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I was born October 2, 1941 in France, the only child of Henri and Helene. My oldest and youngest children carry these names today. I still have family in Israel today . I know my grandparents through pictures only.

The day before the SS was to raid apartments in Paris, my father decided to flee. My father wanted to go alone but my mother convinced him that the whole family should go together. We went to the northern part of France, Calais. My parents tried to go to the Vichy part of France . They were stopped at the train station and asked for papers which they did not have and were caught. The Germans gave my parents 10 to 15 minutes to get rid of me (I was 8 months old). My parents gave me to a lady to take care of me. She was given the baby and they were taken away to Auschwitz. That is the first version of the story.

The second version of the story is as follows. The Gestapo took me away and gave me to a Jewish lady who was French. The Germans did not deport French Jews only Jews from Russia, Poland, etc. My parents were from Poland when they were children. The lady thought she would survive if she took care of me. Before they were taken away, my parents told the lady she had a mother and sisters in Paris and gave her the address and told her to take me there and let them know what happened. On Aug. 7, 1942 the train left for Auschwitz. She took me to my grandmothers and my grandmother asked for the baby but the lady would not relinquish the baby as she felt it was a guaranty that she would be safe if she kept the baby. On one of her trips she told the lady to leave the baby with her while she went shopping and when she returned she told her the baby was with the aunt. She waited several hours and then my grandmother convinced her to go home and she would bring the baby the next day. That night the lady was taken to Auschwitz. There was a new decree that all Jews would be taken to Auschwitz, French Jews were not excluded.

The third version of the story. On the eve the Gestapo raided our building my grandmother heard that the raid was about to take place. My grandmother called a Catholic friend of hers and asked her to hide us and she agreed though she had a very small apartment. That night the Gestapo raided our apartment. My aunt later went to look at our apartment, there were locks on the door. The apartment had been sealed off by the Gestapo.

There was a house in the countryside where we could hide together with other Jewish families. We went there and hid there for 2 to 2 1/2 years in a one room apartment, small kitchenette, 1 small bed and table. I was a difficult child I had been nursing when separated from my mother and could not adjust to the different milk, could not hold food, cried all the time, had a speech defect, stuttering, and was very nervous and cried most of the time. My aunt took me to the park for 20 minutes

every day, the rest of the time I was in the apartment. The landlord of the building was sold rings, other belongings to supply us with food. My grandmother had two sisters who sent her some material things that we could barter for food. This went on for 2 years.

These 3 versions are all I know.

I was born in France in 1941. At the age of 13 in 1955 I was taken by my grandmother together with two aunts to Israel where we lived for 11 years. She wanted me to know I was Jewish. In France I grew up a French boy and did not even like Jews. In Israel I learned about my heritage, I learned Torah, the bible.

In 1966 I met a Canadian girl who was visiting her family in Tel Aviv. We married in Tel Aviv in 1966. I was in the airconditioning business in Tel Aviv. The company was closing its doors so we moved to Toronto in the same year.

My grandmother never talked about details of the Holocaust, about my parents. There was silence in connection with this subject. I have received most of the above information from my younger aunt and from the elder aunt in Paris. I was 4 or 5 when I was taken to the high Holy Day services, this is my first remembrance. We were living in Paris after the liberation and my grandmother had to make a living. She put me in a boarding school. I was declared a ward of state due to my status as a Holocaust survivor and she did not have to pay for me. I spent weekends with her and the younger aunt, the older aunt was married and sometimes I spent weekends with her. I learned values in that school, human values which have stayed with me the rest of my life, together with the values I learned in Israel. I lived in Canada from 1966 to 1981 and then moved to Phoenix where I have lived for the past seven years. In 1967 I went to school to learn electronics and then computers. My company moved me to Tempe, Arizona

We need to spread the word about the Holocaust that if we do not teach the young people human values there is then an opening for evil and the Holocaust can happen again. We need to teach democracy, freedom respect for ones neighbor. The lessons of the Holocaust need to be taught to the world. The Holocaust needs to be taught in the schools together with values. Otherwise this can happen again.