

Max R. Garcia (survivor of Auschwitz, Mauthausen, Melk, Ebensee), San Francisco, USA

Speech to be delivered on Saturday, May 12th, 2012, at the KZ Ebensee, Austria, Liberation Ceremony.

I am here today to remember the day we were liberated from the Nazi curse, liberated on that first Sunday in May, 1945, the 6th. I was still 20 years old. We were found by a Platoon of "B Troop" of the 3rd US Cavalry Reconnaissance Squad (Mechanized), they were stationed in Traunkirchen, nearby, who had been given the task to find KZ Ebensee, rumored to be in this area. They found us.

That afternoon two tanks, and a Jeep, of "F Company" of the 3rd, that was stationed in the Post Hotel, were given the task of "occupying" KZ Ebensee. We were free but not allowed to leave Camp.

I am here today to honor those who were so unceremoniously tossed into those lime pits that fellow prisoners had been ordered to dig by the SS Administration, because the crematorium was no longer able to handle the number of fellow prisoners dying each and every day.

Now when I look in front of me, behind where you are now seated, and see those glass memorial tablets I must honor those whose long and arduous labors gave these "Unknowns" back their names.

Dr. Wolfgang Quatember, you and your crew deserve our eternal respect. Thank you for what you have done.

I have traveled here today from San Francisco, California, where I made my home after the war. I married my beautiful wife Pat, now gone, and together she and I built a thriving architecture practice while raising a family with three wonderful kids. My youngest daughter, Michelle is here today with her daughters, my granddaughters. Can you please stand.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and especially you young people here who have come from different countries in Europe, what I am going to tell you this morning you may have read, or you may have heard, but this time you will hear it from someone who had to live it, survive it, and actually had to start a new life.

I am a Dutch Sephardic Jew. I will not get into the whole history here of the Nazi occupation of Holland as I will trust that most of you are well aware of this part of history. Suffice it to say that my ancestors were persecuted during the Inquisition. Rather, I will now tell you my story. My younger sister, Sipporah, her nick-name was "Sienie", (BY THW WAY HOW MANY YOUNG GIRLS HERE ARE SIXTEEN?) [Please raise your hands] had just celebrated her 16th birthday on November 24th, 1942, when a few days later she had been picked up by the Nazi occupiers of Holland, sent to transit Camp Westerbork, and was taken to KZ Auschwitz-Birkenau. When the word had been relayed to my parents that they would never again see their daughter, my mother tried to throw herself out of the window of our second floor apartment. My parents were murdered, gassed, in Destruction Camp Sobibor in Eastern Poland, on my mother's birthday, July 16th, 1943.

After the loss of my sister my father thought it prudent that I should go into hiding and he found a place for me through the underground in Amsterdam. I went into hiding. I was 18 years old.

"Hiding" for me meant I was no longer allowed to wear shoes, only slippers, I was no longer to go near any window in the apartment. I was not to move about. I could go to the toilet and could flush. However, when the lady of the home went shopping twice a day I was NOT allowed to flush. Remember I was a teenager. I took a bath once a week in the kitchen, and could no longer go the neighborhood bathhouse. The only time I was allowed out of the apartment was to be escorted by the lady of the home to a photographer to get my picture taken for my false ID card.

After got my ID card the family who harbored me bombarded me with questions. What was my name? When was I born? I was awakened in the middle of the night and questioned by the family, helping me to practice my answers while in a disoriented state. On and on it went. I sat and read, listened to the radio. I learned to play chess.

Eventually the Green Police came looking for me at my hiding place. Luckily one of the sons was at home, heard a car stop in front of the building, and hollered to me to get to the roof. I remained hidden behind a big skylight for a number of hours. It was pitch-black when the son came to fetch me. When I came downstairs I was handed a satchel with some of my clothes, my false ID papers, and some money. In my ear the lady of the family whispered the location of a safe house, and as luck would have it it was in the very same neighborhood I had lived in growing up. I went there, rang the door bell when a man peered out of some hole and asked me: "Are you Elie's son?" When I answered "Yes" I was quickly let in.

I told him I knew where the key to my aunt's apartment was and would start to live there and promised not to use the gas in the kitchen or turn on any lights in the place. However, after a few days there, I was betrayed by someone who lived across the street.

He got his 25 Guilders and I wound up at Police Headquarters where I got my first beating because I refused to tell them where I had gotten my false ID. I was taken to the Jewish Theatre where I was interrogated and beaten. A week or so later I was sent to Transit Camp Westerbork and placed in a boxcar to KZ Auschwitz-Birkenau. It looked like a freight train. The boxcar held only a metal container in which we were to perform our toilet needs. No toilet paper. We were not provided any food or drinking water. The ride took us about three days and nights.

I don't know how long we had been standing in that packed boxcar but about 04:30 AM all the doors were unlocked at the same time exposing a brightly lit platform area with a lot of men in striped outfits rushing about. There was tremendous commotion and barking dogs. We men were separated from the women. Children stayed with their mothers. "Leave your baggage in the boxcars; it will be delivered to you. Line up in rows of fives" we were told.

At the front of the our line-up was a small table behind which sat people in German uniforms who decided our destiny by flipping a thumb either to the left or right. Those of us who had been chosen to

stay alive were taken to a two-story wooden barrack where we told to remove all our clothes except for our shoes and belts. Everything was thrown onto a heap in one corner of the room and then each of us

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was handed a card on which we were ordered to write our name, the street we had lived on, our birthday and what our profession was. After this a number was tattooed on our left forearm. Mine was 139829.

Ever since I had been about 14 years old I had dreamt of becoming an architect and knew from studying architecture at home that one should have a good knowledge of carpentry and masonry so on my card I wrote "Carpenter" as my profession and thought no more about it. Naked we were marched over to the "delousing" barracks where all our hair was removed. We ran through the scalding hot shower trying to avoid getting burned followed by running through a line of fellow prisoners who doused us with Lysol in all places where hair had grown a few hours earlier. We had no towels so the trousers and jackets we had just been issued had to serve as our towels once we put them on. Oh...yes, we were also issued a cap to put on our heads

NOW I WAS IN KZ AUSCHWITZ...a prisoner, because I could now see the guard towers.

After "delousing" we were driven to a sub-Camp of KZ Auschwitz, "KZ Buna". It consisted of several large tent structures that were to be our housing; the floor was covered with straw on which there were things that appeared to be blankets. We had no underwear, no socks, no undershirts no toothbrushes, no toothpaste, all we owned were our belts and shoes plus the things we had been issued. Upon our arrival we were issued a metal bowl and a metal spoon. The metal bowl was to be used to receive the ladle of tea in the morning, the ladle of "soup" we received for lunch and the ladle of "coffee" at night. After our day of work we each were given piece of "bread" that measured about 10 centimeters square and about 2 ½ centimeters thick with a piece of margarine. On Sundays we might also receive a slice of salami or cheese but no margarine. And that was all the food we got each day.

I was assigned to a "Kommando" carrying cinder blocks to the masons, one in each hand, who were German or Polish civilians, they were very heavy for me. One evening I broke down and cried. A fellow prisoner slowly, very slowly broke through our language barrier to comfort me. The essence of what he said was: "Assume you fell out of the sky, you had no parents, no country and you are forced to make your own decisions. You have to learn German as quickly as you can because if your number is called out you have to answer it in German, if not, you'll be beaten. While you are at it try to understand Polish because all those in charge here are Poles and if they call your number and you don't answer it you'll get beaten by them. If you can do those things I've just explained to you your chances of surviving this ordeal will have increased immeasurably. Lastly, stay away from your country men because they complain too much and no-one here will survive if they continue to be pessimistic."

I listened to him very carefully and began to follow his advice whenever I could.

After about 10 days in KZ Buna the middle finger on my right hand had been injured carrying those cinder blocks and soon it was very swollen and infected. I asked go to the clinic and my request was granted. The Germans had an unbelievable fear of communicable diseases and after they saw my swollen finger I was sent immediately to KZ Auschwitz, Main Camp and admitted to the “Communicable

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Diseases Barrack”, where I remained while my finger healed. When I was fully healed I was admitted to the Main Camp and not sent back to KZ Buna. **THAT WAS MY FIRST LUCKY BREAK.**

I was assigned to a Block, a bunk and a “Kommando”. Each morning we were awakened at 04:30 AM to stand outside the Block to be counted, regardless of the weather. When the count was confirmed we were dismissed and a couple of us were sent out to the kitchen to fetch the coffee, or tea the only thing in its favor was that it was hot and we each got a ladle full. Then it was clean-up time and we went to the wash basin line and/or the toilet banks. There were no towels, nor was there toilet paper. The water was ice-cold. Right behind the wash-basins were two rows of toilets that, in fact, were two or more banks of wooden planks that had holes cut into them. The stench was incredibly awful. Then a bell would ring and we would run for our “Kommando’s”, the prisoner band would begin to play marching music and the “Kommando’s” would pass through the Main Gate. Once through the Gate we stopped marching and started shuffling. More than likely you have seen a picture of the Main Gate with the slogan “Arbeit Macht Frei” meaning “Work Liberates One”. This is the Gate we passed underneath twice a day.

One evening in late September 1943 my number was called out and I was ordered to report to the SS Arbeits Fuhrer (Work Leader) an Officer in charge of assigning prisoners to a “Kommando” I was delighted with my assignment. It was to the “Tischlerei” (Carpentry Shop), which was my **Second Lucky Break**, the Carpentry Shop was located outside the Main Gate and its main attribute, for me, was that it had a roof over its workplace, its machinery threw off lots of heat and that was very important with winter staring us in the face. Also the Kapo was not allowed to interfere with our work nor were the SS guards to bother us. We worked with civilian workers whom we assisted. I worked on this assignment until spring 1944 arrived when my number was called out again and I was informed that I was to report, the next day, to the “Dachdecker Kommando”, the “Roof Repair Detail” which meant I would be going to KZ Birkenau, every day, and do repair work on the roofs of their low wooden barracks.

So my first lucky break was an infected finger bringing me to KZ Auschwitz which then resulted in me getting a second Lucky Break at the Carpentry Shop because now I had been the entire winter in a protected workplace. My third Lucky Break turned out to be my re-assignment to the Roof Repair Detail. Spring was around the corner and with the sun throwing off heat I could take off my jacket and let the sun bake me. Kapos and SS guards, again, were not to bother us.

I had no idea when I filled out my card upon arriving in KZ Auschwitz that the word “carpenter” was going to change my life so completely.

As I have said earlier we, who worked on those roofs, were able to take off our jackets and enjoy the sun. Unfortunately I contracted pneumonia and was sent to the hospital to be treated. The slow process of sucking water out of my lung was begun by using a very long needle, about 20 centimeters in length and without the benefit of any anesthesia mind you. After my first lung had been cleaned they discovered that my other lung had pneumonia as well and it, too, had to be cleaned. As a patient one

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still had to endure the "selection" process with an SS doctor deciding our fates of continuing on or being sent to the gas chamber. In the hospital I survived two of those "selections". After having been discharged from the medical unit for my pneumonia, I went back to my Block and late that afternoon I began having very severe pains in my belly. For the next 4 days I was back and forth to the clinic where they basically gave me two aspirins and a note excusing me from work duty. Finally, the following Monday, I was back at the clinic. The doctor, a fellow prisoner, looked at me and said: "Are you still here?" He picked up the telephone and called the SS Doctor on duty and told him: "I have a Jewish boy here who has a 4 ½ day acute appendicitis that can burst any moment, what am I to do?" "Get him to the operating room. I'll be right over."

I was taken to the operating room, removed all my clothes and was given a spinal anesthetic. Soon I was frozen like a block of ice. The only things I could move were my eyes and I looked into the operating lamp. I heard the door opening and saw a pair of black boots entering the room. The SS Doctor had arrived. The doctor who had diagnosed me explained to me later what had happened. He had opened my belly and exposed my appendicitis for the SS Doctor to see. The SS Doctor peered in and then left. The SS Doctor had never seen an acute appendicitis ready to burst before and wanted to see mine.

Finally after I had healed I was assigned to the "Paketstelle". The "Paketstelle" (package center) is the place where all the packages arrived for prisoners. If a prisoner was still alive his package was delivered to him, if he was no longer alive, as our records from the SS Administration indicated, and we received that information daily, the package was opened and the contents, if they were spoilable, were then delivered to the kitchen. All other items remained in our possession at the "Paketstelle."

I reported to the Kapo of the "Paketstelle" and he told me what my initial job was going to be; take care of the SS guard who had his own cubicle. Every morning I would bring him his coffee that had been brewed from the stuff that had come from inside those packages. I had to shine his boots and make him comfortable. Next, I was led back to the front and introduced to the SS guard as the person who was going to see to his needs.

What I learned rather quickly was that those of us who worked in the "Paketstelle" were considered to be Elites. A few weeks after my admittance to the "Paketstelle" I was moved from my present Block to one in the Camp that held only Elites. I now had my own private cubicle with a door; a small counter that held a small sink and a cooking unit; my own bed with bed sheets, blankets, bed cover, a pillow and pillow cases. We had a common shower that we all shared with hot/cold water and we had towels and bath cloths. We did not have to stand for morning counting because we were vouched for by the "Block Altester" (Senior Block Prisoner). I now had shoes, socks, underwear, a tailor made Prisoner Winter

Uniform, made by professional tailors who also were prisoners and a Prisoner Cap. Now that winter was approaching I also ordered a tailor made winter overcoat all of this was done with bartering of food items that I had from the packages. All my prisoner numbers on my jackets, overcoat and trousers were hand-painted.

Now this had turned out to be The Lucky Break of all Lucky Breaks! It was my LIFE saver!

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I was in the Paketstelle a little more than 13/14 weeks and in that time I was able to rebuild my body physically and I looked better than when I arrived in KZ Auschwitz during the last week in August 1943.

On Sunday, late morning, January 18th, 1945, the entire Camp's prisoner community, except for those who were in the hospital, were called to the "Appell Platz" (Roll Call Square) and were told that we would leave the Camp at 1 o'clock that afternoon and we were to be ready to move. We, in the "Paketstelle", had collected our own personal food items and warm clothes. It had been snowing and all the streets and roads were covered with a thick layer of snow.

It took us three days and nights to reach Gleiwitz, a railroad marshalling yard, in Poland, where we rested. This was my first "Death March". Many died on that march, some were shot when they fell behind. I think we were there for one or two days before we were loaded into snow laden open cattle cars with no roofs no toilet cans. That train ride took 11 days and nights. When our trip finally came to an end we were unloaded at the train station in Mauthausen. (I have since learned from a friend of mine, an Austrian Historian, only 10 % of the people on that train ride survived).

The SS guards were waiting for us and they chased us up the hill to KZ Mauthausen. When we entered the Camp we had to line-up and were issued new prisoner numbers. However, in KZ Mauthausen we were not tattooed but given a small metal plate with our new numbers stamped into it and had to wear it either on our left wrists or around our necks.

While standing in line I received the worst beating of my life by a Green Triangle prisoner who shouted at me "You won't be an Elite here!!" It was so bad that I had a concussion and I remember very little of KZ Mauthausen. What I do remember is that we were given a garment and then spend about a week out in the open being "Quarantined". It was one of THE coldest winters on record. For those of us who had survived THAT ordeal we were then loaded onto trucks and taken to KZ Melk, on the Danube, where we worked inside a mountain building underground factories. We worked in the mountain until the first week in April 1945 when we were marched down the hill (and by 'marching' I mean that we 'shuffled' as we had no strength left to MARCH) and onto barges that were waiting for us. They took us to Linz, Austria, where we were unloaded and given a loaf of bread (if one could call it that!) and then I, with the others, went on MY 2nd Death March. This one took us six days and nights down the hill to Gmunden, Austria, then along Traun Lake and up the hill to KZ Ebensee, a sub-Camp of KZ Mauthausen, where we sit today.

KZ Ebensee was erected in 1943 and was designed to hold 6.000 prisoners and by the time we were liberated on Sunday, May 6th, 1945, by the American Army, it held between 16.000 and 18.000 prisoners the majority of whom had been brought here from Concentration Camps in Eastern Europe.

Life in KZ Ebensee those last three weeks of WWII were.... simply said....brutal.

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On Saturday, May 5th, 1945, the entire prisoner community that could still get up and walk was ordered to the "Appell Platz" where they found all the SS Officers standing behind the Camp's Commandant while SS men holding automatic machine guns surrounded the "Appell Platz."

The SS Commandant told us we were to go into one of the designated tunnels because the Americans were coming and they were going to fight them to the end. The assembled prisoners began to grumble louder and louder "no, we're not going!" The SS Commandant was shocked. The grumbling continued to grow louder and louder. Not knowing what to do, the SS Officers left; they had never experienced the prisoners basically saying, "you can go to hell!" The SS men followed the Officers out and so we didn't go to work that day, mingling inside the Camp instead. .

Sunday, the next day, not a single SS guard could be seen on the guard towers. The SS Administration building was empty and we learned that all of them had fled during the night, having discarded their SS uniforms and changing into civilian clothes.

Those who belonged to the secret prisoner directive, when informed that the SS had fled, turned off the electrical wiring of the fences surrounded the Camp. We were F R E E but not yet freed!

On Sunday, May 6th, 1945, at 10 o'clock in the morning a Platoon of "B Troop" was ordered to find a Concentration Camp rumored to be in that area. Shortly before 11 O'clock the Platoon Leader called his Captain and told him they had found the Camp.

WE HAD BEEN FOUND!

By 2 o'clock that afternoon two tanks, and a Jeep, of "F Company" officially occupied our Camp and we had been freed...but not allowed to leave the Camp.

On the following Sunday, May 13th, 1945, all citizens of Ebensee, children included, were ordered to visit Camp Ebensee so they would be able to see for themselves the dreadful situation within. All women and girls of Ebensee were ordered to go back to the Camp and scrub and clean all barracks thoroughly and all men and boys of Ebensee were ordered to the US Army's Chief Medical Officer to help moving all the corpses lying about the Camp to the ditch that had been dug along the road that connected Ebensee to Bad Ischl, along the Traun River. "So the citizens of Ebensee will always know what had happened in their part of town", was the order by General George S. Patton, Jr. I have been a free man ever since.

I want to tell you that I love your country and its beautiful landscape. I visit here often and have many dear friends here, and yet, I cannot ignore the reality that Austria was complicit with the Nazis in this despicable chapter in recent European history. Therefore I am compelled to say to you emphatically:

DO NOT BLINDLY FOLLOW FANATICAL THINKERS WHO WILL FEED ON YOUR FEARS TO PROMISE YOU EVERYTHING!

Here ends my journey through the Nazi world and the lessons I have learned during that time.

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In all endeavors "Lady LUCK" can play a great role. Take advantages of those opportunities because they can further your cause.

Listen to your parents because they have had to learn their own lessons that they can hand on to you.

And if your grand parents are still among us ask them what life was like during the Nazi era. You'll be surprised what they can tell you.

When I was young, living in Amsterdam, my father insisted that I should learn some English; I resented his intrusions, but I did learn some English. When the tanks rolled into KZ Ebensee, that Sunday afternoon, I looked up to see a young soldier standing in the turret of the lead tank, (Sergeant Bob Persinger I would later learn) pull out a pack of cigarettes in its white color with a red ball in its center that I recognized right away and light one of them. Seizing the opportunity, I shouted up to him the words that led to the luckiest break of my life; **"It's been a long time since I've had a Lucky Strike."** He looked down at me from the turret of his tank with a look of utter surprise and asked, "you speak English?" In my daring I answered "yes". He pulled all 85 pounds of me up onto his tank and from that moment on I was under the care and protection of the United States Army. I was safe and at home with a new country that was willing to ask me to help find criminals and who, a little more than a year later, sponsored me to the United States to begin my new life.

Thank you for having heard me.

Amos Jeger, (son of a survivor) Beer Sheva, Israel

Dear Survivors, Families, Dr. Quatember, Mayor of Ebensee, Ladies and Gentlemen!

My name is Amos Jeger, I live in Israel.

Just before the holocaust becomes another forgotten, and sometimes denied, chapter in history, I wish to tell you, in brief, the biography of my father from between May 1944 and 6th of May 1945.

Ten years prior to my birth and sixty seven years ago, my father, **Joseph Jeger**, was liberated here by the American Army.

He was almost 16 years old upon liberation, hospitalized in the camp's so-called hospital, suffering from exhaustion and starvation.

The next day he was examined by an American army doctor, who wrote in amazement:

Height: 1.80 m. Weight: 29 kg.

But my father was still alive.

His brother, **Zoltan Jeger**, my uncle whom I never knew, was with him in the camp's hospital. He died one day before the American soldiers arrived.

Zoltan was 20 years old and probably he is buried here behind where I stand now.

For many years my father refused to talk about his life during the holocaust. Just a few years before his death in 1992, he opened up a little and told me some of his doings in those dark days.

In May 1944, a month before his 15th birthday, he was taken, together with his family- his parents, **Jacob** and **Ida** two older sisters, **Elizabeth** and **Lili** and brother **Zoltan**, with most of Hungary's Jews, to Auschwitz.

Dr. Mengele was waiting on the train platform and with no hesitation sentenced my father's parents, my grandfather and grandmother, to death.

They were in their fifties when sent to the gas chambers.

My aunts, Lili and Elizabeth, in their twenties, were sent to Germany to work in an Airplane factory. They survived, after much sufferings and hunger. Later they immigrated to Israel and raised new families.

My father, who was tall for his age and looked robust, was sent with his brother to the workers' barracks in Auschwitz camp,.

Two months later, they were taken to a labor camp in the north of Germany. There they were kept busy in digging tunnels aimed at concealing and protecting military plants from the Allied forces' bombings. My father's role was to lay the iron rails for the wagons evacuating the soil from the tunnel.

At the beginning of 1945, in a very cold winter, my father and his brother were taken in a long journey towards Austria. Most of journey he made on foot and partly in an open freight train wagon. During the journey, a part of his foot froze.

At the end of this rigorous journey, my father and uncle arrived at Ebensee camp where they were sent to work again, as you all know, in digging tunnels aimed at concealing military equipment. As before, my father's job was to lay the iron rails.

Conditions, as you know, were harsh. Being Jewish, his condition was even harsher than of the rest of the prisoners.

My father and uncle's physical condition deteriorated and they were able to work no more. They were taken to the camp's hospital where they had one bed, for both of them. My uncle, whose condition was worse, laid on the bed and my father-under the bed. The building's windows were shattered and the weather was freezing. The only medicine available was some skin ointment.

A moving story, my father had told me about the last days in the camp, was how the Czech Prisoners saved the Jewish prisoners from the Germans' plot to lead them into a tunnel and blow up its entrance. The Czech prisoners have heard about it and warned the Jews, who refused to go to the tunnels the next day, thus saving their lives. The Czech prisoners were a star of humanity in the darkness of hell.

My uncle died of exhaustion on May 5th, 1945. His body was taken by the American soldiers arriving the next day. His remains are buried here, under this cursed soil.

Had the Americans arrived one day later, my father would probably have been buried here along with his brother and I wouldn't be standing here to tell his story.

My father was treated by the American doctors after the liberation. When he regained some of his strength, he headed home. He was 16. He graduated from high school and became a student at the Academy of Music, where he studied piano and where he also met my mother.

I asked him once: How come you survived while so many people died around you?
His answer was very simple: "Two factors influenced survival: Luck and energy balance.

Every day you weren't shot at or got ill, was a lucky day".

And what do you mean by "energy balance", I asked? "If the work you did consumed less energy than the calories in the food you ate- you survived.

As a matter of fact, the balance was very negative, reducing his weight to 29 kg. Thus he survived on luck alone.

In spite of what he went through, my father didn't hate the German people. "This is a new generation", he used to say, "and they are not to blame for their fathers' actions. But the Jews should see to it that there will never be another holocaust, for there is still much anti-Semitism in this world". He raised me to accept any person, regardless of origin and religion.

I am grateful to my father and mother that brought me, as a small child, to the state of Israel, thus enabling me to grow up in a free, democratic and independent country. A country that is the old homeland of the Jewish people . On one hand, it's a homeland to every Jew in the world and on the other hand, gives freedom to the minorities living there. A country evolving to be strong, modern and developed.

Israel is lonely Small Island of - democracy, freedom for all of its citizens, economic prosperity, high level of science art and culture and the most important, always seeking for peace. But, unfortunately, that island is surrounded by an ocean of neighbors that some of them still want to destroy Israel.

No one cared what is happening to the Jews in Europe. The allied forces did not want to drop even a single bomb on the rail tracks to Auschwitz. No one, except Sweden, allowed Jewish refugees to enter their territory, including USA and Switzerland.

The existence of a very strong state of Israel, as it is today, is the only guarantee for the Jews, never to have another holocaust. Had the state of Israel been in existence, and being strong as it is today, in the time of Nazism, the holocaust was avoided.

The new generations that my father raised, successfully, and happily in the historic homeland of the Jewish people, are his private victory over Hitler and his plan to exterminate all the Jews.

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to ask something from all of you. This memorial ceremony is mostly important helping us to remember that the holocaust was not just another chapter in history, it helps to personalize it and connect it to human beings who went through it and most of them are lying here under the ground. So please encourage the second, third and younger generations of the survivors to keep on coming here year after year.

Never again!!!

Thank you very much.

Amos Jeger,

