The American & International Societies for Yad Vashem Annual Tribute Dinner will be held on Sunday, November 16, 2014, at the Sheraton New York Hotel and Towers. This year’s honoree, Sigmund Rolat, was born in 1930 in Czestochowa, Poland. His immediate family was murdered during the Shoah, leaving him orphaned and alone. He survived by seeking shelter in the Czestochowa ghetto and by working in the Hasag Pelcory labor camp. Sigmund arrived in the United States in 1948 and earned a BA from the University of Cincinnati and an MA from NYU.

Mr. Rolat went on to marry, raise a devoted family and build a successful business. After the collapse of Communism he saw an opportunity to re-engage with Poland. After the collapse of Communism he saw an opportunity to re-engage with Poland. Rolat became an ardent Yankees fan, taking the subway to games starting at age 9. He attended P.S. 84 (1965–1969), Collegiate School (1969–1975), and Columbia College (1975–1979), graduating with an AB in biology. He earned a PhD in biolology from the University of Michigan in 1968. After working in his field of evolutionary biology at Duke University, North Carolina State University and Utah State University, he joined the faculty of the University of Rochester in 2000; he is currently associate professor of biology there.

Mr. Rolat serves as the president of the Taube Foundation in the US and in Poland. He is involved in the Jan Karski Educational Foundation in the US and in Poland. Mr. Rolat serves as the president of the World Society of Czestochowa Jews and Their Descendants.

Mr. Rolat is a long-time supporter of the American Society for Yad Vashem. He has achieved the status of Builder at Yad Vashem, Jerusalem, by donating generously and often. Rolat donated a drawing by the Polish writer and artist, Bruno Schulz, titled “Bianca and Her Father in a Coach.” He has been recognized for the generous donation of the works of Private Zinovii Tolkatchev and other artwork by his granddaughter Bella Chagall.

Mr. Rolat will also pay tribute in to Varian Fry, the first American to receive the title of Righteous Among the Nations from Yad Vashem. When WWII was declared in 1939, Varian Fry was a 32-year-old American working in New York as an editor for the American & International Societies for Yad Vashem. When WWII was declared in 1939, Varian Fry was a 32-year-old American working in New York as an editor for the American Council. His commitments to Poland were recognized by his being awarded the Commander Cross of the Order of Polonia Restituta by President Bronislaw Komorowski. In addition to his work in Poland, Sigmund was a member of the Executive Committee and Board of Governors of Ben-Gurion University in Israel. He continues to serve on numerous advisory boards, including those of the Kosciuszko Foundation, the Taube Foundation for Jewish Life & Culture, and the President’s Council of the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California. He is the chairman of the Krakow Jewish Culture Festival, the Isaac Bashevis Singer Festival in Warsaw and the Shalom Foundation. He is also involved in the Jan Karski Educational Foundation in the US and in Poland.

Mr. Rolat went on to marry, raise a devoted family and build a successful business. After the collapse of Communism he saw an opportunity to re-engage with Poland.

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The woman who launched 1,000 Jewish refugees....................................6
Varian Fry will be represented at the event by his son James Fry, and Chagall by his granddaughter Bella Meyer.

Bella Meyer born in Paris and raised in Switzerland, was born immersed in the world of art. She always painted while studying art history and obtaining her PhD in medieval art history from the Sorbonne. Bella taught art history, wrote numerous academic papers and delivered informative, firsthand experiences in lecture form, of her grandfather Marc Chagall’s work. Invited to take on responsibilities for the visual arts at the Cultural Services of the French Embassy, Bella settled in New York, where she held this position for a number of years. Adding to her expanding list of accomplishments, she has had her hand in costume design and mask-making for a number of theater performances and also created many puppets for her own puppet show productions. Bella’s passion for beauty and aesthetics led her to become a floral designer. In a recent publication Bella describes her love for flowers: “to discover its essence — opening, life, death — is to experience an unimaginable mystery.” Bella founded FleursBELLA, a floral design and decor company, in 2005, focusing her talents on creating floral arrangements much in the way an artist paints.
Bergen-Belsen was liberated by the British army on April 15, 1945. Conditions at the camp were so horrendous that the British burned it down in order to stop the spread of typhus and other diseases. They relocated the survivors to a former German army barracks, two kilometers from the original camp. This camp was called Bergen-Belsen Displaced Persons Camp.

This diary by Chava Rosenfarb appears to have been written in this DP camp, when Rosenfarb was 22 years old. The following extracts were translated here by Goldie Morgenstern, Rosenfarb’s daughter and a professor of English at the University of Lethbridge.

Bergen-Belsen, May 6, 1945
Father, where are you?

Today, for the first time, I hold a pen in my hand. My fingers tremble over the white sheet of paper. With what joy, with what love, with what warmth do I write this? For you, Father. Where are you now, Tateh? I want to write: “Today I am beautiful, you are blue sky,” but instead I see your luminous eyes. I can feel your blessings and your dreams, your smile and your longing.

Below my window I hear a commotion. It is nothing serious. Soup is being distributed. Everybody gets a portion. People are impatient, still haunted by the anxiety of yesterday that lives on in them. Although they know that one will go away without his portion of soup — if not at this window, he will be served at the next — but still they all try to be served first. They want to be sure of that little bowl of soup, to stir it with a spoon. There is a man standing opposite my window. He does not go to his room. He does not sit down at the table. Leaning against the stone wall he gulps down the soup as fast as he can. God, how hungry he is! For years he has been hungry and for years he has been tired. His black overcoat hangs from his shoulders and reaches to his ankles. Between one slurp of soup and the next he wets his face with the sleeve of his coat.

He is tired but happy. I can see his eyes dance with pleasure as they glance away from his pot to embrace everything around him, from the green grass beneath the window to the tall chestnut tree. He is so happy. Why? Why is he happy about this, this man, this Jew, this tortured emaciated Jew? Most likely, he is not thinking about this at all. For so long he has been so hungry and so tired. Our liberation has come, where at this very moment with your bowl of soup, leaning against another wall. Is it possible? I ask my heart, but it trembles with uncertainty.

May 7
Wherever I look I see you. No matter where you have come into my mind, you are always there. Where are you, Tateh? Will I ever be able to caress you and beg your forgiveness? I showed you so little kindness in the last days of my feverish past. I told you very little of my innermost thoughts. You were so thinly to know my feelings and I was so stingy in sharing them with you. Where are you now, Tateh? I want to tell you everything!

Did you hear the firing of the guns? The shots are meant to tell the world that peace has come, that the hour of freedom has arrived: those very days for which you so longed when you were shut up in the darkness of the ghetto. Have you lived to see them? The annihilation of a people is not just something that you have to fear. In my own past I am only one of my kind to have survived. You were so tired after those five years in the ghetto. But then, cut off from us, how could you have survived the still more terrible atrocities of the camps? Perhaps the longing to see us again helped you to survive? Tateh, we are here. The fire is glowing, but you are missing from our joy.

May 8
Our liberation has come, but she wears a prosaic face. No one has died of joy. No one has gone mad with excitement. Why is it so? I see your father and his limbs know and his body knows that soon he will cast off his heavy black overcoat. Soon the flesh will grow on his bones. Life has arrived! No one has gone mad. No one has died of joy. They want to be sure of that little bowl of soup, leaning against another wall. Is it possible? I ask my heart, but it trembles with uncertainty.

May 10
At right when I open my eyes, I see Mother and Hers. They are wiping the sweat from my forehead and they constantly ask how I feel. We tremble over each other’s well-being. I want to comfort them. I want to tell them that we do not need to be afraid anymore. We are free now. But how can we protect ourselves from death? No, we are still very helpless.

I have a fever. Perhaps it is a cold. Or is it, perhaps, typhus? June 6
For four long weeks the fever boiled in my blood. It scorched my eyes and dulled my brain. From under steep out our thin bodies? Now she is here and she beckons to us from every corner. She is right before our eyes, yet we cannot see her. She begs us: Touch me … enjoy me … But we are tired. Our past, like a hawk, circles overhead, fluttering its black wings, devouring our days with horrific memories. But tomorrow will bring peace and joy. Poor, Sad Freedom! Will she ever have the strength to free us from those dark shadows again? Bats circle outside the window. Their wings flutter in a ghostly dance. My unfinished ghetto poem torments my mind. It used to accompany me in the camp. With its words on my lips I used to drag myself through the snows in the early winter mornings to work. I penciled the verses on the ceiling above my bunk. Each day a few more lines. In my mind, I hear them constantly.

Through the open window I can hear the loudspeaker announcing that today the war is officially over. Where are you, Tateh? I want to hug you. The war trembles to the distant salvos of guns. Thin clouds of smoke waft through the air. We celebrate this festive moment with a chunk of dry bread. We have nothing better.
More than 1.5 million Jewish children were murdered by the Nazis; trauma of child Holocaust survivors can be triggered at any time, expert says.

The last day of the three-day Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany in Berlin featured a focused discussion and examination of the experiences of child survivors of the Holocaust, a category into which most of those in the crowded conference room who had outlined the Shoah fell.

Conducted in English and in German, this last event of the week, held at the Centrum Judicum museum near the center of the city, was meant to be a wake-up call to the ongoing needs of Holocaust victims, said Greg Schneider, the executive vice president of the conference.

"How do we honor child survivors?"

Schneider asked. "We need to ask what are the issues of child survivors today. When someone is subjected to trauma, what effect does that have over time? Problems come out even later in life."

It quickly became clear that they are almost the only survivors left in the world, as Roman Kent, a Poland-born survivor of Auschwitz and the treasurer of the conference, spoke about how the trauma of surviving when your entire family perished extended to more than just loneliness after the war.

"Some things are intangible," said Kent. "On our wedding day we didn't have the parents and the aunts and the brothers…. I never thought I would be asked by my daughter: 'Where is my grandma?' I had no answer."

Colette Avital, the chairwoman of the Center of Organizations of Holocaust Survivors in Israel, said that today, Holocaust survivors find themselves hiding from rockets and bombs in the same way they used to hide from the police looking for Jewish children.

"We need to ask what brought the Société Nationale des Chemins de fer Français to heel?" Schneider asked. "We are each other's family."

Despite being experienced 70 to 75 years ago, the trauma can be triggered at any time, almost regardless of how old the children were when they went through the trauma, what effect does that have today? Problems come out even later in life."

And the French government has now finally negotiating reparations for child Holocaust survivors of the Jewish families like the Dresdners. What brought the Société Nationale des Chemins de fer Français to heel? A coalition of survivors and families headquartered in New York that has never forget. Paris rail workers and guards "took everything but the clothes on our backs and crammed us into a cattle car," he said. Now, 73 years later, the French are finally negotiating reparations for its U.S. arm, Keolis North America, has bid on projects from Florida to California to Virginia. Keolis recently won a $2.7 billion contract from Boston's Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority. But its interest in a $6.5 billion Maryland project is being challenged by a state bill requiring SNCF to pay reparations.

Support for the measure was fueled by survivor Leo Bretholz, 92, who has gathered 150,000 signatures on a petition blasting the "unconscious" possibility that the company could now reap profits from its taxpaying victims.

Rep. Carolyn Maloney (D-N.Y.) has also joined the fight, co-sponsoring the Holocaust Rail Justice Act, which would allow victims to have their day in U.S. court against the foreign company that transported some 76,000 Jews to concentration camps. Only about 3,000 survived. The French government has now begun formal negotiations with State Department representatives. Tamen has communicated her clients' expectations, and is awaiting an offer.

"They had better hurry," quipped Dresdner, 85, a retired salesman from Brooklyn. His family was lucky. They escaped from a French internment camp and, though they lost everything, eventual-ly fled to America. Manel Feingold's family didn't fare so well.

Feingold, 74, a retired Manhattan steel broker, lost his father at Auschwitz, and his mother never recovered.

When he finally moved her to a nursing home, she begged not to go, insisting her "transit papers" weren't in order.

Lucie Davis, 84, a Manhattan grand- mother of two, discovered both her parents had died in Auschwitz when she returned to her Paris home from summer camp at the age of 12. She's not hopeful she will ever see reparations, and doesn't buy the company's story — that it had to comply with Nazi orders.

"The French knocked on doors, loaded Jews in the trucks, forced them on the trains," she said. "No ifs or buts."
Through Amateur Eyes: Film and Photography in Nazi Germany.

REVIEWED BY DR. DIANE CYPKIN

I t has always amazed me to think that most all the existing still and moving images documenting World War II were taken by the Germans — and amateur photographers and filmmakers at that! But as Frances Guerin records in her book, Through Amateur Eyes: Film and Photography in Nazi Germany, it’s really not surprising at all. In the years leading up to the war, the interest in filmmaking and photography was ever-growing globally. In Germany it was especially so, with new technologies developing and the number of film clubs burgeoning — all servicing these exceptionally enthusiastic hobbyists. Thus when the war came and many Germans went off to fight, they packed their “Agfa box cameras” or the more “recently invented” and “more expensive Leicas” in their gear.

Which brings this reviewer to what does surprise the reader and makes Guerin’s a thought-provoking work. While most researchers simply concern themselves with the content of the filmed or photographed material, Guerin focused on the allegedly cloistered and meditative study of them points out that a much “more nuanced understanding of the images” is possible, an “understanding” which reveals that they have greater stories to tell — often dependent on who is viewing them and when!

Hence, getting back to those camera enthusiasts who went off to war, when it comes to the countless black-and-white photos taken by these German soldiers on the Eastern Front — many of them capturing the “worst kinds of violence” and brutallities perpetrated on civilians, alongside images of the soldiers themselves eating, cleaning their weaponry, carousing, and doing their daily chores — Guerin forwarding the idea that to the soldiers taking them, these images served (horribly) as travel and sightseeing photos! And, like travel and sightseeing photos, they were frequently sent home to Germany — with or without accompanying letters — to end up in family photo albums, also conveniently made available at that time. In sum, the picture of a group of German soldiers next to a Jew just hanged, or a hapless Jew having his beard ruthlessly shorn, was, to the sender (and surely his family), like a photo taken of oneself near the Eiffel Tower and sent home announcing something like, “Look, look where I am now!” Needless to say, the soldier sending this image (and the family, undoubtedly, was either apathetic or proud when it came to the inhumane act described in this recorded image. Needless to say, too, this apathy or pride can only attest to the “success” of Nazism vis-à-vis its many “dedicated” followers!

No less surprising, of course, is the fact that while the Nazi leadership officially forbade the taking of moving or still photos of anything that could give information to the enemy or besmirch the good name of the Wehrmacht, control appears to have been difficult! Then again, in reading Guerin’s work one can’t help but notice the Nazi leadership’s schizophrenic approach to photography and filmmaking generally. On the one hand they loved it — especially when it came to color photography and filmmaking. Color, to them, added artistry to black-and-white documentary. They felt it allowed Nazism to show off its glorious excitement and colorfulness, like nothing else! On the other hand, the camera recorded things the Nazis wanted recorded (and they did enjoy record-keeping) — and those they didn’t.

Indeed, when it comes to that evidentiary aspect of photography, Walter Genewein, a chief accountant of the Lodz ghetto, “meticulous[ly] documented[ed] “the mechanics and activities of everyday life in the Lodz ghetto” on his “confiscated Moviek 12 camera,” in hopes of pleasing his higher-ups and advancing in the Nazi ranks. He took color photographs of just about everything in the ghetto, including, of course, Jews laboring for the Nazis. The surprise readers will discover here! Guerin points out that “instead of narrating the necessity of obliterating the Jews as vermin, these photographs offer a justification for their continued existence. They show the usefulness and productivity of Jewish labor...” But, of course, who was doing the viewing would make all the difference here. Meanwhile, as we look back on them now, Guerin also notes, we cannot help but think about what happened to these Jews in the end...

Finally, there is Guerin’s fascinating chapter on Eva Braun, Hitler’s mistress, and her amateur photography and filmmaking activities. Just one of the variety of interesting ideas Guerin forwards here is the very fact that Braun was most definitely NOT the definition of the supposed Nazi ideal of the German woman, busy in the kitchen and busy having children! Instead, Braun was single, she traveled to some fascinating places, and she was busy showing her camera photographing and filming people and scenes. Moreover, Hitler encouraged her by presenting Braun with the very latest in camera equipment and film! Hypocritically, it seems that Hitler’s ideals of “German womanhood” were directed much more to a greater populace than the Nazi “elite.”

As regards the rest, I leave that for the reader to discover... and ponder.

In sum, Holocaust scholars and camera buffs will find Guerin’s work highly absorbing.

Dr. Diane Cypkin is a Professor of Media, Communication, and Visual Arts at Pace University.

SURVIVING THE HOLOCAUST BY HIDING THEIR FAITH

Such Good Girls: The Journey of the Holocaust’s Hidden Child Survivors.

REVIEWED BY STEVE WENICK

Jews Out! was just the name of a child’s game that three little girls played in World War II Europe. But all is not as it seems, because the three girls were Jewish, but hiding their true identities. In award-winning author R.D. Rosen’s riveting nonfiction work, Such Good Girls, “Jews Out!” wasn’t a game; it was a struggle for survival.

The girls, Sophie, Flora and Carla, grew up in a time and a place that did not want them to be Jewish. The time was the Holocaust, the place was Europe, and the humanity of too many “good” people was hidden — justly so.

The accuracy of the histories of the three young girls interviewed was validated by Rosen’s series of personal in-depth interviews with each of the women, and bolstered by painstaking cross-verifying research. Even though the girls had repressed their memories in the far recesses of their psyches, Rosen was able to cast off the shrouds of denial and forgetfulness and prod the women into recalling events that defined their secret lives.

The story of Such Good Girls is presented in three parts that recount the milestones of the women’s lives: The Children, The Ghetto, and Hidden Child Survivors.

Part One: The Children

Into the lives of the young girls and how the quality of their lives was wrenched from them with the rise of Fascism. Although all three girls survived their steady descent into the abyss of Nazi-occupied Europe, they did so at the expense of being who they were. It was during their young and most formative years that they learned how to hide from the Nazis and their all-too-eager collaborators, as well as from themselves.

Sophie was born Selma Schwartzwald in Lwow, Poland, and escaped the Jewish ghetto along with her mother, who sought sanctuary for her daughter by having her [female] vest as a Catholic under the protection of the church. Flora was born Flora Hillel in San Remo, Italy, but she was later given the Christian-sounding name of Marie Hamon by convent nuns, sworn to silence, as they diligently toiled to protect and save her. Carla was born Carla Heijmans in Holland, where 75 percent of the nation’s Jews were lost, but unlike those victims of the accident of their birth, she was hidden and survived, thanks in part to the labors of a courageous but stern Jesuit priest.

After the war, Sophie, Flora and Carla came out of hiding, struggled with their past on their journey to the present, and as adults finally rejoined the living and reunited with their Jewish roots.

Part Two: The Gathering

explores breaking the silence — survival techniques employed by hidden children until the chapter of their lives as adults. Although the hidden children could neither hide from their memories nor escape the nightmares of their childhood, the psychotherapeutic treatment they underwent as adults helped give voice to the silence.

(Continued on page 13)
HOW THE NAZIS HELPED GERMAN COMPANIES GET VERY RICH

BY ALAN HALL, MAIL ONLINE

The colossal extent of slave labor used by modern-day German blue-chip companies to get rich during the Third Reich has been laid bare by the nation's top business magazine.

WirtschaftsWoche has published a league table illustrating the Nazi past of top German firms like Bosch, Mercedes, Deutsche Bank, Volkswagens and many others, which involved the use of almost 300,000 slaves.

The league table follows revelations earlier that Audi, which was known as Auto Union during the Nazi period, was a big exploiter of concentration camp–supplied slave labor, using 20,000 concentration camp inmates in its factories.

Many of the companies listed by WirtschaftsWoche have already had internal reckonings with their Nazi past.

In 2011, the dynasty behind the BMW luxury car maker admitted, after decades of silence, to using slave labor, taking over Jewish firms and doing business with the highest echelons of the Nazi party during World War II.

Gabriele Quandt, whose grandfather Guenther employed an estimated 50,000 forced laborers in his arms factories, producing ammunition, rifles, artillery and U-boat batteries, said it was “wrong” for the family to ignore this chapter of its history.

But BMW was not the only German firm to profit from the sudden influx of slave labor.

Daimler, which owns Mercedes, admitted as far back as 1988 that it had employed 40,000 forced laborers under appalling conditions during the war, enabling it to reap massive profits.

Electronic giant Bosch used 20,000 slaves, while steelmaker ThyssenKrupp used a staggering 75,000.

VW, builder of the “People’s Car” that morphed postwar into the VW Beetle, employed 12,000 slaves in the most terrible of conditions at its plant in Wolfsburg. The chemical and pharmaceutical behemoths BASF, Bayer and Hoechst employed 80,000 slaves.

Bayer celebrated its 150th anniversary last year with no mention in the official blurb about the Nazi years from 1933 to 1945.

And chemical manufacturer IG Farben even had a factory inside Auschwitz death camp that used prison labor in the production of synthetic rubber and oil.

However, Farben’s most ghastly act was in the sale of Zyklon B — the poison used in the Nazi gas chambers. At its peak in 1944, this factory made use of 83,000 slave laborers.

There were also companies which enriched themselves through Nazi rule, Publishing giant Bertelsmann grew rich publishing gung-ho pro-war books for Hitler Youth members and, according to Handelsblatt, “profited massively” from contracts with the German armed forces at the Nazi Germany from conquered lands to enrich themselves through Nazi injustice.

Most of the agricultural companies came from the occupied eastern territories of Poland, the Baltic states and Russia. Because the Slavic people were regarded as subhuman in the Nazi racial lexicon, casualty rates among them were the highest of all.

Slave laborers were used after the 1943 Dambuster raid to repair the breached dams in the Ruhr Valley and many French workers were pressed-angled into backwards work building Hitler’s Atlantic wall, meant to stave off a seaborne invasion launched from England.

BASF built a plant at Auschwitz to produce synthetic rubber, and inmates there had a life expectancy measured in weeks. Soviet POWs conscripted to work in Nazi industrial plants suffered death rates of between 90 and 97 percent.

Gabriele Quandt spoke out after an in-depth study by Bonn-based historian Joachim Scholtyseck, detailing their dispersion among their empire from the company HQ in Berlin.

Herbert even employed Ukrainian slaves on his weekend retreat outside the Reich capital.

Guenther was described as an “opportunist” who enthusiastically helped the regime to rid Berlin inrens of Jewish workers before the start of the war.

This was despite his numerous contacts with Jewish bankers in the years before the Nazis began their climb to power.

He was also “unschruppulous” in his take-overs of Jewish firms, which were forcibly sold for a pittance to loyal German industrialists such as himself.

“The family patriarch was part of the Nazi regime,” judged the historian in the 1,200-page study.

“The Quandts connected themselves inseparably with the crimes of the National Socialists.”

BMW, of which the Quandts became major shareholders 15 years after the war, was not implicated in the documentary.

“We were treated terribly and had to (Continued on page 14)
At the same time, I may be permitted in getting to a transatlantic country. I politely address my petition to you, "With the greatest desire of my life I that most German Jews had left. One of the few avenues for escape newspapers or encyclopedias, were and addresses could be culled from influence or money, whose names was one. Appeals to Americans with clear that things were only getting ate aftermath of wrote a desperate letter to a

BY ALLISON HOFFMAN, TABLET

HOLLYWOOD'S UNKNOWN RESCUER

On December 27, 1938, a young woman in Berlin named Johanna Rockmann sat down and wrote a desperate letter to a stranger in California. In the immediate aftermath of Kristallnacht, it was clear that things were only getting worse for Germany’s remaining 550,000 Jews, of whom Rockmann was one. Appeals to Americans with influence or money, whose names and addresses could be culled from newspapers or encyclopedias, were one of the few avenues for escape that most German Jews had left. “With the greatest desire of my life I take the liberty to address you,” she wrote, in fluid English script. “I politely address my petition to you, asking you for your kind assistance in getting to a transatlantic country. At the same time, I may be permitted to ask you for an affidavit.”

The man to whom she addressed her plea was Harry Warner, one of Hollywood’s Warner brothers. President of the studio that bore his family name, he was ranked by Fortune as the second-most-important man in the film business — a man with production schedules to meet and high-powered egos to manage and little time left over to help people he didn’t know.

What Rockmann needed from Harry Warner was something quite involved: a signed and notarized guarantee of financial support that she could offer to U.S. consular authorities as proof that she would not become a burden to the American public. Such an affidavit, signed by the head of a major Hollywood studio, would seal her application for a precious visa that would allow her to join them, Pacifici replied: “Try to understand me. I still want to try to help some more Jews to cross the border. I want nothing in exchange! What will happen to me is not that important! When all will be safe, I’ll also put my wife in safety and then I’ll join the partisan in the mountains.”

When it became clear that the Swiss were no longer to turn away youngsters over 16, Pacifici led successive groups of Jews to the river and on to safety. On December 7, 1943, Goffredo and his brother Addo, who assisted in the escapes, were picked up by the Varose police, deported and murdered in Auschwitz. In his book about his own escape, with nearly a 100 orphaned and refugee children in tow, Indig wrote: “[Pacifici] was the representative of all that was good in Italian Jewry. A proud Jew with a warm soul. He was seated on the treacherous route he took without fear. He was one of the heroes of our rescue, among the greats we came to know during our Italian exile.”

With great heroism, Jews in every country in occupied Europe employed subterfuge, forgery, smuggling, concealment and other methods to ensure that some Jews survived the Holocaust in Europe, or assisted them in escaping to a safe haven, and by doing so resisted the Nazi murder machine. The few rescuers who are still alive remained reluctant until recent times to recount their stories, safe in the knowledge that they were able to overcome the German tormentors and the laborers.

Holocaust historiography has focused for 70 years on the means and ways Jews were deported, dehumanized and murdered. Some Holocaust historians are aware of the urgent need for change. Writing in the introduction to his book Jewish Resistance and the Nazis, Patrick Henry, professor emeritus at Whittman College, notes that “[i]n the realm of rescue, particularly when compared to the acclaim granted non-Jewish rescuers, the tremendous role played by Jews in the rescue of other Jewish persons, often working in Jewish organizations and in conjunction with non-Jews, has not received sufficient academic study and appropriate public recognition.”

(Continued on page 13)
THE WOMAN WHO LAUNCHED 1,000 JEWISH REFUGEES

BY MENACHEM WECKER AND AMANDA Borsch-Lan, THE TIMES OF ISRAEL

In so many ways, Ruth Gruber is larger than life. As a photojournalist she traveled to the Soviet Arctic as a foreign correspondent in the mid-1930s, covered the arrival of Exodus 1947 in Palestine, and reported on the rescue of Jews in Ethiopia in the mid-1980s. The Brooklyn native, who started reporting in the early 1930s, has also published 19 books.

But what she called “the most important assignment of her life” was not as a journalist, but rather as a diplomat — Gruber was a special assistant to the US secretary of the interior during World War II — with the astonishing rank of general.

In 1944, Gruber was instrumental in bringing some 1,000 Jewish refugees from Nazi Europe to the United States — the only time the US brought refugees from Nazi Europe to the United States, where thousands could have saved. It was to be sure late and too little, but it was something,” says Gruber.

Nazi crimes against visual art are easy to grasp. We can see images of paintings they stole. We can read about court battles Holocaust victims and their heirs sometimes have fought to get them back.

But how does one show the willful obliteration of music?

Carla Shapreau saw how during a visit to Vienna, and now she is telling the world.

A violin maker, attorney and lecturer at the UC Berkeley School of Law, Shapreau is on a research mission to bring Nazi persecution of Jewish musicians to light. She looks for valuable musical instruments and collections of sheet music that the Nazis confiscated, and anything else that will add to the world’s store of knowledge about how Jewish musicians were hounded into emigration, silence or death.

The new discovery is important to Beatrice Beer, a French American operatic soprano whose father, Joseph Beer, is crossed out near the top of Page 5.

Beer was already late for a recent rehearsal in Philadelphia when a reporter reached her to ask about Shapreau’s findings. She’d heard about the list but hadn’t seen it.

“This is so emotional for me,” Beer said. “This gives me the chills.”

It’s not news that her father was blacklisted and his career destroyed, she said. But there’s something uncanny about being able to see the moment in which he was marked for creative erasure. “This comes as a bashed in red.”

The OREL Foundation exists to make the music of composers such as Joseph Beer resound again. It’s an outgrowth of Los Angeles-based OREL Foundation and opera music director James Conlon’s ongo-

RESEARCHER’S MISSION TO SHOW NAZIS’ SILENCING OF MUSIC DURING HOLOCAUST

BY MIKE BOEHM, L.A. TIMES

In January 1944, Roosevelt decided we should open our doors and take 1,000 war refugees. I was a member of the Roosevelt government.... [Secretary of the Interior Harold L.] Ickes told me they’re going to make me a general. He said, ‘If the Germans capture you, they can kill you as a spy. But if we make you a general, they have to keep you alive!’

“We were part of a whole convoy. There were 29 ships, about 15 of them warships. Every night the ship was blacked out completely. The whole convoy was blacked out,” says Gruber.

The ship was sailing in the Mediterranean when 30 Nazi planes flew over. All passengers were told to retreat to their bunks and the refugees ran to their hold, Gruber describes. When the Nazi planes flew over, the refugees were silent on their bunks.

“They had been through so much, they could go through this. Though many were scared, they were silent. Even the babies were silent as if they knew this was a moment to be silent,” Gruber tells Richards.

“And I had an epiphany and I knew from this minute on, my life would be inexorably bound with rescue and survival,” says Gruber.

The refugee ship grew used to life in the former army base. Gruber tells how the townspeople were “fascinated” and threw gifts over the fence.

“The schools of Oswego opened their arms to our children and these children were hungry for education,” Gruber says, noting some hadn’t been in school for up to 15 years.

At the end of the war there was panic, tells Gruber. The refugees thought they would be sent back, as per their agreement with the now deceased Roosevelt. President Harry S. Truman’s decision to bestow citizenship on the refugees is attributed to the work of camp director Dr. Joseph Smart and Eleanor Roosevelt, who took up the cause.

In December 1944, the refugees were taken to Canada and given visas to the United States.

“One thousand helps make up for their travel together whenever possible, though young men of military age were not allowed. Preference was given to those who could help run the refugee camp in the US, and those with communicable or ‘odious diseases’ were excluded.

All refugees were forced to sign a document stating they would return to Europe after the war ended and weren’t provided with legal status for their stay in the US. Gruber describes that the refugees were given a tag to wear around their necks that classified them as ‘casual baggage.’

Though the ship arrived August 3, 1944, the voyage was rife with danger.

In interviews for the biographical documentary Ahead of Time, Gruber, close to 100 at the time of filming, tells of this amazing chapter in her episodic life.

In 1944, Gruber was instrumental in bringing some 1,000 Jewish refugees from Nazi Europe to the United States — the only time the US brought refugees from Nazi Europe to the United States, where thousands could have saved. It was to be sure late and too little, but it was something,” says Gruber.

“I had two tools: I had words and I had images, and I realized one every of us has tools, we have to find those tools and use them and fight injustices.”

The fantastic voyage was described in Gruber’s Haven and eventually turned into a 2001 movie, starring Natasha Richardson as Gruber, as well as a musical.
I inched myself closer to the wall near my hospital bed and made room for them all. But they angrily pressed me even closer to the wall, because they had become so fat and changed because they became older. I saw the whole ghetto street full of people coming towards us in a happy festive mood. Bunim Shayevitch came too. Then I was left alone. My bed swayed like a swing at the end of a long chain that stretched from heaven to the abyss, from life to death, from dream to dream. Bunim was standing by the window of my hospital room, just as he used to stand in his home at 14 Lotniche Street, his hands in his pockets, his lenses of his glasses. He looked through the sky, through me and beyond. “I have perished,” he said. “I have perished.” The spring of liberation. It is spring. The spring of liberation. The sun breathes life into everything. Some blessed justice has prevented us for the sake of their and they for mine. I want to give this justice its due; and I want to pay it back for all the injustice that has been done to us, for our loneliness.

Nearly six weeks in hospital. I have returned to life again. My body rejoices; my soul weeps. I suspect that it was not my body but my soul that was so ill. Helpless, hopeless, I feel like someone who has spent a long time in a dark cell and has suddenly come up to the light. I am dazzled, drunk. I squat at the light, without the strength to absorb it. It is spring. The spring of liberation. The sun breathes life into everything. And yet, beneath its blue skies there is emptiness. The sun’s rays search in vain for so many faces, so many bodies that belong to those faces. They are nowhere to be found.

I lead a double life. One part is thin, fragile, trembling, young and yearning for joy. The other part is deeper and more painful, more beautiful, more sorrow. The first is full of shame and guilt, the second is stormy, tormented and full of fury. The first trembles on the edge of the second, but never penetrates it. The second, however, often steals into my new young life, disturbing, destroying, poisoning the least glimmer of joy. It demands attention constantly.

I am learning to walk. Today, mother helped me down the stairs and took me into the yard. She found an old canned goods box and sat me down on top of it. A pity that there is so much dirt everywhere. Papers litter the ground; empty boxes, broken shelves and bed frames, discarded furniture soil the fresh green of the grass. Why cannot we clean around us? Why is there no orchestra playing music to the rhythm of my heartbeat? Why is everything and everyone so indifferent? I am learning to walk! At least the sky is decorated with a sparkling sun. I look up at the sky. We are good friends again. It is good to be alive. It is delicious, a delight. I don’t want to think about anything. I want my body to acquire flesh. I want my legs to recover their strength. I want to sing. I want to roll in the grass. I want to run carefree through the fields.

Henia brought me a little sprig full of blossoms. I am lying on the bed now, as pleased with myself as a young...
"IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN"

"But you know that this is a Jewish child," the mother exclaimed. "Yes," he said, explaining there had been a competition to find the "perfect example of the Aryan race to further Nazi philosophy. I wanted to allow myself the pleasure of this joke. And you see, I was right. Of all the babies, they picked this baby as the perfect Aryan."

Family stories are always prone to hyperbole, distortion and embellishment. But is the picture the whole truth? The photo was everywhere. It first adorned a Nazi magazine that held a beauty contest to find "the perfect Aryan," and then was later splashed across postcards and storefronts. Less well known, however, was the fact that the "Aryan" girl was actually Jewish.

Names database reconnects three family branches.

I n March 1934, Polina Gavriluk from Kostopol', Ukraine, informed Yad Vashem that she had discovered a cousin in Israel while researching the fate of her family during the Holocaust. Her grandmother, Moshe Eydelevich, was killed while serving as a soldier in the Red Army, and Polina had in her possession letters that Moshe had written at the front, including his "last letter," sent four days before he was killed and only two weeks before the end of the war. In the letter, Moshe wrote about his desire to learn what had happened to his brother Mendel, Mendel's wife Chassia, and their daughters, Rivka, Sima and Miriam. "The letters are all we have from my grandfather," explained Polina. "I wanted to solve the mystery of what had become of his brother Mendel... I felt that Moshe would have wanted me to try to find him." Chassia, Sima and Miriam had in fact been murdered in the Ponary forest near Vilna in July 1941. But Mendel's third daughter, Rivka, had managed to escape the Vilna ghetto to the forests, where she joined a partisan unit. In 1946 she married, and the couple emigrated to Israel in 1958.

In 1983, Rivka Gurvitz submitted Pages of Testimony in memory of her father Mendel Eidlicz and his family. Discovering the Pages of Testimony on the Yad Vashem website, Polina contacted Rivka, now aged 90. A conversation with Rivka's daughter, Ahuva Stav, confirmed that Moshe and Mendel were, in fact, brothers. Maksim Gur, Rivka's son, was deeply moved when Ahuva informed him of the discovery. Maksim (named after his grandfather Max/Mendel) had served as a diplomat in Moscow, in the Soviet Union, and asked for his assistance. Kuttler succeeded in locating Joseph Brier, thereby reuniting the third — US — branch of the family with the other two. Joe Brier, 79, from Suffern, New York, was surprised to learn he had living family members in Ukraine and Israel. An only child, Brier grew up with few relatives, the most central figures in his life being his maternal grandparents, Tobias and Malka Eidlicz, the family name slightly different from the one Polina Gavriluk had known for her grandfather.

"We are so happy to have found real family, to be related by actual DNA," says Maksim Gur. "This is a brand-new phenomenon for all of us. It's going to take some getting used to."
Music: The Jewish Composers

Banned by the Nazis, said that other striking documents of the suppression include advertisements placed in German and Austrian newspapers by musicians trying to persuade the public that they’d been marked incorrectly as Jews and were in fact sold Aryans whose talents could be safely engaged.

In 1991, an exhibition on “degenerate music” that had first been mounted in Germany came to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, displaying photographs and documents attesting to the persecution of Jewish musicians. It was a re-creation of an exiled grandfather, the modernist composer Alexander Zemlinsky, a leading figure in the Vienna composers’ index. Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who by 1938, when the Nazis absorbed Austria, already had made a mark in Hollywood as a pioneer of symphonic film scores. With the Nazi takeover, Korngold no longer could shuttle back and forth to keep up his film composing in Hollywood and his concert-music career in Europe. His first work as a full-time U.S. resident was the Oscar-winning score to the 1938 hit The Adventures of Robin Hood.

Also on the list — but not expunged in red — is one of the most famous Jewish composers’ indexes is Erich Wolfgang Korngold, whose Austrian rights were handled by AKM. Conductor-composer Alexander Zemlinsky, a leading figure on the European classical musical scene, also was passed over. Shapreau says that the red-lined booklet was Austrian music authorities’ first try at finding the Jewish element, so it was prone to errors and omissions that they would subsequently correct. Shapreau writes that AKM first tried to identify Jews in its midst by sending a questionnaire to its artist roster, asking members to state their religious and racial background.

This disgusted Bela Bartok, a non-Jewish Hungarian represented by AKM. In a letter quoted by Shapreau, he excoriated “the notorious questionnaire” whose inquiries he said included “Are you of German blood, or kinred race, or non-Aryan?”

“Our opinion,” Bartok wrote, “is that such questions are wrong and illeg-..”...
my head I will see it, but right now I do not have the strength. Perhaps later.

June 23

Bats fly across windows. Their wings flutter in a dance of ghosts. Those lines haunt me. They are from Bunin Shchevitch's poem about our fate. I can see him standing by the window of his room. Tomorrow he is going away. In this dark corner of the room there still linger the spirits of his loved ones, who are gone. Soon he too will be gone. The last of his family. He is taking a whole generation with him. Nobody will remember him. Nobody will remember a nameless end.

But deep in my subconscious, they live on. They wake me at night. They pounce unexpectedly when I am in the middle of a dream that is too carefree, or enjoy a moment that is too pleasurable. But when I want to bring them back to life, to take them out from their hidden places, then the slightest touch of a warm breeze, or the caress of a golden sunray, makes my limbs grow numb with pain and I am seized with a powerful longing to escape them, to forget them all.

I know that back in those days when I was to share their fate, they did not pain me. They were with me, not in fact, but in essence. Somewhere on the way we got separated; at some unknown moment they left me. I went on the road to life. Now when I think about them, when I remember them, something breaks inside me, as if it would destroy me. Then I pray that something more powerful than this pain should come to my rescue. I want to live with them. I must remember them. I pray that time not erase the details of their lives from my mind, that my memory of them remain forever fresh and ready to serve me. But I'm afraid that it will not be so. My longing will remain eternally hungry, and as time goes on, more memory. Memory will not be long lasting. It will not be possible to remember all the little things, the tiny traces of individuality, which by themselves are so very little when put together create individuality. Whatever will remain will be an abstract picture, a mere approximation of what once was and now exists no longer.

June 24

Last night I had a nightmare. I woke up screaming. I dreamed that we were being chased. We ran across fields. Suddenly I lost Mother. I opened my eyes and for a long time I could not calm down. In the darkness I could make out Mother's pale face, but I could not bring myself to believe that it was really her. No, we no longer needed her in this world. It is as if I walk around all day as if in a fever. Every now and then a shiver passes through me without my understanding why.

June 25

W hat lovely days we are having! Everything is green. Blossoms fall from the trees, gathering into white carpets under every tree trunk. Those trees which have not yet shed their blossoms look like Jews slowly preparing to remove their prayer shawls. But what am I saying? These are just ordinary trees losing their blossoms. It is impossible to compare them to anything else. The sense of awe belongs to those of us who observe them. We are like children. Every day we make new discoveries. The joy of awakenings makes us drunk. It is good to be able to breathe, to feel, to see, to hear. It is good to be able to eat, to be able to bite into a chunk of bread. We perform this sacred ritual with wild animal joy and a sense of religious duty.

We spend entire days doing nothing, but we are not bored. A blade of grass, trodden down under heavy boots, has a job rigging itself again and must wait until the sap in its veins starts to pulse with new life. We are that trodden grass. We are preoccupied with ourselves, with straightening our bent bodies. Nothing else is as absorbing or thrilling.

I think about Poland, the country of my childhood. I long for the familiar streets of my hometown. But what will happen if there is no one there to meet me?

I can see my father's face before me. I can feel his hand caressing my cheek, the same hand which so lovingly and presciently caressed me as we traveled on the train to our final resting place. It used to shine so often on his face when he was happy. We communicated with each other without words. I wonder if there will ever be an "I am very tired," he said. "I am happy," he was standing in his wooden shack. For the moment he was free.

(Continued on page 15)
Walter Bros. was one of the first American studios to stop doing business with the Reich, in 1934 — the same year Irving Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer’s right-hand man at MGM, famously said, “Heil Hitler! And then we will pass, the Jews will still be there.” The Warners, meanwhile, became known as the most anti-Nazi studio heads in Hollywood, with Harry — the oldest and most observant of the Warner brothers — assuming the role of elder statesman.

But could the powerful Jewish moguls of Hollywood’s Golden Era — people whose successors have been happy to leverage their cultural clout and star power for causes from electing presidents to ending the conflict in Darfur — done more to save their co-religionists from the Holocaust? The answer is yes. Just how much more the Jews of Hollywood could have done is shown by a deep dive into the interrelated career of studio boss whose personal sense of urgency and activism outstripped even that of the Warners, but who never made it into the history books as one of America’s most important Holocaust rescuers. His name was Carl Laemmle.

Carl Laemmle is well known to historians as one of the most important studio heads of Hollywood’s Golden Era. A German-born Jew who got his start in the garment business, he managed in middle age to jump from being a mid-level schmatte salesman to founding Universal Pictures. Unlike other studio bosses, who wanted to leave Europe behind them, Laemmle stayed in touch with life in the country he left. He undertook the reconstruction of his hometown, Laupheim, following World War I and was appalled and frightened by Hitler’s rise to power. Unlike most Western leaders, and most Jews, in Hollywood and elsewhere, Laemmle had no illusions about who Hitler was and what he had in mind — for Germany, for Europe, and for the Jews.

Laemmle also had more reason than most powerful Hollywood Jews to take Hitler’s actions personally. He had still close relatives living in Germany. And when the Nazis came to Laupheim, they put Hitler’s name on streets and buildings that had been dedicated in his honor. “Mr. Hitler comes to power, and all of a sudden Laemmlestrasse was no longer Laemmlestrasse,” a former employee, Joseph Roos, told interviewers from the Shoah Foundation in 1995.

Laemmle immediately brought his siblings and their extended families from Germany to Los Angeles and soon began pestering friends and acquaintances to accept his help in getting visas so they could leave. “In 1935, my father went to visit him in Zurich at the hospital, and he said, ‘Wilhelm, you have to get out of Germany,’” Max Obernauer, the son of Laemmle’s closest childhood friend, told the Shoah Foundation in a 1997 interview. “He felt that all the Jews of Germany were going to be exterminated, and he felt that whatever he could do on his own he would do to save as many lives as he could.”

In 1936, he sold Universal Pictures and, at 70, was more or less retired. But Carl Laemmle, so — people like Margerete Levi, from Stuttgart, who had from being a mid-level schmatte sales- man to founding Universal Pictures. Unlike other studio bosses, who wanted to leave Europe behind them, Laemmle stayed in touch with life in the country he left. He undertook the reconstruction of his hometown, Laupheim, following World War I and was appalled and frightened by Hitler’s rise to power. Unlike most Western leaders, and most Jews, in Hollywood and elsewhere, Laemmle had no illusions about who Hitler was and what he had in mind — for Germany, for Europe, and for the Jews.

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The academic study also revealed that another 16,500 forced laborers, who were not imprisoned in concentration camps, were working in Auto Union plants.

Authors of the study, economic historians Wolf Borchardt of University of Frankfurt and Martin Kukowski, head of the department of history at Audi, were granted access to the Audi archives for the first time for their "house cleaning" history of the firm. Their book, Wartime Economy and Lost, a Dialogue of the Union of the last AG during the Second World War, centers on the firm, which was the only serious competitor to Mercedes during the 12-year lifetime of the Third Reich, with a 20 percent market share for luxury cars.

During the war some of the plants were turned over to military production, churning out tanks and aircraft engines.

A new 200-page report claims that Auto Union — now Volkswagen's luxury marque Audi — built its success on the back of human misery and suffering. And that former SS Director Richard Bruhn was largely responsible for the firm's large-scale exploitation of forced labor.

"More than 20,000 forced laborers were used in the production of Auto Union in their Saxon works, including their Chemistry and Metal Plants," said the study authors.

Conditions in the concentration camp in the city of Zwickau, where many laborers were held, were "appalling, with 1,000 prisoners — many of them forced laborers from France — living in unheated barracks. "The conditions were devastating," said the historians.

The researchers also discovered that descendants of key Nazi officials were "close by" if they chose to be, in the Czech Republic, with almost half of them dying on the way. Audi recognized its wartime guilt in 1980 with a forced labor compensation fund, now in its 23rd year.

The company was founded in 1932 following a merger of four car makers, and dropped the Auto Union name after a further merger in 1965.

HOLLYWOOD’S UNKNOWN RESCUE

Hitler speaks at an opening ceremony of the Volkswagen car factory in Fallersleben, Germany, in 1938. Volkswagen used 12,000 slave laborers under Nazi laws.

During the war years, Audi was known as Group Auto Union and in a deal brokered by the SS, hired 3,700 concentration camp inmates to work in what was then Germany's second-biggest car firm.

It's impossible to know how many "More than 20,000 forced laborers were used in the production of Auto Union in their Saxon works, including their Chemistry and Metal Plants," said the study authors.

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The company was founded in 1932 following a merger of four car makers, and dropped the Auto Union name after a further merger in 1965.
From everywhere men flood into the camp. They are looking for their women. Every knock on the door makes us tremble with anticipation. With each knock someone new comes into our barracks. They come to ask if we have any news, if we know the whereabouts of their loved ones. They look at us with pleading eyes. They describe their dear ones. Don’t they know that the picures we carry in their hearts has long ago been altered, that every day of the many that were spent in the camp changed one’s appearance beyond recogni- tion? We too make inquiries. The men answer brusquely, absentmindedly. We tell them what we know, but they have no patience. They jump up and run to another barrack looking for information. From an open door comes the sound of spasmodic sobb- ing. Bad news! An already forlorn heart has lost its last glimmer of hope. Or perhaps these are the sounds of joy. of a long-desired cheer ming true? The sudden emotion has released the pent-up tears so that they gush in a stream of joyful relief. For whom does this person cry, for the living or the dead? We cannot stay still for long. We run downstairs. There is commotion everywhere, as the men move from barracks to barrack. They stand before the open windows and call out long lists of women’s names — wives, daughters, sisters. Then they wait to see if the miracle will happen, if from the depths of the rooms there will appear a belloved face. But they are greeted only by the eyes of strangers staring at them from the windows. — Where do you come from? — Perhaps you know …? No, he does not know. — And you, young lady, perhaps you remember my little daughter? The camp trembles with expecta- tion. We stop every man we meet. It would do us good if all of these men turned out to be our father. How much strength we would need for such an encounter. When I see from the distance a man resembling my father, my knees give way. Sometimes a couple walks past us. A man and a woman. They are hold- ing hands, awkwardly caught between pain and joy. They are the lucky ones. We look after them with strange expressions in our eyes.

July 8
Tateh, this very moment I am calling you with all the power of my being. If you are alive somewhere then surely you feel my anguish. Surely you hear my call. Do not lose hope. If you are alive there is no road too far for me to travel. If you are sick, do not give in. Wait. We will come. Our joy will bring you back to life. We will make you well. We are calling you, Tateh!

not keep from thinking about the men nearest to me.

July 15, Wednesday
We have news of Father! By chance we stopped a man in the camp and asked him if he knew anything about Father. Yes, he knew. He was with Father until two days before the liber- ation.

July 20, Thursday
Henia and I are going to look for Father. We left the camp this morning. August 28
We are back in the camp. Why am I telling all this anyway? For four long weeks we trudged all over Germany. We got lifts on coal wagons, hitched rides with lorries packed with horses. We walked for miles, tired, frightened, with an uneasy feeling in our hearts. We were not the only ones on the road. We met hundreds of lonely children just like us. Hundreds of wandering fathers, hundreds of solitary wives. It was all for nothing. Somewhere, perhaps in a forest or in a field lies the mutilated body of our father. Perhaps we passed the very spot, and did not hear the mute call of his body. He did not live long enough to feel our arms around his neck, we never even had the chance to kiss his wounds. We looked for Simkha-Bunim Shayeivitch, but that too was a fruit- less search. Perhaps somewhere a breeze blew past us carrying the breath of his burned body. But we did not feel it. When we returned to the camp the bad news was waiting for us, brought by a friend who has sur- vived. We have recovered a friend — Shayevitch, but that too was a fruit- less search. Why does the poor heart not break in agony? Our friend found our names on the lists. He told us that Father perished a day before the lib- eration, killed when an American bomb landed on the train that the Germans were using to transport Dachau prisoners deeper into Germany. Shayevitch was taken on the very last transport to the gas chambers. There is nobody left any more for whom to wait.

September 1
I do not read the names on the lists any more. I do not go anywhere. I know that I shall never see my father again. Actually I have known this for a long time. I felt it in Auschwitz the day we parted for the last time. Now I must find all kinds of refined means to deaden my pain. I am going to make a lot of noise. I am going to run, laugh, busy myself with work, do everything I can to stifle the constant longing in my heart. But where does one get the strength for joy? How does one poison longing? Even Nature has lost its charm for me. I am empty of all desires.

I cannot get away from thoughts of my father’s death. I experience it over and over again. I lose myself in the picture of his lonely suffering, and yet, I am not dying of sorrow. I sup- pose that there must be still greater depth of pain that I cannot reach.

August 28
Last night I had a dream. I saw myself in the concentration camp with Henia. Every fifty women were taken out of the camp. I was left. Henia and I tried every ruse we could think of to postpone being taken. When it was no longer possible to avoid our death, we begged the SS women guards to postpone our exe- cution for just one day, because it was the Sabbath. We knew that we had to do it, but could not do it. That one extra day we pleaded for seemed to us to be more beautiful and enthralling than our entire lifetimes. We pleaded with the guards and begged for that single day, but they did not want to grant it to us. They were already preparing the execution grounds, when suddenly Father appeared with a burning staff in his hand. The SS women disappeared and Father told us that he would fight with us. It was true, he said, that we would have to die, but in fighting one day could save those who were left. We were so afraid for our father. He was talking so loudly, somebody might betray him to the guards. Later I saw us fighting. All the camps rose in one great uprising, Hamburg, Dachau, Buchenwald and Bergen-Belsen. I saw a wave of flame sweeping over all of Germany. And we, the fighters, glowed victorious in that flame. It was a night of fire and every- where I looked I saw my father with the burning staff in his hand. That staff emitted such fierce flames that the Germans sent airplanes to bomb us and we had to run to the fields in order to escape. It was then that Father sud- denly appeared next to us, saying that he wanted to die together with us.

July 10
We scan the lists of names of survivors of the camps. The long pages are crumpled from passing through too many impatient hands. There are finger marks on every single sheet of paper, like anonymous signa- tures. My fingers wander over the wel- ter of names, my heart thumping wild- ly. Behind these names are actual human beings, Jews saved from death. They call to us, “Look, I am alive! I am here! Come find me, broth- er. Find me, sister …” How many of these names will not find an echo in any heart? Strange, solitary, lonely names, hundreds of them. I have found some familiar names, some of people I knew well, some not so well. I’m glad to know that they are alive. But my fingers do not stop at these names, but continue down the list. I am looking for those who are still alive. But I cannot feel it. When we returned to the camp the bad news was waiting for us, brought by a friend who has sur- vived. We have recovered a friend — Shayevitch, but that too was a fruit- less search. Perhaps somewhere a breeze blew past us carrying the breath of his burned body. But we did not feel it. When we returned to the camp the bad news was waiting for us, brought by a friend who has sur- vived. We have recovered a friend — Shayevitch, but that too was a fruit- less search. Why does the poor heart not break in agony? Our friend found our names on the lists. He told us that Father perished a day before the lib- eration, killed when an American bomb landed on the train that the Germans were using to transport Dachau prisoners deeper into Germany. Shayevitch was taken on the very last transport to the gas
Mr. Harry Ettlinger, who served in the US Army’s “Monuments Men” unit in World War II, was honored at home plate at Yankee Stadium prior to the Detroit vs. Yankees game in August 6th. The honor was arranged by the Yankees and the Young Leadership Associates (YLA) of the American Society for Yad Vashem. The evening featured an event prior to the game with a keynote talk by Ettlinger. This event was co-chaired by Abigail Fisch and Michael Distenfeld and included YLA co-chairs Abbi Halpern and Barry Levine and Yankees relief pitcher David Robertson.

Harry Ettlinger grew up in Germany in a typical Jewish traditional family. The Ettlingers trace their roots in Germany back to 1450, yet in 1938, it all came to an abrupt end. Although the Ettlingers had just managed to escape, they left everything behind and started a new life here in the United States. Born Heinz Ludwig Chaim Ettlinger in Karlsruhe in 1926, Harry escaped Germany together with his parents and two brothers in 1938. They managed to get visas for the US and settled in Newark, N.J.

Ettlinger is, in his own words, the only “healthy, living Monument Man” left. In his 88 years, he has had good health. “Offer only “healthy, living Monument Man”...”

Harry often says that his Rabbi granted the family permission to flee that day, even though it was the Sabbath. Several years later, Harry was drafted into the US Army. Ettlinger was later assigned to the Allied Forces Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives subcommission. This was a special unit instructed to find and preserve art looted primarily from the Jews. Translating and summarizing German documents were among Ettlinger's main tasks in the MFAA. Their story was told in this year’s feature film The Monuments Men, which included a character based on Harry Ettlinger. After the war Harry returned home and built his own life in the United States, leaving the work he started in Germany behind him.

Ettlinger’s Reaction to the Movie The Monuments Men

“I brought the powerful message that, not only did Hitler want to annihilate an entire race, but he wanted to wipe the face of the earth too. I went back to the Kockendorf two years ago and memories came flooding back. It wasn’t hard for me to take arms against my home country. The day I left Germany I was no longer German. I have been an American citizen since I was 19, and I am an American patriot. I will never forget the bravery of the Men. Those British men, such as the Cambridge historian Ronald Balfour (played in The Monuments Men by Hugh Bonneville), who was killed by a shell burst while trying to rescue a medieval altar from a church in Cleves in Germany in March 1945. ‘And American architect Walter Huchthausen, who was gunned down trying to rescue an altar piece near Aachen’.

The Monuments Men is based on Robert Edsel’s book charting the Men’s success. As a young man in Florence in 1996, Edsel began to wonder how many great masterpieces had survived WWII. His research into the Men’s unit became a labor of love. When Clooney read his work he, too, became passionate about turning the incredible story into a film. These men, Clooney realized, had been airbrushed from history.

“George helped me to lobby for the medal to be awarded to the few remaining Men, such as Harry,” Edsel says. “I had the honor of breaking the news of the award to Harry. He looked just like a child who had seen Santa Claus. He so deserves it.”

Harry has traveled across Europe and the United States and hopes that his efforts will encourage museums and private collectors to return looted artwork and artifacts to their legitimate owners and institutions. Harry often says that those who continue the difficult work he started of matching the owners with their Nazi-looted property are the new Monuments Men, and he wants this to continue until every last heirloom is recovered. “What we had done was something that every American should be proud of,” said Ettlinger. “Instead of taking things, we gave them back.”

ABOUT THE YLA:

The Young Leadership Associates of the American Society, established in 1999, provide education and understanding to reduce hatred, intolerance and prejudice. Their story was told in this year’s feature film. These men, such as the Cambridge historian Ronald Balfour (played in The Monuments Men by Hugh Bonneville), who was killed by a shell burst while trying to rescue a medieval altar from a church in Cleves in Germany in March 1945. ‘And American architect Walter Huchthausen, who was gunned down trying to rescue an altar piece near Aachen’.

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For more information about our education work and Young Leadership Associates, please contact our Director of Education, Marlene W. Yahalom, PhD. 212.220.4304; mwy@yadvashemusa.org.

A bequest to the American Society for Yad Vashem helps keep the memory of the Six Million alive...

Please remember us in your trust, will, estate plan or with the planned gift. It’s your legacy... to your family, and your people. For more information, or for help with proper wording for the bequest to ASV, please contact Jonathan Gudema at 212-220-4304.