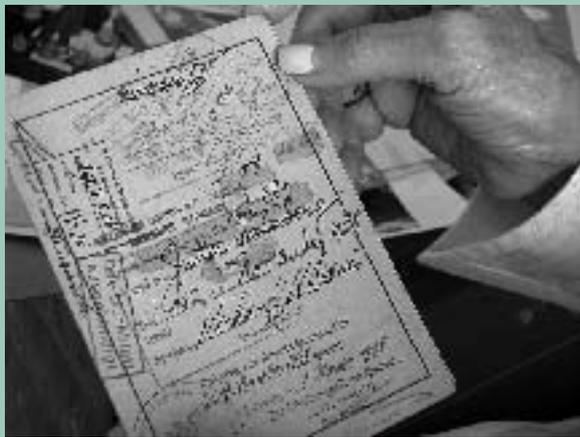


## Jutta Levy

I became aware of Hitler's rise to power because of its impact on me personally when, in 1935, Jewish children were excluded from public schools. I had to attend a Jewish school for girls and I also noticed the disappearance of my friends and their families. I learned later that they had been deported to the camps. As a school child, I was tormented by Nazi youth groups. Six hours before Kristallnacht began, my family fled to Cologne. Our house was destroyed and our housekeeper beaten.

My advice to others: never take the sweet right of freedom for granted—treasure it, defend it, appreciate it.

*Born September 28, 1926, Hamburg, Germany*





*Photos by Jon Goell*

## Edith Lowy

When I was 10 my family was forced to leave our homeland for Poland; we hoped to continue on to any country that would take us. We were trapped because the Germans invaded Poland before we could leave. My mother died in the Treblinka gas chamber, and my only brother, age 11, was shot in the Plaszow concentration camp. From Plaszow, I was deported to the Skarzysko Kamienna labor camp and then to Buchenwald. I was liberated by the Soviet Army from a death march, barely alive.

I lived in Israel for 10 years before coming to the U.S. with my husband and baby daughter.

Freedom is priceless. Never take anything in your life for granted. Treasure each moment with family and friends. If life seems hopeless, try to find a reason why it is worth living.

*Born December 22, 1928,  
Karvina, Czechoslovakia*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*



## Welek Luksenburg

In 1941 German occupiers forced the town's Jews into a ghetto. The following year, my parents were deported along with other Jews from Dabrowa to the Auschwitz-Birkenau killing center, where they perished. In 1943 I was transported to the Blechhammer camp and later transferred to Gleiwitz labor camp. There I met Hinda Chilewicz, a fellow inmate who would become my wife. In 1945 the prisoners were sent on a death march.

The men were taken to three different concentration camps. In May 1945, as U.S. troops approached, the SS abandoned us on a death march to Austria. In October 1945 I reunited with Hinda in a displaced persons camp and we married in 1947.

I volunteer at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum for the memory of my parents, so that they did not die in vain. I also want to teach others what hatred can do.

*Born February 1, 1923, Dabrowa Gornicza, Poland*



*Photo by John Hoover*

## Hinda Luksenburg

I was 13 when German troops occupied Sosnowiec and began their reign of terror. In spring 1942 German authorities began deporting Jews to Auschwitz-Birkenau. A year later, the remaining Jews were forced into a ghetto. After spending only a few days there, I was transported to the Gogolin transit camp, selected for forced labor, and deported to the Gleiwitz camp. There, I formed a friendship with Welek Luksenburg, a fellow inmate. In January 1945, as the Soviet army approached, we were evacuated from Gleiwitz.

I survived a death march to the Ravensbrück concentration camp and was liberated by Soviet troops in May 1945. Returning to Sosnowiec, I learned that my brother Abraham had died on a death march in 1944. My remaining family members had perished in Auschwitz. I reunited with Welek in a displaced persons camp in Germany and we married in 1947.

*Born April 4, 1926, Sosnowiec, Poland*



*Photo by Brian V. Jones*

## Emanuel Mandel

I was raised in unoccupied Hungary with its Numerus Clausus restriction on Jews. From 1942 through 1944, I can recall air raids, bombings, and pogroms, as well as the yellow star pinned to my coat when I entered first grade.

In spring 1944 I was part of the Kasztner train that was taken to Bergen-Belsen and later transferred to Switzerland after intensive, lengthy negotiations. In 1945 my family moved to Palestine and in 1949, we came to the U.S. where my father had been living for about a year.

My family moved to Montgomery County in 1972. I am a psychotherapist, and my wife Adrienne was a state representative. I am active in religious, civic, and community affairs.

Learn from the Holocaust,  
I caution, in order to build a  
better future.

*Born May 8, 1936, Riga,  
Latvia, but raised in Hungary*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Jon Goell*



*Photo by Jon Goell*

## Alice Masters

**I**n March 1939, the Germans occupied Czechoslovakia and in July, my two sisters and I were fortunate to be sent to England on the Kindertransport. The rest of my family was murdered in Auschwitz in the summer of 1942. I remained in London until 1948, when I accepted a job with the International Monetary Fund in Washington, D.C.

My husband and I enjoyed our seven grandchildren, the cultural scene of the area, and the international community, but I am also aware of the sad fact that there is no end to human cruelty.

*Born May 10, 1925, Trstena Orava, Czechoslovakia*



*Photo by John Hoover*

## Peter Masters

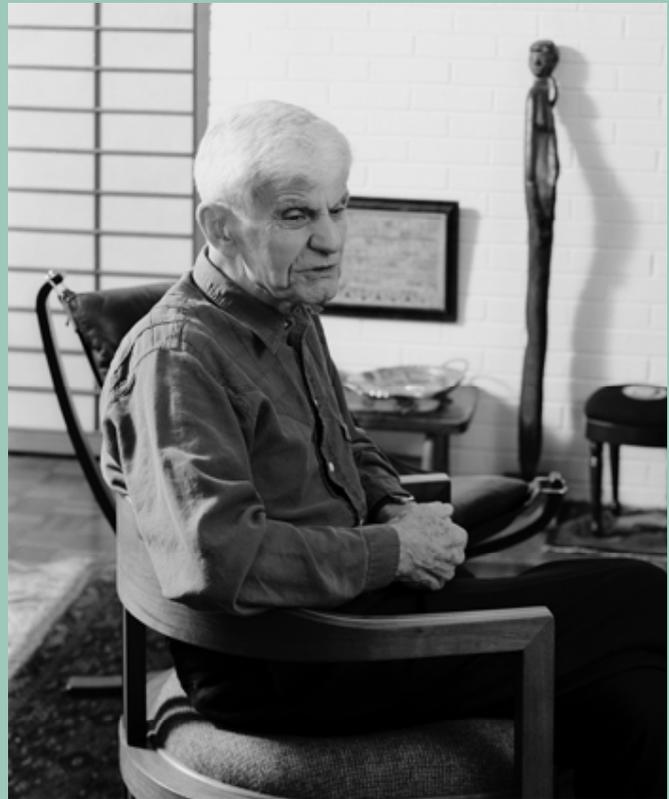
**A**fter the Anschluss in 1938, I left Vienna for England where I was classified as a “friendly enemy alien.” At 18, I enlisted in the army and volunteered for “special and hazardous duty” in a top-secret commando parachute unit. I served in France, Belgium, Holland, and West Africa.

After the War, I went to art college in London and received the first Fulbright Scholarship from Britain to the U.S. for art studies at Yale and then the Parsons School of Design.

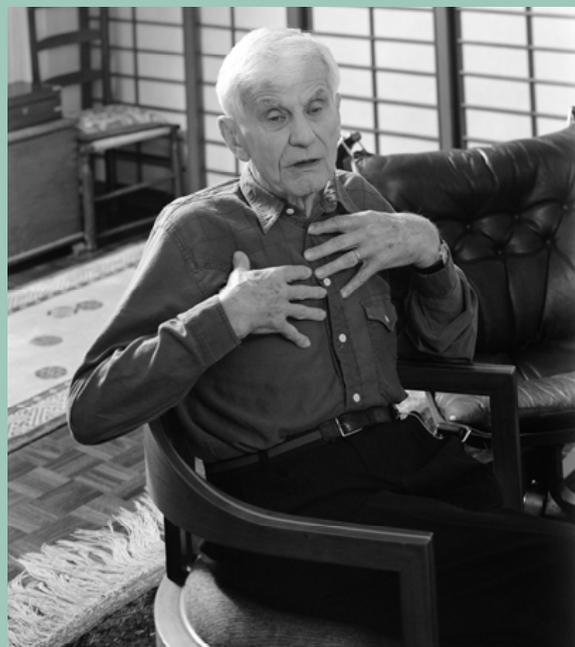
I married and became a U.S. citizen.

I believe that hatred must be confronted, fought, and overcome. We must reason together with those of other viewpoints, but never acquiesce or yield to discrimination.

*Born February 5, 1922, Vienna, Austria  
Died March 21, 2005*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*





## Nina Merrick

In June 1941 the Germans occupied my town. We were forced into a ghetto, but when it was liquidated, I escaped to a nearby forest where we came across partisan scouts. In the forest I attended to the wounded partisans. Being only 12 years of age and the sole survivor of my immediate family, I was sent to attend school in Moscow. I remained in Moscow for the rest of the war.

In 1947 I came to Washington, D.C. under the auspices of the U.S. Committee for the Care of European Children, to reside with my aunt and uncle and their family. I attended Strayer Business College and George Washington University. I also earned a teachers license in Jewish education.

Whatever comes your way, whatever is done to you, you must go on, adapt, and survive. Ein b'reira—there is no choice!

*Born May 18, 1929, Rokitno, Poland*



*Photo by Deb Camilo*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*

## Leon Merrick

The German Army occupied my town in September 1939. My family and I went to the nearby city of Lodz where a ghetto was forming. In the spring of 1944 I was shipped out to work as a slave laborer in an ammunitions factory. Later that year I was transferred to Buchenwald and Flossenbug. The U.S. Army liberated us on April 23, 1945.

I came to the Washington area under the sponsorship of the the Joint Distribution Committee. I served during the Korean War, attaining the rank of sergeant. After my discharge, I opened my own restaurant in Washington, D.C.

Our experiences remind people in every corner of this earth to become guardians of human rights, dignity, and freedom forever.

*Born January 8, 1926, Zgierz, Poland*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Eugene Miller

In 1940 the Nazis expelled my family from our home and sent us to the ghetto. Two years later, my parents died of starvation. I was a forced laborer until 1944, when the ghetto was liquidated and we were sent to Auschwitz and eventually to Dachau.

I arrived in the U.S. in 1949, and earned a Ph.D. in neuropharmacology, which brought me to the Food and Drug Administration in Washington, D.C. I was active in the Jewish community and elected president of my B'nai B'rith Lodge, one of the happiest periods of my life.

I believe we must be sensitive to the upsurge of global anti-Semitism, to remember, and to witness so that others may remember.

*Born October 16, 1923, Merkinia, Lithuania  
but raised in Lodz, Poland*



## Julia Miller

In June 1941 all the Jews of Dubno were forced into a ghetto. Armed with the false papers of a deceased Polish girl, I was smuggled out to a hiding place, only to be thrown out soon afterwards. I found my way to a former maid's house, where I lived under false papers until January 1944, when the Russian army returned to liberate Eastern Poland.

I came to the U.S. with my husband Eugene, raised our sons while working at the National Institutes of Health, and actively participated in Jewish community life.

I believe that hatred and prejudice are evil. We must remember the past so that such evil can never happen again.

*Born February 5, 1928, Dubno, Poland*



*Photos by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Jon Goell*

## Ralph W. Mollerick

**M**y parents gave my sister and me the ultimate gift when they placed us on the Kindertransport and out of harm's way of Nazi persecution. The Kindertransports, started in 1938, were trains designed to take mostly Jewish children, without parents, to England.

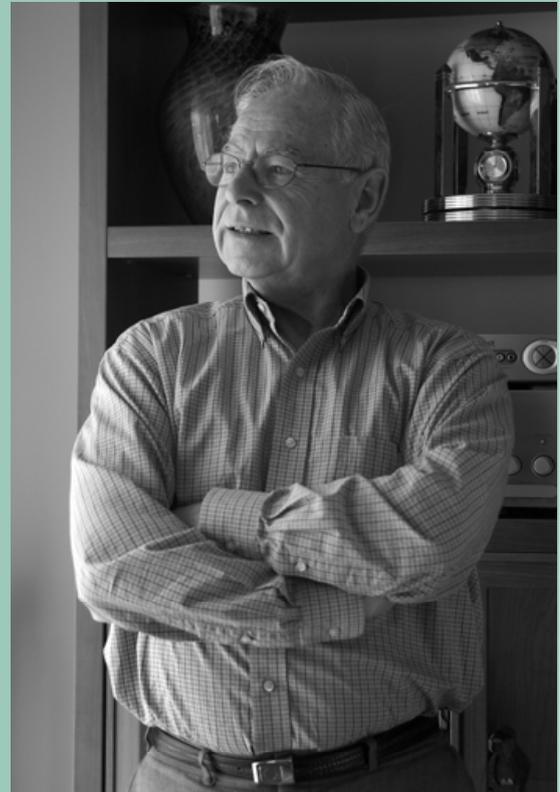
The British Parliament had arranged to absorb as many children as the Nazi regime would allow. The war in Europe started in 1939 and the Kindertransports ended.

During the war, I was sent to various boys' hostels in England to escape the nightly bombings. My education was frequently interrupted until the end of the war. We never saw our parents again.

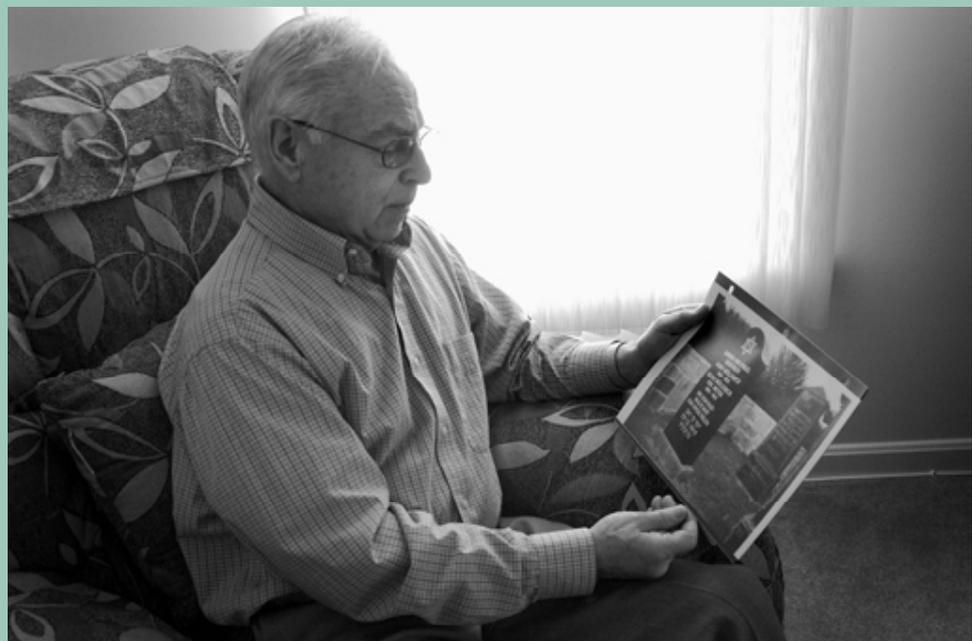
In 1946, cousins in New York provided visas for us to come to America. We arrived on my 16th birthday. In 1970, my family moved to Kemp Mill, Maryland.

The most important lesson for me is to appreciate the value of life and the freedom to fulfill my dreams.

*Born May 27, 1930  
Kassel, Germany*



*Photos by Susan Maldon Stregack*





## Halina Peabody

**W**hen war broke out, I was living in Zaleszczyki in the easternmost part of Poland, now Ukraine. My father was arrested by the Russians and sent to Siberia, leaving my mother, infant sister, and me alone. With the help of friends, we purchased false papers and spent the rest of the war as Catholics.

My father escaped from Russia with the Polish Army, which was part of the British Army. Therefore, we could go either to England or Palestine, but my parents chose England.

In 1957, I decided to live in Israel. In 1968, my husband and I immigrated to the U.S. We spent two years in California and moved to Montgomery County in 1970 for my husband's job.

I treasure every day. Most of all, I learned from my mother that children are the most important things in our lives; we need to love them and teach them what is valuable. A mother's love can make miracles.

*Born December 12, 1932, Krakow, Poland*



*Photo by Jon Goell*





## Sylvia Rozines

**W**hen the war began in 1939, I was four years old. My family and I were forced into the Lodz ghetto, where I spent six years. Each day my father would hide me because the Nazis wanted to take away the children. I lived in constant fear.

After the war, my sister, who had immigrated to Albany, New York, sent for me. My husband and I worked very hard and made many sacrifices to give our children the opportunities I never had—to attend college and complete their education. When my husband passed away, I moved to Montgomery County to be closer to my son and his family.

I didn't talk about the Holocaust for a long time, but when my son turned 16, he started to ask questions. Now, I hope that the Holocaust will never happen again...never again.

*Born January 20, 1935, Lodz, Poland*



*Photo by Jon Goell*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*



*Photo by Jon Goell*

## Rita Rubinstein

When I was only three, my father was taken into the Russian Army, and we were given 24 hours notice to leave our home. We spent the next three years in a labor camp in Transnistria.

After the war, we lived in a displaced persons camp for three years while we waited to immigrate to the U.S. When we arrived here, we were greeted by the Statue of Liberty—one of the happiest moments of my life.

I married in 1959 and my husband enrolled at the University of Maryland. Our temporary location became our permanent home. I love living here watching democracy at work.

The story of my life illustrates that with hard work and perseverance you can achieve success. We must remember to speak up against injustice, hatred, and intolerance so that future generations will enjoy the same freedom and opportunity as my children and grandchildren.

*Born December 12, 1938, Washkovitz, Romania*



*Photo by Rollin Fraser*



*Photo by Susan Maldon Stregack*

## Esther Sendrowicz

**W**hen the Germans invaded, they took us to a different city and put us in a small ghetto. They sent my brother to a labor camp and they murdered my parents. I was sent to a labor camp and then, in 1943, to Auschwitz.

The number on my arm is 57124. I was selected for the gas chambers several times, but fortunate never to have been actually sent to them. In January 1945 when Auschwitz was evacuated, I was sent to Germany in a cattle car. I'll never forget the moment the U.S. Army liberated us.

I went back to Poland after the war and then to Israel, where I learned that a man I had known in the ghetto was alive in New York. In 1974, I went to see him and we married.

In America, the government takes care of senior citizens and students have many opportunities to make a good future for themselves.

*Born March 25, 1926, Eastern Poland*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*



## Flora Singer

In 1938 my father traveled to America, hoping that we would join him there, but that was not to happen. Instead, the Germans invaded Belgium in 1940 and my mother, my two sisters, and I fled to France but were forced to return home. During the war, I was hidden in Belgian convents and spared deportation because of the efforts of resistance fighters like Georges Ranson; Father Bruno Reynders, a Benedictine monk; and others.

I came to the U.S. in 1946 and worked as a dressmaker. My husband and I moved to Montgomery County to open a bagel store. In 1966, we opened Bagel Master in Wheaton, Maryland.

I believe you should never despair, no matter what situation you are in—there is always a way out. Never become paralyzed—always act and keep trying.

*Born August 16, 1930, Berchem, Belgium*





*Photos by Brian V. Jones*

## Regina Gutman Spiegel

**A**s a young girl, I witnessed such cruelty, but somehow managed to endure because I was still part of a loving family. When I think back on those years, the best thing that happened to me was meeting a young man in one of the slave labor camps. After the liberation, he became my husband.

I want to say that most of us who survived the death factories and slave labor camps do not advocate vengeance or hatred. To that end, my children and grandchildren have selected this motto for me: you must remember to love and grow—“zachor.”

*Born May 12, 1926, Radon, Poland*

## Samuel Spiegel

**I**am the only one of my immediate family who survived the Holocaust. From 1941 to 1942, I was trapped in a ghetto in Kozienice and then transferred to Auschwitz, Poland, where I remained in a slave labor camp until 1944.

In 1946 Regina and I married in Munich, Germany. With papers she received from her uncle, we entered the U.S. and eventually settled in Washington, D.C. I found a job in the sheet metal industry.

Those who survived the Holocaust advocate hope and generosity, not violence. I would like future generations to prevent those atrocities from happening again. We are duty bound to denounce anti-Semitism, racism, and religious or ethnic hatred.

*Born August 23, 1922, Kozienice, Poland*



*Photo by Jon Goell*



*Photo by Laura Waggoner*



*Photo by Jon Goell*

## Harriett Steinhorn-Roth

**A**t age 13 I was separated and isolated from my parents, family, and friends. During two-and-a-half years in the Skarzysko ghetto and three years in five concentration and slave labor camps, I endured, but I witnessed the most brutal of man's inhumanity to man. I survived, thanks to other inmates who risked their lives to save mine.

You can break my heart, you can break my body, but you will never break my spirit.

*Born April 12, 1929, Lodz, Poland*



*Photo by John Hoover*



*Photo by Brian V. Jones*



*Photo by John Hoover*

## Charlene Schiff

In 1941 the Germans took my father away. He never said goodbye. We were sent to a ghetto, where my mother and other women organized a clandestine school for young children.

In 1942 we heard that the ghetto would be destroyed. My mother and I hid in underbrush as we heard the machine guns. A few days later, while I dozed, my mother vanished. I never saw her again. I spent the rest of the war living in the forests near Horochow. I am the only survivor in my family.

I spent three long years waiting to come to the U.S. because of quotas; I don't think that was right. In the interim, I attended the University of Heidelberg, which bent over backwards to accommodate me.

*Born December 16, 1929  
Horochow, Poland*



*Photo by Jon Goell*





## Herman Taube

In 1943 I was drafted into the Polish Army and sent to Russia where I served as a medic. I was badly hurt when my ambulance blew up. After my recovery, I was sent in 1945 to Majdanek and then to Platte, Pomerania, where I organized the first Red Cross station for civilians and also met my wife. In 1947 we immigrated to the U.S and settled in Maryland.

From the beginning, I wrote for Yiddish papers and other periodicals. I am currently the Yiddish *Forward's* White House correspondent. I have written 20 books and have led an active life in the Jewish community.

I cherish life in this peaceful country. My family is the power that makes my life worth living.

*Born February 2, 1918, Lodz, Poland*



*Photos by Brian V. Jones*

## Susan Taube

In 1938 my father was sent to Buchenwald during Kristallnacht. My mother was attacked by hoodlums. My father, a WW I veteran, was released on condition that he leave Germany. He fled to the U.S., but could not get us out. In January 1941, we were deported to the Riga ghetto. My grandmother and other elderly people were shot.

My mother died in a labor camp in Torun, Poland. My sister and I were sent to Stutthof, where she perished. In March 1945 the Russian and Polish armies liberated us on a death march. I worked as a Red Cross aide in Platte, Pomerania, where I met and married Herman.

We left for America in 1947 and raised our family. We are active in charitable organizations and devoted to keeping our families' memories alive.

*Born January 9, 1926, Vacha, Germany*



