

interview with
ANNELIES JACOBI, SIX YEARS OLD WHEN WWII BEGAN

portrayed with
HER PARENTS LOUIS JACOBI AND EVA JACOBI-SIEDNER
HER FATHER DIED IN 1968 AND HER MOTHER IN 2005
PHOTO MADE APRIL 7, 1943

interview by
CASPER, LORA AND AYA



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Mrs. Arens-Jacobi fled to the Netherlands from Germany in 1937, together with her parents, Louis Jacobi and Eva Jacobi-Siedner. Two years later, her grandparents moved in with them. As a child, Mrs. Jacobi used to think nothing would ever happen to them, but things didn't work out that way. "When you're a child, you don't think about that. Of course I was scared every now and then, but I mostly lived from day to day."

How did the war start for you?

"At first, I still went to school. I was in the third year of primary school at the Jekerschool, and enjoyed playing outside with my friends in the neighborhood. In early 1943, my grandparents were taken away by the Nazis and ended up in Camp Westerbork. We sent that photo of me and my parents to my grandparents in Westerbork, as a present for their 60th wedding anniversary. To celebrate that occasion, the camp commander allowed my grandparents to spend one extra hour together. In the last letter we got from them, they thanked us profusely for sending

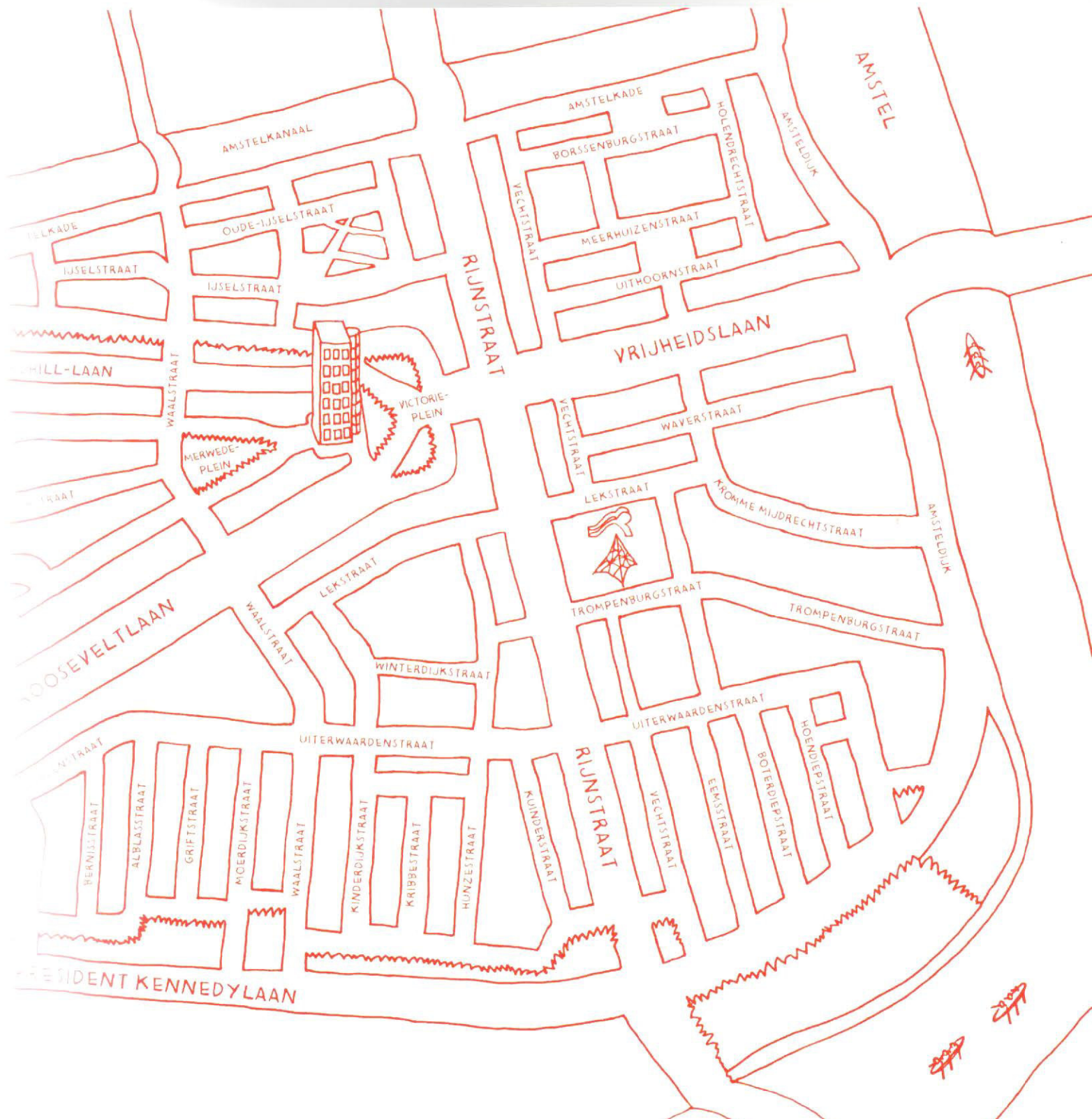
us the photo. "You all look so kind and peaceful." They wrote that the photo was passed around among the people in their barrack, and that everyone admired the picture. I still have that letter."

Were you and your parents deported as well?

"Yes, we were deported to Westerbork in a locked freight train in 1943. By the time we got there, my grandparents were already gone... Later on, we were transported to Camp Bergen-Belsen. It was a horrible place.

In April 1945, we were once again put on a train to be transported to another camp. However, chaos reigned in Europe and the train had nowhere to go. The train traveled aimlessly for two weeks. We lived in locked train wagons, with barely anything to eat or drink. We stopped at a village called Tröbitz, where the Russians liberated us. I vividly remember how scared I was of those shouting men on their little horses, yelling things I couldn't understand.

We weren't able to return to Amsterdam until August of 1945. For the first time in a long while, I traveled in a real, beautiful passenger train again! But when we got back, we had nothing left. When we arrived at the station, we were given 10 guilders as a means to survive. We were brought to a shelter in a horse-drawn carriage. Upon arrival, the driver charged us 30 guilders..."



WAR CHILDREN OF THE RIVIERENBUURT

Outdoor exhibition
Churchill-laan, Amsterdam

april 24 till june 1, 2015

INTRODUCTION

This is the catalog of the outdoor exhibition
“War children of the Rivierenbuurt (Riverquarter)”
which can be seen from April 24 till June 1, 2015 on the Churchill-laan in Amsterdam.

The exhibit consists of 17 panels which show present-day schoolchildren interviewing ‘war children of the Rivierenbuurt’, who were young more than 70 years ago. These war children have in common that they were all portrayed in 1943 by photographer Annemie Wolff, who lived on the Churchill-laan, in the middle of the Rivierenbuurt. In 2015 they have been portrayed again, this time by photographer Katrien Mulder during their interviews with the children who live in this neighborhood nowadays.

These interviews are part of the project “War in my Neighborhood”; the exhibit is the result of a cooperation of the Annemie and Helmuth Wolff Foundation and “War in my Neighborhood”.

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We thank the ‘war children’ for sharing their memories; the students of the Anne Frank School and the Catharinaschool for asking the right questions and those who organized this and who prepared and accompanied the students.

Annemie and Helmuth Wolff Foundation, An Huitzing

War in my Neighborhood, Minka Bos



oorlog
in
mijn
buurt