

Interview with EDDY WYNSCHENK
Holocaust Oral History Project
September 20, 1989 San Francisco, CA
Interviewer: P. Coster
Transcriber: Susan Kitchell

TAPE 1 SIDE 1

WHERE WERE YOU BORN?

Before I talk about myself, I would like to dedicate this interview in memory of the one and one half million Jewish children who were murdered. These children never had a chance to live life. These children were not allowed to live and grow up in a free society. That's my dedication.

I was born in Amsterdam, the capital of Holland. I lived in an area about ten or fifteen minutes walking distance from where Anne Frank was in hiding but I never met her and I never heard about her until many years after the war but it is a coincidence. I was born July 18, 1927. I had my parents, a brother who was handicapped, two sisters who were not married, and one sister who was married. My married sister in 1942 got a baby girl. And will you please ask me later what happened to that baby girl in particular.

I was the youngest in my immediate family. I had a normal childhood. My main interest was in playing soccer. Of course, this was the most popular sport in Europe. I lived in a neighborhood with only a few Jewish families. My father was a wholesale dealer in fruits and vegetables. My parents were pretty strict. When I came home first I did my homework and then was allowed to play soccer because if it was up to me I would play soccer day and night. Maybe that helped also to save my life that I played a lot of soccer. But, anyway.

I never heard, that is, before 1940, about concentration camps, about the Jewish question, about the final solution, about gas chambers, nothing. I did know and I do remember it very well, that a lot of German-Jewish people and a lot of Jewish people from Austria came to Holland. Jewish organizations in Holland they contacted Jewish people for blankets, for food, for jobs. Even though I was under age 12, I have very good memory as I said before and I remember that. I also remember that several excellent soccer players from Austria and Germany, particularly from Austria, came Jewish ones, came to Holland and right away a lot of the Dutch soccer players wanted to have them and to play for them.

So I had a normal childhood until 1940. That is actually when my childhood stopped, when I was twelve years old.

What happened? The Germans on May 10, 1940 invaded my country, there in Holland. Now let me talk about the word Germans. There were the Germans who invaded my country the Holland. There were the Germans who took us away from our homes. But the Germans were murderers. I never heard until many, many years after the war, in my country then, now the United States, the word Nazi. Nowadays people talk you know, there were Germans, oh they were Nazis. But it was with few exceptions, the hate from the German people on account of Goebbels, who was the Minister of Propaganda was very deep by the German people. The point I try to make is, being a member of the Nazi party or not, without the German population Hitler could never have succeeded.

So. When the Germans invaded my country and they fought for four days, until May 14th, what they did, they bombed a part of Rotterdam, the famous harbor. Maybe you heard about the Rotterdam? (A LITTLE BIT) And that was a city and they totally killed civilians. They gave an ultimatum to the Dutch Army if

you don't surrender we threaten Rotterdam. But I talk about it and if I don't make myself clear, and if I lose you it is my mistake so interrupt me, okay? (UH HUM) The Germans threatened Warsaw, they threatened a part of Rotterdam, they threatened a part of London and Coventry. Later during the war, when the United States Air Force and the Royal Air Force in England bombed, for instance, Dresden, if you talk now to Germans, how terrible what the Allies did to Dresden. Maybe it was terrible. But, what about Warsaw? Rotterdam? London? Coventry? And other cities threatened by the Germans? What did they expect? Meatballs and cookies?

By the way, I am very outspoken about what happened in the Holocaust. I never compromise when I talk. I actually relive, I am there again. And inside, I cry. Sometimes I cry openly and I choke and I never apologize for that. The truth had to be told. And the word Holocaust means destroyed by fire. Nowadays, sad to say, a tempting word rose somewhere, and I am not taking sides on the abortion issue, but I read several times in the paper, and I heard on the radio and TV interviews, "you know, abortion it is a holocaust." Then I get angry and in pain and everything because then people don't know the meaning of the holocaust is destroyed by fire! They use it for everything that goes wrong because they don't know the meaning and what it actually meant. I hope I make sense to you. (MM HMM)

So in 1940 I was twelve years old, the end of my childhood. I was never a teenager. I don't know what it is to be a teenager. I never had a normal childhood after that.

In the beginning, what the Germans told us "we are here to protect you. We won't interfere." And I remember people said "protect us from what?" Holland was a democratic country, the same like the United States is. Also, it kind of shocked me that so many Dutch people the moment that the troops came in Amsterdam, the German occupation troops, thousands and thousands of Dutch people were standing on the side and gave the salute. Shocking! And percentage-wise, it was very high. Also, the same as in France, France and Holland, and I don't even talk about Poland, a very high percentage of betrayal of underground fighters and Jewish people by the Dutch. Of course you had, thank God, a lot of good Dutch people. It was only a small country, the percentage-wise of the people compared for instance within Denmark. Denmark was a very small country but in my heart and in my mind it was a great country, the people were great. Not in size but in their heart. But anyway, if I go too long you have to let me know, Okay? (OKAY)

Anyway, they left us alone. Then suddenly, they showed their ugly faces. The Germans, that is. They took away our civil rights, of the Jewish people I mean, our legal rights, our human rights. Later, in the camps, they took away our human dignity. We had to have the star of David (I brought a star, did you ever see that kind of a star?) on our clothes. We were required to have it. On all our clothes when we were outside. Suppose we didn't have it on? That means ... that is Dutch, Jood, you pronounce it "Jode" but in translation in our language it is Jew. So we were marked people. We were second class citizens at best, we were actually outcasts. Then, there was a curfew for Jewish people. You had to be home by eight in the evening until six in the morning. Still I never heard about concentration camps. I was very fortunate. In July 1940, a couple of months after the occupation ... by the way, in the beginning we were still allowed to do business and be a part of the community. They left us alone but it was all kind of a gimmick. It was a terrible snow job. I was allowed to play soccer, of course, and to go to my regular I just started high school, a public high school. Um, we were not allowed to play with our non-Jewish friends, we could not visit non-Jewish people, they were not allowed to visit Jewish people. We were not allowed to use public transportation, to go to sporting events, or to participate in sporting events. We were not allowed to go to public schools, to go shopping. Let me give you an example. Suppose you want to go to Macy's or Sears or Penney's or a little coffee shop. Were big signs "Jews Not Allowed." We were not allowed to be human beings.

I remember my father said "whoever is going to win the war, the Jewish people are going to lose it." Why he said it, I don't know. It was in 1940 when he said it, when I was twelve years old. Sometimes I think he is right. Because I jump to today what is happening in Auschwitz, in Poland, that we still have to fight, that they don't let us live, they don't let the people who was murdered be in peace, if that is

possible, they don't even have a grave. The few survivors, we have a right to live a little bit in peace, besides our pain and anger inside, they don't leave us alone. And that is, the people didn't learn from the Holocaust or they don't want to, that hate and racism and bigotry caused the Holocaust, right? I am sorry to say, it still exists today. In our country and in other countries.

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WHEN YOU SAY THEY DON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE STILL?

No. What happened with that convent in Auschwitz (UM HUM) is they don't leave us alone. (OKAY) Do I make sense? (YES) Or do I don't make myself clear? (NO, YOU'RE ...) By building that convent by the anti-Semitic reaction from the Polish church and the Polish people I will talk about it later but I experienced from the Polish people (UH HUM) I can only tell you what happened to me. I'm not talking about Catholic people, no no no, but what I experienced from Polish people. I didn't even know they were Catholic then (UH HUM) I, by putting a convent and a cross in a place that was built for the extermination of the Jewish people, but I talk about Auschwitz later because I was there.

So, anyway, I still never heard about concentration camps, extermination camps. Then they stole Jewish businesses. One day a Dutch German sympathizer, there were too many of them, came in my father's business, and as I said before he was a wholesaler in fruits and vegetables, and he stole his business money, his private money, and kicked him out of his place. It happened to all Jewish businesses. Before they murdered us, they plundered us. Then they started to round up Jewish people. For instance, Jewish people walking in the street. With the star of David of course. And suddenly German trucks and German soldiers rounded the people up and put them in the trucks and you never saw them anymore. We became outcasts. Some people went in hiding but then in 1941 I was only 13 years old, close to 14, my best friend was not, I hate that expression, but it happened to me that way, I lived in neighborhood where there were not many Jewish people, I grew up with a little child, my best friend was non-Jewish. He went to church. I forgot his religion but we were very close. Then suddenly, you couldn't even say "hi" to him, we couldn't visit right next to each other, that is something you had to accept. Also, what I realize many, many years after the war, I went, and I only talk for myself of course, in freezer. All my human feelings disappeared. My whole body was one big freezer. I could not cry. I could not laugh. I could not feel pain. That lasted until in the 70's. Anyway ...

People got letters in the mail. You have to be in a certain time on the railroad station for labor camps. You want me to continue? (UH HUH) Do I make sense so far? (I WAS JUST WRITING DOWN SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU LATER) But do I make sense? (OH YES) You're sure? (UH HUH)

Labor camps. There were in Holland some labor camps. I think my father had to go to...they had doctors who gave a paper, you know, good health, whatever. It was part of the big snow job. They gave the Jewish people an impression, a false kind of impression, of course, because by then you had the Jewish question and the final solution. Now. The Jewish question was what to do with the Jewish people. The final solution became the extermination of all Jewish people. I said all Jewish people, not only European, but all Jewish people. If Hitler would have won the war, I wouldn't be sitting here, there wouldn't be a Holocaust Center here, there wouldn't be any Jewish people alive. I said before I am very outspoken but the American Jewish people who are born here who, thank God, don't know the Holocaust. The only ones who know the Holocaust are the six million but they can't talk. And then the few of us who survived. Nobody else, thank God, will ever know. One can read about it and can listen to a survivor, or visit a camp but they never will know.

DO YOU FIND THAT EVEN JEWISH PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED IT THEY EVEN HAVE A HARD TIME HEARING YOU?

Okay. I said before I am outspoken and for people like me it is not an issue. I was told by people God wanted you to survive and gave me a gift to talk. Since 1972 as a non-professional speaker, I don't accept

any money, except expenses, I go to junior high schools, I go to high schools, colleges, sometimes radio talk shows, television talk shows. I do everything myself because I have a mission in life. And the mission is I want all children to have what one and a half million Jewish children never had a chance to have. I don't care if they are yellow or green or blue or black or Jewish, I don't care -- children are children. I feel that way probably because I never had a normal life as a child myself. And I saw too many children walk to the gas chamber. I want them to have the chance they never had a chance to have and they have to do something for it. Go out to vote, I tell them, don't sit on your behind. When you are eighteen years old register and you go out to vote. Complaining you can do in my judgment but if you don't vote, don't complain, shut up. And the hate groups in our country, I tell the younger generation, you know, only short, that they should not be ignored nor treated lightly. But I also tell the younger generation, is don't let them take away what you have, don't let them intimidate you, don't join them, and never forget that this is a free country and let nobody take it away from you. You are free human beings. I hope I make sense to you. (IT MAKES ALOT OF SENSE)

Anyway, you asked me about the American Jewish people, is that what you asked me? (YEAH, DO YOU FIND THAT THEY DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'VE GONE THROUGH?) Okay. In my personal opinion, maybe it will be shown on television, what do I care? I feel ... I was told by people, because I am outspoken, (UH HUM) I am the conscience. The conscience when I open my mouth, or when they see me I remind them. People don't like to be reminded of unpleasant things in life. If somebody has cancer, how many people visit that person? Stay away. It's terrible. Put your head in the sand. I feel, generally speaking, that I don't belong with, I don't fit in the Jewish community and they don't fit in by me. Because most of them in my judgment are hypocrites. They go to temple high holidays or whatever but to stand up for what is right ... for instance, when the Pope visited here in 1987, when he shook hands with Waldheim, the few exceptions only survivors stood up. Because Waldheim, you know, the President of Austria, Kurt Waldheim, to say the least, he was not an honest man and not an honorable man, to say the least, he has in my judgment blood on his hands but you cannot see the blood. In other words, I can give order on a piece of paper to you to kill all of the people with the blue eyes. But I don't do it. I have clean hands. Most Jewish people, with very few exceptions, they don't want to have a part of this. Don't make waves. Because I think the American Jewish people, generally speaking, particularly the rabbis and so called leaders, I never believed in Jewish leaders or Catholic leaders or any leaders because I only believe in somebody I can vote for. My congress person or my Senator, my President, my mayor ... I can vote for, nobody else can be my leader -- it was the same like Hitler was, was a leader. The word leader to me is a red flag. But you have to stand up for what is right even if it is not popular. Life is not a popularity contest. You have to do what is morally right. Instead of ... during World War II, with few exceptions, Jewish people in the free world ... I talk about ... do you want me first to go on with my story? (NO GO AHEAD AND FINISH THIS AND THEN GO ON WITH THE STORY) It is very sad that, with few exceptions, Jew and non-Jew alike in the free world, England and the United States, during World War Two while it was well known in the United States ... you must know it was documented, it was in the newspapers, since 1942 for sure, I can give you more details but it takes much time, there is proof of the facts, they didn't to know, they didn't want to make any waves. Hm? So the people were silent with few exceptions. Jew and non-Jew alike. While six million went to their death, while the few of us who survived, were the forgotten people. We were the forgotten people. As if we never existed in our life, on earth. I'm not upset about it anymore because I don't have a part of them. Maybe they don't want a part of me but I, I always think that if my time comes up and God says "Hey, what did you do with your life, Eddy?" I can tell Him. But I wonder if all the Jewish people can tell Him? And the non-Jewish people who were silent? Because my philosophy is you try to save a life and if you fail, there is no blame. But if you don't try to save a life, then there is a blame. If I see a woman being raped or attacked, and I stand and don't do anything then I am as guilty as the rapist. I have to do something. Call the police or whatever I can do. And if I fail, I can never blame myself. Probably my philosophy is that way because I saw too many people being killed. I mean beaten up, of course every survivor was beaten up, I mean all people were beaten up, I was also beaten up, it was a part of every day existence. And then, once a year, on Yom HaShoah, we remember the six million. Then the rabbis and the so-called leaders and a few Jewish people, you know, yeah, we talk about the six million because one is supposed to do that. But it is in the heart that's what counts. I can talk about it ... the point I try to make, in my judgment, if you made

quote/unquote waves in the war, in the war in the free world they didn't make any waves. I don't understand why. I can make as many waves in the law as possible. I can write the President, I can picket peacefully, we all can, right? And if people say, you make waves, the Pacific Bell with the telephone strike, they was picketing, they were using their first Amendment rights if I am not mistaken, correct? (IT'S ONE OF THE RIGHTS) I think the First Amendment whatever ... freedom of speech is First Amendment. But maybe I'm wrong. But, anyway, yes, "a Jew should not make waves." We belong to one society. I don't agree with that. I doesn't have to do with Jew. A person who has right to make waves is a person who thinks I want to make waves if there is a reason for it for that particular person. And you shouldn't be condemned for it. But Jewish people here did not learn from the Holocaust. That's the worst part of it. (SO ONE OF THE THINGS THEY SHOULD LEARN IS TO PAY ATTENTION AND TO ...) Listen to us! What we are ... somebody said, the survivor who talks is a teacher. I am not a teacher. I am not even a professional speaker. I murder our language. As long as I get the message out that's all that matters. But they'd don't want to know. I'm not talking about children, I'm talking about the adults. For instance, they would say, "I know about the Holocaust." Oh? Were you there? Two years ago I heard a speaker for an hour and I said ... Thank God, you don't know. I hope you don't mind? That you will never know. (NO) I hope I make sense to you.

IT DOES MAKE SENSE. HOW COME YOU THINK DIDN'T KNOW VERY MUCH WHEN YOU WERE A KID? WERE YOU PROTECTED? DID YOUR PARENTS TRY NOT TO GIVE YOU INFORMATION?

No. I mean ...I grew up in a free country, (UH HUH) in a free society. (I'M SORRY. I WAS THINKING BACK TO WHAT YOU SAID THAT YOU WEREN'T AWARE OF ALOT OF ...) No, as a kid ... maybe my parents ... I don't know ... because Holland was a free country, as Belgium, Denmark, as Norway, as France, because the Germans wanted to kill all Jewish people. In Poland, in East, they could succeed because people were already anti-Semitic most of them (UH HUH) but in the Western countries, we were assimilated, we were a part of ... we were Dutch!

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THEY TOOK ALL OF YOUR BUSINESSES AWAY?

Okay. I hope I make myself clear. Sometimes I go to the left, to the right, you have to steer me the right place. Now. In 1941, my parents and other Jewish parents insisted that the kids should go to high schools, to school, but they were not allowed to use public transportation so we have to walk. Every day one and a half hour from one side of Amsterdam to the other side. And in the afternoon or evening, come back. And later, many years after the war, I realized this was a gamble to do that because they had round-ups in between. Even in the camps, in certain camps, education for the Jewish people was very important. They wanted to have education so we went to the Jewish high school. Not a religious school but only for Jewish kids. One day that kid didn't come back, and that kid didn't come back. Every night, remember I told you the curfew? It got in the morning ... eight o'clock in the evening until six in the morning. You expected the knock on the door. So what I tell the kids when I go to schools I hope that you will live in peace and freedom every night without the fear of the knock on the door. The Germans through the Jewish council notified all the Jewish people. You have to be ready for resettlement to the East. Families stayed together. They sent us a letter to bring so many blankets, underwear, what we have to bring. So people though, I remember they talked about it, as long as we stay together okay. That is the way the Germans did it. They didn't say ... so we went for resettlement to the East. Families stay together. Two of the many, many big lies of the Germans.

In my growing up years, in my teenage years, I was always being lied to by the Germans. That's why I have a hard time trusting people in my adult life. A very hard time ... I keep distance. Because so important the forming years, if you never have it, you were brought up as human garbage, because we became human garbage in the camp. So. Then we were ready with the luggage. Unbelievable. On the luggage were our names. Eddy Wynschenk, born July 18, 1927, Amsterdam, Holland. And for my parents, and for my brother and for my two sisters. One sister was married and in 1942 got a baby girl.

Her name was Carla. And it was the only niece I ever had or will have. She was also murdered at the age of one year old. Something happened before she was murdered and I asked you to remind ... okay.

Now. Then the knock on the door came on April 13, 1943. I was fifteen years old and on my way to becoming a very old man indeed. They took away my brother on a stretcher, my two sisters went in hiding, and they took away my parents and myself. (WHY DID THEY TAKE YOUR BROTHER AWAY ON A STRETCHER?) He was a handicapped person. I think kind of rheumatism. He was seven years older than I was. I was fifteen, he was twenty two. And I never saw him anymore.

They put us in a truck. The hooligans. Now I go after the war. The moment we were taken away, the Jewish people, that is, some of the neighbors jumped in the homes and plundered. But the Germans sealed the homes. The next day you saw big trucks, moving vans, as Bekins, for instance. All the furniture, all the belongings, all the clothes from the Jewish people, everything what remained, on the trucks and went to Germany for the benefit of the German population. The same people many of them alive, who didn't know the camps, what happened, we never heard about it. Let me jump ahead. One example. Buchenwald was a famous little city. Weimar, close by. Around every concentration camp, extermination camp, in the close distance were villages. You have concentration camps, even in Auschwitz, civilian neighbors worked there. They knew, but they didn't want to know. I hope I make myself clear.

They brought us on the truck to a central place in Amsterdam. A kind of theater. And I saw many people laying on the floor and hanging around. Again, families stay together, resettlement to the East. After a couple of days, no ... that same night, by coincidence, my married sister, her husband, and the little niece who was then, let me see, several months old, were taken away that same night. I hope I make sense to you. They were living by themselves. After a couple of days in that theater, things happened there. The Germans came in, with the boots on, and hard drunk, people begged, let me go and they kicked them and they beat them. Because, again, I emphasize that word, we were human garbage. The Jewish question and the final solution. I know other people were murdered too. Thank God you never had the Catholic question and the final solution. Thank God. To use one example.

Then they brought us ... I went to the first of five concentration camps. In Holland, they had in Holland a concentration camp. Now. They put us on regular trains. I emphasize that because later we were in cattle wagons. It was my father and mother, except my brother I never saw anymore, and my married sister, the baby, and my brother-in-law and myself. We arrived in a village and we had to walk a small distance. The moment they opened the doors was the beginning for me as a kid, a fifteen year old kid. I only heard yellings and experienced beatings by observing and receiving from April 1943 to April 1945. Two years. When they opened the doors, the quote/unquote friendly Germans, I call them always the German murderers, people say no, you don't talk like that, oh no, no, give me another word for them. Give me another word. They murdered people. I call them Santa Claus?

So they opened the doors. And the nicest expression from the German murderers was "dirty Jews, Jewish pigs, get out." And beating. People were beaten, young and old. Then we walked in the first concentration camp. I saw barbed wire, electric barbed wire. I saw inmates walking around as robots. later I became one myself. (WAS THIS AT WESTERBORK?) No, Vught. Westerbork was not a concentration camp. I come back to that later. Was V-U-G-H-T, a concentration camp. I rather would have stayed ten years in Vught than one year in Auschwitz or Birkenau. Vught was bad but there were no gas chambers. People were murdered, sometimes by hanging. People got beatings. There was not hardly anything to eat. The first thing we did, remember our luggage with our names? They stole, they plundered our belongings. They went to Germany. They took this to the German population for whatever reason. I hope I make sense to you. (YES, YOU DO) If not, that is my mistake.

So I said before, after the Jewish people were taken away from their homes, the furniture, everything went top Germany. Then we arrived in the camp, they took away. Families stay together, remember? (MM) No way. My mom, my sister, my married sister, and the baby went to one side of the camp and we to the

other side. I was fifteen years old and I remember I didn't feel anything. But I talk about it now, I actually, I see you and I know I am being interviewed but I am back. I am right in the camp right now. May be strange what I say, but I am there. I see myself as a little boy. After a short time, if I would tell you exactly what happened in the camp that would take long. Let me give you one example about how they mistreated human beings. But also non-Jewish people were being mistreated in the camp. (MM) Yes. The Jewish people after work, instead of going in the barracks had to stand a roll call, there was always roll call, it was in all the camps for hours and hours and counting and counting and counting. If somebody was missing, they let you stand for hours. They always found an excuse to punish the Jews. let me give you one example, no a couple. For instance, push-ups. And they walked around with the boots the Germans and they kicked people, and they knew exactly where to kick. Kidneys and a certain place in the front, you know what I mean? And always with whips and sticks. But I was young and because I played soccer I was in good physical condition and I was always skinny, I'm skinny now but apparently I was strong, stronger than I thought. I could do push-ups but other people could not do push-ups. They were beaten. One day, for punishment, I don't know what we did, but the Jew was always guilty, you can go back in history, all the way in history, you can go back to World War Two, you can go to today, and tomorrow we will always be guilty because we will always be the scapegoat. As today other minorities are also the scapegoats. I can feel pain of kids, of the Black kids, I see myself. (UH HUH) The hate and racism and the bigotry. So by talking to the younger generation I hope, I hope I can give a message and give them some power. Listen, don't let yourself get stepped on, stand up as a human being. Because you are a human being. (UH HUH).

Now. We had to walk out of the camp and were all stones, big stones. And we had to pick up the stone and run with it, not walk. Put it down. Pick up another stone. I could do it. If you dropped the stones you got beatings. Around us were all guards with dogs. The dogs were trained to bite or kill the Jews. One of the elderly gentlemen, I forgot his name, and he was with his son, and he went to one of the guards and we were allowed to approach but we had to stand that way. That way. He tapped your hand. Don't move. A short distance. Sir, may I ask you a question please. And the guards were eighteen, nineteen, twenty years old. "What do you want you dirty Jew?" So that elderly gentlemen went to one of the guards and said "I have to go to the bathroom." He says, "You can go. There is a tree and why don't you go behind the tree?" And the man did what he had to do. Other guards saw that and shot him to death. And his report was that the Jew was escaping and I prevented that and he got a promotion and he got extra day off. That was the reward of killing a Jew. I give you one example. Now.

YOU SAID THAT THEY PUNISHED THE JEWS IT SOUNDS LIKE DIFFERENT THAN THE NON-JEWS?

Oh, yes.

WHAT WERE SOME OF THE DIFFERENCES?

We were singled out to be exterminated. (UH HUH) But before really exterminating, we had to suffer as much as possible. Many people, especially in the extermination and concentration camps in the East, died of other causes than gas chamber. (UH HUH. SO LIKE THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO STAND THE SAME ROLL CALLS...?) Yes. But were handled differently. The hate was against the Jews. And I'm still talking about the Dutch concentration camp now. (OKAY) Do I make sense? (YES, YOU DO) The punishment was mainly for the Jews. And I only tell you what I experienced. Okay, now one day my father and mother had to leave the camp. A decision was going to be made. I could go with them or I could stay behind. Remember families stay together? No. My parents said "you stay behind." I was very fortunate I could say good-bye to my parents. Of fifteen years old. My mom hugged me and she couldn't talk, she was full of emotion. My dad said "you are young, you will survive, but I am going to die." How he knew I will never know. But he was right. Until today, I have many guilt feelings as a survivor. Many, many guilt feelings. One of the guilt feelings I have -- I should have gone with my parents. My parents left that Dutch concentration camp Vught and through Westerbork they went to the extermination camp in Poland, Sobibor, you ever heard about Sobibor? Sobibor was the movie "The Escape of ..." (I

HEARD ABOUT SOBIBOR) That was built for the only purpose of the extermination of the Jewish people. A quarter of a million Jewish people were murdered there. (UH HUM) Russian Jewish people also murdered in Sobibor. By the way, after the war, the Catholic Church built a church at that place. And never mentioned that Jews were murdered there. One would say do have anything against Catholic church? Absolutely not. But don't try to rewrite history. Don't ignore history. They could have built it anywhere else. But they have to live with it, not me.

Anyway. So I stayed behind. Then my sister and little baby, married sister and little baby had to leave. My brother-in-law was not allowed to go with them. And he begged. Families stay together? No, they don't. They tore them apart.

The other guilt feeling is sometimes I should have gone with my parents. Because they went to Sobibor and they were murdered May 14th, 1943. Because the loss of family is something, family is something you can't buy. I always tell the kids when I talk, you can't buy health and you can't buy family. The only ... I made one terrible mistake in life. I never told my parents "I love you." I took my family for granted. I can never make up for it. When I talk for the younger generation, I tell them exactly what I told you. I can't make up for it, it is terrible to ... I never told my parents. I never hurt them, I think. Maybe it is normal for a little child. What I tell the kids, and I have a gift from God to get it over to the kids, is whether I talk for ten kids or for two thousand, I never have a written down speech, same as for now, I let it all hang out, and the kids sit and don't move. When you come home, even if you just had an argument with your parents, that's your privilege, tell them you love them and hug them. And then be angry again. Tell your brothers and sisters you can't stand them. I know you can't stand them. You love them and give them a hug. And then be angry again. Your grandparents, pick up the phone and tell the "I love you." Because you can't buy a family! So. Why don't you try every day once a day to say to your parents "I love you." For one year. And, if they don't react, then give up. But, as I tell the kids, you will be in for a big surprise. Because a more beautiful gift you can't give to your parents. One day you will be parents yourselves. Do I make sense?

So my parents left and later my married sister and baby left. I could never say good-bye. My brother-in-law left. Then my two sisters who were in hiding came voluntarily out of hiding and after the war they made a commitment to my parents that if something happened to them they would look after their little brother Eddy. They came voluntarily, mind you, out of hiding. Maybe they could have made it. I will never know. To be with me. Not knowing what was going on in the concentration camps. They brought me cookies and meatballs and chocolate. But after a couple of months, I had to leave. By the way, the people who left Vught went to the transit camp Westerbork. (UH HUM) Do you want me to spell it? (W-E-S-T-E-R-B-O-R-K) Right.

After a couple of months, I had to leave. It was in September, 1943. I could never hug or kiss my sisters good-bye. Now, sometimes you see in a movie the loved ones they hugged each other at the end of the movie but other times they don't get each other quote/unquote. Now here's what happened. I was standing to walk out with others out of the camp. My sisters in blue overalls were standing in the camp behind barbed wire. And they waved to me and I waved. Then I walked out of the camp and I turned my head and I waved and waved and waved and waved until I never saw them anymore. It is the same for me as a movie. The picture is deep in my heart and burned in my heart and I carry it with me. They were, they were ... my parents were murdered in Sobibor, my brother who was handicapped was murdered in Sobibor, my sister with the baby were murdered in Auschwitz, my brother-in-law was later murdered in Auschwitz, my two sisters who came out of hiding were murdered in Auschwitz. I mean Auschwitz, you also have Auschwitz Two, that was Birkenau. Auschwitz that's Auschwitz. (WASN'T AUSCHWITZ FOR THE MEN?) No, no. You had Auschwitz One and Auschwitz Two. Auschwitz Two was Birkenau. Next mile, one and a half mile distance.

So. I also had the guilt feeling that my sisters were murdered on account of me. But, of course, common sense would say I didn't do anything wrong. I can go an hour? We can go an hour? (UH HUH)

I arrived in Westerbork sixteen years old. By the way, I have to go back to Vught. When I was in Vught and my sisters were both in Vught, we were working and were not allowed to visit. And I had a job. Little kinds of jobs. One job I was kind of a messenger boy. One day, you heard about Himmler? Himmler was the mass murderer. He was originally a chicken farmer, did you know that? (YEAH) One day, and I was a messenger boy in a fur factory, where they make fur coats for the German soldiers to fight the Russians on the Eastern front. And the German commander, the murderer commander in Vught, everybody was nervous because Himmler was coming. Oh, they were scared to death. Himmler. Everything had to be perfect. The commander of Vught came to the Jewish men in charge of the fur factory, I hope I make sense to you, and he said, "how much fur do you make a day?" So he gave him an amount. He said, "if Mr. Himmler comes, that's not enough. Double it or triple it." Himmler came and I was ... you have to stand at attention, don't look, don't move. He walked around and he was close to me and I remember he asked me ... I never talk about it, I never think about it ... "How do you like it here? Are you satisfied?" No, I'm going to say "I don't like it, I want to go home." A stupid question, of course. So I, "Yes, Sir, yes Sir." And he didn't hit me, no, nothing. I didn't realize actually what the man stood for. And he asked "how much production?" Later we found out that the higher the production, the better the chance of the Commander to stay in Vught instead of going to fight the Russians, of going to the East. (OH) They all wanted to stay in Holland. The murderers and the guards, whatever, instead of getting the chance to be shot, whatever, by the Russian soldiers. So the Jew had to help him. It's ironic, huh? This happened several times.

Now. I hope I make myself clear so far. I arrived in Westerbork and, by the way, I didn't have my own clothes, it was taken away. And it was another world. I came out of a concentration camp and Westerbork was a transit camp. I didn't know what was going on. And I saw women walking with make-up and once a week a big show, a cabaret. Not know what was going on there! And I was ... for us who came from Vught concentration camp it was from hell and heaven. For people who were taken away from their homes and went Westerbork it was from heaven and hell. For them, Westerbork was hell. Do I make sense? (YES) We went through kind of a hell in Vught. Hardly any yellings, hardly any beatings. I was there a couple of days and my name was called. Go in the cattle wagon. Resettlement to the East. Still, I didn't know about gas chambers, Auschwitz, I didn't know. And I was in the cattle wagon, it was September, 1943, I was sixteen years old. I don't know the date.

I arrived on September 11th, 1943 in Westerbork, sixteen years old, all by myself. I said all by myself. I never thought all the years when I was alone about my family. I was told many, many years ago, that was part of your survival, no feelings. If I would have been married, say, and would have lost my ... it would have been different ... your wife or your children, but I was ... everything was gone. Do I make sense to you? (YES) No human feelings. No feelings at all. I was told by somebody "you were in the freezer." There are still survivors who can't talk about it. They don't realize that they are in the freezer. They can't help that. I am partly defrosted. That is why I can talk. But I will never be 100% defrosted.

That is why it is very hard to try to understand or get close to a person like myself. It is very hard to be married to a person like myself. The nightmares, the different attitude in life and about people. I can hardly believe in goodness in people because I never experienced any goodness. Does that make sense? I admire everybody who married a survivor. It is very hard, for both parties. And a survivor cannot help it. I am not born the way I am -- I was made the way I am. So if people said, and I was told by people, Jew and non-Jew alike, "forget the past." Forget the past. So, okay, we forget the past. Do we forget Christmas? We forget Hanukkah? Right. Easter? Passover? Forget your parents? Your grandparents? Forget the past, right? "No, that's not what I mean." So, what do you mean? If a woman was raped when she was fifteen or sixteen years old and she is now forty-six, do you think she can ever forget? Never! What gives you the right to say forget the past? You don't know that past. And then people run away. It is easy if you always live in peace and freedom to sleep in your own bed. No fear of a knock on the door. Easy to say "oh, forget it." I feel the pain from the Vietnamese veterans, delayed stress syndrome, being ignored. I was never in Viet Nam, I was never a veteran, but there are alot of similarities. Anyway.

You don't mind I go ... that's the way I am. (THAT'S FINE) I said to you before, when I start talking I can't shut up. That's the understatement of the day. Anyway.

I was in a cattle wagon in Westerbork for resettlement to the East and a couple of hours before ... and I didn't know where we were going. To the East. What is the East? A couple of hours before the train left, names were called. My name too. From young people. My age. Sixteen years old. What apparently happened ... people ask me again, so many times, how come you survived? God's will? Luck? I don't know. There was an exchange going to be made. They made a list for young people like myself. We go on the list, they call it the Palestine Youth List. We will go to Palestine. In exchange to German prisoners of war in United States or England, I am not sure. An exchange. So I stayed from September, 1943 until November 16, 1943, two months in Westerbork. I had quote/unquote a new life. Compared with Vught. I was a messenger boy, I was allowed to leave the camp and bring messages to certain places. I think I even had a bike to go out. But they me, if you go out and don't come back and we catch you, you go as a special case to the East. They scared us. First of all, I never thought about escaping. No money. I didn't know where to go to. But if I would have known what would happen later, I would have gambled. But you can lose your life only once.

So, I went to shows. It was, of course, not pleasant, but not bad compared with Vught. Then the exchanges don't go through. On November 16th, 1943, I went in the cattle wagon. Sixteen years old. After the war, I found out my sister ... (TAPE ONE SIDE ONE ENDS HERE)

TAPE ONE SIDE TWO

My sisters went on November 15th, a day before I went to the East. They went also to the East, from Vught right away and I went from Westerbork. They arrived 18th of November in Auschwitz and I the 19th. I never knew.

Now the cattle wagon. They closed the doors. I will try to give you some idea what happened. The cattle wagon is for cattle, right? Everything closed in, of course. There's no water, nothing to eat, nothing ... nothing a place where to go what you have to do. Some people went berserk, some prayed, some made love. It was unreal. For three days and three nights I call it "the ride," "the train ride to death and hell." For three days and three nights. Finally the train stopped. Can you imagine if you and family and friends you have if tonight at eight o'clock they come and get you and put you in cattle wagons? Can you imagine that? And then you go for settlement to the East? You have nothing to eat, nothing to drink, you sit on the floor. Can you imagine, as a human being, that it would happen to you? It is hard to comprehend or understand. that is why I always say people don't know the Holocaust. Thank God.

When the train stopped, the familiar ... they opened the door. The familiar yelling "get out, get out, you dirty Jews." Whatever. I didn't know where I was. I remember I saw ... but I thought ... factories, but I saw chimneys and flames. Again, I was only sixteen years old. And I thought, no, this time the Germans did not lie, they use us for labor. To work. I found out of course what happened later. A short time later. So, everybody was beaten out of the cattle wagon. Can you imagine, you have parents alive. Are your parents alive? (UH HUH) I am sixty two. Are they about my age? (MY MOTHER IS. MY FATHER IS OLDER) Can you imagine that they come out of a cattle wagon and for no reason but on account of their religion, whatever their religion is, they are to be exterminated, I mean beaten? Can you imagine that so-called civilized people as the Germans could do such a thing? That is what they did. They were so-called cultivated, civilized people, the Germans. I use the word Germans. Again, without the German people they could never have succeeded. Not one hundred or a thousand or two thousand people did it. With few exceptions, there were some good Germans. Let me emphasize that, too. But it is a very small percentage.

Then we had to line up. The women, the children, the elderly, and the sick went on trucks. I didn't know where I was. Young men and young women had to walk. I was chosen, actually, selected to walk. Stand

to the side, young men and young women, and others on trucks. They told us we see them tomorrow. I went back to the German murderer who made the selection. That is the selection who will live and who will die. But then I didn't know. I went back to the German murderer who made the selection and I asked "can I ask you a question, sir?" My quote/unquote training from Vught helped me and others, too. How much time do we have? Forty five minutes? (YEAH) I hope it makes sense to you. I try to take you with me on my trip. (YEAH, IT MAKES SENSE) Do you feel that I am trying to hold your hands and you come with me? (YES) Are you with me? (YES, I AM) Okay.

I went back to him and I said "may I ask you a questions?" "What do you want, Jew?" I said, "Sir, I am very tired after three days and three nights in the cattle wagon can I please go with the women and the children and the elderly and the sick on the trucks?" He said "how old are you?" "Sixteen." "Get the hell out of here." He kicked me. "You walk." How ironic that he saved my life. But then I didn't know.

We had to walk. We arrived at Auschwitz. We walked in the mud. Again, the luggage we had stayed behind in the cattle wagons and was plundered. They brought us to a sauna. We had to undress. They took all our clothes away. The last bit of human dignity was taken away from us. The number on the arm. My number is a special story behind it. I will tell you. It is 164068. 164068. Now, please take a look. You see a one, six, a four, o, and a six, eight. Take a look at the second six. I tell you later what happened with that, okay? (OKAY) You got the shot? (YES)

And I had beautiful wavy hair. Oh yeah, dark and wavy. I was very proud of it. This is still my own hair. And I am still very particular about it. They cut all the hair and without soap. And, I felt, oh, terrible. Without hair, big deal. But I was only a kid. Sixteen years old. And they shaved our whole body without soap. I don't go in detail but I think the front and the back, other inmates. And they give us rags. Then we had to walk and other inmates were working there and they also beat us up. Of course, the Germans used other inmates and gave them a good position, better position, and food and clothes, for helping them to kill not only Jews but also other people. I'll talk about that later. They walked around with boots on, inmates, with a whip, "you dirty Jew." It was always "Jewish pig," we were always the lowest, the lowest level in the camps. I still never heard about Jewish question and the final solution.

Then we had to walk to Birkenau, but I didn't know that. I can tell you now from afterwards. They put us in horse stables, not in barracks, in horse stables. And we were not allowed to get out. After a short time ... by the way, I don't remember why we were not allowed to get out of the horse stables. After a short ... yeah, the kind of food we had, you get in the evening a little piece of bread, a piece of butter or margarine, and some little piece of salami or cheese. No breakfast. They called coffee, it wasn't real coffee in the morning. And in lunch time, water, I call it water soup. It was water with potato peels. Food was just that you could not survive. Food was an obsession. I only thought about food. How do I get food? How do I get food? After a short ... that's why many people ... if you could survive, say seven, eight weeks Auschwitz, Birkenau, they did all right. I stayed for a year. And I tell you what happened. For a whole year. It's unbelievable. Skinny and all. Many times I can't believe, I have to pinch myself that I am alive at all. Or even that I went through it.

Then we all had to come down from our bunks, six or seven in a bunk. One or two thin blankets. No sheets at all. No, no. Was horse stable, not barracks. In Birkenau. We had to stand naked. We had to undress and stand naked. And we didn't know what to get through it. No questions asked. So. It was a German, one or two murderers, and inmates who worked with them who were in administration, whatever, and they say, okay. Stand straight, turn around, and look at your behind. And I always tell the kids or wherever I go that it sounds funny, look at your behind, but I still until today I don't know what actually, why look your behind. So they wrote down numbers. But still, I did not know where I was. My number was written down with two hundred and twenty men and two hundred numbers were written down. My number was 164068, remember? (UH HUH) Now. Then we found out that the factories were not factories, that I thought. It was crematoria, gas chamber, and the flames were the people. The people were written down, the numbers, on a Tuesday, was in December ... November, December, '43 ... it was

a Tuesday, on a Thursday, we will go on trucks to the gas chamber. This is what we were told. By the murderers in the horse stables. So, I knew then that I was going to be killed, when it was written down. I don't remember if I was upset or not, I don't remember. But I remember one thing. In the Jewish religion we have a prayer, the Kaddish, you ever heard about the prayer, the Kaddish? I think you spell it K-a-double d-i-s-h, if my memory is correct. Now. The prayer Kaddish is being said if somebody pass away, I think near the grave. And every year in memory of that person, in synagogue, you can do it at home. But the Kaddish is people who pass away. But then people, I was only a kid, sixteen years old, were saying Kaddish over their own death. They say the prayer over dead people but over their own death while they are still alive. I hope I make myself clear. (UH HUM) I never realized until later how terrible that was. Because, I was a member of a synagogue, I will not mention the synagogue, for over twenty years. I always talked for the kids. And, I resigned in 1987 because I wanted that synagogue, whatever, top stand up when the Pope came here. To pray is nice, but to stand up ... be a mensch, be a human being, stand up for what is right, you don't need to be popular, regardless of if your neighbor likes you or not, regardless of your position in your private life, you be a politician or whatever you are, don't vote for me but, inside is more important than your position in life, in my judgment. Anyway, before I resigned, I seldom went to temple, because the moment they said the prayer Kaddish, it is part of the service, inside I went bananas. Because I was right back to 1943. Up to me, I could scream and yell and tell the people "Listen to me, what it means!" I also when I attended services, and afterwards, I could always ... like a gift from God ... call it ESP, I could feel people, I feel people. Emotions, pain, pleasure, sometimes I feel what is going to happen, according what I get message, whatever. I could feel people after a service, for instance, "Hi, how are you?" at a distance. I picked it up, it's no imagination, I'm altogether close and then, not physically. Anyway.

The numbers were called on Thursday. I'm back. Did I lose you? (NO) Anyway, my number was not called. They called 164058. That six looked like a five. Five eight was not written down. That person died for me. I don't know who it was. On account whoever put my number on my arm made a mistake. That six is straight and that is not going straight. Is that unreal? Unbelievable? (YEAH) Then I knew where I was. I stayed one year in Auschwitz-Birkenau. In Birkenau, Auschwitz Two.

The winters were ... our outfits were a pajama kind of outfits. Or rags. Obsession of food. Was an unwritten law in the camp, you don't steal from other inmate. Some were strong enough to cut a piece of bread in half and save it but in the night you saw a hand go under a pillow and steal it. That was a big no. But if you could steal from the Germans you were a big organizer. Right? An organizer. We had a kind of hospital. It was not a real hospital. It was a horse stable used as a hospital. I became sick in January 1944. Normally, yeah .. in the camp was an expression. You come in through the gate. You come out through the chimney. That means nobody will leave the camp alive. You knew that already. (UH HUH). We go to a hospital, you know you'll never come out of a hospital alive, you'll go to your death. I said I had pneumonia and I had something wrong with my feet. I think it was January or February 1944 and I went to the hospital. I don't remember ever seeing a doctor or a treatment, I know nothing. It was not a normal hospital with medication and real doctors. Maybe there were doctors, inmates, but I don't know. Normally, about every week, they come with the trucks and put on the sick and to the gas chamber. I knew it was going to happen. But, all the time I was in the so-called hospital, they never came. I stayed there for six, seven weeks, something like that. I came out, I was out a couple of days, and then I heard from other people, everybody was murdered.

If you look ... when I was there ... there was a whole part of the camp where Gypsies lived. Women and children and elderly, you name it. Whole families. One night, in the summer of '44, they all went ... we heard screaming and yelling ... they went on the trucks, whole families, Gypsies, straight to the gas chambers. They knew it. I can still hear right now the screaming and yelling. Because nearly all the Gypsies were exterminated.

I did all kind of work. The Jewish people did not receive any packages. The non-Jewish people were allowed to receive packages. By the way, the Red Cross, the International Red Cross, never mention a word to me. They didn't care. We never saw anybody, never packages, no, nothing. (DID THE RED CROSS BRING PACKAGES TO THE NON-JEWS?) I don't know. (THE REASON I'M ASKING IS THAT I READ SOMEWHERE THAT THE NAZI PEOPLE TOOK OVER THE GERMAN RED CROSS AND SO...) The International, I'm talking about, from Switzerland. (OH, SO THEY WERE ALLOWED TO COME?) No, no, no, we never ... what they should have done in the United States, in the POW camps,

where all the German inmates were, they got packages from the Red Cross. You know that, right? (UH HUM) They got excellent treatment. What the Americans should have done and England was said, listen, all the inmates, Jew and non-Jew alike, should be allowed to receive packages from the International Red Cross. (RIGHT) If not, cut it off for the Germans. No. They never did. We were the forgotten ones. We were written off already. (YEAH)

Now. In January '44, how much time? Thirty minutes? (YEAH> AS LONG AS YOU CAN STAY PROBABLY) Okay. In January '44 we were allowed to write a card to people in Holland. I had an aunt and uncle. My aunt was the sister of my mother and she was Jewish but my uncle was not Jewish. That is why she could stay in Holland. He was a school principal but he was fired because he was married with a Jew. That also happened. Now. And they dictate on the blackboard, I remember that, not concentration camps, the labor camp Oswiecim, that is the Polish word for Auschwitz, I think, whatever. I am fine, and don't worry, the food is good, everything is fine. And most inmates, Jewish inmates, said I am not going to mail it, because if you mail it, then they find other Jewish people in Holland. They said, "you can mail it to anybody." So in January '44 I mailed it and never thought about it. Never. Every night, after work, stand a roll call for hours and then before you got the little piece of food, the names were called from people who received packages. For non-Jewish people. So the Jewish people never paid attention. Was in May, 1944, one of the kids said, "isn't that your number? Or your name?" I said, "what are you talking about? Packages?" Finally, yes, the Polish administrator, non-Jewish ... let me put it ... the best positions were in the hands of the Germans, the Austrians, and Polish non-Jewish inmates. And, I never thought about religion. I tried not to think about anything. (UH HUM) But in particular, the Polish non-Jewish inmates, barrack leaders, kapos ... you heard about kapos? ... leaders in the, you name it, in charge of ... they tortured and murdered Jewish people. That is because, now I realize as an adult, that the Polish people, generally speaking, was very anti-Semitic. This all goes back in history. Sad to day, that is why they betrayed Polish Jewish people. The Warsaw ghetto uprising, April 18, 1943, if they would have joined the Jewish people maybe history would have been different. They betrayed alot ... and I was not living there in Poland. In Poland I think there was over about three million Jewish people in Poland. I think ten percent survived. The Polish people who entered the camps did not go there as Catholics. They went there, you know, fighting the Germans. Members of the clergy who were fighting the Germans in their own way. And I admire them as human beings, don't misunderstand me now. (YEAH) The nuns didn't go as Catholics but as the nun who stood up. Over, and they were murdered. Gypsies, homosexuals, Jehovah's witnesses, socialists, communists, Russian POWs were the first ones who were murdered in Auschwitz. They used 75,000 as guinea pigs if the system worked for the Jews. So.

But Hitler declared war against the Jewish people. Thank God, not against the Catholic people or against the Protestant people. And, I never minimize. A life is a life. It is very important. I feel like every life is important. I never minimize that millions of others were murdered. But all the gas chambers were established for the extermination of Jewish people. Then they used them also for some non-Jewish people. You have Sobibor, Treblinka, Belzec, Majdanek, Birkenau, Auschwitz, we can go on and on. That was in 1941, under Heydrich for the final solution. That is what people don't understand what is happened in Auschwitz. That is why by the Jewish people is so much pain and anger that they want to pray and I wouldn't like it that they should have a synagogue there, there should not be a synagogue there, there should be nothing. Auschwitz by itself is a symbol. (UH HUM) But if they want to have a place to pray be it a Jew or a non-Jew I don't care, it shouldn't be near the camp. Go, I don't care, a couple of yards away. No star of David, no cross. But, anyway.

So I got a package. What happened? My aunt and uncle received the card and I got a package. Half of it was stolen. They included in the package a reply card what I never got. So they thought I died. And, I was with other Dutch kids my age, and we shared it together. And I remember, say you go to See's candy and you get a little bag, it says See's candy El Camino, wherever, you know, in Dutch, and I remember, that is the only time that I felt emotional. I read, I knew where it came from, so far away, unreal. Then I, then in December of 1944, something happened. How I survived ... it takes me maybe a year to talk about it but I won't go in detail. I try to ... I hope I make sense and you getting some kind of picture. And what happened to me probably happened to ninety percent of other survivors, my story I don't think is anything special at all.

In '44, the Hungarian Jewish people arrived. In Birkenau. And, what they did? They extended, in '43, beginning of '44, the railroad from Auschwitz to Birkenau. Short distance. Closer to go to the gas

chamber. And the place where they arrived, the railroad station, we called it the ramp. You ever heard about the ramp? Maybe I could show you. (NO) Here it is. You want to know more about this book I will tell you, because it is something more unbelievable happened. But anyway.

Here is the cattle wagon. That came by coincidence from ... that book is written by Martin Gilbert. He was a famous official biographer of Winston Churchill. The title of the book is "The Holocaust." My wife gave me that book on my birthday three years ago. I was reading this book and I saw myself in a picture what I never knew the picture was taken. Never. I was way over my head. But I tell you about it. Anyway.

There are the cattle wagons. This one is from Holland, for instance but that from all over the place same. Here selections. The ramp, we talk about the word ramp, r-a-m-p. Next page, they walk to their death. Here you can see the horse stables in Birkenau and the electric barbed wire. You want me to come closer? That's okay? (THAT'S FINE> ACTUALLY, IF YOU WANT ME TO GET PHOTOS, IT IS HELPFUL IF YOU HOLD THE BOOK IN YOUR LAP LIKE THAT AND HOLD IT FOR ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS AND I CAN GET A GOOD SHOT) Okay. But I see something ... that is clear? All right. You want me to talk while I hold it? Do you know (ADJUSTMENT OF SOUND LEVELS AND SOME EQUIPMENT) okay. There is a cattle wagon. The picture is from Holland but from all occupied Europe is the same. The way we left our countries to go to our deaths. Here is a picture, here at the bottom by my finger, is the arrival of the Hungarian Jewish people in the summer of 1944. (OKAY) I see the cattle wagons, I had the picture enlarged and I will show you later. And after the people were selected, they walked to their death. And, in the background, you can see the horse stables where we had to exist. We did not live, we existed. And the electric barbed wire. Now ... you have it? (YES) Now. Here is what happened.

It was an unspoken rule in the camp "don't volunteer for anything." If they grab you ... but don't volunteer. One day, they came in the barrack, they picked twenty young kids, my age. What happened ... when the Hungarian Jewish pope came, over four hundred thousand, the trains went and came the same day and night. You call it a transport. People arrived from Holland or Belgium, a transport. You had always adult inmates working by the railroad station, called the ramp. R-a-m-p. They had to take care of the luggage. The luggage went on trucks. went to a kind of other barracks where inmates sorted them out, took out the star of David, and went to Germany. Okay? But on account that came so many trains from Hungary, they decided to have ten kids work twelve hours then the other ten kids. What we had to do? When the train arrived, we had to stand on the side, we weren't allowed to talk to anybody. The moment the people were selected, who will live and who will die. When they were done, I think about eighty percent went to their death outright and only twenty percent went to the camps, I think percentage wise, more Hungarian Jews survived than other a Jews I think because they came, thank God, late. The later you came the better you had a chance to survive. Not that they lived in Paradise in Hungary, I don't mean it that way. If I could have stayed in Westerbork until the last moment, who knows? But, anyway.

We had to go in the cattle wagon when everyone was out, and take care of all the food, and put it in the trucks. They brought fantastic food, the people. I also remember it was hot, and when people came out of the hot cattle wagons the smell and everything, it was so inhuman, it's not even a word, I don't know the word for it. And then people say "forget the past"? Anyway.

The German guard in charge of the ten kids said "if you find something, whiskey, vodka, give it to me." But you are not allowed to eat or to drink anything. You are not allowed to change clothes. The first thing we did, we were looking for the requested drink and we found alcohol. And he went in one of the empty cattle wagons and he asked us, the Jewish kids, "you watch for my superior and you let me know." So he was every day drunk and while he was drunk we were eating and changing clothes! Everything! But, I worked for quite some time. During that time, I hardly ate the camp food, I changed it for other things. Because Russians in the camps, for example, smuggled in potatoes. They always smuggled things in, even though if they found out they'd beat the hell out of you. Maybe that's how we survived. Now, now the book. I hope it makes sense to you.

So ... I was an eyewitness. Who would believe it? I saw it. I was there. But I never felt pain, I never felt anything. No pity, nothing. Inhuman. I didn't have any feelings. So when my wife gave me the book

for my birthday, I never heard about Martin Gilbert. I read the book until I hit that one picture. The picture is enlarged, what I just ... remember, I showed you the picture? (UH HUM) I am in the picture! I never knew that the pictures were taken. Do] I make sense? If my wife would have never bought that book I would never have known! The Germans took pictures but I didn't know. So, when I was reading the book, suddenly I saw myself, but I never saw myself, there were no mirrors, but I recognized myself.

Now. Here are the cattle wagons. Here are the people, Hungarian Jewish people. Here is the German murderer who made the selection. Her is another German, (UH HUM) Here is a male inmate. An adult male inmate. Now. When I show the picture to children, also adults, but particularly to children, I give them one hint. I say, okay, I only tell you what kind of clothes I wore, see if you recognize me. Pajama kind of clothes. Do you recognize me? (RIGHT IN THE FRONT THERE?) That's correct. Will you point it out, please? (HERE) Right. I was sixteen years old and I never knew. So when I read it ... I saw myself in the book, I couldn't handle it. Because ... unreal to see yourself as an eyewitness to who will live and who will die not knowing that the picture was ever taken. So I contacted ... I found out he lived in London, Martin Gilbert, that is. I found out his phone number, I called him, I told him who I was, and the man was flabbergasted. He is ... he is a famous person ... not on account of me but he is a famous person. For him, it is always had that in his book is always somebody is alive. It happened that way to me that way a couple of months later he happened to come close to where I live and we met and he signed the book, of course. And since that time, we correspond. For him, I am something unreal, in a way. Somebody wrote a book about my life, a manuscript, and no publisher wanted to ... my story it's nothing special. So I asked Martin Gilbert, "can you Help me?", and he said "Give me the manuscript, I will see what I can do." Because I want to leave something behind when I die, that is one of the reasons I do the interview, I want to leave something behind for future generations.

So I stayed in Birkenau until November, from November '43 until November '44. Then I went to a coal mind. Furstengrubbe. (WHAT?) F-u-r-s-t-e-n-g-r-u-b-b-e. (WHERE WAS THAT?) It is a sub-camp near Auschwitz. (OKAY) They all had camps, give me that ... here it is ...Auschwitz-Birkenau, see? (YEAH) Furstengrubbe that is all close by, that is all camps. See Auschwitz-Birkenau? I became ... I didn't have to work in the coal mine, I became a construction worker. I was sixteen, no seventeen years old. Skinny. I never could finish my education. I didn't have an occupation, of course. Construction worker in the winter. In your pajama kind of outfit. The climate over there was terrible. Nothing what to eat. So you was a skeleton. After a short time, again I became ill. I remember, I had to do construction work in the winter. Terrible. They put me in a hut. I have to show you the book again. It's unreal. (PAGES TURNING) Where am I? Here it is, here it is. Here we go. I went in the hut, they call it hospital. Then after a short time, some fellows came to me and said "Eddy, get out of that hut." I said, "why?" "We have to walk out." What happened? The Russians came closer and closer. They liberated, I think the 18th of January, 1945, Auschwitz. But I was not there, I was in Furstengrubbe. So .. you ever heard about the infamous death march? (UH HUH) So the guys said, "Get out! If you stay behind they kill you." So I went on the infamous death march. If I would have stayed there in that hospital in that hut ... I am reading it to you from this book ... "At the Furstengrubbe coal mine, the sick inmates, too sick to leave, too weak to leave the hospital, were not left for the Red Army to be liberated. Instead, all two hundred and fifty of them were killed with hand grenades and automatic rifle fire. And the hut then was set on fire." In other words, if I would have stayed there, I would not be here today.

Now, the death march. You had to walk five in a row. Whoever could not walk was shot. Shot to death, of course. I can't remember, for three days and three nights, if we ever stopped. I don't remember ever receiving food. Walking skeletons. But, how I made it, I don't know. The only thing we existed on was snow. Was in the winter. Was cold. Can you imagine .. okay, maybe I can tell you later. I remember for about three days and three nights and people were shot to death and shot to death. People couldn't go anymore. From all the camps. Then they put us in open cattle wagons. There was a special name for that. Not the closed in, but half. Oh ... I forgot the name. You know sometimes you see them on the railroad tracks? (WALLS HALF WAY UP) Yeah. They put us in so no roof, nothing. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink. Was in January, February ... yeah "45. We were supposed to be exterminated, all of us. So we had to sit in each other's laps, you can say. All skeletons. Now. We were fighting for a spoon of snow. we were not allowed from the German murderers to stand up. But sometimes, a nature call ... there was no toilet, nothing ... because we were human garbage. Please! People stood up, and did what they had to do. And then when they went to sit down again, their place was taken. So they pushed that person from one end of the wagon to the other end. go away, go away. That person could not fight back. Because

no strength. That person would most of the time die. What inmates did? They undressed that person and used the clothes. Many times they cut up that person and eat human skin. I was very sick. I never touched that. Maybe otherwise I would have.

I had to go to the bathroom. I stood up. I did what I had to do. I went to sit down and I always, when I talk, I say the Harlem Globetrotters, I call them the basketball comedians, the clowns, to compare not for the laugh of clowns, they can do with the ball alot of things. (UH HUM) So. I become quote/unquote the basketball. I was pushed, because I wanted to sit down but the place was taken, pushed around. And then, I felt I was dying. I remember like it happened ten minutes ago, I was dying. I was glad it was done and over with. The feeling of dying ... you want to know what the feeling of dying is? You see, even a flat tire, slowly but surely, the air goes out ... it doesn't go fast but it goes slowly until it is flat. That is like life goes out. Suddenly, I heard a voice. "Bring the little Dutch Jew here." What apparently happened, we also had non-Jews in the wagon, and was one of them a German. Not a guard, not a murderer, I don't know the person. He had more space ... he was dressed well, much better than we. He had food, because in the camp he obviously had a good position. I don't know. Who that as? Maybe God gave him the message, I will never know. So, somehow he put me between his legs and he massaged, physically massaged life back in me. And took care of me.

When I became bar mitzvah, in 1940, before they closed the synagogues. I don't know if I mentioned that ... in 1940, in July that's my birthday .. during that time I became bar mitzvah. Short time after the occupation. It was the last time the whole family was together. You know bar mitzvah is when a Jewish boy (UH HUM) becomes a man. To study for it when he is thirteen years old. One of the gifts from my parents was a belt. My first belt. And all the time I am in the camp, it is the only thing I ever had. But I never thought of it as from my parents. I had a belt.

So. I hope I didn't lose you. He massaged me and he gave me ... the German ... gave me something to eat. I don't know what he gave me to eat. When finally the train stopped ... do I make sense to you? With the belt? (YES) Also plays a part in my survival, I think. So many little, little things ... but as big as life is. When finally, after ten days, and from one place to another ... we went through Czechoslovakia and the people threw food in the wagons, and the Germans were ready to kill them because they are not allowed to do that. Now. When, finally, the train stopped, not many were alive. The doors were opened and "get out, get out, you dirty Jew." And ... yeah. Then the German who massaged my body said "I see you have a belt. Can I have the belt from you?" I said sure. It was the last physical piece of evidence that tied me to my family. Physical ... not inside me ... inside they are always with me ... because I always represent them, in my opinion. So, stand up, I couldn't stand up so they beat me in the snow and I let myself drop in that kind of railroad station. I couldn't walk. I was a skeleton and I couldn't walk. Then there was one man, an inmate ... I didn't know where I was. An inmate, from that concentration camp, a big man, with a little wagon, said, "come on, I will put you in the wagon." "No! Wagon means gas chamber. No way." "No." But I said "no" because I was used to the gas chamber. He was a Norwegian underground fighter, a policeman who was an inmate. And then he brought me ... say you have a big gymnasium where they play basketball. Right? Imagine a big basketball ... no ... where they play basketball ... a gym, right? And hundreds and hundreds people laying there. Dying and laying there. And there was some male nurses from that particular camp. The camp where we arrived was Dora near Nordhausen. D-o-r-a ... you ever heard about the V-1 and V-2 rockets? (NOT MUCH) The underground factory, Werner von Brown? You heard about Werner von Braun? (UH HUM) Who died, who became the father from our space program? He was a war criminal. Let me tell you about him in a couple of minutes. We arrived in Dora/Nordhausen. So, people died. And the male nurses tried to do their best in Czechoslovakia. Inmates. Good people. So they looked at people. Finally they looked at me. And they carried me in a little wooden chair. I was seventeen years old but a very, very old man already. And, I didn't have normal shoes but whatever I had on my feet they cut it off. What happened? My feet, my toes were black and rotten. A part of my feet were rotten. And when I talk, and I always tell the kids, when I talk and what is coming now no sympathy, nothing, I tell you the truth, don't feel sorry for me, I don't want your sympathy. And they said, "listen. If you don't cut them off, you will die." So, what they did? They took a pair of scissors and they cut off all my ten toes and I remember, they threw them in the fire. I didn't feel anything because, remember, they were dead. It was no bandage and no antibiotics, nothing. Then they put me in a bed, with another skeleton. An old man. Maybe he was not old, I was also an old man. I never saw myself then. Seventeen years old. By the way, I am nearly through, then you can ask me the questions, okay? (UH HUH) Then I want to finish with my poems. (OKAY) If I may.

I remember getting one blanket. No medications, no doctors, no nothing, we were human garbage. I saw men without hair and bones. I was apparently the same. I remember, I was pulling on the blanket, and he was pulling on the blanket. Not fighting. No talking. And then finally, I had the blanket, and when I woke up much later, I slept the whole night with somebody who was dead. I don't feel guilty, I didn't touch that person and he didn't touch me.

On account of I lost all my ten toes, with a pair of scissors, with nothing, no antibiotic, I was conscious. Anyway, what happened saved my life because in Dora/Nordhausen were underground factories that made the V-1 and V-2 rockets. You ever heard about it? They went to Germany. And the man in charge, the man on top was Werner von Braun. The scientist. And I love my country, the United States but all the scientists who came here all worked together on the project where I was. Thank God, I didn't have to work in the underground tunnels because twenty thousand inmates of all religions, of all nationalities were murdered in that little concentration camp. And they were murdered because they had to quote/unquote live there, exist there ... underground, in the water, and the scientists ... remember Rudolph from San Jose? A couple of years ago? The scientist who was sent back to Germany? You can ... I talked about it before ... Werner von Brown was on the top. Over the night, he was quote/unquote a member of the party. Before he died, he wrote a letter to somebody to admit it, of course, he died a couple of years ago. But we knew it all the time. Not the rocket experts. So he was on the top and they give so much production and some rockets went, the V-1 and V-2 went to London. They dropped on London, the rockets, yeah. So much production. From slave labor. They are using slave labor, the order, and never enough. So, the guards had pushed it and killed the people. Werner von Brown and all the scientists were murderers but they had blood on their hands that you can't see. And they became people who became American citizen. It's true. Some still live here. But they were responsible for the murder of twenty thousand, not only Jewish people, all people. It's a well known fact.

I never saw a doctor, no medication. And I knew ... I never heard about the liberation. And then, another death march. Everybody has to leave on another death march. This time I could not leave. I could not walk. So, and others couldn't walk. We stayed behind. We knew we were going to be murdered. We knew by the end that whoever could not walk would be murdered. So, what could we do? What happened? They didn't come for us to kill us. One day, German soldiers, old men, came in the barracks, they did not yell at us, they did not beat us. After two years yellings and beatings, suddenly they didn't yell and they don't beat. That is something quote/unquote not kosher. Something wrong ... hey, don't you beat us? Don't you ... Do I make sense to you? (YEAH) They didn't even look at us. And then on April 11th, 1945, I think it was in the evening, one American tank came in the camp. The camp was in the mountains, the Hartz mountains. H-a-r-t-z I think, yeah. I tell you, here in his book ... do you want to read it? about the liberation ... I was there. (SHOULD I READ THE WHOLE THING NOW?) For yourself, or if you want to read it aloud, there is the viewpoint of the American soldiers. (SHOULD I READ IT? SURE, SURE. "ON THE SAME DAY THAT BRITISH TROOPS ENTERED BELSEN, AMERICAN TROOPS ENTERED YET ANOTHER CAMP AT NORDHAUSEN WHERE HUNDREDS OF SLAVE LABORERS WERE FOUND IN CONDITIONS, AS THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS RECORDED, ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE AS HUMAN. ALL WERE LITTLE MORE THAN SKELETONS. THE DEAD LAY BESIDE THE SICK AND DYING IN THE SAME BEDS. FILTH AND HUMAN EXCREMENT COVERED THE FLOORS. NO ATTEMPT HAD BEEN MADE TO ALLEVIATE THE DISEASE AND GANGRENE THAT HAD SPREAD UNCHECKED AMONG THE PRISONERS. THE AMERICANS LISTENED IN HORROR, AS THE BRITISH DID AT BELSEN, TO THE STORIES OF PAST ATROCITIES THAT EVERY LIBERATED PRISONER COULD RECOUNT AND MENTIONED AN EXAMPLE OF THE GREATEST BESTIALITY A UNITED STATES INVESTIGATOR RECORDED. A WOMAN IN THE LAST STAGES OF PREGNANCY WAS THROWN DOWN BY AN SS MAN WHO THEN STEPPED ON HER WITH HIS BOOTS UNTIL BIRTH WAS FORCED. IN BLOOD AND PAIN THE WOMAN DIED WRETCHEDLY.")

I was one of them. I was liberated there and I was one of them. So, when the American soldiers came, the one tank ... You are in the mountains, and the tank came down, and I was on the third bunk, on the third level, and I couldn't walk. Somehow, maybe God gave me the power, I don't know, I came down the bunk, I crawled on my hands and my knees with my feet in air because I was scared to death to touch the floor. Because it was only toilet paper, it was always wet with junk in the night. So I crawled to a

window, no pajamas, I had something white on, I don't know what it was, and, of course, bald ... and old. So I crawled to the window and then I saw an American tank. It made some, with one leg how they did it I don't know. Some more went down. The next day all the American soldiers came, what you just read.

I could speak a little bit of English because I learned for a couple of years ... the short time I was in high school you were required to learn other languages as a young kid, eleven, twelve, thirteen years old. Most people couldn't speak English so ... By the way, I was seventeen years old, seventy pounds. Seven-o. Want to know my feelings, what I felt? There is no cause for celebration, was no happiness, no joy, I knew my whole family was murdered ... (END OF TAPE ONE SIDE TWO)

TAPE TWO SIDE ONE

(AS DIFFERENT AS THE PEOPLE ARE?) Yeah, sure. Some are, maybe not as outspoken, some are, some aren't. (EVERYBODY'S DIFFERENT) Yeah. Can I continue? (SURE)

(WE'RE ALL SET) So, uh, was no home to go to. And American soldiers, I remember, said ... because I can speak English, a little tiny bit ... they gave me a carton cigarettes, Lucky Strike, and I did light one, and I fainted, because I was not used to smoking. Anyway, the reaction of the American soldiers ... they were trained to fight other soldiers but they were not prepared for what they smelled and what they observed when they opened the gates of hell. They were very, very angry. Some said, whoever can walk, we give them weapon and go after the Germans. And some inmates went into the villages around and killed Germans. I couldn't walk otherwise I would have joined them. The act? I could care less. Now, I am very fortunate. That was April 11th, so I am two days short on two years concentration camp and extermination camps. But the American soldiers, their language, I mean, their anger, the pain, the tears they cried ... and they wanted to kill all Germans. And some killed, went after the SS.

In 1986, I never met my liberators, in 1986, I knew American soldiers, that's it. In 1986, I got a phone call ... did you live here in the area in 1986? (ME? YEAH) It was in the Chronicle, in the Examiner, and on television. Here's what happened. The 104th Infantry Division, called the Timber Wolves, had their annual reunion in the Hilton Airport. You know what I'm talking about? The San Francisco Hilton Airport. Every year, the first reunion was '46, in San Francisco, and every year in the United States they go to another place. They found out that I was liberated by them. I never knew. Manny Gelbert and myself. They found my phone number or whatever and we were invited to attend the reunion. It was very unique to have a reunion and then two survivors who were liberated by them! So, what I did, and I am not a shy person (my God), I contacted them and said what can I do for my liberators? I was very emotional, it was very heavy for me. I try to tell you what happened. So what can I give them? They give me my life back. So, I come there, I ... over the years, I made some contacts, Channel 7 TV, some radio stations, and CBS KGO radio, by picking up a phone and Examiner, Chronicle. Anyway, they all came but I didn't tell anybody. Later, I found out that at all their reunions over the years, the press never paid attention. But can you imagine, over eight hundred people ... veterans with their wives. In the daytime ... it was a beautiful ceremony with an honor guard ... I mean, my God! ... I can never forget ... that was... I was allowed to make speech for ten minutes. Now, I had my speech for ten minutes and then I thought ... no. I met my liberators and the press covered it and they were flabbergasted.

Now, before I end, you have any questions? Before I say my poems?

YEAH. HOW DID YOU GET YOUR FEELINGS BACK?

That is a long story. I was asked, my son went to Sunday school, in 1972, and the Sunday school teacher found out from my son ... my children grew up with the knowledge of the Holocaust. My first wife had to know that too. My children, I owe that to them, to tell them, if I have no toes, remember, and if I have no family. So, the teacher found out apparently, and contacted me. I turned him down and later I said I will try it and then I started slowly to public speaking.

SO IT WAS THROUGH TELLING PEOPLE?

Yeah.

YOU KNOW YOUR WIFE SHE TALKED ABOUT BEING CHILDREN IN THESE KIND OF CIRCUMSTANCES. THAT AS A TEENAGER THE ROLE MODELS BECAME LIKE THE GESTAPO PEOPLE.

Now, don't say Gestapo, say Germans. (GERMANS, OKAY) Was no Gestapo, were Germans. (OKAY)

COULD YOU TALK A LITTLE BIT ABOUT THAT?

There's no time left. (WE HAVE ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES) Oh, oh, then okay. So you want to know what again? (TALK A LITTLE BIT ABOUT .. YOU KNOW, SHE SAID THAT THE GUARDS WERE LIKE, YOU KNOW YOUR PARENTS HAD ALL BEEN KILLED OR SEPARATED SO THE GUARDS BECAME THE PEOPLE WHO WERE...) Not only guards, The male inmate, the Kapos, the adults who beat up other people, in particular the Polish inmates who walked around with the boots and the sticks and the whips. And the Germans and the Austrians. The adults. Is that what you mean? (YEAH) I grew up not the same as my wife of course, but with beatings and yellings by the Germans and by other inmates. Is that what you want to know? (YEAH, TALK ABOUT THAT A LITTLE BIT ABOUT HOW THAT AFFECTED YOU LATER) I think I said already, when I started opening up, then everything come out slowly. Then, of course, I see a psychiatrist because I have to. I have an excellent one, thank God, after alot of searching. I felt abandoned, when I opened up. After the war ... during the war I was abandoned by the free world, Jew and non-Jew alike. Let me, let us die. I talked already about it, correct? (YEAH) Now, after the war, the feeling that came after '72 was all bottled up now it comes out, boom, my God. Alot of anger and pain. Nobody cared about me. I don't want to say us, me. Because I came back, no home, no occupation, no education. There was no place to go to. Except that aunt, who couldn't handle me ... that is another story.

Slowly but surely, I didn't want to have any part of any people. Friends I don't believe in. A friend is somebody I can call at two o'clock in the morning for anything. A friend will visit you when you only have a slice of bread, not only when you have prime rib and steak. When you have prime rib, you have a friends, when you have steak ... right? If you have nothing to eat, how many people are your friends? Or my friends? Huh? Friends, oh, he's my friend ... baloney! That is my philosophy. I don't trust people. I don't see the goodness in people.

DID YOU HAVE A HARD TIME WITH ... LIKE, HOW DID YOU EXPRESS ANGER ONCE YOU GOT OUT OF THE CAMP? IT SOUNDS LIKE ...

No, no, I never expressed it until '72. (NOT AT ALL?) No! No!! It stayed hidden. I get more and more ... the more I open up, the more anger comes out. And I never hide it. No. (OKAY) I don't have a part of people, of community, be it the Jewish community, I don't trust. Because they let me down then, during the time after the war, and they could care less.

I WAS JUST INTERESTED IN HEARING MORE, ABOUT THAT COMMENT, HOW THE ROLE MODELS BECAME THESE PEOPLE WHO WERE SO VIOLENT, BECAUSE A YOUNG TEENAGER

...

Apparently, and for that reason, you couldn't trust them ... because they are always beating you and trying to kill you, correct? (YEAH) My role models, right? There was no trust, correct? (YEAH) Was nothing! I was abandoned by them too. Do I make sense? That is probably why I feel the way I am today. If I, if people are for me ... you can't trust them. Do I make sense to you or not? (YES< YOU DO) Are you sure? (YEAH< THAT MAKES SENSE) In other words, if I could have opened up in 1945 I would have had a better life ... inside. (ARE YOU EVER BITTER BECAUSE ...) Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! And angry and bitter. (DID IT AFFECT YOUR CHILDREN?) I think so. When I start opening up, they saw a person they never knew. I cut out my first wife, can't help it. It is hard to live with a person like me. Yeah, it's true. Because I learned one thing, I don't shut up. I am under people's skin, and their conscience. They don't like ... they don't have to love me. What do I care? They don't pay my rent. I have alot of anger. Because, if it could have come out way in '46 or '47, but was nobody to ... but I came back to say, okay, an organization or a government ... I can tell you stories but you wouldn't believe it, what the Dutch government did not do. The difference between the Jewish people who came back, a few kids, my age ... most of them were murdered, of course, ... was, was nobody, no families. When the

underground fighters came back, thank God, they still had families. Was a home ... they were treated better and they deserved good treatment, so did we. But, all the after the years, apparently, whatever they, and the government, and organizations what, what the harm they did after the war! And I never realized it. By the time I started opening up, the anger ... and I give it out the anger, I don't care who it is. And people can't handle it, "it's not my baby." But people are good for me ... who I can trust ... I may be too ... and I trusted with my eyes closed. But it is very hard, because you couldn't trust ... The people then, okay, the adults ... some I saw misusing boys like myself. I was never misused but for example, they could have. And I saw that.

(EDDY'S WIFE INTERRUPTS: BECAUSE I MARRIED TO HIM, I SEE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE NOT AWARE THAT HE SEES IT AND BRINGS HIM BACK INTO THE CAMP)

The red flag. *(AND IT CAN BE ... I EXPERIENCE AT HOME. AND IT CAN BE A MOVEMENT, IT CAN BE ... I DON'T PUT ON THE LIGHT, IT'S DARK ...)* That's not what the lady means. *(YEAH ... THAT HAS ...)* No, no, no ... the teenage years without normal life, right, how it affect me? *(YEAH. YEAH. IF YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN TALKING MORE, I'D LIKE TO DO IT, BUT HE'S KIND OF WORRIED ABOUT THE TIME AND I KNOW YOU WANT TO READ YOUR POEMS...)* No, we have about five minutes left. *(OH, OKAY)* Until four o'clock. If I would have known, because I know the people in the Center for the last ten years, I would have asked him if he could have stayed another couple of minutes. Longer, my God. You have the key? *(NO, NO I DON'T. I CAN IF IT'S ... WE'VE ALREADY HAD SOME ...)* You're not satisfied with the answer I give you? *(I'M SATISFIED WITH THE ANSWER. I AM INTERESTED IN EXPLORING IT MORE BUT ... WE DON'T HAVE TIME)* In what way? *(THE ... I GUESS HOW THE VIOLENCE GETS PASSED ON. UNWILLINGLY, THEN BECAUSE THERE IS NO WAY TO ... LIKE THE ROLE MODEL IDEA. WHEN YOU ARE CHILDREN YOU ROLE MODEL YOUR PARENTS ...)* Uh hmm. *(SO IF YOU ARE IN A PLACE WHERE THE PRIMARY WAY OF EXPRESSING YOURSELF IS ...)* Is murder. *(AND VIOLENCE AND SCREAMING AND YELLING AND BEATING, THAT HAS GOT TO HAVE LATER EFFECTS ON YOUR LIFE)* It has. *(AND THERE HAVE TO BE ALOT OF LATER EFFECTS ON YOUR LIFE)*. Yeah, the older I get, the worse it gets, yes. Yes. *(I MEAN THE PROBLEM IS, WE HAVE TO GO)* Well, I hope I give ... because I can't undo ... forget it. *(THAT'S OKAY)* I hope I was a little bit of help. *(YOU WERE ALOT OF HELP, I THOUGHT. I WISH WE COULD GO TWO MORE HOURS)* Oh, me too. And I knew that, that is why Marianne can't help it, if she open up then I open up, too. And I told you in advance, when I open up I can't shut up. Right? *(YEAH)* But I do know most survivors talked after liberation. That's not my problem.

So, I wrote two poems that I always like to finish with, if I can. If you want to have a copy, you can have it. One poem is called "Remember, Remember."

I survived. I'm glad.
And still I am sad.
Why did I survive the Holocaust hell?
Is it because I have to tell how women, men and children were killed?
How six million voices were stilled?
The victims crying, they were born a Jew.
They were human beings, like me, and you.
Auschwitz, Birkenau, Treblinka, Sobibor.
With names we can't afford to forget, to ignore.
In these death camps, six million of our people, their lives were lost.
We have to remember, remember the Holocaust.

That is one. Would you like a copy? *(YES)* You're sure? *(YES)* Then my last one ... then we go out. The last one is, my wife says is a poem, and I believe her, otherwise I don't get dinner. I named it "The Empty Space." That one is written on the anniversary of my liberation. I am not a writer. Nor am I a public speaker. But that's ... that's ... that is Eddy. "The Empty Space."

We should never forget that most children of survivors are victims, too.
When they graduate from junior high school, high school, and college.
Become engaged, get married, become parents.
But there are no grandparents, no aunts, no uncles, no cousins, no nephews, no nieces.
There's nobody.
There is only a big empty space.

They lost the ones they never met.
They lost the ones they never knew.
They lost the ones they could never hurt.
Never could say "I love you" to.

You like the other two? (YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH) You're welcome. (IT WAS GREAT,
GREAT. I AM ...TAPE ENDS HERE)