



INTERVIEWEE: Michal Nadel  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Lodz  
YEAR: 1982  
INTERVIEWER: Zuzanna Solakiewicz / Judyta Hajduk

A picture of me and my friends during our stay in a military hospital near the end of the war. In 1944 I had moved to a Polish officer school in Krakow. One night a group of Germans attacked our position from Slovakia. I was hit with tiny shrapnel and subsequently run over by a military vehicle. That's no joke. The doctors said my pelvis and lower vertebrae were broken in eight places. I was on morphine all the time, and after some time I got pneumonia in both lungs. In reality I was just waiting for death in the hospital. Miraculously, I woke up one morning and there was a breakthrough. Everything went away. The doctor told me not to thank him, but God. Medicine, he said, had been helpless in the face of my problems.



A photo with my grandson Jakob during a vacation in Lodz. He was born in Copenhagen and studied medicine in Warsaw.

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Pictures and Stories from Centropa Interviews in Hungary, Austria, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Poland and Slovenia

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INTERVIEWEE: Ivan Pasternak  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Kosice  
 YEAR: 1925  
 INTERVIEWER: Martin Korcok

Here's my uncle Vojtech sitting on the bottom right, with his comrades during his service in the Czechoslovakian Army. He continued the military tradition begun by my uncle William Pasternak, who was an officer in the Austro-Hungarian Army during World War I. Later Vojtech survived the Holocaust by hiding out in Hungary. He eventually died in Kosice in 1986. He, like my father, was born and grew up in Presov, where there happened to be a very active and lively Jewish community. A group of local Jewish youths formed a Jewish association called Fortuna, and together they organized trips, social events and religious gatherings for the inhabitants of Presov.



Here is a photo of my father, his siblings and his parents when he was a small child. It was taken in Presov in 1905.

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INTERVIEWEE: Erzsebet Nadas  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Sopron  
 YEAR: 1938  
 INTERVIEWER: Eszter Andor

**M**y husband György Neumann-Nadas is pictured here with his comrades during his army days. He was a hussar for six or seven years because he rode so well. Unfortunately, barely three months after being discharged from the army he was forced into hard labor.

They took him from one place to another. Thankfully, my poor husband was lucky in that he had a very decent company commander who eventually let his laborers escape. Miners hid my husband and his friends in a mine somewhere around Salgotarjan, and they were liberated shortly thereafter.



A picture of my husband in the 1960s. He was a great expert in the textiles trade and made a name for himself at the Divatcsarnok department store in Budapest.

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INTERVIEWEE:  
PHOTO TAKEN IN:  
YEAR:  
INTERVIEWER:

Irene Bartz  
Army Base  
1910s  
Tanja Eckstein

This remarkable picture was taken near Vienna in a military hospital. My mother Regina and her sister Amalia are the two women on the bottom right. They were working as nurses, and were doing quite a good job. My father, Roman Abraham Geduldig, was one of the wounded there, although he's not in this picture. But this is where the two of them met. They courted, he luckily enough survived the war, and they were married in 1921. I was born two years later.

Afterward, my mother managed to spirit me out of harm's way and we survived the war in Kazakhstan. My father had stayed behind, and we lost him and my Aunt Amalia in Auschwitz.



This is my mother just before she got married. She was originally from an Orthodox family from Krakow.

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INTERVIEWEE: Kurt Kotouc  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Army Base  
 YEAR: 1910s  
 INTERVIEWER: Pavla Neuner

**B**edrich Sensky, my uncle, is sitting in the center, just before World War I. When the war ended he was in Slovakia and fell in love with a Catholic girl named Katka. She came from a wealthy rural family. In their eyes my uncle was nothing, just a poor Jewish engineer. But he never gave up on her, and they married just before World War II.

They had two children and lived in Banska Bystrica. Katka remained Catholic and went to church regularly, and she and Bedrich were fortunate enough to survive the war. Ironically, after the Communist takeover in February 1948, her parents went from being rich farmers to poor peasants almost overnight.



This is a photo of my uncle Hanus. He eventually married a Sudeten German who helped prevent him from being transported to Terezin until the latter stages of the war. He survived.

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[www.centropa.org](http://www.centropa.org)



INTERVIEWEE: Hannah Fischer  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Vienna  
 YEAR: 1920s  
 INTERVIEWER: Tanja Eckstein

**M**y father during services in his synagogue. He was a rabbi in Lainz, part of Vienna's 13th district. He was also responsible for looking after the Jewish hospital patients and older members of the local Jewish community, whom he often visited.

There was a senior citizens' home on Lainzer Street, near where my father preached, where he would preside over the High Holiday festivities each and every year. The residents were always very grateful for his visits, and he was well respected for his work. I particularly remember his hosting the Passover Seder, which I know he took very seriously.



This is a picture with my twin brother Rafael in September of 1933. Being a boy, he was certainly stronger than me, but I always had ways of getting back at him!

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INTERVIEWEE: Zsuzsa Gabor  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Budapest  
YEAR: 1994  
INTERVIEWER: Dora Sardi, Eszter Andor

**A** Passover Seder with my grandchildren. My daughter-in-law wasn't born Jewish, so technically her children aren't either, but she has done a marvelous job in raising them Jewish.

My husband came from a very religious household. But during the war he lost his entire family, and he lost his faith. Despite that, we got married in a synagogue, although he never went inside again, I think. Me, I did a few things and fasted every Yom Kippur, even if I went to work out of fear of being fired.



These are our beautiful daughters. I gave birth to them at home, and my mother helped me take care of them when they were babies.

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INTERVIEWEE: Marta Gyori  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Kosice  
YEAR: 1961  
INTERVIEWER: Edward Serotta

Here is a photo of my brother Alexander Grossman on the occasion of his bar mitzvah. My father was a central member of the Orthodox community in Kosice. He was one of the last of the Chevrah Kadishah, and to that end he would travel far and wide to prepare the dead for burial. He also kept geese and chickens at home so that he would always have kosher meat during the Communist era.

My brother Alexander moved to Israel and in the 1970s we secretly went to visit him. We received permission to travel to Austria, and from there we flew to Israel, making sure our passports weren't stamped. But somehow we were found out, and when we returned to Czechoslovakia all our passports were taken away from us.



Another picture of the Jewish community in Kosice. My father, a baker by trade, would bake challah for just about every Jew in town.

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INTERVIEWEE: Pavel Fried  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Trebic  
 YEAR: 1947  
 INTERVIEWER: Martin Korcok

This picture was taken at the unveiling of a memorial for the Jews of Trebic who perished during the Holocaust. It was in our Jewish cemetery, which still sits on a hill above the town.

My father, Viktor Fried, raised the money to build this monument. Out of 297 members of our Jewish community before 1939, only nine of us managed to come back alive.

The ceremony was in 1947, and the man sitting in the middle is Dr. Richard Feder. He himself was a survivor of the camps, and decided to stay after the Communist takeover. He became chief rabbi of Czechoslovakia and held the post until he died in 1970.



This photograph was taken in Israel in 2004, during a vacation organized by the Jewish community of Brno. All the people in the picture are members of the community. The man standing on the right is me.

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INTERVIEWEE: Michal Warzager  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Legnica  
YEAR: 1970s  
INTERVIEWER: Jakub Rajchman

This photo was taken during a concert at the local Jewish Culture Society club. I do not remember who was singing, but I do remember that I thoroughly enjoyed myself. I am sitting in the first row on the right.

I started to be regularly involved with the Jewish community in 1977. It used to be quite large, but now nearly everyone has left. First the young people started going. Some of them said nothing about leaving. Others told me that they were going to Israel. These days the group mainly consists of the older folks who didn't emigrate. Every Saturday we share a half liter of vodka, and sometimes someone smuggles in a bottle of their own so we can all have a good time.



Here I am in our prayer room. I go to synagogue on Saturdays. We say *Kaddish* for those who died.

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INTERVIEWEE: Matilda Kalef Cerge  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Belgrade  
 YEAR: 1928  
 INTERVIEWER: Rachel Charin

**M**y mother, Antonija Ograjensek, came from a Slovenian Catholic family. My father, Avram Kalef, came from a very old and proud Serbian Sephardic family. My dad was confined to a wheelchair and was very weak. But he was a lively, wonderfully funny man. He and my mom met when she was visiting Belgrade and they fell completely in love. My mom converted to Judaism and changed her name to Dona Kalef.

This is their wedding picture, with the Slovenian family on the right; most of those on the left were our Jewish family. That's little David Kalef in front. Behind him is my grandmother, who was the center of our family, along with her sister Lenka, just behind her. Everyone you see in this picture from the Jewish side was murdered during the war.



This is my parents' wedding picture. It is interesting that Jews wore the rosemary branch on their lapels, as is the Serbian custom.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Jozef Seweryn  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Krakow  
**YEAR:** 1940s  
**INTERVIEWER:** Zuzanna Solakiewicz

**T**his photo depicts the round-up of Jews in the Podgorski Market. I took it through the knothole of a coffin set up in the window of a funeral parlor, having run away from the ghetto.

In October 1942, I discovered an underground passage running through houses that were connected to the ghetto, and I decided to join my Polish girlfriend Jadwiga Lepka on the outside. A priest agreed to give me a fake baptism certificate so that I could evade the authorities. It was issued under the name of Jozef Seweryn. By the end of 1942 I married Jadwiga and started working in a bookstore. Our son Jacek was born soon thereafter. Unfortunately, in November 1942 I was caught by the Gestapo while trying to sneak back into the ghetto to help its inhabitants. They sent me to Auschwitz as Jozef Seweryn, a Pole.



Here I am in Warsaw during the 1950s. Thankfully I survived Auschwitz by repairing fountain pens and doing other odd jobs for the Germans.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Edit Kovacs  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Balf  
**YEAR:** 1944  
**INTERVIEWER:** Dora Sardi, Eszter Andor

**T**his photo of Vilmos Weisz, my first husband, was taken in the forced labor camp in Balf in December 1944. He was drafted in 1942, a year after our marriage.

At first he worked in the Manfred Weisz Steel Factory (which had also been Jewish before its confiscation) in Budapest. He was taken to Balf in November 1944 and beaten to death in the camp because he had stolen one small potato. One of the most famous Hungarian writers and literary historians, Antal Szerb, was in the same group. He was buried in a common grave and was identified later by the dog tag on his body. After the war, I had his name put on the memorial erected for the victims of the Balf camp.



A photo taken after my wedding to Vilmos Weisz, my first husband, on June 8, 1941, which took place in the synagogue on Pava Street, in Budapest's 8th district.

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[www.centropa.org](http://www.centropa.org)



**INTERVIEWEE:** Ladislav Porjes  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Svaty Jur  
**YEAR:** 1941  
**INTERVIEWER:** Dagmar Greslova

I am standing eighth from the left in our labor camp, into which I was forced on October 3, 1941. The "Slovak State" had decided to resolve the Jewish problem in two phases: first to use up their manpower to the last drop in labor camps, second to load them onto cattle wagons and entrust their final liquidation to the Germans.

In Svaty Jur we were housed in wooden barracks infested with ants and fleas, and were armed with picks and shovels. We were given a mess tin and a tin spoon instead of cutlery. There was one washroom, two latrines and no source of potable water. From the perspective of some sort of military discipline, it was basically a farce, because no one took it seriously.



This picture is from 1941. It was taken in the Svaty Jur labor camp.

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INTERVIEWEE: Anna Hydrakova  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Prague  
 YEAR: 1941  
 INTERVIEWER: Pavla Neuner

**M**y sister Gertruda married Frantisek Kowanitz, and this picture was taken after the wedding in Vinohrady town hall. As you can see, times were already bad by then. The three of us lived together in a tiny flat. At first I didn't like Franisek, but I ended up growing very fond of him, and he would tell me stories as we did the dishes together.

But soon he was taken off to forced labor and then to Terezin. My sister and I followed him there. Gertruda was eventually sent off to Auschwitz, where she was murdered, and Frantisek made it until the very end of the war, when he was murdered on a death march.



This is my identification document from the Gorkitz labor camp. We later worked in a munitions factory and in a sandpit, where we loaded sand onto trucks. That was terrible drudgery.

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INTERVIEWEE: Hilda Sobota  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Oslo  
 YEAR: 1939  
 INTERVIEWER: Tanja Eckstein

**M**y older sister Frieda was born in 1894 and had seven children; they all lived in Vienna. I have pictures of three of the boys. This is Hans, who she sent to Oslo after 1938 to a religious family because she thought he would be safe there. Hans sent us this picture, in which he's with the daughter of his host family.

But he wasn't safe there. After the Germans came, the entire family was sent off in November 1942 to Auschwitz. Then there were the boys Walter and Erwin. They were sent with my sister, her husband Siegfried and the other children to Maly Trostinec in September 1942.



Walter Reiss (left) and Erwin Reiss (right), my nephews. Both were killed in the Maly Trostinec death camp in Belarus in 1942.

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[www.centropa.org](http://www.centropa.org)





INTERVIEWEE:  
PHOTO TAKEN IN:  
YEAR:  
INTERVIEWER:

Matilda Kalef Cerge  
Banovo Brdo, Serbia  
1947  
Rachel Chanin

Here we are with Father Andrej Tumfej, the priest who saved our lives and was awarded a Righteous Gentile award after his death. Father Andrej gave my sister and me fake documents, a place to live and enrolled us in school. He hid two other Jewish girls. Up in Banovo Brdo there was a cemetery. During the day they hid in the cemetery and at night they came to him. He gave them a place to sleep so that they wouldn't freeze.

They did catch him hiding two Jewish girls who hadn't gotten papers yet. The girls were sent to God knows where and Father Tumfej was in prison for a while. A German guard asked him, "Why did you hide Jewish girls?" He answered: "If you were in that situation, I would do the same for you."



Father Tumfej established the parish in Banovo Brdo. He helped Jews, Communists, everyone. Because of his revolutionary ideas he was transferred to Bitola. He was old and sick and was sent back to Belgrade. Nuns in Dedinje took care of him until his death. I visited him regularly.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Ruzena Guttmannová  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Breznica  
**YEAR:** 1927  
**INTERVIEWER:** Martin Korcok

Our family in the courtyard outside our house; I was about six-years-old at the time this picture was taken. We transformed part of the house into an inn and put a table in the yard.

Seated at the table are my oldest sister Tonci, my brother Iosef, and our friends and neighbors Helena and Dulet Friedmanová. I am on the steps with my mother Ester Kleinmannová. These were such sweet days compared to what came later. Of all the people in this picture, I am the only one who managed to come back from the camps alive.



Here is another photograph of my family taken in 1935. I was one of eight children, six of whom are included in this particular image.

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INTERVIEWEE:  
PHOTO TAKEN IN:  
YEAR:  
INTERVIEWER:

Gisela Eva Kocsiss  
Vienna  
1928  
Tanja Eckstein

**M**y uncle Wilhelm, my mother Gizela and my Aunt Sabina. Sabina already had a young daughter when this picture was taken. The three of them were very musical, and they frequently combined their talents and played together around the holidays. They were terribly serious about this, and they played beautifully.

Uncle Wilhelm eventually married a non-Jewish woman; her name was Olga. Then he converted and the two of them drifted away from our family. That was the end of the family musical trio.



Like his brother Hermann, my uncle Wilhelm served in the Austro-Hungarian Army during World War I. Thankfully he survived the Second World War.

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INTERVIEWEE:  
PHOTO TAKEN IN:  
YEAR:  
INTERVIEWER:

Vilmosné Svéd  
Budapest  
1927  
Dora Sardi & Eszter Andor

Looks like I am the only girl in this picture — and my dad was a football fanatic! Every summer my parents rented a house in the countryside from a Swabian peasant family that was willing to put aside its anti-Semitism in order to make a little money. There was a group of Jewish families who would rent other houses nearby, and this is how I spent my summer. It would be like summer camp, today, I suppose.

We were always running around, playing during the day, dancing in the evening, sitting by the Danube planning a future none of us really got to have, although for a few of us, at least, we survived what was coming.



Me in a lovely dress during the summer when I was older. My dad had wanted a boy very much, but he was terribly devoted to me.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Pavel Fried  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Janomerice  
**YEAR:** 1947  
**INTERVIEWER:** Martin Korcok

**S**couts! I am first on the left. Lying beside me are my friends Karel Vrana, Honza, Karel and a boy whose name I do not recall. On this occasion we camped by the Rokytina stream in pouring rain. The stream overflowed its banks and flooded our whole camp. For the kids this was great fun, but as scout leaders we were not so happy, because we were supposed to be prepared, right?

These were great days then, and there were 30 of us in our troop. We'd head off into the forests, ask local farmers for permission to create a campsite, and then we'd work for him for a few hours to earn some food.



Here I am with my mother and my sister. This photo was taken by a photographer in Trebic in 1936.

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INTERVIEWEE:  
PHOTO TAKEN IN:  
YEAR:  
INTERVIEWER:

Irena Beitner  
Tatra Mountains  
1930s  
Zuzanna Schnepf

**M**y good friend Hela Hass on one of our winter vacations in the mountains. She sent this photo to me during the war to remind me of better times. We usually left the city for about a month and escaped to places in Silesia, like Cyganski Las or Rabka. Our more distant relatives would also join us, and we would rent cottages from local peasants or stay in small hotels.

I remember one particular hotel in Zakopane. The owners were Jewish and the guests, perhaps not surprisingly, were mostly Jewish, too. Once we met a young married couple staying in that same hotel, and we spent the remainder of our vacation hiking in the mountains together. We hiked mostly in the valleys and never got too high up.



Another vacation photo in the mountains. We were hardly professional hikers. I didn't even have any special clothing and usually just trekked around in my school coat!

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Matilda Kalef Cerge  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Belgrade  
**YEAR:** 1938  
**INTERVIEWER:** Rachel Chanin

**H**ere's a picture from the Slovenian side of our family, at the christening of my maternal uncle Rudolf's daughter Milenca. Rudolf lived in Belgrade, and it was while visiting him that my mom first met my dad. My father, Avram Kalef, is in the wheelchair. My sister, Breda is next to him and my mother, Dona Kalef, is in the back row.

Holding the baby is Minka, my mother's sister, who came down from Ljubljana. I adored her and loved going to visit her in Slovenia. I am standing in front of the priest.

After the bombing of Belgrade my mom took my sister and me to live with Uncle Rudolf and his family, but after a while it became too dangerous and we knew we would have to flee, as they were looking for Jews everywhere.



My sister Breda and I are pictured here with my mother's sister Minka. She lived in Slovenia and married a man named Zabukovec. I don't know who the boy in the picture is.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Julian Gringras  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Kielce  
**YEAR:** 1928  
**INTERVIEWER:** Anka Grupinska

This is my class at the Rey high school. I am standing second from the right in the second row. First on the right is my best friend and brother-in-law, Mosze Baum. We attended one of the two boys' high schools. Ours was situated in a building that looked like it could have been a monastery because it was directly next to the local seminary. It was certainly the poorer of the two schools, with the plaster on the walls literally crumbling.

I was in a class that numbered around 50 students, three of them Jewish. As it turned out, the three of us were top of the class academically, but we mixed in well with the other students.



This is me during my studies at the Warsaw Polytechnic Institute, probably around 1936. It was at this point in time that I noticed anti-Semitism was starting to spread across Poland.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Herbert Reisner  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Vienna  
**YEAR:** 1930s  
**INTERVIEWER:** Sandra Slomovit

**M**y class in the 13th district. I am in the third row from the top, third from the right (with the dark black hair). A third of our students were Jewish. The head of our class was a man by the name of Dr. Riedl, who was comically forgetful. We always used to make fun of him.

I also remember the neo-fascist Fatherland Front Party was dominant in Austrian politics. Our school director used to stand by the entrance to make sure every one of us was wearing the patch of the party, a triangle with white stripes. A few years later, we fled to Bratislava and survived there in hiding.



This is me after the war, on one of the short excursions we often used to make during the three semesters I studied architecture in Vienna.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Toman Brod  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Prague  
**YEAR:** 1938  
**INTERVIEWER:** Lenka Koprivova

**M**y school class. Half of us are in our gym clothes because we were practicing for the All-Sokol Meet, an annual athletic competition held in the summer.

I attended an all-boys school — most schools weren't mixed back then — and my memories are still warm and very tender.

I was a big fan of Sparta Prague, one of the local soccer teams. I was obsessed with their statistics. Our teacher, Jaroslav Pokorny — he is there in the glasses — would always come up to me and ask for a report, which I would rattle off with great conviction. It always made him smile.



Here I am with my brother Hanus in 1931. As children we often fought like cats and dogs, but we also played together and shared a passion for soccer.

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**INTERVIEWEE:**  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:**  
**YEAR:**  
**INTERVIEWER:**

JoszeF Faludi  
 Kiskoros  
 1928  
 Dora Sardi, Eszter Andor

**M**y class at the local Jewish school. As you can see, both boys and girls attended, which was unusual back then. There were only two classes, one for younger kids and the other for older students. As Kiskoros was an Orthodox community, we all wore the traditional side locks behind our ears.

Regular school was actually something new for us because once we started, we would learn exactly the opposite of what they taught us in our religious school. As for me, I did well, but never cared enough to really push myself.



Here is a photo of me taken in 1939, one year before I left Hungary for Palestine. I was entrusted with the task of getting the rest of the family to come join me, but it never happened.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Katarina Lofflerova  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Bratislava  
**YEAR:** 1925  
**INTERVIEWER:** Martin Korcok

**H**ere I am back in 1925. Several years ago I attended a reunion with my former classmates. When I arrived, I hardly recognized anybody — so many old men! I never went to school with old men. Then again, they didn't know who I was either.

I walked up to a man I recognized and said, "I'm Kata Vidor, don't you remember me?" He said nothing. I know what he must have been thinking: She used to be such a cute girl, and now here is this ugly old woman. That, I'm afraid, is how life turns out. Only pictures remain.



This is me when I was in high school in Bratislava. I did not speak Slovak very well, so my parents sent me to a Hungarian Evangelical school.

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**INTERVIEWEE:** Matilda Kalef Cerge  
**PHOTO TAKEN IN:** Belgrade  
**YEAR:** 1938  
**INTERVIEWER:** Rachel Charin

This is my mother, Dona Kalef, with my sister Breda and me, just before the final day of school in 1938. We often wore ribbons in our hair. And we wore the same dresses. My sister Breda had a talent for acting and singing. Whenever we were anywhere — if we were at someone's house, or at home and people came over to visit — we recited verses and sang.

It wasn't enough for Breda to sing, though. She had to be put on the table so she could command the room. She just loved to show off. I stood off to the side and we sang duets or we recited some poem in harmony. No wonder she became an opera singer.



This picture was taken in the early 1950s, I think. It's of Breda and me. Breda sang in the opera in Belgrade, and even in Israel for a year.

## A Century of Jewish Memory

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INTERVIEWEE: Benjamin Zylberg  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Krasnik  
 YEAR: 1930  
 INTERVIEWER: Jacek Borkowicz

On the bottom row, second from right, is my father. He owned a furrier and cap-making workshop, while my mom kept a traditional Jewish kitchen and bore children.

The only school they ever knew growing up was a *cheder* (traditional elementary school), and even though they could not write in Hebrew or Yiddish, they were more than capable of reading the prayer book. My father, a *Hasid*, dressed in traditional fashion, keeping his head covered at all times with a *yarmulke*. Despite his piousness, however, he was very tolerant, allowing us to walk around the house with our heads uncovered even though he clearly disapproved. Furthermore, he was more than willing to let his children make their own lifestyle choices. Neither of my older brothers, for example, was religious.



Here I am at age 9, at which point I started to work in my father's workshop. He couldn't afford any assistants, so I agreed to help him during the day and study in the evenings.

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INTERVIEWEE: Veronika Bence  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Budapest  
YEAR: 1920s  
INTERVIEWER: Dora Sardi & Eszter Andor

**M**y grandfather Kerekes, my sister Judit and my cousin Eva. I am second from left. My grandparents had a grocery store on Kulso Jaszberenyi Street in Rakoskeresztur. We lived nearby and slept at their house every Friday night. The grocery itself was located in the front of the building, while the living area was in the back, just as you see in rural groceries today. Behind the store were two rooms, a large porch and a huge garden full of fruit. My sister and I used to go biking and play in the garden. There weren't any other children to hang out with, but we were certainly never bored.



This is a portrait taken while I was employed at the Electric Motor Factory on Csengeri Street. I worked there until the war, when I was dismissed because of the anti-Jewish laws.

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INTERVIEWEE: Alexander Bachnar  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Topolcany  
 YEAR: 1920s  
 INTERVIEWER: Zuzana Slobodnikova

**M**y brother Armin with his friends. Armin was born in Banovce nad Bebravou in 1909. He had only a basic education, but he eventually found work as a clerk in a textile store in Topolcany. Thankfully he moved to Palestine in 1936. He lived in Kibbutz Gan Shmuel during the war.

After the fall of Nazi Germany our father went to Palestine to join him. Unfortunately, Armin's extraordinary luck did not last; his son Amos was killed while serving as a soldier in the Israeli Army in 1967. My brother long outlived him, only passing away in Israel in 2000.



My sister Adel is the one in the center. She was taken to Auschwitz and didn't come back.

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INTERVIEWEE: Munkova Alena  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Prague  
YEAR: 1919  
INTERVIEWER: Zuzana Strouhova

This is Uncle Karel, my father's brother, with my mother's sister Anna, at my parent's wedding. Anna, her son and my grandmother were all sent out of Prague on a transport in 1942. I never learned where they were murdered.

Uncle Karel married this woman, Vlasta. She wasn't Jewish; that would have saved him during the war, but they divorced beforehand. Uncle Karel used to come to our place for lunch, sometimes with his two daughters. By 1940, though, he was already ill with tuberculosis; I remember that we always used to wash the dishes with permanganate. Uncle Karel never stood a chance at Terezin and died soon after he arrived in 1943.



Here I am with my brother; we were about 6 and 11 years old. I remember that my dress was light green.

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INTERVIEWEE: Matilda Kalef Cerge  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Belgrade  
 YEAR: 1930s  
 INTERVIEWER: Rachel Chanin

Here I am with my father, Avram Kalef. It is one of our last photos of him. When the war came, there was no way he could come with us, stuck in his wheelchair and in pain all the time and in need of medicine. His mother stayed with him. She couldn't leave her son. They were taken to a hospital and guarded by German soldiers. My mother, using false papers, went to visit him a few times. Then one day — I guess he knew what was coming — he said to her, "Take care of the children. Promise me." Then they took him away in his wheelchair, and his elderly mother, and they murdered them.

Until the day she died, my mother stayed devoted to us, and she kept muttering those words, as if she was speaking to him.



I met my husband, Onton Cerge, in Banovo Brdo during the war. He figured out I was in hiding but said nothing. We married in 1948, but I could never bring myself to celebrate with a wedding. I had lost dozens and dozens of my relatives. Onton understood, of course.

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INTERVIEWEE: Irena Wojdyslawska  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Lodz  
YEAR: 1960s  
INTERVIEWER: Marek Czekalski

A picture taken at the psychiatric clinic where I began working in 1951. I often dealt with those struggling with their wartime experiences, which, as you can imagine, were just terrible. There were also rumors throughout the 1950s and 1960s that politically sensitive individuals were sent to psychiatric wards, but I never encountered anything like that. I thoroughly enjoyed my work.

We had a spirited and dedicated team, and in the 1970s I became the director of the clinic. I retired in 1981, although I continued to work part time until 1998.



Here I am as a child in 1929. I must have been eight years old at the time.

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INTERVIEWEE: Dagmar Lieblova  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Kutna Hora  
 YEAR: 1930s  
 INTERVIEWER: Pavla Neuner

**M**y dad in his clinic at the Masaryk Institute for Social Work. He was the only Jewish doctor in Kutna Hora. We lived above his practice in a lovely apartment. I remember after the Germans came and confiscated dad's car, he would simply borrow a bicycle from a neighbor and go anywhere someone needed him. Even today, when I visit Kutna Hora, people will tell me about their memories of the "kind Jewish doctor."

He, my mother, my sister Rita and I were all deported in 1942, first to Terezin, and then all together to Auschwitz. I alone returned. Our cook Fanyka had kept the house for me, and nursed me back to health there.



Here is a photo of my father near the beginning of his university studies.

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INTERVIEWEE: Vera Farkas  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Budapest  
 YEAR: 1930s  
 INTERVIEWER: Dóra Sárdi

**M**y father is on the left with his colleagues in the Hangya General Consumer's Cooperative in Budapest. Dad was born in 1887, moved to Pest in 1904 and became a merchant's apprentice. He began his career in the textiles trade and worked for a merchant on Kiraly Street.

Eventually, he became a manager of the Fenyves department store. He worked hard all his life, and took great pride in buying a tiny vacation home for himself and my mother. Dad survived forced labor brigades and continued working after the war.



This is a photo of my father in 1935. He and my mother had a marriage arranged by a so-called matchmaker, but it really worked out beautifully for them. They were completely devoted to each other.

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INTERVIEWEE: Pavol Skalicky  
 PHOTO TAKEN IN: Prievidza  
 YEAR: 1926/1927  
 INTERVIEWER: Martin Korcok

**M**y mother Edita standing in front of my grandmother Irma Weissova's shop. Grandmother was on good terms with everyone in Prievidza. She was so proud of her store and people liked coming to her. All over Slovakia there were families like ours who ran small shops, and although there weren't that many Jews in the small towns, we were very well integrated, I have to say.

To tell you the truth, maybe that's why my grandmother and my parents survived, because they were hidden by non-Jews. Most of our family actually survived, and they did so because they were lucky enough to have been working abroad.



This is another photo of my maternal grandmother Irma Weissova. She was widowed at a very young age but lived a very full life and presided over a family of many children.

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INTERVIEWEE: Gerda Feldsberg  
PHOTO TAKEN IN: Vienna  
YEAR: 1930s  
INTERVIEWER: Tanja Eckstein

**M**y father was born in 1894 in Nikolsburg, which was famous for good vineyards and its Orthodox Jewish community. Today it is Mikulov in the Czech Republic. My father emigrated to Vienna, studied at the university and received his law degree. After serving in World War I, he started working in a bank as a teller while he was in school, and continued to rise up the ranks until he became an executive.

He was as devoted to his work as he was to his family, but the bank threw him out in 1938. I even have a letter which praised his work but closed by saying, "Dr. Feldsberg's contract has been terminated due to the new legal situation in Austria." Dad was deported to Theresienstadt, managed to survive and died in Vienna in 1970.



My father and me on a walk.

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