

Hubertus

My parents were aware that we were going to face hard times. On March 15th, 1939 we went with Karmela and with our nanny to the clothing factory "Gelb and Band" on Palacka street, in order to try on our new hubertus coats. That's what they called coats that were made from especially hairy cloth, with buttons and special pockets. Our coats were grey with detachable lining attached by buttons. They had a hood and a big hem, so that they could be lengthened as we grew. We were then aged five and ten. There were straps inside the coats, so that we could carry the coat on our shoulders. The coats were exactly suited to the fate that awaited us in the future. When we left the factory and stepped into the cold and snow outside, the streets of our town were swarming with German soldiers. I especially noticed those riding bicycles and motorcycles. There were of course tanks and trucks and perhaps soldiers on foot, I don't remember. My hubertus coat came with me to Theresienstadt, but didn't come back home with me in 1945. It was in the suitcase that was sent to Auschwitz, when I at the last minute stayed in Theresienstadt. Afterwards I 'inherited' a jacket from Mrs. Bodanski from Prostejov, one that she had left behind in Theresienstadt and not taken with her to Auschwitz.

I brought that jacket with me to Israel. I wore it for many years. I wore it on a trip to Massada in 1961. Our children were already big then, aged eight and six. Shimon could manage without me and he gave me the trip to Massada as a gift for my birthday. Before we left on the trip I slept at my friend Miriam's house in Ramla. I went to Tel Aviv to see the well-known film "I like Mike". In the commotion in front of the cinema I lost one of the buttons of that jacket.