

-TITLE-TANA BASA  
-I\_DATE-  
-SOURCE-HAWAII HOLOCAUST PROJECT  
-RESTRICTIONS-  
-SOUND\_QUALITY-EXCELLENT  
-IMAGE\_QUALITY-EXCELLENT  
-DURATION-  
-LANGUAGES-  
-KEY\_SEGMENT-  
-GEOGRAPHIC\_NAME-  
-PERSONAL\_NAME-  
-CORPORATE\_NAME-  
-KEY\_WORDS-  
-NOTES-  
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She shows pictures of her parents in Berlin before the war, herself, her 3 sisters, her father as a cantor, her father in WWI. Also a certificate stating that she has no possessions, nothing of her own that does not belong to the Third Reich, signed for her by her father.

My maiden name was Hecht, I was born April 18, 1940 in Berlin, I am married and have two daughters. My father's name was Paul Hecht born November 1897, my mother was Carolina Blond born in Nov. 1896 in Posin as was my father. I had three sisters, Ruth born in 1920, Eva in 1922 and Erica in 1930.

I don't remember Berlin at all. My first memory is of Thereisenstat when I was four years old. My mother, father and I lived in one room in the camp. It was considered by the Nazis as a model camp. We lived there until the end of the war. Many political prisoners and lots of children went through there. There were 150,000 children who went through there, only 100 survived after the war I remember living in one room with large tile floor. My sisters were in other barracks, two sisters were together and the older sister was alone. We did not see them. I remember playing outside. I remember a Nazi officer asking me to go home with him and I said no, I was four years old. My aunt later said she was afraid he would shoot me. He went away. I remember their cutting all my hair off presumably for lice but the aunt said it was so that I would look like everyone else. I remember being hungry a lot. I remember having my leg in traction. That's all I remember.

My parents did not tell me why I was in the camp. They never talked

about what they did. My father was head cantor in Berlin. The camp was a Czech garrison. I would climb out and go with the Czech soldiers. They would play with me and then I would crawl back in. I remember my mother dying. She had a cerebral hemorrhage and died in my father's arms. She was cremated and they did not let him have the ashes. My two sisters went to Auschwitz and one sister went to Bergen Belsen and never returned. My father hid me under the tub when the guards came to get me.

He knew a Jewish doctor who took me to a t.b. sanitorium in the camp and I stayed there until we were liberated. My two sisters came back after the war to the camp.

The Russians liberated us and were kind to us and gave us food. It was the first time I had fried potatoes and it is still my favorite. I never had enough food in camp. I recollect my aunt and uncle holding a baby and standing in line walking towards the showers. They must have died - they were not there after the war. My father never discussed anything about the camps with me. Three aunts were left alive after the war. One aunt took care of me. I went back to live with my father in the same room after the liberation, my sisters came back, that is 2 sisters. The two sisters who survived were put in a work camp in Auschwitz. We all went back to Berlin when transportation was available. They turned our camp into a DP camp we were there 2 or 3 months. My father worked with the Red Cross helping people to find survivors. My sister married and left in 1946 for the U.S.

My father remarried and then our troubles began. She had a daughter and my sister and I ended up in an orphanage for German Jewish children. After a while my sister refused to go home for the weekends. All our spare time was spent gardening, cleaning, etc in the home. My father divorced and took me back with him. I was in the orphanage for 5 years. I stayed with my father two years. We took a board to the U.S. We were sent to an orientation camp in Bremen to learn about how to be an American, language, food, music, etc. We stayed there two months and then came to the U.S. on a transport ship, women and men segregated. We were sick the whole time coming over.

We arrived and took a train to Boston to be with my sister and her husband. We lived with them. I had a problem with the language and it took me a year to learn English. I was 11 years old and put in the second grade but after a few years caught up.

The immigration authorities placed my father in a show factory.  
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