

Tape two, side one:

JF: This is tape 2, side 1, of an interview with Mrs. Rose Fine on March 10, 1982, with Josey Fisher. We were talking about the soup that you were given. This was at what time of the day?

RF: About 12:00, or 1:00, we had all the soup in one pot. There were no spoons, so we went around, five people, everybody had one lick, one swallow. The soup was made with a special, I don't know what was in it, to make us thirsty, but there was no water. The thirst was burning our hearts out. No water. Because August, was hot outside. We would lay like snakes in the sand. No water. And the bathroom, we had to go by the whole Block. And there was a place that had holes in the floor, and you had to take this many minutes, and no more. Otherwise, there were sticks running over your head.

JF: There were just holes in the floor. There was no plank, or anything?

RF: No. Just a hole. And when you weren't ready at this time, you received one over your head with a wood piece, a piece of wood.

JF: How many women were in each barrack?

RF: Many, many. We were laying like herrings, like sprats [young herring] in a box.

JF: Were you more than one person to a bed?

RF: No bed. We were laying on the floor. There were no beds. There was a floor, like a pavement, cement. And we were laying on this floor.

JF: No bunks of any kind?

RF: No bunks. So one morning, they brought in pieces of blankets, scraps of blankets, and one girl, one lady, she was maybe 35, or closer to 40, she took a piece of blanket and wrapped it around her kidneys, and she was the one chosen to go for that water for the breakfast tea. By the way, the way to the kitchen was plastered with small stones, and we didn't have no shoes. We were walking barefooted. And when she was going back, a piece of the blanket showed out of her dress, and a lady Gestapo followed her to the *Block*. She came into the *Block*, and through the *Block*, there was a big chimney, and she asked her to lay herself over the chimney, and took a piece of stick, and beat her as long until the mucus started to come out of her face, out of her mouth, and then she took her boots and stepped on her neck. This was because she took a piece of blanket that was permitted to do so. One nice day, we were taken to a place, and by fives put into lines while we were waiting, and in came Mengele with a tall blonde lady. I was a tall girl always. While in the ghetto, there was a rumor that young people were going to be taken to a labor camp. I took stone, I crushed it, and with Vaseline I made an ointment, and I put it all over my body, so that every piece of stone made a little *Geschwür* [sore].

JF: Mark.

RF: A mark. And the breast is very delicate—this ate holes out of my breasts. And while I was waiting in that line, I held my hands across, because I did not want them

to see the marks on my breasts. So, Mengele arrived with that lady, and she said to him, I heard, she said, "Nice material, *schöne Ware*," she said. Then she said, "Why are you holding your hands like that?" I said, "I'm cold." And then from there we were given wooden shoes, like Holland shoes, and a piece of salami, and piece of margarine and a piece of bread, and we were taken into trains, like into open trains, like the horse trains, you know, and we were taken to Freiberg.

JF: Just a minute. Why did you put the salve that you described on your body?

RF: The healthy ones were taken to a working camp. All right. Well, if you weren't 100% clean, they wouldn't take you.

JF: You thought that it would be more dangerous to go to a work camp?

RF: That's correct. I didn't want to go.

JF: And they discovered the marks?

RF: No, they didn't have a chance. I just did it for a precaution. But it never came to existence. But it left me with marks between my breasts.

JF: So they sent you anyway, because...

RF: But she said to me, "Why are you..." so I said, "I am cold."

JF: And they never checked?

RF: No. And then they took us to Freiberg. Freiberg, we worked in an airplane factory. And the food, of course, water, and water, and a piece of bread.

JF: Only water?

RF: Well, then some cabbage water, and I don't know, kohlrabi water, and who knows what, and a piece of bread, and a potato on Sunday. And one Christmas it was very cold. Everybody went home from the Germans, and we were watched by two S.S. ladies. So instead of leaving us home, she took us out. We didn't have more than the Holland shoes, and no underpants, just the dress. Nothing on our heads, the heads shaved. She took us out in the fields, and asked us to take out the roots of the flowers by hand. When we came back, I can tell you, we started to holler so that heaven heard us. It made no difference. They would shoot us, and it would make no difference. Anyway, I worked there until...

JF: What kind of living conditions did you have in Freiberg?

RF: I lived in a barrack. Then we had bunks made of wood.

JF: Now were you working only with women at this point?

RF: Women and Italian soldiers that were kept, captured, and German bosses, German foremen, and girls. But we were the only ones, let's say there were factories where Poles worked, but they were free people. We were the only ones that we were always closed, and never free. We never knew what was going on.

JF: This specific factory was closed only to the prisoners?

RF: Yes, for us.

JF: And can you describe your treatment here, as compared to Auschwitz, in terms of the German...

RF: You see, we were working here. I used to get up 5:00 in the morning, and they counted us. And then we went to get our piece of bread and water, and whoever could keep a piece of bread for later, but not many could. And during the day we received that soup. And then we came in and laid on the bunks, and we talked, and we baked and we cooked in our mind fascinating... And early in the morning, across the street was a washroom, like washing with water, spigots with water, and no matter how cold it was, we had to go under the cold water from the top to bottom, because we had no soap, so that lice shouldn't have a place to go. But we were used to it; you get used to it. And I worked there until March of 1945. March 1945, before even, I stopped working. My legs gave up. So they took me to a *Revier*, to a hospital, and I hurt. I saw what I looked like, because the shades were dark, you know, just like in here, and I saw bombs and bombs and bursting bombs and bursting bombs, and the hospital was shaking, but we did not know what the progress is. Anyway...

JF: Did you have any idea while you were in Freiberg or while you were in Auschwitz what was going on outside the camp? Was there any word?

RF: Not much, no. Let's say like we walk, we see some...from Freiberg, we would see like another group of people going to work, and we would ask, "Did you see this one? Did you see that one?" you know like, only like passing by.

JF: Did you have any contact with the family of yours that had arrived there earlier?

RF: No, no, no, no, no.

JF: Did you know about the gas chambers? Did you know about the ovens?

RF: Yes, I know, I know.

JF: When did you find that out?

RF: In Auschwitz.

JF: In Auschwitz you found that out.

RF: In Auschwitz I know. Then...

JF: Let me ask you one other question. What was keeping you going during this time? Your family was gone...

RF: My faith. I wanted to live and see if still somebody was... The desire to live is very strong. Many a girls got up, and when we got up in the morning to see them hanging on the wire, and their bodies were like charcoal. I figured, God gave it to me, He has the right to take it. But many a time you think...but there is always hope. You know, you never know. Why you didn't know. Nothing definite.

JF: Did you continue to pray during this time?

RF: I always did, as much as I could. You know I have faith in God, and I always figured, maybe somebody is alive, maybe somebody will live. You know, you always hope and pray.

JF: Was there anybody within your barrack or within your working group at Freiberg who was a support to the rest of the people?

RF: Not necessarily. Everybody was busy with themselves, with the desire of living, and just live to the minute when you will be able to have a ladle of [unclear], which was, like you see the diamond, this is good soup that sticks to the spoon. This is stuff you have to live through to realize what I am saying. And one nice day, they picked us together and they took us on trains, and they took us from Germany to Austria. The journey took 27 days.

JF: This was everyone that you were working with?

RF: Yes, in this camp. They were evacuating the people. While the Americans came close to the German border, they evacuated us to Austria.

JF: And how many people was this?

RF: A lot of people. I don't know, hundreds of people. They took us on trains, but we were very slow going. When we were going through Czechoslovakia...

JF: You said to Austria?

RF: Yes, to Mauthausen, I was liberated in Mauthausen. While we were going to Czechoslovakia, we stood on the sidelines, because we could only pass while the train lines were empty. We could see soldiers and ammunition and food for the soldiers to the front. So while we were looking out, we seen a table, and Czechoslovakian women brought in potatoes and bread and cake, and I don't know, whatever it was, from far away we couldn't see. When they were ready to give it to us, he opened the door, and he said we should stand in line. Can you tame lions? When the door was open, a wagon of crazy, half dead people came. So he was ashamed himself what they saw, he locked the door. And we arrived in Mauthausen.

JF: Did they give you any food or water?

RF: When we went on the train, they gave us a piece of bread, a piece of salami, some little things. But we were very long on the train. I don't remember how long, maybe 10 days, maybe more. So one day, he went down. He let the train was on an up. He went down, and they brought him a pitcher of water with parsley, and he disposed it between us, like a hot drink. Anyway we arrived at that Mauthausen, and to that Mauthausen they brought over thousands and thousands of people from all Germany...

JF: This was in March of 1945?

RF: Yes, March of 1945. And people from all Germany came to Mauthausen. What can I tell you? A tragedy of the whole world. They baked bread from chestnuts, hot. The people were so sick they ate it. Everybody had bloody diarrhea.

JF: They baked bread from chestnuts?

RF: Yes. And hot, because so many people. Who can supply, and the people ate it because they were so hungry, and everybody had bloody diarrhea. God, they gave you a bed in the middle of the night. What a tragedy! What a tragedy! What an end!

JF: This was the most overcrowded camp, then, you had been in?

RF: Yes, because, right, right. And we were liberated by the Americans there.

JF: Was there much talking among the prisoners in Mauthausen?

RF: I tell you, once I've seen a crematorium, and I've seen the dead in my eyes. We were in a barrack, and with me was a lady, her name was Mrs. Greengrass and her daughter, Bronka. She was a nurse in Lodz. And we were sleeping on one bunk, and we were talking, and we became very friendly. So one day, they chased us all outside, and into Bronka with her mother came a gentleman, and he said, "Bronka, take your mother and go inside." So I said to myself, if she goes inside, I'll go inside. And when we came inside, we heard a very big noise, like when you come into a chicken coop, the chickens run away. Well, whoever they caught, the crematorium was a half of a block from our *Block*. And at the end, while we were laying in this *Block*, I must tell you a story. We were laying on the floor, of course, and the corner was a little room, and Gypsies were the ones that watching over us.

JF: Gypsies were your guards?

RF: Yes, Gypsies with green corners. Yes. Gypsies, murderers. They were our guards.

JF: Gypsy murderers?

RF: Yes, were our guards. And so we were laying, and a lady lays next to me. There was a friend, Salla [?], I was with her the whole time, and here another lady, and she said in the middle of the night, "Oh, my stomach! Oh, my stomach!" I said, "Lady, keep quiet. It will pass. Because they will come out and kill you." And it passed. After 10 minutes she said, "Oh, my stomach! Oh, my stomach! I can't take it!" It passed. The third time we heard a baby cry. So they came out, the Gypsies. Listen to what faith can do if God wants life. She cut here, and said, "Oh, a baby again." She cut the cord, and I cut from my black dress plenty full lice, a piece, and she tied it. And they took her, in the back of it there were a couple pieces of wood, it was called like a hospital, all right?

JF: There were a couple of shelves?

RF: Yes, this was called the hospital. And I didn't see the woman anymore. So then it took eight days until we were liberated. And we were laying these eight days, with no food completely, because the Germans were running away. We seen them run, but we couldn't go out because we were surrounded by electric wiring, so we couldn't run out. So they ran away; nobody cared about us.

JF: How long between the time the Germans left the camp?

RF: Eight days it took.

JF: From the time the Germans left until the Americans...

RF: No, no, no. Eight days it took until they ran away. I guess it was eight days. And we seen them throw the ammunition away, and running away.

JF: Was there any food available to you during that time?

RF: No. We were all so sick, we all had the diarrhea. It was terrible. And then we seen a white flag across the street. But we couldn't open the, because it was electrified. So, after a short while, a jeep came in with five American soldiers. While they walked in, they didn't go any farther. They fell to the wall and started to cry, that's what kind of picture

they seen. And who could went out. So the Germans around gave bread and pig fat. I was with a friend of mine, her name was Salla [?]. I said, "Salla [?], don't eat it. Your inside is empty. Listen to me!" But she didn't listen. A couple days after, her behind was this big. I took her into that hospital, Salla [?], on my hands. All of a sudden I hear a lady, "Lady, lady, come over, come over!" I go there. This lady is laying with a beautiful little girl. The one that gave birth.

JF: The one that had given birth the week before?

RF: Yes, she was laying there with a beautiful little girl.

JF: She had another?

RF: No, this girl that she gave birth. They took her to that hospital. And when I brought the friend of mine in...

JF: Oh, you saw the woman...

RF: She called me, she said, "Lady, lady, come here, come here!"

JF: I see.

RF: I said, "God, if you want, you can perform miracles."

JF: Had she been with her baby all that time...

RF: Yes, it was after the Liberation already, you see.

JF: When she delivered?

RF: She delivered, and it wasn't liberated yet, no.

JF: Was she able to be with her baby before?

RF: She must have been, because they took her to that hospital, and we never seen her.

JF: The Gypsies took her?

RF: Yes, they took her to the hospital.

JF: I see.

RF: But I didn't see her until I took my friend over there, and she said, "Lady, lady, come, I want to show you my *naches*, my pleasure!" It was a beautiful little girl with the black hair. Beautiful little girl. I guess she is alive, I am pretty sure. And that's when we were liberated.

JF: And your friend did get sick from eating?

RF: She did, and she didn't make it.

JF: She died?

RF: Yes.

JF: From eating the fat?

RF: Yes. Sure. She had dysentery. Many had. After the Liberation, they died.
What else do you want me to say?

JF: Your friend, then, died there in the hospital?

RF: Yes. Many, many died from the dysentery after the Liberation.

JF: And you feel that she died from the dysentery, from eating the food that was too rich?

RF: Yes, because the American soldiers brought...cereal, but it had conserved meat with fat, and whoever ate it, got the dysentery, and many of them died like flies. They couldn't [unclear], and they died.

JF: What did you do?

RF: I went into the hospital, and I figured to myself, as long as I will be able to, I'll help the people. Well, big cans of drums were standing with what people made, what is it, BM, and it was running over. There was no medication, hardly a thermometer. And a farmer, an old farmer, a German, came and brought milk, and instead, he took the food that the Americans gave us, for their pigs. So after three days I seen that I wouldn't be able to make it. It was an old, old German, and I said to him, "Why don't you take me to your house, I'll help you."

JF: Let me back up for a minute. This man took the...

RF: The American food, and instead of this, he brought milk for the people.

JF: He exchanged it for the milk?

RF: Right.

JF: So what were you eating then, the milk and the bread?

RF: Yes, I was very careful. I was very careful in eating. I did not have dysentery, but I thought, seen that I'm going to fall if I did not take care of myself. So the man told us that he has a three-year-old girl. He married an old maid, and they had a young child, so I said, "Look, why don't you take me to your farm, and I will take care of the girl, or whatever you need to do." So I was there maybe for eight days. And I drank water, and potatoes, lean things, and I came a little bit, and I still kept in contact with the girls in the camp. And then one day when I came to the camp to visit, they told me that a transport is going to Poland. So I said, "I'm going also," although I knew that there was little chance, but I figured maybe through a miracle I'll be able to find somebody.

JF: This was when, May?

RF: May of 1945. So I registered for the transport back, and the lady gave me bread and cheese and hard-boiled eggs, and I don't remember what else, and with that transport we went home back to Poland, and we came to Lodz and to the city where we were, and I had a bad experience there when I came back.

JF: What happened?

RF: The city gave me a little room with broken windows, and I didn't have anything whatsoever.

JF: This was your native town?

RF: Yes. I went back, I went to the lady that was in the slaughterhouse where my father worked. My father was a *shochet* [ritual slaughterer]. And they were the ones that took care, cleaned the slaughterhouse all the years, and we were raised practically there, because we always used to go there and play in the field and in the garden, in order to get a ride back home. We walked there, you know, like children. So I went there, and I said to her, "Give me something, whatever you can," because if you didn't work, because

the Russians were there, you didn't have that paper that they should give you a piece of bread. And she didn't give me anything. And I went back and I cried; I was so disappointed. And I visited a girlfriend from my school years, and she had her house and everything, and I asked her for a photograph. I said, "Give me, Yanka, you have so many, give me one, I would like to have something, too." So she said, "No, you don't need it, I need it."

JF: What, a photograph...

RF: From the school days.

JF: This was a non-Jewish friend.

RF: Yes, a non-Jewish friend, and she did not give me. When I came in, she was eating dumplings and milk, and didn't even offer me.

JF: Did she want to talk to you at all?

RF: Yes, she did talk. And I said, "Give me a pillow," and she said, "My brother is somewhere in a camp. He's gonna be coming home, and I need the pillow." So I went home and I was plenty disappointed. And then somebody told me that in a certain city, there is a sister of mine, Binderovich [?] was her name, in a hospital. So I borrowed a pocketbook from a friend of mine, and the pocketbook had outside pockets, and I had an American passport, like a temporary passport. When I was liberated, they gave us a little paper, and I also had money and a ticket, a train ticket. The money I received from certain American people. Our Federation sent somebody to Poland with money, and they divided the money between the people.

JF: From Federation?

RF: Yes. They had the money.

JF: There was a Jewish community group already established in your town?

RF: Not necessarily, but single people came, and in our city, the man that came was a representative from our city. And he gave everybody some money, and I had this in a top pocket, and while I was going to that little city, it was night, and I was sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, and when I awoke, my pocket was empty. I didn't have the money, I didn't have the ticket, and it was the practice in Europe that the ticket they give you when you go out. So I waited until everybody was out already, and I said to that man, "Listen, look at me, judge whether I lie or not. I had the ticket; it was stolen. Believe me or not." He said, "Yes, I believe you." I went out, this was Gdansk, where all those things are now with Lech Walesa, that city. It was bombed. It was in a terrible condition. I came out, and I go to a policeman, and I said, "Could you tell me where there is a Jew?" He said, he showed me some rooms, but there was no Jew, and somebody else told me, and I went to that place, and it was not my sister. It was the same name, but it was not my sister. And I was very hungry. I passed a market, and I smelled bread, and I nearly fainted. So, all of a sudden I seen a man passing this way and that way, and another way, and I said, is he Jewish or not Jewish? Should I approach him? I thought, what am I going to do here? Then he passed back, and I went to him and said: "Sir, are you Jewish?" He said, "What's the problem?" I said, "The problem is that I came here, and I haven't got money to go back. I

don't have anything to..." He said, "Don't make such tragedy out of it. Come between Jews and rest. We'll give you money and you'll go back." And sure enough, this was the man I married. And I went back; I was there. He had a little business with a partner there already...

JF: This was in Gdansk?

RF: In Gdansk. And I was through the night there, and I ate, and then he took me. I told him where I am, and the following day, two days after he was there, and through that something developed and we married. And this is my husband of 34 years. I had a terrible tragedy. I lost a young son, 24 years old, a beautiful son. Life in America was not easy for me. I worked very hard.

JF: You lost your son through an accident, you said? A hit and run accident? This was recently?

RF: Six years ago. And this gave me the last push. That was the last one that I...I never recovered. I recovered from all of them, but this one, I could never recover. I have a daughter, 32 years old, very beautiful daughter. She is married, and she adopted a little boy from South America. She cannot have children. Two years ago she adopted a little boy, and named him after my son.

JF: How old is your daughter?

RF: 32 years old. This is my grandson.

JF: Oh, he's beautiful.

RF: Yes, he is.

JF: And chubby.

RF: He is a sweet little boy.

JF: You said that you met your husband. Can we go back for a minute? Did you marry then in Poland?

RF: Yes.

JF: And you lived where?

RF: No, not long. I lived...

Tape two, side two:

JF: This is tape 2, side 2, of an interview with Mrs. Rose Fine. You lived in Danzig² after you were married?

RF: Right. And then the trend started to go anti-Semitic. We heard what happened here and there; we heard that people were harassed by the Poles, and that we are not welcome. And then I took my husband and I wanted to show him my home town, and the house, apartment, where we lived, our janitor moved in. And there was a little lock and chain on the door.... We stood there. So I said to my husband, "Go knock, and I'll show you where I was living." And she opened the door, and through the chain I said, "Mrs. Jelak, I want to show my husband where," and she wouldn't let me in.

JF: This had been your janitor?

RF: Yes. So, there was one door open to the dining room, and there stood a little bed, a white bed, with chrome, beautiful, and I said, "See this bed was where the girl slept," and I was very disappointed, very disappointed. And some of them mentioned, said, "How come so many of you are still alive?"

JF: Had this janitor been friendly to you when you lived there?

RF: Yes, but he made a living from us, he had to be. But once he was free, he started to show his pig face, you know. And one time we went to Lodz, and we smuggled the border to Germany, to the American side, and from there we came to the United States.

JF: Did you have trouble getting to the United States?

RF: No, no, no, no. It was through the Joint. I'll be very thankful until the day I die; I'll never forget. We came into a home, was a poor home. The country for us was poor, because we had to struggle from the beginning.

JF: You're talking about when you came here now?

RF: Right.

JF: When did you emigrate?

RF: In 1949.

JF: So you're talking about four years of moving...

RF: No, we were in Germany for four years.

JF: You were in Germany for four years?

RF: Three years or four years. We smuggled across the border, and until we came to the United States, it took us until 1949.

JF: And where did you live in Germany? In the American...

RF: On the American side.

JF: In Munich?

RF: Yes.

JF: And what was your experience like, living in Germany during those years?

²Same as Gdansk, -ed.

RF: They are big anti-Semites; there is no doubt about it. They are all Jew haters; there is no doubt about it. The one hid it; one didn't hide it. There is no rule without an exception. There might be between a million, one or two that are different, but the majority hate a Jew. There is no two doubts.

JF: Were you members of the new congregation in Munich, the new synagogue?

RF: Yes. Sure, sure, sure. We had contact with Jews, right.

JF: And with Rabbi Leizerowski?

RF: Right, right. Did you interview Mrs. Leizerowski yet¹? ...very pleasant...

JF: So you must have known them when you were there?

RF: Right, dear friend of mine, dear friend of mine, right, right.

JF: Was there a support group of Jews in Munich during those days?

RF: Yes, very nice. We had to cling to each other because we were the only ones. What we felt, the air was poisoned. It wasn't our country.

JF: Were you able to work?

RF: I didn't work. I went to ORT³ school. I learned to sew. That's how I know how to sew. Then I had a little girl.

JF: Was she born there? Your daughter?

RF: I had another tragedy, I don't want to talk about it. I lost another child, one and one-half years old. It was very difficult.

JF: In Munich?

RF: I told you it's a long story. It was a life full of a lot of pain, a lot of heartache. [unclear] had a brain tumor and died. Yeah, it's not easy. I hope it's enough.

JF: So you came here in 1949.

RF: Right.

JF: And your husband was able to find work when you first came?

RF: Yeah, it was tough. He worked for 45 cents an hour. It was tough. I had to go to work when my child was two years old.

JF: Did you come to Philadelphia?

RF: Yes.

JF: Because you had known people here?

RF: No, my permit was for Philadelphia.

JF: And was there anyone from your family that you found later?

RF: I only have one niece, the daughter from my oldest sister.

JF: Had she been with you in Auschwitz?

RF: No, she left the ghetto two days before I did, and we lost track. She was with one of my sisters, and my sister died four weeks after the Liberation.

JF: Is there anything else that you want to tell us about the years in Europe?

¹See the 1981 interview with Rabbi Baruch Leizerowski and his wife Klara.

³Organization for Rehabilitation and Training, -ed.

RF: What can I tell you, I don't know. There is much more that you can go into details and talk and talk, and you can sit days and nights; and there is no end to it, if you want to go detail by detail. It was a terrible time. It was something that was unbelievable. The only thing I can tell you is that I don't hear my voice. That's not me. Isn't it different?

JF: No.

RF: To you?

JF: No.

RF: To my ears, it is different.

JF: Thank you very much, Mrs. Fine.

RF: My pleasure, my pleasure.

JF: This is some additional information, a story that has happened to Mrs. Fine recently. Could you tell us about it?

RF: Sure. In my home city, a gentleman, a gentile man, hid in the attic a Torah, a *Sefer Torah* [Torah scroll], and a Mr. Reinsky, from Georgia, a friend from my city, went home to visit our hometown, and the gentleman was willing to give him back. It took a nice couple of months before the city, whoever it was, would allow him to take it back. The government allowed him to take it, and he went back and brought it over, and there was a big, big celebration in Georgia, in Atlanta, Georgia, where they welcomed the Torah. And there were beautiful speeches by the Rabbi, by the cantor, and I was also one that made a speech. I was very proud, because it connected me with the beautiful memories of my hometown where I grew up.

JF: Is there any knowledge of how the Torah got into this man's keeping?

RF: I don't know, but I could ask him. As a matter of fact, we are going to have a reunion in June in the Concord Hotel, and while I'm there I'll ask him. And I don't mind telling you.

JF: And was this news known in the United States that this man had the Torah?

RF: I don't know. Between our people it was. I don't know whether it was among other people. I don't know. But it was a beautiful *Sefer Torah*. As a matter of fact, he gave me a silver *becher* [cup], with the name [unclear] engraved. And I would like any American to see how beautiful things European had, if you think that we didn't. Beautiful, beautiful.

JF: This was a European piece?

RF: Right. There was one man, a Jew, one man in the city, still living in the city, an old man, so he gave him a couple of those *bechers*, and he gave me one. Beautiful.

JF: And where was it from?

RF: From [unclear] from my city, right.

JF: So you have one?

RF: Right, I have a little one. There is a heart engraved, beautiful. He gave it to me because I was there.

JF: Do you have any idea...

RF: I also have a tape from my speech.

JF: Good! Do you have any idea how many people from your town survived the war?

RF: Now many. Maybe 200.

JF: Out of how, do you think?

RF: Oh my gosh, maybe 5,000, 6,000. Not many.

JF: This was a happy day for those of you who were lucky enough to be here.

RF: I don't know. I have mixed feelings. There is nobody to sigh with you, nobody to cry with you. A life by itself is not a happy life. So you marry and have your child, and there is no *bubby* [grandmother], no *zayde* [grandfather], no aunt, no uncle, only a friend. I am not sad, but of course, I thank God, but if you want to analyze it, it's not right. Not here, not there. You're alone. If you're from 10 children in a family, who had 21 grandchildren, and there is only one alive, it's hard; and then life is cruel to you, you know. I should know. Nobody has it peaches and cherries, and I had knocks that...

JF: It didn't stop for you.

RF: No, it didn't.

JF: It was good to talk to you.

RF: Likewise.

JF: Thank you.

RF: My pleasure.