## Interview with Felix Horn [Date not labeled on audio tapes]

Question: Why don't we start by saying, just say you're name and where we are right now.

Answer: Well my name is Felix Horn. I was born in Poland, in Lublin. And I am a survivor. I was liberated in 1945 and after liberation I went searching for anyone who might be still alive from my family so I returned to my hometown, Lublin. Which is in the middle of Poland. It is one of the rather bigger, larger cities. There were 140,000 people prior to the war. Out of this at least half of it, 70,000 people comprised of Jewish population. My family, a rather assimilated family and they all perished, all prior to 1945 when Lublin ghetto was destroyed and all went to, as far as I know, to the concentration camp, My-don-ick (ph). I came back to Lublin in 1945 and there was already some Jewish life present in Lublin, mainly from people who had returned from Russia, who escaped the war, escaped the Nazis and went to Soviet Russia and survived the war over there. I met some of my acquaintances, some friends even from my school days, but not from my school per se since I was only Jewish student in a Catholic school. And as anybody else you register and you left notes on the walls and then anybody who talked to you, look I am here, if you hear anything from this and that please let me know, and to my surprise, I found two Uncles, they survived the war. One survived being hidden by a Polish family. He used to be an officer in Polish Air Force prior to the war, which was very, very uncommon. And he was looking for the property that belonged to my grandparents

2

actually, thinking everybody perished so he can probably take over the property. One of my favorite Uncles. Another Uncle, his younger brother, survived in Yugoslavia. He escaped the Nazis in Eastern Poland and he was a musician. He organized a military band for Marshal Teito (ph) of Yugoslavia. And that's how he got into the partisan group and so on and he spent all the time until 1945 when I found him in my home town too. Everybody came home looking for survivors. And he attempted to take me with him to Yugoslavia since we found that nobody else survived the war, which my parents and my sister, all my Uncles, cousins, numerous people. And he couldn't get me legally to Yugoslavia since I was not socalled blood relative. I'm only a nephew. If I be his brother or his child it would be different. So I couldn't go with him so I was left in Poland again. My Uncle was not particularly close to me after the war anyway. And we didn't find too many things in common. However, I didn't know what to do with myself. I remember I promised my Mom that if I survived I would make all attempt I can to resume my education. I did have two years of medical school, until 1941. Between 1939 and 1941. And then I had to interrupt for obvious reasons, and then the decision had to be made. Should I go make a living somehow, I was hungry? I had a wife. We were married in Warsaw ghetto. And, or go to school. We couldn't afford, both of us were young, to go to school. How's going to support us? So I didn't know what to do. I

3

\_\_\_\_\_ in a kind of a confused frame of mind but my first Uncle came to rescue. He gave me some gold coins to sell in the black market and buy food, and do whatever I wanted to.

Q: Who did this?

A: My Uncle who survived in Poland. He was the officer of Polish Air Force. I used the coins for about two years to survive. I didn't do nothing. It was, situation very chaotic in Poland. The Communists took over. The only chance was to go to school. So I thought, well, there's time to do it. I registered, I had saved all my documents, they were buried. All my documents except my High School Degree, which somehow was lost. But I did have my University Degrees, my University books, and attendance in the classes, and fortunately all the professors from my former University in Luneburg called Woolf (ph), they moved to Western Poland at that time, and I decided to move to Breslau, \_\_\_\_\_, former German territory, where the same professor of my former school, Woolf (ph), resided now in the same town. So I registered with no problem whatsoever. The papers were okay. The only thing is there was another Jewish student with me, don't recall exactly where he came from, but the remarks I heard in the class. It was, another two Jews. Hitler didn't kill all of you? You know, and the class was so annoying, not annoying but frightening even. And the common trend was at that time the refugees http://collections.ushmm.org Contact reference@ushmm.org for further information about this collection

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 4

coming back from Russia to Poland, not finding no purpose living in Poland, they all

were going West.

Q: Let me ask you about that a little bit, just the atmosphere in Poland at that time.

The Nazis were gone, but as you're describing, it was still not a very friendly

environment for Jews.

A: Right.

Q: Can you tell me a little bit more about what that was like? What that felt like?

A: Well, just to mention here that I was raised in a rather very modern Jewish home,

although my home was kosher. Just because kosher was believed to be healthier

and free of any contamination and so on. But my father was very progressive man.

First he was a locksmith then he became an architect with night education and so

on. He was a modern person. And we were living away from the Jewish center

mostly so I had a formal Jewish education. I had a teacher come to my home

teaching me religion, Torah, you know, Hum-ish (ph), all the biblical stories and so

on. I never spoke Yiddish though. My parents spoke Yiddish to each other. I

brought from school, I was going to a Catholic school, Yiddish was foreign to me.

But I did understand everything they were saying but they were talking to me in

Polish. I was so comfortable, my Polish is really impeccable. Poles have difficult

time to look at me, I have Semitic look though. And then my Polish is so different

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

4

5

than the Jews in Poland. You can spot a Jew during the war, they looked super. In other words, they looked like typical Pole, Nordic type. Blonde, blue eyes, etc. I have a very short nose and the way they walked and so on you can tell the difference. Jews were walking more as bent \_\_\_\_\_, kind of scared a little bit. Even peaceful time, they are looking left and right. Someone might be hitting them or attack them or something. It didn't have to be a problem. You could be hit by one person, only two people, but young hooligans. Boys. Seven, nine, ten years old throwing stones, hitting with a piece of anything, an iron pipe, or whatever. So, you know, I was different. I was straight. My Polish was impeccable as they say but they knew who I was because I did return to my original name, which is not classical Polish but its not Jewish or Yiddish either. Horn is really rather German or Dutch. Van Horn, Von Horn, they are German names. So there was a little confusion, \_\_\_\_\_ wanted to know who I am. No one dared to ask me exactly, are you a Jew or not? But then shortly in classes I didn't hide it. I didn't have no reason to hide it anymore. I was hiding all those years. So then they come and seek it, who I am. So there was people, I still have quite a few friends, Polish friends. But many of them were for safety or security reasons, to say, shy away from me. They exchange words with me rather polite and so on but not very cordial. So I felt very uncomfortable. And then during the pilgrim in Kielce in Poland http://collections.ushmm.org Contact reference@ushmm.org for further information about this collection

Felix Horn [Date not labeled] Page 6 6

I got fired to existing situation, you know, and we felt, we felt very insecure. And

being young, saying what am I going to do in Poland? I couldn't live in a country

that I didn't have a grave to go to. We had nobody left. My Uncle went back to

Yugoslavia. The other one converted to Christianity, the first one. They had

nothing to do with Judaism, they had nothing to do with me either because I was

Jewish. Not that he hated the Jews. No. Why did he do it? I don't know. We

never talked about it. He was not a person I could have a dialogue with anyway.

When I left I didn't say good-bye to him, he was not very interested. So talking to a

few other students of other departments in University, the University

\_\_\_\_\_ school, philosophical department, so on and so on. We

talked about it and I inquire how they feel about it? What would they do? Would

they stay here? What are their plans actually? They were all in the same boat.

Q: These were other Jewish students?

A: Pardon me?

Q: These were other Jewish students or?

A: Who?

Q: That you were speaking with about this.

A: Some of them. But most of them not. But they admitted who they are. They

were Jewish and so on. And we all agreed that probably it is time to leave. It would

7

have to be illegal. There was no legal way for them to have left. You didn't have no visa. You have nobody over seas to send us legal papers. Besides those papers would take ages before you get legal entry, you know. Even after you get you're visa you might take five, ten years. Some of my friends had to go to Sweden because it was much faster to get out of Sweden to the United States they say than wait in Poland for you're number to come up and not to be recognized, especially if you're a Jew. And so I organized a student Kibbutz (ph), an academic Kibbutz (ph) of students. And I think in Hebrew they call it Kibbutz acadamime (ph) if I recall correctly, what I was told. I was not good at Hebrew either. I read Hebrew, I read my Prayer Book and so on but I don't understand them. I read automatically. I know the text, what it means, but not word by word. But my wife speaks Hebrew. And we elected to leave and we made contact with some what they call a Bree-ha (ph), I don't know if you're familiar with that word? Bree-ha (ph) is a group of young, Jewish people. The avant-garde of the Pal-mach (ph), of the Jewish driving force of information of Israeli Armed Forces. Those are the young people who are politically involved in Zionist organizations and they are pioneering, collecting the remnants of whatever is left over for the Jewish people to go back to Palestine at that time. There was no Israel yet. And this was one of the stages, first to get us out of the hostile Poland where people didn't want to give us back nothing what we had. As a

8

matter of fact all my furniture was given to some neighbors and so on. They refused to give me anything, you know? They belonged to us. The fur coats and radios, instead of give to the Nazis we give to the Poles. They did not have to relinquish their status. And we gave to them, good idea, that if we survived we'd get something back, at least something. Talking about silverware, the candelabra that were a few hundred years old, heavy, tall. All those things perished of course. They, when they found out that I am alive, you know, they said the Germans took it, they had to sell it, some of them. They couldn't survive. Anyway, it was immaterial anymore to me, I lost more than that. And with this we made a contact with the braha (ph) and on a given night all gathered and by train we are going to a little town near the border. From there we were met by a group of people, we never really introduced before. They knew about us though. And with their help and their contacts with the border police and so on, they just looked the other way. We went right across the border to Czechoslovakia. Don't forget, this was, at that time it was 1946. Still people coming and going to Poland, looking for family. From Poland to Vienna, Austria, Czechoslovakia. Looking for some survivors, different concentration camp. So the guards at the border were not very religious in stopping people. Even if they seen somebody. There was no invasion or so, there was a peaceful type of a bi-directional type of movement, you know. But anyway, as a

9

group maybe we would create suspicion so we were able to get from Czechoslovakia. They put us on trucks to Vienna. And then over there we were met by a group of Zionists, all \_\_\_\_\_ Zionists. And they were very instrumental. Thanks to them, they saved us in the beginning. First they had contact with the local authorities, also notorious. Don't forget they had a lot of influence because Austrian authorities were more Nazi than the German Nazis. So they were very, very guilty during the war, what happened. So for that reason alone probably they tried to collaborate with the Jewish organizations. First we got a school to our disposal. We have no home so they give us a whole school, big room, and there were twenty or twenty-one of us, two married couples and some girls and some boys. So we had to divide the one huge room, it was like a theater of some kind or an auditorium, with sheets, wires, and we cover, you know, separate, like small cubicles. We had the beds over there like military beds. And it was very comfortable really. And they took all of our documents, I'm talking about student books and our academically type of documentation, and they translate everything for us into German. And they, having some contacts at the University, we didn't have to go to a very rigorous type of screening or so, as long as our documents were in order, then they segregated us into different facilities and who ever was in medicine, some were first time that they started the University. I was already a third

10

year medical school student, fourth year. I had one year after the war in Poland so this would be my fourth year. But medicine in Vienna was seven years so I still had four, five, six, four more years to go. In German, that I never handled. I spoke French. I speak Slavic languages, Polish, Russian, Ukrainian, never German. But I learn it fast. And they were accepted, they accepted all my former papers and exams I passed. Maybe because we were survivors. I'm sure there was some bearing to it, you know? They did not let us suffer, they wanted to make it as smooth as a transition until they knew, around this new medical school, as they could. Which I was very grateful for. We had no tuition. American Joint provided this. And then we received food, they provide food for us too. So we were like a little Kubbutz (ph), student group, living and doing nothing but study so we were not hungry. And that's, slowly we got ourselves kind of use to the new surroundings, new people. We met some friends who were there before us from Poland. Some of them Viennese Jewish students, one. We were very close. I'm sure we're much closer now than if this would have happened before the war. Because we have something in common, we're all Jews and we all lost somebody. There was not one person who was not victimized by loosing his family or part of his family.

11

Q: Let me just ask you did people in that situation you're in, with people with that background, did you all talk about, did you compare experiences much? Talk about what had happened?

A: Yes. I think our experiences were different. Everybody had a different story to tell. And, someone came from Russia, some had survived in the labor camps in Romania, some students survived in ghettos in Hungary and they were beaten and so they were persecuted, but they survived. And someone survived in their families even, like a sister or two brothers or one parent survived, you know? But always someone had somebody that he lost, he or she lost, you know? But we had common ground because we belonged to the same group of people. We were Jews, we are students, but we got there different ways, by different routes, you know? And everybody had their own stories. We sit at night and talk and talk and talk. And everybody was not fascinated because this was a tragic story to be fascinated with, but it proved the just human will to survive and the question was, how did you survive? Until today I ask myself the same question, how did I survive? I don't know. There was nothing that you are smart, that you knew what to do. If you turn left it was you're death but I didn't know that. You turn right, you survive. If you walked out during the day no one stopped you. At night, they shoot you. So it's hard to say. Is that fate? I never believe in fate, but I don't know. Some of my

12

Indian colleagues, physicians, right now who is very, \_\_\_\_\_, he believe fate is something of, some external thing. He tried to convince me, this was inscribed in the Book upstairs, that I would survive. Well, I can't prove it, let's prove that. But I had many, many days and nights of doubt if I will. The only sad story was, if I perish this second, this minute, why didn't I perish earlier? Why should I have to suffer all the time, you know? But we had one goal, to go ahead and study was the number one. Most of us promised our parents, we want the memory of our parents not let down. I personally promised my Mom before they took her away to concentration camp that if I escaped from the ghetto, my town Lublin, she had asked me that I had to promise to her, if I ever survive. She apologized, she cannot help me anymore, that I will never forget to go back to school. To make a better person of myself. And I promise her. My Mom was an opera singer. She was very disappointed when I decide to go to medicine. My Dad, after he became an architect, he was upset I won't be an architect. I play violin so I try to compromise. I drew, I've been drawing beautiful pictures of buildings, talent from my father, that I got accustomed to seeing everyday. And to them, the best writer, clearly, printing and so on, you know, I draw things beautiful, I paint. So I do lots of things, so in memory of my Mom that I still play music. Maybe this gives a little peace, that I didn't let her down completely. But I felt since I was 13, that's all I want to do. I http://collections.ushmm.org Contact reference@ushmm.org for further information about this collection

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 13

remember sick little boy. He was at that time maybe seven or eight, I don't

remember his age exactly. I was maybe 13 or so, and he was getting shots and he

was so sick. There was a clinic, we couldn't afford a private doctor, we go to poor

people's clinic. And I felt if I could help that kid, if I could do something for him but I

didn't know what I could do. But that give me the idea that I would like to go to

medicine. Didn't know what I'm going to do in medicine but I like to be a doctor.

Anyway, I have no regrets. I am happy I am, I'm almost not anymore, I'm retired

now, private practice.

Q: Another question I have about, there you are in you're sort of student Kabbutz

(ph) as you describe it, and all these people who survived this experience. Do you

think that, and it sounds like you're all very diligent in you're studies, I'm wondering

whether because of the experience, because you survived, whether that was part of

the motivation to do this? To make sure you became a doctor? Or for the other

students to make sure that they did what they intended to do? I'm guessing maybe

people were even more serious than they might have been?

A: I'll give you a surprising answer, no.

Q: Really?

A: I knew what I wanted to be when I was 13, war or no war. I knew what I wanted

to be. But the war forced me more of less to definitely not forget about it, and the

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13

14

fact that I promised my Mom that I will. Although if I could have physically, been able to, I would have done it anyway. So I don't believe that my personal experiences had any bearing or influence. Although, I have to admit, that because of the course of events after the war it came easy for me in terms of, everything was facilitated for me. The Zionist organization, American Joint, they paid for that and I We didn't have worry about expenses, food, shelter. even had nights of fun, a little singing and someone playing harmonica and so on. Little things. But I really don't believe that this reinforced it, tortured me and so on. I would have done it anyway. I know myself. I know. I am a very determined person. I would have done it anyway, yeah, unless I was sick or something, but I would have done it. I think that my wife's Uncle that we discovered after the war in Vienna, him being in New York, he wrote us a letter. I never met him before. He was not my Uncle, he was a distant Uncle to my wife, when he wrote us, "Don't you ever come back to the United States with doubt about completing you're education." And again, this was no doubt in my mind that I wanted to complete it anyway, but definitely if I want to go to Israel, my wife felt, which is not true, we're not in pioneering type of mood anymore. We're young but still we're physically devastated. And to be a pioneer, go to Israel now, fight from beginning. Again, she felt maybe life in the States would be easier for us. Do we

15

deserve a better life? Do we deserve a life better than our parents maybe had? I don't have the answer to it. I would say, yes, why should we? But common sense and logic convinced me my wife was correct.

Q: If I could stop you again for a second, I am curious about again you and you're wife and also the people you're with now in this new environment. If you could tell me a little more about, was it a big topic of conversation, whether or not to go to Israel? Was there debate about that? Were there people determined to do it? Whether you had discussions or even arguments about that?

A: Right. Well some group of our friends discovered some relatives in South America, in Argentina and Paraguay. Another one discovered family in Australia, distant family. They knew of. They never met them, like this distant Uncle that left Poland before the war yet, before they were born maybe. They knew of them because they remember their parents reading letters and so on. They seen pictures but they never met them personally. To them they were strangers. So some of them had friends or family in Canada, and so on. Some of them in the United States. I would say the majority of us, perhaps more than 50% of the group, fell with Israel. We felt more secure going to Israel. Not in terms of our lives, secure terms in no one would attack you from behind again and hit you, be anti-Semitic is all. You might be killed by a bomb, by a grenade, by an action, whatever, if you go

16

to army, but you're in your own country. No one can make a
to you, But you know we thought someday, sooner or later,
after the war we were optimistic. Things would work out somehow, sooner or later
there has to be peace. And we didn't predict what is going to happen, what is going
to happen right now? But at that time, and this was my idea to go to Israel. In Israel
medicine was not exactly a favored profession. But this was my idea to do. But
then finally my wife said, well, if we go to Israel and we won't be able to make it
there, how are we going to get to the United States? Almost physically and
financially impossible. But if we got to the United States, we cannot make it here.
We can always make it and they will help us, make illegal.
We can always do that. Which made common sense to me. And against my better
judgment though, I consented. We probably should consider that as a more
practical thing. And I betray my thought, maybe in a sense, that I was kind of
geared toward Israel. My years, the few years I was in Vienna and in school that is
where I am going to go. But the common sense prevailed and then maybe the
convenience, and we got older a little bit at that time, and we are looking for a little
easier life. No one says its going to be an easier life in the United States, which I
found out they, found it was true. It was not easy at all. I never worked so hard in
my life. But I was looking forward to it then, you know?

17

Q: To?

A: To come to the States.

Q: But you're saying you felt you betrayed yourself a little bit by not going to Israel? A: Yes because I was geared to go to Israel. I just felt that's my place to go. Mentally, you know? Although my parents were not Zionists. My Dad was a Bundist (ph) which was a Socialist. And my cousin who was a young, what do they call it? A Scha-bo-tin-ski (ph) man, you heard about it, it's ultra right. Nationalist. My Dad, showing me my cousin when we're young, dressed in a brown shirt with a belt. And the belt across his chest with a hat. Looked like a young Hitler uniform, like a Nazi. He said, "Look at you're cousin. That's a Jewish Hitler unit." And down on me and always was embedded in my mind, by saying Israel doesn't mean it has to be all like my nephew there. There's going to be the \_\_\_\_\_, there's going to be all kinds of people. And I could contribute to the well being of Israel in my own way. I discover my Judaism, so to say. Because I was raised, I knew I was Jewish but I was going to a Catholic school, so I was kind of like a little odd type of an individual. I knew I was Jewish. I had Hanukkah at home and Christmas tree. My Catholic friends come into, to my parents it didn't mean nothing. They knew I was Jewish and they knew they are Jewish. They were Yiddish speaking, but they were very progressive people. And my father didn't believe in Israel. Free Israel,

18

Palestine, he was a Socialist. He believed that they should build a future where they are. Fight for their right to work and so on. But this was before he became an architect. I remember he was lucky, he was a more professional. Before he was a locksmith, he was a worker. So maybe that's why he believe in it, all his colleagues, all with the same group of people, same professions, that's what they were fighting for. But I knew. If my father would have survived the war, he would change his political views too. It was a different theatre after the war. I mean, you cannot fight for certain ideology that either was in bankruptcy, although it was premature to say that. I say that now after \_\_\_\_\_, but I didn't believe that you can suppress human feelings and tell him what to do. You're going to be a clerk, or you're going to be a whatever, a machinist, or a truck driver. I wanted to be what I wanted to be. It wouldn't be right to tell you what to be. And in this kind of environment, my father was promoting and so on, there was less freedom probably of choice, and so on. So I knew right away, I was too young to be politically involved at that time. Although today people at the age of like 17, 18, 19, they have certain convictions, political . . . [End of Side 1 of Tape 1]. . . and so on and they mature more. Sure they can change their views. On the other hand, they go in one direction they were raised or maybe they are convinced they are doing the right thing. So I discovered that I want to be Jewish, I am Jewish and I won't deny that, I

19

suppress this all those years. Suppressed to survive. Now I don't have no need to suppress it. But which direction to go? In Judaism, I didn't know that yet because I was like a newcomer to this kind of a thing. I was never raised in a Jewish \_\_\_\_\_. That Yiddish was my tongue and going to the shul (ph), the synagogue all the time. I going once a year with my father because my father had to go because my grandfather looked at it, you know? He had to go. But again, I felt I developed my own things. My own life when I get older. And of course I was influenced by the course of events, no question about it. See? So talking, going back to a group of my friends, which are still, we are like a family. We still are very close friends. We see each other, even people in Australia or so, we are meeting each other maybe every five years or every year, every two years. I go to Israel. Half of my class eventually left for Israel. I will never forget the moment where the first airline, EL-AL plane landed in Vienna to transport the remains of Theodore Hershel (ph), was buried in Vienna. And I was one of the delegates honored to carry on my right shoulder. There were eight students of us, carried the casket to the airport, from the cemetery to the airport. And this was, the rest of my life I will remember that. I have pictures of it, too even. You know, we had nothing, we were as poor as poor could be, but I felt we were happy. We were happy. We live with the memory of our past, our families, our parents. \_\_\_\_\_. As any

20

youngster will tell you, his parents were the greatest. Mine were too. But anyway, so about 50% of my group went to Israel and they established themselves there and they did very well. And we elected to go to the States. I was at the end of my study. There was one professor of \_\_\_\_\_, who was an old, old Nazi. He was about, close to 90 years old. Klein (ph) was about 88, 89. No one knew for sure his age, he looked like 120. He lost three sons on the Russian Front. And he flunked every Jew going for an exam in front of him. There was no, and these were the smartest kids, flunked the first time. So I, there was another assistant professor who was giving the exams too, but not while the old man was still there. And he was never taking vacations. So I decided, a few of us decided, we'll go and get it over with. We're going to flunk anyway. We didn't even study, we're going to flunk, with or without studying, we are going to flunk. And sure enough, we flunked \_\_\_\_\_, all of us. And then summer vacation started. This was about July, school didn't start until the end of September, beginning of October, I think the beginning of October. So I had one more exam to take. This was the final thing. I finished all the studies. I had to repeat, there were things I was allowed to repeat it if I flunk. I was called to the American Embassy in Vienna, that my visa arrived and I have two weeks to go. There was a young lady there, I said, "No. I'm very honored with it and I didn't expect this to come so fast but I have a little problem." I

21

told her, I flunked one exam. And I have to repeat the exam. But it is summer vacation, now the school is closed. And the next one, the first one, and with my connection with the secretary of the University, only connection where you had to have preferential date on an exam, I would be the first one because I'll be leaving for the United States. And I said I have to wait until October. And she tells me, "How are you sure that you're going to pass it?" And I said, "Well, I'm not sure but I hope I pass it because I study now, if I didn't study and . . . ", I told her the story. She was very uncomfortable and very upset about it. She was very hostile. She said, "I lost a son in Korea. And he would like to come back home, but he's dead. Here you are given a chance to come to the United States and you're rejecting it?" I said, "I'm not rejecting it. But you don't understand. That's my whole life. I will study, I promised my Mom." And I had to study and I'm going to finish it whether you like it or not. If I go or I don't go. I cannot go. My Uncle, that I had just discovered, a new Uncle, told me, don't you ever come here without you're diploma. You'll be nobody. What am I going to do? Come to the States and dig ditches? In memory of my parents I will never do that. If not I'll go to Israel. I told her this. I want to go to the United States. My wife wants to go. We don't have no family. She just discovered a family, an Aunt and an Uncle. Somebody we can call our family. And I don't understand that you are so difficult. I don't know. Is this a law,

22

that you have to do that? Or is it flexible? I didn't have anybody to talk for me in the Embassy. I didn't have a lawyer, I didn't have no body, just myself. Me and my wife. My wife was crying. And she didn't respond to us so we got out and walked away, walked out. And this was the end of our dreams. We told our friends. They said, don't worry about it. We'll go to Israel. So I was already set to go to Israel. Sure enough, what happened? My good old professor got sick. During the end of vacation. And sure enough, the assistant professor that we adored was in charge of exams. I think it was something like the 3rd or 4th of October, I took the exam. And sure enough I passed it. And I got my diploma with a formal ceremony, the University of Vienna. My Uncle send me a tuxedo, his old tuxedo. We were graduated without robes. The professors were wearing robes, we wore tuxedos. Some with tails some with tuxedos. And I graduate and started to say good-bye to all my friends in Vienna. Didn't know to go to Israel probably. All of a sudden I got telephone call from the American Embassy in Vienna. This lady was replaced by somebody else. They knew my story. There was no problem at all. She was just a bitter person because she lost her son. And maybe my age, I don't know, I never seen him. And maybe she was just devastated by it and she took the anger, I knew it is not a personal thing. But she was an angry person, she had a tragic event. I had tragedy all my life, since the war. But this other person was very

23

understanding, very warm. And she said, this other lady said to me, "There was no problem at all." Even the first time. And this happens quite often, that things will be changed, dates and so on. Asked me when I'll be ready to go? I said, I am ready to go any time from now and just packed and that's it. And so we said good-bye to a lot of friends. Some were disappointed that we didn't go to Israel. And some went to South America, Australia and so on. We promised we are going to keep in touch with each other. Because we were one family. We went through our youth, the formative ages actually without our parents, without somebody from our direct family. We create our own family. If my friend was like a brother to me, his wife was like a sister to me. And we had two couples on the list were single, they were always looking up at us. Although we are not the oldest, not at all. But we married very young, my wife was less than 16, we got married in Warsaw ghetto. So we had certain authority because being married, you know? It carries certain weight, at least within our group. And those were the happiest days, outside my youth of course. The second stage of my life. And here we are, we knocked at the door of United States.

Q: Let me just ask you, how did you, when you came over how did you come over?

On a ship?

24

A: Yes. Well we were separated me and my wife. They took us to a camp in Germany, in Hannover. Men were separated and women separate. We could see each other during the day. Otherwise we are confined to separate rooms and so on.

Q: What kind of camp was this?

A: It was some form of labor camp or something. It was not a concentration camp before, no. It was labor. Barracks, you know? And it was like an office, big building I remember. And I was a young doctor without any experience yet, just a piece of paper, that's all. And I was assigned to check some of the immigrants who were suppose to go to the United States, for the inflectional diseases or any lice and other things, things like this. And we're waiting for arrival of a ship. And I remember the name of the ship. It was a military transport ship normally carrying something like 300 or 400 soldiers or military men. But 1,800 people were on that ship. I remember the wait for a small ship, General Blachfort (ph) was the name, you don't forget that. And I've got to tell you, being on that ship, like in three weeks I think we were in the camp before the ship arrived, and we boarded the ship. It took us about 10 or 11 days through the Atlantic, it was November. And the sea was very unruly. We were sick, seasick, all of us. On top of that, I never ate ham with raisins. Not that I was Kosher. I ate ham, but not the raisins. Polish culinary thing didn't allow

25

sweet in ham. Ham was always with spices or salt and so on, but not with sweet, not normally with ham. So when I just took this, tasted the ham, it got me sick to my stomach. And anyway we survived the war, we survived worse things than that, so we survived the trip too. And my wife's Aunt expected us at the port in New York and was a distinguished lady, beautiful person. Elegant, never seen such elegance for years. And turned out that she was instrumental in having us moved to a hotel, to some kind of a gathering thing for the, old immigrants were going to. They pay for the room, the hotel. There was a big suite. So with one room, some other people, another room, you know? But it was very nice. They paid for this. And then we got introduced to each other, with my wife's family. Her husband, who was the one that I wrote to and he wrote to me. And after all those years he wrote very beautiful Polish and my English was very bad, very bad. It was tragic. I didn't know too much at all. And they had two daughters. And of course you invite you're poor relatives to the house. They lived on 5th Avenue in New York. We are not properly dressed for that kind of encounter but that's all we had. The only thing I brought was a big case with books that's what I had. Otherwise, I looked like a rook sack. Nothing. I didn't have no suits, no shoes, just what we had with us. And they had two daughters, two beautiful girls. And I felt very uncomfortable and she introduced us as DP's. Displaced Persons. Like embarrassed that we are part of the family.

26

And we were invited for dinner there. And when my wife came in and put her coat in the closet and when we left for the hotel she found \$20.00 in the pocket. I was very upset about it. I didn't learn the American way. Is this the American way? To put \$20.00 in you're pocket? I think this was an insult. I could use that money, no question about that. The way it was done, I didn't know what to do. How to do. Maybe afraid I wouldn't take it if they proposed, you know? Besides, we are getting food in the hotel, I needed the money. I did need the money really. My wife very soon got a job, right there in New York. She spoke some English, among immigrants she spoke several languages, fluent in German of course, and in Polish. And she speak Spanish too. And she could be like an interpreter, helping the American \_\_\_\_\_ to distribute the refugees to go left, right, wherever they needed to go. Giving information, translating and so on. And she was paid for it. Not much, but she was paid enough to get a bus and pay a bus. And I talked to this Uncle whom I adored. He was really a fascinating person. And I took to him right away, he showed me his heart, he opened up completely. A man that I never met before. Never heard of me. His brother-in-law was a Director of American Joint in Warsaw, prior to the war.

Q: Director of?

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Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 27

A: My wife's Uncle. His brother-in-law. You know, his wife and my wife's Aunt in

Warsaw, they were sisters. And the husband of her Aunt in Warsaw, he's that

American, he direct American Joint in Warsaw. You know, Joint Committee,

American Joint?

Q: Joint Committee of?

A: Well American Joint was an organization helping the Jews.

Q: Okay.

A: He was a very big, important figure, pre-war, in Poland, of course. Anyway, we

sat and talked and so on. He asked me to go to register, where young doctors went

to register, in New York. You have to do something with yourself there, you've got

you're diploma, now you're going to be a doctor. I don't know what that means

really, yet. And I went to register. I had to wait in line, not on a line, there was about

300 or 400 people, all doctors. Young doctors like me. And it was where someone

takes you're name and give you some options, hospitals in New York, in Brooklyn,

you name it. And I look at this. In the meantime I had to go there by subway and

the transportation there, in New York, people, I never was in a city of 10 or 11

million people. And to me I was in Vienna, which was 2 1/2 or 3 million people, was

a huge city. By comparison to Poland, Vienna was a metropolis. I came to New

York, I was totally lost. And I was uncomfortable. A little scared too. What am I

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27

28

going to do here? How can I live in a big city like this? And then I didn't like it. I wanted to go to a small town. And I talked to my Uncle, my wife's Uncle, he said, "You're right. I suggest you be, you'll find yourself better in a small town." And they send me to Jewish Committee in New York City with my dilemma. And I found a very listening ear there in an older lady who listened to my story and she said, "You know what? You should maybe stay in one of the bigger cities, in New York State maybe, you'll be not too far from you're Uncle, just in case you need that contact with him and so on, and maybe you'll find yourself even more comfortable and feel more secure that way." So I said, "Well, fine." She asked me, "Where do you want to go?" I said, "I don't know." She opened a book, an Atlas, a map. I put my finger on it. Rochester, New York. She said that's a good city, University City, she said. She made arrangements with Jewish Committee in Rochester to expect us there. They assign us to a German speaking family that they sub-let a room in their house. We could speak German, it was easy. And we went. With our big suitcase, one suitcase with books. I had a medical instrument there which I brought with me, I wanted to be a pathologist. We called it a micro-tomb (ph), it's outdated now. I brought them from Vienna, it was world famous in those days. That's one thing I brought with me. So we stayed with, I felt good already. They had a long car and the streets, there was no traffic,

29

there was no subway. I mean, you could talk to you're neighbors, you know? You could walk around. It was great. And after maybe a week or so of staying there my wife got a job. Got a job working at Woolworth's. Selling donuts. Behind the counter, selling donuts. She would bring in \$6.00 each night, for nothing. And she was telling me her experiences at work. She worked with a lot of African-American and some minorities, but not as many that, well they were lower class American people, white people, but some of them didn't even finish High School, and so on. Very soon she was, she graduated from the University of Vienna, she was an educated person. They discovered she was a very intelligent woman, so they moved her right to the office with the bookkeeping department. And she was taking orders and supplies and so on. I remember she told me one day they had some device, you count together six donuts of sugar donuts, six donuts with chocolate, they had to use the machine to add it up and she didn't need to. She added it up in her head, and say it's \$1.97. They would look at her, how do you know? Well I figured it out. I don't know, my brain. Anyway, they discovered she's smart and that's how she got the job. At least she got a paying job. Now I felt more insecure than ever. Myself, I didn't know what to do myself. So talking to my benefactors, the German-Jewish family that we stayed with, they say, "You know what? I'll introduce you to our German doctor. He is from Germany, a Jewish doctor in

30

Germany. Maybe he can help you because you're a doctor, he's a doctor. He has contacts and maybe he tell you what's next step." Because we don't know what to tell you. And the Jewish Committee, they were awaiting any assistance, if I need anything they will, but they want to leave me alone and see what I want to do. I met this German doctor. He say, "You know what? Let me talk to the Chief of Staff of one of the hospitals, which was the University Hospital, he's on staff. Let me talk to him and see what he suggests." I said, "Fine." "In the meantime, I have a lot of German people, my patients, if you want to come and help me in my office here?" I said, "I don't have a license yet to practice medicine here." He said, "I won't let you practice medicine. You assist me, help me with the x-ray department, x-rays and moving the files and so on, and I'll pay you for it." I said, "Okay." So I felt better yet, you know? And one day he came back to me, this German doctor, and he said to me, "You know what? I made an appointment for you with the Chief of Staff. He speaks a little German. He is Jewish, but he has a resident who speaks fluent German, so he will be there when you are there." I said, "Fine." He brought me in, he picked me up and brought me there, he said he would pick me up later. When I walked in, he spoke very broken. My English was just as bad as his German. But the German resident was there, German-speaking. American of German extraction. And at first he wanted to know my life story. Being a Jew, knew I'm a

31

survivor. He wanted to know the whole story. And we're sitting there for four hours. He asked for lunch to be brought to his office there. We had lunch together. And finally said, he released the resident to go away, and he said, "You speak German, I understand what you're talking about. I maybe don't speak as good but I can understand." And he was fascinated with my story, wanted to know all the story. And I thought he felt guilty for some reason, I don't know why. Maybe because here he has his whole family here, survived. I found out later he had a son of my age who was a young doctor too, and maybe he felt sorry for me, you know? That I was so physically, mentally devastated. And in the meantime I found out that its almost impossible to get accepted in that hospital as an intern because American boys, interns, medical students, have in advance, a year in advance, have to file their documentation and so on in the hospital of their choice and its like a lottery. Either they take you or not. The hospital has a choice of taking the best. So I, it looked like the situation was very grim, that I might not be able to get in there even. Beside I cannot give, this was February, February of 1951. We arrived in November of 1950, in New York. For February, 1951, right. And the year doesn't start until June, the end of June or July 1st is when the academic year start in the hospital, new interns come in. So I told him in German plainly, I said, well, I see that it's probably is hopeless for me to even, since I don't speak English, I don't understand the

32

nurses. How can I talk to patients? He said, "Well, you got since February, until July 1st to pick up you're English." "And what are you going to do?" "I'm going to introduce you to two ladies, they speak fluent German. They will be you're personal teachers, they will teach you English for nothing." Two spinsters. And that's the paper I want you to sign. I was so suspicious, I wanted to know what I am signing. What am I signing? You're signing that you want to be an intern, didn't you? I said, yes. So you sign that you agree to be an intern. I said, but, I haven't taken the exam. You don't have to take no exam, I am the boss here. I am the Director. You don't have to take an exam. You would have passed the exam, he told me. He looked at my books and my \_\_\_\_\_ and he said, you deserve to be here. If you're English is going to improve you'll be okay. He was like a God sent person to me. And my Archangel was the German resident. Wherever I was he was with me. Where he was, I was his tail, you know? And when they were making rounds in the hospital, I was first the Chief resident, then the middle resident, then the Junior resident, then the Senior intern. I was finally the Junior Intern, I was the tail end of the procession, and the nurses between. So I never even heard all the discussion that took place when making rounds in the a hospital. The door would open, only the front of the group could participate in the discussion. I couldn't even hear from a distance. But I listened as much as I could. Wrote some notes in

33

German. Enough that when the rounds finished, I went to the record, hospital of the patient, I made copies of certain things. And at night with one bulb on me, I would look in a German dictionary, I was translating. That's how I learned medical terminology, how to converse with a patient, how to make a diagnosis, what tests you do, and so on. It was so different than I was use to in Vienna. But in Vienna, all fairness, I never was an intern. I graduated and I was shipped right away. So I didn't have the exposure to the hospital in the practical type medicine, you know? But there was a double hazard here, no language and no experience. And I had very little time to pick up my English. Anyway, but to make a long story short, the two old ladies, they were beautiful old ladies, they taught me English. It was a practical English, I never had a formal English education of course. But I bought a radio from the first money I made, and my wife, and I listen phonetically to everything. And not to music, listen to people talking. To get acquainted with. Oh, I forgot to mention, when I lived in New York before we left for register, for twenty-five cents I went to a movie on 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. I stayed there from 9:00 am until about 5:00 or 6:00 PM, my wife was working as a translator, right? I was there, not watching the movie, I didn't understand nothing, but I would listen to the phonetics, people talking. And after their third time around I understood what they were talking about.

34

Then I'd comprehend some, some of the mimics, some of the interaction, and I understood.

Q: So you watched the same movie three times?

A: No. Me, myself? Oh yes, I did. Only to listen. I watched, I was not interested in the movie, I didn't know, but I wanted to hear people talking. Maybe I could stay in the park someplace but I couldn't force anybody to sit with me and talk for eight hours with me. Here, in the movie, they talked. So I could listen, for twenty-five cents. And if I had fifty cents, I put twenty-five cents into a saving thing, a little piggy bank, and for the first money I bought a radio. I managed \$7.00 so I bought a radio. And at night I listened to the radio too, not to music, just to people talking. A talk show or something. I listen to all people talk. That's what I was, I was hungry. I want to know that. And I knew I had to meet a deadline. It's like a prisoner who has only the sense of the death. He is going to be executed in four months. My execution was in four months, either I pass it or I don't pass it. And I didn't want to think about it. What's going to happen if I don't pass it? What am I going to do? I know my wife's Uncle would not let us down, maybe he would send me some business or someplace or so. But this was not my cup of tea, I wanted one thing only and that's what I wanted to do. And things got, it, what do you call it? With perseverance. And there were days we were really didn't think we were going to

35

make it, financially and otherwise. We were hungry, not hungry while interned, but we didn't eat meat for months, just vegetables, we couldn't afford any. But we were not hungry for meat, once a week when I became an intern, we were invited to hospital cafeteria, the family. Like an intern could bring his family, like a wife and children. Our son was born then, in Rochester. And we came to the hospital and had a fiesta, a beautiful dinner. Turkey, for almost three years, every Sunday, turkey. Finally, after three years, I hated turkey. But I, at least I had meat. And we met the other young families, wives of other colleagues of mine. And they all knew my story eventually because my resident spoke German told everybody. They did not shy away from me, they were so nice, they were so warm, they were so assuring. They invited me, they were very well-to-do young people. Their families were very wealthy. Each one has a sports car and so on. I looked at them, will I ever live long enough to have that? But they invited me to country clubs, you know. When they partied, I am their colleague. They invited me and my wife. How am I going to go there? I have no transportation. I have no money for bus. I mean, it was twenty-five cents a bus, one way. It was fifty cents, both ways is \$1.00. \$1.00 is a lot of money, so we couldn't go. This is not the problem yet. What are we going to wear? I didn't have a decent, I had hospital uniforms, but I cannot go to a country club party, and no money to buy it. My wife didn't have a dress either. So what did I

36

do? I told them I'm sorry, my wife doesn't feel good. She's sick. I cannot go. Well come yourself. Is she that sick? She belongs in a hospital. No, she's not that sick. Well then you can go. I cannot leave her alone. She doesn't have nobody to help her, if she needs a glass of water or so. Well, they understood. But the fact was I was invited. I was treated like equal. And I was reassured. And I gained a kind of security right away. I felt good. And I was not afraid no more and I knew I can make it probably. What happened to my wife? She had parties too. She worked there. Eventually, by the way, she switched jobs, she got a better job at Blue Cross/Blue Shield. My wife had some medical education, I think it was two years of medical school. She didn't like it though so she quit, she went . . .

## End of Tape 1

37

## Tape 2

A: . . . to politics, economy. She is excellent at this. Really tops. So she had the experience of medical terminology, she had a job, worked for Blue Shield. They invited her to a party. Same story. She told them I don't feel good so she cannot go. And so we kind of navigating for a few years, three years or so. Until I finished my residency. And then it was time to move further. We discover our good friend who's, her parents, my parents were friends when they were single yet, came from Sweden, she survived the war in Russia. She came back to Poland after I left Poland. And she found out that I was alive. So she found an Aunt in Buffalo, New York. She contacted her Aunt who send the papers to Warsaw, but she had to leave Warsaw, Poland to Sweden in order to be eligible for transfer to the United States. That's how it was at that time. She arrived. She was in Buffalo, New York, where her Aunt use to reside. And she found out I was in Rochester. And they came to visit me with her husband. She lost her first husband, which I never met, and the second husband that she met in 1945, they married, he was like my brother. He's dead now. So we are good friends. After I finish my residency, internship in Rochester, we elected to go to Buffalo, New York. At least we have a very personal friend, bring back the old days, you know? Part of our happy days yet, and part of our family really. Because her parents were friends of my parents.

38

And she worked at the Cancer Institute, Rosewell Park. She already. I came to Buffalo, New York. I was already after internship, I spoke English and so on. And I began working in the hospital as a resident. And started saving a little money, or I was making some more money. And I bought myself a car already, I had new Chevy I bought myself. I have to retract something. Going back to Rochester, I mentioned I had a big case with books and a micro-tomb (ph). When I was in Rochester, one of the pathologist at the University, when he heard my story from the Chief of Staff, who was a surgeon, he said he heard I wanted to be a pathologist. He approached me, if I would like to continue it. But in the meantime, I lost the vision in my left eye during the war, when I was beaten by the Germans, so I could not use a binocular microscope. And pathologists have to use binocular. So this was, I was professionally handicapped so I said no. So I said, but you know what? I have a micro-tomb (ph), if you want it you could use it for the University. He said, you mean you have a micro-tomb (ph) set from Vienna? I said, yes. You know, we've tried to get this for years but during the war we couldn't get it, and so on. He said, definitely. Are you sure you want to get rid of this? I said, yes, I want to give it to him. Not to him, to the University. I mean, the University was good to me. They accepted me as an orphan, practically an orphan, and they already put me on my feet. I wanted this, it's a little thing I can do. No way. No

39

way. We are a University, we have a budget, we'll pay for it. They insisted on it, insist on it. But even not, I had so much money, I even bought a car, a used car. A Plymouth, 1947. I remember that. This was 1952, I think. A five-year-old car. A Plymouth, for that micro-tomb (ph), you see? Okay.

Q: And then you were able to go to parties after that?

A: [Laughter] Now I could go to parties, right.

Q: As long as you've gone back a little bit, I want to, just before we pick up with you in Buffalo, but I want to go back for a second. I'm very curious if you can remember, you talked about coming over on the ship and coming into New York Harbor. I'm very curious if you can remember the day when you actually first entered the Harbor in New York? What was it like on the ship? What was it like coming into the Harbor? Or you're first impressions?

A: I only remember one thing. I was sick from eating that raisins with ham. I remember, or hot dogs with raisins or sweet things, marmalade, so I was safe from this \_\_\_\_\_\_ and plastic food and so on, but I see the Ellis Island, which I knew all about. But this was a holiday, it was a very memorable day for us. Maybe symbolic. I remember I said I don't know if I should believe in fate or not. It was Thanksgiving Day. Still today, our Thanksgiving Day is a very important holiday for the whole family. Children, us. And for us particularly. This was a

40

holiday, I don't remember what day it was, but it was Thanksgiving Day, I remember that. And I don't know what to tell you. It was a huge port, the harbor you know? Seeing all the immigrants, the refugees spilling out like, you know, on the port, you know, and going through the control, which was nothing. They asked me what I had, a big, huge case of books. I said, asked them if they wanted to open it and in the few words I knew of English, he said, no, no, no. They knew we were refugees in trouble, what would we have? Nothing. We have no clothes even. And then, but they opened this and the trust, the people, you know, the official clerk like the customs, I mean, it was not like searching us or asking personal questions, nothing of that kind. Of course we had to go through health control. This was very strict because there were many immigrants coming who had tuberculosis. In those days, we had to have x-rays taken at the German camp before we boarded the ship. And if there was any scar they wouldn't let you through. You had to stay, be treated there in Germany, and you were just delaying you're arrival in the United States, after some time, I'd say a year, six months to a year, you stayed in that camp there. That's why I stalled. I talked to some doctors there because I was a little doctor already. And our chest x-rays were negative, it was fine, so we didn't have no problem with this. The only thing was annoying me, at the time the custom control and so on, entry, legal entry in the United States, I had to sign that I was never a

41

Nazi. This was beyond understanding. I had to sign I was never a Nazi? Well later I found out that some of the Nazis in the United States, imports from Balcan (ph) countries, you know, false papers, there were many Nazis and many were acknowledged by our government. I found out our government paid even some Nazi collaborators in Europe, right after the war. The Butcher of Lyons, for example, he was in solid with the CIA. Of course I understand she was being paid like \$50,000.00 a year. I don't know why. This was obviously after a certain period of time, all the secret things were legalized. People opened the archives. That's where I found out, reading things about it. But it brought back memories. I had to sign that I was never a Nazi. I didn't know why.

Q: Did you ask the person? I mean, why should I have to sign?

A: No, that's just the procedure. To sign it. I would understand if this was, at that time it wasn't even such a hostile territory, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, not yet. They were really partners in the war, you know, allies. But if I would have to sign I was not a Communist, I understand. Maybe I would understand that. But that I was not a Nazi? How could I be a Nazi being a Jew? Of course, even if some Jews were collaborating with Nazis, there were some in the concentration camps. But not because, the Germans used them only, of course, right? But a Nazi would never allow those Jews to become Nazis. They just used them for their dirty work, that's

42

all. There were some Jews collaborators, of course. Jewish Police in Warsaw ghetto, for example. But anyway, it didn't effect me that much, but they just, for years, it just lingered in my mind. Why did I have to do that? Why sign it, you know? And then I was wondering, those German Nazis you read here and there, Ukrainian discovered now, Deb-yan-uk (ph) for example, you know, that was arrested and sent to Israel eventually. He was exonerated, not by the United States but by Israel. So that's, it stuck in my memory, I would say. But otherwise, the American way of openness, people friendly, New York City, they are too busy sometimes for us and that's something that bothered me, but I didn't blame them because they are American, because the style of life was in New York. 10 million people. I mean, nobody has no time to be too nice to you because, they are nice if you stop them, but I remember in Europe I asked a cab driver to go to the highest office for some information, about medicine and so on, and I asked him how to get there. He said, "I don't know, but if you want to hop in my cab I'll take you there." And I was thinking about it, you know? He didn't want to tell me where to go, I was walking, I couldn't afford a bus. But he didn't want to tell me where it is. But if I pay for the taxi, he would take me. There are few things, but it's a lower class people. But he was not hostile. He was not unfriendly. He was not, he was himself, that's how he was. I learned to just ignore those things eventually.

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Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 43

But the few little things, I was talking in my mind, you know? But overall my

experience coming to the United States, overall, was nothing but highly positive.

And I am saying that in a truthful manner, that I don't recall any bitterness. I never

encountered any rough treatment or anti-Semitic even type of thing. Never had it,

no.

Q: How long did it take to go through the customs? Was it a few days one day and .

. .?

A: No, this was almost a day. In fact, early in the morning, I think they started at

6:00 in the morning I think. Because I remember they walked us out quite early. In

the cabin, of course, we were sleeping in hammocks on the ship. We didn't sleep,

we were just vegetating in those things. And they, I think by late afternoon we were

all done. And they deposited that huge crate that we had and then I remember

meeting my wife's Aunt from a distance, dressed in a hat and so on, which was

maybe 3:00 or 4:00 PM at that time. It took us about six or eight hours maybe, at

the most.

Q: So actually when you got to finally leave there and actually go into the city it was

still Thanksgiving?

A: That's correct.

Q: It was still the holiday so the streets are probably empty, I guess?

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

43

44

A: There was nothing, there was nothing on the street, correct. The streets were empty. The whole port was empty. There were some ships here and there but there was no traffic there, no. We were not usual immigrants, not because, we are displaced people so we came on government ship, you know, military ship. And we found a lot of support from the crew. We were crowded, we were so crowded. There was no room to sit because we were 1,800 people on 300 or 400 capacity people, you know. And we didn't stay long there, of course, we were taken away right away to this hotel.

Q: Were people having any sort of Thanksgiving dinner? Did you have that that first night or not? Do you remember?

A: You mean that night when we, only on the ship. This was the day that we arrived, is that what you mean? That's when we had the ham, raisins, the sweet things which I, they told us it was because of the holiday. Normally we wouldn't get it either. And I thought, gee, I wonder what they eat on non-holidays? I got so sick from that. I love ham, ham I love, but not sweet ham. Not with raisins. But you know for a man who was hungry so many years, you know? Surprising how I distaste the ham with raisins. I was not hungry anymore really. In Vienna I was not hungry. No, we were well fed and our American Joint was supporting us very well. Q: So let's go back now, you're in, you go to Buffalo?

45

A: Right.

Q: What year is this? Do you remember?

A: This is 1953. Right. I worked in the hospital and I didn't know what to do. Should I go into practice after internship? Should I go to residency? Residency was another four years. I decided I can't sit. First I want to be a plastic surgeon. To be a plastic surgeon you have to take four years training and I have to be American born or American graduate of an American school in those days. And I was told I would never make it, forget about it. So I decide to get a job in the hospital, so I worked in the hospital as a house physician. And I was getting nice money, \$250.00 a month, that was a lot of money. You could buy a suit, pair of shoes. My wife could buy a dress, in a cheap store like Marshall's here or TJ Max. But it was new. We never had new stuff before. In Vienna, we're getting clothes handed to us from American Joint. Some of it's donated merchandise, you know, but we're happy, lucky to get it. There was nice stuff but, and we met a lot of people in the same boat as us. Some professional, some not professional. Some worked in the factories, some worked in the offices, you know, from Europe. So we, since we met people from my country, from Poland, you more or less cling to each other. Different city maybe, but we're closer than anybody else. And they are about the same age. So we had about a ton of friends, a ton. Many, many friends from http://collections.ushmm.org Contact reference@ushmm.org for further information about this collection

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 46

different parts of Poland. Some from Vienna even. And I met, in Buffalo, a friend of

mine from Vienna, who left Vienna, he was a journalist, to the United States as an

immigrant, a few years later. He didn't know I'll be in Buffalo and he was in Buffalo.

I met him once in a gathering of my friends, and we knew each other from Vienna.

So we dressed like one family, spoke the same language, although we all spoke

English at that time. Kids were little, about the same age, they played together.

The wives had something to do. But my wife, like our parents, felt she should stay

home with the kids. And by that time she was pregnant with my second child, I had

a daughter that you met today. And she was born in Buffalo. My son was born in

Rochester.

Q: Oh, well let's go back then. When was you're son born? What year?

A: My son was born in 1952, August 28, 1952. I was in Rochester at that time. I

was an intern.

Q: And you named him what?

A: Genisty (ph) Hospital in Rochester, New York, right.

Q: And what was the name of you're son?

A: Of my son?

Q: Yes.

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

46

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Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 47

A: Gerald David. David after my wife's little brother that perished. That we think

survived the war, now, we just found out.

Q: Oh really?

A: We think we found out. We're not sure yet. We cannot find him yet. But we

found, \_\_\_\_\_ and later maybe.

Q: Or, I don't know, we could just talk about it now, because let me just say for the

tape here, in you're video interview, you and you're wife, you both tell the stories of

how you lost him from this basically this fake resort that the Nazis tricked people to

going to and that. Now, when you did the video which was two or three years ago, I

believe, right?

A: Right.

Q: At the time you were both convinced that he had not survived.

A: Correct.

Q: So now you're saying you've gotten some new news?

A: About a year ago, we went to a friend of ours here from Warsaw who just found

her twin brother after fifty plus years. Not knowing he survived, by pure accident,

she found him. So we met him. And my wife talked to him and she said, you know

what? I have a little brother who was, when the war started she was seven, he was

at that time nine years old. He was born in 1933, her little brother was born in 1933.

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

47

48

So in 1943 or 1944, \_\_\_\_\_, I don't remember exactly now. And he was at that time 10 or 11 years old. So he perished. So anyway, talking to this friend now, he said, why don't you write a letter to such and such an office in Warsaw, Poland? They have lists of many people, they survived camps and so on. Why don't you do that? My wife did. Never got a response. The man who runs this is an American boy who runs a certain foundation, I think the name is Linder (ph) Foundation in Warsaw. Who send a list of survivors in this camp that we know he went to. And his name, Arian name, not real name, Arian name, is listed as survivor of that camp. This list is from dates from 1946. The year of birth is the same. But the day and month is not clear, that's a copy of a copy of a copy. We cannot decode the day and the month, but 1933. His name was Roman Kolvolski (ph). So we wrote, we put everything in motion right now. We wrote to Israel. We wrote to Sweden. We wrote to England, to Australia, to Switzerland, Austria, Germany, to what they call the villa-goot-mach-home (ph), in case he survived he might be collecting rent from German government. So we wrote to Israel, to Avrasham (ph), wrote to Israel, different offices there. The Israeli Historical Documentation Office who's Director is a friend of mine from Vienna. And when I wrote him about the whole situation, he put every motion he could, the German Consulate is a personal friend, so he is very much assisting him in trying to, Red

49

Cross, International Cross, \_\_\_\_\_, you name it, everything that's known to maybe get some help from, we wrote to them. As a matter of fact we just dedicated a plague for my parents in our Temple. My parents, my sister. And we are already reserving a plague for her parents, her brother, when this come about. So I eliminated his name from it. We only sent for her parents, we know they perished. And we still hope maybe we'll find him, but it is a very difficult part now, how to find him? He might have changed his name. He might be dead by now. He could be now sixty-some years old, 1933, he would be 63 years old. He could have died, natural causes. He could change his name to a different name. Maybe he changes religion, does not want to have nothing to do with Judaism. I mean, there's very, all these remote possibilities that we don't know. But we don't lose hope. We do everything we can. We will go anyplace. My wife doesn't want to go back to Poland, she would go to Poland right now if she would find something. So we're just keeping our hands and our hearts open, that maybe he's alive and hopefully, all those years that we wasted not doing nothing about him because, in 1945 we registered in Poland and also they knew where we are and so on, and there was no information. The Communists did on purpose, did not provide any communication with people that survived the war. They didn't want that, see? So all the notes that

50

were left in Poland, in the different offices and so on, I understand they were

destroyed by the Communists, you know? So nobody will find out that, you know?

Q: How long ago was it that you saw this list with his name on it? Was it this year?

A: It was about one year. We see each other quite often now. The twin brother of

the young lady?

Q: Yeah, but you saw this list that showed the brother's name on it. How long ago

was that?

A: Oh, he mailed to us from Warsaw recently, about a month ago or so.

Q: Oh, just a month ago?

A: Yeah. And we started everything about a month ago. And my son, through the

Internet, he's a computer wizard, found some 11 people from that concentration

camp. And we've called them long distance, some are from New York, some from

Annapolis, some are from Michigan, but they never knew him. They did not know

him. They were older people, he was a little boy at that time. But it's obvious he

survived because his name appear as a registered person in 1946. Unless, by

sheer coincidence, the same first name, last name, Roman Kolvolski (ph) is

identical with his false papers were, not false, they were real papers, but on an Arian

name. We got it through the Polish underground, for a young boy who died and

they never recorded a death. So the birth certificate could be used again by Polish

51

underground to save people. That's how we got the birth certificate, from my wife's little brother. So it's possible that someone else had the same first name, last name. The same year of birth? That would be such a coincidence. So we firmly believe that he's alive. Or he was alive anyway, we have to find out. So we do the best we can. We just got a letter from Sweden, our friend who puts ads in newspapers, and the Jewish organization there, and so far nothing. So, so far we see no answers to it yet. But we're not losing hope.

Q: So that was just a month ago. After all this time, all these years, I mean it must make you feel a lot of emotions I would imagine?

A: No question about it, no question about it. We don't give up hope. We live with hope all our lives. That's what brought us where we are right now. If not hope, of course, probably would take a gun and shoot myself. Why everybody was being killed, you know?

Q: Does it make you feel any regret or sadness that maybe he was around all this time? You just didn't know it?

A: Yes, guilt feelings. I feel very guilty, yeah. I feel guilty that, but searching my mind, logically thinking, I don't know what I could have done. We did leave traces of our life, our names, where we are going to be, where we are and so on. And that's all we could have done. My wife found her Uncle by accident. One of our students

**52** 

was on a train in Austria and sitting on the bench with somebody, they found out, oh, where are you from? Oh, I'm from Vienna. But you don't speak, you're German is with an accent. Says, yes, I'm not Viennese born. Said, so what country are you from? Poland. Oh, I'm from Poland too. So, you know, that talking to each other turns out one was a survivor of concentration camp. That was \_ our group. So he says, what town are you from? So he told him. I'm a student. What towns are the students from? So he said, mentioned several towns that, Warsaw, Lublin, Lublin. I had a cousin that use to be in Lublin, then she live in Warsaw. So the student says, what's her name, do you remember her name? He didn't remember her name. So he said, I'll tell you, we only have one couple from Lublin. Her name is, he mentioned my wife's name. He almost fainted. It's her cousin. My wife found a cousin from Warsaw who survived the concentration camp. He was on a train going from Germany, from one town to another town, by accident run into this student who is part of our group of students, and that's how we found out each other. And since that time, through him, my wife found out she has an Aunt in New York. He knew about the Aunt because his mother was the sister of the Aunt in Europe. It was very close, you understand? So my wife found out through the cousin that, he's still alive, in New York, of course we are in contact with him, not as much as we should maybe but we are. He's very,

53

very ultra, ultra orthodox and we're not as religious so it doesn't fit his philosophy you know, but he was very helpful to us and still a family. It's her cousin. I'm sure my wife would tell you more details about him in her statements, okay?

Q: Well I wish you luck. I hope you're able to . . .

A: We are praying, we hope that we will.

Q: Let's go back to you're story. You're first child is born in Rochester in, I forget which year that you said?

A: Gerald David Horn. Then my daughter was Linda Sue Horn. She was born in Buffalo, New York. She was born May 13, on Mother's Day at that time, it was Mother's Day, May 13 in 1956. So she's, that's 40 years old now. Well we slowly gaining ground and creating a family. We feel more secure. I had a job, I was working in a hospital. My wife was a full-time homemaker. Two kids now. She was three weeks old, she had pneumonia, she was hospitalized, we were scared we would lose her and so on, but things got to be fine. One negative aspect of my relationship in America with some of the landlords is when she was born, it was in May, he turned off the heat. It was cold in Buffalo. Very cold. It was very cold, and I come home with a newborn baby. She caught a cold. And I'm not trying to blame our landlord for it. It was cold, the viruses, you know? But the temperature was definitely below the normal. Normally people use to have their places heated at that

54

time. And when I complained, couldn't you heat our apartment with my newborn baby that's just come home, she was a little low weight, he said, no, no. I need you're apartment now because my family is coming and we need an apartment so I want you to move out anyway. So I thought I'd wait until you're baby maybe gets slightly bigger than I want to approach you on it anyway. So I seen there's no point discussing things so I found an apartment not too far, through my friends and so on. Very lovely apartment. They were American Polish people, not Jewish, that nobody want to take a newborn baby in at that time. And they were the only people. I was knocking the doors, from door to door. They accepted us with a newborn baby. Until today, they are just like, my daughter still call them my grandma. She's now, for eight years, this lady now, she lost her husband in the meantime. We lived downstairs, they lived upstairs. Like a family together. And they, we worship them, until today, she's a widow now. We're trying to assist her a little bit, we help her. She remarried but they are up in age, sick and so on. So we, they are our dear, not only benefactors, but friends. They're on the weddings with the kids, her children, so we are good friends until today. As a matter of fact, when Washington D.C. on our testimony for the Museum, we invited by her daughter, this lady from Buffalo, who lives near Washington, her mother's there, and stay with us for a few days. She was raising our Linda, my daughter. So we are very close with them, yeah. So

55

after a few years in Buffalo, three years or so, it was about 1959, 1960, I had to take by Boards, I didn't have a license yet. I worked in the hospital, that's all. So I was studying and there were two States. Not each state approved . . .[End of Side 1 of Tape 2]. . . foreign graduates at that time. Don't forget, this was a time after the war. American physicians were in the Army and they needed doctors here so they wanted all the doctors in the hospital, because there was no one to serve in the hospital, there were not enough doctors. So when I worked in the hospital in Buffalo they didn't want to let me go either. But I didn't want to build a future working in the hospital until one day they won't need you no more, I want to be on my own. So I had to take, make the license anyway. Besides time legally would have changed and I wouldn't get a license to even work in a hospital, which eventually turned out to be so. So I decided to quit the hospital. I was studying. And two states were accepting foreign graduates, which one was Ohio and one was Illinois. So I thought, well, let me take a trip to Chicago, take a look. I came to Chicago, I fell in love with Chicago. I was on Lake Shore. I remember staying in a hotel on La Salle Street. And I just looked around, a beautiful city. Downtown was beautiful. State Street was beautiful in those days. Different than now. And I was given a letter of recommendation by one of my colleagues, a doctor in Buffalo, to one of the doctors in another family, personal friends in Chicago, so I had someone to talk to at least.

56

So I called them up and became friends right away. Both of them were from Poland too so it made me feel more close at home, more or less. One physician was practicing already here. The other party, he was a CPA. And they introduced me to their pediatrician, an American born, and so I make already a few acquaintences. Just being a visitor to Chicago. I fell in love with Chicago. I said, that's the city I want to. I went back home. I started studying very hard and in 1959, forgot what month, October I think, I came to Chicago to take my exams, my Board. And while taking my exams, I seen somebody from a distance, during the intermission, that I thought I seen a ghost. And I screamed spontaneously, not thinking, his first name. His name was Bolick (ph). "Bolick (ph)?" The person jumped, turned around, didn't know who called him because he changed his name for many years already. Nobody knew his name, except I did because he was my classmate in Lee-boof (ph), Lemberg when I was taking first and second in medicine. We roomed together in dormitory. I didn't know he had survived the war. When I approached him, he look at me, he did not know who I was. And I recognized him right away. I said, "Well let me tell you, I won't tell you who I am, but I'll bring some few little facts to maybe wake up you're memory. Do you remember City of Lee-boof (ph), Lemberg?" He said, "Yes." He knew that I was somebody that, I knew him. And he was pale like he was going to faint. And I was so emotionally upset and I, myself

57

I didn't know how to behave. And I wouldn't let him get away from me, I was just hugging him and he hugged me but he didn't know whom he was hugging. Finally I told him who I was. He couldn't believe it. He didn't recognize me. He hugged me and kissed me and so on. Turned out he lives in the South someplace, in the South someplace, in the \_\_\_\_\_ I think, someplace. Birmingham, Alabama, that's where it was, yeah. And he come in here to take his Board, same as I did. Well anyway, I'd like to tell you, he passed the Boards too. He moved to Chicago. I came back home. I gathered my family and I said to them, we are moving to Chicago. But before that I have to go back to Chicago, find a place for us. So I was introduced to a few other doctors, different hospitals here. Edgewater Hospital is one of them. Some of them were looking for a partner. I had a license, I felt very good. I felt very secure. That's the most important paper in my life. And they, no one wanted to be my partner. But I was so naive, I didn't know you need lawyers, write a contract, all those things. His word was fine for me, you know? And I move my family to this area on the basis of his promise, his word, that's all. His office was in the suburb of Chicago, in River Grove. He helped me find myself an apartment in Elmwood Park, which was about 10 minutes or so, 15 minute drive from his office and his house. Nice, third story apartment, two bedrooms, modern, elegant, very fine. He promised me a salary. Never heard so much money before, which turned

58

out to be not that much, but to me it was a lot. And I sign a contract for six months, only I didn't know what I'm going to do, an option, take another six month. And we moved to Chicago. I introduced my wife to those friends that I was introduced to by my friends from Buffalo, this CPA and this other doctor. And right away the ladies got busy and they introduced other ladies from Poland too, so in no time we knew so many people, had so many friends. In the meantime, a new Temple in Emerald Park, actually River Forest, found out that we are newcomers and survivors, they asked us to join them there. One was Orthodox, the other one was Reform. I didn't feel like joining, further I couldn't afford anything yet. They told me not to worry about it, not to, but I didn't want to go for that. And some of the people came to us, visited us, living in Emerald Park, now our neighbors. Not too many Jewish people lived there, mostly Italian, \_\_\_\_\_, but they were very nice to us. Everybody was nice. And she introduce us and took my wife to the University and to the Museum. We lived in Vienna, there was nothing but music and Museums, you know, the whole city is nothing but culture. How Nazis could develop in so high a sophisticated society as Austria, people are so intelligent. Everybody with a degree. There's no bums there. Everybody had a degree. The guy who was sweeping the city had a University degree. I mean, it was not uncommon that a barber had a University degree, but never practiced whatever he was studying. Highly intellectual

59

country. But vicious. They were more vicious, it was vicious Nazis, more than the Germans. See? But anyway, she introduced us, this lady from the Synagogue, to many people and so on. In the meantime, I found out that my associate, that I was suppose to be his partner, did not tell me the whole truth. And when I found out from the hospital, some of my colleagues knew Carl, said, "You know, we know you're partner very well. Do you have a contract with him?" I said, "A contract? What for? He told me I'm his partner." He look at me like I'm an imbecile. He said, "What do you mean he told you? How do you know, how long have you known him?" "Well, I just met him." "You know what? Ask him to sign a contract." So it started to dawn on me, maybe I should do that. I talk to my wife. "Why should I sign a contract?" She said, "Well, we're living in a legal society today. Maybe that's the right thing to do." So I approached him. In the meantime, he was taking special to residency in anesthesia, I was running the office, the practice. Behind my back he tried to sell the practice to somebody. He told me if I work for him for two years I can take over his practice. I have no money, I couldn't buy nothing. I had nothing. And the money he promised was good, you know? So, I said, "I want to sign a contract." He said, "Look, I don't want to sign a contract", he said to me. "Because I might not like you. You only work for me, what? Two or three months already." Maybe, what, two or three months, you already know. People like me, I like you're

60

patients, they like me too. Your busy, we're busy. You don't bother doing night calls no more. I do all the night calls. That you told the patient over the phone she has flu turned out to be acute gall bladder disease, gall bladder attack, have to wake up at 2:00 in the morning, you operate on the patient at night. I do dirty work. I deserve a contract now. Well I don't know if I like you're work. If I don't like you, you'll go the next day. I said, you mean you won't give me \_\_\_\_\_ No, this is something, no. There are plenty of guys like you out there, coming from Europe, from South America. There are so many refugee doctors, you know? So I said, you know what, I have to think it over. I don't care what you do, he says. You are working for me now, you're being paid. And he always paid me on time. All of a sudden, one day he got a telephone call from a doctor, are you Dr. Horn? I said, yes. You know, funny, because I understand that you are a physician in practice with Dr. So-and-so. I said, yes. He said, because he just approached me. Are you planning to take over the practice? I said, well that's what he told me. After he finishes residency on anesthesia, I am running his practice so he will have income. He's paying a salary on me, but after these two years I am taking over the practice. I don't know, he approached me, he wants to sell the practice to me. He want me to buy it. I said, he never said nothing to me like this. No. Why would he do that? He promised me the practice. I was so naive. I couldn't believe it. I didn't learn those

61

things, the tricks of, in medicine you're not a businessman, we're not businessmen. In medicine you wake up in the middle of the night, they need you, you go there. If they don't pay, they don't pay. So they say, send me a bill, you send a bill, you never collect anyway. Most people don't know. But this was not the issue here. Some poor people, I wouldn't let them down because they cannot pay. I mean, this was medicine. And he said, you know, I better, don't touch that thing. Fine. I appreciate it, I won't buy it. I want to assure, I won't step on you're toes. When he, this doctor came in that evening to the office after his courses in the hospital, and I said to him, you know what? I want a signed contract tonight, I said. And then he said, what about if I don't? Then I'm walking out right now. Right now you're walking out? What are you going to do? He started laughing. I said, don't laugh. Don't worry about it. I survived worse thing than this. I'm not worrying about it, I have a license. I'll have my own office. Ha-ha-ha-ha. He started laughing. He said, you know you cannot start a practice like this today. There are so many doctors coming, you know you're crazy. You'll never survive. I said, well I won't let you worry about it. I worry about myself. And I said good-bye. Next day, he calls me. Aren't you going to the office? I said, no. There are people coming in. That's too bad. Remember what you told me? If you don't like me, next day I'm gone. No two weeks notice. I told you, I don't like you, I'm gone. Good-bye. My God, this

62

was it. I went to the hospital that I was on staff and I told the Director that I am no more an associate of this given doctor. He said, oh we know all about it. I was surprised less than three months. So I said, what should I do then? I mean, I would like to open my own practice. Yeah, but see if you open your own practice, you have to re-apply to the staff again. And you are on your own. Before you only were accepted because you are an associate of Dr. so-and-so. But I'll have some use for you, see. In order to be accepted that will cost you \$25,000.00. I said, I don't have that kind of money. I only worked three months, I barely pay my rent. Well, I'm sorry then. You cannot be accepted. Forget about bothering with application. You wouldn't believe it. I learned the American reality in medicine from then on. I was going from hospital to hospital. Like a club, they all wanted the same thing. Lutheran General wanted \$20,000.00. Gottlieb (ph) wanted \$20,00.00. hospital, I won't mention no names, they want no money from me but the Director of the hospital is a physician. He said, every patient you admit to this hospital, if you are working the emergency room or you are on call, people come in without a doctor, they call you. If you wiggle up to that patient, you pay me half, whatever comes from that patient. I said, what? I never heard this before. What do you mean? For what? Pay you for what? Are you going to work with me on that patient? No, no, you don't understand. We do you a favor. You're

63

going to get into a given situation, you'll have to wait for a patient. You be patient, right away, you go work the emergency room. A patient would come in. Whatever comes to me, hospitalize, the fee is going to be \$200.00, you pay me \$100.00. I said, well how am I going to do the taxes? I mean, what do you mean? Why? I don't understand it. Well, you'll learn fast. That's what it is. Think it over, let me know. I quit. What I did, I moved away from the whole area I was before. I didn't want no one accusing me of being a competitor, so I worked in a strange street on Harlem Avenue, near between Edison and Belmont. It was a brand new medical office. I see it empty. I knock at the door, walked in. The Director was an American dentist, Dr. DeRome (ph) of French ancestry or so. I introduced myself. I told him the whole story. I am a newcomer to Chicago, I don't know a soul here. I am not on staff at the hospital anymore. I was, I told him, I worked three months for another doctor, which I was very disappointed. I would like to open an office. I have no money to pay for rent. Not now. I have no patients either. And I was wondering, maybe if you listen to my story, maybe you can help me? A man I never met before. No one introduced me to him, I just knocked at the door. He had seven suites in the building. A brand new building. Only two offices were taken. And his was the third. There were four vacant. What do you want? Take a look at the offices. Which office do you want? I said, well wait a minute. We have to make

64

some financial understanding. How is it going to be? He said, well you told me. You don't have any money. So I said, well, so what are you going to do? Well I will let you work until you can make some money. I said, but I don't know how long it will take me. I don't have no patients, I don't know anybody. If you have no money you're not going to pay me. And you be the one to decide what you can pay me. I didn't believe what I hear. A man I never met before. He liked me. I liked him right away. He was like a father image to me. I was young. I was 39, this was 1960, I was 40. And he was, maybe at that time, maybe 75 or so. And I picked out that office. And he advised me, I will do it for you. The local paper, he put a note with my picture in it. A new doctor and the \_\_\_\_\_. You were allowed no advertisement in those days. Now you can advertise. Only to introduce you, an introduction type of a thing. Family practice, general practitioner and my picture. I was suppose to open the office 1st of September. The middle of August, after I left the other office, two days later, from the old office I worked from, my other doctor, there was a pharmacist next door to it. The Chief Pharmacist, the owner, calls me. Dr. Horn, I have many patients from this doctor's office, asking about what happened to you, where are you? And I don't know what to do. I said, how did you find me there? Well, I have my ways. I am here, am I? I'm talking to you. I found you, right? I said, yes, you did. I read in the paper. You put ad in the paper,

65

introductory? Yeah. So he says, I know where you are. But what schedule, can I tell them? I said, no, I don't think so because then he will accuse me of taking his patients away. Look, but they are not going back to him. They told me that. They go to a different doctor. Might as well to, they like you, they want to come stay with you. I said, okay. I didn't have no furniture yet. I had one chair and my satchel bag. That's all I had, one chair. And like making house calls, you know, you don't need much, just you're bag. Stethoscope, all you're little instruments you got there, you know, percussion hammer and tongue depressor and \_\_\_\_\_\_, okay? All those things I had, so I put the patient on the chair and I had my bag on the floor, that's how I started. I had a big window there so mostly I looked through the window, looking at the traffic. Nothing else. The patient paid me. I didn't have no stationary, nothing yet. That's how it started. Well making a long story short, in three months I was so busy I didn't know what to do with myself. I was so overworked. My colleague doctor, asked me to make \_\_\_\_\_ for them, they are too busy making house calls. So I'm making \_\_\_\_\_ for them. I had people pay a nursing homes, so Sundays and Wednesdays on my day off I was making calls at nursing homes. Nights, I was delivering babies and at nights I was making house calls and so on. People are in wheelchairs, they couldn't come to the office. It was nothing urgent, of course. I picked my times. I will do it

66

Wednesdays or Sundays or at night, you know, when I have time. And they were grateful that I come in because their doctor would prescribe over the telephone. I was taught never do that. You make one mistake you will be regretting it and it was true. I felt if they have no money to pay, that's fine. But I have to make a house call to see them, to treat them. I would not treat them over the phone. Even if I knew the people, you don't know what's wrong over the phone, they talk a different story. You cannot treat on the symptoms, you have to find out what's wrong with them. And after three months, I was so busy, one day, who knocks on my door? Uncle Sam. IRS. They want to see my books. What happened? I took a trip to Europe for six weeks and on the cruise I never felt how do rich people feel? You go on a cruise? I drove to New York, I had a new Oldsmobile, convertible. I left the car in a parking garage there on a pier, they do this specially. I boarded the ship, Gilda France, a new French boat. If paradise were something as close as this was then we're in heaven. And when I come back, my colleague said, Felix, you know, we thought you were a smart kid. But you're stupid. You work three months, you took off for six weeks, you destroyed everything you made it. American people don't like that. That's a \_\_\_\_\_ on them. I said, wait a minute, I didn't offend nobody. I left another doctor, a colleague of mine, in the next building. He was willing to see my patients and he didn't have nobody to cover for him so we cover

67

each other now. So he said, they are going to my colleague. I said, I know \_. Well, I came back, you know what? I could not cover all my patients, they call me, I was so busy. Uncle Sam went through my books. The only thing that cost me is my CPA, my accountant because he costs me \$500.00 at a time, you had to take them out for dinner or lunch or something, it costs me \$500.00, his time he spend with them going over my books. And this only time was checked by IRS since 1950, forty-six years in this country. I worked. Every penny was accounted to it. I am one of the biggest American patriots. I am one of, on this block right here that you see, I'm the only European born, American citizen, a real patriot who has flag out. And then he'll leave holidays, no. But I've got to tell you, I was busy, I practice, you know. My life was good to me. I'm glad what I got I got on I have cherished memories of my wife's family, Uncle and every supportive to us. They help me buy my first house. They give me \$5,000.00 on account of it. I didn't want to take the money from them so they give us a loan and they said, listen, if it takes you a year, two, three, five to pay back, fine. No interest charged. They didn't charge me interest. I didn't want it even, but with two kids, you know. It was hard with kids to find apartments, so on. So I buy a house. That's the only house we owned. That's the house we bought in 1960.

Q: This house?

68

A: This house, yeah. We raised two kids here in this house. And we believed that education was of utmost importance. All of us, the whole family, even my daughterin-law, son-in-law, all University graduates. My son is a physician, he's a top notch specialist and he's an ophthalmologist, laser specialist. My daughter, Northwestern University graduate cum laude. Both my kids. And my daughter-in-law is a Podiatrist. My son-in-law is a Doctor of Philosophy, he's a Director, works for the State, Director of School Systems. You know? And we have four grandchildren now. I'll be married now 54 years December, on the 13th of December, fifty-four years married to the same girl. We are very happy, very happy family. My kids are my best friends and I know I am their best friend. And I achieved what I wanted to. The only regret that I have, my parents. They never lived to see it, you know? That's still the problem. And now, of course, hopefully we'll find maybe my wife's little brother. We'll look for little brother, \_\_\_\_\_ little brother. He was with us. We feel guilty because we let him go. But when the streets, we had nothing, no place to go. When you can be shot any minute and find us, anyone moving on the street at dark, you know, they are going to \_\_\_\_\_ stop, no arrest. They kill you. There was no one below us on the street, you know, so we knew. And this looked so prime, we wanted to go with him, but they wanted \$1,000.00 per person from us. We didn't have that money so we couldn't go. Do

69

you believe that, that doesn't sound real. And the only reason, how he went, because the person in charge there, a German SS or somebody, his mistress was my wife's girlfriend from school. And she took him with her. We knew that Sadie, she goes there. We knew that's safe. But everybody wanted to get in there. Everybody went there. If you had money you went there. And people who had no money like us, they didn't accept us, so we didn't go.

Q: Yes. Let's say for the record here that this story and all is in you're video, so if people ever want to go back and get the whole story, you and you're wife both tell it in you're video. So I just wanted to put that on the record. Let me ask you a couple of things. Are you retired now?

A: Well I retired from private practice already ten years, exactly two days ago, on the 15th of August, which was ten years I retired. See, I was witnessing the transformation of American medicine since I started to what it is right now. And I didn't see eye to eye wants going on. And I have to live with that. And I don't think I could stomach it. I could not understand it. I could not live with myself to, I was 26 years in practice, and I want to walk out with my head straight. I don't want to lie to my patients. If I had to lie to my patients, they cannot be hospitalized, or if they are in the hospital, to be kicked out of the hospital sooner than I would expect to, I had to lie to them, that they are ready to go. Because officially, it's not the truth. And I

**70** 

felt that sooner or later something is going to happen to them and I said, look, my son is married, he's in practice. My daughter is married. And so, it's only me and my wife, the two of us. We have a home, a little home. For the two of us, it's more than enough. So, why should I? In the meantime, some of my competitors, a young woman, spread the rumor that I want to sell the practice, to create a panic in my patients. And I had no intention yet, at that time. I was just toying with the idea, but one day a patient called me, he said, Dr. Horn, is it true you're selling you're practice? You're quitting? I said, who told you that? Oh, Kathy, my neighbor goes to Dr. so-and-so and this doctor, a woman doctor, told her. I said, no that's not true. Let me find out why she say that. And I approached this woman doctor and she denied it at first, but finally she admitted it. She heard some patient said something, whatever, she wanted to buy my practice. So you know, it gave me the idea, maybe it's the right thing to do. And that's what crystallized, one night I talked to my wife, I said, you know what? What do we need it for? By the time I get home to eat dinner, 11:00 at night. I never see my kids growing up. I was too busy. I had to, I didn't have nobody else. We had no parents, grandparents, nobody to take care of them. We had three or four babysitters and my wife was a babysitter all the time because she was a homemaker full time. Until the kids grew up, then she went to University also. She will tell you her story herself. Right here in Chicago, she

71

graduated from the University. When the kids were going to school, she asked her Mom, let me see you're grades. I thought maybe it's the right thing to do. And I hit the jackpot. Why? I have heard the hospital. I asked them, I'm ready to quit practice here. A hospital use to buy practices. They want to get the patients. I belonged to two hospitals at that time. One in Displanes (ph), Catholic Hospital, which always was good in Catholic surroundings. And the other one, in City, was old. You have to go to Northwest Hospital in the city. We should have the best reputation, but resurrection to cover this hospital. So I approached the hospital and they want to buy my practice. Thinking that by this, there was some restrictions at that time with Media-care, they thought more patients would come and they would fill up the hospital so they can survive. Because many hospitals closed up, they couldn't survive. So they bought my practice and they sold everything. They sold my practice, my equipment, my accounts receivable, my building. American Telephone and Wire wanted to buy my clinic too. Not for medical purposes, the location was something they needed. The size of it's \_\_\_\_\_\_. But I said, I cannot sell the physical plan without the interior because all my money is in the records and so on. My patients, you know? So I didn't sell it to them, but the hospital bought it. I did very well, invested some money and so on. And I'm more comfortable. After two months in being home, not doing nothing, my other hospital

**72** 

in the \_\_\_\_\_ found out and I am one of the founders, the Holy Family Hospital in Desplains (ph). To this dentist, my benefactor at the office, who, his family lived in Displanes (ph), he said, Dr. Horn, I will send you to the hospital and they will ask you for no money. And it was true. Jewish Hospital's want money from me. They didn't care if I starve or not. Catholic Hospital gave me an opportunity. I became a step-member, without a penny. And I am very, very dedicated to this hospital. I've done a lot of free work for the hospital, for the poor. Catholic charities. Being Jewish, I admit who I am. They all know about it. Our Chairman of Private Practice, \_\_\_\_\_\_, that's a Jewish doctor and there are not too many Jewish doctors in those days. Now there are more. I feel good there. So I worked at Hospital. So they found out. They said, Felix, we have a clinic in Wheeling, it belongs to our hospital. We lost one of our doctors, just decided to quit. And we know you so we don't have to go trial and leave, you want to start tomorrow, you're welcome to. Not only this, but we would appreciate if you could help us out. I said, I don't know . . .

## End of Tape 2

**73** 

## Tape 3

A: . . . if I want to walk-in clinic. I was use to my, the loyalty of my patients. Walk-in clinic is like a clinic, people walk in with a chip on their shoulder, you don't know who they are, what they want. Drug addicts and they want dope and all these things, you know? I was not looking for work at this time, not in this stage of the game. And now I was comfortable, financially and so on. But I was, I missed the contact. Human contact. I missed it. I never told my wife that, but I delivered 4,500 babies in family practice. I have babies that grew up, that we were invited recently to their weddings, that I delivered. And my mother told me once, Dr. Horn, we use to live with my daughter, she told me that if you ever live long enough and my daughter gets married and if you be invited to the wedding, you'll come. Well the moment of truth is here. She is getting married and we want you there. We were there. Let me tell you. There's no money paid for the emotions for everything we went through. Three hundred people. The standing ovations. I am met by some patients, friends of my former patients too. That you know is worth it. All those years and sleepless nights, no food. Not food because you can have no time to eat many times. And it was, money didn't mean that much. But that retribution, that contribution in the human emotions, you know, what I got back for it paid me for everything, everything. I am very grateful for that and that's my pay back. And I

74

said, that's okay, I'll go to the clinic. But you know what? I'll maybe work with a chip on my shoulder because I know something about clinics, you know? But this is not clinic someplace in the South side here or so, its not in a suburb and so on, and you know what? I liked that. I liked it, I worked for five years. They closed the clinic up for five years, there were five doctors there. I recommend some of my colleagues to work there. I was the only one they transferred to the Hospital proper, they opened the same thing in the Hospital. And they let the other doctors go. I'm still working there. So I work on a part-time basis for the clinic. In the meantime, the hospital needed somebody to do what we call utilization review. Which is exactly what I touched up on before, in that we check on patients unjustly hospitalized, unnecessarily. Meaning that they could have it done, the treatment, as out-patient. X-ray of the stomach, you don't have to be in the hospital to have an x-ray of the stomach, but in old days you were hospitalized because insurance paid only if you were in the hospital. Otherwise, they don't pay no x-rays. So older people didn't want to go into hospital, that's why insurance companies knew, if this old lady wants to go to the hospital, I mean she's probably sick or she deserves that, right? But today is different. You might be very sick but as long as you can do it as an outpatient, they do as an out-patient. So I am like a medical policeman now. I am checking the records of other physicians, looking at the quality care issues. Looking

**75** 

if they are justly hospitalized or if they are unnecessarily staying in the hospital after they did this job with their doctor. It happens quite often. Not to the fault of the hospital or the doctor, fault of the families. It's a big, legal type of a component involved here, that the family is using legal track as a blackmail. Three daughters have a mother in the hospital. The doctor discharged her, goes to nursing home. They cannot decide which nursing home. \$600.00 a day costs the room. She could be in a nursing home already, the hospital will give you 24 hours to decide which home. But one says one home, the other one wants the other home. Meanwhile it's four days already, nothing done for the patient. And Medi-care doesn't pay for the bill because nothing has been done. The hospital is loosing money. So we enter here, talk to the family. Look, we're sorry, you have to take you're mother to, otherwise you are liable for the bill now, from that day on, nothing done for you're mother because you argue which nursing home you want to take. What's you're decision? The day will come, I know, the girl is going to tell them which nursing home to go to. Now you have a choice here. No, no, no. One day her death. What do you mean? We're going to talk to my attorney, talking to my lawyer. Say look, I am in a official government position here, this medical position, and I am not afraid of a lawyer. I don't do nothing illegal. You do something illegal. You demand something which doesn't belong to you no more. You're spending government's

76

money. There are taxpayers money being paid for you're mother, that she could be in a nursing home that costs a fraction of it. But Medi-care is going to pay for extra months at least. And this kind of a thing, you know, you got a lot of hostility, confrontation type of situations with people. But that's part of life. I get use to it. It's a job and I think I'm doing the right thing. I do not like what's going on. Even when I do that, doesn't mean I approve it.

Q: Yeah. We can, after we're done with this interview, we can have our own private discussion, the way the health care system is going. I want to ask you some other things, just based on you're experience. You had two children in the '50's and now they are grown, or whatever. And you are, you and you're wife are both survivors of the Holocaust. I'm wondering when and how did you first talk about that with you're children? How did it come up? How did they learn you're story? What, how do you feel that you're relationship with you're children, how did that effect it, if it did?

A: When we moved to Chicago it was about 1960. We moved to Chicago, my son was eight years old at that time. We moved to this house. He made friends with a little boy across the street, across the alley. We don't know, an alley actually, but it use to be an alley there. Sunday they were playing together. The same age and they are friends until today, all those years. One is in a different city right now, but anyway, we were friends. We cling to people easily because, I don't know, maybe

**77** 

we are more extrovert. Is it because of the war? I don't know. I constantly say to myself, how would I be if not for the war? But one episode stuck to my mind. That one Sunday afternoon, maybe 4 or 5 PM, his name was Mickey, the little boy was Mickey. His parents, American-Polish decent, American born. They were playing. All of a sudden, my boy, eight years old, comes and started crying. I said, why are you crying? What happened? Sunday, I was home. I play with Mickey. So what happened? Did he hit you? No, he didn't hit me. Well, why are you crying? Well he had to go away, he says. Why are you crying? He had to go away, where is he going? He's going to his grandpa. For dinner. His parents, his two sisters and him are going. And I want to go to grandpa for dinner too. I said, well, you cannot go to his grandpa because you don't know them and they don't know you. You don't expect to be invited. He was an eight year old kid, pretty smart and understands someone. He says, where's my grandpa? That's how it started. Until then he never asked for it. I would never talk to him about it. And that's how it started. So I told him that we have some pictures of my grandfather and you're grandfather, you're Mom's father. And we have pictures of the grandparents, my parents and her parents. The only picture I don't have is my sister's. Didn't have it. So I show him the pictures and he asked what happened. He couldn't understand, what mean Nazis and so on. But I told him they perished during the war, they were killed by

78

mean people, German people, Nazis, by Nazis. He asked what are Nazis? So I told him, but he did not comprehend too much of it, you know? But he knew they were dead, he knew what death means, being, going to the funerals and so on. So he more or less was satisfied for a while only. But this was coming up more often than, again, ask the same question, why can't I see my Aunt or my grandma? And I said, well, they are not alive no more. Where is this, which cemetery are they buried? I said, well, there's no cemetery. He says, what do you mean? How do you be dead and not be buried? So how are you going to explain to a youngster like this, you perish and you have no place to worship the grave. So I told him that in those days there were mean people in Germany. They tried to kill all the Jews and they killed my parents and you're Mom's parents and my sister and they didn't bury them they burned them to ashes. And what they made out of ashes were different things, fabrics, and they made soap and so on. And he couldn't understand it. And this would go on for many, a few years until he was maybe, 14, 13 or 14, that's what really penetrated what happened. But interesting, since that time, when we made our testimony at the Holocaust Museum in Washington, my son and my daughter all have their own copies. We have one. My son has three copies. My daughter, they had three volumes. And they didn't want to talk about it no more. But he became such an anti-Nazi. He just, it's had that influence on him,

79

that injustice was done to his grandparents, that he never met, that he missed in his youth, you know? Because the happiness is, if Mom don't want to give it, ask you're grandma. There's some, even T-shirts, seeing the writing on the, on that. If you're parents are too strict with you, you're grandparents always allow you to do what you want to do. And he always felt that he missed something on it, you know, he missed out. But then he would never talk about it, he never wanted to touch the subject at all.

Q: When did he stop talking about it with you? When he was younger or recently?

A: No, no, no. We didn't talk about the subject since he was about 14, 15, I would say. He knew all about it, since that time he is quite acquainted, politically orientated with what he knows all about, he knows Holocaust, and he was in Washington. And my daughter was recently again with my wife in Holocaust Museum, so they are acquainted. He does not want to discuss it. He refused to talk about it because he has, he tells me, I said why don't you want to talk about it? I, as a victim of the system, I feel strong enough to face up, to talk about it. I break down here and there if I talk about some things. Mainly if I talk about my parents. Unbelievable relationship I had with my parents, unbelievable. But I think we have the same relationship, with me and my children. And he's said, you know Dad, I'll look at those tapes after you have passed away. I won't touch them as long as

80

you're with us, I don't want to look at it. I want to enjoy every minute of it, at present. And all of a sudden, on his own initiative, he elected to have a father/son once a month dinner. Father/son only. Me and him going after work or some meeting, together, without his family, without my family, only me and him. I think what triggered the whole thing is one of my personal friends recently passed away, also a survivor, from Germany, a German Jew. And his son is my son's best friends. And the trauma that his friend, the son of my friend, went through made my son realize how fragile is life. Don't take it for granted. We're here today, and don't know how long. And he wanted to enjoy my presence, our presence, as long as he lives. He doesn't want to tarnish anything with any bad memories, anything, what will come up with the discussions and so on. He knows the history. He knows the story of our survival. He has the tapes in his possession. So sooner or later, he is just delaying the truth. Although he knows the truth, but he's not ready to face up to it. And I am not pushing it. I don't know if I am right or wrong, but I think it would be wrong trying to push something that he's not ready to accept right now. He knows the truth, he And he knows what he lost in his childhood by missing his knows that. grandparents. Nobody came back. There's no way we can replace it. I miss it too. More, because it was not my grandparents, I miss my parents. I was 17 when I lost them. I was not ready for an independent life. And he knows that, so he's fortunate,

81

he's older. He is now 43, 44. He's an adult man. But he doesn't want to face up to

it. And I'm not going to disturb that kind of a status quo.

Q: Okay. You know, I've read some in the past, some books of, sort of biographies

of Holocaust survivors and families. And in some families the situation has resulted

in some forms of tension, you know, where the children feel an extra burden

towards their parents. And in some cases, the parents, because of all they've lost,

you know?

A: How would you explain this? I mean, I am at a loss to understand that.

Q: Well, you know, every family is different and different people react in different

ways. When people interact, anything can happen really. It sounds like, from what

you're describing, this is, nothing like this has ever come up here.

A: No, never. As a matter of fact, I did expect maybe there would be pity or a little

sorrow with what I had to go through. My children, our children, consider us heroes.

And I told them, I'm not a hero. Whatever I did to survive was not deliberate. It

was pure accidental, fate, you name it, whatever you want to. I didn't deserve any

price for something that I didn't deserve. I didn't. I'm here, but not because I done

something about it. Maybe if I used common sense and logic, maybe I wouldn't be

here today. Maybe it was spontaneous and reflexive, I would say. A reflex, you

know? Jump instead of stand or sit or so, whatever. I don't know. But my kids

82

always, and my personal friends, American friends, my colleague doctor in the hospital, they are full of admiration for me. I still, this disturbs me, I don't know why. I didn't do nothing to deserve this thing. I am here and I am a very fortunate person. I am here because I cherished life. My whole family since early, youth will all cherish life and want to make the best out of it. We try not to waste our life on ridiculous things. On something that my, life is short. Or even if its long, its not long enough. And if you waste you're time in life and do certain things that you might regret, you cannot turn the clock back again. So there was one thing that I got from my parents, from my father, he was a strict disciplinarian. And I always respect him for it. And I was penalized many times when I was a kid. I never held it against him because I always deserved it. Whatever I got I deserved it. He loved me in his own way and I knew this was love, that's why he disciplined me and so on. I never complained. I took it like a man. And I cried when I was little. I cried but I never complained. And I think it made me more mature, a little harder person maybe, more understanding of other people. It taught me fairness, straightforwardness, honesty. And direct, going right directly in front of you. I never, I always believe, there's no such a thing, I was taught by my Dad, that you cannot achieve in you're life if you badly wanted to. If you badly want to do something in you're life, be something you want to be, you have to make that effort. Nobody is going to give it

83

to you. You get all assistance, help, etcetera, yes, but you have to do it yourself. Don't expect nobody to give it to you. And always remember to be responsible for your own actions. That's your responsibility, don't blame nobody else for your problems. You cook your own dinner, you make your own life. You go to sleep the way you make your bed. That's what I've always taught him, that's so true. I still believe today, that's what I tried to instill in my children, the same type of a thing. And I have no regrets. I think I am a very fortunate man. I am a very happy man. I love life. I like my people, an extrovert. I have countless number of friends, all over the world, and I mean literally. Literally, from all over. Australia, South America, you name it, Canada, Europe, all over Europe, Sweden, Italy, Spain. All over England, we have friends all over Paris, we're going to Paris right now to visit of a young widow, our personal friends. I mean, it's just like a sister to me. So we create our own families. That's sort of like a spontaneous, physiological type of a reflex. You don't have a family, you make your own family. Many of the kids of our friends call me Uncle Felix. Some call me Papa. Some grandchildren. And I love it. That's, my kids call my friends the same way because that's how they grew up here, because there was nobody else. We create our own family. Not by law, by our physiological needs. And that can replace, it didn't replace really, but at least it did done something to replace our lost ones, you know? So many of my friends,

84

American born, don't understand it. They ask me, my colleague \_\_\_\_\_, he ask me, Felix, tell me, I'm American born, three or four generation. Where did I go wrong? I have four sons and nothing but grief. I try to do my best and I think I'm a good parent. My wife is a good mother, and so on. They didn't have to worry about nothing, and so on. And nothing but grief. Breaking the law, among other things, you know, I won't go into detail, but tell me one thing? What is it? Where did I go wrong? What is it? You came here with nothing, with nobody, no language, no family, no money, nobody. Look at you're kids, University graduates. And, in the meantime there are a few other doctors, other Jewish doctors, also came from Israel and refugees and so on, look at this. They are all, the kids are educated, they are not wealthy people at all. But, what is it? What do you have that we don't have? I don't know what to tell them. I thought for a moment maybe that's why the anti-Semitism in some countries is, because of that. In Germany, the professional is, the Jewish professionals is the lawyers, the bankers, the doctors and so on. Musicians, poets, literary. I mean, people just, was it jealousy? competitiveness? What is it? I don't know. But it appears to be a certain type of a dislike to that person. And that because they are different, different because of religion, they're Jews. That's probably contributed to the rise of anti-Semitism, out of other factors of course, the economies and so on. And historically, of course, you

85

know, what else is new? This goes back into time of Jesus, so I told him I don't know what to tell you. Maybe I, of course, maybe its from generation to generation. I instill my children what I was taught by my parents. I don't know where you fail? Maybe if I've got the whole life story in front of me in front of you, or you're parents yet, when you grow up, maybe there was something missing there. I don't know. I am not a psychologist and I don't understand it myself. I'm a simple person. I am a professional man, in my line of business, I know what I'm doing, and so on. But this is beyond my way of thinking. I cannot explain it, I'm not a psychologist. But there's something there, maybe genetically, I don't know. Now we're coming back everyday reading about those genes here and there so who knows? Maybe they come to it and drug addicts have some defective gene too, I don't know. Coming back now to many Alzheimer's, is not something that you did yourself but its part of our physiology, something breaks down and \_\_\_\_\_. But as long as it lasts my life is beautiful. I am very happy. I do my little part, what I can. I do go places, Universities, I talk. This summer, I spent most of the summer at Aurora University out of Chicago talking to young students about my life story. I am not an expert on Holocaust but I am a victim of the Holocaust and I have the right to tell my story if I want to, if someone wants to listen to it. I won't force myself on nobody. I was invited by the History Department. I have faced up to a hostile audience,

86

African-American, most of them. Maybe 60 or 70 percent, the rest were white. 19, 21, 22 years old. Who told me why should, one of the young ladies, African-American lady, that upset me, why should I believe your story? Because you say so? I said, no. First of all, no one forced me to come here and I didn't force you to come here either. You do believe me or you don't believe me. I cannot convince you of it. You don't even have a number, she said. I said, see it proves how little you know about the Second World War. How much you know about the Holocaust. That's why I'm here, to maybe enlighten you a little bit. I was never in concentration camp to be there long enough to have a number. I was only one night, one concentration camp. They took me to work. I escape right away, like a rabbit. I had no number on it. Well, maybe you're lying. I said, well the only thing you can take is my word for it. If you ask my family tree is very short. Because I am the only one alive, the oldest one is me. Next is my wife and my children. I don't know grandparents. My wife has no grandparents. No sisters, no brothers. Maybe you never had it. Well, are you going to deny everything? You denied it at the \_\_\_\_. I said, if I will tell you, wait a minute I said, if I would tell you that slavery never existed. Now wait a minute. Did you live at that time when slavery was there? You are only 19 or 20 years old. So you didn't live in those days, did you? So you expect me to take you're word for it? Well, it's in all the http://collections.ushmm.org Contact reference@ushmm.org for further information about this collection

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

Page 87

books. I said, so is the Holocaust. We have pictures of the General Eisenhower's

army, from the concentration camps, the corpses lined up, piled up and so on. You

think this is . . . Well that's something you say that's a Jewish publication. I said,

you believe that Jews manufactured all those things? You think they would have to

do it? See? You are skeptical? I am skeptical too. There was never a slavery.

Oh, no way. Sure there was. I said, so was Holocaust. Take it or leave it. But if

you listen to Farrakhan all the time, you find out that you're brains is going to

brainwashed. But if you listen to people like me, not only to me, other people like

me, we don't know each other even. I would tell a similar story. Different in certain

ways because each one survived in different ways, different location, different

nationality and so on. But it is true. If you don't want to accept it, I am not here to

penalize you, convince you that it's the truth. If I tell me \_\_\_\_\_, it is

the truth. This was it.

Q: When was this talk or class?

A: Aurora University, last summer.

Q: Last summer?

A: Yeah. As a matter of fact, they asked me if I come this summer again but I got

more work to do now so I have less time, but her name is, the teacher or the

professor's name is Palmer. She talked to me. What happened is there was an

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

87

88

exhibit of a Warsaw ghetto exhibit at University of Aurora. I was commissioned by one of the sculptors, which is Cop-sure-a-etchie (ph), a woman from Evison (ph), American-born, who is doing the exhibit on Warsaw ghetto. Well the debris and breaks and the barb wire and so on. And she wanted someone to tell the story of the background of it, the train, the sound of the trains and the cars taking people, the cattle cars taking them to concentration camps. And if you heard about the Rigla-baum (ph), a diary in Warsaw? He was an activist who was writing day by day occurrences in Warsaw ghetto. And he finally buried all his manuscripts in milk cans, three milk cans. Two of them were recovered, one is missing. And she wanted me to read from his archive, this story from day to day, what transpired at Warsaw ghetto. So I ask her, why me? You can have any of the theatre people, you know, actors with their diction and so on to do this. An exceptional job. She said, no. I want the authentic thing, you were there. And I was in Warsaw ghetto. You were there. You were a witness of it. I want you're accent because its authentic. I don't want a good voice. So she wanted this. So I went there. So I taped this thing and I had to see it and listen to my own voice then. It was really impressive, I say that the whole exhibit. And the history class was coming to visit and this Miss Palmer met me there and we talked about it. Signed your name, and so on. And it says, the title of it, the exhibit, and then voice by Felix Horn, survivor of

89

Warsaw ghetto. So she was fascinated with it, she contacted me here and I made several trips there. And I told her one more time I will be glad to do it again, but right now . . .

Q: I'm curious about that whole encounter you talk about with the young woman who didn't believe the Holocaust. I'm wondering how, when something like that happens, when that's over, how that makes you feel?

A: There were other discussions with other people and very little input from the Black students. More input from the white students. There was input from a white man who was standing by, joined the whole thing, nothing to do with the school, nothing to do with me, I never met him before. Turned out that he was a Polish, not Jewish, victim of Holocaust. He was released from one of the, liberated from one of the concentration camps as a Polish laborer. He lost his whole family. His father was official, some official in Polish government, first one to go. The Germans first took the dangerous people, who are people with Army, officers, you know? Lawyers and so on. Intelligencia (ph), you know? And he was there and listening to this whole discussion and he raised his hand. I didn't know who the guy was. I found out later about his background. And he said, I listen to the whole story. I don't know this gentleman, pointing at me, but my name is so-and-so and I live now in Aurora. I live only few blocks away from the University. He introduced him, who

90

he was. He was a retired man, he worked at one of the factories there, a factory man. And he had a number on the arm and he is missing some of the toes. He was beaten in the concentration camp by the Germans, he was not working enough and so on. He was beaten and he lost his shoes, well not shoes, they were woolen type of a thing, with a pipe. They smashed his toes and then given no medical treatment. They became gangrenous and fell off completely. And then the inmates treated him a little bit, secretly and so on, he saved the foot actually. But he said, I don't know the man from Adam, but you don't have to believe me either. Just because I have a number doesn't mean nothing. My father didn't have a number. He's dead. By the Germans, by the Nazis. My brother didn't have a number, he was shot by the Nazis. You will see his corpse, you say well he died natural death? Or somebody robbed him maybe? Well, that's not true. But no one is going to force you to believe it. If you don't want to believe it you never will believe it. But the day will come, you'll find out, it is the truth. Just like Dr. Horn said about the slavery. We all know it was true. There was slavery, of course there was. But see, amazing that you who didn't live in the days of slavery insist there was slavery. And here you're confronting a person who lived through the Holocaust, my contemporary, right? He don't believe me, that I am there. And this was a dilemma. And I don't know how much I convince . . . [End of Side 1 of Tape 3]. . . her of

91

course, but I think the teacher, the professor, Palmer, was very impressed with this.

She called me many times. She was very impressed. Just because she had \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ type of a confrontation. A person was there. Which was, eventually, the younger people when they look at the videos and that's all. Look at our faces, our voices. But they'll be computers or so, but they are not human being.

Q: Let me ask you one thing, I was just thinking about where we are. You're in Lincolnwood, which is as far as I know a few blocks from Skokie, basically?

A: Right.

Q: A lot of Jewish people here and a lot of Holocaust survivors here.

A: Right. The first march against the Nazis was here.

Q: Well I was going to bring that up. In the late 1970's when the Nazis were trying to march here, you were here?

A: Right. Correct. I was here.

Q: What was that like?

A: I didn't face up to it. We didn't know nothing about it until later. As a matter of fact, the leader of this Nazi was a Jew. You know about that I'm sure?

Q: Well you know, I'm not from this area, so I didn't know. I think I remember this vaguely that he is like part Jewish or something?

92

A: Part Jewish, right. His father was Jewish, not his mother. According to the Jewish laws, if the mother is not Jewish you're not Jewish. But there was a passport of his father, passport, he went to Israel then, it was in Hebrew. I mean, it was Palestine at that time, it was a Hebrew in English. And \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ his faith was Jewish. So his father was Jewish. He was very antagonistic, that leader of the Nazi, when people found out his father was Jewish.

Q: Yes. So my question is, I mean, here you are living in this area. It's, by then it is 30-some years after the war. You've made this whole life. You had these horrible early experiences. Here you are in a suburb of Chicago and you have these people parading around in Nazi uniforms and whatever. I'm just curious what that must have stirred up, even if just the memories?

A: Yes, no question about it. At first, I couldn't understand it. I was aware of it. In Canada there is an anti-hate law. I couldn't understand why we don't have that kind of a law in this country. That freedom of speech, that's fine. That's a beautiful thing. But there has to be a limit to freedom of speech. If you have freedom of speech, well, it can lead to hate, lead to crime. Like burning the churches right now, the black churches. I don't want that freedom of speech if people can face up to me and hate me and talk to me in derogatory remarks and so on and being the same thing, what I remember now as younger. I feel, that's the country I came for? To

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Felix Horn [Date not labeled] Page 93

93

me this is, until today this is very hard to swallow. I understand it but it's hard to swallow. Because Canada, it matters too, they do have an anti-crime, anti-hate law. Even Germany, the birth of National Socialism, has anti-crime. We have, this guy I forgot his name, it starts with "L", American, printing the Neo-Nazi literature, here. He can do it freely without any punishment. Bring it to Germany, he is arrested over

Other: Hello?

there for breaking the law.

Q: Hi.

A: And to me this is beyond understanding. Until today, I am not in total agreement with the whole thing. I don't know what to do about it. But I feel that freedom of speech is very important, yes, but not to \_\_\_\_\_ the situation. By leading to total chaos and \_\_\_\_\_\_. Of course, you have a right to do those things. By the right gives you the right providing you do things that doesn't hurt nobody else. You're right to express yourself, yes. Peacefully. Not to kill someone, not to cause a riot or something like this. Marching, you can peacefully pass through or convince legislators to pass laws that you believe in and maybe I don't, if you can go through that, that is the way, that's all right, that's fine. But to hate, slander and so on, or a Neo-Nazi march, I don't believe that they deserve that privilege. I mean, freedom of speech. I feel that we are reaching, that America

94

living today is not the same country that I came to. It's different. And I guess I need to get use to it but I'm not talking about the crime now, that things were not present at that time, drugs and so on. I'm talking about the political innovations and change of climates and so on. And I feel those things, people are misinterpreting the Constitution. They use the Constitution for their own personal beliefs and they bend the Constitution they way they want to. They convince our lawmakers of bending it too. Talking about separation of church and state and so on. But people now try to bend it and so on because they live in the country where the Pilgrims and so on what to escape execution and so on. So they do understand, that's why we have this separation, because where they came from there was no separation, that's why they had to leave the country. They were persecuted. Here in this country we don't support the working, believe what you want to believe, as long as you don't go and kill somebody, don't hurt somebody else. You can believe whatever you want to as long as you do no harm to somebody else. To children particularly. Even if you teach or preach certain dogmas, that's hurting the children. I feel that our Constitution is abused by a certain group of people. And you will find always those groups of people who find people who fund it and the money talks, you know? Who really have a purpose in the whole thing, quietly and so on. And they undermine our Democracy. I'm worrying about it. I am. I worry about my grandchildren. How safe

95

are they in this country now? And will they be as safe as I was when I was a kid? I don't know. I'm not sure. Even my daughter, wanting to be a veterinarian, and I was told not in certain terms. If you're not a farmer who donate money to the vet school and if you are not a born American, forget about it. And then they didn't want to tell me if you're a Jew, just don't bother. See? But this was the life, true life was in those days. But not that our government, our country believed in and promoted it. But the people did. I was amazed with the amount of anti-Semitism in this country. Amazed how much. This little village, before my arrival here and right after the Second World War, there were signs on the front lawn, dogs and Jews not permitted.

Q: When you came here?

A: When I came here, right. The owner of Lincolnwood (ph) was a German. He owned huge farms, multi-millionaire. He died of course. His park is, Prussels, the park is named after him. He subdivided, blah, blah, blah and so on. There were no Jews here before. \_\_\_\_\_\_ was the first, where Jews were there, before Lincolnwood (ph) became. But slowly, use to making in-roads and some of the gentlepeople didn't like some Jews so they started selling their houses. So the Jews were buying it. So like the Jews living in Rogers Park, going to the suburbs, you know? Different minorities comes in. And that's what, I understand, I was not

96

here at that time. I never seen that sign but I was told by my colleagues, Jewish doctors, who never could live here. They told me, no one wanted to sell them a house or a plot to build anything. They were unwelcome. There were a lot of churches, there was never a Synagogue here. Now we have some.

Q: I want to go back and ask you one thing. You told me the story about when you're son was playing with the neighbor kid and then came in and he was about eight or so then. And that's the first time the subject came up. I'm just curious, that you and you're wife are both survivors. You're here, you're having kids. Did you ever have any discussion about how you would handle this subject with you're children? Because, you must have thought it was, it had to come up at some time? A: Yes, it did. Of course, I imagine I did in a minor way, but I don't remember in detail. But I know one thing. It came up once when they were older, when we got some invitation to some symposium on children of survivors, something like this. They had to undergo counseling, through psychological evaluations, and so on. I never found that need in my family. I never, not that I am blind to it, I am open to any kind of a consultation or if there is need to it. I never felt my kids were deprived of any security, love, affection, ect. Just because what we went through? We never, we didn't dwell on this maybe. Maybe in the very early, formative ages of our children we didn't want to hurt them. And this was a cruel thing and we wanted to

97

spare them to those things. We felt that maybe in time when they are more mature and more responsible and more secure then we can have a dialogue on this thing. But, interesting enough, when they became more mature they were not open to this kind of discussion at all. They, my son don't want to talk about it. And I try for many times to approach him and so on. And he said that I know you're story, I know everything. It hurts me inside. I don't want to talk about it. But he's a very well balanced person. He is not, outward he is not, or psychologically, a handicapped person, emotional or otherwise. He is secure. He is responsible. He is very well known physician and consultant, you know? He has a secure family. He has two lovely little girls, daughters. He married a gentile girl who is of German extraction. I don't know how many generations, three or four generations, so, but he made it clear. He fell in love with her, she fell in love with him. As much as hurts him, he will never hurt his parents and marry a gentile, German girl unless she converts. She said, look, it's not my fault I was born of German extraction. Which is true. But her parents and grandparents and great-grandparents born in this country, Americans. The German is only by the name, name was Griner, which is a German name. It could be a Jewish name too. The fact that I am not Jewish is not my fault either. But this they are, they are people too. But I am not a religious person. If this will make you happy. And she converted. She is more Jewish than my wife. Friday

98

she lights candles. Kids go to synagogue, to temple. We join synagogue because of my kids. To same synagogue. They joined but they waited four years to be accepted. It cost a lot of money, like an introduction there because there was such a waiting list. And that synagogue, they want to belong. One day we got a call from the Rabbi, Dr. Horn? Yes? You're son is a member of our congregation now. We would like to meet you. I said, will you want us to be a member? He said, well, we'll talk about that. We want to meet you in person first, want to know you're story. I would like to listen to you first. And we set up a date and we met in his office there, in the synagogue. He roughly just got our story and so on. He said he would be more than pleased if we would join the congregation. I said, first thing I cannot afford that money that my son paid you. I am retired, I said, and I . . . Money is not the issue here, he said. You don't have to pay nothing, he said. I want you to be in the congregation, you're son is in the congregation with. So we belong there.

Q: How about with you're daughter?

A: My daughter-in-law or my daughter?

Q: No, you're daughter. And you told me the story of what happened with you're son and how the whole subject of the Holocaust came up and how it's gone with you're son. You haven't mentioned you're daughter. How is that?

99

A: She is more open to it, we talked many times. My daughter, she went to Israel more than once, twice or three times already. She wants to go through it again. She is more digging into the past than my son. She is different person, totally different. She doesn't dwell on it though. No, she doesn't. But she is, she grabs whatever little she get from the history, from us, the parents, grandparents, so on. She wants part of it, you know? She is clinging to it. But she is very secure too. She doesn't dwell on it, she doesn't talk about it all the time and so on. Among friends and so on, they all know she's proud of who she is, daughter of survivors. And she's not embarrassed. Because I know some of my friends children are embarrassed about their parents being survivors. That's sad.

Q: They are embarrassed?

A: Embarrassed that their parents are survivors. They are poor, they were poor, no families. Because their friends are rich and American-born and so on. It's a social level type of a thing. They are like a lower kind of people. But this was not with our kids. No, I never, they always stood their ground and as I say, I feel that we are very well leveled families and my kids had no need for it. But someday, I am sure, after I die, I am sure my son is going to keep his promise. He is going to look into it in details. The only thing I might say, yeah, but it would be better if you do it now while I am alive. You can get some questions, you're not going to talk to the tape.

100

The tape won't be talking to you. You have to listen to the tape, that's the only thing you get. Information. But with no dialogue. Here, you've got you're father still alive. But he doesn't, he said, Dad, I cannot do it. I'm sorry, I cannot face up to it. He wishes he could take away from me the hurt and he cannot do that, no how. How can you do it? Not talking about it? That's what he thinks, by not talking, it is minimizing my hurting. I don't dwell on it either. I went back to Poland, I went back to my High School. I was the only Jew in a Catholic High School. I play violin in church choir in Poland. And some Polish people, all the known facts about Poles during the war, what they did against the Jews. I won't repeat it because they were the willing executioners of Hitler. But they saved my life and my wife's life. They got me out of Warsaw ghetto, Polish people. Underground, Polish underground. For money, of course. It turned out to be no money, we buried, you know the story from the tape. We had a buried treasure and it turned out to be someone robbed it. Anyway, Polish people help us survive. And they definitely helped me. Totally unselfish, with any profit, no profit, nothing. So I am very, I have to be fair to it. And I went to Poland, I wanted to see my High School. I was treated beautifully when I was a kid there. I remember when, it was the most beautiful years of my life. My parents and my school. And my High School still stands. And I found the book with my picture in it, in the High School. I didn't know their fiftieth reunion, I didn't know

101

they know I was surviving and, so I had the guts to go back and I went to the concentration, Majdanek, where my parents perished. I had to go there because they were there, but that's all. There's no trace left of nothing. I went to other concentration camp, Auschwitz, etcetera. We went to the former ghetto area and Warsaw where some Jewish people sell remnants, old, a few of them left over yet now. Pitiful sight. And my wife cannot face up to it. She cannot do it. She hates them so much, what they did to the Jews. She doesn't want no part, she doesn't want to listen or speak Polish. She doesn't want to read Polish books. She doesn't want to look at Polish movies. She doesn't want to go to Polish restaurants and so on. You know, she is obsessed with it. I am too, but I reflect different on those things. I may be stronger than she is. I can control my emotions. I can go, maybe serve my purpose, because it brings back memory and no one can give it to me, I cannot buy it. I go there and I grab it. And I made that 3,000 or 4,000 mile trip for that only thing, to sit on old bench I was sitting on as a student. I am an emotional person and I may be, I have compassion for those days. Because those were my happy days. And I am willing to do it again now because probably this will be my last trip. And some of my friends, Jewish friends from the same town wants to go with me because our wives don't want to. But it depends, some people go to a psychiatrist, they have medication. They have the release of their turbulence and I http://collections.ushmm.org Contact reference@ushmm.org for further information about this collection

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

**Page 102** 

get a release by doing what I am doing. And this gives me peace of mind. As much

of peace you can get.

Q: When did you go back to Poland?

A: About 16 years ago. The only time.

Q: So, 1980?

A: Yeah, 1979 or 1980, I don't remember exactly. I think 1980, yeah.

Q: Just before a lot of things started to change there.

A: Communists were still there.

Q: Yeah?

A: And I felt very uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable with the passport and the

border, on the airport, they opened my passport, looked at my picture, it was empty.

It was a new passport. They are looking for Israeli stamps. They were, oh, they

were, if you weren't from Israel they wouldn't let you in. You know, the stamped

visa. So I made sure I got a new passport. Clean, nothing there. And the guard

didn't say a word, just look at me, look at the empty pages. My picture, empty

pages. He \_\_\_\_\_ the pages through, empty, blank, blank, blank. He look at me,

he look at this line of people behind me, maybe fifteen minutes like this, standing

and waiting. And I was getting a little uncomfortable. Because I heard nasty things

about the Communists in those days. Didn't say nothing. Gave me a stamp.

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

102

103

Without saying a word, pointed out to go through and I'm in Poland. But it was not the most comfortable feeling I had. Now is different. Now they have so-called Democracy, but in today, Jews and Poles, I just got it today. I read an article, Hungary, Romania, Estonia, giving back Jewish property to owners. Poland, not even \_\_\_\_\_\_. Don't even prepare a bill or law to return the Jewish property to them. So they grabbed what the Germans took away, robbery, and they keep it. See, Poland. So there's many things that I've got to be proud about being born in Poland, but things got, I am not a Pollack.

Q: And you're planning to go back again, you say, with you're family?

A: Wonderful time. That's going to be my last trip. I go alone even, I go. I will go.

Q: Are you going to go to the same places that you did the last time?

A: Right, right. Yeah. I have a drive to go. You know when I went to the High School and the orderly there opened the class, it was during summer vacation and the classes were not open. The secretary was there and so on and they called the guy with the keys to open the room that I, you know I closed my eyes. I sit down. I opened my eyes. I thought I turned to 1935. Sixty years. This were the days, 1935 I was in school. The same benches. The same class, the same room. Just like I never missed it, I never left. And the guy with the keys, the orderly, the janitor, standing with respect outside, closed the door a little and let me sit and meditate on

104

the bench that I sat on as a student. He understood it very well. And he said, didn't disturb me. And when I left I gave him \$10.00. He didn't want to take any money from me. He said, it would be sacrilegious, he said. He knows how I feel. He knows, he knew my story, you know, Jewish and so on. I was the last graduate before the war, then the school was closed. And there was only, when the war end, when the war started, there were only two Jews in my class, my school. I was one and another Jew who lives in Chicago right now, found him after the war, he survived the war in Russia. He was in my High School. The only second Jew. And in those days, there was nothing but school, education. Where you get it, is it Jesuit school, other school, you get the education. And this was a drive, there was such a healthy competition. The cousins, everybody had to outdo the other one. I played violin, I was painting, so my cousin was doing the same thing. We tried to out do each other. It was such a healthy thing. There was nothing else to do in those days. There was no fun like the kids have today and going to different places, things, parks, if you go to park they beat the hell out of you. If you were Jewish and went to the park, the students, University students, beat the Jews in the park. They let the Jews in. Oh, I was beaten up many times. But not by my colleagues. My colleagues, I was their Jew. Their Jew. No one had the right to touch me. I was their Jew, they loved me, they treated me, they saved my life. They helped me with

105

the false papers during the war. They helped me. With the risk of their own life. There was a Gestapo walked in the room, who was sitting there. He was a shoemaker. I took my shoe off, he said, here, give me a shoe, he put a nail in my heel. And the guy said, these here are two Jews running? And the lady said, what Jews? There are no more Jews here. What Jews? Jews are gone. So he left. It was the mother of my classmate from that High School. They saved my life. That's one episode only. And there are many of them, I didn't describe all of them. Because I cannot do in three hours or four hours of testimony, to give you all the details. They were righteous gentiles, yes, they risked their life and I question, are we Jews, would we be ready to make that sacrifice, to threaten you're life to save another Pole? I don't know. I ask myself the same question, could I do that? Somebody would say, oh, they are dumb Pollacks, that's why they did it. Because smart people would not do it. But that's wrong to say that. There are many intelligent people who done it, because that's the right thing to do. There are certain rules in life. Is it a right \_\_\_\_\_ or is it a belief? Is it a religion, maybe? Whatever. What is the right thing to do, what is the wrong thing to do? They done what they believed was the right thing to do. And I cannot knock them, those people deserve their place rightfully in history. That's why I cannot generalize all the

106

Poles. But obviously Hitler knew where to build those concentration camps because he found a lot of helpers.

Q: Right. And who to make guard too. You've mentioned Ukrainians a lot in you're video tape.

A: Right. Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Estonians, yeah.

Q: We've spent a good time, we've actually been talking now for almost three hours and I want to thank you for you're time. And before we turn the machines off, any last thing you want to add or anything you want to say that hasn't come up or that you want to expand upon?

A: It was not a very happy note. I don't need the world to learn anything from the Second World War, from the Holocaust. Learn nothing. And history repeats itself. However said it before was right. It is going to repeat itself. I'm from, start from old ages, middle ages, same thing right now. When Eichmann asked Hitler at the \_\_\_\_\_\_ Conference in 1942 in Germany, before the Final Solution, when Hitler outlined the plan, what he wanted to do with the Jews, he was agreeable but he said one question, to Hitler. I think I mentioned that in my testimony too. Do you know anything about the Armenian Holocaust? And Eichmann said, no. See? Here you are. There was Armenian Holocaust. Turks annihilating Armenian people in 1905, I think. 1905, 1915 yeah. Kids were never taught in school about, they

107

were not in Turkey. But in Germany, in Poland, I was never taught that. I just found out about it when I heard this thing. You know what? After the Second World War, after Holocaust, fifty years, seventy-five years, people forget about it and they will not like to discuss it no more. And I am reaching that point now, I see that. Letters to the editors, I see people saying, we know, Holocaust, Holocaust, Schmol-o-caust, enough, enough, enough. How much longer are you going to talk about it? Well, I hate to say that, from the lower class of people, not very intelligent people, would write that kind of a letter to an editor, you know? But they resent, non-Jews dwell on this kind of thing. And they don't want Jews to dwell on it either. But they don't understand the pain inflicted by that. How can you forget that? As, who said it? Viselle (ph)? Forgive? Yes. Forget? Never. True. You might forgive, I never forgive. I won't forgive, I won't forgive. But what does it mean, I won't forgive? So I pay my own choices, I don't want to associate with German people and so on. There are innocent German now, you youngsters today, it's not their fault. They are not, because they are grandchildren of the perpetrators. But to children I might forgive, little children. My generation Germans I won't forgive because they are willing witnesses and participant in the Holocaust. Do you read the book by, what's his name? Lucy? Lucy? I have the book upstairs. I have it upstairs. By Galahan (ph) is the name, I forgot his name. Hitler's Willing Executioners. Proving that all

108

German participate, willingly or unwillingly. Getting support, getting fur coats, getting radios. They knew it belonged to somebody, they knew from whom. By not being anti-Jews, but they are accepting those things, they are participant in it, they were quiet about it, they were peaceful. So, it is so true. I agree. I read the book. Very difficult book for me to read. Difficult because it's the professor from Harvard who is the writer, a highly intelligent man and psychologist. And I had to read it like a science book, not a novel. It's hard to digest it you know? But it's so true. So I believe today the people didn't learn nothing. It is repeating itself right now, this moment. And it's going to repeat itself again. One stops, another country starts murdering their own people. Is it Rwanda? Is it Bosnia? Is it in Libya? Or is it in South Arabia now? I mean, wherever you turn around you will find the same thing. Know it's going to happen again. And that's rather depressing fact that I have to learn to live with it. The only, maybe positive out of it is that my life is going to end soon and I probably won't be witness to another Holocaust maybe. But I worry about my children and my grandchildren. That's what I worry about, yes. I am rather pessimistic. I am an extrovert, I am. And basically I am a person with hope and so on, and in this respect I am rather pessimistic. Yeah.

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109

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

**Page 109** 

Q: It's surprising actually given so much of what you're story has been like,

especially since coming over here. And you've said yourself, in many ways, you've

had very good fortune and you've had a very good life.

A: I still have a good life. That's not this.

Q: But it's interesting that you're final conclusions are so pessimistic.

A: I am a little influenced maybe by the newsletters I get from the different

organizations, Jewish organizations, with pictures. What's going on now. Certainly

I was not aware of it, even now, the degree of anti-Semitism in this country is

frightening. It is frightening. If I listen to all this, what I read. Granted, maybe some

of the organizations, they try to influence the readers by getting more donations, by,

you know? Send us more money to defend our cause and so on. But the fact is,

there are still very many anti-Semitic type of a thing . . .

End of Tape 3.

This is a verbatim transcript of spoken word. It is not the primary source, and it has not been checked for spelling or accuracy.

110

Felix Horn
[Date not labeled]

**Page 110** 

Tape 4

A: . . . publications. You can find it everywhere. And that's what disturbs me. Not

that I stopped being an optimist, no. But I am a little on the pessimistic for the future

generation of my children and so on. And I don't like what I see right now with the

ultra-rightness and the church trying to turn to politics as one, introducing the Prior

to the school, I am definitely against it. I feel the beginning of the problem, you

know? I am not a blind person and I came from there, where this was there. And

they want to do something that I came from. And it is going to lead only to another

catastrophe, sooner or later. It's going to be the Blacks, or the Jews, I don't know.

Q: Well thanks again for spending all this time.

A: Thank you very much. Thank you for you're time.

Conclusion of Interview.