

My name is Annelies Herzl. I lived in Amsterdam, in 1943, after having been released from the concentration camp Vught I met a Dutch retired officer by the name of Dick Nolte, who offered to hide me. I was at first very reluctant to put my life into his hands, hoping I would re-meet my mother and brother, who at that time still in the concentration camp Vught in Holland. When the last Jews were picked up in Amsterdam, I remembered the man saying, you will never re-meet with your brother and mother. Let me take care of you.

I rang his doorbell. He lived in the [? Cliosstraat. ?] He invited me to come in. His second sentence was, you will never be able to leave my home. Now that anyone might have seen you to enter, I cannot let you leave again. I protested and said, I want to go home, which was on [PLACE NAME], pick up some of my clothing and I will return. He said, you don't need any clothing. The Dutch underground will supply you with all necessary toilet articles and clothing.

I spent one night in the Nolte home. As I said before, they were a retired couple that were living there with a maid, Jo. They trusted Jo blindly and felt that she would never betray them. The next day, a young man whom I have never met, Herard Braum was able to take me from the home in the [? Cliosstraat ?] to Amsterdam Central Station, and we went by train to Utrecht.

In Utrecht, I was placed in a home of the [? Kasteleins. ?] Mr. [? Kastelein ?] was the administrator of the [DUTCH] Utrecht. The family had five children. The youngest was seven months the oldest was 14 years. I worked as their maid. They shared their food with me. Through the underground they were able to give me food stamps. After having been with them for many months, a letter was put in their mailbox that said, we will see you tonight.

I fled their home. Five hours after I fled their home, their home was searched but there was not a trace to be found. I was then placed in Utrecht through the underground with a Mrs. [PERSONAL NAME], who was an elderly, very religious Catholic lady. I stayed with her for some months. They had at that time difficulties finding a home for me. They did find a home for me through the same man Herard Braum, who had taken me from Amsterdam to Utrecht.

He came again and took me from Utrecht via Appeldoorn to Hoenderloo, where I stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Suiters and their three young children. I was in their home until we were liberated in May of 1945 Hoenderloo by the Canadian army. All these Dutch families had children, shared their food with me, and mainly risked their lives for mine. I have spent my life wondering would I ever have the courage to do what these people have done for me, and I've come to the conclusion that I most likely would not be able to do what these people did for me.