

[MUSIC PLAYING] Good afternoon. My name is Peggy Dunn. I am a member of the Kean College Oral Testimonies Project of the Holocaust Resource Center. We are affiliated with the video archives for Holocaust testimonies at the Sterling Library of Yale University.

Sharing the interview with me today is Phyllis Ziman Tobin, the New York Affiliate of the Yale project and Assistant Coordinator of the Holocaust Testimony Project at Kean College. We are privileged to welcome Ros Rueff today, a survivor who is presently living in Livingston. And who has generously volunteered to give testimony about her experiences before, during, and after the Holocaust. Welcome, Ros.

Thank you.

It's nice to have you with us. I think it would be interesting to hear something about your very beginnings. I know you were a young child at the beginning of the war. But what town did you grow up in?

I was born in Tarnow, Poland. And that was 1930s. And I came from a family of four. I have a brother, and it was mother and father. And we were religious.

And my father was self-employed, my mother helped him in the business. My father, when the war broke out-- excuse me, my brother was in-- I think he was in fourth grade, I had just happened to have started kindergarten. I attended parochial school.

And the Germans entered-- the parochial schools or any schools were closed to Jewish children. If you could afford it, you were able to give private tutoring to your children. It was was accessible. It wasn't open that people should know about it, but at a sneak, you would know where the classes were attended. And the parents would send their children there.

There were a couple of children who would attend in a private home. And that's how we were followed up with the education until evacuations started and people were taken away. And the Jewish population was sort of going to a close.

Do you have any memories of when you first knew that you or your family was in danger?

My parents sort of spoke about it. That what had happened in Germany, they figured Poland is not going to be safe that much longer to the Jewish population. However, my mother happened to have been born right here in Newark, New Jersey. And she was supposed to have been going to America.

Her passport was waiting for her in Warsaw, but being the fact that she had two small children, she didn't know what would transpire after she had left. She would leave, and therefore she decided that she rather not go and stay behind. And whatever happens will happen. So she never went to Warsaw to pick up her passport.

And she would have been able to-- would have been able to take you?

Yes. No, she was just able to go by herself, therefore she decided to remain behind. Did I know what was happening? The only way I knew that what was happening, my father had come home one day and he had hiking boots in his hand. And he said to my mother, now, try this for size, because we'll be walking to the Russian front.

And my mother said, if you want to walk, you walk yourself. Because I'm no going to put any hiking boots on. And that was that. We never left, and we stayed and took our consequences. For there were many people that had gone to the Russian to a city called Lwów, which was at the time-- it was occupied by the Russians.

And that's where people from Tarnow up would have gone if they wanted to be safe.

How far would that have been?

Oh, it was-- I really can't tell you.

I mean, you wouldn't have walked? Would you walk there?

No, not well. If there was no way of getting there--

[INTERPOSING VOICES]

If there was no way of getting there, yes. You would have walked. Now, the Jews were not allowed to take trains unless you-- if you were caught, it was death penalty. So that was that. An ordinance came out that Jews had to have IDs and armbands.

And I do recall my mother wearing-- sitting at night and embroidering the Star of David on a piece of white cloth for everyone to be able to wear armband on her arm. And one day also, the new ordinance came that Jewish population had to assemble at a certain part of town and IDs were going to be issued. That I recall very vividly, we came there, there were a tremendous amount of people.

I guess, the whole Jewish population of Tarnow, among many others that came from various communities. Because it was a large town and city. Small towns were being evacuated, and they were hoarded into this town. So we had to assemble there, and they gave IDs. The IDs were a swastika or a K in a circle.

And no one knew at the time what the K meant. We assumed now that a K meant concentration camp. The swastika was, I guess that you could perhaps be sheltered for a little while longer. That's what we assumed.

Did some Jews receive--

Yes.

--a swastika as well?

Yes. My mother had received the swastika. My brother and my father received the K. And we had some very nice Christian neighbors who had mentioned to my parents that my father and my brother should go in to shelter in their own home, which they did, at the risk of their own lives. And so they kept them for a couple of days there.

And at such a time they came-- the Germans came to investigate in homes. So who was there and who had what. And in such a time, my mother always said to me, should I be out of the apartment, you tell them that you have no father. And you have no-- there are no other males in this house.

And she had taught me this in the German that I could grasp. And the soldier came with his German Shepherd. By this time, we were-- our homes, our original homes, were taken away from us. And we had to see other means of shelter. So we would share apartments.

And if you were lucky enough, you received-- you could obtain apartment for a certain amount of money without your furnishing. Trying to-- what other people had for their help, farming help, you were very happy to take it as your own. It was funny, because the oven was right smack in the middle of this room. And I didn't understand why a bed and an oven to cook was in the same place.

And a out house on tap instead of a nice toilet with bath. But that was war, and this is what I do recall as a child.

Were you required to-- were you given special chores to do? I mean, you were only five years old. No, no, no.

So you could still--

No, you could still do as you pleased. Now, we stayed there like I said, and a policeman, a German soldier, did come.

And my mother happened to be out. And he started-- I was frightened of dogs. This German Shepherd was trained very well to behave as he sees-- to act the way he's supposed to be acting. And of course, I was frightened.

And he asked me where my father is. And I answered in German "Ich habe keinen Vater." Then he asked me if I have any brothers, and I said, "Ich habe keinen Bruder." And then he looks-- and this, my mother walked in. Of course, I wasn't silent. I was crying, I had tears in my eyes. And he looks at my mother and he says, where's your ID?

And she points to the table. And he looks at it and he says, oh, an American. He says, but you're only a dirty Jew. And in German, they would say a "verfluchter Jude." And he says to her, just because you have a swastika on your ID, that doesn't mean that you're going to survive.

And he was about to leave when he saw a wedding band on her finger. And he told her to take off the wedding band. And he says, but it's mine. He says, you don't need it, your husband isn't around. And where you're going to go eventually, you certainly won't need this.

And my mother took it off and he left. And of course, she embraced me that we survived for a little while longer. But what I forgot to tell you was this apartment that we had was close to the cemetery. And at my age, you would hear the screams and the cries of the people that were hoarded under the cemetery, where they had to dig their own graves. And they were shot right into the graves, mass graves.

And you would hear these things behind your walls. And as a child, you were afraid to go out, but you had-- the curiosity was immense. You wanted to see what was happening, but under no condition was I allowed to go out there. And then as the time progressed, I have to say that my brother had written me a very pretty poem just recently.

And mentioned a couple of things that-- I forgot to bring it to show it to you-- where it says how I, as a little girl, was sent by my parents to visit my relatives to find out what they were planning to do, where they were going to hide. If they were planning to escape. And all this they said because I didn't look Jewish and I was a child. And thinking that I would be safe walking the streets, where the streets were separated.

You were not allowed to walk let's say, on [? Morris ?] Avenue. A certain segment of [? Morris ?] Avenue, the Jews were not allowed to put their foot on it. And had they be caught, again, you would have been either taken to prison or shot at the spot. So this was my memory of a small child.

And as the time progressed, evacuations started. And people were disappearing, and no one knew where. At one point, my uncle, my great uncle, had a lumberyard in Tarnow. And he had made a couple of hideouts underneath the floor of the lumber yard . Also, there was an attic. And his own wife and one of the daughters went into the attic.

And many relatives and friends hid underneath the floor. And such place, we hid underneath the floor. Unfortunately, his wife and his daughter were taken-- were spotted and were taken away from the attic. We heard when Ukrainians came in-- am I allowed to say Ukrainians?

Yes, of course.

The Ukrainians came into the lumber yard. And I guess it was in the office above our heads. And you could hear them say, if we find a Jew here, we're not going to give them to the Germans. We'll kill them right here on the spot ourselves.

The lumber yard was situated on a plaza. And the plaza was an assembly for all the evacuees. And you could hear underneath there were people crying, children were screaming. And no one knew what was really happening up there.

Later on, from witnesses, we found that-- what tragedies, what atrocities were happening. People were being thrown against the walls. Children were ripped out of women's arms. Babies thrown against the wall, the skulls were being shattered into pieces. And that's what happened.

We were saved. When we came out from the hiding place, we found out that my great aunt and my mother's cousin had

perished. Or I mean, perished-- we didn't know that at the time that they were perished, they were just taken away. Most of the people from Tarnow were taken to Belsen or probably to Auschwitz as well. I don't know, but the majority of the people were taken to Belsen. And this is what happened during that occasion.

And you were able-- because of your uncle who had built this hiding place-- to be underneath the underneath--

Exactly.

--the office of his lumber yard.

Exactly, lumber yard.

How many of you were there?

Oh my God. There were quite a few people. But you couldn't stand up. You were crouched. I mean, I was small and I had to be on my fours. But the adults-- I'm sure it was uncomfortable, and--

Can you give a rough estimate of how many people?

I would say about 12.

And for how long? Do you remember?

We were there for a couple of days. I mean, time-- you can't really tell the time. It was dark and it was during the summertime. It was 19-- if I recall correctly, the first evacuation was around 1940 or 1941. Something like that.

But people were just disappearing prior to that. Just from being on the street. This particular uncle had a younger son, and he was going out in the morning. And he looked in the mirror, he looked at his face, and his sister-- the one that perished with her mother-- said to him, why are you looking in the mirror? I mean, you haven't gone out?

So he says, because I have a feeling that I'm not going to come back. And I want to see what I look like. He happened to have been a very handsome, young man. I mean, I thought he was handsome. I was only six, but I thought he was handsome. And what happened, yes, they caught him someplace on the street. And the next thing the family knew, he was from the Gestapo-- at the Gestapo.

And my great aunt and her daughter were trying to bring parcels of food and clothing to him. And they were told that he died of a heart attack. So that was the first person in Tarnow that was killed that way. That perished from the streets, that people knew of something like that happening prior to all the evacuations. But this is what had transpired during my childhood.

Did your parents try to shield you from any of it, or was it impossible?

There was no way of shielding. This was a daily diet of war, child and adult.

Did your father hide with you in this first evacuation?

Yes. We all hid together. There was a time where some friends of my parents came and said, look, if you could give us your children, we'll try to protect them, and we'll try to hide them. And I don't know if it was selfish or perhaps the fact that my mother didn't want to part with us. She said if we go, we all go together. And she didn't part with us. And so that was--

After that, those few days after the first evacuation, do you recall what happened then?

Do I recall? Yes. They had formed ghettos. The population had decreased. And the people, like I said, homes were

being taken away. The farmers were coming with their cattle. And these gorgeous apartments, they were hanging out with their heads over the window, so-- the cattle.

I mean, it was funny to see cattle in these gorgeous apartments, where we had to be out there like beggars and thieves and whatever, animals. This is what I recall as a child. I had a very short childhood. I mean, when I entered kindergarten, that didn't last very long. I didn't even finish it. I did have a good time, I did recall that.

But after that, I was like a grown up. And I missed that. I think when I saw my children growing up, I didn't know how to react, because I missed that part of my growing up.

What do you remember after those-- in those early, early grown up years?

When-- not anything good.

In other words, you lived in hiding in the ghetto throughout the rest-- for how long?

There were ghettos. There was more than one ghetto. There were ghettos formed, and as the time progressed, they made three ghettos out of one ghetto. They made ghetto for working men, working women, and old people and children. And of course, I happened to have been with old people and children.

And my brother was with my father, and my mother was working in another ghetto. And you had to have-- you had to know someone to be able to get into a factory in order to survive a little bit outside, on the Christian side. And so my mother knew a couple of people, so she had a job in the factory where they made warm ups, leg warming warm ups for the Russian front for the German soldiers. And she worked in that factory.

And at night, they would search everybody coming back to the ghetto. And my father worked outside digging ditches, whatever. There was a place called Brand, Bavaria. Now, as a child, I didn't pay attention and I still don't know what they were making there. But that's where he worked.

And my brother was working with my mother in this factory. I just existed. If there was a piece of bread, yes. If not, perhaps I swiped something from somebody.

There were other children and old people were you were?

Exactly.

I made friends. I went into other people-- there were people there that sort of took-- they protected me. If there was a time where you had to go into hiding, I went to hiding with everybody else. I was lucky enough to survive, yes. There was a time prior to the separation of the three ghettos. There was still a ghetto, one ghetto, the ghetto was surrounded.

And tried to get over to the lumberyard, but it was impossible. It was already-- the Gestapo was all over the place. And my mother did hear of a place being formed behind-- in an apartment. Excuse me. And as we couldn't get to that lumber yard, there was a hiding-- we could hear people calling names.

And I just-- my parents wanted to go to this hideout, and I guess perhaps as a child-- maybe I was a Jewish anti-Semite-- I didn't like people calling people by Jewish names. You'll have to excuse, I have a terrible cold.

Would you like some water?

Maybe. And so I didn't go, and I kept on going straight for where we were living. And of course, my parents and my brother followed suit. And we came there, now what? We came to the building. So my mother recalled that there was a hideout being formed.

So there was a padlock on the door. My father ripped it off, and there we were in this gorgeous apartment. All furnished,

nice and neat, like the people left for work. And my mother stood with us and she said, please, I beg of you. I'm here with my family, and I know there is a hideout here. Could you let us in?

And they said, yes, just help yourself. Just help ourselves. Behind the wall, there was a hideout. A room was sealed, so we had to disrobe our coats. And they pulled us in underneath the bed into another room. And that's where we stayed they, also a couple of days.

There were no facilities, just drinking water and some food. But they weren't clever enough when they were looking for the place. If they had seen the apartment below had an extra room, they would have seen that it was a hideout. Sure enough, about 10 minutes afterwards the Germans entered into the house.

And they said, we were here. Somebody was here already. Because they saw that the padlock was ripped off, so they didn't search the apartment. I guess that was lucky enough. So when we came out, we survived.

The people behind the wall survived. But the children of the people that had to hideout never came back. They were caught. They were-- I don't know, from the working facilities, they were taken, evacuated.

Where did you go after this apartment?

After this apartment, I went back with my parents to the one room that we lived in that was allotted to us. Because there was no other place to live with other people. There must have been about two or three other families living in the same-- we sort of separated the room by a curtain.

But my parents had to go to their destinations of the working ghetto. An announcement came that if there were any Americans, they should register.

They was going to be--

Exchanged, for Germans coming to a repatriate with Hitler, coming from the United States. And we were supposedly going to be exchanged for any of these Germans going to the United States through Portugal. So my mother inquired, if all of us are going to go or just her. So they said, the entire family is going to be protected under this. So fine.

But I was in the children's ghetto. So they had to smuggle me out. And the only way to smuggle me out was-- one possibility was at night. And at one time, they would put China into these wicker trunks. And so they tucked me into that, and they took me over to the working ghetto. And at night, my mother would open the trunk and let me out.

She, in the other ghetto, was living in a store front where many other women. That each one had a little cubbyhole. So it wasn't very safe for them to see that this lady has a child living here. But they didn't say anything. Everybody looked away in order to save a life.

And sure enough, they told us to come to the Jewish-- they called it the [NON-ENGLISH], which was the Jewish community. And we came there, and they waited for us, the Germans. And they told us we're going to Portugal.

But in the meantime, they took us to a city called Krakow. And as we arrived there, we went on very nice trains with Germans guarding us. But it was--

As a passenger?

--a train, yes. And we arrived there, and they gave us time to take transportation to wherever we were going. We didn't know where we were going. They took one of these carts like you have in Central Park, you know, horse and buggy. And they set us on that.

And my father says, we're not going to Portugal. There is a prison here in this city. That's probably where they're taking us. Sure enough, they took us to this place called Montelupich, which was a very big prison and whole of Galicia, And

that's where we were.

They separated us again. They're very efficient with paperwork, the Germans. So we stood in line again. And they took our names and the dates of birth. And they told us the where to go.

And they separated men and women. And so I was with my mother, and my brother left with my father. There again, we were there for a while. I think it was about nine weeks. And it wasn't so easy to be there either.

They sort of interrogated my mother constantly. And food was scarce. They took us x for showers, and while we were walking through these prison hallways, my mother used to see somebody that she knew on the Christian side.

And she asked-- they told us that they were political prisoners, because they were trying to help Jews. And right after-- well, my mother asked for some food for me. And they had given me a piece of hard, hard bread. I wouldn't give it to my own dog.

And my mother complained, how can I give this to my child? She'll break her teeth. And the guard said, that's all right. She'll get so tired of chewing on it, she won't be hungry. So that was my pastime.

And of course, the other people that were there to-- we were not the only ones in the room. We were there, about 20 other women in one room. They gave us straw sacks that we could-- mattresses that we were supposed to sleep on. And the windows-- you couldn't even look out the windows, because they were boarded up with metal. The only thing you saw was holes in the metal.

And so that was the only sight that we had of daylight. And so after that, they took us again, telling us that we're going to Portugal. And when we came to the station, we met my brother and my father. And of course, we were thrilled.

And many other people met us there. And these were all supposedly Americans. People were able to buy papers for South America for money. And you tried anything to survive. And then finally, the trains came.

They put us on a train, and we traveled for days on the train. And finally, our destination was Bergen-Belsen. When we arrived there, when trains were opened, we were greeted by police dogs, machine guns, towers, and trucks. And like I said, they were very efficient with paperwork.

So we were interviewed again and loaded on trucks. And we opened this camp. We were over 3,000 people from this group that arrived, supposedly all Americans. Supposedly all foreigners for exchange purposes. But we were hoarded onto the camp. I think we were the only ones that opened the camp at the time.

There were some prisoners of war there, British and Russians. No Americans, at least we didn't see any. And we arrived onto the camp, and there were barracks. Barracks with three decker bunks. And--

Do you know what year this was?

This was 1943. This was I think in September. Because we came-- to the prison, we can May of '43. It was on my father's birthday we arrived to the prison. And it was in September, I think, we arrived to camp.

And there we-- that was our destination instead of Portugal. And there, we were as the-- our group, out of that one group that we were, the only people that survived in the numbers was 150. And from that group, people were either dying from typhoid, malnutrition, hunger, or they were just-- because they had selections which called roll calls.

And we would have to stand up early in the morning, middle of the night. Some would disappeared someplace. We had to-- there were no baths. We were taken to a building where there were baths being given. Our clothes were being taken away. Of course, they were they called the delousing, because lice were all over the place. Big, white lice. And people--

Were you with your mother?

Yes, constantly. And we were given a bowl and a spoon. And they would give us rations in the morning of soup or black coffee. And that was our food. And the latrine-- there were latrines, there was a stove perhaps.

There was once a woman came into camp, a German lady, that-- she was German. She came in to be a prisoner like everybody else. Her daughter denounced her, because the woman, someplace in generations, there was a mixed marriage. Somebody was Jewish.

And the woman wanted to be pure, daughter. And so she delivered her unto the gates of Bergen-Belsen. And that's-- you have room for many children, but one child doesn't have room for her mother. So this daughter denounced her.

And this is what this lady had told us as we stood there. And there was one-- I think this particular lady had brought many things, many food parcels, along with her. And I recall it very vividly. My mother begged her, please. Now, I came from a religious home. She had pork.

And my mother begged her for this piece of pork. And the woman was melting it. And the grease fell on my mother's leg, that the whole skin just peeled off. She had a third degree burn from this whole thing, because she begged the woman to give me a piece of bacon from this.

I never at it, but this was part of the reward for begging for food.

Was it an accident?

Was an accident? Yes, it was an accident. But had my mother not begged for it and pushed herself to be standing there in line for this, it wouldn't have happened. But yes, it was an accident. She didn't do it on purpose. But these are sort of the small recollections that I have, and they weren't really very pleasant.

And then after being there-- the people came from all over the place. And you could hear people from other camps. Young men came, and they were hoarded into a barrack. And one of these young men was a friend of my brother's. They went to school, parochial school together.

And my mother was so happy to see him-- across the barbed wire, of course, not personally touching. And of course, the next day, he wasn't there anymore. That particular barrack was a slaughterhouse. And so, I don't know. He could have as well been lucky enough to survive, but I doubt it. Because we never saw him again.

And then after that, a transport came from Hungary. They were also supposedly being exchanged someplace. They paid a tremendous ransom for being saved. So everybody was sending little pieces of paper across the wire for relatives.

They were supposed to go to Switzerland, these Hungarian people. So that was one of these things. And then, of course, one day they came-- the bombs were flying, they had to evacuate the camp. And they told us that we are going to a camp called Theresienstadt.

And so we had to go on a march. And we came to a train, and we were loaded again. And my brother, my father, my mother was--

So you knew that--

Yeah.

You mean everyone was together?

Yes, well we found each other going to the train. And my mother was very sick. Her legs were swollen with blood under it. I guess it was phlebitis, I don't know, the doctor had to know, but she could barely walk.



And we were on this train, and the train after a while didn't go any place. And the train stopped six kilometers out of Magdeburg called Hillersleben. And the bombs-- and they were shooting. The Americans were on the ground and Germans were up in the planes. And it was the front.

And my brother and I decided that we are going to look for some food. And so we got out of the train, and we went to look for this food. And we found this lousy little carrot, but they were shooting all over the place.

So you can just imagine how small we were. The both of us fit into a dog house. And that's where we sort of remained until the shooting stopped. And then as we came back to the train, they told us that we had to assemble.

And we assembled, and the machine guns were standing. And they were going to shoot us that, but as this assembly part, the American soldiers came. It was the 9th Army. And I was small, that this one was very short. And it was a Jewish man, and he cried. And it was the day President Roosevelt died.

So I'm not quite sure if he cried because the president died or because he liberated us. But that's-- we got liberated.

So how long?

So I'm here.

From--

1945.

And how long were you in Belsen then, a year and a half?

We were there from September till I would say March, no April. April. We were liberated April the 13th, 1945.

And you went in September '44?

Yes. No, not '44, '43.

'43, so it wasn't--

Here, I lose track of time and dates, my God.

And your mother and your father and your brother and you survived?

We all survived. And unfortunately, my parents died. But they died here.

How did you come to America finally?

Well, we left Hillersleben because the Russians were coming. So we decided we're going to escape there and we're going to go to another part of Europe where it's under American control. So many children, many young people were going to Israel supposedly, to Palestine. A town there had taken them on exodus on bus and the trucks.

But my mother said, no, we survived that far, we go together. No separations. And we went on a train, not knowing where the train was taking us. But we arrived to Belgium. VisÃ©. It was called VisÃ©. And from there, we went to the Liege.

And being the fact that my mother didn't speak any English-- she spoke German very well, she spoke Polish-- when they asked the questions, she only replied in German. And so they assumed that we were Germans trying to get back to the United States. So they put us in an internment camp with the Germans until my mother kept saying, but I'm an American, I'm a Jew. I just came back from Bergen-Belsen.

So UNRRA, a man from UNRRA came, and he wired a telegram to Washington to verify if she is really an American citizen. And they wired back, yes, she is. And we were released. And my mother always taught us, should we be ever separated, we should remember that my mother had an aunt, her father's sister, living in Switzerland. And the address was embedded in our minds.

And so she telegraphed there to Switzerland. And my aunt, who escaped Austria, Vienna, was in the United States. So of course, the whole family through Switzerland was informed that we are alive. And one of my cousins happened to have been in the Army, so he came to visit us. That was my aunt's son, who was born in Vienna himself.

And after two years, we emigrated to the United States. And I attended high school. First, I came into grade school, because they didn't know what I know and what I don't know. I attended parochial Catholic school in Belgium, because that was-- where I lived in Dave, that was the only school available.

So I had known school teachers, very nice sisters, and who took very good care of me. And from there, we went to Brussels. And from Brussels, we came through Holland, we came to New Orleans, and I came to the United States. So attended high school in the city, in Manhattan. And I went to City College at night.

And right now, I live here with my husband and two children.

When did we get married?

In 1957.

Is your husband also a survivor?

My husband's Swiss. He was lucky he didn't have to go through all this.

If you look back now, do you have any sense of the ways in which your experiences have affected your contemporary life?

Yes, I value life immensely. I feel that money doesn't bring you happiness. And I cherish family life. I don't have that much of family. And I think I conveyed this to my children. My daughter is very much family-oriented. My son is getting there, but my daughter is--

How old are your children?

My son's 28 and my daughter's 22. I think girls are more family-oriented than boys. But that's--

What were their reaction to you being a survivor? Was that something you always shared with someone, or?

No, I didn't share it with them. I didn't want to speak about it at home. Many survivors don't speak about it. If they get together, they will reminisce among themselves. But openly, they don't. They like to forget.

There was a time where I did not speak about it. Just so happened through National Council I have come to the point where I speak about it. And my husband is very much for me to continue the speaking that I do in schools. He backs me up.

He feels that if I don't do it, there won't be very much-- there isn't very much anyone left to speak about it once my generation is gone. The survivors of my generation are mostly second generation survivors.

Did your children-- do your children know of the testimony that you've given us today?

No.

Details of this?

No, neither does my husband.

OK. Thank you very much. That is a special privilege.

Thank you.

And your generosity.

Thank you for having me.

And your courage.

Thank you.

I hope that your children will see this.

I hope one day they will.

You don't have any sense of now? That you would let them see that now, you would do that in someplace far off?

Well, I'm hoping that they will have a chance to see it. It's a nice legacy to leave behind.

Yes, indeed. Very courageous.

It's not a legacy of happiness, but a legacy of survival.

And bravery, and great love of family.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you very much.

[MUSIC PLAYING]