

This is a United States Holocaust Memorial Museum interview with Emmy Mogelinski conducted by Margaret Garrett on November 15, 1996 in Baltimore, Maryland. Tape two, side A. You were saying that the decision was made that the twins could go on the boat to England after all. And then what happened?

Well, when the boat arrived in England-- and I will not talk about the seasickness on the way. That's another story.

Maybe it's an important part of this story.

No. I was deadly ill. Oh, I got so sick. But the boat was a small boat. It was rocking a lot. The Channel is very, very rough anyway.

Had you been on a boat like that before?

Never.

So it was a brand new--

It was a brand new experience. And it was awful. Anyway--

How long was the boat trip?

From Holland to England, only a matter of a couple of hours.

But terrible hours.

Oh yes. Oh yes. Anyway, when we got to England to Harwich, we were taken off the boat and put on a train which took us to London. And in London, we were put into a very large hall. And it had a big stage. And there must have been about 100 children at a time put on the stage.

And the hall was filled with adults. And they would pick out which children they wanted to take home with them. There were some took one. Some took two. Some took three, because what had happened in England was that the chief rabbi had gone to the king and said there are children in Germany and Austria, Jewish children, which can be saved if you will give permission for them to come into England without benefit of passport, and visas, and all of the rest of the trimmings that you've got to have when you immigrate.

And the king's first question was, well, who's going to look after these children? And the chief rabbi said the entire Jewish community of England will stand surety that none of these children will become a public charge. And on that promise, the king gave his permission. The chief rabbi then went to the prime minister and said the same thing. And the prime minister gave his permission.

And that is how there were organizations within England, within Great Britain actually, which organized which children were to go where. And in fact, their organization was such that if you came from an observant home, you were put into an observant home. And if you had come from a house that was less observant, then you came to a family that was less observant. So that part was fine. And I came to a very nice family.

How did that work if you were on a stage and some adults selected you?

The names were read out. And the children had been paired beforehand with who was supposed to get them.

Oh. I see.

It was done alphabetically.

Oh, it had already been decided.

It had already been decided who was to go where with whom. And the names of the children were read out and the names of the adult. And then the adults went to claim whichever child they were going to take home with them. And that's how we were taken care of. On my train, there were about 500 children. On other trains, there were fewer.

But of course, nobody knew for how long we were going to be in England. Although people suspected it, nobody really, I think, faced the possibility of a war. And many people thought that it would be for a few months, possibly a year, and then we would all go back home. Nobody dreamt of the Holocaust.

Of course, the family I came to only spoke English. And I only spoke German. The few words of English that I had learned didn't do me any good whatsoever at all. And it was a real struggle.

What were they like, your new family?

They were very fine people. The first family I came to was a husband and wife and two children, a girl and a boy.

How old were their children?

Their children-- the girl was a little bit younger than I was, about a year or so younger. And the boy was several years younger. And I was put into the girl's bedroom. I had my own bed but in the girl's bedroom. And the girl wouldn't stop talking.

In English.

In English. And I had no idea what she was saying. All I knew was that I was dead tired and I wanted to go to sleep. And she wouldn't let me. And finally, I just said, please no more talk. And she did stop. She got the idea. And I went to sleep. I stayed with them for a little while for only a matter of a couple of months or so during which time my English improved considerably.

One of my most precious possessions right from the start was my free library card. I was able-- even though I was 14, I was able to go to the library and take out first grade books. And when you get a book that says "Run, Jane, run. See Jane run" and you have a picture of a girl running, you get the idea what the word run means. So that is the kind of book that I started to take out and really try to teach myself English.

Did you have any formal lessons?

In England, no. Not at the time. I had to go to school. And needless to say, none of my teachers spoke a word of English-- of German. And I didn't speak any English.

And what year did they put you in in school?

Into my age related grade.

Where you could not understand anything.

Not one word. And I don't think I have to tell you how I did in school. But especially the most difficult subject I found was math, because all the terms were different. The word addition is totally different to what it is in German. And the word take away or whatever you want to call it, subtraction, I mean I didn't understand any of those terms. And it was really a terrific struggle. Anyway.

Did anybody realize what a problem you were having and try to help you with it?

They realized the trouble I was having. Nobody tried to help me. You need also to understand that outside of the Jewish

community who had some sympathy for us, and I suspect that even there, there was a resentment of us, the non-Jewish community had no conception at all. And the teachers were just very impatient with us. They didn't understand why we didn't get what they were saying.

So they just saw you as a problem they had to deal with.

Right. That's right. I did my darnedest to get my brother over. In fact, I asked the family with whom I was staying if they please wouldn't sponsor him. And I believe that they did say that they would take another boy in, because a couple of months after I was in England, I got a letter from my parents to say that my brother would be on such and such a transport also. And I went in London. I went to the big hall to meet him. And he had been taken in by another family which happened to live a very few blocks from where I did.

Both in London?

Both in London. Both in the same suburb of London so that we were able to visit each other. And it was fine until September 1 when the war broke out, when Germany began to bomb Poland. And on September 3, England declared war on Poland. And one of the first things that the English government did was, wanting to be sure that the children would be safe, knowing that there was a likelihood of bombing of the big cities, they evacuated all the children into the countryside. My brother was evacuated.

I was already past 14 at that time and I was not evacuated. I was considered to be too old. But not only did the community evacuate the children, but private families decided to evacuate the women as well. The men had to continue to work, but the women very often went with their children so that I was left alone in the house. The lady where I was staying with evacuated herself with the two children. And now I was left alone in the house with the man of the house.

Did she think of taking you as another lady?

No, she did not. She didn't think of me as a lady. And she didn't think of me as a child. I'm not quite sure what she thought of me. But maybe she thought that I would be able to look after her husband for her.

And how did you feel about being left? Well, apart from everything else, I felt that it was improper for me to be alone in the house with a man. And so I called the committee ladies and I said, please, I need to go to another home. I cannot stay here. I cannot be alone in the house with a man. And they agreed. And they found me another home.

Had the committee ladies been keeping in touch with you to make sure everything was going OK?

Yes.

So you knew exactly who to contact when you had a problem.

Yes. They left me their phone number and their names and addresses. And that part was fine. And they were very concerned. They tried very hard to make very sure that we were all taken care of.

I came to the home of two physicians, husband and wife, who had been married for less than 10 years. The husband was in private practice. And the wife did research work at the London Chest Hospital. Both of them were very, very fine people. I cannot say enough for them. And before they knew it, they had a teenager in the house.

And they had no children.

They had no children of their own at all. And suddenly they got a teenager, and a teenager who had a lot more problems than is normal for a teenager to have. And they did their utmost to make me comfortable and to help me in any way that they could.

They tried to send me back to school but not to a public school, but to a sort of junior college where they thought that I

might do better. Why they thought that, I don't know. But again, all the instructions was in English. And although by that time, I was doing a bit better with my English, I was by no means fluent. And again, my most difficult subject turned out to be mathematics because the terms had just totally escaped me.

Where I began to do well, funnily enough, was in English literature. When I was a little girl in Germany, I would spend all of my vacations with my grandmother while my parents went on vacation. And I was roaming around in her attic one day and found a whole set of Shakespeare's plays that had been translated into German by Schiller, who's a great German poet. And his translation was beautiful. And I couldn't put the books down. I devoured them. I went from play to play to play.

And when we began to study Shakespeare in English, I recognized the plays. The language was foreign, but the plays, the contents, the way the play flowed I understood because I remembered it. And I found, funnily enough, the Shakespearean English to be more comfortable than the spoken English. And I did well.

And my family, the Cohens, Doctor and Mrs. Cohen were very pleased with my progress. And they thought I was doing great. And then I was asked to write an essay. And I was given the subject of something that occurred in daily life. And I have to tell you that Dr. Cohen the man was attached to an air raid shelter in London where people could come if they needed first aid help, some kind of first aid. And he offered that first aid for free.

And very often, the people needed blood transfusions. And he would bring the people home. And on many an occasion, he would take some blood from me, especially if they were my blood type. My blood type was C so that it was OB-- no, it was O. And it was suitable for everybody. So that was terrific. So I would very happily donate a little bit of blood. And everything was fine.

And so in my essay, I talked about this fact that I had come to live with his family, and that he was attached to an air raid shelter, and a first aid post, and so on and so forth. And I got an A in my essay. And in fact, the instructor read it out loud. And they said, that although there were obviously some grammatical mistakes, basically, he thought it was terrific. So that made me decide that I was going to write.

Anyway, my brother had been evacuated, and was living in a family with two other boys, with a family that was not Jewish. And in fact, the village that he was evacuated to didn't have any Jewish people at all. And the lady that he came to live with was a very nice lady. But she came home one day, and she said to the three boys, my country is now at war with your country. And I therefore, do not want to hear one more German word spoken in my house.

They had come over in August of that year. At least I had come in May. I had already began to learn some English. They were brand new to this. But her saying this forced them to learn English very quickly. Because the two countries were at war with each other, mail service stopped between Germany and England. And now, we couldn't even correspond with our parents anymore.

It was very difficult on us. And obviously, it was far more difficult on our parents. There was just no way that we could communicate. Finally, the International Red Cross stepped in, and devised forms whereby one month we could send 25 words to them. And the following month, they could send 25 words to us.

When I speak to children's groups, which I very often do, I ask them, what they would say to their parents if they only had 25 words every other month. And what they thought their parents would say to them in 25 words every other month. And the children sit there absolutely floored. They can't imagine that.

And they really can't imagine coming to a country where they can't understand a word of what was spoken, and where nobody could understand the. Today, children talk to their friends in school, come home, and hit the phone, right, and talk to this one, that one, and the other one. And the thought of not having any friends, being cut off from all of that, and not understanding the language on top of it, is something that they can't even comprehend.

Anyway, my brother and I, will try and work out ways whereby we could squeeze the most information into those 25 words. And I think that my parents did exactly the same thing. And finally, one of our messages came back. By that

time, that was '43 already. And it had to stamp across it, which said, addressee unknown. That was the code word, if you will, for they have been transported, sent east to a camp.

And did you know that that's what it meant?

Yes, we knew that. We were still hoping that they would be able to live through whatever they would have to face in the camp. But we didn't know. We had no idea. Of course, in the meantime, London had been bombed. I had at first, joined a group that was doing fire watching in London. I worked in what is called the city, or the inner city of London. I worked for a company of accountants.

How old were you?

By that time, I was 16, and I could work. Or 16 and a half, whatever it was. And so I worked there. And at night, once a week, I did fire watching just outside of St. Paul's Cathedral. And when the big bombs came, there was nothing we could do against them. But when the fire cluster bombs started to rain down on London, there was much that we could do.

Those were incendiary bombs, which when they hit the ground, split into many different pieces, and each piece started a fire. And we had buckets of sand and would run from one to the other, put sand on it, and put the fires out before they could get hold of anything. And it was very interesting. The inner city of London was almost totally destroyed, everything except St. Paul's Cathedral. That remained standing. It was hit by one bomb, but that bomb turned out to be a dud. So there was very, very little damage done to the cathedral.

What about the area where you were living with the Cohens?

We had an air raid shelter built into the house, into the basement. And Mrs. Cohen and I would go down there every evening. We would have our supper while listening to the 6:00 news. Then we would change our clothes into another set of day clothes. Because if there would be damage to the shelter, and we would have to leave the shelter, we didn't want to have to run outside in our night clothes.

So we would put on a second set of clothes every evening, and we would sleep in a blouse or a sweater and a skirt, or whatever. And our shoes would be right at our bunks, so that we would be able to jump into them quickly and get out. Dr. Cohen, the man, was attached now to the air raid shelter seriously, which meant that he had to spend every night in that air raid shelter. The air raid shelter was one of the underground stations, subway stations, in London where hundreds of people came to take shelter.

And he had to do all sorts of things there. He delivered babies, and he helped people to die, And everything in between. And he spent every night there, except one night a month where he was able to come home. And I don't have to tell you that it was very hard on him, and very hard on Mrs. Cohen. But that was how we had to live. When

I reached 17 and 1/2, I joined the British army.

We're going to have to stop.

OK.

So this might be a good place.

Fine. That's a good place to--

This is the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum interview with Emmy Mogelinski, conducted by Margaret Garrett on November 15, 1996 in Baltimore, Maryland, take two, side. B. Mrs. Mogelinski, you were saying that you then went into the British army.

Correct.

Could you talk about that?

Yeah. We were given a choice. We, being those people who had been born in an enemy alien country, and had moved to England. We could either join the army, or work in a munition factory. And usually, that meant night work. Or join the Land Army, and work on the land, which meant being billeted to a farmer's house, where very often, there was not a wife. And for me, the obvious choice was the army. So I joined the army.

And why was that the obvious choice for you?

Because I did not wish to be in a house where there was no other woman. And I did not like the idea of working nights. So I joined the army. And in the army, the only choice we had was to become either a cook or an orderly. An orderly meant cleaning up. And I said, I know how to clean. Teach me how to cook. And so I became a cook. And I began to cook with a group of others, of course, for 2000 men. And I still remember some of the recipes, not many.

Like what?

Like how to make pie crust. We took 500 pounds of flour, 250 pounds of shortening, two and 1/2 pounds of baking powder, and a pound of salt. And we had to wrap the shortening into the flour by hand. We had special sinks that were kept only for pastry. And we had to do it all by hand.

Anyway, in the army, I also met a fair amount of anti-Semitism, especially in that big training camp by our commanding officer, who told us-- us, meaning again, those who were born elsewhere, that he would be perfectly happy to take us up on a plane and drop us over Germany without benefit of a parachute, et cetera. So life in the army even was not-- we were not spared anti-Semitism in England, and particularly not in the army. For his benefit, I must say that he was a professional soldier. And I don't think that he cared to have women in the army all together. So having foreign women in the army yet was just too much for him.

Anyway, it was in the army that I earned my high school equivalency diploma. When other girls went out dancing at night, I went to school. And I got my high school education that way. And after the war, because I had served four and 1/2 years in the army, very much like the GI Bill of Rights here, I got my college education for free. That's how I got my education. Otherwise, I would never have gotten either a high school education or a college education.

While I was in the army, I met a gentleman, an American, who was in the American army stationed in England. And we began to correspond, and to go out whenever we were able to get together. But then he was sent to Europe, and he went through all the fighting in Europe, Belgium, and France. And he was discharged back to the United States from Europe after the war was over. I was of course, still in the British army.

And after I was discharged, I went to college.

In England?

In England. And then I had to do a year's teaching in England. And it was only after that, that I came to the United States to visit my brother, who had come here before me, and an old grandmother I still had here, plus some aunts and uncles. And while I was here in New York City, quite by accident, I met that same gentleman again. And we began to look at each other and say, maybe somebody is trying to tell us something here. Anyway, I had to go back to England to do a year's teaching, and then I came back here and married.

And his name was?

His name was David Mogelinski. And we had three very nice children. And I now have seven grandchildren. After the war, well, again, during the war, while I was in the army, it was impossible to keep the Jewish dietary laws. England was very severely rationed as far as food was concerned. Everybody had food rationing, food coupons.

And what was even worse, and I'm talking now really, before I joined the Army when we were still children, there was also clothes rationing. We got clothing coupons. And we could only buy so many coupons worth of clothes during each month. Now, the children from the children's transports indeed got food coupons, rationed books. And that part was fine. But we didn't get any clothing coupons.

And children have a very nasty habit. They continue to grow. And before very long, the boys had grown out of their pants, and the girls had grown out of their skirts and their blouses. And we had no coupons to buy clothes with. Worse than anything else, was the fact that our feet continued to grow. And every six months or so, we needed new shoes. And we found it extremely embarrassing to go to the ladies we were living with, and ask them please to deprive themselves of their clothing coupons so that we could get shoes or whatever we needed.

They did not realize that your feet were growing and your shoes were too small?

Of course people realized that. But I don't think the government bureaucracy did. It didn't occur to them that we needed those things too.

But the ladies you were living with didn't--

Of course they realized it. But they needed clothing coupons for themselves and their families. And we found it extremely embarrassing to keep asking them for yet another pair of shoes, and yet another blouse, you know. It is very embarrassing to have to ask for things, to have to beg for things. Anyway, during the war while I was in the army, I could not keep the dietary laws. But I had promised myself that the day that I come out of the army, that I would again observe the laws, and I did, and I do to this day. And I'm very proud to say that all of my children and my grandchildren are quite observant.

We were very happily married. And we, my husband and I visited Israel several times. But he became very ill, and he passed away. And that's when I moved from Albany to Baltimore.

And when was that?

That was about ten years ago. So that I could be close to my children. I have a son and a daughter here in Baltimore, and a son in Silver Spring, so this is very convenient. For the longest time, my children had begged me to go back to Germany to put closure to that part of my life. I have kept saying that I have lived three lives, one in Germany, one in England, and one in America, and they have nothing to do with each other except me.

And so my children felt that it was time to go back to Germany and that part of my-- put that part to rest. And for the longest time, I said, I don't want to go back to Germany. There is nothing. There is nobody that I need to see anymore in Germany. I have never been interested in things, only in people. And there was nobody there that I wanted to see anymore.

But they kept at it. Until finally, I said, all right. If you come with me, then I will go back to Germany. And we will go back for one week. And my married son left his wife and three children, and my married daughter left her husband and her four children, and the youngest one wasn't even two. And the three of us went together to Germany. We went to Munich, which is the capital of Bavaria.

We flew to Munich. And in Munich, we rented a car so we could drive to the various places that I wanted to visit in Germany. My son did the driving. My daughter did the navigating, and I did the translating. So we were a good team. First, we visited the village where I was born. We visited Cronheim.

And almost nothing has changed in Cronheim. I didn't have much difficulty in finding our house. And of course, other people are living in there now. In fact, from what I understand, they moved in almost immediately after we left.

The same people were there when you went back as had moved in after you left?

Their son. The older couple had died, and their son was there with his wife.

Did you meet him?

No, it so happened that he had been ill, and he was in the hospital. I met his wife.

How did she treat you?

She was very perturbed at these three people who were taking photographs of her house, and couldn't quite understand who we were. And I identified myself to her. I told her exactly who I was. And she relaxed a little, but only a little. She was very wary of me for reasons that I can now understand. I don't think I did at the time.

She was afraid that I was there to claim the house back. And we talked, but she did not invite me in. And my daughter said to me, mother, why don't you go into the house? And I said, no. I don't want to. I rather would remember it the way it was when I lived there with my parents. I do not want to see what they have done to it now.

So I never went inside. We stayed outside. We walked around the house. We went to the orchard. And the fruit trees indeed, are still there, most of them very neglected. They haven't been pruned in forever. Whether they give any fruit at all, I have no idea. But the trees are still there. We visited the little synagogue in Cronheim. Which when we left, it had been turned into a chicken coop.

And when we went back to visit it, it had been divided up, and they had made apartments out of it. But it was still very evident that this was the synagogue where we used to worship. And I saw the school that I attended. And I saw the little castle right in the middle of the village. And from there, we drove to Bechhofen, where my grandparents are buried, my father's parents are buried.

I had written to the mayor of Bechhofen to say that we would like to come and visit his town, and particularly, we would like to visit the Jewish cemetery if it is still standing, and my grandparents graves, if he knows where they are located. And I had a very nice letter back from him to say, by all means, come and visit. The cemetery has not been touched, has not been desecrated in any way whatsoever. But I do not know where your grandparents graves are. I will try and see if I can find them.

And on the strength of that, we had agreed to meet by his office, and we would take care of it. And fine, we came to Bechhofen and we went to his office. And he said, a very funny thing happened. I had other visitors here only a week ago who wanted to go to the cemetery. And when we got there, when we got to the new section, I turned around and there were your grandparents gravestones. So now, I know exactly where they are. And he took us there.

Now, to give you an idea of that cemetery, I have to tell you, that it was consecrated as a Jewish cemetery in the early 1400s before Columbus ever discovered America. So you can imagine how old the Jewish community in Germany really is, or was. We went to that cemetery. And on the gate, there is a sign that, this cemetery is under the protection of the government of the city of Bechhofen. And anyone who does any kind of damage here will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

I could not believe that sign. But I must say, that the mayor was extremely kind to us all the time. He was very helpful. He was very nice. His son, who was about 12 or 13, happened to have the afternoon off from school. So while we piled into his car, and he drove us to the cemetery, his son was right behind us on his bicycle. And we went, and he took us to my grandparents graves.

Are they the pictures that you showed me?

No.

That's not. That's something else.



Can you stop it for a moment.

OK.

Now, the gravestones in the older section, in the first section, have all sunk into the ground. And there is nothing showing of them at all. As you walk through the cemetery, gradually, you see the tips of some gravestones, and then more and more and more of the stones can be seen because of the age of the place. And when we got to the new section of the cemetery, which is where my grandparents are buried, which gives you an idea about new, we had no difficulty at all in finding them.

And where as some are most of the stones were sand stones, and the engraving had been done into the sand stones, they had been obliterated, or almost obliterated by the weather. My grandparents stones had the inscription in hard black granite. And that had been set into the grand stone, into the sandstone, so that the inscription was very clear. All we had to do is take a tissue, wipe the lichen off that had grown on it, and it was as if the inscription had been made yesterday.

Now, on the one side of the stone, the German side, it gives the name, and the birth date, and the date of death, and the place where they had died.

Are you going to read that? Or could you?

Not the German part.

No, but the names. The names, well, one was Malka Hubert, which was my grandmother, and Ruben Hubert, my grandfather. On the other side, on the back side, if you will, of the stone, there was the Hebrew inscription. And it took us no time at all to read it, and it is magnificent. May I read you what it said on the stone? On my grandfather's stone it says, "Ruben Hubert, one who toiled in community needs with total dedication. He passed away on the Sabbath, the Holy Sabbath, on the 22 of ER. And he was buried on Monday the 24th of ER." ER is the Hebrew month, 56, 85.

"All his words were true and straightforward. His desire to study Torah was without limit. He raised his children with straightforwardness and with kindness, and with fear of heaven. Quietly, he accepted his sufferings with the love of God." That was my grandfather's stone.

And my grandmother's said, "Malka Hubert, who passed away with a good reputation, also on the Holy Sabbath, which was the first day of Sukkot, 56, 83. And she was buried on the third day of Sukkot, which is a Jewish holiday, which was the first day of Chol Hamoed. She did not waver from the good deeds of the almighty all the days of her life. She was diligent in raising her children. She was committed to the service of charity all the days of her life. Her husband trusted in her all her days, and her children respected her. She saved the poor and indigent until her soul passed on."

When my daughter read that, she said, mother, I have to tell you, because I never knew my grandparents, I always thought that my Jewishness began with you. Now that I have read these inscriptions on your grandparents graves, I feel connected onto the Jewish people all the way back to Mount Sinai. It was an experience that I would not have missed for the world. I did not remember the inscriptions. I didn't remember much of anything.

I do remember this, that when I was a little girl, and my parents needed to go and visit the cemetery, they would say to me, if you're a good girl at the cemetery, we will take you to the synagogue in Bechhofen. And I love that synagogue. It was gorgeous. And obviously, I was always a very good girl at the cemetery, and then I was rewarded with a visit to the synagogue.

And what was the synagogue like?

Well, I asked the mayor what had happened to the synagogue. And he said that it had been burned to the ground on Kristallnacht. It was a wooden synagogue, and it was incredible. From the outside, it looked exactly like a barn. And it looked that way because it was a collapsible, a foldable synagogue, one that could be moved from place to place without

any difficulty whatsoever.

In fact, originally, apparently, it had belonged to a group of students and their rabbi who would travel all across Germany, and live, if you will, on the charity of the communities where they happened to come. And whenever they traveled from place to place, they would simply take the synagogue apart. And a couple of students would carry this burden, another couple would carry that. And then when they decided to stop someplace for the night, they were able to put it up very quickly.

And because it looked like a barn from the outside, nobody ever thought twice to look at it and wonder what it was. It was obviously a barn that somebody put in the middle of a field. When they came to Bechhofen, one of the students became ill with the plague, and very quickly, the others also. And all the students died in Bechhofen from the plague. And so the synagogue was left in Bechhofen.

And what year was that about?

Oh, that was must have been in the late 1700s, early 1800s. And the community began to use it as their synagogue. Indeed, from the outside, it looked like a barn. On the inside, it was magnificent. The walls were painted white. There were pictures by hand of all kinds of birds and things that had been painted there by hand in multi colors. And there were quotations all over the walls from the Torah and from the Talmud, and the Hebrew letters were all in gold.

And the curtain in front of the Holy Ark was scarlet. And the cover on the bema was scarlet. And there were scarlet velvet ropes around the bema. And all the seats were scarlet velvet. It was magnificent. And the mayor said, would you like to see the place where it stood? And I said, I would very much like to see it. And he took us there.

And what the little town has done is, they have planted a hedge around the perimeter, where the synagogue had actually stood. And in the center, they put a monument to those Jewish citizens of Bechhofen who had perished during the Holocaust. And I couldn't help it. I said, but why, why did you do this? There isn't a Jew for miles around who sees this? And the memorial is in fact, in Germany, has an inscription in German, and in Hebrew.

And he said, we did it for us, to remind us. The German government had given the town of Bechhofen a certain amount of money to rehab some of the old historic buildings in the town. And the town fathers decided not to use all of that money on rehabbing the old buildings, but use a portion of it to build this memorial. And we walked around this, and we read the inscriptions on the memorial, and we just blew our minds. And then to top it off, the man said, would you like to see what the synagogue used to look like on the inside?

We're going to run out of tape.

All right.

I have to stop.