



Names, Not Numbers[©]

A Movie in the Making



ASHAR

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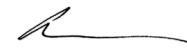
Dear Friends and Supporters of ASHAR,

Thank you so much for joining us at this evening's "Names, Not Numbers"© premiere.

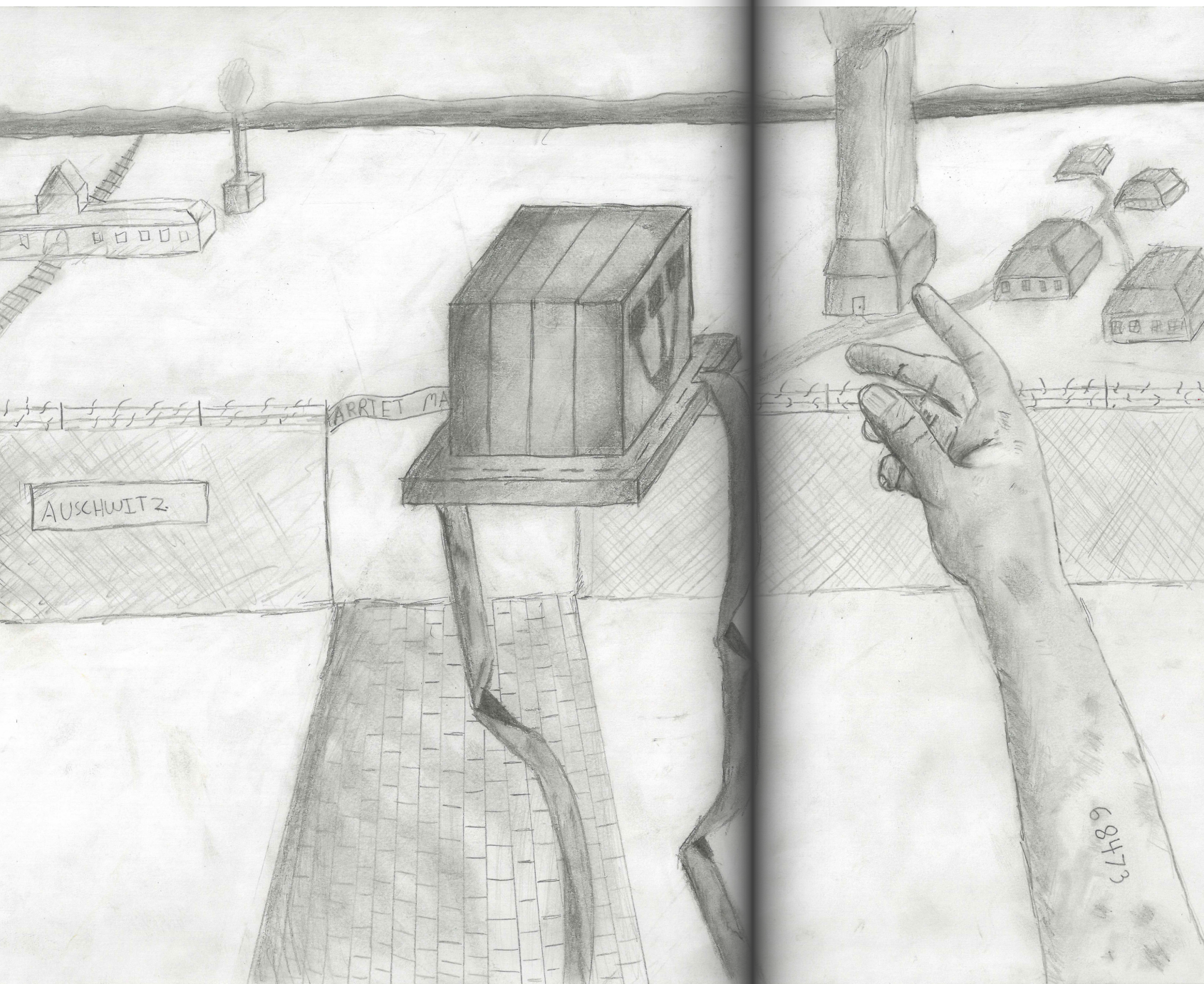
The oral history you are about to view has been produced by ASHAR's eighth grade boys and girls classes. We thank the participating survivors for providing our students with an indelible experience that will last a lifetime.

The heroic survivor interviewees' perseverance, courage and resilience truly inspired our seniors, each in his or her own unique way. The survivors shared the importance of remembering, but also taught an even more critical lesson: the primacy of each and every moment of life and all of its wonderful *berachos*.

May Hashem continue to grant all health, happiness and abundant *nachas*.



RABBI ARI JACOBSON
Menahel / Dean



Jewish Courage
Drawing by
Aharon Yaniv

This drawing depicts the Auschwitz concentration camp complex with an outstretched "tattooed" arm. A pair of tefillin over the complex next to the arm of the victim demonstrates moral courage. Jews risked their lives to keep religious traditions, such as wearing tefillin, as best they could despite the Nazis' attempts to destroy their humanity.

PROGRAM



WELCOME

Rabbi Ari Jacobson
Menahel/Dean

NATIONAL ANTHEM AND HATIKVA

FILM INTRODUCTION

Tova Fish-Rosenberg
Creator of Names, Not Numbers®

PREMIERE PRESENTATION

Names, Not Numbers:
A Movie in the Making®

THE FILMMAKERS

Moshe Abboudi	Sara Leah Abraham	Adira Algarin
Yakov Baitz	Oshrit Bar-David	Aharon Beilin
Moshe Yosef Bernstein	Rena Boss	Esti Elbaum
Raizy Fried	Raizy Genuth	Maor Goldberg
Benjamin Guy	Shney Hecht	Yonatan Jacobson
Sarah Kaller	Kaila Kirsh	Chaim Kleinberger
Albert Korn	Baruch Kushner	Sophia Landau
Yakira Lapp	Gavi Lerer	Noah Levine
Elisheva Mandel	Ezra Markowitz	Malky Mintz
Yishai Moscovitz	Shlomo Reifer	Ezriel Rudner
Gabi Sabol	Nava Schechter	Tehila Schwartz
Chanan Seltzer	Gedalia Siklos	Lilly Spaeth
Gavi Weinstein	Railea Witkes	Aharon Yaniv
Mimi Yaniv	Aviva Zelcer	Michal Zimmerman

ASHAR
SENIOR CLASS OF
2023

Proudly Presents

NAMES, NOT NUMBERS:
A MOVIE IN THE MAKING®

*Six remarkable individuals who survived the Holocaust...
This is their story.*



HELEN RUBIN



MORRIS ENGELSON



MARLIT WANDEL



SAMUEL GROSS



FAYE SKALA



JUDITH GOLDSTEIN

*Names, Not Numbers INC is an interactive, multi-media Holocaust oral history film project, created by educator
Tova Fish-Rosenberg.*

WWW.NAMESNOTNUMBERS.ORG

FAYE SKALA

What I'm Made Of

Of cattle cars and Nazi guards
of separation and hunger and dreams
of reuniting with family.
Of crying for water and ghettos on winter days
and camps and counting and wooden shoes
and blisters, of standing strong with
doll-length dresses. I'm made of courage and hope,
snow and wind, of rockets and bombs
and airplanes, of hungry days
and thirsty nights and farms near
roadways and Arbeit Macht Frei,
of dreams of escape and desperate prayer.
Of struggles with survival
and genius with resilience
of love and hope and family.

Passover Courage

*Drawing by
Railea Witkes*

This drawing shows a burning synagogue during Kristallnacht. The four cups at the top of the page represent the four cups of wine many Jews drink as part of the Passover Seder. These four cups represent the moral courage Jews had during the Holocaust as they risked their lives to save others and risked their lives, at times, to keep any holidays they could.



MARLIT WANDEL

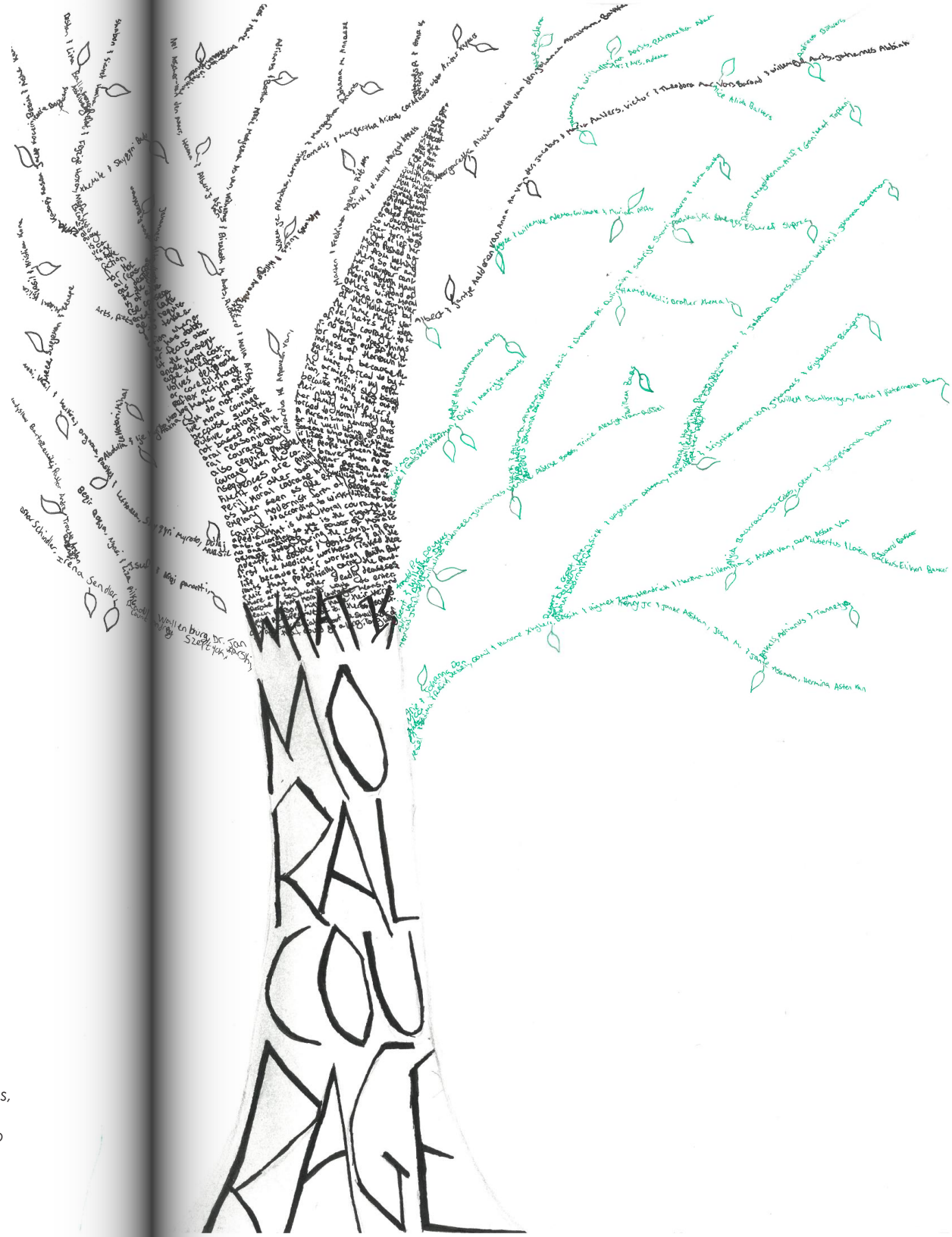
What I'm Made Of

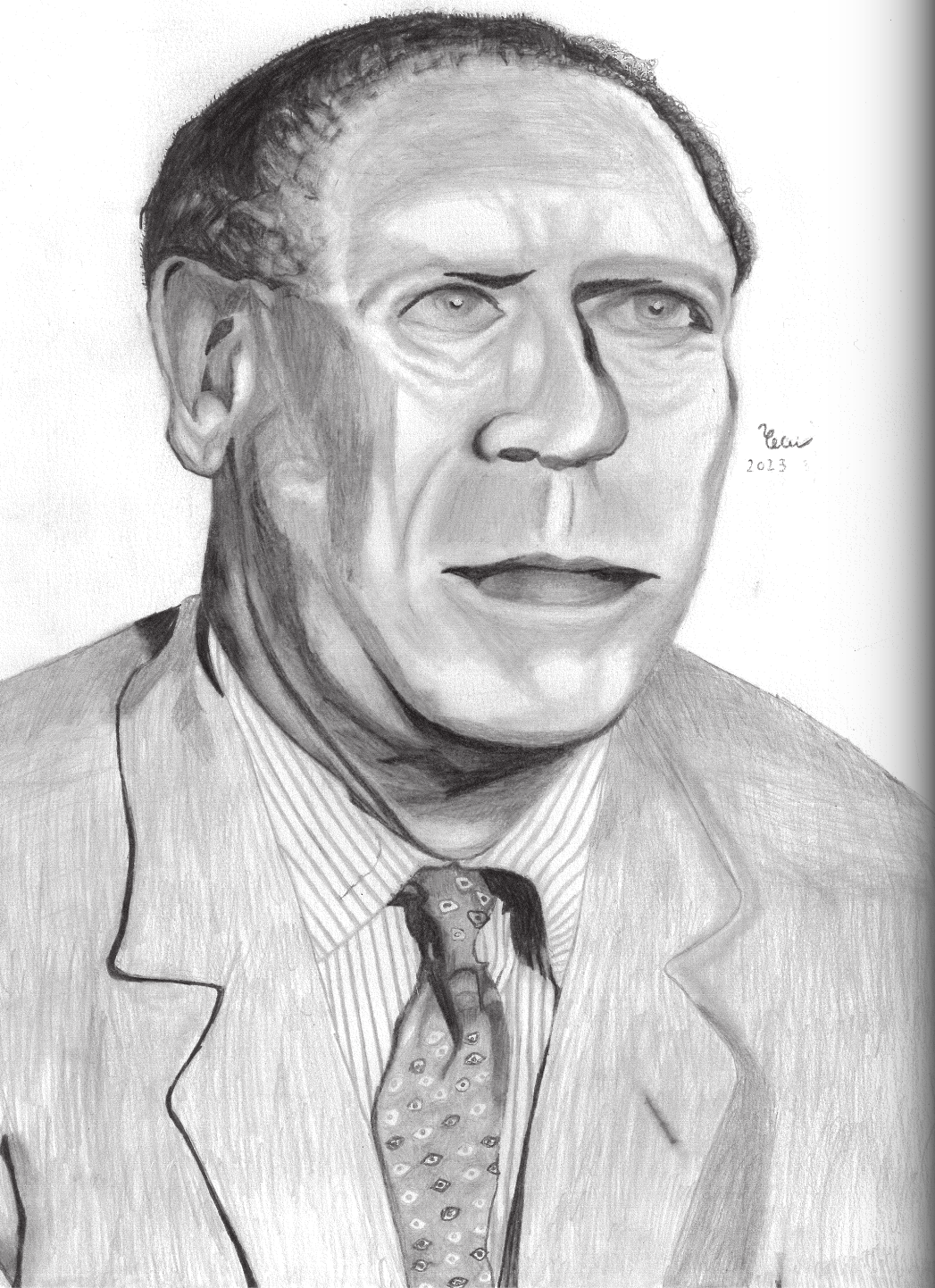
Of blonde hair and bright blue eyes
of family and friends and dreams of
growing up a happy Jewish girl.
Of trauma and hurting
of little food on a disastrous day
and hardships and great losses and two left shoes
by gas chambers, of visits to roll call with
hour-long waits, I'm made of ambition and confidence
day and night, of finished threads and a number tattoo
and nourishing snow, of liberation
and no freedom and positivity,
of ghettos and concentration camps.
I'm made of childness and adulthood
of a husband and children and grandchildren,
of faith and loneliness.
Of struggles with living
and genius with believing
of sadness and brightness and joy.

Tree of Courage

Drawing by
Malky Mintz

This micograph
is formed from
the names of
Righteous Gentiles,
non-Jews who
risked their lives to
save Jews in the
Holocaust.





MR. SHMUEL GROSS

What I'm Made Of

Of many children and loving parents
of open home and friendly guests and dreams
of holy ancestors.
Of Debrecen ghetto and lives of torture
of travel by cattle cars to unknown places
and Bergen-Belsen and Abrahamsdorf and frequent transports
to camps, of small slices of one piece of bread
to share with others, I'm made of hunger and thirst
of disease and hurt, of forward-thinking mothers
and staying together, of American bombs and mistaken trains
of freedom and cod liver oil and planting gardens
of seven children and many weddings.
Of struggles with survival
and genius with resilience
of *simchos* and *emunah* and happiness.

Oskar Schindler Profiles in Moral Courage

Drawing by
Gavi Weinstein

This drawing is of
Oskar Schindler,
perhaps the best
known Righteous
Gentile. He saved
more than a
thousand Jews,
risking his life to
protect the Jews
who worked in his
factory.

HELEN RUBIN

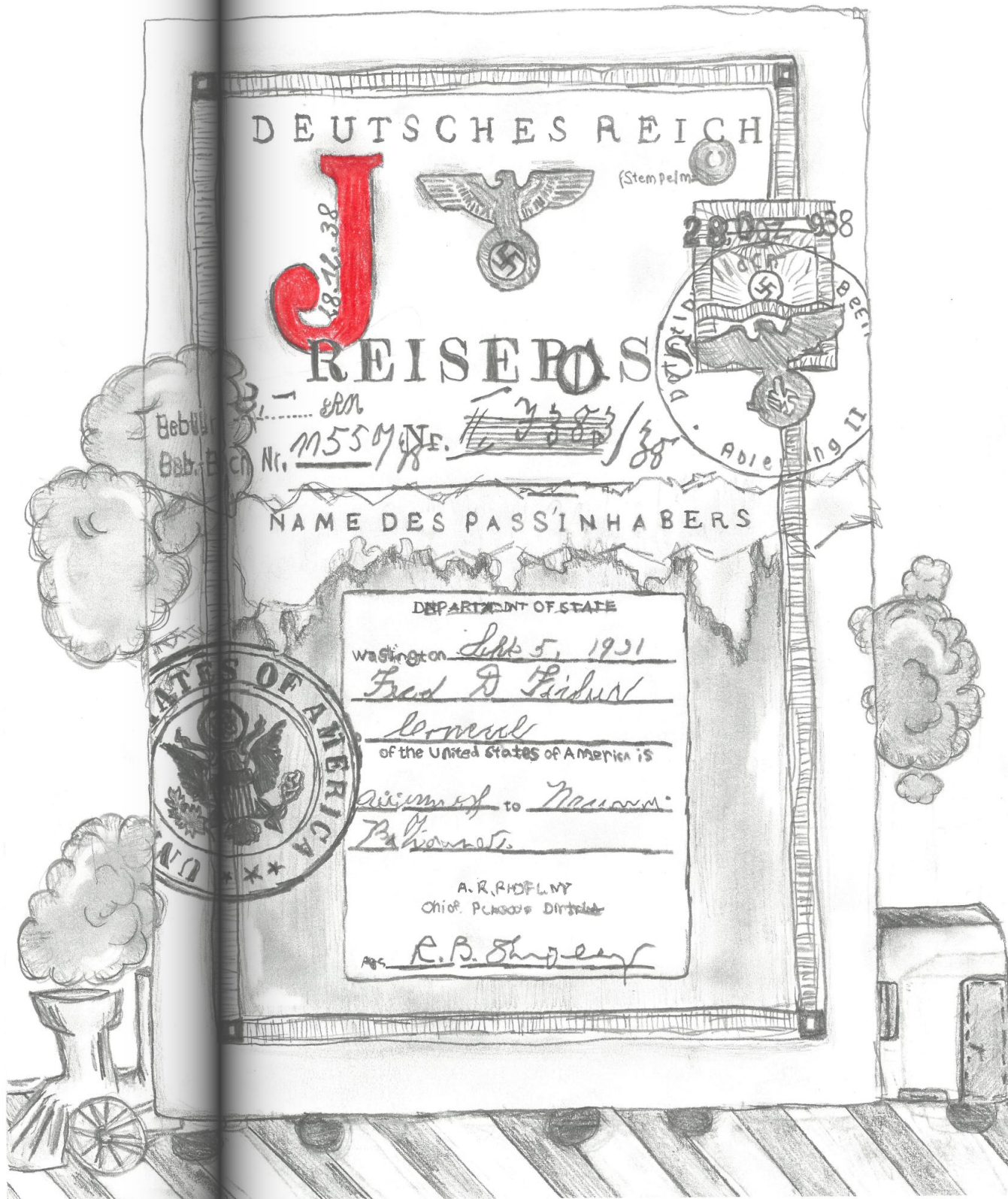
What I'm Made Of

Of harsh times and kind moments,
of snowstorms and train cars and hopes of
being liberated at last.
Of filthy barracks and repulsive quarters
of freezing hands on winter days
and expulsion and dismissal and a new home
in the U.S., of visits to villages with
nourishing foods, I'm made of patience and youth,
ice and wind, of heritage and history
and forced labor, of limited rations
and warm lights and frosted faces
everywhere and Rozwadów, Poland.
I'm made of backbone and spirit,
of courage and ships and Zhovkva, Ukraine,
of language and the radio.
Of struggles with traveling
and comfort with family,
of tears and happiness and love.

J for Jude

*Drawing by
Sara Abraham*

This artwork depicts a German passport labeled with a J for Jude fused with an American passport, representing the emigration of Jews out of Germany. The train in the background represents the Kindertransport, in which 10,000 Jewish children were saved from the Holocaust by traveling to England.



MR. MORRIS ENGELSON

What I'm Made Of

Of rambunctious youth and childhood antics
of beautiful shuls and cold winters and dreams of
escaping trouble.
Of Lithuanian shtetl and cramped ghettos
of Nazi liquidations and digging graves
and Poland and borders and hopeful plans
of dangerous escapes, of German searches
and smugglers and Belarus. I'm made of gunshots and storms
of tree stumps and shrubbery and fallen leaves
and interference of miracles in muddy forests
and distant houses with hidden children.
I'm made of fathers and fears,
of dressing up and curiosity and worry
of vigilance and secrets and Righteous Gentiles.
Of struggles with survival
and genius with *bitachon*
of hope and wisdom and survival.

JUDITH GOLDSTEIN

What I'm Made Of

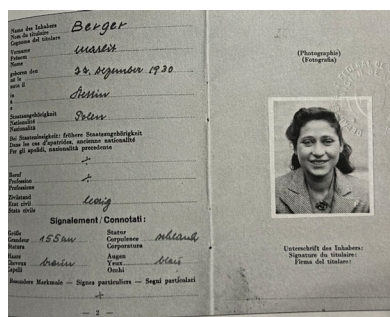
Of hardships and determination
of torture and redemption and loss of family.
Of sleepless nights and striving to survive
of freezing on cold winter nights
and ghettos and concentration camps and slave labor
by abusive travel, of visits to different camps
with barbed wire fences, I'm made of creativity and bravery,
Cries and deaths, of music and artwork
and poetry, of sensitivity with people
and ghettos and guns near
Vilna and old small homes.
I'm made of intelligence and ambition
of love for family and old photographs
of gunshots and horror.
Of struggles with nutrition
and genius with hope,
of belief and desire and wonders.



Hidden Bunker

Drawing by
Chaim Kleinberger

Many Jews survived, or tried to survive, the Holocaust by hiding from Nazis. This drawing shows a hidden space underground where Jews would hide for hours and even days to escape the Nazis who were hunting for them. Jews in these situations survived through the moral courage of non-Jews who helped them, by giving them food and water or lying about their whereabouts.



MARLIT'S WAY TO FREEDOM

By: Aviva Zelcer and Mimi Yaniv

Marlit was like any ordinary young girl. She grew up in Germany in a happy and safe little bubble with her three brothers and a sister, cousins, aunts and uncles down the street, and loving parents who spoiled her. Marlit was Jewish and loved celebrating all of the religious holidays. Her favorite dish was gefilte fish.



Marlit was five years old when she experienced her first anti-Semitic crime. Her older brother had been very sick. As he slowly got better, Marlit's parents were allowed to open the door to his room and check in on him. Marlit, who hadn't seen her brother, naturally gave him a hug and caught the disease. Because she was younger, her fever was worse than her brother's, and she needed to be hospitalized. With some helpful contacts, she was admitted to a hospital, but she was very lonely. Her toys were confiscated and no one could visit her. She wasn't even allowed in a regular ambulance, because being

Jewish made her a contamination. Marlit said that was the first time she felt like she had done a crime she hadn't realized was wrong.

It was late at night on October 1938, when Marlit's parents were out at a concert and their babysitter, Ida, was babysitting her and her siblings. Marlit was just starting to fall asleep when there was a harsh knock on the door. As Ida slowly crept towards the front door, it suddenly burst open. The Gestapo police had come to take Marlit and her family away. When the police realized the parents weren't home, they said they would wait until they got home.

When Marlit's mother and father got home, they realized the lights were on and knew the police would take her father away. He decided to run away until it was safe to come back. That was the last time Marlit ever saw her father.

Her 16-year-old brother left a little later to America.

Marlit was taken with her mother and siblings to Radom, Poland, where thankfully the community was very friendly. The children were going to be put in an orphanage, but Marlit's mother, who had been an orphan herself, didn't allow it. Instead they were placed in foster homes, but they were in a separate room from their mother. Marlit recalls being upset, because her mother's room was nicer than hers. The summer of 1939 was the last time Marlit was happy before the war. The people who were fostering her left the children all alone as the war broke out in Poland. Marlit's mother and one of her friends found the cold, sick, and hungry children outside and brought them to safety.

Marlit and her siblings were in one room, in a five bedroom apartment. They all shared their food. The ghetto was slowly liquidated, and people would randomly get arrested or taken away. Once, there was a selection for young children. Marlit and her three-year-old brother were in danger of being taken away. Marlit's mother



slipped them out of the ghetto to a friend who hid them on the roof of his leather factory. When the Nazis came to search the factory, Marlit and her brother came back to the ghetto in the middle of the night. She got a job in a factory that made clothes, and she would cut loose threads.

The Nazis tried as hard as they could to destroy hope and connections in the camp. Marlit was in nine camps in total, so she had to adapt to each new place. The Nazis also tried to separate families, so Marlit always made sure to call her mother by her first name, so no one would know they were related. Marlit thinks that nothing new is created, like how Hitler got ideas from Pharaoh. Pharaoh would force the Jews to do useless work, and Hitler did the exact same thing. Marlit told a story of how she escaped being gassed to death. She was told to undress and that she would be showering, but in reality she was in a gas chamber. Miraculously, the pipes that filled the room with poisonous gas didn't work, allowing everyone in the room to live. To this day, Marlit doesn't know what happened, but she thinks it might have been sabotage.

All types of diseases were spread around the camps like lice and typhus. Everyone was dirty, filthy, thin, and wore clothing that didn't

fit them. The bathroom facilities and toilets were disgusting.

“

As the end of the war was around the corner, the Nazis devised a new plan to kill as many people as possible: a death march.

A death march means walking to death. The people who were in the camps were forced to walk until they physically collapsed. Marlit, her mother, and sister decided that they would pretend to drop from exhaustion and roll into ditches that were on the sides.

As they were rolling, they crashed into an American soldier. Once they were able to communicate, the Americans forced some Germans to feed and clothe Marlit, her mother, and sister. They were served full food, which Marlit's mother had to grab out of the girls' hands. This is because their stomachs were so small from so little food, that if they ate too much at a time, their stomachs would burst and they would die.

After the war ended, Marlit met

up with one of her older brothers in Switzerland. Her little brother had been taken away and never returned. Her brother in America was able to get them visas. Marlit recalls that when she was 16 in Brooklyn, girls in her class asked her what the number on her arm was from. Marlit wasn't ready to talk about it, and she didn't expect the girls to be interested, so she told them it was her phone number. She also was offered several times to get her number removed for free through plastic surgery, but she wanted to remember what happened to her, so she refused.

Marlit is now 95, has two kids, many grandchildren and even great grandchildren. She moved to Monsey, New York, in order to be near her family and is now living a happy life despite her traumatic encounters.



Film Backdrop

The eighth grade girls created this artwork as the backdrop of the film. It depicts a tree of life with images of the survivors and their families.



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THANK YOU TO OUR **SPONSORS**

Randi and Michael Silvermintz

Daniel and Raizel Yaniv

Dedicated in Honor of Our Aunt Betty Genuth-Daror
and our grandparents and great grandparents.

Motti and Tziporah Yaniv

In honor of Mimi Yaniv and in loving memory of her
great-grandparents, who survived the Holocaust and
whose legacy she carries on.

Avi and Chaya Celnik

Devorah O'Brien



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