

During break, you had mentioned that was an incident that occurred during one of the death marches that you were on. Could you tell us a little bit about that incident?

Yes, I definitely want to recall this and to retell it. There are many, many stories that I'm sure I don't remember already, that perhaps if I would try and concentrate by myself I could recall many atrocities and many terrible things that happened every single day. But this one in particular is really a horrifying story.

This happened-- I'm sure it happened before the last camp that we were herded into. By the way, I do remember the name of it. It's Helmbrechts. And I don't remember the name of the town, but it wasn't a village that we came at night after the march of 30 miles or so to look for shelter that particular day. But it was a town, it wasn't a village.

And I must also tell you that the food that day that they found for us could have been a potato throughout, for a whole day. And sometimes the potato was cooked, and sometimes they gave us a raw potato or something like that. If I say food, it's not a hamburger and French fries by any means.

And I must tell you that, as starved as I was in particular, I could not eat a raw potato. There are some girls that eat anything just to sustain themselves. I could just not get it down. There are girls they were so desperate that when we got a potato boiled in the skin, I try to take the skin off because I just couldn't eat it. They came around and held their hand for somebody to drop their peel to eat. So the starvation was tremendous.

So we came to this town, and somehow the Germans were able to, or the people in town maybe had more provisions, or I don't know what the circumstances were that they were able to get bread. And they got what seemed like a lot of loaves of bread, and these loaves of bread came from the bakery and the wagon. And I think that they heard it as to what used to be an army-- not army camp, but army-- what do you call?

Barrack?

Not barracks, housing. But it was empty. Because I remember that it wasn't a stable. It wasn't-- but it was, like, a building facility that we were herded into. And there was a big courtyard, and I remember this wagon with the loaves of bread. And it was something that we didn't see for many, many weeks, and these loaves of bread were for us.

And all of a sudden, I think they-- I don't remember exactly how it happened, if they already gave us the bread and we were herded into wherever we were going to spend the night, or it was before they gave us the bread. All of a sudden, they stopped what they were doing and we were herded back to the courtyard and stood at appell, by rows of five.

Formation.

Formation. And we didn't know what happened. And all of a sudden, they said that somebody stole a few loaves of bread. And unless those loaves of bread will be returned, we are not going to be allowed to get in for the night. And whoever did it, they better come forward with that bread.

Well, nobody was coming forward with the bread. Nobody came forward to say that they stole it. I don't know if anybody stole it or not. But what they did is they decimated us. Is that what you call? They counted off by tens. And we didn't realize what they were doing, but that's what they did.

They counted off. We stood in rows of five. They counted every 10th, and they took the girl out. And then they got a few other women, and they dragged my friend Lily. And I was left alone. I didn't know what is going on.

What happened is they took those girls that they counted off, they marched them into-- I think they took them on a truck into the woods, and they killed them there. And the other women were brought to dig the grave and to bury them. And Lily was one of the ones to do the burial.

Well, the rest of us didn't know what is going on. But when Lily came back, she came back with a loaf of bread for the

work that she did. And we ate that bread. We aided because it meant life or death. It was it was a terrible, terrible night, and especially for Lily because she saw it. She saw what's going on and she was the one to talk to had to bury those girls.

At the time, I cannot even recall my own emotions because I was already in a very poor state. You know, your brain doesn't work as well as it does under normal circumstances. This was already after many, many of weeks of marching and of terrible deprivation and of seeing terrible things. And I think that, at that point, I don't even know if I was glad that I wasn't the 10th. Or maybe I felt maybe they are already better off because they are already finished with this misery. How much more can we take this?

I know that Lily had a very bad time of it, especially when she brought that loaf of bread back because this was it was like blood bread, and we were eating it. It was a very bad. I think that if we-- I'm close with Lily and we are in touch. She lives in Buffalo. And we don't see each other very often, but we are in close contact. And if we do see each other, we always reminisce. But this is one thing that we never bring up because it's just too painful, and it's--

Is this the first time you've spoken about it publicly?

No, I've recalled it to other people. I did. This is not something that I bring up very freely because people don't really like to hear these stories, and they can't hear these stories. And I choose carefully to whom I relate my stories altogether because I can tell there are some people that-- I don't blame them, but there are some people that cannot even listen to it because they say they can't deal with it. They can't--

Fathom, cope with.

Yeah. They can't take it, that it hurts them too much. So I sense that, and I don't-- if I sometimes tell people what I went through, I censor what I say. But I've recalled this before.

It's certainly a story that needs to be told because--

Yes.

You don't realize the enormity of what you and others faced until we see what they were willing to do.

Because they're killing-- it's not the killing itself because they've been killing all along. I mean, if they killed for bending over to gather some snow to wash your face or to take it in your mouth, this was not any worse killing them than to decimate for a piece of bread. But this was just another form of killing at this point where there was such deprivation and such hunger and such misery--

It's also deliberate and calculating and methodical.

And methodical, very methodical, because I remember that count off. And I remember them marching in front of us, that I can recall this very, very vividly. And it was terrible.

All right.

We were in Helmbrechts, I think we were.

We were getting out of-- I was saying, yes, that I wanted to also tell you about the incidents in Czechoslovakia, which are very, very interesting. And you will see the difference because you asked me before if we marched through towns in Germany, if the German people ever came out to help or did help, not in the open ever, ever. Perhaps some girls that ran away and encountered some Germans, maybe they were helped. Some I'm sure were because there were some people that were decent and human. I wouldn't say that they were all terrible. But not, certainly, in public, they did not come forth.

When we came into Czechoslovakia, this was already towards the spring. It must have been April. It was still cold. It was cold until May. And we were going higher in the mountains. There was still snow on the ground.

I think it was a Sunday, or it was a holiday. I don't know exactly, but we came into a village in Czechoslovakia. I don't remember the name. I can't recall. But I know that my friends that were with me remember the name of the village, and I will send you the name because that is important.

Thank you.

The people in that village must have heard, or somebody must have told them that we are coming through. They were lined. Do you know what a European village looks like? There's a road and there are houses on both sides. There are houses on the sides also, but it's like a row of houses on the side of the road, where the people were lined on both sides of this road in their native dress, which is beautiful. You know, the colorful native dress? Not civilian clothes, but with the--

With the hats--

--hats and the colorful skirts and the men. So I think it maybe was a Sunday or a holiday, I don't know. And they had-- and they threw food at us. They threw, literally, bread and meat and you name it, whatever was throwable-- not soup, but anything that was solid.

And the Germans were-- the SS was so flabbergasted that they almost couldn't do anything to prevent this because it was such an overwhelming thing. There wasn't just one person that came and threw something. It was the whole village. It was women and children and men and old and young.

Spontaneous action.

Spontaneous action. It was an incredible sight. It was incredible because of the reaction of all of the women, of the girls. We were so starved and we were so overwhelmed that we threw ourselves on that food and fought over a piece of bread where there was a whole loaf right there. There was enough for everybody, but this instinct came through.

And it was a wonderful and it was a terrible experience. Even then, I remember having to throw yourself and to fight with somebody over food or having it pulled out of your hand. It was incredible.

You don't forget that.

You don't forget this. It was terrible. Also it was very bad, health-wise. But of course, the people didn't understand it because there was such an abundance of food and there was food that we weren't used to having. And we gorged ourselves, and everybody got sick.

Your systems couldn't digest it.

Yeah.

And many people died because of--

Again, one hears these stories on liberation of the camps, people gorging themselves on food and their stomachs bursting.

Or not even gorging, just eating the food that you would normally eat, but the stomachs were not used to. And this caused terrible diarrhea and fatal diarrhea, and then people died. And so many people died after the war in Buchenwald and in Dachau because of that, and also the same thing happened there.

Our third friend, Halinka, was already deteriorating physically up to that point. She could hardly drag herself. We

helped her and we dragged her, literally, between the two of us because she couldn't walk.

And after this incident, she couldn't walk and she-- I don't know if it was from exposure or what caused it, but her arm swelled up like a balloon and she was close to death. And after this food, she got very sick and she couldn't walk anymore. And at that point, they had a wagon.

I think also there were orders from higher up that they did not kill at that point in time. They did not kill by a gun. So they didn't kill these women that couldn't already walk. They just dragged them until they expired on their own. And after that day, Halinka lasted another short while. We were already on the wagon. She used to drag on that wagon, and we used to see her and try to give her something to drink or share with her whatever we had because the sick ones on the wagon didn't get anything anymore.

And at one point-- it was already very, very close to the end of the war-- she died in Lily's arms.

So she lasted almost until the end.

She lasted almost to the end and did not make it. And the sad thing talking about Halinka is that her mother and father did survive. And she was an only child, which is a terrible story.

And she must have been all of about 16.

Yes, she was my age. Well, the march continued. And the amount of women got smaller and smaller. Instead of hundreds, it was just maybe, I don't know, maybe 200 left, or something like that because some did run away and were able to survive. And the rest just perished.

How many SS were with you at that time?

The same amount that came out with this. I don't know, 10, 15, something like that. And they kept on walking. Until we got-- I think the war ended May 8. This must have been May 5. We knew that it's already the very, very end because prior to this date I remember we once came to a place and they put us up for the night. And then all of a sudden they told us to get ready, and they marched us out at night because the Americans must have been that close on their heels that they were afraid that if we stay the Americans will come.

But of course, we didn't have this perception, and we already did not have the energy even to think or to plan, so we just dragged along and just walked, whoever still could. I do remember that night that they marched us out, there was a-- the Germans were pulling back because we were marching on and the Germans were walking against us. And we saw young boys, children, in uniform running away from the front. So that the front was-- we were already boxed in. They were coming from all over, but we were still marching.

Until we finally came-- we were what we were marching in Czechoslovakia. It must have been the Black Woods, the Schwarzwald area.

Black Forest area.

The countryside was like the story of Heidi, exactly. And as depreciated as we were, I must say for myself and for Lily that we still were able to observe where we are and to look around us and to see what the nature around us.

Well, they left us overnight sleeping in the woods, because they didn't care or they couldn't find a place for us. And so we just laid them in the woods on the grass and the snow almost. And I was in a very bad shape. I must tell you that, at that point, all my toes, all 10 of my toes, were frozen, frostbitten, and there was almost the last stage before gangrene. They were pussy and blistery, and they were hurting me terribly. And I couldn't walk.

And I remember I was so weak that I couldn't even breathe. And I said to Lily, I don't care. I can't walk anymore. Let's just stay here because I don't care if they just kill us. Let them just kill us. I couldn't anymore.

And Lily was maybe in a little better physical shape, but not great.

Not much.

So she wouldn't leave me alone. And I said, Lily, I can't go. If you want to go, you go. I got to stay here. I just couldn't make another step. And somehow we moved away from the group. And the SS, I guess, didn't care at that point, and we stayed behind, finally. Finally, we took the final step. The group walked down, and we and we stayed back.

Well, we stayed back. So we waited for a couple of hours until we knew that they marched away. But we just couldn't stay in the woods because we there was no shelter and there was no food, and we were in such terrible shape that we needed to search for somebody to help us.

It was a Sunday. We know that because when you're in such circumstances, you learn to observe what happens around you, and we saw that nobody's working. And I think we saw people going to church around us, although we were in the woods and the houses were scattered. So we just picked ourselves up and we walked to the first house, and we knocked on the door. We figured, we'll take our chances. Whatever happens-- what else can happen already that didn't happen to us?

And a woman opened the door, and we told her-- we made up a story that we were bombed-out, that we lost our parents, we lost our family. We didn't say we are Jewish women from a concentration camp because we were afraid. And this was the part of Czechoslovakia that we were in there was taken over by Germany. So there were Germans there. There were, actually, maybe Volksdeutsche. But we didn't know who is behind the door.

So the Sudeten.

Yes. So we had to make up-- we tried to make up a story. And it was very obvious who we who we were because of the way we looked. But she took us in. She had children. And I remember that she gave us something to eat. But we already somehow knew not to overeat. We already sensed that we have to be careful.

And I remember that she put some water into a basin. I guess that there was no running water in the house. And she asked us if we want to wash up. Where do you start washing up you know after five months of not washing?

But I remember the sensation of putting my hands to my face. And not until that time did I realize how emaciated I was because all I encountered was bones sticking out. There was no flesh. And I think this was the first time that I looked in the mirror to see what I looked like. And what I looked like was the pictures that you see from Auschwitz, except that I had hair.

But I was a Muselmann. This is the expression. I'm sure you've heard it before. I really don't know where this comes from, but this is what they called the very emaciated people, the survivors. They called Muselmanns.

Walking skeletons.

Is it from Gandhi?

Yes, I believe so. I believe it's an Indian--

It just dawned on me that it must be, because I never realized why.

Yes, it comes in the same room as Muslim, I think.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Well, I was definitely a Muselmann. This was a sensation that I remember. We stayed there for a few hours, and then she told us that we have to go because she was afraid. There were still Germans in this area, and she was scared. She said, if they will see you, if they will-- she was just afraid. She didn't want to deal with them. She said, you have to go.

Did she know by this time that you were Jewish?

Oh, yes. Yes. She knew we-- without any words, she knew. But she was nice enough to--

Try to help you.

--to try to help us to a point, but then she was scared. So we walked out. And we said, what are we going to do? We have to find another place to stay.

So we walked and we found a remote house, not in a village, but high in the mountains because we figured that maybe if it won't be in the proximity of a lot of people, maybe somebody will be able to keep us and to hold us there. We knew that it's a question of days.

So we knocked on the door, and the old German man came to the door. And we gave him the same story and he said, yes, we should come in, that that's OK. And he was our blessing because he knew exactly who we are. And he was very knowledgeable in survival because he told us later that he was a prisoner of war in the First World War in the Russian front, in Russia. So he knew of starvation and he knew of what to eat and not to eat, and he knew that we were lousy with vermin.

But he dealt with us. He sat us down and he said, look, I know who you are, and I know that you're dirty and I know that you cannot eat. So don't think that I don't want to give you food. But all he gave us is just dry bread and some warm milk and told us not to eat too much of it, just to eat a little bit at a time.

And he put us in this and the stable because he said, look, I cannot keep you in the house because my house is going to get full of lice. So we said, fine. We didn't mind that at all we were just happy so he took us into the stable and that's where we slept. And this was the very first time since the beginning of the war that we felt relief, that we felt-- that we felt that maybe our misery is over and we felt kind of safe, although we were in the stable and sleeping with the cows and the pigs. But this was a welcome warmth and even a welcome smell, but it was in safety. Do you know what I'm trying to--

Renewed hope, that now you had hope again that maybe you would get out of this.

That perhaps we survive it.

It was an affirmation.

We didn't even think in terms of surviving it. I don't even know. We just-- I think we thought of today, of this hour, that we are safe, that we are warm, that we were able to eat something, and somebody is not going to chase us out and perhaps not kill us in the next five minutes, because we trusted this man that he will not turn us in. And a couple of days later, he came and said, the war is over. The Americans are here.

And it was me and Lily, up in Schwarzwald, in a peasant's house, and the war was over. And we didn't know if anybody else survived. We didn't know-- actually, we didn't even realize what this means, that the war is over. We just, I think, perceived it, as I said before, at that particular day, that we are safe.

And we had no place to go. We didn't know where to go. So we proceeded to get ourselves cleaned up. I was very sick because my feet were terrible, and I just couldn't walk. Lily had little more strength, so she stripped us. And he gave her a basin of water outside, and she was scrubbing our clothes and boiling it in hot water.

I couldn't even get up to help her. And I still, to this day, I laugh at her because she was mad at me that I didn't get up to help her wash the clothes. She didn't realize that I couldn't. But this man knew that I'm very sick. He called me that, die Halbtoter, the half dead, and he tried to help me. He saw my feet, and he made me soak them. And he put some salve down.

But after a couple of days, he saw that I'm not getting any better and that I need some medical help. So he went down from the mountain to the village. Now, the strange thing is that the people in the mountains, most of them must have been German. But the town below was a Czechoslovakian town. The town is called Prachatice. And he went to the so the Czech mayor of the town and said that he has two Jewish women and one needs medical help.

So he was given a wagon with a horse because it was, like, three miles to walk down, and there was no way that I was going to be able to make this trip down to this village. So he got the horse and the wagon, put me on it, and then he came with me. And he brought me to the hospital, the hospital in Prachatice.

Now, the doctors and the nurses were German. They were nuns. The nurses were nuns, and they were German doctors in that hospital. But I just didn't know to be afraid or whatever.

You already past fear, in a sense.

I passed fear, and I didn't know that maybe I should be afraid again. And I was too weak to even think in these terms.

Well, they brought me to the hospital and the doctor looked at me, and he said that I have to have an operation, that they have to do something with those toes. So they put me in the bathtub and they washed me, and they took me to the operating room. And Lily went back to the peasant.

I don't think I can make you understand the irony of it, of what transpired, that here the war was over. I was sick. The two of us were left. She brought me to the hospital, and she went back to this man because there was no place to go. She didn't think of what else to do.

It's like running around in a maze.

What she should have done is stayed with me in the hospital because she needed medical care as much as I did. Maybe not surgical care, but she needed to be taken care of the same. But we have this responsibility in us to be doing things. And Lily had at that point a responsibility to this man, that he did for us something and we have to do something for him. And she went back to maybe help them take care around the house there or whatever.

Anyway, I went through an operation. When I came out of the operation, my feet were bandaged up to my knees. And I didn't know-- they didn't tell me what they will do to me. I was sure that they cut off my feet because there were no bandages. There were paper bandages. So I had these, like, a corrugated paper, you know this type of-- and the bandages came up to here. And the nuns told me that I'll be OK and that they didn't cut off my feet, but I really didn't believe them. I was just petrified. And they put me into bed.

And later on, I found out that the mayor there, the Czechoslovakian mayor, came into the hospital and told the German doctors that they are responsible, that he knows who I am, that I am a survivor, and that they better take good care and that nothing should happen to me because, at that point, what would have been another Jew? I could have died on the table. Who would have known what happened to me? And he didn't know who the doctor was at that point.

But I found that out later I just told you that I didn't have the reasoning to even be afraid when I was brought to the hospital.

How did you find out?

Because the mayor came to visit us.

And he told you.

And he told me, yes. All right. There is another story that I want to tell you.

Well, I stayed in the hospital for six weeks and I gained weight and, obviously, they didn't cut off my feet, which I found out two days later when they took off the dressing. And they took me back to the operating room, and they made me sit up and look because I didn't want to. I was afraid.

And I was lucky that they didn't even have to amputate any toes. They just cleaned them off. And I did not have gangrene, and I healed within six weeks. And in the first couple of weeks, the nuns used to carry me to a scale because I couldn't walk. But they carried me on the scale to see if I gained any weight. And I was fed like Hansel and Gretel to-- they made sure they fattened me up. And they used to bring their best from the basement, that they had stuff hidden.

And I remember that they used to feed me even with wine for my appetite to-- they did me a disservice because right after, I gained so much weight that since then I have a weight problem. But at that point, I wasn't really sorry about it.

That wasn't your greatest moment.

Now, Lily, after a couple of days, came to visit me, to the hospital. I'm trying to rush this. And I didn't let her go back because I said, what are you going to go up there for? You stay here with me. So she stayed with me in the hospital.

And there were Americans stationed. I must-- I hate to rush this, really. You must understand this feeling. We were not liberated together with the big group and were surrounded with Americans. We were just two of us. And in the hospital, in the room that they put me in, there was another girl. Or they brought maybe a day later another girl who was a Hungarian girl that I don't know where they-- how she survived. She must have been from the same transport.

And she I have her on the picture. Did you see the girl that looks very emaciated and with short hair? Do you remember?

I think you pointed it out.

Yes. She was on the left side of the picture, I think.

Yes, I think so. She had a terrible sore right here in the middle of her neck that I don't know what caused that sore. But besides being also terribly Muselmannish. She had this terrible sore that they were trying to heal for her. You know, it looked like vermin ate it up or some terrible situation.

Don't worry about the time. It's OK.

OK. So we stayed together in the hospital, and Lily just stayed with me, in the same bed. We continued our existence. And one day, when I was feeling already a little better-- the room was on the ground floor of that hospital, and I saw that there were Americans across the street stationed. And the Americans walked with helmets yet because it was still a state of war and they always had their rifles with them.

And at one point, one of the young soldiers passed through, just walked through by the window. And somehow I was leaning out, and we started a conversation. And he was of Polish descent, so he spoke some Polish. He was an American of Polish extraction.

Extraction.

And he knew some words in Polish. And he said, who are you? And we told him. And he said, oh, there are some Jewish Americans right in my unit. I'm going to send them over. And he went back, and he told some of the American Jewish boys.



And early the following morning, a couple of them came. And they spoke Yiddish, and we had a communication going. And they were thrilled to see us, to know that somebody survived. They were the first ones to have come. Those were the combat units, so they perhaps already-- I don't remember if they already went through some camps or we were their first experience with the Holocaust. I'm not sure.

But they were so wonderful to us. First of all, they-- real American. The chocolates came first, and the toothbrush and toothpaste came next, and then all the goodies that they had. And most of all, it was their warmth and their concern that they had for us. We became the greatest of friends.

And as we were getting better physically, I was able to walk out from the hospital, so the hospital became just like a place that we stayed. But they used to come and take us for walks, and we just became great friends. And it was a wonderful experience at that point.

And then another experience right after was that the mayor took Lily because she was able to go. And this was a time where I still couldn't move. He took her and, because we had no clothes, we had absolutely nothing to wear. She wore-- I was laying in bed, and she wore the things that she cleaned up, that we wore on this march. It was rags, virtually, that she cleaned up from the lice. And we just needed clothes.

And there was no stores at that point in town to go and get things. But he took her to some German homes. I don't remember if they were empty or there were people there. But he took her and he said, you take whatever you need. And I remember she brought all kinds of things for us to be able to wear, and we had clothes again. We were able to wear some normal clothes.

Then I think I want to recall to you an incident that is very important. One day, the German man that gave us refuge came down and told us that he's being accused of-- that he's a German and the Czechs were taking revenge, and they wanted his to take his property away or they just wanted to do him whatever was done to them. And he came and he said, maybe we can help. Maybe we can help him. And we said, yes, that we definitely will.

It's an experience that is a very meaningful experience, but it happened such a long time ago that it's hazy as to the circumstances. But we were, like, in a private trial because it wasn't in a courthouse. It was someplace in a room.

It was more like what you call today a kangaroo court.

Like a kangaroo court.

Yeah.

And we testified, and we told the people there how he saved our lives, that he took us in and he was very good to us. And not only that he took us in, but he virtually, by knowing what to do for us, that he saved our lives, that he should be spared. And he was.

What a wonderful way to pay back somebody's [BOTH TALKING].

Yes, definitely. This was one thing. It's just unfortunate that-- maybe it's unfortunate because we did have a feeling of taking revenge, and we didn't right after the war. As the war was progressing and that things were happening to us, there were many times that we were so enraged that we thought to ourselves, if we can only take revenge, we would kill them all. We would do terrible things.

But then when the war was over, there were very few people that took physical revenge on the Germans. There were some people that went out on killing sprees, and they just did terrible things. They were able to. They had it in them. But most of us somehow were not able to. Or it was not physically humanly in me, for example, to take physical revenge and hand the Germans.

So perhaps that's another-- maybe it's a good thing that we weren't turned into animals, that no matter what, that we

were still not able to do inhumane things, even as a revenge.

If you were not better than your enemies, then what was the purpose of all that happened anyway?

There are mixed feelings, even today, because I think there is a release in revenge. I don't know what happens after the release. I didn't experience it, but we did do a good deed for this man that helped us.

It was better to do something positive, something good, than to do something negative that would--

There was no question that we wanted to do whatever we could for him, that both of us felt the same. There was no question that we would want to do him in, which we could easily do.

Did you ever correspond with him after the war?

No.

Was there any--

No, never. We never went back because things happened very fast. You see, after us, it was just six weeks, actually, that we were in Czechoslovakia. Right after that, the Americans gave Czechoslovakia to Russia. So they took us-- Oh, and I would like to mention before the five minutes are up that the rest of the group that walked with us, walked another day, and they walked them up to a mountain. And it was a terrible rain that night, and they told them to just lay down and sleep in that rain in the woods.

And when they got up in the morning, the Germans were gone. They ran away and the girls were left alone. And somehow they either walked back where the Americans found them, and they took them-- they tracked them to another little town right nearby called Wallern. And the Americans created a makeshift hospital for these couple hundred girls. And some of them died, even after-- already after the war, there were a few that didn't survive.

And the rest survived, and they stayed in this area in this Wallern, in this hospital, and recuperated from their ills. And then the Americans didn't leave us there for the Russians to come. When they knew that they are pulling back, they came. And there was already done with the Jewish-- I think under the Jewish auspices, American Jewish auspices, they tracked us Salzburg, to Austria. And this was our second stop after the liberation.

And there was a DP camp, a very large--

In Salzburg?

In Salzburg, a DP camp. You're familiar with the term, Displaced Persons camp. And that's where they brought us, and that's where we stayed. And that's where I, by chance, met my husband, who happened to-- see, told you, romance. And that's where I met my husband, who became my boyfriend first. And after--

And that's where [BOTH TALKKING] began.

We are still married.

Yeah, we can end on a very happy note.

And if you want more information of what happened after, I'll be glad to come back.

We might want to do that. And I think for now, at any rate, we have gotten you out of the--

Out of-- yes, I survived.

Out of hell.

We're glad to hear that.

I survived.

Thank you. You certainly did. And thank you so much for what you've given us.

I'm glad that we did this. I think it's important because it will be important for my children and my grandchildren, and whoever else wants to listen.

It's important for the world. It really is. The more we know, the better. Thank you.

[MUSIC PLAYING]