

You told me I have to say my maiden name also, right?

Yeah. No, we want that. Sure.

OK. Whenever you're ready.

OK.

And [INAUDIBLE]

Oh, of course.

[LAUGHTER]

Thank you. You're prejudiced. OK?

OK, go.

My name is Jacqueline Wolf. I was born Jacqueline Glicenstein. Both my parents were born in Poland, where they fell in love. My father came from a very large family and so did my mother. And many of my father's siblings left Poland. He was the youngest.

And when the time came for my father to be drafted into the Polish Army, he decided to leave Poland, a country he did not love, a country didn't want to serve, a country where most Jews were second-class citizens. And unlike his siblings, who came to America, he opted for France. My father was always in love with France, I suppose even as a young man. And in spite of his great love for my mother, he left. Eventually, when my maternal grandparents died, my mother joined him in France.

My father lived in Paris at the time. But my mother went to live with a cousin in a small town in eastern France called Epinal.

You need to slow up. You need to slow up.

OK. And where she decided to settle because she had relatives there. So my father joined her there, and they got married. Eventually I was born in 1928.

Their lives, at the beginning in France was very difficult because it was depression time. Foreigners found it very difficult to find work because the French people then had difficulties finding work themselves. So what my parents did, they used to go with merchandise in a suitcase, and they would go early in the morning when the factory workers went to work and then wait for them to come out at 12:00 and pedal their merchandise. And they did that for a year or two, until they were able to spend-- save, not spend-- save enough money to buy a small panel truck. And then they became [FRENCH], called in France. You don't have this in this country. But it would be similar to people in the farmers market.

But in France, every day it was designated in each little town around the town that we lived in. So they had to travel from one town to the other. Fortunately, there was a market in my hometown twice a week. So it made it easier for them. But they had to get up very early in the morning, about 4 o'clock, in order to travel to the next time and set up their stand.

Eventually they did very well. I was an only child for quite a long time, 10 years, until my sister was born. And I complained about it quite a lot because all my friends had brothers and sisters. And when my sister was born, my father took me in the car. And he told me that I had a sister. She was born. And that they were going to call her Josephine after my-- his father that was named Joseph. And I said, oh, no, Papa, no Josephine. That's such an ugly name. Please call her

Josette. And they abide by it, and they called my sister Josette.

When I went to visit my mother in the hospital, everything was pink. I don't know. She was in a private hospital. At the time they were doing very well. So she was what it's called in France en clinique. Well, a clinique in Europe is the opposite of what it is here. If you financially can afford it, you go to a private doctor, and he has a room for you and so forth. So my mother was in this beautiful room. Everything was pink. I remember everything pink.

And my little sister was next to my mother in a little crib. And my mother said to me, you always wanted a brother or a sister, and this is my gift to you. Josette is my gift to you.

Well, this was 1938 by then. And of course, we knew what was going on Germany, the problem that the German Jews-- as a matter of fact, my father, who was a lover of mankind, he was a dreamer, a kind of person who once told me if you have but two francs, and somebody comes to you and has nothing, you give him one franc. And that's the type of father that I had. And my mother was also a very lovely, kind woman.

And so my father formed a committee for the German people. Because we were in eastern France, so we were close to the German border. So a lot of the German Jews from Germany came to our town. And so my father formed this committee so we could help them. And from then on, there was always some German people in our house. Some slept over. But at our table, there was always somebody at all meals that stayed with us. And many of them even slept in our home. If we didn't have enough beds, they slept on the floor until they were able to, hopefully for them, make their way to America.

Of course, in 1939 the war broke out. And my father, who was already at the time in his late 30s-- I would say 37, 38, or 39. I don't recall exactly-- was more French than the French, decided to enlist in the French Army. He probably wouldn't have been drafted because the war in France, as you know, with Germany lasted a very short time. It started in September, I think, of 1939. And by June of, say, 1940, the Germans had invaded France. So he probably wouldn't have been drafted, having two children and of his age. But he enlisted.

In June of 1940, one morning we woke up, and the city was invaded by French soldiers who were running away from the Germans. So we realized that the Germans would soon be at our door. And my mother and her sister decided that we should run away from-- you know. So in very short time, my mother packed the car. And my aunt, who had just received her driving license, begged my mother to take her little girl, who was only three at the time with us. So my mother, Josette, who was two, myself, and my little cousin Janine, were packed in the-- actually, we were sitting on all the-- in the backseat on all the things that we were able to take with us. And my aunt said, we will follow you. Unfortunately, when we hit the main roads, we were not aware that there would be such a big exodus and that everybody was running away.

So there were people on foot, people with their cattle. As a matter of fact, the road was-- there were so many people that even people would walk on the fields around it. So soon we lost sight of my aunt. We lost her, and she lost us. And so we proceeded. And on the road, I remember, because there were a lot of French soldiers who were running away, so the German overhead were shooting at us. So we had to go in the ditches in order to avoid being hurt. So many people were hurt.

As a matter of fact, my mother even assisted a lady giving birth to a child on the road. Eventually we reached a small village in the middle of France. The name escapes me at the time. But it was not far from Vichy, a larger city of Vichy. And they housed us in the school, I guess gymnasium. But my mother had, obviously, enough money. So she went into town and was able to rent two rooms in somebody's home. And we stayed there for about a month. But my mother was very anxious to have news of my father.

He would never know where we were. So in spite of the fact that she knew that the Germans occupied a part of the country, after a months she decided-- and then she had lost her sister on the road. So the best thing would be to come back to our hometown, call Epinal. And so we did. And when we arrived at our home, we found it occupied by a family that had fled from Alsace. And even though we came home, they weren't too much in a hurry to leave us. And my mother was so afraid, being Jewish, to make waves, didn't say anything. Eventually they left us.

And we had no news of my father, of course, and no news of my aunt. And my mother decided to place both my little cousin Janine and my sister in a family outside of town so she would be able to continue working. And I stayed with my mother and had to go to school.

The family that she left my little cousin Janine and Josette were called Collins. And of course, they were referred to as Mama Marie and Papa Auguste. That was-- and they had one daughter, who was about 16 at the time. And every weekend, of course, we would go visit Josette and Janine, but still no news from my father.

Eventually we received a letter that my father was somewhere in Germany as a prisoner of war. And we were quite relieved to know, of course, that he was alive. And he told us we could only write once a month to him and vice versa. And we were able to send packages if we wanted to. And we continued, of course, corresponding with my father.

In all his letters, my father always stressed education to me. As a young girl, prior to the war, he was extremely strict with my education. I even had tutors that came to the house if I failed in certain subject. And he told me, which I thought was a very big order, that I would be the first woman lawyer in the family. Why a lawyer? I guess maybe I talked a lot. I don't know. But anyway, that's what my-- and education was very important. And even when he was a prisoner of war, he kept telling me to do well in school.

Life at home, of course, was not very pleasant anymore because we had curfews. Like, we-- Jews were not allowed to go to stores unless they went at certain hours that were indicated to them. And my mother was a very beautiful woman, tall, dark hair, big brown eyes, beautiful woman, always well dressed because her business was clothing. And when we were told, as Jews, when we wore the yellow star, that if Germans came towards you on the sidewalk, we were to step in the gutter. And my mother, being as proud as she was, never did it. And absolute that particular incident-- so she never had any problem. But that particular day, we were both walking, and this German officer came towards her and told her to get on the sidewalk, and she wouldn't.

And he pushed her. And she fell, and she got up. And she started to walk again. And of course, he called her a few choice names. And her knee was bleeding, but she was a very proud woman. And she went back onto the sidewalk. And by then, a lot of the French people were in the street, were screaming and yelling at the German. So eventually he left us alone, and we went home, both of us crying.

By that time, the Germans, with the French-- we were in occupied France, by the way. I forgot to say that. France was divided into two zones, occupied zone and non-occupied zone. Of course, where I live was occupied zone. And a lot of the Jewish people tried to run into freed France, where the French government was the Vichy government, who were actually collaborators with the German. It was headed by Marshal Petain, who was an old man by then, who had been a hero in the war of 1914-1918 war. And the prime minister was called Pierre Laval, who was definitely a very big collaborator and definitely not a friend of the Jews.

At that time, the Germans made an arrangement with the Vichy government to mobilize all young French people for labor in Germany. And in return, they would exchange prisoners of war who were wounded and sick. My father had been slightly wounded. He never told us that in his letter, but he had been slightly wounded. And unfortunately, he was repatriated in non-occupied France, in a city called Perpignan, where they had a hospital there, by the Spanish border. And of course, at the time we didn't realize that this was an unfortunate thing. We were delighted and happy that my father was in Free France. And so we were to join him.

The arrangement had been made that we would have-- because he could not come back in the occupied zone. He had to stay in Free France. So we were going to join him when my school was over. And the school in France was over in those days two days before the 14th of July, which was a national holiday. And I was in boarding school at the time. My mother had placed me in a boarding school for safety, quite a while-- quite a trip away from our home.

How old were you at that time?

At that time, I was exactly 14 years old. This was-- we're talking about 1942. So as I said, school ended in July, about

July-- I think I came home on July 12. I was met by a maid that we had had at the train station, who came to give me my sweater with the yellow star because, as far as in the school, I didn't wear a yellow star. I was supposed not to-- nobody knew I was Jewish except the head of the school, who was very well aware of the fact that I was Jewish. But nobody else knew-- maybe some of the teachers, but none of the students were supposed to know that I was Jewish. And I wasn't supposed to tell them. And I didn't.

When I came home that night, as I said, this maid came with the sweater with the Jewish star. And she informed me that my mother was in the hospital and that my father was going to come that very night, home. I hadn't seen my father, of course, since 1940, so that was 1942. It was two years. And sure enough, that night-- of course, I was very upset to hear that my mother was in the hospital. I didn't know exactly what ailed her. Even if I was explained, I didn't understand it very well.

And my father came that evening. And he went, my God. I hadn't seen him for two years. My father always had gray hair, but I think that he would be all white. His hair had turned all white, and he was very slim and very thin. And of course, I was very happy to see him. And he informed me that we were going to pack everything and that the next morning a friend of ours, very early in the morning, was going to come and take us to hide us in somebody's home. Obviously, we were going to go where my sister was. Josette was with Mama Marie and Papa Auguste, that family named Collins. And we were going to go there and stay there until my mother was well enough to be discharged from the hospital.

And so we packed. And we had an armoire. You know, in France everybody has an armoire. And the armoire on the inside had a big mirror. The whole door was mirrored. And in his eagerness to pack, my father broke the mirror. And he said to me, oh, my God. That's bad luck. And we packed what we could. And my father said, no, we should take a rest, but Monsieur [FRENCH] was the man that was supposed to come. I still remember those names. I don't remember what I did yesterday, but certain names still stay with me. Monsieur [FRENCH] was going to come early in the morning to take us.

And so we went to bed. He went in his bedroom. I went in mine. And then I heard a knock on the door. It was still dark, and I thought it was Monsieur [FRENCH] that was coming to get us. And I went to open the door. And to my surprise, there were two Gestapo men dressed in-- plain-clothesmen-- and two German soldiers with a gun-- and one was holding a German shepherd-- and a Frenchman from the secret police, who was a friend-- not a friend of my father, but they called each other by first name. And they used-- they knew each other very well. And they forced themselves, of course, inside the door my father.

I ran to my father's bedroom, and my father was white as a sheet. And they told us to get dressed. They were going to take us to the police station. And my father was trembling so that he couldn't even button his shirt. So he asked me to help him button his shirt, and I did. And he got dressed. And meanwhile, the Germans were ransacking our house. And they were yelling in German to my father, "Schnell, Jude. Schwein Jude." which means "Fast, you Jewish pig."

And so we were dressed. And they took us down. And when we got to the sidewalk, there were two Gestapo car, black car. I don't know. From then on, I remember everything in black and white. I understand it's very common, I was told, with a lot of children that survived the Holocaust, you remember those days as black and white. And when we hit the street, the Gestapo people wanted me to go in one car and my father in the other. And I wouldn't do it. And they wanted to separate us, and they tried to separate us, but I was clinging to my father.

And by then, all our neighbors-- some of them were in the street in their nightgowns and their robes, and all the windows were open, and everybody was looking out. And they started to shout, leave her alone. She's only a child. Let her go with her father. So I think the Germans let me go with my father not so much because they cared about me as a child, because a Jewish child was less than an ant on the floor, but I think that because they were-- it was creating a commotion in the street. So they let me go with my father. And we were driven to the police station. It was very close to our home.

And at the police station, they kept asking us where my mother was. And we kept saying, we don't know. My father was interrogated, first by the German Gestapo, who had an interpreter. And then they interrogated me, and they wanted to

know the whereabouts of my mother. And without consulting each other, we both told the same story. We told them that they had a fight, and that my mother left home. And then we were brought back into the center of the police station. The French, I have to say that the French policemen were stunned. They didn't know. They didn't even talk to us. They were so-- they were embarrassed. They felt so bad. But they couldn't say anything.

And my father, even though it was July-- it was early in the morning, and I lived in a city where the-- called the Vosges mountains, so even though it was July, in the morning it was quite cold. So they had a stove in the middle of the police station. And we sat around the stove, my father and I. And he had a book, a little address book. And he kept tearing the addresses and throwing them in the stove. It's because he had addresses of other Jewish people. And I guess he didn't want the Germans to see it. He also gave me some money.

I remember him giving me some money. He says, in case we're separated. A short time later, my mother appeared. And she had a bag-- not a bag but-- not a bag, a pocketbook-- not a pocketbook, but like a little suitcase with a zipper, with towels in it. Somebody had obviously given the Germans my mother's whereabouts, and they took her out of the hospital.

And of course, I went towards her and we embraced. And right after that, they made us go out on the sidewalk, where again, a German Gestapo car was waiting. And they held me back. And they told my parents to enter the car. And in spite of the fact that they held me back, my mother ran and father came to kiss me. And my mother said to me, if they let you go free, go tell all the Jews in the town that they will be next. Because you see, my parents had one distinction. They were the first Jews to be arrested in that city.

And then she turned around to me and she said to me, take care of Josette, your sister. And those were-- they're my friends in my mind. The car disappeared. It had to go over the bridge. I stood on the sidewalk, stunned. I didn't know what happened to me. And there was a French policeman, who put his arms around me and asked me to go back to the police station, which I did. But I was-- I mean, you know.

With your sister?

Excuse me?

You went back to the police station with your sister?

No, my sister was staying with those people, with my Mama Marie and-- the Collins family. She was not at home when they came to arrest. It was just my father and I. I mean, I was on the sidewalk and walked back. They asked me to walk back to the police station.

A short while after that, two women came in. These women was a mother and daughter. One was a woman who was a laundress or had done laundry for my mother, who lived in our building. And the reason they lived in our building, they had their own apartment had been destroyed during the bombing, and so they took over my aunt's, who had-- didn't you remember the aunt that we had lost track of. They had taken over their apartment. So they lived in our building. But in order to go to their apartment, you had to pass our door.

So they were told to take me home to their house and take care-- you know, take me into their home and watch me. But I was to go back to the German kommandantur and sign in every single other-- a specific day that I don't recall at the moment.

Did they know that you had a younger sister?

Excuse me?

Did they know that these you had--

These two women knew.

No, no, no. The Gestapo, did they know?

They knew, but they didn't know where she was. Obviously, they must have known. So my sister was out of town and with this family. OK? This woman, the laundress' daughter was a known prostitute. And prostitutes know no distinction. They go with whom they pay. So when I stayed at their home, I was-- the first night, I was told that the next day, during the afternoon while the old woman went to do her work, I was to stay in the street, that I was not to stay in the apartment.

So I went down in the street, like I was told. And all the neighbors were talking to me because they felt so bad. My parents were very, very well liked by everybody. And all of a sudden, Papa Auguste, Monsieur Collins came and touched me on my shoulder. And I saw him, he was on his bicycle. And he said to me, don't say anything. When I disappear around the corner, just walk slowly and follow me. Don't ask me any questions now. and he left. And I did.

And I found him around the corner. And he had a man's bicycle, of course, so he sat me on the bar. And he took me back to their home because he-- you know, it was a small town. First of all, the Germans had, I think-- I think they went up to the Collins family to inquire about my mother.

You say it was a small town. Did it have a small Jewish community?

Oh, it had quite a-- as a matter of fact, it had a rather large Jewish community for a small town. Most of-- a lot of the stores in the main street were owned by Jews, and most of them also emigrant Jews. Because the French Jews were already well established as lawyers and industrials and so forth. The town was about 40,000 people. About 40,000 people in this town.

So I ended up at the Collins home, of course. And Papa Auguste, I refer to him because that was his name, Monsieur Collins or Papa August. And I had a big garden in the back of their home, where they grew their own vegetables and everything else. And in the back of the garden were-- in France, in all the farms, they used at that time horse manure for fertilizer. Yes.

And so every farmer had a pile in the front of their home, the bigger the pile of course, the richer the farmer. But of course, this was a private home. So the pile of horse manure was in the back of-- all the ways back to the back of the garden. And Papa Auguste told me that he had dugged a very big hole in the ground, and he had put the horse manure on top of a piece of wood. And in case a German came to the home-- they adored my sister. Of course, they adored my little sister. And in case the Germans came to the house, there was enough room for two people to go into this hole. And he would cover it with this piece of wood with the horse manure.

Now, as a coincidence-- the Collins family lived on a very steep hill, right on top of a very steep hill. And the mayor of the town, his last name was Collins. And their name was Collins. When the Germans finally came a week or two later to look for Josette and I, they went to the Collins, the mayor's home first. They thought that's where we were. A neighbor ran immediately and came to warn us. So Papa Auguste and Mama, he made us run into the garden and did put us in that trench, and covered us with the horse manure.

What happened to your cousin, your little cousin?

I forgot to tell you. My aunt eventually came back to Epinal looking for her daughter. And to her relief she, found that we were safe. She had been told by someone that our car had been bombed and had been exploded-- and had exploded, and we were all killed, by the way, by somebody from Epinal who had seen a car similar to ours who, in fact, had exploded. But to her relief, she came and took her daughter back to non-occupied France, where she--

So she was out of this home.

She was out of-- yes. And so we hid in this trench. And we could hear the Germans, with their dogs barking and everything. And my little sister was only four at the time. I was 14, and Josette was four. We have-- I'm 10 years her

senior. And I had to put my hand in front of her mouth because she was crying.

Well it seemed like an eternity. It probably wasn't. But of course, eventually the daughter kept going back to the us and to whisper that the Germans are leaving and we don't want to let you out right away in case they come back. So eventually they took us out of this trench. And we went to neighbors across the street. It was no longer safe to stay at the Collins home.

Are these non-Jewish neighbors?

Of course, non-Jewish, very plain, poor. I mean, working class people in France. And so we went to the neighbors across the street, who took us in for the night. And it was decided that they had cousins-- the Collins family had relatives of some sort in a small, little village not too far away from where they lived. And we would stay there until it was decided what to do with us. And then Mama Marie got in touch with cousins of my mother, who had lived in the South of France in non-occupied France, who had lived in a castle. This cousin had five children of her own, who ranged from about 23 to also four, eventually-- in different ages.

And so she-- I don't know how she got in touch with them, and this cousin of my mother said, if there's nothing else that can be done, send her two children. Now, I was of age 14 at the time. In order to cross the border from occupied France to non-occupied France, I needed papers that were not given that readily. And especially, a Jew could not apply for papers. So I had to pass the border illegally. Josette was able to go with a woman because children under a certain age did not require papers. So if you were with an adult they did not-- so to pass Josette and non-occupied France would be easy. For me, I had to cross illegally.

And Mama Marie again found someone who told me what to do. I had to take a train to a certain town, where I would go to a cafe where the people had experience in helping Jews or anyone that wanted to cross the border. So I took this train. I didn't take the train in Epinal, of course, because it was dangerous. So I took the train-- somebody took me on a motorcycle in the nearby little town, where I took a train to this town. But of course, the trains at that time were not exactly requisitioned, but they were used mostly for the military who were the Germans. So when I sat in the compartment, I was the only civilian. And of course, there was three Germans on this side, two next to me, and I near the window.

And I was 14 years old. And obviously, well-- for my age, I was as tall as I am today, I never grew much after that. And I was very well-- I didn't realize why this German soldier was staring at me. I was convinced that he knew exactly where I was going and that-- but of course, he was staring for different reasons. To my relief, when I got off the train, he did not follow me. He went further.

And I got off in this little town. It was flooded with Germans because it was the border. So there was a lot of German. And in order to reach this cafe, where I was going to speak to the people that were going to pass me illegally, I had to pass, I remember, on the main street, a German kommandantur with a flag that looked bigger than life. And I was scared. And every soldier that looked at me, I was sure that he knew why I was there.

So eventually, I reached this cafe. And it was 12 o'clock, dinner time. I mean, because in France they have, not dinner time, but they have their big meal. And the cafe was full of people. And I rushed over to the bar. And I said to the bartender-- and there were Germans at the bar, also standing, drinking beer. And I told the bartender why I was there. And I blurted out very loudly, and the poor man turned white. And he grabbed me and told me to be quiet. That was going to have him. You're crazy. I mean, you know.

And fortunately, the Germans hadn't understood. The two Germans that were at the counter did not understand French. And the people that were around were too busy. And then nobody heard me, even though I was quite loud. He dragged me into the kitchen, and he was quite angry at me. And there was an old grandmother there that was helping in the kitchen, preparing meals, kept saying to him, leave her alone. She's only a child. Leave her alone. Because he was quite angry. I could have had-- I mean, this was a very dangerous thing they were doing.

So they told me to sit there, and I did until know lunchtime was over. And finally they had-- because lunchtime in

France is two hours. It was from 12:00 to 2:00. So eventually he came with his wife and his daughter and the whole family. They came back into the kitchen, where I was sitting, to eat their own meal. And he was still very angry with me. But his family calmed him down because I was only a young girl. And they told me that I would sleep over there that night, and the next day they would help me across the border.

And the daughter, who was about 18, was the one that was going to help me. And how I was to cross the border, you see, the town was divided by a train station, and the rail--

By the tracks.

By the tracks. And the so the people who lived in that town were able to go back and forth. They had papers because they had relatives or business back and forth. So the Germans knew them well. They had no problem crossing. But of course, I couldn't do that. So this young girl took me to a small area. And she explained to me the other tracks. The tracks were elevated, and there were bushes, and we were standing there. And she said she showed me that there were two German guards that were guarding this-- those tracks. And they were going back and forth like this.

And then, of course, they would meet in the middle, and they would go back this way. And when they reached the other side, they would turn around. And the idea is for me to cross when they were like this. And I had to run across the track and she told me that when I ran across the track, I was on the other side, I would be completely safe and in free France and that the Germans couldn't do nothing to me at that point, that I was in unoccupied France.

And she showed me a house from where we stand. And she told me it was her aunt's house. And when I got on the other side, I was to go to that house, where she would be waiting for me. Well, she gave me the signal. And I ran. And I ran across the track. And on the other side, I fell into a ditch that was full of water. And even though she had told me that I was in free France, I didn't believe that I was in free France. And I was afraid to get out of this ditch.

And Germans kept coming back and forth. And the dogs were barking quite loudly because they obviously must have known there was somebody there. But they couldn't see me. There was the bushes and so forth. They couldn't see me. And I was afraid. I stayed there for quite a long time. And finally this girl got a little nervous, so she came to fetch me. And she got me out of the ditch. And she assured me that I didn't have to worry anymore, that I was in Free France.

So she took me to her aunt's house. And they received me very well. They took care of my-- oh, I had no change of clothes, by the way, I had nothing. So they cleaned my clothes. I don't know what they lend me something to wear. In the meantime, they fed me. And I remember only one thing about that night. I slept in that bed and it was so cozy. Maybe it wasn't as cozy as I remember it. But because I felt relieved that I wasn't Free France, I remember that bed being so warm and comfortable and safe.

I was told that the next morning there was a car that I would take that would take me to the next town, where there was a train station because it was quite far from the nearest train station, that I could take a train to take me towards my destination, which was South of France. And so the next morning we went to this car. But unfortunately, somebody had more money than me. And they paid the man more money. And there was no room for me in that car. So I decided that I was going to walk, do this by foot. Even though they advised me not to, but I was in such a hurry to reach my destination, so I decided that I would go by foot.

And I started in my journey. And it was quite far. So I had to cross a very big forest. And to be quite honest with you, I was very scared. It was getting dark, and the birds all over the place, right.

You were all alone?

All alone. And I was quite scared because there was dead animals on the floor. So the crows-- there were crows all over the place eating those dead animals and flying all over me. And to this day, because of that, I'm extremely scared of birds that they fly. I'm never scared to look at them. But I can't stand birds flying near me because I was surrounded by hundreds of crows. So I was-- it was really quite an experience, a scary experience.



I came to a clearing, and there was a house. And so I knocked on the door. And this lady came to the door. She was holding a baby in her arms. She had a little child on her side. And I explained the situation to her. And I told her that it was getting dark and that I was scared, and that I was to reach the city called Bourg-en-Bresse. That was the city that I was supposed to reach, where there would be--

When you said that you told the woman your story, did you tell her also-- did you blurt it out like you did before? Oh, it didn't matter. I was in Free France. So this was fine. And this woman was a young woman. I told you, she was holding a baby in her arms and a little girl at her side. And she told me to come in. She said that her husband was working in the field but that I should come in and they would take me in for the night.

And then her uncle was a butcher. And he was doing his round. And he was going to pass in the morning. So when he was doing his run, he would be able to take me to Bourg-en-Bresse, where I was supposed to take the train to go towards my destination. And so they took me-- they took me in all night. They fed me. They felt very bad for me. I mean, I was a kid of-- a child of 14. I want you to know that these people, I only met them that one day.

Later on, I have to go ahead to tell you this. Later on, I was in a boarding school in a town called Avignon. And I kept corresponding with them. And when I told them that I was hungry, they sent me packages, as well as the people in the restaurant that passed me. And for years I corresponded with these people. But while I was in that school, these people would send me packages. I only spent that short time with them.

A lot of bad things have been said about the French collaborators. And many Jewish people were wouldn't have been deported if it wasn't for the Vichy government. But very little has been said about the nice people that saved our lives. So it's important to bring it to everybody's attention.

So at anyway, eventually-- it's a long story, so I won't go into it. But eventually I ended up in my cousin's home. And I was quite--

In Free France?

In Free France. I was quite impressed. It was a castle. You know, it was more of a Renaissance-type of Castle, not middle-- not the middle age type, but still a castle. They were quite wealthy people. But still, they had five children to worry about. And they took me in. Eventually, this lady with papers for Josette, so Josette came, of course. And so now there were seven children.

How long had you been separated from Josette?

Oh, maybe a month. I was quite anxious. Because, don't forget, my mother said take care of Josette. So this was like branded into my brain. That's all I-- Josette was my responsibility.

So my cousin decided that I should go to boarding school in Avignon, which I did. And each-- her daughter went to school too. My cousin was exactly my age, but she went to a school in Orange, which was another town.

[CROSS TALK]

Oh, yes. And so my cousin gave each child a little bag made out of material with some money in it in case something happened, we should have some money. So I would come back on weekends occasionally and on holidays to the castle because it wasn't that far to see Josette, of course-- I was very attached to Josette-- and to be with them. And I have to say that this was my mother's first cousin whom I referred to as my aunt, but she was actually my mother's first cousin. And in spite of the fact that she had five children, Josette and I were treated no better or no worse than her children.

And the reason I say no better, when you have five children, you have to exercise some discipline with them. So we were-- I will always be grateful to this cousin of my mother, who is no longer with us, of course now. One day when I came back on the weekend, I noticed, as I approached the castle, that there was German trucks all over the place and German soldiers everywhere. So I realized that there was something wrong. So I went to the nearby farmer because the

castle was also part of an estate that they were cultivating. And so they had farmers that worked for them. I went to the nearest farmer, who informed me that my cousin, Marceline, was my own age-- and her father, and two other young women who had come to visit had been arrested by the German.

And fortunately, my mother's cousin was in the back of her garden with her youngest son, who was my sister's age, Michele, my sister Josette, and her daughter Jacqueline. And she, of course, realized that the German was coming. So she ran away and went to one of her farmers, who eventually took her to another town, but they didn't know where.

Now here I was, middle of nowhere. But thank God, I had this little bag with money. And my mother's sister I knew was in a city called Saint Pourcain, also near Vichy, with her husband and two children. And I thought this is where I must go. I didn't know where else to go. So I took the train. This was a long trip because we were at the bottom of the South of France. And I had to go all the way up and back into the middle of France. So it was a long trip. And as I said, the trains were not scheduled properly, so it took me quite a while. And I arrived at my aunt's house, my mother's sister, with my two cousins, Janine and Ida and my uncle, her husband.

Well, my aunt wasn't too happy to see me. I guess she was scared. By that time, the Germans decided to occupy all of France. There was no more Free France.

How long since you had left your parents or heard from your parents?

Well, we're talking probably a year later.

And during that year, you were wondering what happened to your parents?

Well, of course. The only thing, we didn't know that about concentration camp. I mean, we were told that they were deported to work camps in Germany. This is what we were told, that they went to work because the Germany needed labor.

Because a year in a young woman's life means an awful lot.

Of course. So when I arrived at my aunt's, I noticed that she wasn't too happy. And then my cousin was exactly my age. Although we were very close, this cousin of mine-- he died now-- but you know, my aunt wasn't-- I don't know. I don't think she liked me very much for whatever reason she had of her own. And she was a very neurotic woman, to say the least. And she was scared. They had to hide. As I said, the Germans now had occupied all of France. So the Jews were no longer safe in free so-- there was no more Free French.

As I said, this town was near Vichy. And I was a very curious child. And my father always told me about all the beautiful cities in France. So one day I told my aunt that I wanted to take the bus and go to Vichy, to visit the town of Vichy. And she let me. I took the bus. And I was walking around Vichy. And that in France, like most places in Europe, they have cafes. And in the warm weather, people sit outside.

And I passed by a cafe, and I heard some men talking. And I looked, and I noticed that this man looked extremely familiar to me. And I kept looking at him, and I kept saying he's from Epinal. So sure enough, I walked over, and I looked. I said to him-- I didn't know his name. I didn't know him personally. I said, are you from Epinal. And he said, yes. And I said to him, I am Paul Glicenstein's daughter. You probably knew my father. And he was a Jewish man.

And he said, of course I knew your father, very well. And we spoke. And I told him-- he knew all about us and that my parents had been arrested. And he said to me, I want to go back to your aunt's house with you tonight. I'll take the bus back with you, because he knew my aunt also and her husband. And I'll take you home. And so we did. And my aunt only had two rooms, like a small kitchen and one bedroom, where everybody slept. And some of us slept even on the floor in the kitchen.

I don't know what my aunt told me, but this man said to me that he was going to take me. Now, I don't know where Josette is at that time. And I feel very guilty and very bad because my mother said take care of Josette, and I have

absolutely no idea where my sister is. And so this man said to me, for my safety, it would be best if I would go in a small village. He used to go there quite often for food because people in the cities would go into villages to get some food because in the cities everything was rationed.

And with money, you could-- there was a lot of black market going on. So he told me that he would take me to this little village. And he's pretty sure that these particular farmers would take me in. And I think my aunt was very glad to let me go. She didn't hold me back and didn't tell me not to go. And so I followed him. And he took me to this village. We took a train or a bus. I don't recall.

And when we arrived in this village, from the main road you could only see the steeplechase of the church. It was on an incline. And the people's farm where I was to go was all the way at the bottom near a stream. It was quite beautiful there. And when we arrived near that house, this gentleman told me to stay outside, that he would first have to talk to them. He wanted me to stay outside.

Well, I stood outside. And it seemed like an eternity again when you went outside. But obviously, it might have been-- have been that long. And finally, they told me to come in. And the household-- this household was a grandmother, her son, and his wife, and a granddaughter. And the grandmother was really the head of the household. I mean, she was the-- she dictated everything, kindly, but what should be done, the work and everything else. And they referred to her as La MÃ©mÃ©. La MÃ©mÃ©, in French, is short for Grandmere. And so we refer to her as La MÃ©mÃ©. And she came over to me, and she said to me, La petit.

She never called me by my name. She only always call me La petit. La petit, in French, means young one or little one. In this case, it must have been the young one. And she said to me, we'll take you in. The only thing you have to promise to go to church because no one in this house has never gone to church. First of all, it's bad luck. And also, nobody is to know that you're Jewish. So you have to follow the Catholic religion, which I agreed. And they took me in.

And the gentleman left. He came back a few times in the weeks to come to get food on weekends. But eventually, he didn't come back. And I later found out-- later on found out that he had been deported with his family never to return. So I stayed with this family. I helped with the farm. They used to make fun of me because they used to call me "City Girl," because I wasn't used to it. As a matter of fact, there was a goose that used to pinch me all the time. She probably knew I was afraid of her.

But they were very kind to me. They really were very kind. The grandmother was very stern, but a very kind woman. In the wintertime, she knitted me underwear made out of old wool that they recycled so I should be warm. And of course, I had no shoes, so they gave me a pair of wooden shoes like they were in Holland because that's what they wore in this village. But I was very concerned with my sister, of course, not knowing where she was.

So one day a letter came. One day a letter came from a woman who had been a maid in the castle. How she got my address I'll never know. I don't know how she found me. There must be an explanation which escapes me at the moment. And they told me that my sister was staying in a small city, it's not so small, but a city called Arles in the South of France again.

And I got the address of these people. And I told the farmers, I have to go get my sister. And they were very much against it. They were afraid for my safety. And I said, no, I have to go get my sister. So they went to the mayor, who gave me a false identity card with a real French name.

I don't remember what the name was, but it was not Glicenstein, or "Glicensten," as it was pronounced in France, but not a Jewish name, of course. It was dangerous. So I went to this-- it was quite a trip again, back. And I arrived at this home. And in this house, there was the older mother and her daughter-in-law, whose husband was a prisoner of war. They were the only two women in this house. And when I arrived, Josette was in school. And by that time, Josette must have been five.

And when I told the woman why I was here. She said, oh, I'm not giving you your sister. She was put at my charge. She's my responsibility. You're only a child yourself. I cannot do that. And I said, well, if you don't give me my sister,

I'll stay here. I'm not going to be separated. My mother told me take care of my sister. And there's no way. Either I take her back with me to the village where I'm staying, or I'm going to stay here. You'll have to keep me too.

So she told me to stay overnight. And that night I went to bed with the daughter-in-law. They didn't have that much room. So of course, when I saw Josette coming home from school, I don't have to tell you how we embraced and happy we were to see each other. She was a beautiful child. Shirley Temple had nothing over Josette, big blue eyes, little nose, curly hair. And so I went to sleep with-- Josette had a little bed, and I slept in the same bed with the daughter-in-law, who comforted me. And-- because the older woman was quite stern and scared me. And she kept telling me don't worry. Everything will be all right.

When we woke up the next morning, or when I woke up, the old woman was not at home. Josette went to school. And the daughter-in-law told me that her father-in-law was in the hospital and that the older woman had gone to visit him, that I should just stay. And she took me around the town.

Arles is a beautiful historical town. So she took me to visit the town. And we went to pick up Josette in school. And when we came back, the old woman was back home. And she announced to me that I could have my sister. What she obviously did is my cousin was hiding someplace and probably went to my cousin. That's what I found out after the war, after the liberation. But at the time I didn't know that. And my cousin told her that it was OK, that I was a very responsible young lady and that it would be cruel not to let me take my sister because obviously, this woman could not take care of both of us. She was a poor woman, and she certainly couldn't have had me and my sister.

So I took Josette. And went back up and across, and we ended up in the village, not without-- we were-- our papers were checked in the train. Everybody in France has to have an identification card, especially at that time with the Germans. So the Germans, Gestapo, would very often go to the train and check people's papers. Because obviously, this woman could not take care of both of us. She was a poor woman and she certainly could not have had me and my sister. So I took Josette and went back up and across, and we ended up in the village, not without-- our papers were checked in the train.

Everybody in France has to have an identification card, especially at that time with the Germans. So the Germans, Gestapo, would very often go through the train and check people's papers. And I had a very French name on those papers. And this German SS looked at me and said, [GERMAN]. And I thought, oh my God, that's it. [GERMAN] means you are a Jewish, you're Jewish. And I thought he was going to arrest me, but he didn't.

Josette and I made it back safely to the village. And the grandmother was so emotional for the first time in her life. She kept saying to me, oh little one, I never thought you would make it. I never thought you'd come back alive. I never thought-- and they were very happy to-- that we were back. The little granddaughter was a year younger than Josette, so they became very good friends.

Meanwhile in the village, the mayor lived in the nearby town, the largest nearby town called Clermont-Ferrand. But they had a castle in the near the village where I was hiding, where his whole family would spend the summer. And he knew about me. And I had no money, not a Franc to my name by that time. So the mayor suggested to the farmers that I should come for the summer and work as a maid in the castle. And so I did.

And I had to speak to them at the third person. I don't know if you can understand that. Instead of saying, would you like me to do this, I would have to say, does Madame want me to do this. I mean, the French aristocracy at the time thought they were really superior and looked down on people and treated not people badly, but that second-class citizen. And of course, being a maid, that was no different.

So I spent the whole summer there. I won't go into details. It was a long summer.

Now you were about 15?

I was about 15 at the time. I was hired as an [FRENCH]. [FRENCH] as a maid of all--

All purposes.

--all purposes. Yes. From washing windows, to scrubbing floor, to ironing. And there was a cook besides me. So the cook strictly did the cooking because it was a very large family. So not only did I wash windows and scrub floors and whatever-- I didn't do the laundry. They had a laundress for that, thank God, because I don't think I could have done it very well. But I had to serve them at the table and wear the uniform. At night I had to open their beds and, like you do in a hotel, open the bedspread.

And on Sunday I was allowed to go-- I had to go to mass, of course, on Sunday morning. And I had to serve lunch. And I only had a few hours until dinner time to go visit Josette at the farm. In this village, I had befriended a young girl, a young girl a little older than I-- if I was 15, she might have been 18 at the time-- and her mother, who lived in Clermont-Ferrand, in the large town nearby. And they used to come to visit their relatives on weekends, also to get food. And this girl and I, both being city girls, so to speak, had an affinity. And so we became very good friends.

So when my job was finished at the farm-- her name was Bernadette. Her brother was a priest, and I don't have to tell you how religious they were. I mean, you know. Bernadette and her mother told me that, when my job was finished, that I should come back and stay with them in Clermont-Ferrand, and they could find me a little job, where I could earn some money, and we would come home on weekend to see Josette.

Josette wasn't too happy about that. But the idea of earning some money was very appealing to me. So I went back with this family. And they had a very nice apartment. But there was no heat during the war. So we all slept in the same bed in the winter to keep warm. They were very kind to me. And they shared their meager--

Which year was that about?

Well, it was 1943 and '44. Don't forget, we were liberated-- the Americans debarked in 1944. So I would say, at that point, it was still 1944. When I remember those years, it was only two years, from 1942 till 1944, that we were liberated. Actually it was two years. And to me it was like an eternity. And in my mind, it still seems like an eternity.

Well, at any rate, I stayed with these people. And they introduced me to this woman, who happened to be from Epinal, at one point, who owned a store, among many other stores that she owned, where you brought used clothes that would be-- that you sell. You know, it was very common during the war to do that because it was very expensive or, first of all, we had even ration coupons to buy clothes. So and this store, people would bring their clothes. If we saw them, they would get a certain amount of money, and the store would make a percentage.

And there was a manager in this store. And this woman gave me a job in her store. And she referred to me as Epinal because we both came from Epinal. And so I worked in the store on weekends-- not on weekends, only on Sunday, I would go back with Bernadette and her mother to the farm to visit Josette and go back on Sunday night to be ready to go to work on Monday.

And so I stayed with these very, very wonderful people with whom I still correspond. Of course, my mother is dead, but Bernadette is still alive, and her daughter, of course, and her children. And I still correspond with the only living person in the farm, where I stayed, the daughter-in-law, who is a very old woman now. As a matter of fact, every year when I write, I'm always afraid that my letter is going to come back.

So at any rate, the one morning-- now we're in June of 1944. In the middle of the early morning, we heard people screaming and yelling and singing the French national anthem. And we opened the shutters. And we heard people yelling [FRENCH], the Americans-- This was D-day. The Americans had debarked. And as I said, there are many days in our lives that stand above all others in our mind forever, and certainly that was my day. Because right away I thought my parents would come back because I thought they were in a working camp. I never thought-- I didn't know anything about concentration camp. So they would be coming back.

And I was extremely impatient to get back to Epinal. Epinal was in Eastern France, and when the Americans debarked, they didn't cross France with the breeze. They had to fight their way through and especially in Eastern France. But I

decided that I had to go back with Josette in Epinal because when my parents were coming back from these working camps, they wouldn't find me where I was. And against everybody's advice, I decided to go back. And it was not an easy trip because there was a lot of bridges that had been blown, so you would go to a certain point with the train and then you had to be on foot and then end up in Paris.

Did Josette go with you willingly?

Oh, Josette was attached to me like glue-- glued to me at all times. If I left Josette to go any place for a half hour, she was hysterical.

What when you were working, and you only saw her over the weekend.

On Sunday. Well, she was with the farmers, and they were kind to her. But she couldn't wait for Sunday to see me. And every time I left, she was hysterical crying. And they were good to her. These people were good people. They were very kind, good people.

Was it difficult for you at times to feel that you were responsible for your younger--

Excuse me.

Was it difficult for you to feel you were responsible at all times for a younger sister.

I-- those were with my mother's last words. I didn't fear it. I didn't-- I probably felt I didn't do as good a job as I should have. But I felt-- part of me was very mature, and part of me was the age I was. I had to go through so much that-- and nobody babied me along the way. I mean, everybody-- I met a lot of kind people, but we were not exactly-- this was not mother's love.

First of all, I tried-- I tried so hard to be always so good and so nice so people should like me. Because I felt that I was imposing in their home. So I tried very hard to always be the best I could be had.

You had to be grateful at all times.

At all times, and conduct myself in a certain manner. As a matter of fact, when I came to America, people used to say that I apologize for being alive. I was so polite. I tried so hard to be nice.

But at any rate, I got back to Epinal. And of course, I went to the Collins home. And to Mama Marie's fear, they were still fighting back and forth. The Epinal was liberated the next day. But the Germans were too busy fighting the armed forces to worry about arresting me. And eventually, we were completely liberated.

And then we found out about the concentration camps. Eventually the news came. And so I had heard that-- now don't forget, I'm in Epinal, and it's about two and a half hours away from Paris by train, changing trains in Nancy. I had heard-- or I was told that the surviving concentration camp people were coming back and that they would be coming towards-- Paris has several train stations. And they would be coming to [FRENCH], which was the eastern station.

And I told my Mama Marie I must go to Paris because I want to be at the station when my parents come back. I was convinced they would be coming back. And Mama Marie tried to dissuade me because she knew she probably-- I didn't for sure that so many had been killed and in what manner they had been killed. And so she had-- oh, the neighbor across the street had family in Paris. And they got in touch with them, and the family took us in. And every day I would go to the train station waiting for the trains to arrive. And of course, the stations were full of people, the Red Cross and all kinds of people, newspaper people, everybody.

And when they first came off the trains, of course, most of them were-- could hardly walk. A lot of them were on stretcher. And the first convoy, they were-- not my parents were in there, so I figured they would be in the second or the third convoy. And finally, a woman from the Red Cross who had seen me-- now, you have to picture me very shabbily

dressed with my little sister by the hand, waiting. And I was convinced that my parents were so disfigured because they had age and they had lost so much weight, but they were in the convoy and I didn't recognize them.

So this woman from the Red Cross took pity on us and approached me and told me not to come back. That there will be many, many more trains. And if my parents come back-- she took my address where I stayed in Epinal, and that we would be-- she would advise me personally to go back to-- that was a horrible sight, I don't have to tell you, to see these people coming in there, a very bad sight.

So I went back to Epinal. By then--

What did you tell Josette?

Josette was too little. Josette was-- I don't know. She was just contented to-- I don't think she realized the atrocities she was seeing. And I told her what this woman-- I still was hopeful. When this woman from the Red Cross told me that there would be many more convoys, and that there were people in the hospitals in Germany and in Holland and-- and they had dispersed all over the place, so I was still hopeful that eventually my parents would--

Did she remember very much of her parents?

Not at all. Not at all because, don't forget, my mother had placed her at this Mama Marie's home at a very young age. And so she had no--

So it was more the idea of parents--

Pictures that were-- you now. And so I went back to Epinal. I had a job at the time. I was working in an office that had to do with the cause of food ration cause I was making addition like that. I don't multiply too good, but I still know how to add because there were no adding machines in those days.

And so my aunt in America, my mother's sister, who had escaped in 19-- she didn't escape. She left France, the one who lived in my home, the unmarried sister, had left France in 1939, before the war, to go to the World's Fair that was taking place in New York. And when the war broke out, she was unable to come back to France, which saved her life. My other end, who had lost her child and found her again, was able to flee from Free France through Spain, Portugal, and eventually she took a boat in Africa to America, where they had relatives. So they were in America at the time.

My aunt, the unmarried aunt, Tante Regine, Aunt Regina, somehow I don't know how, through the Red Cross, or she remembered Mama Marie, found our whereabouts. Now I had two sets of family in America. Both my mother's sisters had lived in France and several cousins in Detroit that I had never met in my life but were also from my father's-- my mother's side. Then there was my father's family, which consisted of two sisters, two brothers, and there had been other brothers that had died also. And so I didn't know them at all.

They were quite well to do, my father's family in this country. So my aunt, who was surviving, but they were not in America for a long time. They were surviving. It was decided that my father's family would make the affidavits for Josette and I to come to America. But the letters that I received from my aunt, Tante Regine, in France were that I was going to live with her.

Well, in the meantime-- you didn't get your visas immediately-- I left Epinal to go-- some friends of my parents had come to Epinal and advised me to come to Paris and stay with them for a short time so I would be near the American Embassy in order to obtain my papers. I had the affidavits, but with the affidavit-- now, the American Embassy is located in a very beautiful place, in [FRENCH]. And the lines were around the block.

And every day I would go there with Josette, and by the time I got there, it was too late. The people I was staying with were not too happy to have two added boarders. So they looked into a home for Josette and I. And in those days, they had homes for children who had lost their parents, to house them and take care of them until they would be sent with relatives to America or to Israel or whatever the case may be. So we were placed in that home.

But I, being too old to be a child-- I was by then 16-- I worked in the office. And then after a while, the doctor took a liking to me. There was a doctor in this home. And he asked the director of the home to let me help him with the children in the infirmary, which I did. And Josette was one of the children. And at night, besides all my other duties, I would help with the children, the younger children especially, to help them prepare for bed. And of course, Josette was very happy about that because I could kiss her goodnight every night.

And then I stayed in that home for quite a while. And then one day on weekends, or some day during the week, I would go back to Paris trying to go to the embassy to get my papers. And that particular weekend, I took Josette with me, for some reason. And we stayed for a few days in town. And that Monday, I went to the embassy. And again when my turn came, it was too late. The doors were closing. And I got hysterical crying.

This man approached me, an American man who worked at the embassy, and asked me why I was crying. And I told him. And he spoke a very-- I mean, I didn't speak English. He spoke French to me. And he said to me, come back tomorrow at 9 o'clock in the morning. I'll take care of you and your sister. Well, of course, I didn't believe him because I used to go there 6 o'clock in the morning in order to be on line.

But I went online. At 9 o'clock in the morning, he went looking for me on the line. And he told me, I told you told you only to come at 9:00, that I was going to take care of you. Well, he took me in. He obviously was a very high-ranking official at the embassy because, to make a story short, I walked out with my visas to come to America. And that was August of 1945. Yeah-- or the end of August of 1945.

It was not easy to get passage to come to America. But I came by plane. And this was quite an event for me. I mean, people didn't exactly travel by plane. And the reason I came by plane is because I couldn't get a passage on the ship.

With Josette?

With Josette. Josette never left my side. With Josette. And April 15, 1946, Josette and I arrived in New York. It was Passover night, the first-- I believe it was the first night of Passover. And I'm not going to big-- I spoke for a long time now. I'm not going to go into big detail. But Cinderella story, I'll only-- it's a fairy tale, because ours was not a Cinderella story. The relatives were not that kind to us. And to make it very simple, after three or four months, my sister-- I went to work, of course, in the factory, which was fine. Working was fine. But Josette ended up in an orphanage at the age of seven.

It was seven-- I became 18 April 28, so I was 18. You know, my birthday was celebrated in the United States. But Josette ended up in an orphanage and eventually, in foster homes. And until I got married, which was when I was 22-- if God came down and asked me that I would have to relieve the four years that I spent single in this country or the four years of war, I would pick the four years of war because I found solidarity in France. But the four years here were very, very traumatic.

So when you got married, you were able to get Josette back?

Oh, well, yes. When I got married, Josette came to stay.

What did it do to Josette?

Well, Josette is scheduled, I think, to tell her story here eventually, in April. I don't have to tell you that it left-- we, all of us hidden children, children that survive, including Josette and myself, have our scars that are not completely closed. Some of us can live with it better than others. I think that I'm-- I told Josette recently that I'm extremely proud of her. And she told me if somebody gave me \$1 million they couldn't have made me happier. I waited a long time for you to tell me that.

I always felt that I didn't do enough for Josette, and she always felt she didn't live up to my expectation. And finally I told her this only recently, I'm so proud of you. Whatever you did, you did it on your own. You never asked anybody for



anything. And so we survived. I survived.

And it's important, I think that's why I'm here today, for the next generations to know what happened to all of us, to our children. And we hope that all my descendants and all the descendants of all the people will have a better life than we did.

Yes. And that's why you wanted to bear witness. It was a good reason, that it not be forgotten and maybe not happen again.

Well, absolutely. My biggest regret, I have to tell you, that when I came on this plane, Josette slept most of the trip. We stopped in Scotland in Gander airport and Newfoundland, but in between Josette was sleeping. And I was in between both countries. I had left a country where I had a life with my parents. And I was going to a new country, where I had a hope. I mean, strangers had been so good to me, I was hoping that the relatives also would be better than strangers. And I tried to make sense of what had happened, and I thought that the world had learned their lesson.

But to my deepest regret, at this time of my life, I'm very unhappy to see that the world did not learn their lesson. And so it was all in vain. They didn't learn their lesson. So hopefully the next generation will.

Did you talk to your children about it?

Well, to be honest with you, at the beginning, we were young when we arrived. We were not only children who had lost our parents, and I had to adjust to that. We were also immigrants, and we had to adjust to being immigrants and to adjust to a new country. And so for a long time, I didn't talk about it. First of all, my relatives when I came here didn't ask questions. They didn't want to know.

One aunt said to me, the youngest aunt said don't tell me. I suffered more than you. The other aunt said, don't tell me. I'll get a migraine headache. And on my father's side, his sister said, the reason they killed your father and mother, it's their fault because your father didn't want to come to America. He liked a French wine too much. And that was the end of it. Nobody wanted to know anything.

That's obviously why I had to be compelled to write a book because it was probably choking me. I didn't talk about it for a long time.

Don't your own children know?

No. They knew my parents were deported, and they went to concentration camp, and they had died, and that I took care of Josette because I was still taking care of Josette, but no big detail. Only when I wrote this book, even Josette said to me, I am so glad you wrote this book because now I know where I belong.

We should have the book in our--

Pick up your book and show them the front.

Well, this book was published 11 years ago. That's the title, my mother's last word, "Take Care of Josette." And if you could see it, there's a picture of Josette when she was four years old.

So we have both sides of the book, right?

Show me the cover again.

Oh, excuse me. Is it close enough?

You had to be such a strong person throughout the war.

I was as strong as everybody else. I don't think I was. I think that I owe this to my parents. If you think I was strong, I was raised by parents that education was important, behaving well-- my mother must have had a premonition that she would die young because she always used to say to me, I want you to behave properly because when I'm no longer here, I want people to like you. And so I had a feeling she had a premonition that she would die young. So I was raised in a certain manner, which gave me the ammunition to be able to survive, I suppose.

Do you still feel you have to be that way?

Well, yes. I don't feel that. But we still-- all the love that we didn't get from parents, we still want it today, that love that's been missing. Somebody told me recently that it's important for the growth of the child, whether they're boy or a girl, is to spend time with their parents at different level. I still remember what my parents told me at a certain-- when I was 14. But there was nothing, no guidance and nothing after that.

But you have children of your own.

Oh, of course, I have two children.

How old are they?

I have a son that's 41 years old, and a daughter that just celebrated her 34th birthday. And soon seven grandchildren-- six so far.

From the two?

Yes. And the oldest one is 18.

That certainly is an achievement.

Well, I-- I always said, I was arrested with my parents. Why wasn't I taken with them? So I consider my life a miracle. So I told my children and now I tell my grandchildren that their life is a miracle. And maybe there's a purpose. Maybe one of these children will do something for humanity or something, at least I hope they-- that they turn out to be good people.

There's also, in spite of everything, continuity because of this. And I think that's, perhaps, the meaning of it all.

Well, obviously, yes. That's true. Oh, my husb-- [FRENCH]

[FRENCH]