Interview with Phyllis Mattson Holocaust Oral History Project Date: 2-25-92 Place: San Francisco, California Interviewers: Rita Gopstein, Maria Ogjinskaya Transcriber: Karen Barron

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Q THIS IS FEBRUARY 25, 1992. HOLOCAUST ORAL HISTORY PROJECT IS INTERVIEWING PHYLLIS MATTSON.

I live in Carpinteria, California, right now. And I was born in Vienna in 1929. My parents were immigrants to Vienna. They came from Poland. Or what was then Poland. My father came to Vienna to study. And he was at the university there. My mother came in 1928 to find work. And they met in the apartment house of her aunt where my father was renting a room. And so this is how they met and got married. And they continued to live in Vienna. What I remember of my parents and of Vienna is very very little, in part because I was separated from my parents when I was nine and ten years old, nine from my father and ten from my mother. And so many of the things that children remember that parents tell them I never heard, so I do not remember very much about many details of my story. What I do remember is that we lived in a two room apartment in Vienna in a very busy street, New Stauffer Strasser, in the Ninth District. It was a very simple apartment. We did not have any running water. There was some in the building, but not in our apartment. We did not have our own bathroom. My mother worked as a seamstress, so part of the room was taken up with her work. As long as I can remember, my father never had a job because it was depression time in Vienna. I think we were very very poor. But I really never felt that poverty. I

never worried about when I was going to eat again or anything.

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I had a pretty quiet childhood. Very simple, but relatively secure in the sense that I really did not worry about the next meal or even losing our place to live or anything like that. And part of my childhood was spent in Poland. My parents would send me to my grandmother's or great grandmother's house in (Lufoshna) or Streij. Those are now in Russia, but they were in Poland. And I would spend summers there. But I went to school in Vienna. And I went to public school. It was uneventful. I do not remember any particular outbursts of anti-semitism directed at me. My family was not religious, at least I do not remember going to the temple. But my mother was good friends with a rabbi. And I think he was influential in helping me to leave the country. But he was a family friend. My father never said prayers. We were not a religious family, although I did go to Hebrew school. And I started learning Hebrew when I was maybe six or seven.

Well, in 1938 when Hitler came to Vienna the troops came through New Stauffer Strasser, I witnessed it from our apartment building, from the windows looking over the street. It was frightening. All the noise and the soldiers and the people were yelling things about Jews. I do not really remember what it was, but it was a very terrifying display of power. And my parents were quite upset. But nothing much

happened as a result of that particular night. Within the next few months there was a lot of activity for all Jews, I think, trying to get out of Vienna or trying to find visas and relatives, and getting quota numbers from the American or English consulates. But I wasn't really told very much about what was happening. My mother was a seamstress. And one thing I do remember is that her gentile clients decided—some of them, anyway — not to pay her anymore, so that there was a terrible crisis in terms of money, about how we would live without her income. And I do not know how that was settled either. My father and my mother's assistant, they wanted to get tough, and my mother did not want to have any part of it. But I do not really know how that all got settled.

Some other things that happened to me during that time was that— this was sort of in the early days— one day coming home from school a bunch of young boys, maybe 14, surrounded me. And they were the Hitler youth group. They had special uniforms on. And they started yelling at me and spitting on me. And there I was in the center of this circle and frightened to death and unable to get away. But they did not harm me any other way. The emotional trauma, and the spitting was not very wonderful. It was terrible. But physically, otherwise I did not get in any trouble.

Another thing that happened, and I do not exactly

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know how soon afterward, but one night late at night there was a very loud knock on our door, and the SS men were at the door. And they told us to gather our things together, we would have to leave the apartment. And so I was awakened and dressed. And it was at night, maybe 12 o'clock. I'm not sure about the time. And we were told to go to another family that lived a few blocks from where we did, another Jewish family who also had been awakened and told that another family was coming to live with them. Of course, we did not know each other, and they did not want us there. And, I do not know, I cannot remember how long we stayed there. But eventually we were able to go back to our apartment. It was almost a year after the onslaught that my father was taken prisoner. A part of a round-up of many men. He was not singled out. He was not politically active. He was not rich. We had no money whatsover. So he was not singled out. But he was taken prisoner as a part of a group. And I remember visiting him in the prison. I think he might have been there for two months. I'm not sure about the dates. But it was something like that. He was okay in the jail. He was not mistreated. Because of his secretarial skills and business skills he was given a job to perform. And so he did not particularly suffer except to be away from the family at that time. And afterward they released these men with the dictum that they must leave Vienna. Now, he had no place to go. Neither did most of the

(

other men. And Britain agreed to take these men to Britain.

And so in August of 1939 my father went to England. It was his plan, and, I guess, our plan, that once he was in England he would be able to find a foster home for me and that my mother would then be able to come and work in a family, something like that. But that did not happen for many reasons. Because all the men were trying to do the same thing. But, more than that, Britain declared war on Germany almost a month later, so that ended our communication.

Meanwhile, my mother and I had to move from our apartment. We went to live with another woman. And we shared a room. I don't think my mother was doing anymore sewing at that time. I do not know how we lived and on what we lived. But I, again, still don't remember any time of being hungry. I think I stopped going to school at that time, although I'm not really sure about that. Maybe I went to a different school. I just don't have any memory of it. And it was after this time that my mother began to do something about trying to get me out of the country. And she had a relative in San Francisco. This relative had been contacted before to give us a visa. But she was a poor person, and so she did not have enough strength to give us, the family, a visa. So now my mother wrote and asked if she would be willing just to take me, and she agreed to do that.

And then ten children were sent to the United

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States, and I was one of the ten children. I have no idea how I was chosen to go. But I was the youngest. And the ten of us went together. There was a woman who sort of took care of us as we left the country. As I remember it, all of us had some place to go when we came to the United States. And so in March, March 20 of 1940, I left Vienna to come to the United States. The journey took about ten days. We went through Italy, very crowded trains. Went on a ship. I was seasick the whole time. I arrived in New York City. And a Jewish welfare committee was there to welcome us. And they put us up in a hotel. And we stayed in New York for a couple of days. And then all of us went our separate ways. So they put me on a train by myself to go to San Francisco. And it took five days to go cross country. I did not speak any English. But I somehow felt that somebody was taking care of me. Somebody was taking care of me, whether it was the conductor on the train or somebody else. But there was nobody sitting next to me or actually guiding me. So it was all very exciting, actually. Very interesting. And comfortable. And not afraid anymore. No soldiers on the trains. Lots of food, good food. A place to sleep on the train. It was a very very pleasant experience. And then I arrived in San Francisco on April 1, 1940. And I lived with my aunt. As I say, she was not a close relative. In fact, I'm not sure how she was related. I think she may have been my mother's aunt's husband. So, not really

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related at all. Aunt Laura had two children. They a daughter and a son. And she had a millinery store in the mission. And I lived there with them. And they were very nice to me, especially the daughter. She was very very nice to me. And I started school right away. Still did not know any English. And quickly became assimilated. But after six months time one day a social worker came and said, "Pack your things. You are leaving. You are going to go to a foster home." And I to this day don't really know what, why that had happened, why that happened. But I have some theories about it. But, anyway, I left her home. And for the next six years I was in and out of foster homes and an orphanage in San Francisco called Home with Territz. I still heard from my mother. shortly after I left she was sent to Germany to Nordhausen. She wrote to my aunt. And I still have her letters. She said she was working in a tobacco factory, but I'm not sure that was really what she was doing. But that is what it said in the letter, so I'm taking it very literally. In 1942, in January of 1942 I received a letter from her asking for money for passage on a ship to go to Cuba. And, of course, I passed this letter on to my foster parents, but, you know, nothing was done. Nothing could be done, I think. And that was the very last time that I heard from my mother. Unfortunately, my father -- I will come back to his story in a minute. But my father and I never talked about my mother afterward. And so

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if he knew anything else, I do not know it because we never talked about it. But I have recently found out that she died in Minsk. And how she got to Minsk I do not know. But in the letter before she asked for this money to go to Cuba she also mentioned that she would be going to Poland. And so that is all I know about what happened to my mother.

My father had another story, or really a horrible story. When he went to England he went to Kichener camp which was in Kent in the south of England, an old army camp from World War One. And many of these men were together, perhaps two thousand of them. I'm not too sure about the number, but it was a very large number. And I do not know how they spent their time. There was a magazine that I found in his things that in British had printed about how good they were being to the refugees. So it showed them working in the fields and doing other things. But, let's see, after England declared war on Germany there was a big round-up of Jewish men from the east and south of England. And it wasn't just the ones who were already new refugees, but it was all Jewish men, even some who had come there 20 years after, that were young children and had never known any other country. And they were classified according to some kind of a system, as enemy alien, or friendly alien, or okay. And they were rounded up and sent to a camp. Now they were called prisoners of war and they were in barbed wire floors on the Isle of Man, which is

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a little island off the coast of northern England. And sometime in the spring of that year they were told that they would be leaving this camp and would be going to Canada. And they asked for volunteers. I'm not sure that my father was a volunteer. But, at any rate, they all had to go whether they were volunteered or not. Ultimately they did go. They went on a ship called the Dunera. D-U-N-E-R-A. And this has become a very famous war criminals case, so I have read about this. And my information comes from this. On this ship there were two thousand men. They left from Liverpool. Actually have to go back a little bit. A week before, or two weeks before, another ship had been sent to Canada, and on that ship were actual Nazis and Italian prisoners and some other refugees on the same ship. And the ship was torpedoed and half the people drowned. But those that survived were put on this other ship, the Dunera. So that included many of the Nazis and Italian prisoners. When the Jewish refugees got on the ship the captain erroneously assumed that they were all soldier enemies and they were treated as such. And in the two months on the ship going from England to Australia they were brutalized, absolutely everything was taken away from them. They were treated very very badly on the ship. And when they got to Australia they were sent way out into the country, again into an old abandoned army camp. And though the refugees complained to the officers about what the soldiers

and sailors were doing to them, the captain paid no attention, said this was the way it was to be done and they had the right to do that.

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Now, Australia really did not want these Jewish refugees either. And so they did not release them from this infirmary camp, and they were considered POW. And that is where they stayed until 1943.

I was in communication with my father. He was able to write to me. He knew I was in San Francisco. So we had a communication. And in 1943 he was released from this camp to be able to work, because there was such a big man shortage, manpower shortage in Australia, and they needed the workers. And also in the meantime this case of the ship and the bad treatment of the prisoners had come up in Parliament. the British government apologized to all the men and offered them passage back to England. Nobody wanted to go, or few wanted to go back to England because there were battles in the ocean and it was not very safe to go. Some wanted to go to Israel, and some of them were allowed to go. And, of course, my father, he only wanted to come to America because I was here. And, although some other friend had made a visa for him, the American government would not take him because he was a POW. So it was a little bit like a Catch 22 where you could not win because of the bureaucracy. In 1946 he came to the United States. And so we were united at that time.

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And that is my story, essentially.

Q WHAT WERE THE NAMES OF YOUR PARENTS, YOUR FATHER'S, MOTHER'S, AND THE NAMES OF YOUR PARENTS AND GRANDMOTHER?

Okay. Okay. My father is Samuel Finkel. A. And he was born in Leipzig. His mother came from Tatra, his father came from Landshut. And he grew up in Landshut. Although this brother, Max, well, I do not know if he grew up in Leipzig, but he worked in Leipzig. So there was a close communication between Germany or Leipzig and the two parts of his family. My father had a brother and a sister. The sister did not survive the war. The brother, Max, went from Germany to Spain, from Spain to Algiers or Morocco. I can't remember which one. But somewhere in the North Africa. And from there he immigrated to Canada. And he continued to live in Canada the rest of his life. My grandfather, I do not know his name. And I do not know my mother's name. I have very little memory of them. I met them, but I really don't know anything more about them. My mother came from Streij. I'm not sure if she was born there or not. Her name was Laura Herman before she was married. She had two brothers. And they lived in Streij. And her mother, who was a widow, she lived in Streij. Streij is spelled S-T-R-E-I-J. But her mother's family came from a farming community called Lofoten and Galitia in the Carpathian Mountains. I don't know exactly where it is. I

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hope to go there this year to see. But I do not know exactly where it is. On this farm compound, my great grandfather and great grandmother, they had six children. And at least four of them lived on the farm. And very often when I was sent to them in the summers I remember some of the other relatives at the farm. Some of them did not survive the war. But some of them did. These would have all been aunts and uncles of my mother's, not mine. So, one aunt survived. And she actually came to the United States with her husband and her two children. And then later on they went back to Europe, to Vienna. One of the daughters, she lives in Vienna now, and the son lives in New York. And they are in their '60's. Yes. They are my age, in the '60's. They spent the war years in Hungary, in hiding in a room in Budapest. And that is as much as I know what happened to them. Another family was a brother of my mother's. Well, I do not know what happened to him. But two of his children, I know one of them lives in New York, and one lives in Vienna. And his second wife is still alive. She is 90 or some years old now, and she still lives in Vienna. I think they also came out through Hungary, went to Vienna, came to the United States, and then went back to Vienna. I do not know about the other two. I do not know what happened to them. I do not know their names. Well, I do know some names. The one had two children about my age, their family name was Schliffer. And Eva and Arthur were the

children. And they are still alive. And the other family, I
do not know their names. Yes, I do. It was Cerney.

C-E-R-N-E-Y, something like that. And the son is in New York,
and the daughter, Susie, is in Vienna. And her married name I
do not know.

Any other questions about that?

Q WHEN WERE YOUR PARENTS BORN?

A My father was born in 1901 and my mother was born in 1904. My father lived to be 70 years old.

Any other questions?

Q DID YOU KNOW ABOUT HITLER'S ACTIVITIES IN GERMANY?

that they made any real impression on me. I think maybe I was shielded from them. I think maybe my parents did not tell me very much. And I knew something was going on. Well, I have some recollections. There was a time when people had to, I was told, or I heard my parents speaking that Jews had to walk in the gutter. They could not walk on the sidewalk. Or that all the stores had Stars of David put on them and that meant that other people would either, you know, not buy there or, worse yet, go in and take what they wanted to without paying for it. And there was the breaking of windows. And I want to say (Crystalnicht), but I'm not sure that I know that from my own experience or whether I have just read about it

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ւ	and have tried to put the pieces together. So the real
2	trouble with my memory is that nobody ever talked to me about
3	these things, either at the time or later on. So I do not
1	have much of a recollection of it.
5	Q YOU WENT TO SCHOOL. WHAT ABOUT SCHOOL
5	MEMBERS, TEACHERS, CHILDREN? DID YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS? WERE
,	THEV TEWICH FOIFING OF WEDE THEV THEY FOIFING?

Jewish school. But I do remember some comments about my being Jewish, but I do not remember any lack of attention or any punishment as a result of that. I really don't remember any prejudice as a result of my being Jewish when I was growing up, except after Hitler came. Now, maybe I just did not want to remember it. I just don't remember it.

Q DO YOU REMEMBER THE MOMENT THAT YOU WATCHED OUT THE WINDOW WHEN THE TROOPS MOVED IN?

A Yes.

Q WHAT WAS IT LIKE? DO YOU REMEMBER THE COLOR OF THE UNIFORMS? WHAT?

A I think black. Black is what I think of.

Of course, it was nighttime, so it was nighttime. And, at

least, that is what I remember, that it was nighttime. And

lots of lights shining. And maybe it was in the daytime. But

I somehow remember it as being the nighttime, nighttime

thing. And I do not remember very much. It is a pity. Really

it is a pity. I wish it for myself that I would have a better memory of these things. What it left me with was a terrible fear of crowds of people, so that in my lifetime I try not to be any place where there are parades or big groups of people. That, I know, comes from that time.

We were afraid to go out in the streets. I think we stayed home a lot after that happened so as not to get into any kind of trouble. I said I did go to school because I remember those boys. And I do not know exactly when that happened. I think we went out as little as possible after that. And we stayed in the house, at least I did. Or I was kept inside.

Q When you were looking through the window at the troops who was there? Were you standing with your mother or was your father also home?

A Yes. Yes, both.

Q The three of you?

A Yes. Yes. And I think also my mother's helper was there. Her name was Annie. And she did not live with us, but she spent a lot of time at our place working with my mother. And she may have been there that day and that night.

Q Was she Australian, was she Jewish?

A She was Jewish, yes. I do not know if she was Australian. But she also immigrated to the United States.

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In fact, she and the man she married gave my father the visa to come to the United States. And they must have left Vienna before I did. I'm pretty sure about that. She was no longer there. I can remember some of my parents' friends. They all got out and came to the United States. Or many of them, anyway. So it seemed like it was our family that did not have any place to go. During that time there was a flurry one time I can remember. My father was going to the Jewish community center to learn how to get a job in another country. He learned how to make jam. Now, in my older years, I think what a ridiculous thing to learn how to do. But this is what he was learning how to do. My father spoke English. My father was educated in universities, and he was a natural linguist. He spoke several languages, and he spoke English and French. And I think that he spent some time during this time practicing his English and refreshing what he knew about it. But he was also the kind of a man that did not believe that this was going to be permanent. He really could not believe what was happening. And he loved Vienna so much that it was just unthinkable that it was not going to revert and be the same old thing that he knew before. So I think he did not try very hard to stand in line, to get a quota number, to do the things that many other men may have done to get their families out. And maybe it was just luck. It is really hard to know. But I know from his personality that he was not a

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go-getter. And he always was an optimist. He always thought everything was going to turn out for the best. And so my mother, I think, was more anxious. And I think they had some arguments about this. And she was frightened. And I do not think he was. And, as it turned out, of course, he survived and she didn't. And that is the sad part. I personally did not. Well, I certainly suffered to this experience, but I gained much more from it than I lost from it. I think, in looking back at my life, because coming to the United States and finding the opportunities that I did here, and the freedom made my life very good. I have had a really good life. I have been able to accomplish a lot of things in my life. And I haven't spent a lot of time thinking about my childhood and the terror of that period because it did not leave a big imprint on my life. I wondered about whether I should even come to this interview because I did not suffer like so many other people did. But it is another story that is a true one anyway.

Q TELL ME, WHAT LANGUAGE DID YOU SPEAK DURING THIS PERIOD?

A I think I spoke German. But I must have known Polish because when I went to the country in the summers I spoke Polish. And the family story is that I forgot all the German when I went to Poland and I forgot all the Polish when I went back to Vienna. So I think my major

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language was German. I have no recollection of Polish. I do not have much recollection of German either. But that seems like it was my major language.

Q WHAT DID YOUR MOTHER LOOK LIKE?

Α My mother, she was a small woman. She had very beautiful black wavy hair. I think I look a lot like her. My hair was her color when I was younger. But I'm a bigger person than she was. And she had a very pale complexion. And she always worried about her freckles. she used a lot of creams in order not to have the freckles show. I think she was pretty. I think she was considered pretty, not only that I as a child found her pretty, but I think she was considered pretty. My father was a big man, five foot ten. He was stocky, big bones. And he was bald. He was bald when I was born. I have a picture of him holding me, and he was bald even at that time. I would not call him a good-looking man. But he had a very pleasing personality because of his optimism. He always saw the best in everything and looked to the future and enjoyed the present. And he never looked to the past. His terrible experiences in Australia, for example, he never once mentioned them. that I know about it is what I have read that has now become a historical incident. Six books have been written about that boat. And there is an organization of men who were on that ship. The unfortunate thing about that ship was that the

Jewish refugees were treated as badly by the English as they were by the Nazis. So that is there as part of history.

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Q WHEN YOUR MOTHER AND YOURSELF LEARNED

THAT YOU WERE TO LEAVE WHAT DID YOU DO? DID YOU TALK TO EACH

OTHER? DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU SAID GOODBYE TO EACH OTHER?

HOW WAS IT?

You bring up a part of my life that I Α hardly remember at all. And I think think I must have repressed it so that I cannot imagine why I wouldn't remember it any other way. But I think it was, because I had been sent away from my parents in my early childhood to go to the relatives, that perhaps I perceived this as the same kind of thing, that my mother would be coming soon. That was, of course, the idea, that she would soon be able to get a visa and she would be able to join me. So we did not leave like, in my mind, that I would not ever see her again. Now, what she had on her mind I do not really know. She did not cry, and I didn't cry. So our parting was not sad, although I cannot imagine that. I think it must have been terribly sad for her after I left, but she never showed it to me. And I don't think I felt sad, because I really expected that I would see her soon. I think the saddest part for me was when my father went away because I was much closer to my father than I was to my mother. And so, I really don't remember a tearful fairwell. I can't imagine that it was not. But I do

not remember it as much.

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Q BUT DID SHE TAKE YOU TO --

A She took me to the train, yes. She took me to the train. But I do not remember much of that either. I know I went by train, but I do not remember getting on the train. I remember having some baggage with me. I had some clothes. I had some lunch, or some food to go, because it was a long journey to Italy. I have a real block. I just don't remember.

Q DID YOUR MOTHER MAKE DRESSES HERSELF? SHE WAS A SEAMSTRESS?

Α She made dresses. And she made some dresses for me to take. And I have at least two of them. Ι have two of these dresses. They were very very special dresses. But, you know, when I think about the journey and taking care of myself, and washing my clothes, or how I did this, I have no memory of it. But I must have done that because of before when I lived with my mother I never washed my clothes. I'm sure I never washed my clothes. I'm sure she did it for me, and yet, I must have done something in this two week journey from Vienna to San Francisco to do something with my clothes, I think. I must have done that. She must have had things for me to wear, to change clothes. But when I came to San Francisco and I went to Home with Territz, which is a Jewish orphanage here, and there were some other new

children who were coming to the home that day, and we were standing on a veranda. And, Mr. Bonaparte, who was the head of the orphanage, he looked at me and he said, "You have to get some new clothes." So I remember that was the first thing. I did not even understand him because I did not speak English, but I knew by how he pulled on my dress and how he spoke to me that that is what was going to happen. And they had a room, somebody had some clothes there, and they gave me some new clothes to take to my foster home where I was with my aunt.

I had them translated. They don't say very much. She gives me advice about how to be a good girl, how to study hard. She scolds me for my bad German, poor spelling. More advice about how I must be nice to my aunt, that I must be grateful to her for saving my life, such things. But she said almost nothing about what was happening to her. So I really don't know. When I read the letters, the tone of them is desperate. And I'm sure she was desperate. And I'm sure that I could not handle reading them, and have sort of forgotten that whole part. Also I had a lot to do to learn the language and to get along and to figure out what was happening to me. And still expecting that anytime she would still be coming. But always next time, next time. Maybe next time I can get a ticket.

Maybe next time I can get a visa. Maybe next time something

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will happen. So whatever was in my mind about that last six months with my mother after my father left, I just don't remember very much of it.

Q DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER'S SMELL, HER BODY SMELL? DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?

A No.

Q DO YOU REMEMBER HOW YOUR HOUSE SMELLED, OR THE APARTMENT?

Ά Musty. Yes, musty. It was a very, very old house, and it smelled bad. I visited it in 1955. And I thought, oh, it smells just the same. In fact, I think all the apartment houses in Vienna smell like that. Old, old buildings. Damaged. Not very good. In our apartment we had bed bugs. And after the SS made us move out of our apartment, and then we came back, they had fumigated the whole apartment house. So finally we were not troubled with the bugs. So it smelled better after that. But before that it was mustysmelling. We had very little furniture. We had very little. We were really very poor. But I never felt poor, and that is a miracle to me because when I hear my friends talking about their poor childhoods I realize that I was much poorer than anybody I know, but I never felt just discriminated against or felt the poverty myself. So I have never thought of myself as poor, even though we were really very, very poor.

My mother was a very gentle person. I think this I

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remember about her. But because she was busy doing her work and my father was taking care of me, and because my father and I met again, I have a much more vivid memory than I do of her. And, unfortunately, we never talked about her. He did not mention it. I didn't mention it. I do not know why, but that is how it was.

One of the interesting things about my father is that after Australia he became very religious. When he came to San Francisco he was orthodox, and went to a temple in downtown San Francisco that was the most orthodox at that time. In his later years he went to this temple here. Where I lived at the home at the orphanage I was confirmed, and I had religious education. But I have never been a religious person, and I have never followed the faith since that time. And so my father and I used to argue a lot about religion. And that was a surprise to me because I do not remember that as being an important part of my life before -- I came to the United States.

I do not really have a lot of memory. I keep coming back to that. I welcome your questions because they might trigger something.

Q IN VIENNA WHEN THE BOYS SURROUNDED YOU AND HITTING YOU HOW DID THEY KNOW THAT YOU WERE JEWISH?

A I think they must have been able to tell from my looks. I'm not too sure about that. But later on we

had to wear some identification that we were Jewish. I think it was maybe a yellow arm band. And then I vaguely remember this. But I do not think that was what was happening at that time. Maybe they just took a chance and asked, and I didn't say one way or the other. I really don't know. I really don't know. So it is useless to speculate on that. Maybe I wore a Star of David. I don't remember having one, but maybe I did. Maybe that is how they knew.

Q WAS THERE ANYBODY WHO KNEW YOU AMONG THE BOYS?

A No. They were all strangers. They were all strangers, yes. Maybe I was coming from Hebrew school. I was doing that at some time in my life. I do not really remember what time segment it was. But it seemed to me that I was not close to home. So maybe I was coming from some place else, and that is how they knew. That is a good question. I just don't really remember. I do not know how my teachers would have known either. But I know that they knew I was Jewish because I remember some comments about it.

You know, part of my problem with my memory is that I also don't know German anymore. So what I might have remembered in another language, I just don't have that recall. But, even though she knew that, she was not mean to me or I was not specially treated differently from the other children. I was a good girl, I did my studies. I was

acceptable by those standards, I think.

Q BUT THE COMMENTS, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THEY WERE LIKE?

Were like an identification: "Well, that Jewish girl," or something like that. But I do not really remember more than that. But I had such things also in the United States. So there were teachers who would say—my sewing teacher in junior high school would say, "It is very strange these Jewish girls don't know how to sew." And I thought that was a very strange thing for her to say. And I thought, my mother was a seamstress. What do you mean, I do not know how to sew? But that is what came out. And I remember such comments. But they were something like that, I think, in my experience then as well. I do not remember it as anything more traumatic.

Let's see, you talked about smell. My father smoked a lot. So I remember we had a lot of smoke in the house.

Q WHAT DID HE SMOKE?

A He smoked cigarettes. And he rolled them himself. He smoked a lot. So he was always smoking. And my father also did the cooking. And my mother was busy working so my father did the housework and took care of me and did the cooking.

Q WHAT DID HE COOK?

A You know, I have been thinking about that lately. I do not remember very much. I remember that often I would be asked to go next door to a restaurant and buy some bouillon or chicken soup and then maybe they had some noodles, and that would be our meal. Sometimes he would cook weiner schnitzel. He must have cooked tomatoes or tomato sauce and spinach because those were the two things I refuse to eat. And for the rest of his life he reminded me how I would not eat those things. So he must have cooked those. My guess is we did not have meat very often because we really did not have very much money. But he considered himself to be a good cook. And when we lived together in San Francisco he often did the cooking. And he was a good cook.

When he came here he met some Jewish men from Vienna and some other people from Vienna who knew other people. And they had a little social group, and they would do things together. So, most of his friends, I guess all of his friends in the United States, were Viennese maintained that. But his friends were not religious. They did not participate in the religious, as far as I know, and he would have arguments with them about that.

In the last year of my father's life I knew he was dying. I sent him on a journey. He had always wanted to go to Israel. And I pushed him into going at this time. And he went. And then he went to Vienna. And he went to Frankfurt

where my mother's brother lived. And this journey of remembrance was a very important thing for the end of his life. And I'm really glad I pushed him to do that. When he met with my mother's brother in Frankfurt he was very cordially received. And I think it must have relieved him of some of the guilt he might have felt about having escaped and my mother not having escaped, and perhaps some guilt that you know, fear that her family would be angry with him. But that was never the occasion.

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My uncle, mother's brother, I should say some other things about her family which I have forgotten to mention. The two brothers lived in Streij. They each had a wife and two children. Or three children. I'm not too sure. I think maybe two children. And this one uncle, Juno, he did a lot of traveling. He was in the lumber business. And one day he came home, and the whole family was dead. Just had been shot. So he escaped. Ran away. Went to Hungary through the mountains and joined the Resistance. And he fought. And he was captured three times. And he escaped three times. And he ended up, after the war he went to Israel and he married another woman and he had another child. And, after Israel, for many years then he came to Frankfurt to start a new business. That uncle found us in San Francisco. I do not really know how he found us. But he wrote to us, we to him. And so I think that he never had any bad feelings toward my

father about what happened to my mother. But my father, as I say, he was not very anxious to go back to Europe. But in the last year of his life he did go. And it sort of completed the cycle. And then he went to visit his brothers in Montreal, and so on.

Another thing about my father -- this is the last ten years of his life -- he went to live in Korea. He worked for the army. And he lived there for nine years until he became ill and he had to come back to the United States. I went back to see my relatives in 1955. And I went to Vienna. It was just after Russia abandoned, or left Vienna. So it was free. And I saw my uncle. And, as happy as I was to see him, he was not a very happy man. He was in an unhappy marriage. He and his wife did not get along at all. And, of course, he did not speak any English and I did not speak any German, and nobody found anybody who could translate. It was a very poor visit. It was very unfulfilling. Only that I saw them, and that was it.

In 1971 I went back to Europe and I saw him again, and again in 1973. And then I wanted to go back later. And this time I went back to school to study German so that I would be able to speak with him. And by the time I got there he had died. So I never really got to go and ask him the things that I wanted to know. So the mystery of my mother and what happened to her is lost. Nobody knows it, as far as I

1	Know. I do not know it. I want to go to Vienna this coming
2	year to look up the records at the (Kulteskamanda) and see
3	what information they have, if any. And I have put in a
4	request to the Red Cross to trace her last days. But I have
5	not heard from them either.
6	Q WHEN YOU WERE LEAVING FROM VIENNA WERE
7	YOU LEAVING WITH A GROUP OF CHILDREN OF TEN? WERE YOU ONE OF
8	TEN OR WERE YOU BY YOURSELF?
9	A No. I was one of the ten. We were ten
10	together. And I was the youngest one. Girls and boys.
11	Q DO YOU REMEMBER THEIR NAMES?
12	A No, don't remember any of them. I never
13	had any contact with them afterwards. I know I was the
14	youngest. So I was ten at the time. And I think most of them
15	were 14, 15, 16.
16	Q BUT THEN, TOGETHER AS A GROUP YOU WERE
17	ALL ON THE SHIP?
18	A Yes. Yes.
19	Q DO YOU REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE SHIP?
20	A Yes. It was the SS Washington. Yes. We
21	left Genoa on, I think, March 21. Now, I may have said that
22	that is where I left Vienna. So I'm not too sure about the
23	dates. It took about two weeks. It was ten days on the ship.
24	And then it was two days, maybe, in Genoa before we went on

25 the ship. So, all together, maybe two weeks all together. And

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we had very rough seas. And I was sick a lot.

But after that particular journey the ship was turned into a troop ship.

Before that time it had been a passenger ship. So in my eyes it was the most luxurious place in the world. It had red velvet chairs and had chandeliers and marvelous food. We had not had much food. Although, again, I never experienced hunger. But I think maybe my mother must have given me her share. And I'm not too sure about this. But maybe we had potatoes or maybe we had bread. But we really did not have bread. I cannot remember, so I shouldn't say that. But I have the feeling that it was minimal kind of food. But I never went hungry. In fact, I gained some weight during this time. When I came to the United States I was not skinny, but I was chubby. And I'm sure it was because I had been indoors for the better part of two years. And my mother must have given me things to eat in order to make me feel better. So I came here a little chubby.

Let's see, we were talking about food on the ship. It was so extraordinary to have several courses and waiters. I had never had a waiter in my life. In Vienna I'm sure I never went to a restaurant. And so the whole experience was one that was extraordinary for me, except that I was very seasick. When I was little I was always train sick, or on a street car I would get sick. So, on the ship the first two

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days was good, but after that I was sick. There was a big storm in April in the Atlantic. It is not a good time. But, even with that, even with being sick all the time, I had a good experience on the ship. And in New York we stayed at the George Washington Hotel. Everything was Washington. Our hotel on 28th street, as far as I know, it still exists. I saw it maybe 20, 30 years ago when I was in New York. And there the surprise of the big building and elevators and black people serving us, that was very new. uniforms. And there was a swimming pool. It was paradise. Everything that I could only have dreamed about. And then the Jewish welfare committee took us on a tour of New York. We went to the top of the Rockefeller Center. We went to the Rockettes, the movie. And we saw a movie. And I had my first ice cream soda. And I remember the bubbles coming up in my nose and coming down. And going on the top of Rockefeller Center, 89 stories, and looking down at the cars that looked like toys or ants. It was incredible memory of that. But, again, that was renewed memory because I went there again and I remembered what it was like the time before. And so that part of my life I remember much better than the time before.

I'm trying to think of some other things that I can remember from that time. I have been thinking about it a lot because I have been writing my autobiography. And this is about all I can come up with. So I'm sort of searching for

my own story as well. I keep reading books about Vienna at that time to try to remember to see if any of it comes into place. And I have read such books. But, even when reading them, it does not ring a memory. So, what I think is that I was really sheltered from that. My parents kept me in the house. And they didn't talk in front of me very much. And somehow I avoided. If you can say avoided, I did not experience in the way that I can really truly remember that period of time very much. The rest of my family, my cousins, all had a much much more difficult time. I mentioned that two of them, Eva and Arthur, they fled to Hungary through the mountains. They walked through the night for several nights and got to Hungary. And I do not know how they managed. they were with their parents. Well, actually I think the children went first and then the parents came later. And when I tried to talk to them about what happened they don't want to talk about it, so I'm cut off from any information.

And there it is. So I think that is about all I have to tell you unless you have some more questions.

Q AFTER THE WAR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

A To me?

Q YES.

A Well, during the war I, you know, I lived in three foster homes. I was in and out of a foster home and in and out of an orphanage. I was not a good girl. I gave

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people trouble. In the foster homes they always put me in foster homes where there were children, and I was expected to be the babysitter. And I did not enjoy having children, brothers and sisters, since I had never had any brothers and sisters. In part, I probably was lazy and did not want to do the work. But, in part, I felt like I was a servant, and I did not like that very much. So they often complained that I wasn't grateful, that I should be more grateful that they were saving my life. But I never felt that way. And then when I was 17 my father came to the United States. And so I left the orphanage a few months later when we could find an apartment, and we moved in together. And by that time I was almost graduating from high school. And I went to college, and I went up to college, and I went to college, and I went to college, and I have two masters degrees and almost a PhD. And I have had a good life and an easy life. I got married. I had two children. I got divorced. My children are 30 and 32 right now. I have told them my story many times. I want them to know my histories, as my father did not tell his or mine, and so I have always told them. And I'm writing my memoirs so that they can have this history. As insignificant as it is, I want them to know it. A couple years ago I lived in China for a year. I was teaching English there. And that was very interesting. And I teach in college now. I had a pretty good career. I have published a book. I'm comfortable.

I do not have any money worries. Most of all, I feel that I'm a self-made person because I had nothing when I came here,

3 and it was through some diligence and work that I went to

 $\parallel$  college and was able to do that. And I feel proud of that.

Q WHEN YOU CAME HERE YOU DID NOT SPEAK
ENGLISH. HOW ABOUT THE FIRST WEEKS OR MONTHS. HOW DID YOU
LIVE NOT SPEAKING ANY ENGLISH?

A How was it?

Q YES.

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Well, it was very difficult. I felt very strange. And I was determined to learn to speak English very very quickly. And my cousin -- I called her my cousin, this daughter of Aunt Laura, her name was Cecille. She was extremely helpful in teaching me English. And we lived across the street from a library. And I went on the library with her, and I got books, books that I had read in Germany, such as Dr. Doolittle, and the Grimm's fairytales, and some other books. And I went to school the first week. And, because I did not know any English, they put me in first grade to learn to read and write with the small children. But even that I did not mind. I was not embarrassed by that because then the other subjects -- I was ahead of the class in mathematics. was better than the other children. I was put back a half a year, according to my age. And I do remember one time on the playground a girl calling me a Nazi. And when I heard this I

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was so stunned by it that I really determined I would not have this German accent very long. And so I worked very hard to speak English. And, of course, I could only speak English. There was nobody I could speak any German with. My aunt could speak Yiddish, but I did not speak Yiddish. But we could sometimes make each other understood that way. Otherwise, it was sign language. And I did what I was told to do or pointed at. And very soon I learned English. Young children do this very very quickly. By the time I was here a year and a half I had no more trace of a German accent. And that was really quite astonishing. All the teachers were surprised at that. But it was really gone. In the first few months when I was here somehow or other I was sent to a Girl Scout camp. that was an extraordinary experience for me: being out in the country, and horses, and swimming, and girls playing. It was an experience and really changed my life in many ways because I'm very much an outdoor person. So, I was lucky. Everything happened that was really very very good. It had some goodness to it.

When I was told to leave my aunt's house I was very depressed. I can remember this because I could not imagine why I had to leave there. I was perfectly happy. And I really never understood that until very recently when I looked up the family and tried to understand what had happened. And I think what really happened was that my aunt was contemplating

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a divorce. She had agreed to have me for a few months. the few months had come and gone, and my mother wasn't here, and nothing happening. She had a hard time making ends meet with her two children and a business. Wasn't great. So I think I was just a big burden and she wanted to be relieved of that burden. But her daughter told me later that, very recently when I went to look her up, that I was very difficult. I was like a, she said, quote, like a Jewish American princess. I wanted everything my way. But I cannot believe that to be the case because I did not have the experience of being a princess in my life up until that time. Although, being an only child is very different from being in a family with children. So I think I may have gotten more attention than she cared to share, or whatever it was. But I think basically it had to do with this lady getting a divorce. And I was told by the social workers not to make any contact with them anymore; so I didn't. And then I was scolded by this woman that her mother cried all the time, why didn't I come to visit. And I really didn't pay much attention to that at this point because I have been the one who was sent away. So if they wanted to keep in touch it was up to them to do that. But we really never kept in touch. In the first foster home I was very happy. But then I felt this burden of child care. And eventually I became so unbearable that they kicked me out. And then I went to the orphanage.

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And I liked living in the orphanage for a while. I liked being with all the children. It was a lot of freedom in some ways. And then I got into some arguments with the house mother, and I got kicked out of the house I was living in. So I was a discipline problem. And it is hard for me to think of myself as being a discipline problem because I was always doing this in a very surreptitious way so that it was not very obvious. But I did it anyway. So then after the second cottage at the home I was sent to another foster home. the same thing happened: two small children. The woman, she was always playing ma jong. She was never home. I was the babysitter. I don't know where her husband was, but he didn't come home very much. And so I finally acted badly enough so I was sent back to the home. Then I went back to the home. And then they sent me to yet another foster home. I wanted a home with no children. But I think the only people who wanted such children were ones who had smaller children and needed a babysitter. I was with that family for about six months. They were very well-to-do. But something funny was going on in that family too. The husband wasn't there, and there was a boyfriend coming in. I'm sure he was having an affair with my foster mother. I was able to recognize that. And finally went back to the home again. And pretty soon my father came, and so I left the home altogether. Those years were not good years. But the good part of it was that I learned to become

extremely independent. And I'm my own person all the time, and have been since that time. So I felt in control of my life and that I could do with it what I needed to do. And so that has given me a lot of self-confidence. That gave me the confidence to work my way through school and to accomplish what I did.

Q WHEN YOU SAW YOUR FATHER AGAIN WHAT DID
YOU THINK ABOUT HIM? AND DID HE SPEAK ENGLISH?

Were writing in English. And that happened, actually, early on. Because once he got into this internment camp in Australia he had to write in English. They would not send the mail out because it had to be censored, and nobody could read the German. So he started writing in English, and I wrote in English, and so our correspondence was always in English.

I'm not sure I would have recognized him. That was very interesting. I had no pictures, so in my memory I thought I remembered what he looked like. But when I went to the ship and all these men were getting off the ship I could not have spotted him. And it was very interesting that the man from Home of Territz, the orphanage, who came with me to the ship, he said "I think that man must be your father." And it was. So it was a little bit strange. My father thought I was ten years old, and I was 17. And I was not a little girl anymore. It was a difficult time to be together because, as

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much as we wanted to be together, as I had dreamed of my father coming to the United States, I in my letters to him -you know, this is all I spoke of, is that I could hardly wait for him to come so I could be in my own home and not be in foster homes and in the orphanage. But, when the time came and we were living together, I realized that that was not going to be so easy because he thought that I was ten years old and that he could tell me what to do. And at this point nobody could tell me what to do. And he was shocked that I was not more reliable. So we had a lot of arguments about religion. But we also had some very good times. We had a fondness for each other. We liked to do many things together. And I did not stay with him very long. After two years I went away to school. And that was the last that I lived with him for any length of time. I went home occasionally for summers or something like that, but I did not continue to live with him.

In the very last year of his life when he came back from Korea he had cancer and he did live with me. And I took care of him for about six months, something like that. We had a good relationship in his last years.

Q THE FAMILY THAT GAVE YOUR FATHER THAT

VISA, DO YOU REMEMBER HER NAME? AND HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

A Okay. Their last name was Bick. And his

name was Arnold. B-I-C-K. And they went to Baltimore. And I

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do not know how they got to Baltimore. But obviously he had some connections there because he found a job. And I cannot remember what he did. But she continued to do her seamstressing. I'm not too sure about that. We corresponded some. But they corresponded with my father. And they could not give him a visa. But they found somebody who was willing to do that for him. And I think it is one of the more awful things of my father, is that he never contacted them. He wrote to them once in a while. But he never made the effort to see them or to somehow thank them for what they had done for him. So our communication was minimal. I did go one time and I visited them. So I did see them again. But not my father. And I thought that that was a very bad thing, for him not to continue the relationship, considering what they had done for him. And, actually, I thought that was bad that my father also did not get in touch with Aunt Laura, who had taken me on and established a relationship. But he didn't do that either. So, that was sort of typical, I think, of his behavior, is that he let things go and go and go, and then it was too late, and then he felt bad, and then he didn't do anything anymore.

And I do not know what has happened to them. I have lost contact with them as well. I had contact with my aunt and uncle in Montreal. I visited them several times. My father visited them several times. My aunt just died two

years ago. She was 90 years old. And they had no children. So, in a sense there are only two children out of the few families that carry on. I'm one. I have one cousin who is about 40 years old now. He has two daughters. He is the son of my mother's brother. Of the second marriage. The one that got married in Israel. So they had a son.

Q WHAT IS THEIR NAME?

A Well, their real name would be Herman. But he changed his name in order to get passports or something. So this name is Nowakowski. And my cousin's name is Hinie. And he lives in Frankfurt. And he married maybe ten years ago. Maybe more now. But he has two girls. So we are the only descendants of both sides of the family. On my father's side I'm the only descendant. On my mother's side Hinie and I are the only ones, and now his girls, and, of course, my children.

Q THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

YOU MENTIONED THAT YOUR FATHER HAD A GOOD EDUCATION. WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION?

A Good point.

He had an education in business. And it wasn't the University of Vienna, but it was institute of some kind for business. And I read in some of his papers that he had a job in a company when he first finished with his schooling as a bookkeeper, I think. But after that he lost his job and never

got one again. When he worked in Australia he worked in a woolen mill, I think. Just in the shipping, receiving. And when he came to the United States he got a job at a Royal Typewriter Company packing typewriters and sending them. And he stayed in that job for quite a few years. He always said he could not get another job, he was too old, he was too this, he was too that. But after I got married he went to school and he learned computers. In those days it was very minimal, primitive computers. But, anyway, he did learn computers and he got a job in the civil service and rose very rapidly in the ranks and started a career in his '60's. And when he went to Korea he was in charge of the whole system of bookkeeping for the army there. Really high position. It was incredible switch in his life at a very late age.

I suppose I have mentioned something that I must mention. I married a nonJew; and my father did not recognize this. And he didn't talk to me for two years. But eventually he did come around again and we had very good relations, and he liked my husband, and everything was fine. But it was in that two year time when he was miserable about my marriage that he went to school and then he began his new career. So something good comes out of something bad always.

Q AND, IF I MAY RETURN TO YOUR CHILDHOOD.

DO YOU REMEMBER SOME FAMILY HOLIDAYS? YOUR BIRTHDAYS, OR

THINGS LIKE THAT? YOUR FRIENDS COMING INTO YOUR HOME?

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Α My friends almost never came to my home. I used to go to my friends' house to play. And I think it may have been because my mother was working, and maybe there were customers. I do not know. One friend I went to visit and played with all the time, her name was Litsy Minkes. parents were both working, so there was never anybody at home. And so the two of us were on our own and alone. And, another friend, her mother was at home. So I often went there. And we would read or knit and play ches. I remember those kind of things. For my birthday I think my father would take me out for an ice cream cone, which was a very big luxury in those days. Or maybe a special pastry. But I do not remember much else. I do not remember any toys either. I do not remember any dolls. I cannot imagine that they did not give me a doll. But I do not remember any dolls, you know. I think somewhere they would have found the money to give me a doll. But I do not remember any dolls.

## Q YOU DIDN'T HAVE MANY BOOKS?

I do not remember any books. But I think I must have read a lot because I was a good reader. And I remember when I came to the United States that I had read these Dr. Doolittle books, all of them. And then I got them in English. And that helped me to read through them. So I think that was an important part of my life. But I do not think we owned any books, so I do not know what I read. From

the school maybe. I do not really remember.

My father was very patient about teaching me. I know he taught me how to play chess, and I know I knew how to play. Then I forgot how to play. And one day in my 20's or '30's my husband and I were some place, and they had a chess set, and we started playing. And it was like I knew how to play, but I had not played for 20 years. So that is somewhere in my childhood, but I do not remember it.

Q AND YOU REMEMBER MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS OR FRIENDS OF YOUR PARENTS WERE JEWISH?

A I think all of my friends were Jewish.

And my parents' friends were Jewish. I don't think there was anybody else. The one girl that was my best friend, she escaped to France. But I never knew whether my mother wrote it, or how I know this, but I just remember it.

Q YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR MOTHER'S LETTERS WITH YOU, DO YOU?

A Here?

Q YES.

A No, today I do not. I do have them. I want to give them to some archive. My cousin asked me to bring them to Vienna, and I thought I would do this. I have had many of them translated, but not all of them. And I want all of them translated before I give them up. I can't read them. The German, and very very thin paper, and it is written

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1	on both sides of the paper, and I cannot read it.
2	Would those letters be of interest to you?
3	Q YES. DO YOU HAVE A COPY SO WE COULD APPLY
4	TO YOUR FILM?
5	A Okay. Okay. Okay. I will try to get that
6	for you. It may take a while to do that, to get copies of it.
7	Q NO RUSH.
8	AND CAN YOU SPELL YOUR NAME AGAIN? BOTH YOUR
9	MAIDEN NAME
LO	A My maiden name actually was Felicitas,
۱1	F-E-L-I-C-I-T-A-S, Finkel. And the Felicitas was changed to
L2	Phyllis when I came to the United States. And my maiden name
L3	was F-I-N-K-E-L. My present name is Mattson, M-A-T-T-S-O-N.
L4	Q THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH.
L5	AND INTERVIEWERS TODAY WERE RITA GOPSTEIN AND
L6	MARIA OGJINSKAYA.
L7	THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
18	* * * *
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