

We'd like to resume our discussion now with Mrs. Halina Kleiner. Would you like to continue?

Yes, I think I remember where we stopped. I think I was at the point where I told you that the lady decided I better go out, because she was very scared for herself. And for me, she came and said, I'm afraid they'll find you here and I'll kill you and you have to go.

Well, you have to go. I have to go. I absolutely had no place to go. But she gave me a bag of food. She gave me I think a loaf of bread and a bottle with tea, and some hard boiled eggs. And she did give me some shoes, some wooden shoes, because I had no shoes. As I remember, it was September. It was September. It was still warm. But of course, I couldn't just walk barefooted.

And she didn't have any proper shoes, but she had some wooden shoes that she gave me. And so I put them on, and towards the evening, I walked out. And I just had no idea what to do. I wished I was together with all the Jews. But I was scared.

With all the Jews who had gone--

Who had gone wherever.

Just to be with someone.

Just imagine being alone, and not having anybody to go to, and not knowing where to go, and not having-- I had no money. And even money wouldn't have helped. Well, what I did was, go to the cloister, to this-- that I told you before, it was the cloister is at one end of the town. It's like on the edge of town.

And what moved me, I don't know. I just thought that, well, it's away from a lot of people. And maybe I thought of going out of town, maybe to a village or something. But it was already nighttime. And I didn't want to walk at night. So I just thought to myself to go there, in that direction, and stay, maybe just lay down, and you know, on the ground and then-- I don't know. Maybe I thought that people there would not harm me.

I really don't know why I went there. Anyway, I did go and I laid down in the church under an embankment. And I either slept, or just laid there, and waited until the morning. And this was a Saturday, I remember. It was a Saturday night.

And early in the morning, I got up. Because I knew that I can't just lay there. And you know, the Poles knew exactly who the Jews are. You couldn't really hide. And I was a Semitic looking child. I didn't have blonde hair. My hair was dark, and dark eyes and. Even if you were blonde, they knew that were Jewish. Somehow, they were able to distinguish Jews.

So I got up very early in the morning, and I started walking down the road away from the town. And I thought to myself, maybe if I come to some kind of a village, maybe I'll be able to hide out. I just didn't have any thoughts or any plan, because there was no way to have a plan.

I walked for maybe three kilometers or so, and I came upon the village. And since it was Sunday morning, the village was quiet, because they didn't get up as early as weekdays. And there was nobody around. And I just walked. And all of a sudden, I spotted a burned out little house.

Now, a Polish village then, looked very much like what you would see in picture books, thatched roofs, and a little road, and small houses on each side. And maybe I don't know, how many houses, but you could count them, maybe to 20, or maybe less. I don't know.

Well, I saw this burned out little house. There were just walls. The walls were burned out. There was a roof. And I walked inside of there and, I looked around for a place, maybe thinking, maybe I can hide there for a few days. And

there was a chimney, a brick chimney, that was standing that wasn't burned, because it was brick.

And I was able to-- don't ask me how, but I had this package of food that I couldn't part with, because I knew that I needed to eat something if I'm going to hide for a few days. So I had a belt around my coat, and I discovered that there was a horseshoe built in to this brick chimney, like halfway.

And I guess if you have to, you improvise. And I tied this package of food with my belt to this horseshoe, and somehow, I was able to get myself up that brick chimney to this loft, to this attic loft. And once I got up there, I just leaned down and pulled that package of food up.

And all of a sudden, I found myself in this hayloft. It wasn't really a hayloft. It was like a roof, a [? natted ?] roof, and there was some straw. And all of a sudden, it was very comfortable. I was there. I had a roof over my head. I had the loaf of bread and a bottle of tea, and some hard boiled eggs. And I said to myself, well, I'm going to stay here, and as long as I can. And if I ration my food, I can last.

How wide was this was the circumference of this whole area?

Maybe a little bigger than the stage, maybe a little bigger than the stage. Because these houses were really very small. It was like a one room house, or maybe a two room house. And this attic was just above that house with a thatched roof. And I was able to observe the life of that village.

Now, this house was across from a another house that people lived. And I looked through the boards, you know. They weren't very tight. There were spaces between. And I watched this family get up in the morning. And there were children, and they worked. They had animals.

And a Sunday passed, and I ate a slice of bread, and I drank a drop of tea. And somehow, I managed. I was hungry, but I guess I had still enough on me, on my body to last.

And you were conserving food.

I was conserving food. And actually, I just knew that I'd better. And I slept that night, and it was quite comfortable, because there was straw. And it was great. I somehow felt safe. But then in the morning, I was awakened by a commotion. And I saw that some people arrived. I don't know from where, with a wagon, and to this family that I was observing.

And they went to the fields. And they were digging for potatoes. It was the harvest. And they dug a whole day. I later on I that they were digging the potatoes out from the ground. And towards the end of the day, the two men walked in to underneath where I was laying, to this burned out house. And all of a sudden, I heard them say that they are going to just take a look to see what's going up there.

And I can't begin to tell you how I felt. I just didn't know what to do with myself. I just knew it was dark in that area, and I crept into the corner. And I just curled up and I was hoping that maybe they would just take a look and they won't see me.

But they jumped up there, and they looked around. And as they got used to the darkness, they naturally saw me there. And they were very astounded to see, and they said, who are you? What are you doing? And I gave them a story, that I thought I'm giving them a story that I lost my parents. I don't some, kind of baloney. Which of course, they didn't buy.

And they knew. They said right away, you are Jewish girl, and you ran away. And they said, it's all right. Don't worry. We are not going to harm you. And at that point, the man that came that morning told me that he came from the town. And that they are still doing the action, that it's still going on.

And he told me that there are some Jews that they took, and put in a certain place. He told me the location where they are, that they are working from there. It was an old movie which was located near the big church that I told you about.

And he told me that they took a few hundred Jews, and they were there just as a point of interest.

But they said, you can stay here. And don't worry, we are not going to reveal that you are here. And the man that lives across is going to bring you food. And you can stay as long as you can stay. So I was relieved. At least there was somebody that knew about me.

And I was hoping that they meant what they said, that they are not going to turn around and bring some Germans, and drag me out, which happened a lot of times, whether that scenario happened more often than the other way. But I was lucky that they were decent people.

And at night, they brought a stepladder as it got dark, and the children were asleep, and the village was quiet. They brought a stepladder, and they took me down, and they brought me to their house, and I could wash up. They gave me something warm to drink. And then they brought me back and I slept in the loft.

Were these men with families of their own children?

Yes, yes, yes, and somehow, they probably identified they were good people. And I was there for three days. And they used to bring me food three times a day, so I didn't have to ration my own food anymore, at least I didn't have to worry about food. It was more than three days. It was almost a week that I was there.

Towards the end of the week, I was awakened one early morning. I heard somebody came, and there was some commotion. And all of a sudden, the man from the village came up and said, you know, we just heard that the Germans are looking for Jews. Because they know that some ran away. And he's so scared that they are going to come by here.

And he said, I don't want them to find you here and kill you, because I'm scared. He was scared for himself, that they might think that he was helping. And they didn't want to see anything terrible happen, because it's not very pleasant to be a witness to some atrocities happening in front of your eyes. Some people thrive on it. Some other people can't watch it.

But mainly, they were scared for themselves. They didn't want to be involved. And they said, you must leave. So again, I was faced with the predicament of, where am I going to go now? Well, at that point, I decided that I can't take this anymore, that I can't be hiding. Because there is nobody that is going to take me in and help me.

And I couldn't deal with it. And I decided that I rather be with everybody else, and whatever happens to everybody, will happen to me. And it's fine. I can't deal with this by myself. I just didn't have the stamina or the strength. So in my head, I decided to go back to town. And I remembered that he told me that some of the Jews were in a certain area.

And I thought that maybe, I'll be able to infiltrate the back, and be with the Jews, and come what may. And that's what happened. I walked back that morning, and I knew where this place was. And sure enough, the Jews were there. This was an old movie house that they converted to a holding area.

And from there, in the morning, people they took them to certain workshops. So in the morning, they brought everybody out. And there was a water wagon, water dripping, and people took water to drink and they washed up. And they assign people to go to work.

And as they were milling around-- and this was in the middle of the street, and Poles were walking around. So I could just mingle. And I observed what is going on. And at one point, I just snuck in, and instead of pretending to be on the other side, I was back being a Jew together with everybody else.

And the people around me realized that I came in. And of course, they just put some arm band on me, because everybody was wearing it, so that I wouldn't be conspicuous.

You were immediately recognized by them. So they--

Yes, of course. Of course. And I think we got some bread to eat, some loaf, or a little piece of bread to eat. And we were assigned to work. And we were cleaning a park. We were cleaning the leaves, or digging something, or whatever. I don't know.

And I must tell you, that I was so happy to be back together with my people, that I worked that day like a maniac. Still, you must realize that I was a very young child. And there were older people there. There wasn't just children. There were just mainly young people, because the old ones, they took to the trains.

So they told me to just take it easy. But you know, I couldn't explain to them how I feel, that I was so elated to be with everybody, and not to have to worry about what is going to happen to me the next minute. I mean, I knew that things are not good, but whatever will happen with everybody, will just happen with me. And at that point, it was fine.

So even though you knew that you could manage for a time on your own, you could survive in solitude, it was more important to be with others.

No, it wasn't the solitude. Because I couldn't survive, if I would have known that I could survive on the outside, I would have taken that sense. It just that I knew that I cannot survive. Because you see that twice they told me that I have to go. So there was no way. Where could I have gone? To another village?

You felt the same thing would have just reoccurred.

Not that, but maybe the next time I would have met some people that were hostile.

They would have turned you in.

Or the Germans. They also knew that people ran away. And you know, I wasn't looking very kosher anymore. Because I was on the run. I was a fugitive. I was a Jewish fugitive. So I felt safe being with everybody. And I realized consciously that whatever happens, even if they take us to the trains, and they gas us tomorrow, this is what will happen with me that will happen with everybody else.

So it was a sense of fatality? A sense of acceptance.

Right. At least I couldn't just think for myself, and run by myself at that point.

As a 12-year-old child, to be all alone without having anybody must have been terrifying.

Yeah, yeah.

So just to have other people around.

The security of my own people around me.

I could understand that.

I felt safe with everybody. Now, you probably won't believe what I'll tell you next. But when we came back to this place at night, as I said, this was a movie house. And the accommodations were the floor, the bare floor with some straw. And a few people were just lined up on both sides of the-- or maybe a row in the middle, and just people were lying down.

And I happened to just lay down here, I don't know. I guess I just lay down, and there was a man near me. And he saw me come in. He knew that I just came in. And he started to ask me, who I am, what is my name. And I told him. And I said, yes, I said I just came. He said, what is your name again? And I told him.

And he said, just wait here a minute. I have to check something out. And he went to the other part of this area, and he came back. And he whispered to me, your father is here. And I just couldn't believe it. I said, well, show me where. I

want to see him. And he said, your father doesn't want to make a commotion now, because he doesn't want anybody to know about it. Because he was afraid that maybe somebody will say something, and maybe the Germans will hear.

You know, people were just scared. And my father I think, this was something that happened to him right after the Germans came. And they divested him of his manhood by taking away his business, and his way of making a living, that he became very scared. He was almost scared of his shadow. He used to be afraid to walk in the street. Because I remember, he used to sometimes come home and say, that they looked at him, that the Germans were--

And it so happened, I remember that my mother became at that point, the strong one in the family to take charge of surviving. That if she had to go and get some food from the Polish lady, it was her that went, and perhaps, took off her arm band when the ghetto was still open. My father was very scared.

So I'm telling you this for you to understand why he was scared to come to me at that particular moment. He just wanted it to--

He wanted to be inconspicuous.

Inconspicuous. He was afraid of maybe somebody is going to denounce me to the Germans, and something will happen. But the man said, in the morning when everybody goes out to the street, then you will meet him. And it won't be as conspicuous. And sure enough, imagine how I waited for this morning. And it finally came, and we walked out, he was there. My father was there. And we were reunited.

But unfortunately, for a very, very short time. Because that same morning, they made another selection. And they told us that we are not going to go to work, because they are making another selection. You know what a selection is? Well, my father was very scared that they would take me. Because I was a child, and they didn't keep children.

So he told me to take some makeup, some rouge from an older woman, and put some maybe on my face, so that I look a little older. And that I should stand erect. I should look well. Because he was afraid that they'll take me. But they took a couple hundred men, and he was among them. And they took them that same morning. And that was the very last time that I saw my father.

He also told me that while I was in the house running away, he told me that my mother was there, at and that they took her away with a transport. They found her eventually, and they brought her to another selection point. And she went on the trains with everybody else. Where they took him, I really don't know if they took the men to Treblinka at that point, or I don't know.

Well, I was there. I was left. And at that point, I knew that I'm all alone, but I guess the survival instinct is in every human being. And I was surviving. There was a factory. Now, before that they finally finished the Judenrein. That means that they cleaned out the whole city.

And they left a few thousand people. And they incarcerated us in a very small area in the ghetto, very tiny area. And they used some of us to clean out the ghetto. That meant that we were going from house to house, and assorting all the things that people left, you know, bedding, and clothing, and pots, and pans, out from the houses down to the yards.

And they were utilizing it. I don't know what they did they needed at that point. They needed to do many things for the front, and for the soldiers. I don't know what they did with it, but they were we were the Kommandos that did this type of work.

I happened to be in one of the Kommandos that cleaned out my house. And when I came there, whatever was there, I was able to gather all my pictures. And I was able to smuggle them into the ghetto. You see, people used to smuggle things, you know, and yourself, you try to bring into the ghetto little items, like a sheet, or whatever, because you could bargain or barter for some food.

But you risked your life. Because every time that you came back into the ghetto, they searched. It was almost a bodily

search. And people just risked their lives. And some of them were killed for a sheet. Because they found it on you. But pictures were very, very important, because this was your identity.

This was what was left. And when I saw all these pictures, I wasn't going to just leave them. I took whatever I could. And I managed to bring them back to the ghetto. And I had them with me.

How did you transport them? How did you carry them?

On myself.

You didn't have a coat, did you?

Yeah, whatever I had, I stuffed them in my pants, or I don't remember, under my blouse. But we managed. They didn't search everybody. They maybe spot checked. But I was able to do that. And after a while, I got another work detail. There was a factory, a big factory, that was making the ammunition. It was called HASAG. And they took me to work there.

At first, I was peeling potatoes. And then they put me on the machine that was making bullets. And I remember there was a little like a hand machine that made some kind of identification, I think, like a press. And I worked for a while. And the life was very, very deteriorating. It was very bad. And it was it was very dehumanizing.

And I was alone. And I decided that I'm going to run away. Now, I thought that my family, my mother's family is still in the other town in Silesia in Benzin. And I decided to try to smuggle myself there, at least to be with some family, and not to just be alone.

Now, I must say, that it was really very enterprising of me. I don't know how I-- really, I don't know how I did it, and what moved me. But that's what happened I decided to ask the lady, the Polish lady, to give me back the fur coats so that I can sell them, and have some money.

And I knew that there are possibilities, because I heard from other people that there are smugglers, Polish people, for money will try to smuggle you with Polish papers. And somehow, I got a hold of somebody that said yes, it's possible. And for a few thousand zlotys, it's possible.

So I sent somebody to this Polish lady, and she gave me back to furs. And this man, who was a Jewish man, sold them, gave me the money, and I arranged for a smuggler. There was one house where there was a detail, where all the best tailors, and shoe makers, and furriers worked for the Germans. And this was outside of that very concentrated ghetto part, this less ghetto part. This was a little bit on the outside.

And people from this concentrated small ghetto went to work in that special house. So it was arranged that one morning, I will go with the detail of people that went to that part, which was outside this ghetto. And I will meet the smugglers there. And they'll smuggle me from there.

I didn't know exactly how and what, and what will transpire. But I took my life in my hands, and I decided to do this. And sure enough, one morning when I started to arrange this, I somehow had to get out of sight. So I had to stop going to this work detail. So I found a bunker that people were hiding in the small ghetto.

And it so happened that there was some family members of my family that my aunt was hiding there, and her daughter, who was still working like I was. She survived all the selections. And she was still in the detail. So she told me about this bunker. And they let me stay there for a few days until all these arrangement's was.

Now, why did I have to get out? Because the conditions were becoming very, very bad, the living conditions. I was already lousy. I had lice in my hair. And I couldn't keep clean. And I just felt that if this will continue, I won't be able to survive. I just felt that I have to do something to get out, to save myself. And this is I guess, what went on through my head.

And sure enough, when these arrangements were finalized, one day, I went to this house and I waited there. And there was another couple, there were another couple of people. There was another young boy that also that unknowing to me, but he also wanted to smuggle through to this area where I wanted to go, because he had family there too.

So the same smugglers were going to take us. So we met these people, and they took us out. All I took is my pictures. They didn't have anything to take. But I didn't want to part with the picture. I had a box, full box of pictures. And they said sure, sure, you can take the pictures with you.

And they took us to their house in the Polish area, and we waited there overnight. And then in the morning, we were going to smuggle, to smuggle ourselves-- all right, now, I must tell you that, the area that I wanted to go, the Germans annexed. They called it the Third Reich. The area that my town was in was the [? general ?] [? government. ?] That was the Polish area.

But this Silesia, was near the German border--

Had already been taken by Germany.

They annexed it. So that meant that there was a border. It was Poland. And before the war, it was all Poland. But since they made new borders, so we had to smuggle a border. So we did this-- they call it smuggling a green border in the fields, sometimes in the morning, the early morning. And we did.

And when we crossed that border, then we went to the next town, and we boarded a train. Now, they gave me some papers. Now, supposedly, a birth certificate with some Polish names. And they said, your name is this and this. And they didn't travel with us. They traveled supposedly, in another wagon, or they didn't travel at all. They just put me on the train. And that was it

But they said, you know what, don't take the pictures. Because they'll catch you with the pictures it won't be so good or whatever. We'll send the pictures to you. So we just left the pictures at that point. There was no way that I was going to argue about pictures. So I left the pictures behind, and we successfully smuggled through the green border, got on the train, and managed to arrive in the south in the town that I was going to, to Bedzin.

I came there, and I was on my own again. My family did not live anymore where they used to live, because there was a ghetto there too. So they were already dislocated. I So first, I had to find out where the ghetto was. Then I had to go to the ghetto. And this was already a strange town. This wasn't my town. So it was that much harder to navigate there.

And I had no papers. Because there, you needed special papers. Since this was the German Reich, the Jews needed special papers there. Well, anyway, I managed to get into the ghetto without being observed or apprehended. And my family was a prominent family. So when I asked people if they are there and where they lived, I was directed to my grandfather's house. And I came.

And they were already in a little room in the ghetto, and they were already dislocated, and in very bad shape, very scared, and very frightened. And when I opened the door, they just didn't know what to make of it. And they couldn't imagine how I arrived there. And I remember my grandmother looking behind me.

This was your mother's mother?

My mother's mother, yes, to whom I was very close. Because she was the only daughter that lived in a different town. So that made me special, because I was the only grandchild that wasn't in the immediate area. And I used to come there for vacations and for holidays.

So you were always the guest?

I was the guest, and special because of that. And I loved my grandfather. He was a wonderful man. And my

grandmother was a very strong and very powerful lady. I used to go on vacations together with her before the war with my mother and her mother, and myself, and myself, we used to go.

But when she saw me, she looked behind me to see if her daughter was coming. And when they realized, and I told them that nobody is there any more, that I made it on my own, of course, they were very happy to see me. But the situation wasn't very good there either. Because it was the same situation that I left behind.

It was even worse because I was illegal. That meant that I couldn't even walk the streets of the ghetto because I did not have papers. And it was almost impossible to get papers, even if you had influence. And I had still my uncles there who were influential in the town, but they couldn't do anything. They could not produce papers for me.

So that meant that I had to hide. And if I walked on the street, it was always a danger that the police will pick me up. Because they were making roundups, and they were making checks for identifications all the time.

And also, they were grabbing people either off the street, or from at night. And twice, I was caught by the police. Once, from the street, and I was apprehended I think, by the Jewish police. Because they also were looking for IDs.

This was in Bedzin.

In Bedzin, yes. And my uncle, my mother's oldest brother, was somehow able to get me out. And once they were making a round up at night, and they weren't looking for me in particular, but they came to wherever they came, they wanted identifications. And if you couldn't identify yourself, they took you. And this was the second time that they grabbed me from my grandfather's house, a room, not house.

And it was terrible. The ones that they caught like that, they were sent to Auschwitz most of the time. So twice, they were able to get me out. I was there for a few months. And then it became very tough, because there was one action after another. And nobody was safe.

And it was the same situation. They thought the ones that have papers and have working places, and one working place is better than the other. This whole business was going on in every city that they tried to give you false security. They told you, well, you have to work, and you have to have papers. And the Jews thought that while they are working and the papers are going to save them. It was all a charade.

And I just had enough of it. I decided that I'm going to go into a labor camp. How do you say--

Of work.

No, but on my own. Volunteer.

Voluntarily.

I had the German word, freiwillige, but I couldn't think of the word--

Of your own volition.

Yes. And again, what possessed me, I don't know. Because nobody volunteered to go to camp. Nobody. People ran away and hid, and did everything not to go to camp. But I said, well, I have no choice. Because if they take me, they will send me to Auschwitz.

So perhaps, if I go to camp, I will have a chance to work and maybe I'll survive. So I came to my grandfather, and they were already hiding, because they were older people, and they couldn't walk the streets. Because they were taking the old people, and they were cutting the beards. I remember my grandfather wore a kerchief to hide his beard, you know, he was walking with a kerchief tied around his head to hide his beard.

It was a terrible situation. And it was such indignity. It was incredibly inhuman. And I came to him, and he was in hiding. And I said, grandfather, I'm going to go to volunteer to go to camp. And at that time, there were a lot of my family members were still around in town, and somehow, everybody was waiting, you know, hoping that a miracle will happen and they'll survive, but there was no miracle coming.

So he said, look child, I cannot tell you what to do. You have to do what you feel that you want to do. And I decided, yes, this is what I want to do. And this is what I did. I came to the police, and I said, I want to go to camp. And they took me, and they sent me to camp.

And two weeks later, this area was Judenrein, that means that--

It was liquidated.

Everybody was liquidated. My grandparents, my uncles, my aunts, the children, everybody that was there went. And I went to camp. It so happened that they sent me to a very nice camp. At that time, there were still labor camps. This was end of 1942, '42 or '43, I'll tell you, I think '42. I think you'll have to check this, because I can't remember already.

I was there about half a year in this town. And this was in the fall. Or could be '43? I think maybe '43. So there was no concentration camps. They were labor camps. The concentration camps were the big ones in Germany. And they had Auschwitz. They had Dachau. They had Birkenau. They had the big ones.

But the small labor camps were staffed by the Wehrmacht, not by the SS.

So military. They were still military.

This was the distinction. There were labor camps, and from the labor camps, they did not exterminate. Only if you did something, and they found you doing some kind of they decided was a crime. Or if the people got very sick, and then they took them to Auschwitz.

Well, they sent me with a group of young girls that they caught on a selection to a camp by the name of Bolkenhain. This was a weaving factory. It was in Germany. It was a comparatively small camp. It was an established camp, with maybe 150 young women, mostly from the area of Beelitz, which is a town right on the German border where a lot of people were bilingual, German and Polish.

And the circumstances there were considerably good. The living circumstances were all right. We had--

You got sufficient food.

Bunks, yes, sufficient food. And so ways of keeping clean. And it was decent. As labor camps go, this was a prize. So I was extremely lucky to have been sent at this time to such a good camp. And we worked in the weaving factory.

They needed us for work, because the men were in the army, the German men were in the army.

Did you work on uniforms, or--

No, we were weaving fabric. And they were blanket fabrics, and parachute fabrics, and all kinds of different fabrics at the time, whatever they needed for the war effort. But there were big weaving machines. And they taught us how to work these machines. And Jewish girls are pretty brainy, and didn't take us very long to learn. Yeah, we were operating their factories under supervision of some old men that were not able to go to work, that were old masters in this trade.

So what happened was, we got up in the morning, went to work, worked 12 hours, came back, and were incarcerated in this camp area. But it was decent. But it didn't last very long, because they converted this factory into an ammunition factory.

And I don't know whom they staffed it with, but they send us to another place. They separated the women that were there, and sent us to three different other camps. And I wound up in a camp, which was also a weaving factory, which was called Landshut.

And I really don't know how far from this Bolkenhain that Landshut was, because they just took us on the train. And frankly, I don't think I ever looked at a map to see after the war to where this was located. And there, we also worked in the same factories. They were spinning factories. You know, you were spinning the thread, and weaving, and the whole operation.

But in that place, they made us work the night shift. They had some Germans working day shift. And we worked night shift. We worked for nine months nights. No changeover. We slept during the day, and we went to work at night. We worked 12 hours at night. The conditions there were already inferior to the ones in the first camp, but they were still comparatively decent.

Was this camp more crowded than the first thing one?

No, it was a small camp. It was even less women there. We were there maybe 100, or over 100 Jewish women. And we had like a big loft with bunk beds. There were just rows of bunk beds, and two to a bed. But we had some place to lay down our heads, and they did give us some food. It was a starvation diet, but we did get three meals. And we worked.

At this point Mrs. Kleiner, I want to stop for a moment and ask you whether you would like to continue today? Or whether you would like possibly to come back another time when we could complete the interview.

What do we have? A quarter to five.

Yes. You think we should maybe stop and continue at another time? Because I don't think that if you want the whole story, I don't know if it'll be--

It's not going to be possible for us to do it all in the next five minutes, certainly, the story of the rest of your ordeal, and your survival. I would hope, perhaps, that you might come back another time.

I think it'll be good idea.

And Robin will be working with you and me. We'll continue the story. Because I think you've left us at a point where we're breathless. And I just would like to--

There was lots more to--

I feel that there is. And we don't want to make short shrift of it. And we want to carry this through.

OK. If you want more details, then it'll probably take another tape.

At least.

Or more.

I sense that. Yeah, OK. I think we could have a sign off now temporarily. And we want to thank you for what you have told us so far. The story is far from over. But we anticipate very, very soon that you'll be able to tell us the rest of the story. And what we hope will be in your case, certainly, a happier ending than the events that preceded. Thank you very much.

Thank you so much.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

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