

The Secretary to the Office of the Ambassador, and tell him that you have your visa, that you didn't pay for it. I said, all right, I will do you a favor. But my friend, Madame Rathaus, she's here three months, and she comes daily to you. And she doesn't have her visa, yet. Why?

Says, well, I promise you, she will get her visa tomorrow. Because at midnight, I used to call up the foreign office in Madrid, and sign up for the visas. And those-- now, those hundreds of Jews, refugees, that lining up in front of your consulate daily, and you throwing them away, and you're not giving any visa to them?

He says, well, I promise you, they will all get their visa. So right, I went with him to the ambassador. I told the ambassador the whole story. Why I'm going away, how I'm going away, and that I got my visa and I have my Portuguese visa already.

And of course, he listened to me, that told him, Rafael is a fine man. He's helping out, on the contrary. And really, Madame Rathaus had the next day, her visa.

And when I was in Ellis Island, I saw hundreds of those men that were lining up in front of the Spanish consul, passing by there.

And went back, but he paid me back, also, because I took the money back. He denounced me to the police in Marseille. In Marseille, I was registered in my uncle's address, in my mother's home. But I lived in a hotel.

So I came, when everything was ready, I came to my uncle, say goodbye to him. He says, well, Teva, here from the police, from the prefecture, they wanted to see you. But you weren't here, and they requested that you should come to the prefecture, to the police. You are wanted there for something.

When I heard this, I went to my hotel. I took my little bundle, because I didn't have much baggage with me. Paid for the room and went to the station. I said, I will not go to the police. I have my two children in Vichy, no matter what happened, I rather be with the children together.

Because if they keep me there at the police, do I know what's going on there? What will go on there?

Who do you think was behind this?

The Spanish consul.

I see.

Yeah.

He was trying to get--

He was trying to do me harm. Because I took back my money.

But you don't know what he actually said or did?

Wait a minute, but so I came to the railroad station in Marseille. I was told there's only a train-- it was 4 o'clock, perhaps-- perhaps sooner, yet, to Vichy, only at 11 o'clock at night. And I was so desperate. There was standing a man, a Frenchman, out in his 40s, perhaps.

And I said to him, I have to go to Vichy, there's only a train at 11 o'clock. I will have to wait till 11 o'clock here. He says, I'm going to Vichy, too. But who waits till 11 o'clock at night? There's a train now that goes to Moulins. In Moulins, we change, there's a train that goes to Vichy from there, through Moulins. And at 11 o'clock, we're going to be in Vichy already.

And will you come? I take you with me if you want to. I will show you how to get-- so I went with him. We took the train. It was quite early.

We came to Moulins. Moulins, we got off that train. We even went into a restaurant to eat something. And then, came the next train that went to Vichy. And about 11 o'clock, I was in Vichy.

And when we arrived in Vichy, that man says to me, don't go out front. Front, there is police and Germans, they may ask questions, papers. We will get out on the other side, and through the side door we will get out, but there is no one there. And he helped me to jump down the train on the other side-- because it was very deep there.

And I went home to my parents. And went to sleep. In the morning, I got up bright early in the morning to go to see Maurice at the hospital.

Well, as soon as I got out of the house, there was standing a policeman with a bayonet up, and picks my arm, and says, you are Madame Bark? Said, yes.

Well, come with me. What do you mean, come with me? Why should I go with you? I want to go to see my child in hospital.

You come with me. You're requested at the police, and you come with me. You were arrested yesterday yet in Marseille. So as I didn't show up at the police station in Marseille, they were searching at the train, 11 o'clock at night, said the commissaire should search, get me from the train, off the train. But they didn't find me in that train.

So the commissaire arrived to Vichy. And they didn't know-- they thought perhaps I came-- I was hidden somewhere in the train, or something. So they sent that policeman should stay near the door as soon as I will arrive. Or if I'm there, whatever, he should bring me to the police.

So he took me to the police. But I said, I want to take my child with me. And I called you out, I took you along with me to the police station. And there, the police, the secretary-- how do you call it?

That commissaire for Marseille started to question me and to push me. And two policemen standing behind me. And I didn't know what they wanted, what they are requesting from me. Because what they asked me-- and sometimes, I wanted to answer the questions, and somehow, like a miracle from my mouth, other words came out, other answers came out.

And this was going on like this 11 o'clock. Then, he takes out the-- he had the letter that he was given to arrest me, and he reads it what he should question me, and so on. But you should not harm that woman physically. It was added.

He says, why did they say I shouldn't harm you physically? If I could go physically with you, you would answer everything, all the questions I request from you.

So when I heard this, that he's not supposed to hurt me, I got up and said to him, monsieur commissaire, you are a Frenchman. And if you deliver me to the Germans like you were told to, you will have the blood of a woman and two children on your hands. You see, I have all my papers to leave. Say, show them to me. I showed him all the papers.

He looked at that American visa-- he couldn't understand English. He didn't there were red ribbons, and so on. It was enormous, that he didn't understand himself what it is. He told me, who knows what kind of visa this is.

And he pitied me. After all, he understood. And I again told him, you don't want to have blood of a woman with two children on your hands. After all, you are a Frenchman, and you have nothing with the Germans.

So he says to me like this, Madame Bark, you see, today is Saturday, yeah? I'm finished now. I have nothing to do. Tomorrow is Sunday-- I must not do anything. It's not urgent. Monday, I'm going back to Marseille. Tuesday only, I

have to deliver my report.

Can you be out of the country by Tuesday? I say, I will. He said, well, if you will be out. But I need some money. I only have French money, and I need some money from the Banque de France for my trip.

He said, all right, you got to [PLACE NAME], it is a community not far from Vichy-- you go ask for Monsieur Bonjour, and he will give you the money. How much French money you have, as many dollars he will give you.

So on Monday morning, I want to [FRENCH], I got \$1,300 dollars. That much I had French money, no more. And came back in the evening, packed up everything. And Tuesday morning, at 5 o'clock, we left Vichy.

My father and mother came with me to the train. It was the 9th of December, 1940. Snowing, cold, my David, my brother-in-law, it was-- he was coming with us to the frontier.

Jonas.

Jonas, I got a pass for him. Because I was already known there at the police. I would ask for a pass-- I said, I need help. So they gave him a pass. He could go back-- he could stop in Marseille, buy some merchandise, otherwise, he could never have gotten a pass to travel around there.

So at the train, my mother said to my father, you are le croyant-- bless her, she should in peace arrive to New York. So he put his hand on my head and he cried. I cried, and my father cried, my mother cried, all. And he blessed me.

I went on train, the train left. My brother-in-law came with me. At the frontier, Spanish frontier, he came to the Spanish frontier. I had to remain there overnight. That was the law of Spanish law-- they had to find out if it's not a false visa, or something-- overnight. And so the next morning, I left for Madrid.

In Madrid, I stayed a day, rested a day, and continued to Lisbon. In Lisbon, I went to the best hotel with the two children. And I had a letter-- Mr. Toth provided for me a letter from the chief of the American intelligence in Paris, to the chief of the American intelligence in Lisbon, should see to put me on the boat.

So I went to him. His name was Clyde-- Mr. Clyde, he was-- after the war, he was Senator of the New York state. And I gave him the letter. He read the letter. Took out his car, and he took me to the Joint office-- introduced me to the chief of the Joint in Lisbon, Mr. Rosen.

He said, only, I request from you to put that lady and her two children on the first boat that leaves for New York. And left. This was enough.

So Mr. Rosen said, all right. When I started to tell me what boat there is-- there was a boat, a big boat that was leaving on Saturday, and a smaller boat on Friday. So I said, I'd rather leave on the smaller boat on Friday, [NON-ENGLISH].

And he told me not to stay at that big hotel, because it would cost me a fortune. He took me to a pension-- so small hotel, where mostly refugees stayed. And I stayed there for the next five days-- which was half the price.

So he asked me, when I came, already was ready, how much I have to pay for the hotel? \$200, I must have arriving in New York. And the rest, I had \$700 less, this I should pay for the boat tickets. I was glad to give him the \$700 he should put me on boat, only. I should only be able to leave for New York.

So he said, like this-- your child, for on the boat, must not know that your child has polio, because they would not let them into America. So you will say the child has a cold. I will have a boy coming to get him. We will wrap him in a blanket.

He will carry him on his shoulders. And we will say, he has a cold. A few days, he will be all right.

And he came, himself, to the boat with me, to see that I should get on board the ship. So Maurice was put to bed. Nobody on board-- the doctor, nobody knew. I didn't want the doctor to come to see him for his cold, or something. He said, when you will be two days out in the ocean, you may call the doctor, you may tell him already, what it is.

So that's how the trip-- if you remember the trip. We hit a storm, three days in a storm. Instead nine days, it took us 11 days to arrive to New York. Arriving in New York, we were taken to Ellis Island-- of course, I have a sick child, having a husband who was not yet legal there, because he was only temporarily there.

So we were all three-- we were taken to a hospital. The hospital in Ellis Island, military hospital. And I needed so badly that rest, I was so tired, I was knocked out.

The first week was all right. You, too, must have been tired, because somehow they kept you in bed when the doctors came and so on. But after two weeks, it was impossible to you. You only wanted to run around, go around, you didn't want to stay in bed. And the law in the hospital there was, when the doctors make their rounds, patients had to be in bed.

And you jumped out of bed, and they wanted to catch you. Before they saw you were already on your four pat-- under the beds, from one side to the other. If they arrived on the other, you were on the other side, and they couldn't catch you. So after three weeks, they took us to the camp on Ellis Island.

But they allowed me every day to come and see Maurice. So every day, someone came with me. They wouldn't allow me to go by myself, because they were afraid I may escape. All the law was this way. And daily, we went to see Maurice.

He was very happy we came to see him. Somehow he was patient. He got there physiotherapy treatment at the hospital. He was well taken care of there, in Ellis Island.

But when we arrived there-- when we were taken to Ellis Island, the immigration inspectors took me to a room and started to question me. And you came, I took you along with me. Maurice remained on a bench there, lying.

And you came into that room with me. So one of the inspectors, such a mean Irishman, a Jew hater, your child cannot sit with you. He has to sit there in the other corner of the room. So you were sitting there, and he was yelling at me, questioning me.

He was questioning your name, all right. Your nationality? All right. I told him. Your race? I told him, White.

He got up over the table said, White? Are Jewish, aren't you? I said, yes, I'm Jewish. This is not my race, this is my religion, Jewish.

Because I spoke Yiddish-- I had a translator with me, that translated from Jewish to-- I thought I prefer to have a Jew with me. Although, he was the same way-- he had to be true to the government. But somehow, he pitied me, also.

And he was yelling, he said to secretary, write down Jewish, race Jewish. So all right, let's be race, Jewish. But you couldn't stand it.

So you got up from your bench there, came over to me, and said, mama, don't you see those are Germans? We are going to America, what are we doing here? Let's go to America. We don't want to be with the Germans.

So one of the inspectors there, that understood French, he spoke French to you-- we spoke French, says to that chief inspector, that Irishman, he says, don't yell at her. Because her child is scared. He takes us for Germans.

So he shut down a little bit. But no, you cannot get into the office. You have to remain here. So we remained a month. Went over five weeks, six weeks, seven weeks, nothing doing. Came from Joint, from HIAS, nobody could do anything for us. We have to leave the States.

You know, it's against the law, we don't admit sick people. And that's it. I had an uncle in Memphis, Tennessee, my father's oldest brother. So finally, I decided to write a letter to him. Perhaps he can help me.

Because I don't like to ask for favors, especially family. So I wrote him a letter, and told him the whole story, the situation, how it is. One of his sons was a lawyer, and a big shot in the Democratic party. He was a friend of Mr. Cordell Hull, who was Secretary of State at that time, he was a friend of Mr. McKellar, who was senator at that time.

And he knew, personally, Mr. Roosevelt, also. Mr. Roosevelt also had once polio, and yet he was president. So he wrote express letters-- air mail, express letters-- I don't know if it was air mail-- but express letters, registered express letters to the president, to Mr. McKellar, to Mr. Cordell Hull, in my uncle's name.

His niece is being kept in Ellis Island, and the child is already seven months after polio. He was then, I think, seven months it was already. Or the eighth month. And it's not contagious, and it's not a sickness, and the child will get well, has only to be treated.

And he requested, should be let out right away. And immediately, as soon they received the letters, Pat was called up-- his lawyer was called up by phone, they should come to Washington. And we were admitted.

And Washington, from Washington, the Attorney General called up Ellis Island that we are freed. That Irishman, he got so angry. He said to the chief of Ellis Island, where's our country going to if they let such people go in to our country?

But it was about 5 o'clock in the evening, and he says, you have to leave immediately. You are free. I said, but I would like to stay overnight. I don't know where to go. My husband doesn't know. I don't know at the telephone how to call him.

You have to leave immediately. I don't care where you go. You are free, and you cannot be kept here. Not even an hour longer.

Finally, I told the address of the father, and he was called up there-- he was living, rented a room from a doctor there-- Anish, if you remember Anish?

Yes.

So pop came out with a taxi, took us up to his room. We stayed there perhaps two days, and Maurice was taken to a hospital in New York-- General Hospital. But this was not an orthopedic hospital. Maurice had to be in an orthopedic hospital.

And it so happened that Mrs. Foreman was a social worker at this General Hospital. And she came in to see us, and said, Jewish refugees escaped from the Nazis. And somehow, she liked Maurice so much, and Maurice liked her. And he formed a song for Mrs. Foreman.

Said, most Mrs. Foreman, she is the nicest, she is the-- she used to come up every day. So she went to the Polio Association, Infantile Paralysis Association, and had they should see that Maurice should be admitted to an orthopedic hospital.

But we had to pay-- we didn't pay a big part, but we paid-- we had to pay every week the hospital. I still have to roll of bills, if you want to see them. You could even have them. For years, six years he was in that orthopedic hospital.

And Mrs. Foreman had--

Six years, full time?

Six years, full time. He was sent out to Blythedale in summer.

From 1940 to--

No, it was '41, and he was admitted there in April, after Pesach. In April, because he was [INAUDIBLE]-- in April '41.

All the way to 1947?

Yes, he came home for his bar mitzvah and went back to the hospital. You don't remember.

Then, how long did he stay in a hospital after his bar mitzvah?

I'll tell you, he was there for about six years, altogether.

Then he came home for good?

Then he came home for good. But he was schooling-- he received schooling there.

Yes. And where were we living during those six years? After we left Anish, where did we go?

Oh, we went to an apartment.

Right away?

Right away.

On 27th Street?

On 27th Street, if you remember.

On the sixth floor?

On this sixth floor, was it? But there was an elevator.

Yes, that worked once in a while.

And yes, and we stayed there a year and a half. And then we got an apartment, 22nd Street, more modern house, nicer house.

We are concluding now the episode about arriving to the United States. And we're going to discuss some of our family members in France.

Two of my brothers were deported to Auschwitz, never came back. My mother died, my brother-in-law was deported, also to Auschwitz. And very many French, also, were deported to Auschwitz, and never came back.

What happened to Giselle?

Giselle and her mother survived in Free France. Dora, with her husband and children and my parents, stayed in a little village in France.

South of France? Southwest?

South of France, survived.

What happened to Giselle's father?

Giselle's father was my brother, he was deported to Auschwitz.

What was his name?

Lipa.

And he's the one that escaped? He was first captured?

He was captured as a French soldier. He had French nationality. And he escaped from the camp, from the prisoners camp. But was tortured then by the Germans, and deported. And my youngest brother.

Those two brothers that were with America, they went there before the war years. So my father was alive, and my sister and my husband's sister, Rose, remained with the child, also in Free France.

What happened to her husband?

Deported, killed.

How was he captured?

He was captured in Free France. He was a Polish Jew.

And he was on his way to see his son?

He was on his way-- his wife gave birth to the child, to the baby, the first baby. And he was trying to get to the hospital. So he was captured.

So he took an unnecessary risk?

It wasn't-- he didn't know anything like this will happen. It happened. It was unpredictable those days.

How would you like to take the last few minutes and tell us about our Jerusalem Hasidic family, and how they're related to us, and how they arrived in Israel?

Well, your cousin from Vienna, she came as a [NON-ENGLISH].

Her name?

Sara Dealer-- as a girl, it was Dealer-- Sara Dealer. And she was a teacher in Israel before she came, before the war, yet. And she got-- her mother was my mother's younger sister. She escaped from Vienna.

Her younger sister, 16 years younger than she, was sent out with a group of children, and escaped. Sydney, that's right.

And my uncle, Eli, somehow escaped with his wife and son, escaped to Switzerland. And they survived in Switzerland.