

It's April 12, 1983, at the American Gathering of Jewish Holocaust Survivors in Washington, DC. And I'm interviewing Susan Niederman of Englewood, New Jersey.

Englewood Cliffs.

Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. Can you please tell me what your maiden name was?

My maiden name is the same. I never changed my name. There may be some relationship between my husband and myself, but not as far as we can go back for four generations. However, they do come from the same city, our two families. But this is how we met because we both had the same last names. And it led eventually to our marriage.

And your mother's maiden name?

Is Weiss, Golda Weiss-- W-E-I-S-S.

And where and when were you born?

I was born February 20, 1929, in Czechoslovakia, in a small village called Benedikovce.

Can you tell something about where you were, what you were doing, and what your life was like at the time the war started?

Well, our home life was not very normal from about 1939. And this is not to imply family life, but political life, religious life was quite disturbed because when I was born in 1929, I was born as a Czech citizen. In 1939, we were invaded by Hungary. Since Hungary was an ally of Germany, Germany gave that part to Hungary. And they became extremely oppressive towards the Jewish people.

We had to-- we were taxed as a family by having to give, each month, a cow or its equivalent in money, which was very, very expensive. It was a lot of money. And as a result, it drained most Jewish families. It came to a point where people sold their furniture and their jewelry and whatever they had to be able to give this tax money so that they would remain in their homes.

And at the same time, they took away all the licenses from all the businesses that people had. And therefore, there was no income. So it was-- it was rough. Those four years that we were under Hungary was very rough.

But still, there was family life. There was the Sabbath together. And as a child, I really felt little discomfort. I was aware of my parents having had these difficulties, but not really that much. I was young, and I didn't really pay that much attention to it.

Until we did leave our home and were separated, I think I personally wasn't aware of all these difficulties. Only retrospectively, looking back now, am I aware of what had happened and how I remember my mother having been very moody, depressed. And I guess it was really difficult to live with that.

We were five children. And I guess they had difficulty just providing for all of us shelter and food and so forth, having this burden of tax and no income.

What was your father's work?

My father was dealing in cattle. He and a partner were shipping cattle to Germany, big quantities. And that he was allowed to do, even after the Hungarian government took over our territory, for at least a year or so, at least from what I recall. Only the last couple of years that we were home he was unable to do that. So therefore, there was no income at all. And we just did little things around the farm.

And we weren't really farmers. We had some land, which was usually given to other people to work on a sharecrop basis. And my parents weren't really farmers, per se.

You say you have four sisters and brothers. Where were you in that? Were you the oldest?

I was the second one. And I'm the sole survivor from the whole family. When I came home, I was 16 years old. And I knew one thing, that I didn't want to stay where I was. My home was given away to a Christian family. And in fact, I was afraid to even stay in the village.

I was there only overnight. And I stayed with a Jewish neighbor who had come home before I did. And after that, I went back to another village, where I had met my uncle, my mother's brother. And my uncle decided that we ought to try to escape from this territory because it was said that Russia will occupied this territory and will claim it as Russia proper.

This was after the war?

This was after the war.

I think we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Well, going back to, let's see, just before we were taken away to camp-- those four years were difficult, as I said, for my parents. We as children didn't feel that much discomfort. We were still together. We were at home. We had a lot of natural food that was grown around the farm. And we lived on that primarily. So we didn't feel the impact until we were taken to the ghetto.

Do you remember that?

Oh, yes, clearly. In fact, it was-- I had a very horrible experience because, for some peculiar reason, I had very curly hair. And to spite my mother, one of the Gestapos just pulled me out of line, and he took me in and cut off all my hair. And I think-- I don't think it bothered me as much as when I saw the reflection in my mother, how terribly hurt she was. And she was crying.

I mean, I personally didn't think it was such a horrible thing. It didn't hurt. And what was going on other than that, where people were being beaten on a daily basis, that was really a very bad time to have gone through, even though we were together still.

From there we were taken to concentration camp in a wagon, as a family unit. And--

Did they come to your house to take you?

Oh, yes. Yes. Before they took us to the ghetto, there was such a rumor, that people will be taking us. But we didn't know where. They said someplace to work.

And in fact, I had an older brother, who was two years older than I. He escaped to the woods. And then the rumor was passed that they no longer will take any Jewish people, and he came home. And the very next day, they did take us.

And they came in with the guns to the house, the Gestapo. And they ordered us all out. They said we should only take what we could carry on our backs. And of course, my father, particularly, was an extremely proud man. And he said, I don't want anyone to walk out crying or walking down the street and shedding tears while the neighbors are watching. I want you to walk with your heads high and proud.

Excuse me. But as we walked out, he was the first one who started to cry. We didn't. And they took us down to the local school. And from there, eventually, they took us to the nearest city, which was Munkacs. And that's where we stayed for about four or five weeks, in the ghetto.

Things were pretty rough there. As I said, they were having a contest every day. And they would match up a strong man and a weak man. And they would make them hit each other with rubber hoses so hard until somebody passed out. And if one man was more compassionate and didn't hit so hard, then the Gestapo would come and start beating him. So it was a rough period.

But as I said, I don't think we felt it too much because we were still together, at least retrospectively. Had that been the worst, probably that would have seemed as a horrible thing. And that's how we lived for four weeks, in a brick factory where the whole floor was half knee-high full of brick powder and dust and filth falling down from the ceiling.

We slept on the floor there. We brought some pillows with us. And I guess we managed. The food was very meager, you know. They had enough to survive, once or twice a day I think. I don't even remember that that clearly. And there was a little water on the side, where we washed our clothing and then just put it on the grass, and it dried there. And that's how we sustained ourselves in the camp. This was, I'm sorry, in the ghetto, before we went to camp.

My father had developed some kind of an infection on his heel. I don't know if he stepped into something. But I recall that, when we went actually to camp, to the camp on the trains, he was limping slightly. And I really think that the Germans thought that he was a cripple, and that's why they took him to the left side, you know, to the crematorium because he was relatively young. So he didn't-- he didn't survive even past the period of going among the working force.

But my brother, who at that time was just about 17, did go among the working force. And from what I had heard after I was liberated, that he was alive. And I went looking for him from city to city. And I didn't find him. Finally-- but everybody said, oh, I saw him here, and I saw him there. Finally in Bratislava, which is the capital of Slovakia-- Czechoslovakia has three states, and this is one of them-- in the middle of the street, someone walked over to me. And he said, would you be Sura Rivka Niederman?

And I said, yes. I said, how do you know. He said, you look exactly like your brother, Meyer. And he told me that he was with my brother when he died. He died after the liberation. And he said, he really-- he was aware that I was alive. And he said that's what kept him going. But it seemed that he was in such weak condition that about a week after the liberation he died. So from that time on, I knew then I was the only survivor.

But a funny thing-- I don't know if I digress for a moment-- I went back to Czechoslovakia after the liberation, and I was 16 years old. And as I said, my home was given away to another Christian family. But I went to, supposedly, the sheriff to ask him what kind of rights I have, and can I get back my house. And he was my father's very good friend, a Christian person.

And in his house he had all our furniture. And he was very mean. I could hardly believe. I walked out bewildered, crying that this was the same person. He said I should come back when I was 21, and I was just 16 at that time.

And I had gone back to my house again, and I just looked around. And as I walked out, somehow this intuitive flash passed through my mind. And I said to myself, wouldn't it be funny if I should marry someone who is Niederman? Because I'm the only survivor, our name will never continue.

I'm a girl. Three brothers were lost. And so-- and I had completely forgotten about that thought. And then when I came to the United States, sure enough, I meet this gentleman who is Niederman, who was looking for a relative. And three years later we got married. So that was a kind of happy ending to the whole thing.

But what I really would like to point out is that somehow or other, in spite of everything, I always was very lucky. Either it's in my head or my own beliefs, but I think that there was some fate that I survived. First of all, I was very small and skinny, and my parents always fussed over that. Do I have TB? Why am I so skinny, et cetera?

When I came to concentration camp, I think because I was so very skinny, the loss of weight from the time I got to Auschwitz was relatively small. It wasn't as if I had dropped 50 pounds, like some people did. I didn't have that much weight to drop. And so that was one thing in my favor. I think I was able to maintain myself on a little food because I probably just never ate a great deal.

Then I was extremely creative with my hands. I had won all kinds of little things in school when I was a youngster for doing things with my hands, crocheting, knitting. And while I was working in Auschwitz in a factory, making some parts to airplanes, which included a certain cellophane that when you braided it, it made it very, very strong. But the cellophane paper came in all colors.

And there I was, I couldn't resist the colors. And so I created a beautiful basket. Whenever the Gestapo or anybody came in, I started working. And I was working so fast that my quantity was fulfilled, and I was able to squeeze in in between to try to make this basket of flowers.

Well, lo and behold, one day this lady Gestapo walks in and caught me making this little basket of flowers. And it had almost been finished. And she fell in love with that. And she took it for herself. And after that, she came and she used to drop a piece of bread behind my chair where I was working. And she would say [GERMAN]. Pick that up, little one. I was among the very youngest who survived, you know.

And so I was lucky again, not so much that she fed me. I can't honestly say that was a fact. But what she did do, she introduced me to all the big shots, to all the Gestapos, as being the fastest worker. She said, I am the youngest and the smallest, but I am the fastest.

What helped with this reputation was that, later on, when I wasn't so strong, after having been in Auschwitz and never being able to get out of there till the very last minute, till the Russians liberated it, was that whenever they had a selection to weed out the skinny ones and the weak ones, the Gestapos knew me. And they would say, "the kleiner," the one that works very fast. And they would let me go through the selection so that I wasn't selected to go to the crematorium.

Then with the death march-- I don't know if you know what the death march was. But the death march was when they were evacuating Auschwitz in the very last minute, and we were marching for seven days and nights. And whoever was behind was shot because they couldn't keep up with the march. And I was always behind.

And I couldn't-- I was ready to give up constantly. I just said, I can't keep up, and I can't continue. In the end it's going to be the same, so why bother? Suddenly a German wagon, a horse and wagon, just came right in the middle of all these poor people who were dragging themselves, right from the back. And people were trying to grab onto this wagon, at least to get far enough ahead of the line so then you could drop back slowly. And that's precisely what happened to me.

Somehow someone pushed me on that wagon. I tried and tried and I couldn't. And someone gave me a shove. And I wound up on that wagon of hay. And the wagon went through until the beginning of the line. Then whoever was on it-- we were four or five, maybe 10 people on it. And then we got off. And slowly the weak ones, we were able to fall back.

And the line, since the line was, I don't know how long, several kilometers long the way people were walking. By then, they put us into open wagons on a train. And they took us to Bergen-Belsen. And this is where I was liberated.

Was your mother in the march too?

No, no, no one. My mother probably saved my life not even knowing how she did it. Three of the younger children-- since I was second in birth, I wound up being on her left side. Three of the other children were on the right.

I had no idea. I didn't see or I was so bewildered and so frightened, when we got out of the train in Auschwitz, I had no idea that there was a selection, where someone is selecting who should live and who should die. But my mother was tall. And she must have looked ahead. And she must have noticed that they were selecting people, separating people.

As we approached Mengele, who was selecting the people, she said, oh, please, don't take her. Please, don't take her. Now, as I had mentioned before, I looked very young. I was really-- I had just been 15 years old. And I probably looked much older with my hair. But not having head hair, and not having been developed, I looked like a child. And he probably would have just let me go with my mother, had she not held on to me and literally begged him not to separate

me.

But because she begged him not to take me away, he deliberately pushed me among the living and took my mother and the other three children to the other side. And that's how I wound up going among the working force. As I said, there were some who were my age, who went to the working force, but they were bigger, stronger. And also, they didn't have their hair shaved off before. You know, the hair was shaved off in Auschwitz. But mine they did in the ghetto four or five weeks before.

So that was another quirky thing that occurred, that I remained alive. Once we came to Bergen-Belsen, things were very desperate. I was eating leaves from the trees. I risked my life. I went to outside of the kitchen to pick some raw potato peels. And I was being shot after when a Gestapo discovered that I was there.

There was no food. There was no care. Auschwitz was horrible, but there was care. If you worked, you are dressed. You stood in line all night, but you it, what they called "fertilized." It was boiled or heated or something through, so that we didn't have lice.

The one dress you wore, you took it off. You stood naked all night, but in the morning you got it back, and it was clean. The little food that they gave was consistent. In the morning, you got the coffee, and the evening, you got a piece of bread. And you knew what you could depend on.

Whereas, in Bergen-Belsen, since the Germans were already on the losing end of the war, they were totally disorganized, disoriented, and they just didn't care. They didn't care about what they did with us, how we survived, how we died. And as a result, dysentery spread. Lice were infested. And typhoid broke out. And hunger was horrible. So it was really, really bad in Bergen-Belsen.

And here my luck was. Again, a lady picked me up from the middle of the street. And she said, come with me, little one. And this lady was Christian. She was a Polish Christian who was in for political reasons. She was a communist. She said-- she just locked me into a washroom, and she gave me a dish of food.

I thought she was going to poison me. I didn't know why on earth anyone who-- the place was unbearable. People were starving. Why would anyone pick me up in the street and just give me food?

She locked me there because she didn't want anyone to discover me, that she was doing what she was doing. What essentially she was doing was that she was in charge of the barrack, of whatever amount of food came in. She gave everyone less than what she was supposed to, and she had leftover. And so she gave that to me.

She used me to some extent. Whenever a new transport would come in, she would ask me to go over and see if I can buy some gold. But I honestly must say, I think that she did it because she liked me very much, if not loved me. She wanted me to go home with her and marry her son.

She had a 17-year-old boy. And she was very happy. I have my tattoo number, but it doesn't have a triangle on the bottom. A triangle on the bottom would have meant that I'm Jewish. This did not indicate that I'm Jewish. And so, therefore, I had to promise that I would remain Christian and marry her son. And I promised anything because she was feeding me.

I bought her much gold from individuals for this food. So it was a mutual thing. She used me, and I did what she asked of me because I had to survive.

Who were you buying the gold from?

A lot of Jewish people who came in in the last minute, who didn't go to different camps, they came from their original homes. They still had hidden jewelry, a wedding band, you know, nothing spectacular, a pair of earrings. And those are the small things that I would buy for her.

And that's how she wound up saving my life in Bergen-Belsen. I would have never survived there because I got dysentery, and I was extremely sick for quite a while. And I just-- I was skin and bones.

What was her name?

Pani Legutka. Pani means Mrs. And Legutka was her last name. And that's the only name I know her by. She gave me that name, and that's the only name I knew her by. So I had thought of-- I've asked many Polish people if they heard-- she came from a town or a village called Czeladz. And nobody seems to know where that village is. And she was considerably older. I wonder if she's still alive today.

I would have estimated her, at that time, maybe 45. However, in a 16-year-old mind, 45 may, you know, may have been quite old looking. I don't know. Maybe she was younger.

What I would like to point out is, after the liberation, I went home. And as I mentioned, I didn't find anyone except my uncle. And my uncle decided that, after we learned politically the place is going to be unstable, that Czechoslovakia is no longer going to keep this part of Czechoslovakia, he tried to ship me out to go to the Sudetenland, which was Czechoslovakia, or part of it. It's near Prague. It's about 80 kilometers. And the town where I stayed was Zatec.

I had two uncles. Two of my mother's brothers survived. One went ahead, and he got an apartment. And the other one and I were supposed to follow him. But the second uncle, who remained with me, unfortunately didn't have enough money to get himself out of there. So he spent 3,000 ruble to get me across the Russian border because by then they closed the border, they changed the money to ruble, and that's how I wound up being, again, in Czechoslovakia with the other uncle.

And eventually, that led me-- after Czechoslovakia voted to become a communist country the very next day, I left my uncle with a young cousin. And we--

[AUDIO OUT]

You crossed the border.

We crossed the border illegally by a Zionist leader, who was helping people to escape to the American zone with the hope that we would all go to Israel, which of course, at that time was not Israel yet. And when we came to Germany, West Germany, out of the blue again someone suggested that we register to the United States, my cousin and I. My cousin was about 17, and I was 16.

Was that a girl?

A boy, a man, Sam Weiss.

Let me ask you a question.

Yes.

How did you manage to get away from the Christian woman who wanted you to marry her son.

Oh, that's a very good point. She said-- I met three cousins, second cousins-- our mothers were first cousins-- in Bergen-Belsen right after the liberation. And when they learned what I intended to do, the oldest one said, over my dead body. And I am forever grateful to her because I didn't have the guts to stand up to this lady and say, I'm not going to go with you.

First of all, I didn't know where I should go. I didn't know who was alive. I didn't think anyone was alive because I was-- while I'm so lucky in certain aspects, I was also unfortunate that all the time I was in Auschwitz I worked near the crematorium. And I knew that my parents died because I saw their clothes. As I was selecting the clothing and the

packages, I saw my sister's, all my-- the whole family I knew had perished. I had only one hope, that my brother was alive.

And at that point, I was so bewildered I didn't know what I was going to do. And I really felt that I was obligated to this woman. You know? So when this cousin said, over my dead body are you going to become a Christian and are you going to go with this lady. You're coming home with us. And so I attached myself to them. They were three sisters. All three of them had survived. And I went home with them to Czechoslovakia, which then became Russia proper.

Now--

Now we were-- you had just crossed into West Germany with your cousin, Sam Weiss.

Right. And someone suggested that we register to come to the United States. And we were laughing. He said to me, ha ha. You want to come and register to go to the United States? And I said, ha ha. Let's do it. Because we had no one in this country, and we definitely felt that that's an impossibility.

Who on this Earth would come in middle of the street and pick us out and say register and we will be brought to this country. It was an impossible dream. Sure enough-- we did it really for fun-- three weeks later, they called us to the CIC. And since our life history was so very easy to follow through-- we didn't have much history yet in our young lives-- the CIC passed us through immediately. And we were allowed to come to this country as orphans.

We were brought as orphans, and we were placed into a shelter home in the Bronx. And from there they were trying to find families who would give us home. And this is the point that I really would like to emphasize. My cousin had to go through a minor operation. It was a hernia. And he remained behind.

This is Sam?

Sam. Sam remained in Germany. And he came with one or two ships after I did. I think it was about six weeks time. I came alone, and I really, again, felt kind of lost. But in the home, they were trying to find shelter homes for each of the kids who came so that the home was only a temporary shelter place. When I arrived, they put a picture of me in the newspaper, I and also a Polish Christian boy.

Now, we came under a non-sectarian committee of some sort. I was trying to look for that information since I'm here already. It was just called US Committee. And I think it was something like, probably, the analogy could be made to today's Vietnamese kids that were brought in as orphans. They picked out a certain amount of youngsters. They included German orphans and non-Jewish orphans and Jewish orphans, and they just brought them over here. We had to be under 18 years of age.

When we came here, this boy and I were picked out of the group. And we had life savers on our heads, if you know, those rings that they put on. And we had pictures taken of us. Well, someone recognized me, someone who knew my family from Europe. And she called up her aunt. And she asked her if she would be kind enough to give me a home for a while.

Well, this aunt of hers, after we started discussing things, wound up being some kind of a second or third cousin to my father. And these were my adopted parents. They were one of the most wonderful people on this Earth because-- you know, a country is a country is a country. The trees are the same, the buildings are the same, the streets are the same. It's the people who make the difference.

And when you come to this country, and people say, how do you like the country? If you were really telling the truth, you would say, I hate every minute of it. I hate everything because I don't know anything. I can't speak the languages-- the language. I can't go anywhere. I'm afraid I'll get lost. The food is strange. What am I supposed to love here?

You know, this is the first few months. But these folks, I call them aunt and uncle, and their name was Weiss, Gina and Louis Weiss. They taught me the value of this country. They were not materialistic people. They were just very

ideological and loving, loving parents.

From the first minute they told me I will have to pay back for whatever they bought for me, a pair of shoes, a jacket. You know, they wanted me to look American. And I kept a list, a running list. Finally, I had reached \$164.75. And I said, Aunt Gina, please don't buy me anything. It seems to me I will have to work a whole lifetime to pay you back all this money. And when she saw that I was so serious about the debt and I kept running a count on that, she said, well, I certainly-- I want you to keep everything that we got you as a present. And you don't have to worry about it.

Now, this was the first few months of my life with them. As time went on--

Were they born in Czechoslovakia?

I think he was. My uncle was born in Czechoslovakia, and he came here as a youngster. But my aunt was born here. But her mother was born someplace in my area. They were just so wonderful. They would say to me, don't worry. You'll have everything that you need. And my uncle would sit Saturday morning and hold my hand at the edge of the bed. And he would say to me, you have a home. And you will have whatever you need.

And they restored faith in me. And they taught me what the United States really is from an ideological point of view, a philosophical point of view. And that made all the difference. Because I think if there was anything that was horrible about the entire war other than losing the family, worse than that, if you can imagine, was the fact that after I was liberated no one cared. And that was so hard to swallow.

I said, well, what did I survive for? Who really cares? Where am I going to go? What am I going to do? That was the most difficult thing to swallow. And here they gave me faith again. They cared. And I had the most wonderful home with them. My children have grandparents.

Where was this?

This was in the Bronx, in New York.

Did they have children of their own?

No, they didn't. I became their whole life. And at that time-- it took me a long time to mature, to understand, that for a long time, you know, I perhaps felt obligated to some extent that they were so kind. But as time went on, they made me feel that I have enriched their lives and that I have brought them grandchildren and that their lives were fulfilled through me. So having that point of view, I really felt that it was very mutual.

Neither one of us did each other a favor. It was just a very beautiful relationship that grew out of our mutual need for each other. And our understanding. They never, ever once asked me anything about the camp or my family. They never brought anything up that I wouldn't say to them.

On the contrary, when they learned that I had two uncles in Israel, they were ready to send papers for them. And my two uncles declined because first they were in Israel, and they wouldn't leave. When my cousin Sam came a few weeks later, they were the ones who placed him into a family.

And thereafter, it was like an open clubhouse. All the refugee kids, all the American kids who didn't have good homes would congregate there. And they would just feed everybody. It was-- they were just really wonderful, wonderful people.

Everyone started calling them Aunt Gina and uncle Lou because they all thought that was their name, since no one spoke English. Finally, as the youngsters grew more sophisticated and learned the language, they realized that Aunt Jean is an aunt, and that's the name. So they started calling them Mr. and Mrs. Weiss.

But till today I say yizkor for my parents and I say yizkor for them. I really feel that they were another set of parents. I

loved them so dearly. It's too bad they didn't have a long life in my eyes. They died in '62 and in '64, two years apart.

But the children were old enough, at least the oldest son was old enough, to really remember them till today. And our daughter, who is here today with us, saved all her birthday cards from her grandparents. So they do have an enriched life through them.

When they died, they left me everything, which wasn't a great deal of material wealth nor money. But the mere fact that they did that, I just felt was, again, showing their love. There was family. There were sisters and brothers and nieces and so forth in the family. I don't know if they were all happy about it.

But at one point, I was going to do something with that money. I was going to establish a scholarship. But there was so little that there was no way I could work it out. I spoke to a lawyer. I spoke to my very close friends about it, that it would have a continuity. It was just too little to work with.

But I am grateful, again, as I said, for having had the opportunity just to love them and to have their love. It was a beautiful relationship. And to me, America was represented by them. When my aunt died, for about a year I wasn't myself. I just couldn't forget. And I couldn't live with that. I couldn't accept the fact that I lost someone who I loved so dearly.

And my uncle lived with us for a while, then he went back to his home. He was totally dependent on us because there was no one else. And we were as kind and as gentle, I hope, as anyone could have been. But he died within two years after that. He had cancer.

But he survived to see our oldest son being bar mitzvah. And it was a matter of weeks. And even to see himself-- we brought him home from the hospital. We asked for permission for the one day, to bring him to the bar mitzvah and to be in our pictures. And he was, like, semi-conscious, but we were able to bring the pictures back to him to the hospital and show it to him. And he became conscious when he saw himself in the pictures and the bar mitzvah. It was really a miracle.

And I would say they gave me the kind of background that I was able to start life all over again in as normal a way as possible. I had three-- I have three children. I went to school. I became a teacher. And I was able to function, not as if it didn't happen or the things didn't happen to me. That would be exaggerating because, as I said to you before, what I really-- I couldn't really face up to much to talking about the camp or doing anything where I was exposed. I never collected money from Germany. I didn't want to have anything to do with it.

But I was able to put it aside enough, not to deny, to say to the children if they ask me a direct question. But I did hope that they would learn things in a more objective way. And they all took courses on the Holocaust in college and probably learned more in school than they did from us.

But they didn't know that we were both in camp. And they didn't know that we lost our parents, their grandparents, and sisters and brothers and so forth. So without denying or without feeling that this didn't exist, I was able to face it. But yet, I was able to go on with as normal a life as possible. And I really think that it was largely due to the fact that someone on this-- in this continent, like Senator Lehman, President Kennedy, and a few other very fine, noble people passed a law that they should bring in some orphans here. And secondly then, that these people who provided me with such a wonderful home, love, and knowledge and history about the country.

All in all, I shall forever be grateful to this country for having a new start in life. It would be difficult to enumerate individuals because I'm sure it was more a philosophy of the country, you know, that dealt with something like that. And that's probably the most important thing that I really wanted to share with you and with others.

Thank you very much.

You're very welcome. We brought our children here. Our daughter arrived today, and our oldest son is arriving tonight, and the youngest one tomorrow. But for the first time, we both feel that we wanted the children to get involved. And we

would like them to at least be aware more of what happened. Maybe we sheltered them a little bit too much. Although, they did learn objectively, and they were only happy to come and share this with us.