

National Council of Jewish Women Sarasota-Manatee Section  
Holocaust Oral History Project  
Kurt Baum, Survivor  
March 21, 1988  
Sarasota, Florida

Interviewer for the National Council of Jewish women and the Holocaust program which is being created to benefit future curriculums and school systems and I have at my home Mr. Kurt Baum who was born in 1921 in Stuttgart, Germany. And as many survivors, has just begun to speak about his experiences, during the war, during the Holocaust and also his prior experiences during the Hitler period in Germany

Q: Now, Mr. Baum, why don't you go ahead and tell us about your experiences.

A: Thank you, Mr. Rosenberg. As I have told you earlier, this won't be easy, because I have repressed my life's experiences for the obvious reasons of starting a new life, for over 40 years. And only recently have I become aware that after the last survivors are dead the forces throughout the world that are trying to rewrite the history books have free rein and are able to call all this a fairy tale, something that never happened. And I became very disturbed about this possibility, because I feel that as a survivor that I have the duty to honor the memory of millions of dead. So I have started to talk about my past.

Q: Well, this is very important so that things can be kept for posterity in history by those who have really experienced it and not those who just wrote about it. Please begin somewhat, if you wish, at the time of your earliest parts of Germany, with leaving Germany...

A: Well we lived in a suburb of Stuttgart, Germany, and were very much...felt very much secure as being patriotic to Germans. My father was a volunteer, officer in World War 1 and had some decorations and when Hitler came to power in 1933, my father said, "I am more German than this Austrian corporal who claims he is the leader of the Aryan super race". As a result, my father did want to leave the country. It was only that the Nuremberg laws started to affect everybody...getting out of business, selling our home, our house...giving up memberships to our, to his beloved soccer club, of which he was a founding director, that he felt okay this doesn't just blow over. We have to go out. He sold his business...our house at pittance prices and at the choice of going anywhere in the world...United States, Australia, Canada, France, he selected Belgium, being a neighboring country and the shortest road back. Because my father felt strongly that this whole thing would end fairly soon and we can get back where he felt he belonged. Unfortunately that cost his life. Because on May 10, 1940, when the Nazis were

invading Belgium, Holland and France, all aliens including legal refugees, like ourselves, were arrested at that time not by the Germans but by the Belgians and by the French and we were sent to internment camps in the South of France.

Q: In other words, these countries considered you enemy aliens within their borders?

A: That is a good point. They didn't know what they should consider us. They were deadly afraid of what they called the fifth column, a band of Nazi terrorist which had infiltrated even immigrant groups, and so they just indiscriminately arrested everybody, including people with an American passport and sent them into camps. And on the way to this first camp in the South of France we were bombed by the Luftwaffe, by the German Air Force. Our car which was containing about 40 persons was hit. And about 20 people were killed on the spot, about 10 were wounded and a few of them got off scot free. My father had a serious head wound and died the same day and I, sitting right next to him, got off scot free. And was sent on the next train and continued my way...my merry way to the camps.

Q: Well that...was your mother with you too?

A: At that time women and children were not arrested. Which means my mother, grandmother, and younger brother fled, like all the neighbors of Belgium, fled to France. My mother organized some automobile with driver and they were fleeing, they were hiding. It was a complete disaster. You have seen pictures or movies of this particular situation with the bombs dropping, and people losing their property and their lives. And my mother and family went back to our house in Belgium finding it already occupied by the Germans, and then they went underground for awhile then again into hiding, came back, had German occupation in our house then finally ended up in a camp in Belgium. But they were fortunately spared deportation because of the allied invasion in 1944.

Q: Well, tell us what happened to you when you continued in transport to camp.

A: Well I was an eighteen year old kid, first time alone and away from home. Like Little Orphan Annie, no money, no personal belongings, because during the bombardment somebody switched suitcases and I had the suitcase of an elderly man with clothes that didn't fit me. And we were sent into our first camp in the South of France where we were in a holding pattern...doing no work, sitting in the sun, waiting for further development. The summer of 1940 came and the sanitary conditions in this camp were abominable to the point where we had water pumps in the sand for our drinking water and wash water. Next to the water pumps were the outhouses. And so a very hot summer in 1940 took care of that and a typhus epidemic broke out. And I was one of the people who had typhoid fever and spent six weeks or two months in a hospital in Parpignan in the South of France where a lot of us died. And after that we were sent to another camp on again...on the coast of the Mediterranean. Very beautiful location if you had enough food

and freedom, which we didn't have. At that point an uncle who lived in freedom in France came to visit me and brought me the news that my father had died because I didn't know he had died. I was hoping that he had recovered from his injury. And then my uncle pulled some strings and I was discharged from this internment camp and was sent to some forced labor battalions, something like the foreign legion in France, doing labor, for no money but better food and little bit more liberty.

Q: These things all were run by the French at that time?

A: That was run by the French with the Germans looking over. This was still the free zone of the French under Marshall Petain and Prime Minister Laval. In 1942, the summer of 1942 when the deportation and mass exterminations had already started in the east, the Germans put enough pressure on the French government to arrest the entire Jewish population of France...refugees as well as French. And they were all shipped to the east via Paris. And we were arrested by French Gendarme in a very genteel fashion. As a matter of fact the first two years in my war experience from May 10, 1940, until August of 1942, I describe as the good camps because that was a picnic compared to what happened later. And we were sent to France...to Paris where there were two holding prisons. One of them was called Drancy Prison, downtown Paris, which has been destroyed since. And the other one was a huge sports field called Velodrome De Vare, bicycle race thing...and they just put up tents and tens of thousands of people were waiting for deportation. After five days in Paris we were deported to the east

Q: Did you have any inkling of the deportation? Did you have any knowledge of what might be...

A: Hope lies eternal...Well we had a traumatic train ride. I think about 75 people were herded into one cattle car. We got a bread ration and I cannot recall specifically whether we had any water or other liquid refreshments. And in a very short period of time people were not only getting very hungry but almost crazy with thirst because it was in late summer of 1942. The train stopped at various and a sundry places but the doors were never opened. There was no sanitary facilities, except one huge bucket in the corner of the cattle car. Incidentally this was not men only, this was men, women, and children of all ages. You can't imagine what eventually happened as far as sanitation is concerned and also as far as the atmosphere in the place was.

Q: Could I just ask you if you have any recollection of what during the period so unbelievable, what was so impossible, what...and you still were a young man. What goes through one's mind during periods of that nature. What is the issue...survival? Could you just comment on that?

A: As I said earlier, hope lies eternal. And at that point all we were waiting for is...open the doors to the cattle car, get some fresh air, get some water, get some

food and then go to what we had been indicated, or promised like maybe some labor activities, some work activities. Resettlement in the east was the slogan. There was no at that point, at least to my knowledge, no specific knowledge of mass extermination.

Q: Care to go back to the continuation of the train ride and arrival at the first camp?

A: After about five days, the train came to a stop. You could hear lots of noises, you could hear dogs. The door was opened and the German SS was standing there with rifles, machine guns, police dogs and the slogan was "Schnell, Schnell" "Fast, Fast" "Get out, never mind your baggage." Men, and young men to one side. Old men, women and children the other side. And we were passing a, call it a selection committee consisting of two SS officers and it was a dead moment when families were separated at the spur of the moment. This whole thing incidentally was not quite as peaceful as I just make it sound. There were...people were beaten with rifle butts and with clubs, etc. And the whole thing was done to prohibit any possible resistance by the guards hitting the people, "Go faster, faster, run." And the man sitting at the desk and looking at the people, at their physical condition, their age, their capability of working made the decision of death or life. Slave labor vs gas chamber. We didn't know that, but that's what happened.

Q: Well thank God for the fact that you're sitting here with me. You were evidently unfortunate and yet very fortunate to be selected for work rather than to the gas chamber. Please continue as best you can describing what happens from there on in.

A: Well we were marched, the people that were selected for work at that point. My group consisted of about 300...mostly young men, who were marched into the small camp in...this is upper Silesia, this is near the German-Polish border. Today it is all Poland. And we stayed in that first camp called Kohanovitz for approximately six months. At that point, there was no slave labor, they were just trying to condition you to what came later, physically and psychologically. There were endless roll calls, which was one of the worst nightmares that anybody can imagine. After you had done you, in this case in Kohanovitz just busy work digging ditches or moving sand or concrete sacks from one place of the camp to another for no particular reason, moving them back perhaps later on...under strict guard and with beatings...after the work was over you were standing on a roll call square for hours and hours while the SS was counting backwards, and forwards, and sideways. The camp directors, civilian as well as prisoner, had constant accounting problems because it was not infrequent that somebody was missing. And I'm talking missing because he collapsed and was either in our infirmary or he died. After the roll call, usually you were chased into your barracks...which I will describe in a moment a little better, in detail...and there came the food distribution. Food usually consisted of one slice of bread, a little pad of synthetic margarine, about the size of a restaurant butter pad, and soup which was fit for

pigs, human beings couldn't eat it. It was usually just beets and water. There was very rarely a potato in there and there was never any meat. And of course our physical condition deteriorated very rapidly once we lost our original reserves. Our little upholstery of fat under the skin. You became very emaciated. What I did not say earlier is that first thing that happened, of course, is you were stripped of all your civilian clothes. You were shaved from head to toe and that you were dealt some prisoner clothes, striped, synthetic or cotton suits, no underwear, rarely socks and wooden shoes. That was your uniform.

Q: As you mentioned the emaciation a little bit they evidently worked you however just the same. How could you...how could they expect people under starvation to give them work and still live at the same time? Is there something you might want to comment on the condition there.

A: Well obviously it was cheap labor for the German war machinery. And I'm sure you have heard that the German defense industry was allocated as many prisoners to work in their establishments out in the east near the camps, building what ever had to be built for so many dollars per day, so many marks per day per prisoner to be paid to the German government. So it was in the interest of big business that they had that labor available because most of the German man power was in the armed forces. But there's no question about it, they worked us to death. And once we were emaciated enough and weak enough not to be able to do the work we were meant for, then you were sent to a "rehabilitation camp" which was the gas chamber.

Q: Well this was the first camp. Then where did you go...What happened to you as you went along

A: From Kohanovitz, which consisted of just about 300 prisoners, we were...the same group was sent to another camp called Borsigwerk. Borsigwerk is a big electrical company in Germany. And there we were starting to do more specific work. I became an expert with the shovel...shoveling sand, shoveling cement, digging ditches...an expert with a pick ax, as long as I was strong to lift it up. We were working on railroads, laying railroad beds. There was some incongruous scenes of prisoners carrying railroad ties and breaking down because they couldn't carry them, they were too heavy for them. and SS just beating up...beating...beating them up and killing them, shooting them, or in some cases executing them at the end of the day, in a formal execution. A secret of survival under those conditions was that you would always stand poised to start working like a robot and a guard would march by, standing with your shovel or pick ax. And as soon as the guard was gone, you were saving your energies by standing and resting...by having a coffee break without coffee.

Q: I can appreciate that. Did the supply of labor continue? I mean, you lost as many...How did they replace continuously amongst the prisoners, and victims...Had adequate supply of labor evidentially?

A: They had adequate supply of labor because they were arresting the Jewish population from all over Europe. The trains...and I mentioned we were working along the railroad lines continuously...and at that point I could see the trains rolling, going east full of people. You could not see many people, because these were all cattle cars. You had a little cut out window and you could see faces and you could hear voices. And they were the men, women and children coming from the west. And then the same trains would come back, going west from the east, empty. So you could put two and two together. So this is where the supply of labor came. And as the western European supply of Jews was exhausted they were starting to arrest them in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Well, we were leaving Borsigwerk, I believe, in mid-1943, and shipped to another camp. The shipping to other camps was always especially traumatic because you were first herded into cattle cars with lots of brutality and beatings, and you didn't know where you would end up...without food and water and toilet facilities. And then, of course, upon arrival, it was even worse. We ended up in the camp of Blechhammer. Blechhammer is an out camp of Auschwitz. WE did not know that at the time. As a matter of fact we didn't know anything about Auschwitz. We just knew this was a different climate. This was a huge camp with 4,000 Jewish prisoners. Extremely well organized from the point of security and guards and slave labor. We found out soon enough after the interminable roll calls... we found out that this was a work site where there were a total of approximately 100,000 slaves from all over Europe working on what was supposed to become the largest synthetic oil refinery in the German empire. Apart from our 4,000 people from Blechhammer there were a number of other outside camps with Jewish prisoners. There were common law prisoners from jails, they were British prisoners of war, who were marching in impeccable formation, smelling of Yardley soap and singing and usually marching in around 9 am and going back to their camp around noon. They had been able with all their Red Cross packages to bribe their guards and they had a wonderful time. They probably bribed them with cigarettes or with Yardley soap or with whatever else they had. Belchhammer was a nightmare. Blechhammer was...first of all waking, marching every morning about 5 o'clock to the work site, to arrive there at 6 o'clock. And start working under very heavy guards, with lots of pressure, no foods, no rest periods. And as the war progressed Blechhammer became a target by the U.S. Air Force and Royal Air Force...the British Air Force. As a matter of fact we could count on the fact that when we heard rumors that tomorrow or the next day the power station, the heart of the synthetic refinery was supposed to be completed, we knew the R.AF or the U.S. Air Force would come back and bomb it to hell. And of course air attacks were wonderful. We were smiling and happy when we saw air planes flying in and dropping bombs, even if it hit us because we knew there was a friend up there that would perhaps help us getting out of there before it was too late. There were shelters for the guards. There were shelters for some prisoners. I myself was fatalistic enough that I never entered a shelter when there was an air attack and everybody disappeared. I drop my pick ax or my shovel or whatever else I was doing at that point and laid flat in the sand, resting.

It was again an unofficial coffee break with happy thoughts because the thoughts were that some help was up in there in the sky who eventually, ultimately would liberate us.

- Q: Well I understand that very well...So around the plant the Air Force tried to bomb them out, but they never did get to the railroad tracks that shipped the people to the place. Obviously, unfortunately, rather, they had their specific targets.
- A: You're touching a very sensitive spot and I am a proud new American today and I don't want to be critical of my country. But it is quite clear that the U.S. Air Force and the British Air Force could have stopped the trains and saved a million or several million lives by bombing the railroad tracks leading into the gas chambers in Auschwitz-Birkenau or even hitting the gas chambers themselves. Sure, you would have killed some prisoners, you did that in Blechhammer too, but you would have stopped the mass extermination in this fashion. There have been lots of books written. There is a beautiful book written, I have a mental thing about the name of the author, it's entitled The Abandonment of the Jews. He has done so much research that I can corroborate several dates that are...when he mentions the bombardment of Blechhammer, I was on the ground. And I can prove that I was there. Because...and this is a little anecdote in my own peaceful life after liberation...in the company that I worked with for 35 years after the war in the United States we had a salesman by the name of John L. Sullivan. John L. Sullivan was in the Air Force and he was the tail gunner. And John L Sullivan also was a person who saved a lot of mementoes. And when I told him that one time, after I discovered who he was and what he did, and found out he was bombing Blechhammer, he went back to New York and by return mail sent me 2 or 3 cardboard tags that were attached to the bombs that he dropped. And since he was such a meticulous record keeper he had typed on every bomb, 40 some years ago, "July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1944, Blechhammer, heavy flack, hit right on the power station"...or whatever. And he...I have now in my possession several cardboard tags of bombs that were dropped on my own head.
- Q: Well you obviously survived Blechhammer. What was your next experience that you could describe to us? did you go to a...how long did you...can you recall how long you stayed in Blechhammer?
- A: Yes, I can recall specifically and I want to mention a couple more things about that camp because that was the longest period where we stayed at any given point. In Blechhammer the roll calls were additional torture. And after coming back from 10 hours labor, 1 hour march...2 hours march...we had roll calls and frequently after a roll call a few numbers were read and we had executions right on the roll call. And we were supposed to watch while some poor comrade was executed by hanging for something that he supposedly did...like he refused to obey orders. Usually he refused to obey orders because he collapsed, he couldn't work anymore. And so he was reported and a few days later his number came back from headquarters, execute him to state an example. I have skipped a phase

in Blechhammer upon arrival where all prisoners were receiving a tattoo on their left arm in order to classify them by number. We had no more names, we were cattle. Just like marking cattle in the wild west. As the war progressed and the Red Army made it's...defeated the Germans and advanced...there were rumors that our camp would be blown up completely. The Nazis wanted to erase all the traces of these atrocities. And we were fully prepared for the fact that we would be blown up at any moment. In early January of 1945, the orders were given that the camp would be evacuated for those still alive. And there have been a large percentage of prisoners who died because of malnutrition and cold and beatings and executions. And we were given a larger bread ration than usual and we started to march. I believe there were a total of 2,000 people on that march. And now picture yourself marching, in the snow, with wooden shoes and a cotton pajama and very hungry. And the guards themselves were driving you on because they were afraid for their skin also. A lot of people fell by the wayside. And we had one particular SS officer in our camp that was named Tom Mix. And Tom Mix was always near the end of the march and you could hear Tom Mix's pistol frequently, because he was finishing off the prisoners that couldn't walk anymore. The nights on that particular march, which took four or five days, were complete hell. They were herding us in some barn without any lighting, without any heating of course, without beds, usually farm instruments in there...people were trampled to death...just going in and out of those barns. And people were freezing to death as well. We arrived all the rest...the survivors in this group arrived in a camp called Gross-Rosen, which was again further west. And Gross-Rosen had a special reputation of it's own. It had several thousand people coming again as a focal point from all the other evacuated camps and conditions were fairly terrible. In Gross-Rosen our group was put on trains and sent to Weimar. Weimar is in a German province further west yet called Thuringen and has a very fine reputation for civilization and culture. As a matter of fact the great German poet, Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe was living in Weimar. Weimar was also the place where Buchenwald was upon the hill, within a few kilometers from down town. And we were unloaded at the railroad station of Weimar on January 10 or 15, 1945 in the midst of an air attack on that station and at that point some of our prisoners...fellow prisoners...were totally crazed with hunger. I still visualize some prisoners marching...or crawling into a potato field...saw some residue...residues of potatoes in there and scraped them off with their bare hands, ate them raw and of course died from it because it's totally indigestible, while bombs were falling on their heads.

Q: The arrival in Weimar station that you described, were there German people who saw this...or was it done in total secrecy? What were the surroundings at that time?

A: The surroundings were probably rather deserted but there's no question about it that the Weimar population did see another train load of prisoners---undesirables ...call them what you wish being herded in by the SS and then later on marched up to the Ettersberg where Buchen...the camp of Buchenwald was standing.

Q: Now what time of the year was this? How far away from liberation are we?

A: We are three months away from liberation and probably for me personally the period where I was the closest to join the many victims because my resistance had been total exhausted. And the prisoners had started their own language, in many cases, and we had in our vernacular, the word muselmann. A person who is totally oblivious to what...what's happening to him. Who just marches...walks like a very old man, ready to keel over any moment. And usually these people were marked men and died within a short time. They also became victims of the SS because of their slow movements and because they were oblivious to what was happening to them. And I was not very far from that phase, where I had...had really given up hope for everything. In Buchenwald we had occasional slave labor but the camp was already in a chaos. The war...the events of the war happened very fast. The SS had trouble coping with it and of course they themselves were starting to think about how they can save their necks. And the most important people started packing their bags and getting ready to flee wherever they could flee with whatever stolen property they had accumulated during the war. And believe you me, there was a lot of stolen property. I do not recall too much slave labor although I had some personal experiences in the famous Steinbruch Quarry, of Buchenwald in which the SS in happier, earlier years for them did target practice shooting on the prisoners who were working around that quarry. People were picked out and picked from the wall of the quarry where they were working and they would fall down and of course be dead or brought half dead back to the camp and (the guards would say) "He disobeyed orders or he stopped working when I told him to do such a thing." So I was in the quarry for a little while but I don't believe there was too much work being done anymore because the end of the war approached. And we were ready again for the camp being totally mined with explosives and blown up before the allies would come too close. It was in everybody's mind and on everybody's lips. And fortunately it wasn't so. We could hear...on April 11, 1945. the happiest day of my life that I can recall...we heard the guns and we had again the day or two days before a very serious search of the whole camp by the SS with police dogs to assemble as many prisoners as they could and send them away further to the west. And at that time I said, okay, I will not survive another transport and I was hiding somewhere within the camp. So did a few other people. April 11 there was some shooting and you heard cannons, you heard guns and finally the sound system was taken over by the prisoners and they announced, "We are free!"

Q: Well that must have been a moment you might describe how you felt at that particular time?

-----Turn Tape-----

Q: The fact that you were liberated, I'm sure, overwhelmed you to a large degree. Are you able perhaps to tell us how you survived in retrospect and also perhaps

give us some detail of your early feelings and experiences after you were liberated?

- A: Yes, that's a good questions and I think there I'm still surprised that I survived to start out with that I'm eternally grateful. There are a few reasons that I can, in evaluating my own history, can give for my own survival. Number one, I was relatively young when I got into the camps and was able to get accustomed to, and condition myself to physical work and hard labor. The two years that I spent in southern French internment camps helped me prepare myself to what happened the following three years because I was in camps from May 10, 1940 until April 11, 1945. Number two, I felt my personal philosophy has always been that of the Golden Rule, namely treating other people the way I want to be treated by them. I have been told, and this sounds a little facetious right now, I've been told by people in my camp experience that one of the reasons why they perhaps liked to be with me or to see me more than others is that I was able to smile. I even smile at the face of adversity. I tried to make something humorous out of a bad situation. And number three, and this is by far the most important factor to my survival of Auschwitz and Buchenwald is I was fortunate enough to meet two men, somewhat older, about ten years older than I was, who were experienced in concentration camp survival. One of them was an Austrian-Jewish actor by the name of Peter Sturm and the other was a German journalist by the name of Kurt Bachman. It was particularly Peter who had been arrested immediately when Austria was annexed by the Germans in 1938 and he was in Buchenwald already at that time and so he knew how to survive. And when Peter was rearrested in 1942 in the south of France, he was sharing his experience with a group of about 12 to 14 younger persons. He saved our lives by teaching us how to survive. How did he teach us? Well to start out with, he set an example on how to live. And I will never forget that in good or bad times, good or bad weather, good or bad health, Peter Sturm would be the first one to get up in the morning. He would whistle the "\_\_\_\_\_ " revelry every morning and he would get out of bed...or straw sacks and wash. Personal hygiene was a very important factor for survival. If you had the will power to take care of yourself and your body you usually had a different spirit. Then the group that we...that he formed had an unwritten pact. The unwritten pact was that if any one of us was ill, and it happened quite frequently, the other twelve or thirteen would give the sick person a quarter of their daily bread ration, a quarter of their daily margarine ration and a small share of their soup. I am not pretending that this extra mouthful of bread or margarine or soup saved our lives. But one thing that saved our lives is that we knew that we were not totally abandoned and helpless and were living in a jungle. That somebody was there to help us when we needed help from within. Or if one of us collapsed on the way to or from the work place, the other...the others would lend him an arm and drag him back so he wouldn't fall by the wayside and would either get reported for execution or shot on the spot, which happened many times. It is not unmeaningful that at least 50% maybe more of this group of twelve or thirteen, fourteen men survived.

Q: Well that is a significant part of your story that after having been so totally dehumanized that you still had the strength to band together and obviously that has been helpful in these dire times. As far as ever having escape on one's mind I would assume that's a total impossibility if you could even have tried that?

A: I'm believe everybody has it...had it on his mind. But the circumstances were such that it looked very...it looked virtually impossible. I have never in my three years in German concentration camps heard of anybody who successfully escaped. I've heard of people who escaped, who were caught within the first hour, the first half day, first day brought back and executed. You were always in enemy territory. Nobody, even if he or she was willing to help you, dared to help you because they would risk their own neck. Because the Nazis would have found a Jewish escapee being fed by somebody on the outside, ultimately would be executed. So, escape was, and survival was in our minds, but escape was not a practical thing especially when you were found east in enemy territory.

Q: Is there something that you would like to tell us about the rest of your family? Did others survive? What happened to your mother? What happened to other people?

A: Well, I lost a total of five or six close relatives. My father of course was killed in the first few days in 1940. My...his brother, also living in Belgium, was arrested in France in 1942 and sent to Auschwitz and ended up in the gas chamber. My mother's sister lived in Frankfurt, Germany, and was sent to Auschwitz. And there were a few other, more distant relatives who died in the camps. My mother, who lived a very protected life, until Hitler came to power. After the loss of her husband and my disappearing...the oldest son disappearing...and she hadn't heard about me for three years, she didn't know if I was alive or dead for three years, turned into a tigress defending her young. And when she was in a camp in 1944, in Belgium, ready for deportation to the east, she fought, and she was able to do some politicking with the camp director, who had a somewhat similar background and felt that she with a husband, a husband who had been a volunteer in World War 1 should get some special consideration and her deportation was delayed time after time until the allies liberated western Europe. And she came back home. She lived with my younger brother, who has some serious psychological scars because of his experience during the war. Lived with him in Belgium until we brought them over to the United States in 1952. And my mother lived to a ripe old age of 80 in Rochester having the joy of seeing her first three...her three grandchildren be born and grow up. And my brother is...was a bachelor until last year in Rochester, New York, and finally found a lady that he married, about 15 years younger than him. And they are living in Rochester, New York. And trying to have a very normal, well rounded life.

Q: Well there are some very good, positive points in the lives of survivors...Those who were fortunate enough to have survived. It's certainly is good of you, however difficult, to give of your time and your experience for this program, that

we can have that for posterity. I would like to thank you very much on behalf of the National Council (of Jewish Women). And thank you for coming and sharing this very difficult period of your life with us.

A: Thank you for giving me the opportunity. I believe the story has to be told over and over again so that mankind will remember and won't let it happen again.