# INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

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Antonio Guterres, secretary general of the UNO said in Bucha, Ukraine:

'When we talk about war crimes, we shall not forget

that war itself is the crime.'

**INTRODUCTION**

We cannot banish the war in Ukraine out of our thoughts. Though we hope we can do our work in the right way, not influenced by our feelings of helplessness.

I would like to open this issue with a song of Henk Vrienten, a Dutch singer who passed away in the spring of this year.

I made a compilation of pieces, conversations or texts which have to deal with the feelings this new war did and does arouse in many of us.

In a Dutch regional paper I came across an article that described the psychological problems the grandchildren of the war have to deal with.

Committed listening cannot always avoid misunderstandings. When one has not went through the same or similar events as the encounter partner, how empathic we may be, we cannot place ourselves fully in the events our encounter partner went through. Sometimes, however, there is a break through.

Hans Keilson criticized in 1945 already, before the end of the war, the bombings of the German cities by the Allies. His text is still actual.

In 1945 and 1946 there were black babies born out of relationships between Dutch women and girls and American black soldiers. The phenomenon could not be hided, but the shock was more about the fact that they were born out of wedlock than that they were brown. They were after all, the children of the Liberators! Two of these children found their families in the USA.

It is worthwhile to tell the story of one of those Afro-American soldiers.

The Polish soldiers who liberated the southern provinces of the Netherlands were received with thankfulness. But soon after the war, the efforts of the battalions of the Polish Army in the Allied forces were ignored in the UK, the USA and France. However, but not in Breda and other cities in the south of the Netherlands where they brought freedom.

In 2020 some people planned a March of the Veterans' children which was postponed to this year. An important event giving the children the chance to see with their own eyes the country where their fathers have fought.

During the war 700 of Polish children had been taken by the Russian army to Siberia. From there they traveled to Persia and ended up in Wellington, New Sealand.

John Rabe´s story is almost unbelievable. As the representative of the German factory of Siemens he lived in Nanking, China. When the Japanese army invaded China and focused at the capital Nanking, Rabe and a couple of doctors of the American hospital organized a safe zone for the refugees. He saved 20.000 Chinese citizens in this way and ironically, precisely because he used the Nazi flag and insignia to convince the opponent to respect the safe zone. Back in Germany, his activity was not enthusiastically honoured.

I received a press message from the organisation 'Kindheit hinter Stacheldraht'. It is a pity that they had to decide to stop their activities.

In this issue there is much attention paid to the liberators of eighty years ago. A tribute of thankfulness with regard to the liberty and freedom they brought. We will never forget their commitment.

Please send to me any change in your (e-mail) address so that we can remain in contact with each order. Deadline next issue April 15, 2023.

Warm regards,

Gonda Scheffel-Baars

**A song for a refugee**
by Henny Vrienten (1948 - 2022)

Here it is good,
here you can live

The clouds break and the wind gets up.
you cannot hide here, you must go farther.
You did not sleep well for weeks, you are tired,
you continue your way but you don't know what lies before you.

The doubt when you arrive at the cross-roads,
where do you arrive when choosing the way at your left hand;

will you continue to think that the other way
would have brought you luck?
Oh, nobody knows this for sure..

But here it is good,
here it is better
for here you can live,
here you can live.

What will you find in your new country,
clenched fists or a welcoming hand?
Is this the end of your flight?
You know, however, there is no way back.
But here it is good,
here it is better
for here you can live.

You remember the house that you left behind
the people who did not accompany you.
There, there is nothing more
than a bare emptiness and griefs.
Yes, here it is good,
here it is better,
for here you can live.

The sky shows a lonely blue.
Nothing has changed.
You walk or you ran, the aim is the same.
A very last please,
all days without your beloved,
your heart in your pocket,
you look speechlessly around.

You don't know this here,
the gazes, the ground.
But please, you are welcome,
you are welcome.

For here it is good,
here it is better,
for here you can live,
here you can live.

Here it is good,
here you have the right to live.
Welcome.

**WAR**

" And again it is war and I am in the center of it, again it is war."

That is what many war children and war grandchildren experienced when the crisis in Ukraine started. They had worked hard on coping with their memories and the memories of their parents echoing the fears, the tension and the helplessness during and after the war. They had shared their memories and feelings of vulnerability and uncertainty with members of their self help group or with therapists and they were convinced they had overcome the majority of their problems. But as soon as the first messages and pictures were placed on the internet and the words of Putin were heard, they tumbled back in the deepness of their despair as if no coping at all had taken place. It is hard to believe that the ghosts of the past which they had banned suddenly showed up as if nothing had happened. They felt the cramps in their bellies, the pain in their heads and the fast rhythm of their hearts and they felt as if they were drowned. The same pictures, the same words, the same lies, the same disdain of humanity. It was almost unbearable. Launched back in time till eighty years ago, how did these (grand) children handle this?

Some people read only the texts and avoided watching the videos on YouTube. Others granted themselves some days of no news in order to regain their respiration and calm down their bellies. They felt how the tension diminished, how their heart became calm and the present was back. In this present they could pick up the activities of the day and enjoy a little bit of rest. The actuality of the present offered them also the conviction that they themselves were not in danger, the firing and bombing was not here and now, They could go shopping without fears because in their streets there were no snipers or mines. The context in which they lived was freedom, was welfare, was a safe haven. Nothing to fear.

But the present is also the war in East-Europe and they feel they cannot refuse to see what is happening now and here. Having calmed down, they can start to read some news messages and do their part in the spontaneous activities that people have organised to support the refugees who come to our countries with millions of persons. It is not much they can do, they cannot do what they most liked to do, to organise freedom to all peoples. That is a dream for the future, Now there is not more to do then giving uprooted people a place to feel safe and welcome. Then those war (grand) children feel less helpless and manage to restore in themselves the persons they had become after so much working through.
Again it is war and it is awful, but they have regained self confidence and have refused to become re-traumatised. They did overcome or are on their way to overcome and it is allowed to feel proud of it.

Gonda Scheffel-Baars

**WORLD WAR II'S ECHO SOUNDS UNTIL TODAY**

In the regional paper 'De Gelderlander' of May 4, 2022, Suus Ruis wrote an article about the impact of WWII in the lives of the third generation. She spoke with a couple of people who for a long time did not know that their problems were related to the war experiences of their parents or grandparents.

Judith (42) was as a child already busy with the war when the commemoration day neared. She wondered where she would find a hiding place if necessary. In March and April her days were coloured with fear as an announcement of the coming days of remembrance. All her grandparents, Hungarian Jews, survived. Her mother's parents survived the concentration camps, her father's parents succeeded in leaving the ghetto and finding a hiding place. Judith says: 'My mother was born after the war, in 1945, but the influence of the war is easily to trace in the way she shaped her live. Almost all the family members succumbed in the war and for that reason her own family with husband and children became extremely important to her. She wanted to do things only in her way and she felt the need to control everything in life. I guess this has to do with the vulnerability of her parents there and then. As for myself, I wanted to have a big family, with three children, unconsciously by way of precaution if I might loose one of them. And yes, I am a pacifist.' Because of the problematic fear of her daughter she came in contact with a therapist who linked her daughter's fears with the war.

He used the Systemic Coaching therapy, which is based on the conviction that the place one has (had) in a system, like a family, is crucial for the way one grows to maturity and handles problems. If one uses puppets to show the various relationships within the family, it very soon makes visible which of the relationships are the most important to the client.

Joyce (39) has to cope with problems which have roots in the past. Her grandfather was imprisoned in a Japanese internment camp in the former Dutch colony of Dutch East-Indies. It is said that he even killed there a Japanese officer.
'Gradually I became aware of the fact that my problems were not only related with those of my mother, but that they were rooted in my grandparents' war experiences. As a child I felt never safe. My mother inherited the trauma of her father. She never told much about him, only that he could explode in rage unexpectedly and his behaviour towards his wife and children was not fair but harsh. I had always the feeling that I did not belong to a wider circle. My grandparents were both half-Dutch and half-Indonesian. After the war they did not feel longer welcome in Indonesia, neither did they feel safe in the Netherlands. Moreover, I do not trust anyone. And if it happens that I trust somebody I am constantly testing this trust. I need to overcome this problem and I hope a therapist can help me to cope with it in the right way. It is a pity that there are long lists of people seeking therapeutic help.'

Sylvia (56) became aware of the influence of the war when she followed a study to become a therapist in Systemic Coaching. 'At the last day of the course I made a formation of me and my family and at once all the puzzle elements found their right place. My grandfather was a German who came to the Netherlands in 1933. His naturalisation could not be executed before 1953. So during the war he had to fight as a German soldier. My dear, gentle grandfather, doing nothing unjust to whomever, who had wished to be a cook instead of being a soldier to be sent to the front, came back traumatised. His daughter, my mother, was born in 1946. After the war, but her father's experiences as a soldier influenced her life deeply. Moreover, my grandmother's experiences were hard. For a long time she did not know where her husband was. When she had to evacuate together with inhabitants of the village, she was put aside because she was a 'German'. Her grandfather was arrested when coming back to the Netherlands after the war. His wife did not know it for a long time. When people experience those traumatising events they are not emotionally available for their children and these, very often, are not available for their children as well. This has an impact on the self confidence of the child, on its feeling autonomous and on the courage to engage in relationships. My mother suffered from various fears and these influenced my feelings. I never did trust my intuition and that led to

some debacles. Since I know that the war has had such an impact I understand better why pictures or films with a war issue make me feel uncertain. The Ukrainian war triggers me heavily and I avoid the pictures and videos. I prefer reading the latest news on the internet. That is less penetrating.'

Psychologist Guido Schmutzer discovered that in Systematic Coaching war is a topic that appears very often, just like religion and colonialism. 'The essence of the coaching is to heal the griefs and sorrows at he spiritual level. The formation reveals the unconscious context in which the client lives. During my training I often fulfilled the role of the outsider. That could not be neglected, I had some work to do. When making my own formation the topic of war came up as one of the most important points to concentrate on. My grandfather had been a member of the resistance movement and my great-grandfather survived a concentration camp, where he had been tortured. I always have had thoughts and feelings which hampered me. I had money, friends and a job but I was always afraid to become poor. These feelings are certainly rooted in the experiences of the generations before me.'

GSB

**UNDERSTANDING, ITS LIMITS AND BREAK TROUGHS**

Pilip Dröge, a Dutch historian, has written a book about the experiences of his aunt Hannie in the former Dutch colony of Dutch East-Indies and especially about the period she had been imprisoned in a Japanese internment camp. His aunt had lived in the camp Tjideng. Dröge received a mail of an eighty years old man who had read his book with much interest.. He wrote that he had lived in Tjideng as well and by chance he had lived in the same house as aunt Hannie. So he had known her very well. Dröge thought this a good reason to phone the old man and speak with him about his experiences.

It was a very interesting conversation in which the old man spoke about the hunger, the fear for the Japanese guards, the violence and diseases. He spoke about all these events in a calm and rational way. They spoke about chance and the impression that some things are predestined.
Suddenly the old man kept silent. One word had brought back the war in the old intensity. Dröge knew as a historian of course a lot about the Japanese manners to behave towards their captives, but now he felt for the first time that their manners had been far more violent than he had ever imagined, because an old intelligent and optimistic man became in one moment the boy that had been in panic and had witnessed atrocities. Because of this silence, it was as if Dröge himself was there present in Tjideng, a little boy, hungry and afraid, witness of the atrocities.Then they continued their conversation for more than an hour. Two people who did not know each other before, from different generations, crossed time and space
Dröge writes that he had chosen to study history not because of the facts and the events, but because of the people and their stories. Conversations like this with the old man are jewels in the life of a historian.
(summarised translation of the article Phili Dröge has written in Historisch Nieuwsblad, May 2022)

A program maker interviewed a couple of people for the documentary he planned to make about the years eighty in the 20$^{th}$ century. In an interview a journalist asked him about his experiences when making the documentary. He spoke about the items his interview

partners had discussed with him. There was one topic that appeared in almost all the Interviews: the Cold War. He did not understand why this issue had been so important to his interviewees. He did not understand the fear they spoke about, their mistrust of the Soviets, their resistance against U.S.weapon delivery although still feeling afraid that the Russians would cross the border and invade the countries of the western world.
But now, February 24, 2022, he suddenly understood what they had spoken about. Especially Putin stating he had set the first step for using nuclear weapons had aroused fears in him. He was amazed that he had not understood in full what the interviewees had pointed because of the limits of understanding, limits which can suddenly disappear when the circumstances have changed.

.My brother was born in 1949,one and a half year after the release of my father from the internment camp. Like so many other children he was sent in the world with a mission: to save the marriage of our parents who had lived separately for almost four years. An impossible mission. He was the only one in the family who had not experienced the war, he stood at the sideline. And that was to be his place in many situations throughout his life. He was fifteen years old when he learned about his father's membership of the Dutch Nazi Party. He was in shock, left secondary school one month before the examinations. At the vocational school he entered here after, he again left the school before he could have ended it with a diploma. Despite him lacking certificates, he found a good job in which he could develop his talents.
After my father had passed away, only 63 years old, my mother very often spoke with me about the war. She could not speak about the war with my sister, because she did not want to hear any negative story about her father. And with my brother she neither did speak about the war because he had not experienced it himself. She had the need to remember her experiences during and after the war, her pain and fears could be expressed now, she no longer had to hide them.

In the village where my brother lives, in May this spring, people were busy to make preparations in the community center for the arrival of 50 persons from Ukraine. The center is just behind my brother's apartment. When the bus stopped he saw the people step out of the bus, mostly mothers and children, but also some elder women and a couple of men.

He sees how they try to look like courageous people, but their eyes reflect fear, helplessness, the terror they went through. And suddenly he recognizes in the mothers and children his own mother and his sisters, when they stepped out of the train almost eighty years ago. With all his awareness he stands in our story and feels a closeness he never felt before.
He feels the need to do something. He goes to the supermarket and loads his bag full with cookies. He brings the bag to the community center and hands it over to a member of the security service. Then he goes to the bookshop and buys drawing blocs, pencils and colour pencils for the kids. The same security woman accepts his bag and tells him how glad the refugees have been with his cookies. 'They gave you a nickname, Mr Cookies'. Since that day, Mr Cookies goes to the center for a chat, he drives a woman with her ill dog to the vet and does exercises in Dutch and English with some women. He is deeply committed to his mission he has chosen himself. He could not save the relationship between our parents, he could not have prevented where Mam, my sister and I went through. But now he can do something to us through the healing he gives to the refugees from Ukraine. It moves me intensely.

GSB

**BUILDING A WORLD**

When our grandchildren were pupils at the primary school of our village, they came to us each Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock until their mother came to take them home. We could do all kind of things: playing monopoly or carcassone, hiding and seeking the mini airplanes or building a town at the big table. The start was always to make a railway circuit for the train, to choose the place of the station and the 2 buses from Malta. Then we placed the card board mini houses my sister and I collected in the fifties at a grocery (seventy years ago! and still not damaged). We had a farm, a zoo, an airport, a hospital with ambulance in front of the main entrance. We imagined a supermarket, some other shops, an automatic carwash and a place for the dust refuse bin. We rode with mini autos through the streets, came to each other houses for dinner or stay the night. The problem was that we always awakened at midnight when the bell of the church benged 12 times. And we hated the cock who started to cry at 6 o' clock. My husband in the background was always willing to fulfill the task of making the noises.

In his book 'Liever Holland dan heimwee' (Holland is preferable to homesickness'') Dr Hans Keilson critisises, in February 1945, so before the end of the war, the bombings on German cities. He admits that he can understand people who are full with feelings of revenge for all the damages and the atrocities the Germans had loaded on the necks of the occupied countries. Rotterdam, Londen, Coventry, Warshaw were in ruins, why sparing the German towns? Moreover the Allies thought that bombing the towns would bring Hitler to capitulate. They did not yet know that dictators never will give in and will sacrifice anything to stay in power. At present we see a similar event..
Maybe Keilson had seen the ruins of Rotterdam like I saw them at the hand of my grandmother in 1945, so he could understand the feelings of revenge in other people. He for sure never had seen the ruins of Warsaw - we know at present that the ruins of Marioepol resemble those of Warsaw. History repeated.

Keilson accepts also the feelings of people who at first think about the losses of art, never to copy, lost for ever. People in Amsterdam managed to hide paintings of Rembrandt and other famous painters before the Germans could take them.

Others are first of all upset by the damaging of historical buildings and monuments. They are as unparalleled as art, once lost hard to replace them. But in many Polish towns where the historical centers were bombed they rebuilt the houses in the original style. Not in my town where the German had exploded the late-Gothic town hall, unique in its category..

Of course, human beings damaged or dead because of bombings and shootings are more to mourn than buildings and paintings. Hans Keilson could feel empathy for the women and children in the German bombed towns:, but how many other people could feel that way? The Germans were the enemy, so there was no place for the inhabitants of German towns.

Keilson sees yet another aspect of the town that can be destroyed. Each town has another character, London is not Paris, Berlin is not Amsterdam. The character of the town is the product of what the inhabitants wish their town to be and of what they want or do. It is their creativity that marks the town´s character. This dear human creativity get lost when that what people built together is being bombed. The planes do not only bomb a town, they bomb a world.

'Grandma, will we build a world?' Many times my grandson used exactly those words and now after reading Keilson's  book I realise that indeed we built a world, led by our creativity and enthusiasm. It was not just playing, it was more. In full freedom we could imagine our town and nobody came to destroy it.

GSB

**BLACK WAR BABIES IN THE NETHERLANDS**

Eric van den Berg and Bram Endedijk had made a documentary about war children who had been reunited with their biological fathers. By then, they learnt that there had been born children with a brown skin whose fathers were soldiers of the USA army. They planned another documentary about those 'black babies'.
They went to Limburg, the most south province of the Netherlands that was already liberated in September 1944. A freelance researcher, Mieke Kirkels had written a book about the children of the black American soldiers:  “Children of brown liberators, a story that was ignored.”'She had also done research on the soldiers themselves and they wanted to give them a face and started therefore a foundation “Black Liberators”. See also the next artivle)
The producers contacted Mieke and then they became acquainted with Cor Linssen. who told them that in the fourties the children in his village touched his skin to see whether it was really brown and not painted. In Limburg almost nobody had ever seen people with a brown or black skin.
The Afro-American soldiers had to do the hard work in the army. They helped to clear the town Roermond after bombings, they had to dig graves in Margraten, graves for the white coloured American soldiers who died in action, not for themselves. Only 172 of them found there a place. There was a strict segregation. To their surprise some black soldiers were invited by friendly Dutch people to drink with them a cup of tea. They had never been in a 'white' house. And back home they had to live again in discrimination.

The two producers framed their documentary as a research of the children to find their biological father, They found Cor Linssen and Wanda van der Kleij willing to have their quest to be filmed. Today the DNA data banks play an important role. But finding a father in the ocean of possible candidates is an action for which one needs patience and resilience. They found family members, contacted them and asked them information about their families and suddenly they found the fathers of the two Dutch people. The truth that was at last found was emotional for Cor and Wanda but also for their American families.

Cor had almost given up to find his father after years of research. He lived with white parents and white brothers, but his 'father' gave him the same attention as his own children. When people asked him about Cor he used to answer: 'He is one of my children'. At village festivals people came to look at him, he was more or less an attraction. But despite of that he had a pleasant youth. Only as an adolescent he did not like his curled hair because he could not model it in a forelock like Elvis Presley.

Why did Cor´s mother not answer his questions about his father? The mothers of other black babies did not speak either. Even when death was nearing his mother refused to give him any information. It is a pity that these women did not help their children. But the topic was a taboo in the Roman Catholic province where it was officially not done to have a child born out of wedlock.

Cor's story had a happy end. He was very moved when he met his American family and they were in tears as well. He planned a trip to visit his family another time, accompanied by his wife.

(summarised translation by GSB of an article in the NC magazine; the National Committee organizes the national and regional commemoration ceremonies in begin May))

**THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN LIBERATOR**

Jefferson Wiggins was 16 years old when he was recruited in his home town of Dothan to go to Europe with the US Army.
The peasant family in which he grew up lived on the land that his father rented from a rich landowner. He hardly enjoyed any education. The Ku Klux Klan ruled the area where he grew up. For Jeff, the army meant an escape, not just from a poor life without any prospects, but especially from the racism he no longer wanted to endure.

When the US Army prepared to go to Europe together with other Allied forces, it needed a lot of soldiers. In addition to calling conscripts. There was plenty of recruitment.Before leaving for Europe, Jeff attended military training courses in, among others, Fort Benning. He left from there by train to the port of New York to be boarded there along with thousands of others. While waiting for weeks for his unit to finally board, a volunteer at the New York Public Library helped him improve his reading and writing.

Jeff was 18 and staff sergeant of the 960th unit of the QMC when he set foot in Scotland after the troubled nine-day voyage. His unit worked there, along with thousands of other African-American soldiers, on the preparation of the major invasion on the European mainland, Operation Overlord, which started on June 6, 1944, D-day. African-American soldiers also landed on the beaches of Normandy, although the American media did not consciously pay attention to it. The US government did not consider that desirable. After a book written by Ulysses Lee “The Employment of Negro Troops” just after the war, it took until the early 90s before extensive research was conducted in the US into the participation of African-American soldiers in the liberation of Europe.

In the autumn of 1944, the unit of the Quarter Master Service Company (QMSC) of which he was the first sergeant, was sent to the Netherlands. There they worked for weeks, day in and day out, as grave diggers at the American cemetery that was developed in Margraten. That was from September 1944 on, immediately after the most southern part of the Netherlands was liberated. The American army was completely separated in black and white troops during WWII.
In January 1945, the white officers who managed his unit from one day to the next could not be found. First Sergeant Wiggins was forced to take over the lead. For that reason, he was personally named Second Lieutenant during a lightning visit by General Patton to the 960th unit of the QMC. Wiggins was therefore one of the first officers of color in the US Army.

Officer Wiggins returned to the US on January 25, 1946. Upon arrival in New York he was warmly welcomed on the quay and congratulated by Black comrades who saw him as the first 'one of us' with officer emblems. Not much later, on his way to his family in the south, from Washington DC, Wiggins had to take a seat again in the front part of the train intended for African-Americans, in the smoke of the locomotive. Despite his uniform and officer rank. German prisoners of war in the US got better places for whites in public

transport at the time than African-Americans.

In his home town of Dothan, Wiggins received the High School Diploma after a while. In 1950 he was called up for active service as First Lieutenant and was sent to Korea (war against Japan). After returning, he worked for the Veterans Administration in Alabama and was active in the Civil Rights Movement, in particular in the fight for voting rights for African-Americans. He later studied political science at Tennessee State University. He wrote the book "White Cross, Black Crucifixion" about the experiences he had in the turbulent 60ties as a director of social services at a college in New Jersey. He received an honorary doctorate and was elected in 2001 as Connecticut Multicultural Educator of the year.

A second book of him followed in 2003: 'Another generation almost forgotten'. The presentation of that book took place in the Pentagon. In 2007, Wiggins received the Meritorious Unit Commendation Award together with the other two living members of the 960st QMC unit. In 2009 he was the keynote speaker at the annual graduation ceremony at the Military Academy in West Point N.Y. In September 2009 he returned to Margraten for the presentation of the 'Akkers van Margraten' (Fields of Margraten) an oral history project on the occasion of the 65th anniversary of the liberation of South Limburg.

In 2008, in anticipation of the celebration of the 65st years of liberation, a national project Heritage of war eyewitness stories started. Mieke Kirkels, an oral historian, initiated with the local history organization of the municipality of Margraten (SHOM) the project 'Akkers van Margraten'. The intention was to record what it had meant for the farmers in the region, to see their fertile fields change from one day to the next into a gigantic war cemetery.
In addition to farmers and other local residents, a number of white American veterans were interviewed in the US. The farmers told how hundreds of Black soldiers had been working as gravediggers on their fields, day after day. It was obvious that gravediggers also had to be interviewed for the project. It soon became apparent that they could not be traced. The archives in St. Louis where personal records of African-American veterans were stored, went up in flames in a major fire on July 12, 1973. Nothing could be found about them in Dutch archives. In the 1947 book 'Crosses in the Wind' by Captain Shomon, who from the beginning was in charge of the construction of the American cemetery, there are only a few short passages about the Black soldiers. Only in 2010 Wiggins heard about that book for the first time. After reading it, he said: 'As if we were only workhorses who were constantly thinking about food.' He knew all too well how people talked about African-American gravediggers at the time. Then he sighed and said, 'That's how it was those days.'

At the end of 2008, documentary makers Eugenie Jansen and Albert Elings in the US interviewed several white veterans who had worked in Margraten in 1944/47 for the oral history project. They also visited archives in an attempt to trace and interview gravediggers from that time. That remained without result. In January 2009, after they had returned from the US, a message from Mrs. Sherry Barbour of Georgia unexpectedly arrived via the website www.akkersvanmargraten.nl. She enthusiastically wrote how happy she was with information in English about Margraten. She was the caregiver of a veteran, Captain Solms, who had led grave diggers there in 1944. Two years earlier, in 2007, Solms turned out to have seen Jefferson Wiggins for the first time since 1945 during a military ceremony. The men exchanged telephone numbers. In January 2009, Mieke Kirkels could get in touch with Dr. Wiggins. Immediately a return trip to the U.S. for the filmmakers was planned to interview him.
In September 2009, on the occasion of the 65th anniversary of the liberation, both the Akkers van Margraten documentary 'Bitter harvest' and the book 'From farmfields to soldiers' graveyard' were presented, containing Wiggins' story about his time in Margraten.

Wiggins as well as Captain Solms, were invited by the municipality of Margraten to be present. There was a lot of publicity about Wiggins' return to Margraten. During a lecture at Center Ceramique in Maastricht, he faced a crowded room.

After 65 years, September 2009, Dr. Wiggins returned to Margraten for the first time and then discovered that practically no one in the Netherlands knew about the segregation in the US army that helped liberate our country. A segregation that was officially abolished in 1948. His memories of the three years in the segregated US Army are recorded in the book "From Alabama to Margraten - memories of grave digger Jefferson Wiggins."

Jefferson Wiggins died on January 9, 2013, before the book was finished. With the help of his widow Janice, the book could be presented in November 2014 in the Statenzaal of the Provinciehuis in Maastricht. Janice Wiggins and grandchildren were present.

In 2019, when American media paid attention to the 75th anniversary of D-day, African Americans were not mentioned.

That was the case though in The Netherlands, later that year on August 31, during the official, national start of the festivities around 75 years of Freedom in Terneuzen. (See Pastor Matthew Southall Brown Sr)

Dr Wiggins and reverent M.S. Brown sr. are the only Black American veterans officially welcomed and honored in The Netherlands after WWII.

(text from the internet)

## POLISH LIBERATORS IN HOLLAND

It was 29 October 1944 and the people of Breda were celebrating. They were finally free after suffering years of occupation under Nazi Germany. Their liberators were the soldiers from the Polish 1st Armored Division led by General Maczek. While most people know that British, American, and Canadian troops were involved in the liberation of Holland, few know that the Poles also played a major role in the last days of WWII in Holland.

### Polish liberating forces in Holland

How the Polish troops ended up in Holland is a special story. Nazi Germany's occupation of Poland lit the fire of resistance in many Polish people who wanted to fight for freedom. Emigrant children, refugees from labor camps, escaped war prisoners, and soldiers who managed to escape after the fall of Poland were brought together to form the Polish 1st Armored Division in Great Britain in 1942. In August 1944, the troops entered the war, fought in Normandy and then advanced through Belgium to Holland. They engaged in heavy fighting during the Battle of the Schelde and suffered great losses during the Battle of Kapelsche Veer in West Brabant around New Year's Eve 1944. They were not the only Polish unit fighting the Germans in Holland. Their compatriots in the Polish 1st Independent Parachute Brigade were sent into action as part of the Allied Forces' attack on the occupying German forces during Operation Market Garden.

### The liberation of Breda

The Polish 1st Armored Division liberated Breda from the German occupiers on 29 October 1944, and the people of the city welcomed the soldiers with joy. After suffering years of occupation, citizens welcomed their liberators with open arms, posting notes with the Polish translation of 'Thank you Poles' in the shop windows.

Breda remains grateful to the Poles to this day. Traces of the Polish forces can still be found when strolling through the city. One such example is the German Panther Tank at the Wilhelminapark that was donated to the people of Breda by the Polish 1st Armored Division in 1945. It now commemorates the special relationship between Poland and Breda.

Breda was not the only city liberated by the men of the Armored Division. They advanced all the way to East Groningen via Germany, liberating several cities along the way. In Emmen and Made, monuments still stand in commemoration of the bravery of the Poles in their fight to liberate Holland.

### Polish paratroopers during Market Garden

On 21 September 1944, the Polish 1st Independent Parachute Brigade under General Stanisław Sosabowski was dropped over Driel. Their orders? To support the British 1st Airborne Division north of the Rhine.

The mission experienced its fair share of problems, especially since the Polish parachute section was delayed due to bad weather conditions. Some of the transport planes carrying 500 Polish paratroopers were turned back but some of the aircraft did not receive the message that the mission had been aborted and flew on. Even under heavy fire from German anti-aircraft guns, they managed to drop the Polish soldiers. To make matters even worse, the ferry to cross the Nederrijn near Driel had been destroyed. In the days that followed, a number of Polish troops managed to cross the river in rubber dinghies while sustaining heavy enemy fire. Those who managed to get across went to reinforce the exhausted British forces at Oosterbeek. However, the situation soon proved untenable and, in the night of 25 September, the British and Polish soldiers withdrew from Oosterbeek and crossed the Rhine.

Despite their courageous action, the Allies wrongfully accused the Polish General Sosabowski of causing Operation Market Garden's failure. It was not until after his death that he received the recognition he so richly deserved. More than one hundred Polish soldiers died in the offensive, and the National Monument on the Polenplein in Driel commemorates those who fell. At "The Polen van Driel Information Center you can discover the whole story of the men who persevered so bravely despite the many obstacles they faced.

**Holland's biggest Polish cemetery**
More than 160 soldiers from the Polish 1st Armored Division and 1st Independent Parachute Brigade were laid to rest at the Pools Militair Ereveld (Ettensebaan 30, Breda), Holland's biggest Polish cemetery. Stanisław Maczek, the commander of the Polish Armored Brigade, also lies here. He passed away in 1994 at the age of 102, and his last wish was to be buried with 'his' soldiers.

## september
## 7th - 19th 2022
## •The Netherlands•
### An event of a lifetime!
**FOLLOW the routes TAKEN BY**
*our Canadian Troops!*

## *In Our Fathers' Footsteps*

is a not-for-profit, Camino-inspired pilgrimage for the Canadian descendants of Second World War veterans of the Liberation of The Netherlands.

*In Our Fathers' Footsteps* is a spiritual, cultural, and educational event that includes walks totaling 60 km, along the routes of the Canadian liberators— together with heartfelt commemorations and joyful festivities.

Coinciding with the Liberation's 75th+2 anniversary, *In Our Fathers' Footsteps* will take place in The Netherlands in September 2022.

Trace your father's footsteps. Celebrate our freedom, peace and Dutch friendship. Honour our Second World War Dutch Liberation veterans!

One of the participants in this historical march is Bill Hunter (52), son of late Gilbert Hunter, lieutenant in the second LAA battalion. He was enthusiastic about this occasion to walk some 60 kilometers of the path the Canadian liberators walked in the spring of 1945. They started in Meghelen, in the south of the Netherlands, the first place that was liberated. Bill: 'It is an emotional event to walk in the footsteps of my father, who told me so much about his time in the Netherlands. Mostly about his positive experiences, not about the misery

and the dangers. It is very important to me to see now with my own eyes the places which were so dear to my father's heart.' The battle around Meghelen has been heavy, because from the 159 houses of the village only four stayed without damages the day after. The next day the Canadians had to fight against the rest of German battalions.
Ceasar Donlan (72), son of William Donlan who died in 1988, looks around to get some of the information his father did not give him. Ceasar: 'He could not speak about the war, it was too difficult to him. He rarely told something. Therefore it is so important to me to be able to watch the villages and surroundings my father has seen in 1945. Now I am here in a part of his life he never could share with us.'
Jean Kreunen, author of the book 'Een kist vol verhalen' (A Case full with Stories) recognizes the importance of this march, 'because the second generation is still suffering from their father's war experiences. These could not tell about their suffering, so the children have only a vague idea of what really happened, where their fathers went through. The liberators were welcomed warmly and thankfully by the Dutch people, but back home they slipped back in their ordinary lives in family and work, and they were no longer the heroes they had been. Their children who participate in this march are welcomed warmly as well.' On September 14 they will be the guest of Princess Margriet (1943) who was born in Canada in the Civic Hospital in Ottawa. She has special bonds with the country were she started her life. The veterans' children will walk 60 kilometers, three times twenty. They will end in Zeeland, where an Anglo-Canadian operation took place to keep open the harbour of Antwerpen.

(from the Telegraaf, September 12, 2022; summarized translation GSB)

**POLISH REFUGEES IN 'LITTLE POLAND**
by Alina Suchanski

New Zealand is a country of immigrants – from Maori ancestors arriving in their wake, to early Europeans and modern-time immigrants who continue to arrive from different corners of the world. But while immigrants make the choice to emigrate, there are those less fortunate who are forced to flee their country, because of war, civil unrest, brutal regime, or famine.
Although the first refugees into New Zealand arrived in the late 1800s, the first official refugees accepted by the New Zealand government under its formal refugee resettlement programme, were a group of 773 Polish children. Alina Suchanski, a former Polish refugee herself, tells the story of her young compatriots who arrived in this country during World War 2.

In 1940, 4- year-old Tony Leparowski was in Semipalatinsk, Kazakhstan, 9-year-old Zygmunt Kepka in Karabash in the Ural Mountains, 3-month-old Teresa Dmochowska in Siberia and 10-year-old Jozef Kubiak in Arkhangelska near the White Sea.
Why were these children and thousands of others scattered over the vast interior of the Soviet Union, so far away from their homes in eastern Poland? And how did they end up in New Zealand?
The answer takes us to the beginning of WW2. The secret pact signed before the war by Russia and Germany divided Poland along the Bug River into the western, German part and the eastern, Soviet-occupied zone. On the first of September 1939, Germany attacked Poland marking the beginning of WW2. Two weeks later. while the Poles were locked in the fight against the Nazis, Russia dealt Poland a deadly blow by attacking from the east.

Soon after, the Soviets started taking military prisoners and began systematic deportations of civilians to labour camps and kolkhozes (collective farms) in remote parts of their country. The children's peaceful existence ended abruptly with Russian soldiers banging on the doors of their homes ordering everybody out.
Over 1,5 million Polish citizens, mostly women and children, were forcibly removed from their homes at gun point, loaded onto trains and taken to Siberia, Kazakhstan and Far East, many never to return to their homeland again (Davis, 1982).
Conditions in the places they were taken to were abhorrent – uninsulated barracks with no running water or sanitation. They were overcrowded and pest-ridden – a breeding ground for diseases. Thousands died due to hunger, illness, cold and exhaustion. The orphaned children remained.

When Hitler attacked Russia in 1941, Stalin announced an amnesty, setting all Polish citizens free and allowing a Polish Army to form within the Soviet Union. Given permission to leave, most Poles went south to get away from another Siberian winter. Their destination was Uzbekistan where the Polish Army was forming in Guzari near the Afghan border. Many did not survive the journey.

Soon another problem became apparent and required immediate attention – the growing number of Polish orphans. According to Krolikowski (1983) “an estimated 75,000 children in various Polish centres in Russia needed instant help after the ‘amnesty’. To create an adequate number of proper institutions would require not only an enormous outlay of money but also an army of educators and nurses. Yet the possibilities were very limited. With much effort, mostly by the army and by branches of the Polish Embassy, 139 orphanages and nurseries were established in which approximately 9,000 children found shelter.”

In 1942, the Polish Army moved to Persia to join the Allies. Some 116,000 soldiers with their families and thousands of orphans were evacuated across the Caspian Sea from Krasnovodsk on the Soviet Union side to Pahlevi on the Persian side of the sea.

For some, freedom came too late and they died during the sea journey, their bodies thrown overboard. Others died shortly after arriving in Persia. The children were taken into Polish orphanages in Isfahan, where they stayed for two years, thanks to the hospitality of the Shah of Persia who made some of his palaces available to them.

In 1944, the Polish Army joined the British Forces and was moving to the front in the Middle East, North Africa, and Italy. Their families and thousands of orphaned children were left stranded in Persia and had to be moved to safer places. Some went to Kenia, India, Mexico, and Canada. A group of 733 were invited to New Zealand by the then Prime Minister Peter Fraser.

On 1 November 1944, an American troopship, the General Randall, sailed into the port of Wellington. It was carrying about 3000 Australian and New Zealand soldiers on their way home from the battlefront, and 733 Polish children with 102 caregivers.

The New Zealand Prime Minister, Peter Fraser, came on board, accompanied by the Polish consul-general, Count Kazimierz Wodzicki and his wife Maria, the Polish Red Cross representative in New Zealand.

It was Countess Wodzicka who came up with the idea of bringing a group of Polish children to New Zealand when in 1943 she visited a ship carrying a few hundred Polish orphans from Persia to Mexico. The ship had stopped in Wellington to refuel and to restock its food and water supplies for the second half of its journey. The countess was deeply moved by the plight of these children who had been through so much at their young age, and once she realised there were thousands more orphans stranded in Persia she decided to do something about it. She talked to Janet Fraser, the Prime Minister's wife, about the possibility of a similar scheme for this country, and the idea soon became a reality (Skwarko, 1974).

When Mrs Fraser appealed to her husband for help with this project Peter Fraser embraced the idea wholeheartedly and agreed to invite a group of about 700 children (the number later grew to 733), plus enough adults to take care of them, offering them shelter in New Zealand until the end of the war.

A former POW (prisoner-of-war) camp in Pahiatua became their home for five years. Although their army barracks accommodation was rather spartan, all children had their own bed with a pillow, a blanket and clean linen – luxuries they'd had to do without during their exile. For the children, the Pahiatua camp was like heaven on earth – home away from home which they referred to as 'little Poland'.

All education at the camp was delivered in the Polish language with English taught only twice a week: the expectation being that after the war they would all return to Poland. However, fate had a different plan for them.

When the war ended in 1945, the heads of governments of the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union met at the Yalta Conference to discuss the post-war reorganization of Germany and Europe. Poland's eastern borderlands were given to the Soviet Union and Poland became one of the Soviet communist satellite states. The children had not only lost their families but also their homes and country.

Soon after the war's end, the Consul General of Poland, Dr K. A. Wodzicki, in cooperation with the Polish authorities in London and the New Zealand Government, formed the Guardianship Council for the Polish children in New Zealand, comprised of three New Zealanders and five Poles, approved by the highest court in New Zealand in May 1945 (Roy-Wojciechowski, 1999).

The New Zealand government showed incredible generosity in giving all residents of the Pahiatua camp the option of returning to Poland or staying in New Zealand. The camp would remain open until placements were found for the children at boarding schools or with New Zealand families.

Only about 10% of the Pahiatua inhabitants returned to Poland to be reunited with family members who had survived the war. The remaining children stayed in New Zealand. As older children were leaving to start high school, gradually, the camp began to empty.

Wojciechowski (1999) notes that "in 1947 and again in 1948 the Warsaw regime (the Communist regime dominated by USSR) demanded that the children be returned to Poland, but the New Zealand Government refused."

In 1949, five years after its inception, the Pahiatua Polish Children's Camp was finally disbanded when all children had been transferred to foster families or boarding schools.

The youngest boys ended up in Hawera Polish Boys' Hostel, and the youngest girls were moved to the Polish Girls' Hostel, Ngaroma, in Lyall Bay, Wellington.

New Zealand is one of around 37 countries that take part in the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees' (UNHCR) regular refugee resettlement programme. Since 1944 more than 35,000 refugees have arrived in Aotearoa. The country's refugee quota increased to 1500 last year – but that target hasn't been reached because of the Covid-19 pandemic (NZ Immigration, 2021).

The Polish orphans were the first refugees distinguished from other immigrants in official New Zealand statistics. Today, those still alive are in their 70s and 80s and all are grateful to their adoptive country. They proudly refer to themselves as Polish Kiwis.

Sources: 1. God's Playground A History of Poland, Volume 2, 1975 to the present 2. Stolen Childhood – A saga of Polish War Children 3. The invited: the story of 733 Polish children who grew up in New Zealand 4. Pahiatua children, Polish Heritage Trust Museum

**JOHN RABE THE GOOD NAZI**

**Early life and career**

Born in Hamburg on 23 November 1882, Rabe pursued a career in business and worked in Africa for several years. In 1908, he left for China, and between 1910 and 1938 worked for the Siemens AG China Corporation in Shenujang, Beijjing Tianjing and Shanghal..and later Nanking. Rabe suffered from diabetes by the time he worked in Nanjing, requiring him to take regular doses of insulin At the time of the Japanese attack on Nanjing, Rabe was a staunch Nazi and the party's local head, serving as a Deputy Group Leader in the Nazi Party.

**Establishment of the Nanking Safety Zone**


The former residence of John Rabe in Nanjing, located in the Nanking Safety Zone during the Nanking Massacre.

Many Westerners were living in Nanjing, the Chinese capital city, until December 1937, with some conducting trade and others on missionary trips. As the Japanese army approached Nanjing and initiated bombing raids on the city, all but 22 foreigners fled, with 15 American and European missionaries and businessmen forming part of the remaining group  On 22 November 1937, as the Imperial Japanese Army advanced on Nanjing, Rabe, along with other foreign nationals, organized the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone and created the Nanking Safety Zone to provide Chinese refugees with food and shelter from the impending Japanese massacre. He explained his reasons as: "there is a question of morality here… I cannot bring myself for now to betray the trust these people have put in me, and it is touching to see how they believe in me".The zones were located in all of the foreign embassies and at Nanking University..

The committee was inspired by the establishment in November of a similar neutral zone in Shanghai which had protected approximately 450,000 civilians.Rabe was elected leader of the committee, in part because of his Nazi Party status and the German-Japanese bilateral Anti-Comintern Pact. The committee established the Nanking Safety Zone in the western quarter of the city. The Japanese government had agreed not to attack parts of the city that did not contain Chinese military forces and the members of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone attempted to persuade the Chinese government to move all their troops out of the area. In this they were partly successful. On 1 December 1937, before fleeing the city, Nanjing Mayor Ma Chao-Chun ordered all Chinese citizens remaining in Nanjing to move into the Safety Zone. When Nanjing fell on 13 December 1937, 500,000 non-combatants remained in the city.Rabe also opened up his properties to help 650 more refugees.

**Nanking Massacre**

According to Rabe, the Nanking Massacre resulted in the deaths of 50,000 to 60,000 civilians. Rabe and his zone administrators tried frantically to stop the atrocities. Modern estimates of the Death toll of the Nanking Massacre vary but some put the number of murdered civilians as high as 300,000.Rabe's appeals to the Japanese using his Nazi Party credentials often only delayed them but the delay allowed hundreds of thousands of refugees to escape. The documentary Nanking credited Rabe with saving the lives of 250,000 Chinese civilians; other sources suggest he saved 250,000 to 300,000.In his diary, Rabe documented Japanese atrocities committed during the assault on and occupation of the city.

In a series of lectures he gave in Germany after his return, Rabe would say that "We Europeans put the number [of civilian casualties] at about 50,000 to 60,000".Rabe was not the only person to record Japanese atrocities. By December 1937, after the defeat of the Chinese force, Japanese soldiers often went house-to-house in Nanjing, shooting any civilians they encountered. Additional evidence of these violent acts came from the diaries kept by some Japanese soldiers and by Japanese journalists appalled at what occurred.

**Return to Germany**

On 28 February 1938, Rabe left Nanjing. He traveled first to Shanghai, returning to Berlin on 15 April 1938. He took with him a large number of source materials documenting Japanese atrocities in Nanjing.Rabe showed films and photographs of Japanese atrocities in lecture presentations in Berlin and wrote to Hitler , asking him to use his influence to persuade the Japanese to stop further violence. Rabe was detained and interrogated by the Gestapo; his letter was never delivered to Hitler.Due to the intervention of Siemens AG, Rabe was released. He was allowed to keep evidence of the massacre (excluding films) but not to lecture or write on the subject again. Rabe continued working for Siemens, which briefly posted him to the safety of Siemens AG in Afghanistan. Rabe subsequently worked in the company's Berlin headquarters until the end of the war.

## Postwar

After the war, Rabe was arrested first by the Soviet NKVD, then by the British Army. Both let him go after intense interrogation. He worked sporadically for Siemens, earning little. He was later denounced by an acquaintance for his Nazi Party membership, losing the work permit he had been given by thee British Zone of Occupation. Rabe then had to undergo lengthy de-Nazification(his first attempt was rejected and he had to appeal) in the hope of regaining permission to work. He depleted his savings to pay for his legal defense.

Unable to work and with his savings spent, Rabe and his family survived in a one-room apartment by selling his Chinese art collection but it was insufficient to prevent their

malnutrition. He was formally declared "de-Nazified" by the British on 3 June 1946 but continued to live in poverty. His family subsisted on wild seeds, his children eating soup and dry bread until running out of that as well.In 1948, Nanjing citizens learned of the Rabe family's dire circumstances and quickly raised a sum of money equivalent to $2,000 USD ($23,000 in 2022). The city's mayor traveled to Germany via Switzerland, where he bought a large amount of food for the Rabe family. From mid-1948 until the communist take-over, the people of Nanking also sent the family a food package each month, for which Rabe wrote many letters expressing deep gratitude.

### Death and legacy


John Rabe's first tombstone, exhibited in Nanjing

Rabe's grave in Kaiser Wilhelm MemoriaL cemetery in Berlin-Charlottemburg re-erected in 2013

On 5 January 1950, Rabe died of a stroke. In 1997, his tombstone was moved from Berlin to Nanjing, where it received a place of honour at the massacre memorial site and still stands today. In 2005, Rabe's former residence in Nanjing, the John Rabe House, was restored to its former state; it houses the John Rabe and International Safety Zone Memorial Hall, opened in 2006. The Austrian Service Abroad was later invited to send a Peace Servant there.Rabe's grave in Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Cemetery in Berlin-Charlottenburg was re-erected in 2013.

### War diaries

Rabe's wartime diaries were published in English as *The Good German of Nanking* (UK title) or *The Good Man of Nanking*(US title) (original German title: *Der gute Deutsche von Nanking*

### MESSAGE from the organisation KINDHEIT HINTER STACHELDRAHT

In 1997 people born between 1945 and 1950 in one of the Soviet special camps in Germany and who spent there a couple of years with their mothers, met for the first time in the Commemoration Center of Sachsenhausen. Initiators were Dr. Anna Kaminski and Alexander Latotzky, born in special camp 4. Dr Kaminski is nowadays director of the Governmental Foundation for the Studies on the SED dictatorship. In the Occupation Zone under Soviet control there existed ten special camps in which according to recent research proximately 176 000 people were held in custody. The Soviet Union published that 42 889

inmates died. When in1950 the last camps were closed the inmates were handed over to the DDR authorities. The women were placed in Hoheneck where they were seen as prisoners under DDR law. The children who were born there belonged automatically to the category of prisoners.

Since 1997 there were meetings for people who belong to the target group, included the Hoheneck children.. They met each year in another place where people with a Soviet connection had been treated harshly. They share life stories and experiences of their mothers. The initiators had started their work as a workshop but after the group had been interviewed for t v programs the need was felt to found an organisation.
Now, 25 years after the first meeting, it is time to stop the activities. The main reason is the age of the members, a factor that makes it difficult for people to make a long trip to the meeting venue. This factor plays also a role in other war children groups and the hardship in the childhood counts certainly as a factor of becoming hindered by one's health.

From 23 till 25 September there will be a last meeting in the Commemoration Center Buchenwald. There we will stop as an organisation but we will go on as a work group trying to continue a part of our work. On September 24 at 18.00 o clock a film will be showed titled 'Kindheit ohne Namen'. (Childhood without Names). Afterward there is time to share emotions and impressions. The producer of the film, Hans-Dieter Rutsch, will be present. He likes to take a part in the discussions. There is no fee and the initiators will welcome you with much pleasure.

We want to thank all the people who and organisations which supported our work throughout the years and helped us to draw attention to this dark chapter in history unknown by the majority of our society. Our work was good and important and I feel grateful that I could participate in it.

Alexander Latotzky, chairman

**Russenkinder**

Each month I receive the Newsletter of the organisation Russenkinder.de.  These last months have been not at all easy to them. For years they were not recognized by a couple of war children organisations, but finally they got some recognition after t v programs had explained to the listeners  who they are and what kind of problems these Russenkinder have to cope with. Bureaucracy is an awkward mountain to climb. The organisation has acquired data and experiences in finding the right archives to make efforts in search of Russian family hope giving.

From the day that Ukraine was invaded by the Russian army, members of the organisation received very negative reactions in their surroundings. Suddenly everything reminding people of Russia became suspect.
The Russenkinder felt the deep pain of being excluded from contacts which were before February 24, 2022 no problem. Anatoly Rothe, the organisation's chairman, wrote in the last edition of their Newsletter, how he had chosen the name Russenkinder when he started his work to help children of fathers enlisted in the Red Army to find their Russian family. The name should be clear and not open to different interpretations. He never could have foreseen the problems of today. Again their roots are cursed by people lacking responsibility for their relationships with compatriots and especially compassion.
Anatoly writes that their researches will go on. Rumours that the Archives are closed are

not true. I wish them the best and especially the mental strength to cope with this new series of disrespect.

Gonda Scheffel-Baars

**WEBSITES**

Organisation of Children of Dutch Collaborators:
**www.werkgroepherkenning.nl**
Organisation of Danish Children of War, Danske Krigsboern Foerening:
**www.krigsboern.dk**

Organization of Norwegian NS Children:
**www.nazichildren.com**
Krigsbarnforbundet Lebensborn, Norway:
**priveadres: k.e.papendorf@jus.uio.no**
Organisation of NS-children Vennetreff:
**http://www.nsbarn.no**
Riskforbundet Finska Krigsbarn: (in swedish)
**www.finskakrigsbarn.se**
Tapani Ross on Finnish War Children (blog)
www.krigsbarn.com
Organisation of Finnish Children of War, Seundun Sotalapset:
**www.sotalapset.fi**
Organisation of children of victims and children of the perpetrators:
**www.one-by-one.org**
Austrian Encounter, organisation for encounters between children of the victims and children of the perpetrators in Austria:
**www.nach.ws**
Dachau Institut Psychologie und Pägogik:
**www.Dachau-institut.de**
Kriegskind Deutschland:
**www.kriegskind.de**
Website for the postwar-generation:
**www.Forumkriegsenkel.com**
Evacuees Reunion Association
**www.evacuees.org.uk**
Researchproject 'War and Children Identity Project', Bergen, Norway
**www.warandchildren.org**
Researchproject University München 'Kriegskindheit'
**www.warchildhood.net**
Coeurs Sans Frontières – Herzen Ohne Grenzen
**www.coeurssansfrontières.com**
Organisation d'enfants de guerre
**www.nésdelalibération.fr**
Organisation of Us-descendants in Belgium
**www.usad-ww2.be**
Childsurvivors of the Holocaust in Australië
**www.paulvalent.com**
International organisation for educational and professional development focused on themes like racism, prejudices and antisemitism
**www.facinghistory.org**
Aktion Sühnezeigen Friedensdienste
**www.asf-ev.de**

Organisation of German Lebensbornkinder
**www.lebensspuren-deutschland.eu**
International Network for Interdisciplinary Research on Children born of War (INIRC)
**www.childrenbornofwar.org**
Organisation Genocide Prevention Now
**www.genocidepreventionnow.org**
Basque Children of '37 Association UK
www.basquechildren.org

International Study of the Organized Persecution of Children
www.holocaustchildren.org
Partners in Confronting Collective Atrocities
www.p-cca.org
War Love Child – Oorlogsliefdekind
www.oorlogsliefdekind.nl/en
Children of Soviet Army soldiers
www.russenkinder.de
Stichting Oorlogsgetroffenen in de Oost
www.s-o-o.nl
Philippine Nikkei-Jin Legal Support Center
www.pnlsc.com
Austrian children of Afroamerican soldier-fathers
www.afroaustria.at
Organisation tracing American GI fathers
www.gitrace.org
Children in War Memorial
blog: http://childreninwarmemorial.wordpress.com
Stichting Sakura (Dutch/Indonesian/Japanese children)
https://stichting-sakura.nl
Stichting JIN (IndonesianJapanese children)
http://www.jin-info.nl