

OK, starting up again. Going back again to that early period when you first came to the United States, you said you were hardly ever going to the synagogue. And you felt uncomfortable anyway. The synagogue in your town, they did not speak Hebrew? You said they spoke Hebrew or was it just you didn't know Hebrew?

Well, no, I mean, we knew all the prayers, even though at times we didn't know what some of the words were. We went to synagogue every single Saturday. There was no Friday night services. Friday night you stayed home with your mother and father and you ate a warm meal in the evening rather than the warm meal at noontime.

And so we had always Friday night, there was soup and meat and a dessert. It was always a family gathering. And on Saturday mornings, we went to school. And in the afternoon we had youth services where the rabbi had a special service for us. And then we would talk afterwards supposedly about what was being read in the Torah. And all the high holidays, we knew all the typically German Jewish type of religious service. And there was no German other than the sermon.

So everything was in Hebrew also?

Everything was in Hebrew also.

Did you speak and understand Hebrew that time?

No, I mean, not really. I mean, later on when we were in the Zionist Youth Group, we were trying to learn sentences like [SPEAKING HEBREW] Something like the bottle is on the table. See? And we would occasionally throw in a Hebrew word. I did not become truly aware of what the prayers meant until I was an adult and I made an effort to do that.

Would you say you believed in God as a young person?

Absolutely. He looked just like the rabbi. And he would thunder at us just like the rabbi.

Does that continue through your life? I mean, your religious or spiritual belief, has that been the same or has it changed in any way?

Oh, well, when I came to this country and I felt totally abandoned, I also thought God had abandoned me because he had left me just in the middle of all these alien things. And I felt very alienated. And I got so antireligious and anti-Jewish that I would eat-- my aunt would make me pork chops on Yom Kippur. And I knew God was going to strike me dead. And then God, of course, didn't strike me dead.

And as I grew older and less angry, I have a kind of a good religious sense that I think that in a way, God provides for me when I'm in distress. That's the inner core that I feel it has never truly left me. So I don't know whether that's in truth a belief in God, but there's a sense in me that's very Jewish. And that goes together with it.

The cultural sense or a sense of Jewish culture?

No, there's also a religious sense. I mean, when I come home from a long and dangerous trip, I kissed the mezuzah because I'm glad I've been spared any kind of anxiety or things because-- and so when I [NON-ENGLISH] list on Friday night, sometimes I make little requests. And it makes me feel good.

And I do go in the synagogue of [NON-ENGLISH] to the women's spirituality group, which I feel that now I want women to be more included in the service. That's important to me. But that's a very adult kind of thing. When I was a child and I came to this country, I felt God had abandoned me. And I also felt angry at my mother because I thought she had abandoned me, not knowing that she really saved our lives.

Did you feel that your mother had tried to explain to you what was happening but naturally as a child you won't

understand?

No, she never did.

Or she never tried?

No, she never did my mother was not the kind of person who was-- if she was introspective, she kept it to herself. And she worked again with anger. And I think that was the same way that I work with anger. That was her protection. And my father was always the one who tried to understand me more. I had the sense of abandonment.

On both your parents?

Mainly for my mother because she was the stronger one in the family. And I used to cry about the fact, how could she send me away? And it wasn't until I was an adult that she sent me away so that she would save all our lives. But she was not a person with whom you could talk about things.

When I was in college many years later, you could talk to my father. He had some kind, sweet understanding. I'm trying to think of the word. My ancestor, who was also not Jewish, tante Heine, oh, yeah, she would say to me-- I would say something, she'd say-- she called me [NON-ENGLISH], a fantasy little basket full of fantasies because I always had these odd little ideas. And once in a while I would express them.

Can you give an example?

No, it's hard to do. What I remember about my aunt is she would say, this is my husband's niece. And then I would go with my aunt's niece who wasn't related to me at all. And she would introduce me as her cousin, which was a much kinder thing to do, sort of include me in the family. And these people weren't related to us at all. But they had sort of-- there was a kindness about them.

So these were just the tiny drops of humanity that were coming your way?

Yeah, and there was no way for me to go to be really Jewish. The closest to being Jewish was the ethical culture society. And that wasn't very Jewish. And sometimes people by-- my friends say, you're obsessed with being Jewish. Well, it's a major-- it's the driving force in my life. I mean, it's the only thing that I have held on to that no one can take away from you.

I was thinking that-- I wanted to ask you, you had the non-Jewish household help whom I assume was doing the cooking, say, for the Friday night meals. Did you have to dismiss them from your service at any point that you know of?

Oh, that's interesting because when one girl left to go to the convent-- and I cannot remember why our Anna left. She had to go home. We had a woman named Elizabeth. And I can't remember her surname. And she was 40-some odd years old.

And she had been in a convent. And the life was too strenuous for her so that she came out of the convent and she went into service with the Jewish family. And she sang all the time. And we called her Gitta after the singer Gitta Alpár. I don't know if you ever heard of her.

And she used to sing to the Virgin Mary. And when this Nazi business came, the first thing she said, oh, Mrs. Goldstein, I can stay. I can stay. I'm old enough for you to not have to send me away. And that was her joy that my parents did not have to send her away until-- she was still there when I left Germany.

And then when my parents sold the house and moved to an apartment, which was not anything that I know of because I wasn't there, she then left our service. But she was with us because she was too old. And my father couldn't attack her and violate her. And as I mentioned to you before, my father never attacked anyone and never violated anybody.

And so she stayed with us so that there was no problem about that.

Do you know what the age limit was by any chance?

I think it was 40 or 45. And it was the most stupid thing that-- it was another one of these Nuremberg law things.

Perhaps somebody they thought would be past childbearing age?

Maybe. I don't know. All Jewish men were sex fiends. They attacked all Christian girls. And she was with us as long as I remember.

When your parents first came to the United States, did they also live with this aunt and uncle?

No, let me just see. Where did we move to? Did we live on Park Place? The first thing is I wanted to get away from tante Lena. And I think we lived on Park Place, which was near the Brooklyn Museum. And it was an apartment that was above a drugstore.

And I was the person who was making the most money. And as my sister Trudy was about to be married, we had two bedrooms and the living room. And we had a friend living with us. He was a son of one of my mother's friends.

No, we lived on Park Place, I remember. And I think the rent was \$23 or \$35 a month. And I was the only one who had a job, so I had to sign the lease. My father didn't have a real job. I think that's the only place we lived in. I have to ask my sister Miriam.

You were working in a zipper factory then?

I was working in the office.

In the office of the zipper factory?

Of the zipper factory, yeah.

And you said your father did get a job with your uncle Morris?

That was later. That was during the war.

I see. So before the war, he didn't work?

He did odds and ends. And then later on, he worked as a bookkeeper in my mother's cousin's husband's butcher store. They had a butcher store out in Astoria, Long Island. And there, he took care of all the books for everyone. That was my father's great forte. He knew how to take care of books.

Had he learned English by then?

Well, I'm thinking my father was almost-- was he 60? They came in '37. So 1929, he was 50. They were in their late 50s. My father never learned to speak English properly.

How about your mother?

My mother spoke much better but sometimes she didn't understand what she said. If you called up and you would say, is Alice home? And he would say, Sir Alice, just a minute. You want to speak to my doctor? And I would say, Papa, it's daughter. Yeah, that's what I said, doctor. The way you spell it out in German.

And then my mother spoke much better. And my mother had a job. I think that was after we moved to Ocean Avenue.

My mother had a job working for a teacher. She would go to the teacher's house and give the children lunch and then the children would go back to school in the afternoon.

And she'd wash the dishes and make the beds and then go back to our house. And the schoolteacher was happy to have a woman who did that for her. And then clean and give the children lunch so they wouldn't be home alone. And then my mother did piecework.

She would put elastic into hairnets. And she was very conscious of the fact that she would be paying into the Social Security system because although that was piecework and home work, the people had to pay that.

Did you have any opportunity to do the creative things that you liked to do?

No, that was, I mean, nothing of the kind. And then when my tante Blanca came over-- they came in '38, my cousin Ruth and my tante Blanca. My tante Blanca became the companion to Mrs. Zuckert. Mrs. Zuckert was a 92-year-old mother of Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Eugene Zuckert was his name.

And she worked five days. And my mother worked two days. And they worked on someplace around 92nd Street or up near Riverside Drive. And that was the job which they had the longest. They took care of this old woman who had not only prestigious son but the daughter as were all married. And they treated both my mother and my aunt like ladies because they didn't do the house cleaning. They were the companion to this old woman.

And so that was the kind of work that my mother did. My father, after the war was over, he and a friend from Germany went into the import-export business. They imported notions and creams and German type of toiletries, which my father would then take to the German drugstores. The ones on 86th Street, where the real Germans had their little stores.

And then he did OK. And when they moved out here to California, they had more friends here than all the years that they lived in Brooklyn. And my uncle did not try and take them into-- I don't remember my aunt and uncle having very many friends.

My uncle was a notorious philanderer. And my tante Lena was at least 10 years older than he was. And so we knew about this. I don't know whether she knew about it. She may have known about it.

Did your family ever socialized with them afterwards?

With my aunt and uncle? Yeah, I mean, but not on a regular basis. I don't know that my parents socialized a great deal to begin with. I always felt that they were quite isolated, that they never made friends. My mother made friends with the neighbor who lived in the same apartment house as we did. And she kept friendship with them for many years. But they were totally out of their element.

And they didn't live in Washington Heights, where the rest of the refugees lived. And we often talked about should we move up there? The answer was always no.

Why?

I don't know why. See? I think they got-- my parents were not the moving kind. After Park Place, we lived at 1280 Ocean Avenue, was a beautiful new apartment house to cross from Brooklyn College. And they moved into an apartment. And they lived there 22 years.

And I never had a room for myself. When I lived with tante Lena and uncle Mars, I had my own room. But that was about the only time I ever had my own room. I always slept in the living room couch. My ambition always was to have my own room.

So that part was hard for you, but I assume life must have improved once you lived with tante Lena?

Yeah, I moved with my parents. And then I took on their responsibilities.

So that was hard too?

Yeah, see? And I always-- I was the one who spoke English the best, although my sister Trudy spoke very good English. And I was the one who made the most money, \$23 a week.

And you were able to live on that all three of you or all four of you actually?

Well, no, actually I'm trying to think of-- my mother made a little money. My father made a little money also. And then I gave my mother everything except-- was it \$1 or \$2? And she would make my lunches. And the subway was a nickel coming and a nickel going.

And I would turn over most of the money to them. And then, of course, I had to buy some clothes also. And then my mother always wanted me to get married. And there was always the problem about boyfriend. Did I have a boyfriend? Did I not have a boyfriend?

Well, did you have boyfriends during the high school period even when you were with Morris and Lena?

No, I mean, yeah, we had a group from the German Jewish club. There was a German Jewish club. And they were all German Jews. And we had friends. And then I would start going with one boy. And then there was my friend Rosemary who would then-- and she was the one-- see, I mean, I refused to give up my virginity. If I think about the kids today, they have sex at age 12. I didn't even know what it was.

And so it was probably because I refused to have sex with people. Besides, you're always afraid of getting pregnant. So you simply didn't-- maybe Rosemary I know was the one who had sex with people. So who wants to take out a girl who doesn't, quote unquote, "give?"

And my mother would try and find me a husband. And she would answer the ads in the half board. And I would occasionally give in and go and meet one of these men and then run away. And I don't know.

What was Miriam doing once she got to the United States?

She started working in the glove factory also. And then shortly after she was in the glove factory, she went into the wax. She also had sort of a disturbed adolescence. But she has a different-- she isn't one who-- she doesn't share that easily.

Do you know in what way her adolescence was disturbed?

Well, she stayed with my parents. Actually, she probably had felt more secure staying with my parents than either Trudy or I. And she had the most normal of life. She was married the longest. Both Trudy and I were divorced. And she was married almost 40 years. And her husband passed away last year in May.

She had the most normal attitude. After she left, went out of the service, she came home and she stayed on that GI Bill. They used to give the money every week. And she decided she was going to take it. And then she went to France to photography school. And then she went to Israel on a vacation. And that's where she met her husband and was married.

My sister and my brother-in-law, they had a very steady kind of a marriage and relationship and not as difficult as mine was. And I would tell you quite frankly that if my mother hadn't pushed, I doubt seriously if I had gotten married. But people weren't doing that in those days.

You had already thought about it and thought you might not marry?

Well, I wasn't comfortable with that idea because there was such constant pressure on you to get married. I read Herman books, Marjorie Morningstar, and I get very sentimental about that because there's always the pressure on-- And as my

mother's friend Anna Gross would say, what's the matter with Alice? Can't she find a nice fellow?

I mean, you stand there shaking your head, but that's the way it was all the time. You weren't worth anything unless you were married. And all the other people in their house, they have normal, quote unquote, "daughters." And they were married. And they had children.

I always had boyfriends. I had a man from Vienna. And he wanted to marry me. And I always got engaged. And then I would get cold feet. And then I would break off the engagement. And the last one I was engaged to, his name was Paul Frank, a very nice man. And he wanted very badly to get married.

And I said, where are we going to live? In your mother's two-room apartment or in my parents' two-room apartment? And he would say, you talk about apartments, and I'll talk about love. And I said, love is fine. It's going to end up in someone's apartment.

And that was at the time when I came back from Europe. I visited a friend in Ohio. And here again, I met a man who wanted to marry me. There was always somebody wanted to marry me. And I decided I didn't want to get married.

And then my friend Emma said to me, why don't you go to school? You never did get yourself a degree. And I said, no, I'm 30 years old. She said, why not? So I went home and I thought about this. And I thought, why not? And I started to write to universities. I went to the library cold feet and I told no one, not my father, not my mother, not one of my sisters. And I started to write to these universities. And that was in 1949.

And I got an answer. It was either from Rochester or from Buffalo. One of them. And the University of Colorado at Boulder. And the other schools wrote back. And they said, you're too old. And we don't have a graduate school. And you'd be out of place. I'd be out of place any place anyway.

Finally, my father said, what are you getting all these letters from the universities for? And Brooklyn College was across the street from us. And I went there once. And the woman was so unkind to me. So I said, well, I don't want to go here if she doesn't even want to give me an answer.

I got a letter from the University of Colorado, saying they would accept me as a special student in the winter quarter. And I saw all these pictures of the mountains. And I was hooked. I was absolutely hooked. I love mountains, snow and mountains. And the idea Denver sounded very romantic.

Did you also have the sense maybe that you didn't want to go back to your parents' small home?

No, I didn't. I wanted to get away from Brooklyn.

Is that in part why you might have joined the service too?

Yes, one time my sister Miriam and I tried to rent an apartment. And my mother talked us out of it. And so she went overseas. And I went overseas. And it was like--

Did sister join the service too?

No, my third sister got married.

Oh, she got married?

Yeah, my oldest sister got married. And so I said Colorado. I'm on my way. And then that was the time that Paul had asked me to marry him. And I said, no, I'm not going. And he said, I won't let you go. And I said, I've made the arrangements now.

And then he took me to the train with all my baggage to go to Boulder. And then he wrote me a letter. And he said, I

almost came to get you. And I said, almost? That's the story of your life. If he had come and got me, I would have gone back, see? But he didn't. So I stayed in Boulder.

Let's stop here and begin in this place next time.

OK.

[SIDE CONVERSATION]

OK, who is this, please?

This picture was taken in 1925. I'm four years old. I'm in the middle. And then Miriam is the one who is sitting on the steps there. And she's five years old. And Trudy is nine. She's holding on to my finger. And my mother liked to dress us up with these bows. I have one other picture at home where we're all sitting the same way with the big bows.

She would like to make-- she always had three dresses made of the same, which I hated because I was so short. And I never grew. And I had three dresses of the same kind hanging in the closet.

You inherited their dresses too?

Yes.

Do you know where this was taken?

It was taken in Trier by a photographer.

OK.

This picture was taken in 1926 for Carnival time. And my mother dressed us as they were called [GERMAN] in German-- the messenger boy in a hotel. And we would then study and make a little dance and do a performance at the children's masked ball which is for Mardi Gras.

Of course, this is 1926. I'm five years old. Miriam is six years old. And Trudy is nine.

Is this Mardi Gras like the Latin American Mardi Gras?

Yes.

Is this common in Germany?

Yes, in the Rhineland, absolutely. My parents would get dressed up. And my mother would not tell my father what costume she was wearing. And they would wear a mask. And if you would ask a strange lady to dance, it might turn out to be my mother.

Children had the masked ball. And the adults had their own balls. The Carnival season starts on November 11, which is Fool's Day. And ends on Mardi Gras Tuesday before Ash Wednesday.

It's a very long season.

Absolutely. And there are constant balls. My father belonged to the Carnival company. And they had fools caps with bells on them. And it was I observed. And it didn't make any difference whether you were Jewish or not Jewish. People would speak in the local dialect. And Mr. Scheuer, who is a famous man, had a whole book. He was also Jewish. He was the head of the Carnival Society.

Did this Carnival have any religious overtones-- any Christian religious overtones?

No, none whatsoever. It's typical of the Rhineland.

And this was a studio photograph also?

Also taken. My mother then would-- she would think of her costumes for us too. And she would have the costumes made in our workshop. We had a workshop attached to our store.

OK.

The next one was taken in 1927. And by this time six years old. And you'll see another picture of me at age six, Miriam is seven, and Trudy is 10. And those are the little mushrooms. They are red with white dots. And they are poisonous little mushrooms.

Amanita muscaria.

Is that what they're called? Well, you know them. She had the costumes made for us too. The bottom of the little panties are green fringes. And the top is red. And then there are the white colors and the little mushroom hats that she had made for us also.

And there we did a dance. I remember that. We had a dancing teacher. She was a modern dance teacher. And she would have us do a whole routine, the three of us. We would sing and dance.

This is my first school day picture. It was customary. This is probably-- see, I was five and a half or six. 1927, I would think. And it was customary to have the-- you can see the backpack which German schoolchildren had.

I have a picture of my sister, Miriam, also. I didn't bring it. I'll bring it the next time. And she has the same dress on as I have. And so this is the first day of school. What is missing is a bag of sweets, which is generally given to children the first day of school.

School started at Easter. And I didn't turn six until July, which is my birthday. And so I was just about not quite six years old when that picture was taken. And that's the kind of expression that I always had on my face. I was smiling. And that was a studio picture as you can see. It was customary to have children photographed with this backpack.

What is that object to the side?

That's just probably carpet the photographer put there.

A carpet? Was this a furniture or something like that?

Yes. And typical, the little shoes and the rolled knees stockings. There was no such thing as long stockings for children. And my mother also had those dresses made for us.

Did this mean you went to school through the summer months?

No, school started at Easter. And then it ended-- yes, I think we had vacation from August, just two or three weeks in the summer. And then there was a vacation at Christmas time. And you went the whole year.

OK, next?

The next picture you see, that was taken on October 1, 1934. We were visiting a relative of the Goldstein clan in their house that had moved to Trier. And I find this picture somewhat touching because I look just like Anne Frank on that picture.

And it's a typical picture. 1934, I'm 13 years old. And I was always a child that had an old face. I always thought of myself that way too. So I was a child, one of the few children who wore glasses. And I got teased mercilessly because people would say things like-- they called me owl or other unpleasant little designations. Children are unkind to one another. So here I was. I have been wearing glasses since I was seven or eight years old.

Without obscuring anyone, I'd just like to point out this is my friend Eva-- I'll have a picture of her later-- who lives now in San Diego.

Eva what?

Eva Herzberg Schwartz. This was first grade of our Jewish elementary school in Trier. Now I can't remember this girl's name, but here I am. This is Alice Goldstein, first grade, six years old, looking somewhat enterprising with my legs crossed, which is what I still do today. I think it has to do with the fact that I'm short. And I'm always trying to find an anchor for my feet.

This little girl was not well. And she died while I was still in school. This is-- his name is Karl Schiff, and he lives in Israel. This is Gerhard Levy. He's a retired pediatrician in New York.

This was Yoss Noschler who was my boyfriend. We used to play pirate and princess all the time. He supposedly was to have been a spy for the Nazis and was shot by them. That's one of these mysterious stories.

This boy's name was Seuss Harltz. And he was one of the children from the Eastern European Jewish community in Trier.

Do you know if he survived or not?

No.

No, you don't know or no, he didn't?

I don't know. OK, this is interesting man, his name is Fritz Abrahamson. His name is Fritz Abrahamson. He lives in Sydney, Australia. And through a series of coincidences, we found him again about 10 years ago. And my sister Miriam keeps up a correspondence with him.

Now, this is our teacher, Mr. Bellinger. And his son is a rabbi in Sweden. I think that Bellinger Alex escaped to Sweden. Mr. Bellinger's daughter lives in Israel. Can't remember this girl's name. This girl's name I can't remember. This is Ilzen Samuel. As far as I know, she lives in New York.

Let's see. This girl, her name is Ghakti Zimon. And her name is Tova Sarfati. She lives in Israel. They left Germany in 1933 very early with both of her parents. She is a grandmother. And she married Sarfati. He was from Greece or he was a Sephardic Jew.

And when I go to Israel, I always look her up. This is my friend Thea. Her maiden name was Thea Bach. She lives in New York. Her name is Friedman. She is one of-- let me see if I can point to her. Am I doing this right?

Yes. Child in the white shirt?

The white child in a white shirt. She is my very best friend. We found each other again after some 40 years. We traveled together. We were just on a cruise together. We will probably spend the summer together. She was recently widowed, has a son and two grandchildren. And she lives in Forrest Hills, New York.

The next person is my sister Miriam who lives in San Francisco and is also recently widowed and has two daughters. One is married and has a beautiful little grandchild. A little boy.

The next person over is Katie Habonna. And her name is-- she lives in Israel. She is a great-grandmother. She lives in Haifa. And I can't think of her married name. Katie Frank is her name. My sister Miriam keeps in touch with her. She called her last week because she had a birthday. Let's see.

The next one is a little young woman. Her name is Toodle Funk. That is really her name. I really don't know her married name. She lives in England. That's the one over there with her hair hanging in her face. And Miriam keeps in touch with her too.

Now, she and the next girl over we're always the best friend. And this is Amy Kaufman. I can't think of her-- she lives in Israel. And we also keep in touch with her. Now, the man over, one of his name was Bonnu. I don't know. Now go to the young woman behind you and the next child over. Oops, am I doing this right?

Mm-hmm. Yeah, you can put it right almost on the photograph.

This girl and this, they are brother and sister. And I think they went to Palestine. No, wait a minute. Yeah. No, this girl and this boy are brother and sister. They were also from Eastern Europe. And I think they were in Palestine. I can't remember who that is. It looks like one of the Bonnus.

More interesting is this man. His name is Martin Leeds. His name was Martin Levi. He is a dental technician. He lives in Cody, Madera. I see him once a week we are friends, not lovers but friends. And he's the cousin of this, my friend Thea. And we keep in touch. I just had coffee with him before I came here.

He's divorced. And he has a daughter and a son. And they keep in touch with one another. And he has lovely grandchildren. But it's interesting that we end up living so close to one another. I can't remember who that was. That is Bami Kahn who lived in Cleveland and died some years ago.

This is Max Gerber who lives in Israel. This is another Kahn from the Baker Kahn. And I think he's the one who lived in Torrance and died two years ago. This is Jakob Klinger. He was from the Eastern European Jewish community. I don't know what happened to him.

This is another Kahn. I can't remember either. And this boy's name was Baunie. I don't know what happened to him. Then up here is Gaulfin Gantz. He escaped and is also alive someplace. This is Bonhomme. I don't know whether they went to Denver or not.

Interesting enough, this is Wolfgang Steinberg. Can you focus on there?

Move the pen towards the hair.

There you are. OK, the one on top is Wolfgang Steinberg. His name is Zeev Steinberg. He was our doctor's son. And they were all Zionists. He was always a violin or viola player. When Bronislaw Huberman started the Palestine Symphony, Wolfgang was already part of the Palestine Symphony.

He retired from the Israel Philharmonic and has a wife and grandchildren. And we'd keep in touch with him. And whenever he was here with one of the concerts from the Israel Philharmonic, we made sure that one of us saw him.

I once met him in 1962 in Mexico City when I was in Mexico City and the Israel Philharmonic was in Mexico City. So we do keep in touch. Remember, these are fourth grade boys. And I was in first grade. And they were in fourth grade. Was just a year before they went to the gymnasium.

And next one is my friend, Thea's brother. His name is Jack Buch. And unfortunately, he died three years ago. We loved him dearly. And he lived in Chicago. And his wife Lil died two years after he did. They had no children. They had one adopted daughter, but that's not the same because she doesn't share the same history with them.

The next man over, his name is Alfons Jacobs. Alfons Jacobs. And he lives in Chicago. And his parents had the kosher butcher shop in Trier. And he is married to one of my girlfriends whom I grew up with in Trier.

We call each other every three months or so. They were here. I took them to Muir Woods. And we keep in touch. He was one of the boys-- this fellow and that fellow were the ones we met in the synagogue in Frankfurt. And this is Yaman. And they lived in New York. And this is Gaulfin Gantz. And I don't know what happened to him.

It seems that quite a number of those children, though, did manage to save themselves.

I counted it for you. They were 36 children in this picture. And of those, 18 I know that they left and survived.

So 50%?

There may be more because I don't remember where some of them went to. One I think lives in Brussels, but we don't keep in touch. But 16, I can tell you we keep in touch with.

It seems a remarkably high number of children saved from one particular place and one particular time.

Yes, because I don't know. It's not so unusual for the children of Eastern European parents because they also saw the evil coming because they were a little bit more aware of what was going to happen. I just want to say something about Fritz here. They went to Brazil first. And then from Brazil, his mother kept writing to my mother.

And finally, I cannot remember where they went. They went from Brazil. And he went to New Zealand. He married a German Jewish woman, also a woman who comes from not too far from Trier. And then he went to Australia. And he went into business with the man who had men's work clothes. And he got rich because jeans became fashionable.

And it was very interesting that we had lost track of him all together. And in 1985 when we were in Trier, somebody said, I have his address. And my sister Miriam started corresponding with him. So that's very sweet.

It is.

This is a very funny picture. It was taken at the wedding of my sister Miriam's daughter. It's the back if you recognize cultural fair in San Rafael. And we are all singing the old school song. I am here. That's my sister Miriam here. And this is my sister Trudy. This is my friend Eva on that school picture. And this is my friend Thea. Everyone came to the wedding. All of what we call the Trier School came to the wedding. And we are all slightly inebriated and having a great time singing.

What year is this?

It was in March, two years ago in March.

OK, March '93?

Yeah.

Let's go through these connections here.

This is my son David, whom I call David, and his wife Amethyst and my granddaughter Moksha and my granddaughter Isha. They live in Eugene, Oregon. And they live their own lifestyle as you can see. My son has a red beard. They are very happy. If you can see the back of the pictures, my daughter-in-law is quite a gardener. And you can see some of the beautiful flowers in her garden.

How old are your granddaughters?

Although this picture is about a year old or two years old, my granddaughter is now 11. And the little one is six. They're five years apart.

OK.

The taller one is my granddaughter Moksha, who is wearing a pair of earrings and looks slightly soulful and a little bit like me. I keep thinking that there's a family resemblance. The little one is Isha. And it was a miracle to get her to pose for me. That was taken in June, which is Isha's birthday. That was her birthday dress that she put on.

That's my daughter-in-law on the very left of the picture, my son David's wife. Her name is Amethyst. And my granddaughter again, who looks kind of soulful and slightly like me, I see the family resemblance. And you see half of my son David.

And when is this?

This was taken last June.

Same time?

Yeah.

OK.