

Well, Lena GrÃ¼nebaum, the housekeeper of my father-in-law's, she had a brother who couldn't get anywhere, find a place where he could get out. So she wrote us. And he was kind of agricultural-- in a wider sense, agricultural person. We got the visa for him. But then he decided he didn't want to come to British Honduras. And he used that visa, after he was out of Germany, to go to Canada. And as far as I know, he still lives there.

Then we urged Eric, long before that, when my parents started to prepare, to get his mother out. And he wrote her and begged her to come. And she didn't want to be a burden for him. She knew that she couldn't earn anything. And there was that brother who was not normal. And she put it off and put it off. And finally, when she realized it was too late-- the last minute, it was too late. And she never got out. So that was very hard on Eric.

Then there was another couple that came to us, my brother-in-law's former boss from Germany. He was in New York, too. And he had a niece that had gone out, with her husband, to Italy. He was agricultural. He had an education in agriculture, a college education. And so there was no problem to get a visa for him. But they had gone to Italy. And then, when the war started, and the Nazis ran all over everything, they fled to France. And there, they got stuck. They had waiting numbers, too. But there was no way for them to get away.

So he asked if we could help them. So William got visas for them. And they came over. And they stayed with us. And he wanted to start a farm in British Honduras. They had a little money. So they went to the outskirts, and he started to plant vegetables, mainly, which you couldn't get any fresh vegetables that we were used to. But he soon gave it up, because the land was arid and mostly sand, and no water supply. So it depended on the rain. And if it didn't rain, you were out of luck.

So they gave that up. And then, when their visa came, they left, too. And they settled in Miami. He didn't stay in the agricultural business. But he planted mango trees in his backyard. And for years, he sent us, during the mango season, a box with mangoes.

We planted, in our garden, mangoes, but, since we are not agricultural people and don't know much about anything, we planted so many trees that, in the end, it looked like a forest. And we never got any mangoes. Because just when they started to have fruits, that's when our troubles started again, there. And we were shipped out from there. So we never got any from our own trees.

And there was another family we got out. William had a colleague in Frankfurt, also a fraternity brother, with a wife and two boys, who had no way. They didn't have anywhere else to go, no visas to go to America, just like we were. So he looked around. And he found there was, north of British Honduras, a little town called Corozal. It was right on the border to Mexico. And it was, considering the size of the whole country, a fairly nice town where a dentist could make a living.

So he got permission for him to come. And he settled him in Corozal, with his hand-drilling machine and all the stuff that he had first when we came in. And they settled there and were adjusted pretty well, there, too. They had two boys. The older one was already 15, and the younger one was ready to be bar mitzvah. And they wanted their son to be bar mitzvah.

So besides the refugees that were in British Honduras, there were also some Polish people that had come from Mexico and settled in British Honduras. And there was an older man, who was kind of a rabbi, and he agreed to teach him. And so every week, that boy came from Corozal and had his lesson. And then when it was time to be bar mitzvah, we had a big bar mitzvah in our house. That was really very, very nice. That's the only time we had some religious celebration or anything like that there.

You didn't have any other kind of religious?

No. No. Nobody. As a group, nobody held it. I guess, everybody-- some of them were Orthodox and we were Reformed and didn't get together. So and Dr. Friedman, since he had a non-Jewish wife, he didn't keep much of anything. He had some-- a cousin of his that came over, who was a very nice man. They stayed there until they could go to America.

They're mostly just passing through.

And there were a bunch of people. They came. I don't really know how they hit on British Honduras. But they had money. And they lived from their money, comfortably. And they went on to South America from there. So it was a coming and going, more or less. But altogether, I mean William helped a lot of people, that I must say. And we always told them what we had gone through in Germany and what's going on there. So we made sure that everybody knew it. And they all believed us.

And then, in 1942, we went on our first vacation in the jungle. You could get there only by plane. And they had just a five-seat or little one-motor plane that shuttled back and forth. And you flew into the inner country, where the Mayan, the original Mayan still live. There was some couple. They had like a little vacation home there. It was just an open house, with a thatched roof and no doors between, just some curtains. The only doors and walls they had was at the main bedroom. Everything else was open, so that the breeze could get to it. Because it was hot there.

And we had rented that for two weeks. And we went there. And from there, we made horseback rides into the jungle and saw the Mayan villages. And they had a little creek running along where the children could play in the water. And that was very relaxing and very nice. And then we came back.

And I apparently caught some bug or something. And I got diarrhea and was deathly sick. I was still not quite in order. And that was just after we came back. William went to the office, in late evening, to look at the books and so on, because he was very particular about all these things. And it was late when we went to bed.

And suddenly, in the middle of the night, a knock on the door. There was soldiers. And one of the British, well, he was the son-in-law of a store owner. He had come to British Honduras and married the owner of it, a rich man, and stayed there and acted like a big shot. And he was an English officer, apparently.

And he came with his police officers and said, we arrest you for helping the U-boats in the Caribbean. We were not allowed to dress. My parents had to go. The children had to go. We couldn't find Walter's shoes, so he had to go barefoot. And I am sick still, with a housecoat over my nightgown, no dressing, nothing. They took us to that same building where we started out, that was empty again. And they had made that in kind of a detention station or something. They herded us all in there. Didn't say anything else.

Next morning, they said the parents and the children could go, could leave. But William and I and Dr. Friedman and his wife, and there was another couple that had come from Germany-- that's interesting story, too. He, Leo Kaidas, he is a son of a cantor in Berlin, very religious. And he had gone to England, to London.

And his wife is the daughter of strong, strictly Catholics Irish people. And the Irish are just as hated by the English as are the Germans. She grew up in South Africa. And she had a degree in chemistry. They fell in love and wanted to marry. And neither family would allow them. They were strictly against it.

So they decided they are going somewhere, where they don't know anybody. And of all places, they picked British Honduras. And one day, they showed up there. And they opened a shirt factory. And he did very well, established himself, made friends. And they had a little boy, David.

And when he was still a small baby, he broke out in heat rash all the time. And it got infected. And the doctors, there, I don't know. They didn't have Dr. Friedman as a doctor. They had a local doctor. And he gave him not penicillin, at that time it didn't exist. Oh, what is it? I forgot it. Anyway, something that you shouldn't give without making blood tests. And they didn't have even a laboratory. They had a hospital but no laboratory. And the infections got worse and worse. And I can't think of what is this-- sulfa drugs. They gave him sulfa drugs. And that made it worse.

And that poor child, he got only four years old, and, in all these four years, he lived more in hospital than at home. And they tried everything. When they came finally to America, they took him to New York. And they removed his spleen. And they removed everything. I mean he suffered terribly. And then, finally, he died. Anyway, they had their hands full with that baby.

Anyway, they arrested them too. And the baby had to stay with friends of theirs. And because she had to stay in, too. So we six, we three couples, plus the owner of the banana boat, who was a native, and his radio operator, they were all arrested and not openly. But we were told that we had helped U-boats.

And the strange thing is that things came out that we hadn't realized before. They were telling stories-- we heard that afterwards-- that we had the radio equipment and God knows what in our house. And before our trip, we had a beautiful German shepherd puppy. And one morning, we found him dead, poisoned. And that was probably already the beginning of the whole thing.

And it turned out that their governor had, one time at a cocktail party, when he was half-drunk, made the remark that he didn't have any use for Jews. And he found that some guy from Malaysia, I think he was or something, who had visions of grandeur, who wanted to be big shot, and he wrote beautiful books about birds and animals in the tropics. And he let his imagination go a little too far. And he found out that this whole story, that there is a group that helps the Nazis. And those were the three German couples and that boat owner and the radio operator.

We had no connection whatsoever with that boatman, except that Dr Friedman, he had been in America. He had gotten a permit to go to Tampa on the boat. And he bought a bunch of things that he thought he could sell in British Honduras, shirts and jewelry and all kinds of stuff like that. So maybe they thought that was for the U-boat people, the shirts or something. I don't know.

But they did never openly accuse us. Nobody ever interrogated us. And they just held us there, first in that building, and then later, they-- I don't know where they brought the men to, but the three women, we were brought to the-- they have a golf club that was closed for the season, because it was too hot. Nobody wanted to play golf in the summertime-- and kept us there. The first night that British man came, with a can of soup, and said, here's your supper, one can of soup.

And you should have heard that Irish woman. She let him have it. She was the only one who could fluently speak English. And she really let loose. But it didn't do any good. But the next day, then, we got some fresh vegetables and stuff. But we three were together there for about two weeks. And then one day, they came and say-- no, first, they approached me.

They wanted to make a proposition. The men are going to be shipped to Jamaica for the duration of the war. And we women can stay in British Honduras. When I said, what are we going to live from? Our husbands are the earners and not we. What should we do here? We stick together with our men. No way.

So then they came and told us that we were going to be shipped to America for the duration. And we were not allowed to go in our house. They sent somebody, the wives of some of those official or something there on, they must have looked and picked out the oldest stuff they could find, old torn socks and stuff like that, and made suitcase. And the children? Yeah, in the meantime, when the my parents and the children were sent home, they couldn't go in the house either.

And this Robbie Gabriel took them in. And they stayed with them two weeks. That was taking some guts for them to do that, because not even William's partner, who was an American, he didn't do anything for us. And he knew the whole story and everything. And he was afraid.

One day, then came an American. It wasn't FBI, but it was a secret police or whatever you call it. I don't know. Anyway, an investigator, and he talked to William and got the story from him. And he shook his head. He couldn't believe that they didn't ever ask you anything? No, nothing.

So they took us, and they brought us, by navy plane. The children were thrilled. My mother almost died, because-- anyway, she was very hard of hearing. And her equilibrium was not very good. And so she got already seasick when she saw the water. We had to go in a little boat where they took us to the plane. And she was seasick the whole time. But the children, they let them look through. It had a bubble. I don't know what plane it was. But they let the children look through there and all that. For them, it was an adventure, especially after they were confined so much before.

And they brought us to Panama. And there, they put the women and children in the quarantine station. And the men, across a fence, in an army camp-- that was all army there, anyway, that army camp. And we could see each other, but we couldn't talk to each other.

And there, we were-- that was all. Let me see. I tried to think, if that was August. It must have been August, yeah. I really don't know. Anyway, yeah, it was August, end of August. And we had three-- what do you call those-- women that watched over us.

Guards.

What do they call them?

Guards?

Are they guards? Guards?

No.

Matrons.

What do they call them in prison?

Wardens?

Matrons?

Matrons, right. We had three matrons, eight hour shifts each they stayed with us. And they were awfully nice. They helped us to amuse the children. And they got toys, little toys for them. And we got some material that we could do some embroidery or something, just to keep us busy, because there was nothing else to do there.

But for the first time, there, we also had good food. It wasn't canned food, like we had in British Honduras. It was fresh. And it was real butter. And we enjoyed that very much. But apparently, it was a little too much for my father. And all the excitement on top of it, and he not knowing any English, he got a stroke. And one night, they came, got us, my mother and me, to the hospital. And there he was, in a cell, with an iron gate in front, and a soldier with a bayonet guarding him. And he didn't know what's going on.

So we were terribly upset, of course. And then, on top of that, there came two Jewish men starting to say prayers. And my father got so restless. And my mother and I so upset, I yelled at them, he's not dead yet. Get him out of here. I just couldn't take it. And then came a doctor. He was an Jewish-American. And he listened to us. And he ordered my father in a private room. It was a suite. It was not a room. It was two rooms. And there were another bed. And they let us stay there with him.

And the moment he got in there, he relaxed. And he was much better. And the next morning, he could talk a little. And he could move his arm and his legs a little bit. But he never got well again. But that was terrible.

Shortly after that, we were told that we are going to go by convoy to America. And since my father was not able to be transported, my mother and I and the children could stay with him, but my husband had to go with the rest of them. So that was just beginning of September. Then they left, and we didn't know where they go or what's going to happen.

And that investigator, he came. And he talked to me. And he told me, I could write a letter. And he would personally see that it gets to him. And my husband, he wrote a diary about it, which I didn't even know. I found it just yesterday, that he wrote a diary about his experience when he was transported to America.

They were on a convoy, like we were. And they moved around, zigzag all the time. And it took them two weeks to get to New Orleans, because of the U-boats. And there, they took them, marched them through town, and sent them, by train, to a prisoner of war camp in Tennessee. And there, they had a separate tent for some Jewish people, they had there picked up in the north of South America, and people that had German origin but lived for years there but were not naturalized, and they had them all in there. And the rest of it was German prisoners.

And he said, it was pretty tough sometimes. They were pretty nasty with remarks they made and all. And we stayed until-- no, it must have been later. We didn't stay that long there, because we left on Walter's birthday, on the 9th of November, going through the canal to Balboa and, from there, joined a convoy to Ellis Island.

And the matron, when she said goodbye, she gave Walter a 50 cent piece. That was his birthday present. And we saved it. And when we came to Ellis Island, he bought an apple with it, something we couldn't get in British Honduras at all. And we were in two cabins. I think it was two cabins, I with the children, and my mother-- no, I think we were in one. Most of the time, we were together, anyway.

And we were not allowed to talk to anybody. They had a guard in front of our cabin door, too. And that was kind of like a little hall, and the children sometimes peeped outside or looked out. And they were restless. They wanted to talk to somebody. We were not allowed to. And our meals, we got in the dining room, but after everybody else had eaten, not together with anybody else. And every day, twice, they let us out for half an hour or so, out along the railing, to walk there or to move our legs and get some fresh air. But otherwise, we were just locked up all the time.

This was at Ellis Island? You were locked up at Ellis Island?

That was on the boat.

Oh, on the boat, OK.

And then when we came to Ellis Island, we came. I remembered it, when I saw the pictures, now, from the renovated Ellis Island. It's a huge hall. And there were hundreds of people there. And they were mostly people who were supposed to be repatriated, Germans and Japanese or whatever. and we kept kind of to ourselves. Of course, the children played with the other children. And Walter almost got killed when he climbed on a table, and one of the German boys pulled his leg and almost threw him down on his head. He didn't do it on purpose, I'm sure, but it scared me to death.

And then I was told that we could have some visitors. So I could get my brother-in-law, with his wife, and my sister-in-law, who was the youngest sister-in-law, who was, at the time, pregnant. They came to visit us. And they also asked me if I wanted kosher food. And I said yes, please. Because that was one way of staying separate from the rest of them.

So by that time, it was Thanksgiving. And I had a beautiful Thanksgiving meal. And they obviously had some big kettle, and they got it out of there. So we gloated over that, my mother and I.

But yeah, it was tough. I mean, I one time stood in line to get some milk. And when my turn came, and I grabbed the ladle, the German woman tried to get it away from me. And I got mad. I said, this is not Germany. This is America. I was here first. And I grabbed it back and got my milk. But it was no pleasure.

And to top it all off, then, one day, one German woman came to me and said, Mrs. Stein, I didn't know that you are one of us. We are all going to be sent to Texas now. And I am the leader of the group you are in. So I'm one of them. So we all were packed in a train, with my father. He was all that time in Ellis Island in the sick bay. And we could visit him, every day. But that was all. He wasn't able to walk alone.

And so they shipped us off, two days and two nights, to Texas. And in Dallas, they took us off the train and put us in a bus. And the women started singing German songs. And my mother and I, we wanted to crawl under the seats. It was terrible, embarrassing.

And they brought us to Seagoville. Seagoville was converted into a detention station for families to be repatriated. And

there was already a group, our people were there, and a group of people they had picked up from the northern part of South America and brought them, for safekeeping, there. And then there was a group of Japanese there, and a large group of Germans, all to be repatriated. There were mostly the families of Bund members. And the men they had arrested right at the beginning of the war. And the women were allowed to sell their belongings and all, and settle their affairs before they repatriated them.

So we housed about 40 people, and we took turns cooking and cleaning in our little private lives there. And besides that, we were able-- since this was in a low security prison, before, they had work rooms there to teach the prisoners trades. And they had a big sewing room, with commercial sewing machines and material. And we could get some help, too.

And I started to sew some clothes for the children, because we didn't have anything. We had summer things. Luckily, in Panama, the matron went to the Salvation Army and got some coats. And we converted them, for the children, into small coats and a coat for me, so that we, at least, were warm when we came to Ellis island.

Walter didn't have any shoes. He had one pair of shoes. And when we got off, we walked off the boat, I had to tie a string around his soles because they came off. So he didn't even have that. And yeah, a funny thing happened while we were in Ellis Island.

One day, I was standing around next to the staircase. And suddenly, there came a man to me and said, are you Mrs. Stein? I say, yes. He said, well, I thought I saw your picture from your husband showed me. He is with me in a camp. And he told me where he is. But then there came a man and took him away. He was one under guard, too. And he had to go to some meeting, came extra from the camp where they were, to go to the meeting. And so at least, I knew where he was.

Where was he in?

In the camp in Tennessee. But before that, we hadn't heard a word. We didn't know whether they ever got over or what happened. Then in Seagoville, then we got two rooms. Yeah, first, we had two rooms, then we got a third room when William came-- one room for the children, one for my mother and father-- my father was mostly, also, there in the hospital-- and one for William and me, when he came, which was a while.

But the others had been there already a long time. And they had rearranged the furniture and taken what they liked, and I was left with slim pickings. I didn't have a dresser, at first. And we had just the beds and no pillows and all that. But it was all straightened out.

And then we all got rations, like everybody else. And we did our own cooking. We usually cooked in groups. And lived there. And then one day, in December, William showed up, he came and Eric. He came, too. So we were all together, again. And we stayed there and made the best of what we could.

And every Friday, there came a rabbi to visit us. And we always looked forward to that. He first took turns from each congregation. But in the end, it was only Rabbi Abramowitz, from Agudas Achim, which doesn't exist anymore. He was the only one who came every Friday.

And we were so touched that William, who had a very religious childhood, but he didn't keep very much later on. But he was so touched that he insisted, after we came out, that the children go to Hebrew school and Sunday school to Agudas Achim, which, for my mother and me, was not the right thing. But we went along with it. And Walter was bar mitzvah and confirmed at Agudas Achim, and so was Ellen.

And yeah, and then we had some other visitors from Dallas. And of course, the news came around that there were German refugees in Seagoville. And one day, there came a couple. It turned out that he was a fraternity brother of William's, from the same fraternity, and his wife was a childhood friend of my sister-in-law. They lived next door to each other and were close friends. And we knew them both.

And then there was another couple, who were patients of my husband's in Frankfurt. And they lived in Dallas. The first

couple was Morgensterns. They moved later to California. And now, they are both dead. And the other couple, that's Paul and Tesy Oberndorfer. He passed away quite a few years ago. And she lives, with her son, in San Francisco. They came to visit us. And it turned out that there was quite a large group of German refugees already in Dallas. So that kind of made it feel more like home, let's say.

But then, in beginning April, we got permission to leave there. We went on parole. They let us out. And everybody could go where they wanted to. The others, the ones from north of South America, they all wanted to stay in Florida. And some of them went to New York. But we couldn't do much traveling with my father.

So we decided, we stay in Dallas. And my husband said, afterwards, if he had known the summers as hot, he would have never stayed. He couldn't take the heat. But once we were here, we stayed. And the children liked it. And otherwise, we liked it. So we came out. And the Federation was supposed to take over.

And they took us to an apartment or a bedroom, that they had rented for my parents, upstairs, with stairs like that. We hardly could get my father up there. And then the room was filthy dirty, the linens were dirty. So the other refugees came to the rescue. They found us some place, downstairs, on Gaston Avenue. This doesn't exist anymore. It's all torn up.

And my parents had a room in the front. And we and the children lived, above the garage, behind there. And we had \$25 among us that my sister-in-law had sent us. And they said, well, spend that, and then come to us. We'll see what we can do for you. So that didn't go very far. But some of the other refugees brought us stuff.

And we were just like coming from another world. You know, first, another country, and we were not too familiar with the language. And then, we didn't know anything. We didn't know where to go, what to buy, and how to function. So they took us and took us to a 5 and 10 store, and we bought plates and forks and everything. We didn't have anything. We couldn't keep house.

And then we had to get jobs. That was very important. Luckily-- luckily, I say-- it was during wartime, when it was easier to find jobs. My husband could get a job, as a dental mechanic, in a laboratory, although he never was a very good mechanic. But it was better than none, for them, I guess.

And thanks to what I had learned at the sewing machine in Seagoville, I got a job at Nardis. I don't know if you remember Nardis. That was a big, very fashionable dress factory, ladies' apparel. And I started out as a beginner, for \$0.40 an hour, 40 hours a week. But in no time, I did better, and I could make overtime. And we managed, more or less, unless something extra came up. And in the end, well, we had to borrow \$125 from the Federation.

And so we kind of got along. Then we got another apartment in the Oak Lawn area. The children went to school. And we worked. And then my father got another stroke and passed away. That was August the 30, 1943.

And when we came back from the funeral, there was the representative from the Federation. And I thought he wanted to bring his condolences. And then he came out to ask when we could start paying back the \$125. And I'll never forget it. We see what they do now for them and what they did for us, it's like black and white. But luckily, we didn't need them. We managed.

And then William started to correspond, with British Honduras, with that other dentist, who miraculously was spared all what we went through, because he wasn't in town and nobody knew of his existence in that little town, there. So never anybody even thought about him.

And he took care of our things and told us what terrible condition everything was, that they had opened the furniture, not with the locks, with the keys that were around there, but pried them open. And there were ashes on the carpets and termites all over the place. As a matter of fact, the termites were so bad that, in Germany, you have kitchen cabinets. They are not built-in, like an armoire, you have that. And it was eaten up, that, when you touched it, it fell apart. I mean all that we had, forget about that.

But they also talked to Dr. Pierce. And after all, William had money coming, from the income, while he was still working there. So we got, here and there, a small check from him. And after the war ended, surprisingly, the British government paid to ship all our belongings to us. And that is proof that they were in the wrong, otherwise they wouldn't have done that. But it didn't help us very much. William never could go back to practice there. And in America, he tried every which way.

When they let us out, right away, Eric was told he should sign up and go into the army, which he did. And he was sent to the Pacific, as a dental mechanic, on a ship, and came through it very well. And when he came out, he became, right away, American citizen and could go, under the GI bill of rights, to dental school. And he had a hard time, but, with the help of his wife, which he met in California, he made it. And he has a beautiful practice in Los Angeles. So it was, in a way, lucky for him.

But my husband, he tried every which way to enter the army. But he was, at that time, already 42 years old. And they wouldn't take him older than 40. So that was out. Then he wanted to go back and make another examination, but not only did they ask for four years of college, but, to get into the college, you had to be a citizen. We were not even in America, officially. We were wetbacks. We had no papers. We had nothing.

So he had to give that up. And that was the hardest time. He never got over that. Really, it hurt him deeply. But there was no way, unless, after the war, he could have gone back to Germany, and they would have taken him with open arms. They needed people there. But I couldn't see my children growing up in Germany. There was no way. I told him, if you wanted to go alone and see, first, how the situation is and all, that was fine with me. But he didn't want to do that either. So he had to give that up.

And he had a very, very hard time to fit in anywhere. He was not a good businessman although he had a degree in it. But that was more theoretically than practical. And he had too good a heart, and he was too honest. He went into real estate, for a time, and made it a habit, before he showed the house, he told the customers all the bad things about the house first. So that shows you what type he was. That was hopeless.

We had to adjust quite a bit. And it took a long, long time. And finally, in the last years of his life, while he was still working, he was an accountant. I mean not certified, but he did accounting work. And that suited him much better. He should have done that long before. But I never could get him to go to school. But in the end, he said, the grandchildren made up for everything. He adored them.

To go back a little, when you were in Seagoville, how were you treated by the Germans who were going to be repatriated?

Well, we kept apart from them. And some of them, they came and talked to us. And they said, they were innocent, and they never did anything against America. But their husbands were members of the Bund. So maybe they were forced to go into it, but they didn't need to. And they lived-- the one, they had a 15 year old son and never became citizens. So that alone shows it.

Did they know you were Jewish?

No. Yeah, they knew we were. Oh, yeah. They knew that there was a Jewish group there. Some of them talked to us, also. But we kept separate. We didn't want to.

How many other Jewish families were with you in Seagoville?

The wanted-- Dr Friedman, he was lucky. He could work in the medical profession. He could work as an intern. And then he got his license back. And he went first to Evansville, Indiana, and practiced there. And then later on, he worked half a year in Evansville and half a year in Florida. And then he moved all the way to Florida. And the last I heard from him is when my husband passed away. That's now almost seven years. I don't know.

And the other ones, they stayed in Dallas. But we never had much contact with them. And they were mad at us because,

when my son's-- wait a minute. When was that? I tried to think what happened? We had given them the kiddush cup for their little boy when he was born. And she had said, if we let him know when we have the first grandchild, boy grandchild, they want to give it to him. And we forgot about that. And when my oldest grandson was born, we didn't announce it. So they got mad with us. So we have no contact with them.

Do you know how many Jewish families were in Seagoville with you?

I don't know exactly. I know we were about 40 people. And our children were the only children. There were some grown children there, some girls, no boys. And one man died while we were there. And we were allowed to go to the funeral at Agudas Achim, all of us. He's buried there.

How were you treated by the prison authorities?

Very good. They were very, very nice. I cannot say any different. And very helpful.

Were you investigated, at all, by the FBI or the OSI?

Well, that was all before. Once, we were in there-- when we came out on parole, we had to report, every week, to the immigration service. And they were fantastic, too. Well, they told Eric what he should do. And later on, William was an avid photographer. He had worked in photography since he was a teenager, developed his own films, and glass plates it was at that time. And he saw an ad in the paper, one of the nightclubs, they were looking for a photographer that could do developing. So he got permission to apply there. And he worked there. And then he wanted to go on his own. He thought he can do better on his own. And they gave him permission to have a camera, which nobody else had. And we could have a car, but we had to stay within, I think, 80 miles radius. Couldn't go further. And he started a photography business-- nightclub business.

And he did that practically until my daughter got married, in '56. Then everybody had their own cameras, and there was not much money in that. But before, he worked every Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday night, nightclub pictures. Partly, he had help, partly I did it.

We're nearing the end of the second hour. Is there anything else that you feel is important to tell about your experience?

Well, I would like to show these letters and stuff here. We didn't have that yet, did we?

Yeah, we had that. We had that one.

We had that one. OK. This is my father's passport, with a big J on the top.

Can you explain what the J was for?

The J means Jew, of course. And this was his identification card, with a big J in the middle. And notice the name "Israel" after his first name, David Israel Bergman. Every man had to have Israel in his name and every woman, Sarah. I have a passport of my mother's-- the same thing.

And you even had to write a letter to the authority-- I don't know what you call that here-- where you get your birth certified. We had to write them, that they have to add the name-- this is for the children-- the name Israel and Sarah to the names of our children and to ourselves, too. So to make sure that everybody, right away, knows we are Jewish. And this was all before the war started.

Did your husband ever talk about the short time that he spent in Buchenwald?

About what?

About the time he spent in Buchenwald?

Yeah, he told some of the things. For one thing, he said that they were living in a hut, where he had this little suitcase, about that high. And he took a pencil. And he said that was about the height between the shelves where they slept. When one wanted to turn around, everybody had to turn around. There wasn't enough room to do it otherwise.

And they got one cup of water a day. When it rained, they licked the water from the windows, because they didn't have any water. And of course, I mean there was no change of clothes or anything. From the way he smelled, when he came out, I know it must have been terrible.

And they saw men sitting on the side of the road, half-dead. They could never go on. They just died, then and there. And if it was before they all were registered, then nobody knew what happened to them. They just didn't care about anything. They saw beatings and everything. But he wouldn't talk in detail about all that, not at all.

Well, anything else you'd like to know?

Anything you feel is important. We have one minute.

Anything else you'd like to share with us? We have about 30 seconds. We have about 30 seconds, if there's anything you'd like to close with.

I don't know what else. So many things that go through the head, you forget them.

Thank you very much.

Thank you.

Oh, boy. I didn't think I would survive it.

You were very good.

Oh, yeah.

You did very well. A fascinating story.