

Translation of Mrs. Clara Dijkstra w/ Monique

van der Wel

Tape #1 (begins in medias res)

CD: to me, you tell me, you tell it over.

MK: Sure.

CD: You tell me what you want from me.

MK: Well, I don't know your story.

CD: In the beginning of the war I was twenty-one years old. Then, in the middle of the night, the Germans come.

MK: You were living here in Amsterdam?

CD: In Amsterdam, yes. [unintel.-Dutch?] I have a visit by family in the south, in Amsterdam. And then there is a Jewish woman, and she tell me the black police [that trust?] the Netherlands police for the German come upstairs in her house and tell her, "Tomorrow you go for work in the other country."

MK: In the country. Let me ask for background information. You were twenty-one?

CD: Yes.

MK: You were living alone?

CD: No, I was married.

MK: So you and your husband shared a flat?

CD: A small house.

MK: In Amsterdam?

CD: In Amsterdam. In the house there, and the whole street and the [afterstreet and the other street?] was many, many Jewish people.

MK: So you were in the Jewish part of town?

CD: Yes. Not the ghetto, no, but many, many Jewish people.

MK: And you're Christian?

CD: Yah, yah. I'm Christian. And then I talked to the Jewish woman and she tell me tomorrow I go with the German [unintel.]

MK: They were coming to pick her up?

CD: Yes. [Only?] her and her husband and little child. The child was 28 December, two years old.

MK: So she's almost two years old?

CD: Yes.

MK: And she also has a husband—this Jewish woman?

CD: Had a child and a husband, yes. Then she tell me, "You want *underdiver*?"

MK: She wants to go into hiding?

CD: Yes. But the people there, where she go, with her husband, cannot have a child. [Want?] the people there had four children. [unintel] The laundry there and the upstairs. The house from the people and upstairs there. The parents from—Nettie was the child.

MW: She's telling that the people couldn't take the Jewish women and her husband couldn't take the child because there was already a family where they were going to be hiding and there were already four children. And then she brought the child upstairs—a laundry. [sounds puzzled] That's the only thing she tells. So, I think the child went to another place than the parents did.

MK: So they were going to go into hiding, the man and the woman?

CD: Yes.

MK: But they couldn't take the child?

CD: Yes.

MK: And there were other children too that needed to be hidden?

CD: Yes. I say, "Come, give me the child." [The woman says,] "What will I pay for the child?" I say, "Nothing! You will not pay for the child. [She brought the car for the baby?] and the [unintel.]

MK: Baby clothes?

CD: Yes. And I walk to my house and my husband say, "What's that?" I say, "We have a child." [laughs]

MK: You didn't know this woman before?

CD: No.

MK: She knocked on your door?

CD: I was [a visit?]. There was the woman, the mother for the child.

MW: She was visiting other people and there was, by coincidence, the Jewish woman with the child and she told about the problem, and then she said, "Give me the child," and she went back with the child. She didn't know the mother of the child very well...she met her with other people which I presume were friends of hers.

CD and MK have a "clarifying discussion" of the above.

CD: [The child was crying, "Mama, mama.] But two weeks later, she tell to me, "Mama," [MW: the child was calling her "Mama"] and I three and a half years, before the war was over, the child by my.

MK: So you kept that child all through the war?

CD: Yes.

MK: How old was the child, almost two years old?

CD: Two years, 28 December.

MK: So this was almost a baby?

CD: Yes, yes—little child. She [couldn't?] walk or talk—not everything, but—.

MK: A little bit.

CD: Yes. So [unintel.] three and a half years [before?] the war was over. And come with the child, "What you say, Mama?" [unintel.]

MK: So she now thinks you're the mother? She forgets her mother and you're the mother?

CD: Yes. Was OK for this.

MK: Her name?

CD: Nettie Wolf.

MW: I think she's explaining that she had no problem with her calling her "Mama," because that was good for the situation. When somebody would ask her, "Who's your mama?" she would point to the woman she was with. I think she thinks in her mind it was not OK because I'm not her mother, but for the situation we're in it's OK and you call me mother."

MK: She was so young, she thought you were the mother and you raised her like your own child?

CD: Yes. When I was on the street with her, then come a German officer and he tell me, "Yiddish kind, nisht[?]"

MW: That means, a Jewish child, not?

CD: And Nettie looked to me and she say, "What he say, Mama?" I said, "You're crazy. It's my child." [She then says something that sounds like Dutch, but the translator couldn't make it out.] Maybe two years later, maybe a year later, then came early in the morning, six o'clock, a car with speakers.

MK: A megaphone?

CD: Yah. [imitates the announcement] "All the Jewish people, come out of the houses and [MW: they should go away]." There was a park and many, many trams.

MK: Trains to take the people?

CD: Yah. And then all the people they [MK: pushed them in into the trains] and the people didn't want to go. With everything, they had everything: the clothes and the jewels and everything. And then they go forth.

MK: They pushed many, many people inside?

CD: Then nine o'clock after the street and the street and the street and the megaphone [MW: all the people should go out of the houses], nine o'clock in the evening rings the bell.

MK: Your doorbell?

CD: Yes. I lived on the third floor. Then [mark?] by every houses the bell rings nine o'clock and early in the morning six o'clock [unintel.]

MK: So the Germans are going around ringing doorbells?

CD: Yes.

MK: Searching? Why did they ring?

CD: By everybody [bringing?] and looking, searching for Jewish people. I have no papers for Nettie. Then the soldier comes upstairs and has for me and my husband a little [timassie?].

MK: What's that?

CD: Like a passport.

MW: Identification.

MK: For you and your husband, you have a passport?

CD: Everybody has from Germany with your picture and your town [unintel]

MK: They stamp it?

CD: Yah. Then I come upstairs and I have every time to do a wash open, not closed. [Mar?] stayed for the door and Nettie was sleeping.

MK: How old is Nettie now?

CD: Nettie is now—she's born in '46—two and a half. She was in a little crib. Then I give him the papers for me and my husband and I said, "Thank you very much," [she says it in several languages] and they go out.

MK: Did they see the baby?

CD: No. Then I was not so far from my house, maybe six meters—.

MK: You were outside your house?

CD: Yes. I looked out the window but you can nothing do.

MW: She says that she was looking out of the window and I think she's expressing her—she couldn't do a thing. She saw the men go into other houses and she had a problem with that., I think.

CD: [says something in English and Dutch. Mark clarifies:]

MK: A big SS officer and he calls for you and your husband?

CD: Yes. [says something in English and Dutch. Mark clarifies:]

MK: He tells you and your husband to go with the German officer?

CD: I think now the bell rings. I running with papers to—on the [trop?].

MW: On the porch.

MK: What's going on?

MW: There was again the high SS, I think, with a lot of medals was ringing the doorbell. She thought, "I should be quick," and ran to the hallway. She went as quick as possible to the hallway, and then—.

CD: I tell him, "What you want? You were here." And he said, "You have Jewish people." I said, "Nein." He said, "Jewish children." I said, "Nein."

MW: He's saying, "You have Jewish people, you have children." And then she said, "Definitely *not!* No children at all!

CD: He stays over there, he looks in my eyes, he tells me, "I'm so really [unintel] I think.

MK: This German officer, he accuses you of hiding Jewish people? You said no, and then what happened? He looks at you and says, "Do you have Jewish children?"

CD: Yes.

MK: And you said?

CD: No! And then he tells me I look so nice in my eyes. "I'll stay for five minutes," he tells me, "then I'll go to the officer and I'll tell him, 'I looked in house and it is not Jewish.'" "Thank you" [in several languages]. And then he goes.

MK: We call that a very close call.

CD: And then the people from this side and this side [neighbors?] She tell me, "Oh, we are so angry for you for the Jewish child." I say, "I have not a Jewish child!" The mother from the child is in hospital and the father from the child working in Germany.

MK: OK, so your neighbors in Amsterdam, they knew that you had a Jewish baby? And when you were released, they were angry that you got away?

CD: Yah. The neighbors all they talk, talk, talk, talk over this, and every time I tell, "No, is not. Close your mouth."

MW: She is suggesting that her neighbors are always talking about that she is keeping a Jewish child, and she always says, "No!" But this time she confuses, I think, the word "angry" with the neighbors were concerned about her because they saw the SS go to her and speak to her and then they thought, "Oh, I hope this is going well for her." They always want to know very much, the neighbors—too nosy.

CD: [unintel] Black hair, yah, Jewish child—so what? Not so talk too much, the other [mens?]. Now, in the same day, in the middle of the night, maybe twelve, maybe one, I'm sleeping with my husband, and the child was sleeping, and you have all the houses with black on the windows, and no light. I sleep and I see very strong light from the street. And then coming up the steps [bam, bam, bam—she imitates the noise of loud steps] and then I open the door—was not closed. My door was not closed, he came inside in my bedroom and he tell me, "Jewish!" He look in my eyes. [unintel.]

MK: They shine the spotlight on the bed of the child. The child was sleeping.

CD: The child was sleeping and was like a blondie. [unintel.]

MW: The light made her hair look lighter, not so dark!

CD: [We're? where?] in a big [bunker?] house [unintel.] From in the morning, in the evening, was in the night and other people that was here [doltcup?] [unintel]

MK: So just the intensity of the light was making her hair look blonde?

MW: Well, I think it's a special kind of lamp which is not on gas, it's not on electricity, it's not on batteries, but do you know the word "phosphor"? It's a green sort of

chemical stuff which can make a very bright light. And that gave her hair another color. But she's now mentioning something about the man that came to visit her with this light was somebody else than in the morning or in the afternoon and he was from the, I think you call it, literally translated it means "dead head." She's explaining it now: it's sort of a death squadron, a very extreme group of Germans who had the opinion that *all* the Jews should be dead. So he was part of a *very* extreme group of the German people.

MK: Is that part of the German army?

MW: Yah. I'm not sure; it could be illegal. I don't think it's right in the general German organization, but it's sort of a subversive group who had their own attacks in cities.

CD: My child [Dutch-unintel.] not papers, no, no. I look from her and he tell me, "When birthday is? She's beauty." [unintel.] I say, "Thank you, thank you," and he go.

MW: He was looking at the child and then at her and back at the child, and she said, "It's a miracle of God. Thank you God." But then he said, "She's looking like you," as if it were her real daughter, and he didn't make a lot of points about the papers.

CD: Then he go out!

MK: So another close call.

CD: Yah. [unintel]

MW: She sort of collapsed after he left, she was breaking down, crying, and was totally out of control.

CD: [She says the child looked] like an angel.

MK: She doesn't look Jewish? So they say she looks beautiful? Then they say, "OK," and they leave?

CD: Yes. It's a wonder. It's a miracle, God's miracle. Thank you God, thank you! [laughs]. I think when you done, then you go. But I think I have the power on this.

MW: She's telling that when you are afraid in your heart, you don't have the power to do it and convince the other side (the officers). Then you have a problem, but she is saying of herself that she had the power to do this, that they believed her.

MK: So then it was OK for a while?

CD: Yes.

MK: But I want to clarify one other thing before we continue. It sounds like your neighbors were in support of the Germans, 'cause your neighbors were angry that the Germans let you go?

CD: No, no! They cannot understand it that it was OK, that I have still my child the next day. The neighbors think the Germans make the child, make [away?].

MK: They couldn't understand that the Germans would *not* take your child?

CD: Yes.

MK: Were they on your side or the Germans' side?

CD: Nah, on *my* side.

MK: They were on your side but they were very surprised that the Germans let you keep your child? And they were happy for you?

CD: Yah, yah, yah.

[long pause]

MK: Have you told this story to many people?

CD: NO! In the beginning I have not tell it. Many years later was a program of the television. Then from other peoples, not of war: with other things. Then sometimes I talked crazy people. [talks unintel. about Jesus, Napoleon, horses] And then I write a letter over this.

MK: So you saw a program on tv?

CD: Yah, from other things. You [could?] write a letter from what is a wonder of what you have—.

MK: Oh! A miracle that's happened to you!

CD: And then I write from this.

MK: You wrote them about this?

CD: Yes. They come here and I tell my story and then [unintel] and it go over the television.

MK: Oh, I see. So that was when you first talked about it?

CD: That's for the first time.

MK: When was that?

CD: Oh, many years ago. Then for the first time the parents from Nettie see me on the television with my story and then [ceyvey?] [they knew?] from my story.

MK: What was that?

MW: Well, she was telling it for a television program, the story of Nettie, and the parents of Nettie, who were alive, were watching television and saw her telling the story. And then they knew what happened to Nettie.

MK: And they were reunited, the parents and child?

CD: Yah. Wait, wait. The child was married in Israel. I call for the first time [mar?] Israel. [Dus?] Nettie was thirty years old, I think: 1968. I go to Israel to my [Dutch word "playdaughter"?] to Nettie. Then the film from [unintel] television. Then my children [unintel]. My mother [came?] in the evening, this time of the television.

MW: When the program was on the television, at the same time, *she* was in Israel, she was not in Holland. I think her own children warned the parents of Nettie that she was going to be on the television. But there's an interesting thing: she's calling Nettie, we call it [playchdochter?]. That's sort of a situation when you adopt a child. That's expressing how close she's feeling about Nettie, I think. She says it's so, a little bit so between the sentences, but she's calling her and that's a very special situation, you see her as sort of a daughter.

CD: And her father was crying, crying, crying. [laughs]

MK: Nettie grew up. She moved to Israel but she didn't know her parents?

CD: No, she was twenty-six years old. [She went?] two months' vacation with her parents to Israel. When the war was over, her parents come out the country. [Drive?] a house. And then Nettie call, "No." Nettie crying, crying, "Mama, mama, mama! You love me no?" She could not understand it. [Dus?] she have a mistake, the parents from Nettie. Two [weeks?] I tell her (to mother from Nettie), "Slowly, a visit: in night sleeping to you." Then you [contact? can talk?] when she was five and a half years old. They could not understand it.

MW: When the mother and father came back, she didn't want to go with them because she didn't recognize the woman as her mother. Then [Mrs. Dijkstra] made a suggestion to the mother of Nettie to take it slowly and just first visit her for a day, and then stay for one night, so build up a sort of a relationship with her.

CD: [It?] was not from war or nothing. When it was shooting in Amsterdam, then I tell her, "God is [both?]."

MW: She always told Nettie nothing about the war. When there was gunfire outside in the street, she said to Nettie, "God is angry," or she made up a story to explain the noise, but she didn't tell anything about the war.

CD: [MW: Bad and angry people]. She knows not from the war, nothing. And then I tell her, "Come to the [volcum bit?] boom, boom, boom." Rain. Thus, from the war, she knows nothing.

MW: There was a thunderstorm.

MK: They heard bombs exploding?

MW: Yah. She tried to explain that in another way, not related to war.

CD: I go with Nettie to the street, shopping, and out we go to the theater.

Everything I did with her.

MK: So you were her mother?

CD: Yes, completely what I was for three and a half years her mother.

MK: OK. We should stay in chronological order. The German officers, they said she's an angel and leave you alone.

CD: Yes. And then the neighbors tell me [unintel]. "NO, is *not* a Jewish child." For me, I wait [unintel]. Nice people but she talked too much, she talked too much. Many, many, many Jewish people they were in the house by Christian [mensa?]. [Door?] the talking from the neighbors [unintel]. She go out.

MW: She's explaining that she always said to the neighbors that she was not a Jewish child because her experience was that a lot of Jewish people who were hiding with Christian people were betrayed in some way or another because the people around them did talk and said, "This is a Jewish child, or a Jewish man," or whatever. So she just kept on saying, "She's not Jewish."

CD: And the people [say, "Come in" to] the Jewish people. There's shooting on the street.

MK: They were shooting the Jewish people?

CD: Yes. Now the Christian people they have the Jewish. The Christian people were Jewish get out [unintel] to the camps, the ghettos, and the other people: shooting—on the street, for [in front of?] the houses.

MW: They were executed.

MK: So it got very, very bad?

CD: Yes, yes, yes. The Jewish people go to the trams and the railway and the camps where the Jewish were working and dead. [she makes a sound signifying death/murder] She thinks, many people, you can *douches* [showers] and [unintel] out from this—no water. Out—gas—die. Six million people synagogue, now—.

MW: Now she's explaining the situation in the concentration camps: that you could take a shower, that the Jewish people thought it was a shower but then the gas came out. But what she's telling before this is that she was aware of the danger that other people

could betray her. The situation around her should be as clear as possible, so that's why she was saying she's not Jewish.

MK: So the war got worse and worse but Nettie was OK with you?

CD: Nettie was OK, yes, yes.

MK: And you were still living with your husband and Nettie in the house in Amsterdam?

CD: Yes.

MK: But things were very bad for the Jews? All the Jews were sent off on the trains or the Germans shot them in the street?

CD: Yes. The Christian people.

MK: The Germans shot the Christians who hid the Jews?

CD: When they come in the house and you have Jewish in house, then they go out. The Christian people were shooting the Germans off the street and the Jewish people full of in railways to camps.

MW: The people who were hiding the Jewish people were just executed outside on the street—in public, for everyone to see. And then send the Jewish people away on trains?

CD: Yes.

side B

MK: So it was a very terrible time.

CD: Yes, yes, yes, yes. And then later and later, there was no food. A half of bread for one week. The child must eat, I have no eat. I go to the north: sixty kilometers I walk with a cart with two wheels, and sixty kilometers to here. There were farmers. When you have—not for the money; you can beans, and vegetables, and other things what you can eat. Not for Nettie; I have not coupon

MW: You didn't pay by money but you gave jewelry or things of value of your own, and then the farmer gave you some food or vegetables—a trade.

CD: Now it's the one eat per person for one week.

MW: She has very little food so what she was getting was only enough for Nettie.

CD: Not for Nettie: I have not coupons for Nettie.

MW: They had ration coupons only for herself and her husband because Nettie wasn't existing because otherwise, when they knew about the child, they could get coupons for the child also.

CD: You cannot pay the farmer, but you must things [nayma?].

MK: Barter? You give things to the farmer in exchange for food?

CD: Yes, yes.

MK: What would you give?

CD: [unintel]

MW: Sheets from the bed, pillowcase, tablecloth.

MK: These, maybe, were things you sewed?

CD: Yah. Then you can [unintel] for your comfort. But now—.

MK: You didn't pay the farmer because you had no money or the farmer didn't—.

CD: Everybody had money, the most, but you could not—. One bread was forty-eight guilders. But I have a bakery [unintel] from the street and not taking over Nettie, never. And the bakery have eleven children and early in the morning, five o'clock, I come to the bakery, and every day he give me a half bread for nothing. And not tell me its's for the child, no, no. It was Catholic people, not [unintel] people. And eleven children [elv?]. Every morning, I go five o'clock, [unintel] in the middle of the night on the street. Eight o'clock, every people must in the house.

MW: She's explaining that she lived in a neighborhood with a bakery on the corner with a family with eleven children. They never spoke about Nettie, but they gave her,

many days, half a bread for nothing. She didn't have to pay for it, so he just gave it to her in a sort of understanding: you know what to do with it.

MK: So you found a bakery run by a Catholic man? And he would give you a half a loaf of bread every morning if you came at five o'clock?

CD: Yes.

MK: And he was doing this because—?

CD: I think for me, for the child.

MK: You think he guessed that you had a child?

CD: Yes, yes. I go with this child on the street.

MK: I see. He probably saw the child and probably knew that the child was not yours?

CD: Yah. I have no children to [unintel]. I was married and I come there and I have no children and the child was two years old. You can see, but nothing he tell me and nothing he asked me [like], "Is not your child?" No! No, no, no! He tell me, "Every morning you come to me—to the bakery, not to the shop." [She whispers, imitating how the baker must have said this.] And he give me every day a half bread.

MW: There was some kind of incongruence. She was just married, and then all of a sudden she had a child of two years, so there was something *wrong*. [chuckle] Before that she is telling you that she went out into the street at five o'clock and you were not supposed to be on the street, so every day she was taking a risk to get the bread because until eight o'clock you should be in your house. She went to the back door and there they gave her the bread and didn't talk about the child, just only the bread.

MK: So that's how you got more food?

CD: Yah. Then by the farmers, you can sleeping there in the night by the cows. And there was so many [unintel] hundred people sleeping there [unintel]. By the cows was not so cold. And then you was not the toilet, nothing.

MK: So there'd be eighty or a hundred people who'd come from Amsterdam looking for food from the farmer?

CD: Yes. There where we came to sleep, you must pay one guilder and fifty cents.

MK: To sleep there?

CD: Yes.

MK: Then you could get your food giving him tablecloth, pillow case, something, and then you go back the next day?

CD: Yes. One hundred and twenty kilometers, it was not the same day. And then Nettie was by my parents.

MK: You left Nettie with your parents?

CD: Yes. And then many people go to the farmers, and sometimes [unintel] they feel that you have made a car, and children and [unintel] come back in Amsterdam the children die: for lonely.

MK: Sometimes, you mean, the mother would have to leave the children in Amsterdam to go get food and when she came back the child had died?

CD: Yah.

MW: This is the time of the "hunger winter."

CD: They took the children, I think, to the farmers, "Look my children. [He's?] hungry. He's so small. [He's] hungry." And then she [unintel] and comes in Amsterdam and children dead. Of that I see when I'm come back to the farmers and then I [unintel] with a ferry from one side in north Amsterdam to Central Station. Waiting, waiting, waiting *all* the cars to ferries go: one for the Germans, one for the other peoples—Netherlands.

MW: Mothers took their children to the farmer to show how thin and sick and hungry they were. And sometimes when they arrived, the child was already dead.

MK: So the mothers weren't leaving the children?

MW: No, they took them with them as sort of an example for the farmer, how badly they needed the food. There were such bad conditions, that sometimes they didn't survive the trip. It was very tiring and cold.

CD: But come eight o'clock, you must [be] in the house and I stay kilometer far off the ferry and six o'clock in the evening, and then eight o'clock I'm [nuch nit?] off the ferry.

MW: She had a problem with the time in the evening. You should be in your house at eight o'clock, and at six o'clock she was one kilometer away from the ferry still, because there were so many people going back to town, that until eight o'clock, she still wasn't close to the ferry. Now she's going to tell how she would solve this problem.

MK: You could wait a long, long time for the ferry?

CD: Yes.

MK: And you'd get there eight in the morning?

CD: Nay: evening.

MK: You'd wait how long until the ferry?

CD: Fifteen, twenty minutes. But is *so* many people with bicycles and cars—so many people, so the ferry is full: come back. [At?] six o'clock I stood there and eight o'clock I [stood?] for the ferry, but I must not. Not my own[?]. Walk to my home.

MK: Very slow to get home?

CD: Yah. Thus[?] I was eight o'clock nobody on the street. I must, [be home] in the evening, eight o'clock.

MK: You had to be home by eight or else there's the curfew?

CD: Yah.

MK: So she was saying she'd get near to the ferry at six o'clock?

MW: No, eight o'clock. She was just in front of the ferry so she could step on it and go to the other side, but then it was eight o'clock and then she had to walk to her home, and that was, I think, half an hour to an hour walk. Then she had a problem.

CD: Now, I walk, I go to home, and then come out four Germans. "Do you have potatoes?" "No, I have not." "What have you there?" "*Ersatz*," I tell him. Then, come after me. [Long pause: MK & MW have difficulty with the original tape.] Maybe twenty years old, after me with her father, from the farmers, and she had [yelling?] to the German.

MK: She was yelling at them?

CD: Yes. And then he tell me, "You can go." [unintel]

MK: So the Germans stopped you and they were going to take your food but then somebody else distracted them, started yelling at them, so then they dealt with that person and they let you go?

CD: Yes.

MK: Before, you said that the children would sometimes die. You mean a young baby, a mother would leave the baby to get food and the baby—

CD: NO! Children of four, five years old.

MK: How would they die?

CD: From hungry.

MK: They'd be so weak?

CD: Yes. You have not [unintel] under the ground. [pause while she looks in dictionary—finds "cemetery"]

[Discussion between MK & MW on the meaning of what CD was trying to say. They think she was talking about the problems of burying the children.]

CD: We had a cemetery but we had not a [kist?]. The child was in papers under the ground.

MK: Oh, no coffin. Very sad. So there were many terrible things.

CD: Yes.

MK: Did you have any more close calls with the Germans?

CD: No. I call to Nettie after nice[?] story. I call with Nettie to the Rembrandtplein, in the [lugeroom?] where you can eat and drink and there's music.

MK: A cafe?

CD: Not a cafe, but [you can go there] with children.

MK: A bar?

CD: No bar, no ginever[?]. Have not ice cream and lemonade, and then an orchestra played. And we had one tram from the Rembrandtplein to my house. Not an [ar?], one. Then many people stay waiting of the train. The train come; I have Nettie of my arm. Then the train is too much people, too crowded. Then there come a German, big but not so tall. "Get out!" Every people must get out the train. He go to me and I was like an actress. [unintel] Then [pari?] come to me, take me by my arm, and he tell me, "Mothers and children first." [laughs] This! I go with Jewish child! [laughs] Only in the tram and then other people [started?] [unintelligible because she's laughing]

MW: She's telling that you should act sort of like an actress in certain situations: you shouldn't walk away, but be a little bit surprised and stay there. And then he took her by her arm, the German.

MK: Was he ordering them off or on to the tram?

MW: Off the tram. There were a lot of people inside; too much, maybe, even to drive. They were hanging even on the outside. And then he said, "Everybody out," so the tram was empty, and then he said to her, "Mother and child first."

MK: To go back on to the tram?

MW: Yah. And do it in a sort of organized way.

MK: Do you have photographs?

CD: Of Nettie? Yah. (Shows a photo of Nettie and her children in Israel.) Ten times I was by Nettie. [Her] oldest is in Amsterdam; she study for painting. [Shows other photos: her youngest brother who was picked up by the Nazis for a labor detail and they never saw him again.]

MK: The house you were living in, what was the address?

CD: Oosterparkstraat, [210?]. [unintel] my house. The street over was a big hospital, a Catholic hospital, and then, when you had sometimes [rassias? more is unintel.] Oh, you not Jewish but you had a bicycle, then they took the bicycle.

MW: Do you call it a *ratzia*?

MK: Yeah, they'd round up the Jews.

MW: Yah, but not just Jewish people, *all* people. And when you had a bicycle, they took the bike. I don't know why she's telling you this.

CD: Sometimes she was in the street, from this side and from this side [earnos?] and then in the middle, young men have a bicycle, and then the door of the hospital opens and the people go in and close it, and [dar macht nit?] and German [unintel].

MW: The doors, they were big doors in that hospital, and they were open, and then the men and women with bicycles, they quickly went into the hospital. The Germans were not allowed to enter the hospital. So they could save the bicycles and themselves.

MK: When the war finally ended, what happened? You still had this child?

CD: Yes.

MK: Your husband was OK?

CD: Yes.

MK: It must have been a very confusing time when the war ended, even though it was better because food started to come?

CD: Yes, yes. Slowly, slowly.

MK: By this time the child was about six?

CD: Five and a half.

MK: So you were going to send her to school?

CD: No, no. I come not [as?] to the school. All the schools with the Jewish children out! No, it's dangerous.

MK: After the war?

CD: After the war, yes, but she was [taken?] by her parents [unintel].

MW: After the war there was no problem.

MK: [How did Nettie] get back together with her real parents?

CD: Not so nice. I'm crying [unintel]. Is OK. I wait in the war. The war is over. The child [unintel] the parents. I wait.

MW: I think she is telling that the parents didn't come to the child. It took some time, I don't know why, but she was waiting and waiting.

MK: The child, she thought *you* were her mother?

CD: She cannot understand it: does she have other parents?

MK: So you were waiting for the real parents to come back and claim the child—if they were still alive?

CD: Yes. Too early. I can't understand it: it is not good for the child. And the child kept [unintel]. The next day [unintel].

MK: And, of course, you were emotionally—you loved the child and it had become like your child?

CD: Yes, yes. OK, I did it, and now [unintel] the child must *slowly*, not so [bad? fast?]. [Unintel] the child wait for not for the war. She's by her parents and come [unintel] people out of camp, and then other people, and crying, "He is dead, and he is crazy," and the child wait for [nix?]. They can't wait nothing from the war.

MW: The father and mother all of a sudden were there and the child didn't understand the situation.

MK: So the parents did show up?

MW: Yah. But the mother had the sort of reaction, "I want the child *now* and I'll take it because it's *my* child." But she is explaining it from the child's point of view, that she should take it slowly, and maybe it was a little bit wrong point of view because she was also attached to the child. It was like letting go of your own child. It was a dilemma she was in.

CD: So school time, when she was off to school [unintel] twelve, fourteen years old, she come not so good, the lessons. Not so good. Is a [dim?] of a child. With a child, you must talk to the child. The mother was coming to *me*. Talked together and the child was not dumb, but she[?] had been [talked?] so and then tell her [langsam?] and one day to the mother. And I sleeping for the night, but *not* I have my child. If the mother, like me, needs help.

MW: She's telling this over and over, I think, because it was a problem for herself, too. And the mother didn't like her, she's saying. Maybe there was sort of a friction between those two, some rivalry. She also mentions before that that there were problems in school even when the child was twelve years old. I think she is telling that that was because of the way that the mother acted. There were some psychological problems with the child; not that she was stupid, but she just had psychological problems because of what had happened to her at that important age of five and a half years—the sudden change of the mother.

CD: She had more money than I.

MW: She's explaining that the mother had a sort of an attitude: more wealthy and "I'm above you." Incredible because she saved her child!

CD: The father was not the problem: he was a nice man. But the mother was not so nice.

MK: After the war, the mother and father, they came back and found you?

CD: Yes. I write sometimes, from the beginning while I live with Nettie [unintel] and sometimes I'd write a letter to the parents [over?] her [unintel] what she grow up and what she can talk and everything what nice is, no names, but write sometimes a letter.

MW: During the war she wrote a letter with no specific information in it, no names about Nettie or things like that, but only that everything was OK and that she was doing fine, in general. And then the letter went to one person and to another person and finally arrived at the parents. But there's a sort of an indication with how she's telling it that she's

surprised that the mother knew where she was living with Nettie and that she didn't show up right after the war. There's some sort of a time gap and she was wondering, "Why didn't she come to visit me? She knew where I was living." Something happened between those women, and I don't know what, exactly.

MK: The mother and father came back, and eventually they were in contact with you, but it wasn't very nice what happened because you felt it would be best for the child to keep the child with you and they wanted the child back immediately?

CD: Yah.

MK: So there was a conflict there. They thought it would be best to get the child back right away and you felt it would be best to keep the child with you?

CD: Yes.

MK: They had survived the war somehow. Where had they been? Had they been in hiding all this time?

CD: In the same place.

MK: Oh, they were hiding in their place? So they didn't go far away?

CD: No. They were never on the street—never. Never out of the house. [unintel]
[laughs]

MW: This is a funny situation. There was a child also living in the house and she was asking her parents, "Is there somebody upstairs?" (In the house where the parents of Nettie were hiding. And there were other people living with a child.) Her parents said to her, "No, there's nobody living [upstairs] and then the child went upstairs and knocked at the door and said, "Nobody, are you at home?" She knew there was somebody but they called it "nobody."

MK: So what happened with this problem? You said that the father was understanding but the mother was—

CD: Not so nice, no.

MK: It's surprising since you helped so much for four years.

CD: Yes. [unintel]

MW: The real mother wanted her child to call her, right away, the next day,
"Mama."

CD: No, it's over. My first name is Clara. Nettie talked to me, "Mama Clara."
[unintel] Nettie tell her mother, "Then I tell you, Mama Selma." (The mother's first name
is Selma.) And then they have [unintel]. From today I am "Mama Clara." For her, for
Nettie [growing up?] for her husband, for the children, the two children, ["Oma?—
Grandmother?"] Clara."

MW: After that incident, after the demand of the mother to call her "Mama," they
sort of solved the problem by, she told Nettie, "My name is Clara, so call me 'Mama
Clara.'" The name of the mother was "Selma" and she called her mother "Mama
Selma." So she had two mothers: Mama Selma and Mama Clara. Until now, when she
talks to Nettie, she still calls her "Mama Clara."

Tape #2

MW: The children of Nettie call Mrs. Dijkstra, "Grandmother Clara."

MK: At what point did you give her back to her mother?

CD: In the same week.

MK: She just demanded her child? It must have been very hard on you?

CD: Yes. I'm crying; I'm ill. For four weeks I [stayed?] by my parents, ill. I could
not eat; only I cry. It was very hard.

MK: I want to ask you some philosophical questions. You helped; many people
didn't help. It's easier not to help: you don't do anything, you're safe. So, the big question:
why? Why did some people help, why did you help?

CD: I think it's your heart. I love children. I have from the *Rosh Pinash*
Schule[?]
—it's a Jewish school—was in Amsterdam. Then I worked [unintel] The

children from the *Rosh Pinash Schule* come out from Germany and I took my bicycle and one child—one, one, one—twenty children on my bicycle are running away to the south with other people. They [we?] have addresses for the children to hide. I had twenty children, [unintel] one by one on my bicycle. I put it there with other people and God, I hoped it's good.

MK: You were riding your bicycle and there were Jewish children coming out of school?

CD: In the school [unintel] I coming.

MK: You were going to the school where the Jewish children are?

CD: Yes.

MK: And you helped to place these children with families?

CD: Yes. Nay, other people come to the families for outside Amsterdam: Friesland, [Kronia?]. But I took the children: not this place—maybe twenty minutes per child [unintel] and other people the addresses [dinen? - give?] the children over. And then [unintel] to school with one child, [with?] two.

MK: You'd take the children on your bicycle to a safe address?

CD: Yes.

MW: She was sort of an intermediary between the one who would really hide the child. She was bringing the children from the school to a fixed point where there was another person who'd take the child from her and bring it to the special address. She was all the time bicycling with the child behind her on the bicycle, just passing Germans to that point, and then they brought them to special places to hide them.

MK: So we're talking during the war?

MW: Yah, I think so, yah.

MK: So you were in touch with the Dutch Resistance—a member of the underground?

CD: Yes.

MK: The underground would tell you about children who needed a safe address and your job was to take the child on your bicycle and deliver him to a safe address?

CD: Yes. [She explains a family story]

MK: Your son married a Jewish woman and they have a little girl eight years old. That girl goes to that school—the same school?

CD: No, it was broken [destroyed?]

MW: The school just moved to the outskirts of the city: Buitenveldert. It means "outside field."

MK: So your grandchild is going to the Jewish school?

CD: Yes.

MK: And this is a different Jewish school than the one where you used to go with your bicycle?

CD: No, it's the same, but it's very old and this one is new.

MK: Oh, that was the old location and now it's moved to a new place?

CD: Yes.

MK: In your family, when you were growing up, how did you learn to help people?

CD: My parents were good people for me and for my brothers too. All my life I love children wherever they are in the world. From the beginning, twenty-one years old I'm married, and thirty-one years old I have the first baby. Fifteen months later, I have the second baby. And then three boys—five children. Not pregnant, not pregnant, not pregnant: I go to the specialist [unintel]. No children. I go parachute jumping—and then, I pregnant! [laughs] Now I have eight grandchildren. I had nine, but—.

MK: [to MW] She had told me that she had lost one of her grandchildren just recently.

MK: You love children. You just wanted to help?

CD: Yes.

MK: Did you do much thinking before you helped?

CD: No! I'm spontaneous.

MW: She is the kind of woman who is acting before thinking. That's the way she took Nettie in.

CD: Not thinking. You need help? I come.

MK: So it was automatic. Did you realize how difficult it would be, before?

CD: I was not married before the war and I go to kindergarten school and in time I come to my house. Little child: I was fourteen or fifteen years old and, "Come to my house." Everything played with the children.

MW: She always had a thing with children. When she was herself fourteen or fifteen, she already took children from kindergarten to her own home to play. She just loves children.

MK: When you first took Nettie, you didn't know how long it would be? You didn't know what would happen?

CD: No.

MK: You just said, "I'll take her."

CD: My husband was not so [aflik?], not so good. I tell him, "Listen, when the Germans come here, you tell them the same as I tell the neighbors: my girlfriend is in hospital; the father is working in Germany." Then, everything what comes, is me. And when they come, [for?] Nettie, then I die. [Chalaik?] with Nettie.

MW: She's explaining that her husband wasn't too happy with the whole action. She told him, "It's my responsibility, and just tell them what I tell the neighbors." If they come to get Nettie, then probably she will die, that would be the end for her too. Till death do us part.

MK: She told this to her husband?

MW: Yah, and also to you to explain the situation. But that's what she told her husband, yah.

CD: My mother tell me, "Oh, do not, do not. I'm so angry." I go and I say, "Mama, I love you, but I have a child, a Jewish child. My parents come visit me and later she tell [calls them?] *omi*[], *opi*[]" One I don't know *oma* and *opa* that is here. No, I think later is her *oma* and *opa* come back then she have not the [freint?]: is *omi* and *opi*.

MW: She's so thinking forward, sort of. Her parents, she gave them another name: not "Grandmother" and "Grandfather," but "Granny" and "Granddaddy"—sort of another word, so when her real grandfather and grandmother would come back, she wouldn't be confused by the names.

MK: So your mother did not want you to have the child?

CD: No, my mother was afraid for me. But I tell her, "Oh, I'm so sorry; I have done it." [laughs] Then she said to me, "Good for you." [unintel]

MK: She said that was good, she supported you?

CD: Yes.

MK: Are you a religious person?

CD: No. I believe in God, yes, that I do, but I'm not in the church.

MK: After the war, did you go back to a more normal life?

CD: No. I have five children: the oldest was fifteen years old and the youngest was six years old. Then my husband come not to house, was drinking [she makes a drinking? sound]. Two times a day, I saw him drunken.

MK: Your husband was drinking a lot?

CD: So much, so much, so I must go working for the children. There was no money for the children: [that's why?] I go. Fifteen years I have with my five children in the nursery, working—but only in the night, from half-past ten to eight o'clock in the morning.

MK: What is a nursery?

CD: For the old, old people in houses.

MK: Oh, a nursing home. [MW: with a sort of hospital facility with it.]

CD: Only in the night. Ten nights I'm working, four nights free. And the four nights, two—migraine. [MW: spoiled by migraines]. Ooh, that is bad—you cannot see. [pause] So, two days, I can do nothing. Dark in the house. But then, I think it is enough: I ask for a divorce. It's over; everything I do alone.

MK: This was, what year?

CD: [she says some things about her husband, MW has to interpret]

MW: Her husband was a hairdresser. After work he would go directly to a bar to drink.

CD: Then he work and then he drink and he drink and he drink. It was awful. I'm working for my five children and I think I did it good. So all love for my children—every child. It's good for me. And took care of them OK, the four brothers and one sister, is one [MK: close family].

MK: So are you saying, after you got divorced, you started to have a drinking problem too?

CD: Me? NO, no! [laughs] My husband!

MK: So you got divorced, and then you would work—for your children, and it was better?

CD: Yes. Everything I could make—this on the wall, this, I make it. [She points to things around the room that she made: curtains, tablecloth, etc.] [unintel] For the first time [that I had the house?] everything, I did it.

MK: And the children were growing up.

CD: Yes, yes, yes. Married, all of them. [laughs] My last son was married 15 May, this year. Was now thirty-nine years old and the woman is twenty-six years old. It's nice. My oldest son is forty-six years. My daughter was this week forty-five years old.

MK: How did Yad Vashem find you?

CD: I think I was in Israel by Nettie and then she took papers from [by the books?]. And she tell me, "You must fill in everything [unintel], write letters [unintel]" I say, "You help me a little: I cannot write the letters in English. I have not learned English [unintel]."

MW: She had to fill in a lot of papers to tell her story and it should be in English. She said to Nettie, "You should help me because I can't write English."

CD: I could talk to my Israelis [unintel], but it was many years ago. I was not thinking that and then I [unintel] a letter [unintel] and fifty years after the war, [unintel].

MW: She tells that it was a long time ago that she filled in the papers, then all of a sudden, I think you told me that they are fairly thoroughly checking your history, and then she got a medal many years later. She was surprised by that.

MK: So Nettie stayed in touch with you? Wrote to you? All the years?

CD: Yes, yes. Eleven [times], I think, [I went] to Israel, to Nettie.

MK: It must have been hard for Nettie, after the war, to be taken away from you?

CD: When Nettie grew up, she understood what it was. I was the first time in Israel and there was a rabbi and he took my shoulder and told me, "You have not one child, but after that child have children and [heile stom ver Jude?]. You have it [unintel]." And I'm crying [unintel]

MW: I think the rabbi told her that Jewish expression, "When you save one [life] you save the whole [MK: world]."

CD: I love Nettie as my first child. Always, she is for me, my first child.

MK: And Nettie went to Yad Vashem and filled out the forms for them to contact you?

CD: I think so, yah. [She tells that she didn't go to Israel this year because her grandchild was very sick.]

MK: Does Nettie ever come to the Netherlands?

CD: Sometimes she comes here with her husband. The first time that she [come?] the first child, she was by me. And then with her husband and her child she go to her parents. That's good.

MW: Nettie came to Holland when she had her first child, I think to show it to her. And sometimes, after that, they came to Holland, but that was more to see Nettie's parents and not specially for her. [I think CD's trying to say that Nettie showed *her* the baby first, even before she showed her own parents.]

CD: [unintel] She call me on the telephone and I said, "Oh, please, you come to my home, all day to me with your husband and your child." And she said it's OK. Nettie's mother call me and she tell me, "No, Nettie come not to you [unintel]. You have not kosher food.

MK: [to MW] I think the mother [Nettie's] was interfering.

CD: You understand what [kind of a] woman this is? And I'm crying and Nettie call me. Nettie tell me, "Mama, my husband said, [unintel]. [Amnon?] tell me I come for visit for whole day, and I eat what you eat! An ox, OK. [unintel]

MW: Later on, Nettie's husband explained it to Mrs. Dijkstra that if she wasn't there, then Nettie wouldn't live anymore, so he wouldn't have his wife, Nettie. And he said to her, "I come to you a whole day, to visit you, and I eat everything you make for me. It's no problem."

[MW explains that CD again is telling about her problems with Nettie's mother's attitude. She feels it like a sort of rivalry between two mothers.]

CD: Never she come to visit in my house, Nettie's mother. [unintel]

MW: She moved recently to the flat where she's living now and Nettie's mother, now for the first time came to visit her because she has a "nice" flat. And she's telling that her apartment where she was living before was also OK, but Nettie's mother was acting as if it were too low for her to visit.

MK: Are there other good stories that you can think of to tell?

MW: Explains that CD took the word "story" literally and that she told an irrelevant tale about going on holiday. Then she relates another tale about someone hiding the Dutch flag during the war.

[side B has nothing on it]

Tape # 3 (tape #2 without translation)

CD: Many people go to the shop and the people go to it.

MW: The shop is called "The Farber" [?]

CD: [unintel]

MW: The Canadians did not come until '45. All the men started shooting at the Germans and the bullets went right over my head. There was a false newscast. In other words, it was false propoganda from some center. That was very bad. And then that lasted so long—they're waiting for the real news, for the liberators to come, I guess.

CD: This time, from September to May, is the longest time of the whole war. The people from the houses, you cannot cooking [unintel]. You have no electricity, you have no gas. [unintel]

MW: The people didn't have any fuel to cook on. Many of them had wooden armoires or chests in their house and they would destroy them and use them for cooking. You cooked on a garbage can. You had a cover on the garbage can and you would cut out a square so you could burn the wood underneath it so you could cook on it, make it into a stove. Everything was substituted: there was ersatz coffee, ersatz everything. Sugar beets is pig fodder, pig food. [MW tells about herself: I lived in the south and we didn't have the "hunger winter" that the northern people had. My mother had family in Zaandam [?] who ate just about everything. A very well-known story is that they ate the flower bulbs.] And this is the part of the story where she's describing the hunger of that period. The

people were buying the sugar beets and they would boild them on these garbage can fires and then there would be only a *tiny* bit of sugar syrup (a lot of sugar beets but only a tiny bit of sugar syrup) would be left for them to use. The Germans told everyone: "As soon as we are leaving, then all you will have left to eat is grass." [MW explains: Those are things that I don't know since I lived in the south. There were a lot of farms and the farms provided food for everyone.]

MK: You know, many people hated the Germans after the war, during the war. What was your feeling when the war was over—?

CD: [Interrupts, and in a heartfelt voice says] Gott se dank! [?] [Thank God] We go to the street and we are dancing and [hausing?]

MW: Hausing [?] is dancing in big throngs like you do at carnival, for example. Everybody dances with everybody. You have your arms around two people that you never saw before. That's typically Dutch when you celebrate something really, really important, like freedom or carnival or the local fair or maybe at weddings, birthdays.

CD: And I think, before the war was over, that after the war is over I will put Jewish star [unintel] and everybody can see she was a Jewish child! [laughs]

MW: I think she says, "I'll paste a star on the buttocks!" That's very demonstratively—you know, *show* that she's a Jewish child. It might be something where you say, "NOW I can expose her any which way I want!" It may sound a little strange, but it's actually, I think, a sort of very liberating thing to say. But in Amsterdam that's colorful language, colorful language.

CD: Many people came to the Dam [square] by the palace from the [?] and there was a big [MW says "white," rather than "big."] house for the Germans. [unintel.] They tell all the people, "Out, is for us." And there was a balcony, and thousands of men [people?] were singing on the Dam and then they shoot.

MK: The Germans?

CD: The Germans. On the *last* day! [unintel]

MW: She says they were still shooting even when the Canadians and the Americans were already in the country and they were supposed to be liberated, they were still trying to shoot from the balcony of that house on the Dam—into the crowd that was dancing.

MK: The Germans shot from the balcony?

CD: Yes, from the balcony at all the people was dancing and singing, yah.

MK: And now that's a commemoration day?

CD: Yes.

MK: The day before the big celebration? They have a silence time?

CD: Yah, a silence time.

MK: How many were killed when they shot?

CD: I think six people. I have a neighbor that was a very old woman. Every time she had hunger she told her daughter, "When the white bread coming, then it is peace."

MW: Do you know that the honeymoon is called "witebrodweeken"[?]? That means "the white bread weeks." The first weeks of your marriage, everything is so wonderful, you can eat white bread. Most people would eat the darker bread, but white bread would be the ultimate treat. So white bread was a symbol of peace, was a symbol of wealth.

CD: Maybe a half year before the war was over, the Swedish bread come to Netherlands [unintel] But the old woman, eighty years old, eat the white bread and she die. She died. There is peace and then she died.

MW: They had to bring in a coupon: everything was rationed. People would ask for a tiny bit of Swedish bread and children would ask for more. The eighty-year-old woman waited for the white bread and as soon as she ate it she died.

MK: I don't understand the significance of the white bread. Where did the white bread come from?

CD: From Sweden, from the Red Cross. Swedish white bread. Sweden was not in the war. Then everybody [unintel]. Not for Nettie, of course. [laughs]

MW: Maybe she didn't have any coupons for Nettie because her name was not in the registry.

MK: When the war was over, the transports would be established to send the bread?

CD: No, the war was not over. A half year before the war was over, the Red Cross in Sweden tell the people there, the people in Amsterdam are dying of hunger. Then they put it in parachutes, and then come under and the Red Cross do it: this for Amsterdam, this for Haarlem, this for Utrecht, and so forth.

MW: So per person you had two coupons and then you could have two breads.

MK: You've lived through some—.

CD: I believe it is over. Six days [now?] the war was beginning, after that Netherlands soldiers shooting.

MK: They surrendered?

CD: And many, many young people is die.

MW: Six days after the war started, the Dutch soldiers started shooting and lots and lots of people died.

CD: [unintel] We had a minister [unintel].

MW: She's talking about Chamberlain going to Germany and it was decided that there was not going to be a war. Therefore, the Dutch soldiers had to get their uniforms out of mothballs and many of them didn't fit and they didn't smell right because we were not prepared for a war. There's a special ministry that administers all of the regulations of the water bodies in Holland—the levels of the water, and he was going to regulate something, I'm not sure what. All the polders had to be put under water. This is a war strategy that dates from the seventeenth century. When the Spanish arrived in Leiden, they pierced the dikes and they let the water go into the lower meadows. The Spaniards, being used to a dry climate, didn't know what to do, and so they had to flee. That was when the Siege of Leyden was finished.

CD: The minister was for Germany. [unintel]

MW: The land had to be flooded so that the German soldiers could not just barge in. But she claims that minister was pro-German. There was very little water that was actually used to flood the land.

CD: During the six days that we're fighting here and it's over, then go all the lights on in the houses and some people, stupid people were dancing in the street that the war is over. NO! And I cry from my balcony and I tell them, "Stupid, this is the beginning! It is not over; it is the beginning!" No, we waited for five years [unintel]. Now the war, somebody tell me, "What is your age?" And I was thinking. I think, "twenty-one—no, twenty-six!" I forgot [unintel].

MW: When after the war somebody would ask my age, I would think, "Oh, I'm twenty-one." And then she would realize, "No, I'm already twenty-six." Five years had gone by. [MK: Like time stopped.]

MK: It was such a traumatic time. You forget everything.

CD: Yah. I think [echt?] hungry. I have not hungry. [unintel] 1944, 5 December, then I think is the date for Santa Klaus.

MW: On the fifth of December, when she is at the bakery, she remembers that this is the day of Santa Klaus, and Santa Klaus is when the kids get presents and when everything is fun and she talks about being hungry. And she says, "No, *really* hungry." Not just hungry because you needed a meal but *really* hungry: that means not having any food.

CD: Then I put from the street, children, from [tot?] ten years old, small children. I tell them (it was a small house what I had: three rooms, no more, and small), "Will you come by me for Santa Klaus fest?" "Yes, yes." So thirty children [unintel] and I took to the balcony bread and cheese [unintel] and sugar beans. I steal apples and potatoes [unintel] and all the children come eat [unintel]. [laughs]

MK: Where did you steal apples and potatoes?

CD: From big wagons [unintel]. I think the children would eat. [laughs]

MW: Wagons are train cars. She found a train car full of onions, potatoes, and apples. She just took them.

CD: And then my youngest brother (who is not come back from there) has accordian for singing and [unintel] Santa Klaus. [unintel] And I had Santa Klaus and thirty children [unintel]. And the children eat and singing and—nice. Sometimes the children had not shoes.

MW: They were singing and the neighbor downstairs had white candy for Santa Klaus and Zvarte Pete[?]

MK: He had somebody dressed up as Zvarte Pete?

MW: Someone downstairs happened to have Santa Klaus candy. Some of the children weren't even wearing shoes. This is December fifth, mind you.

CD: The father of the parents [unintel]. I have a family[?] It was to [not?] the farmers. One week, go, then she come back to the house and she stop in the house [unintel].

MW: One of the children went to a farm: some of the children were sent to the countryside to live at the farm, to eat and to sometimes, also, be safe from the Germans. When she came back to her house, all the wood of the apartment had disappeared: the plank floors, the cabinets, the armoires. Everything had been used to cook. Those were stories, I think, that the children told her when they came to her house. There's something about a father doing something, but I don't know what. The family had gone only one week to a farm, for some reason, came back and all the wood of the apartment had been taken.

MK: Before the war, were you friends with Jewish people? Jewish people and Dutch people, it was all the same, right?

CD: Yes! I'm born in the middle of the Jewish people when I was a little child. I was in school by the Weesperstraat. Weesperstraat was all only Jewish people. Small houses, small shops [unintel] that was by the school.

MW: Weesp is a small town north of Amsterdam and the Weesperstraat is probably an old street leading to Weesp.

CD: The neighbors were Jewish. The little shops on the street: Jewish. But all the people there was poor and every people knew every people.

MK: During the war, when food was so scarce, did people still share?

CD: Yeeesss! Yes, yes, yes,... From the railways, from the train was [unintel]. In the middle of the night [unintel] stealing this. [unintel]

MW: The men of the families would go in the middle of the night to steal the wood between the tram rails to cook, because if all the wood in the apartment was gone, they had to do that. Sometimes the Germans came and then there were times, some of the Germans thought, "Oh, they're cold," and turned their face and did not shoot.

CD: I was born and [I was a] little child, we had Jewish neighbors and they had eleven sons, young boys, eleven. The oldest boy, Nathan [unintel] but nobody come back.

MW: The oldest boy was Nathan and the last one was also Nathan, so there was Big Nathan and Small Nathan.

CD: [unintel]

MW: She was very scared, to the point that she screamed. But there were also people that were in favor of the Germans and they were wearing pins.

CD: Before the war, the small money was silver. Later, they had this [she shows a coin]. And then they put out this, not this. [unintel] I put this on my coat.

MK: You wear that? Oh, a picture of the queen on the coin.

CD: Yah. Then in the street I was not, a little bit in the beginning. And then I put out the tram [unintel] and there [stood?] the black police.

MK: These are the Dutch? The NSB?

CD: Yes. I say, "Come here." He say, "What is it?"

MW: He says, "Why do you do that?"—I think, wearing the queen. She says, "I want to."

CD: "You give me your papers." "I have not."

MW: But she did have her papers on her. This is like a rebellious sort of thing on her part: quite courageous. What this indicates is that she does not recognize him as an official.

MK: Really? Because it could also be: my first thought was that she was not wanting to get in trouble so she would say that she doesn't have her papers even though she does.

MW: Might be. But people would, through ruses and through other means, try to steal NSB away from people they were looking for very often.

CD: Then I said, "No." In the Netherlands when you talk to him [unintel]. This is for criminals.

MK: He wants your fingerprint?

CD: No, the fingerprint on my papers. All the people's papers stood your fingerprint. [unintel] I tell him, "No, you have not."

MW: This is her reason. She says I don't have my papers because having to show your papers means you're a criminal. She said, "This is for criminals and I am not running around on the street with my papers."

CD: Then he tell me, "Wait here." [unintel]

MW: He says, "You know, this is deliberately damaging. You have damaged Dutch money." By making it into a pin! [MW and MK chuckle]

MK: He says you can't wear money on your shirt?

CD: No, that's not good. [To?] the other people. I say, "Yes, the other people [unintel]. Then he tell me, "You come with me." He took me by the arm and he bring me to a street where many, many Germans [started?]

MK: German headquarters?

CD: Yes, big, big. And they screaming to me, "What [unintel]?" And I came back.

MW: I screamed back at them.

CD: Twenty minutes later [unintel - CD laughing]

MW: Twenty minutes later they kicked my butt and they kicked me out.

MK: You had a lot of good luck?

CD: Yes, yes, yes. I come [unintel] in his pocket. Then, her birthday, she said to England—

MW: She talks about the custom of the prince consort, the husband of Queen Juliana. Every day, his entire life, he wore a white, fresh carnation in his buttonhole. On his birthday he had to go to England and his birthday is the 29th of June.

CD: And then I go out with my husband, what not married to, [mitwoch?] with my husband and friends—six persons. And then I have the flower and I come to a German on the bridge.

MW: It's the birthday of the prince and she has a white carnation. She is out with her future husband (they're not married) and six other people and they come right near the Munt, you know, the Muntplein. Of course, someone notices that she has the white flower on the birthday of the prince.

CD: [Surely?] bloom she has; nice, nice bloom. I put it out me and I had so [unintel - laughs].

MK: A German officer?

CD: Yes.

MK: Why? Why did he do this? Just to be mean?

CD: [unintel]

MW: He took the flower and stomped on it because you could not do anything that hinted to the royal family. And, of course, she was demonstratively hinting toward the royal family and that irked the Germans. So, of course, that was not allowed, and I stood there. She has this attitude about her that every chance she gets she will defy the Germans.

CD: And he said, "Can I three steps do?" [unintel] I said, "No." And then come out the Reguliersbreestraat of the Rembrandtplein and the Munt, come a big car out of with twenty men [unintel] [laughs]

MW: He says, "You are to do three steps," and she says, "No!" Then all of a sudden, out of the Reguliersbreestraat, a substreet between the Rembrandtplein and the Munt, there's a big car of Germans coming in and they all have guns. She says, "I ran!" I was able to run very hard when I was young.

CD: [A support?] was [to laugh?] for the car [unintel]

MW: There was a gate that was too low for the car so the car couldn't fit under the gate, but she could run underneath it. Of course, I was safe after that. Then I felt very scared. I had been [?] to need more air. In other words, out of breath because of the tension.

MK: You escaped many dangerous situations.

CD: Yes. Then I think it's not for me. I think higher. I thank God all is OK, all came good.

MW: I wasn't meant to die yet. She escaped and so everything is going to be all right. She always felt that everything would turn out OK.

MK: Was she saying she thanks God?

MW: If I can give my own twist on this a little bit. I think that the Dutch people did an awful lot of this boosting their courage by wearing the coins, by using the flower, by having all kinds of symbolism. I know that people who were in Japanese camps halfway around the world, just thinking of the royal family—they were very, very Orange and they still are. Through everything, through all of the scandals that there might be, they don't care. That was the one thing they kept in mind and it kept them going. For example, the big prison of the political prisoners in Schevening[?] was called "The Oranje Hotel"—they called it "The Orange Hotel." Always that link to the royal family.

MK: But it just sounded like she said, "I thank God." Maybe that's just my English.

MW: No, no. She does mention "Gott" for a minute then there's a silence, and then she says, "I think everything will turn out to be all right." So there is something about her that makes her keep having hope.

CD: So I can [over et fabrit?] for my grandchild.

MW: So I can get over the sorrow of my grandchild? [puzzled]

MK: Oh, because her grandchild had just died. She was upset that day because she had just heard the news that her grandchild had died.

CD: [unintel]. Nine hundred roses, red and white, nine hundred.

MW: We have been able to say goodbye. Nine hundred roses on the grave.

CD: They come [meet the father?] All the children in Africa, in Asia, in Zaire: this, I cannot understand it.

MW: She cannot understand all the strife in the countries.

MK: I was asking her about how she feels about issues now, current issues.

MW: She's talking about the children, how the children are disadvantaged in all those countries.

CD: The war, here, was not five years, no, no, but America money, money and the shooting stinks [unintel]. All is money, money. Switzerland—nice land—not good in the war, not good.

MK: This was *before* that news about the bank accounts.

MW: Oh, *really!* She says all the strife, all the wars, are all about money. America—the soldiers are shooting. She says it's all about money, money, money, money.

MK: [laughs] I can't wait to have that in the book.

CD: Now the people [unintel] All the criminals from the war they had many, many [unintel]

MW: The people know what they stole from the Jewish people. The war criminals got so much money that they could live without a worry in the Vatican until they could go to Brazil.

MK: WOW! Boy! That's quite an accusation!

MW: [whispers-unclear] The pope's not allowed [unintel].

Tape 4 (translation)

CD: [unintel] One family, two children [unintel]

MW: One family, two children: four children fighting with each other, jealous of one another—a crazy world. That's an Amsterdam word, if I ever heard one.

Mishochen[?] is a—I would bet it's a Jewish or a Yiddish word that's still used in Amsterdam. [She explains the word but I couldn't understand one sentence. Then she explains another phrase with this word that means "wrong world, crazy world."]

MK: What about Zaire?

CD: [unintel] crying all day and then, all the movies with [unintel] children—

MW: You can cry all day, all those movies with those children.

CD: [unintel]