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Lesson 40 A

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl

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Jonathan: *shalom uvruchim ha-ba-im le-shi-ur mispar arba-im shel* Learn Hebrew Pod. Many of you who have been listening to our Hebrew program so far, or who have read articles about Learn Hebrew Pod on our website or from other sources, already know a little bit about me. I would like to start today's lesson by telling you a little bit more about my history. The next lines are very personal, but are not strictly about Jonathan. Though, when the story comes full circle, it does return to the present-day Jonathan, and directly to what we are doing right here and right now.

My dad's parents and most of his dad's family were murdered in Auschwitz and in the concentration camp of Yasenovatz in Yugoslavia. My dad was saved because one morning he was one minute late to arrive home.

In the summer of 1942, my dad was twelve years old. As the danger of deportation to the concentration camps increased, his parents sent him every evening to spend the night with his uncle Max, who was married to a Christian woman.

Every morning he would come back home to his parents. On his way home one morning, about a hundred yards from the house, he encountered his parents on the street. Holding bayoneted rifles to their backs were two soldiers belonging to the Croatian Nazi Militia. Dan, my dad, froze in his place, as did his parents who had just noticed him across the pavement. My grandpa turned to one of the soldiers, and after speaking with him briefly and giving him some of the money he still had in his pocket, he was able to convince the soldiers to let him have a short conversation alone with his son.

My grandpa called my dad over and told him very quietly: "They don't know who you are. We are being transported to a labor camp. You go back to Uncle Max. Once you get there, use the first opportunity you have to join your brother Drago, who is 350 miles from here, in Dalmatia."

And by that, my father's life was saved; had he come home only one minute earlier, he would certainly have been taken and transported together with his parents. Had that been the case, I wouldn't have had a father, and I wouldn't have been here to tell you this story.

Today's lesson is not an ordinary lesson. As we have just observed Holocaust Remembrance Day, today's lesson is dedicated to **the Holocaust** – *ha-sho-a*. We will not be studying much Hebrew today, but we will be listening to quite a lot of it. In our first two sessions, we will read together, in Hebrew and in English, from *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*. The story of Anne Frank will also lead us to the third of today's sessions, which will include one of the stories of righteous, non-Jews who risked their own deaths to rescue the innocent. Again, we will read both in Hebrew and in English.

shalom Eran ve-shalom Liat, ma shlomchem?



Eran: *shalom Yonatan!*

Liat: *shalom Yonatan!*

Jonathan: Also visiting us today is our friend Michal whom we know from our first intermediate lesson, *shi-ur mispar esrim ve-chamesh*, and whom we remember well from reading her beautiful letter, sent to us from Paris, in lesson *shloshim ve-achat*. *shalom Michal!*

Michal: *shalom Yonatan! ma shlomcha?*

Jonathan: *brucha ha-ba-a, Michal*, welcome again, to Learn Hebrew Pod. Let's start our session today by discussing just a bit about the Holocaust, the way it's connected to our current life in Israel and to our main topic for today's session--the reading of these important texts and stories in Hebrew. Eran, would you like to start?

Eran: *kamuvan, Yonatan.*

As we look back at the history of the State of Israel, there is little question that the Holocaust--*ha-sho-a*--was one of the major factors that led to her founding. In the early part of the 20th century, as anti-Semitism and persecution of Jews spread throughout Europe, some of those who saw the approaching storm left their homes and emigrated to what was then Palestine. These refugees were among the pioneers--*ha-chaluzzim*--who built the State of Israel from swampland and desert.

Jonathan, with your permission, at this point I would like to tell you my personal story. My grandpa was born and raised in Warsaw, Poland. It was 1936: In Germany, the Nazi party and Hitler were already in power and the persecution of Jews had begun. It was that year that my grandpa announced to his family that he wanted to move to Israel. His parents were far from enthusiastic about this idea, but since he was the youngest child in the family, they decided to join him in moving to Israel, hoping he would eventually change his mind and they would return together to Poland. Not long after they moved to Israel, the Second World War began. The Nazis invaded Poland, and most of my grandpa's family was killed.

As it turns out, as a result of his persistence in moving to Israel, my grandpa actually saved his parents from being killed in the war. Later on he established a family in Israel, and thanks to him, *ani kan ha-yom – I'm here today*.

Michal: Most of my family members also came to Israel before they were arrested by the Nazis. But my dad lost his grandpa and grandma. During the war, they were held in a forced labor camp in Ukraine. They had actually survived until the end of the war and were about to go free. But the guards had been instructed to kill everyone who had managed to survive, and them too.



So, if I may take it from where you stopped Eran: Life for the [chaluzzim](#), some of our family members among them, was not easy. But the fate of those who remained behind in Europe was far worse. As Nazism and fascism took hold in Europe and Hitler rose to power in Germany, 6 million lost their lives simply because they were Jews. Millions of non-Jews were exterminated as well--ethnic Poles, Soviet prisoners of war, the disabled, homosexuals, and members of other social and ethnic groups.

Liat: My grandpa and grandma on my father's side lived in Lithuania. In 1941, as the Germans invaded, they forced all the Jews there into ghettos.

At that time, my grandma was 21 years old; my grandpa was 27. In 1942, they got married in the ghetto. Grandpa was a shoemaker--a fact that actually saved his life, since the Germans decided to use his talents for their needs. In 1944, as the Russian army moved closer, all the old and weak were executed. Those younger, were moved west towards Germany and Poland, and my grandparents were separated from each other.

My grandma was sent to the Stutthof Concentration Camp, and grandpa survived several camps until he was finally liberated by the American army at the Landsberg Concentration Camp. In 1945, grandma was also liberated by the Russian army, and Grandma and Grandpa met again back in Lithuania. When they went to look for family survivors, grandpa found out that his parents and three of his brothers had been killed. My grandparents then moved to Vilna, gave birth to [Pinchas](#), my dad, and to his sister [Rachel](#). In 1969 they all made [ali-ya](#) to Israel.

My grandparents on my mother's side lived in a small town in Moldova, which was then held by the Romanians. When the war broke out, Jews were expelled from their homes, and my grandparents had to move from place to place until 1944. Their little baby couldn't survive the cold and the hunger and died when he was just half a year old. In 1946 they returned to their town in Moldova, only to find out that their parents had all been killed and that their homes had been destroyed. Finally, they moved to Chernovich, where they gave birth to my mother [Chana](#), and later on to my Aunt [Mir-yam](#). In 1970, they made [ali-ya](#) to Israel.

Jonathan: [toda Eran, toda Michal ve-toda Liat](#). Thank you for sharing your families' stories with us. Through these stories, and thousands more like them, we are able to understand the significance, the presence and the influence of the Holocaust in the lives of many Israelis. As such, they have become a cornerstone in our perception of the meaning and importance of the State of Israel. For us, as members of future generations, it is our obligation and our honor to keep these stories alive.

The story of Anne Frank is actually one that has not depended on voices of future generations to keep it alive. Her story, and that of her family, lives on today in the words of Anne herself. Anne wrote her diary in Dutch, and that is the language in which it was first published. Since then, it has been translated into many languages all over the world--one of them, of course, being English.



Today, though, we chose to use its translation from Dutch to Hebrew, and then to translate that for you into English. Let's continue this special session by giving you a short introduction to the story of Anne Frank. Right after that, we will read you from the diary itself, in Hebrew and in English.

Eran: Anne and her family were liberal, non-religious Jews living in Amsterdam, and they went about their lives as ordinary assimilated members of Dutch society. After Germany occupied the Netherlands in 1940, their lives began to change as they became subject to the discriminatory laws imposed by the occupation government.

Michal: Anne and her sister were forced to change schools, and Otto Frank, Anne's father, transferred ownership of his business to non-Jewish colleagues so it would not be confiscated.

Liat: In July of 1942, as the danger to the family continued to grow, the Franks moved to a small group of hidden rooms in Mr. Frank's office building. Four non-Jewish employees of Mr. Frank's business were their only contacts with the outside world, and they (along with two members of their families) provided for all of the family's needs for the two years they were hiding.

Eran: Just a month before they moved to their hiding place, Anne had received a diary for her thirteenth birthday. In it, she chronicled the story of her family's daily life in hiding and all the thoughts, ambitions and feelings of an ordinary teenager growing towards adulthood under extraordinary conditions.

Jonathan: As we now read for you from the diary, Liat and Michal will read the Hebrew. Eran will translate the paragraphs into English. Again, because today's lesson is a very special one, we will not be teaching Hebrew as in our usual routine. Instead, we'll be **reading it** from this amazing, heart-touching, unique and rare document.

This reading is made possible courtesy of the "Zmora Bitan/Dvir" Publication. Special thanks to Mr. Eran Zmora. All the text is taken from the recently published edition – Israel 2007, translated from Dutch into Hebrew by Mrs. Karla Perlshteyn.

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June 12, 1942

I hope I will be able to reveal to you all that I couldn't reveal to anyone until now, and I hope I will find in you a close, loyal and supportive friend.



ע'11

12 ביוני, 1942

אני מקווה שאוכל לגלות לך את כל מה שלא יכולתי לגלות עד עכשיו לאף אחד, ואני מקווה שאמצא בך ידיד נאמן ותומך.

amud 11

12 be-yuli, 1942

ani mekava she-uchal legalot lach et kol ma she-lo yacholti legalot ad achshav le-af echad, ve-ani mekava she-emzza bach yadid ne-eman ve-tomech.

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Sunday, July 5, 1942

A few days ago I was walking with dad around our little square and he started talking about a hiding place. He talked about how hard it would be to live in total isolation from the outside world.

I was terrified because of the serious tone in his voice.

"You don't worry, we will take care of everything, just enjoy your peaceful life for as long as you can."

ע'27

יום ראשון, 5 ביולי, 1942

לפני כמה ימים טיילתי עם אבא מסביב לכיכר הקטנה שלנו, והוא התחיל לדבר על מקום מסתור. הוא דיבר על זה שיהיה קשה מאוד לחיות בניתוק מוחלט מהעולם. הייתי מבוהלת בגלל הנימה הרצינית בקולו. "אל תדאגי, אנחנו נטפל בכול, תיהני לך מהחיים השלווים שלך כל עוד את יכולה."

amud 27

yom rishon 5 be-yuli, 1942

lifney kama yamim ti-yalti im aba mi-saviv la-kikar ha-ktana shelanu, ve-hu hitchil ledaber al makom mistor. hu diber al ze she-i-hi-ye kasha me-od lich-yot be-nituk muchlat me-ha-olam.

ha-iti mevo-helet biglal ha-nima ha-rezzinit be-kolo.

"al tid-agi, anachnu netapel ba-kol, te-heni lach me-ha-cha-im ha-shlevim shelach kol od at yechola."



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Wednesday, July 8 1942

Margot and I started packing the most essential things in our backpacks... I put in the silliest things, but I don't regret it, souvenirs are more important for me than dresses...

ע' 28

יום רביעי, 8 ביולי, 1942

מרגוט ואני התחלנו לארוז בילקוטים שלנו את הדברים הנחוצים ביותר... הכנסתי לילקוט את הדברים המטופשים ביותר, אבל אני לא מתחרטת על כך, מזכרות חשובות לי יותר משמלות...

amud 28

yom revi-i 8 be-yuli, 1942

Margot ve-ani hitchalnu le-eroz ba-yalkutim shelanu et ha-dvarim ha-nechuzzim be-yoter... hichnasti la-yalkut et ha-dvarim ha-metupashim be-yoter, aval ani lo mitcharetet al kach, mazkarot chashuvot li yoter mi-smalot...

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Thursday, November 19, 1942

Right from the first day of his being here, Dussel (the eighth, new tenant that joined the hiding families) has asked me many things, such as when does the cleaning lady arrive, when can we take a shower, when can we use the bathroom. It might sound funny to you, but in the hiding place, all of these matters are far from simple. During the day we are not allowed to make any noise that might be heard from downstairs

ע' 72

יום חמישי, 19 בנובמבר, 1942

מייד ביום הראשון לשהותו כאן שאל אותי דוסל (הדייר החדש שהצטרף למתחבאים) כל מיני דברים, למשל מתי מגיעה המנקה, באילו שעות אפשר להתרחץ, מתי מותר ללכת לשרותים. אולי זה נשמע לך מצחיק, אבל במחבוא כל העניינים האלה אינם פשוטים כלל וכלל. במשך היום אסור לנו לעשות רעש שישמע מלמטה.



amud 72

yom chamishi, 19 be-november, 1942

mi-yad ba-yom ha-rishon le-she-huto kan, sha-al oti Dusel (ha-da-yar ha-chadash she-hizztaref la-mitchab-im) kol miney dvarim, lemashal matay magi-a ha-menaka, be-elu sha-ot efshar le-hitrachezz, matay mutar lalechet la-sherutim. ulay ze nishma lach mazzchik, aval ba-machbo kol ha-in-yanim ha-ele eynam pshutim klal uchlal. be-meshech ha-yom asur lanu la-asot ra-ash she-ishama mi-lemata.

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Thursday, November 19, 1942

Every evening the military cars pass in the streets. The Germans are ringing every doorbell, asking if Jews live there... In the evening I often see rows of good people, innocent people, walking in darkness, with crying children, walking and walking. And commanding them are those thugs who hit and torture them until they almost collapse. They do not spare anyone, old people, children, babies, pregnant women, sick people. Everyone, everyone is walking on the journey towards death.

ע' 73

יום חמישי, 19 בנובמבר, 1942

ערב ערב עוברות ברחובות המכוניות הצבאיות. הגרמנים מצלצלים בכל דלת ושואלים אם גרים שם יהודים... בערבים אני רואה לא פעם את טורי האנשים הטובים, החפים מפשע, הולכים בחושך, עם ילדים בוכים, הולכים והולכים ועליהם מפקדים כמה מאותם בריונים, שמכים בהם ומענים אותם עד שהם כמעט מתמוטטים. הם לא חסים על אף אחד, זקנים, ילדים, תינוקות, נשים הרות, חולים, כולם, כולם הולכים במסע אל המוות.

amud 73

yom chamishi, 19 be-november, 1942

erev erev ovrot ba-rechovot ha-mechoni-yot ha-zzva-i-yot. ha-germanim mezzalzelim be-chol delet ve-sho-alim im garim sham ye-hudim... ba-aravim ani ro-a lo pa-am et turey ha-anashim ha-tovim, ha-chapim mi-pesha, holchim ba-choshech, im yeladim bochim, holchim ve-holchim ve-aley-hem mefakdim kama me-otam bir-yonim, she-makim ba-hem ve-me-anim otam ad she-hem kim-at mitmotetim. hem lo chasim al af echad, zkenim, yeladim, tinokot, nashim harot, cholim, kulam, kulam holchim ba-masa el ha-mavet.

Jonathan: Please join us to session B for the rest of the reading in the Diary of Anne Frank.