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Fanny Fogel Hollander was born on June 6, 1933. Fanny was the daughter of Jacob Fogel (Sighet, Romania) and Pepe Geller (Budapest, Romania). They lived in Antwerp, Belgium near her father's brother Eliezer, his wife Sara and their sons David (born 1930) and Zvi (born 1933).

One morning before her seventh birthday there were many planes overhead indicating the Germans had penetrated Belgium. After many discussions and meetings, her parents and many of the Jews in Antwerp decided to leave for France. Late one night with minimal luggage, Fanny, her parents, uncle, aunt and cousins took a train to Paris. The train was filled with many other Jews fleeing Belgium. Upon arrival, the French police were waiting with instructions that they be put in temporary camps. Her family was sent to the Brens internment camp in Southern France. Her father tried desperately to escape, thinking he would then be able to help the family escape but was not successful, Fanny recalled tremendous security.

After approximately six months at Brens, they were told to board a train. This took them to the Rivesaltes internment camp. It was very similar to the first camp but extremely dirty. Fanny recalls women worked in the kitchen but didn't think she ever saw the men working and there was definitely no schooling. She was bored with nothing to do all day. She remembered the filth. Every person had lice in their hair. They would sit in a circle and pull lice out of each other's hair. The food was horrible and she was always hungry.

After a few months at Rivesaltes, Fanny's father had planned to escape with another prisoner. He told her not to worry. He would help her once he escapes. They did not know what happened to him but Fanny felt awful that he was gone. A month or two later, one of the French guards got to know and fell in love with Fanny's mother. Her parents had divorced before the war and her mother was young and beautiful. The guard said he would help them escape. Her mother told him he would need to help her brother-in-law, his wife and their children also. Late one night, the entire family escaped with this gendarme. He not only helped them get out of the camp but also went with them to Marseilles and found quarters where they could sleep. It was a huge basement where they stayed for several days and nights. The gendarme immediately returned to the camp.

After several days in Marseilles, Fanny's aunt, uncle and cousins went further south in France where they hid in a small village for the entire war, four and a half years. Fanny's mother felt that Paris would be safer. Fanny thought the reason they were not caught is that her mother had very dark hair with green eyes and did not look Jewish. People thought she was Spanish. Upon getting to Paris, they found a small room to live in. Fanny did not go to school. She was 8 years old. She would sneak onto the subway and ride around Paris. She was often hungry and would steal food

and sneak into movie houses. Her mother told her not to talk to anybody, so she had no friends. She really did not know what her mother was doing at the time.

After 6 or 7 months in Paris, Fanny's father found them. He explained that after he escaped, he tried to help them but could not. Eventually he heard they had escaped with his brother and his family. While it seems it would be hopeless to find each other, from mouth to mouth families did reunite, but it took some time. He stayed for 2 or 3 days. At that time, he left and took Fanny with him. He did not tell her mother that he was taking her or where they were going.

Fanny's father took her to Lille. He told her it would be much safer for her to live with a gentile family. He said there is an older couple that he had arranged for her to live with. They did not know she was Jewish and she should not tell them. He said he would visit her often and she felt horrible. Her foster parents were Madame and Mousier Poirot, they lived on Rue de la Madeleine in Lille. They seemed very nice; they had a granddaughter, Jeanine a few years older. Fanny went to school 3 blocks away, she helped with daily shopping. She had a lot of freedom and made many friends. It all seemed very normal.

Fanny's father would visit every few weeks. As he left, she would walk him to the corner and watch him walk away. She recalls one day him waving and he turned and was gone. She did not see him for three years after that. They found out later he was arrested by the Germans a week later and sent to Buchenwald and Auschwitz. Not long after, Fanny overheard her foster parents discussing what to do with her. There was no money coming in and nobody to contact. She realized then that they were being paid to keep her and could do anything with her. She heard Mr. Poirot say they would keep her; they did like her and she liked them. She was just glad to hear that she would be able to stay there.

About a month later, her mother showed up. Apparently, she was looking for her since she left with her father. Once again, through word of mouth, she managed to eventually find her. She told them that her father had been sent to a concentration camp in Germany. Arrangements were made that her mother would continue to pay her foster parents and would visit her, which she did around every 3 or 4 weeks. Fanny remained in Lille with her foster parents for the next 3 years.

June 6, 1944 was D-Day as well as Fanny's 11<sup>th</sup> birthday. She went in the morning for bread, as she always did. While waiting, people were celebrating in the streets. Her first thought was her birthday. She found out that the Americans had landed in Normandy and the war would be soon be over. She did not realize at the time the impact of this. Over the next couple of days, American soldiers would show up in the streets. They spoke English and she could not communicate but recalled they were great with kids. They were giving out gum and chocolate. She took one by the hand and five of them followed her to her foster home. The Poirot's were ecstatic; they all hugged and each spoke their own language. Each of the soldiers washed up and sat down for a drink and gave the family soap and candy from their duffel bags.

The soldiers were exhausted and slept on the floors and beds for much of the day. It was a great time.

Some time later, Fanny was at her foster home alone and the doorbell rang. A man was wearing the uniform that prisoners wore in the concentration camps. He was skinny, completely bald and she just looked at him. He smiled and she realized it was her father. The next few minutes cannot be described. She sat on his lap. She asked why he wasn't wearing a regular suit; did he just come from the camp? He said they would have provided clothing and transportation in around 4 or 5 days but he did not want to wait and went straight to Lille. He stayed with them for about a week. Mr. Poirot gave him some clothing. Her mother came with a suitcase of clothes for him. The three of them were together for a couple of days.

Fanny stayed with her foster parents for an additional six months even though the war had ended. She was getting visits by her mother and father at different times before moving to Brussels to live with her mother later in 1945 at the age of 12.

Fanny moved to Israel in 1948 at 15 years of age. She was in the Israeli army between the ages of 18 through 21 before moving to the United States in 1954. She got married to Stuart Hollander in 1956 and became a US Citizen in 1959. She had three sons and six grandchildren.

Fanny's family is thankful to those who helped her during this period, particularly the unknown French gendarme who saved her family at Rivesaltes and the Poirot family for taking grave risks to protect a young girl.