



Memory of Europe: Historical intersections and their message
for the contemporary generation
Short-term joint staff training events



Module 2 – Innovative cross-curricular methodologies and lesson plans

Economic situation before and after WWII

Expert-Teachers Open class activity

Teacher experts on economics

(C5 - Short-term joint staff training event in Poland)

Lesson plan 1

ABOUT LIFE AFTER THE HOLOCAUST

Title	Innovative cross curricular methodologies and lesson plans - Economic situation before and after WWII
Subject area	Economics
<p>Description of educational activity</p> <p>(duration, students age, organisation of the class of pupils; The aim of the lesson; Support materials; Evaluation and assessment method; Description of the activities)</p>	<p>Duration: 3 hours (135 min) Students age: 15 - 17 Organization of the class of pupils: frontal, individual, group work</p> <p>The aim of the lesson: Support materials:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Internet • Excerpts from Cilka's journey – Heather Morris, Hana – Alena Mornštrajn, By chance alone – Max Eisen • Short video - The Aftermath of the Holocaust • Canva, genial.ly • https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/ <p>Handouts :</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Liveworksheet • Video • Introduction in genial.ly • Excerpts from Cilka's journey – Heather Morris, Hana – Alena Mornštrajn, By chance alone – Max Eisen <p>Description of the activities</p> <p>This lesson plan will provide an introduction to THE AFTERMATH OF THE HOLOCAUST: EFFECTS ON SURVIVORS</p> <p>Task 1</p> <p>CRITICAL THINKING QUESTIONS</p> <p>Warm up</p> <p>1. What can we learn from the massive size and scope of the Holocaust? Across Europe, the Nazis found countless willing helpers who collaborated or were complicit in their crimes.</p> <p>2. What motives and pressures led so many individuals to persecute, to murder, or to abandon their fellow human beings?</p> <p>3. Were there warning signs of what was to come before the Nazis came to power in 1933? Before the start of mass killing in 1941?</p> <p>1.slide: https://view.genial.ly/63da2877cc8191001114c2f6/interactive-content-images-timeline</p>

Task 2

The students learn about some key facts connected with the THE AFTERMATH OF THE HOLOCAUST: EFFECTS ON SURVIVORS via genial.ly

2. slide: <https://view.genial.ly/63da2877cc8191001114c2f6/interactive-content-images-timeline>

Task 3

The students watch the following video connected with The Aftermath of the Holocaust

<https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/content/en/article/displaced-persons?series=89>

Their task is to work with the following worksheet Worksheet_1_lesson plan_1_The aftermath of the Holocaust or a worksheet created in liveworksheet.com

<https://www.liveworksheets.com/lr3335460pm>

Task 4

CRITICAL THINKING QUESTIONS

What challenges faced survivors of the Holocaust?

How did various countries respond to the plight of survivors?

The students are divided into groups, each group is assigned with a different listening. They listen to the stories of the Holocaust victims.

Group 1: Thomas Buergenthal

Group 2: Aron and Lisa Derman

Group 3: Regina Gelb

Group 4: Blanka Rothschild

Group 5: Norman Salsitz

<https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/content/en/article/about-life-after-the-holocaust>

Task 5

After listening to the life stories of the Holocaust victims the students create an infographics in genial.ly where they introduce the facts about these victims and they present it to the other groups.

Task 6

The students are now divided into three different groups. Their task is to read the excerpts from three different books:

Group 1: Cilka's journey – Heather Morris: Worksheet_2_lesson plan_1_Cilka's journey

Group 2: Hana – Alena Mornštrajn: Worksheet_3_lesson plan_1_Hana

Group 3: By chance alone – Max Eisen: Worksheet_1_lesson plan_4_By chance alone

Each character had a different fate after they survived the concentration camp.

Task 7

The students are divided into groups of three. In each group must be a student who read Cilka's journey – Heather Morris, Hana – Alena Mornštrajn, By chance alone – Max Eisen.

Their task is to create a Venn's diagram in canva.com where the students have to come to conclusion what these three characters have in common.

	Each group presents their outcomes. https://www.canva.com/graphs/venn-diagrams/
Connection to curriculum (grade, related objectives, KSC (Knowledge, Skills, Competencies))	<p>Grade: Secondary: 1.-2. Grade</p> <p>Curriculum: ABOUT LIFE AFTER THE HOLOCAUST</p> <p>Knowledge: Pupils have learned what is about the life of people after the Holocaust. They learn and understand stories of the Holocaust victims in English. The students can create a Venn's diagram.</p> <p>Skills: Pupils are able to use, listen and understand stories of the Holocaust victims. They are improving their critical thinking about sources and information. Development of Solving problems; Development of critical thinking; Team work; Using ICT tools. Computer programming</p> <p>Competence: Students are able to identify and separate out the key components of problems and situations. They actively participate in a team, encouraging cooperation. Able to pick up and assimilate relevant information quickly and easily. Learns new tasks rapidly. Responds swiftly and appropriately.</p>
Bibliographic reference to be used during the activity (book, story, magazine, review, periodical, journal, etc.): author(s), title, publishing house, ISBN, no. of pages, year	
Short description of digital sources (applications, games, webpages, FB pages etc.)	<p>https://view.genial.ly/63da2877cc8191001114c2f6/interactive-content-images-timeline (digital tool for interactive classroom for key facts connected with the THE AFTERMATH OF THE HOLOCAUST: EFFECTS ON SURVIVORS)</p> <p>https://view.genial.ly/63da2877cc8191001114c2f6/interactive-content-images-timeline (digital tool for interactive classroom for key facts connected with the THE AFTERMATH OF THE HOLOCAUST: EFFECTS ON SURVIVORS)</p> <p>https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/content/en/article/displaced-persons?series=89 (internet source containing a video connected with The Aftermath of the Holocaust)</p> <p>https://www.liveworksheets.com/lr3335460pm (digital tool for interactive classroom for The aftermath of the Holocaust)</p> <p>https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/content/en/article/about-life-after-the-holocaust (internet source for stories of the Holocaust victims)</p> <p>https://www.canva.com/graphs/venn-diagrams/ (digital tool for interactive classroom for Venn's diagram in canva.com)</p>

Lesson plan 2

War reparations

Title	Innovative cross curricular methodologies and lesson plans - Economic situation before and after WWII
Subject area	Economics
<p>Description of educational activity</p> <p>(duration, students age, organisation of the class of pupils; The aim of the lesson; Support materials; Evaluation and assessment method; Description of the activities)</p>	<p>Duration: 2 hours (90 min) Students age: 15 - 17 Organization of the class of pupils: frontal, individual, group work</p> <p>The aim of the lesson: Support materials:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Internet • Genial.ly – war reparations • Short video – What happened to Germany after WWII • liveworksheet, genial.ly, Lino.it • https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/ <p>Handouts :</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Liveworksheet • Video • War reparations in genial.ly • Lino.it – critical thinking • Worksheet - acrostics <p>Description of the activities</p> <p>This lesson plan will provide an introduction to What happened to Germany after WWII and War reparations</p> <p>Task 1 Warm up The students have to go to lino.it where they add a sticker with their answers: http://linoit.com/users/szanyiova/canvases/What%20are%20war%20reparations%3F The question is: What are war reparations?</p> <p>Task 2 CRITICAL THINKING ACTIVITY The students are divided into two groups. Group 1: The task of the students is to find arguments and prepare a speech: Germany can escape its war past. Group 2: The task of the students is to find counter-arguments: Germany cannot escape its war past. After the preparation the two teams discuss the topic: Can Germany escape its war past? Each group disproves each other's argument but they have to speak up for themselves and justify their ideas.</p>

	<p>Task 3</p> <p>The students watch the following video: What happened to Germany after WWII?</p> <p>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H-HB7-RQ1d0&ab_channel=PremierHistory</p> <p>Their task is to work with the following worksheet: Worksheet_1_lesson plan_2_War reparations or a worksheet created in liveworksheet.com</p> <p>https://www.liveworksheets.com/kv3335467cd</p> <p>Task 4</p> <p>The students are divided into pairs and their task is to find information about the war reparations after WWII.</p> <p>They find facts about the war reparations via an escape room game created in genial.ly</p> <p>https://view.genial.ly/63da7742c21a090019fc588c/interactive-image-war-reparations</p> <p>Outcome</p> <p>Task 5</p> <p>After playing the game the students work in pairs and they create and acrostics and present their acrostic. A photocopy of a worksheet is distributed to students.</p> <p>Worksheet_2_lesson plan_2_acrostic</p>
<p>Connection to curriculum (grade, related objectives, KSC (Knowledge, Skills, Competencies))</p>	<p>Grade: Secondary: 1.-2. Grade</p> <p>Curriculum: War reparations</p> <p>Knowledge: Pupils have learned what war reparations are. They learn and understand what happened to Germany after WWII in the English language. The students can create an acrostic.</p> <p>Skills: Pupils are able to listen and understand videos with WWII themes. They are improving their critical thinking about sources and information. Development of Solving problems; Development of critical thinking; Team work; Using ICT tools. Computer programming</p> <p>Competence: Students are able to identify and separate out the key components of problems and situations. They actively participate in a team, encouraging cooperation. They are aware of the needs of others and respond flexibly. They share information and support other team members.</p>
<p>Bibliographic reference to be used during the activity (book, story, magazine,</p>	

review, periodical, journal, etc.): author(s), title, publishing house, ISBN, no. of pages, year	
Short description of digital sources (applications, games, webpages, FB pages etc.)	<p>http://linoit.com/users/szanyiova/canvases/What%20are%20war%20reparations%3F (digital tool for interactive classroom on Linoit What are war reparations?)</p> <p>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H-HB7-RQ1d0&ab_channel=PremierHistory (internet source for What happened to Germany after WWII?)</p> <p>https://www.liveworksheets.com/kv3335467cd (digital tool for interactive classroom Worksheet War reparations or a worksheet created in liveworksheet.com)</p> <p>https://view.genial.ly/63da7742c21a090019fc588c/interactive-image-war-reparations (digital tool for interactive classroom for facts about the war reparations via an escape room game created in genial.ly)</p>

Lesson plan 3

Thriving industry

Title	Innovative cross curricular methodologies and lesson plans - Economic situation before and after WWII
Subject area	Economics
<p>Description of educational activity</p> <p>(duration, students age, organisation of the class of pupils; The aim of the lesson; Support materials; Evaluation and assessment method; Description of the activities)</p>	<p>Duration: 2 hours (90 min) Students age: 15 - 17 Organization of the class of pupils: frontal, individual, group work</p> <p>The aim of the lesson: Support materials:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Internet • Short video - • Canva, genial.ly, mentimeter <p>Handouts :</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Video • Introduction in mentimeter <p>Description of the activities</p> <p>This lesson plan will provide an introduction to the Thriving industry during WWII.</p> <p>Task 1 CRITICAL THINKING QUESTIONS Warm up The questions are given via mentimeter.com https://www.menti.com/alkmcfg6s38e</p> <p>1. How did WWII affect industry?</p> <p><i>During the war 17 million new civilian jobs were created, industrial productivity increased by 96 percent, and corporate profits after taxes doubled.</i></p> <p>2. What industries thrived in WWII?</p> <p><i>Numerous industries thrived because of World War II, including the automobile, manufacturing, fashion, and film industries.</i></p> <p>The second mentimeter: https://www.menti.com/al9g9zpjzmct</p> <p>1. What industry boomed after WWII?</p> <p><i>The automobile industry successfully converted back to producing cars, and new industries such as aviation and electronics grew by leaps and bounds. A housing boom, stimulated in part</i></p>

	<p>by easily affordable mortgages for returning members of the military, added to the expansion.</p> <p>2. What was the most popular job in WWII?</p> <p><i>World War 2 Jobs. The job of most men during World War 2 was that of a soldier.</i></p> <p>3. What was the deadliest job during WWII?</p> <p><i>One in four. That's how many SOE agents in France were either executed, killed in action, or died during captivity. Had not many agents escaped their prisons or concentration camps, the number would be closer to one in three.</i></p> <p>Task 2 The students enter the following website and their task is to find out which jobs were the most unusual jobs during WWII.</p> <p>https://www.defense.gov/News/Feature-Stories/story/Article/2001405/10-odd-jobs-of-world-war-ii/</p> <p>Task 3 The students work in pairs or groups and their task is to make a list of jobs that would be the most essential jobs in a contemporary war. The students present their ideas.</p> <p>Task 4 The students watch the following video about the Modern Companies that Collaborated with Nazis During World War 2 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=saEtI9Uakkc&ab_channel=TheInfographicsShow</p> <p>Outcome Task 5</p> <p>The students are divided into 5 groups and their task is to search the web and to find out „What kind of industries thrived in the following countries“:</p> <p>Group 1: Germany Group 2: the USA Group 3: France Group 4: the UK Group 5: Japan</p> <p>The students create an infographic in genial.ly</p>
<p>Connection to curriculum (grade, related objectives, KSC (Knowledge, Skills, Competencies))</p>	<p>Grade: Secondary: 1.-2. Grade</p> <p>Curriculum: Thriving industry</p> <p>Knowledge: Pupils have learned how WWII affected industry, what industries thrived in WWII and what the most unusual jobs were during the WWII. They learn and understand videos about the Modern Companies that Collaborated with Nazis During World War 2 in English language. The students can create an infographic in genial.ly.</p> <p>Skills: Pupils are able to listen, read and understand videos and texts about the industries</p>

	<p>during WWII. They are improving their critical thinking about sources and information. Development of Solving problems; Development of critical thinking; Team work; Using ICT tools. Computer programming</p> <p>Competence: Students are able to identify and separate out the key components of problems and situations. They actively participate in a team, encouraging cooperation. They are aware of the needs of others and respond flexibly. They share information and support other team members. They are able to communicate information and ideas clearly and articulately both in oral and written form. They use appropriate language, style and methods depending on audience and the purpose of communication.</p>
<p>Bibliographic reference to be used during the activity (book, story, magazine, review, periodical, journal, etc.): author(s), title, publishing house, ISBN, no. of pages, year</p>	
<p>Short description of digital sources (applications, games, webpages, FB pages etc.)</p>	<p>https://www.menti.com/alkmcf6s38e (digital tool for interactive classroom) https://www.menti.com/al9g9zpjmct (digital tool for interactive classroom) https://www.defense.gov/News/Feature-Stories/story/Article/2001405/10-odd-jobs-of-world-war-ii/ (internet source for the most unusual jobs during the WWII) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=saEtI9Uakkc&ab_channel=TheInfographicsShow (internet source for the Modern Companies that Collaborated with Nazis During World War 2)</p>

Lesson plan 4

The economic situation in Europe during World War II

Title	Innovative cross curricular methodologies and lesson plans - Economic situation before and after WWII
Subject area	Economics
<p>Description of educational activity</p> <p>(duration, students age, organisation of the class of pupils; The aim of the lesson; Support materials; Evaluation and assessment method; Description of the activities)</p>	<p>Duration: 2 hours (90 min) Students age: 15 - 17 Organization of the class of pupils: frontal, individual, group work, teaching Model: Team-oriented – Collaborative</p> <p>The aim of the lesson: Support materials:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Internet • Canva • Wordart • Genial.ly • Youtube <p>Handouts : worksheet photos</p> <p>Description of the activities</p> <p>This lesson plan will provide an introduction to The economic situation in Europe during World War II.</p> <p>General Objective as it is formed by the framework of the Program (action C7): Through the specific lesson plan, the students are sought to perceive the horror of war and its consequences (mainly on an economic level) but at the same time they must be able to see the same issue multidimensional. This is why it is considered necessary not to approach the issue only from the historical point of view of the countries that were under occupation during the B.P.P. but also from those who were aggressors.</p> <p>Specific Objectives:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. To understand economic concepts which occur strongly in times of war such as inflation, the black market, devaluation of the national currency, unemployment, growth or contraction. 2. Through Economic Statistics students need to realise the change that war can bring about in people's lives. 3. To understand the correlation that exists between mathematical financial numbers and the quality level of people. 4. Realise that war is a source of poverty and destitution for some people - states and a source of wealth and prosperity for others.

	<p>5. To reflect on the consequences - mainly economic - of a war that is being waged in our time. 6. To improve both their English and ICT skills. 7. To function and work cooperatively.</p> <p>All student work will be group-based. So, it is good to divide them into groups of at least 4 people from the beginning.</p> <p>Task 1: Using a projector and trying to follow the brainstorming logic, we use a word cloud (e.g. word art) in which we note the words the students say that are related to the economic consequences of a war. The goal is to create a visual brainstorming result (10 min).</p> <p>Task 2: Financial Crossword to answer financial type questions (10 min) https://puzzel.org/en/crossword/play?p=-NLBvoqD8rDOy7d-hOUj</p> <p>Task 3: Each group will create a digital collage (e.g. www.canva.com) depicting the situation in the occupied and the sovereign countries. (30 minutes). The thematic separation will be done by the teacher.</p> <p>Task 4: Through the groups created, students will look for basic economic data (of countries such as Greece, Poland, Slovakia, Italy and Germany) and create infographics that will reflect their economic changes (in any economic size desired by each group) during the war. (20 minutes)</p> <p>Task 5: Students will watch an excerpt (51:00 ⌚ 1:07:00) of University Professor John J. Mearsheimer who talks about the consequences and causes of our own war in Ukraine. The causes and consequences of the Ukraine war A lecture by John J. Mearsheimer - YouTube. (30 min) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qciVozNtCDM</p> <p>The groups must answer the following questions:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What financial consequences does the professor mention? 2. What other direct consequences do they refer to? 3. What indirect consequences are the ones that scared him.
<p>Connection to curriculum (grade, related objectives, KSC (Knowledge, Skills, Competencies))</p>	<p>Grade: Secondary: 1.-2. Grade</p> <p>Curriculum: The economic situation in Europe during World War II.</p> <p>Knowledge: The students understand economic concepts which occur strongly in times of war such as inflation, the black market, devaluation of the national currency, unemployment, growth or contraction. Through Economic Statistics students understand the change that war can bring about in people's lives. They understand the correlation that exists between mathematical financial numbers and the quality level of people.</p>

	<p>Skills: Pupils are able to understand The economic situation in Europe during World War II. They are improving their critical thinking about sources and information. Development of Solving problems; Development of critical thinking; Team work; Using ICT tools. Computer programming</p> <p>Competence: Students are able to identify and separate out the key components of problems and situations. They actively participate in a team, encouraging cooperation. They are aware of the needs of others and respond flexibly. They share information and support other team members.</p>
Bibliographic reference to be used during the activity (book, story, magazine, review, periodical, journal, etc.): author(s), title, publishing house, ISBN, no. of pages, year	
Short description of digital sources (applications, games, webpages, FB pages etc.)	<p>https://wordart.com/ (digital tool for interactive classroom)</p> <p>https://puzzel.org/en/crossword/play?p=-NLBvoqD8rDOy7d-hOUj (digital tool for interactive classroom for a crossword to answer financial type questions)</p> <p>www.canva.com (digital tool for interactive classroom)</p> <p>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qciVozNtCDM (internet source for the causes and consequences of the Ukraine war)</p>

Lesson plan 5

Economic reasons for Adolf Hitler's rise to power

Title	Innovative cross curricular methodologies and lesson plans - Economic situation before and after WWII
Subject area	Economics
<p>Description of educational activity</p> <p>(duration, students age, organisation of the class of pupils; The aim of the lesson; Support materials; Evaluation and assessment method; Description of the activities)</p>	<p>Duration: 1 hour (45 min) Students age: 15 - 17 Organization of the class of pupils: frontal, individual, group work</p> <p>Methods:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> – activating method – group work – teaching conversation, - work with the map, - working with illustrative material, – work with the source text. - quizz <p>The aim of the lesson: Support materials:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Internet <p>Handouts :</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • worksheet <p>Description of the activities</p> <p>This lesson plan will provide an introduction to the economic reasons for Adolf Hitler's rise to power.</p> <p>Lesson Objectives: Student:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • correctly uses the terms: peace conference, war reparations, Spartacus League, communists, Weimar Republic, "brown shirts", putsch, fascism, Nazism, führer, NSDAP, SA, SS, Hitlerjugend, Gestapo, indoctrination, hyperinflation, stock market crash , "Black Thursday", Great Depression, Keysism, <p>June 1919 - Peace Agreements, April 1922 - Rapallo Agreement, November 1923 - Munich Putsch, Dawes Plan - 1924, October 1925 - Locarno Agreement, Young Plan - 1929, "Black Thursday" - 1929, November 6 1932 - parliamentary elections in Germany, January 30, 1933 - Adolf Hitler as chancellor</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • describes the assumptions of Nazism, • Presents the assumptions of the Dawes and Young Plan and their impact on the economy of the Weimar Republic

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • discusses the impact of the Great Depression on the world economy, • explains the assumptions of the New Deal • explains the circumstances of Adolf Hitler's coming to power, • discusses the influence of Nazi ideology on German society and lists the main fascist organisations operating in the Third Reich, <p>The course of the lesson:</p> <p>Introductory phase</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Organisational activities: checking the attendance list, providing the subject and objectives of the lesson. 2. The teacher presents: peace provisions for Germany after World War I, the economic situation in the USA in the 1920s, the causes of the crisis of democracy in Germany after World War I and analyses the map with students. <p>Implementation phase</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The teacher divides the class into three groups. The task of the first one will be to prepare issues concerning the economic situation in the USA and economic plans proposed to Germany in the 1920s. The second group watches a film about the economic and social situation in the Weimar Republic after World War I. The third group analyses photos showing the reasons for Hitler's rise to power. Each group answers the questions below the tasks. 2. Students present the results of their work. 3. The teacher together with the students discuss the social situation in Europe after World War I and then the events after the Great Depression. 4. The teacher draws students' attention to the role of propaganda in shaping the "new society", explains the concepts of indoctrination, eugenics and "living space". 5. The teacher instructs students to perform a quiz test. <p>Summary phase</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The teacher assesses the students' activity during the lesson.
<p>Connection to curriculum (grade, related objectives, KSC (Knowledge, Skills, Competencies))</p>	<p>Grade: Secondary: 1.-2. Grade</p> <p>Curriculum: Economic reasons for Adolf Hitler's rise to power</p> <p>Knowledge: Students understand the issues concerning the economic situation in the USA and economic plans proposed to Germany in the 1920s. They learn and understand the causes of the crisis of democracy in Germany after World War I and analyzes the map.</p> <p>Skills: Pupils are able to discuss the social situation in Europe after World War I and then the events after the Great Depression. They are improving their critical thinking about sources and information. Development of Solving problems; Development of critical thinking; Team work; Using ICT tool. Computer programming</p> <p>Competence: Students are able to identify and separate out the key components of problems and situations. They actively participate in team, encourage cooperation. They are aware of the needs of others and respond flexibly. They share information and support other team</p>

	members.
Bibliographic reference to be used during the activity (book, story, magazine, review, periodical, journal, etc.): author(s), title, publishing house, ISBN, no. of pages, year	
Short description of digital sources (applications, games, webpages, FB pages etc.)	
Results/ What we learned / Outcomes	The expected Outcomes and Effects of the Activity on students and teachers of the Economic situation before and after WWII
	Students understand the level of the economy of European countries before WWII, the harm the war did to the economy and the economic boom and social transformation of post-war Europe. The lesson plans and methodologies will be accessible on our websites. The experts discussed the contribution of all the forms and methods used to engagement and learning of students. Students also had a chance to express and discuss their opinions on such ways of learning. Teachers participating in the activity had an opportunity to share and compare their ideas and methods they used. They were able to practise and reinforce their skills in working in teams. Methodologies and lesson plans are available for wider use which means that not only schools participating in the project can use them but all the materials are open to the public. Students have the opportunity to experience different ways of learning and obtain new skills and ideas.

By chance alone

Max Eisen

From České Budějovice to Moldava

The truck took approximately eight hours to drive to České Budějovice, Czechoslovakia. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we disembarked in the centre of the town. People sat at sidewalk cafes eating and drinking while a band played music nearby. When they saw us in our Hitler Youth shirts, a silence fell over them. From the way they looked, however, they soon realized that we were returnees from the camps. Several approached us and invited us to join them at their tables, and we were overjoyed to accept. They ordered food and drinks, which rapidly disappeared into our bellies. My digestive system was no table to cope, however, and soon I suffered stomach pain. My habit in the camp was to eat food whenever it was available because there was always the fear that tomorrow there would be none. But now this habit was wreaking havoc with my stomach. Since I was the only one in our group of eight who spoke Slovak, the townspeople directed their questions to me. I explained that I was trying to get to my hometown near Košice (which had been called Kassa under Hungarian rule). They told me that the railway system was not fully operational because the retreating German army had blown up many bridges, and there were no scheduled times for departures and arrivals. I asked if they knew of a place where we could rest and spent the night. One man said that he'd heard something about a building offering accommodation to refugees, but he didn't know where it was. Another man invited a policeman to our table, and he offered to take us to a shelter. It felt so good to be able to trust a Czechoslovakian policeman after my experience with the anti-Semitic Hungarian gendarmes.

The two-storey shelter had several rooms set aside to house returning refugees. There were straw filled mattresses and blankets on the floor, and a table and chairs across the room. On one wall, there was a large piece of paper where the returnees were able to record their names, the date they came to shelter, the camp from which they had come, and the place where they were headed. I read through all the names, but I did not see anyone I knew. I added my name to the bottom of the list and provided my details, hoping that someone might discover I was still alive. After this day's excitement and my full, bloated belly, I was ready for rest. I lied down on the fresh straw mattress and fell fast asleep.

The next morning, our group discussed how to proceed with our travel plans. We had no breakfast to start the day and no funds to pay for anything, and my body was not functioning well. My feet were extremely swollen, but I was determined to put one in front of the other and keep going until I got to

Moldava. The distance was unfathomable; Moldava was hundreds of kilometres away, near the Hungarian border.

A Good Samaritan arrived at the shelter mid-morning with a bag of bread and buns, which we shared among us. I asked her how to get to the railway station and told her that we wanted to get to Budapest. From there, I would travel on to Košice. She advised me to take any train going to the east – preferably one going to Brno and from there to Bratislava. From Bratislava, I would be able to find a way to get to Moldava.

The eight of us proceeded to the railway station and, after a long wait, boarded a train to Brno. We did not have to pay a fare, which was just as well because we had no Money. But the trip turned out to be an enormous under taking. Whenever the train could no longer proceed because of damaged bridges, we had to disembark and walk long distances to the next station. There, we would wait for another train and jostle with other to get seat. In my weakened state, this journey was an ordeal, but we managed to find food and refugee shelters along the way, and we arrived in Bratislava after a week. There, we were directed to a shelter organized by the local Jewish community. They had facilities for washing our clothes and ourselves, and we could stay an extra day from the camps, I spotted the name of Chaim (Tibor) Lazarovits, my first cousin on my father's side of family. He was about two years younger than I, and he had signed in month earlier. It felt good to know that at least one member of my family was alive, but I had no idea how to find him. I noticed that I was becoming increasingly bloated and heavy-looking, and it was certainly not due to the frugal portions of food that I had consumed. I couldn't button up my shirt, the legs of the corduroy breeches were too tight, and my feet were so swollen that I could no longer fit them into my boots. I knew I had to do something before leaving for the next stage of the journey. I managed to borrow some scissors and a knife to cut off the upper part of the boots and make them into slippers, and then I tied a string around the heel so they would stay in place as I walked. I cut the legs off the breeches and the sleeves off the shirt, but still couldn't button it up. I knew that if I didn't soon stop and rest my body, I would not be able to endure much more. My spirit was willing to push on, but my body was not cooperating.

When we arrived in Budapest, I parted company with the other seven guys from my group. The railway station was large facility with many tracks and a lot of people milling around. I was alone again and could not figure out where to go. When I asked an attendant for assistance, he directed me to a Russian troop train headed to Slovakia and then on the Soviet Union. This was my only option because there was no civilian train traffic to of raucous soldiers who were drinking and carousing. They asked me who I was and what I was doing on their train. I explained that I was a survivor of the Nazi concentration camps, and that I was trying to reach my home near Košice.

I worried that if the train did not stop there, I might wind up in the Soviet Union. I knew I wasn't in any shape to endure another adventure.

The Russian soldiers made a space for me on the beach and passed around a bottle of vodka with jar of pickles. They told me to take a bite of pickle and wash it down with a swig of vodka, and that way I would never get drunk. I knew they would be insulted if I didn't drink with them, so I participated, even though it clearly wouldn't be good for my health. After taking a small bite of the pickle and a little vodka, I passed both along to the next person. The party continued for a long time. The soldiers were happy to be returning home after driving the Nazis all the way back to Berlin. It was dark outside, and eventually the drinking and talking petered off. Soon I could hear the sound of the soldiers snoring and railway cars clicking in the tracks.

My chest ached with pain and I could only sit upright. I couldn't sleep, so I took stock of the events of the past years. I knew I would soon confront the reality of my losses, and the thought of that frightened me almost as much as anything else I had faced. I sat squeezed between the soldiers like a block of wood in a vise, and I dared not make a movement to disturb them. I finally dozed off from mental and physical exhaustion, and when I awoke, the morning sun was breaking and I knew that soon we would arrive in Košice.

The soldiers woke up, stretched, and joined the long line to the railcar's toilet. I realized that I would have to wait until I got houses, orchards, and buggies on the road, and as the train finally slowed down, I saw the sign for Košice. I said goodbye to the soldiers and thanked them for their hospitality, and then I got off the train and went into the station. I looked at the large clock. It was 10 a.m., the middle of July 1945.

I remembered that immediately outside the station there was a pedestrian bridge that passed over the Hornád River and led into a beautiful park with mature trees, flowerbeds, and benches. I couldn't wait to take shelter under one of those trees and simply take in the beauty of nature, with its luscious smells and sights and sounds. It was balm for my soul and I welcomed the seclusion from public view. I realized that my appearance did not suit a civilized world, but I also wanted to be alone so that I could figure out how to get to my home, which was still fifty kilometres away. I also wondered if I should go into the centre of Košice to look for the cousins I had lodged with when I was apprenticing here.

I decided to walk to the Friedmans' restaurant to see if it was open. I fit wasn't, I would go to the open-air market where farmers brought their livestock and produce to sell. Košice was a beautiful city with a large Jewish community, but I wondered how many of them survived. With my decrepit appearance I felt exposed and vulnerable as I walked around. The restaurant was closed up, and I was upset to find strangers occupying the Friedmans' apartment. At the market, people looked askance at me and gave me a wide

berth. The farmers had all kinds of food for sale, but I had no money to buy anything. I told myself that I had experienced worse things in the past year and looks could not hurt me. I searched for anyone I knew, hoping to see someone from Moldava. Finally, I spotted a farmer who lived a few kilometres from my home, and I asked if he would give me a ride in his buggy. At first, he wasn't very responsive. But I remembered that he used to buy lumber from my grandfather on credit, and I thought that he might still owe money. I asked him to consider the ride a favour to my grandfather. He relented, but this awkward exchange gave me a taste of what I could expect when I reached home.

When the farmer had sold his last item, he told me to climb up into his empty wagon and we started down the road to my town. As we mounted a hill, I could see the brickyard where my family and I had been interned before being shipped to Auschwitz just over a year before. I could see the sheds full of dried bricks, the large chimney of the power plant, and the railway tracks that carried us away. Faced with this reminder, I felt apprehensive about returning to my former home. Then I recalled the journey I'd made with my mother, my two brothers, and my aunt in 1942, and I remembered how excited I had been to walk home from the station. The first to greet me when was my dog Farkas, and I began to fantasize about a similar homecoming as the farmer's wagon moved along the road at a leisurely pace. In fact, during my incarceration in Auschwitz and the other camps, the hope of being reunited with my beloved and loyal friend Farkas kept me going. Finally we crested a hill, and I could see my home in the near distance. The farmer had to turn off the road to get to his own house, so I climbed down off the wagon and continued on foot. During the entire journey to the town, we did not exchange a single word. When he ate some food, he didn't offer me any, and he never asked what had happened to my grandfather and the rest of my family.

I crossed the railway tracks a short distance from my home, and I could clearly see the yard in the distance. Had Farkas still been there, he would have flown through the gates to greet me. But he did not come. I stood there consumed by numbness and total silence, remembering how this was once a busy place filled with some sounds of people going about their daily tasks, chickens and ducks roaming in the yard, and Farkas and our two fox terriers providing security.

The house was still there, but there was not a living being anywhere near it. It seemed like a place with no soul. I saw my family in my mind's eye and thought of each person I had lost. It was a shattering feeling of finality, and I asked myself how I could pick myself up and go on. But then I remembered my father imploring me to tell me the world had happened at Auschwitz, and it inspired me to continue. I went up the stairs to the porch and opened the door to my mother's kitchen I saw the familiar credenza where she'd stored

her dishes. And beside it, I saw a neighbour sitting at my mother's table. This woman didn't recognize told her who I was, she became angry. When I asked for water, she refused and told me to go away.

In my physically and emotionally weakened condition, I was unable to stand up to her. I had no support system, no one to help me prove my rightful claim to my family home. I left the house and walked to the town centre, hoping to find a familiar Ily, who had lived across the street and was a good friend to my mother, did not appear to be living there anymore. I wanted badly to connect with her because I knew I could depend on her.

I was fearful as I walked toward the centre of the town. I recalled what people had shouted at us thrown at us as we walked from the school to the railway station during our deportation. But the people I passed on the street ignored me, and familiar Jewish homes were now occupied with unfamiliar faces. These new occupants seemed quite content working in theirs. Since no one stopped to offer me help, I felt there was on empathy for my sickly appearance, which increased my anxiety.

As I continued into town, I passed the building where the Bonder family had once operated a bicycle store and repair shop. There, I found one of the Bonder brothers in the living quarters behind the store. I learned that he had been a partisan, and he'd returned to the town in February 1945. When I asked him who else had come back, he said that Gabriel and Bandy Litchman, the brothers I'd seen in Ebensee, had returned and were living in a home in town. He also told me that Ily's husband was now the mayor and they lived in a prominent house nearby.

I went immediately to Ily's home, remembering the beautiful music that she had once played. I felt ashamed to present myself in such sorry shape, and she was shocked when she saw me. But she gave me a big hug and said my name in an endearing way that signalled closeness. It felt so wonderful to be received in this way. She looked me over from top to bottom and began to heat water for a bath. I was mortified to take off my rags and let Ily see how filthy I was. She checked my head and found lice in my short hair. She noticed my bloated body and asked me if I was ill. I told her that I had pains in my chest and could not breathe well, and that I could only sleep in a sitting position. While the water was heating for the bath, she used chemical to wash my hair and killed the lice. Once I was in the tub, she poured water over my body to clean me and said that while I dried myself, she would get me some clothes to wear. She brought me underwear and socks, neither of which I had worn for the past fifteen months. For the first time in over a year, I felt like a human being again.

After my bath, I was ready to collapse. Ily made up a bed with lots of pillows so that I could sleep in a sitting position, and she told me that she would take me to the doctor in the morning. I had a restless night with

horrible dreams, and I couldn't figure out where I was when I awoke. I could hear birds in the bushes outside and smell the aroma of coffee being brewed. Surrounded by all these comforts, I was consumed by disbelief. I had breakfast with Ily and her son, Nori, on the porch, where I was able to observe their beautiful gardens. When she asked how I felt, I told her that I was still having very bad chest pain. She said she would take me to the doctor in a few hours in the meantime, I went to find the Litchman brothers.

I had last seen Gaby and Bandy in Ebensee, but they had been in much better physical condition than I was and able to head home right after liberation. I was happy to see them again, but still felt envious that they had each other and I was by myself. They were now in relatively good health, and we immediately began discussing how we could start up our lives again. It was clear that there was no future for us in this town. I asked them to go with me to my house because I wanted to find out about my dogs, especially Farkas. They agreed to accompany me, and with their support, I again faced the woman who now lived in my home. I asked her if she knew what happened to our three dogs, but she told me she knew nothing.

The three of us took a walk into the orchard, which was in total disarray. The trees had not been pruned, and many of them had been damaged by large vehicles that were apparently sheltered beneath them. The whole orchard appeared to have been destroyed by retreating Nazi armoured units, and we had to be careful not to step on bullets and mortar shells scattered across the fields. It was devastating to think of how much care my grandfather and I had once taken to nurture bountiful fruit from the trees.

Suddenly, I noticed some movement in an area of thick lilac bushes, and I walked over to see what was there. It was our fox terrier, Ali, hiding in the bushes. All his fur was gone and he was full of scabs, and when I called his name, he would not come. I couldn't bear to leave him suffering in this terrible condition, and I discussed with the Lichtmans what to do. Bandy told me he knew a hunter in town, and we went to him and asked if he could end Ali's suffering with his gun. He agreed. I returned with him to the spot where Ali was hiding, and with a single shot, the hunter put him out of his misery. As I looked at Ali's lifeless body, I knew he was the final remnant of a place that was no longer mine. I had nothing else to do here, no tangible ties to this place—only memories. I had no money to pay the hunter for his service, but I asked him nonetheless if he would help me dig a grave. He understood my situation and agreed. Together, we buried Ali as a final tribute to my past life.

HANA

Alena Mornštrajnová

My head is filled with fog. Sometimes it is impenetrably thick, so thick that it won't let a single thought shine through. This is the state I regard as happiness. But then the mist melts away and the images come back to haunt me. They beset me from every direction, there is no escaping them. Anxiety constricts my chest and my lungs gasp painfully for air.

Fear seizes my whole body and I stumble.

Figures begin to emerge from the mist. They are bright, much brighter than the world around me. They speak to me, yell at me, reproach me for being still here and remaining silent. But I can't talk about the dead. I want to put them to rest, at least in my memories.

How could I possibly talk about the anyway? Nobody would believe me. No one knows how much suffering a person can endure. That is what I tell them. I beg them, again and again, to leave me alone, or drag me off to join them in their world of shadows. But they won't. Not yet.

All I want from life is for it to release me from its clutches. Why does it insist on clinging to me so, when I have seen how readily it abandoned those who clung to it at all costs, those who had someone in this world that they cared about? And who cared about them. I have no one like that. At least, these were the thoughts that were going through my head as I stepped off the train and onto the platform at Meziříčí railway station.

It was high summer when I returned to my hometown. I had been perched on the wooden seat by the open window of the passenger train, eyes wide open, my luggage in my lap. I was holding on to my black canvas bag, pressing it to my body. Not because I was worried that someone might steal it. It held nothing of importance to me. A jumper and some underwear. I'd stuck the piece of paper meant to serve as my temporary ID into my pocket, next to my most prized possession, a slice of bread. I'd stuffed some more slices into the pockets of my cotton dress and the buttoned up black jacket that was two sizes too big for me, and patted the pockets from time to time to check they were still there. The countryside hurtled past the window, but I didn't take it in. the only thing I was aware of was the rhythmic sound of the wheels of the train taking me away. The jolting of the carriage and the rumble of the tracks took my thoughts back dangerously close to the days I never wanted to revisit but whose horror held me firmly in their grip, choking me. I felt I was sinking back in time. The interior of the carriage

went dark, a sweetish smell tickled my nostrils and a lump formed in my throat. I gasped for air and clutched at my throat to push away the invisible hands trying to throttle me. I must have cried out because every eye in the carriage turned towards me in disapproval and a woman sitting near the aisle moved further away and lifted the little girl sitting between us into her lap.

The staring eyes of my fellow travellers brought me back to the present. The train was packed but the seat next to me remained empty. I edged closer to the window to make more room. Nobody took the seat. People were reluctant to sit close to a gaunt female in baggy clothes and men's ankle boots, bundled up in her coat in the middle of the summer. Perhaps they guessed where I was coming from, perhaps they caught a glimpse of the pain wracking me and didn't want to be tainted by it. The war was over after all, and the country was striding towards a bright future.

I looked around. The man in the sweat-stained blue shirt on the seat opposite looked away and gazed out of the window, while the others stared at the floor. I knew I wasn't pretty sight. I pulled the headscarf covering my scant white hair further down my forehead, reached for a piece of bread, stuck a bit of crust into my toothless mouth and let it slowly dissolve on my palate. The sweet-and-salty taste of the bread banished the ugly thoughts for a while and allowed me to sink back into a timeless mist.

The train squealed to a halt and people started pushing for the door. I raised my head in confusion.

‘Meziříčí, ’ said the man opposite, sighing with relief when I moved over to the aisle, and stretched his legs out comfortably.

My body had grown stiff from several hours' sitting and my legs wouldn't obey me. I grabbed the door handle and tried to reach the step looming far down. My left knee buckled and I landed on my right foot from up high. There was a sharp, shooting pain in my swollen ankle. I tried to reach for the handle with my other hand and let the canvas bag drop onto the platform. Gingerly I lowered myself to the ground and bent down to pick up my bag, but the blood rushed to my head, I saw black and fall onto all fours. I didn't have the strength to get up so I crawled to the nearest bench and somehow scrambled up onto it. My muscles were shivering and I felt dizzy.

‘Look at her, she must be drunk, ’ remarked a young man with a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth to his companion in high heels who looked around and gave an amused laugh. She might have been twenty-six – my age. She's someone they would have sent to the left, I thought, reaching into my pocket for another crust of bread.

I stayed on the bench even after the dizzy spell subsided and my legs stopped trembling. I was in no hurry and wanted to keep the tiny flicker of hope alive for at least a little longer, the hope that our house in the Square was still standing, that I would climb the stone stairs to the first floor, enter our flat, breathe in its familiar smell, walk through the hallway to the kitchen and find my family sitting around the table. My mother Elsa, Grandma Greta, Grandpa Bruno and my little sister Rosa. That was my most ardent wish, but I knew it was a vain hope and the minute I entered our flat, the dream of a home would vanish forever, because the journey I had embarked on in the night of 14 September 1942 was a journey to hell.

Meziříčí, summer 1945

I straightened my feeble legs, stood up carefully and slowly left the station.

It was as if I was stepping into the painting that used to hang above the sofa in our living room. I recognized everything that I saw around me. The streets and the houses, the trees and the sky above. As I breathed in the familiar smell, I could feel the sun beating down on my face and the summer breeze lifting the corner of my headscarf. Sounds assaulted me on all sides. Car engines, the clicking of heels, subdued conversation, birdsong, and the rustling of leaves in the trees. Everything seemed familiar, yet completely strange. Because I was no longer part of the picture.

The town hadn't change. Only I had change.

I trudged along the streets, my eyes fixed on the pavement. Every now and then I stopped to rest and look around this strange town where I was born twenty-six years ago. People skirted around me, some indifferent, others irritated. They must have wonder who this weird woman was, dawdling in the middle of the pavement, getting in their way. in the old days I would have found that upsetting. Now I didn't care.

I tugged the headscarf further down my forehead and forced myself to take another step. Take one more step and don't think of what comes next. This had been my credo for all of the past three years.

I reached the delicatessen where I used to stop for a cream puff and a chat with Ivana before the war, before she became Mrs Horáčková. I used to be very fond of her. She had been a bubbly girl who felt she should seize with both hands all that life had to offer. And that was precisely what she did.

But now I had no wish to think of what had happened before... When was it? In a past life? And who did it happen to?

I needed a rest. Outside the delicatessen there were two tables with red-and-white chequered tablecloths and some wooden chairs. An elderly lady was sitting at one of them with a little boy who was kicking his legs about happily

and licking his ice cream. I sat down at the other table, rested my sore feet and put my bag on the other chair.

‘Can I help you?’

It took me a while to realize that a woman in an apron was talking to me. I looked up. Mašková or Pašková her name was. The owner of the delicatessen. She knew my mother and had always asked to be remembered to her. *Give my regards to your mother, Hana...*

The woman still bore the same courteous expression, but the tone of her voice had changed. She positioned herself so that the other customers at the outside tables and inside the shop couldn’t see us and hissed: ‘If you’re not having anything, please leave.’

I was exhausted and by now accustomed to being set away. I continued to stare at the table. Mašková or Pašková grabbed my bag and dumped it in my lap. ‘Please go. You can’t sit here. You’re driving my customers away.’

‘Water,’ I said.

‘Water? We don’t serve water here. Only lemonade. Would you like some lemonade?’

I nodded and Mašková or Pašková turned on her heels, annoyed, and slipped into her shop. The little boy at the next table had split ice cream on his shirt and his grandmother was cleaning it up with a handkerchief. Then she spat on it and wiped the boy’s face. I got up and continued walking to the Square.

I walked past a pub that was reeking of cigarette smoke, beer and urine and was full of regulars even now, early in the afternoon, then I turned right, crossed the road by the pharmacy and headed to the river. For the past two hundred years, a stone statue of St Valentine had stood on shoulder. He must have been waiting for my return and now wondered if it really was me, surprised to see me walk so slowly, hesitantly, and on my own.

Across the river the town came into view. It hadn’t changed at all. The trees, the Karáseks’ tall house, as bland and cold as their owners, the castle walls with their flaking plaster. The bridge itself was the only reminder of the recent war. On one side it was missing a chunk of pavement and the balustrade. As if a huge whale had bitten into it, ripping a piece out of it before diving back into the sea. The wound had been temporarily dressed with wooden planks and some boards had been prepared for plastering over the cracks.

The bridge is just a few dozen meters from the Square. I hobbled up the hill with leaden steps. It had never seemed so steep before. And then, all of a sudden, there it was. Our house. It was standing there as if nothing had

happened. I took a few more steps and looked up at the first floor. I even recognised the curtains, why, they were the ones I had myself crocheted in a pattern Grandma Greta had taught me. One window was slightly open. What could that mean? For a brief moment I believed a miracle had happened.

I pressed down the handle of the front door but it was locked. I walked past the sparkling clean shop window with its display of summer wares and went to the stationer's. It was empty, only the bell above the door made a tingling noise, summoning the shop assistant.

I knew it wouldn't be my mother who'd appear behind the counter, but even so, when I saw Mr Urbánek, I got a lump in my throat and my knees started to shake. I planted my elbows on the counter, put my forehead against the wooden board and burst into tears. I wept aloud, sobbing and moaning, gasping for air and stuttering incoherently. Mr Urbánek was saying something but I couldn't take it in. Suddenly a chair materialised behind me, Mr Urbánek detached my hands from the counter and made me sit down. I was trembling all over, but my sobbing was now silent. I wiped my wet cheeks on my jacket sleeve.

"Are you all right, madam? Do you want me to call someone?"

I sniffed and raised my head. Mr Urbánek's face turned from curiosity to shock and, finally, sympathy. "Miss Hana..." he said, and tears welled up in his eyes as he looked at me. Perhaps I could have fooled myself that he was weeping for joy at seeing me, but I knew that these were tears of grief and horror. Horror at the way I looked.

Although by then I had put on twenty kilos, I was still fifteen kilos below my weight before the war. At the time I didn't know that I would never put that weight back on. I just can't help it. Even if I had any appetite, which I don't, my stomach can't take very much. Whenever I feel weak, I stick a piece of bread into my mouth, roll it around my tongue and swallow it very slowly. It does me good and also helps to calm me down. I always keep some bread handy – in my pockets, in drawers, even under my pillow.

By now my hair had stopped falling out but it grew back totally white, with some bald patches. The doctor had said it would get thicker again but would probably stay white forever. As if it made any difference.

What would have made some difference was if I were able to move my fingers again.

The joints in my fingers were swollen much more than in my legs and arms. But Mr. Urbánek couldn't have seen that and that is why I think that what terrified him most was my toothless mouth, my gaunt cheeks, and my eyes.



Memory of Europe: Historical intersections and their message
for the contemporary generation
Short-term joint staff training events



My eyes had seen so much that they had sunk deep, deep inside their sockets and were buried under the heavy lids.

“Miss Hana...”

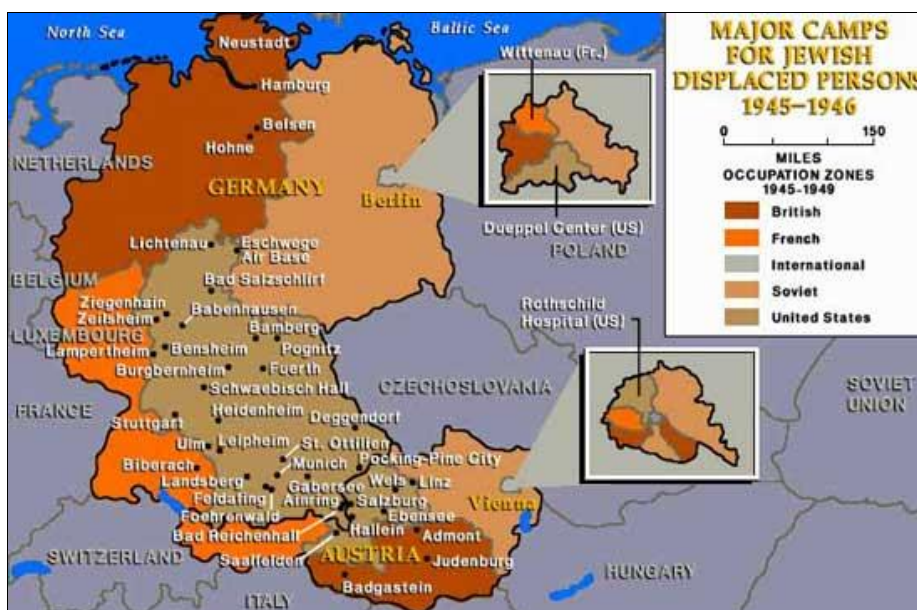
Yes, there was once a time when I was Miss Hana. But then I became a Star of David, transport number 79, a resident of Terezín and finally a six-figure number in Auschwitz.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE HOLOCAUST

1. What is the meaning of the abbreviation DP _____
2. Jewish population in DP camps reached by mid-1947
a) 35 000 b) 250 000 c) 400 000
3. Write down two major reasons why holocaust survivors wanted to leave Europe

4. Which country was the most desired destination for Jewish refugees?
a) Israel b) USA c) Palestine
5. Which countries restricted or limited emigration of Jews after WWII.
a) Germany and Austria b) Britain and USA c) Russia and France
6. Where did British authorities forcibly removed Jewish refugees ?
a) Cyprus b) Egypt c) Nowhere
7. What was the name of ship which was used for returning refugees to Europe.

8. Unrestricted emigration of Jews into Israel started in May 14, _____(year)



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Displaced person

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Post war antisemitism and violence

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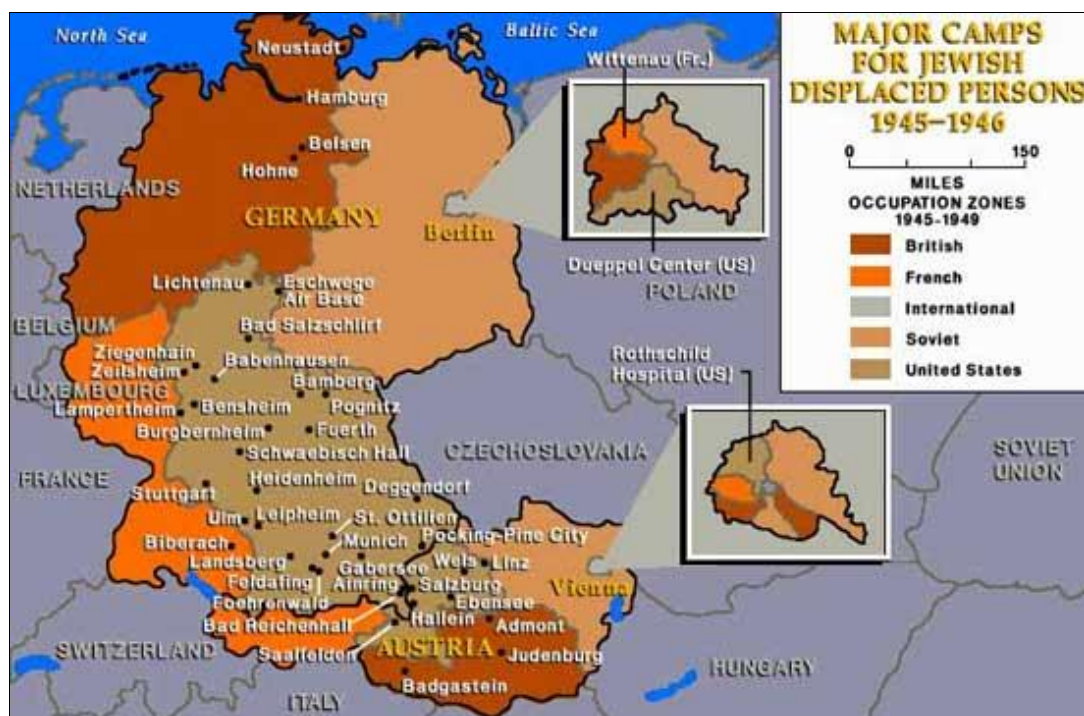
7. What was the name of ship which was used for returning refugees to Europe.

Exodus 1947

8. Unrestricted emigration of Jews into Israel started in May 14, _____(year)

1948





Germany after World War 2

1. Who signed the unconditional surrender of Germany?

2. Write names of two highest ranking nazi officials who were mentioned in the video.

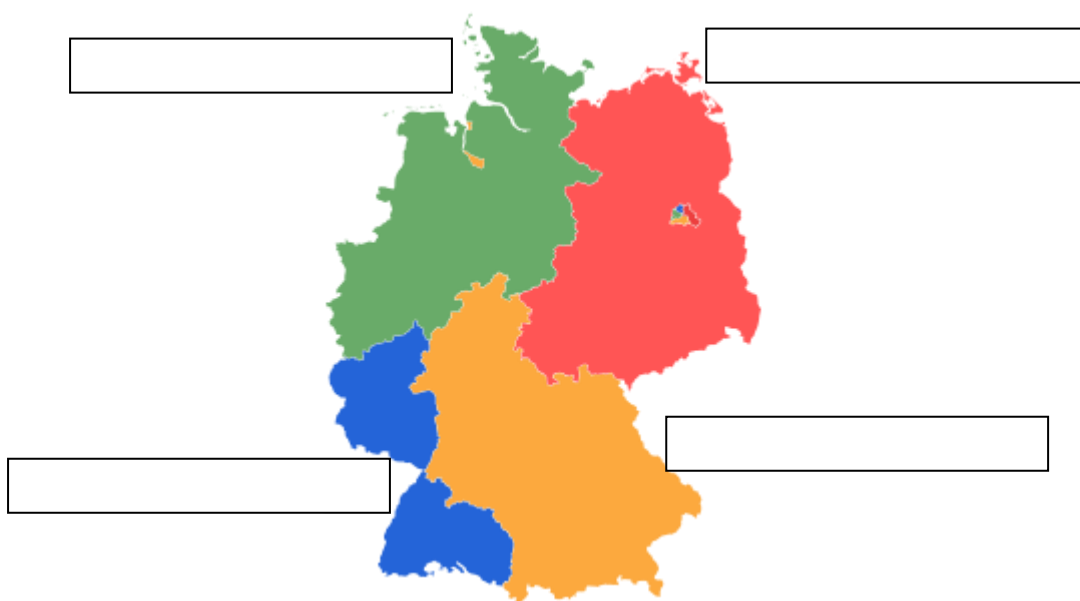
1. _____

2. _____

3. Who were the Nurember trials held against?



4. After ww II Germany was divided into four occupation zones. Name this zones according to which country occupied it.



5. Which countries forced Germany to pay reparations?

- a) USA, Britain and France b) France, Britain and Soviet Union c) USA, France and Soviet Union

6. Which three forms of paying reparation were mentioned in this video?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

7. What happened with former SS and Wehrmacht soldier who were imprisoned in gulag?

- a) They were recruited back into army b) they were forced to work hard c) they were executed

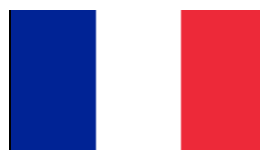
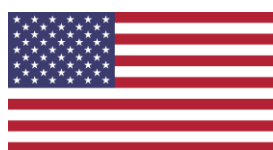
8. Why Soviets started to block off their territories?

- a) Cold War started b) Berlin wall was torn down c) Nuremberg trial was too harsh



9. In which year Soviet influence fell away ? _____

10. Which country has never left Germany after WWII?



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Alfred Jodl

2. Write names of two highest ranking nazi officials who were mentioned in the video.

1. Herman Goring
2. Albert Speer

3. Who were the Nuremberg trials held against?

The Nuremberg trials were held by the Allies against representatives of the defeated Nazi Germany, for plotting and carrying out invasions of other countries, and other crimes, in World War II.



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1. Dismantled factories
2. Coal
3. Forced labour

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Cilka's journey

Heather Morris

Auschwitz-Birkenau Concentration Camp, February 1945

Cilka has been sitting in the block, as close as she can get to the one stove that provides heat. She knows she has already drawn attention. The other able-bodied women, her friends included, were forcibly marched out of the camp by the SS weeks ago. The remaining prisoners are skeletal, diseased, or they are children. And then there is Cilka. They were all meant to be shot, but in their haste to get away themselves, the Nazis abandoned the mall to fate. The soldiers have been joined by other officials—counter-intelligence agents, Cilka has heard, though she's not sure what that means—to manage a situation the average soldier has no training for. The Soviet agency is tasked with keeping law and order, particularly as it relates to any threat to the Soviet State. Their role, she's been told by the soldiers, is to question every prisoner to determine their status as it relates to their imprisonment, in particular if they collaborated or worked with the Nazis. The retreating German Army are considered enemies of the State of the Soviet Union and anyone who could be connected to them is, by default, an enemy of the Soviet Union. A soldier enters the block.

“Come with me,” he says, pointing to Cilka. At the same time, a hand clutches her right arm, dragging her to her feet. Several weeks have passed and seeing others being taken away to be questioned has become part of the routine of the block. To Cilka it is just “her turn.” She is eighteen years old and she just has to hope they can see that she had no choice but to do what she did in order to survive. No choice, other than death. She can only hope that she will soon be able to return to her home in Czechoslovakia, find a way forward.

As she's taken into the building the Soviet Army are using as their headquarters, Cilka attempts a smile at the four men who sit across the room from her. They are here to punish her evil captors, not her. This is a good time; there will be no more loss. Her smile is not returned. She notices their uniforms are slightly different from those of the soldiers outside. Blue epaulettes sit on top of their shoulders; their hats, placed on the table in front of them, have the same shade of blue ribbon with a red stripe. One of them does eventually smile at her and speaks in a gentle voice.

“Would you tell us your name?”

“Cecilia Klein.”

“Where are you from, Cecilia? Your country and town.”

“I'm from Bardejov in Czechoslovakia.”



“What is the date of your birth?”

“The seventeenth of March, 1926.”

“How long have you been here?”

“I came here on the twenty-third of April in 1942, just after I turned sixteen.”
The agent pauses, studies her.

“That was a long time ago.”

“An eternity in here.”

“What have you been doing here since April 1942?”

“Staying alive.”

“Yes, but how did you do that?” He tilts his head at her.

“You look like you haven’t starved.” Cilka doesn’t answer, but her hand goes to her hair, which she hacked off herself weeks ago, after her friends were marched from the camp.

“Did you work?”

“I worked at staying alive.” The four men exchange looks. One of them picks up a piece of paper and pretends to read it before speaking.

“We have a report on you, Cecilia Klein. It says that you in fact stayed alive by prostituting yourself to the enemy.” Cilka says nothing, swallows hard, looks from one man to the next, trying to fathom what they are saying, what they expect her to say in return.

Another speaks.

“It’s a simple question. Did you fuck the Nazis?”

“They were my enemy. I was a prisoner here.”

“But did you fuck the Nazis? We’re told you did.”

“Like many others here, I was forced to do whatever I was told by those who imprisoned me.” The first agent stands.

“Cecilia Klein, we will be sending you to Kraków and then determining your fate from there.” He refuses, now, to look at her.

“No,” Cilka says, standing. This can’t be happening. “You can’t do this to me! I am a prisoner here.” One of the men who hasn’t spoken before quietly asks, “Do you speak German?”

“Yes, some. I’ve been in here three years.”

“And you speak many other languages, we have heard, and yet you are Czechoslovakian.” Cilka doesn’t protest, frowning, not understanding the significance. She had been taught languages at school, picked others up by being in here. The men all exchange looks.

“Speaking other languages would have us believe you are a spy, here to report back to whoever will buy your information. This will be investigated in Kraków.”

“You can expect a long sentence of hard labor,” the original officer says. It takes Cilka a moment to react, and then she is grabbed by the arm by the soldier who brought her into the room, dragged away, screaming her innocence.

“I was forced, I was raped! No! Please.” But the soldiers do not react; they do not seem to hear. They are moving on to the next person.

Montelupich Prison, Kraków, July 1945

Cilka crouches in the corner of a damp, stinking cell. She struggles to register time passing. Days, weeks, months.

She does not make conversation with the women around her. Anyone overheard speaking by the guards is taken out and brought back with bruises and torn clothing. Stay quiet, stay small, she tells herself, until you know what is happening, and what the right things are to say or do. She has torn off a section of her dress to tie around her nose and mouth in an attempt to minimize the stench of human waste, damp and decay. One day, they take her out of the cell. Faint from hunger and exhausted by the effort of vigilance, the figures of the guards and the wall and floors all seem immaterial, as in a dream. She stands in line behind other prisoners in a corridor, slowly moving toward a door. She can lean, momentarily, against a warm, dry wall. They keep the corridors heated, for the guards, but not the cells themselves. And though the weather outside must be mild by now, the prison seems to trap cold from the night and hold on to it through the whole next day. When it is Cilka’s turn, she enters a room where an officer sits behind a desk, his face bathed in greenish light from a single lamp. The officers by the door indicate she should go over to the desk. The officer looks down at his piece of paper.

“Cecilia Klein?” She glances around. She is alone in the room with three burly men.

“Yes?” He looks down again and reads from the paper.

“You are convicted of working with the enemy, as a prostitute and additionally as a spy. You are sentenced to fifteen years’ hard labor.” He signs the piece of paper.

“You sign this to say you have understood.” Cilka has understood all of the officer’s words. He has been speaking in German, rather than Russian. Is it a trick, then? she thinks. She feels the eyes of the men at the door. She knows she has to do something. It seems she has no choice but to do the only thing in front of her. He flips the piece of paper and points to a dotted line. The letters above it are in Cyrillic—Russian script. Again, as she has experienced over and over in her young life, she finds herself with two choices: one, the narrow path opening up in front of her; the other, death.

The officer hands her the pen, and then looks toward the door, bored, waiting for the next person in line—just doing his job. With a shaking hand, Cilka signs the piece of paper. It is only when she’s taken from the prison and pushed onto a truck that she realizes winter has gone, spring never existed, and it is summer. While the warmth of the sun is a balm to her chilled body, her still-alive body, the glare of it hurts her eyes. Before she has a chance to adjust, the truck slams to a stop. There, in front of her, is another train carriage, on a cattle train painted red.

Birkenau Administration Block, 1942

Cilka is sitting beside Gita, each working diligently, their eyes meeting fleetingly, small smiles shared. Cilka was pulled out of the selection line, and chosen for this work, rather than the Kanada. And she is grateful Gita is now working here, too. But she hopes she can also get Magda into the warmth, somehow. Gita’s hair is still cropped close to her head but for some reason Cilka has been allowed to grow hers. It feathers down over her neck and ears.

She doesn’t see the two SS officers approach them and with no warning she is grabbed by the arm, jerked to her feet. As she is dragged away, she looks back at Gita, her eyes pleading. Every time they are separated it could be the last time they see each other. She sees an officer approach Gita and strike her across the head with her hand. She tries to resist as she is dragged outside and across to the women’s camp. She is no match for the two men. It is quiet in the camp—the women all out at work. They walk past the barracks where the women live until they come to an identical building, but this one is surrounded by a brick wall. Cilka feels bile rise in her throat. She has heard that this is where women go to die.

“No ... Please...” she says.

“What’s happening?” There is a shiny car parked on the dirt road outside. The officers open the gate and go into the courtyard. One of the officers knocks

loudly on the door to the left-hand building, and as the door opens, they throw her inside, slamming it behind her. Cilka is sprawled on a rough dirt floor and standing in front of her, in front of rows of empty crude wooden bunks, is the man she recognizes from the selection, the senior officer, Schwarzhuber. He is an imposing man and is rarely seen in the camp. He taps his tall leather boot with his swagger stick. From an expressionless face he stares above Cilka's head. She backs up against the door, feeling for the door handle. In a flash, the swagger stick is hurled through the air and strikes her hand. She cries out in pain as she slides down to the floor. Schwarzhuber walks to her and picks up his stick. He stands over her, dwarfing her. He breathes heavily as he glares at her.

"This will be your new home," he says.

"Stand up." She gets to her feet.

"Follow me." He takes her behind a wall where there is a small room and a single wooden-slatted bed with a mattress on it.

"You know each block has a block leader?" he says.

"Yes," she says.

"Well, you are to be the leader of Block 25."

Cilka has no words, no breath. How could she—how could anybody—be expected to be the leader of this block? This is the block where women spend their final hours before being sent to the gas chamber. And will she ever see Magda, see Gita again? This is the most terrifying moment of her life.

"You are very lucky," Schwarzhuber says. Taking off his hat, he throws it across the room. With his other hand he continues to hit his leg firmly with his stick. With every whack Cilka flinches, expecting to be struck. He uses the stick to push up her shirt. Oh, Cilka thinks. So this is why. With shaking hands, she undoes the top two buttons. He then places his stick under her chin. His eyes seem to see nothing. He is a man whose soul has died and whose body is waiting to catch up with it. He holds out both his arms and Cilka interprets this gesture as "undress me." Taking a step closer, still at arm's length, she begins undoing the many buttons on his jacket. A whack across her back hurries her up. He is forced to drop his stick so she can slide his jacket off. Taking it from her, he throws it after his hat. He removes his own singlet. Slowly, Cilka begins undoing his belt and the buttons beneath it. Kneeling down, she pulls his boots off from over his breeches. Pulling the second one off, she becomes unbalanced, falling heavily on the bed as he pushes her. He straddles her. Terrified, Cilka attempts to cover herself as he tears her shirt open. She feels the back of his hand across her face as she closes her eyes and gives in to the inevitable.

Worksheet

Creating an Acrostic in Five Easy Steps

1. Decide what to write about.
2. Write your word down vertically.
3. Brainstorm words or phrases that describe your idea.
4. Place your brainstormed words or phrases on the lines that begin with the same letters.
5. Fill in the rest of the lines to create a poem

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