Alpha Omega Foundation

Henry Schein Cares FOUNDATION

Holocaust Survivors Oral Health Program

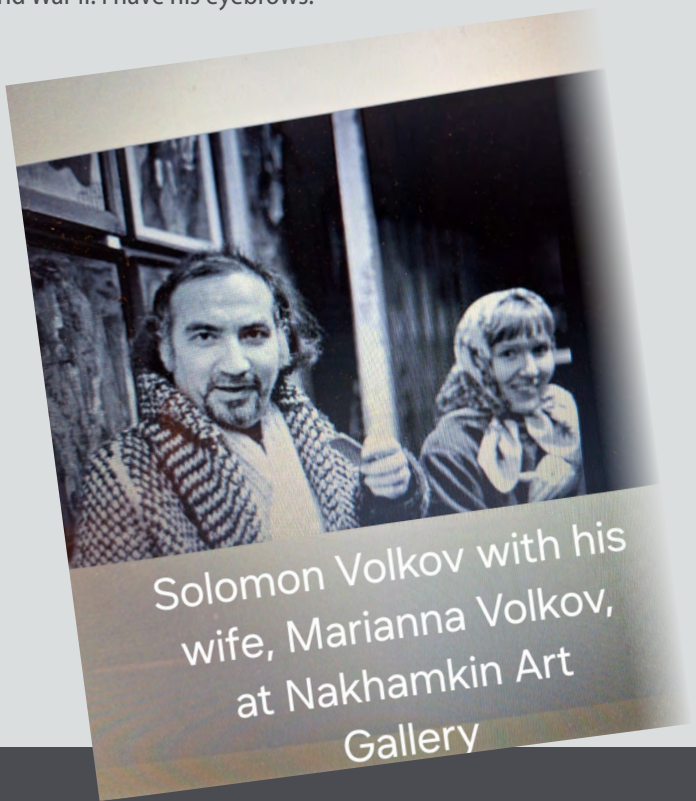
Program Guardians
The Claire Friedlander Family Foundation
Robert I. Schattner Foundation, Inc.

AO-HSC PROGRAM NEWS

Solomon Volkov's Holocaust Survivor Story

My name is Solomon Volkov, and I was born in 1944 in Leninabad, now Khojent, Tajikistan. I grew up in Riga, Latvia. Riga is a city with history, belonging first to the Russian Empire and then to Germany. It is a highly cultured city. I was immersed in its culture, especially classical music. It is because I was engrossed in music's beauty that inspired me to create it, as well as expose it to the world. Wagner once directed the Latvian Symphony Orchestra there. While the Germans occupied Riga, he was played constantly, as the Nazis highly admired him. Wagner's operas were said to reflect Nazi themes and typify Nazi values.

My parents were born in Riga and were Jewish but of very different backgrounds. My mother was from a well-to-do family. I am named after her brother Solomon, who owned a fashion company, known for its buttons engraved with the word "Elegant" on them. Unfortunately, he died fighting in the Russian army during World War II. I have his eyebrows.



Solomon Volkov with his wife, Marianna Volkov, at Nakhamkin Art Gallery

My mother attended the prestigious Russian Gymnasium, a progressive school where she developed an affinity for all kinds of modern culture. She often recited poems, to me, from modern Russian poets. It is also from her that I learned to love music.

My father attended a yeshiva where he was motivated to bring about political change. He joined the Jewish Social Democratic Party known as the Bund, which had strong ties to the Russian Social Democrats and believed that socialism could only be achieved "after developing a bourgeois society with an urban proletariat." (Russian Social-Democrat Workers' Party, Britannica.com)

My father was very active in political upheavals and was arrested in 1934, following the coup of Prime Minister Kārlis Ulmanis. Ulmanis overthrew the parliament and installed himself as a dictator. My father was a firm believer that the people should run the government and have the right to express themselves and live in an egalitarian society. While imprisoned, he met with other political prisoners with the same political and spiritual beliefs. These people eventually ruled Latvia after World War II. Around 1939, romance also happened during my father's incarceration. My mother visited him there and eventually arranged to marry him while he was still in prison.

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Musya's Holocaust Survivor Story

My name is Musya. I was born in Riga, Latvia in 1934. I am sharing some snippets from my book, *As Life Flows On.*

It was the summer of 1941. I had recently turned seven, and I was looking forward to the day I would go to first grade in the fall, very proud that I could already read and count to fifty. However, when Germany declared war on the Soviet Union, the world turned upside down overnight to become an alien condition of cruelty, death, fear and hunger. Evacuated, our family faced the war far away from Riga, our hometown, in Uzbekistan—with its strange and unfamiliar landscapes, exotic people, and very different lifestyle.

I have no clear memory of the Declaration of War or the initial experiences of the new situation; however, I do remember that life became stranger and even more frightening with every moment. Several times each day, there were bombings and air raid warnings, and we were supposed to go down to our absolutely unprotected basement, which we impressively called a "bomb shelter."

Every day it became increasingly dangerous to walk the streets. For a brief time, people communicated by phone, but soon the lines were disconnected, public transportation stopped functioning, and soon, the streets became empty. Silence fell over the city.

One such day, Father said it was the right time to leave. There were many indications that the danger to the Jews would come not only from the Germans but also from those who awaited them with great anticipation. At that early hour when we came to the train station we were the only people on the empty platform. The station seemed deserted. The only train at the platform showed no signs of life. Coming closer, we realized that the cars were crammed with people. Through the closed windows, we could see their wan faces, and their impassive eyes watching us. Nobody reacted to my father's plea to open the door, until one window finally opened, and the head of a Red Army officer appeared. His noble face and bright blond hair are etched in my memory forever. I can still hear his calm voice, the voice of a kind and gentle man. He said, "We cannot open the door—it is physically impossible because the train is jam-packed. There is no place even to sit. The only thing I can do is to take the child through the window." He turned directly to my mother and said, "I promise you that I will take care of her. I will do whatever I can to place her in a good orphanage." Mother and Father looked at each other and Mother started to cry. The officer urged them to hurry, saying that the train was leaving any minute and that it might be one of the last trains.

All of a sudden, the silence was shattered by a harrowing scream. It came from the owner of a grocery store ... now he was screaming like a man who had lost all his senses except terror. He cried that we were all doomed and that in a few minutes, we would be hit by a bomb and burned alive in a fire from the tank cars.

Mother stared at him in despair with tears running down her cheeks. "O.K.!," exclaimed the officer, "We will try to take the mother and grandmother." Father turned to Mother telling her to go for my sake and promised that he would follow us as soon as he could. Crying and clinging to each other, we climbed through the window into the car. The train still did not move. Nobody spoke. Father's figure against the background of the empty platform seemed especially lonely. He stood there lost, his face was twisted in a pitiful grimace. My mother's face, looking at him from inside, was a motionless mask. I was terrified and, as always when that happened, something cold grew in my stomach. Then I began to cry and to call for my father. And then, suddenly, our benefactor said to my father, "Quick! Quick! Get in!" For me, that was a moment of pure happiness.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Shalom!

Bernice Edelstein

Dear Friends,

As we mark the year's passage to 5785, the situation in Israel brings a renewed call for us to affirm our commitment to help Holocaust survivors age with dignity and respect.

This cohort is reliving their worst fears; the ADL sites that in the aftermath of the Oct. 7th attack on Israel, antisemitic acts rose 360%. When I speak with survivors, I am reminded of their resilience, and that gives me hope for brighter days ahead, for loved ones to return home to their families, and for the State of Israel to rebuild.

To combat antisemitism, we must educate by sharing survivor stories and uplift and care for this treasured cohort. I am deeply thankful to our community – dental ambassadors, participating providers, program partner labs, social service agencies, Henry Schein Cares, and philanthropic donors- as we rally together to restore survivor smiles.

G'mar Chatimah Tova!

With appreciation and gratitude,

Bernice Edelstein
Executive Director

Check out the program Facebook page. Like, follow, and stay connected for updates, stories, and inspiring moments. Together, we are making a difference in the lives of Holocaust survivors!

Facebook.com/AOHSCOralHealthProgram

If you have any suggestions for the newsletter including items for submission (stories and/or photos) please contact me at *bernice.edelstein@aofus.org*

WHAT'S INSIDE

CALLING ALL ATLANTA AO DENTISTS:

WE NEED YOU!

We are trying to revitalize the dental program and working with our social service agency partner JF&CS Atlanta. Volunteer your time and talent to treat a survivor through the AO-HSC dental program. There are approximately 170 low-income Holocaust survivors, and they desperately need our help!

If you are a practicing dentist in the metro Atlanta area and would like to participate, please contact Bernice Edelstein at *bernice.edelstein@aofus.org* or Dr. Colin Richman at *richmancs@gmail.com.*

RESTORE A SMILE.

YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU DID!

Shana Tova

Thank you for your commitment, dedication and participation in this vitally important program.

Wishing you and your loved ones a meaningful year filled with Health, Kindness, Peace and Love.

With sincere gratitude,

Bernice Edelstein
Program Executive Director

Henry Schein Cares FOUNDATION

Holocaust Survivors Oral Health Program

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Solomon Volkov's Holocaust Survivor Story *cont.*

Then, in 1941, the Germans invaded Riga and began eliminating the Jewish population. They shot 30,000 in the autumn of that year, forcing the rest into ghettos. Around November and December, the Riga Ghetto became too crowded, and an additional 30,000 Jews were taken to the Rumbula Forest and shot to make room for the German Jews intended to be sent to the Riga Ghetto. Fortunately, my parents escaped that terrible fate, and in 1941, they left Riga and went to Central Asia.

While in Central Asia, my father left to fight in "the front." I never learned where he fought; however, I stayed at home with my mother, who, like so many women of the time, was forced to care for me by herself. My father lost a leg in the war and was sent to a hospital in Riga, which had been liberated from the Nazis. In 1945, my mother and I returned to Riga when I was a year old.

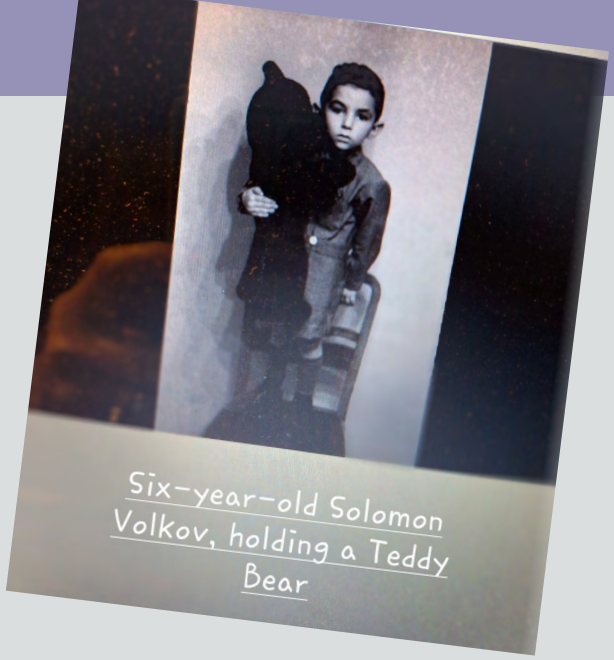
My father continued his interest in politics; however, my parents never spoke of this in front of me, unless they spoke in Yiddish, which they did not teach me. They were afraid that because I was young, I could innocently mention something about my father's political inclinations and land him in jail. It was a very precarious time in the early '50s when many Jews were arrested and persecuted.

Tragically, many of my father's friends were arrested and got long prison terms. My father was saved by the people he had met in prison some 20 years earlier, during the 1934 coup. They were able to protect him from being arrested.

My father worked as an archivist for the State of Latvia. He spoke Russian, Latvian, German, and Yiddish and was given secret material to translate. During the regime of the Dictator, Kārlis Ulmanis, Latvian intelligence was reputed to have the most advanced and effective information gathering in Europe.

After the Russian Red Army took over Latvia, Ulmanis was exiled. He worked as a projectionist at a local movie house. This was interesting for me, as he was humiliated by this work; he was from a well-to-do family.

Solomon Volkov, 10 years old, playing the



Six-year-old Solomon Volkov, holding a Teddy Bear

Perhaps because of my parents' enforced secrecy, I don't remember much of my childhood. I attended kindergarten at a school where my mother worked as a bookkeeper. At age six, I went to a special music school. I had been exposed to music from an early age. My mother loved classical music and would secure cheap opera seats for us. She knew all the singers and would follow their careers. I am certain I became a musician because of my mother's influence.

The only drawback to my first year in that music school was it was only taught in Latvian, which I could not speak. I had to learn Latvian. Happily, I did quite easily, perhaps due to inheriting my father's multilingual proficiency, perhaps because exposure to music had primed my brain to learn new things. I was quite happy in that school. The class liked me, and I felt the same way about them.

There were three nationalities of students attending that school. In the classes taught in Latvian, all students were Latvian. In the Russian classes, there were Russians or Jews. Russians in those days did not identify as belonging to any religion and there was no antisemitism in the Russian classes.

After that first Latvian year, I was placed in a Russian-speaking class at the same school. Our music classes were taught in both Russian

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Solomon Volkov's Holocaust Survivor Story *cont.*

and Latvian. In those classes, which were extremely inspiring, we also had ballet students. This was the school, years later, where Baryshnikov studied.

As for everyday life in Riga during my childhood, we weren't hungry exactly, but food was far from abundant, and I seldom received treats. My parents would rarely buy me candy, and if I was lucky enough to be given some chocolate, I was allowed just one bite each day so that it would last.

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, we were all still vulnerable to the regime in power, which was then Russia. My classmates, many of whom were like me, Jewish, would say the KGB came to their homes and searched for evidence of disloyalty. The KGB also came to our classroom to question us. Given all this, my parents and I lived in fear that they would come to arrest my father. Life was like walking on nails. You never knew who would be arrested and for what reason.

My life turned out to be surprisingly interesting. In elementary school and high school, I learned first to play the piano. My piano teacher, who was Latvian and spoke Russian haltingly, came to my home to convince me to pursue piano, for which he felt I had a special talent. "Play with the pillows of your fingers," he would tell me, "Not your nails." I just smiled. We would not be able to afford a piano, and besides, I preferred violin, on which I focused, and went on to study at Leningrad Conservatory. In 1991, when the city of Leningrad's historical name was restored, it became the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music.

Tragically, my mother died in 1970, six days short of her 61st birthday. While she saw me graduate with honors from the conservatory in 1967, she did not live to see me receive my advanced degree in musicology, conferred in 1971. She did not meet my classmate, Marianna, a concert pianist who became my wife, nor did she learn of my later work as an artistic director, musicologist, and cultural historian.

My father died in 1979, one month shy of his 68th birthday. He died of a heart attack after reading a scathing review in a major Soviet newspaper, of my book about Shostakovich that had been published in the U.S.A. In the review, I was referred to as a "bedbug." My father was found in bed with a copy of that newspaper.

In 1976, I emigrated to the United States and served as a research associate at Columbia University's Russian Institute. I have written many books and been blessed to meet and know many extraordinary people, including Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, pianist Suyatoslav Richter, violinist David Oistrach, and Claudio Abbado, conductor of La Scala in Milan, who was asked to review my book about Shostakovich. Once that negative review appeared, the request was rescinded.

I issued my books thanks to the dedication of my dear wife, Marianna (nee Tiisnekka), whose physical and mental health challenges of the past 20 years have become a tragedy for both of us.

I am enormously grateful to the Alpha Omega-Henry Schein Cares Holocaust Survivors Oral Health Program for supporting me in receiving the excellent care I have received and continue to receive from Dr. Marsha Goldenberg. This care is not only improving the quality of my dental health, everyday life, and ability to eat and enjoy food, but it has also allowed me to connect with Dr. Goldenberg, a caring, accomplished, and beautiful soul.

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I am moved by the heartfelt kindness of those who support these endeavors, which aim, in some way, to soothe those who have suffered immeasurable loss. To let us know, perhaps most importantly, that we are not alone is, at my stage of life, vital to the quality of that portion of my life that remains. G-d bless you all!

KOL HAKAVOD TO THE EXCEPTIONAL DENTISTS AND COMMUNITY PARTNERS PARTICIPATING IN THE PROGRAM

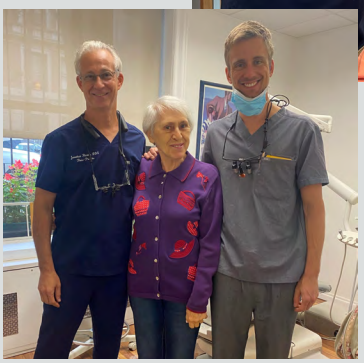
Restoring Smiles One Patient At A Time

DETROIT

Dr. Mark Luria, patient F.F., and assistant Kristina Balock

NEW YORK CITY

The dynamic duo of Drs. Jonathan Richter and Andrei Mark to the rescue! A huge shout out to Joe McCallum, Territory Manager - NYC and Melissa Seif, US General Manager at Sweden & Martina for the donation of implants!



Dr. Jonathan Richter, patient A.S. and Dr. Ian Wolf

Dr. Richter with patient R.B.

Mazel Tov

Dr. Allen Finkelstein, Chief Dental Officer of the Holocaust Survivors Oral Health Program and Philanthropic Donor received a Special Recognition Award for his lifelong dedication to global oral health, from the Shils Entrepreneurial Fund. Steven Kess presented the award.

Dr. Jonathan Richter, Dr. Allen Finkelstein and Dr. Marc Rothman.

PIP Dr. Gail Schupak accepted a Special Recognition Award on behalf of the Greater New York Dental Meeting, honored for its 100th anniversary and commitment to dental education.

Musya's Holocaust Survivor Story *cont.*

I don't remember how long our journey lasted or what we ate if we ate at all. We were bombed several times during that time.

Then there was the dreadful night when the train was kept for hours at a small station squeezed between two tank cars filled with oil. When an air raid started under the wail of the sirens, there was no place to hide. Time turned into eternity. Inside, the railroad car was completely dark, and only flickering reflections of fires sporadically illumined our frozen faces and silent tense bodies.

All of a sudden, the silence was shattered by a harrowing scream. It came from a little man, the owner of a grocery store on our block, whom I knew well because my mother often sent me there to buy fresh bread. Now he was screaming like a man who had lost all his senses except terror. He cried that we were all doomed and that in a few minutes, we would be hit by a bomb and burned alive in a fire from the tank cars. With every moment the people near me were becoming more tense and petrified, on the verge of hysteria. Instantly, and somehow imperceptibly he was surrounded by the officers from our car and taken outside. The next second everybody heard the crack of a shot. It was followed first by such a stillness that one could hear people breathing, and then by the cries and screams of the executed man's wife and the children.

Our wanderings ended first in an Uzbek village (кишлак), and then in the city of Kokand, where Dad left for the army. My mother, grandmother, and aunt worked at home as knitters. From early morning to late at night, they were knitting. In return, they had workers' provision cards that enabled us to survive. I remember a month's ration: a tiny amount of sunflower seed oil, grouts, sugar, and a ladle of soup. And there was the daily ration of bread that changed according to the political situation.

My father was an ordinary soldier and could do nothing for his hungry child. Although many years have passed, the feeling of hunger at that time will be with me forever. One of my first American friends, an intelligent elderly woman, once said, speaking about life in wartime Russia, "I understand that you suffered from hunger during the War; I assume that all you had was bread and milk." Her words sounded so incredible that I thought she was joking. "If during the War we had had bread and milk, we would have thought that we were in paradise," I replied. "What did you eat then?" asked my friend in amazement. "We didn't eat most of the time! We were starving!" I exclaimed. After which, we stared at each other for a long time.

I had almost no milk during the War. An exception was the day after my extremely complicated surgery for an appendicitis, when the doctor, an exiled former professor from Leningrad, said to my mother, "Miraculously she will live, but we do not have anything to feed her except a small piece of bread and black radish, which could kill her in her condition." My mother did not know what to say but saw in my eyes a silent plea for food. The professor was probably a religious man because, after a moment of hesitation, he said to my mother holding her hands, "We must have faith in God's will. Let's give her something to eat." My mother made up her mind, and a few minutes later, I ate the black radish and did not die.

The situation with bread was worse than with milk. Of course, like all citizens, we received bread. For the entire family — my mother, grandmother, Aunt Pania, her son, my cousin Moses, and me — it was a single loaf per day. And what a loaf it was, not even real bread, but the substitute which consisted more of water, bran, and straw than flour, very dark, as if kneaded on clay, heavy and wet! The moment the loaf was cut was the most important of the day. Everybody received his portion. Mine was given to my mother, who somehow managed to divide our two wretched pieces so that we had an unbelievably thin slice, three times per day. If we succeeded in finding a clove of garlic, we considered it a feast because garlic rubbed on the bread's crust created the illusion of sausage. But such occasions were extremely rare.

During the long dark evenings, when the hunger woke up in full strength and started to eat at us from inside, our main topic of conversation was bread. Everybody had the same, simple dream: when the War ended we would not make do with mere pastries or cakes but would eat the most delicious thing in the world — bread, soft and fresh, spread with butter and powdered sugar. Even now, after all these years, if someone asked me what I like most, I would answer without hesitation — white bread with butter. I still cannot resist this indulgence whenever I am in a restaurant or somebody's house, forgetting the eternal fight for calories and cholesterol.

Our dinner usually consisted of three courses served in consecutive order at the table. First was the so-called *zatirukha* soup, which could be made easily and quickly - one or two (at most) spoons of flour mixed

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Musya's Holocaust Survivor Story *cont.*

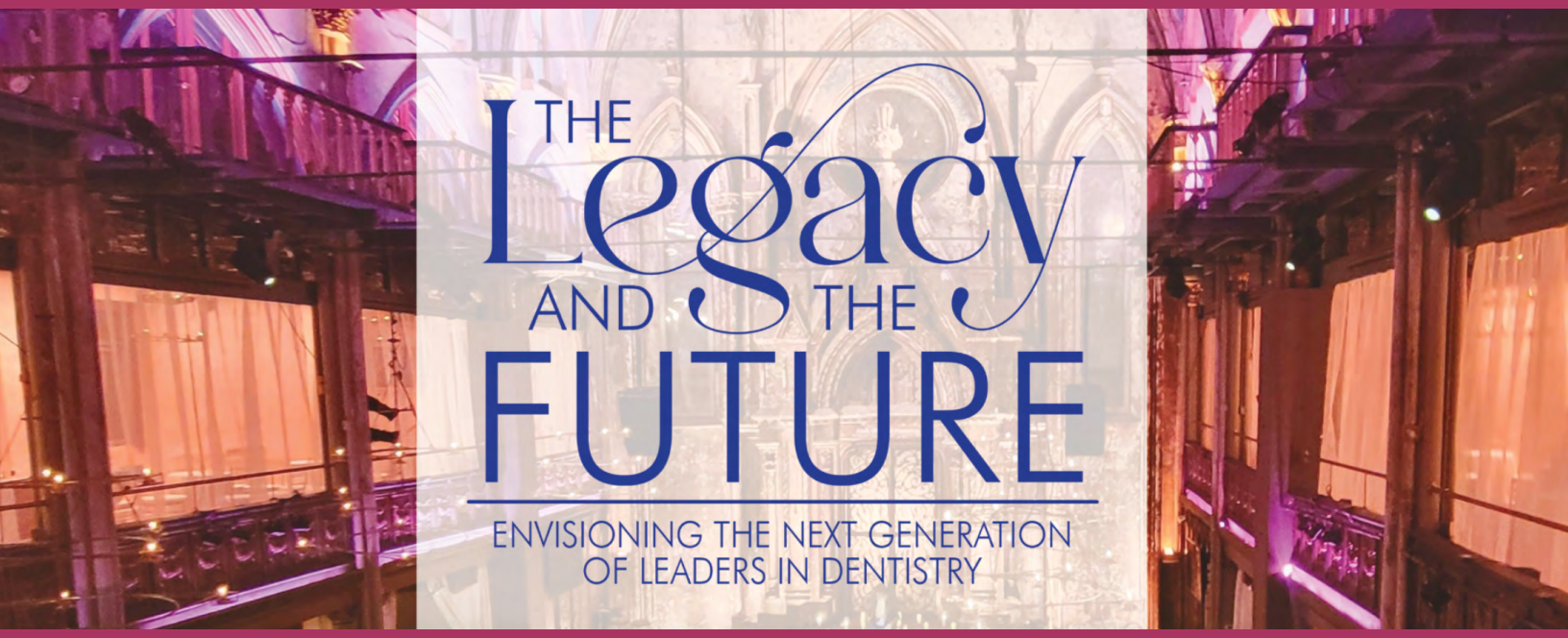
carefully with a small amount of cold water, and as much hot water as was needed. At times of great feasts, the soup was enriched with an onion slightly sautéed in a teaspoon of sunflower oil. The main course was a slice of bread, sometimes combined with the "dessert," namely, coffee made of sugar beets. Hunger made us not fastidious. We were glad to eat even oil cakes (cotton cake?) whenever it was possible to get them. Oil cakes are the remains of oil-bearing plants compressed in a special way after the oil is squeezed out from their seeds and are a wonderful kind of food for cattle. They were sold at the black market in briquettes of different color varieties, from pale yellow to dark brown, almost black, depending on which kind of plant it came. Some of them reminded me of chocolate. Whatever we ate, I was trying to imagine what human food it might resemble. This game was helpful but, unfortunately, not always successful.

While the grownups knit without lifting their heads the entire day in order to qualify for a worker's ration card, I was entrusted with bringing home the extra food which was so vital to us. One could obtain already prepared dinners with special food coupons distributed by the work administration to those who regularly overfulfilled the norms as an incentive for work. Everything related to food was dangerous and required great responsibility. Ration cards and coupons were not only stolen, but snatched out of people's hands, sometimes precisely at the moment they were produced at stores and dining-rooms. Lost or stolen ration cards turned during the War into the horror of starvation and hopelessness. People who had lost their cards were regarded as doomed. One can imagine the risk which was taken by my family when they entrusted their coupons to an eight-year-old child. For the trip to the dining room, I would prepare myself like a combatant, becoming very tense with every nerve in my body stretched tight. I clenched the coupons in my hand with such force that my fingers grew numb, while in my other hand I clutched a big green teapot. It was a long way to the dining room, across all the central streets of the town under the burning Asian sun. When I finally reached my destination, there would already be a huge crowd of wary adults. I do not recall seeing other children there, but some men and women came up to me offering to exchange coupons. I should explain that there were different kinds of coupons: for the first course soup; for the second some kasha with a bit of fat, and for the third, dessert, a slightly sweetened water called kompot which was supposed to be a cold fruit cocktail. My goal was to get rid of this kompot because the first dish and the second, whatever it was, I had to put together in the teapot. I must think quickly with whom and how to make the exchange. There was always the risk of confiding in the wrong person and being deceived. With my heart beating like a rabbit's tail, I would stretch out the hand holding the coupons and with the other hand, in which was the teapot, try to catch as quickly as I could the exchanged ones. Fortunately, I had a lucky experience -- I encountered only decent people and was never fooled. My next step was to get through to the distribution window. It was important not to be among the last when instead of soup there would remain only wash and dregs from the bottom of the pot and instead of the second course there might be only a little burned crust of kasha. When finally, the first and second courses were safely in the teapot, it was time to start home, guarding the dinner against encroachment. And then came the most frightening part because the real danger on my way back was myself --the struggling against the terrible temptation to at least sip the hot wash which would spread in my stomach with a calming satisfaction. This fight with myself was difficult and exhausting. On the way home I would always pick several landmarks, saying to myself, "Now, I will go without stopping as far as that tree and I will try not to touch the teapot." If it turned out as I planned, I would stop in order to take the teapot in the other hand and would select a new landmark. Quite often I had succeeded in suppressing the temptation, not because my willpower was so great, but because it was hard for me to endure the pangs of conscience, the feeling of "scalding shame," after I would sip from the teapot. This journey home with the seductive heavy, green-enameled teapot full of hot food will forever remain the most difficult trial of my conscience.

Letter *(condensed)* to Dr. Steven Spitz & Staff at Smileboston Cosmetic and Implant Dentistry:

Dear Dr. Spitz, we are especially grateful for your exceptional willingness and readiness to take on the offer from the Holocaust Survivors Office concerning the care for the well-being of people whose lives were severely touched by the Holocaust. Thank you that you have not forgotten and can still feel the inhumane suffering of your brethren from Europe and have opened the door of your office to them.

With the warmest regards and wishes, Musya and Alex G.



THE ALPHA OMEGA FOUNDATION US IS PROUD TO HONOR DR. ALLEN FINKELSTEIN, WHOSE LEGACY OF GENEROSITY, VISION, AND DEDICATION TO ADVANCING DENTAL EDUCATION AND ORAL HEALTH HAS PROFOUNDLY IMPACTED COUNTLESS LIVES. JOIN US TO CELEBRATE HIS REMARKABLE CONTRIBUTIONS AT THE LEGACY AND THE FUTURE GALA AND SUPPORT THE CREATION OF THE ALLEN FINKELSTEIN SCHOLARSHIP ENDOWMENT. THE SCHOLARSHIP WILL PERPETUATE HIS VISION OF ADVANCING DENTAL EDUCATION, PROVIDING ACCESS TO CARE, AND DEVELOPING NEW ORAL HEALTH INITIATIVES. YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT CAN MAKE THESE SCHOLARSHIP OPPORTUNITIES A REALITY WHILE REVERING DR. ALLEN FINKELSTEIN'S LEGACY

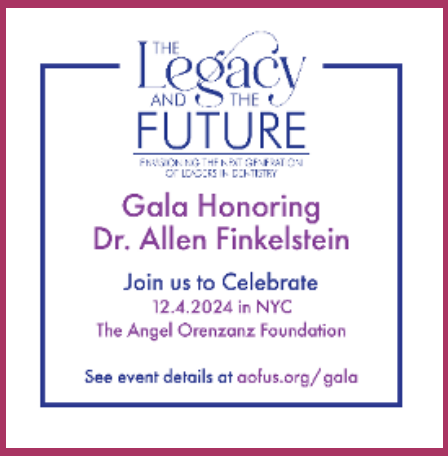
Don't forget to RSVP for

The Legacy and The Future Gala
honoring Dr. Allen Finkelstein!

Wednesday, December 4, 2024

Cocktails at 5:30 pm | Dinner at 7:00 pm

Food by Main Event Caterers by Mauzone.
All food will be under OU kosher supervision.



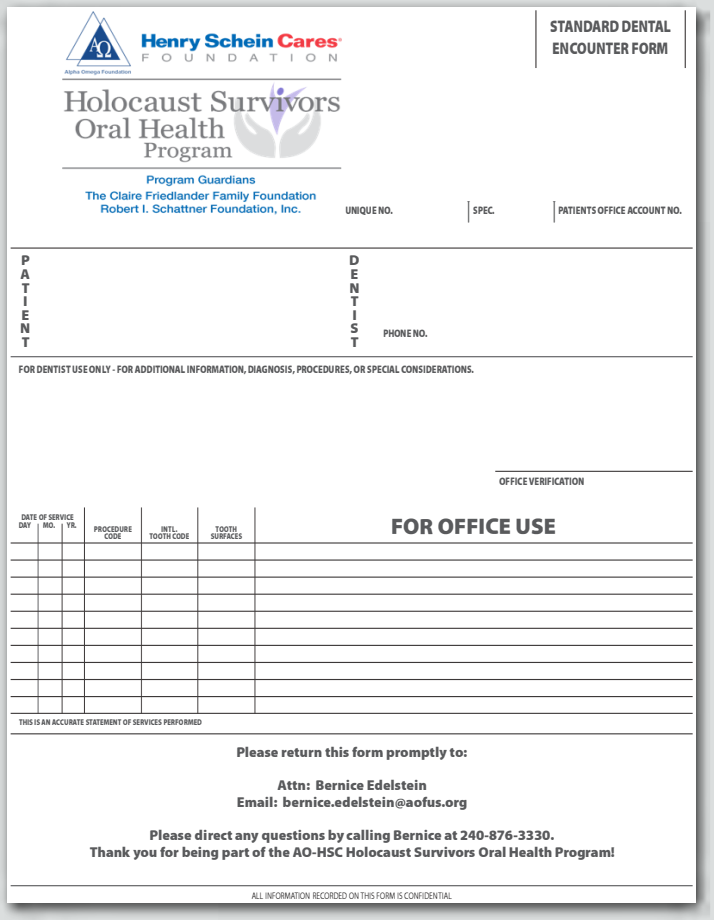
Join us in raising funds for a scholarship in his name—secure your spot today!

NOTE TO ALL DENTAL PANEL MEMBERS

This is a friendly reminder that if you have any Encounter Forms/ Patient Claim Forms that have not been submitted, please do so now. Record the appointment dates, the ADA or CDA codes and patient initials and send to *bernice.edelstein@aofus.org*

If you require assistance with a dental lab, contact Bernice Edelstein at *bernice.edelstein@aofus.org* or call 240-876-3330.

NOTE: Do not use a copy of a lab slip. That will only delay the process.



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STANDARD DENTAL ENCOUNTER FORM

UNIQUE NO. | SPEC. | PATIENTS OFFICE ACCOUNT NO.

PATIENT

DENTIST

PHONE NO.

FOR DENTIST USE ONLY - FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION, DIAGNOSIS, PROCEDURES, OR SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS.

OFFICE VERIFICATION

DATE OF SERVICE DAY	MO.	YR.	PROCEDURE CODE	INTL. TOOTH CODE	TOOTH SURFACES	FOR OFFICE USE

THIS IS AN ACCURATE STATEMENT OF SERVICES PERFORMED

Please return this form promptly to:

Attn: Bernice Edelstein
Email: bernice.edelstein@aofus.org

Please direct any questions by calling Bernice at 240-876-3330.
Thank you for being part of the AO-HSC Holocaust Survivors Oral Health Program!

ALL INFORMATION RECORDED ON THIS FORM IS CONFIDENTIAL

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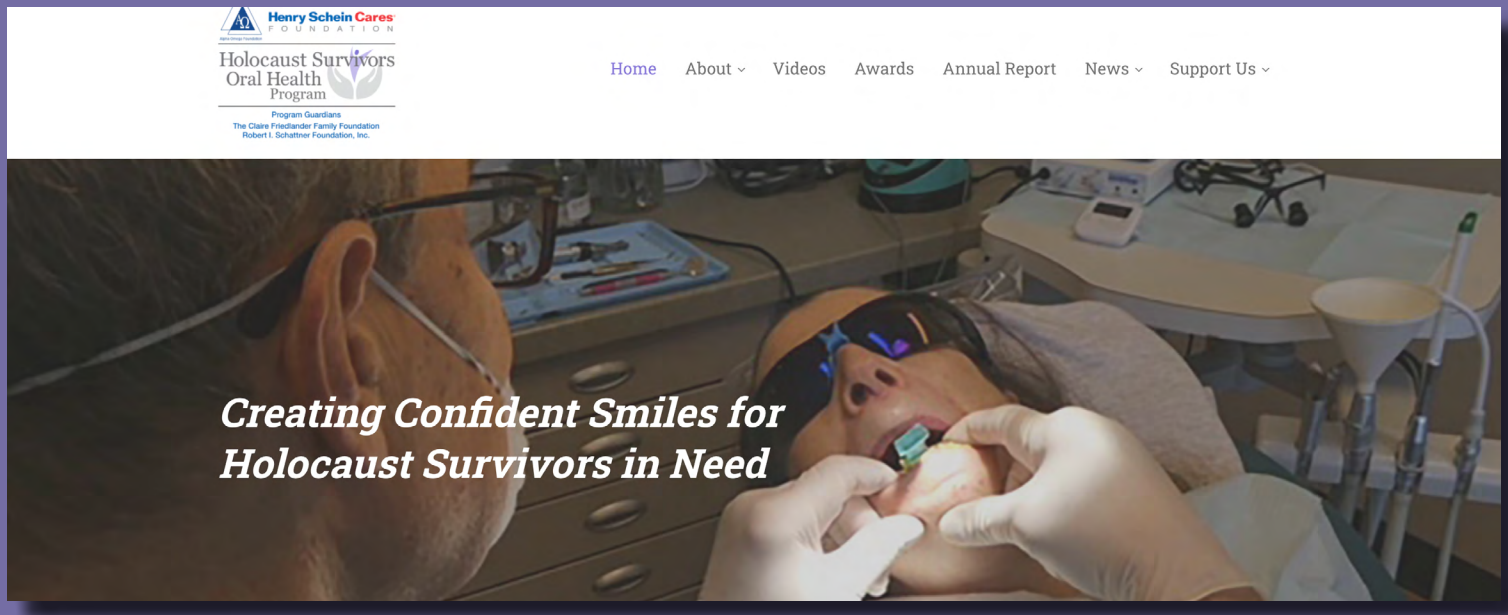

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