

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

**Interview with Fred R. Wohl
November 22, 1989
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PREFACE

The following oral history testimony is the result of a videotaped interview with Fred R. Wohl, conducted by Linda Kuzmack on November 22, 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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FRED R. WOHL
November 22, 1989

Q: Will you tell me your name, please?

A: Frederick Richard Wohl, W - O - H - L.

Q: OK. Where were you born?

A: In Baden-Baden, Germany.

Q: And when?

A: Uh June 7th, 1914.

Q: Tell me about your family.

A: My father owned a pharmacy in Baden-Baden, and he and my mother had three children. I have one sister who lives here in New Jersey, and my older sister passed away a few years ago in Majorca. We had a good youth, a very nice up-bringing. I went to primary school for three years. I, after that I entered the Gymnasium for nine years and received baccalaureate. By that time, the political situa...the political situation in Germany wasn't too rosy and there was a lot of unemployment. I was supposed to enter a pharmacy in the province as an apprentice. But when I was ready, they were not in a position to accept me anymore. Because the uh Nazis, while not in power yet, had quite some influence and everybody was afraid to accept a Jewish apprentice. As far as my Jewish upbringing, there was none. My parents were quite assimilated. And Jewish religion, never. We just... nothing there was said. And I became more aware of my religion only through the Nazi revo...uh Nazi... Not revolution. I mean, when they came into power. In 1932, after matriculation, I left my home town for Switzerland. We had had an exchange program with a family in the town of Nyon on the Lake of Geneva, and there were still about six weeks that they owed us. So I spent six weeks there. And after that, through some friends and through a office of the League of Nations, I got a job on a farm in uh Switzerland, on a...behind the city, the town, of Vevey, on Lake...on the Lake of Geneva. It was tough times there. If I had had the money to go back home after I had arrived there, I would probably have turned around and gone back home. Instead of that, I had to get up about five o'clock in the morning to start cleaning the pig's sty and then the cows and then the horses. And everybody spoke French and I didn't know that much French when I got there, but I quickly had to learn whether I liked it or not. I stayed there for about two months and then the farmer sent me with a...with one man and about twenty cows up in the Alps where he had meadows and I stayed there for another two months 'til the beginning of September of '32. Yeah, 1932. By that time, uh my father had been able to get me an apprenticeship in a mechanical factory in the Black Forest which was owned by friends of his. I went through a two year apprenticeship, commercial apprenticeship, the end of which I had to go through an examination for commercial

assistance by the Chamber of Commerce. Fortunately, during that time, the after _____ (ph) the Nazis were in command in 1934. But that examination took place during the time these people were not allowed to wear their uniforms due to the Röhm affair, when Hitler had his... one of his assistants killed and I passed, therefore I could pass that examination and I stayed for another year or so as an employee in that factory. Then in December 1935, I was informed that due to my status as a Jew they were not able to keep me. I had to leave by the end of the year. I went skiing the beginning of December, and hurt my hand; so I left three weeks early. Went to Frankfurt and tried to find some work there which was impossible. Even a friend of my father's who owned his own bank was not allowed to employ me even without pay.

Q: Tell me what else it was like in 1935, in Frankfurt, for a Jew.

A: Well, you couldn't go any place but to Jewish organizations. There were lots of young people who had not given up hope that things would change in Germany and we went out together. We had meetings together, and one of the things I recall is that on Mardi Gras of 1936, at a time when I already knew I was going to leave for Greece, I went out in the streets with some friends and the public was all hepped up and they were all in good humor and playing around and they were stopping cars on the main street and uh trying to lift them up. There was nothing bad involved 'till suddenly a contingent of SS men came from the side streets with their swords out and just started hitting indiscriminately anybody who was in the street. I got a cut in my winter coat at that time because I wasn't running fast enough. Otherwise I did not spend much time in Frankfurt. Before that, in the little town of Hornburg (ph) in the Black Forest where I spent my working time in a factory where I was employed, things were different. During the winter when the only the people of that little town were there, I didn't have much trouble, but this was a place that had many guests came up in the Black Forest in the summer for vacations and so and I learned soon to keep by myself because on two occasions I was once thrown out of a coffee shop where I was sitting with people from the factory and once was just beaten uh up on the street which cost me fortunately only my glasses. I even was asked to apply to come, to enter the German Armed Forces because I was in the age group that was called up and the uh mayor of the town of Hornburg insisted that I go through the formalities because he thought I was such a good man that they needed me, but they after they had I had a physical examination and they got the uh information about my parents and ancestors I got the information that they could very well do without me. Then, to go back to Frankfurt, I had applied to leave for Greece as a student in archeology since I had had uh my background with the Humanistic Gymnasium, knew the ancient languages and in addition to this my older sister had gone, had had the opportunity to go to Greece even earlier. After about two and a half months of efforts and a number of very uh uneasy meetings with officials in Frankfurt, I indeed got a visa, got a passport to go to Athens. I found out afterwards that at the same time I left, the Greek police for foreigners was informed that this guy is not really a student - he is a Jewish refugee and due to this information I had quite a bit of difficulty staying in Greece. But I arrived there in 19... in February, end of February of '36. Was met by my sister. After a nice journey, and I was quite elated to have left the Third Reich, my sister had made some friends in Athens. She was

mainly giving language lessons there, and after some weeks, I got various jobs. I had brought a typewriter with me and a pair of skis. Nothing else. The pair of skis was to show that I was a student. I was not apt to forget my favorite sport. And, believe it or not, I did go skiing in Greece--in the Peloponnese--which was nice. I got various jobs in Greece and the mentality there of the people who employed me was such that they would trust me more than any of their other employees which was to my advantage. I worked in a technical office where we imported all kinds of electrical equipment from the rest of Europe. They considered very small as outside of Europe. I think at that time I worked for them for three years. Then in, after working for him which was actually part-time, I went in the late afternoon to a newspaper distributing office to - whom I had been recommended to and uh the way I, my first impression of that job was quite interesting. The uh owner of the _____(ph), which means _____(ph) newspaper agency, took me to the office of the foreign newspaper department and there behind the desk uh was a young man with not one but uh three signs that he was a member of the Nazi party and he talked to me in French. He never knew that I was German. He was, and he handed the department over to me because he had been called back to Germany he told me. He was already gone the next day and the boss and I were left with quite a mess because there were quite a number of subscriptions to German Nazi papers in Athens for Germans who lived in Athens, and when I started sending somebody around to collect subscription monies that according to the books they owned us, they had all been paid and the predecessor of mine evidently had pocketed the money. I started the work in that department with quite a uh debt, and the only way after, during the two and one-half years I worked there we could eradicate that debt was by ordering lots of newspapers from the various provinces in Germany, five copies from this one, five copies from that town. Naturally nobody would buy that stuff even, so we would distribute it to the various kiosks and when we got it back you cut the top off, send it back so that you didn't have to pay for it, and the rest of the paper was sold as uh, and we uh we got credit for it and eventually we wiped out that debt which amounted in quite, to quite a - I think it was over 100,000 pounds.

Q: How did you come to go Crete?

A: To Greece.

Q: To Crete, you were . . .

A: No, no. In Greece, in Athens. That was all in Athens.

Q: Yes, alright. What happened after that?

A: My parents came - we brought my parents to Athens one year after I came and we uh, my father had some representation from a chemical factory who thought they could sell their pills in Greece but after, by the end of 1938 the Greek government wouldn't allow us anymore to renew our permit of residence in the country. They informed us that they knew from the German uh authorities that they would be very happy to welcome us back in Germany. We were not anxious. The four of us, my parents, my sister and I, we went from

one foreign consulate to the other in Athens to try and get a place to uh go to. And this was quite difficult. We once thought we had a, we thought to go to Paraguay but when we went to buy steamship tickets, we found out that that consul was only an honorary consul, and wasn't supposed to give visas out and after some difficulty we got half our money back. Then thanks to my father's connection with the Free Masons - it's a masonic order in Athens - we found a man in the British Embassy who helped to get us out. His connection through the CID caused them to check our family tree. And they found--which we knew, which was correct--that my mother was related to Walter Rathenau, who had been the foreign secretary of the Weimar Republic after the First World War and who also was about the first victim of Nazi murder in 1923 already. They told us we could proceed any place in the British Empire we wanted to go to, provided we had the means to do so. Closest place was the island of Cyprus; but Cyprus required for anyone who came there one thousand pounds to show in cash. We didn't have that kind of money. So the British Ambassador in Athens caused them to reduce this amount to a thousand pounds for the whole family--for the four of us--which was very nice. The only drawback was we didn't have the thousand pounds. And I managed to go to the two main employers I had, and I borrowed from each one five hundred pounds in Greek money. So we put that on an account in Cyprus, and we were...we managed to go back to Cyprus. Half a year later, I could send them the money back. But that was uh a break we got, because without this help from the British Ambassador I don't know what would have happened. We arrived in Cyprus in the beginning of March of 1939. And in uh...in the town of Limassol, my father promptly got sick. We were stuck there in a small hotel for quite a while. After that we moved to the capital of Cyprus, Nicosia. I got a job in an import office, and my sister got a job in another...in a technical office also. But in September of '39, when Italy entered the war, I came to my office and I found a note in the typewriter: "Do not come back." Because business was dead; and besides, that he told me after he was not to employee enemy aliens. I then got work in a small sausage factory which had been bought by a couple of Austrian Jewish refugees. They needed somebody who spoke Greek and English, because neither of one did...uh of them did. And for some weeks, I sold sausage--much to the embarrassment of my parents, who would never come to the store but who liked to eat the sausage I brought home. After that, thanks to the Commissioner in Nicosia, the British Commissioner, I got a job in the asbestos mines. They didn't know anything about asbestos was dangerous, and thank God it didn't do any harm to me. But uh I went up there. I worked in the bookkeeping department for, I think, it's only about a year and a half. And eventually the uh director of the mine put a house at my disposal, and my parents and my sister could come up there to stay with me. Because in the meantime, things had gotten worse politically. And uh when the Germans overrun Greece I think every refugee and every person who had arrived in...on Cyprus with German papers was interned. They opened an internment camp right next to the prison in Athens, for the men only. Women they left alone. And in that camp were mostly Jews--maybe about twenty real Germans who were kept strictly to themselves. Was not a very good time, because that we were staying in tents. It was uh... whenever a wind came up there was a lot of dirt in the air and we had to work out what we were going to eat every day. I was more or less in charge of that, again because I knew the languages and somewhere . . .

Q: They did not feed you? You had to...

A: No, well they told us what... "Here's what you get every week. You make your own menu." And I still have somewhere menus or a menu. I don't have it with me, but if I find it I'll make a copy. So that kept me busy. Besides that, they gave us a couple of packets of cigarettes every day. And due to the fact that my father was a heavy smoker, I stopped smoking at that time. He got my cigarettes. Uh after about a month in that tent camp, the authorities realized that that was not a good place to leave us because people got sick. And they moved the camp to a hotel up in the mountains of Greece. Beautiful place called [Berengaria (ph)]. And it was naturally behind fence, wire fence; but otherwise it was just like a vacation. What I mean is there was a village nearby, and all the ladies rented rooms there to come and visit. And at the same time, the government started checking the individual papers of the people they had caught up in their net of internment. My father was one of the first to be released. And about three weeks later, I was let go. And I went back to my work in the asbestos mine. We all went back there, and . . .

Q: What was Cyprus like...?

A: Cyprus was a beautiful place, actually. At that time, the British had about two hundred troops on Cyprus--which kept the peace between Turkish and Greek inhabitants. I saw quite a bit of Cyprus while moving around. There have beautiful beaches, and the uh city or the town of Nicosia had some amazing Gothic architecture in their churches...

Q: I guess what I'm asking--excuse me--is not so much physically what the island is like, but what was it like in wartime--under war conditions--for a Jew living in Cyprus.

A: Things were rationed, for one thing. And uh the Jews, Jewish refugees--thanks also to the internship--they got to know each other, and they drew together. There was no organization yet at that time. But that came a little bit later with the uh evacuation. But we knew quite a few people, and uh we attended uh services which was to some extent a first for me at that time. Naturally, after moving up to the asbestos mine I had no connection ...we had no connection. We were the only Jews there with the exception of the uh mine physician, who was a Russian man who had come in 1905 due to the pogroms and who didn't admit to anybody that he was a Jew. Also did not come on the evacuations. But he and my father got friendly, so... And I had no time to be friendly. After all, there were also rules that after work, after sundown, none of us were allowed to leave the house. That was strict instructions, and uh it was known in community in the asbestos mine. So we stayed, and we had a radio. That was that. I only...there was only one store in the whole place, and I went there to buy our ration. Every week we had a half a pound of butter, which my father got because at that time nobody thought that there was anything wrong with eating butter. And we were quite lonely. I wrote during that time in German a treaty [NB: treatise] on my stay in Athens. One of these days, I might translate it. And we stayed there until June '41. We, naturally, knew what was going on in the world. But Cyprus, being away from everything, we did not pay too much attention until the Nazis invaded Crete. They got the island of Crete

without any difficulties. And then, suddenly, the good inhabitants of Cyprus became very anxious to learn German. Under the leadership of their bishop, a man Makarios--who afterwards what became President of the Greek part of Cyprus--they became very uh friendly towards the expected German invasion. And we were worried. Then uh in June of '41, my father got a wire that he should be ready for evacuation within four days in the capital, Nicosia. He had no money saved, because we were living from hand to mouth on whatever little money I made. So in this twen...within twenty-four hours, we had a big sale of all our belongings. We found that for evacuation we only...we are allowed to take two pieces of luggage each, and no more luggage than each one of us could carry. Now we...during the short hours, we had to decide what to pack. We had to try and buy some pieces of luggage from people there, and we had to be _____ so that we had some money in our pockets. We then proceeded to Nicosia. And there, the government had accepted two or three--I don't recall whether it was two or three men--as officers, executive officers, of the Jewish evacuation of Cyprus. With these people--and they were attorneys--started an organization. Since I had nothing better to do, I helped out there. They didn't, because they didn't speak Greek. And we had a little office, and registered everybody who was ready to be evacuated. And they had to come there with their pieces of luggage to show that what it was, and that they could actually carry it. And I recall one very sad episode, when a strong man came in there with rather heavy-looking pieces of luggage and the uh person behind the counter who registered him had some doubts whether he could really carry these pieces. And he uh...well, he was very uh brilliant man. He lifted both pieces. "Yeah, I can do it!" Dropped dead. That was quite a shock for all of us. And people were careful. We uh...we just managed the next day or two days later to bury him. And, even the afternoon of that day, we were all put on buses to Famagusta. The evacuation of the Jewish community of Cyprus had started. In Famagusta, they put us on a small boat. We were about five hundred people--men, women and children. There was a lot of complaining and crying. People had to leave their uh groves, orange groves. People had been living for many...not just since the Nazis came, but from even from earlier years on Cyprus. But we all had our lives even so we didn't have much else. And that small boat went in zig-zag through the Mediterranean at night to Jaffa [**Arab:** Yafa, or **Heb:** Yafo].

Q: What boat was this?

A: It was an English...English boat. A British boat. It was probably...it was not a passenger ship. Just whatever boats they could find there for...where we were stacked like herring. Sardines is better. And we uh got to Jaffa. Made us disembark, and immediately put on buses and taken to Tel Aviv. It was strict curfew and blackout. In Tel Aviv, the uh Jewish Agency and the Histadrut had prepared for our arrival. They had set up a camp outside and there were tents and there were. The first time I saw that they had dug air shelter, zig-zag uh shelter, cut out. And we stayed there for a night. And the next night, they...my parents and my sister and I were among the groups that was taken to homes of individual Histadrut members. Right off Ben Yehuda Street in Tel Aviv. There were air raids nearly every night. One air raid, I think the only one where there were actually people uh caught - there were over two hundred and fifty people killed in Tel Aviv. Amongst them, a friend my father afterwards tried to find.

During these air raids we would meet. Because my father was staying with one family, my mother with another, my sister with another, and I with another. In the evening, everybody went downstairs in the air raid...air raid shelter, and everybody along came. That was when we met, at night. Was scary so...because we knew that people actually had died during the week or so before. We didn't stay with these people too long, because when my father discovered that his friend had been killed he also heard from the widow and who had immediately left Tel Aviv for Jerusalem. She sent my father the key to their apartment. And we stayed for the rest of our stay in Tel Aviv in a beautiful apartment on Gordon Street. The only...the drawback was that the lady during that time started selling off her furniture. So every day there was less there. Eventually we just had mattresses and our luggage. But from June through the end of November, to the middle of November, we stayed there. During that time, the uh British government paid everyone who was a member of the Cyprus evacuation, paid them every two weeks enough money to live on. But they were not allowed to work. They had to present themselves every two weeks at an office in the Jewish Agency to get the money. Quite a few vanished. They had family in Palestine, as it was then, and decided, "Well, goodbye." They stayed there, and that was that. They...in the meantime, the English decided what to do with the rest. There were about three hundred and fifty or so left, and they divided us up into two main groups. One to go to what was then Nyasaland [**Now:** Malawi], and the other one Tanganyika [**Now:** Tanzania]. So we knew our destiny. And there again, we subdivided the Tanganyika group to those who were going to stay in a camp there, and others who would stay in a small group in a town--which was what we selected. And we were told that we would have to proceed to the town of Mwanza, M - W - A - N - Z - A, on the shore of Lake Victoria. That was a long way off, because the trip has to...had to be arranged. So in middle of November, finally, we were told everything was fine. We got travel papers showing that we were...we had no other papers, and that we were to proceed to Tanganyika. And one hundred and seventy of us--that was the group to go to Tanganyika--were put on a train from Tel Aviv to Cairo. At that time, there was a rail line. And they put us up in a hotel in Cairo...

Q: Whoa. Let's not move quite so fast, OK? There are a hundred and seventy of you. Uh, you are put on a train at Tel Aviv. Uh, describe that train ride for us, would you, please?

A: Very comfortable. There were both enough room... I don't remember how many carriages, but it was a passenger train. And uh Cairo...in Cairo, they put us on buses to a hotel.

Q: What was Cairo like at that time?

A: Very busy. It was full of soldiers--Australians, New Zealanders, British. And uh the uh people who received us there tried to show us as much of Cairo as possible. We never knew whether this was a one-day stop there or two-day stop there. As it turned out, we were there for six or seven days. And we had an opportunity to visit the pyramids, to see the uh mosques, and to see the amazing traffic in Cairo. I recall the flat uh vehicles, drawn by horses or mules, where black-dressed women were sitting in rows just on the flat vehicle. That was some rich Egyptian, I guess, uh took his women for a ride. Otherwise, I don't recall

much of Cairo. It's a picturesque city. But we were constantly worried, "What next?" They finally took us to the railroad station again, and took us by train--passenger train. It was a special train, as far as I remember, to Port Taufiq, on the Red Sea, on the exit of the canal. And there, we were put on a Belgian passenger ship that was full of Australian and New Zealand troops on vacations. They were...we had one part of the ship; but naturally there was...we were mingled. It was...it was still blackout, which made it difficult to move around on that ship. It was big ship. And after one day, their captain, I guess, thought it was...we were far enough away from the German and Italian planes. So he lifted the blackout for a few hours. Because then came the news of the Japanese uh attack on Pearl Harbor.¹ That was that day. And we were all shivering in our boots, because we expected that they had nothing better to do but on the way out of the Red Sea there would be some Japanese ship waiting to sink this boat. Because it was a military transport, after all. And we were scared. The blackout was enforced more than ever. We went through the Red Sea. We went past Mombasa [NB: in Kenya], and the boat stopped for one day to Dar-es-Salaam. From Dar-es-Salaam, right without stop on a train to uh...that train that goes through Tanganyika to Tabora, and from there to Mwanza. In Tabora, those members of the evacuation who were to stay in a camp left. They had established a camp in a former German prison in Tabora. Tanganyika, naturally, had been a German colony before the First World War. The rest of us went to Mwanza. We arrived there a few days before Christmas in 1941. And there were about twelve...between twelve and seventeen--I don't recall exactly how many--we were put up in a hotel there. There was only one hotel owned by a very nice and fat Greek man, who was glad find somebody who spoke Greek. And the District Commissioner of the Lake Province of Tanganyika showed up next day to assure everybody that they uh they would continue paying everybody for as long as the war lasted, if necessary, but urging us to see if we couldn't find some work. And there were indeed people, and I remember one couple that did not look for work. They stayed in that hotel for five years. They were paid for five years. And, naturally, when the war was over, the uh British government was obligated to bring everybody who wanted to back to Cyprus. Now, I couldn't stand doing nothing. And thanks to the man who owned the hotel, I got some work in the recruiting office of a gold mine in Mwanza. They had...they sent recruiters out to the various chiefs and got people to work. And they came to the office where I was, and I had to give them tickets to go on a boat across Lake Victoria to the _____ gold mine. That lasted about a month maybe, not much longer. After that one day I came back to, for lunch to the hotel and the Greek owner introduced me to a South African miner. He told me this man, this man has mining claims and he comes here every few weeks because he has to submit renewal applications for the claims to the Inspector of Mines who was located in Mwanza. But he told me the man had so much to drink he can't draw a straight line. Please help him. I helped him, drew him a map for as he told me of his mine, and before he left he told me I could come to the mine to work for him at I think it was ten pounds a month. Anyhow it was much more than I was earning at that other place. It was about a hundred miles south of Mwanza. And he gave me some money, which he thought at that time was payment for my efforts; but he didn't say that. He

¹ December 7, 1941.

said, "Here. Whatever you need, when you...when you are ready to come." And he was very surprised when I showed up at his mine. Before that, he had gotten so drunk not knowing what he did himself that I had to run away from him. He was, in his mind, under the impression that I was chasing his wife. And was quite an experience. I had to run away. And he was drunk, but he wasn't drunk enough to give up the chase. And...but finally, he did so. And uh the next day, he was all sorry and full of excuses. And I went to the District Commissioner and said, "Look here, what kind of man is that? He wants me to work for him. But if that's what happens, I'm scared." But the uh District Commissioner, whose name I have somewhere, uh assured me that I needn't worry. And the same of the Police Commissioner there. So I used the paper that that miner had given me to obtain a truck from the...from one of the Indian merchants in the town, and I set out for the mine. I stayed in the mining area for...til September of 1946. I did about everything connected with diamond mining, except the actual digging. It sounds very interesting now, but was tough in the heat and long hours. Eventually I got malaria. I got Black Water Fever. Ended up in the hospital in Mwanza with Black Water Fever, and a friendly doctor told me only about twenty-five percent of Europeans who get Black Water Fever survive. Fortunately, I was amongst the twenty-five percent. In the meantime, my father had been able to get a job in his profession as pharmacist, in Mwanza, at the hospital. He was in charge of the pharmacy of the hospital, and he also was in charge of the distribution of medications for the whole province.

Q: What was life like for the Jews as a group there? What was...

A: They were all by themselves, at least in Mwanza. There was no connection. There was one family we visited - a man who uh had lived there for many years, who was an archeologist. He studied the native tribes for the British government. And he showed me very proudly where he...he and his idiosyncracies are mentioned in a book by Hemingway. But otherwise, there was another...the financial officer of the province also was Jewish. But he kept away from refugees, and he uh went on vacation whenever there was a Christian holiday.

Q: You... We have a couple of minutes left. Uh, tell me, you said you were there until 1946.

A: Yeah.

Q: What did you do in 1946?

A: In uh...by 1946, a very very distant relative here in the States had provided an affidavit for me. And I went from uh the mine to Nairobi, to the American consul, got everything done and I had then to proceed to Dar-es-Salaam to arrange for an exit visa from Tanganyika. That was my first flight ever--in an airplane that wasn't bigger than a taxicab. And it was...the uh pilot was a kind of bush pilot. He went up and down, until I had to hold on to the paper cup. He wanted to show us all the wildlife around Kilimanjaro. Was interesting, but when he landed in a place where you had to land in between and one of the tires went. After telling us that we were lucky to be alive, the pilot took us to the one and the only hotel in that small place. And we had to stay there for hours in the heat. Air conditioning was unknown in

Tanganyika at that time, at least. In the evening, another plane was flown in by the East African Airline and brought us to Dar-es-Salaam.

Q: When did you get to the United States?

A: December of '41. '46. Sorry. I was on the first boat that brought passengers from East Africa to Canada, actually. And the trip from the mine to New York took exactly two months. I had my last attack of malaria while the boat was stopped in Bermuda. I didn't see much of Bermuda at that time. Then they went to uh St. John in New Brunswick; and there the _____ line decided the Castle (ph) line decided to send us by train to New York, where one of my sisters was living. And that was the story.

Q: Alright. I thank you very much. Uh, and I appreciate your coming today.

A: Thank you. The thing that uh bothers me somewhat, it all now sounds like a travellog. It wasn't. It was to some extent a very scary uh trip. But we survived...