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I was born in Hungary in 1929, my father's name was Arnold, my mother was Malvina. I had one sister, Magda and one brother. My education consisted of the equivalent of two years of college. I had an extremely happy childhood; I was from an upper middle class family. My parents were well educated. We were exposed to all possible culture. My father had a department store. My mother was a homemaker. During the depression my father lost his store, my mother was forced to work and opened her own store. As years passed we were again well off.

I was not aware of antisemitism at the beginning and in the later years it was impossible for a Jew to get into a university. As the years passed, I felt more antisemitism from my non Jewish friends. My father was born in New York City and as a resident of Hungary he was taken into a work camp instead of the army. My mother supported us during that time. During that time we were discriminated against.

We felt something would happen but we did not know it would be so extreme. The Germans invaded March 19, 1944 and marched into the capital . In 1944 my sister was taken off the streetcar in Budapest and taken to a police station. I did not see my sister again until after the war. In May we were taken into a ghetto area which was surrounded by police. There was a curfew.

In June we were transferred to the Big(ph) factory. We were there a week and then transported in cattle cars to Auschwitz. My father was taken to Auschwitz from the work camp and murdered before we arrived there. I was left with my mother, my grandmother, aunts and cousin. The trip lasted two days . We had no food or water. It was disastrous; many of the people in the cattle cars died and bodies piled up. There was lack of sanitation. When we arrived in Auschwitz and took a look at where we were it was such a terrible shock to see the rows and rows of bunks, the grey uniforms worn by the men and women and the German shepherd. The shock was too much for all of us. They separated us from our belongings in the cattle cars. My mother and my grandmother and all of my aunts and the rest of the family was separated from me. I was left with a cousin, Edith Alexander and another young Aunt Emma. We did not know what could happen to the rest of the family. My grandmother was close to 80, my aunts and mother were in their 50's. Nobody survived.

The three of us were taken to Birkenau. The situation there was sub-human. The latrines where men freely came by the view us, was most degrading. We slept on the floor and very often when it rained we had 4 to 5 inches of water on the ground and there was no way to lie down. We hovered together to keep warm. The food was so bad it was at first had to swallow. I was vomiting all the time. There was very little to drink and we suffered from thirst more than from hunger.

We arrived on June 16, 1944 and stayed in the Auschwitz Birkenau 10 weeks. Every day there was a selection - who would go to work. The worst part was first thing in the morning, we assembled in the open ground and we marched in front of Dr. Mengele and other German officials and that was the most degrading thing that could happen to any woman. We had no hair. When we arrived in Birkenau we were taken to a bath and were given a shower and all bodily hair was removed while men were standing by and looking at us. After that they gave us some old clothes that belonged to some people on the cattle-trains. That was our first night in the barrack. We were given some black bread and

water. Those conditions did not get better, they got worse. So many died, various epidemics killed many people. Anyone suspected of having any childhood disease was taken in trucks right into the gas chambers. School friends were carted away. We thought we could not survive under these conditions.

We decided to keep our spirits up. My aunt had a 14 year old son in another part of the camp and a husband in New York City. My aunt was chosen to go to work. Three days later I was chosen to work but my cousin was not. She managed to change places with someone who did not want to go and went with me. We were given something to eat and drink and we left. We spent the night on the ground outdoors. We were surrounded by electrified fences .

That was the night the Jews from the ghetto in occupied Poland Polish ghetto arrived. The lights were bright and we could see them coming in. It was a horrible night. We were given some hot food and clean clothes and we were taken to the train. It was a clean train and I kept close to my cousin. We traveled 2 to 2 1/2 days until we reached Allendorf - lush green vegetation. The air had a strange scent. We walked to a German village. The German people were living a normal life. We passed huge tanks camouflaged with lush greenery. We walked a few miles and saw the barracks which were heavily guarded and had a fence around it. Rows of barracks. We were given a room, - 16 girls in a room, double bunks. The same night we stood five in a line and listened to a speech. We will be working in a munition factory.

In the morning we started when the sun came up. We stood in line for 1 to 1 1/2 hours listening to German soldiers, officers, talking to us. My German was not that good. We had some hot ersatz tea and a slice of bread and then we walked a few miles to the munition factory. It was impossible to escape because there were fences around and doors heavily guarded by SS. We took off our clothes and got into overalls and walked through a tunnel to the underground factory. The factory manufactured bombs, grenades and mines. I was given some screwdrivers and I was taught how to use them. I was in the packing department where they packed the bombs. I was there for a while. My cousin was in another department . I transferred myself . I filled up the bombs , later mines with explosives. The smell was awful. I had stomach pains from working with chemicals. I climbed 6 to 7 ft. mines and cleaned the top of it. There were day and night shifts. We worked in the laundry room. In order to survive working with chemicals , they gave us a glass of milk every day.

The most difficult time was in the winter. We wore wooden shoes and walking with those shoes in the snow was almost impossible. Then to the factory, change into overalls and to work in the factory. One night on the way in the tunnel alone I was attacked by a soldier who tried to rape me. I fought him off He could not complain because as an Aryan he was not supposed to dirty himself by touching a Jewish subhuman. I never walked in the tunnel alone again.

The area was being bombed by the English, I believe. The cruelty of the German women soldiers surpassed the cruelty of the men. For them to kick and beat was not unusual. We were constantly reminded that Jews should not exist and that we should be terminated. We were not worthwhile to live. This lasted until the Spring when things started to change. Work became less and less. The camp commander told us that the ammunition we produced was useless and that

unless we found out who sabotaged the work, he would be executed. We knew there were French prisoners of war and some Free French workers. Also there were Russian prisoners of war who were treated even more cruelly than we were. The conditions of the prisoners in German was so inhuman that it was unbelievable for anyone who was not there. Towards March we had less and less work. Airplanes flew more frequently.

We were prepared to leave the camp. There were rumors that we were going to Buchenwald to be exterminated. One girl had a nervous breakdown. She was locked in a basement and sprayed with ice cold water. We were marched five abreast out of the camp in March. The first night we spent in an open field. The head of the camp spoke to us and he became very mild mannered. I thought the British or the American s were close.

I told my cousin- tonight we will escape. My cousin went with me. The girls in my bunk said they would follow me. We sneaked away from the group during the night and found ourselves in an open field. One side was forest, the other side open field. We started to walk towards the open field. We spent the night staying the shade as much as possible. In the morning the English or American air-planes were above us and bombing. They were aiming at us. We tried to lay in the ditch till they left. Later we learned that some of the girls who went to the forest were killed.

We came to a German village. We were tired and hungry. One of the girls had a spool of thread and we knocked on a door and asked for food for the thread. She gave us some food. We came to a small village of Viley (ph) . It was night and we took refuge in a barn. We were afraid to show ourselves . We were wearing our prisoners' clothes, our faces were green from working on the chemicals, hair orange red. We were in the barn until two French prisoners of war carrying rifles found us. We were afraid to say we were Jews. We said we were Hungarian workers. He told a group of women that we had worked for the Fatherland and that they should get us some food. It was the first food we had in days..

The following day we hear noises. The first jeep arrived with American soldiers. I was able to communicate with the soldiers and explained to them who we were. The first thing I asked, let my family known in New York that I am alive. We knew the address but we didn't know if it was in the Bronx or Brooklyn. One of the soldiers said it was in the Bronx and that he would write immediately to the family and give them our location. They arranged for us to get out of the barn and housed us in a private home. The Germans had no choice but to accept us. My cousin who was a doctor in the Armed Services found us. The reunion was unbelievable. We grew up together and he left in 1939 for America and he promised that as soon as possible he would arrange everything so that we could come to the States.

The war ended but it did not end fully. We carried many memories. We went to Munich and got to the first American Consulate to register to go to the States. From Munich we were to the first DP Camp. I stayed there for two years from 1945 - 47. I married and moved to Munich where my son was born. In 1949 we came to the US to my family.

My husband lived in Munich. He was a dispatcher. He is dead now. When we arrived in the US my family got a job for my husband and we stayed with *family* for 8 months. He did not speak English but did speak French. He went to night school to learn English. He worked for 1 1/2 years until he opened his own factory making custom furniture. My husband was not in the Holocaust. He was born in Poland, lived part of his life in France and Belgium. When the war broke out he joined the Polish Russian Army and became an officer. He was wounded in Berlin. His young daughter who had been hidden was betrayed by a German and was killed. My son is an attorney, is married and has a 3 year old child.

*If* you educate the new generation well enough to understand what we all went through, it might not happen again. If you have the wrong leader and the young people are not educated as to what happened, I don't know what will happen. I hope and pray that it will never come that anyone Jew or non-Jew will have such an experience. The millions who died needlessly, the tremendous loss and waste require us to see that it will not happen again. *If* it happened in a place like Hungary with such a large educated population, it can happen anywhere. We have to hope and pray it will never happen.