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UC SAN DIEGO

Surviving Auschwitz

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1 hour, 35 minutes, 15 seconds

Speaker: Livia Krancberg

Transcribed by: Stephanie Duncan

[Holocaust Living History Workshop](#)

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Time	Transcription
00:00:01	[The Library UC San Diego]
00:00:03	Brian Schottlaender: Ladies and gentlemen, good afternoon. It's my pleasure to welcome you all to the Geisel Library. I'm Brian Schottlaender, the University Librarian here at UC San Diego. And on behalf of my Co-Principal Investigator, Deborah Hertz, who is finishing up a course that she's teaching and will join us later this evening, I'm pleased to welcome you all to the library for the final in our series of presentations as part of the Holocaust Living History Workshop. This series which Deborah and I imagined a couple of years ago is an opportunity for the university to engage with the community, and it's an opportunity that is facilitated by two things: one is our being one of the few libraries in the country, and one of only two on the west coast, that has permission to access the Shoah Visual History Archive database, which includes the videotaped testimonies of more than 50,000 survivors of the Shoah. And the second is our having seized upon the presence in our community of a wonderful young woman, Susanne Hillman, who serves as the program manager for the Holocaust Living History Workshop and really makes these sessions all that they are. So join me in thanking Susanne.
00:01:35	[audience applauds]
00:01:41	Brian Schottlaender: This past year we've been particularly gratified that several members of the community have agreed to provide financial sponsorship for these talks, and we're privileged to have two of them with us this evening, Bill and Michelle Lerach.
00:01:58	[audience applauds]
00:02:04	Brian Schottlaender: One thing that you will learn once you get to know the Lerachs a little bit better is that Michelle—for one—has a very keen sense of humor. She—when I asked her earlier to repeat for me the pronunciation of her last name—since mine is Schottlaender" I'm used to people having trouble with last names—she said, It's Lerarch, it rhymes with attack.
00:02:26	[audience laughs]
00:02:27	Brian Schottlaender: So that was a very useful mnemonic. I had also asked her earlier in the day to provide me with a one-liner, describing what she and Bill do, and her one-liner was very brief indeed. She said: We're retired.
00:02:41	[audience laughs]
00:02:43	Brian Schottlaender: Which is a one-liner we'd all like to use, I'm sure. Let me tell you a little bit more about them, however. Bill is a frequent lecturer at universities and law schools, particularly on issues that relate to regulations in the securities market. Michelle is a sustainable food and farm advocate, and they're both avid gardeners and collectors of tribal art. What brings them here today, however, is their commitment to social justice. Which is something they very much share. Michelle is currently working as a consultant to the Liberian Ministry of Gender and Development with respect to their constitutional amendment process, which is

intended to make the Liberian Constitution more gender-neutral. Bil, meanwhile, who was appointed to the Holocaust Council by President Clinton, is currently a visiting professor at the Tel Aviv Law School where he lectures on class actions and how lawyers can use such actions to achieve social progress and justice.

00:03:55 Brian Schottlaender: He and Michelle have visited all of the death camps in Poland, including Oświęcim about which we will hear about momentarily, other concentration camps throughout Europe, and museums and memorials of the Holocaust as well. Their law firm successfully prosecuted a series of class-action lawsuits on behalf of Holocaust victims and survivors, lawsuits against large corporations, like life insurance companies and banks, that exploited slave labor and financial institutions that stole assets belonging to the victims, and to their families. I'm very pleased to welcome the Lerachs here this evening. I'm especially pleased to thank them for their generosity, and I'm [unclear] pleased that Bill has agreed to make some introductory remarks for our speaker, Livia, this evening—Bill Lerach.

00:04:53 [audience applause]

00:04:59 William Lerach: It's really an honor to introduce Livia Krancberg, a Romanian survivor of the Holocaust, of ghetto life, of the death camp at Auswitchz, and the death march that followed. But she lived to tell the tale. We remember the Holocaust to honor the dignity of the millions of people, many of them children, who had their lives extinguished. And we teach about it, so that we'll all learn the dangers of extremism and racism, and stand strong against it early on. Livia, thank you so much for sharing your experience with us.

00:05:41 Livia Krancberg: Thank you for having me.

00:05:42 [audience applauds]

00:05:48 Livia Krancberg: I would like to ask you something.

00:05:50 Speaker One: Me? Yes.

00:05:51 Livia Krancberg: Yes. [unclear]

00:05:59 Livia Krancberg: If you keep it this way, I—I don't want my profile.

00:06:09 Speaker One: [Unclear]

00:06:10 Livia Krancberg: Okay. No, no, go—okay. You know I'm...

00:06:16 [audience laughs]

00:06:21 Livia Krancberg: Good evening. I'm very pleased to speak to a young, American audience reading and willing to listen to my story. Because my story tells about man's inhumanity to man to the nth degree. My full name is Livia Szabo Krancberg. I'm a survivor of Auschwitz, Ravensbrück, and Neustadt-Glewe. I consider myself a rare breed. Rare in that at 93 I still celebrate life. In street language, it means I'm still kicking. And rarer yet, in that I was in Auschwitz from the minute the German soldiers apprehended me there, placed me there, which was May 19th, [19]44, till Birkenau, the camp for women in Auschwitz, closed on

January 19th, 1945. During the course of my presentation, you'll be hearing lots of uh's. Please bear with me. Do not judge me by either my accent or by my fluency in English, or by my linguistic mistakes. I believe people ought to be judged by who they are as individuals. People ought to be judged by what they're doing for their fellow man. People ought to be judged by what they're doing for the helpless, ignorant, needy, sick, hungry. That's what people should be judged by.

00:08:02 Livia Krancberg: Not by their accents, or by their religion, or by their sexual preference, or political affiliation. Having said that, I'll take you with me to the northern part of Transylvania—the real Transylvania, not Dracula's Transylvania—where I grew up in the [19]20s, [19]30s, and early [19]40s. Just like you, I once had parents, I once went to school. I once had a dream. My dream was writing. But Hitler uprooted me from my parents, my education, my dream. Why? Because I'm a Jew. Six million Jews have been annihilated during World War II. Their only crime, their only sin, was being born Jewish. Tonight, I stand in for all these victims, all six million of them, and ask: is there a crime to be born a Jew? Or for that matter, is there a crime to be born a Christian, a Muslim, a Buddhist? Or is there a crime to be born of a different race? Of course not. As a person, I believe Hitler was a pathological phenomenon bordering on insanity. He told his people that the Jews were sub-humans, vermin, infectious viruses. My question is: why then did we, the female Jewish inmates of Auschwitz, give blood every month, blood which was sent to the front for the German wounded soldiers? Our blood served as transfusions for the German wounded soldiers.

00:10:06 Livia Krancberg: Why was Hitler so eager to mix our blood? The blood of the subhumans, the blood of the vermin, with the blood of his superior race? I'll tell you why. Because he knew the truth about the Jews. He knew that the Jews are just like any other people. In fact, he knew that the Jews disproportionately—that their small numbers are contributing to the social and cultural well-being of humanity. Sixteen percent of all Nobel Prize winners are Jews. And I'll mention a few Nobel Prize winners from Hitler's era. Dr. Ehrlich, he discovered the cure for syphilis and the German people used this discovery as well as the world at large. Dr. [unclear] discovered the [unclear] a treatment in heart ailment. And the German people and the world at large had used his discovery. Dr. [Oskar] Minkowski, Minkowski discovered the use of insulin in diabetes, and the world—including the Germans—have used his discovery. Dr. [Casimir] Funk discovered the importance of vitamins and minerals in food, thus eradicating three dreadful diseases of those times: pellagra, beriberi, and scurvy. But Hitler needed a scapegoat. I could mention a mile-long list of other people, but maybe I should mention two other Jewish brains: Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis. And none other than the man of the century, Albert Einstein. He fled to the United States, ushered in the atomic era. The atomic bomb was made, and we won the war with the Japanese. But as I said before, Hitler needed a scapegoat. And the Jews were a very good scapegoat. They had no country to flee to, in case of persecution. During World War II, Israel did not exist.

00:12:47 Livia Krancberg: Now, why did he need a scapegoat for? Mainly for two reasons. First, they withhold the truth from the German people as to why their economy went down the drain after World War I. Hitler didn't tell his people, Listen folks, we lost in World War I. We were beaten. We were defeated. We have to pay 32 billion dollars in war reparations. After we pay off some of these debts, we're going to

invest in our economy. He didn't say that. He took 12 million innocent, helpless Jews from 14 different European countries, stripped them of their fortunes, took them to concentration camps, gassed them, and from their fortunes, he developed an economy second to none. Here the German economy was down the drain, here it was the envy of Europe. From these confiscations, he also developed a war machine second to none. He entered European countries one after the other without an opposition. The Soviets opposed him. Another reason he needed a scapegoat for was to divert his people's attention from the preposterous idea that his race alone, and his race alone could rule the world. But this never happened before and will never happen in the future—that one race, one nation, is gonna rule the entire world. We're living in an interdependent world as you know, we're interdependent economically, politically, scientifically to a certain extent. We usually share with the world a discovery in medicine.

00:15:14 Livia Krancberg: During the early [19]90s, Ebola broke out in one of the African countries; the name escaped - has escaped me, sorry. Ebola was disease for which there was no cure at that time, a dreadful disease, and to this day there is still not a cure. So what did the world community do? They sent nurses and doctors. These people put their own lives on the line and went to that country to contain the disease, and they did contain the disease. Now if we come to our own country, I understand that there are people who say that the white people alone, the white people alone are responsible for having turned this country into what it is now, the greatest and most powerful—the richest country in the world. I prove them wrong. Because it took the hard effort, it took the hard work of all of us, white, black, blue, green, purple to turn this country into what it is now. Now, we need doctors. We need lawyers, we need scientists, teachers. These are highly educated people and highly paid people. But then we also need farmhands, factory help, maintenance people. These people are working for minimum wages. Seven dollars and 25 cents an hour, I think so. As opposed to a criminal lawyer, who takes 650 dollars, one hour to represent his or her client in court.

00:17:28 Livia Krancberg: Now, if these people would not work for our farmers, everything would come to a standstill. Farmers would produce nothing. They wouldn't grow corn, wheat, or whatever else. They wouldn't raise cattle. Our economy would go down the drain. People would be unemployed, and we'd be starved. We'd be hungry. I believe that these people are working for minimum wages because they want to feed their hungry children. I wonder how many people know what hunger feels like. Because I know people here, and so many other people get up in the morning, and through the whole day they—through the entire day they keep eating and eating. But if they found themselves somewhere in a place where there would be no food for 12, 14, 16 hours, they would feel the hunger pains these children feel. They'd be able to put themselves in other people's situations and feel the way those people feel. When I was 12,13, I was ready to go to high school. In Europe, high school was neither compulsory nor free. We had an 8-year high school system, you had to pay tuition for 8 years. My parents were not well off, so I found out that scholastic achievements was just as good as money, and I graduated from elementary school with an A+, and this eased me into a high school with a four-year scholarship.

00:19:43 Livia Krancberg: Now, when I went—as I said—when I started high school, my mother said, there is another way of putting yourself in other people's situations.

Whenever you want to know how a person who is discriminated against feels, a person who is ridiculed feels, an idiot person feels, a sick person feels, an abused person feels, you project your own face on top of that person's face, and in your imagination, you become that person. You feel everything that person feels. Suppose say a group of guys are beating each other up, one gets the worst of it. His face is scratched up, his nose is bleeding. Now if you project of any - of us project our face on top of his face, he is gone. We are that person. Our face is scratched up, our nose is bleeding. If only our school bullies would project their faces on top of these children's faces that they're harassing, they get their own medicine. And they wouldn't do it. But unfortunately, nobody tells them to do that, and on their own, they're not doing it. I have two stories to tell you. It happened to me. So help me, God. After the War, my family lived in New Jersey, and I worked in New York. One blistering cold morning in January, I arrived at the Port Authority bus terminal in New York, I entered the restroom on a corner. I saw an elderly woman, frail woman, shivering. She was sitting on a produce box, poorly dressed. She was warming her hands underneath the blower. Right away, my mother came to mind. She was this lady's age when gassed at Auschwitz. So I projected my mother's face on top of this woman's face, and in my imagination, she became my mother.

00:22:34 Livia Krancberg: And the next day, and for years on end, I would take an early bus in New York. Instead of taking a 7 o'clock bus, I take the 6 o'clock bus. I had to find my mother—there were 13 restrooms at the Port Authority—and offer some food and some clothing. One morning I saw that she had frostbite. My mother, frostbite? No. I went home. I called up my pharmacist, he recommended a salve. The next morning, picture the following: I get to the Port Authority, I find my mother, I take off my hat, coat, gloves, and put them in her lap. I take out clean, new rubber gloves, take the salve, apply it on my mother's frostbite. I take gauze, wrap her legs around with gauze. Take my hat, coat, go to work. While I was doing this operation, lots of women came in, into this restroom to do what nature called of them to do. They looked at me from the corner of their eye. I don't know what they were thinking besides Jesus Christ Almighty.

00:23:57 [audience laughs]

00:23:58 Livia Krancberg: But I'll tell you what I thought. I thought, you wonderful women, you were born with the same sense you and the rest of—of all human beings were born with the same sense of empathy, with the same sense of compassion I was. It's a God-given gift that anybody develop and use this gift. I would like to tell you the clever way in which my mother helped develop me this God-given gift of sense of compassion, sense of empathy. When I was 3,4,5,6 years old, during my formative years, and I was playing either indoors or outdoors with my friends, and it was lunchtime or supper time. She didn't ask me to come, to sit down at the table and eat with the rest of the family. She just let me play. And when I was good and ready I came to my mother and asked her for food. So my mother said, how does it feel to be hungry? And I recall asking, please give me your food first, and then I'll tell you how it feels. No way. On a full stomach, you won't be able to tell me how it feels to be hungry on an empty stomach. And so I said, in the language of a 3, 4-year-old kid I said: My feet are sick. I can't play any longer. She still didn't give me food.

- 00:25:46 Livia Krancberg: She said, you see my dear, outside there, maybe even around the corner, there are homeless people, children your age, [unclear], mothers, fathers, grandparents. They have missed out more than one meal today. Not because they were playing like you did, but because they have no money to buy food. And those of us who are healthy are working to have save money must help them buy food. And when I went out in cold weather without the warm coat and returned shivering, I heard the same thing. Outside there, there are people who have no warm clothes and we must help them buy warm clothes. And when I cut myself and screamed bloody murder, I was dying, she said, you cannot go [unclear] to any kind of pain to other people because they're going to feel the same way you feel now, maybe even worse. And she kept repeating this mantra day in and day out, week in, week out, month in, month out, year in, year out. By the time I was six, it was in my blood. To this day, no one in this world, not all the king's horses and king's men could take away that instilled sense of compassion in me.
- 00:27:29 Livia Krancberg: But my mother also told me, it's not enough to have this sense of compassion alone, you have to translate it into action. Suppose you have a talent for singing, you take singing lessons, and then you stop singing. No. So of course I have lots of examples. I could write a book about the way I translated my sense of compassion into action. But I would like to mention only one incident. One summer I worked at a swimming pool. It was a public swimming pool; I sold tickets. One day I saw a group of children pressing their faces against the fence of the - of the fence that surrounds the swimming pool. And I went there and I asked them, couldn't your parents give you some money and you know, you'll buy tickets? And so the older girl - she must've been about 9 years old - said, my father left us, my mother is illegally here. She doesn't get any money from the government. We are born here, we get some money, and the church gives us 10 dollars a week, and we don't have enough money for everything, let alone buy tickets. So I said, come back next day, put on your bathing suit, if you don't have, put on shorts or whatever else, come back here.
- 00:29:12 Livia Krancberg: They came; I let them in. I bought them tickets and they were happy. I did this about three times a week. At the end of summer, I went to their mother and I asked, why in the world doesn't she go to work and make some money? And she said, she wants her children to go to school. And I appreciated that very much, but she has no one to take them off the buses and keep them there until she returns from work. And I said, don't worry, I'll do that. And I did that. And I took the children off and I brought them home, I put them around the table with my own children, and whatever we had - and we had financial miscarriages of justice in this country but that's another story - and I shared it with these children. At the end of the school year, the woman said that she had enough money to go to Florida. She had a sister there, and she went, one month passed, two months passed, three months passed. She didn't drop me as much as one word about how she was doing, or let alone, thank me.
- 00:30:43 Livia Krancberg: But I wasn't angry with her. Because when I did what I did, for her, I had a personal satisfaction. Sometimes I did things that, that personal satisfaction I could dance in the aisles. This is enough. So if you do some favors for people and they don't thank you, you have to think of that part that you derive from that satisfaction, that you derive from it. This should be enough. Having said

that, I'll take you with me to, this time, to May 14th, 1944. All 15,000 Jews from my hometown Sziget from the hospital [unclear], were marched off to the railroad station and pushed into cattle cars. The condition inside these cars was indescribable. We were jam-packed like sardines, 100, 105, 110 people to a car. There was no air. The little windows from above were nailed up, the doors were bolted. There was only standing room available. These were cattle cars, no benches. So we took our suitcases and propped them on their heels. We stood around them, and we breathed in each other's faces.

00:32:23 Livia Krancberg: During the night, we leaned on each other, and this way we dozed off. The children were crying, the sick were moaning, groaning, sneezing, coughing. Some of them fainted, others died. Yes, we traveled with corpses. Now, there were four pails, one on each corner of the car serving as toilet facilities. In just ten minutes or less, these buckets filled up and spilled over. By now people were standing in human waste. As the very, very young children asked their mummies take them to the bathroom, they were told to go in their pants. Little girls were told to go in their panties. Moreover, these children were told to drop these pants, panties to the floor. Can you imagine the stench? We traveled under these inhumane conditions for 4 days and 4 nights, after which time our train came to a halt, where they [unclear] of the locomotive. We held our breath and waited. Every second was a lifetime. Suddenly the doors opened. A flood of light blinded us, we were traveling in the dark. Instinctively, we lead our hands to our eyes, then we heard a commanding voice, leave your suitcases in the cars and come out with your purses on.

00:34:00 Livia Krancberg: Suitcases in the cars? The suitcases were everything we possessed. We were allowed one suitcase per adult. Children were not allowed suitcases. So there was a family of 7, 2 parents, five children - we had two suitcases. So, we refused to budge. Then we heard, one after the other, rifle shots into the air, and we realized that we had to obey orders. We're now out of the cars, we're on the ramp of Auschwitz. What tumult, what confusion. SS men with rifles on their shoulders and vicious dogs at their sides were pacing up and down the ramp looking for thrills. And thrills they created. Whenever an SS man saw a family huddled together in fear, they'd—he'd loosen his dog's leash. And this vicious, ferocious dog would jump onto these people, bite into their flesh, pull at their garments, and their cries for help were unanswered. Suddenly, a few shouts of orders rang out, and the men are separated from the women and marched off into a camp for men. And there was hugging and kissing. Honey, take good care of the children, I'll be back. What these men did not know was that even if they were to survive the war, their honeys and their children would not wait for them because their honeys and their children were taken right away into the gas chambers and gassed.

00:35:56 Livia Krancberg: A few more shouts of orders ring out, and the women are separated into two groups: one, two. In one group there were the old, the sick, the crippled, the pregnant women, plus all mothers with children from infancy to 14 years of age. Beautiful, young, strong children. Beautiful, young, strong mothers. This group was marched off to the gas chambers and gassed. My own mother was in this group. And the other female group where my sister Rose my sister Tovia, and I wound up. After Dr. Mengele made his selections there were the young, the single, the strong from about 15 to at most 49—48, 49 - over that, you

were gassed. This group was marched off into a camp for women called Birkenau. First thing that struck us was a peculiar smell. It was a sweetish, nauseating smell. Later, when we were in camp we found out that this was the smell of burning flesh. In the distance, we saw giant, red smoke stacks spewing smokey fireballs straight into the air. Uh-huh, I told my sister, Rose. My sister Rose had a two-and-a-half-year-old son, and a German soldier saved her life and she was forced to be gassed, but he saved her life. Put him in the arms of my mother. He knew that my mother being that she was in the 60s was going to be going to the gas chamber, and so he saved her life, and she saved my life.

00:38:12 Livia Krancberg: And so we thought that this is a labor camp and not a death camp. At one point in our marching, we stopped at an unending row of tables—women with scissors in their hands and a smirk on their faces cut our hair to the roots. Then we were taken to the shower rooms. We entered a tremendous, brightly-lit room. In the middle of this huge room, there were rows upon rows upon rows of columns. Around each column and around the walls there were low wooden benches with numbered hangers on hooks. We were ordered to undress until naked, hang our coats on the hangers, memorize the number of the hangers, fold our dresses, put them underneath our coats, remove our Jewelry, put them either underneath our dresses or in our shoes. And we better follow these instructions to the T if we wanted to recover our own clothes after the shower. But guess what? These SS men were masters of deceit because after the showers we never ever came back to this undressing room. Our clothes, plus the suitcases from the cars, were shipped to Germany. We're now in front of the door of the shower room proper. We were ordered to stretch our hands forward, separate our fingers, open our mouth. They searched us for jewelry.

00:40:06 Livia Krancberg: After the search was over, each of us received a bar of soap and pushed inside. The inside looked like something out of a picture book. Perforated pipes, big holes, and sheet metal pipes seemed to be [unclear] from the floor all the way to the ceiling. Before we could figure out what in the world these pipes were doing here, a group of men came and shaved our pubic hair and left. As the last man closed the door behind him, lukewarm water began pouring down from the ceiling. But three, four minutes later, without any warning, the water stopped coming. Most of us still had suds on our bodies. In the next room, before having a chance to towel dry ourselves, the same group of men came in, this time sprayed DDT [dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane] on our sudsy, naked bodies. We had to be disinfected. The men left. Then from behind the table, an angry-looking woman threw at each of us a raggedy, stained, faded dress, no slip, no panties. From behind another table, another woman threw at each of us a pair of shoes tied together with a string. But not all these shoes were matching. Sometimes they tied together a high-heeled shoe with a low shoe, a shoe size 9 with a shoe size 5,6, a lace shoe with a non-lace shoe.

00:41:48 Livia Krancberg: From here we were taken into Lager A, also known as the quarantine Lager, and pushed into a barrack. On both sides of the barrack, there were three-tiered bunk beds made of boards, twelve boards, two blankets on each bunk bed. We were ordered to occupy these bunk beds; eight of us to a bunk bed. But these bunk beds were—seemed to be constructed to accommodate only 4 people. So before we would figure out which way we are going to be sleeping tonight, we were ordered to come and get our supper. We lined up in front of at

least a dozen giant caldrons filled with black ersatz coffee—substitute coffee. I don't think there is such coffee here in the United States. The Stube-Dienst, a woman in charge with the food distribution and the cleaning of the barrack. She never did the cleaning herself, her helpers would do the cleaning. Gave each of us a tin bowl, warning us to hold onto it with our lives. No bowl, no food. The first woman held out her bowl, the Stube-Dienst poured a cup of black ersatz coffee into it. The woman was waiting for the rest of the meal to follow. Wasn't she told to come and get her supper? The Stube-Dienst, realizing this, thundered, verfluchte Jude, cursed Jew, that's all you're going to have for supper, one cup of black ersatz coffee, as long as you stay in this Lager.

00:43:40 Livia Krancberg: The next morning we found out exactly what our daily diet would consist of. In the morning we received a cup of black ersatz coffee with a thin sliver of bread. The bread was so thin that we had to eat it out of our palms. It was so thin that if you ripped it broke into pieces. Now we were supposed to eat this [unclear] breakfast in our bunk beds. I was hungry, I slowed down and started to sip the coffee, eat the bread, and the girl in the back of me didn't realize that I slowed down, and ran into me. I threw the coffee away, I had that much sense, whatever sense, not to burn myself. And the bread fell and broke into crumbs. And Stube-Dienst asked me to clean up the puddle of coffee and I said, sure. Please give me a mop or a rag. And she said you're going to clean it with your dress. And I said, but I have nothing underneath my dress. I have no panties, no-slip. You're going to clean it with your dress. Meanwhile, someone rushed to my sister Rose she was 7 years my senior. She was already in the bunk bed with my younger sister, Tovia. And they told her I was in trouble upfront, there. She came and introduced herself and said she was my sister and that she was going to clean up the puddle of coffee, and would she give her some rag or a mop, and she said, no, you're going to clean it with your dress. And my sister Rose without a moment's hesitation removed her dress, and there she was stark naked and started to soak up the puddle of coffee, ring the dress, put it on, went back in the barrack, in the bunk bed.

00:45:56 Livia Krancberg: And she was trying to share with me her slice of bread. I didn't want to take her slice of bread. So she said, Okay, you don't want the bread? Maybe the floor wants it. Then she was about to drop it, and then I grabbed the slice of bread. It's what she did all the time. This is how she fooled me. She made me really take the food that she really needed. And so, I cleaned—she cleaned up. We went, we ate. For lunch, we received a bowl of soup made of potato peels, maybe even potatoes. But the Stube-Dienst very very seldom mixed the soup. And maybe 2, 3 times a week. And she used to serve us from the top, tasteless, hot tasteless water. Now, why didn't she mix the soup? Because for that mass of potatoes and potato peels that fell to the bottom of the pail, she organized for herself clothes, cosmetics, jewelry. These were the clothes, the cosmetics, the Jewelry that we brought in our suitcases and our person, and before these things were sent to Germany, they had to be sorted out - shoes with shoes, dresses with dresses, coats with coats. And the sorting was done by hungry inmates like we were. So for a bowl of soup, they gave away the store. For supper, we received another cup of black ersatz coffee just like the evening before.

00:48:00 Livia Krancberg: Speaking of the evening before, we had a terribly restless night. Our shoes served as pillows, our tatters as sleepwear. At dawn, we were chased

out in the open for roll call. Roll call was held twice a day. In the morning, it started around 4 o'clock till 8,9,10, until the last woman was accounted for. In the beginning, we were hundreds of thousands of women, so we were counted and recounted and recounted. In the afternoon, roll call started around 4 o'clock until the last woman was accounted for. Now, during the wintertime, when temperatures would drop to below zero, 10 below, 20 below, lots of our women never returned back from roll call. They froze to death. We had no winter clothes. For those of us who did not freeze to death had to hold up these corpses. They had to be counted. And so we'd hold these corpses for sometimes 3,4,5 hours. And just before we got back into our barracks, we let these corpses fall into the deep snow. During the summertime, we had other problems. The scorching sun kept beating down on our bodies. Our faces, hands, arms got blistered up. Now when you have a blister, you don't think you're going to die. But in Auschwitz, a blister meant death because when Dr. Mengele made his selection, he looked for a blister. Therefore every time we'd be chased out in open when the Stube-Dienst helpers cleaned the barrack, first thing we'd look for shade.

00:49:59 Livia Krancberg: But there was hardly any shade. And so my sister Rose full of innovative ideas suggested that we make huddles, like football huddles. The women on the inside would be protected for a while from the sun, then they'd switch with the women on the outside. Now to protect our arms, we had short-sleeve tatters, short-sleeved tatters. My sister suggested that we move our arms from our sleeves, put them back inside our dresses. But one afternoon, a woman had no time to put back her arms outside the dress [stammers], and we usually help each other, but this day I couldn't figure out what happened. But there she was, in the doorway to get inside the barracks. The Stube-dienst saw, asked her what happened. The woman got tongue-tied, couldn't utter a word. The Stube-Dienst pushed her with all her might. She fell facedown. And with no hands to break her fall, she broke her nose. She took her to the infirmary and we never ever, never ever saw her again. One scorching afternoon in July we were very thirsty, we had no drinking water. Can you imagine having no drinking water for 8, 9, 10 month? So we saw the Stube-dienst bring a pail of water for her helpers to clean the barrack. My sister Rose suggested that we surround her and beg her to give each of us one sip of water. She refused to do that. In our desperation, we tried to force the pail out of her hands.

00:51:58 Livia Krancberg: But she was strong. She pulled to her side, and we pulled to our side. Most of the water fell on the ground. And whatever there was left in the pail, she herself spilled on the ground. Here, she said. And here we saw a puddle of water. We fell to our stomachs to reach that water. Then a tug of war ensued when hundreds piled one on top of the other pulling at hair and tatters and [unclear]. Each of us tried to reach that water. But that water was absorbed by the dry grounds in just five seconds. We remained in this Lager for about six weeks. During which time we were separated into transports. Some transports were sent to the front for the German pleasure. Other transports were sent to Germany to work in ammunition factories. My younger sister, Tovia, was in one of these transports. She survived. She has a hairdressing, hair-raising story of her own. But it took her 50 years to be able to talk about it. Other transports served as guinea pigs for Dr. Mengele's inhumane medical experiments to test the endurance of a woman.

00:53:54 Livia Krancberg: They would sterilize her, amputate her leg, maybe both. Remove a breast, maybe both. Without anesthesia, without any painkillers. Or they'd take this women and submerge them in ice-cold water until they passed out. Revive them, submerge them, pass out, at one time they couldn't be revived. Now he did this experiment to find out how much time they'll have to save one of their pilots, a German pilot if he's going to be shot down by our allies and fall into the ocean. How much time they're gonna have to save him. Or they would take bacteria and shove them down the girls' throat. I'd rather stop right here. Those of us who were not chosen in either of these transports were tattooed a number. This number served, this number was our name. We became nonpeople, and taken into two separate Lagers - Lager B, Lager C. Lager B was known as the Lager of the working women. The girls from there were working, were working outside the camp. Lager C, where my sister Rose, and I wound up, was known as the Lager of the rejects, waiting for room in the gas chambers.

00:56:00 Livia Krancberg: Now, unlike Lager B, that saw Dr. Mengele maybe once in 3, 4 months, we inmates in Lager C saw Dr. Mengele every week of our stay there when he came to do his selection. What's a selection? The process by which Dr. Mengele determined which women, how many women, and when these women should be gassed was called Selection. Come Friday, 12 o'clock, our barracks were locked and we were ordered to undress until naked. The initial reaction was always the same shock followed by hysteria. We'd run around the hall screaming, wailing, crying, saying goodbye to our friends. Then fifty naked women were taken out to the grounds. First fifty naked women, next fifty naked women. During the month of July, we were about 1,500 women, so there we formed a U-column outside on the grounds there was a piece of ground separating two barracks. So we formed a U-column of 1,500 naked women. This sketch was drawn by our daughter Beth, on very very short notice. By now she is Dr. Krancberg, teaching philosophy. Now if she hadn't drawn this, I wouldn't have been able to show how a selection took place. So in her absence, please give her a hand.

00:57:54 [audience applauds]

00:58:00 Livia Krancberg: What you see there on top is a truck. We called it the black truck. It was covered with black vinyl. In the middle of the ground, you see Dr. Mengele sitting on a chair. All the way down here you see the fifty naked women. From both sides of the rear entrance of the truck, you see a semi-circle with guards holding their bayonets inward. Now the first naked woman advances. Steps about two yards in front of Dr. Mengele and turns. We were supposed to turn. Dr. Mengele looks at her from her waist down. Never ever from her waist up. She has no blister, she still has some flesh on her buttocks, he points to the right, she runs back into the barrack, reprieved until next Friday. We saw him every Friday of our stay there. Now let's say the second woman advances, stops, turns, but she's emaciated, skin and bone. Dr. Mengele points to the left, and she knows that she has to go into the truck, but she knows that the truck is going to take her to the gas chamber. And if her instinct of survival tells her to make a dash for freedom, guess what. She runs into these bayonets. And so one such woman, she was shown to the left, instead of going into the truck, she tried to make a dash for freedom. Ran into these bayonets, bayonets here, bayonets here, bayonets here. Her whole body was covered with blood. We couldn't see a single inch of flesh, but she was

running, uttering, I want to live, I want to live. Until at one point she dropped dead about two or three yards in front of Dr. Mengele.

- 01:00:04 Livia Krancberg: The guards were so angry that she dared drop dead so close to Dr. Mengele that they approached her and pierced her corpse, time and time again. And blood was gushing, gushing like from a geyser and we closed our eyes and kept back a scream. So, wonderful people, whenever you hear the word selection, in conjunction with the Holocaust and the name Dr. Mengele, please remember what I just told you here. Dr. Mengele, whom we call the Angel of Death and who was responsible for the gassing of 2 and a half million Jews in Auschwitz, was protected by the uh, by some people in South America. And we know why because hate has no conscience. Those people hated the Jews, they protected a murderer. During the month of September, October, November, and December things began to happen with the speed of lightning. Lager B was closed. The women from there were brought into Lager C. Some of them were taken to Germany again, others were evacuated from the camp, but still others were gassed. Not going through this process of selection, the black truck would stop in front of a - during the night - in front of a barrack, the inmates would be loaded, taken to the gas chambers, and gassed.
- 01:01:47 Livia Krancberg: At the end of October, the War was winding down, and the Russians were right behind Auschwitz. So the SS men tried to erase the traces of their heinous crimes and detonated the gas chambers and the crematoriums. After we inmates cleaned the debris, the premises looked as if nothing was ever erected there, nothing. And so we have people who say that the Holocaust never happened. It's like saying our [unclear] never happened. We all have a [unclear]. It's like saying the Spanish Inquisition never happened. World War I never happened. Some of these hatemongers come up with mind-boggling stories. They say the Jews during World War II were smuggled out of Europe, taken to America, to the Soviets, to Israel. My question is, how did they do it? They took 12 million Jews out of 14 different countries, put them on rockets, delivered them to America. Anybody who does research accepted by the world at large knows that during World War II America did not accept the Jews. The Soviets didn't accept the Jews. Moreover, Israel did not exist during World War II. Israel was created after World War II.
- 01:03:43 Livia Krancberg: But these hate-mongers assume that their hate is the glue that keeps them together. Take away the hate and they fall apart. The Holocaust happened, and believe me, what I told you here was the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. The morning of January 15, 1945, to us, 1,500 leftover women in Auschwitz, looked just like any other morning - terribly cold, terribly dreary, this time with an oncoming snowstorm. At the end of roll call, we were told that the camp was closing and that we are going to evacuate. We were out in our tatters, hungry, even though our breakfast was just cup of coffee and a slice of bread. We begged for food, for blankets, the answer was forward, forward. At the last gate of Auschwitz, as the guards were busying themselves with opening the gates, a small group of women with the desperation of the [unclear], bare-handedly stormed a nearby warehouse with clothing and food. Most of them were met with their death, with the exception of a few. My sister Rose was a survivor. That break-in happened so fast I didn't even realize she was missing from my

side. But there I saw her dragging a blanket which she dived for quickly, threw it over her shoulder.

- 01:05:37 Livia Krancberg: We are now on the other side of the last gate of Auschwitz. The grounds were so heavily covered with snow that we couldn't even make out the road. The bitter cold pierced through our poorly clad bodies. Snow drifts beat our faces while the guards were whipping us to an ever-faster pace. Running was no good, I mean marching was no good. They beat us to the pace of running. My sister Rose and I were fortunate to withstand the rigors of the first day, but the next day my right foot swelled up and I told my sister to continue without me.
- 01:06:27 Livia Krancberg: Yeah? she said. Before I could figure out what that yeah meant I was on her shoulder. She took out a knife from the blanket, cut open my shoe, took a sweater, wrapped it around my foot, put me down. I could run again for 20, 30 feet down the road. My sweater got snow-laden and ice-laden, and I couldn't run any longer. This is how hundreds of our women lost their lives. They started out from Auschwitz without feet, without shoes on their feet. They had rags. Now in the camp, from one roll call to the other they had a chance to dry these rags. But here, with every passing minute more and more snow accumulated on these, on their rags. They couldn't run. They were shot, pushed to the side. It seems that all evacuees before us, we were the last one to evacuate, to evacuate the camp, took the same route. Because both sides of the road were covered with an uninterrupted trail of male and female corpses stretching for miles on end. This march in history is remembered as the Death March. But let's go back to my stolen sweater. I told my sister that was it. This time my sister put her life on the line. She walked out from the column, took off a pair of shoes from a male corpse, did it on the run, dragged the corpse. Took off one shoe, the other shoe, gave them to me. I put them on, I could run again.
- 01:08:27 Livia Krancberg: We ran like this for four days and four nights during which time we rested twice. Once in a shed with corpses, and once in a barn with sleeping cows. Picture the following, in the dead of the night young girls were pushed into a barn with sleeping cows. They fall on top of these cows. We start screaming. The cows don't know what happened, they stand up, they move in all directions. They want to get rid of these human screamers. Some of these human screamers used their intuitive sense and hold onto the horns of these animals, especially those girls who were born in villages and were familiar with cows. Others, city girls, never saw a cow, fell to the floor, were trampled to death. My sister Rose found the opening to the hayloft and with sheer strength, she pulled up three or four girls into the hayloft, saved their lives. And their thanks was that they stole her blanket. The next day we were loaded into open coal cars, coal cars with six to eight inches of snow. About three days later we arrived at the periphery of Ravensbrück, another infamous concentration camp. But I'm speaking about the periphery, the outskirts. The outskirts of like a garbage dump, and so there was the barrack we were pushed inside, an isolated barrack here on the outskirts. The weather corroded the wall of this barrack was full of holes inside. There was melting snow on the floor, and the bunk beds there were two, the most three, boards instead of twelve.
- 01:10:31 Livia Krancberg: My sister Rose and I saw that the girls were grabbing boards. We did the same thing. We accumulated four boards. We separated them, we slept

crosswise, our feet dangling downward, but we had no blankets to cover ourselves with. No blankets. Why no blankets? Because at the far end of the barrack there were about six, seven intact bunk beds with boards, blankets, and all. These bunk beds were occupied by a group of gentile women. They were evacuated before us, it seemed they had positions in Auschwitz like they were Stube-Dienst, barrack seniors, and big shots are always evacuated first, and they took the, were taking the same route, the same barrack. And they took the boards and blankets and didn't care what would happen to us. The same women were supposed to bring food to our barrack on daily basis, but they did so whenever they pleased, once in two days, once in three days. And so my sister Rose smuggled herself into the camp proper to beg for a crumb of bread and maybe a mug full of soup. And I say smuggled herself because she could have paid with her life. We were not supposed to go into the camp proper. And one day she was very late. I was very upset. I wanted to see what happened to my sister, but I was watching those four boards. Now saving two boards I thought was better than nothing. I put them underneath my shabby clothes. My armpits that were [unclear] hugged them close to my body, walked like a wooden soldier, went to look for my sister.

01:12:31 Livia Krancberg: Suddenly, an SS man appeared, an SS woman appeared in front of me as if now out of nowhere. I was supposed to get out of her way, but I was busy watching those boards. I didn't have time to get out of her way. She was so angry she took the truncheon and started to beat me all over my body. When she came to the side, she found the boards. She took the boards and started to pound over my head which I protected with my hands. Removed my hands, my head got it, put my hands back, my hands got it until I passed out. When I opened my eyes, I was in my sister Rose's lap who was crying and kissing my swollen hands. Suddenly I saw, we saw the gentile women come out from the kitchen with pails of soup. We watched to see whether they were coming to our barrack. They did not. And so my sister Rose and I followed them. As they stopped somewhere in a remote corner, took off the lids, started to eat, my sister went with her bowl to beg for a bowl of soup. Only her bowl, she told, she's going to share it with me. But they refused to give her any soup. The soup belonged to them as it belonged to us. And so my sister Rose forced her hands in one of these cauldrons. The woman got angry, took the lid, put it back on top of the cauldron, sat down on the cauldron, and her hands, her feet were dangling downward.

01:14:23 Livia Krancberg: But my sister's hand was caught inside. My sister Rose was screaming like a wounded animal from pain. The woman said, drop the bowl. I let your hand go free. But my sister knew no bowl, no food. Nobody's gonna give her soup in her palms, so she refused to drop the bowl. Two women kept me in place about two yards or three yards from the scene. And they didn't want me to help my sister free her hand. So I cried and I begged them. I said I could talk to my sister in my own language to drop the bowl. Oh, they heard drop the bowl, they let go of me. I approached the scene. I bend down to talk to my sister. I saw two dangling feet. The woman was on top and her feet were dangling. Something entered my mind, I grabbed those legs, lifted them with all my might. I don't know where I took that might from. The woman fell backwards, the lid came off, my sister removed her bowl, took my arm, we ran for our lives. They ran after us. And I was very happy my sister had nothing in the bowl because the bowl that she forced her hands into was just, I mean that the caldron was half full, and so her hand didn't

reach the soup. Had her hand reached that boiling soup, she would've blistered up and that would've been the end of it. My sister Rose was my mother, my father, my God. She stole for me, she fought for me, she starved for me.

01:16:21 Livia Krancberg: Whatever the cost she was determined to keep me alive. Three weeks later, we arrived at a small camp called Neustadt-Glewe. On May 8, 1945, we were liberated by the American soldiers. But not before my sister Rose and I, and another 3-400 women, came down with typhoid fever. We were removed from our barracks, taken to the outskirts of the camp, and left there, taken to a barrack, left there to die. We were given no food, no medicine, just one cup of black ersatz coffee in the morning and one in the afternoon. Miraculously, my sister Rose and I did survive. My sister Rose and I and maybe another three girls out of 400 survived. As I said, we were liberated by the American soldiers, and they came in in the morning, and they gave us food and chocolate and cigarettes, and food like ham and eggs in these cans. And girls took to this food as if there was no tomorrow. And there was no tomorrow for 300 girls. Their stomachs were not used to eat food. If you recall what our diet consists of, our stomachs were shrunk. And they ate, they blew up and died.

01:18:21 Livia Krancberg: In the afternoon, the Russians came in. They didn't have food, they didn't have chocolate, they didn't have cigarettes. And they said they're going to take us into town and let us go into German homes and bring whatever we want to. Of course, my sister Rose and I were just recovering from typhoid fever, and we couldn't even stand on our legs, you know. We were sitting. So, the girls came, came back with food and now they saw these other girls blew up and die, so they were more careful. They also brought back cereal and my sister made cereal and we started to eat maybe a teaspoon for every hour so to have our stomachs, to dilate our stomachs. We—the Russians took us to a camp. And this was in May and it was May, June, July, August, September, October. We were still there in that camp. And I was wondering when in the world the War is over? When are we going to be taken to our hometowns? And so the officers, the Russian officers in charge were stationed in town, and I had an idea. I took the prettiest girl from our camp. She was like a vision. I was terrible. Small, scrawny, ugly, but I had a mouth.

01:20:10 [audience laughs]

01:20:12 Livia Krancberg: I could talk. So I thought, I'll take that girl with me. They're gonna see that girl, they're gonna let us in. They're gonna stop her and ask us what we need, and that was true. Doors opened, gates opened, officers came out. I started talking, they look at her. I talk, I ask them, when in the world are we going home? They look at her, I talk, they look at her. They probably fantasize there with her. Didn't hear a word of what I said because the next day they come into our camp and say, there were some girls here and what were they talking about? So we told them and a month later we were brought back to our hometown. And Romania was occupied by the Russians there. Now these Russians here, they took care of us, they even took us to dances sometimes, but these Russians that we encountered at home were just soldiers roaming the streets, and we were, we were uh, we were afraid of these soldiers. There was a place that we called um, uh, Joint. It stood for Jewish Distribution Center. We ate there and they took care of us. And then one day, a Russian officer comes to our room. We were four girls

in one room. He comes in and introduced himself, salutes, speaks in a perfect German and asks us about, you know, Auschwitz. And then he looks at me and says, oh you remind me of my Jewish wife I left back in Russia. And he asked me to come to the headquarters with him, and eat there and socialize. And I thought, there is trouble in paradise.

01:22:52 [audience laughs]

01:22:53 Livia Krancberg: And so I went to the distribution center and I said, please give us some money, we have to leave. [phone makes noise] And they gave us some money, and we [phone makes noise]—they gave us some money and we went to the next—is there some trouble?

01:23:13 Speaker Two: No.

01:23:14 Livia Krancberg: Yeah [phone goes off again], we went to the next—oh the sound, okay. We're gonna live with it.

01:23:20 [audience laughs]

01:23:21 Livia Krancberg: So, we went to the next town and they told us that they made sure that some family would take care of us. And we get to that family, and who is that family? None other than my first cousin. And I couldn't believe my eyes. I saw three children, and I thought that they were taking care of some children. And they said, no these are my children. In other words, they were hidden out by some peasants during World War II. They gave them some money and they hid them there and they survived the War. And they gave us their governess room. And yes, they have a governor, a chauffeur, and they had a cook and maids. This is what happened to rich people in Europe. And so I remembered that I had a father, and my father was in the United States. He left in 1938 and he sent papers in 1942 to my mother to come to the United States and put down the names of all the children. We were eight children. And I personally go there to get visas, and I'm told that your mother can only get one visa for your younger sister, Tovia. The rest of you need separate papers. Your father has to send separate papers. My mother wouldn't leave the children there. So she didn't go over with Tovia to America. Unfortunately, we left her in Auschwitz. And from there, we smuggled ourselves to Budapest and there a Zionist group smuggled us to Austria. There was a displaced persons camp in Austria. People with no country, so we were called displaced persons camp. And we were run by American soldiers, and that's where I met my husband-to-be. And with time we were taken to Germany, this was Austria, we were taken to Germany. And then in the late [19]140s, President Truman submitted a bill to the Congress to let in 250,000 displaced people. Not only Jews, everybody. And so we came to the United States. Mazel Tov. Thank you, thank you.

01:26:31 [audience applauds]

01:26:45 Susanne Hillman: Will you take questions?

01:26:46 Livia Krancberg: Yes. But if I won't be able to answer, I'll just say no.

01:26:53 Susanne Hillman: Yes. Yes, you please.

- 01:26:55 Speaker Three: How many of your family survived?
- 01:26:58 Livia Krancberg: Well, my sister Tovia, my sister Rose, who then later in [19]84 died of lung cancer, unfortunately. And I had a brother, my brother Jack - he was in a labor camp. My other brother, Josef, he was a communist in the [19]20s, and he was very fashionable, you know, to be a communist, especially a Jewish guy. Learned the Talmud, you have to have [unclear]. So of course you're a communist. But communism was outlawed in Romania. And so they grabbed, took a hold of my brother, and they arrested him, and then he uh, my father bailed him out. And he was still doing what he did, and he went to Russia because you know this is the worker's paradise. He came to Russia and they told him, we don't need you. We have communists here. You go back and spread communism. And so he said, but communism is outlawed. They're killing us. Either way, he didn't want to go back, and they sent him to Siberia. He was ten years in Siberia, and he turned. He tells us how it was in Siberia, terrible. So, other question? Yes.
- 01:28:52 Speaker Four: When you came to the United States, what did you do? Did you start off in the East Coast, and somehow you wound up on the West Coast?
- 01:28:59 Livia Krancberg: Well, we came to the United States and I was fortunate to marry the man of my dreams, an intellectual, and we raised two beautiful and talented daughters. And in my memoirs, I just go to the time when we arrived in the United States because in the United States would be a sequel, a second. But I'm not writing that. So what we did, we picked up where we left off and we knew, you know, that we have to go on. And we just - and my husband worked and he had, previously he had an education in Poland; he went to university. And he wanted to go here to the university but we had, there was no money. And these societies, this women's society, we went there to ask for a grant or so on. Your husband, let him work in factories. We need factory help. But my husband was cut out for something else. And no, we need factory help, so he worked in factories. And he broke machinery and he was fired from one. And so, we had lots of miscarriages of justice in this country, financial miscarriages of justice. But once a survivor, always a survivor. But I remember in Austria, I got in touch with my father and I was smoking at that time. I was a chain smoker. Now I have emphysema. No, worse than that. What's the other one?
- 01:31:18 [audience shouts responses] COPD [Chronic obstructive pulmonary disease].
- 01:31:19 Livia Krancberg: Asthma. I have asthma. But you can hardly see it because I have some special exercises. I do it, I'm very persistent in many, many things. And so, my husband as I said, he—I worked till I was 73. I worked to help my husband make ends meet. He was 72 when he earned his doctorate. Yes, and my younger daughter, Beth, she was 52 when she earned her doctorate. And then I picked up my dream of writing at 78. And I wrote, I started writing and I never stopped. I wrote four plays. Three of mine were produced and staged here in San Diego at the Community Actors Theatre. I hope maybe one of you have some connection with a famous theater-like here. Old Globe for example.
- 01:32:36 [audience laughs]

01:32:40 Livia Krancberg: And you can help me. I have my, one of my plays which is called Rendezvous with Fate. It's a slice of my life and it's a historical play. It's true, everything that I have there is true, and I have a brush with fate, and it's written, I guess, the background of the reign of an anti-Semitic party, and I have my problems and I'm supposed to be killed. I'm supposed to be among 400 Jews to be killed, and in comes a gentile classmate of mine. He was in love with me, I was in love with someone else, who was in love with someone else.

01:33:30 [audience laughs]

01:33:32 Livia Krancberg: I wouldn't give him the time of day. He was supposed to call me by my last name, Miss Szabo. Everyone called me Livia. I didn't want him to be too close, you know, ask me on a date. But he came in there that night before I was supposed to be killed, and my family, and he saved my life. If he hadn't saved my life, I wouldn't have been, I wouldn't have gone to Auschwitz, or be here. And so what I did - he died during the War - so I have inscribed his name. I gave some money here to the La Jolla Jewish Community Center. And they have a place where they inscribe the names of the righteous Christians. Righteous Christians are those—are known as those Christians who during the War put their own lives on the line, and have saved Jewish lives. So his name, that's all I could do. His name is inscribed here. He died during the War.

01:35:51 Susanne Hillman: Livia, shall we allow people to come up individually if they have - I think you've talked for - you've given a wonderful presentation, and some people might like the opportunity to approach you in person.

01:35:07 Livia Krancberg: Yes.

01:35:08 [audience laughs]

01:35:11 Susanne Hillman: Please join me in thanking Livia.

01:35:11 [audience applauds]