

# Rosl and Marc's Story

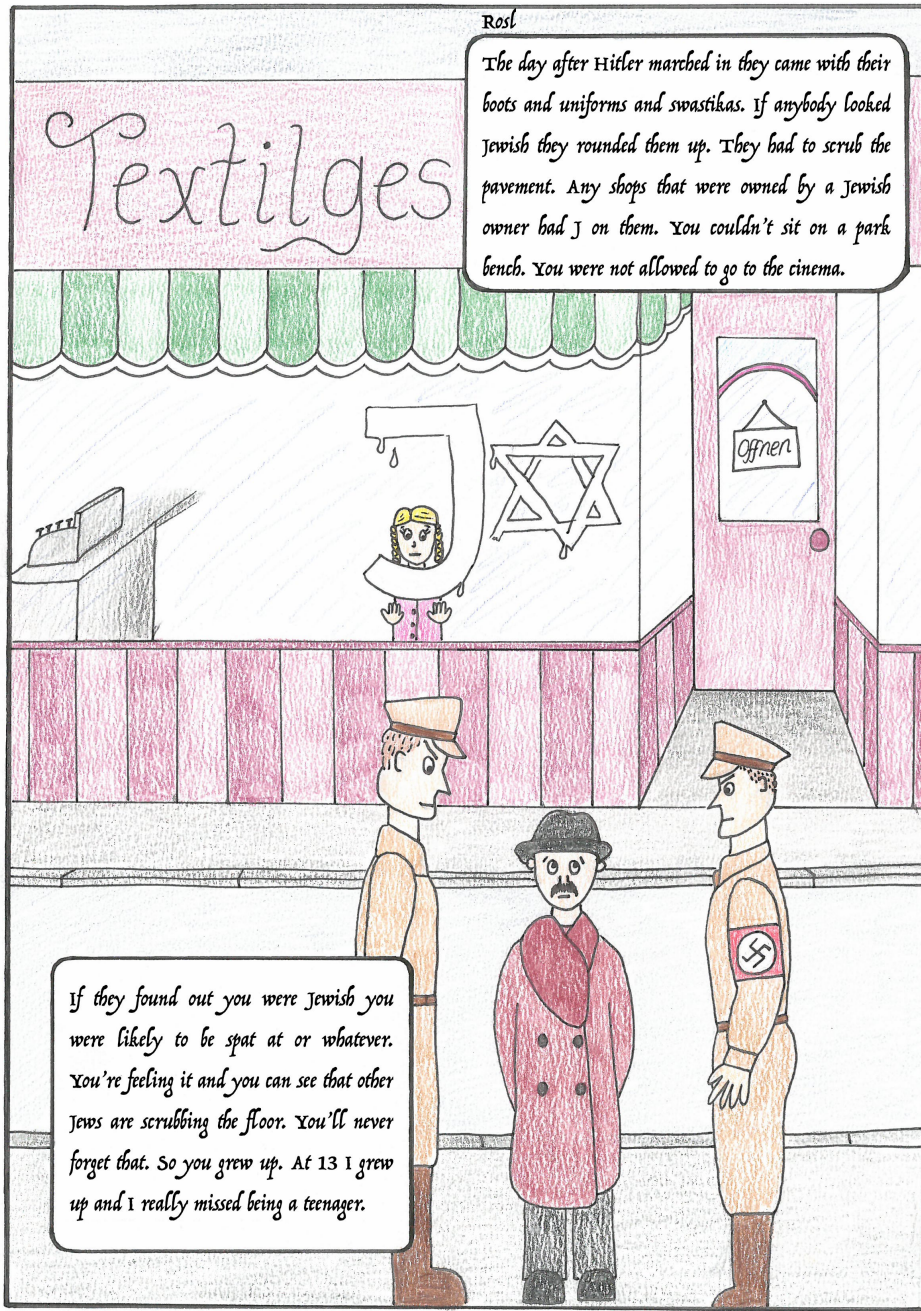


*Personalising History.  
Based on the testimony of Rosl and Marc Schatzberger.*

*We lived quite close to each other but didn't know it at the time. We found out that we'd been to the same primary school. In fact, we attended religion classes at the same time.*



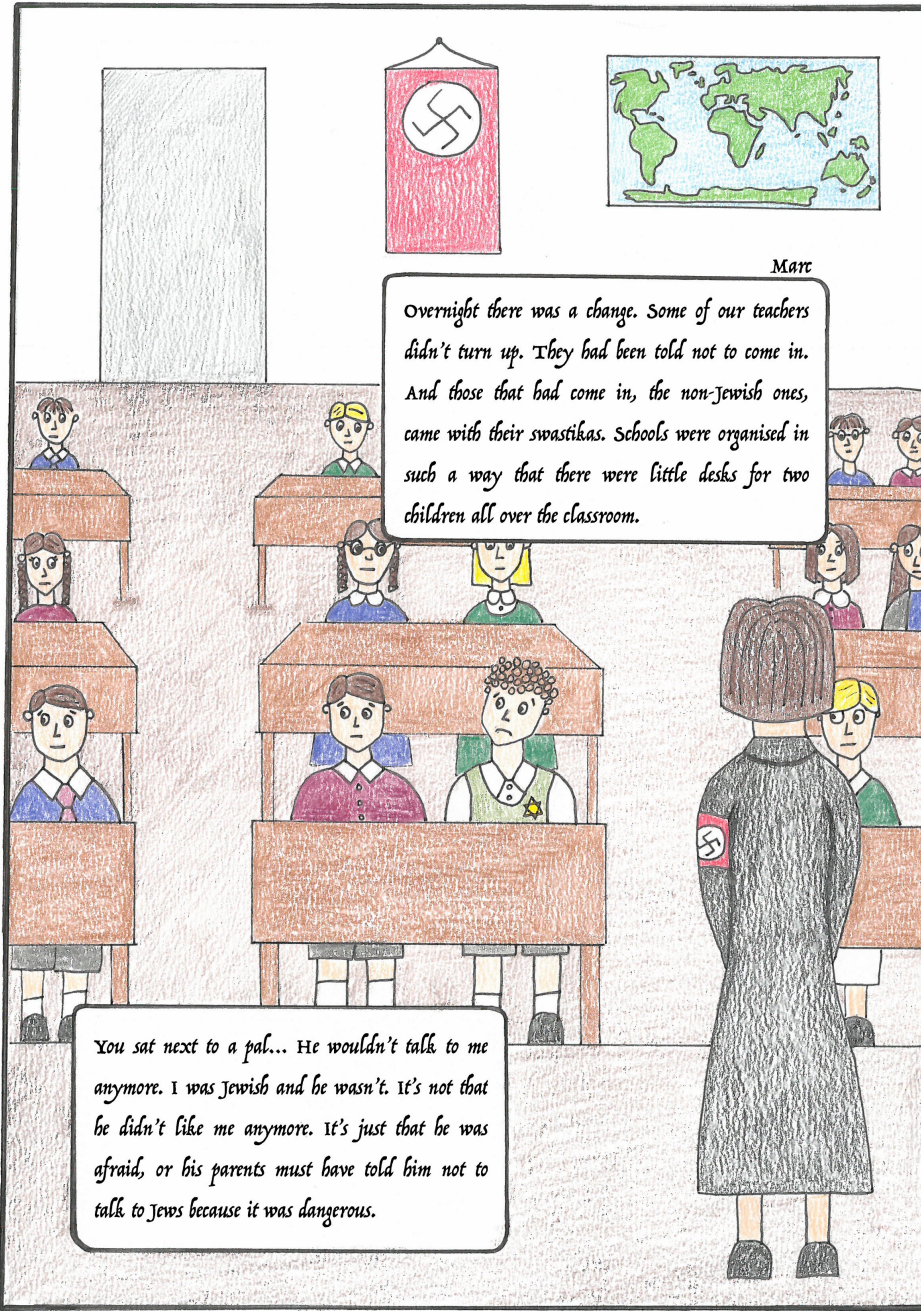




Rosl

The day after Hitler marched in they came with their boots and uniforms and swastikas. If anybody looked Jewish they rounded them up. They had to scrub the pavement. Any shops that were owned by a Jewish owner had J on them. You couldn't sit on a park bench. You were not allowed to go to the cinema.

If they found out you were Jewish you were likely to be spat at or whatever. You're feeling it and you can see that other Jews are scrubbing the floor. You'll never forget that. So you grew up. At 13 I grew up and I really missed being a teenager.



Marc

Overnight there was a change. Some of our teachers didn't turn up. They had been told not to come in. And those that had come in, the non-Jewish ones, came with their swastikas. Schools were organised in such a way that there were little desks for two children all over the classroom.

You sat next to a pal... He wouldn't talk to me anymore. I was Jewish and he wasn't. It's not that he didn't like me anymore. It's just that he was afraid, or his parents must have told him not to talk to Jews because it was dangerous.



Rosl

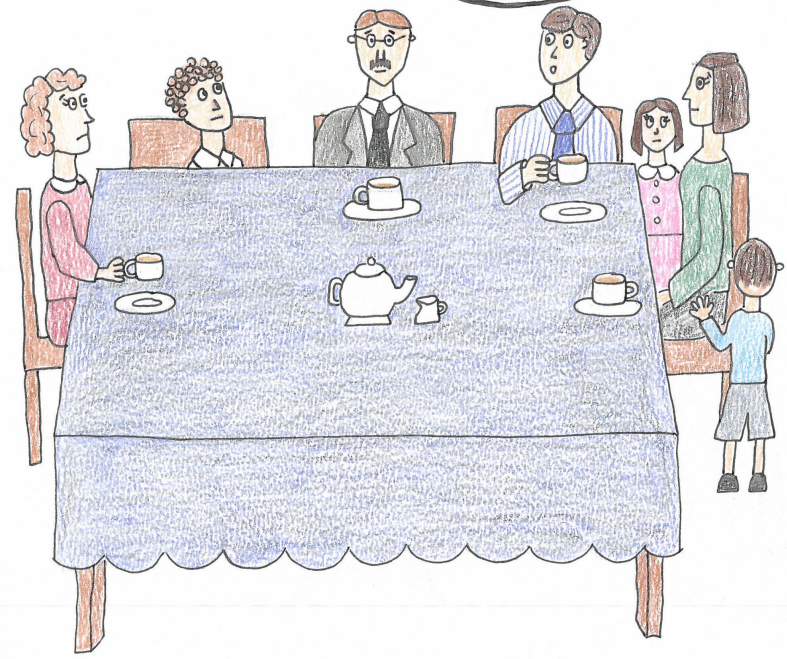
It was obvious that we had to leave because when we were in Vienna we lost our home because the Nazis marched in. Kristallnacht, which means something to people now. We were at home, we were celebrating my mother's birthday, and my uncle and aunt were there, having a party. We could hear the thump of the SA.



Any Jewish men here?

My uncle happened to be at home and they said "Right, come with me," and he was sent to a concentration camp.

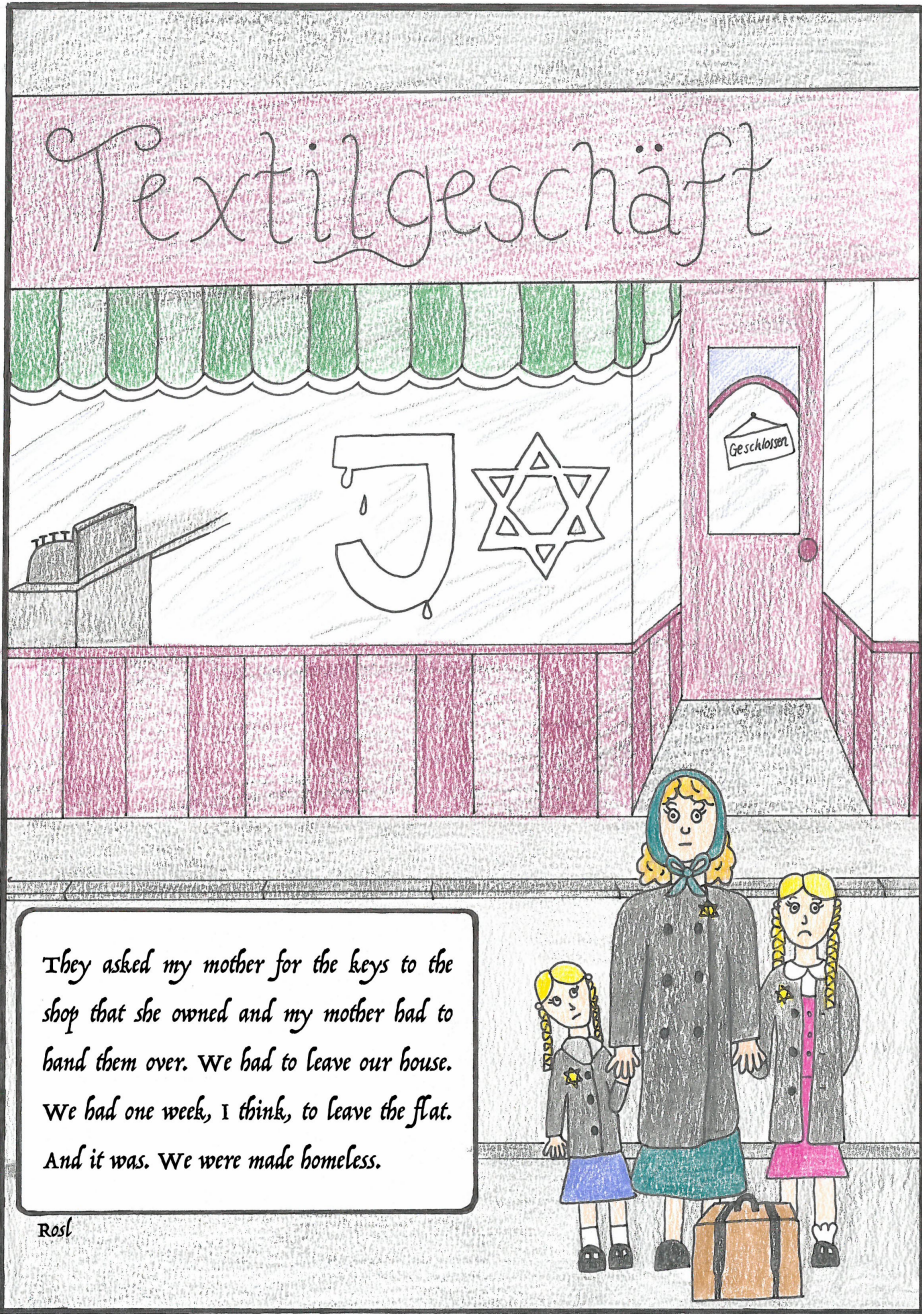
Do you know what happened to...



In the case of my family I think there was more openness. There was quite a lot of rather anxious storytelling and anecdotes of so-and-so said such-and-such and do you know what happened to so-and-so?

Marc



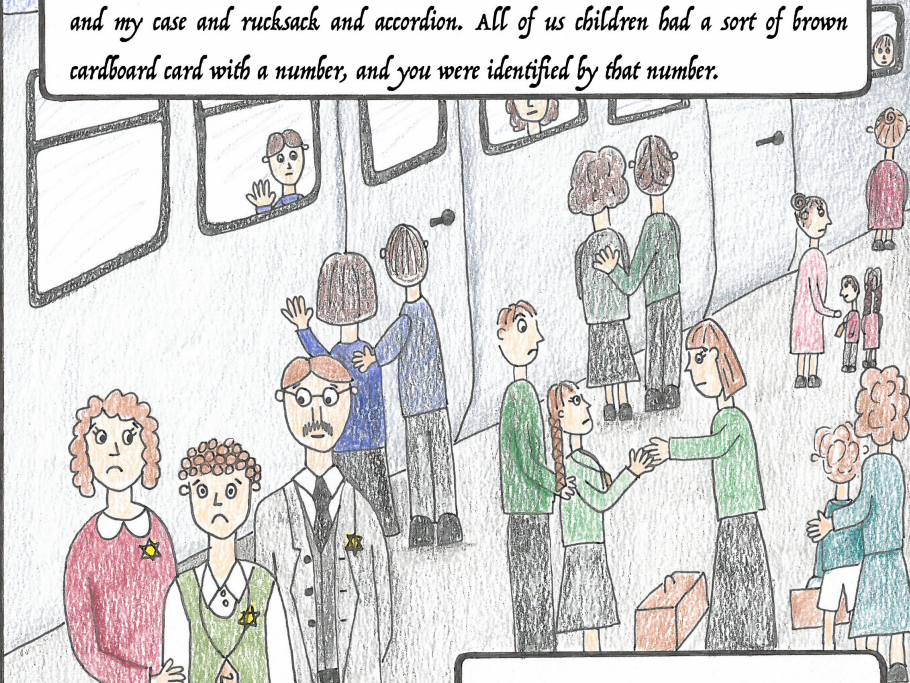


They asked my mother for the keys to the shop that she owned and my mother had to hand them over. We had to leave our house. We had one week, I think, to leave the flat. And it was. We were made homeless.

Rosl

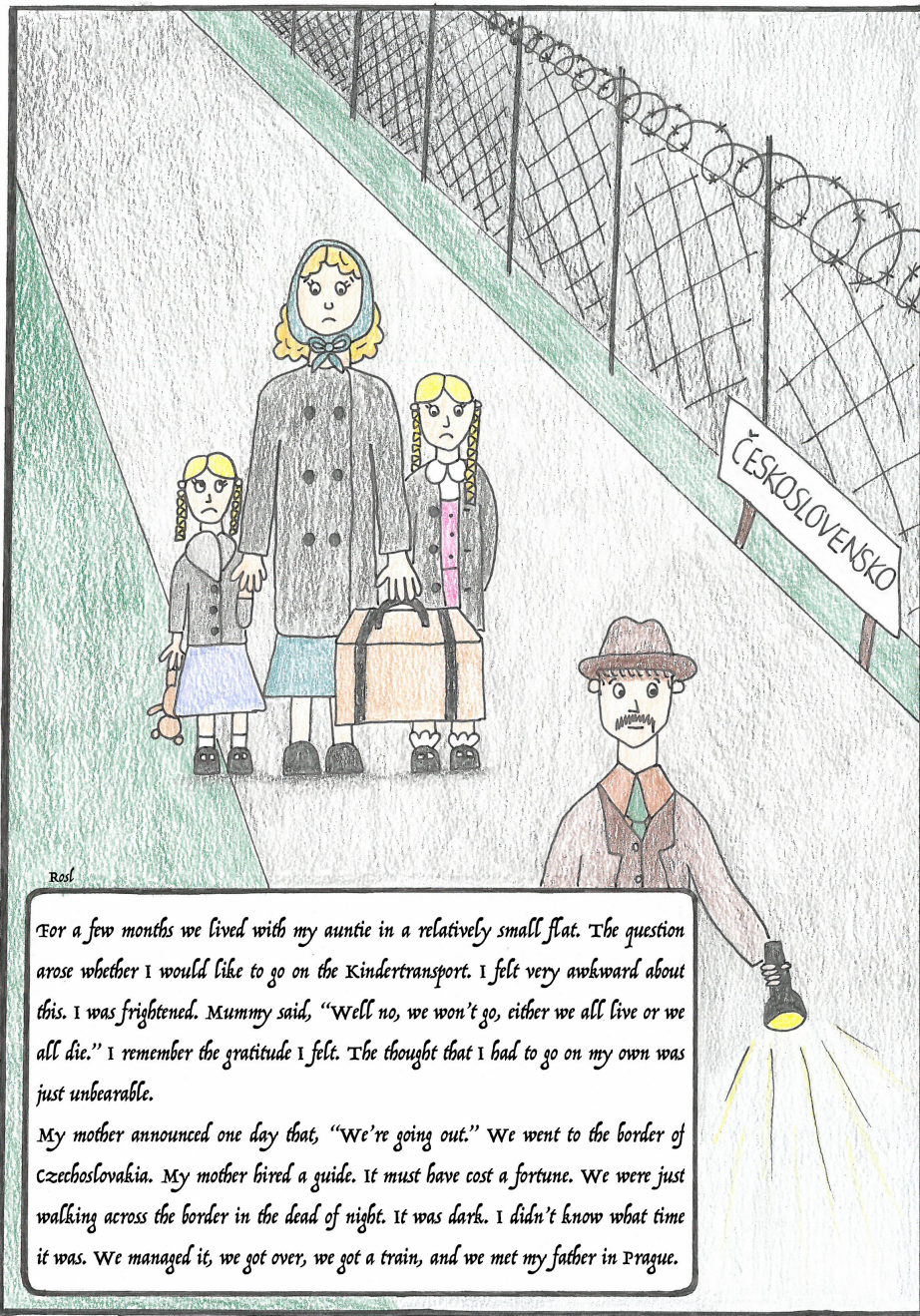
Marc

I arrived in England by means of Kindertransport, which was a children's transport that the British government allowed Jewish people to have because it was extremely dangerous for Jews to remain in Austria. I was 12, sort of getting on for 13, and we embarked on a train at half past ten in the evening. My mother and father took me and my case and rucksack and accordion. All of us children had a sort of brown cardboard card with a number, and you were identified by that number.



Let's face it, a 12 year old boy going on a journey, away from home, at night, without parental guidance or anything, into another country, it's a bit of an adventure. But I still remember very, very clearly that my greatest concern was how my parents were.

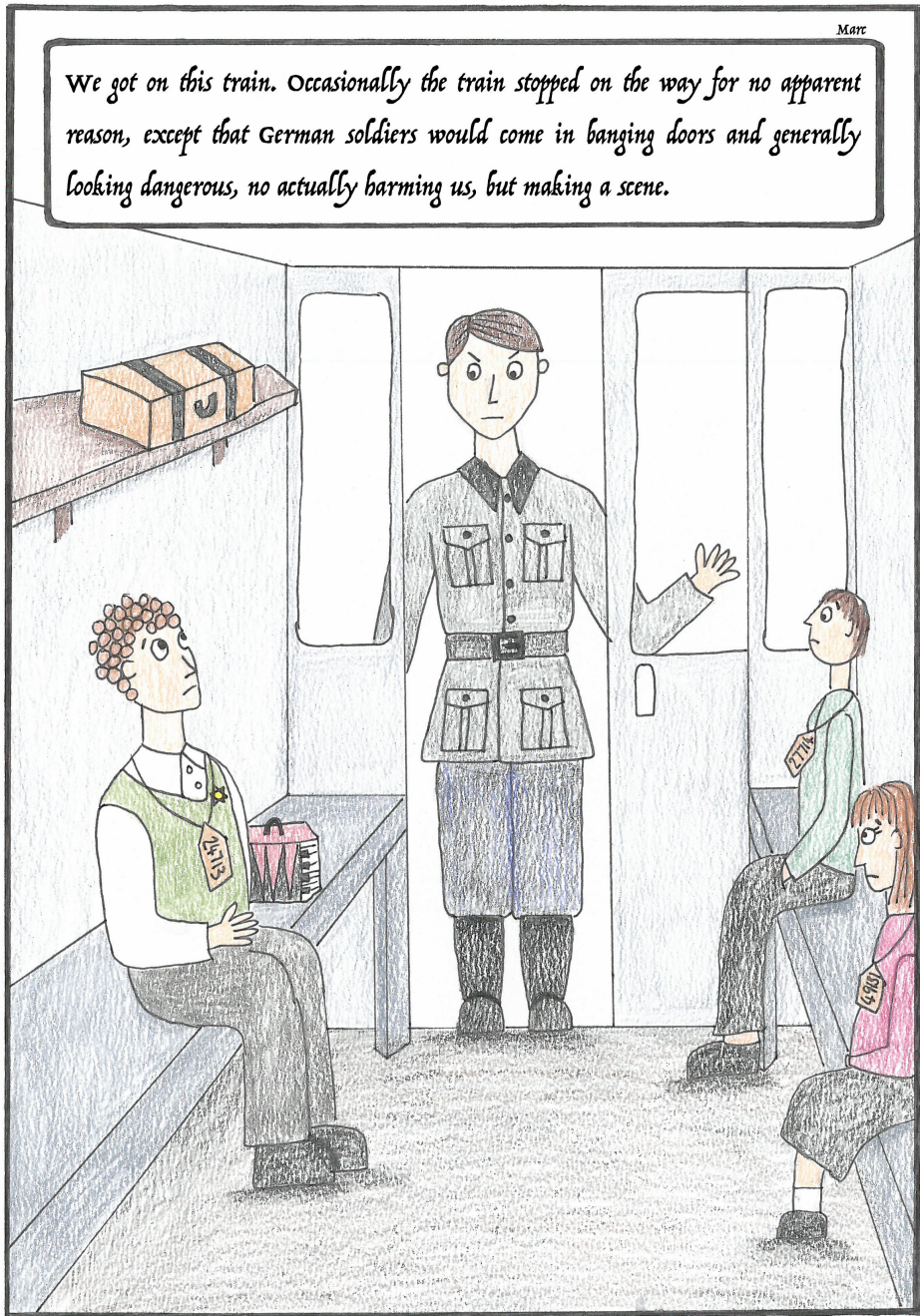




Roal

For a few months we lived with my auntie in a relatively small flat. The question arose whether I would like to go on the Kindertransport. I felt very awkward about this. I was frightened. Mummy said, "Well no, we won't go, either we all live or we all die." I remember the gratitude I felt. The thought that I had to go on my own was just unbearable.

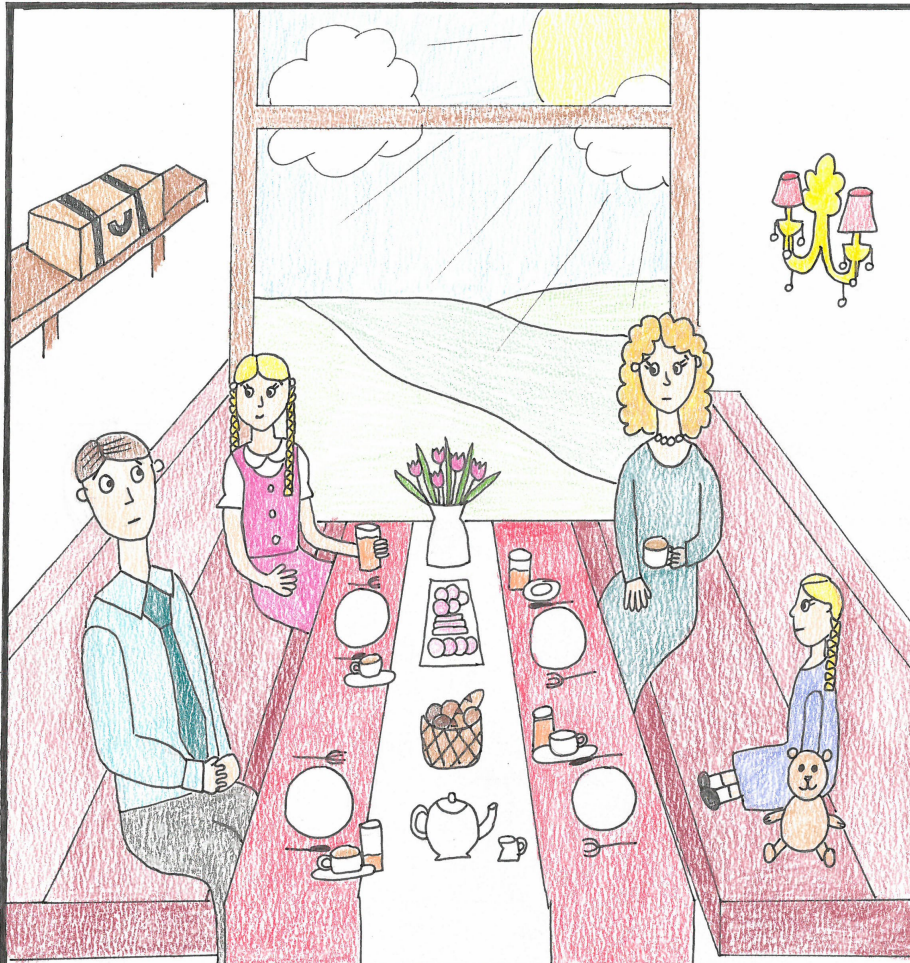
My mother announced one day that, "We're going out." We went to the border of Czechoslovakia. My mother hired a guide. It must have cost a fortune. We were just walking across the border in the dead of night. It was dark. I didn't know what time it was. We managed it, we got over, we got a train, and we met my father in Prague.



Mare

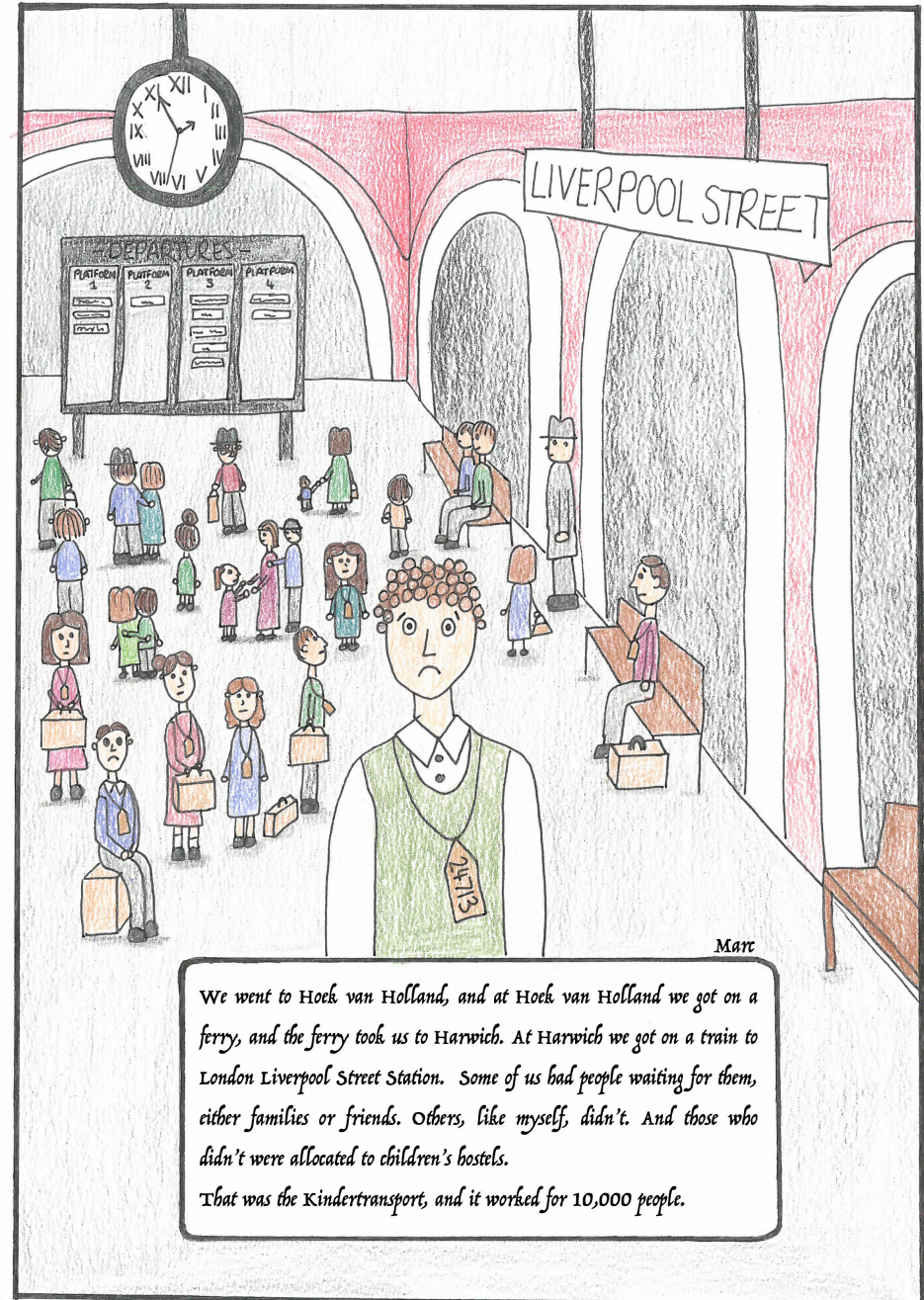
We got on this train. Occasionally the train stopped on the way for no apparent reason, except that German soldiers would come in banging doors and generally looking dangerous, no actually harming us, but making a scene.





*It was a relief to be together. The four of us were together. We managed first class travel. I never had such luxury! When we came to England, we went by train to London, again first class. And we had breakfast served on the train. It was terrific actually.*

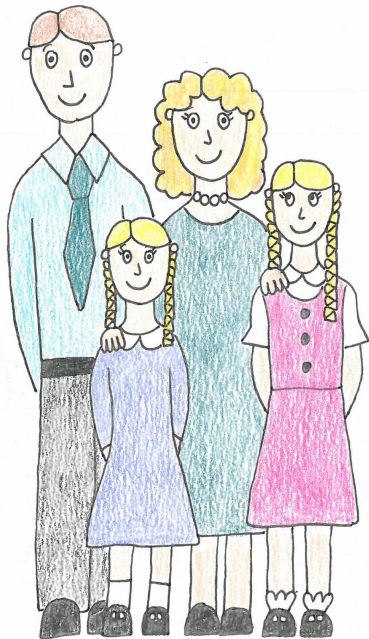
Rosl



*We went to Hoek van Holland, and at Hoek van Holland we got on a ferry, and the ferry took us to Harwich. At Harwich we got on a train to London Liverpool Street Station. Some of us had people waiting for them, either families or friends. Others, like myself, didn't. And those who didn't were allocated to children's hostels. That was the Kindertransport, and it worked for 10,000 people.*

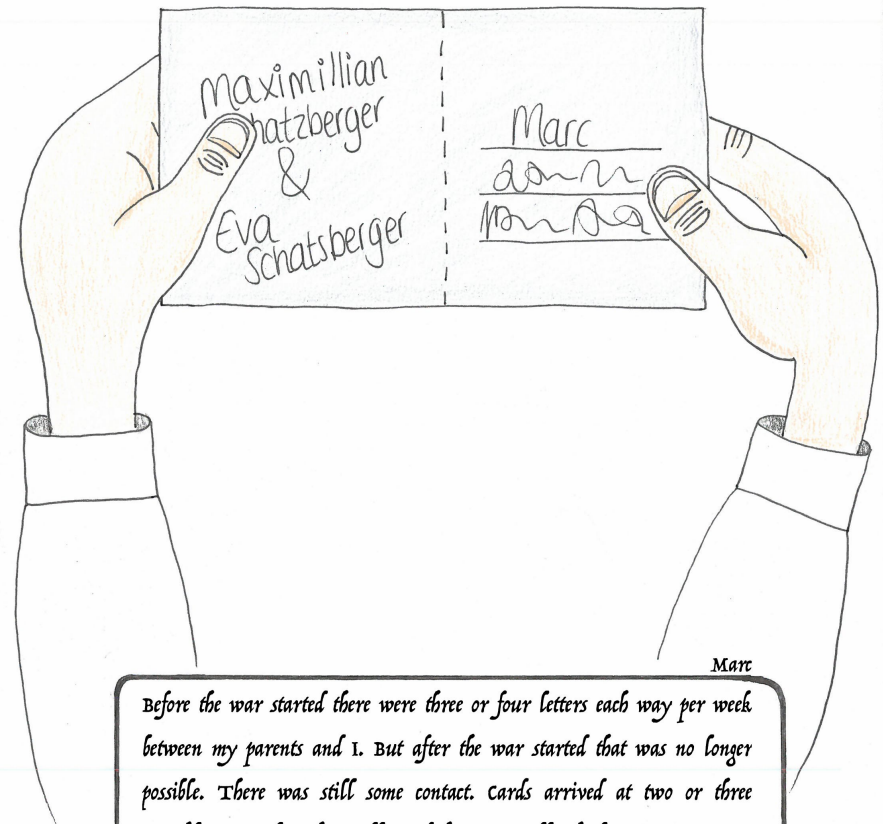
Marc





Rosl

I had a family, which very, very few  
refugee children had. Family is very  
important to me.



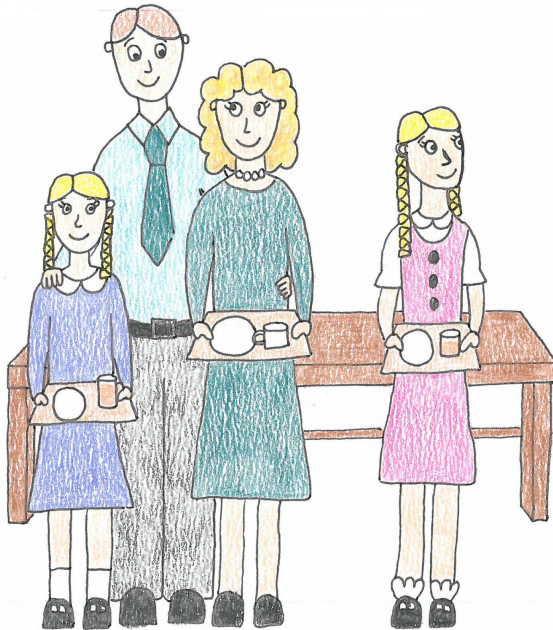
Marc

Before the war started there were three or four letters each way per week  
between my parents and I. But after the war started that was no longer  
possible. There was still some contact. Cards arrived at two or three  
monthly intervals. That's all. And that was really the last communication  
I had with them.



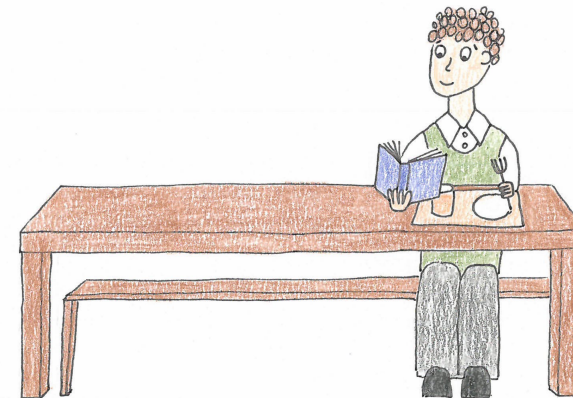
Rosl

I came to Manchester after a while. Marc and I actually met at a refugee hostel where my family and I stayed temporarily. Marc came as a young student to have his meals there.



Marc

My aunt and uncle and their son and daughter rented a flat in Manchester and got me to join them, so I became a member of their family.







*Where did you used to play?*





*Rosl and Marc in 2014.*



*Rosl and Marc got married in 1947 in Oldham. They now live in York.*

*Marc did not see his parents again. After the war, he learned that both of his parents died in Auschwitz.*

*Rosl and Marc were interviewed by Huw Halstead and Sebastian Owen at the University of York in 2014  
as part of the AHRC-funded project Personalising History.*

*Rosl and Marc's Story was designed and devised by Jessica Redhead.*

*To learn more about Rosl and Marc's journeys from Vienna to England visit the Personalising History  
website at <https://personalisinghistory.wordpress.com>.*

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*Text: © Rosl and Marc Schatzberger, 2014.*

*Illustrations: © Rhea Nicholson, 2018.*

*Produced by Personalising History, University of York.*