

Me? In March 31st, 1926. And my-- my father's name-- well, my parents were-- my maiden name was Hella Sadler, Hella Ruth Sadler, S-A-D-L-E-R. And I guess we lived in Nuremberg when I was a small baby for a while. But then later on, my father was looking for jobs. He was a-- he had a PhD in chemistry. And so, while he was in Germany at that time, there was-- it was very difficult to find jobs, so we moved around quite a bit while I was a small child.

But we settled in Coburg, which Coburg, C-O-B-U-R-G, which was a small, beautiful town in Bavaria. And we stayed there-- I guess I was there for-- we were there about five years, so that's the place I remember the most. It also happened to be the first Nazi town in Germany. It had a Nazi mayor from 1932 on.

And he instigated the kinds of things that happened in other places in '36, '38, '39, so that my father was interned. He and the other Jewish men were taken to prison in 1933, I think. And so he had been in the German army during the war and he was aware of the tremendous antisemitism that existed amongst ordinary Germans. And he decided then and there to leave Germany. That was in 1933. And he began to prepare our exodus.

And I knew nothing of that at the time, of course. I was-- but I was having a very hard time at school at that time. There-- there were-- I mean, Coburg became Nazi at that time, in '33. And kids stopped playing with me. I don't know whether all of this is-- whether this is relevant. Is it? Oh.

It certainly became, for me, awful. There was one other Jewish girl in my class, Edith Wertheimer, whom I didn't particularly like. But she was the only-- she and I were confined to each other. And we had to play with each other and we had to be friends, because nobody else would play. And that was almost overnight, from one day to the next.

And of course, being as a child-- I was seven, or six or seven at that time, I, of course, thought it was my fault, that I had done something terrible. And in fact, I thought I had. Because when other kids were talking about Hitler, and the Brownshirts, and how wonderful he is, I piped up and said, oh, my parents think he's a terrible man and he's going to cause a lot of trouble in this world. And my friend, my best friend, Heidi, who-- she and I looked alike at that time, we both had curly brown hair-- well, she turned away from me and started talking to the others. And from that day on, she wouldn't have anything much to do with me.

So I thought, if I would have just kept my mouth shut, everything would be OK. I thought I had offended them, you know. And so I really-- I felt totally responsible for what was happening to me at school and what was happening around. And my parents organized it so that the Jewish girls would get together. There were not many Jews in Coburg, but they all-- it was a fairly close community. And after Hitler, and after these things happened to us, the Jews sort of rallied around each other.

And we-- my father had-- my father's factory-- my father had a plastics factory, and right next door, my friend Ursula Klein lived and she was Jewish. And we had-- well, we got very friendly. And actually, weekends-- there were about six or seven Jewish girls about my age. And my parents arranged that we would meet together, so that we would not have this dreadful social isolation that would have happened if we wouldn't-- if they wouldn't have done that. And those are people I-- Ursula Klein moved to Israel later on, much later. And the other-- no, actually, I don't remember the others. Oh, there was one other girl, and she--

Anyway, a couple of them stayed in Germany and were killed, those families were killed. But we left in 1936. Should I tell you about our leaving? Because that's an interesting story.

My father-- we left illegally. We left-- I have a-- I have a story about that that I wrote, but I wrote it from the point of view of Anna, not of myself, but it's exactly what happened. And my father-- my parents packed up the car. We had an Opal, a rather large Opal. And they packed it up and stuck me in the back. And the car was full of stuff, full of-- oh, bedding, and suitcases, and pots and pans. And it all rattled around. And they left a tiny little space for me in the back.

And at that point, I still didn't know what was happening. I mean, they couldn't tell me. But they said, well, we're going to visit grandma in Waidhaus, which is near the Czech-German border, right by the Czech-German border, which is where my father was born and he knew the area really well. And they had planned a spot at the Czech-German border

where my father knew the guards from childhood still. And he knew exactly how to drive. And it was a very small border station.

And so we left in the morning with the car loaded up. My mother had made sandwiches. And we drove through Coburg and then out into the countryside. And on, and on, and on, and I realized we were-- we must have long passed my grandmother's place. But we drove on. And when we came to the Czech-German border, my father left-- left us in the car and walked over to the border guard. At that time, they had a-- what do you call it-- a barrier across the road. And so he had to go in there.

He still, luckily, had an international passport. They had taken away peoples'-- Jews' regular passports in Coburg, quite a long time before. But they didn't know that my father had this international family passport, where we were all on there. So he walked into the border station. And I noticed my mother was-- I remember this and I think I wrote about it. That's why it's so clear. And my mother was shrank in the chair-- in her chair-- in the seat in the car.

And my father took a long time in that station. And it was-- my mother was getting more and more scared. And I knew something was up, but I didn't know what. As he left the border station where the guards were, for the very first time in my life, I saw him give the Hitler salute-- heil Hitler. And he walked out, came back to the car, got in. They raised the barrier to the-- and then we drove on. And we drove on to reach the Czech-- the Czech border point. And we passed that.

And after that, and when we were a way into Czechoslovakia, my father stopped the car and both my parents started to cheer-- yippee, you know, we've made it, we're out. We've got-- we managed to get out of Germany. And that was when I first found out that we were actually not coming back, that my parents were using this-- doing this and emigrating with the car loaded. And their passport was only good for another week or so, so they couldn't have held it up.

And we went through-- at that time-- that was before Hitler annexed Austria. That was in '36. So we were able to drive-- we visited relatives in Czechoslovakia. We had relatives in Carlsbad and relatives in Prague. All of these were people that were planning to go to Israel and who are now-- well, they're dead now, but they went to Israel at the time. Anyway, we visited relatives.

Then we drove on through Czechoslovakia to Austria, through Austria to Vienna, where again there were relatives. There was a gynecologist, a relative of my father and his wife. And we stayed with them for a day or so. And then we crossed the Austrian-Luxembourg border. We went via Luxembourg-- Switzerland, we drove through Switzerland, a beautiful-- beautiful mountainous country.

And by that time I was thoroughly enjoying the trip, because I knew-- oh, I didn't say it, but I was so relieved when my parents told me that we were not going back to Germany. Because I hated it. I hated to go to school and be exposed to all that stuff. There was just one thing, that I wasn't going to see any of my friends anymore, you know. But that was the relief of having left. So it was like a joyride, going through these beautiful countries.

And then we went via Switzerland to France, through France. And in France, we stayed for-- we drove for a while. And then my father had mapped out that the best place to cross the channel into England was at Calais-Dover. That was the smallest-- the narrowest path. And so that's what we-- we went from Calais to Dover. And my mother and I were both terribly seasick. It's a very, very choppy crossing. And arrived in England about 10 days later, a day or so before my father's international driver's license expired.

So when we got to England, he didn't have a driver's license anymore. He had to take a test, a written test. And my parents spoke very little English. And so, he-- we all learned it together. We were staying in a boarding house in Manchester. We moved to Manchester. And we were there the boarding house for about-- probably about a month, until we found a house.

And my parents bought a tiny, little house in Manchester, in a nice outlying part of Manchester. Manchester is a very ugly city. I don't know if people know that, but especially at that time, it was sooty. It was a manufacturing town and the chimneys spewed soot. They didn't-- they were burning coal and they were doing it in like in English fireplaces, which

did not burn up the coal very efficiently, so that half of it went up in the chimney. Anyway, we found-- we had a small house there.

I went to a very nice school. I don't know whether I should go into that much. But it was such a relief to get away from Germany, to be-- get away from being picked on, being put down all the time. And my mother had talked to the headmistress of this-- this was Broughton High School in-- a little bit outside the main part of Manchester. And the headmistress was very pro Jewish. She wasn't Jewish herself. But I was the very first refugee child who came there. You see, in 1936, it was still uncommon. Later on, in 1939, and later on, there were a lot of refugees. But I was the first one.

And my mother having talked to the headmistress, I guess made it possible for them to really treat me in a very special way, as if I were-- they were so glad we had made it. And here I was now in England and I didn't have to worry anymore. And I got-- I became friends with-- mostly with other Jewish girls. There were quite a few Jewish girls in that area. It's a Jewish part of Manchester. And I had very good friends there. And we stayed in Manchester until I was 13 or 14.

You see, the war-- this was '36 that we moved there. And the war broke out in 1939. And oh, god, yes, when the war first broke out, we were all evacuated because they expected the Germans would bomb England right away. But then there was this phoney war, when there was-- nothing was happening. And I was evacuated with other people to a place called Lancaster, very slummy part of the country. And not to a Jewish family. And this was a working-class family, very primitive, outside toilet.

And I think being separated from my parents, after the experiences that I'd had in Germany, was terribly painful for me. And I got sick there, which was a great relief to me because I was able to come home. I got what they called rheumatic fever, with supposedly a heart murmur. I don't think that was ever substantiated, because I didn't have it later on. But I think it was a psychological illness. I was just so afraid and so homesick.

And I remember having-- getting nightmares when we were in Lancaster. There was supposed to be a killer abroad and I was sure that he was looking out for me. And I'm sure it had a lot to do with having been in Germany. And so I came home. And the others were soon brought home too, people from my class. And then I changed schools again. Anyway, that's not-- but we moved to London when my father opened a business in London, during the middle of the war, during the Blitz. And I left my friends in Manchester and started in a rather highfalutin school.

They were-- everybody was way ahead of me then at school. And this was-- in England, they had protected areas during that time. There was a lot of fear that the Germans would invade. And since we came from Germany, they assumed, instead of recognizing that we were refugees, my father was interned on the Isle of Man, which was very dangerous, because here were all the refugees, the German refugees, stuck in one camp on the Isle of Man. And it was expected that the Germans would invade. And of course, they would get all of them. And for my mother, that was dreadful.

But anyway, at that time I spoke better English than both my parents did, so I helped my mother get the-- get the papers for the Home Office to release my father as soon as possible. And he came back to us about four months later, very sick. Because for him too, it had been a dreadful experience. It was like having escaped Germany. We are now back imprisoned, you know, and treated as enemy aliens. And then-- I guess that's how I started. I went to a school in Canons Park, which was closed to enemy aliens. So my parents couldn't visit the school, but I could still get into the school, as a child.

And England was-- there was a fear, really, that the Germans were much stronger than they actually were and that they would invade any time. We were all afraid of that. We'd come to-- here we were, sitting in England, sitting ducks, you know. Anyway, after that, I guess that's where I will stop about my childhood. Because we went-- when I was at school in London, that was a great school. And after that, I went to medical school. And then stayed in England until-- I met my husband in medical school. He was a medical student from Czechoslovakia.

His whole family had been destroyed in Czechoslovakia. He was the only-- he had managed to get a Fulbright-- no, no, no, not a Fulbright, no. No, no, sorry-- he joined the Czech army when he got to England, but his whole family were left behind. And from the Czech army, he joined the Czech air force. And then, near the end of the war, he was-- when he

was-- what do you call it, when people are-- when they finish with the army-- he got a scholarship to study medicine in Bristol. And he was older. He was about four years older than the rest of us.

And he was in my class. And so we were very attracted to each other. And we got married, still in medical school, when we were in our third year. And we had my daughter, Eva, the following year, so that she was a medical school baby. And I was-- I took off a few months. And then I joined my husband-- I joined the class again. And my husband wanted to come to the United States. And he got-- that's when-- what I was going to say-- he got a Fulbright grant, which was rather difficult to get.

And so he came to the United States before I finished my studies. Because I was back six months, because having had Eva. And then afterwards, we joined him and came to the United States and settled in-- well, I guess-- he went to UC San Francisco, that's where he got his training. And we lived in San Francisco for a while, right by the hospital, UC Hospital, sort of in a lousy little apartment.

And here, I'd come to the United States thinking it was all going to be wonderful, but it wasn't. The saving grace was the park, the Golden Gate Park. And Eva and I would walk there every day together. But we didn't realize that San Francisco was so built up. Anyway, after San Francisco, after he finished his training, and I took-- I took a residency also at UC in pediatrics at the time. And after that, we moved to Merced. And that's where we lived.

He became the most-- he became the pathologist from Merced. It's a small town. They didn't have a pathologist. And we lived-- he lived-- we were there until he was killed in an automobile accident in 1964. So after that, I moved to Berkeley. OK, that's a bit of history. That was a long answer to a question. I don't know whether that's-- whether that's at all called for.

Absolutely. Just to clarify for you, we're not just interested in '33 to '45, but definitely in your whole life.

I see.

So it's very appropriate.

I see, OK. Well, it's really interesting that-- I mean, I've become so aware of it lately, how history-- how the past is with us all the time. So it plays a great big part in our present and even in our future.

I guess the fact that my husband was the only survivor of his family was a terrible thing for him. He didn't find that out until after the war. He went back to the village-- the town, the small town where he came from, which was Melnik, right, near Prague. And found out that his parents had been deported to Theresienstadt, together with his little-- younger brother, together with, I think, about 40 relatives, none of whom survived. So he became terribly bitter and just his hatred of the Germans was intense. Whereas, mine was not so, because-- I mean, I had a hard time, but none of my family perished.

And I think the other thing was that being the only survivor, he worked and he had the sense that he would have to make up for all those people that were lost. So he worked very, very hard. And I think his automobile accident had something to do with the fact that he was pushing himself so much.

It actually happened on the 13th of April 1964. No, no, no, no-- I'm sorry-- I get things mixed up-- on the 6th of April 1964, which was my daughter Eva's 16th birthday. So that was terribly painful, that he stayed a bit longer with us that morning to celebrate her birthday. And then he rushed off to the hospital to-- he was a pathologist, he had to do an autopsy there. And he drove very fast. And his car got pushed off the road by another driver and he hit a telephone post.

And he was driving a little convertible. And he had severe head injuries and his chest injuries. And he stayed in that hospital for-- in Atwater, that was, outside Merced. He stayed there until-- four months. And he died a month later. He was unconscious all the time, so really we lost him on the 6th of March already. But that was a terrible thing for us, because for my sons-- I have two sons, as well as Eva, who were born in Merced.

And they were-- let's see, they were seven and six, I think-- no-- something like that. And all of a sudden, they were without a father. And since we were the-- I had no other relatives in the United States-- my parents stayed in England and my cousins and so on were all in England. And so Merced was fine while my husband was alive, but we had hardly any Jewish friends there.

And I still-- well-- no, it's funny, because we developed some very good friendships with non-Jews, but they were still people that I was not that close to. And so after-- after a while-- oh, god, yes-- OK, I'll get into that too. My husband's best friend, his name was-- no, I won't say any names-- he had also come to the United States and he was a physicist. He was a professor of physics actually at an Eastern university.

And he was getting divorced. And he came to visit us after Zdenek's death. And I guess we became romantically involved. He knew my husband and he was an old friend. And it was wonderful to have his comfort, you know. OK, well, after much too soon, I guess after two-- two years after my husband died, we got married. I married Emil. And I moved to Rochester-- no, I moved to the Eastern United States.

He had two children, who were much younger. And he had-- he had kept the children because his wife had developed a mental illness. So when they divorced, he became the guardian of the children. And my kids did not get along with his kids at all. Once I moved in with him, I didn't get along with him either at all. And I realized afterwards that he had been a friend of my husband, there had always been a great deal of rivalry between the two of them, which I did not realize.

So after my husband died, it was-- an Emil got the divorce, it was sort of a coup for him to get involved with me, and to marry me, and to take over the children. He wanted them to change their names. He wanted them to have-- to get his name. And it was at that point when I realized that-- he wanted me to take his name as well when we got married. And I was going to be Fluss- whatever his name is. But that wasn't enough for him either. I was supposed to cut out the Fluss completely.

So I left him. I took the children and I moved back to California. And he came back and he was sort of pursuing us for quite a while. And he wouldn't grant a divorce. He was-- that was before the no-fault divorces were on. And he was saying that I had deserted him and that he should sue for divorce. And that would have been fine if he-- but it was all-- it was a sort of a revenge thing and he had-- anyway, it was very, very unpleasant.

So when I moved back, I moved to Berkeley then, from-- from back East. And we settled down in Berkeley. And that made me realize that I would never want to get married again. That was a pretty scary experience. And I never have.

But my-- well, my children are-- my daughter and my youngest son, Eva-- they both-- they live in Canada, in British Columbia. Eva got married there and she's-- and they're very happy and very well settled. But my middle son did not get off that easily. He-- was he's-- I don't know what it is, but he developed a mental illness. And is-- he's wandering around the United States now without-- he's very angry with me and very angry at the world. And so he calls every now and then, but it's not easy to be with him or to do anything with him. But he's my son, I try.

But that's why I was saying that the past is constantly with us. I got the sense that If my husband had not died, Robert would be OK. He would have had a father. He wouldn't have gone through all that turmoil. You never know, he might-- this is-- it can be a genetic thing. He might still have developed his illness, but I think he would be OK.

But this is what makes this kind of thing so interesting, because our present is a sort of projection of the past. And then where's our future going, right? We don't know what's going to happen there. But it scares me, because things have-- I couldn't imagine anything worse for my son, for my middle son, Robert, than what he's going through now. I would never have expected that this would happen. Anyway-- My other children have no contact with him at all. But I do, I have contact with him.

All right, is that a result of the Holocaust? Well, it's sort of a second Holocaust for me, seeing the way he lives. He lives as if the Holocaust were real, was going on for him, sort of hunted and haunted by ghosts of the past. He's trying to-- he wants as much-- he wants information about his father and he feels that his father was the most wonderful man in the world.

And somehow he wants to-- he-- even though he didn't even get-- couldn't go into college, he got sick already then, he's talked about wanting to go back to Bristol and study medicine there, where we studied medicine. Because he wants to be like his father. But it's all terribly unrealistic. But the past is very real for him, more so than for me.

Do you have any more questions for me?

I do.

Oh, good.

I actually wanted to go back to your childhood and ask you some questions. I wanted to ask you what were your parents' names at birth? And when and where were they born?

My mother-- my mother's maiden name was Appel, A-P-P-E-L, Else Appel. And she was born in 1900 in-- somewhere in one of the-- a small village in Germany. She had a brother, a young-- later on, she had a younger brother, Eugen Appel, who emigrated to Argentina in 1933, I think, and lived in Argentina. I never saw him again. But he was my uncle, Eugen.

My mother's parents came from small villages in the area, but moved to Nuremberg, where-- and Nuremberg was a terrible Nazi town too. But they were-- my parents-- my mother always said she was glad that they died before Hitler came to power-- that was my mother's parents.

You want to know some more about my mother? Well, she-- it was quite a romance. She lived in an apartment building in Nuremberg, in the downstairs flat. I remember it very well. Her mother was-- my mother would complain bitterly about her mother, because she called-- she considered her [NON-ENGLISH], which meant not neat. She wasn't interested in keeping the house clean. And my mother was very, very fussy about having everything clean. And her mother would leave everything in a mess, leave the beds unmade. And my mother, when she was a young girl, would go around and clean up after her.

So my parents-- my mother and her lived in the downstairs flat. And on the third floor lived my Aunt Carrie, who was a very well-- very educated-- that was my-- she was a sister of my grandmother, I think. Anyway, I don't remember how she was related, but she ran a sort of boarding school for young boys-- young men. She had boarders with her. And my father, since he was-- since he grew up in this small village, Waidhaus, his parents sent him to Nuremberg to board with my Aunt Carrie in that upstairs apartment, with my mother's family living downstairs.

OK, my mother-- so my mother was about 19 or 20 when she first met-- no, maybe even younger-- when she first met my father. My father was-- he was just about three months older. But they sort of fell in love when they were quite-- very young. But at that time, people were not supposed to get married until the husband could support the wife. So while my father was studying chemistry-- well, wait a minute-- while they were-- OK, he went to school with my Tante Carrie. And then he went to Wurzburg to study chemistry.

And they did not get married until-- I think my mother was 24-- until they were 24-- in 26-- no, 24, because I was born in 26. But they carried on this long-term romantic relationship for what-- four years, I think. And I don't think they ever slept together until they got married. It just wasn't done, for a nice girl like my mother. And for my father, to try and lead her astray, it just wasn't done at that time.

So-- and my mother was a very pretty girl. I have pictures of her. And my father was a nice looking man. But it was-- I think they-- that they loved each other. They were very romantic with each other all their lives. My mother never-- my mother did not go to college. She had to drop out of school when she was about 17 or 18 and go to work, because her father lost all his money during the inflation. This was the inflation in Germany. And so, they couldn't afford-- she couldn't afford to go to school. I bet she always regretted it. And so she felt it's very important for their only daughter, me, to get a good education-- I mean study.

If I would have been-- if they would have had three children, one of them would have studied medicine, the other would have studied law, and the other one would have studied whatever else, would have had to, because that was the right thing to do. So since they had only one daughter, my place was medicine. And if they could have persuaded me, they would have made me study law and something else too. But luckily, I got away from that. And I got married in medical school and didn't wait long, like my parents did.

So more about my mother. She was a wonderful wife for my father. One thing was that my father would lose his temper. He'd have violent fits of temper about small things. And I was very scared of those temper attacks when I was growing up. And my mother never talked back to him. She was aware that wouldn't do any good. And I think she realized-- my father was afraid that he might lose his temper and become violent. He never did. But my mother knew how to treat him, so that-- anyway, it was-- I resented it. Because it meant that he was always right and I really resented it. And I decided I would never be like that when I grew up. But for them, it worked.

My mother was a very good cook and a stay-at-home mother, was very supportive of me. But in a way, it was also rather difficult. Because since she was-- she didn't really have-- well, yes, she had a life of her own, they had friends and so on, but she had no career of her own. I was her career. And so it was very hard to-- to go my own way.

When I was 16-- or 18, I wanted to go to Israel. I was-- I was in a Zionist youth movement in England, Habonim, and my friends were all there. And to me, that was the way to go, not only to Israel, but go on a kibbutz and work as a-- go on Aliyah. And now, many of my friends did that. My friend-- I have a friend, Bella, who was born on the same-- we both celebrated birthdays together, so we had our birthdays on the 31st of March. And she and I-- I met her in school, and she went on to medical school in England as well. But after medical school, she moved to Israel.

And other friends of mine did that too, but I did not. And I must say, I resented-- oh, yes, there was a-- we had one big-- it was worse than an argument. I fell in love with a man in the Habonim, the youth movement, who was going on Aliyah. And this was my really strong love. And I wanted to go off on a kibbutz and marry him, live with him. And my father put his foot down. He said if I do that, and if I don't continue medical school, he is going to have nothing more to do with me. I would have to say he would cut me out of his life.

Now, that wasn't a financial thing, it was a personal thing, that he would not have anything more to do with me. And I know he couldn't have-- now, later on, I knew he couldn't have kept it up. I was more important to them than they were to me. But he said, your mother would never survive it if you did that. So I gave up my love. And he went on. He moved to the kibbutz. And he's now in Israel too.

And I went to Bristol, to medical school. And that's when I met Zdenek, my husband. And after a few years-- after a year or so. I don't think I was ever as in love with him as I was with this man. Because that was an early love. And he was-- it was tremendously-- he was a tremendously idealistic man. Money was not important and the kibbutz was the most important thing. And he went there. And he's still on a kibbutz.

I visited him. I visit-- I was there in Israel, actually, last-- in October of last year. And I have many-- lots of friends to visit there. My friend-- my friend, Bella, she raised her family. She had two sons. She raised her family on the kibbutz. But they have now moved from the kibbutz and they live in Zekharia. And I stayed with her. And then I have cousins there. And I have another friend from school, who's also in Israel. And friends from Habonim-- I mean, I have a whole megillah over there. And I feel very much at home there and I still often think I would like to go there. I would have liked to go there.

Now, at my age-- I'm 71-- obviously, I don't think I could transplant myself anymore. Anyway, I now-- I live-- I've moved in with my friend, Paul. I don't know if you want any of that. But I live with a man, who's not Jewish, and who wanted to get married, but I said I would never get married. But we have-- we share a house together. And we live very well together. But there's still-- my past keeps catching up with me. And it's still a part of me.

I was thinking where would I like to go when I have to retire and when I move into a retirement home, and until very recently, it was Israel. But when I was there in October, I realized I don't speak the language. Yes, I do have good friends there, but they have all moved on. They have their families there. For me, I would be going back, I would be--

just sort of an ideal from my youth that keeps cropping up. But it would not really work. I would be much better off staying here or going up to Canada with my children. But Paul and I will probably stay together until we can't anymore.

So I still-- I feel homeless. I don't consider the United States my home. I'm an American citizen now. I no longer consider England my home. I can't consider-- my friend, Bella, said, well, we'll make you an honorary citizen of Israel. I said, well, that's very nice of you, but it's really not-- it's really not fair, because you have to deal with all the troubles, all the problems, all the bombs, and all that, and I'm safe over here. So, I don't deserve to be an honorary citizen, but thank you very much anyway.

But so I am-- I am a citizen-- I have no country that I feel I belong to. It doesn't-- it doesn't feel particularly good to me. That's how it is. Any more questions? A long-- a long trip away from my mother. Tell me, does this happen with other people too or am I particularly chatty?

It's great that you are.

Oh, really?

Absolutely. I'm going to ask you individual questions, but just talking and just reflecting in your mind is really the best thing.

Well, it's-- it's rather painful too, looking back and seeing the losses and the hopes that did not materialize. But I must say, my children are very satisfied where they are. They feel very good as Canadian citizens. My daughter's husband, Al, was a draft dodger. He left the United States at the time of the Vietnam War. And he is-- and Eva was never an American citizen. She kept her British citizenship. She was born in England and we-- somehow or another, we have learned from past experience that it's a good idea to have many different citizenships, many different passports in the family. You never know when it'll come in useful.

So it's strange-- well, Eva and Al are both Canadian citizens and I'm an American citizen. And my son, Larry, my youngest son, he studied optometry here. And when he finished his training, he moved to Canada. And he's living just down the road from my daughter and her husband, Eva and Al. Eva and Al built their own house, actually from the ground up. Al is an artist and he designed it himself. And then they spent about a year building it, from pouring cement, built everything. And it's very nice for them. I mean, they know-- they know where everything is.

Now, my son, Larry, wanted to do something like that, but since he was working as an optometrist, he decided to have it built-- by the same people, by people right around the corner from them. And so they have a lovely house up there. But when I visit in Canada, I just have to walk down the street from one to the other. It's only my son, Robert, who is totally out of that loop. And he hasn't seen his brother or sister for many, many years. Because he was very abusive and nasty to them when he became sick. And they just-- they decided they don't-- they don't want to put up with that sort of thing.

So I'm now totally in the present, right? But let's get back to the past, please.

So what was your father's name, and where was he born, and when was he born?

OK, my father's name was Alfred Sadler. And he was born-- he wasn't born in Waidhaus. He was born in Taus, I believe-- in Domazlice, Czechoslovakia. But his-- did I tell you-- did I say the date? April the 24th, 1899. Yeah. And then his parents-- his father and mother, bought this-- do you know, it's funny, I'm not clear about that-- this shop in Waidhaus. It was called [NON-ENGLISH] Waidhaus. And it was called-- I mean, the village people called it the [NON-ENGLISH] Waidhaus, but it was a very positive connotation. Because it was the only store in town and it sold everything.

They sold food on one side, clothes on the other side. And for me, when I was a small child, it was heaven. I used to-- we used to visit my grandmother-- my grandparents. I think my grandfather died before that, earlier. But while my father was looking for work, my mother actually lived in Waidhaus and I ran around there. And I could play-- I could play store lady. And I did, but the place that I liked the best was the candy counter. That was right in the center of the



store.

And it was these glass jars that had-- they were stacked on top of each other. And they had-- oh, you took out the mouth of them, and then you could go in and pick out the candies. And I would pretend that I was selling candy. And I was-- of course, I was always eating them too. And my grandmother, I loved her. She was really permissive and she enjoyed having me there. So while I played, she would go back and forth behind me.

The store was such that-- I mean, I have a complete picture of it. It was in front of the main living area of their house. And it took in almost-- it took in-- I mean, a block-- I had don't have any idea how many yards, but it was huge, for me, to my idea. They had shop windows in the front. And the main door came into the center. And the shop windows showed the clothes. So if you came-- when you came in from the center, from that door, if you turned left, that was the clothing department. And there was a storeroom, where they kept-- and that, again, was my hiding place. And that was dark, but I knew how to switch on the light. And I hid in there many times.

But then there was the-- what else-- they had clothes-- did they have books? They had records there. They had one of these old-fashioned record players with his master's voice, with the-- what's it called-- with the funnel there. And I was allowed-- no, I was not-- I did not pick up the records myself. But somebody was always there who would play whatever record I wanted. And I remember some of the songs from those records. For me, it was wonderful.

I could even sing you a song. (SINGING) [NON-ENGLISH] And it was [NON-ENGLISH], not [NON-ENGLISH], which is a correct way. But I would-- then I would dance to that. And here I had the whole store to do that in. And people were always-- my uncles-- there was one uncle who didn't like me sort of running around, but the other uncles were OK. Those were my father's brothers, who lived with my grandmother in that store, who then later on went to Kenya, after my father got them visas to go to Kenya when Hitler came to power. Well, no, when Hitler was already sending people to concentration camps. And they went to Kenya in 1939, just about two months before Germany invaded Poland. So that they just-- they were just saved. And my cousins, and [INAUDIBLE].

So they went-- I'm sorry-- it's funny, because all these things start up something else. Well, the cousins, whom-- my relatives in England, they were-- two of them were born in Kenya. Their family moved to Kenya. And they bought a farm there. And they lived in the White Highlands in Kenya until the Mau Mau became-- until Kenya became a-- stopped being a British colony and became an independent state.

And then there were the-- many of the natives were very angry at the white settlers, who got all-- who owned the land and who just took over. And so at that time, it was a time for independence. And the Black natives got some of the land. I think they even bought my relatives land from them, but my relatives had to leave Kenya and came to England shortly before my father died. My father had got them out of Kenya-- out of Germany, into Kenya, then he got them visas to come to England. And they are now living in my-- their parents are dead now, but my cousins, my cousins, Eva, Inge, and Elizabeth are now living in London.

And those are my closest relatives, other than my children, since I had no brothers and sisters. But it's amazing how-- again, how circumstances determined the development of people's lives. They liked living in Kenya on the farm. And my cousins went to boarding school, British boarding school in Kenya. And they really did not want to move to England after that, but my parents got them over. They stayed with us when they first came to England, until they were able to settle down for themselves.

And I would like to leave it all very pleasant, but it wasn't quite so. Because the fact that my father did all this for them, he was a bit of an autocrat. And he wanted to tell them-- after they moved to England, he wanted to tell them all how to live. And obviously, they resented it, just as I resented when he wanted-- but I couldn't fight them, because he was my father. But my cousins, Inge and Eva, their parents let them do what they wanted. And so, there was a little antagonism between them and my father.

Which is a pity, because when my father got old, instead of having people who really cared-- liked him, which he deserved, he was not-- people were grateful and they were very nice to him. But what happened, he became senile, which was terrible for him. Because he depended on his memory. He was very proud of his ability to think, to work

things out, particularly his memory. And that left him. And so he became senile before he died. And way before my mother died. And my mother, it was dreadful for her after my father died. Because she was so dependent on him. And all of a sudden, her rock had crumbled. Good, so that's my father. I guess it's still about my father.

But he was a very strong individual, a very strong person, who felt that he knew what was right. And actually, he practiced-- he did what was right for the family all that time, during Hitler. But then when people settled down and the times were not so bad, they no longer needed him. And so he lost a lot of his power. And power was important to him. All right, so told you enough about my father? I mean, it's-- what else?

Were you religious?

No. No, we were-- my parents were very-- my father was agnostic. But he was deeply, deeply Jewish and had been a Zionist since the First World War, when he found-- when he saw how the Germans treated the Jews or talked about the Jews. That was the First World War. The funny thing was, though, I mean, when I became a Zionist, when I was 16, 17, and wanted to go to Israel, he put his foot down that I could not go. He said, well, you can't go until you've had an education. Then you study medicine and when you're a doctor and have something-- and he put it in a very-- you have something to contribute to the country, then you can go.

He must have known perfectly well that my relationship with this man that I was in love with would not last. And so that was really funny. It would have been very nice for my parents if I had gone to Israel, because they could have gone there, like so many parents of Jewish-- of people who went on kibbutzim. The parents have always been welcomed. And my parents would have had me there and their grandchildren there, instead of me being in the United States. It would have been very nice for him if he would have not succeeded in making me not go to Israel. It would have been nice for me too, as it was.

It sort of-- it broke the continuity of my life as a teenager. And I feel-- I often feel if only I had been strong enough, I would have gone. I often feel that was a real weakness, that I didn't go in spite of my parents. But then, I realized why I didn't go. I mean, I had-- my feeling of my mother's need for me, and I guess, to be quite frank, my need for my parents too. The idea that I couldn't-- I couldn't just break off with them and go off somewhere where I didn't know. Actually, though, I had-- a would have had a lot of friends there. Anyway, it was one of those things that I did not complete, I did not push.

That's why I-- and then I seem to have floated along. I mean, my husband wanted to come to the United States and I didn't have the strength to say, no, I don't want to come. In my-- as an excuse, I have to say, though, that was a time when women were much more-- you were supposed to do what your husband needed and wanted. This was in the-- this was in the '50s. But it would have been nice if I would have had the strength of character and will to follow my own wishes.

That's why when my children want to do what they want to do, I do not feel I want to interfere. I don't want to interfere. I have no right. And how do I know what's right for them. They need to find-- do that for themselves. So it makes me a very-- at least, I think that's so. It wasn't so right away, when Eva and Al-- Eva married Al, and Al was a-- had been a draft dodger. He didn't have a job. And I was not very happy about the marriage.

Paul tells me that I told him that I was-- I tried to persuade her not to. And I think Al has been holding it against me ever since. I think gradually he's feeling less angry with me, but-- but I sort of want to believe that-- I mean, certainly now, and certainly in the last 10, 15 years, I have not tried to tell my kids what to do. It was not a good idea that my parents did that to me, but that's how it was. Another question?

What were your family's politics?

That's very interesting, because ideally, my father was a-- my father started off as a socialist, but when he built up his factory, and when he-- when he got-- when he made money, and he made quite a lot of money, he became a-- he became-- well, this was in England, you see. He started-- well, wait a minute. You see, he voted Conservative in England. And I-- I only voted once in England, and I voted Labor at that time. And I voted-- we voted Churchill out at

that time. It was right after the war. And Atlee, the labor minister, got in.

Looking-- I mean people cannot believe that I would have voted against Churchill, because Churchill won the war for us-- I mean, helped us win the war and saved us. But the ungrateful-- it was so ungrateful for the world, from the world, that they-- from England, that they voted him out afterwards. But that happens. No, my father-- my parents started off being very Liberal, and then as they accumulated wealth they became Conservative.

It's interesting, in my life, my husband became-- we started off as being-- in this country being-- what is it-- it's not Labor, it's Democrats-- Democrat. And I have always voted Democrat. And my husband voted Republican once he developed his practice and got-- wanted to save on income tax and things like that. And the funny thing was, in Merced our friends said I was the perpetual adolescent, because they were all-- they were comfortably off doctors-- all of our friends, they were doctors, most of them anyway, and their families.

And I was the only one that voted Democrat and they all voted-- voted Republican. And, oh, yeah, that's what I was going to say, the Udall's, actually, he is the-- he is a relative of the other Udall, who was in the government. Anyway, Addison called me a perpetual adolescent. And he was angry. He said it in a negative way, that I would-- I would vote against our better interests. Our interests were with Republicans, but I still vote Labor now-- not Labor. I must be getting tired, I think. I feel I have a harder time speaking, keeping my thoughts to myself.

I mean, following my train of thoughts. I don't know quite what to do about it. Can I-- maybe if I just move around a bit. Can I do that? Do you want to take a break?

Yes, I'd like to take a break.

See if you need or have any ask.

How much longer?

Yes, I'd like to use your--

I heard that--

I'd like to use your toilet.

All right, any questions?

Yes, I have questions.

Good.

What was the educational level of your parents?

My father's-- my father got a PhD in chemistry, but my mother left-- I think my mother left in her last year of high school. The funny thing is, my father had this good education, but he always felt that he didn't have enough. Because he said he never felt like-- he never read. He never read books, or novels, or something like that. He would read detective stories. That was his big thing. And he read probably every detective story that was ever out. But he couldn't-- he didn't read fiction otherwise.

And my mother didn't-- well, I think she read more. But you see, she was limited in England, because she spoke English well enough, but she didn't read it that well or that easily. So that was the educational level. And my father was actually the only one of his two brothers and sisters that had any college education at all. The others worked in the store, in the Waidhaus store after they finished school.

I think-- I was going to say, I'm probably the most educated person in my family. Because my cousins coming from

Kenya-- one cousin, my cousin Inge, also studied chemistry, but just didn't get a PhD, just got a English degree. And my other cousin, Eva, got married at a very young age. So, didn't do anything more. That's that.

What kinds of things did you read when you were a kid?

Everything. Everything. I read the German stories. [NON-ENGLISH]-- there was a whole series of stories about [NON-ENGLISH], a German girl who was blond and blue eyed, but she had friends who were-- who were dark eyed, Brazilian friends from Brazil. And in Germany, at that time there was-- the blond and blue eyed was the only thing that went. But it was so nice to read about this girl who had made friends from all over the world. So I read. I read anything I could find in German.

I read some of the Jules Verne stories. They were in German too. But-- oh, I was a voracious reader. I read anything that came to mind-- came to hand, and very quickly too. Oh, coming to England, they had these girls-- stories that came out every week-- English schoolgirls from boarding schools and all the adventures they had. And I read those quite voraciously for a while, until I suddenly dropped them and found more interesting things.

And I think I read most of the-- my parents were very, very anxious that I should read all the classics, like Dickens, which they had never read, but they felt that was a part of education. And I think I did, actually. I read in school-- you see, English schools are much more literate and much more interested in having you go through the English literature. And I learned to appreciate it. I'm trying to-- oh, What Katy Did and What Katy Didn't Do, and all those things. And what else? HG Wells, science fiction I liked too.

And I've belonged to a Jewish book club for about 20 years. And we read books about Jewish themes or about-- or by Jewish authors. And that has been quite invaluable to me, because it's-- it's very funny, right now I can't tell you any names. This is one thing that has happened to me in the last few years, that I have a very bad memory for names, names of authors, names of people. And when I search for names, my mind goes blank. So it's very hard for me to try and tell you what books I've enjoyed, what books I've read.

But until very-- and also, recently I've found that I don't read as quickly as I did. I don't-- I start a book and then I sort of leave it in the middle, unless I have a day or two of sickness. And one of the nice things about being sick in bed is that you can lie around and read. So that's what I did last time. Yeah. But I've always felt-- I'm interested in talking to people about what we've read and discussing it. And that's-- just as discussing movies or discussing TV programs. One gets so much more when one actually gets it out. But I can't think right now much that I've been reading. Except that I think I've read just so much.

Before you started on your medical career, when you were a kid, when you were little, did you want to be something else when you grew up?

Yes, definitely. I wanted to be. Well, first of all, I wanted to go to Israel. I wanted to get married to this wonderful man and go to Israel. But before that, I had wanted-- I did not want to study medicine. I wanted to study English literature. And whenever I could-- that's why I took that course at San Francisco State-- whenever I could I would get some English literature into it. But of course, that was not practical enough.

And at that time-- let me tell you, this was 1950s, after the war, when there was a sense that there was so many people who were displaced and who had to support themselves. It seemed much more important and urgent then to do what my father had said I should do, to study something where there was-- something you could actually do to help other people.

I wasn't that keen on helping other people, that wasn't so much of it, but that would be useful, particularly for a woman, where you could always make your way. And particularly for my mother, who had not been able to study anything, she felt that she had missed a great deal. She lost a great deal of self-confidence knowing that she's not independent. Felt more like a slave to my father, because he brought in the bacon and she didn't. She helped him in the office.

So I wanted to study English literature. And I wanted-- it wasn't so much to write at that time, but oh, just there were such wonderful things to read. And I would have loved to have had a chance to actually read, and study, and discuss,

and get to know about authors, more about authors. As it was, I did it for myself. But I would have loved to have taken a class in that. So medicine was certainly not my choice. It wasn't even my second or third choice. It was what was imposed on me.

And people say, well, how come you-- why didn't you just drop it and fail? But I didn't, because I became interested in it. Once you get into a subject, it becomes interesting. And it's about people. But I've never particularly liked the part of medicine that had to do with drugs, with lab tests, or with these kinds of factual things. That's why, when it came to it, when I had to choose a specialty, I chose psychiatry. It's the closest to English literature that I can think of. Really, you know, it is.

I mean, people talk to you about the most intimate things in their life. And you listen. And most of the time, you can't do much about it, but just listening, as you know, can be very helpful. Anything else?

What was the Jewish community in Coburg like?

It was a fairly close knit-- well, it became close knit, of course, when Hitler came to power. But they were-- it was kind of-- according to my parents, it was kind of a snobbish community. They were all-- they were-- not mostly, but there were a great number of professionals-- doctors, lawyers, or people who had well going businesses. But the business people, according to my parents, were kind of looked down on, and professionals, the doctors, and the lawyers, and so on, they were the people who had the power.

And there was a Professor Hirsch, who ran a Jewish boarding school seminary. And people from all over Germany, Jewish boys-- I think it was for boys only-- well, maybe not. They came from all over Germany to live at the Hirsch's and to study there. And he taught quite a bit about Judaism too. But I guess he was sort of the head of the community. He was also-- both from the religious point of view and from the social point of view.

And my parents had-- there was an ophthalmologist, whom they-- whom they knew. I had Dr. Alkon, who then came to the United States, and with whom they continued a friendship here. And according to my father, it was difficult to break into the community, because people sort of-- oh, where do you come from, how much do you earn? And for my father, the fact that he had a PhD, even though he did not use it, he did not practice it, and he did not let anyone call him doctor.

Because in England particularly, only the people who did medicine were called doctor, whereas in Germany, everyone was called doctor. If you had a [GERMAN]-- means an attorney, and all the wives were also Frau Doctor or [GERMAN]. I mean, it was something that they draped across their breast, to show how well-educated they were. In England, that was out-- only people with medical degrees.

And even there, people who were surgeons, anyone that went into surgery, became mister again. Yes, you have a-- it's almost-- it's higher than a doctor that's an ordinary, who prescribes. But someone who actually cuts you up is called mister. So that was the community in Germany.

As I say, my parents said they were snobby, but by the time we settled there, my parents were very accepted. But when we left Germany in 1936, and we left illegally, as I told you, nobody knew that we were going to go. And the party, the police, when they found out that we were gone, and that my father had taken a great deal of our property with him, because he had managed to get that out beforehand, they clamped down on the remaining Jews in Coburg, the authorities did. And they said, you must have known about, you must have-- and they tried-- they hauled them before tribunals. But luckily, nobody knew.

And my father then sent some letters back to his foreman at his factory from-- supposedly from-- I don't know where he said he was going to be-- and I actually found those letters-- saying very definitely that you will all be very surprised to hear that I landed here. And we did that without anyone knowing. So that they could take those letters to the authorities. But so many of the people left were kind of mad at him, for exposing them to this kind of danger. Although, of course, he had not intended to do that, but it just-- in Germany, in a dictatorship, this happens. When one person does something against the government, the others get punished for it. I don't think actually anybody was sent away for it, but they were bullied for a while, until it-- until it blew over.

I did not take Hebrew lessons from Herr Hirsch. My parents-- although they were Zionists, they did not feel that I needed to have religious instructions. And I've never had religious instructions. I've never-- I took a course in the Bible-- a little bit, fairly recently, because I was interested in it, but I know-- I know nothing about Jewish history. Although, I would like to know, this would interest me. It's one of those things I was thinking when I retire that I might take. That's all I can think about the German-- the community in Coburg.

How many synagogues were there?

I think there was-- there was one-- Hirsch, they had-- it wasn't a synagogue, it was a-- sort of a meeting room, up and-- they had-- their house was up on the hill, and huge, and beautiful, and a garden. I think they had a prayer room there. Do you know, that's really funny, there must have been a synagogue in Coburg. I don't remember ever having been in there. I'm going to-- this woman that I was telling you about, I'm going to ask her if she knows whether there was a synagogue. There must have been, but I don't-- certainly, not more than one regular one and whatever that was up at Director Hirsch's place.

How many Jews were in the community?

In the community, probably about 50 families, 50 to 100. I mean, it's very vague, because I was 10 when we left. And a lot of the people my parents had contact with later, many-- some moved to the United States, but we did not have much-- I mean, I certainly didn't have much contact with them. Except those six or seven girls that my parents got us together so that we could have parties, the Klein's and Baumburgers, who also later on moved to the United States. But I was too young to really take any notice of it. And especially since my parents stressed-- obviously, we stressed the Jewish community, but nothing to do with religion.

That's why I was thinking, my daughter and my son, who married, both married non-Jews. And that's fine with me, because they're happily married. And my daughter and her husband, Al, and her daughter, Mia, they're definitely agnostic. They're not interested in religion. But I think my son, Larry, and his wife are. His wife, particularly, comes from a Christian family. And they don't tell me whether they have any religious training-- or not training, I mean, any sort of religious things for their children.

But I want to tell them that I would not mind at all if the girls were sent to Sunday-- a Christian Sunday school. I don't like Christian, but-- but I think it's important. I think-- not that it's important, I think they might miss something if they don't have some connection with a religion. For me, I'm not agnostic, I'm-- I don't know whether there is a God. It's one of those unknown qualities in life. Nobody knows.

But I know that when the world is much too beautiful, much too wonderful not to have had-- it's possible that it can all have come about by chance, but I would rather like the idea if there was some moral, spiritual connection that we all have. And that's where-- that's where I could see a God, religion coming in. And it doesn't have to be Jewish.

Although, the Jewish religion has some very positive things. I took a course just about two or three weeks ago, up at Silver Penny Farm, which is up near Sonoma, near Napa. And it was held-- it was called "Spirituality and Religion throughout the World." And there were two Christian fathers or something, who was speaking-- who spoke about Christianity. And so sort of the spiritual significance of-- on what Jesus was trying to say and how it got diverted by his disciples into something quite different.

And there was a young-- there was a young woman rabbi who spoke for a whole day about Judaism. And she was quite wonderful. She told me things about Judaism that I did not know about at all, particularly that Judaism is very accepting of many. You can be religious, you can be nonreligious. You don't keep the laws. You can go to synagogue. You can read the Torah and that, or you cannot. That right from the beginning, it was something that people could choose for themselves. There has always been a matter of-- a great deal of choice for Jews in what they want to do with their religion.

And then, of course-- I don't know, I was-- I enjoyed that so much. I made notes. I have them down-- I have it down in

notes. And it's funny, when I write something down, then I forget what-- I forget. But I was greatly impressed by her. And I was very pleased that I was Jewish.

They also did the American Indian religion. Somebody, an American Indian, spoke about how they had been persecuted by the Franciscan monks. Mostly, he talked about that. He said very little about the religion. And then there was Buddhism. There was someone talking about Buddhism, which was very interesting again.

My friend, Paul, with whom I live, he studied-- he calls himself a Buddhist. But again, you have all these choices. And for a while there I was pretty anti Judaism, because I had got involved with a woman guru-- no she's not a guru-- a woman from India, called Vimala Takhar. And she was talking about the strength of one's inner convictions. And that one did not need to have-- to believe in a communal god.

But I realize now that it helps. It helps to share that vision, that thought with other people. Yeah, but as I say, I was not trained in any one religion. And I'm not at all knowledgeable about Judaism. I'd like to learn more about it. though. But why have we been persecuted so much? Why? How is it? Is it that-- what is it? That we are a minority that's easy to pick on?

For some people, the Jews are always the rich people that have lots of money, and for others they're the Communists. So there's-- it's very strange. However, I would never, never want to deny my Judaism.

We should go ahead and change tapes at this point.

OK.