

Isidor Danon's Letter From Concentration Camp

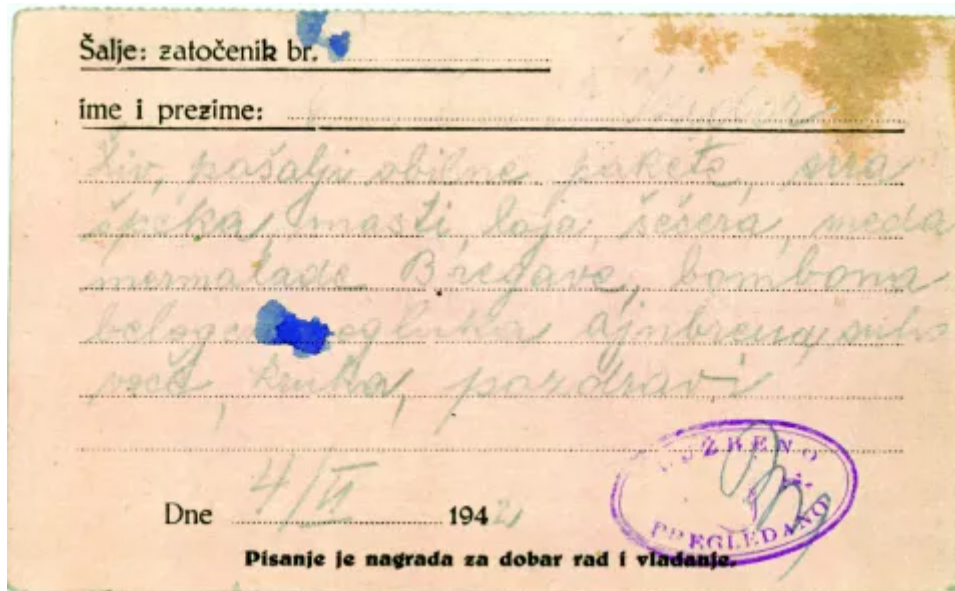


Photo of my father's last letter which he wrote in concentration camp Stara Gradiska (Bosnia). He was allowed to write up to 20 words. He wrote that he is still alive but starving. I was transferred from Jasenovac with my father and other prisoners, to Stara Gradiska because of the flood. There the conditions for escape were even worse, because Stara Gradiska was a border fortress which the Austro-Hungarians built on the border with what was then the Turkish Empire. My father was from Bjeljina. He began working when he was 13. My father went to the market and began selling soaps. He was industrious, smart, sweet and honest. In time, he went to Tuzla to begin a business. In Gracanica, a nearby town, he met my mother, Dona. My father's parents were Sephardim and spoke Ladino. They had 13 children - eight sons and five daughters. Religious customs were regularly observed. My mother's parents had nine children, eight daughters and one son. They were also traditional, but not Orthodox.