HOLOCAUST TESTIMONY

OF

JOHN SAUBER

Transcript of Audiotaped Interview

Interviewer: Gloria M. Schwartz
Date: October 21, 1999

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Gratz College
Melrose Park, PA 19027

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JS - John Sauber [interviewee]
GS - Gloria Schwartz [interviewer]
Date: October 21, 1999

Tape one, side one:

GS: This is Gloria Schwartz from the Gratz College Oral History Archive interviewing John Sauber on October 21st 1999. John, yes, you were, you were telling me about your experience with this group.

JS: Yes, I was asked to do this interview a few years ago, which I wasn't able to do because in my thoughts--I wasn't just ready to talk about what I went through--I didn't even speak to my children which I now I know that I should of told them about--I just didn't have the strength. My problem was, wasn't really myself, what I went through. My problem was, is coping with the loss of my family and to this day although I took this course with the Landmark Forum and talked about our past and we had to literally lie on the floor and cry about these things to get it out of us, out of our system and since then I was really able to talk about my experiences but again until that time, and even today, the loss of my family was my biggest problem so to speak. So when I, what I was going through in camps and I saw how these people were treated when they came off the boxcars and lined up and separated, and the little babies and even grown up women and mothers cried as they were separated, because they'd usually be separated the old from the young, the ones who were able to work, and I often thought when I saw this, did my mother and sister went through these things? Were they lined up and beaten? Did they go into a shower and never came out alive? Or they just died because of the sicknesses during the transportation in those boxcars? And this is on my mind for many months and years. When I woke up in the middle of the night I was thinking about this thing, did they really suffer like that? And I was hoping that if they did die, it was fast and they didn't have to suffer. When I came home from the camps, some of the ladies that survived in the building where my mother and my sister was taken from, what they was telling me that my mother really didn't have to go, because she was old or in a different age group, but my sister who was 19 years at the time, my mother didn't want to leave her alone. We were a very close-knit family before the war and we grew up very close to each other and for a time after, I somehow I blame my mother too for leaving me, when she died when she didn't have to, but then [phone rang] somebody told me that if a boat sinks in the middle of the lake [phone rang] and you got the son and the daughter, and she got the son and the daughter with her which one [phone rang] would she save first? So I couldn't live with [phone rang] with these thoughts for a long time and I, as I told you just now I'm able to talk about these things. I was seventeen years old. I was just graduated in the spring of 1944, actually a couple months earlier because of the war, and I remember with my yellow star, I had to go and do these tests before the graduation papers and all that. And soon after this, I was

drafted into what they called the forced labor units, we were put in boxcars and taken all the way, almost to the Russian front, and it didn't make sense because the Russians were coming, advancing already. They were in Romania and half of Poland was liberated already, and they were coming and they still the killing and the deporting went on and this train will be, they're going towards the front with this forced labor unit. It could go only so far because you could see the guns going off in the far hills and we had to get off this train and carry our shovels and our picks, and we marched about two days without stopping, no food, no nothing, and the, the guards were on the wagons pulled by the horses and we had to march and run after them and you couldn't stop for two solid days. We finally got there, where the Russians were just the other side of the hill. I was wounded. I got a huge piece of shrapnel in my back, and as the Germans were retreating they put me on one of those flatbed trucks and took me with them to a hospital. They didn't have time, so all they gave me a piece of a wet cloth to put upon my back and try to wipe off the blood, whatever, and maybe three or four days after I was put on a Red Cross train with all the wounded soldiers, the Germans and Hungarian soldiers and some Romanians, and we traveled about two days and that train had to stop too, I guess for some reason, there was move, the troop movements. And when they discovered that I was Jewish, I had no business being on a German Red Cross train, and by convenience there was another train on the next track in box cars who were Jews, and I was shoved right in there. And that was my first experience, what people, these people were on the train for nine days, without food, half dead on the floor, excrements, walnuts, couple of babies lying on their dead mothers, tugging on their hair, yelling, "Mother." I was 17 and ½ years, I had never left home, so I didn't know things like this existed, and I was on that train for another eight days before we got Germany. We arrived late afternoon; it was almost evening because it started to get dark. Whoever was able fell out of the boxcars and we were lined up, and I guess I could still walk and raise my hand because I was selected with probably another 20 or 22 people who could move to sweep up the box cars, to pull out the dead bodies, and sort of clean up, and then we were herded into the camps and lined up, and they took our names and we had to get into these huge blocks, and when I walked into one of these blocks they were, oh I don't know about 200 feet long, and it was a narrow corridor in the middle and on each side there were two or three rows of these wooden planks and people were hanging out, and they were just bones, skin and bones, and I said, "Oh my G-d." And at the end of the block there were two younger boys around my age and they were motioning for me to come to there, where they were sleeping on the second level on the wooden planks, and I found out later they were Polish boys, I was Hungarian. At home, we never spoke Jewish, so I couldn't really converse with them at first. I quickly learned their language because we kept together for a few months, but one of the other boys got very sick [unclear] and I used to help him. I did some odd jobs at the kitchen, I used to cut the hairs off from the dead bodies because the Germans for one, for some reason, they were collecting the hairs. I had to remove from the oven some of the gold teeth that was left behind. Some day they gave

me a wheelbarrow to put some of the bones and bodies, and the ones that didn't die in the ovens I had to pile them like pieces of wood on the ground, and on my way home from the kitchen I used to pick up the peels from the potatoes and used to feed this sick boy with it so he could get some strength. We didn't get bread anymore because I guess they were very short.

GS: What camp was this?

JS: Bergen-Belsen. And when I, when we finally got a piece of bread, I saw a father and son fighting over a little piece that one half was cut a little bigger than the father's--I saw some of the boys of 20, a 22 year old boy who woke up in the morning and what happened to your hair? One half of his hair was solid white over night. We kept together, we had three of us, I finally learned some of their language, Yiddish and Polish and we constantly tried to cover up for this boy. By then it was winter and I remember pulling off some of the jackets or these shirts from the dead bodies so I wouldn't be cold, and I finally got one shoe but I couldn't find the other one, so I had one shoe on my foot, and I really don't know how I survived that winter. We had to stand for count, and I remember this other boy, this friend of mine, he was Tzvi, or–I forgot his name already, and when we started to count, he would sort of run to the other end of the line so he'd be counted again. For this boy was so sick he couldn't come up for the count, so he would, he would stay inside, and sleeping on the top level, I used to put my hand up and scrape some of the tar off from the roof and smear it on my body so the lice wouldn't--because everybody was full of lice, you know, and that was a very hard part. When I was liberated I went home, I was the first one to come home, there was nobody home. Every morning you went to this synagogue that listed the people who were discovered, they were still alive and looking for a, one day I discovered my father, my father's name and he was in the same camp I was but we never met.

GS: Was this Bergen-Belsen?

JS: Bergen-Belsen, yeah, but ironically a very good friend of mine, we grew up together and we graduated together, we went through the front, the Russian front business together. His father was in Bergen-Belsen too, and they met--my father and his father met, and that was, it was something really unbelievable. The camp was--I have really no words for that. I've seen people for no reason kicked, and shoved over and just killed without any, they couldn't get up, they told them to get up and they couldn't get up, he was beaten to death or killed. It's been such a long time that really certain details that would tie into each other I just can't--there's some dramatic things probably in my mind that I can't tell you. I arrived at camp in early September 1944, and when I was liberated and this American or English hospital, I think it was Hildesheim, the town was called, they weighed me in--I think it must have been an old school that they suddenly just converted into a hospital or a treatment center, whatever you want to call it. They weighed me, weighed me and I don't know maybe pounds, I guess would be about 70 pounds but about 35 kilos or 36 kilos I weighed, but in the last two days or three days before we were liberated the

Germans were acting funny. We didn't know, we had no news of nothing. We heard the bombings going on, the Americans coming at night I guess and the British during the day, but we knew there was something going on. And the day before the troops, the Allied, troops got there, the Germans were gone, by midnight the lights weren't on anymore, the guards were gone, and the people started to leave the barracks, and they broke open the magazines, and I've seen people just eating half a bread, they just stuffed it in, and their stomach blew up, and they were told not to eat, just a little bit, but they couldn't, they were so hungry, I mean you couldn't help it. The next morning I went out too and I saw a soldier, it must have been a British soldier or some Allied soldier at the gates, and I know that was the end of this. I ran back, and I got my two pals and I told them, "They're here, come and see them, they're at the gate, they're coming in," and then the fellow jumps on the, the one fellow who was sick, he couldn't come out, so I said, "You have to come and see," but he says, "I can't move. I can't." So we went to pull him off the gate from the bed and we hold him so one on the one side and I'm on the other side and sort of dragging him. It was about a, quite a, quite a walk, a few hundred feet I would say, and we were dragging him. [pause] Sorry. He was getting heavier and heavier, and by the time we got to the gate, he died in our hands. [pause] That was one of the first, the worst, the very first moment in my life, at least up to that time, because during that few months we grew together, we were almost like one, we never fought. If one had something to share, food or whatever, a piece of cloth, we shared it all, and that was the first time I experienced that death was really terrible, if you really lose someone that you loved. [pause] I think I have to stop for a minute. [tape paused]

GS: Mr. Sauber, I'd like to ask you some questions about your family in Hungary. Could you tell me where you were born and when?

JS: I was born on August the 14th 1926 in Budapest.

GS: And can you tell me a little bit about your family?

JS: I had a sister who was two years and eleven days older than I was--yeah. My mother and her sister married my father's brother. In other words, two brothers married two sisters, and for that reason alone the two families are very, very close knit. My uncle and my aunt had one boy, one son, who was a year younger than I was, but he was really like a brother to me, and we grew up together until we were six years old in Budapest. At that time my father and my uncle they built a house about twenty or twenty-five miles just out of Budapest, and I guess for our children's sake, so we could be closer and a more quiet atmosphere than in Budapest. They were working very hard, my parents, and so were my cousin's parents. My mother had a store where she had to go to the market maybe four or four-thirty in the morning when the farmers brought in their fruits and vegetables and geese and chicken, and my mother had to do the shopping very early, so I didn't see her in the mornings. My father worked for a shoe store chain, a big chain, actually they were Germans, a German chain, the Salamander, they were very famous in Europe, and also my father also left very early, so our, as children we were left on our own and we walked to

the school every morning with my sister and my cousin. We went to the same school and we lived in the house until I finished public school when I was 10 years old, and then we had to move back to Budapest where I went to high school and there was no high school in that little village.

GS: What was the name of that village?

JS: In Hungarian...

GS: OK.

JS: It's spelled R-A-K-O-S...

GS: OK.

JS: ...K-E-R-E-S-Z-T-U-R.

GS: Thank you.

JS: And then we moved back to Budapest, and then, by then my mother tried to get me into these high schools, that's what we called a *Numerus Clausus,* there were only so many Jews were accepted into classes. Finally we found this school and I was registered in that school. There was an eight years course and after you finished and you graduated, you were able to go to university, right into law or medicine, whatever you desired. I did go right after the war when I came here, I had three semesters of medical schooling before I left Hungary after the war. But going back to our family, parents worked very hard, six days a week, but Sunday we went on picnics. Budapest was in two parts, what they call the Buda and the Pest, and one side is, the Pest side is where they all, most of the people lived. On the other side, crossing the Danube, the bridges, the better class of people lived, and they were surrounded by all these mountains which was visible from any part of the country, and that's where we used to go on Sundays, to go on these mountains with my cousin and of course their family, and those were the very good times. Until 1943 or 1942 when the Germans started the more pressure on the Hungarian government, and living in Budapest in a way we were lucky because Budapest was the last place that they deported the Jews. They were all taken from these smaller towns and cities, the northern part of Hungary; they were very thickly populated by Jewish people, and life really began with hardships as far as food, everything was rationed already. After a while Jews only got half the ration cards. I remember lining up for bread. By the time I got there they were all gone because first the full card, whoever had the full cards, each of the different color they were first in line and Jews were in the back, and by the time, many times we got there, there was no bread left, but my mother knowing these people before from the country, she used to buy their produce and they were always bringing us some flours and sugar and whatever we needed for cooking. We were...

GS: And these were non-Jewish Hungarians?

JS: Yes, they were farmers living outside in the country. We were religious if you like. We had separate dishes for *milkhic* and *fleyshic*, and I remember my dad always before Yom Kippur bringing these chickens over our heads, and he would throw away the chicken symbolizing throw away the sins or whatever was explained to me, and then we

had to start wearing yellow stars, all the Jews and we're afraid to go on the street because there was a lot of beating and killing.

GS: When, when did you have to wear the yellow stars? What year was that?

JS: I think it started early 1944, if my memory is correct. When I was, when I graduated, probably a week after, then we had to report for this hard labor service. I was in the certain age group and we had to report.

GS: Can you tell me what the relations were like with the other Hungarian students in your classes?

JS: In my class there were 36 students at that time and there were, there were about 10 or 11 Jewish students. There usually is only three or four Jewish students in the class, but because some of the schools did not accept Jews and this school tolerated more Jews than any other school, so we had more Jews in the class. So the one, a third of the class were Jewish boys. Of course, we were very close. Once a week we had to go early Friday afternoon for service from school. That was compulsorary, and we went to this synagogue in Budapest, one of the famous, one of the biggest in Hungary, it was renovated now and I remember and I saw it was renovated beautiful. We had to go there every Friday...

GS: What was the name of that synagogue?

JS: Dohany, Dohany Temple, spelled D-O-H-A-N-Y.

GS: You were saying that you, on Friday afternoons the Jewish students went to the Dohany Synagogue...

JS: Yes, it was compulsorary, it was part of our educat--we had religious instructions twice a week in class. The Jews, the Jewish students went to another class, the Catholics stayed, and the Protestants or other religions went to another class. In my class I would say there were maybe two or three students that were part of the Hungarian-Arrow [Arrow Cross][1] party which were the Nazis, and I had, I have some Christian friends, very good friends to date--[unclear] if I could tell you a story about this boy, his parents were not getting along so to speak at the time, and this fellow was very distraught. So I walked him home [cough], excuse me. It was a Saturday afternoon and he was ready to kill himself because of his parents and anyway I talked him, talked to him, and I told him if you don't want stay home, then come with me. He came to my place and my mother fed him and he stayed there a day or two, for the weekend. Anyway to make this story short, he became a gynecologist, and when I went back to my 50th reunion, five years ago, class reunion, he was there, he was retired already, and I never forgot this till he came to me, looked in my eyes and he gave me a hug, and he said, "I wish for you what I wish for myself." And he was a Christian and I had a very good relationship with him after that. And I also had another friend who wasn't Jewish but who lived in the same block so we used to walk home from school. The teachers were, were democratic, if you like. I couldn't find any discrimination in class between Jews and Catholic. The only time I found discrimination

[1]Arrow Cross fascists

was when I had to go write tests to graduate. The way it was done, it was done with other professors and teachers, not by your own teacher. They came from another school and they gave you a question and that was it. If you didn't know the answer to that question, you failed. And there I noticed some discriminations...

Tape one, side two:

JS: ...and there I noticed when they picked the questions that the, I was one of the Jews in the six, they went by, by initials, of M, J, whatever, and there were six of us there; I was the only Jew. And the questions they were asking there, they had the questions prewritten what they going ask and there was sudden, some of those questions were really a--I could of answered them when I was seven years old, and they weren't given to me. I had the most difficult questions because I sit there with my yellow stars, and that was the only time I really experienced antisemitism while I was a student. But in my regular class, all my teachers, and everyone was a different--for Geolog–Geographic and there were other teachers, a Math teacher and History teacher, Physics teacher, we had all five or six different teachers, none of them I think were antisemitic.

GS: How about the two students who belonged to the Arrow Cross?

JS: Ironically, one survived and was at the 55, 50 Reunion, and he apologized. There was two Jewish, myself and another friend that survived. All the rest of the Jews, I don't know what happened to them, or if they died or what. Anyway, he came over, he said, I know at that time it was wrong, and he apologized to me for that. Even though I had no experience anything with him at that time. If he was that, yes, he stood up on the top of the table and said the Germans were this and this and that and we'll get rid of these people that don't belong in this country, you know. He, I had personally had no problems with him but we knew, or the Jews knew that he was--so I guess. The other one I don't know what happened to him. He was the only Arrow Cross that survived. My parents were worried in the last few weeks before it really happened, and I remember going through this lawyer, tried to explore the possibilities to emigrate to another country, and we started the papers and it was a very slow and slow, and by the time the Germans got there, it was too late already, so we just couldn't get out of the country.

GS: I'd like to ask you, did you belong to any youth groups, Jewish youth groups, were there any in Budapest...?

JS: Yes...

GS: ...that you were aware of?

JS: ...each school, like these high schools that they did have the Boy Scouts, so I belonged to the high school Boy Scout unit, but as the Jewish laws came in one by one, Jews couldn't have radios, and as a Boy Scout we had to go with these cars and collect, as a Jewish Boy Scout, collect the radios and the mortar and pestles that were made out of copper and stuff for the war effort. But after a while there's another lay--another law came out that Jewish Boy Scouts don't belong to regular Boy Scouts unit, so we had to go and join a Jewish Boy Scouts unit, if they were still operating, so I joined a Jewish Boy Scout unit. I also played the violin, studied the violin for six years, and I went to the Budapest Academy of Music, I think that's the proper translation but after the fifth or the sixth years,

I couldn't go anymore cause I was Jewish, they wouldn't accept me for admission to my school there.

GS: Were there Zionists youth groups that you were aware of?

JS: There were Zionists group but they were under the table or behind closed doors. There was nothing any, in the open, but going back to that synagogue that we used to go every Friday, there was one Friday night, I'm not sure, or Saturday morning service when the Jews were coming out of the synagogue. Someone from across the building from the rooftop, they threw a grenade on the steps, and I think five or six Jewish people were killed in that. And that was in the paper, but after that that was it. There was no investigation or nobody knew who did it or didn't care or whatever. But I remember going by the synagogue and looking at the stairs. There was half a dozen stairs going up to the synagogue and I saw the dent of this bomb, whatever caused and when I went back after 50 years, the synagogue was beautifully remodeled and I looked at the stairs, and of course it was beautiful again.

GS: Culturally did your family feel close to the Hungarians, you know, as a culture?

JS: Yes, in Budapest most Jews or the great number of Jews and I think there were almost a 100,000, if not over a 100,000 Jews in Budapest, and all Budapest was only over, just over a 1,000,000 people and we had a, what you call, you might call a ghetto just behind this big synagogue there were three or four streets that were very religious Jews lived, but the Jews lived outside of this area, what they call a Jewish area or ghetto. They were assimilated, so to speak, not really by choice, because that was the only way to get a job, to exist, to, you didn't have to be afraid to walk on the street because there were nightly beatings in the area in where the Jews lived, and yes, there were some Christian people that were friends, we were friendly with. We were friendly with this couple, the lady was Jewish and the husband was Christian and they were also very good friends of ours, and at the, there came a time when Jewish people couldn't have businesses and my mother had to get out of business. We had a couple ladies, I don't know where they got it, some Christian ladies, they came into the business as partners under their name, but as the Germans and Hungarian Arrow Cross got stronger and stronger, these two Christian ladies--actually they kicked my mother out of the store and they told her this is not your store anymore, and that was the end of that.

GS: What languages did your parents speak?

JS: The Hungarian only. My mother was born in Hung--in Budapest. My father was born in a Romanian part of Hungary that was lost to the Romanians after the First World War, and my grandfather spoke and my grandmother spoke Yiddish at home while they were living there, what they call Nagyvárad was the name of the place, the name of the city. So my father knew a few Jewish words, but he couldn't use it because my mother didn't know any Yiddish. So at home we talked Hungarian, strictly Hungarian, but I

learned quickly in camps because I couldn't get along with my Hungarian, with the Jews from all over the countr--from Europe, and I learned a few Yiddish words there.

GS: Had your family experienced any pogroms in Hungary?

JS: Any?

GS: Pogroms.

JS: Not until the last few, last few weeks I would say. But I wasn't home, I just what I heard. My cousin, whom I told you I grew up with just like my brother, I was told that he was caught by this Arrow Cross on the streets, and in those days it was very fashionable to hang Jews on the lamppost in the corner on the streets, and they told me that he was working for the Zionists underground or with this Hannah Senesh. He was in that group and he was caught and he was, my cousin was hung, hung up from a streetlamp.

GS: What was your cousin's name?

JS: His name was Gyula or Julius if you like, translated.

GS: Ok.

JS: And I was really called George at home or Gyuri [nickname for George].

GS: Did your father serve in World War I?

JS: Yes, my father was in the World War I. He was on the Italian front. He was also wounded, he showed me his hands; he had some scars. Talking about wounded, my wound in my back, I still have the shrapnel, it was never taken out because they didn't have time for Jews to operate on, and I still have that piece on my left shoulder. Ironically, I didn't have, I don't know what you call it, I just couldn't fill out applications when I came to Canada for restitution, and by the time I applied it was too late. Then I tried a lawyer from New York. I paid a few hundred dollars for him, he's going to do it and I gave him the money and I filled out the papers. I have never heard from him since. So I've just given up. I know my father got restitutions while he was living in Hungary after the war, and if I just may finish this little story while it's in my head. My father got married, remarried a very nice lady in Budapest. I spent two years after the war in Germany waiting to come to America, or Canada, or go to Israel, well in those days it was Palestine. My father got married in Budapest again, and when I came to Canada after a few years when I had some money, I brought him out, and so I looked after my father and my stepmother. My father passed away a few years ago and my stepmother passed away just this summer. She was 94 years old, and that's another minor story in my life. She loved me dearly I'm sure; she'd never had any children of her own. Her husband, first husband, also died in the camps but when she died and we buried him, she never had a [long pause], I'm sorry.

GS: Shall I turn it off?

JS: That's ok.

GS: Ok.

JS: I never had a really, I never really had a chance to say the *Kaddish* for my mother, so when I stood up in the synagogue to say *Kaddish* for my stepmother, I remember looking at one of the windows with the colored glass and it looked like the *menorah* and I

saw my mother's face as I said the *Kaddish*, and I said another one right after it. They said, "You don't have to." I said, "Yes I do, I want to say one for my sister." And I said the third one for my cousin who was really my brother, and I think that was the first time, strangely, because I buried my stepmother, that I really felt that I buried my mother at the same time, in peace. Because when I recall when I came home after the war, I didn't want to believe that my mother was gone and my sister was gone. I always looked at pictures of these camps, I was searching for her, maybe she is one of them, but of course it wasn't. I just thought I'd tell you that this also was a feeling that I really buried my mother in peace when I said the *Kaddish*. So you see it really wasn't me that I was recalling my experiences in the 50 years. It really didn't matter, what I was recalling was the memories, the way I saw my mother when I last saw her, and those were the important things to me. Maybe that's why I couldn't talk to my children, tell them about my experiences, because it wasn't important to me. Physically I was strong enough to survive but inside of me is very soft and that's where it hurts, inside. But I'm getting on with years already, I'm 73 years old, and the wounds heal slowly, I guess, and everything comes to an end, suffering as well as happiness and everything.

GS: The situation in Hungary when the Germans took over the government, what--I mean the Nazi elements--were, was your family, were you aware of what was happening with the Jewish council, with any negotiations with the Germans?

JS: No, no, we didn't know.

GS: You mentioned Hannah Senesh.

JS: Yeah.

GS: What other elements of the Zionists efforts were you aware of, or is this something you learned about afterwards?

JS: About Hannah Senesh I learned afterwards. There were very small groups, for very good reason, they didn't want to bunch up together because the more people, there was more visibility so to speak, so they, we stayed in small, small groups. The twelve, the twelve students, Jewish students in my class, 'cause I played the violin, one played the piano, the saxophone, we'd get together and get these musical sort of get-togethers but actually what we talked really was politics, and one of the, one of the boys was connected to another group, and that's where we got our news from, through this fellow, and we got. But if you have more than 20 or 25 or 15 Jews together there was already suspicious and was, there was no way we could do that.

GS: Do you know the name of the group that this fellow was connected with?

JS: It was a Zionist group.

GS: Ok.

JS: There was organizing to go to Palestine, that's all I know.

GS: Ok.

JS: And what he was saying that this group formed a *kibbutz* and they were looking for tailors and shoemakers and bakers, and someday or soon whenever the chance

come, they were going to go to Palestine. And it looked funny at that time because in one hand in this little room--I don't know how many people, maybe a dozen people, planning for the future and then we stepped outside and we were worried about the present time, maybe tomorrow we won't be able to step outside or whatever, so it was an ironic situation. As far as I know in our family, or my father, or my mother, all our parents were, they never talked anything about organized groups, Jewish groups, so we had no knowledge of these until after the war, but as I said before, I was told that my cousin was working for one of these big groups.

GS: Did you have any knowledge or hear anything about Wallenberg, a man who was helping Jews with visas.

JS: Yes, yes. When I was transferred from that German Red Cross Hospital train into these wagons, these people in the boxcars, they come from Budapest, and in that car I overheard this family, the whole family with a father, and a mother and two daughters, I think, when I got on the boxcar, and they were on that boxcar as I told you eight or nine days already, and this family--and I heard them, I overheard them to talk, that the father was talking to the girls or the mother, I don't know to whom, but he said, "You know, if we weren't, all we needed one more day because groups were going to this consulate, the Swedish Consulate and they were issued these passports, Swedish passports"--which weren't recognized after a while anyway. So the father said to, this mother, "All we needed was two more days and we could have gotten this passports from the Swedish consul, Wallenberg."

GS: Now let...

JS: That was the only time I heard that there...

GS: Ok.

JS: ...was something going on, you know, while I was away.

GS: Were you aware of any Jews trying to escape? Did anyone in your family or any friends try to escape from Hungary to avoid the deportations?

JS: I had one friend, but not from Budapest, but when we were in this group in Romania on the front working, he tried to escape and he was about my age, and he was a very intelligent boy. I would say he was a scholar, and he was caught, and he was sent back to us, and he couldn't talk anymore and he was like a vegetable. What came out was one of these guards came up, "If you want to escape you will end up exactly like him." And what they did, they had him go down on his knees or his, on his, on his ankles, to sit on his ankle and hold this gun all night in his hand, and they shaved his head and they beat him. Anyway when he came back to the group, he didn't talk for days, he was just like a vegetable, he just moved, and what they did to this fellow, they really destroyed him, so after that none of us really was thinking of escaping. From other part of the country, yes, if you had money, I found that out later after the war, that you could pay off even the Germans, and there were incidents that you could--I don't know what they did, fly them out or transport them into Switzerland for millions and millions of dollars, but you had to

have lots of money. Germans did that but, not too often I guess. But we as a family didn't hear anything, anything going on like that.

GS: I'd like to ask you about the transport, when you were wounded and put on the transport, where was that transport going? What camp did you all go to at that time?

JS: Well that, the Red Cross train?

GS: I believe you said that you were taken off the Red Cross Train...

JS: Yes, yes.

GS: ...and put on the boxcars.

JS: Yeah.

GS: And that's where the Jews from Budapest were in that car with you.

JS: Well the Red Cross train was heading from, [unclear] just outside the Hungarian border in Romania and they were, because of all the German and Hungarian--the Hungarians and the German they were packing up in Budapest and going to Germany too, so the Red Cross train was heading to Germany.

GS: Ok.

JS: And I think that the Hungarian town's name was Esztergom when they stopped, and that's where we met this other train coming from Budapest with the Jews, Jewish people in the car, boxcars.

GS: And that train, you were put on that deportation train?

JS: Yes.

GS: Where did that train go?

JS: We went to Austria, we went to--we didn't know we were traveling three or four days but I could see some signs...

GS: I'm actually wondering what camp, what was the destination as far as...

JS: Bergen-Belsen, Bergen-Belsen. See that was at almost the last part, they were, that was in September already, September 1944, and I think Budapest was liberated January--first or second week of January I was told. So all, so most of the Jews, and I met another Jewish man in Toronto who was also taken to Bergen-Belsen from Budapest. He might have been on that train, I don't know. But those were the last of the people, that's why a lot of those people had a chance to survive, because these two boys that I was in with, these two Polish boys, they were there for three and a half years in that camp before I got in. I was only there from September to April, in April I think when we were liberated. That's only eight or nine months, so that's why, I guess one of the things, one of the reasons I was able to survive the camps. Again, I don't know physically how I done it, you know, today there's a little wind, I am cold already. There I had a little shirt and nothing practically in the wintertime, standing in line and--so the train was going to Bergen-Belsen.

GS: I see. Were you aware at the time that there were trains from Hungary going to Auschwitz?

JS: No, no, we didn't know, nobody knew really. All we knew, they told us because we just young men and young women we're going to work, work camps, going to

work because we're Jewish and ironically I thought of this many times, that when I was taken away into these work, forced labor camps, I was wondering if the Hungarian government, there were some elements in the Hungarian government that they weren't sympathetic to the regime. They created these groups so that to save these boys, to send them out of harm's way. I may be wrong, but at that time, when we formed this brigade, this working brigade and sent it out to the, to work, well we worked, we did hard work, we built railroads and we worked like dogs for a, for no pay, of course. We were lucky if we got some food, but we were sort of out of harm's way, if you like, because if you stayed behind like my father because he is older, so he was taken to the concentration camp. He would have been younger, maybe he went to a workforce somewhere in a, like I did, maybe he would've survived too. But we had no idea what was going on?

GS: Was your father taken to Auschwitz?

JS: No, he was taken to Bergen-Belsen. He was in the same camp I was but I didn't know. Because he was selling shoes, and he knew all about shoes, he worked as a shoe repairman, I don't know. He never repaired shoes, but he became a shoe repairman in the camps repairing German boots, I heard when he came home. But it was a huge camp. It was two sides of this camp. They had an old and a new side. I guess there were so many people there, and we never met in that camp, we never met. We were there...

GS: Can you tell me about the liberation? What, what happened once the camp was liberated? Where were you taken?

JS: At first, I was taken to this place, if I remember correctly it was Hilleslaven, I told you that was the name of the place, and this was probably a school or another public building we made into our first-aid or whatever. They gave us soup first, because they didn't want us to get sick, they fed us slowly, and after that, we were, we were set free, free to go out, free for maybe three or four or maybe five days in this hospital if you want to call it, and after that we had to go and register. We, they took our x-rays, you know, they were the UNRRA [United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration], the UNRRA was there, the U-N-R...

GS: Oh right.

JS: It was called but I wanted to get home. So I--I went to the highway and then the Russians were coming and they were going back, but this wasn't the Russian zone I guess, but I was walking and after a day or two walk, I saw a Russian coming with a horse and buggy and carrying something all piled up. So he tried, so he took me...

Tape two, side one:

GS: …with John Sauber on October 21st 1999.

JS: It took us two days to get home and that was the other, one of the darkest days in my life. Well I, when I was, while I was away in the camps the Jews were herded into one, what they call a Yellow Star houses, buildings, apartment buildings and I was told, when I went to my apartment, there were Christian people in our old apartment, they were put in there and they told us that your mother and sister were taken into a Yellow Star house. So I had to go, I forgot the place, when they had the list where they were. So I went to this house where my mother and sister lived in this Jewish designated house and they were taken from, and I went to the superintendent and asked them, "Yes they were here but they're not here anymore." "Where did they live?" "On the second floor there," and he gave me the keys. I said, "Well, nobody there?" He said, "Well take a look," so he gave me the keys and I opened the place and there was nobody in the apartment. So where is my mother and sister? And I couldn't see and I went down again and I said, "Where are they?" "Well a whole bunch of Jews were taken away and your mother and sister was one of them." So I was waiting, I didn't know where to go. It was still early. The Russians were all over the place. I was afraid to go on the street because the Russian soldiers were grabbing every able-bodied Hungarian and taking them to Russia, to these work camps. So I said, "That's all I need from one frying pan into another frying pan." There was nothing to eat. I stopped the Russian soldier one on the street and asked him for a *hleba* [Russian word for bread, used by Hungarians] which is bread, so he gave me a piece of bread, and that's how I--waited in the apartment. I went to see the list, my father's name was on. At least he was the only one. He returned, and he came home, and he wasn't in the best shape either. He was of course older than I. I could stand more than he could, and slowly the family who survived came back, and my aunt came back, she survived. As I found out, she was telling me another--one of our Christian friends, the family was hiding her and that's how she survived, and she went back and her the business, and she opened it right away and she started to work and she was a very good business lady, and that was in the Spring of 1945 before I went to university. There were numerous classes so I could go to the university, I don't, it doesn't matter how many Jews were in. So I had three semesters in the Medical Faculty, and then the Communists Rules came in, tighter and tighter, and had to report for military service which I had no, had no intentions to do, I had enough military, and there was a English uniformed soldier who actually was an Israeli boy. He organized a group and I joined that group and he took us out to part of Hungary into Germany, and we were supposed to form a *kibbutz* and go to Palestine there. So that's how I got out of Hungary. I left there, I had three semesters medical schooling there, left behind, which wasn't recognized when I went to, when I came to Canada. I had to start all over again. I was all alone in Canada with a dime in my pocket when I landed in Halifax, so I

had to go to work, and that's how I learned. And the family, not too many of us survived, my aunt, my uncle, and one cousin are my all of the family, that's all that were left.

GS: So what happened to this group that went to Germany that was going to form the *Kib*--train for a *kibbutz*?

JS: When we got to Germany, we went to this depot called DP, displaced persons camp, and there of course, we really started to hear news and all that, and they said, well, we want to go to Australia and we registered for Australia already, and we want to go to the United States and we registered for America already, and I didn't know where to go. Anyway, this camp was like a transient camp where you go. I met a couple older people, the boys from Budapest, so we sort of got together, we went downtown, we came back. "You can't stay here," they told us, Americans told us, "You can't stay here, you've got to go to one of the camps, there's a train going to another camp." So we got on the other camp--the train, and we went to another camp, Bamberg. It was another big camp, and there some decided they don't want to go to Bamberg, they want to go to this camp that has all the Jewish groups planning to go to…

GS: What was the name of this camp?

JS: I think it was Furth, F-U-R-T-H, I think, it was called. But as it turned out--you know--that's my book I brought down to read.

Third person: [unclear]

JS: But it turned out that our camp also was organizing groups. Because I spoke German and French from my schooling, I got a job in the registration office and they were forming in our camp, in this Bamberg Camp, a group, a *kibbutz* to go to Israel, but they weren't--anybody, nobody was supposed to know about this. So one day they left there sewing machines they had, you know by then the black market was really active and they were able to get everything they wanted, but officially they were still in camp, in this, so I kept their registration cards in the files, otherwise they would of--we were managed by these UNNRA officers, one was a French lady, one was an Italian lady, and they were looking after us and we got nice food, and then one day there comes a bulletin if you like, there's a couple from Canada, Mr. Ramm and Mr. Aus--Mrs. Austrey taking orphan Jewish kids under 18 years old to Canada. You have to go and register. So I wasn't exactly 18 years old, I was a little older, but I went to register anyway and I got in the group, and in 1946 January, I arrived in Canada. 60 or 60 odd Jewish boys and girls and they were distributed 10 or 12 into Montreal, and another 10 or 12 in Toronto, 6 of them in Winnipeg, and I ended up in Saskatoon with four other boys, and the rest went to Edmonton and Vancouver, and that's how I came here. Ironically some of the boys from the same camp, they got to, got to the United States, and the Korean War--they were drafted into the Army and they survived the concentration camp, they survived all the hazard of coming all the way here and they were killed, there was two of them killed in the Korean War while they were in the United States Army.

GS: Was this through a Jewish agency that you went into Canada?

JS: Yes the Canadian Jewish Congress, they were called, Canadian Jewish Congress.

GS: And these two people worked through them, the Canadian Jewish Congress?

JS: Yes, I imagine they're prominent. Mrs. Austrey whose name later came on, her brother was very active on the Jewish scene in Montreal, and this Mr. Ramm was also a teacher or a professor somewhere. He's also very active. Anyway they were from the Canadian Jewish Congress who sponsored these groups.

GS: Now how was it when you moved to Canada? How did you find life there and your acceptance into the community?

JS: Well the Saskatoon Jewish community was very nice. They took us to the department story, hah; I had nothing on my back. I had a shirt and a pair of pants. They gave us clothing, they gave us some money for a week or two, and then they gave us jobs. I tried to get into the university to continue my studies, but they couldn't accept my papers, whatever I had. I would have to go back to school, to start, and then they might accept me after two or three years into university, but because the language situation, I spoke French and German, my Hungarian didn't go too far in Saskatoon they said, "Well, you can do it one of two ways. You can go to work and forget about schooling or you can go to work during the day and study at night and it costs money and this and you know and that--so one of the Jewish men, he was a very nice man, he said, "You know, it's best to go to work, get a trade so you have something at least in your hand." So we went to work, and they were very nice to us. They were, whatever we needed, they sent us to, to this lady, Dora Deschefsky, I remember her name too. She was a teacher, a Jewish teacher, and she gave us, all four boys, private English lessons and that's how we started.

GS: You've mentioned finding out about different group, boys in different groups that you were with. How were you able to communicate and obtain this information? For example: the boys that came to the United States and then were in the Korean War?

JS: There was another couple in this camp when I was registration officer. I was very friendly with this couple. They couldn't wait enough, they had a little baby in this DP Camp after the war, and they went to Holland, and they kept up the correspondence with me.

GS: Ok.

JS: And they were also in the camp, they were very friendly with two or three other boys that went to the United States, and they also kept up the correspondence with them, and anyway when I was in Saskatoon, I got to know a farmer who agreed to sponsor this family in Holland, and they came out to Saskatoon with their little boy, and I don't think he was Jewish. I think he was a Gypsy, I think. He played the violin very nicely, but his wife, this lady was, she was also working in the office in the camp, that's how I got to know her. She was a very nice lady with a well-to-do family and good address before the

war, naturally. Anyway they came to Saskatoon to this farmer sponsored them, they never went to the farm to work, of course, and they kept correspondence up with these boys, you know, from the States, and they moved to Sas--to Toronto after a while and he got a job playing the violin in one of the Hungarian restaurants, and these boys came to visit, to Toronto, I think they went to Cleveland, if I'm not mistaken, and they told us, told them the story that Benji or whatever his name was and the other fellow, they were drafted into the army and they were killed in the Korean War.

GS: You mentioned that this, the husband might have been Gypsy. Did you have any interactions with the Gypsies when you lived in Hungary as a child?

JS: Not what'd you call interaction, but there was a market in Budapest and my mother had her store not far from this market, and to get to her store, to do a shortcut, I'd walk through this market, and some of the Gypsies used to, on the floor or the ground, they'd spread out there wares, whatever they want to sell, whatever, and since I walked there almost everyday they got to know, so they said, "Hello," but other than saying a few words I don't think we had any interactions with them.

GS: As a teenager were you aware of the persecution of the Nazis against the Gypsies?

JS: No, no, the only thing we heard, the Nazis were against the Jews, against the most of the Czechoslovakian people because they were democratic and they were from the left rather than the far right in politics--I hadn't heard any that I can recall, that the Gypsies were persecuted. They weren't well liked in Hungary. There were, they were known as thieves so to speak, so they didn't, people that you shouldn't trust, you should stay away from, but other than that they were no persecution that I know of by the Hungarians or the Germans at that time.

GS: Getting back to life in Canada, have you found there to be any antisemitism in Canada?

JS: Not openly, no. I had no problems with non-Jewish people that I mixed with. When I, when I was in Saskatoon I met a Toronto girl, she's my second wife that girl. I met a Toronto girl and she was a niece of the Rabbi, of a Toronto Rabbi, Adler, the name of Rabbi Adler and they introduced me to this girl who came to Toronto to, for a vacation. We became good friends, good friends became more than good friends, and when she came back to Toronto we started to correspond, and I finally moved to Toronto and we got married. Her father had a hardware store in downtown Toronto, and he was a sick man. So finally he asked me to come into the business and when I went to the business in 1956, '57, the area started to change. A lot of Italian people came into the city and they started to move north which is, the store was, and within two or three years the 99% of my customers were Italian people, and they were the nicest people you can meet. As a matter of fact I took in a boy to work for me who was at that time delivering on a bicycle, and this boy took up, woke up in the morning at five, delivered newspaper, went to school, came to my place after school to work, to deliver, after that he went to a bowling alley to set up

because in those days there weren't any automatic, and then he went home to do his homework. That's the kind of boy he was. We ended up partners in business after 20, after 15 years or so, 12 years I think, and he, their family was very nice, their family was just like our family, and then he got married. He named his two children after my children. His little girl's name was Melanie after my daughter, and his son he named Michael, after my son Michael. So no, I didn't experience any antisemitism. Of course, now days I read in the paper anti, about antisemitism. A couple of weeks ago before we came here there was a Jewish man, a religious Jewish man, was beaten up on the street and another Jewish man was run down by a car, but they say it's not the car's fault because he sort of fainted on the road and he didn't see him or something, and we do have very religious areas in Toronto that, you know I don't know why but when they come out of the synagogue after the service they still wear their *tallis* and their--carrying their prayer books and all that and they walk down the street. Most of the time they're tolerated, nobody notices them and they walk just like any other people.

GS: [cleared throat] I would--excuse me. [cough]. I'm interested in the reunion in Hungary if you would tell us a little bit about that, how that came about. You said you went back for the 50th reunion.

JS: Yeah. This, one of these Jewish boys we were very close friends from the day one we started school only ten years old, the first year of this--what'd they call it *gymnasium*, it was for eight years and after your eight years, you graduated you go on to whatever. Anyway, we became very good friends. I used to go to his place, he used to come to my place. He had a sister, I had a crush on her sister when we were teenagers, and he is a very intelligent boy, and he's, his father was in Bergen-Belsen who met my father there. Anyway he kept in touch with me and we correspond still. Ever since I came to Canada we write to each other, and he tells me his problems in the letter and I tell him my problems in the letter, and he became an architect but during the Communists rules, he couldn't save up too much money because that'd be, every so often he get some private work but didn't have enough money. As a matter of fact I sent him enough money to go to Israel, so I told him one place you want to travel, you going to go to Israel but he says he has no money. So I sent him money because I want him to go to Israel that he has to go. And of course being in Budapest himself, he kept in touch with the other students there and he organized a--they come together once every month during the summer and the winter too I think. They have a meeting. There's only about 12 or 14 that's left when I first went back. The 50th anniversary was '95, the 50th anniversary of the reunion, and it was only twelve people, most of them are sick and I went back to the 55th reunion this May. My wife came with me too, but there was only six or seven left already. Anyway, he organized this; this friend of mine, the Jewish boy organized it.

GS: And the reunion was for all the kids?

JS: For all the boys, yeah. You could bring your wife, your--as a matter of fact...

GS: Christian-Jewish?

JS: Yes, oh yeah. For the 50th reunion I took Mike with me. He came and he took some pictures, yeah. And it was very you know, amicable, there was no Jews or Christians at that time. By now they are too old, I guess, to discriminate. But the ones that survived--there was only one that I told you that apologized being--of course the rest were, they're ok, they were just Hungarian boys.

GS: Do you think there are any lessons that we can learn from the Holocaust?

JS: I think one of the biggest problems was, and I quote, "It couldn't happen here," end of quote. I think that's one of the biggest problems. The other problem was unfortunately, whenever we heard something that the Jewish store, somebody wrote slogans, "Jews die" or whatever, everybody turned the other cheek. "It's not my store." "I'm going to stay away." "I don't want to get involved." "I don't want to be known as an activist," if you like, a Jewish activist. "I want to stay out." "I don't want any trouble." Everybody was scared to do anything, and especially in the later weeks or months, not scared, paralyzed. You didn't want to move. You didn't know what to do. So I think as far as Budapest went the Jews, I think, should have been better organized. There was no organization there to stick together. If there was, as I told you before, they were fragmented. There were little things here and there, a couple families here together. So I think information is very important. Of course here, where we have democracy, we can stand up and shout that advertise antisemitism, look what they do, the harm is done, and it's not right. You couldn't speak, you couldn't stand up like that. You couldn't even if you wanted to. [long pause] I don't know the lesson, I think the best lesson learned is the Warsaw Ghetto, when you're in a corner, fight like a, a mad dog if you like, because it's your life. I don't know, I guess the Hungarians more timid, I don't know why there was no resistance so to speak, no organization, and I think the Warsaw Ghetto is the best lesson. Stand up and fight, not necessarily with weapons. Open your mouth, don't let the past pass, keep it alive, keep telling them what happened, and just hope for humanity, turning, turning around and...

GS: Do you feel that the Jews in Canada do enough to protect the Jews, the Jewish organizations?

JS: Yes, I think the Canadian Jewish Congress is very strong and so is the B'nai-Brith Organization, it is very strong in Canada, and what I see, they are listened to by politicians in the high, higher offices as well, I think, yes. I think Jews are very well organized. They are strong. It's a strong organization. I, I belong to B'nai-Brith for years. I was, I ended up being the president for a lodge for two years, and I still support financially, UJA, the Canadian Jewish Congress and all the Jewish organizations that I can, because I think that was missing. That's why we all ended up like we did in Europe. There wasn't a strong organization, that's not strong enough, and again, even if we were organized, there were organizations that the other side of the world didn't listen, didn't want to know, didn't help, we didn't know. No help whatsoever from the outside world. Yes,

the Canadian Jewish Organization is very strong. I'm very proud to be a Canadian Jew right now.

GS: Wonderful. Tell me a little bit about your family. Were your children born in Canada?

JS: Yes, both of my children were born in Toronto. My daughter was born in 1960. I guess I should start with Mike, was born in 1957, and they're, they're both very nice children. They were nice to bring up. In those days unfortunate, I worked very hard, I had the store, I was just starting to build, and I had to work six, sometimes seven days a week. Sunday I did my books and, those days we were open every day, you know weekday our store was Monday through Saturday. Both of my children went to the Beth Tzedek Synagogue. They had a Jewish education, at least in elementary school. Mike went to school, Jewish school since--oh, he went to junior high. I'm not sure if today they have higher classes than that, but in those days they didn't, and they both had basic Jewish education, Mike especially. And they both went to university, as you know Mike ended up well educated, my smarter...

Tape two, side two:

JS: As far as I know, and I do know that I'm the only one survived from the whole family, so Mike and Melanie, my daughter and my son, is the only blood relative that survives and so they are my life, and I did and I'll still do anything for them that they need. My daughter, Melanie, is in Toronto. We're getting closer and closer relationship right now and especially in the past year, months or years, getting closer. I guess, as she's getting older too she realizes that it's important for the parents. She realizes the importance of her parents. Mike was always a good son and still is, so I, I love both of them dearly because that's all I've got of my blood, that's left in my family. Another thing I'd like to say, if I may go back a little bit, when I first went back to Budapest, in the Jewish cemetery as you walk in, there are these huge marble slabs that listed all the people who perished in the concentration camps, at least from Budapest. Another thing that striked me about--of course I found my mother's name there, my sister, and my cousin's name on there. It striked me very dramatically that not only these names that had been engraved there permanently, but there are names scribbled all over that didn't have the chance to get on these things. So I would say almost as many names scribbled over the others, and little stones with a slab of marbles that just on the ground there with names people left there as a--I also had two more cousins who were quite older, quite a bit older than I, than I was and they were taken to the Ukraine and they never came back. They were my mother's sister's son, sons and somehow I'd like to get their names in somewhere, and put their names on there, not on the marble there.

GS: Yad Vashem is asking people to send names to them and there are forms. I could get one for you.

JS: Could you?

GS: That you could write, I mean all the names that you wish, yes. I'm not sure if I had asked you this before. From the people that you have come across, you know from Hungary, the Jews were--did you hear stories of any that were taken on deportations to Auschwitz?

JS: Well, I don't know, you want details what they did, how they...?

GS: Well I wondered if you know, you were aware of people that were taken to Auschwitz from the Hungarian Jewish communities?

JS: Well my, one of my cousins, my father's sister's daughter was taken to Auschwitz, and she was telling me how she was taken in the boxcars and she was telling me they were lucky because they had a hole in the boxcar and they could use this, use it as a toilet. When she arrived in Auschwitz she, they shaved her head and she was in good condition, they put her to work. I don't remember what she told me, what she did and of course she was tattooed a number. Auschwitz was one of the camps that tattooed the names, and she said whatever she did they had to work very hard, but she said whatever work she did, they had the feelings already that it was done for no reason, there was no

rhyme in the reason what they did, and they were very rude to them, and I must tell you another thing that I forgot to mention to you, that when I came out of camp and I was wandering on the highway trying to get back to Hungary, I went into this building, the Germans' building and I told them I need a room I have to sleep somewhere, and they said it's ok. So I walked in and of course I had nothing, and I said, "Give me a soap." It had a "J" on the soap. I said, "Oh, is that my soap." They said, "No, it's just one of the soaps." He didn't tell me what was, later I learned it was Jewish fat you see, it was made from Jewish fat. So I never forget that bar of soap. It's always with me. Even when I pick up a bar of soap here I always look at, look for the "J". Little things like that that sticks in my mind. These are the worse things to live with. I mean, when I was beaten up, it was nothing, so what, so you got beaten up. I forgot already. I remember working on this thing, my hands were all calloused and had to dump the ground, it had to be hammered down hard enough, whatever they want to do it and I had a piece of bread or something I ate that dropped on the floor and the officer came and said, "What's that? Who ate that?" and there were six or seven working in the group and nobody would say who did it. They had a two by four, big plank of wood and they beat up the whole bunch of us. That didn't matter, this thing doesn't bother me, you know, this little things gonna bother--the hair I had to stuff into bags, that was shaved off from the people. These things stick in my mind, the hair, the colors. I see that hair just like it was, like I see your head and that's so, and these are the things that every time it's like a knife into you. It's only later--you know I couldn't go see the movie...

GS: Schindler's List?

JS: No, I had to wait until it was on television after I took this course and went through, it was almost like a psychological relief, sort of speak. I was able to look at, look at that movie.

GS: Is there anything else that you would like to say?

JS: I'd like to say that after 55 years it's the little things that got pushed behind and whatever I was able to tell you it makes me feel good. It makes me happy that I was able to do this thing with you, and I'm grateful, I'm most grateful that you came, because with every tear that comes out of my eyes makes me feel a little lighter, makes me feel a little better that--now at this age, it's time to make peace with what happened, and I think it's a great help to me that you let me tell this story again. However short and fragmented because, as I told you, 55 years all the little things were pushed behind, down, down in my subconscious and it's very hard to bring them up again. Only the dramatic happenings what I told you are still with me. I also hope that whoever listens to this tape, that you'll learn something from it, and unfortunately they'll realize how one human being is able to do these things to another human being. Who knows, maybe someday the whole world will be better for this. Amen.

GS: I hope so, and thank you so very much for giving us this interview, and I think people will learn from it, and we appreciate it.

JS: Thank you.