

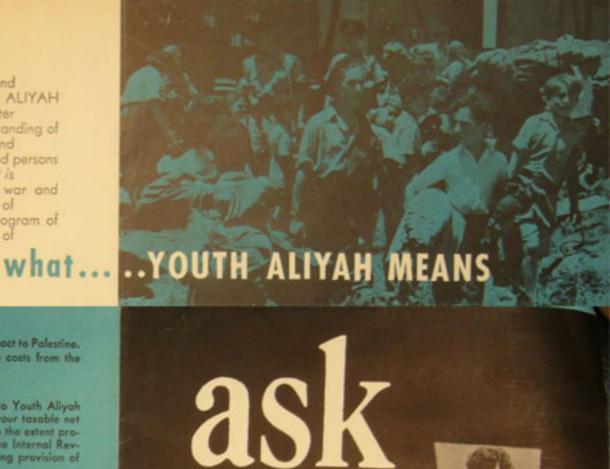






ask the children

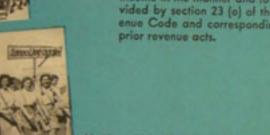
Ask those who have been rescued from Europe and brought to Palestine by the YOUTH ALIYAH MOVEMENT what it means to be enfolded after years of rejection, by the love and understanding of their own people. The more than 20,000 boys and girls-most of them snatched from displaced persons camps, gas chambers and ghettos-will tell you. It is like being reborn. For these pawns of war and persecution are reborn under the tender hands of trained teachers-under the life-giving program of work and study prepared for them by the pioneers of Palestine. They know.





100% of your contribution goes intact to Palestine. Hadassah defrays all administration costs from the dues of its members.

> YOUR CONTRIBUTION to Youth Aliyah is deductible in arriving at your taxable net income in the manner and to the extent provided by section 23 (a) of the Internal Revenue Code and corresponding provision of



National Youth Aliyah Committee of Hadassah 819 Broadway New York 23, N. Y.

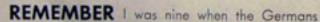


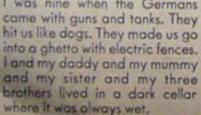


my name is

Hannah

Hannah is the 20,000th child brought to Palestine from Europe under the auspices of the Youth Aliyah Movement. Her wizened face belies her twelve years. Her body is always tense. Her voice is hollow. She speaks in a monotone. This record comes from a report sent by the Youth Aliyah Bureau in Jerusalem to Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America which has been the official representative of Youth Aliyah in the United States for over a decade.





Maybe it was a year that passed. Anyway, we soon began to find dead Jews on the streets. And one day a bus came and they hit us and made us go on it, and they took us outside the town. Everybody screamed when we

open your hearts . . . To the children

saw the big open grave. I jumped out of the bus; they caught me and whipped me and put me back.

They said, take off your clothes. And if we were slow, they ripped them off. Then they pushed us all into the grave.

We rolled around and they shot us in the grave. I don't know how it was but I wasn't shot. The earth began to fall on us. The mud covered me, too. I was covered with dead people. When they left I realized I was still living. I crawled over my daddy's body. I didn't even kiss him. I went up the sides and ran away.

I came to the house of a Ukrainian farmer. He thought I was Polish so he kept me for two months. But when he found I was a Jew, he drove me away.

I wandered from village to village but nobody wanted to take me in. Then another farmer looked at me when I begged him and pushed me into his house. I don't know how long I stayed, but later some people came from Luzk and they made me stand in the light and said I was a Jew and called the police.

The police took me to a forest. But they did something funny. They kept looking for their bullets and then they said, "Stay there we need more bullets." Maybe they wanted me to run away. I ran and came to the Czech frontier.

Some Czechs took me in and I worked for them cleaning and washing and cooking. And one day we heard that children were going to Palestine. I found them. But I won't tell you how. It's dangerous to tell, But I found them.

And you know what, I can't really believe I am in Palestine yet. I haven't been in school for four years and I have forgotten how to read and write. Could I learn again? It hurts me so about my daddy and my mother and my brothers and my little sister. But do you think—well that the children who came with me with Youth Aliyah . . . are like having brothers and sisters in a way?

yes ... Child

YOUTH ALIYAH will be brother and sister, mother and father to you. Youth Aliyah will return you to health, educate and prepare you for life again. We give your story to the great American public, certain that many will want to make \$360 a year available to Hadassah to help regenerate and strengthen you, and the tens of thousands of others like you who still await salvation.