

I'm Bernard Weinstein, Director of the Kean College Oral Testimonies Project.

I'm Sister Rose Thering, a friend that Mr. Weinstein.

My name is Morris Rubell. I live in Verona. Would you tell us something about your background?

Yes. I am 59 years old. I'm a survivor of the Holocaust. When the war broke out, I was nine years old, and the Germans marched in Poland.

Where were you living?

We were living in a small village near Krasno in Barycz. And I'm the youngest child of a family of five children. My parents had a little inn, and we also had a small farm. And after the Germans marched in, a few months later, they started to congregate all the Jews.

Little signs went up for [NON-ENGLISH]. That means for Jews and children. For dogs and Jews, there is no school. It's verboten. That means it's not permissible. So obviously, school started. We were eight years old, and I had very little schooling, maybe six months, when I was a child before the war broke out.

And then a few months later, they congregated all the Jews in the villages and they put us into a ghetto called Krasno, which was roughly about 40 kilometers away from my home. And there, there was an airport, and we worked on the airport for various services for a support system for the Germans.

The family was intact. My father, on the way to the ghetto, was beaten and tortured, and then he died a few weeks later. The only ones that were in the ghetto from the immediate family was my two sisters and my mother and I.

If I can look back with you a little bit at the period before the war, what do you remember of your town and the community in which you lived?

We were a loving family. There was a lot of love and respect and caring for the family unit. My parents worked in the inn. There was a community, which was rather small, maybe like 20 families of Jewish people. We pretty much kept to ourselves.

But we did have services. We had a small shtiebel, which means little services, like a temple, a shul. We did not have a rabbi, but we did have elders who taught us. The life was very normal, very caring, almost like you have it here.

Did you go to a public school or a private school? You said you went about six months.

Yes, it was a public school. The public school, only six months because school, we did not have the kindergarten and pre-kindergartens like we have here. Children started school usually when they were eight years old. And when then the war broke out about six months or a year later. So I did personally did not have much schooling.

But it was a public school. And to be frank with you, I dreaded going to school because I was in the minority, and I wasn't really liked so much. I didn't feel that I was accepted in the school.

How was this non-acceptance manifested?

Name-calling, as being a Jew. Throwing rocks at Jews. But by and large, we pretty much kept to ourselves in the small community, and we were with our own little friends. There were a few in between, but we had some friends.

Were there are many Jews where you were?

The family in our area was only about 20 families. You must remember that ours was not the usual case because we

were in a small village. We were not in a large city. Later on in Krasno, there was much more of a larger community, but unfortunately, this was not under normal circumstances for me. This was more because I was in the ghetto.

Do you remember the clientele that your inn served?

Our inn served more of a transient because we were in a small village. It was passing from one large city to the other, so people stayed overnight. My parents, we cooked for them and we had lodging for them.

What are your memories of the actual outbreak of the war? Can you reconstruct some of that for us?

It all happened so fast. I do remember the bombs. It was in the latter part of 1939 when the war broke out in Poland. And I remember the fear. We were hidden in the cellars, and then when we walked out, we saw fire and bombs falling and soldiers all around us.

It's like a war. It's like anything. Really, I remember. It's all vivid, but I try to block it all out, in a sense. But I do remember that there were a lot of death all around us, and the Germans marched in a few days later.

And were the Jewish people rounded up almost immediately then?

Within a month or so, we were rounded up and we were taken to the--

Ghettos.

--to the ghetto, which was Krasno, which was roughly about 40 miles, 30, 40 miles away from our town.

You said your two sisters were with you?

Yes.

And your mother. And your brother?

No, my brother was not. He was in another area. He was not living with us.

But he was affected, too, by the war.

He was affected. The whole family was affected, but he was in another town in Warsaw or Krakow. I don't remember which, and he went to Russia. But we were all fragmented. We were all torn apart, and the whole family was uprooted. And we wound up in the ghetto, like I said before, and we were there till 1941, I believe. It was about a year and a half in the ghetto.

And from there, they took us on trucks because there were those segregations. They came, and when they saw young people and old people, they immediately tried to put them away in different places. At that time we didn't know exactly what the reason was. But they took us to Rzeszow, which was another death camp.

My mother and I were sweeping streets outside that particular camp in the town of Rzeszow, and we ran away. And we tried to get back into the ghetto, because there was only one way of getting back and to survive, is being in a living place, where you could work. So we waited in a ditch overnight, and then we tried to get back into the lines of the marching people from the camp to the ghetto. We went back and they put us back on the roster and we were happy to stay in the ghetto again.

Can you describe how you got out of Rzeszow?

Well, we were sweeping the floors in town.

You were ordered to do that?

Ordered to do that by the Germans. We were on the guard. But there were people in the middle of the street, and we sort of swept on the side. And my mother gave me a signal and we snuck out behind them, and it was late in the afternoon. And then we hid behind one of the buildings, and then we ran into the woods. And from then on, we asked questions how to get back, and we went back to Krasno, which is to the ghetto again.

What were your living conditions like in these ghettos?

In the ghetto?

Yeah, in both Krasno and Rzeszow?

Well, there were barracks. They did not have regular beds. They had shelvings, roughly enough room to slide in and to sleep. You didn't have any straw or anything like that. It was really blank, planks, rather.

Could you stay with your mother, though?

No. My mother was in a separate area and I was in a separate area. Working, we would meet in the appellplatz, which is like a place that they would call out names, and then later on that we would separate at night. And then the conditions, the rations, were very meager. We would get served just a ladleful of soup, just soup for lunch, and a piece of bread in the morning and a piece of bread at night. And weekends we used to get margarine and marmalade with that, and this was our diet for a long period of time.

Did you have to stand in line a long time to get food?

Always. The lines were-- always lines. Lines to get the food, lines to go to work. For everything there were lines.

When you left the ghetto, when they took you from the ghetto to the death camp, did you know that the other place was a death camp?

We did not know. I don't think we wanted to know.

No.

I think that somehow, rather, we just could not believe that such a thing could be.

How did you find out?

You found out by seeing it. They used to pull up trucks to back up like garbage dumps, and they would push them out and they would fall into the ditches. And there was a constant burning of firewood in there, and people were falling in. And maybe some of them were shot, some of them were not shot. Some people were burning alive.

And things like this, people don't really want to believe that these things exist, that this is an isolated case. You can't possibly believe that humanity would allow such a thing. So you try not to see it. You try not to feel it. You try to think that this is just a dream or an isolated situation.

But this came a bit later?

In Rzeszow, it did not happen later. Rzeszow was in 1941. There were those things that were happening. They were happening, but they did not have-- I did not know that there were crematoriums. I did not know that they were extermination camps.

They had crematoriums in Rzeszow, or they had--

Not in Rzeszow, no. They had them in Treblinka. They had them in other places, like the big one in Poland, right near Krak--

Auschwitz.

Auschwitz. But at that time, we personally did not know of these places. And when you got to these places, it was too late for most of the people to realize that these things existed.

In the ghettos, were there killings?

There weren't killings, per se. They took away people. There were hangings. There were tortures in isolated cases. But mass murders, you did not see that. You did not see it because they used to come out and take 10 people or 20 people or 30 people. They would ask the elders, that they want a certain amount of people.

And we did not know where exactly, or maybe we didn't want to know, where these people are going. But I remember in Rzeszow, Rzeszow was a place that really, they took, literally, people and trucks and just backed them up and just throw them overboard like they were really garbage. And when we escaped, we realized that those things are happening, but we did not know to what extent.

What happened to your farm and your inn?

I don't know.

You don't know.

I don't know. I never went back.

No.

Till now, I never had any desire to go back to Poland. But now I think that I would like to go back, possibly, take my children, maybe someday my grandchildren. I'd like them to know where our roots are and where their grandparents lived. But that remains to be seen. Then-- I'm sorry.

Oh, go ahead.

Then in 1942, I believe, we were in Plaszow, which was a concentration camp right outside Krakow. For there we were there for over a year. And this was a camp that we are also working in shoe factories and various service companies, service centers.

I was there alone. My mother was not there anymore. They shipped her off someplace else, which I don't know exactly.

Prior to you going to Krakow?

Prior to going to Krakow.

To Plaszow?

To Plaszow.

How old were you then?

At that time I was 12 years old. And then they had always these different segregations, and we had a hard time remaining in Plaszow because they were taking, again, the old and the meek and the young. And for some reason, I

always found myself among the non-productive people, but I was fortunate enough to hide myself once. And then a second time I was put back on the roster again, and I remained in Plaszow until 1943. At that time--

Where were your sisters at this time?

I have no idea. I know that my sisters wound up in Auschwitz, but I did not know at that time where they went, whether they were alive. As far as I was concerned, we were just-- I thought that I was the only survivor. But after the war, when we found each other, they told me that they were in Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen. We found each other after the war in 1946. Took a year.

So your mother was just taken and your father was--

My father passed away in 1940.

After being beaten?

Beaten and tortured. My mother, we were together, and then in 1941 we were separated, and from then on I never saw my mother again.

What was Plaszow like?

Plaszow was a camp on a hill. There were terrible beatings by the kapos and the SS people. The SS had a lot of help because they had the-- we call them the Blackshirts. They weren't regular Germans. They were more from Ukraine, and they took their job with a lot of pleasure. They beat us constantly by marching, by walking, by working. There was never any peace. It was hell. It was hell, but we were alive and we had hope. We always had hope, and that kept us somewhat alive.

Where did the hope come from?

That's a tough question. We, as Jews, always depended on hope.

Did you help one another or talk it over?

In some cases, there was. There was a sense of humor. I don't know whether we helped each other. I don't think that we had this camaraderie. I think everybody was preoccupied by their own survival, by their own misery, their own sorrows. But down deep, you wanted to live. I know that in my case, I always had that feeling that says tomorrow they'll kill me, but not today. I will survive today.

And you kept on repeating, repeating every day. It wasn't your doing, because everybody had the same feeling. I was just very fortunate, and I believe there was some faith involved, because there really was no reason, for all the accounts, that a young person or an old person would survive, because they were targeted, the first ones to be killed.

They made you work all day, and at night, did you have any time to do a little schooling?

No.

None?

No. I don't think that we really had concentrated on work like that, as far as school. This was not a normal type lifestyle. This was a matter of totally devoted to survival for one more day, in many cases just an hour. And when you finished work-- everything was regimented. I mean, you were led, beaten, pushed here. Everything was within this minute, you had to be here. Another half hour you had to be there. This was not a place conducive for study or for normal living like we know it today.

Who ordered you about? Was it kapos or was it the SS?

It was both. It was both. It was a chain of command.

Men, women?

Well, what happened was the men was separated from the women. The only time that there was some contact, in the early years of the war, in the camps, was in Plaszow, in the ghetto. But during living conditions, they were totally separate. There were the women's quarters and the men's quarters. And I'm sorry, I didn't get your question. I don't remember what.

I asked you who administered the orders.

The orders were through a chain of command. The SS would issue an order, and then the kapo would take it. The kapos would take over. However, the kapos used to come in and take part, and that would be more the overriding factor, and they would be the one who would administer most of the beatings. When there were beatings, they were done by both, but when there were killings, they were done by the Gestapo-- hangings-- and the Blackshirts.

About how many were you at Plaszow?

Thousands. I don't know. At that time I really did not concentrate on numbers, but I know that we were a lot of people. And they kept on bringing more and shipping out more. The transiency was tremendous. I mean, you just kept getting different people and getting out people. So it wasn't A family unit, that you got to know people.

I was going to ask you if there was anyone you were close to.

No. Unfortunately, I can't say that I was. When the family was taken away, when we were separated, I don't know, trust sort of went out the window. They were, out of sheer, necessity usually a few friends of people that we would be together. And there was a little bit of a support system. But everybody was always looking behind. Everybody was always looking where the butt of a rifle or a gun or a bullet or a whip was coming from. We were scared squirrels. We were really always scared.

You must understand that this whole process did not happen-- it was systematically done by first they would separate your family. They would cut down your rations. They would make you weak physically, mentally, psychologically. You just become a very weak human being. They were very clever in the way they handled this whole process.

They took away your dignity. They stripped you little by little. They stripped more and more. And after a while, there was very little left, except maybe some breath. The soul was still there and there was that inkling of hope in surviving another day.

I do remember in the later years, which I'll come to, when we went to Austria, we knew that we are not going to survive. It was sort of hopeless. It was that would hurt more. After a while, the pain was not your survival. The pain wasn't a question of your life. The pain was more of the non-caring people on the outside world, that nobody really cared.

I remember, in retrospect, when we were in the trains and we looked out and we were passing by fields in Poland and then in Austria, women, children passing by towns, they saw it. They saw us. They saw the hopeless bodies, the crippled bodies, the emaciated bodies, the beaten bodies, and they just turned away. In some cases there was almost a smile.

And when you are in a situation like this, and when you see that there is this kind of a feeling of non-caring, you just lose total hope. You just don't care. You just don't feel, I don't know. But yet, there is that desire to survive one more day, because you really can't believe what you're seeing, the indifference of the outside world. That, I think, was the most painful thing, the indifference. That is something that will stay with me a long time, and I'm sure with all the other survivors.

Did the indifferent spur you on to want to live more or did it demoralize you?

Both. That's the irony. What it does, first you want to hide and die, because you really don't want to see that nobody cares. But on the other hand, you get mad. You get angry. It's like you have nobody to depend on, and yet you know that there is something there, that there must be somebody that cares. Maybe not these people. Maybe for the past, maybe for the future.

So you try one more shot. You try one more time. Like I've spoke before, there's this feeling of hopelessness, and yet there is this feeling of hope. When there is nothing left anymore physically, you just want to let it all out and just die, but yet, there is something that tells you you've got to go on one more day. Don't let them get you, kill you today.

In Plaszow, were beatings and killings random or were they usually for particular, what the Germans considered particular, acts?

The beatings, there were always particular acts. If you walk too slow, there was a particular act. If you did not keep up with the running, it was a particular act. You could always look for a reason. I have not any reasons created. There were certainly certain people that were sadistic, and they got a lot of pleasure out of beating and hurting and annihilating people.

But those things happened, most of the time, during segregation periods. Every now and then, I would say every month or two, they would strip us naked on this appellplatz. They would ask us, tell us, to come out on the appellplatz. The appellplatz, multiply a football field by 10 times or more. And everybody would have to come out naked on the field, regimented, as far as your blocks are concerned, where you come from, your barracks.

And you would pass by in front of certain guards or certain doctors, and they would go this way, that way, this way, that way. That is what we call the segregation. This way, you went to work. This way, you went to the shipment. We didn't know at that time where we were going.

But obviously, now we know that the people that were segregated that went to this side went directed to the death camp, to the crematoriums. In Plaszow, we did not have crematoriums. They put people on trains and they shipped them in the various different thing. Auschwitz was a perfect situation because Plaszow was maybe 20, 30 miles, what I know now, from Krakow. Not far.

Were they trying to see who would be good for work?

Yes, the strong ones they would leave. The meek ones and the children and the old, they would always take away. It didn't take too long, with the hard work that had to be performed and the meager rations, to become old in a period of two months or three months. So you had a lot of very meek, old people in a short period of time. And they kept constantly segregating and sending these people. But during the course of segregation, during that period of time, there were an awful lot of beatings, and they didn't have to have reasons to do so.

Was every appell followed by a shipment of people?

Well, no, not really, because every day we had appells. Every day we had to meet on the thing, and they had counting whether they were all present. So how many people died and how many people were taken off the roster. There was always an accounting of every block. The block was considered not a block, as far as block is concerned.

A block was considered a barrack, x amount of people that were living in there. And there were always kapos who are responsible for counting their own block, and they had to give an accounting of how many are missing and where they are and whether they are dead, these are the ones that are present. It's almost like an army that was run.

And where did you go after Plaszow was liquidated, or after the time came for you to leave?

I believe this was in 1943 or towards the end of '43, when the Russians started to make headway and the Americans,

they were-- the Russians were starting to fight and coming towards Poland. So they evacuated all the concentration camps from Poland, and they were sending us to various different camps.

Some of them went to different-- in my case, they put us on trains, on cattle trains. And they packed us in, standing up. For weeks we were going to-- I don't know how long it took, but I know it took at least a week or two weeks to Mauthausen, which was in Austria. In Austria, I was there for about a month, and there was another segregation. And they segregated a group and they put us on trains again.

Where were you in Austria at the first stop?

Mauthausen.

Mauthausen. Is that a death camp?

It was a death camp, but we were not-- they had segregation, but I was fortunate enough to be in a group that was in the working group. We were in the barracks, and we were waiting there for a shipment. Nobody knew exactly. There was no work, except cleaning the street.

At one camp, you had Ukrainians that were kapos, and now in Mauthausen, you had Austrians?

Well, no. There was in Austria, but they could be Austrians. The Austrians were intermingled with the SS.

OK.

They were in Germany and Austria. But in Austria, in the camp, mostly they were all SS men and kapos. I was there for a month, and after that they shipped us out, and we went to a concentration camp called Melk, which was a work camp that was building ammunition factories, tunnels, underneath the mountains.

And every day we would be traveling by train to these camps, very early in the morning. It wasn't even light yet. And we would come home at night. We were building these tunnels for factories, for ammunition, like I stated before. And there, the rations were very, very meager.

We hardly had any hot food. They just served us in the field when we were working, for lunch, in little huts, watery soup, and the rest of it was strictly a piece of bread in the morning and a piece of bread at night. And this was our ration for a very long time, till we were moved to another camp.

And this was strictly a work camp. I don't know-- they did not have too many killings, except that people died from hunger and overwork, starvation and work. But the regular crematoriums I was not aware of them.

In Mauthausen were exterminations?

Yes. But I was not involved. I was in a different section of it.

Mm-hmm. Were you able to see or smell anything, conscious?

We did not know that these things existed. But the stench of death was so prevalent in every camp that we did not know exactly where there was burning of live people or dead people, but there was always a fire and you could always smell the stench of death. But I did not know. I did not see the ovens. And then in Melk, this was really a very, very tough camp, and the starvation, really, people were dying like flies.

What year was this?

That was in '44, till the beginning of '45. In 1945, it was around March, they shipped out to people from Melk. They didn't ship us. In this case, it was a march. We marched to a camp called Ebensee. I remember we felt that the war was

coming to an end because during that period of the march, there was a lot of bombing going on. And we were hoping that we were going to be bombed so that the guards can be dead as well, because when the bombs were falling.

We walked for a week or two from Melk to Ebensee. And in Ebensee, there was another camp, a factory, underneath the mountains. And there was the most crucial time that I remember as far, because we did not receive food at all to speak of. I mean, we just got some rations, but it was very mean, because this was already towards the end of the war.

We waited. And the loss of weight, the loss of desire to live, really, this was really a desperate point. But yet, there was a little ray of hope, when I think back, that you saw the Germans not feeling so high and so great. And so they were beginning to be demoralized.

And in a way, we found a little pleasure in that, even though we were going with them and we were worse off than they were, and we knew that we're not going to survive, because we couldn't. There were no rations. We just couldn't get up. All you saw is bones of people.

But yet you saw that mighty army, those polished boots, all of a sudden not being as polished and not as mighty. They were walking around with bent heads, and it really felt good. But the last few days, thousands of Jews died there.

Do you think they did that purposely because they wanted them to die before the end of the war?

Oh, there's no question about they wanted us to die because they mined the shafts. An order came in that they wanted to take us all in and to dynamite the tunnels and kill us all. But we just couldn't move. We just wouldn't move. And we sat in our own filth, in our own debris, so to speak, but we did not move.

We just didn't care. Go ahead and do whatever, and they didn't. And overnight, the regular army came and they changed guards with the SS, so we knew that this was really good, because the SS fled. And the next day, we were liberated by an American tank outfit. I'll never forget that tank that came in and broke the gate, the entrance of the camp of Ebensee.

Did you ever get the names of any of the Americans--

No.

--liberated?

But I'll never forget their faces. I'll never forget their faces. This was a long time ago, almost a half a decade-- a half a century-- but I will not forget their faces.

What did their faces look like?

Happy, haggard, dusty, full of love, caring, their eyes, throwing candy, fruits, giving things to us. And yet they were bewildered. They never saw anything like this before. They wanted to help, but yet they couldn't. They just weren't used to something like this.

I guess we wanted to see happiness. We saw what we wanted to see in them, but they were definitely bewildered and shocked and distraught about this whole thing, because they didn't see human beings. They saw flesh. They saw death all around them. We were used to this, but they weren't used to something like that. But I tell you, it was good to see them.

Did they feed you?

Oh, that was the trouble. They fed us too well. Our stomachs, our bodies couldn't handle it, until the doctors and nurses came. We really couldn't absorb this kind of diet and a lot of people died. But after a while, I mean, they took us in their arms. When I think back, the way they lifted us, the way they held us--

How much did you weigh at the time?

I was told that I weighed 65 pounds, But I weight a lot more now.

Did they take you to their own barracks?

They didn't have barracks, but they took us to the fields where they were, because they just came in.

It was tanks.

So it was tanks, and they lived in the fields. But later on, little hospitals were set up in tents. And then the camps, they told us they were free. A lot of the people didn't believe that we were free. We still felt that the Germans are going to come back.

See, this was going on for years. This didn't happen for a month, or whatever. And when you take away all the dignity from human beings for such a long period of time, it takes an awful long time to bring back your sense of self-worth. And we did not believe that only good is going to come of this. We always thought that the Germans are right behind there, and it took a long time until we realized that they are gone, and hopefully forever.

When the Americans came in, were there any Germans in the camp?

We did not see them. They tried to change their uniforms, but they could not pass as prisoners because they were too well fed and too well in appearance. They ran away. I know that we caught some of them later on, and we did not necessarily treat them so kindly. But they were arrested by the Americans and I don't know what happened. No, I did not see any in the camp. They ran away. The guards did not stay. They ran away. When the Americans came in, they weren't there anymore.

Do you know if any of them were caught?

Yes. Later on they were caught, and the Americans, they tried very hard to bring them to justice. But they took them into camps, and we didn't know exactly what happened to them, of course, because they would not let the inmates close to them, because they knew that the inmates, the survivors of the concentration camp, would treat them not so nicely. So they took them to different camps, and I don't know exactly what happened.

Was this camp near any of the cities in Austria? I was thinking of, was there a possibility that they could have you housed or roomed or fed in any other place except out in the fields, or was out just in an open place?

They had barracks, the same barracks, but later on, they took to a camp called Linz. I did not go there. I went to Italy. I heard that from Italy, you could go to Israel. And so we jumped a train, and about a month later, we went to Italy. But there were camps of displaced-- DP camps they called them. They took all the people that survived and nursed them and helped them to get over this nightmare.

And the Americans helped them, and of course, a lot of people from the United States came, from nurses and civilians. They did tried to find out who survived and they tried to set up like the Joint Distribution Committee and the HIAS. They would have a radio program every night to find out who survived, and then they would read off names from various places, various camps.

As a matter of fact, that's how I found out that my sisters were alive, or they found out that I was alive in Italy. And I was there with the Israeli brigade, which I found them to be fighting during the Second World War.

Which sisters were alive?

Frances, she was alive. My sister Frances survived. She was in Sweden. And my sister Lucy and Clara survived, and they were in Linz in this camp.

The DP camp.

The DP camp.

How did Frances get to Sweden?

She was liberated in Belsen-Bergen-- Belsen, rather. And she had typhoid. She was almost dead. The Swedish people took in quite a few of the sick people, and my sister Frances was one of them, and they nursed her back to life. And she stayed there till 1948.

Was that through Raoul Wallenberg?

I don't know exactly whether it was through him, but I don't think that they found him after the war. I really don't know. I know that there were a lot of Swedish people that helped a lot of the sick people that brought them into Sweden, and she became better, thank God. And then she came here in 1949.

What about your brother?

My brother Mark, he was in Russia during the war, and he, too, came to Linz in 1945. And he met my sister, Lucy and Clara, and the three of them were in Linz. And they found out that I was alive in Italy, and they asked me to come to Linz. I came there in 1946, and we were together for about a year, till '47.

What was that displaced camp like?

The displaced camp was a place that it was the families. They tried to keep the families together. It was a camp. Of course we had freedom. I wouldn't call it a camp because the word camp has a different connotation for me.

That's right.

It was a place to live, a place to live while you wait that you go to a place more permanently. This was like a temporary place, and we had freedom. We could come and go whenever we pleased. We could go to the villages. We could go to town. We didn't have gates. We did not have kapos. We did not have an assessment. We did not have Gestapo. We did not have death surrounding us all around.

And this was paradise. This was something, a beginning of life. But we knew that this is not a place that we wanted to be the rest of our lives. We wanted to have our own private homes, lives, and be able to do something with our lives and to be productive human beings. I don't know how much we thought about how much we owed to society, because at that time we didn't think how much we owed to society. We thought we owed it to ourselves and to our families, whoever survived, to make something of ourselves.

Then in 1947, I went to France, because the visas to come to the United States were exhausted, as far as the Polish quota was concerned. Regardless whether we were Jews or Poles, the Polish quota-- even though we went through that much, we could not come to the United States because we had to wait for the quota, and the quota was exhausted. We would have to wait 50 years for us to be able to come here. So I went to France, and from France, my cousin brought me over to the United States.

This is a good point which to pause for a few minutes.

Sure.

We have to change the tape.