

You told her you were talking a little bit about how you came to find your father after the liberation.

Well, first of all, we were liberated in Czechoslovakia, in Ober Alstadt. We were liberated by the Russian Army. It is good to know that Jews really tried to help Jews. We did not know-- being in Ober Alstadt, we really knew very little what was going on. Our information we were getting from the-- what goes on in the world, we were getting from English prisoners of war going to work. While we were going from work, they were going to work or vice versa, according to what shifts we were.

We were constantly watched by dogs and SS ladies. But here and there they would tell us something. And the ones that spoke English were always on the outside line to pick up a couple of words. So we more or less knew that the war is coming to an end. And one day we heard tremendous shooting all around us, the barracks. Is that important?

Yes.

One night we heard tremendous shootings all around us and shelling and war zone really, which was music to our ears. And when we got up in the morning, there were absolutely no guards on the towers. SS women were gone. This was May 9, 1945, a beautiful morning.

The English came into camp, brought in potatoes. And we began baking potatoes. They brought in food. And then the Russians came in. And one of the first ones to enter-- we were only women. We were terribly scared, really, because we already saw Russian tanks. So the first one, we barricaded ourselves, all young girls. There were two mothers in the group, two mothers in the group and the rest young girls.

And we barricaded ourselves for the night. And what happened is suddenly somebody started banging at the main, like, place where you entered. And they said, in Russian, they said, let-- I am a Russian officer. He told his rank. Let me in. I am a Jew. I am Yevrey. I am looking for my family from Kyiv. Are they here, any Russian women from Kyiv?

We opened the door. He came in, spoke very little Jewish. But we could understand him. There were some that spoke a little Russian and Polish. We combined them. He was a Jew with a heart. He brought in some food. He told us that he's going to try to keep the place safe for us because these were frontline soldiers. And he explained it to us. And he brought, later on, more Jews. And they were really very nice.

A lot of us went into the city, wild, looking for food, looking for clothing, looking for revenge. I got a suit for my father and for my brother, for my two brothers. In my heart, I knew that my younger brother is dead because I knew they wouldn't let him be.

And the very next day, he told us how to-- this Russian Jewish person told us how to get-- I don't remember if two days later three days later, we were making our way to Poland. We were a group of about 10 women and one of the mothers. Some of these women, I'm very friendly with till this day. And we went to Poland. And we got to Poland, didn't take us too long.

And I made my way to Radom because I made up with my family that we're going to meet in Radom. And Radom, I found out very shortly afterwards when men started coming back, within days really, that my brother is dead and that my father is alive. I then proceeded back to L³dz, where I heard that there's recordings through the radio being done to look for lost ones.

I must add that the Polish people were not nice. They were not kind to us. My best friend was the one that really tried to attack me, hoping she'll get some of the hidden treasures, which I didn't even go to Radom to look for because nothing was there hidden. Or Polish money that was hidden wasn't good anyhow. It wasn't worthwhile. For even souvenir I wouldn't want it.

And on the way, as we made our way to Radom, by the International Red Cross or Polish Red Cross, we were refused some tea or water or some tea and bread because we had Jewish names. But as Jews we had them outsmarted. And we

were not hungry at that point. We managed.

And my father heard the recording, evidently. I found out later. I made my way back to Germany, which I knew that the biggest place, concentration of Jewish people, would be Munich because we already found out through the National grapevine by people going back and forth. And when I came to Munich, Sal, our cousin, Sal Silverstein, was on the station because since my father heard that I am alive and I am coming, he felt-- at this time, I guess he took over. He was the father now. And by that I mean he kind of felt responsible to looking for me.

So he sent Sol to look for me. But since I met Sol, Sol said, all right, stay put, and we're going to get to him. The question was, I didn't want to face him. So what we did, we said, well, he's going to go back to him, and he's going to say he knows that I am on my way.

What a reunion was. Well, I just wouldn't want to go into it. I didn't want to tell him that my mother is dead. He didn't want to tell me that my brothers are dead. The truth is that I knew that they were dead as well as he knew that my mother was dead. But no one would admit and just come out and say, yes, they're dead.

I'm not going to really go into details because that is so emotional and that is so-- that all I know, I just wanted to leave the German soil. It was burning under my feet. And I did.