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Max Glauben, Interview. Dallas, Texas, November 9, 1999

All right. It is November 9th. This is Max Glauben talking about his smuggling activities in the Warsaw ghetto.

I was a young man, age about ten or eleven years old, maybe up to 12 when the ghetto started. We all had to fight for survival and also tried to outsmart the rules and the laws that were laid down by the Nazis for the Jewish people. As a 12-year-old, I wasn't a professional smuggler, but in order to maintain some kind of a food existence in the ghetto besides the rations, we had to do whatever was possible

I lived on Mila 38, Apartment 43. There were two Milas. There was a narrow Mila where my grandparents lived, and where some of the uprising planning started. And then there was the wide Mila, where we lived. It was a more modern street. That coal yard had trip tickets or was issued trip tickets for bringing in coal and supplies to be converted in the Warsaw ghetto into finished products, such as shoes, fabric for leather was brought into the ghetto by this wagon with one horse, and the horse's name was Lalka, which means a doll. It was a beautiful horse. A Jewish man that was taking care of the horse drove this cart.

The coal yard had coal and wood and some lumber. And the corner on the right hand side by the end, there was a stall where the horse was being fed and ate. And they were taking finished products out of the ghetto. The wagon had double bottoms, double sides, and even the box that the man that was leading the horses had a double bottom in there where somebody of my size, a 10 or 12-year-old could hide. And then I'll tell you how I was used, and not only me

but other small individuals were used in the way of smuggling into the ghetto. The materials that they were taking out were finished products out of the ghetto from just the region of the apartments that were close to the coal yard and utilized by the Germans. Everybody in the ghetto had to work. Most of the time in the daytime, we would be hiding in hiding places, and some of the teachers that could not find professional jobs would stay with us in the hiding places and teach us English, arithmetic, any kind of schooling that they could. And then either at night or at times that were designated, the materials were taken out of the ghetto or brought into the ghetto through gates that where the German ss guards were either paid off.

Not everybody was honorable and a lot of people would do a lot of things for money, and all the people usually knew who might let somebody through and who might not let somebody through. Sometimes we had to go out on one gate and then come back through another gate because they had the change of the guard in between, and communicating was very difficult. And don't ask me how some of these people did, was either through messengers at different spots or through certain ways that they knew where a guard would be. This type of smuggling was done when sometimes there were false loads with maybe false trip tickets going over. It was for purposes of smuggling in food directly. Then there were times that we smuggled in or we went on a ride like that when there was actual merchandise to be brought in for the Germans and taken out for the Germans. Now, the way they used youngsters like myself, or the way I was used is we never knew what the mission was, but we carried either a box or a letter or some kind of a package which contained information not for the load that we were riding with but for a future load. If I was stopped at the gate and caught, I could never tell them what I was doing. All I'd say that I have this package. Once they open the package, I don't know what consequences I

would face. By that package, or I was told to put that package into a designated spot that was given to me prior to being hidden on the wagon. Sometimes I would sit right next to the coachman and go through the Warsaw ghetto gate without any problem when the guard was paid off or one that would allow this for one reason or another. Most of the time, they were paid off. But then other times I would have to hide maybe under the seat of the coachman or even on the bottom of the wagon going out empty out of the ghetto and have this package that I was to deliver. Sometimes it was a caboose in the railroad yards with a number, and I would climb up to the caboose, leave it there and sometimes pick up information there to be giving to the people that sent me out of the ghetto, which was sometimes my father, sometimes the owner of the business, his other partner. And sometimes I delivered it to them, but I don't know what they did with them because we never knew. We never were told in order not to endanger our lives, although we were endangering our lives, so we couldn't tell them what happened. From what I understood, some of these packages contained money for a load for the next trip, and also what mode of transportation. I don't know whether this was the only wagon that was smuggling. And the way these wagons were built, the food or the objects that were being transported or brought into the ghetto, smuggled into the ghetto, had to be packaged in such a manner that they would fit in to these crevices in the wagon. So sometimes we had packages like the easiest thing to really load was the hams, the dutch hams that were in the camp.

Even though they weren't kosher, they were smuggling them nto the ghetto. Some of the people ate them.I lived in a kosher home, and we were smuggling those in and on the veranda. In order to keep them in pretty good shape, even though they don't have to refrigerate them, we used to hide them on the veranda and cover them up with linens and other things. One time,

when we didn't have any meat, and at the beginning of the ghetto, there was meat available, but the kosher meat is only the front part of the meat, but when one got a cow into the ghetto somehow then they had the rabbis kosher them. They would cut out the unclean veins, and there's a way of making the hind quarter edible for kosher if you cut away certain parts, and they would do that. Later, I imagine they became more permissive. There were some horses that were slaughtered in the Warsaw ghetto, and some of the these horses belonged to the undertaker that would have the wagons that would carry the bodies. You know, first inside to the Jewish cemetery during peacetime, but after the ghetto, and of course, the people slaughtered the horses, and then the bodies were to being taken out on wagons, handmade wagons with large wheels and just flat beds and things like that.

When all these products disappeared and they couldn't get anymore. Even my mother, we came in one night after the whole deal and because we sometimes had to hide during the daytime, pogroms that were coming in and taking people out, she took one of the cans, opened up, and she says, God will have to forgive us. Starvation is worse than eating something that's nonkosher and we had some ham. And that was the first time that I really was introduced to nonkosher food, but then after that, whenever we could get something then we would do.

We were fortunate enough that our apartment was in the part of the ghetto that was designated for the ghetto because it was the section close -- well, I don't know if it was in the nicest part of town of Warsaw but it was close to the railroad yards and to some industry, and it was basically I don't know if you could call it congested but ethnically Jewish area. And we were in a moderate house. We had all the facilities. We had water facilities. We had gas. We had electricity, and we had radios. And of course, the radio was the first thing that the

Nazis took away from us and even if you had a radio and you got caught with it, then there was the death penalty. But we had a lot of little bitty, you know, little bitty satellite crystal radios that you could attach to a water pipe and zero in the little needle that went into the crystal and get some news on it, and then it was easily hidden and sometimes destroyed. And in fact, I was in the toy business here, and you used to see those little bitty radios where you pull out a little stick, a little antenna, and you can tune it that way. Now, my parents had to go to work but the children were left behind.

I just had a brother, but there were other families living in the apartment. The apart ment was a five or six story. I really don't remember how many up, but I know that we lived on the second floor, and it was a square and a play yard in the middle. There were one, two, three and a half sides to this apartment because the coal yard took off another square, which was like to the right and that's where the coal yard was. And I'd say there were two, four, six, eight, eight, and there were one, two, three, four, five, six, six different stairways going up to these apartments and two apartments on either side, and I'd say maybe three, four hundred people living in that -- on Mila 38. And like I say, ours was 43, and that was only on the second floor and one, two, the third stair shift.

In my apartment there was one of my aunts that found me after 45 years. She lives in Philadelphia. Was my dad, may he rest in peace. My mom, my brother, my aunt, and then there were two German Jewish people, some Germans that were related to somebody that my dad know -- knew in the newspaper business, and they were thrown out from Germany. There was some German people that Germany expelled and they came to Warsaw because they never wanted to go to France, and they could communicate with the Jewish people because Yiddish is

so close to German. So there were those two people, and then that's about it. So, um, we were fortunate because our family was a modest family, and my other aunt and my grandparents lived in a different part of town. So we would hide during the daytime. Then in the afternoon, we sometimes would cook whatever we could and, um, when the parents came home from work, then we would sometimes set the table and cook. And the most favorite thing was baked potatoes and the coal stoves that we just threw it in and burned them and potato latkas, which we cooked on the top of the stove because we didn't have any grease or anything to do it. But I didn't mention another type of smuggling.

I didn't smuggle till about the second year of the ghetto, which was about '41 or '42. There was some smuggling at the beginning, but it was done by many more people because in the beginning of the ghetto, they didn't have the rules and all the things done. And, well, I think at the later years when we started, the need for food was a little bit more because at the beginning there was a-- there was some food that was existing, you know, in the ghetto. And maybe the Germans even brought a little bit more, then later on when they started cutting down on it and giving you a ration that wasn't obtainable in some of the distribution centers. And they were bringing in more -- less flour into the ghetto because the bakeries in the ghetto would bake the bread. And sometimes you had to stay in line for two or three days. And there again, in that coal yard, there was a you know like grating, metal grating that you could cross over and back into a bakery or to an apartment that was on the out -- on the next street from Mila. And they had a bakery there, and I and other kids used to climb over that fence and be inside of the apartment where the bakery was. And that's where we hid later on after they started burning the ghetto. So when people were waiting in line on the outside, we used to cross in there and go

inside and buy some bread or take some bread or do whatever and then come back.

This was in the ghetto. And what I told you where the coal yard was was this way. Then in that

corner on the left side there was a wall. Then on top of it was an entrance or a hole, an opening, where the buildings didn't quite meet. And they had not barbed wire, but it was done by the owners of the building, not by the Nazis. But it was grating like you see in parks that were gates. Now, there was another type of smuggling into the ghetto, and that was done on individual basis where little kids would wear coats with hundred pockets on the inside. And we would go through either 15 or 20 run through a gate that one of the SS men was guarding, but somehow they knew which SS man would shoot you or which SS man would just let you run across and maybe shoot one or two or maybe catch one, and then 25 or 24 or 12 would run through. And this was the most dangerous type of, um, um, smuggling, but also you notice that most of these kids have blue eyes and blond hair, and we would get to the other side where we would not be recognized maybe as Jewish. And the coats were done in such a manner where they didn't look too suspicious until you opened them up.

When I smuggled we just went and whatever we could organize. Now, we usually went to the marketplace and we might have to steal apples, oranges, sometimes bread, whatever we could. You know, like people go right now and in a market and actually steal because we weren't allow today speak to these people, but if they spoke to us. But then after a while, they weren't all bad people. Some of them realize what was happening and they might be the rotten apples and some of the rotten fruit was placed in a corner where they knew that the kids would be coming and picking them up and putting them into the

garments and transporting them or stealing them back or taking them back to the ghetto. And then we would kind of gather together again. When we went out, we'd gather and start running across, and sometimes we did and sometimes somebody will get killed. And then we would gather again after we did all the thing. We give ourselves a certain time, knowing of how long that guard would be on that gate, and we'll go to the market and organize this. I went on raids in the middle of the night where we went for sugar, for beans and other things. Now, it might not have been honorable, but we were doing that in order to save many lives inside the ghetto. Like, I was very -- I had a lot of ingenuity of how to do this, and we sometimes stole electricity by wrapping a -- taking a stone and wire and wrapping it around the trolly tracks, using as one conductor to the electricity, then taking another piece of electricity and wrapping it around a pipe, a water pipe. And by using the two wires, we got electricity. We were also making carbide lights by making cans out of tin cans and having water in the upper can dripping into a second can on the bottom, which was welded or soldered really because you can't weld the thin, and then have a wick out of it and gas that would escape to the top would be lit and use it as a carbide light. When I went like on these raids, we usually went to the coal yards. Not the coal yards, the railroad yards and they sometimes had trains with sugar and beans. And you know what an oil can looks like? Well, we would take the oil cans, you know it has a sharp edge. You take a regular oil can that has a nozzle that narrows and at the end there's a small opening and when you hit the bottom, you know, then the oil comes out, right? Well, we would take oil cans like that, and we'll take them larger ones or smaller ones, and we unscrew the pointed end. Then we'll take the end that has the little opening, and we'll go over to a sugar, a jute sugar bag or even -- in those days we didn't have any paper, but sugar was wrapped in jute bags, right? And

we'll stick the end, the smaller end through the jute. What would come through, all the sugar would be coming out, so we had a container, and we let as much sugar out of each bag as we wanted, so it wouldn't be noticeable. Then we put it in a bag, and usually it was a sewn bag like flour used to come in the states.

My mom and some of the other women would prepare these bags, and they had a strap on them like you would have a little apron with, you know to put that sugar into these bags
The big jute sugar bags were on the railroad yards. They are in railroad cars, and we would see what was in it. Sometimes it was beans and sometimes there were potatoes. Now, the potatoes, they would transport them loose, so we opened one of the things and get potatoes and put them all over ourselves. But like one has an apron that carries tools, we had aprons, you know, tied to our bodies that I could put some sugar there, sometimes flour, but flour is very hard for it to flow out. So we all, with the beans, we had a pipe that has sharp edges on the end, but they all had to be kind of thinner at the end, and we would

just kind of, do you understand like pen? You know, like sharpening a pencil. We made one of the ends so it would penetrate the jute bags without ripping them or tearing them. Then when you pulled it out, you

just -- but I mean all these things were done. Now, we didn't do it daily because this would endanger my life and some of the other kids, but periodically smuggling like that was being done, and sometimes it

was done for profit. You know, with people selling on the black market to others. But most of the time at

the later days was done for self survival because there were less people in the ghetto and the

needs
were more for families than they were for profit because you couldn't buy anything unless you can
barter something with somebody else where you exchange it for that. And in later days we also -- or I was involved. I don't know how many, maybe with some other kids in trying to find the gold and the furs and some of the wealth that was left by the other Jews, you know, in the Warsaw ghetto. And we knew exactly where to look and how to knock on the walls because there were certain places where whole rooms of wealth were camouflaged like hiding places in other apartments that were abandoned.

You can always knock on a wall and see if it's a hollow or whether it's a brick. Like, there were certain doors that were camouflaged and knock. People would -- the hooks that drapery hangs were made out of gold, some of them out of silver. They were poured in, you know, the -- and then the real hooks taken out and those put in and then put plaster around it. Yeah, it was softer than the other metals, but once you live under these conditions for number of years, you knew all the tricks.

We either bartered it or gave it to my parents, and they either sold it on the black market or traded it for food. And later on, I imagine some of the weapons carried into the Warsaw ghetto in later
years in about '42 and so on might have been bought with these things. As I said, we were kids and we
were doing a lot of things but never been told of what -- now, we could figure out what was eventually

going to be done with it, but at that time we weren't supposed to know and if we got caught, we couldn't

reveal any secrets or tell the Germans what was happening.

I never got caught, but I had one incident where I just about got caught. I maybe was too -- well not mischievous but maybe too smart. We were riding with a load of coal and the coal was usually unprotected, but since I was on the back side, there were kids, Polish kids on the Polish side after we picked it up on the nonJewish side, there were kids that would have sticks with hooks on them, and when they saw a coal wagon that had coal on it, they wanted coal too. It was scarce. So they would be pulling it off, you know, hooking it on, pulling it off like that. And that time I was riding in the coal -- I was going to go back into the ghetto in the coach's seat, but when he saw that the kids were there, he says get out of there. And I was exposed on the arian side anyways, and as I said, blue eyes and well, I didn't have my Jewish star on there, and he said, get the horse whip and don't let them get the coal. So I stood on the back, and I was trying to prevent the kids from hooking off the coal, and like a fool, I was doing it. And, um, we got pretty close to the gate, and there was very little time for me to get into the seat. And in the meantime, all the kids that I was beating with a whip not to take the coals were following the thing. They said, sooner or later one of thems going to get some coal. And I had to get offand get to the front and get into the -- to the thing. And they started ganging up on me and just about caught me, tried to beat me up or whatever it is, but he stopped the wagon in enough time to, you know, to get some of the kids away from me, and I went in -- got into that coach's seat. The only way you could get into it was through the top, and there was a double bottom, so I would be on the bottom and then there's some wood, a flat thing that would get on

top of me, and then the coachman would sit there and he might have the horse bag that the horse. You know, you saw how the horses eat. The horse bag would be on and maybe a horse blanket, an extra one, on top of it. So I finally got in there and had he not come down and helped me, you know, these kids would have gotten ahold of me and just about -- I don't know what they would have done. I mean turn me over to the Nazis or whatever. So that was the closer that I came to that. But I was never caught by the Nazis. As a result I'm here. But, um, a lot of close calls, but when you do something like that, I don't think you have any fear of what. You just have one objective, to accomplish what you went to do and you just do crazy things.But, every time you went, it was a close call, like when I went over to get some of the bread. Instead of staying in line and some people stayed in line for two or three days and sometimes by the time they got to the bread bakery they run out of bread, but this was a close call within the ghetto. You know, people realize what I was doing, and six or seven bullies get ahold of you and don't let you go back and want to take the bread away, excuse me, the bread away from you that you did and I wasn't taking too much bread but enough to have for my family, maybe one, two or three loaves, and they got a hold of me and that day we had only one loaf of bread. But you know, numerous times when you get over there. There was one time that I was told to get to the other side and deliver something to -- to a caboose with a train number, and I put that stuff in the caboose and then I thought it was a cracker or

something but a shot was fired, and I don't know who, why and what fired it. And, um, that was another

close call. Then sometimes I rode with a coachman and he decided to take off before I was ready to get in there and go back. And really the whole thing was vivid, and I know that I was

left and somehow somebody told me to go to a different gate or I just found another gate. Now, it sounds like just a story, but when you get left in a situation like that, you don't even think and you don't even know what was happening. And instead of going through the same gate that we came in, I just took a chance and went to another gate and, um, there was some people that had just gotten a cart out to the cemetery or something with some dead people, and I had my -- I had one of those Jewish stars that you can, um, snap. You know, it snaps on the back. It was really forbidden to wear one of those. They had to be sewn to your garment, but since I was sometimes going over. And when I got back there, I saw that cart, so I says, well, and there were maybe two or three guys pushing that cart, went ahead and put my arm band.
You had to wear a white arm band with a with a blue Jewish star on it. So I put it on and started pushing the wagon in, and that's how I got back in. But I mean, you lived -- it was an unrehearsed type of a deal. When you went on a mission like that, you don't know who was your friend, and you couldn't talk to the Poles. So you just did it most with side. And when we went with these either letters or packages, one never knew what was in them, but it was something for the next mission or money or whatever it was.

I was mostly frightened, but none of us felt like heroes. I don't think that I ever, ever felt like a hero. I felt like I was being a part of a family and like I was being a provider, like I was defying the Nazis, like I was really keeping some Jewish people alive. And, um, not allowing the Nazis get the best of me Although I felt fear.Yes, I later on worked in airplane factories and was -- I was a pattern maker for the outer bodies of the planes. And on one hand, I kind of felt, well, maybe I help -- I'm helping them, but it sustains me and some other prisoners from being killed, so I'm really saving a life doing something, you know, that may be good for them, but

sooner or later they're going to drop or they going to lose.

The only difference between being a prisoner in the ghetto and one in the camp was that I lived with my family, and there I was doing it for my family, but later on I was doing it for self survival. And sometimes I felt like somebody that doesn't know how to swim, and somebody takes them and throws them into the middle of the ocean and says survive. And that's what I did.

Smuggling wasn't my profession. It was part of my life from, let's say, the ghettos start in '41. I was really not into it till about 1941. Then we did it '42, and then we did it at the beginning of '43, just until the uprising. And after that, we were all went into hiding, and we hid in that bakery that I told you about? And luckily because that was -- prevented us from being burned completely.

At the beginning it was the first night of Passover in April 1943. We were in an apartment that was moved to Platz Muranowska.My parents were moved from one factory to the other, and we moved to that place. And my mom was making the untensils kosher because they used to be people that would have a big hot water bucket, which was larger than I was, and they had a stick through it, and two people would carry it. And they'll get to the middle of the apartment square.You know, the apartment inside where the play yard was, and they would start screaming come and get you things kosher, you know, so I remembered. But they would do the pots, and then the women themselves would do the dishes and the untensils. No, some of the untensils these people would do too.

This was right before Passover in 1943, that evening my mom, may she rest in peace, and

I think my aunt was there and some, it could be neighbors. I don't know. I just know the figures. And I know that there was a knock on the door and about 6 to 8 men walked in there with rifles. One had a helmet on. I think it was a German helmet, and the others just in plain uniforms and they says, we are the underground, and we want you all to go to the shelter that you -- and we had two or three shelters then. And they stood by the window and they said, they didn't -- they didn't explain to me what they were going to do, and that's where the uprising started. But I think the way that it really came to light a little bit later on when I was went back to the shelter, I stayed there and my mom stayed there until she made all the untensils kosher, but I imagine when the firing started and the shots started. And they must have started in other parts of the ghetto because I think it simultaneously started more than one spot, then we went to the shelter, and in fact we had to hurriedly run to the shelter because I think the Germans returned the fire. But this was just rifle fire. But still, when you heard shooting back and forth, um, we went to the shelter. Now, I know that my father went to somebody else's shelter because there was a lot of panic with all the people that were -- because was done at night on -- they came in in the evening, but I think there were a couple or three hours before, like at dawn maybe or maybe one or two in the morning when the firing started because there was a designated time when they going to simultaneously start. Then when we started running, some of the people didn't make it to the shelter, maybe had to hide in a apartment that was empty. And then later on, I know that the first -- the first thing we hid was under the toilet, which was a public toilet on the bottom of the apartment. And I know it was the stinkiest place I've ever been into. And water was dripping from pipes and all that, but that wasn't our original shelter. Then the following day, we were able to move to the other shelter, and sometimes some of us kids stood

on guard, um, waiting to hear whether the Germans were coming to raid the ghetto. And I know the following day, artillery and tanks came in and started bombing the front of the building.

I was not able to smuggle any food in during the uprising. It was a matter of getting what we already smuggled in from the apartments and from the living quarters into the shelters where we would be hiding. I remember vividly that the stairways were wooden and the -- the stairways were laying or being nailed to or somehow attached to wooden beams with brick. And I know that when the tanks and the heavy artillery came in, they would bomb and they burned the stairways. So I know that I went, maybe two or three days later, I went crawling on my stomach trying to get to the second floor to get some food and some whole fifty pound or hundred pound sugar bags down to-- down to the basement. So I know that I crawled up through the rubbish, and then I pulled some of that food down and then got it into the shelter, which was more than we can do at that time, but we couldn't -- we couldn't even be seen. Now, there was some fighting done by people that were on the verandas that I told you. There was some women and man fougt against the Nazis, and they were on the verandas, but most of the kids and basically the populous, other than the fighters had to go and hide in the shelters.

My father had to go into a different shelter, and then I was three nights later standing on guard, armed with a pistol or something and watching for strangers. And I said to somebody, halt, who's going there? And just about ready to shoot or to see who it was, and it was my father coming back to the shelter that he was supposed to be, may he rest in peace. So there were many incidences, and there were many incidences where kids from other apartments would come to our apartment trying to look for the wealth that I was looking also, and we confronted each other like you see in a cowboy movie with guns. You go over to your territory and I go to

my territory and all that. And then sometimes we turned in the night into day because the Nazis would try to find us in the daytime, and at night we go outside, cook in open fire, and get into some of the apartments and try to get some of the food that was left there by the people into the shelter. And then people, when they started burning the ghetto, people would just blister and run out of the oxygen and just smother, and children smother and the -- but that's about as much as we can get in about one hour.

I know that I also was very mechanically inclined, and I also know that I did some ricksha driving on a ricksha that I built myself to make some either money or bartering or sometimes people would give you food for taking them from one place to the other. And I know that I did this on a ricksha built by myself from a bicycle that was abandoned by somebody and that somebody didn't want to use. And there are many traumatic stories. I think one of the more traumatic stories was what happened had to one of my aunts. My mom, may she rest in peace, her sister, may she rest in peace, that was she was taken out and supposedly raped and then killed. And then, um, as a youngster, and my grandfather was an umbrella maker on my mother's side, and, um, my mom would prepare some food from what we had because we might have -- through the smuggling and organizing, I think we might have had more than other people. And I went to take some good to my grandfather and I started pushing on the door, and I couldn't open the door. And finally some adult helped me push the door in. And when I went in there, my grandfather was hanging, I mean, he committed suicide and was hanging on the door. And this was maybe not as great as the smuggling, but it was a very traumatic situation that I encountered in the Warsaw ghetto.That was in about 1942. And and then the next traumatic thing was when we were discovered after the burning of the ghetto, and we were

discovered for our last journey. They rounded us up and in Muranowsky Square and they disrobed everybody, including my mother, my aunts, everybody. And made the woman, you know, bend over and looked in the crevices in their bodies. And that happened when I was about 13 years old, and I think next to the death of my grandfather, this was the most embarrassing and humiliating thing, more than the shooting and more than the hunger. Um, it might have something to do with the upbringing that we Jewish kids had. And what bothered me more than is that the buildings in the ghetto and on the outside of the ghetto were tall buildings. And the wall was like the Berlin wall with glass and wires on top. And the Poles would stand by the windows and look into the Muranowsky Square because they could see everything that was happening in there. And then you saw some faces that were smiling and laughing, then you saw some sad faces, and as a 13-year-old, I really couldn't understand how you looked up to the sky and the sky was blue and everything was like it always was, and you had that little knot in your stomach that you were treated that way for no reason at all. I mean, you didn't do anything, or you might have done something in order to save your life or to maintain your way of life, but I didn't do anything, and it was mostly like a feeling like if you would be caught by the police or caught by somebody and told that you committed a crime or you did something that was wrong, well, you really know that you didn't do it. Maybe you did something in the class and the teacher accused you of doing it, so you got that lousy feeling, but more so that there were grown-ups and people that could do things like that for absolutely no reason, other than trying to either destroy you or kill you. And I think that had a great impact on me as a youngster. And, um, to this day, I try to maybe conduct myself in such a manner where I may not hurt anybody or -- it definitely affected my way of conducting myself. And I don't

know whether this comes in to the portion that the gentleman wants about smuggling in the ghetto, but I think there were many more things that had that impact on people's lives. Like, um, how does one feel when one takes a shower for cleanliness? Now, the average person thinks of a shower as something that may be necessary, but how many people think of holocaust survivor going in to a shower knowing that some of his relatives died by being -- by being lured into the showers stating that they were going to take a shower and really gas came out of the showers. Now, I know, that it's might have been a -- it is a daily occurrence, but you might take a shower for fifty a hundred times and don't even think about it, and the one time you go into the shower and you says, oh, my God, what if water wasn't coming out of there, but the same thing that the Nazis. You understand what I'm saying. And it could occur not ten years or twenty, fifty years after that. Um, when you live a life like we lived in the ghetto and then you go into concentration camps, the way you're treated. And I -- maybe I didn't know how to be a father to my kids. I didn't tell my kids because maybe I didn't want them to feel sorry for me and treat me differently than a child should treat a father. There are numerous things that we take for granted and maybe it -- when we get a little bit older, we'd start thinking about them, and, um, we might want to change some of the things that we did, but there's no looking back. And I never, never look back and say, I should have done this or that. I always look forward and I never retreat.

I matured early. I didn't have any youth, and I always did the best I could with what I had.

And to this day I'm making that statement that not only me or I but some of the other Jews, even the ones

that perished, they did the best they could with what they had. And that is my saying all through-- through

the years. And, um, when I get up to the -- I go and see a movie like I saw just last weekend, Music from

the Heart, and I need a handkerchief. And I know that the worst thing during this ghetto days is for a child or for a somebody to cry and give the Nazis satisfaction that they are hurting you. But now I get tears of joy. I go see a parade and I cry. I go see the symphony, the youth symphony at the Myersons, maybe three or four weeks ago. I sat there with a handkerchief. To see the accomplishment. I go to the synagogue, and I see a Jewish child read the Torah, and I take a handkerchief and I cry because I saw this being destroyed. And I saw the Nazis trying to destroy it. And I look that it's flourishing now. And there's more kids reading the Torah now than I know that read in Europe because there was one Torah

reader, you know. And I get tears of joy. Those aren't tears of sadness; they're tears of joy. And I have clean eyes, and my vision has improved. So there you go. Now, I know that some people want to

research smuggling and other things. I think we did anything that was necessary to survive and thank God that we had good physiques, that we had blue eyes, that we had blond hair. And all this was helpful, but you have to look at the picture as a whole, and just because one

survived -- it's just like the word

tzedakah, which is doing --You know, doing good things. And, yeah, you know, giving that. And you know as well as I do that the one that gives it and doesn't even say anything about it is the greatest giver. And I partially feel that some of the contributions that I made to sustain in

my life -- and yes, there was some guilt right after that about the others. Why did I survive and they didn't? And all this. Part of that is my contribution to Jewishness and to sustenance of Jewishness. And I am not a religious person, and I can say I came from a kosher home, but I view this as a really a modern way of looking. I think that we all need to have a supreme being because since 13 I didn't have any parents. And I think that everybody needs a guide that watches over them, or that they feel that somebody watching -- watches them in order for them to stay in line. Now, whether this comes psychologically or whether it comes naturally from your upbringing that you know that there is a supreme power. I think everybody needs it in order to be any kind of a person that could be called a decent human being, you know. And even all the harshness that I went through, this has taught me a great lesson. And sometimes I think about these things and I try to conduct myself accordingly.

Otherwise, we were all in the same shelter on the Muronowsky Square. We were all taken in 1943. About five or six weeks after the uprising, after Passover, sometimes in May, right at the end of the uprising. Then we were loaded on boxcars.

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