

Recording, but I need to wait about fifteen seconds for the tape to be

Little brother, can't even say.

Why don't you tell us about this photo, please?

Ready?

Yep.

This is a photograph of my brother, Marian. It must be about 1943 in Warsaw.

How old would he be there?

He is about 16, 16 and 1/2. And there is another photograph which is part of it, he and his friend from the underground. This was taken in the street while they were walking together. He is about 16 and 1/2, I would say. That was around the time when we left Warsaw. Yes. So it must be, I don't know, around March 1943.

How did you get this photograph?

I just found that little negative among other things that were sent to us by his friend from the underground. Everything was stolen-- all the photographs, all the correspondence, everything was stolen by the Russian soldiers after the war when we were traveling back to Poland.

But we found this among our things, that one negative. And I'm very touched to see his face so close up now. I have not seen his eyes and his face, you know, so close up. It looks much more clear than just by looking at a photograph. It's not the best picture of him. It's not a good one. He was a very handsome young man. But it is my brother.

These are the two children of my stepfather, Leon Tenenbaum. And this is Marysia and Szymek Tenenbaum. They must be around the age of maybe-- the girl might be eight, and the boy may be 11 or in that area, something-- so maybe little younger even.

Yeah.

And they perished in Auschwitz. She was about 12 years old. And the boy was maybe 14 years old at the time when they were separated from their father in Auschwitz. That was the last time he saw them.

This is a picture of my mother on a travel permit when we left Warsaw on March 15, 1943. And this was the permit with her false identity, Antonina Wrochna, with her signature and thumb print. And it said that she was permitted to travel as a farm worker to Germany, to Berlin.

This is a picture of my brother, on the right, and his friend from the underground, who was known to us as Arthur [? Konieczny ?] at one time, another time under another name. And Arthur is the one that kept in touch with my mother, and informed her about my brother's death, and sent all my brother's belongings to us, and his correspondence, and his photographs. And he himself didn't survive, either.

Yes. This is a picture. I didn't mention about these people in my testimony. This is a family that was living in the town where my mother was working, in Kitzingen. They are Germans who lived most of their life in Russia, the Russian Germans.

And when the war broke out, I guess, they were sent to Germany. So they spoke perfect Russian. And their customs were Russian. And they were very friendly with my mother and me and invited us.

And the man was working also for the same couple, for the Gustav Meirau as my mother did. But they had German citizenship. This is Eric. And his parents last name, Giese.

This, again, is the same picture, actually, the only one of my brother, with his friend, who confided in him that he was Jewish also. And they were together in the underground. And that is Warsaw in 1943. My brother was about 16 years old. And Arthur must have been in his early 30s at the time.

This is a picture of my brother with, I guess, his girlfriend at the time. She was the daughter of Mrs. Elevein, the lady-- his landlady and the person who allowed us to stay with her for two or three days when we escaped from the ghetto and before we were sent to Germany. We stayed with her mother, Mrs. Elevein. And I guess they were dating.

Do you remember her name?

I don't know her name, no. And she was older than my brother. She was maybe 19 there. And he was here, must be also 16.

This is a grave of my brother, shot from behind the headstone. It's in Warsaw. It is cemetery, a Catholic cemetery, Powazki.

Do you know who buried him at the time?

Yes, his friend, Arthur, who engraved the poem on the headstone, and his friends from the underground. And this was a Christian funeral. And his identity is the false identity as Marian Piotrowski And his age on the grave shows as age 19. But he actually was 17 at the time of his death.

Do you know if that grave is still there as it is?

Yes. I had people-- every time somebody goes to Poland, I send them-- I send money to somebody to take care of the grave, and to maintain it, and to plant flowers. And I have other close-up pictures of the headstone, where it shows the poem that Arthur. Composed.

Yes, this is my brother's headstone. It says, Marian Piotrowski lived till the age of 19. And it says, you served your fatherland well. You expired quietly and unknown, but you will remain in my heart forever. Your friend, Arthur.

Do you know if there ever was a real Marian Piotrowski.

I don't know. Piotrowski is a common Polish name. I don't know how he picked it. It have been on the papers that he was able to obtain during the war that he bought. But Marian, yeah, it's a common Polish name.

Again, this is my brother's grave. It's kind of falling apart now. The headstone is made of cement, with the little blocks on the side. It's sinking down.

The same photo of my brother's grave at the Powazki Cemetery in Warsaw. It's a beautiful, actually, cemetery, with very grand graves, headstones made of granite and marble. And even though my brother is buried in an alley for the heroes, it's a very, very modest grave.

Yes, my brother's cemetery. And I hope and I dream that one day I can visit him.

The only time I have been there was after the war in 1945. This was the last time I was there. I would love to go there. Now, I have sent money to someone to light candles. They light the candles when it's a Polish holiday, and put the flowers, and to let him know that he will never be forgotten.

This is a picture of my father, Josef Zeigler, when he was a younger man. And I don't remember him at that time. But I know that he resembles me very much. I mean, I resemble him very much. Yes, I look-- they used to say I was an

identical copy of my father.

This is a picture of my family-- my mother, Paula, my father, Josef, my brother, Mietek, and myself. This is 1937 and on a vacation in summer in Miedzeszyn, I think. And I was-- I must have been about two years old there.

How did you get this photo?

From somebody in Israel, from some relatives in Israel.

Younger. It looks like you'd be about--

They must be younger.

--three and five.

Yeah, but that portrait was not done at the same time.

Not at the same time?

No, I don't think that was the same time. These are the children, my stepfather's children, Maria and Shimon Tenenbaum. And I don't know where it is and some-- where they used to live in Poland. I'm not sure where.

OK.

This is in 1945, after the war, in Poland. On the left is my mother. Next to her in a raincoat is my stepfather. And in the middle is a friend. And next to them, the young lady and the man in the glasses is Mr. And Mrs. Haberman, who is the man that helped us travel after the war from Warsaw to Dzierzoniow. And he was my father's partner in the business. And we remained friends for many, many years.

Do you know the woman's name, the one in the middle?

Natalia Haberman and Heniek Haberman. And I don't remember. In the middle is one of their relatives, a cousin. This is really early 1945, after the war.

This must be around 1947, maybe '48. I am in the middle. And next to me is my mother and my stepfather. And on my right are the Steinfelds, who are relatives of my stepfather. I think that she survived in Russia, and he probably too. 1947, I would think.

This is my mother and my stepfather, Leon Tenenbaum. And it must be about 1945. And the town in Poland, Dzierzoniow, where they started to live their life again.

It's interesting.

Tell us about this one.

Yes, this is my cousin, my only relative on my mother's side. His name is Yurik Zukerman. And he survived the war. He was in the Polish Army, and a army Anders'-- Anders' army. He was in Russia. And we met him after the war. He's the son of my mother's oldest sister, Genja. He was a captain, some ranking officer in the Polish Army.

This, again, is my sweet mother, with my wonderful stepfather. And must be about 1945, '46 in Poland, in Dzierzoniow, or called also-- the town was known in German as Reichenbach. It's in a part of Poland called Lower Silesia. We lived there for five years after the war.

Yes, I believe we have seen this before-- my parents, and myself in the middle, and my stepfather's relative on my right

side. This is-- I think we saw that picture before.

About 1948, maybe '49, right around there-- my mother, my father, and mine, and Natalia and Heniek Haberman, our good friends and my father's business partner.

Here?

These are the children of my stepfather, Marysia and Szymek Tenenbaum. They were brilliant children. He used to say how gifted they were in everything they did in Polish and Hebrew studies. And the neighbors envied them, these two children.

This is my mother and myself. I believe it's 1947 in Dzierzoniow, or Reichenbach, in the same town where we lived in after the war. We lived there since 1945 until 1950.

I don't remember what's that.

OK.

This is a picture of my parents and myself and also around '47, '48. And it's the first family picture, really, where we went to a photographer and post. And my mother made sure that my hair was clean. And so it's wet in the picture.

This is a picture of myself, I would estimate, at the age of maybe 10 months, maybe 11 months. And it was given to me by my father's relatives in Israel. This is the only picture I have of mine very young, very young-- always chubby, always smiling. Not eat yet, I can say.

This is a picture in Israel of myself and a friend when I was a nurse and working in a Tel Hashomer hospital. And the patient, I remember very well. He was with the UN forces. He was an Australian and serving in Egypt.

And he was struck with polio. And he spent six months on our ward. He was in an iron lung. And we became very close. He came out of that condition quite well. He was able to walk and recuperated very well.

What year was this?

This must have been 1950-- '57, maybe, '58. There was a polio epidemic at the time.

This is myself in the hospital, also in the '50s, probably '59-- 1959, I would say.

And this place?

And yes. And this is a picture also taken in Tel Hashomer hospital. Starting on the left is the head nurse, Regina Jacob. She's from Iraq. I'm in the middle. And next to me is Leah Furstel, also a Polish child who survived the war all by herself.

And there was a long story to her survival. And one of our patients, she was an orphan, was shipped from Russia, sent with the children during the exodus to Israel. And after living in Israel for at least 15 years, she found her father, who was living not far from her in Israel.

Amazing.

Amazing story about her, yes, Leah Furstel.

Oh, this is my graduation picture. This is, yeah, a graduation from the school of nursing.

And where are you in the photo?

I am on the top row-- one, two three-- fourth on the left.

So this right here?

Yes, long hair in the net.

I remember those.

Yeah, I remember my patient so well. I know. Yeah, this is also Tel Hashomer hospital. And one of my patients who was a military man and he was suffering from burns, an accident-- combustion.

This is a picture of myself as a nursing student, feeding a baby. This was in the Assaf Harofeh Hospital. That's where I attended the nursing school in Israel. This must be 1952.

This is Tel Hashomer Hospital in Israel, and also a patient who was in the military. We had a lot of patients from the military, because the hospital was right next to a military camp. And so the patients were always sent to us.

Yes?

Yeah, this is also a picture of the graduation from Assaf Harofeh.

Is that you?

No, that's me. That's me. Nursing school-- and I was about-- oh, my god, I wasn't even 17 years old yet when I went. I went to the school at 16 and 1/2, about 16 and 1/2. A year later, I was a nurse.

And that's about after no schooling.

Excuse me? Yes, yes. Yeah. Yeah. I also-- with one of the patients in Tel Hashomer. He had also burns on his body, a military soldier, a young soldier.

And this is taken in Tel Hashomer. That's myself and some friends, some of my friends. My very best girlfriend, Doris, is next to me, and some patients, and also the hospital barber, who used to go around. He was a buddy of us. He's on the left. Yeah-- and young patients, soldiers still, right next to me and next to Doris in the front.

Yeah, it brings back good memories. This is myself in Tel Hashomer. I'm in the middle. On my right is Yafa. And on my left is Leah-- is, I'm sorry, Rachel Levi, a registered nurse. She was from-- Rachel is from Bulgaria, and Yafa is from Iraq.

This is myself on a evening shift in Tel Hashomer Hospital. This is Ward 35, infectious diseases and general internal diseases. That's what I wanted to say-- internal diseases and infectious diseases was in Ward 35, Tel Hashomer.

Yes. And this is the nursing station on Ward 35. On my right are the charts. And behind me are the trays for sterilization for syringes. And behind that was the medicine cabinet

OK.

Yes, this is a picture taken while I was a nursing student. And the other-- yes, that's myself. The other girls were also nursing students. And these two, the young boy and the young soldiers, were our patients.

OK.

This is on a field trip from the hospital, from Tel Hashomer Hospital. That's myself down there. Next to me, my best

friend Doris, who is from-- who is from Iraq. And she married a Polish guy. And there is a doctor, a couple of doctors there, and some people, office workers, and personnel from Tel Hashomer Hospital.

Yes. This is also on a field trip from Tel Hashomer. We are on a boat there. That's myself and Doris next to me and two other people from Tel Hashomer. We were, I think, on the way-- in Eilat in Israel on a field trip.

Yes.

Yes?

Yes, this is interesting. On the right is a picture of David, who was my-- he is the UN soldier from Australia or New Zealand, I think. And he was a patient of mine for six months. He is with a friend of his. And this is-- he sent this picture to me after he went back to New York. And he was working for the United Nations. And he inscribed it to the Bandita of Tel Hashomer. And that was me. We'd laugh at David.

Why were you a bandita?

Oh, I was-- I used to love to-- well, I was mischievous. That's what I was. Yes. I was a very happy person. And you know, I used to cheer up my patients. And I was always full of life. So he called me the Bandita of Tel Hashomer.

OK.

This is a picture of myself in Israel. I must have been 19, maybe, 20, something around there. Maybe, I don't know, I took that picture probably new haircut or something.

OK.

Yes, the wedding picture with the love of my life, my ex-husband, Amadeo Cesana and myself. We were so much in love. It was unbelievable. It was supposed to last forever, but it didn't. Yeah.

OK.

And this, of course, is also a picture of myself as a bride in November 29, 1961, in Tel Aviv. I was a very happy person.

You look magnificent.

This is at my wedding, my husband next to me, and my mother on my husband's side, and my father. My husband was then a soldier with the US Army. He was stationed in Germany. And he took two weeks off to come and get married.

Was his family there too?

His mother was in the United States. But he had a large family in Israel. He still does-- aunts, and uncles, and a lot of cousins, and all the relatives of his mother. Yeah, a large family, and they were all at the wedding.

OK.

This is my sweet son, my beloved, wonderful, most wonderful son, Joseph, and myself in the middle, with a friend. He is just precious.

Where was this taken here?

This is taken about, I would say, 19-- you know what, 1989 maybe, in Los Angeles.

And this?

This picture is taken in Alamo, in the backyard of my house-- my son, Joseph, and my son, Adrian with me. This must be 1986-- my two wonderful sons, my sweet babies.

And this?

This is my sweet baby, my younger son, Adrian, and my niece, Rafaela, at her high school graduation in Los Angeles. Don't they look typical Italians?

Yeah.

Well, that's my son, looks like his father, who is Italian, and my niece, whose mother was born in Milano, and father is the brother of my husband.

And when was this taken?

This was in the-- oh, must be in the '80s-- I am not sure-- '84, '85, yeah.

And tell us about this, please.

Yes. This picture was taken in Alamo, the country club where we had the bar mitzvah for my younger son, Adrian, who is on my left. So there is Joseph.

So that would be him?

That's Adrian, yes. Yeah, his bar mitzvah celebration after we danced and hopped around. And we were all sweaty. We went outside and took this picture.

Yeah.

OK, go ahead. Tell us about this.

OK. This is a little note scribbled by my brother. And what he's saying there, that it's a moment of terrible tension for him, waiting for a priceless letter from his two dearest and closest hearts. And he says, I put them in God's hands.

And this was March 24, 1943. And it says, in the morning, in bed. And that was-- we left Poland in March 15. And this was 24, so he was awaiting to hear from us. But he didn't hear from us yet, I guess, by that time. And so he was just pulling out some of his feelings on paper.

Do you know what the crossed out part is or why it was crossed out?

I don't know. I don't know what that is.

How did you get this note?

Well, this was all sent to us with everything he left by his friend, Arthur. And everything was stolen except this little piece of paper and a negative of his picture was among some other things. So that's how we had it. Everything was gone. There were a lot of letters and notes that he used to-- I think he liked writing. A lot of pictures of himself, that was all gone, everything.