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He used to give my father whiskey, every-time my father helped him or gave him some ideas.

Farther down the road from Madame Vidal lived a family of Italian ancestry. The family had a boy a little older than I, and a girl, 4 years younger than her brother. His name was "Jacquie" and hers was Cordera. (A little while before I received a "Hello" from them) We used to go together in the nearby fields (the boy and I) and bring the cows and oxen into the barn. At first I was afraid of the animals. My parents often went to the nearby town, just like we did in Serignac. The nearest towns were: the right end of the road leads to VILLEMUR 5 miles away, and the other end of the road leads to VILLEBRUMIER, also about 5 miles distant.

My mother and some refugee friends left for the town of VILLEMUR. They told us not to come with them this time. They were going shopping. We wanted to go very much. (We had been there before). About an hour after my mother and her friends had left, my sister and I decided to follow them. Our father was asleep at home. We started to walk out of VARENNE. After a half hour we were halfway in VILLEMUR. We rested every once in a while. As we began to walk again, I said I heard an airplane motor. A minute later I thought it was a motorcycle. I was right. I could see it already. As it was getting nearer I saw that it was an Army motorcycle. It slowed down near us. The 2 men on it waved at us. I asked my sister if I should motion for them to stop. But she said not to. It would take us a few minutes that way to get to VILLEMUR. Anyway, the motorcycle rode by, and was out of sight. We continued our walk. It was very tiresome. A half hour later I heard the motor again, this time from the other end. I could see it coming now. We decided not to finish our trip to VILLEMUR. This time I waved my hand, and they saw it and stopped. They soon understood what I meant, and we hopped on. It was a "side-car" motorcycle. My sister and I sat in the side-car. It took us 5 minutes to be in the village again. As we rode past the village store all children looked at us. I showed them which house, and they stopped. They wanted to know where they could get some wine. I think they were drunk already. When my father found out about this he was very mad at us. I don't blame him. As time passed we decided not to stay in VARENNE. We packed our belongings and were ready to leave. We bade farewell to everyone we knew. Since it wasn't "bus" day we had to walk to VILLEMUR. My father had learned of a short-cut to VILLEMUR. Our whole family did not mind walking. On the way we talked, and once in a while sat by the roadside. Soon we could see the "TARN" River, which runs through VILLEMUR. Our trip was almost over. As we reached the town-square where the "Hotel De Ville" stood, we sat down on a bench and waited for our bus. The bus arrived. Before we boarded the bus, I remember we went into the cafe near the City-Hall. There we drank something. Then we walked across the town square, to our bus. We were leaving for TOULOUSE, one of France's largest cities. Finally we were going to live in a city. The bus trip lasted about 2 hours. Finally we reached TOULOUSE.



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We descended our bus. In a few minutes we found the "Alleees Lafayette, like a park, and sat down on a bench. Meanwhile our father went away to arrange things. Not before long we found a home on the "Rue Periole" very near to the "Gare Du Midi" (Central Station-Gare Matabiau). I cannot start to tell of some of the things that happened because it will really take too long. I remember one evening on a friday, we had just walked across a wooden bridge, and just as we reached the "Canal du Midi on the Boulevard Riquet, we heard shouts. Then we saw an armored car full of German soldiers. It scared us very much, and we started back home. I want to explain that although this section of France was "unoccupied" there were German soldiers living in TOULOUSE, but they would not order anything. We were in TOULOUSE for 4 months now. I should have said before that we were paid through the French Government.

One day our father came home and told us that there was a camp set up, special for refugees about 40 miles from here. As far as he heard everyone is going there, and they think it is very good there. I imagine our parents idea was that we would be much better off going there. It was called a Camp. My father found out where the train was leaving. Everything was arranged. The weather was already getting cooler. We crossed the bridge and boarded a tramway. It was about 6 AM. In twenty minutes we reached an open place out of town. There were very many people there. It looked like a railyard. As we were there we met some old friends. We met some friends from Antwerp. There wasn't a train in sight. After almost freezing, we saw a train; a freight train. We were sure that was not our train. But it was. Once more we were to be on a freight train. It was a very cold morning, damp and foggy. Everyone was aboard. There were no doors on the "box cars". The train did not go fast anyway. Most people were sitting on some straw that lay on the floor. In a minute we arrived at the Gare Matabiau in TOULOUSE again. Then we were on our way again. It was a tiresome trip. Finally we reached a small town station. The town's name was GAILLIAC. We were all bunched together in a long line. The train left and we all began to walk. There were about 400 persons. In a few minutes we reached a bridge over the "TARN" river. As we reached the opposite side we saw wooden barracks. At last we were in the "good camp". First all the people were told to enter the mess hall where we were given potatoes and a small piece of meat. Don't think it was like this often. There were large sign on the walls - SILENCE. After we were through we were assigned to our barracks - our homes. The barracks were made from wood. There were 2 entrances at the ends of the barrack, and one main entrance at the side. In the middle of each barrack was an open space. Every morning at about 10 A.M. e. day there came a man with the bread. I don't remember how many grams of bread we received, but I know it was very little. Well- at last we were in the camp. In the beginning I liked it there, but as time went by-no. Most people there were jewish. There are 4 sections in each barrack, and each section has about 9 people. Everything there made it look like a "concentration camp" - Around the camp was a dense forest. My friends and I used to go down there. I will give an idea of the kind of life we led: After getting up from the hard wooden "bed", we usually went outside to clean the mattresses, and blankets. There was a special barrack