

Before we can start, I'll let you know. OK.

You were talking about raffle? What's a raffle?

In French, raffle. Let's say the Germans go out in the middle of the night and pick up people that were on their list to be picked up because they were Jews, and they had to put them together. So because it's a large amount of people, they put them in a stadium. But that was a place that would hold a lot of people, and it's called the raffle-- R- A- F- F- L- E, which is in English a lottery, so to speak.

But a raffle is a-- not get-together, but a way to pick up a lot of people that you want to bring to one place. A roundup, that's the word. A raffle is a roundup. Like the cowboys have a roundup of cattle, the Germans had around up of people.

And these people on July 16, which is my birth date, 1922, that was in 1942. Now, in '42, in July I was in the French army in Lyon. I never knew what happened in Paris. But naturally, after the war, these people that had survived this get together every year to memorize-- not memorize, to get together and talk about these things.

The French had a combination of Jewish people-- they were taken strictly because they were Jews. And there were Jewish people that were patriots-- French assimilated patriots. Besides, there was communists, anti-Nazis. They were taken with the Jews. Most of them went to Dachau or to Dora,

The Jews was extermination camp in Auschwitz. I would say 99% of people that went to the camp from France went to Auschwitz. As the war came to an end, they moved people around, like Bergen-Belsen, Dachau.

The women went to Ravensbruck. But in Ravensbruck was mainly resistance women, people that had hidden fugitives. So they didn't shoot them for being the enemy. They put them in a camp. So basically, Ravensbruck was a woman's camp.

The different things in France, like every place else, like Holland or in Belgium, it was systematic. It didn't go overnight. My father was taken in '42. The Germans came in in '40. So for two years, it looked like nothing was going to happen.

But unfortunately, they had a plan to make you believe everything is nice, and then they had a roundup of people. And usually, that's 5:00, 6:00 in the morning. And so because I was in this type of business, I was already at work. Otherwise, I would have been taken in '42.

What would have happened most likely, I would have gotten to a work camp, which I did when I was taken in '43. I got there December '43 the tenth. And so I wasn't exactly two years there. Maybe 20 months I would say about, but it's sufficient. It was already a miracle when people survived one year, let alone.

Like I said, the worst part of it was, I think, the last five months of the war. Because things got worse for the Germans, so it got worse for us. And then any time you move people that are already weak, and you don't have food in general, then you're-- when you're getting moved, all these things happen, like on that train, for one week. So if you were 75 on that one compartment wagon, open, and we went to Germany, maybe we got there 40. And 35 died by suffocation or just had no more strength to survive.

My luck was that I had always people with me. And when you're against a wall, I had guys that tried to pull me away from there, because in the middle, they knew if they fell, I'll just fall on them. And I had no hair, so they tried to pull me back by my head and they grabbed my ears. So I used to scream, and the guys' buddies next to me would push the guys away.

It was an Inferno in the sense people were savage. I've seen things on that train you wouldn't believe. Guys that had some teeth left with gold, when they died, they knocked the gold out of these teeth, the guy that died, and then they threw him overboard.

And you're sitting there and you're looking at this, just like looking at somebody reading a newspaper. You have no emotion. There's no such thing. You're dehumanized by the fact that you're looking at something that would not happen in normal time.

So you have to realize, when you go through this, you have to be very strong not to use this as a crutch to your life. You have to more or less put it behind you, and go ahead and think of what is the future. What's behind, you cannot change. You become more or less hardened to the point.

I hardly knew my parents, if you want to look at it this way. When you leave the house at 14 to go to work, the little remembrance of a family isn't very big. Look, my wife, she's 50. She has parents that are 83. For 50 years of her life, she has her parents.

She knew that if she is in need of something, she can-- I'm not talking material things. Needs a nice, kind word, she can go there. I never had that, because at 14, you were estranged. You don't know.

But it's not so much their fault or my fault. It's the circumstances of life at the time. So you have to realize that I consider myself very lucky to have gone through all of this, and have been able to look at it as an experience that is not very nice. But what can I do except look tomorrow and the next day and the next day?

What's your earliest memory of your mother?

My earliest--

Memory.

Oh, memory. Well, I would say, basically, when we had this restaurant, she always was a genius in the kitchen. She would fix different things. And I remember, to me, I'd never really-- ever since then, I never had had occasion to see the same thing.

She used to get calves feet and make a jelly out of it, cooked this. And we used to eat this, and it was like jello. But it was with a vinaigrette on top, with vinegar and oil. That was a dish.

Then for Passover, she made what we called a bubaleh, which was-- now that I know how to bake and cook, it used to be matzah meal with eggs and sugar, and you made like a pancake mix. And you used to put in a frying pan a little oil, and it'd be this big, round like this. And then they would fix this for the family.

And they would cut it in a square with powdered sugar on top. You eat a piece of this with a schnapps or some brandy. And it used to be something that stuck in my mind.

When my folks took me to a restaurant the first time-- and I must have been maybe six or seven, they ordered aperitif, which was at that time Malaga. I looked at Malaga-- it's a sweet wine. Malaga is like Manischewitz. It's the closest to it. And you drank this, and it is sweet and strong.

And that's what I remember. They used to laugh when I took a sip, and I used to go. That's what I can remember, looking at my mother laughing because I took a drink of alcohol. Otherwise, as I said, because of what happened in my life, I tried to-- not that I wanted to forget. I had to look ahead.

So you see, the only thing that I remember-- I remember things in 1930, where I had to come home and I was playing with the kids outside. And my mother sent my sister that was younger to come home to eat. The food was on the table.

And some guys, the buddies with me, kids, had a whistle. And when the cars used to pass on that road-- it was a main road, the police had no cars. If your car would speed, they had no cars. They had bicycles.

So what they did, if you had an infraction, they would blow the whistle, and the car would stop. The authorities had the whistle. So some kid had a whistle, started to blow the whistle. And when this car stopped, everybody ran away.

I didn't run away. The guy came out of the car, and he looked at me, and he said, did you blow the whistle? I said, no. He gave me two boom boom, and he went back to the car. He was mad.

Now, that has nothing to do with my mother. But it just shows you that you get involved with different things as a kid. And I got at home, they told me you should have been dead you should have been at home.

But kids are kids. You play with your buddies. You forget that you have to come home to eat or something.

And it was an area where it was a small town, and the main road would go across, and there were cars there. The school was on this side, and we lived on that side. So when you had to go home, you had to cross the street.

I'll give you an example of something that happened, by talking, I just remembered. I don't think I had-- I was maybe seven or eight. And my sister came home from school crying that this boy called a dirty Jew.

So I went out. And when the guy saw me, he ran across the street. And the last thing I saw is a car running over him. And that's all I saw.

I got back home. And on the top floor, there was, like, a loft. I went and hid there, I was so scared. And they were looking for me all over the place.

My luck, when the guy with the car came, he went on the brake. The kid fell, and the front right wheel of the car went on the curb up. So he was underneath, but the car didn't touch him. He had absolutely nothing, not even a scratch.

But all I saw was a kid under the car, and I was scared like heck. But that occurred because you have that thing that exists among kids, maybe less now, but at that time. And in that same period of time, there used to be ice delivered by wagons with horses. So kids, we play and we hang around the back of the thing, and try to pick some piece of ice in the summer to eat.

So one time, I wasn't there. Some of the buddies did this, and he ran away from the truck because the guy had a whip. He got killed by a car, because when he got off of this-- you look at these things now, I don't think I had that on my mind for the last 40 years.

But just by talking about that period of time, it goes back to my memory of the incident that had to do with the family life prior to the war, how you go with kids in school. I remember the teacher I had that was in the reserve in the French army. And how he had ways that, if you didn't do your homework or something, he had you put your fingers like this and hit you with a stick on your fingers.

Now, that doesn't exist here. That would be harassment or whatever. But in those days, that was common for the teacher to corporally hurt you if you didn't do your job right, or your homework or something. But again, I digress to something else, I know.

Did anyone ever call you a dirty Jew?

No, not that I can recall, because you see, if it happened, I don't remember. I know where I was among people, even in this country back east, that talked about the Jews, and they didn't know I was Jewish, which I just kept my mouth shut. There were some other people that-- you see, my opinion of what happens in this country, it's terrific in the sense everyone can have an opinion.

Even to this day, you have the extreme right, extreme left, the socialists, and everything-- politics now. We're talking about politics. And my first opinion was very sad when I got to back east, especially once I got in business. My neighbors had businesses.

The one guy on my side had a deli. He was limey. They called him limey because he was from English descent-- limey.

The other guy had a hardware. He was a German-Jewish guy. I had my bakery in-between.

And there used to be a guy coming in there, and when he was knocking Roosevelt to me, it was unbelievable. But afterwards, I learned, they knocked Eleanor Roosevelt. They knocked Roosevelt because he put them in the war.

But even to this day, you have guys like Rush Limbaugh. I don't know if you heard of this guy. I think that's the biggest stupid guy that exists because he's talking about the right.

I first got to listen to him on the radio when I was driving my car before the election. He was saying, Bush can't lose, Bush this, Bush that. I'm sorry. My opinion of the politics in this country has to do with my background. I am here because the government at the time of the United States did enough for refugees to come here.

They helped people one way or another the end of the war. If Roosevelt hadn't gone to war, I wouldn't be here. Definitely wouldn't be here. I don't think I could have survived.

Could have worked maybe another six months. That's it. So it comes to that. That's my opinion.

You said you were spoiled. You were your mother's favorite.

Yes in the sense that it's so long ago, that I can specifically say how I got spoiled. But I know by ways of wanting something and by any means getting it because kids-- and if you look at the psychology of kids, of thinking the more you cry you want it, the parents, oh, give it to him to keep him quiet.

Well, I don't remember this particular way that it occurred with me. But Jewish parents, always. In my case, I remember both were a very giving. In other words, my sister and my father, it was the favorite because it was the girl.

And come to think of it, and I mentioned before, she happens to be saved because the husband got away from the Germans. So I got her here for my wedding in 1948. She had divorced her husband, and she came with their daughter.

Lillian was born in '43, which I didn't know at the time what it was, a boy or a girl. In '48, she came in May, and I got married in July 1948. And so she remarried, had two children.

And she passed away in '82 with breast cancer. She never was in the camp. So all my family, she's the only one that hadn't been in the camp.

But in rummaging between the pictures I had, I found a postcard that she sent for Father's Day, for Valentine's Day. And my sister had put me, like, on a pedestal, because I had been in France, the little guy. And he became a businessman.

And my life revolved in different ways. I assimilated-- well, not assimilate. I blended in life of the United States, although she did too, but in a different way, because she was married to a fellow that was with a telephone company-- a big shot and everything. And she had two kids with him.

And the daughter, this girl that I never knew what she was when she was born, is married in Connecticut. And her daughter is getting married in May, and I'm going to the wedding of her daughter. And Lillian, when she was born, spoke German because she was in Germany with a maid, and helped when my sister was in the army. Then she came to this country, and she was-- 1943, five years old. I have a picture of her holding the ring for the wedding.

And she would tell my wife's aunt-- she couldn't say I'm thirsty. She went like this. And now, she doesn't speak a word of French. She's American.

She has two daughters. One got married two years ago. And she came for my second wedding.

She came here. So it shows you, this is talking about-- asking me my impression of my mother spoiling me. As I said, when I left, the things I went through my life, especially since 1948 coming here, these are things maybe in a day or two at home, I'll say, gee, I forgot to tell her about this and this and this.

What about your father? What are early memories of your father like?

My father, basically, was a tall man that was-- how would I put it? My mother was the big boss. She knows business.

She handled the business. She was what they say in Jewish macher. She always got people to come to the restaurant.

My father was more or less a guy that did his work. He was in the army. Eight years in the army. He was drafted in the Russian army before 1914 and he came home.

They had the boy in 1911. Then he was re-drafted because the army-- he was in Vladivostok. That's what he used to tell me. When he was in the army, he was in a place near Japan, way on the other end of Russia.

And then he was in Odessa. That's in the south, where there's nice weather. And that's all the places that the army took him.

So therefore, when he got to where he was in Lorraine, where he was a prisoner, this was like-- we call California God's place. That was God's place because there was no army. There was working people that maybe got involved with some people that weren't very nice.

So he thought it's better to stay there then go back to Poland. And I remember him talking about pogroms and things like this. But it didn't mean much to me because I was just listening.

And I would say I remember more about my oldest brother because he was, like, 11 years older. So when I was 10, he was already 21. And because we speak French between the kids, and my father spoke French. But sometimes, you say, that's not the way to say it. So you criticize your folks because of that.

And so the brother was like the boss. He would bail us out if we did something wrong, more than the parents. That's why I say we were spoiled by the parents.

But my brother, I remember, he took me on a bicycle. And it was on his bicycle where I was sitting there in front. And he went on the brakes, and all of a sudden, the whole bike went like this.

We fell on the ground. We didn't get hurt very much. But it's something that you can remember because it's an accident. It happened as an accident. And when he got married, I was working in a bakery.

And I remember him being at the cafe outside, and I was delivering pastry for the bakery I was working. I said, well, that's a good life in a cafe. But you see, he was older than me. I at the time I was maybe 15. He was married.

And we didn't have big celebrations per se like here, for instance. In Europe, we don't send birthday cards for your birthday. For Father's Day or for Valentine's Day, you don't send cards.

All this is American style. And you see, the problem is when you mentioned my folks-- I try to be explicit as much as possible, and my recollection isn't that clear because it dates into the '30s, which means over 60 years ago. So it's not too clear.

What was your uncle's name?

My what?

Your uncle's name.

My uncle's name was-- Heidenberg first name, but I can't remember his first name now. Heidenberg. I don't remember.

What happened to him?

Well, when the war broke out, he was living in Hayange where I was born. He also did markets with clothes and everything. And they got evacuated in the center of France.

So when I went in the army in '42, and had a month furlough, there was a refugee newspaper. And I put an ad in there, I'm looking for my uncle. I don't know exactly where he is.

Turns out his son and his sister, and the four of them, got to a small village in the center of France. I forgot the name of it. And I got a note that they are living there.

So my furlough -- I couldn't go home in a zone where the Germans were. And they were in a non-occupied zone. I went there. And sure enough, the fellow that had given them a house, and they rented a house, his son was a prisoner in Germany and that was empty. So they had this.

And he worked for this guy in the farm, my uncle. And so I went to visit him during that month. And his son was there and his daughter was there. So of all the people, after '42, when the Germans went down, because he was a young guy my age in his 20s, they grabbed him, put him to Auschwitz, and he never came back.

But the father was already-- like I said, in World War I, he was with my father. He wasn't taken. Because you remember, in the small village, the Germans couldn't completely turn the whole country and go house to house to find Jews. If you're living in a farm like he lived, and you looked like a farmer with a beret on his head, they never went to look for them, except the son.

And even if he was a non-Jew, a guy his age would have been taken to go to work in Germany. And they must have grabbed him, figured out he was a Jew. He went to Auschwitz and never came back. And they after the war went back to Hayange.

In '58, I went to visit him with my wife, and he had retired. Let me see, that was '58. I went twice to see him. In his basement, he had the pushcart. He showed my wife-- who was American. He showed her, and he was so proud of his pushcart, that he had a very good life with that pushcart.

And he used to smoke two packs of cigarettes a day, drink black coffee. He died, he was 78. And the wife is dead, too. And the daughter was married and lived in Metz with her husband, and they had a child.

But I have no contact with these people-- none. Same thing goes with the two daughters of my eldest brother that live in Dijon, France. Because the wife was Catholic, there was no close relation between this. With the mother, yes, because I knew her when she was young bride. So I saw her when she was about 75.

And the one daughter was married and had a girl. The other daughter, I saw two years ago. And when they were about two years old, I took both of them down into the shelter when there was air raids. And they are in their 50s now. So one born in '40, so she's 53.

But it was nothing close. But when my brother was killed-- and I came back from Germany, I found that out-- I was not too happy, because I went to the cemetery to see him in '58, and the tomb was not taken care of at all. It was covered with-- you see, in France, you have to understand, the families are not close in the sense, especially if it's mixed marriages.

Her family was anti-Jewish, number one. So when he was killed, they did everything to make her feel bad. And I found that out through the daughter. And so she never remarried, and the whole family blamed her because she married a Jew.

So I don't know her family at all. I never met them. But the daughter talked to me, and I found out that the two girls were brought up by the mother without a father image at all. And when they became young ladies, 16, 17, the one went out with a boy, and she never knew what it meant to be pregnant. She got pregnant, and she never knew who the husband was. It's odd, but that's what happened.

So she had a son, and the son came to visit me last year for New Year's. His name is Blankenberg. And he's Catholic, with a cross and everything.

So what happened, he found out-- I'm looking to change my name. In France, if you want to change your name, it has to go with the official government paper. And if anybody who is against this should speak up and let them know. So he found the name-- somebody of his said, look, there's a guy by that name that's trying to change his name to Blane.

And he told me when I was there two years ago that he showed up in the paper. But he got married last year. His name is Blankenberg, but there's nothing Jewish in these people.

So you see, there's intermarriage. There's a situation where, for good or for bad, it branches into different things. And you look at your ancestry and you don't know exactly what's happened, because if you look at my name of birth, Blankenberg in Belgium, near Ostend, there's a town by the name of Blankenberg. It's a resort.

Now, it had nothing to do with me. But you never know, four or five generations before, what happened. You can't tell, because it's not a name like Jim or Paul or Lincoln, for instance-- Lincoln, Nebraska, and the guy's name is Lincoln. But a Blankenberg, you have a name that has to come from-- I'd be curious to go there and find out where they got the name. I digress again to something else.

That what your father's name in Poland was.

Sure. Oh, sure. That's our family name. That's x, y, z. That's the name.

What kind of student were you in school?

What?

What kind of a student were you?

In school? The word in French is insouciant-- devil may care. I really didn't care too much. I wouldn't say I was very studious, but there's some subjects that I was good. Some didn't mean anything.

I was always very good in algebra, calculus, history. Oh, history was my favorite. I go back to Charlemagne in the year 700 and Louis XIV, Louis XV, all of this. That was my favorite. And actually, calculating was good.

Sciences was nothing for me. I guess anything that you don't know too well, you're not more or less interested in, you're not going to be as good. When you're interested in something, you improve because the interest is there.

And when it comes to calculating and history, I always-- I play almost every night Jeopardy on the TV. And I have fun like heck, because a lot of times, they have things that have to do with France or with sports. And for instance, last night, the question had to do with in 1985, they transplanted three organs in a human being.

And the question was, what was these three organs. And I marked heart, lungs, and-- right now I actually forgot. And none of them got it. I had it, because anything you do, repetition, repetition, you get good at it.

And my situation with figures, I am pretty much good at it because I like it, see? As far as school is concerned, I can't recall. It's a funny thing. I think my education started after school?

What about languages?

About five seconds.

All right?

OK, yeah.

We were talking about languages. What languages you learned in school.

Basically, in school, we had two hours a week of German, because we were so close to the German border and it was mandatory. You could have learned English. But at that time, it wasn't mandatory, and I never thought one iota that I'd be using English. Where was I going to go? Either England or the United States when you're young.

Your life is in France, and French people in general [INAUDIBLE] school at that time weren't in languages. They would learn the languages of close by, which was Italian, Spanish, which resembles French, Latin, or German. The Belgians speak French, the Swiss speak French. Therefore, French was more or less what English is now in the world. The international language was French.

And so I took some German, which I fast forgot after the war. And then when I got to this country and actually learned English, my education started by going to night school for adults for about a month. And then I realized the people that were going there were to pass their citizenship exams and to learn. And I thought I had learned through newspapers, through the movies. And I got to speak.

The funniest part is, I know French people, as well as German people, have a thick accent of their country of birth. I don't know. To me, I think the ear, at times, it shows. But mostly, I lost my accent of where I was born. And therefore, that's about all.

Now, my wife being from Tangier, her family speaks Spanish and French from school, because Tangier is a town that the school is French. And Spanish has to do with the Spanish Morocco. Tangier was an international town, but they spoke both languages. So they both speak.

So I learned a little bit Spanish through her family and her side. Well, between them, they speak a lot of Spanish, you see. And when the ear gets used to it, I understand most of the Spanish they talk.

As a young boy, thinking of the future, what did you think you were going to do when you grew up?

Well, once I got into the trade of bakery, I figured I'd eventually be my own boss in the bakery.

Before that time, did you have any thoughts?

No. Before I went to work, no. Hadn't the slightest idea. I think the thing that I enjoyed is there was a little airport very closeby. I wanted to learn to fly.

Like kids here say, I want to be a fireman, I would have liked to fly, be a pilot, or something like this. And that's just the only thing I can remember. And the only way would have been to continue to go to school and to college, and then go to a military school and stuff like that.

That's what I had in mind prior to going to work as a kid. I thought it was glamorous to be a pilot, something I would have liked to. I don't know if I would have succeeded, but the war ended all of these dreams.

Did you know that your aunt had sent steamship tickets or whatever to your parents at that time?

No. I knew, but I never thought of it. Because you've got to realize, in the '30s, when you get mail from far away, it



looks like millions of miles away. Like nowadays, it's common practice, you fly direct Paris to San Francisco, Paris to New York. In those years, if you took the ship, it took a week. And to us, it was so far away, we never thought of a thing to do.

First of all, my parents were so old-fashioned, the first we went away was 100 miles. And then you didn't even go by car because they had no car. So you took a bus or a trolley that would go some 30 miles in that area. But as I said, that was part of my subconscious, if you want.

Because of the stamp, I remember seeing this envelope in 1946 when I was with these people that were leaving, it dawned on me Williams Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. That's how I sent it. No number of the street.

Packard, because in France, there was a car called a Packard-- P- A- C- K- A- R- D-. And I remember the name was Packard, something like that. And it had Williams Avenue, and they got the letter.

The biggest surprise was when I got an answer. I just did this on a lark. I never figured I was going to get an answer. I knew she couldn't speak French, and the only way I could write a letter was in French. But once we got in contact, I have a postcard with me that I sent from Paris in English.

I remember one sentence I wrote. "Tomorrow I was at the embassy, tomorrow I was at the embassy." The embassy was where I was going to get a visa to come to the United States. So I looked at a dictionary, I guess, and I wanted to say yesterday. I put tomorrow.

My handwriting even changed for my life over -- Maurice. My M is pointy. Here, it's rounded.

How do I change? Don't ask me. It became a natural transition. The human being is the same, but a lot of things have changed, to a sense that, as I said, to remember even what I said about my parents is a miracle. Because believe me, I can tell you about what happens is '45, that's clearer, because not only is it closer to two now, but more memorable to me.

You see, I have another thing that I usually do. A lot of good things happen to me and a lot of bad things. And the bad things, I try as much as possible to say they didn't exist there.

No, only good things happened to me. Therefore, if you talk about good things, I can remember. And when it comes to-- even if I did, let's say, get involved here in investment and I lost money, I don't remember that. But when I've made money on stock, for instance, that I remember.

[LAUGHS]

That gives you an idea of what I'm trying to say-- that you do remember. And it's so far away in my past that it's going to be a while for me, more or less, to go back. You know what I think? If I were at home and looking at pictures, something would come back.

You asked me about language. It was not one thing that I was looking for. It's just a question of what environment you're in, and I was in an environment where French was the language.

Nowadays, it's more internationalized because we're so close. You go to Germany, you go to France, a lot of people speak English. It became more natural to learn a foreign language than it was at that time, although some people go to school and learn Russian or Chinese or Japanese, whatever, because that's what they like and that's what they want to do. In my case, I was in the food business. And all I needed to do is how to make a recipe of something, and come out with something that was edible, successful.

Were you consulted about being an apprentice to a baker? Did your parents ask you whether you wanted it, or did they tell you this is it?

No, no. Basically my father said to me, for your future, it'd be a good idea if you learned a trade. The question was a trade versus intellectual college. Because on the trade at that time, it meant you'll always earn a living with food.

So being my mother had a butcher shop when she was younger in Poland, they were trying to get me to be a butcher. That wasn't for me. I really didn't care. So when I said, well, I'd rather be a baker, I went as an apprentice to a place in the same town we lived. I lasted a week.

Like I said, I wasn't used to work at 14. And I came home at night, I was completely covered with all kinds of goop on me. And it was not the place to be, because although it was a bakery, it wasn't in the sense something you can build a future on.

And then in August, when I went to Metz in the main town, this guy was a good baker. And we signed a contract for three years that I would be working for him. And in those years, that's what they did.

That doesn't exist anymore now, no. Well, there was room and board, so I slept there, got fed. And I got experiences there that were very funny.

You got to realize, bakery is also a business that is very busy on holidays. And in the summer, people go on vacation and it's warm. People eat less sweets, even in those days. So because you have room and board, you had to do something.

So the boss would buy almonds in the skin, 100 kilo in a sack, which is about 220 pounds. And we would use a copper kettle, boiling water, put these almonds in there. And then we had a marble table. We were three apprentices.

And we had, when it cooled off, taken some almonds on the table and squeeze the almonds on that table. And they would come out of the skin blanched, but wet. And the skin, we would discard, and we had these blanched almonds.

During the season, we used to make a sliced almond with chocolate. We would make a pastry where you mix 50% sugar and have two marble rollers that would grind this, but not till the oil comes out of the almond-- just a powder. Then you sift 50% of sugar, 50% of that. And you whip egg whites and blend this all together, and you made cakes out of it.

In other words, you made on a sheet like a snail, about this big. And then you put buttercream in between. You had a cake this high. And that's what the almonds were for.

Now, during the summer with the dish, we made jam. We got fresh apricots on the market. We made our own jam for the whole center. Jam is, I call it, the lipstick of the bakery, because if you, let's say, make an apple cake or peach cake, coming out of the oven, it looks wrinkled and an odd color. You put some apricot jam as the lipstick, and that thing shines, you see.

OK, coming back to these almonds, so we're here, and we're getting bored-- one hour, two hours. So one guy says to me, look, can you do what I do? He threw up in the air, catches it in his mouth. And he says, let's make a little bet who can catch the most of them as fun.

The boss was in an office over there. All of a sudden, he looks around. What are you doing there? He saw what we were doing.

He said, OK, you continue to work. But as of now, I want you to whistle all the time. So stop wasting time and come back. So we--

[WHISTLING]

--we were whistling.

[LAUGHS]

But this is a commentary on how you get bored in doing something. And the boss, naturally, he didn't want you to put them in your mouth. But as kids, what are you going to do? I was 15, 16 at the time. Different things had happened in the bakery where the boss showed authority.

Easter in 1937, '38, we had a doctor that ordered miniature pastries, which means eclairs no bigger than a half a finger, napoleons no bigger than a finger. And he ordered two trays. I had to deliver on Sunday morning of Easter 1937 or '38.

Now, I go on the bicycle. And I have this in my hand and ride. I come to the place. The doctor-- [Personal name] was his name. I remember his name.

Entrance of the delivery people was on the side. Come up, I rang. The maid comes out, and I want to go in to take those trays that were in a metal box. One tray on the bottom, a suspension in between, the second tray on top, OK?

She doesn't want me to go in. She says, I'll take care of it. She takes out one tray. She doesn't take the tray from underneath.

It's so light, I never felt that there was something in there. I put the bicycle handle-- I put the box, and here I come running home with my cheeks all red from the cold. I get in, the boss goes bang bang. Gives me two on my face.

I said, what did I do. The doctor called. He ordered two trays. You only delivered one? What happened to the other? I said, the maid didn't let me go in.

So these things stay in your mind how it could have been avoided, and how to boss, for his patrons, he wanted to not lose his customer. So that's what happened. You get corporally hit.

Again, I just give you a commentary of different things that happened to me while I was an apprentice in this bakery. And I don't keep a grudge against this guy, because what he did to me is changed me from a loose guy that didn't know where tomorrow he's going to do or what his future is going to be. He put me in a direction to enjoy my work, and be hardened for it.

I went in the army. I laughed when the guys crabbed about what they had to do. I felt it was not so bad because the hard life I had in the three years I was there. We slept in a room where there was no windows and no heat. In the winter, we were freezing.

And how did we go to work? The boss lived underneath and he rang a bell to wake us up. And where the bell was in the room was back in the corner.

And there was a cage around the bell, because previously, the guys that slept there, for him to stop ringing, they had to bang on the floor with the shoes to tell them they're up. And they got so mad, they used to knock the bell out. So he put a wired cage. That wired cage would be making more noise like an echo.

Now you see, this is the thing that happens, which in this country you wouldn't see-- maybe 100 years ago. And you go through this apprenticeship. And the reason I bring it up is to give you a background that I had, and how little by little things changed to a point where it got bad, but not as bad because you started off on a bad setup. Then when I came to this country, everything really didn't matter anymore because it's a different country.

During this time, in the middle and late 1930s, did you know what was going on with Germany?

No, not at all. Not so much about the camps. That, I didn't know. But I knew in '33, we had a radio at home, and I could hear-- sometimes by turning the dial you would hit a German station. And you'd hear Hitler making speeches, and they would scream.

But being it's in Germany, my idea was that it's an inner Germany problem that had nothing to do with us. We lived in a

different country, although we were very close to the border. And that's about the only thing I can remember in the '30s.

'33 was when Hitler took power. And I guess I heard on the radio the noise that you can hear sometimes when they show your old film where the Germans would get together and they would holler about when he made speeches. That's what I can recall.

Did you have-- you knew about the anti-Semitism in Germany and the laws there. So you didn't have any fear or a sense of foreboding?

No, not at all. Basically because when you're that young, you don't emphasize on these things, because you put your mind on other things than either politics or things that have to do with antisemitism because it never entered my mind-- not at that time at all.

Were your parents politically involved?

No, no.

And what was a typical day like in Metz when you were an apprentice?

In Metz when I was an apprentice?

Yes.

Well, it has nothing to do with my parents?

No.

OK, a typical day I got up at 6:00 in the morning when he rang that bell. And we worked in the bakery. Usually, you had to prepare for a particular order. We had a daily order for the military of croissants, and the order was 1,000 croissants every morning

So what we had to do is, the day before, we prepared the dough. Let it rise overnight. And then we had a sheeter, which is instead of rolling out one by one, we had automatic rollers, and would cut them out. And then we would shape them on a tray.

And the very first day of work, my boss said to me, you know you're going to be a painter before you become a baker. When I looked at him, he handed me a container that had eggs beaten up in a brush. And they had to brush the eggs on every croissant.

Then they would go in the oven, and then they would get baked. So I was a painter of the croissant. And that's my first job.

And that was in December that I learned how to work with liqueur candies. Again, because of the labor situation, that he had no money to disburse for us, he had us prepare these candies. And the shape of the candy had to be molded into starch.

The starch was a box this high and about this long and this wide full of starch. And then you had a piece of wood this long, and there was, like, teeth the shape of a candy on that board. Then you pressed into the starch, this board. And it made a hole the size of the candy, one after the other, until you had about 20 rows

You cooked in a copper kettle sugar at a certain degree. Then you added either rum or Kirsch, or whatever liqueur you wanted to make. And it went through what looked like a strainer, but it had just a little hole like this in the bottom. And you had a stick that you closed the hole, poured that liquid in there. And over each hole in the starch, you filled it with that liquid.

Then when it stays a little while, the sugar that was cooked at a certain degree gets a crust. And you leave it overnight in a steam room, which is a little better than a room temperature. They dry out.

The liqueur is like antifreeze. It stays liquid inside. The exterior is that crust of sugar. And then you take one by one with a shaving brush-- in those days when you shaved with a brush. That brush, you wiped off every bit of that starch and you put them on a tray.

And the boss would, in a special [INAUDIBLE] room, have melted chocolate. Dip it with a two-prong fork into the chocolate. Take it out on a tray. And that's it.

When they were ready, it was sold in a Limoge type of tray. Nothing, not cardboard, but it was Limoge. That cost more than the candy. But I remember taking one home one time for my folks for the holidays. And that's how I learned in '36 to make candy-- the liqueur candy.

And they don't make them here, because first of all, it's against the law. You can't make liqueur candy. In Europe, they do. And I learned how to make eclairs, basically yeast doughs, all in the first year. I would say after 18 months working in this place, you could have gone out and got a job.

I'll give you another example. When I finished in the third year, to give me my diploma degree of baker, I had to go one day to another bakery in the association of bakers, and I to pick up a name. We had to go to the-- not a Chamber of Commerce, but a Chamber of Trades.

And they had a hat with all the bakeries and a name. And you pick one name. And then you read the name, you have to go and work for the guy for the day.

Whatever he asked you to do, you have to do. And then he grades you, and it goes to the Chamber of Trade. And then at the same time, by the end of your third year, to get your diploma, there has to be a special cake that you have to bake, like a signature cake.

Now, I had at that time a book that was called *La cuisine moderne*, which means the modern culinary art. In there was a picture of a cake-- listen to this. I was never in the idea of coming to the United States.

There was a cake made with marzipan. Half was the American flag, half was a French flag, blue, white, and red-- bleu, blanc, rouge. That was the French flag. It was like an emblem. In French, it's called *le cocu*. It's shaped like this.

So it was a cake covered with marzipan. And on top, it said "Lafayette." It was that year some kind of a birthday, or it was an anniversary of Lafayette coming to this country. That's what I presented at the fair, my signature cake.

And that was in 1939. Never any idea I'd be in the United States. And I did this.

Naturally, during the war, I lost that book. My friend Paul-- and I'm still friendly from 1939, over 50 years, got me the book in the early '60s when I was in this country. And he sent it to me. So I got that book at home, and that picture of that cake is in that book. So you see how hard life can be. I had not the slightest idea.

You see, the thing you had to understand, the right thing to do was make what's called a *piece montee*. It's a tiered cake. And some guy made a cake with nougat. It's made with nuts and brown-- it's like candy. And it had all kinds of things.

But if it's humid outside, the thing starts to melt. He got to the fair with that cake, it fell apart. And I remember that thing, that this guy made a much nicer cake than I did.

But it was not practical to transport anyplace, except if you made him-- San Francisco, there's a guy on Union Street. He's a very good French pastry man. He's an artist. He makes that type of stuff in the chocolates, and also in pastry.

He opened about 10 years ago, and I went to see him. And I said to him-- when I saw the bakery, I asked a girl, could I speak to the boss. And she said, sure.

So he's French. I said, to me, you're the Rembrandt of the patisserie. Boy, was he happy when I said this, because that's the way I felt. He made such beautiful stuff, and we're friends ever since.

And he does business with my wife. My wife is in a bank that does a lot of work with people from overseas, because either the Americans go to Europe and buy homes, and they have an account here and in France, and they're transferring money and all of that stuff. So she has even people from Greece.

Two weeks ago was a Greek national holiday. She got an invitation to go to the party. So you meet people.

And so Greek, from this guy in camp that was underneath me, I learned the word [INAUDIBLE] ti kaneis. And automatically, the Greek answered, kala.

Which [INAUDIBLE] ti kaneis means "how are you," and kala means "thank you." And so when I see Greek people, that's what I say. And they say, oh, you speak Greek? I say, no, that's all I know.

[LAUGHS]

It's very funny.

Getting back to that particular time, what recipe for baba did you recite? When you were telling the recipe to make baba au rhum in the camp, can you recall?

Oh, yes. I know that fellow from Russia was looking at me. I didn't understand a word. He waited for the other one to translate it from French into Spanish, to him in Spanish. Then he would speak Spanish to him, and he would speak to me in French.

And that had to be something that you can't explain, because there, you got people from all over. And here were three guys by these three beds. And time, there's nothing you can do except pass the time talking what do you think interests you.

Being hungry, I was thinking about the bakery goods I knew how to make. So I explained to him, well first, you take a bowl. You take so much flour. You put some yeast in there with water, and you mix that together.

And then when it starts to rise, you add eggs and butter. And you're whipping up till it gets very elastic. And then you mold it in a mold. Then you prepare--

Anyways, I gave him the whole recipe. And it took a couple of hours because we weren't going anyplace. We are stuck in there.

And the one thing I recall, very easily, that the Russian had a round peasant's face. He must have come from a farm. And his eyes were drooling. And he said to me, after the war, I'll be in Paris. I want to work for you.

Well, the guy from Salonika was a fellow that to me looked very sad. I wonder if he didn't have his family that was out in a camp. And he was an educated man to speak the language. And he told me he was a professor at a university.

And naturally, he was a skinny guy. He was very skinny, and his nose was like he had had-- not varicose veins, but had had some marks. And that's how I remember his face being sad and no smile in his face.

Well, the Russian was a peasant. He's the one that made me feel good about talking. I can't tell you what I looked like because I don't remember.

But I do know one thing. I wanted so much to come back, because the life that you have to set up for you when it's like this, the hope of someone waiting for you, which was a girl that had come to the commissaria de police, the police station, to see me off. I knew her. And I have in my possession-- because as I tried to explain to you, my ears are open at all times. I can hear things. I react to what I hear, react by what I see.

I went to work in that camp in a factory inside after that [INAUDIBLE] work. What do I hear? Two guys speaking French. As soon as I hear this, I talked to them. And they were civilians.

My first thought was, listen, I'm from Dijon. Where are you from? From Lille.

Listen, here's a name and the address of my girlfriend. She lives in Dijon. Please let her know that I'm alive, which they did. Never, ever did they say to me we got a letter from her, we got some answers.

After the war, I get back to Dijon. Unfortunately, the girl that I wanted so much on my return got married. She never figured I'm going to come back. She was gone.

But her mother that was at the police station with her, I went to see her. And she says to me they got a postcard from some people from Auschwitz, because the town was called Auschwitz. They weren't in the camp. They were civilian workers.

It said, dear [Personal name] all in French. Dear [Personal name] Maurice is well, but he's hungry and needs food. They sent three packages.

I have the name of the guy. I have the letters with-- no, it's postcards, remember, censor, with Adolf Hitler's face on the stamp. And they stopped sending when they asked for money and a watch.

They knew damn well I wouldn't ask for this, but they sent shoes. They sent underwear. They never, ever said a word to me.

But when I came back-- it was a father and his son. I got it all here. What happened is, over the years, this postcard gets lost. So at the consulate, I knew somebody, they make copies of that. So it's going to last.

But when I came after the war, I was so happy to be alive. I didn't go look to find out what happened to these guys. They got a pair of shoes and some food, but who knows if they made it. So I didn't look further. But that's another episode of what has occurred in the camp while I was there.

I'll let you know. OK, you talked about three buddies of yours.

In the camp?

In the camp.

OK. Among the three, one was from Holland and the other one was from France. And I couldn't recall exactly where he was from. But the guy from Holland happened to have had the misfortune or fortune in one way-- I don't know exactly.

He was in Auschwitz where they put the bodies in the ovens. And he said, I have seen so many things. A lot of people had hidden stuff. And at the last minute, they wanted me to have it, and I couldn't take it because the Germans would have taken it from me.

And so when we got evacuated, the three of us were for a week on a train. He was telling me of things that the guys that had to put these people in the ovens, every so often-- maybe every month or every three months, I don't recall exactly, automatically they killed them so there was no witnesses. He was in the last group, and he got saved because the Germans didn't care anymore. They left. And he's the one that was always the strongest because he always was able to get something extra because of the work he was doing.

Now, the other fellow, I can't recall, except what happened is, it's usually people close to you, either at work or in the barracks. And I don't recall anymore who he was. I had one buddy but that didn't survive. I didn't see him at the end.

He was from Reims I have his name in the book here. And he had such a gentle face that I felt something keen with him. You could talk about different things, like music or something that I liked to talk about.

And you couldn't talk to the Greek about this because his type of life was different. But when you talk to someone that lived in France-- and I like sport even there. There was a Tour de France the bicycle races. I used to talk about the guys.

And soccer was very big in France in '38. They had a World Cup of soccer in France, and there was teams and he liked that. I used to talk with him about these things.

Otherwise, in the very beginning when I got there, there was a fellow that was very influential on our lives, too. He was a pilot, a captain in the French air force, Jewish. And he tried to keep us mentally and physically alert because of his background in the army. And so we had a guide, so to speak, on how behavior while we were really like subhuman.

Unfortunately, life is a funny thing. He happened to meet in the of camp, because we had barbed wire in the camp where we slept. Every morning, we'd go out of the camp into IG Farben industry factory.

In that factory was a civilian French that I talked to. There were some English soldiers that had Red Cross packages. While they were there, he saw them eat and he was hungry.

He spoke English. This guy fed him. He got some stuff from the soldiers.

Now, this was in December, January. By March, he had died of pneumonia. Now, he was mentally a strong man that had given us the will to go over this, easily, possibility to fall into a situation of no return, not giving a damn what happens to us. So that helped us.

We were about a dozen guys from that convoy that got pretty close. Some guy was an attorney in Paris. Another guy, this guy from Reims was in business. The guy that came for me from the Dijon prison to Paris-- when we got in the subway in Paris, we had no shackles.

He said I could run away, but where are we going to go? You can't go anyplace. That was one station. He said, my business was just above the station, and there's nothing to do.

They left us in Drancy, which is about 40, 50 miles north of Paris. And that's where, up to this day, they still have a memorial there, because all the Jews that left in France left from that place. Not all of them. There was other places, but that was a major place that the Jews left.

But again, you got to remember, when you asked me that question the three brothers, who were they were, it's very vague in my mind. Basically, like I said before, in my life changed radically when I came here, learned the language, learned everything of this country, that I-- not so much that I wanted to. But my wife told me, you're better off. Forget the past, forget the past, which I did.

And remember, the things about the Holocaust, I think the first 15 years, it wasn't talked about until Wiesenthal in Germany started to go after these war criminals. Then the world got aware of what the Holocaust was all about. Most of the people had no idea-- right after the war.

My bone of contention is I'm shocked to realize what the Americans did saving these Nazis because they knew something about the Soviets. Most of these Nazis came here. Even Barbie, the guy that was in Lyon that killed all these people, was in this country.

Now again, I digress on something. This is why I realized what good is it for me to look in the past and dwell on



something that was bad? I set up my life on thinking about being married, having a kid going to a ball game, going on vacation to Florida and Miami, and driving. I've been driving since '49.

I went from Montreal to Miami, from New York to California in the car. Went to Texas. I've seen a lot of things which have to do with my philosophy. Try to get a life as pleasant as possible. Don't try to harm anyone, but look at yourself, where you come from, and look in the future of what you have done.

And you got to say to yourself, you can understand now why it took till now for me to come here, because I wanted to forget. I didn't want to dwell on it. Even my son told me yesterday, when I told him, he said, look. I know you're always telling me I don't want to talk about it, I don't want to talk about it. You're going to talk about it.

If it doesn't please you, tell them and you leave. That's what he told me. But I feel OK.

I think the question you asked me, it bothers me because I can't answer some of the questions you ask me. Like these bodies-- at that time, you couldn't have been closer to somebody. But unfortunately, 50 years later, you're not the same person.

You have looked upon your family and your future. You lost some dear ones in between. How can you remember what really their names were? Or look, like Lee J. Cobb. I couldn't remember. This is so you know. I guess that answers your-- those three buddies.

It does. Does the world keep trying to make you remember, though, because you have a number on your arm?

No. You know what? I do sometimes. When I have a situation where I'm with some people new that I don't know, and I try to figure out are they Jewish, are they not Jewish, I have a good way.

I say, you know what this is? And the guy looks, he says, no. What is it?

I don't tell him it's from the camp. I say, when I was in the army, I had a number tattooed on it. Because I realized she doesn't know what it is.

And I want to know-- a Jewish guy knows what it is. There isn't a Jew in this world that doesn't know what that is. See? In other words, if it was Jewish people and they talk to me-- I had met some guys and they were Jewish, and I knew they were Jewish, and I never met him in another circumstance.

And so I said, you know this? You were there? That's the answer.

And that's a way for me to find out is he or isn't he. And if he doesn't know, I say I was tattooed while I was in the army. I had it tattooed on it, which is a good way for me to realize if the guy knows about it or he doesn't know about it.

But otherwise, I tell you, for many years-- that the years of 1952 to '59 back east, I don't think I much talked about it or thought about it, because we were in these years where after the war, people were getting back on their feet and the Holocaust was not in the paper. It wasn't on TV. It wasn't a thing of discussion with your neighbors. And so that's another reason why a lot of these things got more or less dwindled in my mind in a sense.

So you have no contact with people who you were in the camps with at all?

No, no, because basically, well, we realized-- once I was in the camp and was in Europe, I came here. And there's none, except this fellow, that was in a place where I made these eclairs for everybody and he was coming to New York-- Manny Blatt. See, his name I remember.

He was a very friendly guy. He had curly white hair. And I went to his wedding.

In his case-- I don't know if it was Treblinka where he was. They start to shoot a bunch of people. And he was among

these people. He fell down, a body fell on top of him, and he was never even touched with a bullet. But he was underneath, so they presumed he was dead.

Now, again, he told me that. And he told me his situation. And it was much worse to me, because he's talking about '40, '41 in Poland, where they exterminated whole towns-- the ghetto in Warsaw and everything.

So I considered my luck is that when I got to Germany, it was already '43, close to the end, although it took almost two years to get us freed. Therefore, the ones that survived like him, I tip my hat to him. And again, I think it had a lot to do with luck, destiny-- how a guy fell, and a body fell on top of him. So I was akin to his situation.

So we were friendly when we first got to New York. I was at his wedding. He was at my wedding in '48.

But then, he was in a center of the tailoring-- shmatas. And I was in the bakery, worked at the Waldorf. We lived in New Jersey. He lived in New York.

It's just like in my street, there are people, I see them once a year. They're on my street, because that's the way you live. Either you see each other often or you don't see each other, although there's very good rapport.

You referred earlier to a scar on the top of your head.

Yeah. Now, the funniest part of this is, when I went for my pension in France, they asked me all different questions like you did-- where were you and everything. I had to fill out papers. So they said, well, for that, we're going to take care of you for this, for this. So I told them about my scar.

They said, we can't do anything about this. What proof? We could have had this after here. We have no proof.

But really, what happened, when we were evacuated from Auschwitz, and we took that train for a week and we got to another camp, and we got evacuated from there, I had a cap on my head. It's just the cap from the people in the camp with the stripes. And before we were going to leave, I knew where there were some depots with food. So when you're hungry, you scavenge like an animal. You're looking for something.

I get to a barrack. I can see a barrack if I was there now. This barrack had a window. A window was open, and inside was a warehouse with food-- cheese and everything.

And there was a soldier in there. There was two guys in there. Now, I tried to-- I was making sounds. I couldn't speak, he was too far He never heard me.

So I he's coming with-- I don't know if it was salami or cheese, towards me. And all of a sudden, the other guy disappeared, and I see around the building, he's coming towards me with a leg of a stool.

You know, the cow stool where you milk the cow? He had a leg with him. And this guy's coming. I was wondering, should I wait till this comes or get hit and the guy kill me.

You know what this guy did? He didn't give me anything. He closed the window and caught my sleeve, and it was stuck in the window.

This guy hits me on the head. He gave me one on the head, and I was able to rip myself away. And then I had this little cut.

The first thing-- it was bleeding. I didn't realize it was bleeding. I didn't even feel any pain. I said, gee, it's like ants crawling on my head.

And I look, it was bleeding. He just opened the skin. It wasn't a big wound.

But among all the other things, that was part of life. I didn't make much. And to tell you the truth, when I asked can I get some compensation for this, they said no. I have 15 different things that are wrong with my health. Even for that, I get a 10% pension for the tattoo.

But for this, I didn't get nothing, and that's how this happened. The hunger was so great that I wouldn't care if the guy hit me, as long as I got the food. I got neither. I got hit, yes, but I didn't get the food.

I was all by myself there. Then I ran up a hill, I remember, and I got back to my buddies. They say, what happened to you? Well, I almost got some food. That's the way it went.

But after this, it was downhill for the Germans. I started to see in those woods tanks. And it had, like, the star. I thought it was American. It was a Russian tank.

A Russian guy comes off the tank. He sees us, and he hands us Russian cigarettes with a filter that long. And he must have been a Mongol because he looked Chinese.

And we looked like this. And what he did, he took a piece of newspaper and he found some tobacco. And he rolled a newspaper and he smoked this, and he gave us cigarettes, which we couldn't smoke.

But anyway, at that particular time, they caught some Germans, officers mainly. And they stripped them and let them loose in the woods. And they were running in the woods completely naked.

And those Russians, they didn't shoot them. They just stripped them and they let them loose. And we laughed because we realized here's our time to be free, and they are going to get the business, although we don't know exactly what business went on.

I forgot to mention another thing. You remember the fellow that gave me the potatoes? He talked to me a couple of times upstairs. He says, don't let anybody see you. It's going to be very dangerous for me.

Then once in a while, he'll say, you know, I like the French. They were nice. The farmers were very nice to me. But like in World War II, eventually, the Russians are going to fight with the Americans, and we're going to come ahead on the whole thing.

Now, this one was a real Prussian. He was from Prussia. He was a German. In a sense, the reason he was there, he was shell shocked in some battle. And his eyes were puffed.

In other words, he was discharged from the army. But he could work with a metal-- see, there was a pipe atop of this factory. We used to go up there and we would seal this pipe, either hot or cold. I forgot what it was.

And then we would put glass wool in there. That's that white stuff like cotton. And that's what I did with him.

And that was something that helped me, too, because I was indoors. I had nothing to do outside. And it helped. Every little bit in that period of time that got better for me helped me, although like I said, that was only the beginning.

The worst part came after we had to leave that camp-- that whole weekend without eating and seeing the bodies shot, the bodies they put in the ravine. And the Germans were right there. The nurses, the German Red Cross, and the soldiers, they fed them. And they ignored us like we weren't even there.

It was a shock in the sense that another human being-- but basically, now I say what could they have done? Rien-- nothing. See, my word to French comes in between. I speak French with my wife all the time. My basic language at home is French now.

And in 1958, I went back to France. I had forgotten most of my French due the fact I wanted so much to learn English that I didn't use it for about 10 years. And so since I remarried and she speaks French, we speak French. And she uses

her French and Spanish at work because of the work she does.

I'm very blessed. I'm very happy. I had 35 years of an unbelievable life.

And now, I'm married five, six years. January was six years, and it's just as well. And people don't have a happy life in one life. I have two lives, and I'm not through. I got a lot of things in mine yet.

[AUDIO OUT]