

One, second tape. You were telling us about the comb.

OK. I took the comb, and I was telling to my sister, let's put the date when our mother died to remember. So it was February 7, 1944. No, sorry, 1945. And I put on one side of the comb two for the month of February. On the other side, I left seven teeth for the date, 7. It was February 7, 1945.

How did you mark the comb? By pulling out the teeth?

Yes, we pulled out in the middle of the teeth, and were left on one side two teeth for February, second months. And from the other side we left seven teeth for the date, 7.

And so after probably a few days my sister got sick with the same typhus, and we were laying-- I don't know how long-- without the food, without the water. And how we survived-- I still don't understand it. I don't know I don't know.

And then sometime-- it was probably in the beginning of March. No, in the end of February, I got a little bit better, and I got out. My sister was still laying. And nobody cared if we lay, or we go, or we-- there was appells anymore because there were people dying all over the place, and with the typhus they probably don't remember what happened.

And I went out, and I saw that-- I thought that all the barracks around are very low, and I am very tall. Probably that was the imagination after the sickness. So I remember very well that they came to the edge of the barrack, and I touched it with my hand. And then I saw that the barrack is taller than I am. But when I was looking, I saw that I am very, very, very tall, so it was probably something in my head.

And I remember there was a dead horse once, and the people just ran to the dead horse, and everybody was picking a piece of the raw that horse meat, and I just got a piece of it. It was from inside the horse, and I was biting it with my teeth. And I was getting something red, something blood, something-- I don't know what. And I was bringing it to my sister and pushed in her mouth that she should get something in her. That was just horrible, just horrible.

And then one day we were taken out of the barracks and getting an appell, and we were sent-- we had to walk to the-- that was a death march.

How many people were on this death march?

That I don't remember, but it was a whole line of-- there were like four people in a line, maybe 20 lines, maybe 30 lines and four in the line. And we were sent and the soldiers around. And if somebody couldn't walk, just they shot on the place and the kolonna were going on. And how long we were walking I don't know and how far was it from Stutthof I don't know either, but I--

What time of the year was this?

That was in March, in March 1944.

What was the weather like?

It was cold, and my little sister had her boots on. And she froze her toes on that march. And it was already-- her toes were already probably frozen, and she couldn't walk. She thought she has terrible pain in her legs, and she cannot walk, and that she will sit down, and she is going to die. And I told her, you're going to sit down. I'm going to sit down with you. No, she told. You go on because maybe you can still be liberated, maybe, and you can meet our father.

And I told, I'm not going to go without your, Margot, you know it. I'm not going to go. And I tried to push her to go, but we were marched pretty fast, and she couldn't make it. So we were starting to go slower and slower, and the kolonna went forwards, and where we were the last of the kolonna. And she told, I cannot.

And there was a ditch on the right side. On my right side there were a ditch, and we just rolled in the ditch. And we closed our-- we turned down our heads, and we closed our eyes. And we were waiting to be shot. And there it was very quite, so-- was it we both or myself? I opened the eyes. I pulled up my head, and I saw a German soldiers standing above us with his-- not a gun, but the--

--rifle?

--rifle, with his rifle. It was towards us. And when I looked at him, I thought, aha, now he's going to shoot. But he didn't. He looked at us, and with his rifle he made two shots on a side. And he walked away. That was another miracle which happened to me. He just didn't shoot us, and I don't know-- until today, I don't remember why.

And he walked away to the kolonna, and we were left behind in the ditch, some kind of a ditch. So I told to my sister-- on the other side there was little houses, and I thought, we have to go to the house, and we have to knock on the door to see what we can do.

So I pulled her up, and I tried to help her to walk. And when we came to the little house-- there was houses, one away from another, but as I remember, they were pretty close to other. And there was some steps, few steps, but I couldn't make it any more. I was so weak, I couldn't make the steps, so with all my four, with the hands and with the feet, I made the three steps, and so did my sister.

And we knocked on the door, and some Polish people opened for us the door. And I could speak a little bit Polish. In my childhood I was once in summer out with Polish children, so I knew some, a little bit Polish. And I tried to explain to them that we have money in the United States, that my father left money, which-- I didn't lie. I told the truth. The last ship of mushrooms to the United States my father brought, and he was himself in the United States to the exhibition in 1939.

And the war started with Hitler, and he just left, suddenly, United States with the last ship, with Aquitania. He was supposed to go with Queen Mary, but he left with Aquitania. And when he came back, he left the money behind in the United States, and he never got the money because the Russians came in in 1940.

So I didn't lie. I told them the truth. I told, we have some money in the United States, and if you will hide us after liberation-- the Russians are probably close now, and you will have all our money. We'll give to you. Just hide us.

But we looked probably so terrible that they were afraid. They told, if they find you, they will shoot you, and they will shoot us. And I remember they gave us a hamburger, and they gave us a piece of bread to each of us and a glass of milk. And they let us in in the kitchen. The entrance was through the kitchen.

And I remember begging them to hide us, but they told-- and I was telling them that they were taking us to a camp. And they explained us how far is the camp, that it's not far, and you can make it. So we ate some. We even couldn't eat anymore. We couldn't. So we ate some, and the glass we gave back. And the hamburger with the bread we put in the pocket, and we went on. And now I was thinking--

What camp were they talking about that is near?

In my mind, it is [? Burschgraben. ?] When we were liberated, I believe it was [? Burschgraben, ?] but not on one map-- I cannot find now. I was not interested all those years. I didn't want even to find it. But now I am interested. I want to find it, and not on one map I couldn't find it. The people who interviewing me from Shoah-- they were also looking on the map. The Claims Conference people in New York-- they were looking. Nobody can find this [? Burschgraben. ?]

And I am interested now so much that I want to go back to the Stutthof, and I believe-- and I will come back to Stutthof. There is a office, and there is a museum now. And they have parts of-- it was a part of Stutthof, so I want to find it because I left my sister-- my sister died there, and I left her behind there. So I went now to find a place.

So that time they showed us, the Polish people, where to go, and we went down. And we came to that place. We came to

the gates, and we told that we are behind the kolonna. And they let us in, and they let us in. It was night already. It was dark, and they let us in in their barrack. And there were no beds at all. There was only straw on the floor.

And we laid down on the straw, and we never got up from the straw. That was it. That was the beginning of the end. In the morning when the lights came on, we saw that people are screaming, and people are crying, and people are very sick around, and everybody's dying in the straw, and that is full with lice, which-- we were trying to get rid of the lice in Stutthof, to clean our clothes as much as we could.

But here that was it. We were full with lice, and we just laid down and said-- it was wasn't long. I don't remember how long, but on March 23 we were liberated by the Russians. There were a lot of shooting around, and the Russians were running in and told, you are free, in the Russian language.

And then the first thing-- they were screaming, the soldiers, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God. That was all that they-- they even didn't believe in God, but they were true--

[SPEAKING RUSSIAN]

That's, oh my God, oh my God. Look at those bodies. Look at those bodies.

And they were coming with the stretchers. They were undressing us and undressed, naked, they were asking if we are a man or a woman. We were so skinny that-- and we were so-- the skin was black, and they couldn't even see if we are a man or a woman. They were asking our name, last name, our first name, and the date when we are born, and the city where we are from, where we are, and if we are a male or a female. They couldn't see.

And they made the right away a hospital from a school, and this hospital was-- the street was called Langfurth, and it was-- I think the city was Langfurth, and the street was [? Falkweig. ?] I remember it. There was a high school, and in this high school was built a hospital.

After the doctors checked us out, they put us in two beds, and their beds were one with the other, connected. We couldn't walk, not me, but my sister. We couldn't eat. The people who ate-- the soldiers were giving bread in the beginning. If somebody ate, they died right away because their stomach couldn't take the food anymore. They were giving us with a spoon water.

And on the other days it was our history on the beds, and they told-- on my sister's bed, and I asked the nurse, why, on her bed, is the history and why it is not on my bed. And they told that they are taking her in their surgical hospital because she has to-- her foots are frozen, and the toes have to be amputated. And I told, she cannot go without me. We have to go both.

So they put-- in a few hours they put also a my history on the bed, and they told that we are taking both to the hospital. And then on the next day the doctor came, and he told that he wants to talk to me. So they took me on the stretcher, and they brought me in the office without my sister.

And the doctor told me-- he said, your sister is not going to survive the surgery. No way that she can survive the surgery. You both have dystrophy. That means your-- dystrophy-- I don't know how it is in English. --the third stage of dystrophy, and your bodies are so weak that she cannot take this surgery. And she will die, so we want her to die here in this hospital, not under the surgery.

So I saw that he is just joking to me, that she's not going to die. I couldn't believe it. How come now when we are already liberated she's going to die? She cannot die. And he left me alone. So they brought me to the bed back, and it was a few days in the hospital. We were liberated in March 23, and on April 21 my sister died.

She was in the bed beside you?

She was in the bed beside me, and I fell asleep. And I saw a dream that I am in Riga by the Opera Theater, which is to

the right hand. And there was a pond, a kennel--

--a canal.

--a canal which was going through the Riga city. And in the dream I saw that I am swimming the canal, and I am in a white dress, and my little sister is dressed in a white dress. And then suddenly I saw my mother coming out on the other side of the canal, and she was calling my sister. She told, Margot, you have to come to me. And I was screaming in dream. Margot, don't go.

And in that time the nurse touched me and told, your sister is dying. And I opened my eyes, and I looked at my sister. And she closed her eyes, and she died right in my arms.

And after that I didn't want to eat. I didn't take the food, and I didn't want it to live because I thought, my mother is gone, and my sister is gone, and what for is now my life? And I don't want to live. I didn't want to eat, and I wasn't eating.

So they gave me shots, and they were talking to me. It was Russians, but they were very nice in the hospital. And they told that, you have to live. That is a life, and you go on with your life. I couldn't forget that time. And after that-- my sister died in April 21, and in May 9 was the end of the war. So there was a lot of noise, and it was a lot of-- everybody was-- there's fireworks, and then singing, and-- and I wasn't happy at all. I didn't want to be happy.

And after say May 9, they put me on the train on the stretchers, and they send me to a hospital, which was two hours or three hours from Moscow, in a city which is called Kolomna. And in this hospital I was for five months, and then they start to walk. I start to walk, and I start to--

I send the letter when I was liberated to the janitor of the building where we lived in Riga, and my sister was still alive. And I sent this letter to the janitor and to give it to my father if my father is alive, that me and Margot-- that we survived, that we are in the hospital in bad shape, but we will be better and that our mother died.

And so I never got a letter from my father back and also from the janitor, so I didn't know if my letter went there. But my father did get my letter. He sent also the letter to the janitor, and he exchanged the letter. So my father did get my letter.

But when I was in Kolomna, I gave my address, and I told that I am from Riga. And I thought that my father is not alive anymore because I had never got anything back from there, and I tried to write another letter to Riga, to the friends, that I'm by myself and that I am alive.

And then I received a letter from my cousins, who came back, who was in Russia during the World War, who run away with the Russians, my four cousins who came back in Riga, that they are alive. And they send me a letter that they are waiting for me, and I should come.

And then they sent me a letter that my father is alive, and he is also in some place in-- he was in a hospital for a while, and after the hospital he was even in the Russian army, taken for a-- but he was in a better health. He had the better probably. He was not that bad. He was not damaged. His health was not damaged as bad as mine was.

And I came back in October. I was liberated in March, and I came back in October from the hospital in Riga. And my father wasn't yet there, but my cousins-- they were there. So I met my four cousins, and they were all older. The youngest of them was 10 years older. I was 17, so she was 27 and so on.

And I lived with them until my-- in November, in the end of November, my father came back, and so I have some pictures from-- the picture from the hospital. That's the only picture which I have after liberation, where we are as a whole group of the liberated people who were in the hospital, in that hospital in Kolomna. I still didn't have my hair, but it started to grow. And so that is my four years during the Nazis.

When did you emigrate from Russia? When did you come to the United States, and how did you come? What were your finances?

Yeah, that was a long story, but maybe we can make a pause. You can hold it when you want to look at it. You can hold it like that.

So I came back, and my cousins were waiting for me, and I lived with them. And then in a month, I believe, my father came back. And he was in the Russian army. Even he could serve in the Russian army after he was, for a little while, in the hospital. He was liberated in a different camp. I don't remember the name of the-- he was also sent to a death march to a different place. And when he came back, he found only me, and he knew that my mother is not anymore alive.

I told him that my sister is not anymore alive and that we have to go on with our lives. And my father had a friend in the labor camp, in the Gestapo, and he was working for Scherwitz. And it was Misha Hertsberg. And when he came to see my father, I met him, and it was my future husband.

And he lost his family. They killed all his-- he was married. He was 17 years older than I was. At that time I was 19, and he was 36. And he didn't find his family anymore, and he didn't have where to stay, so he was my father. And I was in love with him, and I told my father that I'm going to get married. And my father didn't want me to marry. He told, you are only 18 years of age. You have to go to school back because I finished only the sixth grade before the World War.

And I knew the language German, fluently, and Latvian. I didn't know Russian at all. I could speak Russian, but I couldn't write and read that all. So I couldn't go to the school with the Russian language, no way that I could go there.

And so I told my father that I just cannot go to school now, so he took private teachers. And the private teacher, a math teacher-- she was sitting with me, and she told me, OK, Sia, 2 by 2 is 4, and I told, why? I told, why 2 by 2 is 4, like some stupid question. So the teacher told that your daughter is not for-- she cannot even-- I don't know how she could finish the sixth grade.

And so my father took me to the doctor, the Professor Cherfas, and he told, leave her alone for a half a year because she is after dystrophy, the third grade. Her head is not working. Give her half a year, and she will be the same as she was before that. And that was right. In a half a year, I was OK already, and I could already start to read books and so on.

And then they wanted to get married, and my father hated Russians so badly he wanted to get out of Russia because we had-- we were liberating by the Russians. If we would be liberated by the Americans, we would never come back to Riga. We were liberated by the Russians, so they sent us back to Riga, and my father, from the first day, when he came back, he told, that is not the place where I want to be.

We lost my mother. We lost my sister, but now my father and me-- we have to get out, and we have to go to America because he still thought he's going to find the money, which I never did, by the way. But he told, we have to get out. So he start to find connections somehow to get out illegal. So in that time, in 1946, 1945-- in 1946, in the beginning of 1946, he found somebody, that the Polish people were going out through Vilnius back to-- because Vilnius belonged to Poland, so from Vilnius they can go to Poland.

So my father wanted to get fake papers, and he got fake visas to go out to Poland. And then he thought, from Poland we can go further out. Then we'll be free from Russians, at least. So he bought the fake papers. We went to, and we stayed in Vilnius, in Czorny Bor. That is like 10 miles from Vilnius.

And my father wanted to get my youngest cousin, which-- my father wanted to marry her, and she didn't know if she wants to marry my father or she doesn't want to marry. And I told my father-- I said, I'm not going without my future husband, and my father told, OK, we'll take your future husband. We'll go together if you promise me that you are not going to marry him in the United States for one year because then you will be at least 20s, and you will know what you are doing.

And I promised him, and my beloved husband-- now my beloved husband-- he had two sisters in the United States, both

in Chicago, and so he wanted to get out and also to the United States. So we had fake papers made out for my future husband, Misha Hertsberg, for myself, and for my father, and he made also for my cousin that was my mother's niece, which he wanted to marry. She was 10 years older than me, so my father was 15 years older than her. And my husband was 17 years older than myself.

So my father went to get her. In that time, somebody sold us, how we say it. They told that we are with fake papers sitting in Czorny Bor, and the Russian soldiers came for us, for me and for my husband. The only thing what I did-- I had the fake papers in my pocket run in the washroom. And that was from was a wooden one without the water flushing. It was just like a hole like you see [? in children's ?] where the kids were hiding themselves.

So I throw the faked papers out in the washroom, and I told that we are here just for our summer vacation. So we were arrested with my husband, with my future husband. And I told that that is my fiancée, and we want to get married. And we are here just for purposes just to spend our summer vacation because it was in summer. It was in July and August.

So after I say, we're waiting for my father, and then my father came with my cousin because she decided that she is going to marry him. She finally decided. So he came. He was arrested by the Russians, and he was put in prison. And he was in prison in Vilnius.

We were free, but they were holding him to-- they wanted to prove that we wanted to get out, and they couldn't prove it. So we had the lawyer, and after my father was one year imprisoned in Vilnius. So we went with my cousin and with my husband. We came back in Riga, and I married. I was married to my husband.

And we were bringing to my father food in Vilnius. We were going back and forth. And then when my father was-- by the court, they couldn't prove that we wanted to leave, that we wanted to leave Russia, so they could--

--Sia Hertsberg, tape two, side two.

So when my father came back from prison, I was already married, and I was already pregnant. I was expecting a baby. So my father really liked my husband. He didn't want me to marry, but since I was already married-- so he married my cousin, my father, and I had my first son, Herman. It was on May 10, 1947, and in a year was born my little brother. My father had his son.

My little brother is now off in Chicago, lives with us, Philip Izrailewitsch, he was born. And then in another year he was born my youngest son, Mark Hertsberg. And I went back to school, to a Russian school. I learned Russian. I had to learn Russian language.

With my husband, we were always speaking German at home, but with the children we were speaking Russian. And my children went, naturally, to the Russian school with Russian language, naturally because there was no way different. And so I finished the eighth grade, and then I finished-- then I went to a technical school.

And when I was a little girl, I always wanted to be a doctor, but because I already know something from sewing and I already was taught to sew by the Germans, I went in the technical school for light industry, which I finished with an honor diploma. And then I went, and I attended the college. And I was working already. I was working, and I went to college by correspondence.

But the life is not that easy. It was expected another surprise in my life. In 1961, I was at work, and my oldest son was 13 years. My youngest son was 11, Mark. And my older son was in school, and I went to work. And my husband didn't go to work in the morning because he was a manager in a sewing factory, and his supervisor-- two supervisors were sick in the second shift.

So he wanted to be, himself, in the factory in the second shift to replace him. So he told me that he is going to be in the morning home, and he is expecting me for lunch at 1:00. And after lunch, he is going to go to work and work until 11:00 in the evening, in the second shift. And I was working as a manager in a sewing factory, and I was working from 9:00 to 5. So he told, come to lunch at 1:00.

Mark was in the school in the second shift. We had in Riga two shifts of school. Herman was in the first shift, and Mark had a music lesson, had to go for a music lesson at 11:00 in the morning. And his father was home, and when he left, his father told him, don't take the keys. I will open for you the door.

And he left for the music lesson. When he came back, he was ringing the bell. And he heard that his father came to the door, and then the door was never opened. So it was very cold. It was freezing cold in Riga, and he called me on the phone from the public phones that-- Mother, I cannot get in the apartment, and I know that father is there. I told, maybe he went to get some wood. We had the fireplace.

And he told, no. I know I heard his steps. He is in the apartment. And so I left my work, and I was running-- that minute I was paying money, and I had a lot of money on my desk. In Russia, you pay not by checks. You pay-- I had 340 people working for me, 340, and I was a manager of the sewing place. And I was paying the money out. It was pay day. On the 25th we paid always the money, on the 10th of the month and the 25th.

So I just came to my supervisors. Something happened to my husband, and take care of the money. And I ran out, and I was coming home. And my little son was standing-- he was 11 years old, and he stand on the outside, and he was waiting. He told, father doesn't let me in. And I opened the door, and my husband was dead on the floor in the apartment. So that was my next surprise, so life is full of surprises.

So I was left a widow. I was 33 years old. My oldest son was 13, and my younger son was 11. So I dropped my college. I was in the fourth year in college. I dropped the college because I had to take care of my children. And my old dream was to get out finally because with my husband we wanted to get out and with my father we wanted to get out. In 1954, we wanted to get out, and we couldn't. We had again fake papers, and they didn't let us out.

And that was in 1961 my husband died. And in 1973, I start to think that there was immigration to Israel. And I was corresponding with my beloved husband's sister. One sister died in New York. The other sister lived in Chicago, Mrs. Berger, Edith Berger, and I was corresponding with her in German language.

She came in-- she was his older sister, and it was a big difference in years. So she was born 1902, so in 1973 she was 71 year old. And so I was placing papers to the immigration to get out to visit her, but they didn't let me. They told, there is-- my husband wanted to go. They didn't let him. After he died in '61, I was placing 10 times papers to get out, and I was leaving my children behind. And I would never stay. I would always come back. I would never leave my children. And I just wanted to come and visit her, but they didn't let me, never, always thought, we don't see the reason you should go to see your sister-in-law.

So in 1974, my son was in the army, the youngest one. The oldest one didn't go to army because he had an ulcer, which he had from his father. My husband had an ulcer, and my husband died from a heart attack. So my oldest son had an ulcer, and he wasn't taken to the army. My youngest son was taken to the army.

After he came back from the army, he finished college, and then in 1974 we decided that we will emigrate. And we placed the papers. I had to leave my job from the sewing factory. I worked 10 years in the sewing factory as a manager, and then 10 years I worked as a vice principal in the trade school. And it was a sewing school with a high school education, so I was taking care of the trade in the school. I was 10 years there, and I couldn't keep my job in that position because I was immigrating to Israel. The papers were placed to Israel.

But my sister-in-law was writing me letters that she wants-- that is the only one she has left from the family, and she wants us to come to Chicago. There is no question that we go any place else. So my older son was married already. He got married in Riga. And my oldest grandson was born, and he is getting the name of my husband. He is also Misha Hertsberg. He is now 22 years old. That time he was born in Riga.

And my father was still alive in Riga, but he was very sick. And when I gave my papers for immigration with my youngest son, my brother was already in Israel, my little brother. He was the first from the family to leave.

Your little brother?

Yes, yes my little brother. He was one year younger than my son, from my father's second marriage, Philip. He was the first of us to leave-- he left Riga in '73, and he was thrown out in eight days because he was a dissident, and he was sitting, and it was a starving diet. He said that he didn't eat, and he was in Moscow. And he was thrown out from Riga in five days to leave Russia, so he was the first one to leave. And my father worried about him, and he wanted me to leave sooner. And then he would live with my stepmother, with my cousin, later and my older son with his wife and with oldest grandson.

So we place the papers first because we thought that they will not let us out. If they wouldn't let us out, then I wouldn't want to leave my older son, so therefore I didn't want him to place the papers because you know what they did? They could give a part of the family-- they would give the permission, and the other part of the family they wouldn't give the permission.

So I applied first with my youngest son, and we thought, if we get the permission to leave, then my older son would come right behind us with his family. And we got the permission to go, which-- it was a big surprise, a good surprise for us. And we left the country with Mark in October 30, 1974. And we came to Vienna, and we told that we want to go to Chicago because my sister-in-law, my beloved husband's sister, is the only one who survived from his family and who is in Chicago.

So we came to her, Mrs. Berger. We did. She died two years ago, and she gave us the affidavit of support. And she wanted to-- she told the HIAS that she is going to keep us for one year, but after two weeks I start to work in the United States. And I start to work in a sewing factory, and after four months of work I was already the supervisor of the factory and then the manager. And I worked 10 years at Blair's Fashions.

After one year being in the United States after leaving Riga on the 30th of October, 1974, on the 30th of October, 1975, in O'Hara I met my oldest son, Herman, with his wife, Bronia, and with my grandson, Misha, Michael Hertsberg. And in meantime I lost my father. He died in Riga from cancer after I left. I left in October, and he died in 1975 in 21st of April. It was the same day when my sister died, the same day in 1975, and she died in 1945. So I came to United States, and I was working, and that's it.

You have your two sons and your grandchildren now here?

Yes, I do. I have my two sons. They are both in Chicago, and they both owners in their own business. My youngest son, Mark, is in the elevator business. There are four partners, Reliance Elevator. Sorry, Urban Elevator. He started with Reliance Elevator, and then he was working for Reliance Elevator for 10 years. And now he owns his own company, Urban Elevator, in Chicago.

And my oldest son-- he worked in a sewing factory, and then he bought out the little factory. And he has a little sewing factory, and he makes filters. And he has two boys, the one, Michael, who's 22, who is in college in IIT, Illinois Institute of Technology, and the youngest son, Raphael, who is now 18. He's finishing the high school this year.

And my youngest son is married to my girl friend's daughter, my girl friend from Riga, with whom I went together to the kindergarten. And my youngest son, Mark, met their daughter here, already in Chicago. I gave them the affidavit of support, and they came to Chicago. And my son married her, and she's a doctor and a cardiologist, works a Lutheran General, and they have two children, Renee, who had the bar mitzvah last year, and the little one, finally a girl, Naomi, in my family, finally a girl. And she's nine years old.

And my little brother is married to an American girl, Susan, and he has two children, Rebecca and Isaac, who is named in my father's name. My father was Isa Izrailewitsch. So there is now an Isaac Izrailewitsch, and they live in Chicago, too. And he works in Federal Reserve Bank, my brother, and he works in the research department. He's the chief of a research department in the Federal Reserve Bank in Chicago. And my oldest daughter-in-law, Bronia-- she's a bookkeeper for a group of gynecologists, of doctors, also works in Lutheran General.

Thank you very, very much, Sia Hertsberg, for sharing this fascinating story with me and with all the researchers at the Holocaust Museum. Thank you again.