

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

**Interview with Anny Rubinstein Kast
November 7, 1989
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PREFACE

The following oral history testimony is the result of a videotaped interview with Anny Rubinstein Kast, conducted by Linda Kuzmack on November 7, 1989 on behalf of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. The interview took place in Washington, DC and is part of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum's collection of oral testimonies. Rights to the interview are held by the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

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ANNY KAST
November 7, 1989

Q: Could you tell me your name please?

A: Anny K... Rubinstein Kast.

Q: Where were you born?

A: I..Poland in 19...uh, 1926. I went to Belgium when I was two months old.

Q: Tell me about your family and growing up in Belgium.

A: I was growing up very spoiled. I was the only daughter. I had a brother, four years older than I, and my parents. My parents died very young, and I was very spoiled. So when I lost my parents, I was more lost than anyone else; because I went to private school and I was catered and I was supposed to do nothing. Only grow up and go to ballet and dance.

Q: What did your father do?

A: My father had a store of furs and women's clothes. And my mother used to help him, but always find something else for me to do. Ballet, piano... But the teachers say I'm not good, so I didn't go on with the piano.

Q: Did you like ballet?

A: I liked ballet, but then my grandfather say I'm too old to go undressed in front of people. And I had to stop when the war started in 1940. I couldn't go on anymore; because it was a non-Jewish class, and we couldn't do that. The Germans didn't allow.

Q: Before the Germans came, what, uh, kind of school did you go to?

A: I went to school, uh, in Antwerp there is called like college. To college, yeah, I went. But then they could not...uh, children could not go to school for half a year. But after that, I went to the nuns; and I learned English and German private. In a nun's school...in a monastery went during the war. There I learned English and German. So now I speak six languages a little.

Q: Let's go back a little, so that we don't get confused. Uh, what do you remember, if anything, of the invasion of Belgium?

A: The invasion was the 10th of May, 1940. The Germans came into Belgium; and all people, mostly Jewish, went away running to La Panne. La Panne is on the frontier from France and

Belgium. And we stayed there for three, four days. Some people were smart enough, waited for a ship and went wherever they took them. But then the people between them say the Germans are not so bad, and we came back to Antwerp. And that was the biggest mistake. Most of the Jews did run back to Antwerp. And we sort of live a regular life, but we started to feel that we were not allowed to go on a bus. We are not allowed to go that. And other people had left.

Q: Uh, talk a little more about, uh, what those early years under the Germans were like. Did you have any restrictions?

A: We had a lot of restrictions. We couldn't go in a bus. We couldn't go to a library. Uh, they more or less closed the schools. Twice a week, we could go then. And it was felt what I didn't look exactly like Jewish. So sometimes I would go out to Raphaele, my friend, without the Star of David. And the Germans wouldn't know; because her mother had Germans coming over to her house, and the Germans liked me very much. So one day, he [a German] liked me as a child, because I was the age of his daughter that was left in Germany. But I was, uh, old enough and smart enough to know that he's a German and I'm Jewish. But the next day of that happening, I went in the main street in Antwerp--de Keyserlei, they call it--with my mother. And I had the star on. And here, towards me, comes the same German. So my reaction was to run in the first store I saw. My mother didn't know why. So the next day he says to my friend's mother, "I could have sworn I saw Anny with a st...uh, as a Jewish. But she's not Jewish. Why would it be? But she looks exactly like Anny!" If he would have known that I'm Jew--as much as he loved me and I looked like his daughter--he would have...he would have uh called the Gestapo and they would have taken me away. So miracle after miracle.

Q: Was your friend...your friend was obviously not Jewish?

A: My girlfriend, no. She also helped my grandfather, who was very old at the time. She brought him food and everything. She endangered her life, because she put a star on. She went like if she would be Jewish; and went to my grandfather and brought him food and brought him some things. Went to my uncle that is in Israel now, to his wife, and brought them food. And she did a lot. And some people don't appreciate. But I appreciate every minute what she did for me. I'll give her first the money before I eat myself. And so do my husband and my sister-in-laws. They'll send her all the time checks; because they say if I...if not her, they wouldn't have me. And they love me dearly. That's what they say. I hope it's true.

Q: Let's go back. Her name is Raphaele...?

A: Raphaele Saintnoy. Her name was Jeanine, but she changed it when she started to paint. Her name is Raphaele Saintnoy. She's approximately a year old...younger than I am.

Q: Did the two of you go to school together?

A: We went to school together in Antwerp. And she loved my family. She loved my grandfather. She came very often to us. She even, before the war started, started talking Yiddish; because she loved the Yiddish language. She loved Jews. 'Til now, she loves Jews.

Q: What about school during those years? This is 1940...'41. What did you and Raphaelle do about school?

A: Uh, we could not go more than three times a week; and Raphaelle went on. And my mother had wanted me to go to a certain university out from Antwerp. But I couldn't do it; because in '42, I was gone and my parents were deported. I was gone to my hiding place.

Q: All right. But '40, '41, you were still going to school somewhere?

A: Yeah, somewhere.

Q: Uh, what were living conditions like in your house in '40...'41?

A: It was a little tense; 'cause some of my family went to France, some to United States. And my mother wanted very badly to go to United States. We had the tickets to go to United States, where I had an uncle; and we had everything everyday. But my father didn't want to leave his father and his mother. And he say, "I'll sacrifice my family for my parents." That's what he did. We also had, in the building--was five floors--on the fourth floor, lived a man with a woman that he worked in the underground. And he did a lot. On the third floor, lived a woman with two daughters who were going with the German. And that was very bad for my parents.

Q: How was it bad?

A: Bad, because she owed my father some hundred francs. That is nothing. And she thought that my father would want to have the hundred francs. And he told her always, "I don't want the money back." So one day, she came and she said, "I'm sorry, but as you live in a neighborhood [where] there's no Jewish, the German forgot to take you. And I called up the SS. They should take you on Tuesday, 8:30, the 19th." So my mother started to laugh. She says, "You--my friend who gave us up!" So my father said, "I don't believe you." She said, "Please go away." And Tuesday at 8:30 they came.

Q: Your parents did not go away?

A: They went. Tuesday at 8:30, the SS came....

Q: And picked up your parents?

A: My brother tried to close himself in the bathroom. And they broke the door, and they took

him away. And the woman on the second floor, she was an easy woman. Like they call...she had pleasure with everyone. So she wanted to take my brother and put him under the bed until the Germans go away. But he wouldn't leave my parents. And it was hard for him to be hidden; because he was around seventeen, eighteen years--soldiers' time. The army age. And he wouldn't leave me parents. And that's the reason he didn't overlive Auschwitz, because he went all the time to my father. He wouldn't leave him. That's it.

Q: Where were you during this?

A: I, a few minutes before, they put me by Raphaele's aunt--her father's sister. She lived in La Hulpe. It's written in the book. La Hulpe is like half an hour from Brussels. It's a little town. And they had a house there. The man that I called "Uncle" worked as a manager in a very big book store in Brussels. They had a daughter that was retarded. So I took care of the daughter, while they paid for me--I don't remember how much it is--three thousand Belgian francs every month. So after my parents were deported, I was afraid they'll give me up because no money coming in. She took me properly. She needed the money. So what happened... So she uh...I couldn't...I couldn't understand. It went on coming, the money. The landlord where we lived, my father told him, "Please send. Save my daughter." And he sent, from his own pocket, every month three thousand Belgian francs for me. Even I paid the three thousand francs, I had to help in the house. She used to say, "If you don't know, you cannot tell somebody else. You better clean the floor. You break an egg. You can get an egg. You have to wait until tomorrow's eggs." But she never, never made pork while I lived there. She respected me. She never put pork on the table, or on the dishes. Never, never. I used to go to church. I had my own chair; and she used to say, "Pray for your God here." I said, "It's a little hard." But Sunday was the only day I went out --for an hour to church. The neighbors should see that I go out. They thought I'm a sick niece who lives in Antwerp, and the doctor prescribed me to be in, uh, outside... Not in town, in the suburbs. That's the reason I came to live with them. But they were very nice, very good. They wanted even to adopt me after the war. But my uncle wouldn't let me become a shikse [**Yidd:** non-Jewish girl]. But they liked me very much. And the man helped me a lot, with sending the three thousand francs; because God forbid if I would be taken away, uh, the woman--my "Aunt," like I called her--would be taken away, too. Because the people who hide other people... And I'll never forget Raphaele, as long as I live. People forget. I never forget. Because thanks to her, I'm alive.

Q: You were living with Raphaele's aunt. Uh, what kind of papers did you have?

A: I had an identity card. Identity card on the name from Raphaele Saintnoy, and that's all. I was Raphaele Saintnoy. I got stamps for food under her name, and I was under her name. But even then I was the... How do you say? Somebody told about me, that I was Jewish, and they should go in the house and there is a Jewish girl. They squealed. And when they squealed, the Germans came to look for me, as I told you. And the first time they came to look for me, it was a minute or two minutes. And I had a cord with...like steps; and I put it up on the attic. Nobody could go up there, it was so narrow. I put the ladder, and I was there for five and a

half hours. [When] they took me out, I was fainted; because it was all the smoke from the chimney. It was near the chimney on the attic _____. It was bad. The second time they came, I was in the garden unexpected. And they had pictures on me, whom they look for. So my "Aunt" made...dugged a hole in five minutes--I don't know how she did it--put me in, and put the hole.... Like if I would be buried alive. They looked and they looked and they looked, and they walked on me. They never found me. So anyway, my lawyer was not a good lawyer. He found that I have not enough reasons to get, uh _____ they call it...

Q: Reparations.

A: Reparation. Because I wasn't born in Belgium.

Q: Ok. Let's let's hold that--OK--that whole question. I want to stay with this hole. How did you breathe? You were buried alive. How did you breathe?

A: I don't remember. I know I was half faint when they took me out. I was very bad shape. Because the next day of that what I went through--the same day that they dig me in and hid me in the ground. I, uh, we made soap. We didn't have. And I burned my two arms, and they couldn't take me to a doctor; because the doctor was very German...for the German. And we didn't want to go. He would start the names, he would start. So they healed by themselves, all the arms. I couldn't go to a doctor. They wouldn't take me to a doctor.

Q: How long did you stay with Raphael's aunt?

A: From '42 to '44...'45. To the end of the war.

Q: What did you do? Did you do anything about school or education during that time?

A: Uh, I went to the monastery; and I took English and I took German. And then my "Uncle," her husband, tried to help me in French and mathematics, and so on. Really, to a school I couldn't go, because it was too far away. But the monastery was not far away. And I went two, three times a week; and I picked up French and English and German. So that's....

Q: Did the nuns know that you were Jewish?

A: No. 'Til after the war, they never knew. We didn't want anyone to know.

Q: Did you learn how to be a Catholic during that period, just to protect yourself?

A: No. I...I went to church. I sat there. And they go usually to communion, and they give you something. But I didn't do that. She didn't want me to do that. Just went to church, sat; and when it was over we went home. And that's all. Sometimes, they would give me a soda. That was something. But that's all, and then we came home. That's all.

Q: What else do you remember from those two years?

A: These two years were very hard, for one thing. Because my "Aunt"--the woman, Raphael's aunt--and [her] husband didn't live very good. And I was very naïve. I didn't know. He was an intellectual, and he was sorry that the only child they have was retarded. So they didn't get along so well. And I used to take the part of her and of him, to make shalom b'bayit [**Heb:** "peace in the house"]; and not always did I succeed. And it was aggravating me, because my parents never spoke a loud word to each other. When they would like discuss, they would go to the other room. My brother and I wasn't, uh, there. And I wasn't used to see people, who live together and loved each other, [who] shouldn't talk for days. [Who] should eat together, and make like was a stranger. I wasn't used like that. I wasn't brought up like that. 'Cause I was brought up in a very warm and loving family my parents had. So it was hard for me. And I all the time thought, "When my parents come back, I'll appreciate them more. And if my brother comes alive, I'll never get married. Never. Take care of him all my life, as long as I live." But it didn't happen. It didn't happen, so I can't do anything. And it's still...when people are with their children, are complaining, it hurts me. Because, thank God, they have normal children and parents. They have old mothers, old fathers. My mother was 43 and my father 41 when they died. So it's very young. And my brother was 17 or 18. He had nothing from life. So it's very painful. And sometimes, you'll remember... Like my uncle who lives in Israel, he lost a child of six years and a child of 18 months. A little girl. And he went through a lot. A lot. But, uh, that's it. Never hurts--uh, it was hard. These two years were like twenty years. Because if you don't know who you are, or you forget maybe... But I didn't forget. And I knew. And I had a picture of my parents. Day and night, I looked at them. And since...after the war, when I knew that they won't come back, and I hear bad news or something--God forbid--I can't cry. See me sitting here? It's inside, the pain. I cannot cry. It's hard for me to cry. It's healthy to cry. But I just can't cry. Like last night, I was thinking about this morning. But I can't cry. Some people just cry, but I have it inside me. And I don't forget one day. And it's not easy to get along without parents. But I remember what is the worst in my whole life is my father took me to the train to go to Brussels. And from Brussels, they would pick me up to go to La Hulpe, where I would stay. I had only two dresses. One dress and a blouse for the week, and another dress with other pieces for Sunday. So I only had... the socks were mended so hard it spoiled my feet. Because she mended our socks. We couldn't afford...she couldn't afford to buy me. But the worst thing that I remember is [that] my father took me to the train to go to Brussels. And we walked on the sidewalk for fifteen minutes; and there comes the German that my father didn't see. And he slapped my father, because he didn't go down the sidewalk when you are...when he was coming. And I'll never forget, my father told me in Yiddish--because French maybe [they] understand--"Don't do anything." Because I was ready to slap him, and then he would take me along. But I never forget the feeling, to see... With so much respect for my parents, that I saw somebody slapping my father. I...I couldn't believe it. But it was... it was very painful. Very painful.

Q: Tell me a little more about Raphael and the papers. You had....

- A: Raphael's mother was pro-German. And Raphael loved the Jews. And she did not tell her mother that she went to my grandfather to bring food, and that she wore the star. She didn't tell her mother she goes to my aunt to bring food. Because the mother wouldn't accept it. And she was a young girl; she was living home. She had like a double life. She was more Jewish than not-Jewish. She did it because she wanted it. She never asked her mother the permission. So she she put her life on stake, like they say; but she helped a lot. My grandfather was then 79 years old, and she helped him; and [it] gave her a very big satisfaction. In a few years now, lately, we...she moved and I moved. And we cut our getting together and writing; but now she'll write to me every ten days, every two weeks. And she's still so excited from her trip to Israel, two weeks, that she...she's over-excited. She said that was the nicest two weeks since she remembers her youth. If we wear clothes, my mother would like make uh pairs for Saturday; and I would carry there to Raphael and break my leg not to break the plate. So when I had the uh cast on my foot, you didn't walk at that time. And it was all designs and painted. Raphael painted. The Germans took that even. I wanted that to keep; but when they took out our clothes and our things in the house, they took even that. That's it.
- Q: All right. The year is 1944. You are still at Raphael's aunt's farm. Uh, what happened at that point?
- A: The American or the English...the English came in. And the monastery knew that I'm Jewish. We told them. They were very proud of Raphael's aunt. And when you had a big house, you had to take somebody to live in a room or two. Because they needed a place for soldiers. And we took in an English soldier. His name was Tom; and he got a room there. He used to bring his Cadbury chocolates, so I shined his shoes. And we went to Brussels together--my aunt, he and I. Then once I became sick with the flu. They went alone. And since then, they never took me along again. And she started to...not like to her husband. She started to have an affair, which I didn't know. I was very naïve. And I don't know if it's good to tell here, because when he came home one...suddenly, my "Uncle." And he said, "Where is your aunt?" I say, "She went in the room from Tom, because she was cold." I was so naïve and so stupid. But he figured out when Tom wore nice shirts, and then I would say, "'Uncle' Henri, it's your shirt!" I shouldn't have said it. I didn't know. I'm naïve. I was brought up very naïve, and I didn't know. Then after the war, I stayed with my "Uncle" Henri; and she left her husband for the Englishman. After twenty-five years. And a sick child. She left a sick child home, too. And I was staying with him 'til my uncle would come back and find a place. And when my uncle found a place, it was a very big house of his parents-in-law and....
- Q: Tell me, just to make things a little clearer. Where had... This is your real uncle now? Where had he been during the war, and how did he find you?
- A: My uncle was in the same house as his wife and her parents. They were Belgian citizens. Once you're a Belgian citizen, the Queen say, "The German made a pact. They won't take a Belgian citizen." So she was living there in that house with the two little children and her parents. Her sister--my aunt's sister, my uncle's sister-in-law--didn't want to stay in the house.

She went with false papers to France, and was killed--eight months pregnant. But the other ones were staying in the big house. [On] September 3, 1943, the Germans broke their promise and took all the Ger...Belgian Jews. It was a Friday night. And they came to take my aunt and her parents and the two little children. But my aunt...my uncle didn't know they came for her. He thought somebody gave him in, and they coming for him. So she was shouting all the time. "Izy..." His name is Izy. "...where you are, stay. God should save you." So he was sure it was for him they are looking. So after three or four hours, he came down and he saw the shoes of the little baby. And it was coldish; it was September. And they weren't there. And he understood that he couldn't go out from the house. When these.... So nice furniture--they would lock the house from the outside, and come a day or two later to pick up the furniture, the clothes and the diamond and the silverware. So he couldn't go out; and he was blocked in that house from Friday 'til Monday. On Monday, the maid who came in, she knew about him. She went on the roof of a neighbor and went in to him on the roof. Then they went out from the roof. She brought him clothes from her husband and identity card. But my uncle looked very Jewish and has evidently a beard. So he shaved and he shaved, and he went with her to Brussels. And they succeeded. She put him in a monastery. Him and another Jewish couple. The monastery [Mother] Superior knew; but all the other nuns didn't know anything. And he shaved five to six times a day, while wearing the clothes from the nuns. But he shaved five to six times. And he ate kosher all the time, believe it or not. She brought him sometimes food, and he wouldn't eat too much, because he was religious. And after a year, after the war was over, he came and he found the little slippers. They never took it away. Nothing. But uh...they were killed in Auschwitz, too. They were killed in Auschwitz, too--like my parents.

Q: So your uncle, after all of this, came now and found you at the farm?

A: Yes. And then he organized...in the house that we had, he organized seven bedrooms for the people--my parents, my other aunt, who was deported with her husband. The two boys were taken by train, and they didn't want to go. They jumped from the train, but....

Q: Which two boys? I'm sorry.

A: My aunt--my father's sister--and her husband were deported. She had two sons. They were in a train from Antwerp to Drancy. Drancy's in France. And they jumped from the train, both. Taking a chance, "We'll save ourselves." But they shoot them. So they were also 18 and 20, too. So it's a big generation. And my uncle, after the war, was very sick. Because he couldn't believe that nobody will come back. 'Til he had to accept that the child--the child was the worst thing. For 18 months. It was the worst thing for him, and for me. And then--two days after the English and the American came--my grandmother spent all that time in the hospital. My grandmother... My grandfather was taken the December 3rd. My grandmother was in the hospital. They arranged it she should live. So my grandmother died; first funeral in Belgium. She lived a little, but she... She didn't have Alzheimer's; she was all mixed up from all what she went through. That's it.

Q: So you were all living in this big house?

A: My uncle and myself. And then, everyday, we sold another bedroom. But we saw nobody comes. There were seven bedrooms arranged. You know, we were sure they will come back. But they didn't.

Q: How did you live? Uh, how did you get money to eat?

A: My uncle opened a fur store in Antwerp, and I managed it. And he used to travel, himself. So I was working until eleven at night. Because the soldiers would pick up a girl and buy her a fur coat. So I worked until eleven at night. And all my friends were smarter. They went to...there was already the Army from Israel. Chaiolim (ph)--the "Brigade," they called it. They came. They went out. They had a good time. They went to parties. I was working, and I never went to a party. I worked all my life very hard. Very hard past. If you think it's...it was not easy, but uh we worked. And then my uncle went to Uruguay, and I went to Israel.

Q: How did you arrange all that?

A: Because my family in Israel never saw me. They had pictures but they never had seen me. My two aunts and my uncle. And they asked my other uncle that I should come to Israel and then go to Uruguay to meet...to stay with him. In the meantime, I loved Israel so much [that] I never went to Uruguay. I went after a time. I went about three times.

Q: When did you get married?

A: I got married in 1967 only. My husband, who came as a trip to Israel in 1964. I came here in 1965. And I was used to the noise from Israel, and working and going. And here, they put me in a beautiful home and I didn't work. I didn't give anything of myself. Later I worked for Ziuei (ph); but I couldn't live like that. So I took my pack, and I went back to Israel. But it seems he liked me very much. And we started to correspond; and I came back in '67. And I told him, "I have to be busy. I have to do something." So I worked volunteer, and they liked it. And I was satisfied that I do something for Israel, not being there. And that's it. And we got married in '67; and my husband was teaching at Hebrew Academy over at Washington, the school. Now he's retired.

Q: Do you know--let's go back a little. Uh, do you know how Raphaele survived the war? What did she do?

A: She survived very hard. Her mother died, and her father died. And she...her father died after the war. She was living with her father. She was working very hard, all kind of work. She was a saleslady, a painter, a sculptor. She's a little Bohemian, because she's a very good artist. And I'm sorry that now she has that farm, and has to paint and sell her paintings. But, uh, she say, "If you want, I can give one painting." She send me. And it's a very nice painting. It's the world, Adam and Eve. She's very good. And she...I forgot to bring it, but

she's very good.

Q: But during the war....

A: During the war, she went to university. She finished college, like they call it here. And uh she was very gifted. But she could not stay in a town. She needs her...she needs air. She needs open places. That's the reason, I think, she stays on that farm; and I talked about that. I explained to her that I would like her very much to come to Israel now; and we go... And spend some time with us, and go and see if you can go in a kibbutz. I think in a kibbutz, in Israel, she would feel very happy. 'Cause she likes that kind of work. And they would accept her, I think. She was a person who helped a lot of people. I think the kibbutz would accept her.

Q: What...what did it feel like to you, during the war, when you were...you had Raphaelle.... You had false papers in Raphaelle's name, while Raphaelle kept your own papers? Is that correct?

A: Yeah.

Q: OK. Uh, how did you manage day-to-day on those papers? Did you have to show them often?

A: The problem was that I lived day-to-day. Because sometimes the man called me, wanted to know my real name. But I was not stupid. I told him that's my name. But one time, I had a very big problem. And my "Aunt" that kept me was very angry. I went to a girlfriend to play. And I shouldn't have gone; because in the front of the house of that girlfriend was a big truck, and they had just picked up Jewish people. And that boy who was sitting in the truck knew me. He wanted to go with me to my "Aunt" Paulette--her name. And "Aunt" Paulette didn't want to accept. When he saw me, he told the Germans, "She is Jewish. Put her in the truck with me." But when the German went down, I was gone. I was very fast. I was gone; but for three days, I was very sick. Like shock. I was so nervous. I was so afraid. How a person can.... "If I am in a problem, I want you to be." He shouldn't have done that. And he knew me. But he told the German; and I was maybe not far away, and that's what happened. I disappeared. I don't know how. I had the courage to stand up in a second; because he just had to go down from the truck and he showed _____. And they looked and they looked in all the houses; but I put a scarf over my head, and he didn't look at my face. And when he came in, he didn't see me. He didn't know who I am. "I was looking for that girl, but..." You understand. So it was very hard.

Q: Did you have other escapes like this?

A: I had a few escapes that I told you. That he took my papers at night. He said....

Q: Which he?

A: The man who kept the...who kept the identities cards. The identity cards. He called me to his house; and he told me, "Give me your card. I'll give it back to you next week, 'cause I have to change the age, or the time or something." And I had a feeling that I shouldn't give it. And I had not discussed it with my "Aunt," but I had a feeling not to give him. And I say, "No, she'll give you next week." And next morning, at six in the morning, he was killed with the papers from 25 or 40 people that he had. And all these people were taken. And I thank God.... Must have been a will from God that, uh, that I wasn't taken; because he didn't have my papers. If he would have my papers, it would be the same as my papers. So that's all. And, uh, I had a lot of little events; events that I would feel bad if...like Germans would go in the front of the house, and go and look for something or what. So instinctively, I thought it's for me. I got nervous that they're looking for me. But I think when you are in the situation, you are stronger and braver. I could pay attention myself you see. I knew when to let go, because like when he ...they looked for me when I was like buried. I knew I have to breathe my nose, my mouth. I have to keep up 'til they come to save me. When they came, they were happy that I was breathing; because it was very hard for me. So, problem is that uh the closest from my aunt's, my uncle's--twenty-four people the closest--were taken all to Auschwitz. So sometimes I say, if people complain, people should be happy. It is a too narrow road, people set in cars, came from home. But there is no one day that I forget my parents or Raphaele. Because she...really did a lot for me. And if not, I wouldn't be alive. So that's the reason I always want her to feel good, to buy something special for her, you know. That's it.

Q: Anything you want to add?

A: Well, then my uncle came to Uruguay, got married and lives now in Israel. Has two boys--two sons. That's it.

Q: Okay. Thank you very much.