

**Summary of Interview with
Adele Goldberg (Phoenix)**

Born July 1921. Had a family of four. Worked in a manufacturing firm. In childhood, I didn't associate w/ non-jewish children. Good student in school . I still dream about being reunited with my parents.

I remember my grandparents very well. I went to Chicago to try and find my cousin who was a writer. I rabbi gave me a picture of her.

After war she got married. Her father read Mein Kampf before the war and he knew what Hitler had planned for the German people.He suggested that the family go to England, but mother objected.

In 1939 the Germans marched into Lodz. My father was a diabetic. He used to go to the stockmarket, then he would change in a gold piece to buy food.

Before war my father went to Czechoslovakia to the hospital. My father spoke in German. He talked to a German officer about letting him go to his house. They let him go.His friend and colleague had become a Nazi . When we got back to the ghetto. my father got sick.

My children were my outlet, I taught them about the Holocaust. My father was in a coma for two days; He died on New Years eve, 1939-40. We could not give him a proper burial for four days.

In the ghetto, my mother tried to give us bread but we refused. I worked in a German soldiers factory, but later I changed jobs. Most everyone in my building was deported. I was in the ghetto for four years, but then in 1944 I was transported to Auschwitz. On the way, my mother was trying her best to look young.

We had buried gold pieces with my father and agreed that whoever survived would go and get the gold pieces. My mother did not eat on the train. She had diarrhea. She talked about all of us ending up in different places in the world.

When I arrived at Auschwitz I was separated from my mother. I lost my mind. This was the first time I had not been with parents or family. While at Auschwitz I looked for my brother, mother, and boyfriend. I saw my brother and I was surprised that he was alive. My concern was for my mother. I worked in a munitions factory.

Before Christmas in 1944 I saw an old officer and said I'd make him some mittens if he threw me a piece of bread. The other soldiers wanted to find out where the mittens came from, but they never did.

One night I was so hungry that I got out of bed and went looking for a potato. I found one.

I believe in miracles because I have lived through them. The biggest pain of all was the separation from my mother. I know I will be reunited with her when she dies.

Even today I am scared of police uniforms. I survived Auschwitz and went on to several other camps, ending up in a work camp. The food was watered down.

We washed our hair outside in January. I thought there was no one in the family alive but me. But two years later I found my brother in Italy.

I got married after the war. My brother went to Palestine and became a part of Haganah. He was killed in the Haganah.

Tape two:

I went to Israel and saw my brothers grave in 1982
My grandchildren write about my experiences in school. I still have a picture of my brother Shalom in a Hagana uniform.

I was liberated in MAY, 1945 by Americans. Germans fled the town. I was taken to abandoned German homes for food. My condition was not as bad as others.

I am a pessimist. I do not want to forget, or forgive. My parents dream was a good education for their children . I never saw an SS man disobey an order to punish someone.

From New York I came to Chicago. The only thing I cannot live with is antisemitism. In Chicago, I got very sick and went down to eighty pounds. My children were raised by another lady and were afraid of me at first.

I have two children and five grandchildren.