

The Poles can recognize an American the way we are dressed and even the way we walk. One of the others in that group said in Polish, pointing his face at me; he must be either an Italian American or a Greek American because he doesn't speak our language. He certainly is not a Jew, because the Jews speak Polish. He must be a newspaper journalist or some kind of reporter, look fellows; he has on him two expensive cameras, one film and the other a still camera. But I am glad that he isn't a Jew because I hate these Communist bastards who brought all the miseries to Poland. He continued his hate smiling and looking at me, saying; Hitler did a pretty good job on these Jews, the only mistake that Hitler did was not getting to America and kill all the American Jews there. They are all rich and powerful in America and they are running the entire world! "Janusz" and I kept looking at these scum and smiling at them politely. Finally, before we left them, I told them in perfect Polish; Yes, I am indeed, a very proud American Jew and I was born here and then I pulled off my left arm sleeve exposing for them my Auschwitz number. "Janusz" then told them in Polish of course, you miserable scavengers you ought to be ashamed of your anti-Polish behavior, if it would not have been for America, you would surely starve and get the hell out of here this very moment, you are disgracing with your stinking presence not only Poland but this very holy place where millions of innocent Jews and Poles perished together because of animals like you! They left in a hurry mumbling anti-Jewish and anti-American obscenities. No, hate has not stopped and never will. With all the emotions in my heart of the bestialic Nazi cruelties that we just witnessed and the unprovoked anti-Semitic attack by these cheap bums, I was unable to hold back any longer and vomited right there. I saw real tears on "Janusz" handsome Polish face. Tears of deep shame and sadness and regrets. This very decent and proud Pole was hurt badly inside of him. I sensed his feelings and told him quietly; "Janusz" forget it, please, their brutal words did not hurt me at all, for I was hurt many times before and that I considered the source and that I once returning to the States will not ever blame the entire gallant Polish nation because of them or the other few bigots. I also told him that every country has scum among them and Poland is not different and I most certainly will not hold Poland responsible for it's minority of racists. He placed his right arm around me and led me to his car, no words were exchanged between us while driving towards the modern and indeed, beautiful Polish Capital of Warsaw. Arriving at my Forum Hotel, I invited "Janusz" after cleaning up, to drive with me a very short distance away from my hotel to a newly build American style restaurant...But before leaving I told him to telephone his lovely wife and children to meet with us at that place to dine together. They were good people and I loved them very much, and in return they loved me. I am

quite sure of that. I offered "Janusz" sufficient American dollars for driving me to Lodz, then to Auschwitz and stopping several times at Polish roadside inns and hunting lodges, where we dined on delicious home cooked foods and world famous Polish pierogis and golombkis (the first, raviolis or in Jewish kreplach, stuffed with chopped veal and beef livers with sauteed onions, and the latter, cabbage or in Polish kapusta, stuffed with chopped beef... Food that I haven't tasted in years but grew up on it. We also had each time a Polish favorite delicassy; Steak Tartar, raw fillet-mignon, chopped with onions, raw eggs and other spices and served on Polish rye bread it's outrageously delicious and yes, it's one of my most favorite and with some fresh anchovies added, Gosh, and goodness-gracious, it becomes then obscenely and extremely luscious. And as I write these words, my taste-butts are driving me up the wall. Of course we had many drinks at these inns, but only chilled seltzer-water. Because in Poland a smart driver will absolutely not take even one drink of alcohol while driving, because of an accident, the drivers license is taken away immediately and forever. I wish that we here would have the same rules of enforced law and perhaps many thousands of American lives would have been saved. Anyway, "Janusz" would not accept even one single dollar from me for everything he has done, and paid for... Flying back home to my adopted and indeed, beloved good old U.S.A. Where on my arrival in New York and while leaving the Polish LOT airline, I humble but proudly kissed the valiant American soil. I know that many millions of people "living" over there would gladly give away all that they have to trade for my American citizen papers and my American passport if their impossible dream would descent on them and become a reality. Therefore I call myself a very proud American and I possess excellent reasons for it.

As you know, that I've said many times on previous pages in this book, that there are good and evil people in all of us, and I will try my very best to explain to you my sincere theory on this very important subject... Back in our Hanover-Ahlem camp during the Holocaust, we had among us several highly decorated German army officers who were like us suffering the Nazi wrath, because either they were against the Hitlerite philosophy of genocide and said so, or they were against occupying other countries and brutalizing innocent civilians and also said so, and openly protested these Nazi atrocities. However, in either case, they were stripped of their medals and their military insignias and then driven to our camp, where they spend with us several months and were taken away later on not to be seen again. But please believe me that they suffered a lot. because of their believes. They were very good to us and shared with us the very little that they had.

While visiting once Israel with my Jean in the late 60s. I've read in the Tel-Aviv newspapers an incredible but nevertheless truthful story about a German Catholic industrialist named Oscar Schindler, who was called by some very grateful Israelis and their media, The German father of two thousand Jews. And why was Schindler called that name?. I was completely intrigued and fascinated with this particular story and decided on the spot to interview this heroic man, so that I would have been able to play this interview on my ever present small tape-recorder and replay the same back home on my several radio shows. Luck was with me because Herr Schindler was also visiting with all these people which he personally has saved from a certain death by the Nazis. Oscar Schindler was that same week in Tel-Aviv, Israel, and I was able thanks to some of my fellow survivors living in Israel to meet him together with some of his people which he has saved back in Poland during the year 1943, one of the worst years of Nazi persecution of my people.

Jean and I stayed that same week at the Tel-Aviv Hilton on the Hayarkon Street which was located almost next to the beach of the Mediterranean Sea.

Schindler accepted my invitation to an interview in my hotel room and he showed up with a few of /^{HIS} Jewish friends. I found out the following while he talked into my microphone and every word that he said was fully verified by these Israelis. In 1943, near Krakow, Poland he was operating a large industrial plant for the Nazi war machine where he was making certain steel parts for the Nazi secret rocket base. Although he was German born, he spoke a fairly good Polish. He had because of his work absolute clearance from the Nazis and most certainly he was not one of them, in fact he hated them for what they were doing to millions of innocent people. Anyhow, he hired 2,000 Jews both men and women to work in his plant. He got these people from the very box cars that they were in and heading for Auschwitz to die, because he needed workers the Germans did not stopped him and went along with his requests. He treated all his workers in the most humane and civilized fashion. They all received from him plenty of good food daily and shelter on the grounds of his plant. He kept telling them that he will never permit the Nazis to take them away from him and shipped to be killed. He also kept telling them that he would find a way to save all of them from destruction. And that's exactly what this brave man did. Because when it became clear that his contract with the Wehrmacht was over and that the plant would soon be closed. He shuffled the 2,000 Jewish laborers from place to place hiding them risking his very own life. One summer day of 1944, all his people were rounded up by the Germans and packed in several box cars to be shipped to Auschwitz. And when the train left, he bribed

THE train people and the German guards with large amounts of gold and American dollars to divert the entire train convoy and placed the engine and all the box cars on a blind phony railroad siding and waited in his car next to this parked train. The German guards and the entire train crew eagerly accepted his generous bribe and fully cooperated with him, a couple days later while the heat became unbearable for that huge crowd of people, Shindler together with the crew and some of the remaining guards marched all the people back to their former plant which was closed already. He opened with them the gates and kept all the people until the very liberation of Poland. Feeding them and caring for them around the clock paying mindboggling sums of money to the Polish peasants on the black market for fresh food and fruits having them delivering at night-time all that he bought from them a day before and storing the same in his huge plant where his Jews were living and hiding. There were no Germans around the plant and neither were any Germans left in that village where his plant was located and by now, it was the year 1944, and the Germans sensed that they have lost the war and they also knew that their end was near, and so by many miracles, all the condemned people survived their living hell. The vast majority of them went to Israel shortly after their liberation by the red army, it was called at that time Palestine. some of them came to live in America and Canada. Some of them when I visited at that time Israel, became fathers and then grandfathers and even great grandfathers, and so this heroic German benefactor became known throughout Israel as the father of the 2,000 Jews that he saved. he was idolized by the Israelis, wine and dined and given large sums of money by the grateful people of Israel, he didn't keep for himself one single dollar, because he gave away the lions share of his monies to Israeli Hospitals, orphans and wounded Israeli soldiers. Coming home I've played that tape many times on my radio programs and even on my television shows. I visited with him twice in the German city of Frankfurt/m. where he lived on pension from the West German Government and also from Israel and the people that he saved. I remember visiting with him the first time in his Frankfurt/m. home and bringing with me an American electric shaver that he was able to use because I bought for him this shaver with a dual electric switch adopted for the German electricity. He told me that on two occasions some Neo-Nazis were trying to assassinate him for saving so many Jews calling him day and night a traitor who committed treason against Germany. After my second visit with him, a short time later, this great man peacefully died in his house of a heart-attack, and so this unbelievable true story ended with his passing away. Hundreds of grateful Jews which he saved from genocide arrived from all over to be at his funeral, to pay their respect and love to Herr Oscar Schindler...

