



Summer 2010

ZACHOR

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

BY ED LEWIN



As I begin my term of office as the President of our amazing organization, we continue in our mission and mandate of enlightening as many as we can about the evils of prejudice, racism and antisemitism, the latter boiling over in the cauldron of hate that led to the Holocaust.

More than we ever anticipated when we began to teach about the Shoah, the need for our work has grown. The more recent genocides in Rwanda and Darfur, as well as the disturbing re-emergence of antisemitism in some parts of the world, necessitate the doubling and redoubling of our efforts. "Word is father to deed. History teaches that when nations turn to dehumanization and demonization, the world remains silent at its peril."

That we educate so many, with such grace and sensitivity, is due to our incredibly talented and dedicated staff, our equally committed Board of Directors, and you, our beloved survivors, members and donors, all of whom we depend on to support our ongoing, critically important work. As we tackle the challenges before us, and continue to fulfill our mandates of Holocaust education and remembrance, we know that you will be with us every step of the way, and for that I am extremely grateful. May we go from strength to strength.

With love and respect,
Ed Lewin

ZACHOR | Remember

VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST EDUCATION CENTRE

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Front cover (left to right): Achmed Kranzmayr, 1941.
Stolpersteine "stumbling stones" in memory of Leopold
and Dorothea Katzenstein. Benisz family, Hungary

TRIBUTE TO JODY DALES

Outgoing President, VHCS

BY ROBERT KRELL, M.D.



A strong and viable organization is synonymous with strong and viable leadership, the kind we have had with Jody Dales as our president for the last three years. But her leadership did not begin with her presidency, nor we hope, will it end with the conclusion of her term.

Jody has been with us since our earliest days, first as a docent, a teacher of students leading school groups and as a passionate communicator of our message, then as a board member, eventually serving as the chair of various committees and assuming increasingly more complex responsibilities. Throughout, she has demonstrated extraordinary wisdom, intelligent reasoning, and charm, compassion and empathy – far beyond her years.

The Vancouver Holocaust Centre Society for Remembrance and Education (VHCS) was incorporated in 1985 and accomplished the building of a memorial site, unveiled in 1987 and the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre opened in 1994. I had the privilege, as the founder of the Society, to be its first President for nearly 15 years. And what does a founder worry about? Succession. Will the organization survive and thrive for generations to come?

Before Jody's tenure, we were fortunate to have two excellent presidents in Robbie Waisman and Rita Akselrod. But we have become the "old guard" if you will and were thrilled to pass the torch to the next generation in order to secure the continuity of the organization. Our success in succession was

achieved when Jody became the President of the VHCS. She was the new face, the face that represented the vibrancy and youthfulness that reflects the VHEC. Contrary to what some people think about the mandates of our Board and Staff dealing with such hefty issues as the Holocaust, genocide, racism, prejudice, antisemitism and other potentially "depressing" issues, the fact is that all who participate in our efforts are energized and uplifted. They know the value of what we do, and amazingly, it is done with camaraderie, good humour and even a measure of spirituality.

There are occasional tough issues to tackle and tough decisions to be made. And Jody has done so with unmatched grace and elegance. Her intuitive good sense is awesome, her ability to synthesize complex issues into understandable language, her phenomenal manner in dealing with staff and staff issues – she is a treasure. And we will miss her. Except we know that she will not abandon us even as a new president, Ed Lewin, steps up to the plate.

We were in good hands and remain in good hands. This community is enriched by their and our presence, as a bulwark against hatred and prejudice, of which there is far too much. And Jody has contributed immeasurably to human understanding and civility. Her remarks on numerous public occasions have been inspiring. It has been a joy working with her. She is a jewel in our midst. I feel privileged to know her and work with her and am confident that all those whose lives she has touched and enriched, feel similarly. Thank you, Jody.

STOLPERSTEINE: PAVING A PATH TO REMEMBRANCE

BY DODIE KATZENSTEIN

Dodie Katzenstein (right) and Gunter Demnig (left) at Wiesbaden ceremony, 2009



Five years ago, I found a box of letters and began a journey into the past. (Zachor, November 2006). The letters, written by my grandparents, record their desperate struggle to escape Germany and join their son --my father-- in America. Their efforts failed. My grandfather, Leopold (Leo) Katzenstein, died in Sachsenhausen on August 17, 1942. My grandmother, Dorothea (Dora), for whom I am named, was murdered in Auschwitz on January 23, 1943.

My father immigrated to the US in 1936 at the age of 28. Later, he rarely spoke about his life before the war. Finding the letters years after his death, I wanted to learn more. In 2005, I traveled to Wiesbaden, his hometown, and to Berlin to meet a cousin who then translated the letters and guided my search for information. Last fall, I returned to Germany for the third time in four years. The occasion was a ceremony to dedicate stolpersteine (memorial stones) at 42 Wilhemstrasse, steps from Wiesbaden's elegant state theatre and opera house. This had been my grandparents' address.

Literally, stolperstein means "stumbling stone" --a stumbling block or obstacle. The play on words conveys the objective of the 10 x 10-centimeter concrete, brass-topped cubes, set into the pavement at the last known residence of individuals who perished in

the Holocaust. Each stone bears the inscription *Hier wohnte* (Here lived), followed by the person's name, birth date, date of deportation and place of death; the German word *ermordet* (murdered) makes an unequivocal statement of accountability.

Berlin-born artist Gunter Demnig conceived the Stolpersteine project in 1993, partly in response to Germany's construction of large, formal Holocaust memorials. Demnig's small stones encourage pedestrians, passing in the course of their daily routines, to make a personal connection with an individual who once lived at that site. His premise: acknowledging the loss of one human being among millions speaks louder than a massive monument.

Installation of the first stones generated controversy. Munich's Jewish community protested that walking on the names of the dead showed disrespect. Elsewhere, homeowners feared drawing unwanted attention to their property. Despite initial qualms, over 23,000 stones have been placed in more than 500 European locations. The majority of stolpersteine honour Jews, but the stones also commemorate Roma and Sinti, non-Jewish dissidents, homosexuals and other subjects of Nazi violence. The project now extends to Austria, Hungary, the Netherlands, Belgium, the Czech Republic, Poland, Ukraine, Italy and, later this year, to Norway and Denmark.

The 95-euro cost of a stolperstein usually is funded by a community organization or school, often as a class project. My grandfather's stone was sponsored by the Wiesbaden Masonic Lodge. I had not known that Leo and many other German Jews belonged to the

Freemasons, whose members, considered to be politically liberal, became targets of persecution. I sponsored my grandmother's stone, the 300th to be placed in Wiesbaden.

Wiesbaden, one of Europe's oldest spa towns, is now a city of 300,000 within commuting distance of Frankfurt. Much of its once-thriving Jewish community of about 3000 left the city after the destruction of synagogues, homes and businesses during Kristallnacht. Those remaining could not escape; over 1500 were deported to concentration camps. I was invited to Wiesbaden by the Aktives Museum Spiegelgasse (the Active Museum of German-Jewish History in Wiesbaden), or AMS. The AMS defines itself as "not a museum in the usual sense of the word" but as a centre for anti-racism education based on Holocaust awareness. AMS administers the Stolpersteine project in Wiesbaden and also sponsors exhibits, archives, a library, survivor testimony and school programs, all highlighting "the significant historical role played by Jews in the spiritual, cultural and economic development of Wiesbaden." <http://www.am-spiegelgasse.de/>

Throughout our visit, my husband and I and were treated like celebrities. We met with AMS staff and volunteers, mostly non-Jewish, and with Gunter Demnig, who personally installed my grandparents' stolpersteine. We were honoured guests at the dedication ceremony and at the official mounting of displays about Leo and Dora in a town square. A sizeable group of people attended these events, and both were reported in the local media. Our host, Inge Naumann, a retired teacher and AMS volunteer, expressed gratitude that we had travelled all the way from Vancouver, and my cousin from Berlin, for the occasion. "Too often," she explained, "there is no family left."

Inge had searched the AMS archives, uncovering details that enriched my knowledge of my grandparents. I learned that Leo had been arrested days after Kristallnacht and sent to Buchenwald. Released two weeks later, he returned home to find locks barring entry to his pharmaceutical factory. I learned that Dora was held captive for three days near the destroyed synagogue before her deportation, along with 400 others, to Theresienstadt on September 1, 1942. I saw detailed records with the names and photos of those deported with my grandmother that day. Our hosts also showed us the cemetery where my grandfather's ashes are buried. (A Gestapo agent had returned Leo's ashes to Dora, forcing her to pay for them.) And we saw the original building of Leo's confiscated factory, now transformed into a private international school.

We were impressed by Wiesbaden's strong commitment to Holocaust remembrance. The city donated the 19th-century building, formerly a kosher hotel in the old Jewish quarter (Speiegelgasse), that houses AMS offices, and it funds much of the organization's 200,000-euro annual budget. Wiesbaden also allocates permanent space in the city hall (Rathaus) where visitors can use a touch screen to link photos and biographical information with each stolperstein in the city. A new Rathaus exhibit opened April 15 featuring my grandfather and several other residents who made significant contributions to Wiesbaden's business and professional life. Titled "And then they were gone..." it chronicles "the fate of Jewish fellow citizens persecuted and murdered under Nazi tyranny."

Germany's changing demographics, however, create new challenges. Many young people, especially recent immigrants, know little about the country's dark history. Current AMS initiatives focus on countering racism among young Germans. Youth coordinator Hendrik Harteman says acceptance of cultural and religious differences is crucial to Germany's increasingly diverse population. He sees the stolpersteine project as a valuable teaching tool: "We say 'Look, this place you pass every day when you go to school-- we'll show you how

to find out the meaning of this place and the story that lies behind it.' We start with the youth and accompany them into the past. Our message is that tolerance and respect for human rights must be lived today. All our programs aim to encourage personal responsibility, to show that you as a young person can do something [to promote change] in your own surroundings."

My own journey into the past is not complete. It is no longer possible to uncover the whole story about the grandparents I never met. But I find comfort knowing that Leo and Dora's names are firmly planted in the place they once called home. I hope that those who pass by 42 Wilhelmstrasse will notice the shiny squares in the pavement and will understand that they represent real people --my grandparents-- and the lives they lost.



Stolpersteine "stumbling stones" in memory of Leopold and Dorothea Katzenstein

HYBRID NEGRO

An Interview with Achmed Kranzmayr by Herwig Czech

TRANSLATED BY DR. UMA KUMAR, CENES DEPARTMENT, UBC & VHEC DOCENT

The exact number of black women and men from Germany and the occupied countries who were killed in concentration camps and in other detention camps during the Third Reich has unfortunately not been determined due to an absence of precise records. After the end of World War II survivors of African origin were not recognized as a political or an ethnic group that was persecuted and rarely received any compensation.

The following is an excerpt from an interview by Herwig Czech with Achmed Kranzmayr. Achmed Kranzmayr experienced the period of National Socialism in the vicinity of the concentration camp in Mauthausen and went to school with the son of the commander of the concentration camp in Mauthausen. In the following interview, he talks to Herwig Czech about his own persecution as an Austrian of African origin. Achmed Kranzmayr was classified as a “hybrid negro” by NS-anthropologists. He faced exclusion, humiliation and abuse on a day-to-day basis; he was not permitted to attend school or learn a profession. It was partly thanks to his grandmother and coincidence that he was not sent to the concentration camp in Mauthausen and he survived the Third Reich. Achmed Kranzmayr is an important witness of these times.

Achmed Kranzmayr experienced the period of National Socialism in the vicinity of the concentration camp in Mauthausen. He was born out of wedlock in 1932 in Vienna. His mother came from Mauthausen. Like many others, the economic situation forced her to look for a job in Vienna, where she worked in a beauty parlour. Mr. Kranzmayr could never find out much about his father: “I never got to know my father. I can only tell you what I know from hearsay. One aunt claimed he was an Egyptian, another said he was a Negro. My mother remained silent about him. She never wanted to keep me at all; she actually wanted to give me away. She said she would drown herself in the Danube along with me. And my grandmother said, you can drown yourself in the Danube, but I’ll take the boy. And there I was, 14 days old, when I came to Mauthausen, and since that time I’ve been in Mauthausen.”

The year 1938 did not bring any noticeable change to begin with. However, an increasing discrimination was slowly deployed, which came to a head threateningly with time. “Till the age of six or seven, I lead a very inconspicuous life, and then school began, very normally like for all other children. And thus I continued till the fourth grade. Nothing happened till then. In the fourth grade, I had the qualifications to go to secondary school. At the beginning of the school year, I actually went there and sat in class like all the other children. Then the teacher comes in and says, Kranzmayr, you don’t belong in this class.’ We then received a letter from Baldur von Schirach, the Reich Youth Leader that I was not permitted to go to a higher school on account of my non-Aryan origin. Not long after that, there was another letter from Vienna; my grandmother had to appear there with me for an examination. And then we traveled there. There they took measurements of my head and somehow something else, but I didn’t understand that anymore. And my grandmother didn’t understand too, because she wasn’t allowed to go along inside the room. Anyway, it emerged that I was not of Jewish origin, but I was classified as Non-Aryan according to the German Reich law and excluded from everything.”

The report on this examination has been preserved till today. Dr. Werner Pendl records in a succinct manner: “In the course of a census on alien half breeds in Vienna, I have anthropologically examined Achmed Kranzmayr born on 3. 2. 1932 in Vienna and determined without any doubt that he is a hybrid Negro of the first class.”

“The consequences followed soon:” ... three weeks later there was a letter again, that said that I was not permitted to be a member

of any national socialist association. And that was then very grotesque. I became ten years of age and the conscription for the Hitler youth arrived automatically. There was a store in Ennstal, my grandmother had to travel there with me and we had to buy a HJ-Uniform. And I was so happy that I was also a part of them. I can see myself even today in the uniform, a brown shirt with leather buttons, black trousers and the entire gear, and then it was a few days later that the next letter arrived. I was not permitted to participate therein. I can still see myself standing at the window, watching how the others marched past and I looked down with tears in my eyes. Silly, but that's how it was. And then it became even more extreme. I was not allowed to go to the movies anymore. There was a Youth leader, I can still visualise him saying: 'they're not playing a film for the Negroes today.' I was not permitted to go anywhere at all. That was it. I then ran around somewhere in the woods or I stayed at home and cried. One bottles up one's feelings. But my grandmother comforted me time and again. She then tried in her own way, to do something for me. She arranged for me to have private piano and zither lessons and things like that, but that naturally did not last long, because one was being watched. My grandmother also wanted to organise teachers, who could give me private lessons. But it wasn't long before they received a few warnings about the trouble they'd get into, that if they didn't stop, they had the best chances of being sent to the concentration camp. Everyone naturally rejected you. And yes, then it became even more risky, and then mercifully I was allowed to continue with grade school. We were all together in the same class. It was bizarre that Sieg Fried, who was the camp commander's son, sat on the same bench as I. "It was not necessary for the camp commander's son to go to secondary



In 1941, Achmed Kranzmayr had to undergo an anthropological examination in Vienna's Main Public Health Office because he was considered an "alien half breed" (artfremder Mischling). In his home town Mauthausen, he was exposed to discrimination and persecution. - Wiener Stadt- und Landesarchiv (Vienna City and National Archives)

school." We even had a fight once. There was such a fuss, but we were not averse to each other. We naturally did not know at our place about what was happening at the camp, and as for the boys, Siegfried was caught later. They found out that he was allowed to kill a large number of prisoners on his birthday. This of course surfaced only after the war. We didn't know all about that."

There was a deputy of the concentration camp leadership who lived opposite of us, a certain Obersturmführer called Bachmayer. His wife was from Munich, they had two small daughters and once she was looking for a woman who could do the laundry for her and a kind of a cleaning woman. And then my grandmother worked for them. We got a lot of things from them because you couldn't get anything during the war. We got food stamps and other things. These SS big shots naturally had everything. I was often over at their place and I played with the girls. And Bachmayer actually liked me because I was a nice boy. He more or less supported me. There was a certain Oberscharführer Kirschbichler, who always wanted to get me. He wanted to put me in the concentration camp so that I would be gassed. He said that very often. Once Bachmayer even narrated this to my grandmother. There were some very powerful chaps who said how come he's still around? He's supposed to be sent away, as a coloured person. We know very well that he isn't an Aryan. But they protected me a bit and Ziweis was naturally often there. ... But at the end, their protection didn't work anymore. It became very intense during the last few months of the year 1945. They came to my grandmother a few times, asking where I was and once they even wanted to take me away, but I wasn't at home. Then luckily there was a change."

Translated from the German by Uma Kumar. The translator sincerely thanks the author of the article, Herwig Czech for granting permission to publish an English translation of his interview with Achmed Kranzmayr.

LETTERS FROM THE LOST

By Helen Waldstein Wilkes

BY CLAUDIA CORNWALL



Dear Helen,

Your book *Letters from the Lost* is a vivid reminder of the power that letters have to evoke the past. Not only did your letters tell us what happened, they did so personally. “My dear ones,” they often began. And they survived because someone cared. Nothing is easier to destroy than a letter, so the fact that these fragile records were preserved is in itself a testament to the value placed on them.

Though the circumstances of the correspondence between your relatives in Czechoslovakia and your parents in Canada between 1939 and 1941 were tragic, I think it is wonderful that you could draw on it to bring your aunts, uncles, and grandparents back to life. You have made them so vivid. I can easily see your Uncle Emil, well-informed, sensible, the dispenser of advice, a man who used his faith in reason to shield himself from the madness around him. “Given the proximity of a larger city (Hamilton), you have a good market for agricultural products, and you are in the best part of Canada.” I was touched by that packet of books he sent to your parents, books he hoped would help them in their new and unfamiliar endeavour--farming. It reminded me of my own father who tried to teach me that books must always be treated with care and

respect. There too is your grandmother Fanny, alert and caring. I saw how she could articulate what was happening around her much more easily than Emil. “There are many sorrows here. People are running about like chickens with their heads cut off.” And your uncle Arnold, with his faith in work. “You see how well I hit it by choosing a technical profession—technicians are in great demand these days and are also well paid.”

When the rush of words stopped in 1941, I felt the silence--cold and empty. And then in July 1945, there was another letter. My heart leapt: Arnold survived! But, as we discover from his detailed description, so many of your relatives and their friends did not. Helen, I really admired the determination you showed in visiting Europe, retracing steps your relatives had taken, and looking for what traces remained of them. Your conversations with some of the people you encountered were both moving and unsettling. I shivered to read about Alois, who was a former member of the *Hitler Jugend* (Hitler Youth) and yet, strangely helpful to you.

I was glad to see that at the end of all these journeys, you are finding peace. As you said, Helen, “I am also putting down roots that draw ever more strongly upon the nutrients of Judaism...Life feels effortless and sometimes it even feels joyful now that I am no longer paddling against the current.” I found your book completely engrossing and I am sure others will too.

Yours,
Claudia

Helen Waldstein Wilkes’ book, *Letters from the Lost: A Memoir of Discovery* is published by AU Press

Claudia Cornwall is the author of *Letter from Vienna: A Daughter Uncovers Her Family’s Jewish Past*. She also teaches a course on memoir writing at Simon Fraser University.

MY FATHER, MY HERO

BY JANOS BENISZ

I had a disturbing dream recently. I dreamt that my father lay dying. He was surrounded by our wealthy relatives who would not let me in because they said I was a mere child of six, who was too poor. I felt rejected, and deprived of my father. In my dream Papa was an old man. A long white beard covered his face. In reality my father never wore a beard and was murdered by the Nazis when in his forties, shortly before the end of the Second World War. It is said that dreams are the windows into the subconscious and can be puzzling at times. However one needn't be Daniel of the Bible to interpret what my dream was about.

I lost my mother at the age of five and Papa a year later. Now in the December of my life I have periods when I miss them more than ever. Not only did the Nazis deprive me of my parents but they also destroyed my childhood. I often wonder what life would have been like had the Holocaust not happened.....what if....? After the dream I slipped into a three-week long depression. I found solace in the Jewish Community Centre's swimming pool. Swimming the lengths of the pool, lost in thought, proved to be therapeutic. I had never thought about the healing power of water until now. I thought about my mother. Although I had tried my best, there is so little I remember about her. An uncle who survived the Shoah often remarked about how she nurtured and loved me as only a mother could. The extra year I had with my father after my mother died, left me with wonderful memories. As for Papa, I couldn't begin to imagine the sheer terror of what he was going through. He knew the end was coming, or he would not have sent my stepmother and me away to live with Christians. He saved our lives while sacrificing his own by staying behind with my grandmother, and thereby becoming my one and only hero. Life was



Standing left to right: Marton, Mor, Iszo and his wife Janka, Joszi, Sandor, Alexander and Jenő Benisz

Seated left to right: Robert and his mother Leona Fuhrer, Emma, Roszi, Heinrich and Olga Benisz. All perished in the Holocaust except for Robert, Leona and Józsi.

good for a time, but soon my stepmother and I were betrayed and deported to Strasshof concentration camp in Austria. Strasshof was not a death camp, but where about 19,000 Jews were “put on ice,” which meant we were not to be executed but held as trade-bait with the allies. This did not mean many were not starved to death. We spent nine months in that hellhole before the Red Army freed us. Our survival was miraculous. Maybe there is a G-d after all. My stepmother, whom I grew to love, did not fare as “well” as I. She suffered a mental breakdown from which she never recovered.

After liberation, I spent the next three years in a Jewish orphanage before coming to Canada with eighteen other boys and girls, all of whom were named the “Redeemed Children.” I did not feel redeemed. My insecurities from the war and the experiences in seven foster homes prevented me from living the good life of a teenager. Fortunately all changed for the better when in my twenties I landed a job as a reporter with the prestigious *Winnipeg Free Press*. It was as if my father's spirit had guided me once again out of darkness into sunshine, as he had done during the war.

TRIBUTE CARDS

February 1 – June 4, 2010

GET WELL

Mildred Balter, Wishing you a very speedy recovery. Gloria & Robbie Waisman

Rosa Ferera, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Lisa Kafka

Bernie Hooper, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Debby & Mark Choit

Margaret Fraeme, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Aron, Sam & Al Szajman

Donna Moscovitz, Wishing you a very speedy recovery. Grace & David Ehrlich

Ted Zacks, Wishing you a full & speedy recovery. Wendi & Barry Vaisler

Marion Cassirer, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Jody & Harvey Dales, Louise Sorensen, Tom Szekely & Janice Masur

Peter Parker, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Jody & Harvey Dales

Corinne Soriano, Have a good speedy recovery. Rosa Ferera

Izzy Fraeme, Wishing you a refuah shlema. Art Sam & Al Szajman, Gloria Waisman & Gerri London

Nancy Langsam, Wishing you a full and speedy recovery. Child Survivor Group of Vancouver

Arnold Silber, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Susan & Joe Stein & Family

Effie Gordon, Wishing you a speedy recovery. Gloria & Robbie Waisman

THANK YOU

Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Thank you. Jack Bogdonov

Lois & Walter Gumprich, Thank you. Jack & Linda Bogdonov

Robbie Waisman, Thank you for speaking to the March of the Living group. Alex Buckman

Joel & Lorraine Cooper, Thanks for including us. Lana & Mendy Landa

Robbie Waisman, Thank you. The Survivor Drop-in Group & Gloria Waisman & Gerri London

Alex Buckman, Thank you for sharing your personal history. Carla Dodek and Javier Nevares

David Emanuel, Thank you. Carla Dodek and Javier Nevares

Heather Wolfe, For your tour given to the CHW-Aviva Chapter. Canadian Hadassah Wizo -Aviva Chapter

Janos Mate, For being such a wonderful friend to our Centre. Frieda Miller

Barbara Buchanan, For your five years of service with the Law Society. Law Society of British Columbia

Dr. Howard & Gail Feldman, Thank-you. Gloria Waisman

MAZEL TOV

Cornelia Oberlander, Mazel tov & Happy Passover. Uri & Wendy Oberlander

Alex Buckman, Good luck on March of the Living. Izzy Fraeme & Leonor Etkin

Moshe Fidelman, Happy Healthy 80th Birthday! Doreen & Bill Horwitz & Family

Ben Akselrod, In honour of your birthday. Denise Cohen

Edith Vizer, On your 95th Birthday. Rob, Roxann, Lindsay, & Aryn Eichhorn, Doreen Miller, Andrew & Betka Karsai

Mendy & Lana Landa, On your 50th Anniversary! Sam Shamash, Barbara & Norman Gleiberman, Betty Claire & Billy Davids, Susan & Larry Katzen, Martin & Sheila

Hector, Beryl & Lyle Libin, Leonard & Sandra Boboroff, Jerry & Sheila Freeman

Tibor Bergida, Happy Birthday Dad! Deb Archeck & Rob & Josh Bergida

Mrs. Gerda Eiseman, For a special birthday! Lisa Kafka

VHEC Staff, To the VHEC staff and all those who worked on the 1936 Olympic project. Dr Roberta Kremer

Lola & Norm Pawer, On your 50th anniversary. Lana & Mendy Landa

Benno Strummer, Happy 88th Birthday! Moshe & Shoshana Fidelman, Lola Mendelson

Mr. & Mrs. Rubin Katz, Best wishes on your Grandson's Bar Mitzvah. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Arnold Selwyn, On your 80th birthday! Joe & Miriam Breitman

Fay Shafron, Happy 75th Birthday. Gloria & Robbie Waisman

Hodie Kahn, Happy Birthday. Arnold Davis

Norman & Linda Gold, On the arrival of your grandson, Brody Seth. Hymie & Rome Fox

Paul & Edwina Heller, On your very special anniversary. Uri & Wendy Oberlander

Beth & Leon Bogner, On the birth of your newest grandchild! Jody & Harvey Dales

David & Ruth Berger, On the arrival of your grandson, Ethan Marcus! Hymie & Rome Fox

Joseph Skolnik, On your special birthday. Shoshana & Moshe Fidelman & Lola Mendelson

Lila Mydlarski, On your 70th Birthday. Gloria & Robbie Waisman & Family

Marty Cohn, Happy 75th Birthday. Mendy & Lana Landa

Sally Rogow, On your special birthday! Neri & Aron Tischer & Bluma Tischler

Carol Braverman, In honour of your special birthday. Susan, Joe, Michelle, Jenna & David Stein

Jody Dales, On your successful term as President of the VHEC. Susie & Mark Kierszenblat, Nadine & Allan Landa, Marla Guralnick & Joshua Pekarsky, Leonor Etkin & Izzy Fraeme

Kit Krieger, On your perfect game! Danny Shapiro & Frieda Miller

Rita Akselrod, To celebrate your Birthday! Denise Pinto

Joelle Moses, In honour of your Bat Mitzvah. Ruth Stewart & David, Rose, Albert, Jamie & Alex Hsu

Arianna Brucar, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Pamela Charach, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Shayne Golden, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Chelsey Whiteside, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Chad Finlayson, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Robert Lamond, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Morgyn Babins, On your graduation. Karen, Les, Courtney, Bailee & Brayden Cohen

Dr. Stanley & Joycelaine Sunshine, In honour of your special anniversary. Ben & Rita Akselrod

Stanley Schwartz, On your Happy 65th Birthday! Beth & Leon Bogner

Teddy Hector, In honour of your Bar Mitzvah. Elaine & Harry Friedman

Daniel Wollner, On your Birthday!
Vera Bakonyi & Family

Dvorah Heckelman, On being
selected as a Heritage Award
honoree. Debbie, Eddie, Mira,
Naomi & Aliya Rozenberg

Peppa Martin, On your very special
birthday! Morley & Fay Shafron

Ron Burnett, On the great honour.
Frieda Miller & Danny Shapiro

Joshua Weidman, On your Bar
Mitzvah! Allan & Nadine Landa

Karen James, In recognition of
your sportsmanship. David Berson

Sylvia Bricker, On your special
birthday! Peter & Marla Gropper

Sid Akselrod, On your award.
Lillian Boraks Nemetz

SYMPATHY

A. & R. Tennenbaum, In memory of
Rochelle Tennenbaum. George &
Frieda Wertman & Family

Julie Shatsky, On the loss of your
daughter. Estika Hunning

Grace Mickelson, On the loss of
your husband, Morton. Mark &
Susie Kierszenblat, Peter & Marla
Gropper

Brian & Roberta Mickelson, On
your loss. Peter & Marla Gropper

Harry Satanove, On the loss of
your Mother. Neri & Aron Tischler

Ed Gavsie & Family, On the loss of
your mother, Sara. Gayle Morris
& Craig Finlayson & Family, Your
Friends & Associates at Tourism
Richmond, Eddie & Debbie
Rozenberg & Family

Helen Dlin & Family, In memory of
Elly. Eddie & Debbie Rozenberg &
Family, Daniel & Trudy Pekarsky,
Leah, Elliot, Evelyn & Noah
Neaman

Arthur Hollander, In memory
of Debbie Jacob. Deborah Ross,
Henry Grayman & Fellow Second
Generationers

Gert Kahn, On the passing of your
husband Mort. Tamar & Gary Lowy

Dick Rothberg & Family, On the
loss of your daughter, Sharon.
Gloria & Robbie Waisman

Dr. & Mrs. David Senesh & Family,
On the loss of your Mother. Barb,
Ron, Marnie & Lewis Krell &
Family

Mrs. S. Bass & Kenny, On the
loss of your Husband, Father
& Grandfather, Joe & Miriam
Breitman

Maud Blitz, In memory of Marcel
Blitz. Jack & Marion Chivo

Alan & Daphne Tapper, On the
passing of your son, Ian. Julie &
Henry Gutovich

David & Cathy Golden & Family,
In memory of your grandmother
& great grandmother, Rebecca
Woogman. Hymie & Rome Fox &
Family, Aron, Sam & Al Szajman

Mrs. Pearl Fishman & Family, In
memory of David Fishman. Amalia
Boe-Fishman & Family

Fay & Kenneth Golden, Our
sympathy for your great loss.
Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Grace &
David Ehrlich

Rosita Melzer, On the loss of your
beloved brother, Moises. Evelyn
Kahn

Pearl Fishman & Family, On your
loss. Morley & Fay Shafron

Mrs. J. Klausner, On the loss of
your beloved Jack. Wendi & Barry
Vaisler & Family

Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Zien, On the loss
of your beloved Ronnie. Wendi &
Barry Vaisler & Family

Krzysztof Czapla, Consul, General
of the Republic of Poland, With
greatest sympathy. Lillian Boraks-
Nemetz

Harold & Marla Groberman, On
the passing of your mother and
mother-in-law. George & Frieda
Wertman

Joy Zien, Our deepest sympathy.
Peter & Marla Gropper

Sarah & Nathan Schaffer, Joelle
& Aaron, On the passing of
your mother & grandmother
Rosa Marel. Louise Sorensen,
Amalia Boe-Fishman, Deborah
Ross & Henry Grayman, Birgit
Westergaard & Norman & Yosef
Gladstone, Marla Guralnick &
Josh, Jack & Ella Pekarsky, Gerri
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Survivor Drop-in Group

Gino Davicioni, On the loss of
your mother, Rosa Marel. Birgit
Westergaard & Norman Gladstone

David & Sidi Schaffer, On your loss
of Rosa. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Eve Sonner, In honour of Eric
Sonner. Gail Andrea Todd

Sylvie Epstein, In memory of your
father. Ralph & Clare Swartz

Ron & Janet Stern, On your loss.
Peter & Marla Gropper

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Block, On the
loss of your brother, Irving. Rachel
Wosk & Family

Mr. & Mrs. Ron Jackson & Family,
On the loss of your Uncle Irving.
Rachel Wosk & Family

Nancy & Yossie Sklarin & Family,
Our thoughts are with you at
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Shafron

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Vera Rosenbluth, On the loss
of your mother, Mimi. Birgit
Westergaard & Norman Gladstone

Ron Stein, On the loss of your
Mother. Birgit Westergaard &
Norman Gladstone

Tonnie Katz & Family, On Tadek's
passing. Al & Reva Dexter &
Family

In memory of Holocaust victims.
Claire Klein Osipov

Ida, Odie & Jordan Kaplan, In
memory of your daughter, sister
and mother, Sherie. Les & Karen
Cohen & Family & Rose Lewin, Ben
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& Family, Mark & Gerri London,
Jody & Harvey Dales, Hymie &
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Shapiro, Bob & Lois Raphael,
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& Ruth Wolochow, Agi & Tibor
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Evelyn Toban, Gallia & Gyda Chud,
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Judy & Neil Kornfeld

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Tilley Levine, On the loss of Pearl.
Robbie & Gloria Waisman

Sylvie Epstein, In memory of your
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Arthur, and Anna Wolak

A SINCERE THANK YOU TO VHEC VOLUNTEERS

OUTREACH SURVIVOR SPEAKERS

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