

The bad scar, we now, of course, so many years ago.

What was that scar from?

[INHALES SHARPLY]

Not from a car accident. Oh God, please forgive me.

--your story, and then--

We're rolling.

--we'll have lots of questions.

To continue, I was back from Wanda's in Warsaw, when I walked up this, on my knees, to my baby. My baby had diarrhea. He was very, very ill.

And I begged them. I had some money. I don't remember how I got that money. How did I get money? I don't remember. Or did I ask them to sell something for me? And they went out and sold it, and I had money. And I begged them to get me some cream of wheat. And no difference what price.

And they got me some white rolls-- I don't know, from the black market. And I couldn't, but it was emotional, I guess. It was. Once he saw me, he started eating. He didn't eat. They told me he couldn't eat.

Who actually cared for him?

The people. And Freddie. Freddie was five years old, you see. Yeah. I had Freddie for nine months with me. Yeah. Anyway, I want to go back. I mentioned it-- that when I finished with that, I'll go back to the bombing of Warsaw and the ghetto uprising.

Well, her husband, Mrs. Jadwiga-- I called her Auntie Jadga-- Kalinowska-- Kalinowski was their name. Her husband was a terrible drunkard. And he tried to pump me for money for drinks, you see. And I was in between her. She told me not to give him money. He wanted money. And I didn't know which road to take.

And one day she grabbed a poker. And she wanted to kill him. And I was standing in between. And she hit me. Not in my face, but somewhere. But anyway. And that was shortly after my arrest-- after I was let go. And there was the ghetto uprising. And they came with stories from Warsaw. Not the grandfather, but the husband.

Mr. Kalinowski was coming. He was a little fellow. Terrible person. He came home with all kinds of stories from the Warsaw ghetto-- how a little girl was sitting. And crying that she's not Jewish. And she had the cross-- you see my cross with that? They took her someplace, because the child didn't know how to behave.

And they told me that the ammunition is short, but how brave they are. And how brave they fight. And they're throwing themselves from the-- and I couldn't sit at a normal chair, because the windows were-- that was in the attic. And the windows were big.

And at the same time, during the ghetto uprising-- that they bombed Warsaw-- the Russians bombed Warsaw. And I'm going to tell you the most-- it's not funny how tragic life is sometimes. And how you act. You don't expect yourself to act that way.

The two children were sleeping on a military cot right next to the window. And I pulled that cot from the window that the children don't get injured by falling, in case the window breaks from the bomb, that they don't get injured with the falling glass from the window if it shatters. And at the same time, I prayed to God to send a bomb to kill us all. And get

it over with.

And at the same time, downstairs were those Catholic Poles, the Gentiles, the Christians. And from the tank factory, the Germans came running, hiding in that little villa. How do you figure that out? The Jew was up on top in the attic with two innocent children.

I don't know-- sentenced to death, with a death warrant in their pocket. A death warrant. Yes, every minute, every second, every split of a second. Downstairs, the Germans hiding before from the Russian bombs. And the Christians, the Poles that hide those Jews. She's hiding those Jews, actually.

I cannot begin to tell you what was going through my mind. And I cannot figure it out to this day how-- I don't know how I didn't jump out of my skin or something. Is the love of life so great? Or just the instinct of self-preservation? Or was it the responsibility that I carried for that innocent child? Was I that way that I wanted so much to live that sometimes-- I was ready to commit suicide, kill myself?

What was it? I don't know to this day. If I would have-- yes, that's a very important remark I'm going to make right now. And maybe it's not the right time. But since I remember, I want to mention it. We had a Russian doctor in our town that used to be on the Tsar's court-- a doctor. He was our doctor.

My sister-in-law, my older brother's wife, injured her foot. And he came to the ghetto. Somehow, my brother sent him a message to come, that [PERSONAL NAME] has a wound and it doesn't heal. And he came. And I spoke to him. Dr. Sergei Sasson was his name.

I said, doctor-- he always loved me very much. He liked me a lot. An old man. And his daughter worked for the Gestapo. I said, please give me some poison. I want to have poison on me in case something happens that we get loaded or all life becomes unbearable.

I want to have some poison. Please, doctor, give me some poison. He said, you see, if I would have luminol, I would give it to you. But I have only some Zyklon. And that hurts very much. That poison hurts. I forgot what it was exactly-- the name.

Cyanide.

Pardon?

Cyanide.

Cyanide. It hurts very much. And please, Pani Esther don't ask me for that poison. But I'm on my way to Mrs. Khodyorshevsky? And maybe she has some luminol. I'll bring it to you. He never came.

But after the war, when I showed up in SÄ™dziszÄ³w on my parents' farm, he came to see me. And he said, Pani Esther how many times would you have killed yourself and your child if I would have given you that luminol? I had that luminol-- see? I didn't want you to kill yourself. See? There you are.

Where was I? It was the ghetto uprising, right? Well, I said it if it wouldn't be so tragic, it would really be comic, that all those people were there on the same roofs with so many different ideas and ideals, in so many different ways of life. I don't know. But anyway, we were alive.

And when my brother came, he thought that he would never see me again. He told me, what have you done? Why did you do it? Why in God's name did you do it? What have you done? Traveling to Krakow and back-- from Krakow.

I said, Karl, we don't have any money. You didn't show up for three months. And you didn't pay for Fredzio. And I didn't have money to pay for myself and Mieczo You see? Anyway, I was there.

They took the coat to Warsaw, and they sold for 7,000 zloty. And that meant almost seven months for a roof over my head. You see? That was the idea. And in the meantime, as I said, they sold something-- my suit. They sold different things-- clothing. I still had my wedding gown with me, mind you.

Who's they?

Mine. Who was "they" sold it?

The Kalinowskis. [INAUDIBLE]. They sold it. I had a very beautiful black dress-- gorgeous black dress that the last time I saw, a great artist that came out-- that she was a Pole. [PERSONAL NAME] She was a beautiful singer. More reciting than singing, but she was absolutely fantastic.

And I remember today, I was pregnant. And we were going to see her. And I couldn't put on that dress, that beautiful dress of mine. My beautiful night-- and for the night, to go out and dress with tulle and blue applique. Gorgeous, long dress. And I went there in a very shabby dress, but I went.

But it came out later, she was a spy for the Germans. See? Yeah. And she was shot by the Poles. Anyway, I'm going off track.

After the ghetto uprising, after all this-- what I went through. In the prison. And after that, [INAUDIBLE] came back from [PLACE NAME] And finding my child. I got taken ill-- very, very, very sick. And my brother didn't show up for a long time. That was already, I guess, autumn-- yeah, deep autumn.

Where was he?

He was in Warsaw. He was on one side of Warsaw and I was on the other side of Warsaw. And at that time, I still had the two children when I was so desperately ill. I was unconscious. And I suspected those people that they were poisoning me, because when I tasted the soup-- they cooked for us every day a soup.

And they charged, of course, for a plate of soup. I don't remember-- 18 zloty or something. And when I tasted my soup and the children's soup, it had a different taste. It was burning. Today, I remember it was burning in my throat. And when finally my brother came, I couldn't recognize him.

I also was hallucinating. I don't know. I had the impression that someone was taking me out in a casket from there. You see? And they beat me up-- for what reason, I don't know. Because I had a very blue face. And I don't know.

In reality, they beat you up?

Yes. But I was already sick. But later on, the marks were still there, when I regained consciousness. I was unconscious. And my brother came. And he found me in that terrible, terrible situation. I mentioned that he recognized, in a streetcar, Mr. Vyacheslav. If I could find him-- he really was one to be respected and really honored.

He converted to Judaism, but the Germans didn't know, apparently. And he saved his wife. And many, many Jews, he saved in his office. He was director of fruit and all businesses-- fruit and vegetables. And he helped my brother a great deal. Karl, you know. Karl was the one that was in Warsaw with his family. And I kept Freddie.

And he gave clothes to my brother-- and money. And my brother found me so desperately ill. He went to him and he asked me-- when I saw him, I saw three people. The same, you see? Three of the same people. I remember. I was already conscious, maybe, or unconscious. But when I saw him, maybe that helped a great deal. I don't know what it was.

He asked me, do you remember your name? What is your name? And you know what I said? What name do you want me to tell you? The name from before or the name now? See? And he went down. He asked them what's wrong with me. How long I have been so ill? And what brought it out?

And they said, she has been ill for a long time. But the only solution-- what can we do with her? We have poison. And we even picked a place where we can bury her. And my brother begged off for a couple of days longer to keep my life.

And he went to Warsaw. And he looked up Mr. Vyacheslav. And he told them the tragedy-- that he suspected them, that they were poisoning me little by little. He cannot imagine that I got so desperately ill if I would have a little bit of care of what I went through and so on. And he gave him all kinds of money.

And he came back and brought sour milk and buttermilk. And he forced me to drink it, to cleanse my system. We couldn't call a doctor. They couldn't call a doctor.

And for some reason, he did it. He slept on the bare floor. And it was already very, very cold. He slept there for two weeks. Sometimes he went to Warsaw for different kinds of supplies.

I remember I had a vision that I was a little schoolgirl standing in her beautiful uniform with a white collar and with white cuffs. And an alpaca apron with frills. And braided hair with beautiful bows.

And she looks at a woman with tangled hair-- can you imagine that? With tangled up hair-- sweaty and dying. And that little girl was very, very sad. That was me-- both of us. See?

And when my brother came back-- every time he went to Warsaw. And I was sick-- constantly ill. Throwing up and having diarrhea, excuse my expression. And he was washing me like a mother, and cleaning me.

When I got a little more conscious, I said to him, Karl, if you could give me one glass of homemade tea with a little sugar, it would make me well. Can you imagine that? He went to Warsaw and brought tea and brought sugar. And I drank it like a medicine, like an elixir, like I don't know what. All the tastes in the world-- good tastes in that tea. It just restored my life.

Anyway, one day, I told myself, I have to get better. Yeah. I said to him, Karl, why don't you help me to die? I have enough. I don't want to live. Then I got already a little bit more conscious. And you will be a good father to my son. After all, you are such a good father. So you have another son. You are, anyway, his godfather. You see?

And he said, no, you have to live. You have to live. You have to gain back strength. And I won't let you die. You see? That Karl. And one day, I said, I cannot let Karl clean me. I cannot Karl let wash me. I was collecting that in my mind-- all those impressions and the shame.

We were so pure. How can I let a man? That came back to my mind that it's not right. And I said, I'm going to get up. And I'm going to go and do whatever I have to do in that little hole on the landing. And please, Karl, let me. Do you know what I did? I went down the landing. And I fell down the stairs.

And I don't know how I didn't kill myself. But after that, he didn't let me go down. He said, OK, we'll tear up this. We'll tear up a nightgown. Or we'll tear up that. And you can wash yourself. I'll bring you a pan of water. You can wash, but I will be here. But you cannot walk. You're too weak.

But I was getting better. Would you believe that I was getting better? And one day, I said, how am I getting up? How do I get up that I can stand on my feet, that I can get strong again, that I can manage to stay up? And I figured it out, that maybe if I go down from there-- I remember all that. Isn't that funny?

If I get up from that cart with both my feet and I plant them on the ground, both of them together, I will get up and I will stand up. And I did it. And from then on, I start to eat. He did cook on a little iron stove for me, because he didn't trust them anymore.

And I'll tell you why they wanted to poison me. One moment. Let me-- yeah, let me put that away. I'm so sorry. I'm a problem. I'm a problematic child.

And little by little, I was getting better. And he was taking care of me. And I think I have the idea-- we both had the idea why they wanted to poison me. We made contracts with them. We have written contracts for the two children. If they return, if the children survive and they return those children to any relative, wherever they lived abroad.

And we gave them addresses of my first husband-- of course, I didn't have the second husband yet-- of Mr. Mendelman's relatives. He had relatives in Israel, in Haifa and all over. If they deliver both children to them, if we shouldn't survive, they should be given, for each child, 10 morgs, from the farm, of land, farmland, from the farm of my parents.

For me, they didn't have anything. They put it in bottles and buried it, that only they knew where they are. But for me, they didn't have anything. You understand what it means?

What did they put in bottles?

Those contracts we signed. Papers that if they delivered the children to any of our relatives-- alive, abroad, Israel or America. There were Neuman's in America. And if they delivered those children, to give them 10 morgs of farmland for each child.

And for me, they didn't have anything like that. So maybe-- I don't know, the greed? Or I don't know. Were they afraid that they saw me so sick? But when I was getting better already, I was taken even to their kitchen downstairs and put in a decent bed. And they were feeding me their soups. And good, nourishing soups, but I couldn't eat it.

They put in little tiny pieces of fat. With all the publicity of the people's fat making soap-- of the Jewish fat, from skins. From the Jewish fat, they make soap. And from the skins they made lampshades. We knew that, because the kapitan or whatever he was-- Mr. [PERSONAL NAME] was sending me underground papers while I was in Orzysz. Orzysz, through his son.

But anyway, I got better and better and better. And the children were upstairs. And my brother said, we'll leave the children here. But you, any day, when you feel good enough to walk a little bit, I'm taking you to Warsaw. I'm taking you to my place where I am, with Rena and [PERSONAL NAME]

[INAUDIBLE] is the younger child. He's younger than my nine months. Reuven. He's nine months only younger than Mietek. I call him Mietek, the Polish name.

The day came. It was snowy. And he said, you get dressed. And we're going. It was before Christmas, you see. It was already Christmas, mind you-- before Christmas. I remember it was before Christmas. Because Christmas, I was already someplace else.

And he said, the only thing is you have to follow my steps. You have to follow me. I'll go ahead. And you go after me. You follow me. I remember that I still had blue marks on my face. Why? I don't know. But maybe it was my scar or something. I don't know.

And we got to Warsaw and we got off the train of the electric train. And the electric train traveled. And my sister-in-law was so touched with the way I looked. She kissed my hands. I didn't speak. It's amazing. I didn't speak a word. I could sit for hours and not speak.

And I was colorblind after that sickness. And I couldn't write. I couldn't add up 2 plus 2. I couldn't write. I was just sitting there. And the time came that-- and we had to go to an outhouse. And they were also in a room that was sealed off. But we had to go out.

When I went to that outhouse, I was breathing the fresh, cold, cool air like I would be drinking it. I remember that. Every time, I was longing to go out. I was for so long cooped up and so long sick. And that air was just the most marvelous drink in the world. I'm not drinking-- I don't drink. Sometimes just a little wine. But very seldom do I drink.

And that was an intoxication, really. That cool air-- the winter air with the snow around. And I was with them. The lady loved me, but the man, again, was a drunk. And they were hiding out on the racetracks. And he was a watchman for the racetrack. He was employed there. And I was there with them.

And they were just not giving their child the food and sparing it only for me. And eat and eat. They were taking away from their child food and giving it to me. I remember for some reason he dug up from Mr. Vyacheslav, a couple of oranges. And he was cutting, every day, a little piece of orange and giving it to my mouth, my brother.

I cannot forget that ever, ever, ever. Or he maybe brought a few apples, but there was always a little slice for me. Mostly what we ate is red beets and potatoes. And it was delicious, believe me. And they always asked me if I want some more. And sometimes I wanted to, but I didn't say that I wanted, because I was sorry for them that they didn't eat. I realized that they are not eating.

And finally, my son was taken by a sister from that lady from the racetracks. To her-- and she kept him there with her. Her sister, Frances Opalinska. The first sister, I don't remember. What I did-- no, that was later.

I was with him a few weeks, I think until Christmas. In Christmas, I joined my baby. And they took Fred to them. Freddie that I kept, my brother took. And my sister-in-law was with them. But I was so much better already. And when I came to the Opalinskis, there was a real Christmas. A real Christmas.

He worked. And I paid, because I still had, I guess, some money. And as I said, I was selling everything. I even sold my wedding band. Whatever I could, I was selling. And finally there came a time that I asked for yarn. And Mrs. Opalinski went out and bought some yarn. And I made a sweater. And she didn't want any money.

But there were two ladies living together-- the owner of the house. And her husband was in England with the Polish military, with the Polish army, with the Polish government in England, in London. And she was with a little boy. I think his name was Teddy or something, Tadjo. And she slept in the kitchen with that little boy. He was already going to school.

And Mr. And Mrs. Opalinski slept in the other room, in a bed. And I had a cot with Mieczo. We were together. And she said to me, I don't know how you raised your child. What kind of child is that? Mrs. Opalinski. She just was a very plain woman. But had a heart. And maybe that was another reason, I don't know.

I stayed with them. She used to tell me that-- when I told Mieczo to run around the table, he ran around the table. When I told him to sit down, he sat down. He didn't allow himself a step. He was so good in all those hiding places. He would feel he has to be good.

For example, when I was in the attic, we couldn't stand up. And he was already a little-- how old was he at that time? Mieczo was about three and a half or four years old. When was I-- 1943, he was already four. Christmas, he was already four. That was 1943, Christmas when I got to the Opalinskis.

Maybe I shouldn't talk about it. It's not nice. Anyway, it's nothing nice. I suspect-- I have a suspicion that there was something going on between the two women. I didn't know much about it at that time. I didn't have time or wanted even to think about it.

But anyway, Mrs. Opalinski was leaving the house very early in the morning. And she used to take my child to her bed. And she loved him so much. And later on, when I got better, she went out and bought me some yarn. And I made her a sweater and I made Zosia a sweater.

Mrs. Opalinski's first name was Frances. And the other-- oh, yeah. I remember now. Sophie Tomaszczyk, her name was. And they were living not far from Mokotów, in Warsaw. It was on the outskirts. There were fruit farms like strawberry farms in that place. But it was winter at that time.

And I couldn't see very much from it. But anyway, now we had a Christmas. And we were there. And from time to time, I used to go and see my brother. And once, I remember he came running after me, that Fredzio had a very terrible toothache. And they had luminol, of all things. And they gave him one pill of luminol.

He cannot stop sleeping. They cannot keep him awake. To come-- and maybe I can keep him awake. He loves me and he will listen to me. He was such a precious boy, but never listened to me-- never. When I said, please Fredzio, don't get up. Someone will spot you from the window or something. Oh god, he was something.

Mieczo had a little potty-- can you say that? To go, you know? He put it on his head. I couldn't take it off. I couldn't pry it off his head. God, some situations were just absolutely incredible-- how it came by, what it did to people, how panicky I got. I don't know. We pried it off.

Anyway, there were also many things like that. I can't recall right now. Well, I was already at the Opalinskis. As I said, we had Christmas. It was winter. And there was a great deal of-- oh, yes. It was after New Year's. There were some houses blown up, because they had ammunition.

As I said, there was a very great freedom spirit in Warsaw. When I traveled, the young boys were walking when I traveled by train those couple of times. And they were singing independent and freedom songs-- in Polish, of course.

As I say, Mr. [PERSONAL NAME] used to send me underground papers about cutting and about how far the Russians are, and where the [INAUDIBLE] begin, and about Stalingrad and about Leningrad and about all this, what's going on in London? And I was informed what's going on. To build me up, to give me some courage to continue.

And their son, [? Leszek PERSONAL NAME], I remember, used to bring it to me. I asked him, aren't you afraid to carry it? And where are you carrying it? And he carried-- they called it bibuÅ,ka, tissue. You know bibuÅ,ka? Tissue? He carried it in his sleeve. And he said, if I hear something, I will throw it -- just throw it away or I eat it up.

Very thin tissue. It was printed on very thin tissue. But anyway. Now, where was I?

The houses were blown up. Because they found lots of ammunition. And many, many people were arrested. And it was already 1944. And I was still with the Opalinska and Mrs. Tomaszczyk I was knitting, day and night, knitting, knitting. I think I-- I don't know-- and my two thumbs crooked completely.

And they were selling my sweaters on the black market. And I was knitting shawls and gloves and mittens and whatever I could help myself with. And it wasn't a bad time, but when I used to say, oh my God, what am I going to have today for dinner? Imagine, what shall I cook for dinner? And he used to say, [POLISH].

You know what soup it was? Oatmeal soup. And the oatmeal. Why? [POLISH] is the "spitting soup--" to cook the spitting soup, because we were spitting out those kernels from the oats. You couldn't swallow that. And if we had potatoes, to cut into those was a big celebration. But it wasn't that bad as in other places. Like at the Kalinowski's, it was very, very bad.

There came a time after all those. The glass panels fell out from the windows. And we had to board them with boards. We had to board the windows with lumber boards. And it was still cold. Only the window in the kitchen remained.

And I remember that the German military-- many, many soldiers, they were exercising in those hills there. And the snow was still, but it wasn't too snowy. But it was still there. And all of a sudden, they were raising a couple of pigs. And all of a sudden, an SS man came in or something, looking for the pigs.

And it was dark in the room. And my Mieczo was sitting in the kitchen, in Mrs. Tomaszczyk's son's little bed, to keep warm. And Mrs. Tomaszczyk was in the kitchen and I was in that room where I was knitting. And it was pitch black. And I went to the wardrobe. In Poland, in Europe, they have those wardrobes to storage dresses and linen.

And I went and he showed up. And while he was opening the door, I saw who he was. And he couldn't see me, because

he came in, it was pitch black in the room because of the boarded windows. And I came slowly out from there. And I put my two fingers to my mouth to tell my Mieczo not to talk, not to say anything. And I sneaked out into the outhouse.

This Mrs. Tomaszczyk had a sister maybe a couple of kilometers from that house of hers. And I had a peasant apron, very characteristic, that comes from Lowicz. It is hand-woven. And I took it off and put it over my head. And I was in wool slippers. It was wet.

And I didn't have an excuse to remain in that outhouse, so I went out and slowly, I made my way up to her sister. But on the way, I was praying all the time in Hebrew-- Shema Yisrael, Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai Echad. And the early birds were already chirping in the sky. And I said, that's a good omen. Those birds, they pray for me, too.

And I came to them. And I didn't have an excuse what to tell them, because they didn't know I'm Jewish. So I said, there is an SS man. And he is looking for the pigs. Maybe you should go there and help her, because they will probably take away her pigs. See?

And I waited up. I said, may I rest a minute? And may I warm my feet, because I'm all cold? And she said, yes. But she wasn't very friendly. And that made me very suspicious if she doesn't know something, that maybe Mrs. Tomaszczyk had told her. She had children.

And finally I said, I have no way to stay here. I have to go back. And I went back. And at that time, my brother came for me-- that Fred took that luminol for his toothache. And while I'm there-- and I stayed the night, because it got very late. I stayed the night.

And I told Karl what happened, and Irina. And he said, don't worry. Just be calm. Just don't worry. Everything will turn out all right. And the next day, Mrs. Opalinska comes. The snow was already melting. It was early spring. And she says that she got a letter, an anonymous letter, that the German authorities are informed about my background.

It was written in Polish. I remember the contents, what was written there. And she said, I don't know what to do. So my brother spoke to the lady, to their landlady. And she allowed me to stay. And she said she allowed me to stay to knit for her a sweater.

So they bought yarn. And I stayed there. And as I said, Mrs. Opalinski had somebody in Warsaw that she went to visit many times. And sometimes she took the child, too. She was with her several-- she stayed on in that place with the child. And she went to Warsaw to interrupt all that and turn it different ways.

And I stayed with-- I forgot her name. I can't remember-- [? Zdroik. ?] With Mr. and Mrs. [? Zdroik-- ?] and with my brother. And I was knitting. In the meantime, she said that she cannot stay any longer. And I remember the fields were already green for some reason or other.

And she said that she is going to go to the country, that she has a friend in the country. And this is across the River Bug. And she will take the child with her, so long I have her to stay. And it was-- I don't know. I know that my son was still wearing that grown-out little coat-- a very heavy navy little coat, like children with gold buttons. It was once red and that was given to me for reasons, because we didn't have anything else.

And I made him, I remember, a head with a dwarf from a white gas mask-- those flannel, heavy. And I made him from that. And I remember that she went away. I came to say goodbye. And I was that hat was still showing. And I was thinking, will I ever see my child again? In the middle of the field.

And I went back to my brother and Rena to that Mrs. [? Zdroik. ?] And I stayed there until just before the uprising of Warsaw, the gentile-- the real uprising. I didn't know there was going to be an uprising, because we lost contact somehow with Mr. [PERSONAL NAME]

But one day, I finished that sweater. And Mrs. [? Zdroik ?] said that she doesn't want me anymore, that I have to go wherever I want to. May I go to the Vistula, she doesn't care. You have to get out of here, and that's it. I didn't know

where to go.

And you say miracles. The right time, the right circumstance. I don't know what it is. And her younger sister that I never laid eyes on shows up with a letter from Mrs. Opalinski that took my baby away to the country. And she writes that Mieczo has pink cheeks, he drinks a lot of milk, and he runs around with the kids. And he is wonderful, he feels fine, and they're having a wonderful time. He's only missing me.

And I read that letter and I cry. And her name was [? Stacha, ?] the third sister, Opalinski's and Mrs. [? Zdroik's ?] sister. [? Stacha, ?] the youngest.

She was like that. I don't know where she had the food to eat that much that she was so fat. And she's and I said -- And I told her that I lost just my place. I don't have where to go. And I don't know, maybe she knows someplace. And she said, what are you talking about? You just go with me.

She was smuggling, you see? She bought things from the black market, like soap and tobacco and saccharin, sugar. You couldn't get sugar, for the love of god. And she was bringing back butter, eggs, and speck. You know what speck is? It's lard from the pig, the fat, from the country.

And she said, wait a minute. She said, a mother's place is with her child. You go back with me. You stay here one more day, I'll talk to [? Zdroik ?] and talk to them, to my sister. And you stay here a couple of days. And until I'll make the purchases that I have to take back, when I sell whatever I brought. And you meet me in that station.

I don't remember if it was wschodni or zachodni, the east or west. I don't remember. But she told me. And I'll arrange with-- you see, we had another guardian angel in Mokotów, a Mrs. [? Lodja, ?] but I don't remember her last name. And I don't know where my-- she was working in the underground, too. They were friends with the [PERSONAL NAME]

She said, on my way from here, I'm going to [? Lodja, ?] And I'm going to tell her about the circumstances. And I cannot take you from here, because I'm going from [PLACE NAME] Street. And I'll meet you at that railroad station. I arranged with [? Lodja ?] that she picks you up from here and brings you to the railroad station.

And you buy a ticket. And I'll be waiting for you there. And we'll travel together to the Opalinski. It's still quiet there, and peaceful. Of course, there are many people in the concentration camps, she said, or in labor camps or private rooms that require help-- a private farm. There are many in Germany. And you'll stay where she stays.

God, I felt so awful. I thought, I'm taking away from my child-- that's a possibility-- the opportunity to stay alive. And do I do the right thing? But she insisted so much that I go with her. Well, she said, to throw yourself in the Vistula, you always have time. Let's try. OK.

I come with [? Lodja, ?] Katya or Lodja or something. She picked me up. And we come to the station. And we are looking for Stacha. And there is no Stacha. And I bought already a ticket. And it was horrible. It was horrible at that station. There were so many military men. There were so many with dogs. And so many SS.

Something was cooking. It was in the air. It was, I guess, just before the uprising. I think it was July or something. I don't remember the date when the uprising took place in Warsaw. Well, I said, what can I do? I'll board the train. All they can do to me is kill me, nothing else. And the killing is going on. And I lived with it for so many years. And I will live, it's all right. And if not, it's all right, too.

Of course, I was dressed differently. And I just had a sweater. I didn't even take my coat. But a little basket and a sweater. It was a pregnancy dress, but it was made over to a dress. And one little cotton dress. That's all I had. And maybe a couple of nighties or a couple panties. And that's all. And my faithful pregnancy shoes. That's what I had.

And I had a bandanna, like in a turban, of course. No lipsticks available, nothing. And people were traveling. And no Stacha. And I had still a sitting place. And next to me was sitting a young lady. And she said, where are you staying

overnight? Are you going across the Bug or are you staying overnight someplace?

I said, I'm going across the Bug. And I hope I can make it. Where are you going? I say, I'm going to [PLACE NAME] on the Bug to visit some friends having the harvests. And maybe I can eat a little better and maybe I can help out. And no Stacha.

And she said, do you know, if we don't make the curfew, I have a place-- very nice people. They will let us sleep in the barns or in the haystacks. I said, I'm all for it. See? And I don't know. Only guardian angels, I don't know.

And finally, we passed Malkinia, we passed Treblinka. And we reached [PLACE NAME] And that was the last station that we could travel by train. And we had to go through forests to reach those people that maybe would have us for the night.

By bike?

For the night.

By bike?

Pardon?

You walked?

We walked. Yeah, we walked. And we come and we walked the train tracks, because trains were not moving there at all. They had to go this way. And I come a little bit-- behind the end of the train, here is Stacha standing on the railroad tracks. And she-- hurry up, hurry up, hurry up.

And I ran. And I said, where were you? I couldn't find you, she said. She probably didn't want to travel with me together. She was afraid. I don't blame her. Well, she said, we have to reach the Bug.

We came into the forest. In the meantime, take off your shoes, because you won't be able to run that fast in your shoes. My God, I said, I have feet to run? From hiding for so many months and for not walking and all this. How am I going to run? But I will run as much as I can.

And we come. I forgot to say-- and all those little stations that the train stopped, there were so many militaries and even heavier weapons. And it's quite a way from Warsaw to Malkinia, where the train loads, they were unloaded in Malkinia, the destination Treblinka.

And so much weaponry. And little artillery. And machine guns. That was so scary. You have no idea. And that [PLACE NAME] station, also. But somehow, we got through. We came to the forest, as I say. And we run and we run. And all of a sudden, hide.

And I never uttered a German word during all the occupation. And I speak a very good German. I studied for a very long time, German. And I worked in the DP camps for a lawyer as a secretary. And I know very well German-- in the DP camp. But anyway.

And we stand still. And they came. And they start looking at her thing. I didn't have anything, but she had tobacco and she had saccharin and she had all kinds of goodies. I don't remember what. All kinds of tobacco and cigarettes and matches. You couldn't get a match during the war.

And that was just a post-- not Gestapo and not SS people, but patrols, I suppose. And they stuffed themselves with her tobacco in their pockets, they stuffed. And whatever they could grab. They grabbed whatever came useful to them.

And she started speaking in Yiddish, because later I found out that she was-- it's hilarious if it wouldn't be so tragic.

Because she was a maid at [INAUDIBLE], so she learned some Yiddish. And she started speaking, begging them not to take it. And I said, be quiet in Polish.

And I started speaking German to them. And they asked me what I know from German. And I said I studied. And I'm from Krakow. And everybody speaks German there. What else could I do? I wanted to help the girl. I wanted to [INAUDIBLE] everything to take her away.

And I asked them to leave her, because we take this to the people there as gifts, and we get food and lodging for it. And we are hungry. And we didn't have much to eat in the cities. And could they please leave it. Let them take some, whatever they choose. And please leave the rest, because we have to bring this as presents.

I don't know where I got all those ideas-- for our food and lodging, because we have to do some harvesting there. Well, they let us go. They let us go. And she fell over me, kissed me, and said, oh my God. They would have taken everything away from me. That's what I live from.

And we were running again. We came on the River Bug. And she started yelling and calling for a boat. And the boats were still on it. And there came a boat. And we were crossing the Bug because the [PLACE NAME] was on the other side of the Bug. Once upon a time, it was a natural border between Poland and Russia.

And she brought me to that house that Frances was and my child was already asleep. And the house was empty-- nobody there. And my feet bleeding. And I am so tired. I knelt down at the bed where my child was. And he was so pink and so beautiful and so gorgeous, like no child of a ghetto, no Jewish child, no martyr. Just a normal, beautiful, little boy.

And while I was kneeling down, Mr. Opalinski. And he said, what did you do for crying out loud? Why did you come here? But when she saw my feet, she ran to the kitchen and brought a bucket of water for my feet. She didn't say-- I didn't answer anything.

And I told her later on-- she brought me something to eat. And I told her later on, I just didn't have anywhere to go. Stacha talked me into it to come here. And if you feel that it's dangerous, I'll buy a ticket and I'll go. Oh no, she said. You sleep tonight with your child.

I said, where will you sleep? I'll sleep on the floor. I'll bring some hay or straw. It was a peasant town in a little city-- PorÄ™ba It was a little bigger town. The forest-- just magnificent. Just a magnificent forest. How do you say it? Like a jungle, the Bialowieza.

It was 100 kilometers from Bialystok. Maybe you heard about Bialystok. And I stayed there till the end of the war. See? Yeah. But what we went through there, you have no idea. You have no idea. There were those famous Ä,apanki They round up.

And Sunday, they were coming with motorcycles and with horses and taking out the youngest and most beautiful boys. Taking them away to Germany. And after that, in late-- what I did there. I dug potatoes for the people. And also they were very, very good to me.

I don't know-- someone, it got around that I do speak German. Maybe Stacha said something, that I saved her victuals, all her bargains. It got around that I do write and speak German. And practically in every house of theirs, there was a relative or a son or a daughter in Germany-- or in Stutthof, I remember-- or concentration camps or on farms or just plain labor camps.

And they brought packages with food. And I addressed for them. And short letters I wrote in German, because they were not allowed to write in Polish. So I wrote short letters in German. What was allowed, what they wanted me to say. And they brought me bread and eggs. And they brought me sometimes a little butter, too.

I didn't have to pay there, because the people, they were very nice. And that lady that I-- she was suspicious or not. Or

she said that she needs the room. So we moved in with another couple and an old lady that the house was hers, the old lady's. Mrs. Oshinsky-- you see, I still remember all those names.

It was a relative of hers, the young man-- that they had children. And maybe to that extent, it was freedom for Mieczo that that lady, the young couple, had a boy. And they had a little tiny girl, just maybe a month or maybe even not that.

And he was bothering me all the time. I want a little sister. And I want a little sister. You know children, how they can change according to a situation. He wanted a little sister. And someone told me that I would have to go out to the river bank. And when I see a stork, I have to yell three times or four times, please bring a little girl for him. And I had to do that.

But later on, the German [INAUDIBLE]-- do you know what it is? The [INAUDIBLE] of the German military took all those roads through the village where I was. And one day there came the Kalmyks. You know what Kalmyks are?

The people?

The people-- Kalmyks. Yeah. So many, my God. And they have a heavy, heavy, heavy artillery and horses. And all this equipment. And they were taking people to dig ditches for them.

And who were they allied with? The Kalmyks.

Pardon?

Who were they allied with?

The Germans.

But they were, in fact, Russian.

And the Russian, I don't know. But where they got them, I have no idea. But they willingly joined that German army. And he spoke German. And he put an eye on me. And he said, tonight-- and they threw out the young couple, Mrs. Oshinski Mrs. Opalinski.

But he said, one, that I didn't speak German to him. Absolutely no. And he said, where are you coming from? And I said, what do you want from me? Why do you ask me? It's none of your business to ask me-- in Polish. And he said, you speak German. I know you speak German. You don't belong here.

And I say to him, [SPEAKING GERMAN]. Especially I made that language very, very terrible that I don't understand what he's saying. And he brought an almanac to me. And he asked me, don't you know how to read it? Father and mother. I said, I don't know-- in Polish. I don't understand you.

And he said to me in German that I have to sleep with him tonight. Tonight, he's going to sleep in that bed. And the baby will be in the middle. And I will be on the other side. And I said, my God, the only thing, at the end of the war. It's so close. I have to have a Kalmyk baby? That came to my mind. Isn't that stupid?

Yeah, I was knitting there, too. I was knitting the sweaters, too, for the peasant ladies. But they had wool. Self-made wool. They were spinning wool because they had sheep.

Anyway, I was knitting for them, too. And I was sitting in the little hall. And Rafa-- I still go back to Rafa. And my son, my Mieczo, was sleeping and taking a nap. And I had always seen to it that he doesn't look too outlandish. So on his pants, I put some patches. And he had the patched little-- we called it a shoemaker's apron, with the pocket.

And when he woke up and started talking to me, that man comes out. He put in that room nine military men. And I was picturing that they're going to all rape me. And I said to that young man, what am I going to do? He wants to sleep with

me.

But in the meantime, Mieczo woke up. And they took him in, into that [INAUDIBLE]. And I said, oh my god. They're going to let down his pants. Oh my god, I'm sure he's going to be examined. And he is suspicious. And I almost died.

And at the end of the war, at the end of everything, I had to have those thoughts and those things go through. But it's not the end, either. And he said to me then, that young man, the couple, the Polish couple that lived with Mrs. [INAUDIBLE]-- it was a one-room [INAUDIBLE], a one-room chalet. But it was huge.

And he said, we will think about it. Please don't worry. Please don't worry. I was with everybody fine and good. As I said, I wasn't too big. I didn't make myself who knows what.

And they knew that I don't belong there, but they respected me. For some reason, they had great respect for me. And I was going and digging the potatoes together with them and carrying the hay together and rocking the hay with them together-- whatever I could. And he said, don't worry. We will think about something.

And you know what they did? When they weren't watching, they were eating-- but I don't know what it was. He took a stepladder and put it in into an opening. They kept hay on top of the house. You know how the houses are slanted? And he said, go first up there with the child. And we'll come after you. All of us are going to sleep up in the hay, because they took the room away from them.

But anyway-- and I crawled up there. And all of us were sleeping there. And they took the stepladder-- excuse me-- upstairs to hide it before anybody can come down. And we slept there. And in the morning, he let the stepladder down. And we started to climb down.

It was warm. I don't know if it was August or if it was September. No, it wasn't September yet. That was going on for about a couple of weeks until the Russians came in September. And I was liberated in September, on September the 4th. But liberated from one thing to the other. But anyway.

And we're coming down. And he had his rifle like that. And he says to me, you are a spion, in German. He said I am a spy. And he can shoot me if he pleases. Right this minute. I didn't say anything.

And he said, but tonight, you will not escape me. You have to stay here and you're going to sleep in that bed with me with the child. Yes, did I tell-- when Mieczo walked out the first day, did I tell you that? He came out, after all, from that room with a full little apron of goodies, with candies and with cookies. I don't know where they had it. They probably robbed every little town and every little city and had plenty to eat.

The Kalmyks gave that to him?

Yes, the Kalmyk. And later on, what I did is I had a sweater that I was knitting for one lady. And Mrs. Opalinski was left behind. And she said, go up to that man. He wasn't on the ground. He had one arm. Vincent, I think, was his name.

He has a big house. Go up there. And they are real German bordering with them. Real German military. Go up to them. And he knows already. We told them that you'll be coming up with the child. And stay with them. And so on and so forth.

And I went. And I said, every minute, I could expect a bullet behind in my back from that Kalmyk. But for some reason or other, nobody bothered. And she told him when he inquired after me, she told him that I went to measure-- that he saw that I'm knitting a sweater for a lady. And that I went to try it on her.

And so he thought I will be coming back. In the meantime, they moved them out, all of them. All those Kalmyks. I don't know how you call that. I don't know, a whole army of Kalmyks. And he was the leader. And when they moved out, I returned.

But there was one German-- a very fine man. And for some reason-- malnutrition or something or whatever it was, Mieczo developed, on his legs, some boils. And mind you, he took him to the doctor. He put him on his horse and took him to the doctor. And he put him on his knee and hopped with him.

Who could suspect such a beautiful child of something? Probably the way I looked, I looked also like a peasant. I tried to look like a peasant. Oh, it was going on for quite a while, because I think I came there in July. And until September the 4th.

Well, all different kinds of experiences. And I understood what he wanted. That man that took my child to the doctor-- as I said, I was dying if maybe the elastic will break and his panties will fall off.

God, it was worse even to be free between them than to be in hiding. But it felt good to be out, too. But anyway, he asked me in Germany if I can get him some clothes and civilian clothes. And he wanted to run.

The German?

Yeah, that German. He was of a high rank, but I don't know what he was.

Was he a Wehrmacht? Was he in the army?

Yeah, but he was on a horse. Artillery or something. I don't know what he was. And medals and all kinds of things-- crosses. But anyway. They didn't let me even step to the fire if I wanted to poke. When they were cooking, they didn't even let me to put a log in the fire. Nothing. No such thing to come close to it.

But this one trusted me for some reason, that took my child. Yeah. And later on, when the Kalmyks left the house, I went back. And that's when the bombing started.

They bombed out the whole village. They burned the grain in the fields. Standing up, already in bundles. They burned it. They took the cows. They took the young people along. And they marched forward. And that continued and continued. The Russians bombed, not the Germans-- the villages. The Russians already bombed.

And our house was burned down to the ground, where we stayed. Just the chimney was left and I think a couple of walls on that side. And we crawled into a hole in a cellar, of the potatoes. When they were bombing and all the shrapnels and all those pieces were flying over our head. We were holding up the roof. It was so silly. We were holding up with pillows.

And one day there was a bunker that the Germans build-- the bunker. And there came a German. And he said to me-- I don't know that he is from an art school. He's an artist. He's a violinist. But I didn't even say that I understand. I never spoke German, except at that time to help Stacha.

And he was bringing food for my baby. Nobody but my baby. He was bringing in the aluminum can or on a plate. He brought food for my child. And he said that this is not good to sit here. Why don't I come to their bunker? And I didn't go. I said, I cannot leave.

He said, bunker, go-- come, sit with us. I answered-- no. One night, the Russians came. The bridges were torn apart. And they came swimming through the Bug. Wet, cold, with the rifles here. And they knocked on that cellar of ours. In the meantime, all the Germans left. And they fortified themselves in that big forest.

The Russians told us-- they asked for water or bread. Xlebsa bread. They asked for bread. And we didn't have any bread. During the siege -- can I say that? During all the bombings and so on, in the mornings, some of us used to crawl out and make first fire and mix up some flour that we had with a little water and bake it on the open fire. And that's what we ate. Or if somebody had a cow or a goat, they drank water. But my son had food. But anyway.

Yeah, when they came and the Russians came, they told us in the morning, it's better if you go out and go with us. And

some people there spoke Russian. I didn't speak it. I speak Russian, but at that time, I didn't speak it. I learned it in a year. But I understand. Some things are similar to Polish.

And I understood. And they said to the older people that spoke Russian, better to get out of here and towards the army, because there will be a big, big fight. And as it happened, it was. And miraculously, again, Mrs. Opalinska crawled out of hers, from that hole of the potatoes. And she got shot through her thigh. And I didn't know about it.

And if I would have put out my child, he would have had it in the heart. So you never know. Later on, I found out. And we started to crawl through the battlefield. And you have no idea what it was like. You just can't imagine. Walls hundreds of stories high of fire and sand and ground.

And I was crawling. I put my child in front of me and he was hanging up with his arms around my neck and with his little feet around my waist. And I was crawling on the ground, kilometers. And people were falling right next to me dead. And when we came to the Bug, the Russian girls were already putting out temporary bridges.

And it was Russian, but at least I was free. And the child was all dark with mud. And I was all-- it was a mess. And the bundle with the clothing, I took with me, I left in that hole after the potatoes. And what a silly thing to do. I did sell everything but my father's wedding band. It was a signet. I didn't sell. And instead of wearing it on my neck, I had it in that bundle.

And when we crossed the River Bug on temporary things, wooden things, the child was so terribly thirsty. It was beginning, the 4th of September. I had a very light pink little robe, I remember, like today, with white finishings. And he was thirsty. And the people were already drinking water from the well.

And I said, how can I give him water to drink when it's so cold from the well down. And he is so wet and hot. And so I took a corner of my ride and dunk it in the water. And I put it to his mouth to suck on it slowly. And he did. And later, I didn't have to wash up his face. So I did it with my little robe.

And we started going. The Russians, they had many, many prisoners of war. And the Polish girls were spitting on them and beating them. And the women and the men. I couldn't do that. I just couldn't. I just didn't want to come near anyone of them.

What purpose would it serve if I spit on someone? What purpose? So I started to look for Mrs. Opalinska. I didn't know where she is. And people told me that she was injured. And so I looked. And I saw a cook. And he looked like a Jew.

And I knew yevery is a Jew in Russian-- yevery So I walked up to him with the little boy-- practically naked, both of us. And I say to yevery you are a Jew? And da, da. And I said, me too. Me, too. Me, too. First time.

And he said, I can only give you food. And right away, he took two-- I don't know, aluminum little pots or something. And dished out some soup for us. And he said, I cannot help you much. In Russian, if I understood or not, but I understood what he means.

And later on, I found out that Mrs. Opalinska is injured. I used to look around and ask. And I said, maybe she had the sense-- maybe there is some doctors have to be. And he said, oh, yes. Doctors. The cook. So I went to the doctor. She wasn't there.

Finally, I found her. I found her. And I knew already that there are doctors. So I took her then. They removed the bullet and put a decent bandage on. And I asked a man-- you see, I wanted to acknowledge myself to those doctors. Maybe there is a Jewish doctor there that maybe will understand some Yiddish or something.

So I spoke to an old man that spoke Russian. And I said, I don't speak any Russian. I have such heart palpitations. I'm so frightened-- in Polish. Could you find out about the doctor here which can examine me? And which one can give me maybe some drops or something, because I feel very, very bad?

So he brought me, from Uzbekistan, a doctor. And he took me into a room. And he said, your heart is supposed to be like that, but your heart is like that. He gave me some drops to take. And in the meantime, I said yevery, Polish. yevery Oh, yeah. yevery.

And he was a Jew from Uzbekistan. And when he found out, he said, it's impossible. It's impossible. And he called another doctor from Kamianets-Podilskiyi. And that doctor spoke Yiddish. He bundled up my child with his coat. He kept him and hugged him.

He said, you're the first Jewish woman that we meet. You're the first Jewish soul. How I survived what I survived. And I say, this is not a story for you. But in the meantime, I was afraid of the Communists, too. Being Jewish-- even those, I was afraid.

We were Zionists, all of us. From a different denomination, but Zionists. the whole house was brought up-- all kinds. And my mother has pushed this and pushed this. You know what pushkaks are? Boxes to give charity that you put.

Every child, we were raised that way. Friday before the dinner, before the candles were lit, Mother gave every child-- if you were Russian, go put in the pushka, go and put for charity for hungry children, or karen kayemeth or [NON-ENGLISH SPEECH]. You see? That's what we were taught as children.

Where was I? Yeah. And from then on, they looked after Mrs. Opalinski, those doctors-- and looked after us. They gave me a pair of shoes. Yeah, Opalinska crawled on the battlefield back to that hole where we stayed. And my shoes were gone. And my ring was gone. The good things, whatever clothes I possessed, were gone.

We did without. But I was only sorry that I didn't wear my ring from my father. And it was lost in the war, like everything else. But just for sentimental reasons, I hung onto it. I didn't sell it. My, I sold.

And everything else, whatever I was able to sell, I sold. But that ring, I just-- so we stayed with them. And they were bringing liver for me. From where they got it, I have no idea.

The Russians?

The Russians, the doctors. We didn't dare eat with anybody else or be with anybody else, but those three Russian doctors. One was not a Jew, but those two were Jews. I remember his name. [PERSONAL NAME] And I ask him, why "al-oh"? What is "al-oh"? He said, "hello, hello, hello." See?

His father, I found out, was a physicist-- also doctor of physics. And he was a medical doctor. And you know what he wanted to do? Ship me back to Uzbekistan with the baby. And they left us food when they left. Or they wanted to make us uniforms for Mieczo and I.

And they wanted to take us to Berlin. He said, you will have everything. Just come with us. Well, I said, you see, maybe someone of my family is alive. I spoke to that-- from Kamianets-Podilskiyi. I don't remember his name-- that spoke Yiddish. And I told him that maybe someone of my family is alive.

I cried. That's when I cried. The whole war, for some reason, I didn't cry. I don't know. But I cried. And he said, in Yiddish, don't cry. You have to forget. Don't cry. And I said, I'm glad I'm crying. How can I not cry?

I spent with them quite a lot of time. And they were very decent. But I was so afraid that maybe I'm eating up. And I don't do anything. So you know what I did? I helped them in the first aid room, which they take off the clothes. I was cutting the clothes off the wounded people, off the wounded soldiers, cutting off and taking it and dump it or bury it.

One day, they brought me a cup of htey brought soap, and shirts if I can wash them for them. And I washed them. And at the same time, I had something to wash my undies and my son's clothes. And they took very good care of Mrs. Opalinski.

And before they left, they gave us maybe 10 loaves of bread and sugar. For some reason, they found sugar. They put tablespoons of sugar in a cup of tea. And real tea, my God. And they build us up a little bit. Yeah, and they left.

And I went back to that burned-out house. And there was only the chimney standing. But we gathered together something. And we were sleeping in barns and haystacks. I couldn't. They gave me a pair of military shoes I couldn't wear. But later on, I wore them in the winter. I wore them.

Oh my God. Where I was after that, you have no imagination. You have no imagination. And winter was approaching so fast. And my feet already were freezing to the ground when I was running from the grain-- how do you call it? Where you collect grain.

Granary.

Granary. I used to run. And my feet were freezing to the ground. To that [INAUDIBLE] and my child I had, in a torn-- what's the name? Bundled up in a torn blanket. And sitting there in that [INAUDIBLE]. and we built, together, a little stove to cook on.

What we did, we cooked potatoes. Yeah, and beets were also available. So we cooked potatoes and beet borscht without anything. There were no eggs. They robbed us blind. They dropped the whole village blind.

The Russians?

The Russians, yes. They took the cows with them. They took chickens. They murdered the chickens, took it. And eggs-- there was nothing to eat. I don't know. And the grain, they burned on the fields.

But potatoes were available and beets. White beets, yellow beets, and red beets. So we ate that. That was very good. Better than hunger, believe me. And I was plenty hungry. And the child, too. And finally, there was no way out. So I made an acquaintance in Por^ÄTMba with the secretary in the municipal court.

And I asked him, what shall I do? Maybe you can advise me. He didn't know that I'm Jewish. Mind you, that little boys were playing with my son. And they told him, your mother is a [NON-ENGLISH SPEECH], A Jewess.

He came and told me about it. And I say-- in a vicious way, a Jewess. And he came and he told me that. And I said, what did you do? I smack him in his face. That little boy.

Well, I went to that secretary. And I said, did you hear? Do you have any news? So isolated, we don't know what's going on in the world. What's happening? Maybe you have some news that you can tell me. Which cities are liberated? Which can I go? Which city can I go? How is Warsaw?

And as you well know, Prague was taken by the Russians. And they didn't liberate Warsaw. They didn't liberate. And Warsaw was completely bombed out after I came to Warsaw after the war. But anyway.

[NO AUDIO]