

HOLOCAUST

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HUMANITY

Educate. Inspire. Take Action.

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Video Transcripts

Video 1: Kristallnacht

Kristallnacht started on the evening of the ninth of November, '38. I went to school in the morning with my brother but we were immediately sent home. There was a man in our living room with my dad, and he took him away. He was gone for six weeks. And during that six week time I didn't know where he was. He came back on the 23rd of December, 38 six weeks later – beaten up, smelling terribly he was a mess. Shaved head, no hair on his head; and that was a “good” camp. That was Sachsenhausen north of Berlin, one of three camps operating in Germany.

Video 2: Kindertransport

I was eight and a half years old when my mother and father put me on a train to Hamburg and then on a ship to London. The British let ten-thousand Jewish children come into England and most of them were orphaned effectively when they left because they never saw their parents again. I was selected. My brother wasn't and I was the one that went on that train although he eventually got out also. I was one of the lucky ones: my father and mother both managed to get into England. But for most of the others, that wasn't the case.

Video 3: Arrival in London

I landed in London on a train, along with hundreds of other children. And we were taken to a reception center. And at that reception center, all the kids were met by relatives, friends, uncles, aunts, you name it. And they were all whisked away to safety in the arms of other people until eventually there were only two people left: a young boy about my age from Prague, and I. My great-uncle had stood me up.

Well, I was abandoned, I was in a foreign country, I didn't know the language, I didn't know anything, I didn't know where I was supposed to go, and a chauffeur came, looked at the two of us and with the help of an official. They told us we should get into this guy's limousine. And he whisked us away from the center, took us to a beautiful home in a very well-to-do part of London near Hampstead Heath and that's the house on the – right backing up onto Hampstead Heath – is where the two of us stayed. And of course my great-uncle arrived that afternoon with a bag of chocolates, postcards, and a fountain pen to write with, postage stamps – and a ten pound note so that I could buy more chocolate bars – as to presumably to atone for his sin of abandoning me at the train station.