

This is a night when we have gathered together to fill our synagogue. Same evening where we commemorate the many synagogues scattered throughout Germany and Austria that were filled with our ancestors, our brothers, and our sisters, our grandparents, our great-grandparents perhaps. We commemorate the evening when they were no longer able to fill a synagogue such as this.

On this evening, when we gather together for the Sabbath, remembering the Sabbath as a gift to us from God, and commemorating-- commemorating that Sabbath upon which our grandparents, our great-grandparents, perhaps even some of us-- indeed, I know some of us-- who are no longer able to worship in our own synagogue, we gather here tonight and we celebrate the Sabbath.

We do so appropriately by blessing the Sabbath candles. And our service tonight begins on page 158. Page 158. As we join now together on page 158.

"On this day we would see the world in a new light. On this day we would add new spirit to our lives. On this day, we would taste--"

The Hawaii Holocaust Project, which is an oral history project dealing with people in our community whose lives have been affected by the Holocaust. These include camp survivors who live in our community, people who fled Europe before or after-- or before or during the war, and the men of the 522nd Field Artillery Battalion. This is an all-Japanese-American unit who were witnesses to the liberation of Dachau. Some of those men are with us tonight. I see Mr. Ishii and Mr. Nakamine and Mr. Hirayama. We now have about 50 hours of videotaped oral history interviews with these people, and we are in the process of transcribing those interviews at the Center for Oral History at the University.

Tonight, we have with us a number of people who actually experienced Crystal Night, and we have asked them to come and share their experiences with you.

OK. Also, in addition to the people that will be on the panel tonight, there are two other survivors who are in the audience-- Gerda Samuel-- well, actually three. Carla Chotzen, I believe, is here, Gerda Samuel and Louise Spitzer. And we have interviewed those people as well.

And tonight we will have a five-member panel that-- people who are of this community, survivors who lived in Germany and Austria during, before, and after Kristallnacht. And they will share their experiences with you. We have Otto Orenstein-- and they'll just come up and be sitting in the panel. You can come up now. Otto Orenstein, Hedy Marmorstein, Anne Flagg, Walter Chotzen, and Dr. Rudy Schmerl. Thank you.

[INAUDIBLE]. We'll have to hold it, just like that.

You can sit over here, anywhere.

Here. And then you can sit on the end.

Thank you.

Whoops.

Do you want to take this over. Hello? Yes. This is [INAUDIBLE].

Do you want to have it?

Yeah.

You want to hold this a second? [BACKGROUND CHATTER].

[INAUDIBLE]

We'll check with the video folks to see. I did want to thank also Greg Sorscher, who's been so very helpful, and Andy Mirikitani in helping us to film, videotape all of our production so far. And again, we're doing it. So you're all part of this one.

OK. OK. I just-- I'm going to start this. Are we ready, Greg? It's OK? OK. All right.

Now I know this is a little different for us tonight. We're used to sitting around a different table at the Jewish Federation Office, or perhaps without all of these people in the audience, but we've all talked together before. This is Dr. Schmerl's first experience with us, so we'll just get a little relaxed. And I think I'll start with Otto first. And as we will be able to-- whenever you feel like responding, you just go right ahead. And you say what you want to say, all right?

First of all, I think we'll start by asking, when was your first awareness of Hitler and the Nazis?

Well, I would say around 1937, because there was a Nazi party in Austria too. At that time, there were about 14 or 16 different parties. And the Nazi party was one of them. It was not a bigger party. It was one of the smaller ones.

But we knew what Nazis were, and we knew what Hitler was. And I'd seen Mein Kampf. So that was the first experience for me.

I was born in Berlin in 1930, so I was a small boy during the period that you're talking about. I think I knew about Nazis because I was the only Jew where I lived, and the German children chased me and beat me up, which was around 1934 or '35.

We had a dog, a German shepherd. I like to think of him as a Jewish shepherd--

[LAUGHTER]

--whom I will always remember for coming to my rescue at one point. So it was about 1934.

And the school I went to was the Theodor-Herzl-Schule, which was segregated. When I came to this country, I lived in Louisiana and I was segregated for a different reason-- not so different, it turned out. I was just on the other side of the racial fence.

The dog rescued me from a group of boys who were shouting Jude, Jude and that sort of thing. And that was about 1934 or '35.

My first experience was the assassination of the Austrian chancellor by the then illegal Nazi party. It was a terrible shock. They came into his office, shot him. They were ready to take over the radio station in Vienna and take over the country. They were put down and outlawed. The same Nazis that perpetrated that assassination went underground. And after Hitler came, they were heroes. But that was our first experience, and the fear that we were later to feel, that was the shadow that it cast.

[INAUDIBLE]

I lived in Frankfurt when Hitler came to power. And on the 1st of April in 1932, there was a nationwide boycott, the first one, organized boycott against all the Jews. At that time, we didn't know what we expect. So we piled in our car and went up into the mountains in our summer home, and sat up there, waiting what was going to happen.

There was no radio, and I couldn't telephone to my parents. We didn't know whether it was going to be pogrom or what it was. After two or three days, that Aktion was blown off and canceled, and we returned to our home.

But by that time, the party was very well organized, and things happened around us. I remember, my hairdresser came

to me upset and said he probably will never see me again, because his daughter, who was in the Hitler Youth, came home very late one night. And he punished her. And she said-- she was furious. And she said, I'm going to denounce you and you're going to pay for that. And the next morning, he was picked up and never heard of again.

In my husband's factory a man had a sandwich we couldn't eat. He threw it to a dog. The man was picked up the next morning by Hitler's guard and taken off to concentration camp because he wasted public food. And things were scrapped all up around us. Doesn't matter what we did, we were in danger.

We never talked at home about anything. We always went for long walks because our telephones, the radiators, everything was bugged. And even when we went for walks, we were very careful where we went. Well, better pass it on.

You can use this. OK, whatever.

My first shock came earlier than that. I was in 1929, still in high school. And there was a Stormtrooper parade through town. I lived in a small town. And I was shocked and amazed that one of my teachers, whom I respected, was walking in this parade in a Stormtrooper uniform.

But the real devastating awareness of what was going on came in 1933. I worked in Berlin at that time. And I watched a torchlight parade by the Stormtroopers going Unter den Linden-- this was the main fancy street in Berlin-- walking. There were 100,000 of Stormtroopers singing and having the torch lights. And at that time I knew that my world was collapsing.

Just going to-- You don't have to pass that back. I'll talk loud enough. Walter, when you knew at that time that your world--

Can't hear.

Can't hear.

You can't hear? OK. It's a little awkward, but--

[BACKGROUND NOISES]

Walter, when you knew at that time that your world was collapsing, you were already aware that something was changing, and this was in 1933 in Germany. What did you do at that time? Did you prepare to leave. Did you talk to your family? What happened? What went on?

I was working in a business organization firm. And they did business with the city of Berlin, with the state of Prussia, and the federal-- and the government of Germany. And an order came out that any company that employs Jews could no longer furnish merchandise to those public organizations. And I was immediately dismissed, and I went home. And I worked in my father's business for a while, till I emigrated.

Did you attempt at that time to leave Germany?

I wanted to get out, but of course, I had to first see how and when and what about it. It was not all clear at that time.

I see.

Looks like Dr. Schmerl wants to say something.

Yes, this question, of course, is one that agonizes Americans. Why didn't you get out? It wasn't a matter of getting into your friendly neighborhood Volkswagen and driving across the border to Canada. I've recently come from Michigan, so that's on my mind.

The Nazis were extremely clever, and very, very effective in robbing you of everything. No country wanted you if you were poor.

Let me tell you my own story. This-- slightly complicated. You had to have \$5,000 to come to this country, unless someone was willing to certify that you would not be an onerous charge on the public wheel. We had some distant Jewish relatives in Cleveland, my grandmother's cousins from whatever, who had done very well in this country, and who were not interested in sponsoring poor, bedraggled, German-Jewish refugees.

However, there was another woman who had converted to Christianity who had married a German who had gotten a job as a professor at Princeton University, and he's the one who sent the visa. The question was how to get there. This was very hard to do without any money. And we couldn't have done it-- and I'm anxious to underscore this point-- without the help of gentiles.

I see Anne is shaking her head. And I think that's a really important point that we want to follow, unless Hedy wanted to say something.

Among other things, to substantiate it, you either had to have the money or had to have a relative who-- a friend who put up the money. There was a member of my family who found such a benefactor, but it turned out that that man was not affluent enough, and the money that he put up as to guarantee was not sufficient. And my uncle perished.

We had relatives who welcomed us with open arms, and helped us in any which way, and gave us affidavits. But we were here in '36 to get all the papers ready. But by the time we came back in '36 to get our immigration organized, a new law had come out that any factory owner who employed more than 130 people could not leave until he had trained a successor who would take his business over-- without pay, of course. And that man would be able to run the business as well as the Jewish owner before. Well, it took years to train a man. And our visas expired twice. And we couldn't get our visas, and it's a long wild story, until we finally got the visas renewed.

But my father, who employed 120 people, had a much easier time. We employed many more. My husband employed many more. And so we had first to wait until the next man felt he was ready to run the business and employ all the people who were there. And that brought us to the very bitter end.

You can hold on to that. Otto?

I want to share one experience I just found about a few days ago from somebody who also escaped, who had been living in Spain since 1932, and in 1937 had gone to Marienbad, the famous spa in Czechoslovakia, where they came across some Jewish well-to-do people who were taking the cure there. And they were speaking to them, and said, don't-- look, you're out now. Why don't you just simply keep on going instead of going back?

But these people said, no, it's never going to happen here. We are safe. And they went back. And their fate can be expected.

Yeah, Otto, I know that you were in Austria after 1938, after Kristallnacht. And you also had had experiences that led you to believe that you should be leaving Austria. And I wondered at what point you knew that you had to get out, and what you did, or your family did, to make sure that you did get out.

Well, I experienced Kristallnacht personally. I'll have to go back a little bit. We had been living in an apartment in one of the districts of Vienna for about 17 years. And about four months after the Nazis took over in Austria, there was a knock at the door, and some brown-shirted Nazis were there and said, you have two hours to get out of this apartment. They started to open the windows, and put the furniture out. They provided a truck.

And they sent us to a villa of a Jewish merchant in one of the neighboring districts, where we were supposed to live in the cellar. Fortunately, my grandmother had a very large apartment. There were five in the family at one time. And we simply moved in with her, even though our official residence was still out in the suburbs.

When Kristallnacht happened, there was a telephone call before 8 o'clock in the morning. The police station in the district, which was Währing called and wanted to know where my father was. They had gone to our official residence and didn't find anybody there. So the landlord told him where we were, and they called, and they made him come out to the police station there. And he left. And we didn't see him all day long.

About an hour and 15 minutes later, there was a knock at our door. And there were two Gestapo men who wanted to pick up the man. The neighbors had told us there was a Jewish man. In the end, they were about to pick him up. My mother explained to them what had happened, that somebody had already beaten him to the punch. And they saw me around. So since they didn't want to leave empty handed, they simply picked me up in his place.

So I was taken down to a police station. By the way, this was the Gestapo who picked me up. Then I was taken down to the police station. I was interviewed by the police. Eventually they took a few hundred people, put them on trucks, drove them by the burning synagogue-- there was one Sephardic synagogue in Vienna. Most of the others were Ashkenazi. And they drove us by there, and took us to a SS barracks where we enjoyed the company of some German SS troops for the day.

In the evening, the German troops, who, by the way, were not in black but were in dark gray, which was the Waffen-SS uniforms, we were-- they were replaced by some Austrian SS troops in the normal black uniforms. And they started a check up. And when my turn came, they asked me who I was.

I had my student pass with me so I could prove I was still 17. And they let me go, fortunately. Otherwise, I would have ended up in the concentration camp at Mauthausen, where most of the people I spent the day with finally ended up.

I went home. Needless to say, my mother was very happy to see me. But now she had to go out and get my father out of the police station in Währing. She went out there, and she was able to literally talk him out of that place. So fortunately, both my father and I survived that particular experience.

But things didn't get any better. They only got worse. And one day my mother saw that there was an announcement that all 18-year-old boys had either to join the army or join the labor battalions. So she said, you have to get out of here.

And on December 28, 1938, I went with, in company of an elder man who was the husband of our maid, and we made our way to Cologne, Germany, where we tried to cross the border illegally. We made three attempts. The first two were unsuccessful for one reason or another [AUDIO OUT] already had my visa application approved. The Belgians let us stay there. And after a while, even the Belgians interned us, because World War II broke out, and I was traveling on a German passport. So I was an enemy alien.

And finally, at the end of March 1940, my American visa arrived. I went first back to Antwerp, then to Paris. And I crossed the ocean on a French liner to New York, where I arrived in April the 4th of 1940. And a month later, the Germans were in Belgium. And they would have gotten me if I'd stayed around too long.

My parents had gone to Norway, and they had an even closer escape because their ship was supposed to leave, but since they already had British troops in Norway at that time to defend against the expected German invasion, the British troops didn't let them board the ship in Oslo. But fortunately, they caught up with the ship in Bergen, and were able to leave. And the day after, the Germans marched into Norway.

My younger brother had gone to school in England. He managed to experience some of the Blitz in London. But in December of 1940, he finally made it to America, so that by that time the whole family was reunited again.

Thank you very much. And let's-- whatever you feel like talking about.

We left Berlin illegally. And the "we" included my mother, grandmother, older sister, and myself. My father was a doctor and a veteran of World War I. At that point he had been a German.

And the Nazis were relatively slow to get to the Jewish veterans of World War I. They were about the last group they got to. That was certainly true as long as Hindenburg was alive. I hope I'm not being obscure. You know who Hindenburg was.

After that, even after that, there was enough feeling for the pre-Weimar Republic regime to give the Jewish veterans of World War I some relative degree of safety. And my father came to America to look for work. He could speak no English, but he had done a fair amount of publishing. And his field was ophthalmology. And he had been a private physician. And Johns Hopkins offered him a job in Baltimore-- provided he would go to work at once.

And he explained that he had a family in Berlin. And the Americans said, in effect, take it or leave it. As you see, he left it and came back to Germany, which was not a practical move, it turned out. Jews in the audience will be familiar with the complexity I'm about to describe.

My mother was born in Mexico, the daughter of a Russian Jew-- that is to say, my grandfather had been born in Vilna, which, in 1866, was Russia. It is now Poland, as you know, but then it was Russia. And Europeans, especially Germans, are fascinated by these kinds of bureaucratic biographical data. And they classify you-- probably still to this day-- by this sort of information. And clearly you are the nationality of whatever geography your father or your grandmother or whatever happens to have been born in.

From their point of view, of course, we were not any of that. We were a race-- Jews, which is all right with me. That's the way we've been regarded for 2,000 years. But from everybody else's point of view, specifically the American point of view, we didn't exist as a race. We were Germans. And we could get into this country only under the German quota-- 27,000 a year, I believe.

So my father left again to try to make something of a home and to earn some money, which was desperately needed, and found work in Union Hospital in Manhattan, where not speaking English wasn't terribly important. A lot of people don't speak English in New York.

[LAUGHTER]

I'm wondering about Hawaii, by the way.

[LAUGHTER]

And we left on a train in 1938, before Kristallnacht, for the Sudetenland, for-- just in time for Mr. Chamberlain's famous visit to Hitler. And the night we left Sudetenland was August 31. And we left that night because word had been gotten to us that the troops were on the way, since Mr. Chamberlain had achieved "peace in our time."

There was one other Jewish couple in the village, Reichenberg, where I was the only Jew in the whole school, and where every day I learned what that meant.

And we got a wheelbarrow from somebody. And Mr. Ginsburg, who, with his wife, eventually made it to what was then Palestine, pushed the wheelbarrow-- I still remember this, this was my Kristallnacht-- to the train station where we waited until 6 o'clock in the morning for the train to Prague. The troops arrived in the Sudetenland at 9:00. And that was how close it was for us. Eventually, we got-- obviously, we got out of Prague, and through Holland, and onto a ship, and came to this country.

The only barbed-wire fence I've ever been behind, as a result of that, was the barbed-wire fence at Ellis Island. Something had gone wrong with my mother's passport. And somebody had classified something wrong. No computers at the time. Sleepy bureaucrats. And so that was held up again.

It wasn't any terrible experience. I was under 10, and I could stay with my family. And that was how we got out.

People have asked me too, how come you didn't anticipate this or do something about it? In Austria, it happened in '38.

In Germany, Jews had been living under Hitler. And we always said, it's not going to happen here. It's that false optimism.

When Hitler marched in, the atrocities started overnight. They had practiced five years in Germany, and they had perfected. So they did not waste any time.

So the first thought was, get the children out. And my family wrote to relatives in America if they could send me, and so did my cousins, who had also children my age. And they decided to send us away, and hopefully that they could hang in and eventually join us.

America, in its infinite compassion, had set up a quota system. And people who were not born in Austria, Germany, Russia, but parts of the former Austrian empire that were now different countries, they could not come. So a lot of people who just missed the boat by the quota.

It was also a question of cash versus human lives. You could come on a capitalist affidavit regardless of the quota. Or people could go to Cuba, provided someone here put up a bond.

It took a long time to get the money together for the bond, for the rest of my family. And by that time, the war had broken out-- Pearl Harbor. So the rest of my life I have to live with the guilt of being the survivor.

Since this is the 50th anniversary of Crystal Night, I think maybe I would like to tell you what Crystal Night was like. We had given up our big apartment and had moved to our summer home up in the Taunus Mountains, the mountains near Frankfurt. But it became cool, and we subleased a small apartment from some friends who had just left for America.

On the day of the Crystal Night, in the morning on November 9, I went to class early in the morning. I took my bike downtown, and I was at the classroom at 8 o'clock. There were several students from Darmstadt and from some other cities around Frankfurt who came in and were terribly upset.

Their fathers had been taken out of bed in the middle of the night. They didn't know where to. Their houses were plundered. And they just got on the train to get to their classes to get away. And on the way to class, they saw in Frankfurt every second store ransacked. And the class rang around. And he was throwing stones into the Jewish homes.

And the temples were afire. When I heard that the temples were on fire, I realized that my child had the temple in nursery school. We had started a nursery school in our temple. Well, I jumped on my bike, dashed home, took my car, and dashed to the temple.

The [GERMAN] Temple was a tremendous big temple, at least as big as the Temple Emanu-El in New York. There were two reform temples in Germany. The rabbi just told you about one, and that was the other one. A beautiful edifice.

As I turned the street in, everything was smoky, and I saw flames coming out of the windows. The curtains were drawn in the houses all around. There were no-- nobody was in the street.

When I drove up on the temple, there were no fire engines or anything. I saw Eli Lantos, the nursery school teacher, huddled under a tree trying to make the children sing and do games with them. She couldn't leave the children. She managed to get them all out of the temple.

I packed as many children as I could into my car and brought them to the different homes. Anybody who wasn't out early in the street wouldn't have noticed anything. So I had to tell the parents what was going on, and left the children, and dashed home.

When I came home, my cook told me-- said, my French governess, my old French governess, had come over early in the morning to pick up my husband to take him to her house. She still had a French passport, so she assumed that her house would not be ransacked.

A woman who was living across the hall from us-- we only lived there for a week, so I didn't know the people very well-- were sitting in front of her door, babbling and babbling. And I took her into our small apartment. She repeated her husband's name hundreds and hundreds of times. She was completely out of her mind. Her husband, who was taken in the middle of the night.

I put my two children to bed, gave each one a sleeping powder-- I didn't want them to hear what was going on-- and jumped in my car. No, I jumped on my bike. And I went over to my parents' home. My parents had rented an apartment in Frankfurt beside their home in Aschaffenburg in order to go to something like the ulpan school for English.

I got up there, and I found my mother shaking, and my dad hiding on a porch behind a big old-fashioned icebox. The Gestapo had been-- it was four apartments, four flights high-- had been in the apartment house to pull out all the Jewish men.

The men on the fourth floor, they had so much fun with him, they kicked him down the stairs, and kept on kicking him. He rolled past my parents' front door, another flight down. And that is how my dad got saved-- by pure chance.

So after I was sure that my parents were all right, I dashed down the street, and I saw a big lorry where they pulled Jewish people, and with bayonets and with the butt of the rifles, pushed me into a big lorry. They only could stand up. Many of them wearing pajamas, and had no time even to put a coat on. And then that lorry left.

I have to say something. Those people who did this were usually from out of town, because the neighbors would not go and kill the Jews, or do something with Jews. Somebody who grew up with me wouldn't come to my home or to my parents' home. So they had to bring neighbor-- town people in to do that.

So I asked one of the men, where are you going to take all those people? And he told me where to. So I dashed to the next bakery and filled my basket, my bike basket, and I had a knapsack, with bread and stuff, and dashed over to the Festhalle, which was the biggest community groups there. And the people were all standing there in line, hundreds and hundreds of Jewish men. And I tossed the bread over the fence. Later on, they told me that was, for two or three days, the only thing they had to eat, whatever they would pick up.

Then I went back to my father, who was very upset, because he heard that in our hometown, the temple was burning too. And all the family heirlooms, religious heirlooms from the 15th century to now were in our temple in Aschaffenburg. So I took the next train there and tried to get there to take out things.

The Jews in Europe-- I don't know where else-- kept their family history on the wimpels which are tied around the Torah. Every time a male child was born and was a year old, it would be part of temple, and that wimpel would be put around the Torah, and later on preserved in the temple as a family history. Well, my dad wanted to have all those wimpels, and it was very important to him, and his [NON-ENGLISH] and so forth.

Well, I dashed to the temple. Some school friends saw me and said, you can't go in there. That's idiotic to save something. The temple was high in flames.

I went to the-- a family-- my aunt who lived nearby, and they said, just get back to your family as long as you can. Well, I went back. And the pictures were terrible because women were absolutely screaming, looking out the windows and screaming. Many of them had absolutely lost their mind.

When I came back, I was asked to go right away to our rabbi's house. We were very friendly with our youth rabbi. I had very wild arguments with him, because he had preached from the bema to people who let their children go with Youth Aliyah to Israel. And I said, how can you do that to people? How can you separate families? Well, that day, I realized that he was right.

Well, I came to his house, and his wife was absolutely beyond herself. She just heard news that her father had been burned alive in a temple in a small town near Nuremberg. Her family had lived there for since the generations. The



people from out of town again-- they gave them enough beer to make them drunk-- came there, blocked the windows, closed the door, and set the whole table on fire.

Later on, in that village, several people, non-Jewish people, lost their mind because they just couldn't believe what was going on. We were told that the people in the temple, whilst they were burned, were singing Psalms and the Kol Nidre. And I can never hear the Kol Nidre without thinking of that thing.

I didn't see my husband for at least two weeks. My governess kept him hidden. And he then went in the woods and tried to hide himself there.

When I came back, the Nazi troops came into our apartment, bashed in the front door, came in, and smashed the pictures, ripped everything out of the buffet, all the glass and everything, took the camera and pulled out the films, sliced the bed sheets and the feather pillows. Everything was flying with feathers.

And one thing, they found my cassette with my father's military papers, my grandfather's military papers, and my great-grandfather's [GERMAN], which was an honor in Germany, being able to travel. And they took all those things away, [GERMAN] and everything.

And I felt very bad about that because that could have proved how long we were there, and it might have helped us. Well, enough of that. [LAUGHS]

I pass. I really-- I was very fortunate I got out, and my immediate family was saved. Most of my cousins, aunts, and relatives perished. But in comparison to Anne's adventures, mine are very mild. So I was extremely fortunate, and I will pass.

Linda, you want to answer too?

One of the questions that I'm curious about is the German popular reaction to Crystal Night. Most of us, our experience is looking at popular films. We really don't know very much about what happened. Was if-- I think for many people, the Holocaust film may be their only experience with knowing anything about that, until the episode yesterday, where this night has become a real issue in the news. What was your own experience, any of you who wanted to talk about that?

The Germans were behind closed doors and drawn-- drawn drapes. And I don't think they realized until much, much later, until they saw the streets, what was really going on.

Some of the Germans were very, very courageous. I had a friend in high school who was with a high command-- how you call? The highest medical staff in the army?

Yes, it was.

What is the name?

Of what? Of the army. The highest medical staff.

In America?

No, anywhere.

Surgeon general?

Yeah, surgeon general. He was with the surgeon general. And he called me that evening. And he said, Anne, what can I do for you? And I said, hang up. You risk your career. He was a man who actually risked his career and tried to help. And of course I hanged up on him. And some people really tried to go out of their way and help.

And later on, many years later, when I came back, I found out that people who pretended to be Nazis actually had-- had saved people. I met a friend. I thought he was a real big Nazi already in school. Well, I found out later on that he had actually an underground railroad out of Heidelberg to get people out. And I found many of those stories. Of course, there were other stories too, where people were terrible.

[INAUDIBLE]

There are two kinds of reactions I found in my limited experience. First of all, it came as a terrible shock that the principal of the school I went to was an illegal Nazi. At the day of the Kristallnacht, we had a lot of non-Jewish friends, also customers in our store. Some were very sympathetic, and they were horrified.

But I also saw some of the neighbors that we had known all our lives, walking the streets, plundering, and carrying their plunder openly and very gleefully. So it was both kinds. It was the good and the bad.

I just got the word already from the rabbi that we do not have much time left. So I hope we don't have to wait another 50 years to-- we can continue another time, because the stories there's so much more. I know there are many more stories to tell. I've heard some of them. And every time I hear more--

I think I would like to ask something before we close, and that would be whether you have any thoughts, and it's not any thoughts alone-- as to what the American Jewish community, the American gentile community, the world community can learn from this experience so it will not happen again, what we could do differently? How would we know? Yeah.

--will be OK.

Anyone wants to answer?

Yes. My emphasis would be on living people, not dead ones. And this is bigger than Jews. And it does concern, it seems to me, Jews in particular, because we have more to remember, perhaps, than other people. 12,000 Haitians, for example, have asked to be admitted to the United States as refugees. Two have been admitted, both of them with bullets in them. It seems to me that the Jewish community should not be silent about that. I'm not sure that Jews should be silent about South Africa, where the majority of the population, in effect, is in the same kind of hellish prison that I remember in Germany. So you have your own examples. Those are some of mine.

Well, I think one of the most tragic aspects of the whole situation was that, in reality, a lot more European Jews could have been saved specifically by America and American Jews. And as we heard from some of the other stories, even family members did not have enough heart and interest to save them.

My own case, we were saved by some Christian women in Hawaii. That's how I happened to end up over here. But I will say that the HIAS was very helpful in making sure that those Jews that could get out, and who didn't have the money to pay for the transportation, took care of that aspect.

And I know when I first arrived over here, I stayed at the Stephen Wise house in New York for free for a few weeks. So there were certainly a lot of help. But unfortunately, it wasn't enough, and I feel it could have been more.

Thank you. I think Walter, [INAUDIBLE].

We, especially as Jews, and especially those Jews that had the experience that we've been talking about here, have to be particularly alert and aware of what is going on, even what is going on in our politics, in our body politics. And if we feel that our country is doing wrong, we should speak out. The saying, "My country, right or wrong," is an evil concept. And you have to be alert and fight any oppression and any injustice wherever we find it.

And Anne, did you--

I learned one big lesson. I was there when the Polish Jews came back, were sent back to Germany. And I was called

very early in the morning, at 4 o'clock in the morning. Could I be with my car at the East Station in Frankfurt? I recognized the voice of our-- of a good friend of ours, and I jumped into my car, and took whatever food I had, and blankets, and was on the East Station.

I had no idea what had happened there. I didn't even know why I had to go to the East Station. There I was informed that the Polish Jews all had been rounded up within half an hour and taken out of their beds as they were, without being able to pack anything, put into big, big cars, which are used for animals, usually, and brought to the border.

There, on the border, they were not accepted, as the rabbi just told us. They had to sit there without any sanitation, without any food. They tried in the ground to find some leftover potatoes. And many starved to death.

Grynszpan found out in Paris that his parents both had died of starvation and cold on the border. When I was called to the station, I had no idea of that whole thing. It had happened a whole week before, and I was pretty much oriented about everything. I was in the middle of the Jewish community. Everything went so quiet that we had no idea.

Well, finally, my turn came. There were about 30 or 40 cars. We all had dimmed lights. Finally, my car came up to the front, and I took six people in there.

I cannot tell you-- I can't describe their condition. Not only were they starved-- I had some bread with me. Their smell, they had no water for a whole week. It was unbelievable. They looked for their family members who might have been frozen to death. I didn't know who was there. Well, I drove them back to their different apartments where their canaries had died, where the dog had died. I mean, they just were taken out.

And what I want to say is living in Frankfurt, being in the middle of the community, I had no idea what was going on. We have to be very alert what's going on around us, and help before it takes that dimension.

Thank you, very much. And I think what else you said was that you made a choice not to be a bystander as well, and to go there and to do something about it when you did find out. Thank you all so very much for participating with us tonight. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

Thank you, Linda and Judy and all of our panel members. If I could ask you, before you return to your seats, if you could just remain standing for one moment because I'd like to help you-- I'd like to ask you if you would please help us dedicate a memorial in memory of the 6 million on this evening.

But first, I'd like to draw our congregation's attention, please, to page 573. Page 573. This will be fine, yeah. If we could join together in reading this.

"In the presence of eyes which witnessed the slaughter, which saw the oppression the heart could not bear, and as witness, the heart that once taught compassion until the days come to pass, that crushed human feeling, I have taken an oath to remember it all, to remember, not once to forget, forget not one thing to the last generation, when degradation shall cease to the last, to its ending, when the rod of instruction shall have come to conclusion. An oath-- not in vain, passed over the night of the terror. An oath-- no morning shall see me at the fleshpots again. An oath-- lest from this, we learned nothing."

We continue now as we dedicate our memorial to the 6 million. This, I confess, is a temporary plaque, as the full-sized one has, unfortunately, not yet arrived from the mainland. But we're fortunate enough to secure a temporary one which will be symbolic of the event. And this plaque will remain lit at all times. Just as our ner tamid, our everlasting light, is always lit, so too will this plaque within our sanctuary as a reminder for our entire community here in Honolulu.

We began with silence. Silence of death, silence of life, silence after destruction. Silence before creation.

There are times when songs called darkness fills light. The [? mark ?] becomes a constellation of faith against the

unrelieved lack of space and balance. There are no words to reach beyond the end point. No messages. [INAUDIBLE] silence. The silence of Job, the silence of 6 million, the silence of memory. Let us remember them as we leave our silences in the silence becomes a prayer which links us to the past. Watching that darkness, we cannot [INAUDIBLE]. The anguish which is never, which love and light [INAUDIBLE].

Silence. Only silence waiting for our reply to all of them, waiting. 3 million and 300,000 Jews lived in Poland before the war. 3 million died. 2,850,000 Jews lived in Russia. More than a million died. 1.5 million Jews live in the Balkans and Slavic countries. More than a million died. Germany, Austria, and France, [INAUDIBLE] had 650,000 Jews. Half of them died. [INAUDIBLE] private accommodations, and synagogues now stand empty.

Our brothers and sisters were murdered everywhere, [INAUDIBLE]. They died in cities and towns and villages and fields. They died in the night [INAUDIBLE]. They died [INAUDIBLE]. They died by fire and water, by poison and gun. They died alone. But we will not forget them. They did alone. We will remember them forever, and in silence.

[ORGAN MUSIC]

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]