

My name is Ala. My name is Ala Torenheim Danziger. I was born in Bedzin, Poland, in a very lovely city, beautiful Jewish people. I remember when I was six years old, it was so beautiful in our home. We are very Orthodox people.

I had seven sisters and one brother. Oh. I remember holidays or Saturdays. My mother, our housekeeper, we used to cook so much. When I used to go out and play with the children outside in the yard, I used to tell them all the time, you know, the aroma smells so good, I can tell you exactly what my mother is cooking right now. It was so beautiful. My grandmother used to come Friday night, my aunts. Most of the time, we seen the family, the cousins and aunts, Saturday after this big lunch, what we had.

[SIGHS] One day I said to my father, Daddy, I would like so much to go to the shul with you. Like I mentioned before, we were very Orthodox people. We had a Sefer Torah in our house, and my daddy studies. My daddy used to say to me, Ala, you know, girls are not allowed to go there. And I said, just let me go with you. This was on a Saturday.

And the last minute, Daddy said, OK. I'll let you go with you, and you're going to carry my tallis and tefillin in the little velvet bag. I was so excited. I went to my mother, and I said, Mother, would you give me some nice little dresses for my little sisters, for my other sisters. So she dressed me up, and I carried that little bag. I was holding hands with my father, going to the shul.

By the time we went to the shul, we got there, my father kissed me on my head and he said, thank you, darling. God bless you. Now you know how to go home. Go across the street, straight ahead, and go home. Well, I was dancing and singing on the street. I was such a happy girl. And I was so proud of it, just carrying that little tallis for my father.

My father used to bring all these, the boys, the Hasidim boys, you know, from the-- oh, I can't think of it-- for luncheons or for dinners or for the holidays. They were from out of town all the time. And we always-- our door was always open for everybody. But those are the people, Daddy used to bring them to our house.

And I remember when they used to walk in. They were having those little payos. And we had seven girls. They walked in with their head down like this, looking at every one of us. And they turned their heads. They didn't expect seven girls there. They expected probably seven boys, but not seven girls.

But anyway, they had dinner with us. We had the [INAUDIBLE] Malkah. We were singing zmiros. It was so beautiful. But then the war started. And my brother, Mojsio, our only brother, he was taken, in 1940, to the concentration camp.

When did you first know that things were changing?

[SIGHS] It was on a Saturday night, but I don't remember exactly the month. We heard a lot of commotion in the kitchen, a lot of noise. And we looked out the window, and we could see a lot of-- the sky was so red and just like fire. You know? But my mother didn't let us go to the window.

And she used to say to us, don't worry. Just go back to sleep. So we went back to bed, but we couldn't go to sleep. We were so anxious to find out what was going on. We knew it was something wrong, but we didn't know exactly. Must have been around maybe 1 o'clock in the morning, 12:30, 1 o'clock in the morning.

Then we heard loudspeakers and things like that. Then it didn't really take long, maybe weeks later, they burst into our home and look for boys, with the machine guns and kicking and hollering, and breaking down a lot of things. And that was the time they took my brother, my only brother.

Our house wasn't the same anymore. My parents', my sisters' lives wasn't the same thing anymore. I mean, it was the biggest loss in our family, what could happen to us. [SIGHS]

Then after that--

What did you think was happening to your brother?

My brother? When they took my brother, my-- they told him that they're taking him to work. And as far as I know, and as far as I remember, he was supposed to go to work and come right back. But we never seen our brother anymore.

I don't remember all the details about my brother, really, to be honest with you. I was such a young girl then. I don't remember. The only thing I do remember, it was a terrible horror. Everybody was crying and scared. And we never saw our brother again.

But later on we found out that they took him to the concentration camp. Later on we found out that he was sent to Auschwitz. [SIGHS] It was just horrible. Then we-- we had some food in our house, but they announced that, all the time on the loudspeaker, there's certain days you can go on the streets and buy certain food. And you can go out, and certain times you have to be at home. Otherwise, if you would be in a different time or different hour, they will really kill you or pick you up or whatever.

So we didn't have too much food in the house. My sister tried to go out and buy some bread to go to the bakery and stay in the line there. She never came back. That was Ruzia, my oldest sister.

Then Hanka, when they came in the second time, the Germans, they broke down everything. They looked in the closets, under the beds, everywhere. And they took my other sister, Hanka away from us.

A few days later-- like I said, we didn't have any food anymore in the house. My mother was afraid to send my other sisters out because they looked big. They were more than 18 years old. And she was afraid if they're going to go, they're going to pick them up. So I volunteered. I volunteered to go, to bring some groceries.

And I didn't believe somebody is going to even look at me. I was only 10 years old. I didn't believe they're going to even-- that was the first time I was out from my house by myself. But my mother said to me, Ala, I'm so scared for you to go. And I kept telling her, don't be afraid. I'm going to be all right.

And I remember like now, I was wearing my navy blue skirt, pleated, with my top with a marine color and white little stockings. And my mother said to me, you like chocolate eclairs so much. Why don't you ask, when you're going to go to Gele Ritzkeler that was the lady's name in Bedzin-- go ahead and buy yourself two of them. I was so pleased. I was so happy.

But I didn't know about the problem really. I knew I lost my brother. I knew I lost my sister. And I hated it. But inside, really, I didn't understand what it was or why, why they did all that. Why is it coming to us? What did we do? We didn't deserve anything like this.

[SIGHS] So with my mother's and father's blessings, I went to Gele Ritzkeler, and I picked up the groceries. A lot of things I forgot to ask her, what my mother did, but she gave it to me. I was so pleased. I said I'm going to bring some food to the house. We didn't have a slice of bread anymore in the house, nothing.

Going back home, when I left-- oh, yeah. So I ask her about the chocolate eclairs. And she said, honey, I am so sorry, but I don't have any chocolate eclairs. We didn't bake any eclairs in a long time. Nobody is buying them. But I tell you what. I'm going to give you some cookies. She said, you will? So she gave me a bag of cookies.

Well, I was carrying those packages and carrying those cookies and eating them on the street. I didn't see anything. I mean, the cookies and the groceries meant so much to me, just to bring the food home to my family. I saw a lot of people on the street at the same time, coming and walking and everything.

And then I heard voices. [GERMAN]. Freeze. But I didn't pay any attention. I didn't know that they were talking to me. Then they were screaming. I could hear the tongues driving the buses. [GERMAN], or I'll kill you. And I've been still walking with those packages and eating the cookies.

Then I turned around from all the people. I found out I was on the street by myself. It looked to me as if they all

disappeared or they were hiding. I was by myself. I started walking faster and faster. I must have been maybe two or two and a half blocks away from my home. And by that time, on the loudspeaker, I heard that noise, if I don't stop they're going to kill me.

And three police officers, I think they were SS people. I don't know. They came in front of me. And they stopped me with the machine guns and the guns in the hands. And I dropped my packages on the street.

The first thing they ask me, why I don't wear my Jewish star. And then they said, you're Jewish. I was trembling. I couldn't answer. They made me picked up those packages. And I walked with them maybe a half a mile, crying I want to go home to my mother. I wanted to go home. It was a big truck with a lot of people. But at that time, they took my groceries away, and they threw me in.

I'll never forget this day. Was a lot of people there with long beards, women. I was just a child, screaming. I wanted to go home. They took my groceries, my cookies. They took everything. Pushed me in there like a cattle. Terrible.

From there they took me to durchgangslager, to Sosnowiec. It was a place where everybody had to go through this particular place in order to be transported to different camps. I was there three days. And then they sent me to Hansdorf camp. [SIGHS]

This was still 1940?

This was in 1941 that they captured me.

1941?

Yes. 1941. I came to Hansdorf. They told us, if we're going to work very hard and produce what they want, they're going to let us home in six months. We're all going to go back home to our parents. They gave me one big machine, a spinnerei machine. It was maybe, like, seven feet long and maybe six feet high, with all the spools. I remember I had, like, 380 spools.

We had to stay in the water. All those big spools were going to hot water. And we had the small spools.

I worked so hard there. I couldn't wait for the day to go home to my parents, to my hometown. Every morning we got up. I don't know or It was 4 o'clock or 5 o'clock in the morning. I don't even know. [SIGHS] We had a bowl of watery soup. I remember one day we had some spinach there.

It was so much dirt in it and so much coal in it that I could feel it in my teeth. That's what we had, with the little sliver of bread. And with this we marched to go to the factory.

They were counting us before we went. They were counting us before we came back. It was awful. I was the only kid there. After working all those hours in the factory in the hot water, staying in the water, when we came back, I had to work, wash dishes, scrub the floors, help in the laundry.

I couldn't wait to put my head down. We didn't even have anyplace where to put the head down, just the straw. And when I found a place, I had to lay down there and go to sleep. I was so exhausted. But when I was a minute too late, I never found the same place. I was sleeping everyplace, every night someplace else.

In the morning we got up again, and we went to work. I was so good in it. I had to step down on the big stool because I couldn't reach the spools. So I've been going up and down, and those threads were cutting off every few seconds because of the hot water. But I tried to do so good. So they gave me two machines instead to send me home. I had one on the front, the one I had before, had another one on this side, right next to me. [SIGHS]

One of the German people, she ate an apple. I could see her there eating that apple. My mouth was open. I couldn't-- I just couldn't wait to have a bite or a smell of it. And whatever she had left there, she threw it on the side, under the

machine. I tried to pick that up and eat it.

This SS woman beat me so bad. She took my head to the brick and beat me so hard and in my face, and she broke three teeth. I never swallowed a bite. I never had it in my mouth.

The conditions over there were so terrible. The only thing what I can think is just to be home with my parents, and how long is it going to take, and when I'm going to be with them. And I was always hoping and believing that my mother and my father, they're going to live forever. They will never die. They just don't-- my parents would never die.

I was just praying to the Almighty that one day maybe I'm going to be able to be after the war and see what's going to happen, just one hour and be back with them. And I really didn't care what I was doing, just to survive and be with my parents.

But then on a Sunday, we worked at the farms and ranches and you name it, everything. Every Sunday we did something else. We worked seven days a week in the factory but Sunday. One Sunday they took us in-- like 200 girls. And we went to a railroad station. Oh, I got-- I got-- I made a mistake. That wasn't that.

It was 75 girls. And we went to a railroad station. And the SS people say to us, I want everybody to get some pliers. The pliers were this big. They were so heavy. [CLEARS THROAT] And he said, I want eight girls to stay right there on this railroad and pick up, with those pliers, the rails.

So I was standing with eight girls with the pliers, eight girls the next one. And he said, if we're going to count to three, I want you all to pick up the pliers and the rails. Well, we picked them up, and we took him right over there, whatever. Then we came back, and we picked up the next ones.

It was so raining. It was pouring like with buckets. It was so dark. It's so cold, and we were so hungry. And we did all that. When we got through with that, we had to go back and pick up the same rails and bring them back.

We lost so many girls there. A lot of them had terrible pain, stomach aches. They just couldn't do it. I couldn't do it myself, but I was afraid. If I'm going to drop it, they're going to kill me. If I'm going to turn around, they're going to kill me. And I had to survive.

And we did that. And we were coming, and we brought the whole thing back, all those rails. Can you imagine? They were so heavy. Beside, the pliers were very heavy. Then we took them back again.

And I could see that girls were falling down, and nobody went there to rescue them, no medication, no nothing. They were just laying there. I wanted to go and help one of the girls, and they told me don't try because they're going to kill you. And I wanted to live. I was afraid to go.

By the time we got through with this, then we had to-- then it was only one rail left. In other words, one train could only go through it. And it was a train there with maybe 35 wagons or 34 wagons, with coal, gravel-- very little coals. So they gave two girls to work on those wagons.

I was there with this other girl, Zosia. And we had the two shovels. And this coal was so wet, and it was so heavy. So two of them went to each. Whoever-- we lost them before. We lost them, you know. But every two girls went into those wagons. And with these shovels, we had to take all the coal, like gravel, very, very little, you know, and they were so wet, and put them down on the ground. And this is what we did after we got through with the railroads, with the rags.

By the time we got through doing that, we had to go-- we went down from the wagons. It was so pitch dark, it was pouring so bad. We just didn't have the strength. We didn't even know what's going to happen and how long this is going to take. It just didn't make sense.

We went down. We picked up the coal again, the gravel, the wet gravel. And we threw it on the wagons again, three, four times, or maybe more. I don't remember. I think I lost count.

The while we went back, I could hear screaming. The girls were screaming from the front there. They kept saying a train is coming, and a train is coming. [SIGHS] Then we could see the lights on the locomotive, that the train was coming. But the train-- we were standing on this one-- you know, what you might call-- our train was standing on this-- please, help me.

Side rail?

No, no, no.

Landing?

This-- the rail, the--

The landing?

No, the rail. The--

Track?

The track, yeah. We were standing on the track. So it was not-- it wasn't another track anymore for the other train to come. You know? And when we saw the other train, it was coming closer to us with the spotlights and lights and everything because we had only the open wagons, you know. And we heard all those screaming and everything. So some of the girls were screaming to the SS. And they said, listen, another train is coming. Can we go down? Can we go down? Can we go down? Please, help us to go down. Let us go down.

He said that's the way it was planned, for you all to be killed. We planned it that way. There's no going down. Well, this train was coming, and it was a terrible tragedy.

I had a dream right there. I could feel my mother, and my grandmother was pulling me. I could feel their hands on my shoulders. Don't cry. You're going to be all right. I could see those wagons were flying like leaves with all the girls. Only two of them survived from the 75 girls. One of them who survived, she lost her legs, her arms. Her head was crushed. She died later. And I was the other survivor, with broken ribs and broken legs, broken knees, and my arms.

When I woke up, I was in the clinic with paper all around me. And the girl said to me, Ala, I feel so sorry for you. You would be so much better off with the rest of the girls instead to start working again here and starving, get all that beating every day before you went to the camp, to the factory, and coming back. I feel so sorry for you. But maybe you're lucky.

I don't know how I survive. That was terrible. I need to rest a little bit. I really do. Can I?

Would you like some water?

Yeah. I really do. It's just-- this is still going on?

It's OK.

I just can't. I'm sick on my stomach. Thank you.

How old were you by that time?

I must have been 12 years old.

So you had been there two years?

Pretty close to two years. I was in two years. I was in a few other concentration camps.

After that?

After that I was in a few other concentration camp. I was in Neusalz concentration camp. Going from there, I was in Gross-Rosen. I was in a few other ones. I don't even remember the names because we didn't stay long enough there. But I was in Parschnitz two years, concentration camp.

The first?

Pardon me.

That was the first?

Last one.

The last one?

The last one. I don't know how I survived. I really don't know. I-- in Parschnitz, it was-- it was just horrible. I remember, in Parschnitz, before the war was over, we thought it's going to be over or it is over because of the planes and everything. Everybody thought maybe it's over. Or it looks like it's over because the Germans were so nervous. They were riding the motorcycles and everything. And then they were so nervous. They baked-- over there, it was just terrible. I mean--

Can you tell us the differences between the two camps?

Oh, was a big difference. Over there we had to dig our own ditches, our own graves. They were hanging our people. They were counting every 10 people when we were-- when we went out. In the morning they were counting us. And every 10th person, they took out from the line and sent them to the crematoriums. [SIGHS]

Over there was just terrible. You didn't have any rest over there at all. We have to watch everybody. We have to watch them what they were doing, killing you, hanging you. We had to pick up the bodies. We had to dig our own graves. We didn't have anything over there.

I must have weighed maybe 55 or 57 pounds, maybe 60. I don't even know. I was like a skeleton. One day I was the 10th person. And they picked me. And the SS walked over to me. Oh, he was maybe like four or five feet away from me. He wasn't too close to me. And he said, I want you to turn around here. He had all the people already lined up, the ones they already picked, the 10th one.

He said, I want you to turn around, and I want you to see what is going on over here. See those people? They're praying to God. They're trying to kill themselves. They're trying to commit suicide. They're crying. How come you're not crying? How come you're so calm?

I told him, I can't wait for you to kill me. I don't want to work for you anymore. I don't want to be your slave. And again, you took my parents and all that. I don't want to live. I'm going to die anyway. I don't want to live. I don't want to wait till I die. I want you to kill me right now. I'm glad you picked me.

This saved my life. He said, you don't want to live, but you're going to live. And he pushed me back to a different line. So I survived again.

And how old were you?

I was 14 then.

That was 19--

'44. You know, '45, something like that. But you know, I kept asking all the time, myself, why? What did I do? Why do we have to be punished like this? I worked so hard there. Working hard didn't mean nothing.

I think hate, what kept me going because I wanted to live and be with my parents so much. That whatever they did, and whatever I seen, what they did to the other people and to me, it looked like God gave me the strength-- maybe later, because I hated him in the beginning, because to see all that thing, and everything what I believe, the way I was raised-- you know, my grandfather was a rabbi. My grandfather's father was a rabbi.

I'm coming from such an Orthodox people. We used to go to Bais Yaakov. We used to learn. We used to teach. We used to believe in God. And here God is watching all that thing, cremating people, killing people. And he doesn't do anything about it?

I was even angry at my parents because I believe in God. I thought the Almighty was-- I mean, we got up in the morning. We didn't-- you know, my father went to the shul in the morning. We never put a piece of bread or challah in our mouth not to say a brokhe, you know, and to thank the God for the daily food.

And I said where are you? Were you ever here? How can you watch all that and let all that thing happen? I said, show yourself. Do something. Please, do something. I mean, it took me years. I didn't believe in God.

It was terrible. We were treated like animals there, just like animals. But I'd like to finish with something. I don't want to talk about this anymore. Because I had another tragedy. And I don't know I'm going to have enough time, but I would like to.

We have quite a bit of time.

Do you really?

We have over an hour left. Yes.

Oh, you do?

Could you tell us a little bit about the network. Was there any network among the inmates, where you all helped each other?

Well, I remember a few occasions when we came from the factory. And we had to stay in the line to-- for the soup or whatever they're going to serve us. You know? I had an awful lot of pain in my stomach, you know, and my legs. But I tried to survive. And I started I tried to live, and I tried to do the best I could.

They were very good to me. Some of them were very nice and good to me. Some of them-- they were hungry, and I was childish, and I trusted everybody. When I got this little piece of bread, I could have put it down, let's say, just for a split of a second, you know, and it was gone. Many times I stayed in the line for the soup, and by the time I got to the window there, they closed the window in the kitchen. They were out of the soup.

So naturally, everybody was very angry, very mad, and very hungry. And they were not-- we were not normal people there. Do you know what I'm saying? It was like a different life, without-- all the time with the rifles and the machine guns, and people were watching us. And [SIGHS] the circumstances were so bad, and the dreams were so worse at night, screaming, hitting everybody.

Can you tell us your dreams?

I had terrible dreams, that they're killing my parents, my sisters, my brothers. I had dreams-- when I was digging those ditches, they said the enemy is coming and we have to hide. They have to hide us, so we need to dig those ditches. But

they were not really ditches to be dig for us. We were digging our own graves. Most of those people were killed.

I had terrible dreams about it. I used to get up, like, 3, 4 o'clock in the morning to go back to work. And I was with my parents sometimes, with my sisters sometimes in my dreams. And they helped me to keep going. I had so much hope because of them. But I had very bad dreams.

I used to scream at nights all the time. I used to help my husband with his dreams. He used to wake me up, too, all the time at night and turn the lights on.

This was after the war?

I'm sorry, I'm getting very off the racket. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Yeah, I had terrible dreams there. But most of the girls there, they were pretty nice. They tried to help each other. But a lot of them, they were not so nice to the young girls. They took a lot of advantage of you, you know.

I would say they were maybe 25, 28, 30-something years old. Some of them were already married. And here you have a young girl or two or three other young girls. They were always pushing you around, you know.

But most of the times they were OK, you know. Like, they took-- I didn't have any soup, somebody shared what theirs-- what they had with me, which this was nice. And they didn't have too much. But I don't know. I have so much to talk about that I just can't think of too many things right now.

Who liberated you?

The Russian people, in Parschnitz.

Tell us about that.

Yeah. I was standing by the window over there, in the barracks. A couple of days before, a big transport came in from Hungary, or maybe four days before.

What camp was it?

This was Parschnitz concentration camp. And we had those little windows there. And a big transport came in from Budapest, from Hungary, beautiful people with beautiful long hair. By the way, I didn't have any hair. They cut my hair. Everybody's hair was cut off.

And they came in. The music started playing. The women were singing. And we knew right away what's going to happen to them, beautiful people, all dressed up so nice with jewelry and everything. They didn't take long.

They took their clothes. They cut their hair. They put everything on a pile, took their jewelry, threw it on a pile. I don't know from where they came from. I knew they were from Budapest. They were born in Budapest. But I don't know from where they came from. They came-- they must have come from someplace, hidden place or something because they had clothes on. They didn't wear like we did. You know what I'm saying?

But some of the girls said that they were born in Budapest, in Hungary. Some of them, they had such beautiful long hair. They must have taken maybe 200 or 300 of them. It must be like maybe 500 altogether. 300 of them, they cut their hair and took everything away. And they took them away.

In the morning, said for us to go to work. [SOBS] We had to clean up their bodies. We had to put them all on a pile. [CRYING] And we had to do it. Little did I-- I don't know how we could survive. I just don't know.

Two days later-- I don't remember, too-- I told you about the bread or not. Did I?



What about the bread?

They announced on the loudspeaker, said they're baking some bread. And anybody will come, they can get a loaf of bread, a whole loaf of bread. Can you imagine a whole loaf of bread to get in one time?

The people were running like crazy. They were so wild. Oh. They were running. They were chasing. They were fighting. Everybody wanted to be free to get this loaf of bread.

I didn't have the strength. I wanted to have the loaf of bread too. I didn't have the strength to go. I tried to crawl. I just didn't have the strength. A few hours later, we found out that they poison all that bread. We lost a lot of people, a lot of them.

Then, I think the next day, we saw a woman on a bicycle. She was wearing a brown uniform. And she had two machine guns, or two revolvers. And she told the Germans by the gate to open the gate. They wouldn't open the gate.

We was wondering who the person was. And then we knew, said this is going to be the end of us. I mean, this is it. They wouldn't open the big black gate. She shot him. And other SS men came, and they opened the gate. She drove in on this bicycle.

And after her, we were so hysterical, screaming, only what we saw, the people behind her. We could see those big trucks, and playing the harmonicas, as many-- but we didn't know they were Russian people. They were the Russian people. She must have been the patrol or whatever. We never seen anything like this in our life. But we didn't care later on who it was, you know.

But in the beginning, we didn't know. That woman by herself, a young woman, you know? And then we could see, you know, through the window. You know, I could look at it, and a few others look out, you know. But at that time, we really didn't care. We didn't go to the factory or anything, you know.

And when they came in with those harmonica playing and with food, a lot of our girls lost their mind. I was so hysterical, I was screaming. I could see the end. This is it. And we didn't know who those people were. We were so scared.

But then we found out that they were-- the rest, they took care of the Germans, you know. And we found out that they were the Russian people. So they took really good care of us. They really did.

They were very nice to us. The Red Cross was very nice to us. They took off all my papers. I had a lot of papers. I had papers wrapped around here for my, you know, ribs. And they put bandages on me and everything, you know. But I was-- I was so much better.

And they brought a lot of food, but nobody could eat the food. And they took everybody to hospitals. And that was the place where I was six months. I was six and a half months in a hospital.

Where was that?

I was in Saint Ottilien.

Is that still in Poland?

No. No. No. In Germany. I was in St. Ottilien.

And this was 1945?

Yes. That was the time when she came in, was just right there after the bread. We lost so many people eating this bread. Poor little girls, they were so hungry.

I was so lucky that day too, very lucky. They took the people to the hospitals. They took care of all those Germans. But we had a very hard struggle, those lives, watching everybody killing like this and hanging them and punishing them and hitting them for no reason.

I just hope and pray to the Almighty that we will never forget what happened. And I hope and pray that everybody will know what happened to us so it won't happen again. Was just a terrible thing. A lot of people here, they just taking a lot of things for granted. They just don't understand how precious the United States is and what a wonderful country it is, really.

A lot of them don't appreciate this. But we do. We know everything about human beings. We know everything about the people. We know everything about how life is important. Life is so precious. When you're losing this, you lost everything. You don't have nothing what to live for.

But I'd like to say something. Besides this tragedy, when I was 10 years old in the concentration camps, I don't know, but I had another tragedy.

You're talking about more recent in your life?

Yes.

Can we just get the-- what happened between the hospital up until the tragedy? Can you tell us where you went from the hospital and how you got to the United States?

From the hospital-- from the hospital, my sister survived, Gene. I have two sisters that survived. Gene Pfeffer-Moss, she lives in Jerusalem. She used to live here in Dallas, and she was a teacher here in Shearith Israel. And she lived here. Oh, no, my sister-- my sister took me to the-- my sister found out that I was in St. Ottilien in a hospital. And she lived in Stuttgart, in Germany. And she found a place there. And I stayed with her for a little while, but I was in the hospital six and a half months.

Well, the Dr. Greenberg, he told me that I need to go to Karlovy Vary, which is Carlsbad for my ulcer and for my treatments and different things. So I was there two and a half months I think, or pretty close to three months, also hitchhiking on a train going there because I didn't have any money or anything, you know.

And when I came back from there, back to Stuttgart, my sister was already in the United States. She wrote to me, but I couldn't get her correspondence at all to Russia, because in Karlovy Vary, the Russian people were there. And she couldn't get my letters, and I couldn't get her letters.

So by the time I got back to Stuttgart, she wrote me. She left me a big letter and pictures how sad she was, but she had to do it because her husband found a brother in Florida. And this was the date when they had to leave, and they couldn't wait any longer. And they were waiting for me to come, said I was on the same affidavit to go with them, but they couldn't contact me. They couldn't get in touch with me.

So they were here, and I was there by myself, in Stuttgart.

And then, what happened after?

That I met my husband.

In Stuttgart?

Mhm.

Tell us about that.

Well, when I was a young child-- maybe I was maybe about six and a half or maybe seven by that time. I went with two ladies and eight girls. We were supposed to go to have fun and go swimming.