

Yair Noam:

One of the strongest memories of my childhood in Coburg is of a stone amidst shattered glass on the rug of our living room. Then, when my father's men's clothing factory was set on fire, my parents decided to leave this town and in 1928 moved to Berlin. Here life was pleasant enough, and the range of cultural activity enormous. Frequently I was asked to buy tickets for my parents for theatre, opera and concert performances.

But after 1933 other winds began to blow. On many streets there appeared display panels of the infamous *Stürmer* weekly, which reported exclusively about the crimes and evil doings of the Jews. Many saw in this a passing phenomenon, but after 1935 it became clear to almost everyone that there was no future in Germany for the Jews.

In the first place my parents worried about my brother and myself. An uncle and aunt in Palestine were ready to take me in, and for my brother Harry they managed to obtain a place on a Kindertransport to England. My parents themselves paid for a visa to Chile, which turned out to be a forgery.

Despair began to spread, as the countries of potential immigration were making greater and greater demands and difficulties, setting quotas, asking for guarantees or shut their gates altogether.

Having saved their children, but without possibility of escape for themselves, my parents must have been in a terrible mood. I can only hope that they had no inkling of the cruel fate that awaited them. In any case, this entrance door was spared seeing them depart with a small suitcase from the Grunewald freight station, where they were ordered to report, after having to evacuate their apartment some months earlier. On October 18, 1941 my parents were deported to the Lodz ghetto, together with another 1549 Jews. What happened afterwards is described in the official records as "gone missing", but today every Jew and every German knows what that means. My mother was 43 and my father 56. May their memory be blessed!