



My name is Klara Ruben Tixell.
I survived the Holocaust.
This is my story.

Klara's Story

Part 1 • My Childhood 1929-1938

The text is based on several interviews with Klara Tixell.
Klara Tixell has read and approved the text.

ETERNAL ECHOES

Teach and Learn About the Holocaust

My Childhood 1929-1938

My Family and Everyday Life In Denmark

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Klara Ruben.

I was born October 2, 1929, in Copenhagen. We lived at Islands Brygge. It was a working-class neighborhood on the northwestern part of Amager at Langebro in Copenhagen. We had a flat with two bedrooms and a dining room. Since we were several people in the family two had to sleep in each room. There was a toilet but no wash basin, so we washed ourselves in the kitchen.

Mother took care of us kids and the household. Father was an accountant at a small whole-sale company called Sydfrukt. The office was located in the middle of the city at Grøntorvet. They imported vegetables and fruits, for example oranges and lemons. Therefore, we had plenty of fruit at home. Otherwise there was no abundance of anything.

My family was Jewish orthodox. Every shabbat we went to the synagogue. We celebrated all the holidays and we children got a very religious upbringing. My mother held the Jewish food regulations, *kosher*, very carefully. As long as my grandfather lived, we gathered at

his place every Saturday. He suffered from a heart disease and couldn't go to the Great Synagogue. According to Jewish tradition, you have the right to pray if there are ten men. Grandfather had ten children. They all lived in Copenhagen. So, with sons and sons-in-law it was possible to worship. It was cosy and special since it took place in his home. When he died, we began to celebrate the Sabbath in the Great Synagogue in Kristallgatan.

There was a Jewish school in Copenhagen, but we lived far from it. Therefore my parents chose to let us children go to a regular public school. There were many children around the block of flats where we lived. In the courtyard there were always someone to play with. When I was seven I got to know a non-Jewish girl called Kamma. We became very good friends.

My friends knew that I was Jewish and that we dressed up on Sabbath when we went to the synagogue. The other children went to school on Saturdays, but I didn't have to attend school that day, nor did I have to attend Christian religious education.

When my Christian friends celebrated Christmas we had our own *Hanukkah*, the Festival of Lights. As far as I know it didn't bother anyone. However, at other times it was tough. As Orthodox we weren't allowed to work during the high holidays. I had to ask my best friend Kamma to come over and light the burner for us. It felt awkward and I was ashamed.



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In the picture you see my parents, Betti Hildesheim and Leon Ruben. The picture was taken in Copenhagen on their engagement day in 1920. Betti was born in Hamburg, Germany, but moved to Denmark.

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In the picture you see me to the left, and my brothers and sister Daniel, Judith and Menni who was also called Moses. The photo was taken in 1929.

I don't remember that I was bullied as a child because I was Jewish, but my sister was subject to antisemitism. She told me that the older children in school used to trod on her heels and tease her..

I was the youngest and quite lively. Mother used to say I was spoiled, but I do not know if she really meant it. We were a very musical family. Everyone in our family played an instrument. We always had the radio on at home and we could sing along to most of the classical music pieces. My elder brother played the violin. He taught me, and it turned out that I had talent. Later a well know female artist came to train me, but I didn't practice much and didn't live up to the expectations.

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My father Leon on bike in Copenhagen. The photo was taken in the early 1940s.

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Text: Ewa Wymark

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Klara's Story

Part 2 • Life Changes 1938-1943

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Life Changes 1938-1943

Germany Occupies Denmark

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Kamma and I were best friends. In the summer we went to the Tivoli amusement park every day. Until two o'clock it was only fifteen cents. In the picture we are thirteen. The photo was taken in 1943.

My mother came from Germany and had experienced the First World War. When she saw what was going on in the 1930s she became worried. Maybe she had a feeling what would happen. During the *Kristallnacht*, the pogroms starting on November 9, 1938, in Germany, some of her cousins were assaulted by SS-men.

After the attack, our relatives tried to leave Germany, but it was not possible for them to enter Scandinavia. Instead, they turned to Africa and America, where they were allowed to come. But my mother's parents were in Germany. My mother tried to get an entry permit for them, but it was denied time after time. Eventually she went to the Justice Minister Steincke. When he saw how upset and sorry she was, he agreed to grant the application. Thanks to him my grandparents could leave Germany, and they came to Denmark at the last moment.

1940, in the spring, when Germany occupied Denmark, I was ten years old. We went on with our lives, but life was limited through the curfew and rationing. During the air alarms we had to go down into the basement. It was scary and I was very frightened. Once I had come from school and I was home alone. There was no one else in the house when the air alarm went off. I had to sit on my own in the basement. The windows were protected with sandbags. I was terrified that the house would be struck by a bomb, and that no one would find me under the ruins. That feeling remained for many years and resulted in claustrophobia.

I often saw German soldiers marching on the streets of Copenhagen. They sang, or rather roared their songs. When my best friend Kamma and I heard that they were nearby we went another way to avoid them. Sometimes a soldier come up and asked for directions. We always pointed out the wrong direction. It was our way of resisting and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

The atmosphere during the occupation was intimidating. We felt threatened and it made people keep together. People borrowed many things from each other, exchanged clothes and supported each other in different ways. The curfew was difficult, and it could be dangerous to defy the order. When I visited someone I didn't know if I could return home the same day. Therefore I always took with me what I needed to stay the night.



German troops in Denmark, 1940.

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Klara's Story

Part 3 • The Deportation 1943

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The Deportation 1943

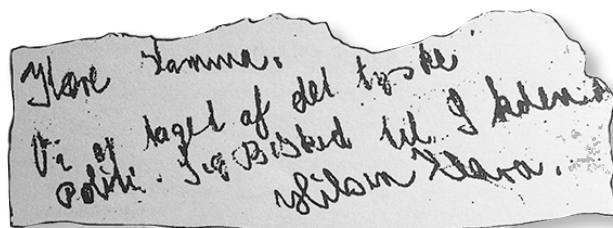
The Family is Forced by the SS to Leave

I do not remember that we talked very much about escaping or leaving Denmark, but we had heard that others made plans. In any case, we thought that we couldn't afford it. Also, we didn't want to leave my grandparents.

Friday night October 1, we celebrated the Jewish New Year. That night we were collected. My sister and I were raised by two SS men who stood at the door and pointed at us with their weapons. They commanded us to get up and dress.

I was in shock but got dressed and went out to my mother in the kitchen. They had said that she was supposed to prepare food as we were going to travel. Meanwhile, the SS men went around in the apartment. When mother and I were alone in the kitchen, she asked me to find a paper to write on. My mother knew that I wasn't allowed to stay away from school for no reason. Therefore, she asked me to write to my best friend Kamma. I found a newspaper and tore off a piece. I wrote: "Dear Kamma, we have been taken by the German police. Notify my school. Greetings from Klara." I rolled the paper patch and managed to throw it through the kitchen door without the Germans noticing. It could have been dangerous.

***"Dear Kamma,
we have been taken by German
police. Notify my school.
Greetings from Klara."***



Source: "Dengang – på Islands brygge" (1995).
Reproduction of the note that Klara left to Kamma, page 57.

Mother packed our clothes. She also took the contract of the lease to our apartment. Perhaps she knew enough of what would happen, and that we would not be back for some time.

In the streets it was dark, no lights were on. We were ordered to climb into a truck that was standing there. The Germans had already collected another Jewish family with small children. They all sat there with the soldiers. Then the Germans went through all of Copenhagen and stopped sometimes.

Apparently the Germans had broken into the Jewish Community offices and managed to steal the address register. That was how they knew where to seek for the Jews. It turned out that several of the apartments they checked were empty. Those who lived there had already fled. Later we learned that even grandma and grandpa had been rescued and taken to Sweden by boat.

At last we arrived at the harbour of Langelinie where there was a ship waiting for us. We were supposed to get off and board. I had never seen such a big ship. There were a lot of soldiers. At the quay there was an old sick woman. She screamed horrifically when the Germans winched her up on a mattress along the ship's side.

As it was a high holiday my father had brought the big prayer books. One soldier thought he went too slowly up the gangway and hit him on the arm with a rifle butt so that he dropped everything. Then the soldier picked up the books and threw them overboard.

The Transport to the Camp

Onboard the ship they forced us down many steep ladders down to the cargo area. Along the walls they had put up boards where we could sit or lie down. When we arrived the room was already packed with people.

In the morning, when Denmark's Chief Rabbi Dr Friediger had boarded, the ship left the harbour. Dr Friediger was practical. He collected all the food every family had brought. Then he divided this to the women and children. Apparently, many had brought crispbread, and everybody got one.

As it was a special day for me, I got two crispbreads. October 2, 1943, was my birthday and I turned 14. Because of what happened, I tend not to care about my birthday. It brings back too many memories.

It was crowded and very stuffy in the cargo area. Sunday morning we finally arrived at a town in northern Poland. The proper name of the town is Świnoujście, but the Germans called it Swinemünde.

We were forced up on deck and was then ordered to run down the gangway. There were elderly people among us. Many young Jews tried to help them, but the Germans thought they didn't keep up and beat the elderly. Onboard the ship there were also Danish communists who had been arrested. They were standing at the rail, watching everything.

"Everywhere there were Germans with machine guns."

When we came ashore, we were herded into four cattle cars. We were about 45–50 people in each. The doors were locked from the outside and then the train rolled off. The carriage was so crowded that we had to take turns lying down for a while. In our car there was a pregnant woman. When she needed to pee her husband had to sacrifice his hat. Soon, other men had to do the same for their wives.

At one point the train stopped and the carriages were opened. We were far out in the countryside. The soldiers stood and turned their weapon at us while we accomplished our needs in the ditch. Everywhere there were Germans with machine guns. It was very humiliating. Eventually we learned, that it belonged to the Nazi ideology to harass us Jews and take away our dignity.

Later, during the transport, we got some bread and a little marmalade. It was served in a bucket. We also got a bucket of water. The vessels were handy for our needs at night. When the sun had gone the temperature dropped. There were breakages in the walls, so we froze.

We didn't know where we were going. Sometime the train stopped and then it went on. It felt like an eternity. At last, Tuesday evening, we arrived at Theresienstadt (in present Czech Republic). From the train we were brought into barracks. We got our first "hot meal" throughout the transport. It consisted of lukewarm potato soup. The only thing it had in common with the word "potato soup" was the name. It was made from half-rotten potatoes and potato peel. We ate as there was nothing else. Then we lay down to sleep on straw mattresses on the floor.

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Klara's Story

Part 4 • In Different Camps 1943-1945

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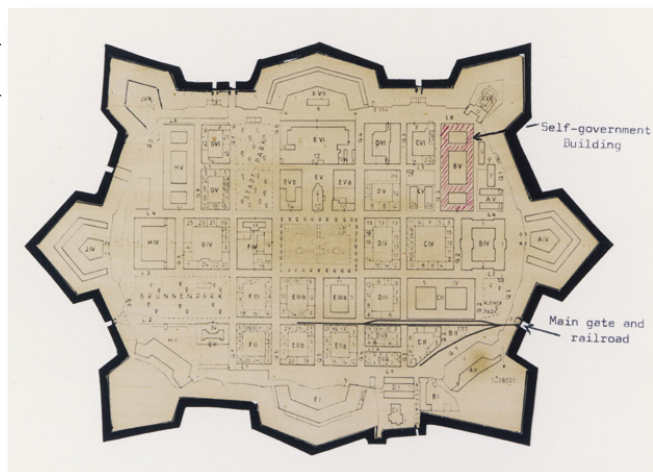
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In Different Camps 1943-1945

Arrival at Theresienstadt

© U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum. Courtesy of Henry Kahn



The Germans took advantage of the walled city of Theresienstadt and created a ghetto for the Jews. In the autumn of 1942 the entire city was turned into a concentration camp under SS control. The map shows an overview of the fortress.

The day after we arrived everyone had to line up in the yard. There were a lot of Czech soldiers and SS men. A German came up and made a speech. He said that we had come to a labour camp, and that we would be fine there when we were working. Then all got a postcard each. We were supposed to write and tell our friends back home that that the trip went well, and that we were in Theresienstadt, where everything was just fine. We could use no more than 30 words, and it had to be in German. Of course what we wrote was not true, but the Nazis used this kind of false propaganda and many other lies.

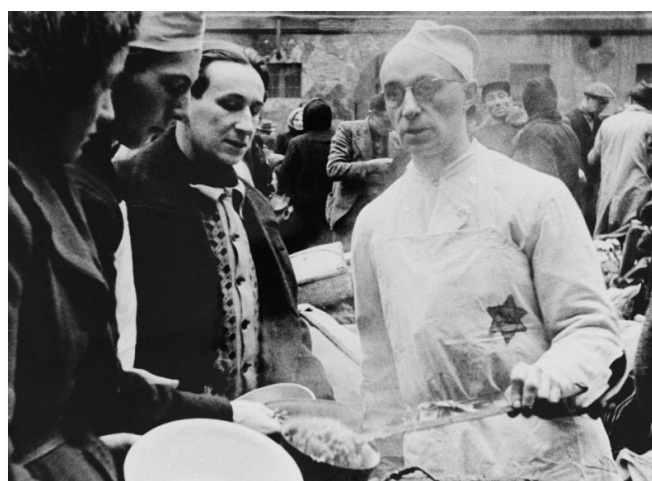
When we had finished writing the postcards we received orders to relinquish all valuables, jewellery and money. Then we got a six-pointed yellow star to wear on the outer garments. They warned us that things could go wrong if we did not wear the star.

Before we could enter Theresienstadt we were put in quarantine. The soldiers transported us on flatbed truck to some barracks outside the camp. We were completely isolated for fourteen days. It was a long barrack made of wood with rooms, one at each side. We decided that women and men should sleep separately. The rooms were small, about twenty-five square meters. The beds were built on three levels. Two people got to share one bed. I slept with my sister.

During the two weeks we stayed there we got food from the main camp, and SS came to check on us. Otherwise, nothing much happened. The days passed slowly as we children had nothing to do. Most of the time we sat in groups and watched the adults. In their eyes we saw anxiety. No one knew what awaited us.

At night the bed bugs arrived. Their bites were painful. In daytime fleas plagued us, and it was just as bad. I was told not to scratch the bites. If I did, the skin would start bleeding and I could get an inflammation, and we had no medications.

When we got into Theresienstadt I was separated from my father and my brothers as the barracks were divided between men and women. Mother, my sister and I ended up in a barracks that was named after the German city of Hamburg. There we stayed in the attic with eighty other Jewish women from all different countries.



© U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum. Courtesy of Ivan Vojtech Fric

A prisoner distributes food to Jews that just arrived to Theresienstadt from the Netherlands.

We slept on straw mattresses on the floor. It was crowded and we spoke different languages. When we spoke Danish, the Czechs thought we talked about them. And when they spoke in their language, we thought they talked about us. Because of this we were falling out several times.

On November 10, we were abruptly told that all would be counted the next day. Mother feared the worst. My sister had problems with the appendicitis and was in the so-called hospital. Immediately mother ran to my sister bringing her identity papers. A nurse promised to take care of everything.

We had received orders to gather at the yard at four o'clock in the morning. Two hours later, we marched out from Theresienstadt. It took some time, as there were 60 000 people in the camp. We had to march in lines five kilometres to a valley called Bauschowitz (Bohusovice). There we had to line up ten in each row in groups of one hundred people.

November 11 was a grey autumn day. The ground was wet and cold. The SS men came on motorcycles and then walked along the lines with batons in their hands. Those who didn't stand straight got beaten. The younger children cried. The food that we brought was soon finished.

We stood there all day. Once we saw an aircraft that flew around at very low altitude. We were afraid that it would drop a bomb, but it did not. Later in the evening it started to rain. At ten pm there was a signal. Only then, after sixteen hours, we were allowed to return to the camp. When we came back our "flea nest" felt like a wonderful place. We were exhausted. I do not know why they forced us to line up like that. Maybe the amount of prisoners didn't match and they had to count us all. It was madness.

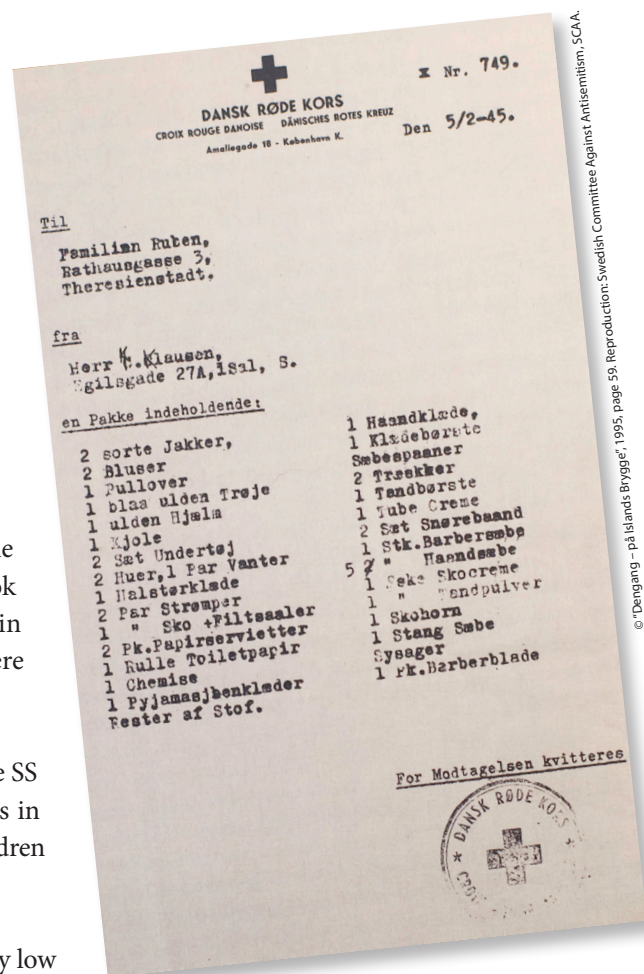
The camp was overcrowded. After a while, the Germans began to transport people away. The Jewish administrators were ordered to select 7 000 from the lists. Those that had been selected got a number to hang around the neck. Two days later, they received orders to get in order and pack. Then they were sent away. No one knew where. And they never came back.

We lived in constant fear, not knowing when it would be our turn to be transported away. In the camp, I had got to know a family from Prague, a mother and her three adult children. I became good friends with the daughter, who was some years older. When the family was sent away, we were forced to say good-bye. It was horrible and very difficult to say good-bye.

Some of the prisoners were chosen as administrators. They would ensure that there was electricity and that the "hospital" functioned. Admittedly, there were a few doctors. However, they didn't have any medications to distribute.

After four months in the camp father got dysentery that caused bloody diarrhoea. One of our friends from Prague, who was a medical student, managed to get hold of some drugs, but it didn't help. My beloved father died in February 1944.

The mortality was high. The bodies were covered and transported on a type of cart. Often the arms and the legs hung along the side. The same carts were used to transport bread, without being washed.



This document from the Danish Red Cross, dated February 2, 1945, lists the contents of a package that Klara's family received in Theresienstadt from Kamma and her family in Copenhagen. For example it contained clothes, soap, shampoo and a toothbrush.

When father died, we were not allowed to come to the crematorium where the body was burned. The ashes were put in a cardboard box. The Germans were orderly and very particular about such things. Each box was labelled with name and date. After a while there were 22 000 urns.

1944 packages from the Danish Red Cross started to arrive. Ordinary people had packed them. My best friend Kamma had found the note that I left outside the kitchen door. She was active in the Red Cross and had gathered warm clothes. In the package there were also toiletries and things used for sewing. We used everything.

Kamma stood as the sender of several packages, and it was not totally harmless at that time. She was a very courageous woman. Others in the camp also received packages from the Swedish Red Cross. I am convinced that without these packages not many of us had survived.

Life in the Camp

Every day we were awakened early and went off to work. In the evening we came back. At first I was a messenger at an administration. I delivered messages to different people on small pieces of paper. It was interesting because I often got a chance to hear what the adults were talking about.

Then I changed and came to a factory that produced signs of cardboard. We folded ready-cut cardboard into boxes on an assembly line. Everything that we produced in the camp went to Germany. I found the work at the factory boring and got another job. The last half-year I worked at an orphanage. The children were there while their parents worked. There were also orphans who had come to Theresienstadt with a sign round the neck with the name of the child. Some children did not have a sign. No one knew anything about them; their names and identities were unknown.

I liked working at the orphanage but I was infected and got jaundice. It took a long time till I recovered. I was already skinny, but now I became even skinnier.

In spring 1944 the Danish government was starting to make demands, they wanted to know how we got on. After negotiations it was decided that an international commission would come to the camp.



One of the streets in Theresienstadt.

Before the commission arrived, the Germans had sent people away. They did everything possible to clean up the camp. The houses were painted, and the fence around the area where no Jews were allowed was torn down. They built a café, organized with live music and arranged flowers. Everything had to look nice when the commission came.

Children from the age of seven were lined up and had to pass the boxes with ashes from the crematory, from hand to hand, to a lorry. Then the lorry left, and tipped it all in the Eger River. Today, there is a nice memorial there.



Children in Theresienstadt. The photo was taken by the Red Cross on June 23, 1944, during commission's visit to the camp.

In the camp there was a school, but it was shut, as education wasn't allowed. There, the Germans put up a sign that said that the school was closed due to holidays. And the children at the orphanage had to learn a chant. Although they had never tasted chocolate, they would say: "The chocolate is too much for me." Also, the Germans built a playground.

We were moved from the barracks. Mother, my siblings and I got our own room. It was luxury compared to how we had lived earlier.

Ahead of the commission's visit, we had been told that we weren't allowed to say anything negative about the camp. Those who couldn't keep quiet were sent away to a place outside of Theresienstadt.

The international commission consisted of representatives from the International Red Cross and the German Red Cross, and Dr Henningsen from the Danish Foreign Ministry. During the visit, he managed to whisper some words in Chief Rabbi Friediger's ear. He said: "I have a greeting to you from the king and the bishop." It gave us hope that we would come back to Denmark.

I do not know if the commission believed what they saw. When they left the camp everything went back to normal. Some people believe that they had to write a positive report so that the Germans would not take revenge on us.

There was a rich cultural life in Theresienstadt. The Germans took the opportunity to make propaganda and made a film to boast how good they had arranged everything for us Jews. They filmed including a soccer match with good-looking young people who were in good shape. When the film was ready the Dutch director was shot, so there were no witnesses.

"I do not know if the commission believed what they saw. When they left the camp everything went back to normal."

I wanted to be seen in the movie and let people know that I was a Danish citizen. I found part of a mattress and made a handbag from it and embroidered the map of Denmark at the front. Then I walked past the camera and held up the bag. It was my way of telling who I was. I don't know for sure if it was filmed.

The Germans were very fond of Verdi's Requiem, a requiem. It was performed by a choir from Prague. Once the Germans ordered the choir to perform the opera for several thousand Jews that would be transported.

When the commission came to visit the Germans wanted to hear the opera again. Half of the choir had already been transported, but the conductor managed to find some amateurs who could perform the opera once more. A few days later, not anyone from the choir remained in the camp. Only the conductor survived.

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Part 5 • Liberated 1945

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Teach and Learn About the Holocaust

Liberated 1945

The Liberation



The Swedish Red Cross rescue action with the White Buses.

Towards the end of spring, some prisoners were ordered to build a barrack. They thought it odd that there were no windows on the building. Afterwards we got to know that the Germans were planning to use it as a gas chamber.

Documents have been found which show that on May 10, 1945, all prisoners were going to be gassed. If there was not room for all in the gas chamber the rest of the people was to be put in the deep moats that existed round Theresienstadt. It was planned to bring water from the nearby Eger-river.

Before any plans could be implemented there was a rumour that someone had seen a car in the camp with a Danish flag. It sounded completely insane. Then we got to know that we were going to be transported back home, but we couldn't believe it.

We gathered in a barracks where we had to wait for two days, from April 13 to 15. On April 15 a white bus with a Swedish flag and a red cross arrived. Then another bus arrived and then one more. All in all, it was 34 buses. Then we realized that the rumour was true.

On the morning of the 15th the SS stood there. For once, they smiled at us and said that we could speak Danish. Then we boarded the buses. The drivers were men from Sweden and Denmark who had signed up voluntarily.

In every bus there was a German soldier. Among the prisoners there was a man called "Hambo" who used to perform at the theatre as a clown. He used to do a parody of an opera where a lady sings: "Now I die, fa la la..." The Germans told him to entertain us while we were waiting, and he began to sing: "Now I drive, fa la la..." We did understand, but the Germans didn't understand at all.

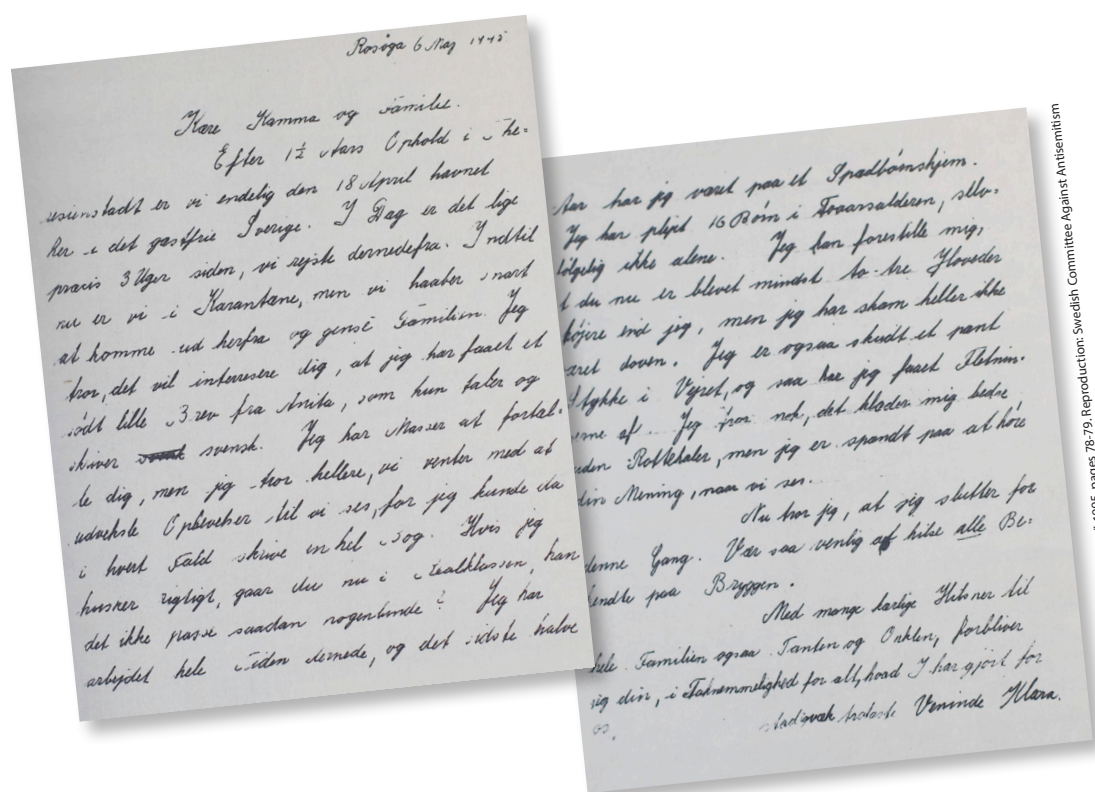
We drove through Germany and Dresden. The city had been bombed in February the same year, so the city was in ruins. Then we came to Potsdam. There we were supposed to sleep in the forest. At night we heard how the city was bombed. An English airplane used the headlights to see who we were. The roofs of the busses had been painted with the Red Cross and the Swedish flag. When we were driving through Potsdam the next morning, the city was on fire, and we had to take a detour around it.

On April 17, we finally arrived at Padborg and the Danish border. There were people from the whole town standing there to wish us welcome. They handed us flowers, chocolates and cigarettes. It was an incredible sight! In Padborg we got our first meal. It consisted of proper food and milk, which we had not tasted the whole time in the camp. It tasted fantastic.

Then we went through Jutland to Fyn and Odense, where we stayed overnight in a school. The next day we went on to the Freeport. My best friend's brother was studying at the university. Just as we passed, he came cycling and happened to see one of my brothers putting his head out through the window. Later, Kamma, told me that no one could believe him when he came home and told them completely exalted that he had seen one in our family. The war was still on and the country

was occupied.

I had written a postcard to Kamma from Odense. In this way, her family got a confirmation that we were free and had been transferred to Malmö in Sweden. However, the freedom was limited. We were placed in quarantine in a refugee camp called Rosöga and isolated as there was a fear of diseases. It felt hard that we couldn't move freely now that we were free.



Rosöga Maj 6, 1945

Dear Kamma and the family

After one and a half year in

Theresienstadt, we finally arrived in hospitable Sweden on 18 April. Today it has been three weeks since we left. So far we have been placed in quarantine, but we hope that soon we'll get out of here and meet the family again. I think you will find it interesting to hear that I've got a nice short letter from Anita, who speak and write Swedish. I have lots to tell you, but I think it's best that we wait until we meet, because it's so much that I could write a whole book about it all. If I remember correctly, you attend Secondary school now, right? I have worked all the time over there, and the last six months I was on an orphanage.

I have taken care of 16 two years olds, but of course not alone. I think that you must be at least two-three heads taller than me, however not even I have stopped growing. I have become a great deal taller, and I also got the braids cut off ... I think it suits me not to have braids, but I'm anxious to hear what you think when we meet.

I think I will stop for now. Please, pass my greetings to everyone I know at Bryggen. Many dear greetings to the whole family, aunt and uncle. In gratitude for all you have done for us, I will remain yours.

Your ever faithful friend Klara.

While we were in quarantine, the war came to an end and there was peace Europe. When we got back to Copenhagen we got to live in dwellings that were being used as old people's homes. There we got to live till our own apartment became vacant. It had been leased during the 18 months that we had been away.

I was 15 when we got back to Copenhagen. The first day at home, when I went down the street those who had lived there before came out and hugged us. It was very emotional. My sister and I went to school to find out in which class Kamma went. When a teacher passed we asked her to tell Kamma that we wanted her to come out. She didn't know we stood there and waited for her. When she arrived, we embraced each other. It was an amazing moment.

The Beginning of a New Life

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Klara at the age 21. This picture was taken shortly after she left home.

After a few months we could move back to our own apartment. All our furniture was still there, it was placed in one room and the rest of the flat was let.

I was supposed to start school but as I would do my last year once more I didn't want to. So I started working as a mother's help. The first time in Denmark was difficult. Everybody was as worried and our nerves were very strained. We often had conflicts. It was difficult to get used to everyday life.

We got no help to process our traumas. There wasn't any special authority that asked us how things were or asked the children how we did in school. It disappointed me. We weren't even examined by a doctor, and no one asked how we managed economically. Perhaps no one thought of it. Denmark had just become free from the occupation, and there were many unhealed wounds.

At first I and my brothers and sister lived at home. Then they moved out. I started studying at the university. A whole new world opened up to me when I discovered life outside of the small Jewish community. It was a shock for me. Until then I had hardly heard about unmarried couples that lived together. In Orthodox homes that was unthinkable. I sought professional help to process my feelings. I was the last one at home and felt trapped, and I was advised to leave home. As soon as I turned 21, and came of age, I moved out.

When I left my childhood home, I totally broke with the Jewish Orthodox tradition. To my mother's great grief, I did not continue to keep the Jewish food regulations. I visited her at least two or three times a week to eat. So I met her often, and we became very good friends after all.



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Klara Ruben (in the back row) with her brothers (from left) Menni and Daniel, and her sister Judith. The photo was taken in 1947.

I met my future husband in 1955 at a congress in Sweden arranged by the Scandinavian Jewish Youth Organisation. When we got married, I left Denmark. In March 1959 we had our first child, Sonja, and a few years later we had a son, Gösta. He was born in July 1961. Already in Denmark, gradually I had caught up with what I missed in school. I studied to be a preschool teacher, and in Sweden I continued my education to become a special education teacher.

I went to therapy to deal with my memories of the Holocaust. I drew pictures and wrote down my memories. The hardest thing was to tell my children, but I have told them a little at a time.



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Klara and Leo Tixell at their wedding day, 1956.

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