

Video Transcripts

Video 2: Laureen Nussbaum “The Call”

When the first calls came in July of 1942 to report for labor – I think it was July the 5th – the call went out to 7000 people ages 15 to 45 and they were, as far as I remember, all refugees.

The Germans were very clever. They knew that the refugees did not have a support system. We were newcomers, we didn't have, you know, friends and relatives all over the country, so we were much more vulnerable. So let's get rid of those people first and then we can see about the rest.

So Margot got a call, my older sister got a call, and several of my classmates got a call. See us still standing – at the time we still had bicycles – at the street corner, I know exactly the street corner. And one young man, was my class, said I got a call and my mother wants to hide me. I'll be darned if I live in a closet. I'm strong. I can do work. I go. Period.

And there was another girl in this case who was really coy who said “I wish my mother would want to hide me but they don't, they don't want to even hear of it because they're afraid that if I go into hiding and don't show up that the rest of the family, grandma, the baby, everybody will be implicated and in danger. So, this happened, you know, just before I turned 15. You can feel the agony. It was awful, it was really awful.

Video 3: Laureen Nussbaum “Rudi”

The day he finished doing the exam, he had his bicycle parked and he went out in the countryside and went into hiding. Much earlier – that's July 1941 – much earlier than most everybody else. And he was, well, even while he was doing the exam, he was living with this gentleman here [points] there's a picture, David de Jong who was a painter and a writer [points] this man there.

And then eventually he landed in a small peasant's house, really, very, very small. Subsistence peasants. That's the house there, [points] picture, there he was hiding for a whole year. So he was hiding all the way through the war in different places. It would be too long to give all of the details.

but I always, I always knew where he was I always could take care of him by bringing him things and, for instance, in May of 1942 when we already had to wear the star I took off my star early in the morning when there were no people in the street, went on the train, visited him, and bought him whatever could cheer him up.

And certainly took care of him. He was my, my responsibility. In August of the same year when the big roundups and the, and the deportations had started. I did not have the courage to take off my star anymore. It was too dangerous. I mean, within just, you know, three months, again, things had changed dramatically. It would have been too dangerous and I would have endangered the whole family, so I didn't, right, not look him up anymore and then