

I HAD NO IDEA HOW
LIFE WAS GOING
TO CHANGE
FOR US



THE SPRING OF 1944
GERMANY OCCUPIED
HUNGARY



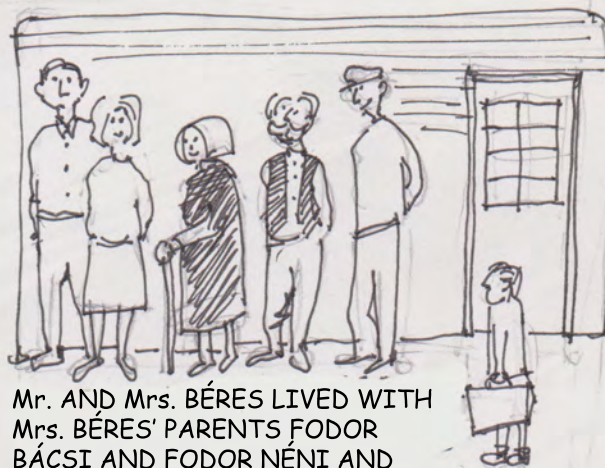
WE JEWS HAD TO WEAR
YELLOW ARMBANDS WITH
THE STAR OF DAVID



I DON'T QUITE REMEMBER BUT I AM
SURE MY FAMILY WAS VERY WORRIED,
BUT MY LIFE FLOWED AS ALWAYS
NO WORRIES...



THEN ONE SUNNY MORNING MY MOTHER TOOK ME
AND MY LITTLE SUITCASE
ACROSS THE STREET
TO THE HOUSE OF
Mr AND Mrs BÉRES



Mr. AND Mrs. BÉRES LIVED WITH
Mrs. BÉRES' PARENTS FODOR
BÁCSI AND FODOR NÉNI AND
HER BROTHER JÓSKA.
Mr. BÉRES AND JÓSKA WORKED IN THE
STEELWORKS. THEY WOULD BE MY FAMILY
THE NEXT TWO YEARS.



A FEW WEEKS LATER Mrs. BÉRES TOOK ME TO
THE GHETTO WHERE MY FAMILY WAS NOW LIVING,
AS ALL THE JEWS OF MISKOLC.
A WEEK LATER I WAS TOLD THAT THEY HAD
MOVED (SOMEBODY SAID THEY HAD GONE
FOR A HOLIDAY).
I NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN

IT WAS A LONG
AND HOT
BORING
SUMMER



THE BÉRES HOUSE
WAS SMALL, MODEST

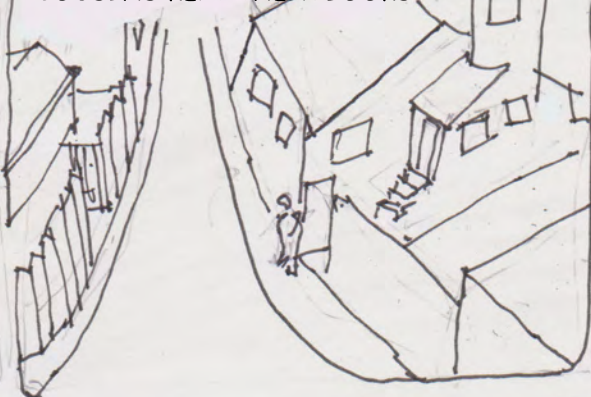


I DID NOT
BRING ANY TOYS
MY LUGAGGE
WAS TOO SMALL



I WAS NOT
ALLOWED
TO GET OFF
THE YARD
I WAS
BORED

JÓSKA, BLESS HIS SOUL, WOULD
SNEAK INTO MY HOUSE AND GO
INTO THE TURRET WHERE MY
COUSINS KEPT THEIR BOOKS



AND CHOOSE
SOME WITH
NICE PICTURES

SO NOW I HAD
BOOKS WITH
NICE PICTURES
TO LOOK AT



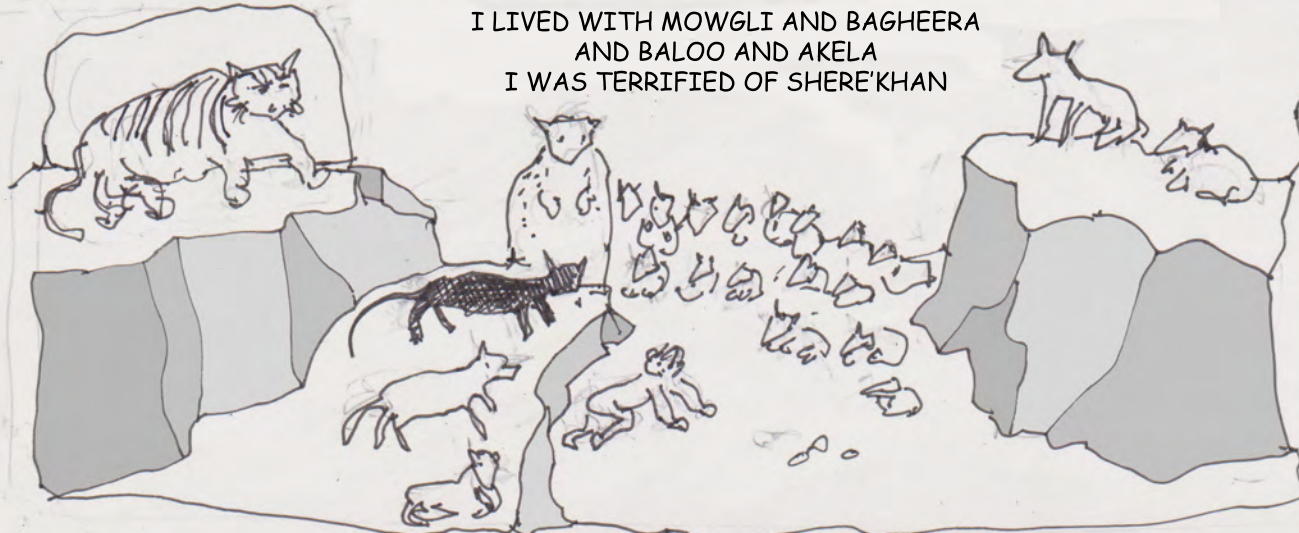
ONE DAY FODOR NÉNI, TIRED OF
EXPLAINING WHAT THE PICTURES
MEANT, TOLD ME HOW THE 'A'
AND THE 'B' WERE PUT TOGETHER



I WAS NO LONGER BORED

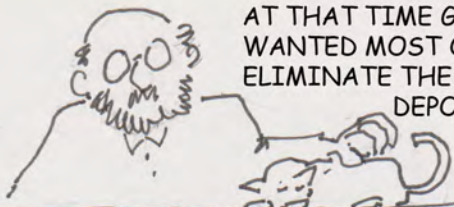


I LIVED WITH MOWGLI AND BAGHEERA
AND BALOO AND AKELA
I WAS TERRIFIED OF SHERE'KHAN



AT THAT TIME GERMANY WAS GOVERNED BY THE NAZIS. WHAT THE NAZIS WANTED MOST OF ALL, APART FROM CONQUERING THE WORLD, WAS TO ELIMINATE THE JEWS. SO ONCE THEY OCCUPIED HUNGARY THEY STARTED DEPORTING ALL THE JEWS TO EXTERMINATION CAMPS.

THAT IS WHERE THEY TOOK MY MOTHER, KLÁRI NÉNI, ERNŐ BÁCSI, ÁGI AND MARIKA. THAT IS WHERE THEY WOULD HAVE TAKEN ME IF Mr. AND Mrs. BÉRES WOULD NOT HAVE HID ME.



THAT IS WHY I HAD TO STAY INDOORS ALL THE TIME



THANK YOU. I WILL INVESTIGATE



THE BÉRES ARE HIDING A JEWISH CHILD

BUT SOME NEIGHBOURS WOULD GO TO THE POLICE

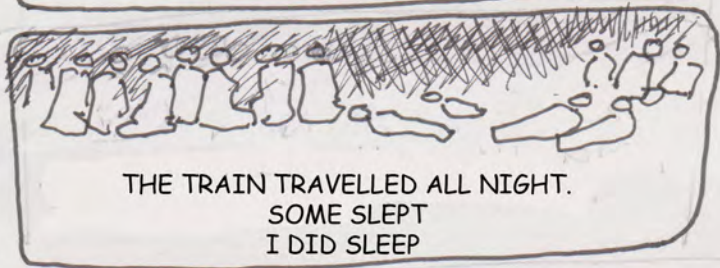
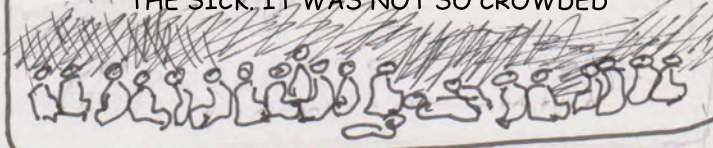
THE CHILD MUST BE AT THE TRAIN STATION AT 7PM



THERE WAS A MULTITUDE AT THE STATION MANY POLICEMEN TOO. THEY MADE US GO INTO THE TRAIN CARS IT WAS CATTLE WAGONS



I WAS PLACED IN THE CAR WITH THE OLD AND THE SICK. IT WAS NOT SO CROWDED



THE TRAIN TRAVELLED ALL NIGHT. SOME SLEPT I DID SLEEP

IN THE MORNING WE ARRIVED AT A BRICKYARD IN KECSKEMÉT IN THE SOUTHEAST OF HUNGARY



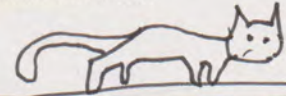
THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE, GUARDS, DOGS, GUNS, BARBED WIRE

I DON'T REMEMBER HOW I FELT...

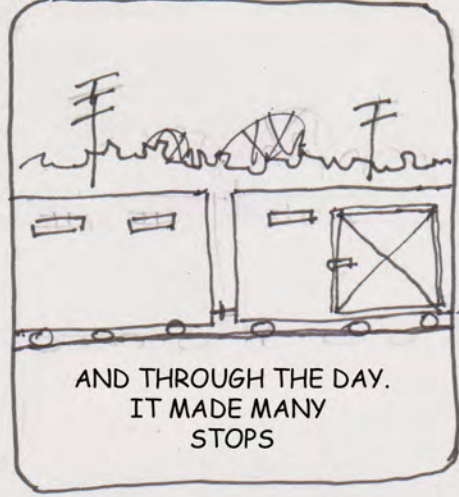
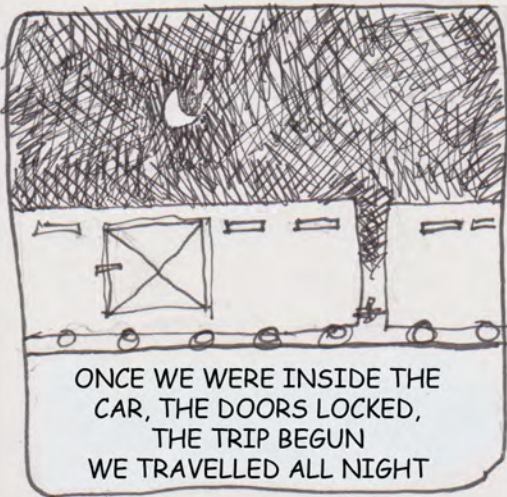
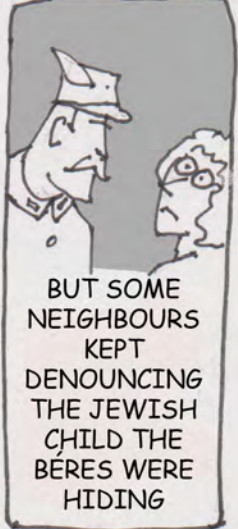


...BUT I THINK I MUST HAVE FELT QUITE LONELY.

40 YEARS LATER Mrs. BÉRES TOLD ME HOW HER FATHER, FODOR BÁCSI, WENT TO KECSKEMÉT AND GOT ME OUT OF THE BRICKYARD



I CONFESS I FIND THIS STORY HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THE FACT IS THAT FODOR BÁCSI GOT ME OUT OF THE BRICKYARD AND WE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO GET ON THE TRAIN BACK TO MISKOLC



IT WAS THE LATE SUMMER OF 1944. THE WAR HAD HIT BUDAPEST HARD. LOTS OF BUILDINGS HAD BEEN DAMAGED OR DESTROYED BY THE BOMBS. THE TRAIN ARRIVED AT DUSK. THE CITY WAS DARK. THERE WAS BLACKOUT BECAUSE OF NIGHT BOMBING RAIDS



WE FORMED A LONG LINE AND WALKED THROUGH EMPTY DARK STREETS



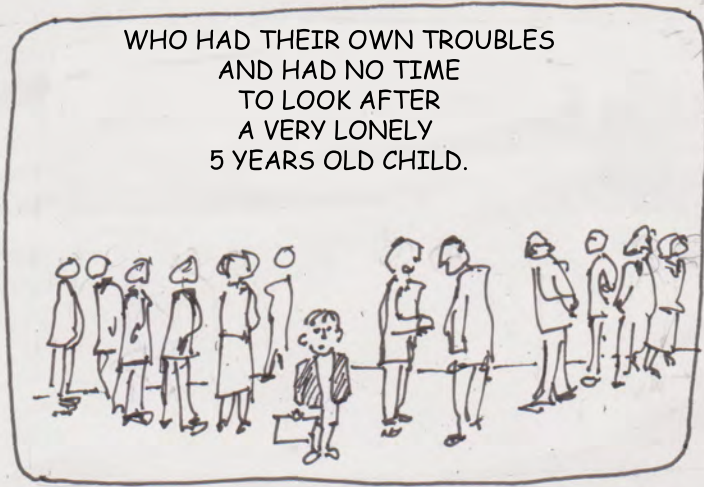
WE ARRIVED AT THE GHETTO. THE DOHÁNY STREET SYNAGOGUE HAD BEEN CONVERTED INTO BUDAPEST'S GHETTO



THE GHETTO WAS FULL OF PEOPLE



WHO HAD THEIR OWN TROUBLES AND HAD NO TIME TO LOOK AFTER A VERY LONELY 5 YEARS OLD CHILD.



I HAD JOINED A LINE OF PEOPLE GOING SOMEWHERE WHEN I HEARD MY NAME CALLED ON THE LOUDSPEAKERS

POLICZER ADÁM
COME TO THE GATE



JÓSKA WAS AT THE GATE



BEFORE TAKING THE TRAIN BACK TO MISKOLC



JÓSKA BOUGHT ME A TYROLESE HAT WITH A GREEN FEATHER

THE WAR WAS GETTING
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO MISKOLC.
FOOD WAS RATIONED AND SCARCE.



BOMB RAIDS WERE EVERYDAY
AND EVERY NIGHT EVENTS.
YOU WOULD THINK THAT
PEOPLE HAD ENOUGH
PROBLEMS



TO WORRY ABOUT A
JEWISH KID, BUT THEY
KEPT DENOUNCING THE
CHILD THE BÉRES
WERE HIDING

WE WANT A CERTIFICATE THAT THE CHILD'S
FATHER IS NOT A JEW. IF YOU DON'T HAVE IT
BY TOMORROW WE WILL
TAKE THE CHILD WITH US.



THE ISSUE GOT THE
ATTENTION OF THE GESTAPO!

OF COURSE IT
WAS IMPOSSIBLE
TO OBTAIN THAT
CERTIFICATE.

SO Mrs. BÉRES
TOLD NEXT DAY
THE GESTAPO
THAT MY
MOTHER (HER
COUSIN) HAD
COME AND TAKEN
ME AWAY

THE GESTAPO SEARCHED THE
HOUSE, BUT DID NOT FIND ME



I WAS IN THE ATTIC HIDING
BEHIND SOME POTATO SACKS

IN THE AFTERNOON IBOLYA (VIOLET)
A YOUNG COUSIN OF Mrs. BÉRES, TOOK
ME ACROSS THE HILLS TO ANOTHER OF
Mrs. BÉRES COUSINS WHO ACCEPTED
TO HIDE ME



IT WAS A VERY,

VERY LONG WALK



IT WAS DUSK WHEN WE ARRIVED
AT THE HOUSE OF Mrs. BÉRES COUSIN.
HE LIVED IN THE HILLS WITH HIS WIFE
AND THREE GROWN SONS



THE HOUSE WAS SOLITARY,
FAR FROM ANY NEIGHBOUR.
I WAS GOING TO LIVE
THERE THE NEXT
THREE MONTHS

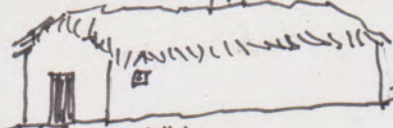


THE THREE MONTHS I SPENT AT Mrs. BÉRES COUSIN ARE NOT A PLEASANT MEMORY. I CANNOT BLAME THEM,

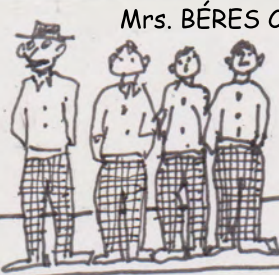


THEY LIVED A HARD LIFE, WERE GOING THROUGH DANGEROUS TIMES. THEY DID NOT WELCOME THE OPPORTUNITY TO HIDE A JEWISH KID.

BY NIGHT THEY WERE ACTIVE RED PARTISANS HARRASSING THE GERMAN CONVOYS THAT WENT THROUGH THAT AREA.



THE HOUSE WAS A TYPICAL PEASANT HOUSE: WHITWASHED BRICK WALLS, NO WINDOWS...



Mrs. BÉRES COUSIN HAD THREE GROWN SONS. HE MUST HAVE HAD A WIFE (SOMEBODY MUST HAVE COOKED) BUT I DON'T REMEMBER HER

THEY GOT WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES FROM DESERTERS WHO CAME AT NIGHT TO EXCHANGE THEM FOR CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND MONEY

MY LIFE WAS QUITE BORING. I HAD TO BE AT THE BACK OF THE ONE ROOM HOUSE



AND THAT IS WHERE I STAYED DAY AFTER DAY



AFTER DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY...

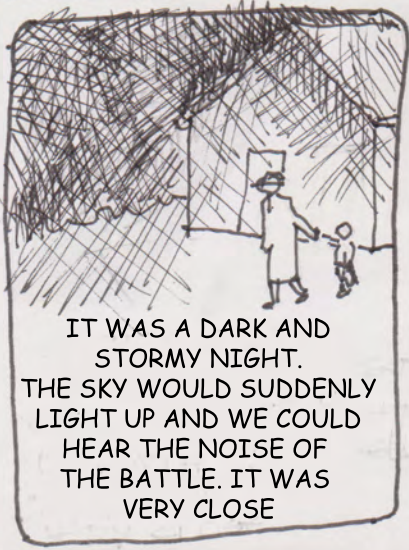


THAT IS WHERE I SPENT MY SIXTH BIRTHDAY

ONE NIGHT OF LATE NOVEMBER

Mr. BÉRES FINALLY CAME FOR ME

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. THE SKY WOULD SUDDENLY LIGHT UP AND WE COULD HEAR THE NOISE OF THE BATTLE. IT WAS VERY CLOSE



Mr. BÉRES HAD COME FOR ME BECAUSE THE FRONT HAD GOT VERY CLOSE AND ANY MOMENT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GO FROMTAPOLCA TO MISKOLC.



FINALLY WE REACHED THE AVAS, OVERLOOKING MISKOLC

AND GOT HOME IT WAS DAWN

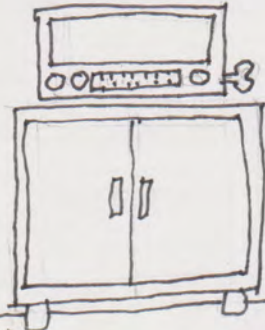


WE WALKED THROUGH THE WOODS, NOT THE ROADS. IT WAS RAINING. THE SKY WOULD LIGHT UP WITH THE NEARBY BATTLE.

MY LIFE WENT BACK TO NORMAL, EXCEPT THAT THEY HAD INSTALLED ELECTRICITY SO I HAD ELECTRIC LIGHT TO READ!



AND THEY HAD A RADIO. I WAS FORBIDDEN TO TOUCH IT. IF WE WERE CAUGHT LISTENING TO ALLIED RADIO

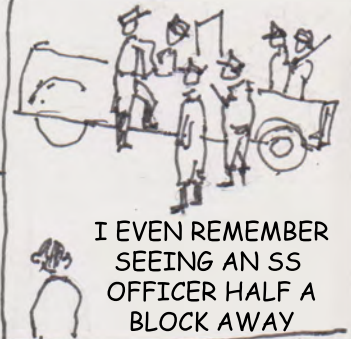


WE WOULD BE EXECUTED!

FOOD WAS BECOMING SCARCE AND HARD TO GET BUT I DON'T REMEMBER BEING HUNGRY



BY NOW GERMANS HAD OTHER WORRIES THAN SEARCHING FOR A JEWISH KID. I COULD SNEAK OUT NOW AND THEN



I EVEN REMEMBER SEEING AN SS OFFICER HALF A BLOCK AWAY

THE RED ARMY WAS FIGHTING ITS WAY INTO MISKOLC. WE WOULD SLEEP WITH THE HEAD TOWARDS THE STREET



THIS WAY THE PILLOW PROTECTS YOU OF STRAY BULLETS

EARLY DECEMBER THE GERMAN ARMY RETREATED FROM MISKOLC



ALL OF US WERE IN THE KITCHEN, WAITING. WE DID NOT KNOW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO US

THE DOOR OPENED. TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CAME IN. THEY LOOKED AROUND, SEARCHING FOR WEAPONS, AND LEFT.



THE WAR WAS OVER FOR ME.