

After I worked for this company for approximately a year, the labor department, British labor department contacted me and told me that I could no longer work there because the work was of a secret nature. And here I had been there a year. It was very obvious they were making bullets. And I knew all the different steps one has to take to make these bullets. But because I was an alien, I could not continue working there.

And so I said, well, in that case, you better find me a job. And they did. And they found me a job in-- I'm looking at my-- this little book here-- in Tottenham, which was way, way out. It was a long way. I mean, I remember I had to get up very early in the morning to get there. And I never saw daylight, it seemed. I left when it was dark and came home when it was dark.

And it was an extremely boring job. And I just, I couldn't do it. It was just too-- it was too deadening. And so I found myself another job, also in a factory, closer to home. And I finally got to do what I hoped to do. I was working on this gigantic lathe that did all kinds of different functions. And what I was making, I don't know.

And the machine needed to be operated 24 hours a day seven days a week. And if somebody-- if you needed to go to the bathroom, you had to call the foreman. And then he would come and work the machine while you were gone. And it never was a problem. I mean, I-- or if you went on your lunch hour, you know, somebody else would come and work the machine.

And on this particular day-- and this was during the period when the V-2 rockets were coming over. I, well-- overhead, above-- I should say, above the machine-- there were no windows in this whole factory. But above this machine there was a skylight, these heavy glass blocks. And for reasons that I never knew, I suddenly walked away from the machine. And the skylight came crashing down on the machine.

And it was because a V-2 had fallen in the park, not too far away-- and from the pressure, I guess. And the foreman afterwards asked me, why did you walk away? I mean, I'm glad you did. Where were you going? And I said, I have no idea. I don't know.

It was like I had a guardian angel over me, and I walked away. And I didn't even have a scratch on me. Some people did get cut, who were closer than I was. But I didn't have.

And I remained there until the war was over. And when-- oh, no, in fact, I think I continued for a little while even after the war was over.

How about your social life all this time? You know, it sounds, from what you've described, a sort of-- that you were very isolated from other people? Were you-- were you sort of lonely?

I was lonely because I didn't have my family. I was lonely because I didn't have my parents and other family members. I made friends in school. I had lots of friends in school, both-- there were lots of refugee children in school, so they were both British children as well as some of the refugee children.

But when I got the job with the cantor, which was in Golders Green, I moved away from there. And so I left. You know, I had left school. They were still in school. So our lifestyles were different too. And while I lived with the cantor, I really-- the only friend, if you can call it that, was the little girl. And I had no other social life.

I mean, that was it. I was there seven days a week, all my waking hours and all my sleeping hours. When I got into the girls' home, that's when I developed some friendships in amongst the girls in the home. And there were-- then with them, sometimes I went to other places.

I remember, there was something called the International Center. And I think it was in the general area where Harrods was. I don't remember exactly where it was, but somewhere in that area. And they sometimes had socials or dances on weekends. And we would go there. And I never went alone. I always went with one or more of the girls from the home.

While I lived in the hostel, I also-- and this goes back to my background at home, where learning was always stressed. And I had really sorely missed not getting an education. I found out from a young man that I had befriended that there was a college that one could attend at night. And it was not towards a degree, but you could just learn.

And so he and I both attended Morley College, which I understand was bombed. I don't know if it still exists. And I remember taking psychology classes and being a junior psychologist, analyzing everybody around me, much to their chagrin I'm sure. I took some literature courses. I remember studying Russian literature, English literature. I took a French course to improve my-- to brush up, I guess, and improve my French until the college was bombed. And then we couldn't go there anymore.

I remember being a voracious reader. The first book, by the way, that I ever read in England without being able to understand more than every 15th or 20th word was David Copperfield. I read it with the help of my dictionary. And then it probably took me an hour to read one page. And I looked up so many words I didn't know what I had looked up.

A lot of the girls in the home were associating with some young men in a home that was right next door to 27 Belsize Park. And this was a home for men, young men. And they were all refugees from Spain, from the Spanish Civil War. And there was a lot of going back and forth there.

I did not participate in that. I don't know whether it was something that I assumed, and my assumption was right or wrong. But I had a feeling at the time that there was a lot of sexual stuff going on between these men and the women from the home. And I was going to remain pure for my parents. I would not be part of that.

And some of the young women actually became prostitutes. And I think it was simply a way of finding love. They were separated from their family. And this is how they dealt with it. And I'm not going to judge this one way or the other. We each, I think, did what we had to do or what we best knew how to cope. And different ones of us coped in different ways.

There were some girls who committed suicide. That was their way of coping. My way of coping was trying to deny what I didn't want to believe, that maybe my parents-- I would never see my parents again. That thought just never even entered my mind. I just eliminated that-- and to learn as much as I could, to go to lectures, to go to Morley College and learn, to go to the library and get some books and read.

And then I also knew that there was an organization that had its-- had its headquarters, I guess, or was meeting right across the street from where the hostel was, at number 12 Belsize Park. And it was called the Free German Youth. And I heard a lot of negative things about it, that these were some really strange people over there with strange political views, but that they also had some nice social events.

And I debated for a long time whether I should or shouldn't go and was afraid to go because maybe with these bad things that I heard, I shouldn't get involved in, even though I didn't really know what they were. And so one day I decided to go over there to one of their social events. It was a dance. And people there seemed to be very nice. And then I heard about a lecture that they were having next week and something else and so on.

And I became gradually involved in more and more involved in the organization. And this is really where I got my political education. And it was a left wing, if not communist, organization of young German Jewish refugees, or mostly Jewish refugees.

There was also an adult group, but I had nothing to do with the adult group. And I'm not sure, but I believe the Free German Youth was first formed in Czechoslovakia by German Jewish refugees who fled Germany and went to Czechoslovakia and then later fled Czechoslovakia when it became part of Germany and went to England. And then that group was started, at some point I don't know when, in England.

And I learned a tremendous amount in that organization. The goal of the organization was, after the war is over, as many as possible of us will return to Germany to re-educate the Germans, to teach them democracy. And that was my intention also.

In late 1944, I became very close friends with the young man by the name of Bernard. And we decided that after the war we will go to Germany together. And at some point we will get married and live happily ever after. And in-- after the war was over and it was in the spring of 1945, I remember being in downtown London near Marble Arch. I was doing some shopping on a Saturday morning for something or other, and I hated shopping then. I still hate shopping now.

Then as now, I go single-mindedly to a store. If I have to buy this one item, I will buy that. And when I'm done, I'm done. And I found rather quickly whatever I was looking for that morning, and I was to meet somebody for lunch. And it was still lots of time. And it was a nice, warm spring morning, so I just walked up and down-- can't remember what the name of that street, near Marble Arch there.

Oxford Street, is it?

Probably was Oxford Street. And he happened to come past a building. There was a notice on that building, on the door-- if you want to see the continent and do exciting work, come upstairs and inquire. And I thought, well, I have time to kill still. I'll go upstairs, and I'll inquire. And then I can sit down. I've been walking for quite a while.

And lo and behold, I filled out an application form before long for a job with the American War Department, working in Germany, censoring incoming and outgoing German mail-- outgoing, I should say, German mail for the US civil censorship division. And I had to pass-- take some kind of a test, which I passed, much to my surprise because it involved German history that I hadn't had, but somehow knew. We probably had learned some of that at the Free German Youth. And passed the physical.

And then I was told, because I was not yet 20, I needed permission from either my parents or guardian to go. And I said, I don't know where my parents are. And I don't have a guardian. And they said, well, you have to have a guardian. And I said, but I don't have one, and I want to go.

And I finally convinced them. I said, look, I have been on my own since I was 16 years old. And I have made my own decisions since then. And I don't know why I need a guardian when I don't have one. And I don't want to be prevented from going because I saw this as a way of getting to Germany without it costing me any money. And I would live out my one-year contract and then just remain in Germany instead of going back to England.

And I finally convinced them that I could go. But they told me not to talk about the fact that I'm not yet 20. And when I was over there, I had a big 21st birthday party. [LAUGHS] That I was not yet 21-- I'm sorry-- not 20, 21.

And I left on the 26 of July 1945. I left for Poissy, which is near-- just outside of Paris in France, where we were to have two weeks training before we went to Germany. It was very difficult for me to make the decision to leave England because it meant leaving my friend, Bernard, behind. And he also had applied but was denied permission, was denied to go to Germany. And I think the reason he was denied is because it was not something that I recall knowing at that time but learned earlier this year, when I met him again.

He joined the Communist Party in 1942. And probably because of that did not get permission to go. And I did not want to leave without him. And his parents lived in the United States. He had also come to England on a children's transport, had been interned, was in Canada for a couple of years, and then had come back to England.

And he said, before I go back to Germany, I'm going to visit my parents. And you were not going to come with me anyway, so we were going to be separate for a while. So why don't you go, and then I will meet you in Germany. And so that made sense. And I said, OK, we'll go.

I remember he said, will it make it easier if we get married? And I said, it's not that. Marriage isn't the thing. I don't want to be apart from you. I want to be with you. But I did not get married to him then and left for Germany, or France, first. Instead of taking the two weeks training in Poissy, every morning, I got on the first train to Paris and took the last train back from Paris at night, around midnight. And I walked the streets of Paris. And I was in seventh heaven.

Little Hedy from Kippenheim is in Paris. And it was a marvelous two weeks. And then we left after two weeks. We went to Germany early August, 1945. And we were going to Munich, or near Munich, to Pullach.

Was that a big thing, going back to Germany?

I had-- to me it was merely a means towards an end. I was going to be where I wanted to be, and it wasn't going to cost me any money to go there. I was going to earn more money than I ever earned in my whole life. And I was going to be able to use that money to do all kinds of wonderful things when I then live in Germany after I am through with the civil censorship division because I was going to save most of that money to do whatever I could do with it then, in a constructive way.

When the train crossed into Germany and stopped for the first time-- and I don't remember where that was. And on the train were people like me, coming from England, going back to Germany-- most of them refugees, former German Jewish refugees. There were little children on the platform, waiting and begging for candy, chewing gum, cigarettes, and so on.

And people on the train gave them things. And I was just absolutely livid. How dare you give these children things. These are Nazis. Some of these children were only five years old, 10 years old, hardly Nazis. But I was suddenly possessed with a phenomenal amount of hatred that I didn't know I had. I don't know where it all of a sudden came from because I never before had such feelings.

And it took me quite a long time to work that through, that these little children-- because that begging continued for a long time. I mean, we left that platform, but I mean in Germany that begging continued-- before I was able to give these children candy or chewing gum or cookies, never cigarettes because they're too young to smoke. And whatever I gave them to eat, they had to eat in front of me because I don't know who's at home. There may be a Nazi at home, so they had to eat it in front of me. If they couldn't eat it, they couldn't have it.

And the hatred against the adults never left me. And that really troubled me because how can I live in a country and work with people whom I hate? It doesn't work. What does that mean to this relationship with my friend, with Bernard?

And so I wrote to him and told him what I was feeling and that I didn't think I could be in Germany. And he wrote back saying that we will work on this, and we can work this out. And it's not going to be a problem. And don't worry about it. And I realized that he was not-- maybe not understanding or not accepting what I was saying.

And I didn't want him to have to make a choice of either going to Germany or me, also perhaps fearing and perhaps knowing that he would not choose me. He would choose Germany-- and not wanting rejection because, in some ways, I don't think I understood it then, but I've analyzed myself over the years. And in some ways I think, when I left Germany, I saw that as a rejection. My parents let me go. Even though it was an act of love, it was still-- there was some rejection in there.

And so I didn't want to be rejected, put myself in that place. And so I wrote to him and told him I had found someone else, which was not true, and continued to try to work on these feelings, but they just didn't leave me. I mean, I just hated the Germans profoundly.

Bernard, well, after he came back from the United States and before he went to Germany, he asked me to come to England. And I didn't want to because, how can I see this man whom I love so much but can't be with? But I finally gave in, and I came. And it was very difficult. And then he went to Germany shortly afterwards.

We met in Germany. He came to visit me once while I worked in Germany. This was still in Germany. And over the years, off and on, we have had contact with each other. And in-- last year I was back in Germany because the village where I came from invited all the survivors. And I stayed on in Germany afterwards to do a number of other things. And one of the things that I did is I contacted him.

We had-- by the way, we had met in 1970 in the United States when he was visiting his parents. And he had married,

had had children, five children. And so last October, I contacted him, called him. And we met the following day in Cologne, which is close to where he lives. He lives about two hours away. He was widowed earlier that year. And we just sort of picked up where we had left off.

And in January of this year, 1991, I went back to Germany for two months to see if we can make a go of it together. And I realized, after I was there, as much as we love each other it's not going to work. It can't be. There has to be some give and take on both sides, and I was going to do 99% of the giving. And I knew that was going to be, if not right away, later on a problem.

He came back to the United States with me, stayed a short time, left much before he was originally-- had decided to leave because he realized-- then finally he accepted too that it isn't going to work. Then we were apart, and we're both miserable. He was over there, and I was over here miserable.

So we continued to correspond with each other and thought maybe we can work on these problems via correspondence. And it looked like we were beginning to. But by early May I realized it's not going to work. And I told him, wrote him that, and told him that. And I-- he just didn't respond to that.

And I was going to be in Germany in June, unrelated to him because that was arranged before that, on a speaking tour. And he had earlier agreed that he would drive me around from city to city. And so we spent that time together. And he just pretended, I think, that all was well between us. And after we were together about 10 days, he realized that it is not going to work and showed a side of himself that I did not know existed. I mean, he became verbally and psychologically very abusive.

And I had intended to stay beyond the time that I gave my speaking tours. And I cut my trip short and came back earlier. And it's over. It's very sad, but it's over. I really digressed a great deal now.

Yes, you were back in-- but you were talking about going back to Germany, weren't you, and the hatred and your work there.

Right.

Now, what was your work?

OK. With the Civil Censorship Division, we read mail that Germans wrote to each other or mail that they received, possibly from other countries, to look for certain things that might be in there that might be incriminating. I never found anything. I mean, I found it very boring. I mean, the letters were personal letters, where people would write that their little girl got a new tooth, and the neighbor got married, and so on. And these were all people I didn't know and really didn't care.

But I had a contract, which was for one year. And I decided that I wanted to continue to stay in Germany because maybe I could, over time, still work on this hatred. Maybe it just takes a while to get over that, to work that through. And so I looked for other work and found work at the Nuremberg trials. The major international trial was over and-- or it wasn't over yet but was nearing its end.

And the American Government was going to continue with what was called subsequent proceedings. There were going to be numerous trials. And they were looking to hire people. And I applied. Another person who worked with me at the censorship division also applied. And both of us were hired. And we were assigned to different cases

I was assigned to the case of the doctors who performed medical experiments on concentration camp inmates. And most of our work was done in Berlin. We were looking for the documentary evidence. And in Berlin was a former Nazi document center. And this is where we looked for the evidence.

This document center was run by an American army colonel, who was of German descent, was born in Germany and sometime, I don't know when, came to the United States. His brother had remained in Germany and was fairly high-- a

fairly high-ranking official, or officer I should say, in the German army.

When we came to this document center, the documents were in total disarray. It was not clear to any of us whether the Nazis had tried to remove those documents to a safer place, evacuate them, or maybe destroy them. But they all had been taken out of the file folders in which they were and were in cardboard boxes that were sitting on the floor. And when we arrived, there were GIs, who did not speak any German, who were lifting these documents out by the handful, out of the cardboard boxes, putting them back in the next empty file folder, and putting that file folder on a shelf.

And when they were done, we started to work. And so we never knew what we--

Hedy Epstein, reel six. Reel six.

So we never knew what we would find in these file folders because they were not organized. And so we had to look at each page separately. And much of what we found was of no particular use. But lots of it, obviously, was because there were numerous trials. And these documents were used.

Since all but one of the attorneys spoke no German, and the documents, of course, were in German, those of us who worked there-- and we were called research analysts-- then prepared a short resume of the content of a document that we deemed of value. And that was then sent to Nuremberg to the attorney working on the case. If the attorney found that this was a valuable document, it would then go to the translation section, and they would translate it word by word.

Once in a while I was in Nuremberg. But most of the time I was in Berlin. I'd like to say something about this colonel, who ran the document center. He obviously had greater sympathies with the Nazis than with his American-- than his American allegiance. He knew that we were, most of us working down there were Jewish. Most of us were former Germans. And he hated us, I think, with a passion.

There were only two ways to get to this document center, which was way underground, deep underground. There was an elevator-- I mean, yeah, an elevator and a staircase. And he had-- after we got there, he had the staircase bricked shut. So we only had the elevator. And periodically, he would cut off the power. Then we had no way of getting out or getting in, if we were not in.

The electric light would go out. We couldn't see. We sat in the dark. And because it was so deep underground, there was also a ventilation system there, and that would be off. And so after a while, we brought candles. But when the power was off for a very long time, we became afraid. What if the candles use up oxygen? What is going to happen?

So we were very careful about burning only one candle, which meant we really couldn't work. And we informed Nuremberg about this and asked them to do something about it and were told that since this document center is run by the army, there is nothing that Nuremberg can do about it because Nuremberg is run by the War Department and not by the army.

And so we did the best that we could. And there were some instances, where we had reason to believe that some documents disappeared. But we couldn't ever prove anything.

What was his name?

I don't remember. It's-- I may have something in amongst my Nuremberg material that has his name. But right now I can't think of it.

Can you remember the contents of any of the documents that impressed you? Were there any particularly [INAUDIBLE]?

Well, since I was working on the trial of the doctors who performed medical experiments, it-- with such cold, unfeeling detail of how the experiment was conducted, what the people on whom the experiments were conducted, how they handled themselves in the course of the experiment, as though we were talking about objects and not human beings,

total detachment.

One document in particular gave me a big jolt. It was sometime in 1947. There was a list of people who were sent to Auschwitz. It was not the entire list because who knows where the beginning of it was? But I found my father's name on there. And the list was dated February 1942.

And while it jolted me, at the same time I realized, but I've had a letter from my father as late as August 1942. So that's not possible because in February 1942, he was still in France. And he was there until August, so that list doesn't mean anything-- still denial.

Now, I don't know the significance of that list. I never made a copy of it. I wish I had, but I didn't. Whether it was maybe planned as early as February, what was going to happen in August, I don't know. And I don't know who issued that list because part of it was missing. So there was no-- the first page was not there.

I remember, for instance, being in Nuremberg. This was still when the international trial was going on, but I was already working there. During a recess in the trial, I stood in front of Goering. I didn't say anything. I just looked at him. And again, I was-- and he was obviously uncomfortable. And he didn't know who I was.

And I was wearing a uniform. We were given American uniforms. And so he probably didn't even suspect that I would know German. And he said to his German defense counsel, in German you know, who is this little one? What does she want? And the defense counsel says, I don't know who she is, but she obviously works for the prosecution. And I don't know what she wants. But just don't say anything. Don't do anything.

And I'm thinking, you know, here is Goering, whom not too long ago I would have feared mortally, and here I am. And he's afraid of me. Who would believe? And again, I always came back to this, and I still do sometimes now. Little Hedy from Kippenheim, and there is Goering, and he's afraid of me.

There were some strange things that happened in Nuremberg because, as I said, periodically I was there. And one time when I was there, I was asked to accompany one of the defense counsels when he was-- while he was interviewing one of the witnesses, who was lent by the British, a man by the name of Wolff, I remember.

And the British were going to try him later on. And normally when the defense counsel, the German defense counsel, was accompanied by somebody from the prosecution, which was done on a sporadic basis just to make sure that all is OK, they would always introduce the person by name and saying this person is from the prosecution. But when, this time, the attorney forgot to say that apparently. And I didn't say anything.

And after we were there for a while, he said, oh, I forgot to bring this document. I need to go back to my office. And his office was in the Palace of Justice in Nuremberg, where the trials took place. And so I was left alone with this witness. And he was behind bars. And he said to me, you can do me a big favor, and you will be richly rewarded for this.

You know that there is censorship. And I have a letter here that has to be mailed. But it cannot go through the regular system here because it will be censored. And it has to get out without that. So if you would take that and mail this letter for me, put it in-- I had a notepad with me. He said put it in your notepad, and nobody will see it. And when I know that it's been received, you will be rewarded.

Give me your name. What is your name? And the defense counsel comes back at that moment and says, oh, I forgot. I am so sorry. This is Hedy Wachenheimer from the prosecution. And the man-- I'm so sorry. I apologize. I shouldn't have done this. And please forgive me. Give me this letter. And of course, I don't want you to mail this letter.

And I said, no, I will take care of it. It will go to where it should go. And I gave the letter to the censorship division, unopened, and later on found out that it contained some information on a person that we had been trying to locate and had not been able to find. And it led the way to that person.

So another funny story or humorous story-- later on, some of the people who were, quote unquote, maybe "lesser"

criminals and well behaved while in jail there were permitted on the weekend to go home and visit with their families. And this one man came back, apparently, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock and told the guard, who was an American GI, spoke no German, and this man spoke no English, but tried to convey to him that he wants to get back into jail. And this GI is sending him away.

And so the man had to spend the night somewhere in Nuremberg and reported the next day, saying I was here last night, but I couldn't get into jail.

How about the doctors? Did you actually see any while you were there?

Oh, yes. I saw all the doctors who were on trial.

Do you remember their names?

And some of them were not actually doctors. Some were administrators, but responsible for the program, for the experiments. So they were also on trial. The lead person, if perhaps that's the proper way to describe him, in the trial was Rudolf Brandt, who was Hitler's personal physician.

I remember sitting in one, during the trial of these doctors, one session. And there were three American judges, one of whom most of the time slept, or at least appeared to be sleeping. He had his eyes closed. But he suddenly seemed to wake up. And he must have heard the word concentration camp and asked the witness, who was one of the doctors, what is a concentration camp. And was told it was a recreation center for Jews. Thank you very much-- and seemingly went back to sleep, or at least he closed his eyes, which I found rather disturbing.

And he didn't question that. What do you mean, a recreation center for Jews? Did he believe it? I don't know.

There were some, for me, some very difficult situations. Reading these documents and the callous descriptions or being in the courtroom and hearing how callously they talked about it and how detailed, describing how the victims behaved during the experiments, how they died. And I couldn't eat. I would vomit. I couldn't sleep.

But I went on with it because I felt it was important. And yet I questioned how much was really done. Some of the people were sentenced to death and were hung. I didn't believe in death, that the death sentence is an answer then. I still don't believe in the death sentence being an answer.

I don't know what happened to the people who served a certain length of time in jail. It's kind of ironic. The people who were executed, who were hung, were hung in the prison in Landsberg, which is where Hitler was imprisoned and wrote Mein Kampf.

One of the doctors who was on trial, A Dr. Rose, I think he received 10 years jail sentence. When he was picked up to be brought to Nuremberg, he was all set to be picked up. His suitcases were packed. He was all dressed and ready, waiting to be picked up, but waiting to be picked up to be brought to the United States, where he was going to do some research.

And when he found out who these people were that were picking him up and where they were going to take him, he protested and said, you know, this is all a mistake. I'm to go to the United States. But he was brought to Nuremberg. And I wonder, did he ever come to the United States and conduct his research?

So you know, I question really a lot of the value of the trial. I mean, the international trial set some precedents in terms of law, international law, which is applicable to other atrocities that are being carried on in this world. For instance, Saddam Hussein might be tried under that law. I'd like to see that happen someday. I'd like to see that law applied when people in some of the Central American countries, who have not been tried who should be tried, people in El Salvador and Guatemala, Chile and so on.

I understand that it was known that Goering had the opportunity to commit suicide, That apparently when his wife came



to visit him one time, they kissed. And she, by mouth, transmitted to him the cyanide pill that he later on took and committed suicide. Now if that was known, why was that permitted? Why was he permitted to keep that pill?

I mean, I knew it. I don't remember how I was-- how I learned, but I knew that. And why was that allowed to happen? If, indeed, the man was to be executed-- my feelings aside how I feel about that-- why was that permitted?

I think there were some documents that were found by one of my coworkers that would have incriminated one of the Dulles brothers. That document disappeared.

These would have been the American Dulleses?

Yes. That apparently he had dealings during the war with Germany, through Switzerland. And one of my coworkers found that, and it disappeared.

Would these be the Foster Dulleses?

Yes.

Am I thinking of the right Dulleses?

Allen and--

And John.

Right. And it was one of them. I don't remember which one. I believe it might have been Allen Dulles, but I'm not sure anymore. It was one of the Dulles brothers.

So I'm questioning the sincerity of the whole thing. I'm sure there were people working there who were very committed. But somewhere in there, and I can't point my finger at anyone, but somewhere there was also something, some other interests that were pursued. And I'm wondering why so many people-- I mean, for instance, people that were known to be Nazis, like the man who just recently died, the butcher of Lyon. I cannot think of his name. Yeah, Klaus Barbie.

I mean, why was he-- it was known who he was. It was known what he was responsible for. Why was he allowed to work with the American government, for the American government? So there were some other interests at hand there that I don't know who's responsible. I can't point fingers. I have some notions about it, but I'd rather not say because I don't know really.

I left working for the American government in March of 1948 because the work was essentially over and went back to England. However, in the summer of 1947, I was beginning to-- I realized that my time will soon be over. And what am I going to be doing then? And I really did not want to go back to England.

I just had very bad feelings about England. I blamed England wrongfully, admittedly, for not being with my parents. Although, if it hadn't been that England had accepted me, my fate might have been the same as my parents. But I guess I was so unhappy being separated from my parents that I had to blame somebody. And so why not blame England?

And so I really didn't want to go back to England. And I didn't know where to go. And I my parents had hoped, I knew, to go to the United States. But United States, I looked as this ogre, this terrible country that-- it was a capitalistic country that was doing bad things to its working people. And did I really want to go there?

But where can I go? Where do I want to be? And I really didn't know where. And so I decided I would come to the United States.

And I had two uncles and aunts in the United States, my mother's younger brothers, one of whom, with his wife, had been able to come to the United States in February or March of 1938. And the other one was probably amongst the last

people to leave in early 1940. And they had offered to meet-- bring me to the United States. But I said, no, no, no, no.

But then by summer of 1947, I was thinking, well, maybe I want to go. And so I approached them, and they gave me an affidavit. And I did come here. Then in May 1948, I came to the United States after returning to England in March of '48 and immediately registered with the American Consulate and try to also get passage on a boat.

And boats were just very much booked up, or there were few. And those that were available were booked up for a year or more. And so I decided I don't want to stay in England once I get my affidavit-- my visa. And I will get it very quickly because the German quota was wide open because the Germans couldn't apply. And so I knew my turn would come very soon, and I would get my visa. And it will expire before I can get on a boat.

So I need to find a job in a travel agency and see what I can do to get a passage. And I was willing to do anything, sweep the floor or whatever. And I got a job typing in a travel agency. And to this day, I only type with three fingers. I don't know how I got that job.

And the man that I was assigned to realized quickly that I didn't do well on the typewriter. And so he assigned me to answer the phones. And I still had a valid PX card. Somebody had forgotten to void it. And there was a PX nearby.

And I was smoking at the time, so I was smoking American cigarettes. And he was wondering, where do you get American cigarettes? Do you have an American boyfriend? And I said, no, I get them from the PX. PX? Where's the PX, and what do you get at the PX? I notice you're wearing nylons. And in England at that time, I don't think there were any nylons to be had.

And he said, I have a girlfriend, and she doesn't have any nylons. And so I said, well, I can get her some nylons from the PX because I get more than I could use. And here, why don't you take a pack of my cigarettes or whatever's left of it. And I thought maybe I can sort of bribe him or something.

And so I began slowly to talk to him about that I'm planning to go to the United States. I'm waiting for a visa and that I don't have passage yet. And he said, well, we can put you on the waiting list. And I said, yes, I know. But the waiting list is so long. And I don't want to wait that long. I'm very anxious to go. Now that I've made up my mind, I want to go when I can go.

Well, there is just no way that this can be worked. And so I took him to the PX a few times and let him loose there to buy whatever he wanted for himself and his girlfriend. And then I got my visa. I came home, I remember, on a Tuesday night, and it was in the mail.

And on Wednesday I went to work. And I said to him, I got my visa last night. The Queen Elizabeth is the next boat leaving on Friday from Southampton, and I want to be on it. He said, there is no way. You have to be on the waiting list. And I told you. And you know, you should be on the waiting list. Now you'll be the last one on the waiting list.

Had you gone on it a few weeks ago, you'd be not the last one. And I said, that waiting list is useless to me. I need to be on this. And he said, it's all booked. And the phone rings. And this woman is hysterical, calling up. She came from Wales, and she lost her passport. And she is to be on the Queen Elizabeth on Friday.

And she cannot get another passport. And what is she going to do? And she needs to book passage on the next boat because she can't get on this one. And so I, thinking how can I get this, and I talked to this man again. And he said, well, I would like to have a watch. My girlfriend would like to have a watch. I'd like this, I'd like that. And I said, let's go to the PX.

We went to the PX, and I had a passage, this woman's ticket on the Queen Elizabeth on Saturday-- on Friday. And I was on that boat. And a friend of mine later on, about two years later, she was on the Austrian quota. She was the one who worked with me in Nuremberg and at the Civil Censorship Division. She got her visa, and it was still difficult to get a passage. And so she asked me if I remembered the name of this man, and I did at that time. I don't know.

And I gave it to her. And she went there. And I said, you know, whatever he wants, I will send it to him from here. And he was in jail. And I've often wondered, am I at fault? I probably may have contributed. I'd like to probably think I contributed. Probably he's done crooked things all along because it became very easy for him to do this. But I don't know.

How would you rate sort of America compared with England, as sort of being receptive to, you know, if I can use the term refugee?

Well, I came to England at a totally different time than I came to the United States. And so I'm comparing different time periods. I mean, I felt, when I came in 1939 to England-- of course, my contact was so limited. It was the family I lived with. And it was the children in school and the teachers. And I felt very welcomed.

And the only time that I experienced a problem in England was in 1948, when I came back from Germany and I was looking for a job. And I filled out an application. And the man that looked at it said, oh, you're Jewish. We don't hire Jews. And that was my only negative experience in terms of receptivity in England.

When I came to the United States, it was a totally different time. And I felt very-- very welcome here, certainly by my aunt and uncle and at work and the people that I met. So the both of them, I guess, were positive experiences. And that one experience in 1948 was the only negative experience. And it was just that one person and nothing else.

I mean, I applied in other places for work. And nobody said I won't hire you because you're Jewish. So I almost want to discount that as an aberration.

When I came here, I-- by the way, the trip on that, on the Queen Elizabeth was just magnificent. The weather was beautiful. I was on deck the whole time. The only waves were from the breakwater. It was a wonderful holiday, I guess, that week.

My aunt met me at the dock. And we arrived at her home at about 11:30 in the morning. And she said, I'm going to show you one of the miracles of the United States. She said, see this meat? It's raw, not cooked. I think it was a roast. And see these potatoes, and see this vegetable? All raw. And in a half hour, we're going to be eating.

And she put this on a pressure cooker. I don't know. Do you have those in England? And I had never seen a pressure cooker before. And so my aunt and I were talking. We were in the kitchen. And all of a sudden, the little thing that sits on top blew up and blew through the ceiling. And my aunt said-- and I said to her, yes, this is one of the miracles of the United States. She said this--