

OK. This is tape two, side A, interview with Hanne Liebmann once again. So we're talking about your escape in Switzerland.

My escape into Switzerland. As I walked along the road, I saw this customs office, as I mentioned before, and I walked past. And the officer called me back and asked for my papers, which I gave him. And he looked at them, and then out of the blue came, are you Jewish? Christian I was not prepared for at all. And just as quickly, I answered in good Nazi propaganda, and don't ask me where I came from. I simply said, I have nothing to do with this dirty race.

And he sort of had a half smile on his face and said, OK, you can go. Whether he believed me or not, I don't know. But he let me go. And I walked on and made my way to the priest of the village, the Catholic priest, which was one of my contact points. And he told me to what house I had to go to meet the man who would help me cross the border.

This man was hired by my relatives in Switzerland to cross me over. He was paid for the job. There were a family there with two boys, and later on a single young man whom they had found in the church, the story was, and he wanted to cross over into Switzerland.

So this night he crossed over six people. He took us-- actually, he was very close to the border. What he did was carry us across the water. There was a little stream. He carried us across so we wouldn't get wet, told us exactly in what direction to walk-- now please, this is during the night, in the dark-- in what direction to walk to get the streetcar that would take us into Geneva.

Now you know what streetcars do? They have the overhead electric wires, and it sparks when they hit the connections. So you see this, and you get confused. And we walked and came exactly back from where we had started. So then we knew a little better what we had to do. But it was a very anxious moment.

This man was a widower. He had six children, teenagers and up. At one point several months later, he took 40 people across the border, was caught and shot. So it's a very sad story. That left all of his children without parents.

Yeah, he was paid for it. But you know, what good?

Do you remember his name?

No, not at all, if I ever really knew it. Or if I knew a name, it might not have been his real name. I mean, you had to have lots of safeguards. In Annecy when I got off the train, I had to show my papers. And police looked at it and said, go on. There was no problem. There were a lot of people and-- you know.

We reached a streetcar. We had a few Swiss coins which the men had given us, the passeur had given us. And he told us where to get off, and there would be a person standing there waiting for us, taking us to a little hotel for the night.

And that's what happened. We got off at that point. I don't remember what the station was from the streetcar. There was a young lady standing there, and she took us to this hotel, which didn't ask for any registration or anything. They must have been obviously paid off. And in the morning, she came and picked us up, took us to her house, to her apartment, gave us a breakfast.

And I had asked her as soon as I got off the streetcar, I said, please call my family immediately. Oh, it's 11:30 at night. I said, please call immediately. And she did, and my aunt came the next morning to pick me up. Around 11:00 or so she was in Geneva to come and pick me up.

Now my entry into Switzerland was easy compared to other people's. Also once I was on Swiss soil, I was legal because my family had obtained an immigration visa for me. So only my crossing was, in a way, illegal. But once I was in Switzerland I was a legal-- whatever you call-- immigrant, while all the others, like my husband, were illegal immigrants. They were refugees, illegal refugees.

I lived with my family from March 1, 1943 till 24th of December, 1944, much too long. My relatives did not understand what I had experienced. They had no understanding. Even though my aunt had lost her sister, she could not accept that my mother was dead till I flung it in her face one day. They just never understood. My uncle was a very Victorian man, very Swiss, very Victorian. I was 18. He was in his 70s. I mean, this alone, right?

And there were a lot of frictions, a lot of frictions, also, because I felt that he was a well-to-do man and he did not do enough, did not do enough for the family to save them. Two sisters of my mother were able to leave Gurs to go to Cuba. My grandmother died in Gurs. My mother's oldest sister died in Gurs.

And there was my cousin, who was a young woman of 35. There was a lot to be done, and he could have done better. And the answer I got from him one day was, I cannot eat my bricks. He had several houses, and the answer was, I cannot eat my bricks. And it was just so outrageous, you know?

My aunt could be speaking about her brother that was lost with his wife, daughter, son-in-law and sees a stain on a little tablecloth with red wine. And she became totally upset about this stain while talking of her brother who died in Auschwitz. She didn't know about Auschwitz at the time, but she knew these people were lost.

So you can see that they had absolutely no understanding. And the fact that I wanted to get married, well, that was altogether outrageous. How can you get married to someone who has nothing, who is nothing? You have to have at least-- all this was too much. And I must say that if I ever came close to a nervous breakdown, it was in my family, in my aunt's and uncle's house. And one of my cousins didn't help the situation at all.

Let me just go back a bit. You said that you had found out that your mother had died. When did you find out and how did you find out?

Look, when my mother was deported, and we had this hour or so together, she-- my mother was a realist. She told me she would never come back, that this was the last trip, that they were certainly going to be taken east. And somehow people had a sense for what was going to happen to them.

And so news filtered into Switzerland in '43 slowly and surely. And there was no doubt in my mind that this is what happened. Besides, my mother had diabetes, and I never even thought she would make it as far as Auschwitz, which she did, unfortunately, in this case unfortunately. So to me, it was a sure thing.

Were you ever able to find--

Also a woman of 52, and the strain and stress. And the deprivation of everything. And sick. How long can you Last

So you thought that whole time--

That my mother was lost. Absolutely.

Were you able later on to find out any information about what happened?

She was, indeed-- she made it as far as Auschwitz and she was killed in Auschwitz because I looked into the [NON-ENGLISH] book. You know what that is. That's a memorial book that the German government publishes with all the names of German Jews that were killed. There are some mistakes in the book. However, essentially, you can find what you need to find. The museum has the book. You ask for it up in the library. They have it.

So to me, there was-- we knew. There was no doubt in our mind, especially people over a certain age. When I saw my mother last, she had already lost so much weight. I'd never seen my mother that skinny in her whole life. So how much resistance was still left?

So living with my relatives was not a good experience, not at all. I left them on December 24. And I mention the date because my uncle was Protestant. My aunt always remained Jewish and was a member of the Jewish community, but he

was Protestant. And so Christmas, of course, was celebrated because their sons were raised as Protestants. And my cousin, her middle son, threatened her, said unless I was out of the house, he would not come for Christmas.

And I had already been in negotiations with Geneva, where Max was taking a social service course, to get a job there. And the only job I could get was as a maid. And Mademoiselle de [PERSONAL NAME] was the one who negotiated that deal. And I got a job with a very nice Bulgarian family. He was Secretary at the Bulgarian Consulate and resigned because of the Bulgarians being so German friendly. He opposed the Germans with everything.

So I worked for them for several months. They were very nice to me. I worked hard, but they were very nice to me, very understanding. And in the mornings, he would come and tell me, I listen to the radio last night, the broadcast, a clandestine broadcast from Bulgaria. They shot that friend of mine and they shot this friend of mine. And I got an up-to-date report every day of what was going on in Bulgaria.

He associated with a lot of people that worked for various resistance groups all over. And they were really very nice. And I worked for them till the day we got married, which was the 14th of April, 1945. And then I asked for voluntary internment so I could be with my husband because as an immigrant, I was to live free. So I asked for internment, and the Swiss government said yes, I could do that. And so we lived in various refugee homes.

Now Max had been in a work camp at one time. And we hear a lot about these things, and it's all so distorted. Some people like to say they were slave labor camps. These were not slave labor camps. They were work camps. They lived like all the military did. We got the same rations the Swiss got. We were paid a small sum of money every 10 days for the work we did.

We could go out. There was never a fence there was never anyone to say you cannot leave the house. Yeah, they had to do their work for certain hours, and then they could do what they wanted. Weekends they could go in the village, go to the movies or the local Inn or whatever they wanted to do. And every six weeks, we got a pass for the railroad to go anywhere we wanted in Switzerland, provided someone was good enough to take a refugee in for a two- or three-day pass.

So it was nothing at all like what you read today in the papers. It's sad. I mean, the Swiss did a lot of dirty things. What went on during the war, you know, it was immoral. It was terrible. But people will do things, terrible immoral things, in order to stay independent. And I cannot even fault them for that because had they not done that, you and I wouldn't be talking to each other. Germany would have gone in there, and you and I wouldn't be talking. Had the Germans gone in there, those 28,000 Jews that were in Switzerland would not be. Surely Switzerland was wrong in sending back 30,000 Jews to their death. This was as immoral and as unnecessary as can be. There was room for these people.

But the things Switzerland did after the war with the gold, and not paying out the monies that people were entitled to and denying them what was rightfully theirs, this is what I resent. We didn't expect anything from the Swiss. We were glad to be there. We were glad to be safe. As long as they were safe, we were safe.

Yes, there was harassment. Yes, we were dirty refugees. Yes, we were the unwanted guests. But we survived, and the name of the game was survival. Harassment? We had been harassed before. That they are anti-Semitic, no doubt about it. There's no doubt about that. But the name of the game was survival.

I must tell you that Max and I were in three different homes. One of them, the woman who ran it, the Swiss woman who ran it, was not a nice person. She was a small, petty soul who now had power over people, and she let them know it. So this was not a nice place. We had mostly Dutch people in this home who came from Theresienstadt. And they were mostly elderly people. Very few young people among them. And she was not nice to them.

We then asked for a transfer after the Dutch went home, very quickly after the end of the war. Within a few weeks, they went back to Holland. We then got a Russian group of people. These people were probably Ukrainian, possibly slave laborers, possibly also people who had volunteered to work in Germany. We never knew the full story, except that they were Russians.

And they were a rough bunch. Most of them were pretty rough. And we asked for a transfer to another home because Max worked in the office, so he had connections. He asked for a transfer, and we went to Klosters, which is a lovely place. And there the Swiss management was just the nicest, really the nicest people.

This home burned down. This home burned down after the-- we first had Polish people there, Gentile people, and then we had also again Russian people. And the Russian people, that was a very dirty story, what happened to them.

What happened was that Switzerland did not have diplomatic relations with Russia since 1917. Now they were itching to re-establish this after the war. And what better thing to do than to sell out these Russian people? And they were the only group of people who were forced out of the country. The Russian military came and picked them up. And you saw it when they came. All of a sudden this house was Russian property. This is the way they behaved.

We had 100 people in Klosters in this home. Four of them hid in the woods and did not go back. We later on found out from someone in the government in Switzerland that this whole transport of Russians was killed in Austria by the Russian military, including the infants, and we had infants.

So this was a group of people sold out in order to get diplomatic relations. Amoral, you better believe it.

When and why did you decide to leave Switzerland to come to the United States?

Switzerland made it very clear to you that you better go on. My husband had a cousin in Switzerland, had a clothing factory for men, men's clothing. And he could have used him very much to help him in the factory, in the office and so on and so forth. And so he asked for permission for us to stay for him to work.

And so the little village said, oh, well, if the canton-- which is like the state-- will go along with that, this is fine. Then the canton said, well, if the federal government will permit it. And the federal government turned around and said, well, if the canton will permit it. And you know what, it became a Catch-22. And I said, forget it. We go to America. I had family here. Max had family in Israel. However, this was not an option for us.

Why not?

We just felt we didn't want to go to Israel. We just felt that was not the place we would want to be.

Why?

I don't know whether it actually had to do something with his aunt and uncle, really, because they were not willing to do anything for him even before we were deported. You have to ask him exactly what went on. And they were not particularly helpful during the time that his mother was in Å. His father took an entirely different route. They were not willing to help him, either. And so we probably felt it was not the place we wanted to be. Later on relations straightened out, but it took a long, long time. In any case, our chance of coming here was probably also better.

And so we came here in February of 1948. No, actually beginning of March. The first day in this country was our daughter's second birthday. Our girl was born in Switzerland. And I tell you we were in a refugee home in [? Territet, ?] where the woman who was in charge was very, very nice.

We had approximately 30 infants in that house, many of them born in Switzerland. No infant, no baby could have been better taken care of anywhere than our children were. Each mother took care of her baby. We had a whole floor with nothing but babies, a whole floor. Separate kitchen. Two pediatric nurses to supervise the whole thing.

I mean, these kids were so well taken care of. It was really exceptional. If anyone says the kids weren't taken care of, it's not true. It's not true. We had older children with us. They went to school. One of the refugees was a doctor from Yugoslavia who was with the Hungarian group, was in Bergen-Belsen and was brought out and came to Switzerland. This group of people, I don't know if you heard about them. And he was a terrific doctor and a specialist in pediatrics. So our children couldn't have had it better. And she was just two years old when we came here.

And what happened when you first arrived?

When we first arrived, my family had arranged for us to stay at the Stephen Wise home. Rabbi Stephen Wise was running a house on 70th Street. It was in the 70s on the West Side. And there were a lot of refugees in this house. We had a room to ourselves, large room for the three of us. And we had breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

And the first week our relatives paid for us. I think it came to \$30 for the three of us. And it was really a very good setup because I could go down in the kitchen and get for the baby what I needed, and so on and so forth. And then we wanted some help from some organizations here. And my uncle, who was a brother to my father, said, let's go down. I think they went to the HIAS.

And Max and he went, and I stayed back with the child. And down at the organization they told him, well, yeah, but we can help you, but only if you move out of New York. And Max said, well, where do you think I should be going? And he said, well, go to Peoria, Illinois. So he asked, well, what's in Peoria, Illinois for me?

Well, go to the library and look it up. And the first thing you have to do is move out of the Stephen Wise Home and move into the Hotel Marseilles on 100th Street and Broadway. And that was a terrible place.

So we did. And then we thought about all of this. And it was a ridiculous idea. I have family in New York. I have family upstate New York. I have family in Pennsylvania. Why should I be going out to Illinois? I don't know anybody.

So about 10 days or 12 days after we came here, Max found a job. And very soon after that we moved into a single room occupancy situation and chucked along at best we could.

What was his job?

He worked in an office for an importer exporter of some stuff. You have to ask him exactly what they were doing. Unfortunately, I was sick. I spent some time in the hospital. My daughter went upstate to my cousin. And Max had a problem with his knee. He also had to stay in bed for several weeks.

And it was a very rough beginning. After all this was straightened out, we found a little place in Flushing because we didn't want to be in Manhattan with the child, and also the rents were much too high. We couldn't find anything. If I had walked into a place with a tiger on a leash I probably would have found an apartment, but not with a child. Nobody wanted a couple with a child.

And in Flushing, we found something. It was very bad, but we had two rooms, a kitchenette. And we could sort of almost afford the rent, not really. And we lived in that house till we had the house condemned for the unsanitary conditions in the house.

And then we found an apartment in Astoria with a very nice landlady who wanted someone with a child. And that was a partly furnished apartment, and it was very nice. And we just sort of got our feet on the ground when disaster struck.

And disaster struck one night when I was coughing. And first, kind of funny, and then I was coughing again. And by then I knew I better get up, and I went in the bathroom and I coughed up blood. Now nobody had to tell me what happened.

My aunts, who went to Cuba from Gurs, had arrived in the States a few weeks after us. So I had my two aunts here. And of course, they were no help to me because one had Parkinson's. The other one was even older, not sick, but an aunt with Parkinson's is enough. To tell them, and went to the hospital. And they diagnosed the obvious. I had TB. And that was in 1950. Now we came in '48. This was the fall of 1950. My uncle had died maybe six weeks before that.

And then of course they took x-rays of my husband and of the child. And Max was equally sick with TB. The only one not sick, like a miracle, was the child. So we first had to send her up to my cousin to be taken care of because she was

not to [garbled audio] with us anymore.

And we then were placed in a sanatorium in Bedford Hills, which is Westchester County. Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx had a sanatorium up in Westchester County, and we were placed there. We were there-- Max probably 18 months and I was there 21 months. Our daughter had to come back from upstate New York in order to be placed in a foster home. I could not leave her with my cousin. I cannot ask someone to take care of a child, a two-year-old-- a four-year-old at this point, or four and 1/2-- without being able to compensate them in some way. It is a responsibility.

And she came back to New York, and she was placed in a foster home out on the Island with a very wonderful person who had been taking in foster children for many years. And there were other children in this house, and she was very well taken care of. I mean, very well taken care of, but still knowing that her parents were someplace else. And it left its mark on the long run.

The woman was very good. She had great understanding for children. And she was away from us for [AUDIO OUT].

This is tape two, side B, interview with Hanne Liebmann. And you were just talking about-- how long were you sick for, actually, with TB?

Well, from October 1950 till I came back, which was in about September 1952, something like that. Must have been around that. And then, of course, you're not supposed to work. You're supposed to take it easy because at this point you are only arrested. It takes five years to be cured.

So it was felt that it's enough if I take care of the child and my husband and the household, that I couldn't possibly go to work.

He went to school. He went for accounting. He finished a course in nine months that usually takes two years. And we actually lived on welfare. We had to go on welfare. We had no choice.

We got an apartment eventually. When we first came out, we subleased a room. Max subleased a room in someone's apartment. And then after we got clearance from the government because we were not citizens, we got an apartment in Brooklyn in the Fort Greene section. There's a housing project, the Fort Greene houses. And we got an apartment there. And the minute we got the apartment, we could take our daughter home. And eventually, as soon as he finished school, he went to work. And we took it from there.

How old was your daughter when she came back?

Almost seven.

So that must have been very hard.

It was very hard. Have to find your way back. It's really-- a relationship has been-- not totally cut, of course, but still. We could see her-- after the first year we could see her every three months, I think. But a couple of hours is not much. We would call her every Sunday, 12:00 sharp. She knew 12:00 on Sunday, there's a telephone call from her parents. We wrote to her. We sent her stuff. I would knit for her or crochet or do things.

A cousin of Max would go and see her all the time. This woman worked. She couldn't take the child. She had to support herself. She went out to the Island almost every weekend. But you have to find your way back. We would do anything and everything to make this again a family.

And yet after maybe two years, maybe less, she threw at me one day, you got sick on purpose, both of you so you could get rid of me. This is a child's thinking, a child's imagination, a child's reasoning. Child doesn't know you don't get sick on purpose.

And when I told our pediatrician, the very man who saw her born, practically, in Switzerland, he then said, well, maybe

she should have some psychiatric care. And I figured that's going a little far. I think she will outgrow that. Well, she did not outgrow certain aspects. She realized yes, we didn't get sick on purpose when she was older. But there were certain aspects that she did not overcome.

And so she ended up with many years of psychiatric care. She's now the most levelheaded, wonderful human being. Not because it's my daughter and I'm prejudiced in favor of my daughter, but she really is. And she's very understanding of other people. So it really has done what it was supposed to do.

I mean, she had to deal with another situation several years later, when I got sick again with TB in 1961. So that was something that was just a repetition, even though this time I didn't have to go to a sanatorium. I was home. And she was already a teenager. But it certainly upset her greatly. Said, here again, mother is sick.

How did your experiences during the war affect the way that you saw yourself as a mother, and here in the United States? Did it color the way that you--

You mean, did our daughter know what happened to us? Did we tell her what happened to us? We didn't. Well, she asked me one day, why don't I have grandparents? And she must have been about 10, something like that. And that was an unexpected question, really, because I'd never thought of it.

And I told her. Your grandparents were killed in a concentration camp. Now that was a little much for a child. I know that now. I didn't realize it at the time. And then she didn't say anything anymore. And my two aunts were sort of stand in grandmothers.

She heard us talk about Gurs, definitely. She heard me talk to my aunts when we were talking about things in the past. So she always knew this, but we didn't push it. We did not say to her, like I know from other mothers, you have to be very good because of what happened to us. We did not say, you cannot go here or there. You cannot have this or that. Because we didn't have that, you can be without.

She wanted to go out as a teenager. Or when she went to college, she went to Adelphi. And she wanted to go at night to the city on Saturday night like all young people. We never said, you cannot do that. I know parents who would not let their children do that simply because they felt, we didn't have it. We had to do without that. They had no understanding for a normal life of a teenager. And they wouldn't let their children have it.

And really, a lot of these second generation have a lot of problems. And I think that's one problem our daughter did not have.

And why do you think they have these problems?

Because of the parents, really, because the parents were overprotective. I have friends who outright say yes, we were overprotective of our children. We wouldn't let them do this and that and the other thing, and we always worried where they were and what they did. And we just didn't do that.

Or if we worried, we didn't tell her and let her-- one night my husband and I had a terrific fight. Why? Because Evelyn decided with her girlfriend to go to the city to a hangout. And this hangout was perfectly fine. There was nothing wrong. But it was snowing. It was snowing very heavily. And she wanted to go with the car, obviously, from Jackson Heights. I said, go take the car. Go.

And he was upset that in the snow I let her drive and go to city. This is too dangerous. This is this, this is that. I said, you know what? She wants to do it. If she gets stuck, she has to find a way to come home. She did. I didn't say you can't go, it's too dangerous, or this or that or the next thing. We let her. I let her go. He was upset about it.

But I felt that she's a young person. She has to find out what she can do, what she cannot do. And we never stopped her from whatever she wanted to do because maybe we are too afraid of it.

When she got older, did you talk to her more and more about your experiences?

Well, she always knew some of them. And eventually, when we gave the interview to the museum, I think it was, she listened to the tape. I said, well-- she said, well, I always knew the story. that was -- always knew the story because she heard us talk mostly with my aunts or with friends or other people. But there was never this emphasis on cannot do this or you cannot do that, or you have to be good because of what we experienced, which is a stupid thing anyway. No.

Do you think that you felt differently or taught her differently about things like religion or being Jewish based on your experiences? She went to Sunday school for a year or two. We are not a religious home. We are more cultural Jews than religious Jews. Yes, we do observe the holidays. We will have Passover and we will have people here for Passover, or for Passover, or for Rosh Hashanah or whatever. Yes, we had Hanukkah.

But we are not such religious people. She knows very well where she belongs. There's no question about that. But to me, it is by far more important that someone is a good human being over being very religious and maybe not such a good person. One doesn't exclude the other. But to me, it's more important.

What do you think has been changed by your experiences during the war in terms of that, the way you see religion or being Jewish? Are there other things that you--

I have never been ashamed of being Jewish. I was also proud of being Jewish. I would never have entertained the thought of conversion of any kind. And by the way, in Le Chambon, there was never an attempt by anyone to convert us. That was an absolute taboo. It would have been very easy for these people to persuade us. Absolutely not.

I have asked many of my friends how they felt about it, and it was the same opinion. Yeah, I have my quarrel with what is known as God. How could you not, after what you experienced? And if you ask survivors, you will find that some of them became very religious or remained their religiousness, and others who turned away. So maybe are somewhere in between, which is a cop-out.

Have you gone back there at all?

To where? To the south of France? Oh, to the village? To Le Chambon? Many times. And I must tell you that when I go there, I feel very much at home. I know few people as such. The people that I sort of knew have all passed on. But there's just something about the place that I feel very much at home.

We have not gone back to Gurs, no. By the way, there is nothing standing of the camp. There's only the cemetery, which has been totally redone partly or entirely with money from Germany and monies that were raised otherwise, I suppose. But it's totally redone. It doesn't look anything like what it originally was. It's now like a nice military cemetery.

You were talking about this group that you were with there and that you sort of maintained contact with over the years. When you first came to the United States, was that important to find people who had been through the war and had similar experiences? Or has it been more important--

Well, we found many of our friends here-- again, friends from before this total experience having been deported, Gurs and so on. Most of them my husband's, some mine. Yeah, it was important to find our friends again. That was definitely important to us.

Many had other experiences. I have friends who went to England with the Kindertransport, and I found them here again. Others came directly from Germany to here. Others had been in Switzerland. Yeah, it's important to have your friends, and friends with whom you share a past. There is sort of an unspoken connection. You don't have to explain to this person how you feel about a certain thing or a situation or what was in the past. You don't have to do that. They know.

The ones who don't know are the ones who don't even want to know, or didn't want to know when we first came. When we first came, we were with one of my husband's friends. And they said something, and Max says, well, I had to go across the Alps. Not the Alps, but through the mountains, and the way we came here and so on. And so he sort of made

a funny joke about a very sad situation.

And they really didn't want to know. And this is the complaint of all survivors, that the people really didn't want to know. And then I come across American Jewish people. Oh, we didn't know what went on. You didn't know what went on when it was daily in the newspapers? Didn't you read them? I mean, we have volumes of paper clippings from The New York Times over here at the Holocaust Center, day by day where something has been reported about the Holocaust and the conditions in Germany before 1940. And people didn't know? Kind of strange, isn't it?

So we have a problem. I mean, when people come and-- one of my friends, a survivor, told me that they were invited somewhere-- family, American extended family, when they came here-- and the woman said, well, tell me, did you get orange juice for breakfast? Where, in Auschwitz? I mean, the questions are so absurd. They were so absurd that the survivors just shut up when they were talking.

Is that one of the reasons that--

The survivors did not talk for so long. They couldn't, and they knew that other people had no understanding and didn't really want to know. I spoke in a school in Staten Island several weeks ago, Jewish school-- not a yeshiva, but a Jewish school-- on the line of, maybe, Ramaz You know Ramaz School? They are a wonderful school, Jewish school in the middle of the city. Have highly intelligent children there and a wonderful staff of teachers.

And this is run-- there are boys and girls. So it's not-- but we wear long skirts and long sleeves and religious. I was over there and I spoke to about 100 children. And then I asked, how many of you have grandparents that are survivors? And I would say 70% of the kids there had grandparents that were survivors.

And I asked them, what did your grandparents tell you? Nothing. Nothing. My grandparents don't talk about it. I said, go back to your grandparents. Make them talk to you and tell you. I said, if you are supposed to remember the Shoah, commemorate the Shoah, then you have to know why. So go and talk to them. Make them talk. They don't.

Why do you think the grandparents aren't telling their story?

I don't know. They should tell their grandchildren. You have this opposite. The ones who don't talk, and the others who pile it on, literally, and put a great burden on these children. It is almost a burden the way they do it. So you have these two opposites.

Do you feel like your experience has been different as a survivor having been married to another survivor?

You will find most survivors being married to other survivors.

But in your case, you actually had such similar experiences all the way through the war.

Yeah. And many people met in the DP camps in Germany, or even knew each other at one point or another in the ghettos. Many of them got married in the ghetto. We are lucky to survive.

Can you explain, in your experience, why that's been so--

I think, again, because people are comfortable with each other. Not necessarily because they were terribly in love, but because they wanted someone with a similar experience who understands what this was all about, and because they wanted a family.

And I don't think there were many divorces among these survivor marriages. Many of the people already had lost a family, had lost a wife or a husband and children. So they were looking to establish, again, a family. I think most survivors are married to other survivors, at least most of the ones I know.

Is there anything else that you want to--

No, not really.

As for experiences --

No. Not really. It was end when the war was over. The day it was announced on the radio, and I listened to the speech of King George, and I just understood enough English to understand what he was saying. We were in a refugee home in Cheshire, where we had this horrible woman in charge of the home.

I must tell you, I felt totally drained. It was a beautiful, sunny day, and here were the Alps in full sunshine. And I felt totally drained. It was not, hooray, the war is over. We had lost everyone and everything. The last one to die was my father in 1945 in the Battle of the Bulge.

So we felt drained. There was no jubilation, not for any of us. You would think people would have been totally happy. No. In fact, we have a picture somewhere. This woman in that home, in that refugee home, found it in her heart to say, well, the war is over. Let's have, in the afternoon, something special. Let's have some coffee and cake outdoors on the veranda.

And so we did, and picture was taken, and everybody looks glum. That was the hooray, hooray. So I think maybe you would want to speak to Max.

I would like to.

But life-- the beginning in this country was not easy. It really wasn't.

But recent years has been easier?

Recent years have been good, yes.

Well, thank you so much.

Eventually.

[INAUDIBLE] wonderful.

Eventually I did go to work. But I cannot speak to that officially.

I'll turn this off.