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Interview of:

HEDY WERNER

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PENGAD/INDY.

I'm Hedy Werner. I was born in Vienna April 5, 1912, and went to school there, lived with my parents and married in 1935.

Then, in 1933, Hitler became the Fuhrer, or President of Germany, but that didn't influence Austrians at that time because in Vienna everything went on the same way as before and there was no occupation; we were separated. We never had much sympathy for the Germans in Austria, so we ignored.

But then, in 1938, one day in April he just marched in. It was like taking over, invasion, but he had nobody to cut it off. The Austrian people let him in and it was like a demonstration; hundred and hundred German soldier marched through the main street. And that's when it started.

There were signs all over that Hitler occupies Austria, Vienna. He takes them in and all Jews are to leave their businesses and he puts a manager in. Manager will be Aryan, will ren-or-ra-sig.

So they went from the big stores to the big stores and kicked the owners out and took over as it was, didn't give them anything, just they couldn't come anymore. All Jewish employees had to be fired and they were replaced with Aryan Germans; Austrians, too. And then that went on til it got worse and they started to go to apartments. Most of us lived in apartments buildings.

They went to the apartments and they took the men and arrested them, just for no reason. Because they are Jewish; that's reason enough, so they were arrested. They left the women for the moment, but then in later months, again, they took whole families and the children and everybody. We didn't know. They were arrested but we didn't know where they will go.

Later on we heard that there are camps, concentration camps, where he puts all Jews in.

On one day I walk to a street, was a Saturday morning, that's the biggest temple in Vienna where I walk by, and there were Jews in top hats and black top coats washing the sidewalk because they made them do that instead of going into the temple, what they intended to do, they didn't let them in and they gave them a bucket and water and broom and made them wash the sidewalk. That was a terrible sight, and they were mostly old men, too.

Many coffee houses had the sign out, "No Jews Allowed". All businesses had to relieve the Jews who worked there. So, they didn't have work, they didn't have a house, they didn't have a business, but somehow everybody survived a little, and they unfortunate, were taken to the -- arrested.

INTERVIEWER: Were you working at that time?

MRS. WERNER: Yes; I was working. I was working in the office at a wholesale shoe firm, and my boss was Jewish and he had to close the shop and I was fired. I did not get

unemployment because Jews didn't get unemployment even if they worked. That was the end of it.

Then we wanted to emigrate and try to get out of there as quick as possible.

My husband worked for a Czecho-Slovak firm.

The factory was in Czechoslovakia, but he traveled. He was a traveling salesman. In 1938 he was in Yugoslavia traveling still for the firm, so they didn't get him. Besides, he was born in Vienna, raised in Vienna, lived in Vienna all his life but he kept the nationality from his parents, which was Czecho-Slovak, and he worked for Czecho-Slovak company. That made him a foreigner in Vienna and they couldn't touch him because they left the foreigners alone. And, he traveled.

At that time it was September, 1938, when Hitler occupied Czechoslovakia and he started the same thing there, to do everything to get the Jews out.

Our intention was before he took Czechoslovakia that we will emigrate to Czechoslovakia, but when the time came in September of that year we couldn't anymore so we switched out plans. My husband was in Yugoslavia and phoned from there, phoned home, and told me, you have to go out; we have to go away and I can't come back anymore at that moment, and you come to Paris and we will meet in Paris and then we will see where we can go.

So, we did that. I packed up and gave everything

to a big moving company to store it. They did and then I said, you keep it, we will tell you where to send it.

So, I went with a little suitcase, nothing else, and my husband said, you know, I can come to the border, that's Marbreck; (phonetic) Yugoslavia and Austria, that's Marbreck, the border, and I took the train, took a ticket to Marbreck and sure enough, he was waiting for me. I got out, but when I had to show my passport they said, where is your -- what's that certificate -- birth certificate.

So, I didn't have it, I said.

Where is your Christian paper?

I said, I left it home. I didn't take those things with. I have a passport.

He was suspicious and he said if I don't have the identification that I'm Aryan, I have to go back to Vienna and get it, and he told a guard to stand with me and wait for the next train and go back.

I could talk to my husband; he waited with me on the train station there, and my husband showed papers that he works in Yugoslavia, he had money there, he had working papers and everything. Nothing helped. They let him be there but I couldn't get in.

So, I had to go back. I went to my parents. They were surprised. We talked it over while we were together that I should find another way to go to Paris. So I did get a ticket.

When I came back the next day I went to get a ticket to Cologne over Germany to another route to Paris, direct; no Yugoslavia. So, that worked.

INTERVIEWER: Did you fly?

MRS. WERNER: No; train, train. That was all too expensive. By train.

I went there, I came to Paris, and we made a date because we had a friend who moved, that was September, '38, and we had friends who emigrated in April, '38. We had their address and we made a date we will meet in their apartment.

Sure enough, I arrived, I came to that apartment.

I took a taxi cab and came to the apartment.

They didn't live there. So, I didn't know what to do. I stood in front of the house and waited and waited til somebody comes by I can ask, do you know the people. Many didn't know.

Finally a young guy comes out of the house and I ask, do you know them, and he said, yeah; they moved to that and that address. So, I was glad.

I took another taxi cab, went to that address and my husband was there and they were there. But he went through the same trouble because he had no other address. Anyway, we both met there. Our friends were there few months so they could tell us where to find a cheap hotel and we started out in that hotel. I bought a burner to make a meal and I bought a couple

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dishes and just the most necessary. What I could make is a quick dish.

But, then in Paris was something like a meal center that was through the Jewish organizations. They sponsored that and they gave us free meals at a certain place everyday. So, we went there, we had the meal, and mostly Russian Jews who came long ago there were here ladies and waited on us.

They put basket of bread on the table and we put some in our pocket to take home because we had not much to spend on food.

We got then to the -- what was it? -- hires?

Little spending money; they give it to the refugees, and our friends were working, he was a furrier in Vienna, and he started to work in Paris, too, as a furrier. So, he gave my husband a chance to sell linings for coats and accessories.

So, he went, and most of the retail furriers were Jews anyway in Paris, and my husband could speak French.

But most of them wanted to speak Jewish to him but he couldn't speak Jewish.

INTERVIEWER: You mean Yiddish?

MRS. WERNER: Yiddish, Yiddish. He never could speak Yiddish. But, he managed in French to get on and he made a little money so we could live on.

We stayed there til nineteen -- we came in 1938,

end of 1938. Beginning of 1939 -- '39 the war broke out. War broke out in 1939. My husband could have a choice; either he declares himself a Austrian, he would be interned. They interned all Austrians. Or, he's a Czecho-Slovak. Then he has to join the military company for the Czecho-Slovaks in France with the Allies.

So, when we are there he decided he will do that; he will fight and he went. They sent him to the south of France to be mobilized. There was a camp and that was specially for all the foreign Czechs. They were trained, they were outfitted with uniforms, with military outfits and guns and what's necessary.

I was in the meantime staying in Paris. I could stay with another couple. They let me stay with them. But then, the time was -- for them it was dangerous. They were French but the time was dangerous for them, too, and they wanted in time to get out of France, of Paris.

They lived in an apartment building. They left their apartment as it was. They just took their personal belongings and left. I don't know where they went, but they went to the south they said, and so I stayed on. They let me stay.

Then one day there was a big -- the planes came and bombs were falling and we had to go in the shelter down in that apartment building. I never was down, so I went anyway

with all the rest from the building. A few minutes later this one man in charge of the -- what do you call it? The shelter commander or so, he said, you have to open the door; we have to go in the deeper shelter because that was a bigger one. So I stood there. I opened the door and it was dark; I didn't see, and I walked in an fell down, was a whole floor down. So, I got hurt and bruised and got a shock, and I stayed in the shelter while people were around me, but they couldn't do much. When it was over and we could all get up people from the apartment building helped me to get to a hospital.

I went to the hospital and I stayed there for a week. I had a big bandage on my head and it was bruised and I had the shock. That was the worst.

After week when I was in the hospital there were a lot of bombardments and they were so bad that they evacuated that particular hospital. It was a general hospital. They went to -- the doctors and the nurses went from bed to bed and said everybody has to be evacuated. The ones, maybe old people who can't go, get up or be on their own will be transported to another hospital in a ambulance. The ones who could get up and go, I was one of them, they gave me a big bandage on my head and said, you go. Just take it easy, though. So I went.

I went home, packed a few belongings in a big towel, not a suitcase, nothing; just rolled it up and made like a bedroll, and I started out to go to the Metro, and I didn't

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know where to go. I had nobody. I was all alone.

I went to the Metro and I took the train to the end of the line. End of the line I saw so many people walking and some on bikes, some with cars, and so I followed. When I -- I followed, okay? I have to go back.

When the nurses and doctors came to the hospital they said they're leaving too, they won't stay. So, some nurses had their bikes there and said from here, now, we'll go out; we'll go away.

Okay; I was on the road and walked -- I don't know anymore how long, not too long, maybe an hour or so, and there was a Red Cross truck and people from the Red Cross stopped me and called me over and said, what happened.

I told them. They gave me chair. They say you sit down, we'll get somebody who takes you along. They stopped lot of cars, but people had their cars filled up with their belongings who had cars. They had no room for me.

Finally they found one car with one seat for me and they put me in and I went -- everybody asked, where do you want to go, and I said where everybody goes; I don't know. So, they took me, and then after driving maybe couple hours they stopped and they said they had to make a exit, they go to somebody and I can't come along. So I was landed on the highway again, I'd say about two hours from Paris.

I was standing there on my own. There was no

more Red Cross. After a while -- I waved some cars, tracks, nobody stopped.

Finally one stopped. You don't need more than one. On the truck were about twenty women and men standing and the truck was filled, but he stopped for me and he asked where I want to go and I said where you go.

He says, to Bordeaux.

I said, okay, I go to Bordeaux if you take me.
He said, yeah, get on.

I got on that truck and we drove to Bordeaux.

But, on the way there were more bombardments and they had to drive in to houses where we can get in the shelter, or sometimes we stood only in the door entrance from the house to be protected. So, that happened several times on the way from there to Bordeaux.

In Bordeaux I got off, thanked them and they went this I found out was a group of people who worked for the government for ammunition, you know, to make ammunitions, and they evacuated their own people to go to Canada. If I tried, maybe, I could have gone to Canada with them but I didn't want to because I knew my husband is here in that country, how do I get ever to him. So, I said I stay in Bordeaux.

I went to a hotel, got myself a cheap room. From Paris I knew a family who had a store, a chain store in Bordeaux so I went to that store and I told the manager that I know the

family and what happened to me, and I told him all that.

One lady said in the store, you know, my husband is in the war too and I'm alone, I live with my father. If you want to you can live with me without pay. So, that was nice. She worked. That was a break.

So, I went to her house and stayed there and tried to get a job. I must say, Bordeaux was not occupied at that time. The Germans were not there.

I looked for a job. I went to a restaurant and I was a kitchen help. That's good enough. I had my food and I got little money.

That didn't last too long, a few months, and then the Germans came to occupy the west and they came to Bordeaux.

Then they said all the restaurant owner and all the other people,

Jews out. You can't employ Jews or foreigners and so they had -
even the kitchen help to let go.

Then I got a connection when the Germans came from a German commander to a -- it's like city hall, and I asked if I get a paper to visit my husband. In the meantime, my husband became prisoner of war. He was caught with his company and he was interned as a prisoner of war about an hour away from Paris. So, I knew that.

I knew that because he sent a note when he became prisoner. He wrote a note in French on a piece of paper and my address in Paris on the backside and he threw it while he was

walking. They had to walk for hours when they were taking prisoners to go to the military building. So he threw that away and French people picked it up and mailed it to me. He put several on the floor. I got two. But, I was no more in Paris.

When I arrived in Bordeaux and lived with that lady I wrote to that janitor in Paris that my address is now such and such, if she hears from my husband she can forward it to me. That happened. He wrote the papers, she got them and she send them to me. So, I knew where he was.

I tried to get to go and visit him. I had no right to travel. I needed a paper and the papers are not given to Jews regular.

I talked them into give me a paper, travel paper, to visit my husband.

They ask why he's prisoner of war and I said he lived here long before and he was forced to go. You know, I switched that around. I couldn't say I'm Jewish, so --. So, that was that.

I went -- I took the train and went to see him.

He got permission -- they got permission with that paper to let

me in and visit. So we talked and made a plan.

It was a little town. In that town was a grocery store. The grocery store owner was very anti-German. We talked to him and we asked, I asked if I can send him a package, my

husband.

He says, yeah, I will; I will do that. I keep it. He can pick it up.

In the meantime, my husband was interpreter and he could go out in town because there was the com-man-di-da-ture, this is a office, and he had to go there and go back in order to be the interpreter.

So we talked it over and I said I will send him civilian suit, shoes and a beret and shirt and send it to the grocery.

Then I went back and I procurred all this and I send it and he picked it up. When he picked it up he left everything on his cot in the barracks where he was sleeping so it's not obvious that he's going away.

He went to the grocery store. From the grocery store he went to a bar, but he went to the toilet in the bar and he changed his clothes and left the military uniform in the toilet and he took the train -- he walked out as a civilian and he took the train to Bordeaux.

He wrote himself a paper in the camp that he is prisoner so and so, allowed to go to Bordeaux because of health reason. But, he didn't need to show it. He had it only in case he will be asked on the train.

He took a night train and he went tonight to Bordeaux, which is about four or five hours. He arrived in the

morning, early morning, maybe five o'clock in the morning. I was there with my friend to pick him up. She was a very nice person and helpful and she told us we can't come to her place anymore because there's a janitor who watches too, so he can't come in, and they will look for him and they will maybe try to catch him.

So, she advised us to go to the border of France, take a train ticket and go there and then try to go over in the unoccupied part of France.

We did this. We came out of the train. Nothing happened. There was no control, and as I remember, it was a Sunday. There was a whole group of people going, getting off the train, young men that's about our age then. There was a football game. Actually, a soccer game. We walked out with them.

They went someplace we couldn't go. We saw the border police, the Germans, standing there and we are ask them then, can we go over, we want to visit friends there. Just you could see the houses, you know, across.

They said, no; can't go.

There was no way that we could cross the border. The guards were there, there was no other way we could slip through; impossible. So, we decided we'll go back, but there was always control. That was the border station. They didn't control for people to come, but they control people to leave,

and when we saw the guards at the train we couldn't dare to get on, on the train.

My husband said, you know what? We'll walk maybe one mile to the next station and maybe there won't be a control. This is the border, you know.

So, we did that. We went to the next station and when we came there they said the train doesn't stop there. There is an express train coming in an hour, in another hour the express station is leaving the border station but it won't stop there. It goes through. So we had no way other than go back and try our chance.

We were scared, and we walk back again. Somehow we could slip in without being checked, so that was lucky. But then, in the train my husband made like he would be asleep when he saw the controller go through, and he ask for I.D's. I pulled mine out. I was official. I was a civilian and I had the I.D. and also because my husband was in the military, so I got the I.D.

I showed him my I.D. He didn't bother about my husband. He walked on. He didn't have a thing. The only thing was, he was prisoner of war. If they would have caught him he won't be here anymore. With everything there was a little bit of luck.

We were on the train; we came back to Bordeaux.

I phoned my friend and she said, I tell you what; I meet you

there. You get there and I will see that you can stay overnight someplace. I can't come to her place.

So, we are met, and she knew a couple who owned a bar, a small bar. They had a attic above the bar. It wasn't used but it could be a bedroom, or it was a bedroom. So, they let us sleep there for nothing and we stayed there. My husband had a shock; he had such a shock, he couldn't go, he couldn't bring himself to go out on the street and he stayed in bed. That lasted about three days. I went out to bring something to eat in and he couldn't do it.

INTERVIEWER: He was sick?

MRS. WERNER: No, he wasn't sick. It was a shock. It was in his head; he can't go out. He was so scared, he was so scared that they're looking after him, the German military, because he evaded, he's evaded prisoner of war, and that means that if somebody arrests him.

So, after three days I talked him into try it.

The people who owned the bar gave us a plan how to get to another border and go to a farmhouse that's a little further away. There's a farmhouse between the occupied France and the unoccupied France, because the Germans occupied only half of France up to that date.

In 1942 they went then to the rest of France, the southern part. So, we had a chance to go to the southern part of France. We took again a bus. He told us where to stop

and we stopped, got out, and walked up to the farm. But the farmhouse had a little booth there. The gendarme was sitting inside. The booth was not bigger than a telephone booth here.

He was sitting in and there were glass windows because it's the border. But it was pouring; coming down so hard. I had the umbrella and we walked under the umbrella and we looked down and walked into the house and he didn't bother to come out. It was raining too hard. Again our luck.

We went into the house and that woman was nice, too, and helped us to get out to her backyard, to her back fields, vineyards they had. We had to bend down so that we are not seen and go to the vineyards. It was lucky.

We arrived in -- there was again a station of

French military who gave my husband -- he told him what he was

and where. They give him a ticket to go to Burzerz(phonetic)

By train this is for the refugees. They gave us I think a loaf

of bread and a bottle of wine and you go. And, they gave us money

so we can go to that Burze.

Then we decided -- my husband said, I'm not going to Burze. I heard there is a camp that's a -- it's a concentration camp so I'm not going there. So he took the tickets for Toulose, which is on the way; much earlier.

In Toulose we are asked again around and we are told the best thing for you to go is to Acht. (Phonetic) Acht is a little town in the south, and that's where he was mobilized

in the beginning. They sent him to Acht to be mobilized and trained. So, that was a good idea and we liked it and we went to Acht then.

In Acht he went to that camp, to that military camp and they did let him out. They said, yeah, you are fine, you are here, but where do you want to go?

He says I'm here and he wants to go to live here.

They said, you can't. We can let you only go if you had a residency before you were engaged in the military, but you had no residency.

We couldn't go back to Paris and we couldn't go any other place. So he says he keeps him there. But, he could go out in the daytime. It was not like a prison. It was he had to stay in the barracks there.

In the meantime, I rented a little apartment.

We were told through other people when I have a residence then he can come out of the camp and he can stay with me because that's then the residence. So we did that. Maybe he stayed there less than a week.

So, we stayed about two years in that little town in Acht. To support ourselves my husband learned pedicure in Paris. He had a diploma. In that little town there was one barber, one store, one of everything. One church, one movie. So we went to the barber and he asked him if he can help him, that he can do pedicure in his place. So he agreed and he gave

him one day a week. In the back room he can do his pedicure.

Some people came, not many, but he could make a little money.

Right around the corner where we lived was a bordello. There were there maybe fifteen, fifteen to twenty women, but they had -- what is that -- they could not walk alone. They had to go in the group altogether and madame was with them. They walked around lunchtime around the town with the madame.

The police commissioner came everyday to check the books and to check their health. They had the doctor, too, and they were controlled. They could not go alone, as I said. They had to be inside that place.

My husband asked if he can make pedicure there.

He got some, he got some customers and I figured maybe I can go too because I can make money here. So I went. Some, maybe I had three, four who let me come and make money here. So, that was little money that helped.

INTERVIEWER: Did you do it there?

MRS. WERNER: Yeah; in their room. And if they had a man in -- that happened to me once -- she said you wait outside a little while. It doesn't take long. So, I waited outside and I came in their room. But, it helped a little, and they were decent and nice.

Then came the fall. Fall there was a harvest for grapes. The farmers put out the news, they're hiring grape

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pickers. So, we went for it, but we had to have a bike. miles away. So, we tried to get a secondhand bike very cheap.

I didn't know how to ride a bike very good but I learned it fast and I did. So we went every morning at six o'clock to the vineyards to pick the grapes. That lasted only three weeks.

We had very little pay but we had a pound potatoes, a box of sardines, one egg, things like that in addition. was very useful for us. We had -- there was -- food was restricted. You needed -- once a week we got meat.

> INTERVIEWER: Rationing.

MRS. WERNER: Rationing.

Once a week we got a quarter of a pound meat. You can't order what you want. You have to take what they get. That quarter of a pound would be with bones, too. Once a week. One egg a month. So, it was real tough. But we made friends and French people who gave us a little bit grocery of their own to help us out. So, we didn't starve, but it was hard. was in 1942.

So, I went to harvest along then and I bought jars, glass jars, and put it up. Green peas and carrots and the potatoes I had in bags. And with all that -- that was my biggest luggage I had to take along. And with that I came then to Marseilles. So, I thought, we had some food.

Again, I cooked in the hotel room on a little

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burner. We stayed there maybe not longer than two months. Then the Germans were again after Marseilles. They came slowly up.

One morning we woke up, maybe four o'clock, five o'clock in the morning. We heard steps like SSmen steps with boots. They came and knocked at the door. We woke up and heard that; I -- I could hear my husband's heart beating. I could hear it. We so scared. But it wasn't -- they didn't knock at our door, they knocked at the next person's door and they arrested them and took them away.

Now, my husband thinks they did not knock on our door because they are reading the registration. If you had a Jewish name you're in. But my husband has first, not a Jewish name and the other thing is he put down prisoner -- evaded prisoner. That means could be a French too. You know, it's not Jewish. It doesn't have to be Jewish. So they didn't bother. That's what he thinks to knock at our door. But we wouldn't sleep in that hotel anymore.

The next morning we went to -- there was a big store. They had yardage. A yardage store. We went in and we knew they were Jewish and we told them what happened and we told them we can't sleep there anymore. We tried to get away from. We wanted to go to Switzerland if you can sleep at night there.

She said she has an employee who is not Jewish and she's very faithful and she took, I read, a lot of merchandise, yardage, into her apartment. She had only one room that

she can fill up with the yardage. So she asked that woman if
we can stay there, and she agreed. She said, yeah. If you want
to sleep on top of the balls of yardage it's okay with her.
So, we did that. She put a sheet over and we slept over them.

We were kind of lucky to be safe the night.

The next morning we tried again and we tried to go on to how do you get to Switzerland. So we talked a lot with people and one told us there is a guy, a Jewish guy who leads people over to Switzerland for a lot of money.

In the meantime, we had a little money saved.

Not much, but whatever we had we saved because we were not spending on anything. So, we asked for the address of that guy, and he lived in Grenoble. We went to him. We took the train to Grenoble, visited him and he said, yeah, I don't know, for so and so much I can bring you over Mt. Blanc to Switzerland.

Fine. But we have to come to Sha-mo-nee and his wife will be there; he's not going. His wife will be there and from Sha-mo-nee you start going up Mt. Blanc.

Okay; we agreed. We paid him and he said then, my husband asked, what if we can't get in. He says if you have any difficulties come back. My wife will be still in the hotel there and you get your money back or we'll put you through another time, the next time. So, that was fine.

We went maybe half a day up the mountain, Mt. Blanc. We walked. Sometimes we had to go sideways because the

road was so narrow. It was a real hike; a long hike.

When we came up to the top before the border -there's a Swiss border in the mountains. You could look down
and see the frontier house and the guards there. That's just
the border. And the guide said, okay, you see the house there?
There you're going and then you're in Switzerland. That's what
it is. He didn't go with us and he says he cannot go into
Switzerland, he has to go back to France from there. We were
not alone.

when we left that hotel in Sha-mo-nee we were about twelve people. He had accumulated a whole group, but nobody knew each other. So, the twelve of us walked down and they came down. He asked for -- the border police asked for -- it was actually military, our passports, our money.

We gave it to him and then he said he doesn't know if he can keep us, he has to ask his superior and he has to phone. In the meantime, it was evening and he says, you can sleep here. They had kind of a barn, straw, where we could sleep on.

INTERVIEWER: This is in Switzerland?

MRS. WERNER: In Switzerland at the border.

So, we could sleep on that straw overnight and he will tell us in the morning what happened.

In the morning he gave us back the passport, gave us back the money and he says up you go; you have to go back.

Can't take you because when you are caught at the border we can't let you in. We have a law; we don't let you in.

My husband was again very nervous and very upset because when the French arrest him again he's their prisoner and he says -- evaded prisoner and he told that guy that he's evaded prisoner and if they catch him they shoot him, so why don't you shoot me now, he told him. Didn't help. We had to go back, all of us.

He said if you try once more to go over that frontier then you are given over to the French, to the Germans. This time they let you free and you find your way but never come back.

So, we went up. We dispersed, all the people and then we walked down. It was raining again. That was our fate. We walked and walked, only the two of us. The others dispersed. I don't know which way they went. We went one way down.

Then another old man, a guard, came by and we looked down, you know, on the ground and he didn't bother us, so we passed. But in our heart we felt trapped. But we could walk on. We were hungry; we had nothing to eat, but there were blueberries in the mountains and they were ripe so we picked some while we were walking and that was our food.

We went down to Sha-mo-nee. Nobody there. His wife wasn't there anymore. That hotel owner said she left right away after you left, so we had to take again a train to Grenoble.

We wanted our money back or be taken over again. When we came to Grenoble to his apartment he said, oh, I don't have the money, I sent it to Marseilles and, I don't know, I'm sure -- I don't know what's wrong because he sent other people and other people could go there and nothing happened, and he says come back in an hour, I talk with Marseilles in the meantime.

After an hour we came. They lived on the third floor, no elevator in the apartment building. When we were about on the second floor we heard trip, trip after us, but in those apartment buildings they had toilets in the hall, the hallway, so we disappeared in the toilet, closed the door. We heard the trip, trip going up, knocking on the door just one floor above, talking and going back, going down. When we heard they went down, we went up.

When we went up his wife was there and she says, oh, my husband isn't here yet but he's coming in five minutes, can you wait. So, we waited.

She walked out. She said, wait, I have to go to a neighbor here, and she went out, left us alone and in another five minutes she came back. When she came back immediately after that again the trap, trap and two men came, one in civilian clothes, one identified himself as a policeman, the other not, but the other looked Jewish to me so I said well, how about your identification and he got mad and he says, you're arrested, you go with us or else you be handcuffed. So, we

decided to go with them.

There was no money back and no other chance of going to Switzerland. Was all lost, and that was a Jewish guy who organized it.

They asked us to come with them to the next police station. At the police station the one that I said I thought he's Jewish disappeared and the one who identified himself as a policeman in civilian clothes took us in and told the policeman on duty, separate the two and leave them here till I get back. That's what he did so we two couldn't speak with each other.

We waited maybe half an hour, maybe little longer, and the guy came back and he says, come out, and he took us in front of the police station to tell us, here is the way to liberty or here is the way to jail, to camp. The way to liberty was a ticket to Aviogne. Aviogne is on the border in Switzerland again. All he did was give us a ticket to go with the train away.

So, we took it. We didn't make fuss, there was nothing we could do. He said he will try to -- the other guy promised only to see to give us another chance to go to Switzer-land. So, that's the chance. But the thing was that he went with us to the train. He waited at the steps when we got on. On the steps of the train he waited till the train moved then he got up and away. He want to make sure we stay on that train.

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Okay; we didn't know what to do. We were already moving. It got dark, it was nightime, and all of a sudden -- we had no luggage again, nothing. All of a sudden the train stopped. It was a long train. My husband was so alert and watching where we go, what happen. So he said, let's get out. The train stopped. Regardless where, let's get out.

There were only fields. It wasn't a train station. There were fields and there was one train (waah) that the woman handled to open up or close and then -- so we rushed out. There was not a long stop, just enough that we got out. We asked that woman, where's there a hotel and she told us to go down this way.

We went to the hotel. We asked -- my husband told him right away, I am prisoner of war, I am evaded, and can I sleep here without registering, and he says, no. You have to register, but the only thing I can do for you is -- I mean, the French people were sympathetic to him because he -- in a way they felt he fought with the French. So he said, you sign, you register and leave before seven in the morning because at seven they come to control the registrations. So, if you're not here it's okay, and we did that. We slept till -- we were out before seven.

We went there to a cafe to have breakfast. It was kind of downtown. It was also a little town but they had a city hall. Across the city hall was that cafe. So, we had breakfast there and my husband asked the waiter if he would know a way to

go to Switzerland.

A day before or two days before they send -- they had boats from I think it's (Tunone), boats going over to Switzerland to bring refugees in. A couple days before one man was so frustrated because police came after them on the boat that he shot the policeman and since then they don't -- the boats didn't go anymore. They were afraid to go.

So, what else can we do?

He asked if the owner was there from the coffee shop and the owner says, come to my office. He showed us in the office and he drew a map and showed us where to go, take a bus to go to Switzerland, again over the vine fields. He drew a map very good that we could follow. We took again a bus and we went there. We had to walk again through -- to a farm house. The woman in the farm house said also her husband is prisoner in France and she's alone and she has little help there, and we begin to talk.

I had the umbrella and you had the little things like that. My husband's pedicure set; that's what he carried. I had a handbag and an umbrella. That young guy could carry it over to the wire fence on his back and then when he comes back he will tell us the direction and we can find it and that's where we should go to the wire. That was very good and we went to the wire and we went to Switzerland.

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INTERVIEWER: So you finally got there?

MRS. WERNER: Yes, and when we went through the fields we came to a street. There was a streetcar and we asked where we are and it was Geneva. That was very good. So we asked again, we walked around and we saw people who looked Jewish and we told them we're just coming, what should we do, where to go. They all advised us to go to the police.

We were afraid. We thought maybe we'll go to highers, and they said no, if you go to highers they send you to the police so go right away to the police, so we did, but first we went to a department store and bought chocolate. We were so hungry and had not enough money to eat, but chocolate we could buy, so we had something.

We went to the police station and they were very friendly. They took us in and we told them what happened and they said sit down and wait, a truck will come and will pick you up. In the meanwhile have some grapes, and they had fresh grapes there to offer us.

It took maybe one hour to wait and a full truck with people came, all refugees. They picked them up from all kind of stations and then they brought them to a camp where I stayed two years. That camp was in Roudone, and it said only it's an interring camp.

There I think I slept the first night really good. Safe, and I felt I'm out of danger. We slept about eight

women in one room and nobody had much clothes or luggage or anything.

INTERVIEWER: What was the camp like?

MRS. WERNER: The camp, it was a old military

where the soldiers were and they emptied it and left it for us.

On the bottom the men slept on straw bag all in one hall and the women were on the first floor. They had cots. So, we stayed.

They had a big kitchen like for military, you know, established, and so they asked the men to help, whatever they can, and the women to help, and we were self-sustaining.

The food was rationed for the camp, too, but they managed to -- we were not hungry. We didn't have good food but we had the salt pork, we had a potato. I don't remember much meat, but we were not hungry. No desserts.

We were, as I said, self-sustaining. Some women worked in the laundry and some in the -- men mostly worked in the kitchen.

After few months -- I don't know even what I did there. Maybe I just cleaned the rooms or so. After few months, after six months maybe, they sent my husband to another camp to establish the office because they opened up one camp after the other. So many people came so they had to expand. They took old hotels or old big military places to fill with refugees and they had to be established and the office had to be set up. They

had rationing too, and they had a big staff in the office to work. My husband was good in that so they took him and asked him to open another camp, the office. So he did. He went away.

After six weeks he could come back to visit me. Every six weeks for a weekend. They paid the fare.

We were there for four years in Switzerland.

INTERVIEWER: What years were they?

MRS. WERNER: From 1940 -- '42 -- 1940 we were in France. 1942 we went to Switzerland till 1946. So, four years in France and then the next four years in Switzerland. That was 1942 when we left, actually Marseilles, the last big stop to go to Switzerland. That's the time when the Germans took over all France, all the way.

INTERVIEWER: So you got out just in time.

MRS. WERNER: Oh, yeah; we were chased. I mean, we knew it. We had to go. We were on the go.

In Switzerland I stayed at that camp for almost two years.

INTERVIEWER: Was it clean?

MRS. WERNER: Yeah, yeah; it was okay. I mean, I had no complaint. It wasn't -- I don't know, maybe I forgot because it's a long time. It's forty years ago.

In the beginning I was happy that I was safe, and that counted more than all the rest.

While my husband came every six weeks, after some

time I got pregnant. So, I had my daughter in 1944, January, 1944, and she was born in Luzerne. I was brought to the general hospital there.

Then I stayed only a few months and my husband was transferred again to a camp in the mountains, and that was called Champ Peree. Champ Peree was a ski resort and it had a big hotel with chalets. They wanted to have this installed and sent my husband and my husband asked if I can come with the baby. They said first no because no children, only adults, but they wanted him and he insisted he want to have his wife and child with him so they made an exception, not only exception, they changed it to infants; adults and infants. Not older children.

So, we came there and we had our own room. Our daughter was in one of the chalets because there they had all the babies, and the mothers who were not -- who did not have their children there were supposed to work in the nursery. I nursed my child so I had to go in the morning at six, every mealtime till ten o'clock at night to go over to the snow to the chalet. But it was good to be there.

Then we stayed there. That was '44. We stayed there maybe one year. When the child was one year old they transferred my husband again to Clarence (phonetic), which is close to Montreaux. He ask if I can be freed then with the child. They agreed and they referred me to a boarding house.

So, I came with her to the boarding house and my husband was close by in the camp. There we stayed till end of '45. Then he applied at highers, if the highers would take him in their office. They took him so we went to Geneva. He was paid for office work with the highers. We rented a furnished apartment and stayed there. We waited for affidavit to come to America.

We couldn't get -- we couldn't get the affidavit. In the first place, we got one -- my parents went to the United States in '39, beginning '39. We were given one maybe 1940, but then was war and was impossible. In the meantime it expired and when we are asked for it in '44 my parents and my sister was here and they sent me one. We got that and then there was no ship to take us before 1946. That was in April, 1946 there came with one of the first liberty ships and there were only ten people, ten adults on that ship. It was a small ship. There were ten refugees. One was a lady, she was a Swiss lady who lived in the United States. She visited her mother in Switzer-land and she couldn't come back.

There was an older couple. Ten people altogether.

Our daughter was the only child. The officers gave us their cabins, the officer cabins.

It took us seventeen days to come over and was very stormy. We were supposed to come to New York and on the way they had directions not to go to New York. The captain had to make a detour and go to Boston.

Now, we didn't know that Boston, how far it is and how much money it would be to go from Boston to New York.

In New York I had my parents and my sister and her husband.

We didn't know if they will know.

Anyway, we talked to that lady who had her mother in Switzerland and we told her we don't know how much it cost but we don't have enough money. We have little money and I don't know what to do andif the family doesn't come to Boston to pick us up I don't know.

She says, you know what? I give you \$200.00 and you give it back to me whenever you can. She gave us \$200.00 and that was forty years ago. That was lot of money. She fell in love with our daughter and she played with her and she was trusting us. Anyway, that was the nicest thing of all. We stayed in contact and in the meantime she died. We paid her all back and we stayed in correspondence.

When we arrived in Boston my brother-in-law was there. We didn't know him because they married brand new, but we had pictures. He recognized us from pictures, number one. Number two, there was only one little girl. That was it and it must be them. He came to Boston because he was notified in New York that the ship will land in Boston. So, he came. He took us on the train to New York and then we were reunited with my sister and my parents.

We stayed with my parents for -- from April, 1946

till October; six months, six months. My parents had a small apartment, one bedroom.

INTERVIEWER: Did they live in New York?

MRS. WERNER: Brooklyn. They had their

apartment in Brooklyn and they had a one-bedroom apartment, but they had the living room and the couch and so we could sleep on the couch.

In the meantime my husband looked for a job and it was very hard for him to find a job. That was the time that all the soldiers came back from war and for refugee was no way of finding a job. But he found one in a furniture shipping department so he was shipping, packing the furniture. He was paid, not a union, very low salary, and he didn't like it.

We had a cousin, I had a cousin here in San Francisco who was in the diamond wholesale business and my husband wrote to him and asked if he can maybe give him a job.

He answered, yes, you can come and he should come alone and they will train him, and he had a job. So, he left and I stayed with my parents.

At that time it was very hard to find an apartment also, not only a job. Everything was taken again, and so they told my husband here in San Francisco that on Market Street is a radio announcer, his name was Dean Maddox, and he has a radio show on Market Street and if people are looking for something, buying or selling, they can come and talk to him. So he did it

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one lunchtime and he told on the radio show that he has his wife and child in Brooklyn and he comes from Europe and he wants to start out here and he needs an apartment, furnished, very low rent. He gave the phone number from the office.

When he came back to the office he had five calls, people wanted to rent him. So, he picked one, and that was down on Bush Street. They gave us low rent and they were French Canadian.

I didn't mention before; I started to talk French with my daughter. We lived all the time in France or French -Switzerland. So, I didn't want her to learn German so I said
I speak French. I don't know how long we have to stay in
Switzerland so she should be able to talk with other people. So, when she came over she talked only French.

This family, the lady was actually the French speaking one, and she was happy. She was like a grandmother to her. She invited her for dinner and she took us shopping. We didn't have a car and when she went shopping she said come along. They were very nice. But, it lasted only two years again. After two years they decided to sell their house, to move to their daughter. They didn't feel well. Maybe another year or so they died.

We had to look for another house, for another place, and that was in a mission next to general hospital.

One of the janitors of the building where my

husband where my husband worked had a flat there for rent so we got that. We stayed there another two years.

That was about -- yeah; I should come back to when my husband was trained in the diamond business. He had to travel afterwards, after he knew the business and he was traveling sometimes for two, three weeks. So, maybe after another two years he didn't like it anymore because he says everytime I come home the child gets bigger and I don't know. I'm not living with her. He wanted to be living as a family.

He started to ask around and we met people here,
Vienese people. There's the ha-core, or watch the ha-core,
which was also a sport and a social club. We met lot of people
from Vienna there. We didn't know them before. So, we socialized
actually with the ha-core people. One of the people was in the
dry cleaning business. He had a dry cleaning agency and he
said there are sometimes stores to buy, you can buy, and he
said he will show him how to work it.

He was interested. We didn't have the money to buy it so I wrote to my sister and asked if she can lend us some money we will pay her back so we can start. She did and we bought and we had the store on Mission Street for -- how many years? Thirty years maybe, till we retired. You know, I worked there too. I did alteration and my husband -- we had the agency taking in and giving out clothes. But it's lot of work and he worked ten hours a day, six days a week. We couldn't go on

vacation. If we went on vacation we went -- when the children were small we went one week to Grenville and the next week one went home and one -- only one went, let's say. One week to Grenville with the children and one worked. The other weekend, let's say, I came and he went back to work so the children had two weeks. But, the vacation was a big problem.

Anyway, we managed and we worked hard, and that's actually, I think -- till we retired, the end of our story.

I don't know if I left something out, but I think that's it.

INTERVIEWER: When did you retire?

MRS. WERNER: Ten years ago. Ten, eleven years ago. So, now we are --

INTERVIEWER: Now we are here today.

MRS. WERNER: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: So, your story, that part in France especially has a lot of -- it must have been scary a lot of the time.

MRS. WERNER: Yes, yes; it was.

INTERVIEWER: You barely evaded getting captured several times.

MRS. WERNER: Yes. And then everyday on the street or everyday where you were you could be picked up.

In Vienna it wasn't so easy but my husband wore a Czecho-Slovak sign, you know, that he could -- that everybody sees he is a Czecho-Slovak. I wore it then, too. We had a

passport, actually, Czecho-Slovak passport.

INTERVIEWER: Did it have that you were Jewish on it?

MRS. WERNER: No, because --

INTERVIEWER: Was that the I.D. you used later

in France?

MRS. WERNER: No, not the passport, no. In France I became -- I got a card, a I.D. card because I got allocation. What does allocation mean? Military --

INTERVIEWER: Oh, right; and you didn't have to put "Jewish" on that either?

MRS. WERNER: No, no, because that was all French. That was not German. We didn't get into the German hands. We tried to flee from them.

INTERVIEWER: Right, but if you had been stopped that's the card you would have had.

MRS. WERNER: Yeah; but that happened to me. I had two passports. I had one passport together with my husband in Vienna. We took that passport maybe two years before. And one passport with my own picture. The other passport with both pictures. When I went to Yugoslavia to meet my husband at the border that guy who sent me back wrote in "Jewish". With that passport I went back to Vienna.

Then I took the other passport and went to Paris and it didn't say anything on it. So, was a good thing I had

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two passports.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I should say. One was the Czechoslovakian one and one was the --

MRS. WERNER: No, both; both Czechoslovakian but one was for me alone, the other was for both of us.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, right.

MRS. WERNER: You could do that, you know, have a double picture. But, I mean, luck was with us because whatever I told you if there wouldn't be a little bit of luck we would have been gone. And so many times, so many times we were close to it and just slipped through. It was a very sad experience.

I didn't mention that, you know, to get out of Vienna we needed a affadavit to go to America and we couldn't get it. We didn't have it. Generally it's not important.

We could go to France without visa. That's why
I could go to Paris. I didn't need a visa, only --

INTERVIEWER: Or a passport.

MRS. WERNER: Oh, yeah; passport I needed.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, you did need a passport?

MRS. WERNER: Yeah; I had it.

My husband learned pedicure in France and that was -- I don't know which Jewish organization, but Jewish Ort (phonetic) who provided courses in different fields, and he took pedicure.

February, '39 my husband had acute appendicitis.

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He was immediately sent from the doctor's office to the hospital for emergency surgery in Paris. He had to stay three weeks there after they sent him to a convalescent home. He had a ruptured appendicitis and after a few months again it ruptured. So, it took him a long time.

I had -- three months after I had appendicitis, but mine was not complicated. Then a lady whom I gave manicure in Paris asked me one day if I want to go to a family with two children. The children were four and six years old, as a governess. So I did because at that time my husband decided to go to be mobilized and I would not have to stay alone.

Besides, I was paid and had room and board. I Accepted. I had practically no work; only with the children to do. They had a cook and a housekeeper. I just took care of the children. They went to the Breton for a vacation. That comes before.

So, the family went to the Breton for vacation and I took care of the children and went to the beach with them and we had a good time.

After couple months, when the German took Paris, the family packed up and wanted quick to return to their apartment. At their apartment they packed everything to go on again, I don't know where. They said maybe they go to South America, but I was free on my own to go where I want to. But, I had no place to go so from there I went then to -- I don't know.

I went then and did manicure again. That was the time till the air raids came that I went to the shelter and fell down and then I had to go on to the end of the line.

INTERVIEWER: It must have taken a lot of courage so many of the times that you just were on your way and not anyplace to go or anybody to be with.

MRS. WERNER: No. I was all alone. I was always frightened and fearing everyday or everytime I was on the street that I will be taken, and I couldn't help it. I couldn't -- I mean, that was just the life living under German occupation in France. That's why every night we were afraid they knock on our door and get us. In the daytime wherever we walked we were afraid if one looks at us. We tried to avoid every look of anybody.

In Switzerland I was relaxed and feeling free.

Not that I was happy, but I was in camp but I was feeling free, nobody would arrest me.

INTERVIEWER: What was the name of that camp again?

MRS. WERNER: Mont Tashee (phonetic) was the camp.

We went a few years ago back to look at it and it looked so little I couldn't imagine that that was holding so many people.

INTERVIEWER: About how many do you think were there?

MRS. WERNER: Maybe two hundred. It was closed

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when we were there. The sign was out; it's a museum and it's only open so many hours a day so we couldn't go in. But, you know, you forget after years how little it was. After being in America that was a little place. But when you come from Europe, then that was a big place. So, that is the difference. But, that was Mont Tashee.

This should be said in the first place. If they wanted to leave for the United States we needed a affidavit from somebody from the United States.

We had to register at the American Consulate in Vienna and register for a quota. Our quota had to be good or we would have to wait so many years till the quota was good to be used for the affidavit. Even if you had the affidavit you couldn't come if your quota wasn't ready.

So, in the first place we didn't get the quota until we got the affidavit. We couldn't go because the war broke out, and then the affidavit expired and so we had to wait again for a new affidavit until we got it from my parents and my sister. We had to wait till the first ships go to the United States.

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