record it in due time. This was more or less my life, as I remembered it, in the open ghetto, with gradual tightening of the noose, as it were. Opposite us - we lived in a corner house in this " Ulica Balonowa", eight, I think. I'm getting mixed up with languages! It was a corner house. Opposite us on the one side were public baths and they used to bring, if there was an "aktzia", they used to bring Jews in lorries there, for their bath. From there they used to take them and shoot them or whatever in "Piaski" or "Yanovski", but that is not what we knew at the time. The story was that they were taken to work camps and maybe at that stage they still partly were. I'm now talking about the months....I mean altogether, I was only in "Balonowa" for a year, so I'm talking now about autumn '42, sorry, autumn '41, winter '41-'42 and spring '42. And then came summer '42. It was a very hot summer and in August came a famous "aktzia" in Lvov. It was the beginning of the end, actually, that particular "aktzia". It was called "Aktzia Sierpniowa" and it was, I think, perhaps the first "aktzia" on a very general scale. Up to then, they had been limited in scope and people who had work permits were still spared and it wasn't obvious that it was the end, though I think....I mean, people used to still perhaps kid themselves, have the illusions that it wasn't. But on the very first day of that particular "aktzia" they were rounding up children and they came to take me. This was early in the morning and what I remember, and as I said to my mother, we were told to dress and I started dressing and my parents

started dressing. I don't know why they had to dress because it was hot, but I suppose they dressed anyway. What I remember saying to my mother, she said to me, "Well, don't worry. There will be no more..." She basically said to me in Heaven there'll be no more "actions" and I'll be happy there and I said, "No, I want to live still." I sort of still remember saying to her, "Well, I don't want to get to Heaven just yet." And then my father was putting on his hat and then the soldier in charge, or not the soldier, presumably the Gestapo in charge, asked my father, "Why are you dressing? You've got to go to work. You've got your work card." And my father looked at him and said, "Well, what would you do if your child was being taken?" The guy turned around and went and left us.

Q: Wow!

A: Which is probably fairly unique story. I don't know to what extent, I mean this was obviously a guy who was doing his job and not thinking much about it and something must have struck there and he left us. Well then, of course, this was only the beginning of the "aktzia". The next few days, I think, were spent....because we were a corner house we were probably spared because some soldiers, some Gestapo were coming from the one side and leaving it for those from the other side and the same happened to those from the other side so that we were spared, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that this couldn't last and my parents, after great....they decided that they would at least want

to get me out of the house and they arranged for me to go their friends in the Polish area, to their Polish friends, to a Polish area. I don't remember how I was taken there, but I was, and I was deeply, deeply unhappy there. I think that I had decided by that time that I actually, much as I wanted to live, I didn't want to survive on my own, so I decided I wasn't going to stay there and I actually ran away from these people. This was the other end of Lvov. I can't remember what the road was called - probably if I saw the map of Lvov I'd find it - and I made my way back to the ghetto using a subterfuge because the "aktzia" was going on. So I decided that in order not to be stopped, wherever I saw police, either the Gestapo or the Ukrainian police - there was a lot of Ukrainian police in Lvov - I would go up to them and ask for the way because I worked out that if I went up to them and asked for the way, they wouldn't come up to me and ask me what I was doing. So this way I got to the....it took a long time because it must have taken at least...I think it probably took something like two hours for me to walk that way, and I got to the edge of the ghetto and then I was, of course, faced...now, I said to myself it won't help now because if yo go up to them now they'll stop you, so then I just ran from one doorway to another and I got to the house in "Balonowa" Street, with my mother literally being held by my father back, wanting to commit suicide, jumping through the window, because they somehow got told that I'd run away and they probably thought I'd been taken. So this is what it

was. Then there was still a few days of "aktzia" and again, somehow, we escaped, probably because of the position of the house. Also I think the "aktzia" was slowly sort of subsiding. But I remember then very clearly one night when...we had one bed. My parents and I slept in one big bed - I slept in the middle between them - and they started talking about what to do in order to save the child - me. And they decided that because my father was circumcised, it was to be my mother who was going to go with me and try to hide amongst the non-Jews. And from then on, I think, the "aktzia" stopped, but they were looking towards purchasing false documents and escaping basically. And I remember again the day that we actually got the documents. At that point I was learning, I was told to learn all the prayers in Polish. As I said before, my Jewish...from before the war I do remember my grandmother reading me stories from the Bible, just as she read me Heine or Goethe actually. My grandmother did not have a formal education, but she read a lot of poetry and she liked classical music and I think that any education that I got was probably from my grandmother before the war. And I think I must have gone to a synagogue once or twice. And I recited the prayer, but I'm not quite sure, I think it was just a sort of very basic...I think it was "Baruch ata adonai", but not in Hebrew, in Polish. A translation which I think was also probably close to what the non-Jews use. I'm not sure. Anyway, then I started a sort of crash

course, just before we left the ghetto I started this crash course on litanies.

Q: Who taught you? Do you remember?

A: Yes, my mother bought a little...No, she got a little prayerbook and from it...

Q: Who was arranging the false papers? Do you know?

A: Now that yes, I do know. I think this is going to be part of the story still. It was a man called Moshkovsky, either Moshkovich or Moshkovich, I'm mixed up because there was somebody who either was Moshkovich who was a doctor, a family doctor before the war. I think it was Moshkovsky, actually, but it doesn't matter. It was a man and I'm not sure how my parents knew him. He was Polish and I think it was via my father's uncle, Yulek Bogner, who was also a lawyer and with whose son, Jerzyk, I used to play a lot.

Q: Who was killed.

A: Who was killed. That whole family was killed. I'll come to that because that's part of the next installment. At that time, this man basically arranged, I don't think they were false documents. I think they were genuine documents that somebody just sold and she probably pretended that she had lost her documents. So we actually bought documents in the name, my mother had the name "Romualoa Buzacka" and she was meant to be the cousin of a family in Tlumacz, which is where we went to live. This was by now either November, I think it was

probably about November, '42. I don't know. Maybe not. Maybe even October, '42. So that's how we got, we bought the documents basically. And I remember very clearly the day that my father took us for the last time outside the ghetto and my parents both had the band with the Star of David and I was under the age of nine, so I didn't still. I wasn't. I was actually nine. Maybe it was the age of ten. Anyway, I didn't have the band. And on the way we had a quite a long way to go, passing both first the Jewish area and then the less Jewish area and we passed a bread queue by a shop in already, I think, past the Jewish area. There was a queue for bread and there was a girl standing in that queue - I think she was Ukrainian, and I don't know how I know, but that's the impression I've always held - who was perhpas fourteen and had a little child in her arms, walked out of the queue and hit me in the back, for no good reason, I mean for no reason whatsoever. Just probably because my parents had the Star of David. That, of course, stuck in the memory, and then we parted with my father and went with this man. I think we possibly spent the night in his house - I'm not sure - and we took a train to Tlumacz. I remember the moment that my mother, once we were past, she took off the band.

Q: So your father stayed?

A: And my father stayed, but the idea was that they would somehow try to hide, both my grandparents and my father, but not with us, because there was additional risk in having a man who was circumcised, so that

generally quite often, women and children tried to hide separately from the men. And I remember the train journey and we landed in this village. It was a village called Tlumacz, which was near Stanislavov which I know is near the Rumanian border. And there we went to live with this family, Moszoro This was a husband and a wife I presume in their forties, or maybe in their fifties - I really don't know. To me they were quite old at the time, whatever that meant.

Q: They were Ukrainian?

A: No, they were Poles. He was the head of the post office, local post office. It was a small town.

Q: They knew you were Jewish?

A: They knew. We were paying them. This was a purely business arrangement. We were going to pay them a certain monthly sum of money. My mother was meant to work for them virtually as a servant. My mother whom my father wanted to spare the hardships of living in America. And it was purely a business arrangement. They were risking their lives, but they were being paid for it. They did not do this out of any altruistic motives. This is how a new life, as it were, started. And on these false documents I was meant to be two years younger than I really was and I was very small anyway, so this was not a problem. My name was Maria Theresa Monica Buzatcka - quite a mouthful! But I was called "Lilka". My name is Alice. And I had to pretend that I was - at that time this was '42, so actually I was already nine and a half - I was

to pretend I was seven and a half. And I didn't go to school at the beginning, but I started playing with the local children.

Q: You were as their family?

A: Yes, that's exactly it. The arrangement was that we were, I think that my mother was supposed to have been the niece of this person. It was a woman and her husband. They had a daughter who was not yet married, had a boyfriend who was a local doctor, and three of their sons had been deported by the Russians. And there was also her sister, who was an elderly lady. I think they must have been not in their forties, probably in their fifties.

Q: Did they treat you well?

A: Well, I'll tell you. They treated us...

Q: Okay.

A: It's difficult. They didn't torture us. They made my mother work hard, but they were not....I don't remember them with love or with gratitude because whatever they did, they....And also they did things that were really not very nice, like when my mother was ill, she had high temperature, they wouldn't call a doctor because they said that the doctor would recognize that she was Jewish. And they were talking amongst themselves what will they do if she dies because "Where are we going to bury her?" And that's in my presence. And when I had a toothache, they wouldn't take me to the dentist also at the beginning because they reckoned that the dentist would straight away see by my

teeth that I was Jewish. So that's the sort of level, and the level of prejudice and anti-semitism. At the beginning I think it was moderately okay. Then, as time went on, I once overheard, once a girl told me, "You dirty Jew."

Q: One of the playmates?

A: One of the playmates, older girl. And I got very, very scared and I didn't want to tell my mother because I reckoned that it would only worry her. I suppose that you know all about this, but I was far more mature than an eight-and-half-year-old, that all children in that period were really quite grown up in one way. Not in other ways, but as far as the awareness, so I thought that there wouldn't be much sense telling my mother, but I had night after night, I don't know whether they were real nightmares or whether they were dreams or whether they were semi-dreams. I always thought that there were Germans coming and I was planning escape routes. And this must have taken quite a long time. it was a nightly exercise - I still remember these plans. And what was I doing? Well, I wasn't going to school. My mother was teaching me again. My mother actually taught me and I played a lot of games with my mother, a lot of paper games, making up little words from long words and names of towns. And also watching very closely the maps because we were getting some sort of news, so I learned to look at the Russian map and reading between the lines. I think that, as far as I

know, at the end of '42, Stalingrad must have been already at the end of '42 and so that from then on...

Q: You know that?

A: Well, we didn't know, but we knew that there had been something. At the same time, about March, 1943, my mother got a letter telling her that my grandparents had been killed.

Q: They had stayed in the ghetto?

A: They had stayed, but not in the ghetto. They also went into hiding, some sort of hiding within somebody's house, upon payment, and apparently my grandfather - and this I learned much later - my grandfather - actually it's probably a rather touching story which I always like to tell - my grandfather was the eldest son in an orthodox family and he was obviously destined to become a yeshiva student, but in fact he didn't like the idea and he wanted to study mathematics. So he actually ran away from home and was going to study mathematics except that he met my grandmother, who was a great beauty, and he fell in love with her, but the grandmother's family didn't think that a mathematics student could support her and they said no go. And he actually tried to take poison and the story went that his stomach had always been sensitive ever since this time - I don't know whether that's true, but this is the romantic story that I was told. And why I'm saying this is that this man whom I always remembered as suffering stomachaches, not being a very healthy person, and who by that time