

You don't mind if I take a picture of you while you're singing?

[INAUDIBLE].

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

This is the translation. With the whistle, everything awakes. Everything moves speedily, speedily.

I get myself ready and run upstairs to see my child. Her face is radiant, though pale in slumber. Here little ones suffer as do big, without fresh air and laughter.

I stand there an instant, forgetting what's around me. I look at my wife and child, a fading branch with flower. How long ago did she blossom and bring a lovely child. A shadow remains of this image.

And now my child awakes. She stretches out her tiny hands to mother and to me. Her joy is so enormous, both near me.

Tell me dear Mama, I want to know, will you stay by me forever, forever next to me? Tomsha's whistle pierces ears, out, out to the roll call.

You are little, my child. But you must grasp this. I have to go. It's roll call.

It won't help to cry out or sob. When the hour strikes, the whistle blows. We must part. And I must go. A kiss, my child, give me to keep. Stay well and in peace.

I run out with heavy soul and feel my heart is wounded. My face is burning where I feel my poor child's tear. Wordlessly, it tells me that it's difficult to part.

I want to go back and go talk about ghetto life. This is when we entered the ghetto. It was everything out of normal life. And everything was everything was touching. And you had to vibrate. You had to talk it out, to write.

And I had to write something. And I wanted in some way to write a song which was just-- this I would explained, to the one who will get it later to understand the life in the ghetto. And I thought I'll write about a mother and a child which husband was taken away.

She remained by herself. She's alone with the child. She is lost.

There is no food. The winter is approaching. There is no wood. And if she should have some wood, there is no wood to prepare the food.

And how she helped herself, for instance, when she says to the child, the father is cold, else water for food. Don't worry. There will be still food.

Oh, my dear God, how can I? And listen, my child, can't you hear outside? The wooden gate is breaking. Wood will be enough for a while. And warmer will be for you, my poor child.

And, again, it says my child is asleep and people are coming from work. They're coming like shadows. This were actually after the day passed and people came from work and they were happy to fall like-- [INAUDIBLE] would be, like, when you count the fields and you put them in--

Sheep?

--sheep, like sheep, they were falling like sheep, that happy and close their eyes. And then came the terrible dreams. And you get it, you saw that are world in your dreams, you were dead. They didn't leave you at peace.

And I'm ending what people had in their mind couldn't be have ran out in some way to Israel, even like Jews [INAUDIBLE] people. Because everyone-- I could maybe have found their way. This is the song.

And if you know this couple war songs, then maybe the song. And I'll try to sing. And maybe I'll be able to.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

No, hold on. The melody just-- I cannot catch it up. It's out of my mind. I guess I'm too excited. I'll pick something else.

[NON-ENGLISH SPEECH]

I've seen too much. I'm told that I've seen too much, that in all the crimes and the calamities and all the trouble in the world, that's my fault.

Whatever happened, naturally, that's my fault. Because I'm a Jew. Whatever happened, that's my fault. And I [? that is ?] the song what I'm singing.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

Fresh coffee, in case yours is cold.

Thank you.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

In the ghetto, a lullaby, some mother singing to her child. She is alone. Father is taken away. And she sings the lullaby to the child, in her pains and sorrow.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

[NON-ENGLISH SPEECH]

[INAUDIBLE] a poem, though.

This is a translation. Sleep, [? Israelik ?]. Sleep, my child, sleep. Don't spill more tears.

Now we suffer inhumanly. I see no rescue. Outdoors, ghostly winds blow, kill, and mock our pain. You fear, my child, but lie quietly. Muteness may be better.

Sad darkness envelops us. I see no light, no beam. Destitution and need everywhere escort the Jew in the ghetto quarter.

But the sun will shine again. Darkness can't last forever. Papa will still come back. Sleep quietly, my pride. Sleep and dream.

Please fall asleep. In dreams, all things can be. You might even see your father. There, everything can vanish, God and gate.

But all this can happen only in dreams. So dream, my dear child.

[SIDE CONVERSATIONS]

Don't bang. Don't scream. Be quiet around. Don't spoil my child's happiness.

Worn out shadows mutely move, returning after work. All are falling, exhausted, falling like sheaves, stretching out their limbs, snatching light dreams. Gravel bins, slave drivers echo in their heads. These sounds an added chore.

Do you now dream, [? Israelik? ?] Do you now understand? You're no longer a stranger. You live in your own land, a proud, free, working Jew, no longer a businessman, broker, shoemaker, tailor, and smith.

This I wrote. I put together this song not long before we were forced to leave Lithuania, before they took us to Dachau. It was a feeling we know the end is coming, or they destroy us, or we in some way escape.

And many people were running to the forest, to the forest fighting the partisan, what I was also considering. But if I would leave Mother, it would be the end of it. Some people found ways to go, to hide with Gentiles, which I found a Gentile family which wanted to save me.

But Mother got scared. And, again, I didn't go.

But many people did hide and enter this spirit of the time. Again, is I was touched and I wrote this song. There are words. I don't have a melody for them.

[NON-ENGLISH SPEECH]

Can you translate it yourself?

Yes.

You know, I thought of a good story. Don't forget to tell her about the Passover matzos that the Nazis baked for you.

[INAUDIBLE].

It's a great story.

Did you want me to come back--

Come back?

--on the way to Dachau.

Sure.

We were on the top, put in cattle trains. There was barely a place to sit down, no place for any human needs. On the way, I noticed my fingers start to swell and red rays start to come up. I thought that it is poisoning.

And on the way when we stopped, I asked a doctor could you do something with it? Will it kill me?

He said, ah, it's no difference. If we go all together in the oven, that makes no difference. If you stay alive, we still have time to save you.

We came to Kaufering This is not far from Landsberg. First we stopped in-- what's the name? Gita, what's the name? In Stutthof, was Stutthof?

Tiegenhof.

Tiegenhof, yes?

That's all right.

And there women were separated from men, Mother was taken out. And we were transported to Dachau. And Mother remained there. And that was the last time I saw her. And there she perished.

The last time you saw your mother?

Was in this passing on the train. If we would stay together, maybe with God's help, and my being a watchmaker would have helped, you know, I guess.

Because being a watchmaker-- I am a watchmaker, I guess I mentioned it. I happened to be a good one. I will step a little bit backwards. A man cannot tell what's good. I was orphaned very young. I was still a baby. Excuse me.

Your father?

My father, mother, with three children, could not afford to give us education. My education, I was a pretty good student, not the best, but so-so. Without books, because even books, I had to go to my friends to study with them.

But seeing that would be too hard, quite often by the first of the month Mother wouldn't have the couple litas which she had to pay for this study. And I would be on the list of those who didn't pay. They would send me home.

I says, Mother, no use. We can't put the money together. I must learn a trade. And came to the-- what would you like to study? Then I said the watchmaking. And I learned watchmaking.

And thanks to God, this in the [INAUDIBLE], it helped me to survive. And over 20, actually 23 Jews, I helped them to go through this concentration camp alive. In Dachau, there was a chance, and a German wanted to save himself, I guess. Saw me working in very stressful place, but fixing watches a couple tools ahead.

And he said the way you work, I see you had some nicer place to work. And I told him I was in charge of a repair department in Lithuania. By and once I worked at Omega, head watchmaker later in charge of a watchmaker cooperative by the Russians. And says wouldn't you like to work same way here if I should help you to organize and if there are the Russian?

I says, I think most of them are still alive. And if you'll help me to build it, to bring them, I would be happy to get out. And get in another line what maybe never had.

And this was unusual. I was given a certain place under a roof where he brought me books, catalogs, and I ordered tools, parts, and gave him a name of engineer which was also adapted to this group, in which we got, according a more we got settled, get more watchmakers. And it was a watchmaker repair shop in Kaufering. That's not far from Kaufering, Igling, a little village.

In a house where before used to live a priest-- I guess this priest was not favorable in his thoughts to the German, to Hitler's ideas. And he was disposed of. This nice building had three floors. There were shoemakers, tailors, and watchmakers.

And in this place I became a watchmaker in charge of that group. And we had better-- well, our ration was the same. But I approach the main charge and I told him if he wants that our mind should not be our little piece of bread but about the watches, which will be fixed, then he should go to the farmers and tell them we'll fix all their clocks and watches if they'll gives us some food, potatoes.

He said do you want me to be hanged? Anyone who helps a Jew doesn't deserve a bullet. And I said, do you want to be in charge of this place? You need us, you have to feed us.

And then he went out and spoke to the man in charge of the village, burgermeister, whatever. And they responded. They came with a buggy. And there was sacks of potatoes. And this was boiled every morning and we would share among

ourselves.

The Germans who would come to bring me work, I would tell him-- that was true-- we had to do so much work, three watches, complete jobs, and two smaller jobs, like mainspring, or [INAUDIBLE]. And I told him those who did this ration could do any work they want. If you want your watch should be done by a better worker who can do faster and better, bring something to eat. And besides, if you wait for that your line, it may take a month. This way, he may do it tomorrow.

This was part of Dachau. And they used to come with bread. And some would bring butter. Some would bring an apple. We had food from them. This was brought to some.

You had that one man in charge of it. And he would divide it every morning. Everyone got his share accordingly.

We had also jeweler among us. Next to us was a group of [NON-ENGLISH], was those in charge of the slave laborer. He came in for a repair. We said, would you like to have a nice silver ring. We had enough silver to make a ring.

And wouldn't you like to be kind to us? Serve a little food from your rations which you give out from your big cattle? Next morning, if they'll give us a little bit of food, we would be so grateful.

He did it. And we had it. And it wasn't a simple thing.

Because among the same Germans, another German came. And said, I know your Jews are sitting in that toilet together with the same Germans where I am sitting, I wouldn't sit in a toilet where a Jew was sitting. Never allow your Jews to come in there.

Among the same Germans was another German what saved a little bit of food. We had to share in the morning. This is -

Before I became a watchmaker, before I had a chance to fix a watch, I was really brought to do slave labor. And I did it. The purpose of the Jews which were brought from Lithuania, Kovno, was to build very big halls, very tremendously thick walls. They should be bombproof.

And inside, Hitler, trying to put his war machine, to build this planes, and so on. My job was to unload the iron and shape them. And later, others took it and put it in and covered it with the cement.

We would work one week day shift, one week night shift. And just happen it rains. It rained without stopping this time, day after day for weeks. The clothes were cotton coat and trousers and a jacket. All this was wet.

The whole day, later the whole night, you are in this rain. It is cold. We would come home. Our home was a round tent made of cardboard-- or paper. painted green, lay on the ground. There was divided the whole circle by boards. And everyone has a little niche, a little straw there, and that was our place.

But when it was raining, we were sometimes have to pick our little bit of strong [INAUDIBLE]. Because the [? flood ?] would somehow be so much we couldn't lay in this. We were so tired we didn't mind it.

I remember lunchtime at midnight. We were so exhausted. It was an hour, the break. Yes. That was the break, yes.

They would give us something to eat that the men, we will starve for this while. The Germans had some [INAUDIBLE] in charge of us and said, go in there.

The Germans had some barrack. And in the barrack, they had a big, made from tin-- you have the kerosene in this barrel. And they would throw wood inside. It was actually in a forest and fire it. By the flame, they would warm, somehow let us dry ourself a little bit.

And I had a chance to come with my wet clothes and dry off. And steam came out. And I warmed up a little bit.

And another one took my place, because give over on this chance. And I got out and crawls up below the barrack and I felt warm. And I wouldn't give up. And the whistle was to go to work again.

I wouldn't get out. I said, I'm not going. Let him kill me.

I was so desperate. It was so worthless, the life. It was so hard that I didn't mind. Whatever, I'm not going.

And it was late even laying so. And I fell asleep. And I woke up, and I came to my senses, and I went to the place. When I went to the place, the German came against me, mad with a stick in his hand, ready to kill me. He looked at me, raised his stick, but didn't hit me.

This same German was wearing my shoes. When I came from Lithuania, there was still wore shoes. And I had good shoes. The shoes were changed to wooden ones.

Clogs, wooden clogs.

But not all of them-- our people got it right away. By barrack-- by this 8 by 8, 10 by 10, with a-- and my shoes were not still taken away. And he approached me would you change? He leave me something of his soup and a little piece of bread for two weeks.

I was very happy and the deal was made. And the same day he gave me a little piece of bread and a little bit of his food, soup what he got. Next day through the third day, he didn't give me.

I approached him. I says you promised. Don't I have any rights? He looked at me, stupid Jew. I promised. But don't you know that Jew has no rights?

Excuse me [INAUDIBLE].